FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 469—Vol. XIX.] NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 24, 1864. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly, 13 Weeks $1 00.

Commencement of Volume XIX.

Another volume opens with this number of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, the most successful illustrated paper in the country, as its long career shows; for one after another the rivals which have risen have disappeared, after a brief and ineffectual attempt to compete with us in enterprise, tact and a full understanding of what the American public in their good taste require of any one who claims to instruct and interest them.

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Of our illustrations of the war it is needless to speak; but now that the war is so rapidly approaching to a close, now that a glorious peace will soon witness the country reunited under the Federal Government, we promise a weekly paper filled with matter as full of interest and attraction, as valuable and instructive as ever.

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The Crisis is Past—The Military and Political Situation.

The crisis is past. The Union will live. The day of deliverance dawns in the brightening sky. Our great sacrifices in this sanguinary and exhausting war will soon be crowned with the enduring reward—the incalculable blessings—the exalting consummation of a glorious and permanent peace. We congratulate our readers and the friends of human progress throughout the country, and in both



INTERIOR OF A BOMBPROOF IN A GARDEN AT ATLANTA, GEORGIA, DURING THE BOMBARDMENT.

hemispheres, embracing the four continents, and all the islands of the sea, upon the glorious prospect before us. From the James river to the Mississippi, from the Appomattox to the Chattahoochee, from the mountains of the Tennessee to the waters of Mobile bay, the salvos of victory from the heroic soldiers and sailors of the Union are answering each other. The military situation has never been so good, the final issue never so clear as now, and all the political developments and signs of the times, East and West, North and South, are qually encouraging.

The wail of agony which comes up from the rebel capital over the fall of Atlanta tells more impressively than facts and figures can the deadly character of the blow which has there been given to the reeling Southern despotism of Jeff Davis. The desperate but futile efforts of Gen. Lee to extricate himself from the inflexible grasp of Gen. Grant, show that the fate of Vicksburg or Chattanooga is settling over Richmond. In a word, the rebel leaders have brought their cause to the point of exhaustion and certain ruin, in staking their fortunes upon a struggle of the limited military forces and resources of the rebellious States, against the tremendous power, means and appliances of the Government and the loyal States. In the outset, with the substantial wealth, the ruling class, the servile race, and the bulk of the able-bodied white men of thirteen States (may we not say fourteen)? with a population exceeding twelve millions at his service, the daring enterprise of Jeff Davis depended mainly for success upon doubtful contingencies of outside assistance. Now, with this great original conspiracy practically reduced from thirteen or fourteen to some half dozen States, or rather parts of States, and from twelve millions of people to less than five, more than one-half blacks, and with all expectations of foreign aid abandoned, surely we may say that the issue of the contest is already determined, and that the Southern Confederacy is defunct.

We have from time to time touched upon this suggestive contrast between the original strength and present weakness of the rebellion, to cheer the brave and to lift up the desponding on the Union side. But in a few touches, as with a master's pencil, Gen. Grant, in a a recent familiar letter to the Hon. E. B. Washburne, has so forcibly portrayed the exhaustion of the Davis Confederacy, that we cannot refrain from the reproduction of this reliable testimony. Gen Grant says that "the rebels have now in their ranks their last man;" that "their little boys and old men are guarding prisoners, guarding railroad bridges, and forming a good part of their garrisons for entrenched positions;" that "any man lost by them cannot be replaced;" that "they have robbed the cradle and the grave equally to get their present force;" that "besides what they lose in frequent skirmishes and battles, they are now losing, from desertions and other causes, at least one regiment per day;" and that "their only hope is now a divided North." All dreams of foreign intervention—all hopes of arresting the onward movements of our fleets and armies are abandoned. "Their only hope is now a divided North."

But what division can they be hoping for? We will let Gen. Grant explain. He says, "I have no doubt but the enemy are exceedingly anxious to hold out until after the Presidential election." And wherefore? Because "they have many hopes from its effects. They hope a counter-revolution; they hope the election of a peace candidate; in fact, like Micawber, they hope for something to turn up." These statements of Gen. Grant are abundantly established by the late Jeremiads of the Richmond journals. Their military misfortunes, they plead, must be retrieved within the next 60 days, in order to create dissensions, divisions and a political revolution in the North, or their Southern Confederacy is at an end. Their hopes, in brief, rest upon the peace leaders of the Northern Democracy, and the dubious peace promises of the Chicago platform, through the agency of the peace-at-any-price faction of the loyal States.

But even these hopes must now be cast to the winds. Without touching the issue between the claims of the Administration and the Opposition, it will suffice for our present purpose that Gen. McClellan's letter of acceptance of the Chicago nomination cuts him clearly adrift from the peace-at-any-price faction. He will have nothing less, as a basis of peace, than one Government for the whole country, nothing less than the Union, under the Constitution of the United States. In taking this position Gen. McClellan extinguishes this last hope of the rebel leaders and their Northern sympathisers of a disunion peace through his election to the Presidency. He tells them, substantially, that even with his election, short of the submission of the rebellious States to the Union there can be no peace. He cannot stultify himself. He cannot write his own condemnation in a false confession that as a soldier of the Union he has been guilty of prosecuting a needless and unholy war. What the peace-at-any-price faction may do in the premises is a matter of small concern. It is enough that by Gen. McClellan's letter they are disarmed and rendered powerless for further mischief.

We therefore congratulate the country that the one essential mentioned by Gen. Grant as demanded for the complete success of the Union cause—a "unity of sentiment North," is substantially secured; for whatever may be the result of the Presidential struggle, the question of a Southern Confederacy on any terms and the peace-at-any-price faction of the North are practically thrown out of the canvass. Jeff Davis can have no further interest in the success of the Chicago ticket, his ultimatum being "Southern independence or Southern extermination." His Northern adherents are set aside. They can have no interest in fomenting "a counter revolution" which promises no compensation. The war, in any event, will be prosecuted to the ultimatum of one Government for the North and South under the Federal Constitution. The rebellion is fairly within the grasp of Gen. Grant. The last danger of a Northern "counter revolution" is over, the last serious obstruction is removed. Our course is clear. The speedy success of the Union cause is assured. The end draws nigh. The brighter day of a "more perfect Union" and an enduring peace approaches, and its blessings will extend to the uttermost parts of the earth.

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JAMES HOLMES.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 24, 1864.

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Summary of the Week.

GRANT'S ARMY.

On Saturday, the 10th, the enemy's picket line in front of Hancock's position was seized by De Trobriand's brigade of Mott's division, almost without firing a shot.

Longstreet now holds the extreme right of the enemy's line between the Weldon road and Hill's corps.

SHERIDAN'S ARMY.

Sheridan reached Berryville on the 2d. The 23d Ohio was sent out on Sinkert Ferry road, and the 36th Ohio on Winchester pike, running to the right from Berryville. Crook's command went into camp, and had just finished pitching tents at about 4 o'clock, when heavy skirmishing was heard on the picket line. The whole command rapidly turned out, and was formed and moved to the support of the pickets, who had been driven from behind some entrenchments which they occupied. The 36th Ohio and 9th Virginia were formed, and charged the enemy, driving them out of the entrenchments. A desperate struggle now ensued, the rebels being determined, if possible, to regain possession of the entrenchments. With this object in view, they massed no less than two divisions, and hurled them with their accustomed ferocity against our gallant little band, which was supported by both Duvall's and Thoburn's divisions. They were handsomely repulsed every time they charged. The conflict lasted long after the sun had set, and artillery firing was kept up until 9 o'clock. Our loss will amount to about 300 killed and wounded.

On the 5th Sheridan found Gen. Lomax's cavalry and a division of rebel infantry in his front at Stevenson's depot, near Bunker Hill.

Torbert defeated a cavalry force at Snicker's and Ashby's gaps.

Colonel Lowell and Col. Gibbs have recently destroyed the mills on the Opequan which were turning out flour for Early's forces.

On the 10th Early attacked a brigade of Averill's division at 8 A. M. at Darksville, but was repulsed in three successive charges.

The Tallahassee, in her brief career, destroyed nearly 40 valuable vessels.

TENNESSEE.

Wheeler's operations in Tennessee, intended to isolate Sherman, proved an utter failure. He succeeded in destroying only one bridge, and the whole damage to the Chattanooga railroad is already repaired.

All this is poor compensation for the loss of the freebooter Morgan, who was surprised on Sunday, Sept. 4, at Greenville, by Gen. Gillem, who routed the rebel force, killing nearly 100, including Morgan, capturing 75, with one cannon and caisson. Morgan's whole staff was taken.

On Saturday, Sept. 3, 3,000 rebel cavalry under Williams and Robertson, with three pieces of artillery, were attacked by Milroy, near Murfreesboro. The battle lasted all day, and on the 4th the rebels retired to Truine, followed by Milroy.

Rousseau, in his pursuit of Wheeler, captured 500 horses at Duck river.

GEORGIA.

After the defeat at Jonesboro the rebels fled South, and Hood, by turnpike, took the same direction and joined them at Lovejoy's station, 30 miles south of Atlanta, where he threw up stoneworks. Sherman followed, but finding that it would not pay to assault, returned to Atlanta.

In his fight at Jonesboro he captured "Brig.-Gen. Gorman and about 2,000 prisoners, with eight guns and much plunder."

He thus sums up all:

"We have, as the result of this quick, and, as I think, well executed movement, 27 guns, over 3,000 prisoners, and have buried over 400 rebel dead, and left as many wounded; they could not be removed.

"The rebels have lost besides the important city of Atlanta and stores, at least 500 dead, 2,500 wounded, and 3,000 prisoners, whereas our aggregate loss will not foot 1,500.

"If that is not success, I don't know what is.
"Signed, SHERMAN, Maj.-Gen."

ALABAMA.

The raid of the rebel Gen. Wheeler has terminated in his retreat to Florence, in this State, where he was joined by Roddy.

MISSISSIPPI.

A considerable rebel force under Gen. Polignac is reported to have crossed the Mississippi from Arkansas to Rodney, Miss., on the 22d.

Gen. Polignac, with his rebel division, dashed into Natchez and took some prisoners, but immediately retired.

FLORIDA.

An expedition, under Capt. Childs, started from Cedar Keys on July 1st, and penetrated to Brooksville and Bayport, captured men, horses and contrabands. Major Weeks also destroyed a cotton depot in St. Andrew's bay and at Otto creek. In August he ran up the Suwanee and destroyed a large quantity of stores. His boat, the Ella Morse, was attacked on his return, but with little loss. At Clay's landing the rebel assailants were terribly handled.

LOUISIANA.

Gen. A. L. Lee, of Herron's army, on the 24th, had a fight with the enemy on the Clinton road, 17 miles from Baton Rouge, in which the rebels lost 150 men and the town of Clinton, with a large amount of stores.

Col. Farrar, on the 25th, surprised a rebel party opposite Natchez, killing and taking many.

The transports White Cloud and Henry Chouteau were fired at near Bayou Sara, on the 29th.

NAVAL.

Our Government has at last awoke to its injustice to our gallant tars. We gave portraits of returned prisoners. These, wretched as they are from ill-treatment, are yet better than the poor sailors, some of whom have been in captivity more than two years.

Admiral Farragut has been instructed by the Navy Department not to exchange his prisoners excepting for officers and men belonging to our naval forces a long time ago captured by the rebels, and who are confined in Texas.

The Tallahassee, in her brief career, destroyed nearly 40 vessels.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ANOTHER of the famous rebel privateers, the Georgia, has come to grief. The Niagara seized her 20 miles off Lisbon, put a prize crew on board and sent her to New York. The Georgia, when seized, was under the British flag, and her captain entered a protest against her seizure. It is reported that general satisfaction was expressed in London at the capture, though there was much difference of opinion as to its legality.

The London press seems to consider the seizure of the Georgia as perfectly regular, and quotes a decision of Lord Stowell in a case exactly similar.

The French Provincial Councils had begun to assemble, and two of the Cabinet Ministers had delivered important addresses with reference to the contemplated extension of the powers of those bodies. M. Rouher and M. Rowland were the speakers, and they agreed that the result of the movement is to be a considerable decentralization.

Serious election riots have taken place in Geneva, Switzerland. The Federal Commissioners arrived there with Federal militia and restored order.

The pirate Florida sailed from Santa Cruz, Teneriffe, on the 4th of August, on a cruise.

The *Army and Navy Gazette*, in alluding to the Peace party in the North, says: "We are told of 100,000 people meeting to support Gen. McClellan. Does any one believe that a military President, who has been beaten in the field by Confederate Generals, is going to proclaim peace at the head of his armies? Certainly if he does, it will only be the signal for danger to the neighbors of the North and of the South."

The *Times*, in a leader on American affairs, observes that while each succeeding month displays the unbending firmness of the South, there are many signs of a relaxation of purpose among their opponents. The nomination of Gen. McClellan as the Democratic candidate for the Presidency is now not unlikely, if the will of New York should prevail with the representatives of the party. The principles of Gen. McClellan are not very clear. He has always been looked upon as a War Democrat, as being as anxious for Union and the old Constitution as any man in the land, but when events move so rapidly men move with them. Should any opponent of Mr. Lincoln be elected, there can hardly be a doubt that the policy of the present President will be abandoned during the ensuing year. On the other hand, it may be doubted if the Republicans are more inclined for the recognition of the South, or even for reconciliation, than they were a year ago."

The *Army and Navy Gazette* admits that the Federal success at Mobile, even in its present proportions, is considerable, and as regards peace, it declares its belief that the existence of a peace party is mythical, and that as long as there is a ray of hope the North will march onward to its end—empire.

A Paris letter says: "Unpleasant dispatches have been received at the War Ministry from Africa. The Algerine insurrection is not yet put down.

"Marshal McMahon will be compelled to break up the camp at Chalons earlier than was expected, and will proceed to the seat of his Government with several regiments under his orders."

The French Government was extremely angry at the publication of the Danish documents. Indeed M. Drouyn L'Huys has reproached M. De Moultke with having perverted his words.

The altercation has been extremely undiplomatic.

The French Cabinet Ministers were engaged in speech making at the various meetings of the Provincial Councils-General.

The Duke De Persigny, at St. Etienne, had been eulogizing the Emperor as the founder of liberty in France, and at Marseilles M. Behu, Member of Commerce, had been making promises in the interest of trade and commerce.

The Emperor was about to visit the camp at Chalons.

The Duke of Augustenburg had dispatched to Frankfort a memorial establishing the validity of his claims to the Schleswig-Holstein throne, as demanded by the Federal Diet.

The municipalities from several of the Holstein towns had met at Nieumester. A resolution was passed thanking the Allies and recognising the necessity of the duchies joining Germany, and, as far as German interests demanded, Prussia in particular, without prejudice, however, to their independence.

The resolution further states that the establishment of a provisional Government cannot be regarded as a proper means to secure the object in view, and fears are expressed lest the generally desired speedy settlement of the affairs of the country, as regards its foreign relations, will be thereby unnecessarily deferred.

TOWN GOSSIP.

WE have all heard the newsbearer's assertion that the Dutch have taken Holland, but few of us know positively that once a year the Teutons take New York. We say once a year, but this must be with a reservation, for though the Turnfest is a yearly institution no celebration of it has been held in New York since 1859. This year our German population have made up for the deprivation and have gone into the enjoyment with a reckless hilarity. At this meeting almost every society of Turners through the country has been represented, and the week has been given up to mirth and music, beer, balls and bar-rooms. They have had torchlight processions, jaunts to Central Park, grand concerts, declamation and singing, gymnastic wonders, wrestling and prize shooting, and every other enjoyment which a German knows so well how to take at the least possible cost.

What a pity it is that Americans cannot learn from these frugal people a lesson in amusement and relaxation. A German will sit out his evening chatting or singing, listening to a little music, or doing a little waltzing, all at the cost and with the drinking of a couple of mugs of beer at an expense of ten cents. An American thinks it necessary to pass his evening running from one bar-room to another, imbibing powerful spirits as though they were so much water, talking loud-mouthed politics, during a little turn at swearing, and possibly ending off the evening with a bout at fisticuffs and a lodging in the station-house. At one time we did think that the introduction of lager would do much towards moderating our desires as a spirit-drinking people, but the result does not show in that direction.

It is a favorite diversion with country people to hold up their hands in holy horror at the wickedness and viciousness of New York, and to attribute whatever of lawlessness and chicanery that may occur in the provinces to New York men and influence. We have a striking instance of this just now before us in the comments of country papers on the dissipation and vice of Saratoga and Newport. They point to the hard and jaded faces of those who gather nightly about the tables of Morrissey at Saratoga and of Watson at Newport, and cry derisively: "These are your boasted merchants, lawyers and millionaires of the model city, and this is their diversion!" We most emphatically deny this, and contend that the vice, gambling and dissipation of these places comes from every part of the land, but especially from the rural districts. It is your country gentleman and village professional who breaks annually away from the monotony of his life, and rushes headlong into every dissipation for a few weeks, if not longer. A canvass of city gambling dens would show the great majority of their frequenters to be countrymen, and we do not believe that any difference exists between them and those of the watering-places. They make the greatest

gourmands, from the fact that during the greater part of the year they are denied the luxuries that a New Yorker sees about him every day. A city man goes into the country with his limited education in malice and poker, flattering himself that he can take the cap off the fresh in anything in that line about the district, when all of a sudden, perhaps at some far away country tavern, he sees a well-whiskbroomed party, with an immense cast of countenance, that can discount him on every dodge ever known to the most expert gambler, sitting down his entire pile with cold-blooded calmness, and drink more milk during his entire sojourn than the city gent could ever look at. No, no! Monsieurs of the rural press, it is the country that can take the cake for service and imagination, not the city the country. The rural press can become as great as it can adapt, and is notorious in his locality to stay home with safety, and, as a matter of course, destroy his merit on the spot. The records of the police will easily show this fact, and the banks of the city are also well aware that they are supported by country custom.

Among events of the week worthy of especial mention is the capture by the police of the grand overseer of the Creation, with whom we have been favored on previous days. But at Jones's Wood, under the direction of Forrest and Auschutz, has for this interference.

There is a high-handed tyranny in this movement which the town will not be stimulated to see. Were liberties and enjoyments are to be thus surrendered without protest. We are to be allowed to be a free people. With reference to the morality of the performance, we have in the matter of mere calculation of the chances and the heart and bring the hearer nearer to the divine spirit, than a thousand times as many of some 20 score of preachers who hold forth in the conventicles of the city. Certainly, few words but such as mean nothing. The idea that the managers of the affair were suffered to go on at a great expense in maturing the whole affair, and only at the last moment a whim of the chief of police decided to put a stop to it, and that thousands were looking forward to as an innocent and exciting amusement, treat with the rights of citizens, and laugh at all remonstrance. Oh! the bleatings of a free land!

We admire cunning ability it is of a very high nature how skillfully he may achieve his villainy, always leaves some loophole for detection. Some are thrust out of his possession of the money gained by the act of rascality, and leave their judgment in the hands of agents to plan means of safety. Thus it is we hear of "able detectives" who "ferret out" and know our fugitives and recover the proceeds of the crime, when apparently no human foresight could prevail. The matter is very plain. The criminal is to be detected simply what are the habits of the man, and what would be his course if he chose to commit such a crime as was committed? But not the man, as though acting under some working of fate, but the man who knows his person in gold, walks deliberately on board the city of Edinburgh steamer, and is arrested by those "able detectives" who have only calculated upon that statement or crime, and come to the very point where the man they would find the blind criminal who walked in the dark as destruction.

We are now far into the middle of September, and very soon the ball will begin to set in upon us and stoves and hot drinks become fashionable. We are not complaining this, let us look back upon the season that is past, and give it its due. Despite the grumbling that scarcity of labor, there never have been greater crops produced, and the majority of the poor have never been plenty. Fruits and vegetables have poured in upon us in lavish profusion, and though there has been to support. Economy only will carry him through, and that with his elevated ideas of increased wages he will find a hard thing for him to practice. The next week the end of this year, which will see 100,000 seafers after employment upon the community.

And now we will close the theatres.

The event of the week has been the opening of the Olympics. Very little has been done to alter the appearance of the old house with the name of "Miranda Olympic" has been most beautifully put upon the stage. In this particular the house is certainly the gem from every theatre in the land. Of the new play there is little to be said. It owes its success to the admirable mounting and to the careful treatment of the company. In the usual style of the Olympic piece it makes you by bubilities and makes Miriam do many foolish things, which all tend to bring all in the end to happy and harriages and all that sort of thing, and so forth. If introduced a new actor to the Olympic public, Mr. Holston, who made rather a success, and was called out for the customary.

Mrs. John Wood, in "The Comical Countess," was received by all her friends with a welcome that shows she has a firm hold on their affections.

The Theatre seems to be making quite a success, with Mr. Owens as Joshua Butterby, in Tom Taylor's comedy of "Everybody's Friend." Daly is very clever, and Mr. Owens' interpretation of Butterby's whistle and every one sees on the New York, condu.

Heller opened on Thursday, and made a very large heap of houses, which is satisfactory, but he does not be a series of new tricks to suffocation, but he does some new ones. The "Black Art" is the best and some of the tricks. The trick—for so he calls it himself—of the "Golden Watch," is certainly the most impudent, and perhaps even put before the public, and action of the scene. His Anthropoleon are funny, and when they have had a little more practice in their parts will be a far higher attraction than the real Negro Minstrels.

Barnum has all the Tom Thumb family once more together, and has a number of them in a crowded room most ill drawn. He has also just brought out a Mr. Wemble dramatic piece, "The Mountain King Sapphire," which seems to have exactly struck the taste of his audiences.

We think New York, with seven Theatres, an Opera House, a Museum, and Prince Murat's Ball, had a hundred of other places of amusement, will be able to get along this winter.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—New York is to have a new cemetery, on the Woodlawn, on the Harlem railroad, north of the city, about a mile and a quarter from the end of Williamsbridge. Funeral parties are to be carried over the railroad by special cars at reduced rates, and the expense of carriage here, which is necessarily incurred in reaching the older New York cemeteries, will thus be avoided.

——The hospital ship Florence Nightingale, stationed in the lower quarantine, is without a patient. There are but six vessels at present detained at that station, and they merely temporarily for observation.

——According to an official statement, the amount of fractional currency in circulation is $24,000,000, an increase of nearly $1,000,000 within the last month.

——Sergeant Bates, of the 9th, has received a commission of 1st Lieutenant, for the 2d Regt., Pittsburg and Wilmarth, of Boston. Match for 1,500 points.

——The Columbia (Pa.) *Republican* announces

severely the "Fishing Creek Confederacy," of that county, who have been organizing for the purpose of forcibly resisting the draft.

——It is said that a person at Troy, New York, has invented an improvement in the use of coal, which will diminish the consumption nearly, if not quite, one-half. The will be for himself and a few friends. Several stove manufacturers have purchased the right and are about commencing to make the furnaces. Both New York Central and other railroad companies are also negotiating for the right to use it.

——Fort Morgan originally cost the United States Government $1,000,000, and is capable of mounting 132 guns, and of garrisoning 1,000 men for active operations. The rebels made but a pusillanimous defence of it.

——The Finance Committee of the New England Women's Auxiliary Association have made their books exhausted, and that it is in pressing need of supplies to meet the calls for the numerous hospitals now in the battle fields.

——A record has been kept at Fort Lafayette of the emigration that has passed that point this season. Up to the 15th of August it numbered 7,784 wagons, 24,627 men, women and children, and 44,262 horses, mules and cows.

——*Lloyd's List*, of Liverpool, August 25, reports that the steamer Georgia was ordered to Boston by Consul Crowell, of the Niagara, instead of to this port, as has been stated.

——The following States will hold their annual elections before the 1st of November: Maine, Sept. 12; Vermont, Sept. 13; Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Iowa, Oct. 11.

——Marin's battery, of Massachusetts, which has been in active operation in the Shenandoah Valley, and on the 8th *en route* for Boston. The time of the men has expired.

——The Dramatic Committee of the Metropolitan Fair acknowledge the receipt of $14,367 61 from the different evening entertainments at the Academy of Music.

——In reference to the question which has been raised as to the legality of the draft under the bail call, we have to say that it is decided by Justice and Brown, says that 90 days shall elapse between the call for a draft and the time ordered, the *National Intelligencer* says: "On examination of the law, however, it will be seen that no question as it originally appeared in the *Intelligencer*, and in the printed "Official" and "Semi-Official" of the "Rolls Office" in the State Department we find that the law was amended by the Senate, and that in the bill first reported to Congress, and printed for its use, the words "not less than 90 days" are found, but the most probably amended before its final passage.

——On the 4th of July a match game of cricket at the Calculcan Club took place at Jones's Woods. It attracted that day a large and very keen interest. The games and exercises were commenced at 10 o'clock precisely, and but few were left to regret the early hour at which the festivities began. In the evening the place was illuminated, and the grounds were thrown open to the public, and an excellent supper enjoyed; after which the members of the club returned to their homes, pleased and satisfied with the success of the anniversary.

——Mr. Simeon Draper, the new Collector, took the oath of office, and was duly installed on the 5th of September.

——Mr. Higginson, one of the Commissioners, arrived from Camp Parole, Annapolis, on the 5th inst. He had an interview with the President in which the President stated that there was no possible chance for an exchange.

——On Thursday, the 8th Sept., the grand rattlestorm meeting, in honor of the Democratic nominees for offices in Union Square, and went off with great enthusiasm. Addresses were made by Mr. Fernando Wood, Mr. Dickinson, Seymour, and several other prominent Democrats. There were also present a large number of the Sons of the Kitchen Hights burnt and killed several persons.

——Sulphuric acid is a simple remedy for the annoyances occasioned by incompetent waiters. Before eating, a camphor spoon morning,

——Messrs. Charles Martin, Hampden Sidney College, Va., advertises the re-opening of his private school. Terms—$400 per session of weeks. Everything found except lights and towels.

——Cotton sheds and wounded scraps are leaving Richmond this week. The superintendent of the Virginia road has issued an order forbidding any other person to ship cotton. Over 1,000 bales have been received, and soldiers have been accommodated.

——The New Orleans *Picayune* says that the cotton and sugar crops will be great failures this year. The cotton worm has already done a great deal of damage, give the plant too luxuriant and rapid a growth, producing a great stalk and immense boll, but not in proportion to the most destructive insects. These enemies have appeared earlier and more numerous this season. We learn that the ignorance and irresistible prejudice of the negroes will cause them to keep sweeping the fields with a reid which puts to shame the most destructive insects, and the first of all its human imitators. The prospects for sugar are equally discouraging. Nine-tenths of a majority of the sugar cultivators having been seduced from their proper vocation by the temptations of cotton. A very small number of the planters will make cane enough to seed for next year's crop. Of this small number will by wood for the furnaces. There will be, in Louisiana, a planting and harvesting crop of 450,000 hogsheads of 1861 and 1862, which deck ed in 1863 to 40,000 hogsheads, and in 1864 to 15,000 hogsheads.

——Louisianians will have to satisfy their palates now with sorghum.

——A letter from Texas to one of the leading Manchester manufacturers is published in the English papers. The writer says I am sorry to say that cotton is King, and so many negroes have been brought into the country that they are now all busy in the fields, and the cotton crop is growing. He says the product of Texas will be enormous, and that in a few years Texas will furnish the crop of the other Confederate States will not be worth mentioning.

——The Maryland Constitutional Convention has resolved that provision for recruiting slaves, whereby their slaves were to be apprenticed to their masters till they attained the age of twenty-one years is to be submitted to a vote of the people, including soldiers.

Personal.—Pierre Soulé has reached safety in Germany, and is now in Paris. He is a Southern Confederacy as a perfect failure.

——Mr. Slidell, the famous Irish rebel, Thurlow soldier. Custom-house officer, patriot and good fellow, sailed last week for Nassau, Bahama. He goes to edit the New Orleans *Daily Times*.

——Dunlop Sieg, an Anglicized Indian Prince, has just married a poor girl in Cincinnati, named Sarah. She will be his only wife.

——The death of the *Evening Post*, has not lost all his poetry. The author of Thanatopsis, in the *Post* of last Saturday, has written a poem of seven stanzas, entitled "Rosenberg, who hydrology, has established himself in Richmond, Virginia, as a dealer in drugs," written the epigraph on these republished letters. *Cigar* C. C.

——The King of Bavaria is coming to this country on a tour, *incog.*

——Miss Jane Cowles, the actress, was married (Sunday or two ago), to a Mr. F. A. Brown, who is said to be a gentleman of property, of fine family, high social position and considerable wealth.

Obituary.—Peter A. Hargous, one of our oldest and most worthy merchants, died on the 3d Sept., aged 65, of disease of the heart.

——Miss Katharine Southcy, the third and only unmarried daughter of the poet, died in Newburg, August 31, about a fortnight since.

——Hon. Alfred S. White, the District Judge of Indiana, died at Lafayette on the 5th Sept. Judge White was a Representative in Congress from Indiana from 1837 to 1839; a Senator from 1839 to 1845, and again a Representative in the 37th Congress. On the death of Hon. Caleb B. Smith, he was appointed by President Lincoln Secretary of the Interior of the State of Indiana.

——Hon. Jacob J. Bartow, a prominent and benevolent citizen of Brooklyn, died at Northeastern, N. J., on the 6th inst., in the 67th year of his age.

——Gen. Thomas Francis Meagher committed suicide on the 5th, by shooting himself through the head, at which time he was in a state of intoxication, and in consequent circumstances, was under the influence of liquor. He was forty-four years old, and has married upon calling "the rash act."

——The propeller Scotia was run into off Dunkirk, Lake Erie, on the night of the 2d of Sept. by the propeller Active, and sunk. Nine persons were drowned.

——A locomotive got loose on the North London railway recently, and ran at a terrific pace, tore down Barnsley, made a clean hole through a wall, carried away a portion of the front part of a house, an entire wall, and at last brought up against a house, which effectually stayed the progress.

——The Prince of Wales's yacht ("Chairvari") is poking the British Ron between the ribs. A late cartoon shows old Palmerston, with his head covered over her shoulder, leading her lion by the mane. Another old woman, Queen Victoria, is looking on with a look of distress during the disgraceful sack why Lee is not marched off to the "pokey," and why it is quite unnecessary the poor thing has not a tooth left."

——The Emperor of Abyssinia having offered his hand to Queen Victoria, and the latter unaccountably refused, the sable potentate has ordered the British Consul and other Europeans in his dominions to be imprisoned, that sly old Nun will palm some lady of Fleet street off on the Black Prince of the Nile for Queen, and so diplomatic miscent out of the difficulty.

——The Russian fleet at the church in St. Petersburg recently had crushed a large number of persons. Estimates vary as to the force of the fall that it broke through into the vaults.

——The Russian fleet now in this country is about dispatching a scientific expedition to the tropics.

——The Governors of the Provinces of Canada, from the several provinces of British North America, which met on Sept. 1, at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, for the purpose of considering the Union, have now understood that the Convention was unanimous in accepting the scheme for the formation of a Confederation or confederacy of all the Provinces, and that they adjourned from Quebec on the 27th inst. to Halifax, there to agree upon a definite plan to be submitted to the several Governments.

——Letters from Russia say that the eastern bay at Cronstadt will be soon filled with coal dust. The ironclad batteries ride there in battle line, before the British fleet. The iron fleet has a slipper and sloops for the Baltic is unprotected, especially that of the iron-clad battery Parvenes.

Art, Science and Literature.—At the Derby Gallery, Broadway, is now open a splendid exhibition of paintings, consisting mainly of the works of the late Thomas Cole, a laboratory of the present war on our own soil. Though mainly founded on the American school of landscape art—if we may use such a term—these works have been evidently painted with a thorough love for our own soil, and if we except to the want of foreground and the somewhat atmosphere of the Old World, are very telling and true, while in one or two instances they are remarkably fine. The celebrated picture, Oxch, for example, or No. 119, painted by Signor Del Re, of Naples, is a work of great merit, while in its subject and masterly handling, deserves the highest praise. It is a picture of Italian peasant life, and is very natural, while its feeling is simple and touchingly wonderful. The figure of the old woman with the distaff is admirably watched by his faithful dog, who has followed him from the hills to the village, and is full of character and in invention and truly pathetic. There is also a large picture, No. 118, by Michael Cammuleo, of Naples, 1797, by Michel Cammuleo, which is full of merit and will be found to be a very interesting work of art situation to a painting by Constant Mayer, which, of course, is the leading picture of the exhibition, as more distinctly being the gem of the exhibition, as it is the largest picture and represents a Catholic Archiepiscopal Statue of Mercy, during the sanguinary Revolution of 1793, in the Vendean soldier. The figures are likenesses, and the rest are imaginary, and the whole picture is one which it has been imagined and rendered, by Mr. Mayer, very successfully throughout the whole work in the delicate originality of its treatment, demands for it a careful study, and will be found to repay the effort. It is a canvas which ought to be engraved, and if it were, would be found in the parlor of every family with a relative in the service of our country, that could afford to purchase it. Mr. Mayer is a young artist, and sincerely hope that Mr. Mayer will find some publisher of it, that he may be enabled to issue a faithful and reasonable copy from his exquisite picture. If the right man could be found to do it, there would be as the right work upon which to speculate. It would be found to be a most popular engraving, especially while to the outside repetition of the artist, it must, of course, be remembered, be a work of interest to all who love art not to omit the chance of visiting the Derby gallery, for by the time of publication of the three paintings we have specified in our brief notice.

Chit-Chat.—A Wisconsin paper says, on the faith of a private letter, that Jeff Davis is in rebel hands in Canada. No business come, wages not sufficient to pay board, and Jeff has to work for his living. Another letter from Germany is overrun with stockholders from the United States selling their bonds. Thousands of Canadians are leaving for the States to procure work.

——A Western editor, whose wife was absent at the East, was describing the beauties of nature. He proceeded advertised that he would send his paper one year to the lady who sent him the best pack of home-made conchuna, and would also mention her name in large type. He had two barrels full furnished, and the next follow, not content with this speculation, announced that none of the samples came up to his home standard and advised the ladies to try again in a month.

——A correspondent of the New York Times says: "The rebel soldiers, when they can get it, wear calico in dress. Yellow or red trimming on their hats is popular, Balmoral skirts are worn, and an over" and shoulder-straps for the morning; and very low "dairy windows," with short sleeves and long skirts, in the evening. For the hair, one style is a couple of puffs in front, the hair falling in ringlets behind, and made out with a gold, ivory or jewelled comb, and another, gathered in a wreath, without comb or ornament, and crammed into a net to fall low on the neck—the curls looking extremely tidy and comely; the waists looking as if the maidens had made a hasty toilet, and had no notion to arrange hair."

——The cool weather of the past few days has made a scattering among the visitors at the hotels in Newport. Many families have returned to the city, and the fish of the season—the gentlemen continue as it has been. Many of the cottages in the Ocean Drive and villas are soon to easily moved.

——One of Chick's less-known spares, "Paris and Berlin," has been republished in London.

——Plotow has just finished a new opera in two acts and three characters, entitled "Lady Henry." Signor Bergez is the librettist. It is to be brought out in St. Petersburg.

——The Baron de Carondelet, describing to the Duke de la Vauguyon what he had done for Louisiana, which he governed from 1792 to 1797, says: "I erected at the mouth of the river a fort named St. Philip, which entirely prevents the passage of hostile vessels, and which defies any present themselves. He was not the only one who ever did so.

——Sir Roderick Murchison has been informed that a fall of meteoric stones recently took place in Asia Minor. This means is a Beben which is formed in the steppes of the Kirghis, and is often carried in these hills to the west, across the Caspian. The grains, which are about the size of a pea, are composed of iron in the form of a sesquioxy or mulberry, and are found frequently to be alloyed with nickel, and sometimes with cobalt and copper. The matrix is a dolomitic sandstone and lime. The manna is ground into flour, and is used for food by the Kirghis, which among the Turks by the name of *terdertchaken*, which means wonder-worn or grain.

THE WORKINGWOMEN OF NEW YORK.

The workingwomen of New York employed by Government, who are making army shirts at six cents each, have petitioned for a rise of five cents, under this appeal to the Secretary of War.

Surely even in a great war we cannot become parties to such a grinding down of workingwomen.

To the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War:

SIR—We the undersigned Workingwomen of the City of New York, most respectfully appeal to your Excellency, and we relate the causes which have compelled us to seek relief in this way, in the confidence of which you are an honored representative.

We are the widows of this unhappy rebellion, which has desolated so many hearthstones, and we are the wives of husbands who at the call of Abraham Lincoln were barely sufficient to enable us to obtain a livelihood.

We have every opinion of the necessity of our appeal can be adduced, and that is the high price of all the necessaries of life, coupled with the fact that women's wages are the same now as they were before the commencement of the rebellion.

We do not come before you to ask alms, but to ask that women, many of whom have sacrificed the dearest relations of life, may be allowed to earn bread.

We appeal to those in authority to do all in their power to relieve the distress of misery which is the result of war.

We do not be said that the Government turns a deaf ear to the prayer of women who have given their all to the country.

What we ask is, an order to the Quartermaster-General, authorizing an increase of five cents on the labor, until it shall approximate to the price of living.

We have been told repeatedly that we can find employment elsewhere, to so modify the contract system as to give us work. This is impossible, as it is the policy of the Government prices. We feel assured that no other answer will be returned to us than that which has been presented in you, than the fact that to-day thousands of widows and orphans, whose husbands, fathers and brothers have fallen on the battlefield, are looking with sighs at the needle.

In the name of justice and humanity, we implore you to aid us in our poverty to remedy this evil.

Trusting in Him who has promised to be a father to the fatherless, and the widow's friend, we leave our case to your favorable consideration, and we shall ever pray.

Signed by over two thousand women, and the signatures have not been in vain.

We have the honor to subscribe ourselves.

A ROMANTIC HISTORY.

A SARATOGA correspondent tells the following story of a young bridal couple, guests at that watering place:

"It was the summer of 1860, Senor B——, the son of a wealthy Cuban planter, was staying at Saratoga. While there he met a young lady, whom we will call Dorcelle F., daughter of a well-known Mobile banker. They became acquainted with each other, and all things being satisfactory, became betrothed, and were married.

The Cuban marriage was appointed for the 16th of August, 1861. Mr. Dorcelle F. and family with his gentleman went back to Cuba to arrange and settle matters previous to the time of consummating matrimony in the United States.

About a month before the time appointed for the nuptials to take place, the Mobile banker received and accepted a commission in the artillery service in the Confederate service, and in his first battle, a few weeks after, was killed. Mr. and Mrs. B—— were much involved the family in great embarrassment, and from a wealthy position they found themselves in comparative security and poverty.

Hearing the news of affairs being made known to the father of the young man, he broke off the match, and immediately left for Cuba, communicating the matter through the mentions of blockade-runners.

"Time heals every wound," and so did it here, when the old man dying, left the son free to wed the maiden of his choice. Accordingly they were married, and after several delays reached Mobile. He thought found that his bride had died of yellow fever, and that he had succumbed to the fell destroyer, and following her husband fell victim to the fever. Thus ends the story of a romance for young ladies.

"I took a little while upon the meeting between the young couple; the school was given up, the parties separated, and the young husband returned to Cuba, then, they arrived in safety at Nassau. From thence they came to Havana, and after staying a few weeks, set out for this place, where, free from the cares of business and life, they, in this hoped, if appearances do not deceive them, enjoying as much happiness as it is fated that mortals shall enjoy on this mundane sphere."

One of the most interesting facts for the students of religious history, has come to light in Edward Palgrave in his pioneer journey through the interior of Arabia. He has discovered the last of all gypsies-tion belief that it was the express scheme of the prophet to establish a universal religion. He found in the Kingdom of Kid Shomer, never before traversed by a European, among the strictest Mahommedans, and in the neighborhood of the Wahabis, the strictest kind of Puritans of the Mahommedan faith, he found persons that the worship of the sun, of trees, of fire and of the north star, among the remarkable trace of fake-the same word as that used by Moses, as described in the Book of Kuzzaz. There is no doubt that in the out-of-the-way parts of the Arabian peninsula, and among the nomadic tribes of the interior, ancient forms of worship still hold their ground. Mr. Palgrave is now engaged in preparing for the press his work, and it will probably appear in the spring of next year.

THE REBEL GENERAL MORGAN.

BRIG.-GEN. JOHN H. MORGAN was the eldest of six brothers, all of whom have been in the rebel service. He was born near Lexington, Ky., about the year 1826, and was the son of a manufacturer of jeans in that neighborhood. He received his education, also, in that State. He raised a company of Kentuckians for the Mexican war, but failed to get it into service.* After that war had ended he entered into the jean business, and married a Miss Rebecca Bruce, since dead. When the rebellion broke out he raised a band of guerrillas in Kentucky, he being at that time a captain of the "Lexington Rifles," a militia organization, and went with them into the seceded States.

From his early youth he had been a daring, reckless rider, and was well suited to the line of the service he had chosen. He first began his operations in Missouri, where his name at last became a terror and a bugbear. He then moved into Kentucky, operated near Bacon creek, and harassed the Union army of the Ohio during their advance towards Nashville. He had attached to his staff a telegraph operator named Ellsworth, who, before despatches were sent in cypher, would take the orders of the Union officers from the wires, and thus defeat all plans of Union operations, the rebels being ready to meet them. For his skill he was appointed a Colonel, and afterwards a Brigadier-General, of the provisional army of the rebel States.

During November, 1862, he was acting with Bragg in Tennessee, and was there married to a Miss Ready, who ran the blockade to Murfreesboro for that purpose. He continued his operations south of the Cumberland river until July, 1863, when he made his dash through Kentucky into Indiana and Ohio, on which occasion he and his band were captured and imprisoned. He dug his way out of his cell on the night of November 27, 1863, and, after many hazardous escapes, succeeded in reaching the rebel lines late in December.

He then set about raising a new command, under orders from the rebel War Department of Jan. 25, 1864, and during the early summer of the present year he was again in the saddle, operating in Western Virginia and Eastern Kentucky. The States bordering on the Ohio river soon raised men enough to resist his advance, and his raid resulted in a failure. His command was, therefore, attached to the cavalry forces operating around Atlanta, and served under Wheeler during the recent raids upon Sherman's communications. During this last raid he has lost his life, as the following telegram announced:

BELL'S GAP, TENN., Sept. 4, 1864.

TO GEN. TILLSON.—I surprised, defeated and killed John Morgan at Greenville this morning.

The killed are scattered for miles, and have not yet been counted, and probably number 50 or 100.

I have about 75 prisoners.

Among those captured were Morgan's staff, with one piece of artillery and a caisson.

The enemy's force outnumbered mine, but the surprise was complete.

ALLEN C. GILVES.



THE LATE BRIGADIER-GENERAL JOHN H. MORGAN, C. S. A., AND HIS WIFE.

Few men have occupied more of the public attention, but few of the rebel Generals showed so little ability in command or courage in the field.

THE VICTORIA REGIA.

THERE is seldom an opportunity such as that afforded now in New York, of seeing in flower the giant water lily of South America, the Victoria regia. Of all plants the water lily seems most ethereal and least of earth. Rising from the pure water, it opens its snowy petals, diffusing its delicate perfume, and then at sunset folds its leaves and sinks away from sight. The lilies of our lakes and ponds are, however, but pigmies to the Victoria regia, of which three specimens are now on exhibition at the corner of West 59th street and 8th avenue.

This magnificent plant can there be seen, with its giant leaves floating on the water and the flower in the centre. The flower but measures from six to nine inches from base to tip; each bud as it appears being accompanied by a young leaf; there are four sepals of a purple color, fading to white at the edges, very thorny without. The petals or flower leaves are 50 or 60 in number, in three distinct sets, each smaller towards the stamens, the outer ones white, six or seven inches long, of the most delicate tissue and lace-like appearance. The stamens form a corona on the central disk. The whole flower is about 14 inches in diameter.

The flower opens about seven o'clock in the evening, diffusing its rich perfume, and remains open till seven in the morning. So accurate is this closing and opening of its beauties that it does not vary five minutes from day to day. When a new flower bud rises above the water, that already in flower having performed its allotted task, sinks.

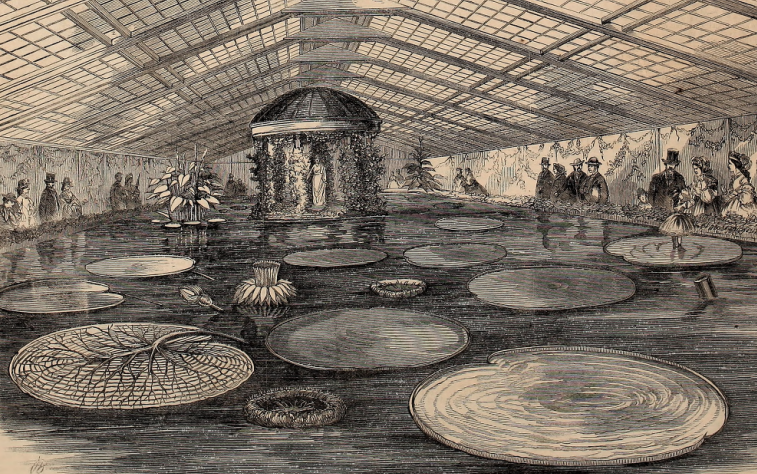
The leaves are nearly circular, turned up two or four inches at the margin, green above and crimson below. Eight large veins and numberless veinlets mark its surface. A full grown leaf measures from four to six feet, but is very tender and delicate. By placing a board on it, a child can be supported on it, as shown in the illustration.

This plant was first discovered about 60 years ago by Hinke, in Central America, then found by Bonpland in the Pauma and Paraguay, and by Poppeg in Peru. D'Orbigny sent specimens to Europe.

In the Amazon, in bends and bays of the river, it is found of the largest size, the flower twenty inches in diameter, the leaves three or four yards, and thick enough when piled on each other to bridge small streams.

Mr. Bolleo, the proprietor, for his zeal to bring this royal plant to perfection, is entitled to the greatest credit; it has indeed cost him dearly, his health having been seriously impaired, inasmuch as the plant, being tropical, requires a high degree of temperature.

AN African lion in the Zoological Museum in Brussels was so upset a sufferer from disease in his feet that a surgical operation recently became necessary. This was done by a veterinary surgeon and five pupils at some risk, and by the aid of mechanical contrivances. The lion bore the operation well, with now and then a roar when it felt the knife; its general good behavior being attributed to the circumstance that a keeper, to whom the lion is much attached, sat near its head and endeavored to calm it by talking, evidently not without effect.



THE VICTORIA REGIA, OR GIANT WATER LILY OF SOUTH AMERICA, NOW ON EXHIBITION AT THE CORNER OF EIGHTH AVENUE AND FIFTY-SIXTH STREET, NEW YORK.



SIEGE OF RICHMOND—VIEW FROM THE CROW NEST BATTERY, SHOWING THE OBSTRUCTIONS TO PREVENT THE DESCENT OF THE REBEL RAMS, AND THE UNION MONITORS BELOW THEM.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, S. F. MULLER.

A VILLAGE MIDNIGHT.



THE night is as dark as a deed of crime,
And the clattering windblown rain
Falls fiercely fast on the rattling slates
And hammers the window pane,
While the storming whistles between the leaves
A wild and tuneless strain.

No loup is lit in the village street,
No star in the sable sky,
For darkness swathes both earth and air
In its robes of funeral dye,
And the watchdog howls by the garden bleak,
Like the banshee's hooting cry.

The lightning leaps a lifelike thing
From spout to branch of the walnut tall,
The gate creaks harsh on the rusted hinge,
Response to the screech-owl's call,
While the crisp, dead leaves in hustling haste
Rush down by the moss-blotched wall.

The clock strikes twelve in the stairway gloom,
(How true is the record it keeps),
Tick away, count on, I care not now,
For my rose-lipped Anna sleeps
Far down in the vale 'neath the beeches bare,
Where the foam-flecked river sweeps.

Oh! I love the voice of this midnight storm,
It falls on my frenzied ear
Like fairy late, and willing would I
Companion its wild career,
For my soul is tossed like its ebon-hued wings,
And I'm weary of lingering here.

A good many extraordinary objects come to the surface when the great guns of war shake the waters.

Laura Thurston's Charge.

BY CHARLES F. PRESTON.

"HAS the morning paper come, Hannah?" inquired Laura Thurston of the servant, who was removing an elegant breakfast service from the table.

"I will see, Miss Laura."

While the servant is absent on her quest we may look around us. The room is furnished with a degree of comfort amounting to luxury. Part the heavy curtains and a broad lawn stretches before you. The grounds front on an avenue lined with majestic elms. We are in one of those suburban villas to be found in such profusion in the neighborhood of our principal cities.

Laura Thurston, to whom the house and grounds belong, is no longer in her first youth, yet few are aware that she has reached her thirtieth year. She has the fair complexion which Time usually treats kindly, and might readily pass for several years younger. But the careful observer will note a thoughtful light in the clear gray eyes which speaks of a wider experience of life.

"Here is the paper, Miss Laura," said Hannah, returning with the article of which she had been in quest.

Laura Thurston opened its ample pages eagerly. The telegraph had announced on the preceding day a great battle fought on the plains of Pennsylvania. "A great victory" met the reader's gaze in staring capitals. She ran her eye eagerly over the account. On reaching a certain line the paper dropped from her hands, and her heart gave a great bound. The line was very brief. It contained these few words:

"Captain Henry Palmer, killed."

"If I could but have seen him once before he died," she murmured. "It is ten years to-day since we parted in anger. Had that moment been blotted out how different might have been both our lives!"

She sat for a few minutes in deep thought, and then, as if inspired by a sudden resolution, rang the bell.

"Hannah," she said, quickly, "I am going out of town, and may not return till this evening. It is even possible that I may be absent longer, but I shall endeavor to return to-night."

"Yes, Miss Laura."

"I may bring back some one with me," she continued, with slight hesitation. "You may light a fire this afternoon in the bedroom adjoining mine."

With a little surprise the servant withdrew. Half an hour later Laura left the house, and walking to the depot not far distant, purchased a ticket for Glenville.



A MOTHER-IN-LAW WANTED.

Arrived at the depot in Glenville she inquired of the depot master:

"Can you tell me whether Captain Palmer's children live in this village?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the reply. "They are boarding with Mr. Hiram Norcross, who keeps the store. I expect you have heard of the captain's death?"



"CAPTAIN HENRY PALMER—KILLED."

Laura inclined her head gravely.

"I am afraid the children will have a hard time of it. They haven't any near relatives, and their father will leave little or nothing. Norcross is rich enough to keep 'em for nothing, but he's too mean to think of doing it."

"Can you direct me to his house?"

"Certainly, ma'am. Do you see that yellow house at the corner?"

"Yes."

"Well, you turn there and keep straight ahead till you get to the Baptist church. The store is just opposite. You'll know it by the sign. The family live over the store."

While Laura is making her way from the station we will introduce the reader into a small sitting-room in the dwelling of Hiram Norcross. The "store-keeper" himself stands before the fire, his face wearing an expression of perplexity. He is a small man, with yellowish hair, and a large bald spot on the crown of his head. His gray coat bears marks of having been used from a remote period as a scrawper. His eyes are small and ferret-like. His wife sits near him in a wooden rocking-chair, mending a refractory stocking. She has a thin face and pinched lips, and her expression is far from agreeable.

"If people expect me to keep the children, let 'em expect," she remarked, in a doubled tone. "If their father has been kind and can't pay their board, they must go to the poorhouse. Why didn't he get his life insured?"

"I agree with you entirely, my dear," said Hiram Norcross, who was quite as mean as his wife, but not so indifferent to public opinion; "I

don't know but what he'd better keep 'em, say a week. If we send them off too soon, people may go to the other store, and that would prove a serious loss."

"There's ten week's board that hasn't been paid for now," said Mrs. Norcross, sharply.

"So there has," said her husband, uneasily.

"And whether it'll ever be paid, goodness knows."

"No doubt the cash'en has left something. Whatever it is 'll be sent home, and we have the first claim."

"At any rate I'm not in favor of increasing it. It's best to notify the sales' men to take charge of the children at once. We've done our duty."

"I don't know but you're right, Jane. I guess I'll go over and speak to Squire Houghton. He's the chairman."

At this moment the door-bell rang, and almost immediately a shatterly girl made her appearance at the door, and said:

"There's a lady in the parlor wants to see you, Miss Jones."

Mrs. Norcross dropped her stocking, and taking her spectacles down.

"Mrs. Norcross, I believe," said Laura Thurston, rising.

The lady made a stiff inclination.

"I understand that the children of Capt. Palmer are boarding with you."

"Yes," said Mrs. Norcross, deliberately. "They've been boarding with me, but I don't expect I shall be able to accommodate them any longer."

"Have they been told of their father's death?"

"Not yet. We've only just heard of it."

"What are their ages?"

"Henry's nine and Laura five."

"Laura!" said the visitor, starting. "I—I thought her name was different."

"No, she hasn't always."

"I suppose Capt. Palmer did not leave much property?"

"No, I don't expect he left a cent. Ten weeks board is due for the children, but I s'pose Mr. Norcross will have to lose it. He's hard to slave from morning till night, and then not get anything for it. I expect some of the neighbors will be expecting us to keep 'em for nothing? Folks is just so unreasonable. I'm sure Mr. Norcross and I would speak to the parchoose if we thing away our money that way."

An expression of disgust swept over Laura's face.

"What is the amount of the bill?" she asked, coldly.

"We've been asking six dollars a week for the two. Ten weeks' will make exactly sixty dollars."

"You need feel under no concern as to the payment of the bill," said Laura, quietly. "You have only to make it out, and I will settle it at once."

"Are you related to the children?' asked Mrs. Norcross, surprise mingling with her gratification.

"I am not," said Laura, "but their father was a friend of mine. Since they appear to be unprovided with a home, I will take charge of them, if there is no objection."

"No objection at all," said Mrs. Norcross, briskly. I'm glad they're likely to have a home.

"Can you get them ready at once? I should like to take them with me to-day."

"They can be ready in an hour. Only some of their clothes are in the wash."

"You can send them by express at your convenience."

"Good riddance to them!" thought Mrs. Norcross, as she left the room. "Now people can't find fault with us. The bill's paid too. We're pretty lucky."

When the intelligence was communicated to Hiram Norcross he rubbed his hands with glee, and lest no time in making out a bill for the children's board.

Henry and Laura were brought into the sitting-room. They seemed instinctively drawn to Laura Thurston, and were soon on as intimate terms as if they had been acquainted for years. Laura, too, fairly bristled, attracted by them in a manner which surprised her. In the frank, open brow and clear eyes of the boy she recognised a striking resemblance to the father—a resemblance which excited in her a degree of pleasure not unmingled with pain.

"Will you come again soon?" asked the little girl, climbing into the lap of her namesake.

"No, I think not."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said the child, regretfully.

"And why are you sorry?"

"Because I like you."

"How would you like to come and live with me?"

"And not stay here any longer?" asked the child, eagerly.

"No."

"Would Mrs. Norcross let me? Would papa be willing?"

"Mrs. Norcross has consented," said Laura, evading the last query. "And you, Henry?" she asked, turning to the boy.

"I should like to live with you much better than with Mrs. Norcross," he said, frankly.

"Then," said Laura, "it shall be as you wish. If you will go to Mrs. Norcross she will get you ready, and we will start by the next train."

Hannah's astonishment was extreme when her mistress returned with the children. Laura explained, briefly, that their father was dead, and she was their guardian.

Now commenced a new life for the children. Miss Thurston constituted herself their teacher. It was to her a source of the greatest enjoyment to train these young minds, which she perceived to be full of promise. The days were no longer leaden-footed, but fled apace. A new world of thought and action, a new sphere of duty and responsibility were opened to her. Nor was it little that her affections, which were naturally warm, had found objects on which they might be bestowed. At first the children were dear to her for their father's sake; Henry, for the clear eyes through which his father seemed looking at her; Laura, because her name occasionally suggested that father continued to commune with herself. But the children soon became dear for their own sake. Laura felt that she had entered upon a new life. Her wealth enabled her to command all the advantages which were available for them. Fortunately she had no near relatives to complain of the manner in which she chose to dispose of her money.

One day Henry was reciting a lesson in geography, and was on the point of giving the boundaries of Africa, when Hannah entered the room with the intelligence that a gentleman was below.

"Do you know who it is?" asked Laura.

"No, Miss Laura."

"Did he give you no card?"

"No. He only said he would like to see you."

"Very well. You may tell him. I will be down directly. Henry, we will defer your recitation for a short time. You may look over your spelling now."

Five minutes later Laura descended to the drawing-room. In the obscure light she did not at first distinguish her visitor. He rose and came forward. A man of middle age, with fine features, but pale and thin, evidently the effect of recent sickness.

Laura looked at him inquiringly. Not a suspicion of the truth dawned upon her mind.

"Don't you know me, Laura—Miss Thurston?" he asked in a low voice.

"Captain Palmer!" she exclaimed, with sudden conviction. "I thought—"

"You thought me dead; I was so reported, but it was a mistake. I fell into the hands of the rebels, and they have kept me till this time. As soon as I could I wrote to Mr. Norcross, but he did not see fit to communicate the fact to you; when I called on him yesterday, he expressed his joy with your disinterested kindness to my children. How can I ever thank you, Laura?"

He took her hand in a tender, respectful manner.

"Do not speak of it," she said, hurriedly. "I felt that there was some atonement due to you for the past."

"Have you, too, regretted it, Laura?" asked Captain Palmer, with subdued eagerness.

"I have ever ceased to do so. But let us not speak of this. The children are upstairs; when they have been properly informed of your return, they will be overjoyed to see you."

It is needless to relate with what rapture the children greeted their father, whom they supposed to be dead. Laura, from a little distance, watched with happy eyes this meeting, in which she seemed to feel a personal interest.

Captain Palmer obtained a hearing-place near by, but spent almost every day in the society of Laura and the children. Day by day his step became more firm, his cheek assumed a more healthful color. But a few days' furlough was given to recruit his exhausted strength neared a close. One day, sitting in his armchair, with Laura near him, he said suddenly:

"Ought I to burden you with the children while I am again absent?"

"I shall feel that, in so doing, you are giving me the greatest proof of your confidence and esteem."

"You are willing to be troubled with them?"

"Their presence is my greatest enjoyment."

"Would you be willing to take charge of their father, also, Miss Laura?" he asked.

She looked up suddenly, and her lips half parted, but she said nothing.

"My children shall plead my cause. Henry—Laura—I have asked Miss Thurston to become your second mother, help me to persuade her."

Laura looked from the pale, eager face of the children, and she silently placed her hand in his.

"Let the dead past bury its dead," he said, in a low voice. "Henceforth we live only in the glad present."

They were quietly married on the day before Captain Palmer's return to service, and now Laura feels that she has a rightful claim to the children, of which she undertook the charge for their father's sake.

LIFE.

Life is a river, flowing to the sea,
Through fields of emerald green and flowery lea;
Yet oft its course o'er rocks and sand may be.

Life is a vessel sailing to a haven
Of peace and joy and happiness in Heaven;
Yet oft the barque by angry wind is driven.

Life is a poem, a sweet symphony,
A concord pure, a pleasing harmony;
Sometimes, alas! a low, sad threnody.

Let us with pleasure each good fortune greet,
With fortitude each adverse current meet;
Accept, with trust, the hither with the sweet.

Wolf:

AN HISTORICAL STORY.

(A good deal after the manner of some "Historical Novel" we have.)

BY A. F. BANKS.

It was a lovely evening in the autumn of the year when the good Queen Anne ascended the English throne.

Seated on the new mown hay were a couple of youthful lovers. The one, a strapping lad about seventeen; the other, a blooming country girl of maybe three years younger, still, with a developed womanly air about her.

From the distressed look of the boy, and the overflowing eyes of his companion, it was evident that the subject of their communings was a painful one; two young hearts were undergoing their first real trial of worldly tribulation.

John Turner, owing to the sudden death, considerably involved, of his only remaining parent, a worthy farmer, was about to leave the village, and the Hebe of his butterfly days, to seek a livelihood in the great metropolis.

Bred, as he had been, to agricultural pursuits, and being much liked in his neighborhood, it would not have been difficult for him to have procured employment; but Johnny was that peculiar something in his heart which prompts to a higher, though maybe not happier, career, than the one bestowed by peaceful toil in the forest and meadows.

His future was indistinct, even to his thoughts; but that future was not clouded. No! it was the dazzling rays of the gorgeous sun of hope alone which rendered it indistinct. The soul bounded for a giant tussle with its fellow-souls, and he determined to go to London.

Sally Barnes was an orphan, and for the last six years had been the companion of old Mrs. Byers, her grandmother, a good old soul, but unfortunately very poor. Nevertheless, they get along very happily together, and it was a curious sight, when times were hard, to see them, to hear these two talk over their position; the child, early inured to struggle, was as much a woman as her elder, with the exception that the old lady had learned to despair, a word as yet not introduced into the vocabulary of the blythe and hopeful Sally.

Often, too, would young John Turner drop in, generally bringing in his pocket some little treat he odd a zest to their homely supper. The poor have few luxuries, and a treat to be wondered at that the heart of the guileless girl yearned towards the frank, kindly lad. Love, health and hope—the Graces of the cottage poor.

It was a heavy parting. As a remembrancer—as though a spur to remembrance in the shape of a gift were required by hearts bound by vows and prospect!—John left Sally his companion, Wolf, a splendid young dog of a curious breed found still in the middle and southern parts of France, but extinct, or nearly so, in England.

The name Wolf was a most appropriate one, for of the entire breed yclept the "wolf dog," from their remarkable resemblance to that animal, none had a more decidedly wolfish look than John Turner's four-footed friend. As he pointed to his young master's heels, as a hint to remain and "watch her well," the sagacious, well-trained dog cocked his head and wagged his tail, as though he thoroughly understood the matter in all it bearings, and, distinctly, that special vow never to desert his gentle trust. As his master with a bursting heart trudged off on his journey in life, the dog sat looking after him, but on Sally admonishing hand reminded him of his new duties, and he returned to lick away the gentle tears which furrowed the cheeks of poor lonely Sally.

* * *

Four years had rolled on. For the last eighteen months no tidings whatever had reached the village concerning the rover. One sad morning poor Sally found herself alone in the world. Her worthy grandame died, and with her she expired the very slender annuity which, with the aid of sundry odd jobs of needlework, had helped to support them.

Sally, although proffered employment by the principal milliner of the village, determined to go to London. Old Bob Jones, the carrier, at this, and propheseid a "a bad end" for her. But they knew not the great invention which impelled that young girl thus to confront the perils of a city.

In spite of Sally's efforts to hoard, hear by hear, wandered those many streets in search of her early love. So she made up her small bundle, secured her little box, and one early autumn day her person, tied her handkerchief over her head, and, accompanied by her faithful Wolf, started for her destination.

Without meeting with any particular adventure or serious molestation, she arrived in London, after about a month's travel, having made various sojourns of a few days here in her ailing, which happily fell in her way at some of the farmhouses where she stopped for rest or shelter.

[I would commend the idea of a "traveling milliner" to our Yankee girls; it is a new field and might raise a fair crop.]

She put up at a small, cleanly roadside hotel, in the outskirts of the city, and, by a piece of good fortune, the landlady, a buxom, merry-hearted body, upon learning her trade, informed her that she had quite a number of neglected mourning, lace, and the like, including a brand-new churchgoing dress to make. Sally acquitted herself so satisfactorily that Mrs. Molby suggested that she should take one of her cheapest rooms and establish herself as a milliner in that neighborhood, and that she would support all her influence among her friends to procure her work. The poor girl received this offer with delight and gratitude, and in a short period not only found herself the possessor of quite a little purse, but beloved and respected by every one who knew her. Early struggle either has a good or a bad effect upon its victim: it had rendered Sally kind and lenient.

One day, about two months after her location here, she suffered a sad misery. Her faithful old Wolf, who had been extensive and successive acquaintance, both canine and biped, was nowhere to be found. Enemies he had none, therefore it was not from the dog's mind to search in the nearest pond; and it was a well-established fact, based upon numerous experiments, that even mutton-chops had no power to seduce his allegiance from his mistress.

The crier was sent round, but could learn no tidings, and a number of good-looking, sanguine young gentlemen, nervously anxious to be of service to Miss Barnes, scoured the country and town with a like fruitless result. Serious dark surmises began to be hinted about dogstealers and a trip to foreign parts, when one morning Mrs. Melby received a letter. Her honest eye glistened as she saw the superscription and broke the seal. It was from an old lodger of hers, one on whom she dotted as though he was her own child.

He informed her that, having been in that neighborhood a few days ago on a hasty commission, which prevented him from calling to see his dear old landlady (so he wrote), he had been startled by being, as he at first thought, attacked by a monster dog, which sprang clear at him. In a moment, however, he found that it was but the rough, hearty, overjoyed recognition of one who had mutated him into the mysteries of bread and milk from a saucer, as well as superintending his youthful education generally.

It was Wolf! who, dogfike, wasn't disposed, thenceforward, to abandon his old friend, even at the risk of offending the new.

[Now, my dear reader, do not unjustly endeavor to establish any more consanguinity with the canine race among your enemies.]

John Turner, convinced in his own mind that Wolf could never have deserted his colors except in his own favor, felt assured that the sweet girl of his yet constant dreamings must be somewhere near, and besought Mrs. Melby to use every exertion to discover the whereabouts of the owner of Wolf, as in his guide of dog physiognomy, he was assured that such a superb animal would not be lost without anxious inquiry.

Breathless did Sally listen to this letter, and a big tear came into the good old landlady's eye as she was made the depository of the secret of a young girl's affections.

"Won't we astonish his weak nerves!" exclaimed Mrs. Melby, bustling about, and ordering her little pony-chaise round instanter.

"Poor John Turner!" she, as she put on her bonet; "he'll kill himself with those musty books. Why won't he take to summut more practical like?"

* * *

John, arrived in London, had endeavored to procure employment in the same occupation as that in his hopes. Every avenue was closed to one poor and without recommendation. He had at last got employment in a menial capacity, and had taken lodgings at Mrs. Melby's. He was very very, very sanity, but he paid his little hill honorably, and by his gentleness had endeared himself to all in the house. He was ready out after his work was over, and Mrs. Melby soon discovered that the cause of his sunken eye and haggard appearance every morning was that he set up reading till two o'clock in the morning.

Now came a disaster. His master failed and he was thrown out of employment. But his former good conduct had won him a new place of bread. He taught the children and did all sorts of little writings and commissions. These, however, only barely supported him, but Mrs. Melby stuck to him and cheered him on.

It was perhaps a feeling of independence which one morning prompted him to leave the house of his benefactress. He left her a letter thanking her gratefully for her kindness; he said that he owed her much—much more that could be repaid in a mere pecuniary point of view; and proud as when he had succeeded—*ignis fatuus* of a world!—to return and live with her; at present he was ashamed to be only recipient of favors.

The old lady rifled up indignantly at first perusal of this letter, but upon consideration she acknowledged to herself her pet's right, and although his absence cost her some honest-hearted tears, his step rendered him quite a hero in her estimation.

They found John in a dirty room scattered all over with books and scraps of paper. Great was the astonishment, bliss, of all parties. Wolf certainly heeded little the astonishment of the latter on their entrance, but the next he had evidently made up his mind to put the best possible face on the matter and thereby, and, as much as such a decidedly friendly demonstration in the dresses of the visitors as to cause Mrs. Melby to exclaim more energetically than ever, "Drat the dog!"

It was no use in Wolf trying to disguise his position; his coat and his check told the story too plainly. In spite of his expostulations, the poor, proud lad was forced to disguise, had as wine-passenger, to say nothing of nearly a hundred weight of books and "such truck" as the old woman contemptuously styled "thoughts buried, &c., &c.

The remainder of the story may be shortly told. The old love regraping in the hearts of the young couple, stronger even than of yore. John at last listened to his landlady's advice, and determined upon doing something "practical like." He commenced doing so in the right way. He married Sally. Then, with the assistance of Mrs. Melby, he set up a small haberdashery store, part of the establishment being set apart for the continuation of the millinery business. Prosperity seemed to take a pleasure in smiling upon their sunny countenances, and in a few years the millinery business was abandoned, and John Turner became a merchant.

Success followed him in his new career, and in a few years more he was one of the most highly respected of the merchant princes of the world.

In the year 1728 he was elected Lord Mayor of London, and as he and his partner, Sally, accompanied by the overjoyed Mrs. Melby, now a silver-haired woman, proceeded in the gorgeous carriage provided by the city for such occasions, on a formal visit to their Sovereign at Windsor Castle, the truthful pair looked into one another's eyes, and felt that there was above who would not suffer honest merit to struggle in vain.

Old Wolf had died honored and respected years before, leaving behind him a promiscuous posterity, which will hark and persecute through endless generations.

* * *

Books in these days are generally like some kinds of trees—a good many leaves and no fruit.

TO FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

BY THOMAS POWELL.

ENGLAND was ever famed for Nightingales,
Singing at evening in her leafy lanes,
And charming lovers with their dulcet strains,
Adding a music to love's gentle tales!
Haunter of sylvan dells and leafy dales,
Oft, too, thou'st soothed the poet's thoughtful pains;
But holier far to cheer the dying bed,
And be the angel that sometimes is given
To pilot the spirits as they cross Heaven,
Just as the consciousness of earth has fled.
Winged voices that enchant the quiet vales,
Deem not thou'rt wronged, when, by the world
As said
That the one Nightingale most dear to fame
Is she who joins sweet Florence to her name.

TOM DASHER,

The Man who Married on Phrenological Principles.

BY JOHN BYERS.

TOM DASHER and I were college chums. Tom's studying was deeper and closer than mine: he lived in the exact sciences, in theology and moral philosophy, and I skimmed more on the surface, having a preference for the modern languages and *belles lettres*—calling myself a student in English literature. Tom worshipped the philosophers, I the poets; and we lived together at the shrine of Mamma. Tom looked to wit and humor as sauces for the "solids"—so did I. We took upon ourselves the dignity of sophs at the same time, and when we took up the higher mathematics Tom commenced with the Latin—as usual—but I jumped out into up French, without knowing one word of the dead —network binding the frowns of the faculty. Although we differed somewhat in our tastes as to studies, we were of the same warm social natures. Tom liked a glass of punch, I did too; and, to use a college phrase, "we looked well behind our pipes."

During the intervals of study we used to converse on our favorite themes, and in pursuing this conversation was almost as beneficial to us as poring over our books. We found that it enlarged our ideas, made us liberal-minded, and gave us inclinations to look charitably on what the hastily-judging world often censured.

We frequently consumed over a glass of punch —we never indulged in more than one at a time, and Tom said that he could talk as well with punch as without it; "besides, it leaks so social, Harry."

"Ah, yes, Tom; and your metaphysical remarks lose their dryness by contrast."

In verbo sacerdos. Tom used to say that if there was anything he preferred next to his books it was a home of his own; he assumed me that the addition of a wife to his personal property would enhance its value beyond calculation. Tom had a competency, I hadn't. Tom could marry when he saw fit, I had to wait awhile.

When our class graduated I delivered the "salutatory," and Tom took the highest order of all—he was Valedictorian. So we bade farewell to our fostering mother together, Tom to pursue his metaphysical researches at Laurel Ledge, and remain her co-operator to its goodly acres; and I to take a position under the government in the East India civil service.

I was in India three years, and heard from Tom twice in that time; he mentioned nothing about being married, but spoke more enthusiastic and "heavy" articles to one of the quarterlies. As I said, I remained in India three years, and then a longing for home, together with the unsuitableness of climate, caused me to resign and seek the pleasanter air of my native England.

A few days after my arrival at home I mailed a short note to Tom telling him of my return, and when he might expect me at the Ledge. This was his answer:

"LAUREL LODGE, Jan. 30, 18—.

"MY DEAR HARRY—I am delighted, my dear old friend, to know that you are at home again. Will it be convenient for me to receive you? How could you spoil your note by such a query? An old friend like you should know no better. Come, my dear fellow, as you value my friendship. come instanter. I see that you have your old lack of confidence—I know it by your sentences; just as destructiveness is not interfered, for you consumed only half a sheet of note-paper. Your Order is not so good as formerly, you know! Your pen must have wrong end up and on the wrong corner of your stationery. But do not give it up, my boy; keep wandering, Harry. Come to-morrow without fail. I will ride down to the station for you, and as I know you look well with a horse under you I shall have Bess, the black filly, along. Of your especial convenience, I expect you to make Jessie Hall of Lansdale, Bess; we shall talk over our punch as we used to of yore. I have some game shall be glad to have your Alimentiveness. Your affectionate friend,

"THOMAS DASHER."

This letter pleased me, yet some parts of it staggered me somewhat. Sundry words commencing with capitals looked strange—to be sure I knew the meaning of them, but Tom seemed to use them queerly.

I missed the ride on "Bess, the black filly," on account of the train delayed me one day, and when I arrived at Laurel station I had to walk to the Ledge.

as the person who answered my summons at the door I recognised the old home-keeper.

"She was glad to see Master Harry. The old master and the young ladies were away in London. The young master was at home, but he was clean daft, gone crached altogether. Nothing was of no account to him, except an outlandish thing he called free—no—heezy. And if you'd see the skulls and bones he's hin a gatherin', and hear him talk about combativeness; and—but, dearme, his father says he's a loon, and if I could say what I—"

Hush! for my perplexed ears Tom appeared at this juncture, and I received a warm welcome. He was not content with one hand but had to shake both, and they received the hearty pressure of true friendship. So far my reception was "unasked," he had more of the intellectual and cultivated cast than when we were students. His face was thoughtful, but oh, how it warmed up when he smiled!

Study and application had furrowed a line here and there, but furrows were honors, the scars of the conflict. His carriage was erect, although his head inclined slightly forward; his hair was brushed easily back off his ample and well-marked forehead, and his eye was as clear and as strong as an eagle's.

We lacked arms in our old friendly way, as we walked through the shrubbery of the Ledge on our road to Tom's room, where we used to sit and talk when I visited him during college vacations, or, as he called them, "the grind and plug, kindly granted by our Alma Mater."

"There, my ancient," said he, as he opened the door and ushered me on ahead of him to the hall, "there is our old den, and a man with your Locality should not fail to recognise every mouse hole, and that echo which I think was here at your last visit. I have added a lit to human knowledge, I consider its occupant a resident graduate. He is an elderly spider, but I call him young Euclid, because he invents more and more every week of that web of his than a mathematician could solve in a lifetime."

"But let me get a good look at you, Harry. Three years have not altered you much; your vital temperament is hardly as strong as formerly, you have been accustomed to eat for mental, using steam without a proper supply of fuel. Your phrenism is bad, my boy, you have been too sedentary; had your Inhabitiveness been weaker you would not have left India to seek your fortune, but would have up too strong an average for a rambler. There's a great deal expressed in those well-cuffs of yours, Harry; and those tall, stovepipe hats are not the ordinary amount of the language pewer. Your face is as open and honest as ever it was (there's the old approbativeness), and there's no want of charitableness and benevolence in you."

"But, my dear Tom," interrupted I, anxious for a reply, "for the sake of my poor unedified brain, do tell me what you are trying to inflict upon me?"

Tom laughed in his old hearty way, and then explained to me how he had become interested in the science of phrenology. He rattled away quite eloquently on his new theme, and I gradually began to understand the principles of the different divisions. I had heard of the science before, but like many another, had given it merely a thought en *passant*. I had not the time, or what it intended to teach, but had never devoted a moment to its study, or even given it a careful reading, so I was puzzled with its technicalities. Tom went off to get hot water, and I amused myself by glancing around the "den." The venerable young Euclid was not visible; his last problem must have been too intricate, for he was no doubt busy on it in bed, and I concluded that he had retired to his cell to think out something astonishing. In the corner opposite to him one segment of his spider was a bookcase with glass doors, and on the upper shelves were arranged some skulls, bones and other casts. One skull particularly attracted my attention particularly, because the forehead looked as if a policeman's club had come in contact with it, and made a hollow fairly across it. It was labelled as follows: "Case of destructiveness." Notice the absence of Veneration and Benevolence, and a general lowness in the rest of the moral group. The perceptive faculties are also limited, the reflectives; the selfish organs predominate over all; the width at the ears is immense; and Amativeness shows a development only in that part which prompts the grosser instincts."

There was a wonderful difference between the shape of this skull and that of the one next to it, which was labelled: "The skull of Napoleon Bonaparte at Waterloo. He was a professing Christian, a thorough soldier, a tender nurse to a wounded comrade, and a devoted friend. He had a blind sort of courage and woman's tenderness. Notice what a fulness Benevolence gives to the arch of the forehead, and the hollow above it. Time and death will note how well all the moral and refining faculties are developed. Destructiveness and Combativeness are large, but they are strongly checked by the domestic faculties are all strong, and the forehead is well marked."

I had scarcely time to read this when Tom came in, and I was the line from Hamlet:

"Alas! poor Yorick! I knew him ——"

The sight of the name instantly called to my mind Yorick, the pointer dog, who used to raise the game for Tom and I to shoot over in vacations. Works on phrenology occupied the lower shelf, and it was while I was deeply absorbed in one of Combe's lectures that Tom addressed me:

"Ah," said he, "I see you are surveying my cabinet. That simple little collection is as great a terror to the females of the household as some political cabinets are to the weak. Even their *fanatica* confesses his timidity, and the housekeeper declares the room to be haunted; but it is never haunted by ghosts, only by the spirits of Harry, it won't lose its prestige. But here's the punch, my boy, so let us draw our chair up to the grate, and see what kind of spirits haunt the goblets."

We got close to the cheerful fire, sipped our punch, and talked away in our old style. Tom could not keep from his phrenological hobby. So much did he wish to enlarge on it, that it was only with a great deal of interrupting on my part that I got information as to the health of his family, old friends, &c.

"But, Tom," said I, as we put away our cryptglobets, having want our measure, "you do not seem to have taken the honors of a Benedict upon you yet. You need to dose as much on the happiness of possessing a wife as do now on phrenology, and still you lack the 'valuable addition' you used to talk about."

"Ah, Harry, I would have no trouble in getting the addition you mention, but to get the proper kind—there's the rub. I've lost none of my desire to enter the married state, and could have gratified my wishes fifty times since I saw you last; but I am determined to never marry unless I can do so on phrenological principles."

"Oh, tosh, Tom; you surely do not intend to apply a phrenological plaster to marrying?"

"Certainly, my boy, I apply it to everything in life. Ah, Harry, Harry, a student of human nature lately, a close one, too; and my new science has been my tutor, with observation for a helper. I look on ladies as a great book composed of two great divisions: the first called Man, and the second Woman, and their virtues and vices, feelings and failings make up the chapters. He who would study each character closely would find work for a lifetime, and if he had the proper inclination he would find the study a pleasure. 'Authors live in a world apart from other men'—so do students of human nature. In such a person as myself they see a chapter of the great book; they can read their sex; and their characteristics and oddities they easily account for, while the 'unlettered' wonder what caused them. I have paid a great deal of attention to the second division, I have given it a close scrutiny, and find my ideas of woman now to be much clearer than they ever were. I have had many another I used to look for attractive faces, gay dispositions and winning manners, never thinking that these were the qualities of head and heart that are the distinguishing traits of a true woman. Ah, Harry, how many men and women there are who, to a phrenologist, on the surface, who, when they marry, find that they have taken upon themselves more of life's miseries! This is too often the case, and results from the haphazard manner in which we choose our helpmates. In fact, some make no choice whatever—they go, they see, and they are conquered, and many another has to do the same with complete the programme. The poet spoke truly when he said: 'Women are the angels of our homes.' The phrenologist, however, adds no echo to my heart, and I am sure it does in your own—a woman is indeed an earth angel when she possesses the qualities of true womanhood. But how many exceptions we find to the rule. Did you ever read the novel, 'John Halifax, Gentleman?' Yes. Well, I often thought that Dreuda was an angel, but I now think that Ursula and I have fancied, too, that I would like just such a woman for a wife, although, indeed, she had a little too much of the 'old Adam' in her to suit me. Many and ardent nature—many and many a time have I wished that I could tear away the veil of fiction that hides such a book, and pronounce the characters real. Harry, I am become thoroughly disgusted with the women I meet when 'out.' Simpering, affected things they are, with a lot of nonsense in their heads as wide as the Sut smile or favor is worth a kingdom. If a man cannot dance or sing or 'play' he may hide his head in shame. I am looking for the man who can only boast of his brains, and who likes a quiet corner and a chat, may as well put his brains in his pocket. I am looking for that type of woman who can converse beyond the small talk of society, but can use his heels to perfection is held in far greater estimation. I am sick to death of dress me and charitible when I say that I believe that the more a woman mingles in society the more she loses that womanly, domestic nature is gradually effaced; her finer feelings become blunted, and the home altar which she should make sacred is the victim of its chief ornaments. I think also that some even of the best do too much upon themselves—they imagine they are petty tyrants, that they can say to this one 'go,' and he goeth, and to that one 'come,' and he cometh; and that is also that they have the privilege of dealing their cutting remarks and their censures and sympathies indiscriminately among their acquaintance friends, believing them 'too gallant' to retaliate. Do not think me harsh in my remarks, Harry; no one knows better than you do; I know that I am a man's place to woo, and hers to be won, but I do not like to see her taking too much for granted. I do not wish her modernize mingling in society to be timorous either; but I wish to impress on you that the gay frequenter of society will never make such a wife as the one whose chief pride is her home. And when that home circle is a true circle, pleasure will never be merely tangent to it—it will be sure to cut the circumference. I think I said either that I was looking for a model wife, some gem of perfection—ah, no; I believe that looking for too much perfection is folly. Perfection is not to be had—I do not imagine that I believe in affinities. The woman who is not spoiled by the affectations of the world, who has cultivated her mind, improved her sentiments and a reverence for that which should be venerated, who has congeniality of temper, which overcomes all opposition, and that amount of domestic quality that makes home and its associations paramount to all else, such a woman I take for a wife; and if I married such a one I should be supremely happy. Phrenology and its because I would be taking for a partner's woman corresponding phrenologically to my nature. And there you have my ideas to be found, and—but, Harry, I am getting tiresome, perhaps, and we will let the subject drop for the present. I could much enlarge more on it, for it is one of vital importance, but I might weary you—ah, there's the tea bell. We both like the pleasures of the cuisine, so let us adjourn to the dining-room, and you can tell some of your old stories with which you were wont to set the table in a roar."

"Well, my boy, Tom old mystery, and on phrenological principles, too—at least he says so, and of course he knows. Along with the cards he sent me a short note, which wound up in this way:

"She's the daughter of a clergyman, Harry, not equal to me in "station" (I dislike to write that word, but I find it), and plain-featured; but you know, old friend, that I never would compare faces and purses with head and heart. But that is not the question you must be at the wedding. Do not disappoint

"Yours affectionately,

"THOMAS DASHER."

When I saw Tom's betrothed I was pleased beyond measure. I knew nothing about "human nature" or any of Tom's "ologies," but "that dear piece of humanity" as Tom sometimes calls her now seemed, to my untutored judgment, just such a woman as I could lavish my whole love upon. Tom said she was plain, but I think her more than that. To be sure, she was not positively handsome, but she had

"That homely grace that makes the plain seem fair."

Her head was large and well-shaped, her forehead was ample, and her rich brown hair fell off in pretty waves at each side; her blue eyes were large and expressive, and seemed to me to have the "love-light" in them; her lips were full, and what sane would call "pouting"—just such a pair of lips as one would wish to kiss; and her chin was well-sized and rounded, while her other features were perfectly regular. There was a refinishing expression on her face, a kind of modest sweetness, a sweetness that only the best of the world could not see, but which would recommend her to those who could perceive true beauty. Her head just peeped over Tom's left shoulder when they stood up together; and when he led her to the dance hung on his arm—not in the fashionable-ought-to-be-ashamed-of-that-style, but because she was close to his side, leaning heavily, in that trusting way that only a woman can show. She was a belle, as I found out by her partners' list, and nearly form that supported her contained as happy and noble a heart as ever God blessed a man with. I made due allowance for Tom's exaltations, his married life is all he could wish it to be. I should know, for I am often at the Ledge, notes to "Dear Tom" are as plenty as ever they were, and Mary —that's her name—is always pleased to see me, because Tom calls me his brother.

Tom's father died soon after the wedding, and both his sisters married—Sarah, as she is now, to Lady Alice to himself—and Mary. They have a little world of their own; she won't let him write much, for she says it is while he pores at a semblance to the review, just to keep his hand in. She has been more than a brother to me; he set me down as a genius upon accepting my first sapling along famously. Taking all things into consideration, I think I shall marry. Tom says there's nothing like it, and of course Tom knows. Besides, I know a nice little lady who I think may be just the person to help me to transcribe a home circle. Some say she is, and I would take Tom's opinion sooner than my own. I often wish that I don't laugh if I don't know anything about phrenology—I often wonder if I should marry this little lady, would I be as keen on phrenological principles. I think I'll ask Tom.

INDIAN WAR ON THE WESTERN FRONTIER.

FROM the British boundary to that of Mexico the Indians are in arms. The California overland mail has been stopped, and the Mexican mail soon follow. The Indians are often led by white men, who know the supprovision train, and the finest modern rifles. All this is the result of the Sioux outbreak, the western points to rebel instigation. The Indians were from the very outset approached by the rebels with offers; and Albert Pike, the rebel chief, we know, aided in exciting the Indians to desolate our frontier.

The Indian outbreak in Minnesota, Sully, the latest Father Dessemet sent as peace commissioner, and urged a peace with the Sioux. He evidently saw tokens of approaching trouble, and would have left Minnesota to detach the Sioux from any combination. His plan was frustrated by Indian duplicity.

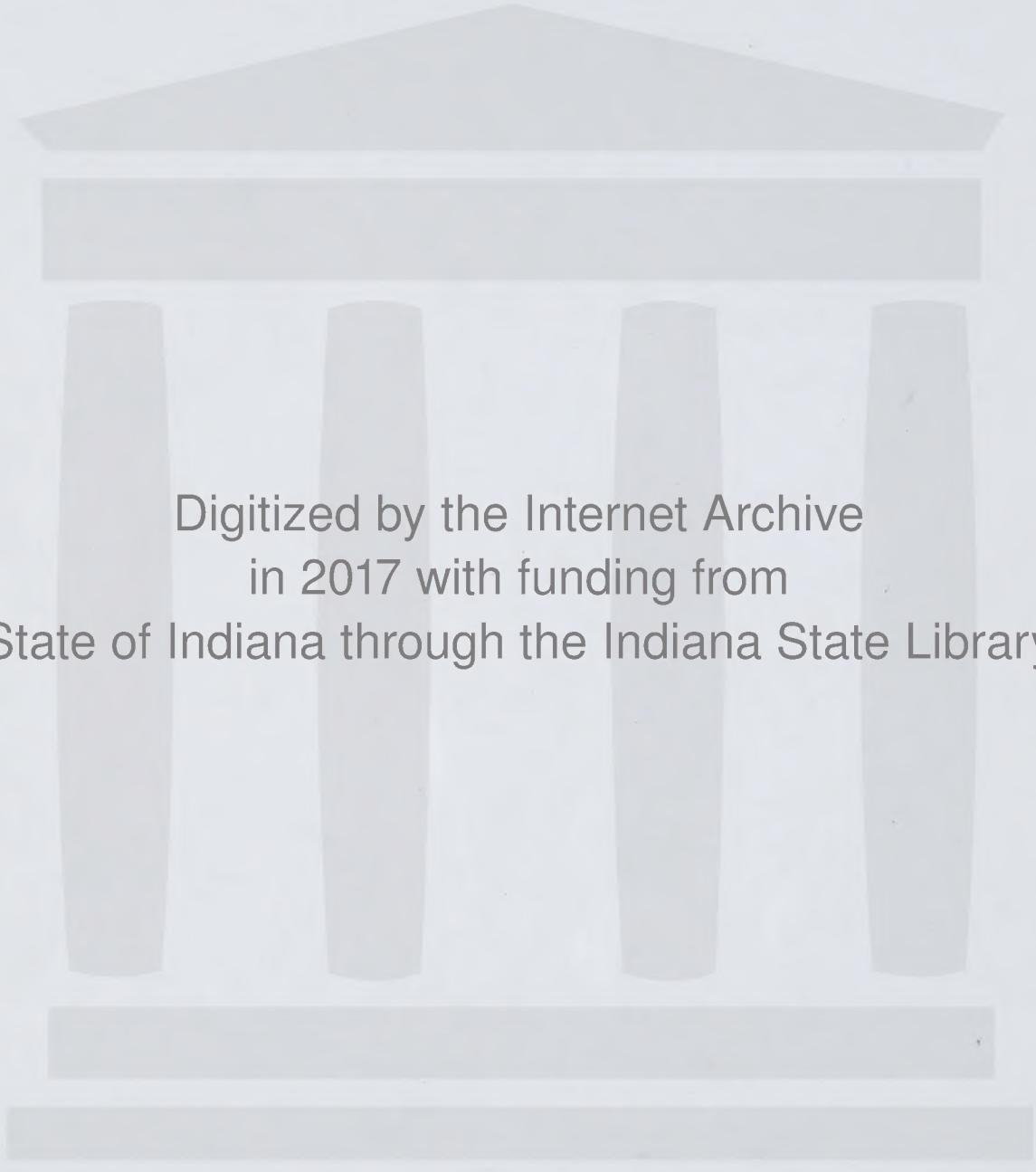
The war is now raging furiously. On the 20th of July the Indians attacked the Sioux City and Pacific at numerous number. Immediately after this the Indians appeared in Minnesota, and also in the territories of Kansas and Nebraska. During the past month of August the Indians have been on the warpath in Kansas and other powerful tribes in the region of Fort Laramie have joined in the war. Women and children were taken prisoners. The women dropped their children by the wayside, and when the United States forces in pursuit of the enemy captured an Indian village they reached the bluffs and our men turned back.

At Gilman's ranch, on the west of Kearney, six men were slaughtered, and another escaped to tell the tale. Another party, never heard from after seven wagons, six men, two women and four little children, left Fort Kearney. They stood mute up to the train, made signs and uttered sounds that were not understood by the whites. While the white men were cooking for them they were fired upon, the men killed, and the women and children carried; one of the children was shot because it became troublesome.

At Plumbe ranch 17 men and one woman and child were killed and the station burned. Within a half a dozen more like the work of guerrilla than that of Indians. At Cottonwood, on the Little Blue, Major Sharpe, a brave fellow, was at Liberty Farms, just 6 from Independence, when the Indians appeared in force about noon, some 40 in number, saw him, and sent three of their party to call him off. When he saw them they were close upon him. He ran the gauntlet, discharging his revolver as he went, and got to the house where they fired at him. His arm was exposed by holding on to the door post, and he received a ball which passed through it, above his elbow, but escaped. The Indian whom he shot was killed. One man was pierced with 30 arrows while at work in his field.

Those who have not seen the deadly bow and arrow, but many of them the best of arms, prove and murderous, and the Indians are practiced in using them aided what was thought to be a ruse, but when the white man had reached it he found he carried up a white man with real hair. It is evident, and is generally believed, that the whole allies of guerilla experience are leading these confederacies in their work of devastation and slaughter.

In one place the Indians drove off a large number of cattle, and the Kansas militia, with some U. S. volunteers, started out to recover them. They were, however, attacked by the Indians, several thousand in number, who surrounded them, driving them, which cut down the soldiers long before the latter could get near enough to use their own weapons. A retreat followed, and the soldiers were pursued ten miles from the field by the Indians.



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THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG—THE 5TH AND 9TH ARMY CORPS IN POSSESSION OF THE WELDON RAILROAD—VIEW OF THE FORTS JUST COMPLETED TO PROTECT THE POSITION.—FROM A SKETCH BY ANDREW MCCULLUM.



JOSEPH MARCUM FLYING FROM THE INDIANS.



INDIANS ATTACKING A TRAIN AT BEAVER CREEK.



U. S. VOLUNTEERS AND MILITIA DEFEATED BY THE WELL-ARMED INDIANS.—SEE PAGE 7.



INDIANS CARRYING OFF WOMEN AT PLUMB CREEK.



A SETTLER PIERCED WITH THIRTY ARROWS.

SCENES IN THE GREAT INDIAN WAR ON THE WESTERN FRONTIER.

THE FALSE IDOL.

BY ADA VROOMAN.

I.

Upon my dreams
A shape of mystery and delight he rose,
As spring beams forth on Polar seas and snows,
Girdled with summer gleams.

With silent feet he came,
And radiant, awful eyes—a king, a god,
Piercing the dark wherein my soul abode,
With shafts of subtle flame.

All peace and joy,
All dear delights—all Heaven lay in his glance,
Shone on his lip—beamed from his countenance,
Without this world's alloy.

What marvel if I knelt!
Turning from storm, and cold, and shapes of gloom
To him who walked untainted by the doom
That blighted all I felt.

And then I saw from far
My old-time heroes, gods and men sublime,
Gaze, darkly frowning, down the halls of Time
To my bright morning star.

In beauteous scorn he smiled,
And sudden light kist earth, sea, air and heaven,
That single smile all mists of woe had riven,
All doubts beguiled.

And low and clear
His accents, thrilling as the murmurs won
From Memnon smitten by the morning sun,
Fell on my charmèd ear.

"Hast thou no glance,
No smile, no flush of joy, to greet thy fate?
Or have I come, my sweet, too late—too late
To break thy sorrow's trance?"

"No, best beloved, no!"
He kissed the words from off my pallid mouth
That reddened as the rose, when from the south
The winds of sweetness blow.

II.

Here, choked with dust, I lie.
Look up, my soul! The planets burn,
Above the earth the heavens yearn,
The nightwinds moan and sigh.

Oh, woe is me!
This night and blankness—lost—forlorn!
No more the blissful light of morn
My tear-dimmed eyes shall see.

He was no god!
Yet now I think I do him wrong;
The night is dark, the way is long
My weary feet have trod.

The cruel earth
Yawns for me; and afar I see
My long-lost weep and sigh for me;
My woe has quenched their mirth.

Weep not! No earthly shame,
No earthly sin can weigh me down.
I come! Upon my brows that shining crown
Whose leaves are points of flame.

NINA MARSH;

OR,

THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER XI.—MR. BARBARY MAKES A DISCOVERY.

"What a thundering ass you are, Bill!"

This polite remark was made to William Staines, clerk to Mr. Barbary, solicitor, by James Underwood, ditto.

William looked up astonished, as most of us would at such an unprovoked attack. But his first instict was naturally for retaliation.

"You're another!" he said; and then, his sense of justice satisfied by the fairness of the retort, he quietly resumed his work.

"Well, but, Bill, don't you know what's up?"

"How should I?" answered Bill, resentfully. "You didn't tell me anything, except that I was a thundering ass."

"And that isn't news; but I can tell you some news, if you like."

"Out with it, then."

"You'll have Old Bobbery about your ears i you don't stir your stumps. There's a sight of work to be done. This deed will have to be finished by post time, and there's that will to be drawn, besides two leases, and a writ to make out for old Wilson presently when he calls. Young Larkyns has got into a scrape again, they tell me; and his father says he shall go to prison before he'll fork out, for he's done it twice too often already."

"Well, I couldn't be expected to guess all this if I wasn't told," said Bill, in a surly tone.

"I wasn't told about it officially, stoopid!"

This epithet, independently of its opprobriousness, was a great blow to William Staines, who had just begun to take pleasure in his own sagacity. He was about to improve upon it in his own retort when "Old Bobbery," as they irreverently termed their employer, entered the room.

"Now, then," said he, roughly, "do your work first, and quarrel afterwards."

"We can do our work and quarrel too," answered James Underwood, dauntlessly. "There's no reason why we shouldn't have our little pleasures as well as our elders."

"I tell you what, my lad, your tongue will get you into trouble some of these days, if you don't watch it!" and Mr. Barbary shook his head admonishingly towards the desk, and returned to his own room.

A wonderfully keen little man was John Barbary. Step by step he had worked his way up the ladder of fortune, and now that he had reached the top he could afford to smile at the steepness of the ascent. His lines had not fallen in pleasant places as a youth. His mother had been a shrew, and his father a drunkard. Often enough had the boy known what it was to go for a week together without bread, his sole meal in the day a mess of turnips and potatoes. But luck favored him, and favored him early. Passing along a by-street in Great Malston when he was about twelve years old, lovingly fingering two stray marbles he had happened to pick up, John Barbary came upon Mr. Jones, a solicitor of long practice in his native town. This gentleman was just stepping out of his office, and held a bundle of deeds in his hand, which he seemed to be sorting as he went along. The lad watched him, simply because he had nothing else to do, and presently he saw a light paper drop from the bunch and flutter to the ground. John stepped forward with alacrity, picked it up, and restored it to its owner.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mr. Jones, examining it critically through his gold-rimmed spectacles, "where did you find this twenty pound note?"

"It dropped out of your papers, sir;" and John, who had never seen money in this form before, blamed the ignorance which had alone caused his honesty.

"Why didn't you keep it, lad, eh?" said the stern old lawyer, wheeling sharply about, and casting a searching glance into the boy's face.

"Keep it, sir!" answered John, assuming a tone of virtuous indignation; "it wasn't mine."

For John Barbary, who had no particular bias towards dishonesty, and was quite willing to be upright if uprightness could be made convenient and profitable, thought it advisable to act up to the character he had involuntarily assumed. With eyes modestly downcast he awaited the result of Mr. Jones's scrutiny.

"Come, little lad," said the old lawyer, kindly, his survey over, "I should be glad to do you a service in return for your honesty. What shall it be?"

"If I could be put in the way of doing some work, sir, I shouldn't want anything else," replied John Barbary, who saw how fatally and surely idleness and bare cupboards went hand in hand, and thought that work and full meals must be a better combination after all.

"Very well," said Mr. Jones, evidently pleased with the answer. "I know you—you are Barbary's son, of Jew street; but I'll give you a chance. I want an errand-boy. Come down to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock, on a week's trial, and if you suit me I'll keep you on, and possibly make something better of you in the end."

"Shall I get anything for it, sir?" asked John, unwilling to secure himself an increase of labor without proportionate advantages in other respects.

"Never you mind that—I'll see you don't starve."

And Mr. Jones nodded encouragingly and went his way.

This accident was the foundation of John Barbary's fortune. From errand-boy he became under-clerk, then head-clerk, after this a junior partner in the business; and, finally, when Mr. Jones retired, he had the field to himself, and sowed it with gold instead of grain. Now he was a highly-prosperous man, to whom people looked up with reference to his wealth, and not his size, for, as we have before asserted, Mr. Barbary was by no means a giant. He was now verging on fifty, but looked considerably younger. His hair was that of light sandy color which is very late in turning gray; and he had an active, nimble way about him which gave him quite a youthful appearance when he walked. His forehead was low and prominent, the brows overhanging the eyes, which were small and keen, of no defined color, and yet imparting a decided expression of astuteness to his physiognomy. The mouth was coarse, the lips those of a man who loved good living, and was more sensible than sensitive; but, nevertheless, it was a reticent mouth, one not given to indiscreet confidences. A certain benign glow of color on each of Mr. Barbary's high cheekbones gave you the idea that an empty cupboard was still his abomination, and that a glass of wine after dinner was not a luxury he had taught himself to despise. Perhaps if we said a bottle it might be nearer the mark, for we know that people who are partial to high-seasoned dishes suffer a good deal from thirst in consequence. Be this as it may, Mr. Barbary, having neither wife nor child, had no motive for stint, and had certainly earned his little indulgences by patient labor.

When Mr. Barbary had quitted the office and retired again into his own private room, the two clerks began to work with a diligence which would have been praiseworthy if it had only been persistent. But in ten minutes their pens had slackened speed, and their eyes were wandering.

"Bill," said the elder, thoughtfully, "what a thundering long will this seems! Why, if I'd fifty wives and two hundred children I could leave them all I'd got in less time than that."

"And so could I," answered Bill, who had £30 a year, and nothing found.

"Ours must be a rotten constitution," pursued James still more thoughtfully, "when you think that one can't tie up a house even for five years without a whole parchment full of palaver. But I tell you what," he added, after a pause, "ours is a fine profession, too. We're like parsons when they get into the pulpit—we can say what we like without anybody's contradicting us."

"I'd rather have a good tuck-out than a good talk, any day," answered Bill, who was lamentably deficient in sentiment. "I wish father had apprenticed me to a pastrycook. I should like to have had the polishing-off of all the stale tarts! Just you think of having all Saturday's leavings for Sunday's dinner! I'd take care everything wasn't sold out that day! I'd turn the tarts over so as to make people think there wasn't any jam inside, and then we shouldn't have more customers than we knew what to do with."

"And suppose you were——" began James Underwood, when the door opened in a sharp, imperious fashion, and Lord Gillingham entered the office.

It is mean and pitiful—it is even disgusting—to see how Englishmen worship rank. These two poor clerks, mongrel-bred up to the very roots of their hair, and humbly cognisant of the same, bowed and cringed before this lying, drunken peer as if he were a god instead of a lord. James Underwood, whose audacity held good under ordinary circumstances, was now breathless with awe; and Bill rose from his visionary feast like a slave who is caught regaling himself at his master's table.

"Is Mr. Barbary in?" said the earl, in his sharp, haughty manner.

"Yes, my lord," murmured James, growing pale with deference. "Shall I tell him that your lordship wants him?"

"No; I'll do that myself," answered Lord Gillingham; and without deigning to glance at his informer, he walked straight into Mr. Barbary's room.

Mr. Barbary was almost as much overcome with his presence as the two clerks. He had never before had the honor of a visit from his patron. Occasionally he had been sent for to Rendlesham Court, but at these times his interview had ostensibly been with the steward, and his lordship had merely strolled carelessly in towards the last, to be satisfied upon some point of law or question of favor. Mr. Barbary had never expected to see the day when Lord Gillingham should enter his private room unannounced, and he could not quite get over the novelty of the event. He handed his lordship the padded chair in which he was wont to luxuriate himself, and stood by the table, modestly awaiting information as to the reasons of the distinguished honor conferred upon him.

"Sit down, Barbary, sit down," said the earl, in a conciliatory tone, and Barbary obeyed, mutely grateful for the condescension. "I've something here I want you to examine for me," added his lordship presently, and he rummaged in the pocket of his greatcoat and brought out a folded paper, which he handed to the lawyer.

"Ah! a certificate of death," commented Barbary, getting more at his ease now that professional matters were introduced.

"Look at it carefully. Does it strike you as being a genuine document?" inquired the earl.

"Perfectly so, my lord. I should say it was a mere copy of the register."

"And there is nothing informal or suspicious about it?"

"Nothing whatever, my lord. Still, if your lordship should entertain any doubt upon the point, the best way would be to go to Woodruff, in Yorkshire, and consult the register."

"It seems hardly worth while," said the earl musingly. "I suppose it is all right."

"I have no doubt of it, my lord—but stop!" and Mr. Barbary gave another keen glance at the certificate in his hand, then put on his spectacles, and favored it with a critical and lengthy examination.

"Well?" said the earl, impatiently.

"I should say that the certificate itself was genuine, but that the date had been altered."

Lord Gillingham rose eagerly from his seat, and came and bent over the paper in his turn.

"Look, my lord—if you will pardon the liberty I take in begging you to put on my glasses—do you see that the date of Mrs. St. George's death is put down as the 11th? but my impression is that the figure given was originally a 1."

"And what makes you think that?"

"If your lordship will be obliging enough to take the trouble, you will perceive that not only was there insufficient space for two figures, but that they differ considerably in formation. The first, for instance, is made with a natural flourish, but the second was originally a mere straight line, and the flourish was an afterthought, added to make the imitation of the other more complete."

"What brings you to that conclusion?"

"I have other reasons, my lord, besides those I have just specified. The flourish in the second does not join the figure itself, and was evidently supplied several days later by the difference in the color of the ink, as well as by the way in which it is formed, being thicker at the top than at the bottom, as if by a downward stroke rather than by a natural movement of the pen, as would happen with a person who was in the habit of writing the figure 1 with a flourish."

"Very well."

"And you may distinctly perceive that the figures are crowded, the space being barely large enough for one. Besides that, it is plain to me that black ink was used in the first case, and what we call blue-black in the second."

"The clergyman might possibly have bungled the date," said the earl reflectively.

"He might, but it is hardly probable, as he would copy verbatim from the register before him. Besides, having no motive for concealment, he would, from the force of habit, write both figures in the same way."

"There is something in that."

"Then, too, my lord, it is highly improbable that he should have two bottles of different kinds of ink at his side."

"Still, in writing, some letters would be paler than others."

"But not of a different tinge, my lord."

"I see what you mean, but I can't understand what motive there could be for altering the date."

"Neither can I, my lord; therefore I simply confine myself to stating the fact without comment. If it was done, it must have been done with a motive, because people do not commit forgery for nothing, more especially a gentleman of Colonel St. George's position, who has so much at stake."

"Who told you that I suspected Colonel St. George?" said the earl sharply and haughtily.

"I presumed so, my lord," answered the lawyer, in a tone of humble deprecation. "I should be deeply grieved to cast any imputation upon a member of your lordship's distinguished family."

"Mind me here," replied the earl brutally, "I'll pay you off if you do. You may think that you're safely over the stile, and can do pretty well as you like, but I'll manage to show you you're mistaken if a single word of this business gets beyond your room."

"My lord, if I had not been gifted with professional discretion I should not have been trusted as I have been."

"Oh, I know you well, you lawyers; you'll hold your tongue if you can get anything by it, but if you can't, then you grow dangerous. Now, I'll just tell you what—Sir Barnard Symes is under my thumb; he'd as soon think of flying as of giving his daughter to any one I didn't approve. Do you understand?"

"My lord, I assure you these threats are quite unneeded; my honor and my interest would both keep me silent."

And Mr. Barbary blushed as he spoke, for Margaret Symes, with her broad shoulders and highly-colored cheeks, had seemed to him as much of an angel as any woman could be. Not only this, but to become the son-in-law of a baronet had always been Mr. Barbary's pet ambition, and the tempting cup seemed near his lips. Margaret was coy, but not indifferent. She had been setting her cap at people until the cap had worn out, and her patience too. All this trying and waiting had become dreary work, and the uncertainty of future success harassed her beyond measure. She was close upon thirty-four now, and although she had thought to look higher than John Barbary, she had gradually come to the conclusion that he merited encouragement, and consequently she had given him encouragement. Her father and mother, who, it may be supposed, had grown quite as tired of waiting as herself, looked on with something that was not, assuredly, disapproval. And so it came to pass that this was a sore subject with John Barbery, and that he would have given any possible guarantee of secrecy rather than that Lord Gillingham should put his threat into execution. He went on very humbly—

"Your lordship may trust me perfectly. I was brought up——"

"Yes, curse you!" interrupted his lordship, who had turned into one of his brutal tempers, "I know how you were brought up. Old Barbary wasn't a beggar, to do him justice, but that was only because he liked thieving better. I knew him well, and if ever there was a rogue on this earth, he was one."

"My lord—really——" stammered Barbary, junior, who hardly cared to have his family antecedents raked up so unceremoniously.

"Yes, really!" sneered the earl; "and another time don't you be so officious. Who the deuce wanted you to find out anything about Colonel St. George?"

"My lord—I thought——"

"Then you'd no business to think."

And his lordship went out, muttering some very ugly words; Mr. Barbary, like a beaten hound, following obsequiously at his heels.

The lawyer could not account for his patron's sudden perversity. It had seemed to him at first that the earl would be personally gratified by any discovery he could make affecting the character of Colonel St. George, and after he had exerted himself to afford his lordship that gratification, he had suddenly veered round to the opposite side, and censured him prodigally for his pains. It is never very agreeable to be forced to listen to abuse we dare not return. Retaliation is not only a pleasure, but an absolute relief. To Mr. Barbary, who had sharp wits, and a temper to match, to remain passive under reproach seemed more ignominious than moral. Had any stake less weighty than Margaret Symes hung upon the balance, the little lawyer would have charged his own cannon and made his office bad quarters for his savage adversary; but as it was, he carried on the war to some future day when, Margaret won, and a baronet his father-in-law, he should stand on more equal terms with his foe, and be able to return his fire without wounding his own hand.

CHAPTER XII.—ALL FOR LOVE.

Captain Marsh's steadfastness of purpose often went as far as obstinacy. This was the great fault of his character. It is true that he never made any decision without firmly believing it to be right; but after this it was impossible to make him understand that the fact was capable of a different interpretation or admitted of a modified rendering.

Cyril's father had not been the sort of man to make dependence on his counsels at all wise or judicious. General Marsh was good-hearted, but violent and irascible. He took as much pleasure as he could get out of life, then he lay down quietly to die, repeating almost word for word Lord Muskerry's saying when on his deathbed, "That he had nothing with which to reproach himself, never having denied himself anything."

This was Cyril's first grief, and one which he could not easily master, for it was without hope. He felt that there must be something more expected of us than self-indulgence; and that people did not wake with a conscience any the clearer for having gone to sleep on roseleaves. This lesson he carried dimly within him, hardly realising its issues or comprehending its full magnitude. Unfortunately for him, his mother was dead, and he was too reserved by nature to talk of his feelings to ordinary or indifferent people; consequently he struggled with them for a time, then shut them up in his own heart. As no new shock had come to quicken them again, they remained as dead, buried beneath a thick crust of worldliness and pride.

Still, he was a person to be trusted. Katie even had instinctively realised this, and, on his simple promise to take care of Nina, had shown herself content. Nina felt it too—felt it with a strange

yearning desire to be something to him, and have personal profit out of his strength and self-reliance. She hardly knew that she loved him with a love which shapes a woman's destiny and moulds her at will. She had not dared yet to make any analysis of her sensations. She would not be satisfied that she could love now, and yet to feel the full significance of the change working in her, although she would not acknowledge its meaning. She walked as one in a dream. Her April bridal grave, she was grave; if he looked gay, she could forget all her troubles and be gay too. It was certain that some day soon now the scales would fall from her eyes, and she would confess that fib, and home, and kindred were of no less value to her than Cyrill's love; but, as she could gain no hope out of such avowal, it was better not made, even to herself. In destroying the doubt we often destroy our self-control.

Cyrill's keen eyes had read unerringly the gradual change in her feelings as regarded himself. At first she had hated him unconditionally; after that she had learnt to fear him, and yet value his approval; and, finally, her strong, passionate love had given itself unconsciously to him. Cyril was sorely tried, and one can hardly wonder that he fell. While Nina looked on him with indifference, he could find no excuse for indulging his own feelings, and was armed with one safeguard at least in the hour of temptation. But when he read his very soul by conjuring the light into Nina's eyes, and bringing a sudden bloom into the white cheek, Mrs. Trent's warning assumed the light of an unpardonable sin. In vain to persuade himself that no statements were worthy of credence without the support of facts. He had not stifled his conscience, and he had not yet grown flexible, and the sophistry of passion occasionally drowned its mandates.

Cyril loved Nina as men love the first woman who has touched their heart and turned its ice into fire. He had been cool in days gone by, and had often found himself wondering at the coldness of other men; but he was wiser now. All his confidence in himself was gone. He had declared that he was safe, and all the time he knew that his passion was as fierce and wild as in a maiden which is past cure. I might tell you how he wrestled with his love, how he beat it down one day to rise more vigorous than ever the next. I might, but *cui bono?* This old, old story needs no fresh telling, no effort at embellishment from new pens. Most have their experiences to gather from in writing at night, and those who have not are best unenlightened. It is a shame to destroy the ignorance which is also bliss.

Although Cyril had not come to a firm resolution of visiting Mrs. Oldum, and warning her that he would find some means of putting an end to her extortions, he had made up his mind honorably to inform Nina of his plan before he put it into execution. She was walking on the terrace one morning, enjoying the sunshine, when he joined her, meaning to tell her all; but the whole scheme, and then retreat before he should compromise himself by any indiscreet avowal. We shall see how he succeeded in his attempt to be generous.

Nina was pacing sharply up and down, and the exercise in the keen, frosty air had brought a rich bloom to her cheek and a brilliant light into her eyes. She heard directly and perceived Captain Marsh, and advanced smiling to meet him.

"I am glad you have come out," she said, gaily. "The morning is so delicious, I hardly care to enjoy it alone."

A fierce thrill passed to Cyrill's very feet. He felt giddy and faint. There had come to him suddenly one of those keen paroxysms of passion which overpower the reason and scatter to the winds all those fine theories of self-rule. That flush on the round cheek, that softened gleam in the marvellous eyes, the tremulous movement of the lips when the smile died away, were so many evidences of power which he could have spoken the principles of a stoic and made a king think meanly of his throne. Cyril forgot to wrestle, forgot to reason, and only remembered that he loved.

"Go away from me, child," he exclaimed, with almost savage earnestness. "Don't you see that I love you?"

She drew back a pace or two, and the flame died out of her eyes.

"Yes, I know," she replied, in a tone of deep dejection. "I know; you are ashamed."

"It is no question either of shame or unwillingness now, Nina; it is gone too far for that," said Cyril, gravely. "I cannot by put off with evasions any longer. Either you must explain to me what impediment stands between us or we must part for ever. I cannot be guilty of cheap and despair master me as if I were a child. I can't be sure of myself or my own resolution. The hour is come when I must know sooner rather than plead for an explanation of all these mysteries."

"Ah, now I see that you do not truly love me," said Nina, softly. "You don't know how much I would be. I did know, only I was mad, I suppose. Let me go, Cyril; what can am I here?"

But he was holding her fast.

"Never mind, I'll have you stop. Nay, don't struggle. I have your hand, and I mean to keep it until you can make it clear to me that I have no right to do so."

• Her temper was rising now, as it always did under opposition. She saw that Captain Marsh meant to torture her only for the easing of his mind, but for other reasons with which this had no connexion, and her pride was up in arms at once. She would yield nothing on compulsion. She had been close upon a frank and full confession —she was only putting off the evil hour as long as she could; but now he had forfeited the right to claim this, and she would keep her miserable secrets to herself. She must have lost him anyway; perhaps better, after all, that they should part in anger than in shame.

"You have no heart," she said, under her breath; "you oppress me because you know I am weak."

"You have been as gay as any of us lately; remember that."

"And why should I be always miserable? No one can meant either to grieve or to suffer eternally."

"You have crept back into your old evasions and subterfuges," said Cyril, sternly. "I had hoped that they were cast away for ever."

"And I had hoped that you would give up acting me pique and mortification."

"You wrong me there, Nina," replied Captain Marsh, sadly. "For days past, it seems to me, I have been nothing but your foe."

"And that is quite as unprofitable a post as either of the other two."

"Possibly; but all idea of profit gain sadly out of one's calculations at such times as these. I have lost a great part of my influence since I knew you."

"I am very sorry—"

"No, Nina, you are very glad, if you speak the truth. I know you so well; you love power beyond all things. Even such flawless infatuation as pleasing to you—an agreeable little triumph you would not willingly forego; and as for Lord Gillingham—"

"I suppose you are going to say that I like him?"

"No; but you like his homage."

"I have never had sufficient of it to enable me to judge."

"Then you soon will;" and Captain Marsh's manner unaccountably changed to that of great bitterness. "He means to do you the honor of asking you to become his wife."

"You are mad," said Nina; "he has given me no reason to anticipate such a proposal."

"Pardon me, he has spoken to Mr. Marsh."

"I think he might have consulted me beforehand," replied Nina, speaking quietly and coolly. "I do not recognise any one's right to decide for me in such a matter."

"Mr. Marsh has not decided for you."

"Then I think it would be as well if I made up my mind to accept Lord Gillingham," said Nina, passionately. "At anyrate I should be out of everybody's way then, and that would be a relief to them, if not to myself."

"Nina, my poor child, you must be mad," said Cyril, looking compassionately into her gloomy eyes. "Don't you know that, as men and women, all bonds are void unless they be called upon to give thos explanations to Lord Gillingham which you refuse to me? You understand best how palatable such a confession would be to him. Ah! if I were a woman I would rather scrub the floor and bake all the household bread than place myself in the power of a coxcomb such as Lord Gillingham. A woman's world is narrowed into the circumference of her own home. If she has no blessedness there, what compensation can there be in separation? and that is one which a woman feels almost as much as the complaint itself. I am not speaking of those who go out of this love-circle deliberately and prepared to batter with rude hands at even special provinces, getting ungracious victories at best, and thoroughly unseaming themselves in the contest. I am speaking of women—such women as we love all our lives, and pray for with our last breath. Such as these are pure diamonds, which, if dropped carelessly in a home made happy by and through them to the display of their full brilliancy. A man who wears a jewel of this kind may well defy the frowns of fortune and fate, for nothing can harm him much."

People of sensitive temperament, when under the influence of any strong excitement, either speak or act. A feeling of nervousness drives them necessarily into extremes. We have known persons who, whilst listening to a sad and painful tale, could restrain all outward expression of pain, and have often given offence on this account, when, to say one who understood them thoroughly, it would have been impossible for any sign of sympathy and distress as if they had actually cried. That this was a moment of supreme anxiety to Nina no one could doubt who took a glance into her white face. All the blessedness of love appeared to depend upon her present decision. At one time it seemed possible that she should be happy, and at other she wondered that she had ever dared to think of such a thing. Like Tantalus, she had brought her eager lips close to the pure stream which should banish her misery for ever, and was even then denied the satisfying draught. She must go away thirsting; she dared not drink of the water which seemed mingled with her tears, and was even then on all the more restless that they had been so near being assuaged. Nina's heart felt like bursting, and yet it was not in her power to relieve it of the load under her she turned upon Captain Marsh with a light, grating laugh.

"You are quite a domestic character, I see; I had no idea of that!"

Cyril looked deeply hurt and offended.

"Can you find nothing better to say to me?" he asked under his breath.

"What I might have found to say under happier circumstances it would be useless to repeat now, I think, and you would be sorry to hear."

This time she finished with a sob.

"You might make it possible. One little word—"

"Would only make it more than ever impossible."

"I could forgive a great deal, Nina."

"Yes, I know, Cyril, that you are good and generous; I acknowledged that even when I hated you. But there are some things a man of honor cannot overlook. You must see to injust to yourself for my sake."

"But why not let me judge, Nina?"

"Because in your present state of feeling you might be easily tempted to any self-sacrifice."

"And, Nina, you could not refuse?"

"No; that's it. I could not."

"Then tell me, Nina, my beloved!"

"Never, Cyril, never; I should die of shame! I thought I could do it a little time back, but now it seems more impossible than it ever seemed before. If I were to confess everything, and you were to marry me in spite of my past, we could only be happy just at first. When your love grew cool you would reproach me for bygone sins, and regret your marriage, looking upon me as a designing temptress who had taken advantage of your infatuation to draw you into an unjustifiable connection."

"You called me generous a minute ago; should I merit that character if I could be capable of reproaching you for a past which I had made up my mind to forgive, and forget even for my wife?"

"I do believe, Cyril, that you, alone of all the men I know, might be trusted in such a situation; but I could not trust myself. If you looked grave, I should fancy that you were trying to hide your regrets; and if anything should ever cause you to be harsh to me, I should suffer a thousand times more than I could possibly do now. Our very lamps are harsh to them. So you see, Cyril, it is best that we should remain as we are."

"I cannot think so, Nina. I will wait."

"Time brings no remedy in this case, Cyril. The world will not let a woman obliterate the past by any means. Even if I could, a coarse enemy may dash it in her face, and with one word undo the efforts of years. It is very hard, it is very cruel, that we should never be allowed to outlive our sins, as we do, and make ourselves a new name and reputation; but so it is, and lamentations and complaints are mere waste of time. You see, Cyril, that I have not a thing to remedy in this case; being a woman, I am forbidden either to forget or retrieve my errors."

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"We are in the midst of a revolution," as the fellow said on the treadmill."

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"YOU'RE a man of figures," as the mathematician said to the boarding-master.

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"What case, doctor?"

"When there is only dinner for twelve."

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"I can't say, my boy."

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"Did you examine it carefully before you swore in your information that it was the prisoner's?"

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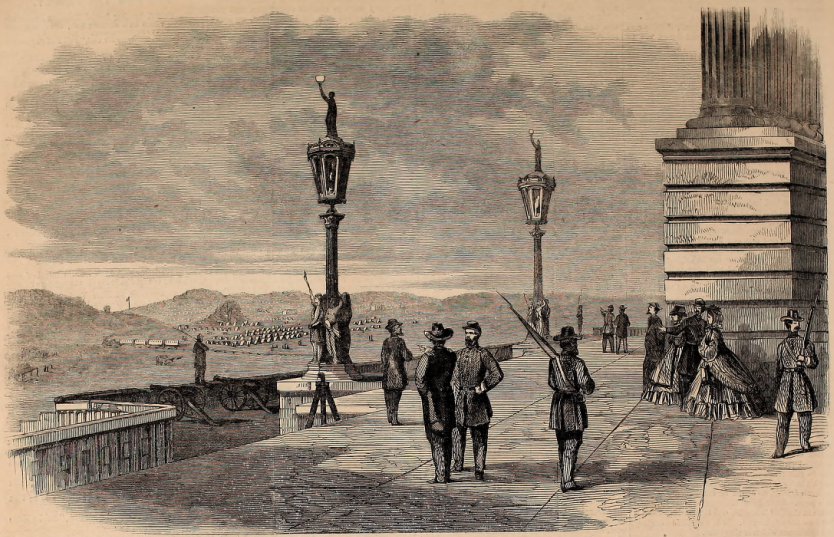
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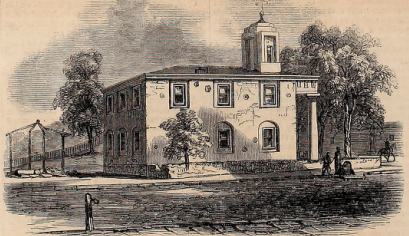
THE CAPITOL, NASHVILLE.

Our Special Artist at Nashville some time since, when the rebels were menacing that important city in hopes of diverting Sherman from Atlanta, was struck with the scene at the State Capitol. The building itself, of immense proportions and of magnificent design, was entirely surrounded by earthworks and stockades of great strength; all the staircases and other approaches being thus defended. The strange association of the beautiful in art with the grim weapons of war is as sad as it is picturesque. The view of the country beyond, with tents scat ered far off in the distance, and the city around formed a scene seldom equalled and not easily forgotten.

THE COURTHOUSE, CHARLESTOWN, VA.

This building has a history never to be forgotten. It was the scene of the closing events of the life of John Brown, of Harper's Ferry notoriety. Since the beginning of the present unhappy strife between North and South, the tide of war has rolled backwards and forwards several times, the place having been alternately held by both parties.

The building stands still, showing its marks of war, the holes pierced for musketry, with marks of shot and shell, and the waste and havoc occasioned by the army waves that have surged to and fro in the once happy valley of the Shenandoah, "the valley" of which Virginians spoke as though earth owned no other.



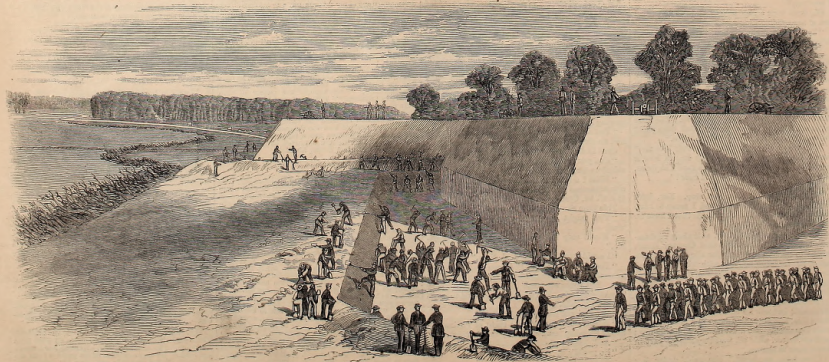
THE COURTHOUSE, CHARLESTOWN, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. E. TAYLOR.

GRANT ON THE WELDON RAILROAD.

All quiet in Grant's army! When this report comes day after day, our readers must not suppose that our army is idle, that Grant is doing nothing. There is more to be done in war than meeting and repulsing attacks or assaulting works, as our readers will understand by the valuable sketches in our present paper.

The solid and formidable fort thrown up by the 5th corps shown in the smaller sketch, and the line of that corps and the 9th as shown from that fort in the larger one, with the abatis in front, and covering the very line of the road, look like possession. The rebel lines cannot be seen in these sketches, being shut out from view by the curtain of woods which the reader will observe.

The rebel papers affect to make light of the loss of this road, but they feel it immensely. After a point is lost, they always discover that it possesses no strategic importance. The loss of Fort Morgan is nothing. Mobile is safe without it, and Gaines and Powell being gone made Fort Morgan of no value. Why defend it then? So, too, Atlanta has now turned out to be of no importance whatever. They can retake it at pleasure. So here the Weldon road is unimportant, but they fight two or three bloody battles to show how little they care for it. How an attack on our lines there now will fare, the reader can judge, and yet we are told that Lee is massing his men for a last desperate effort to force the hand from his throat.



THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG—LARGE FORT THROWN UP ON THE LEFT OF OUR LINE NEAR THE WELDON RAILROAD BY THE 5TH ARMY CORPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY ANDREW M'CULLUM.



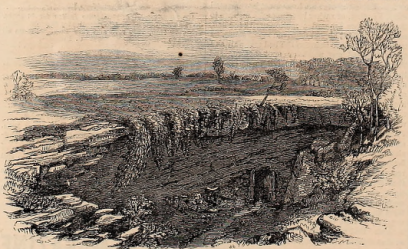
THE SIEGE OF MOBILE—EXPLOSION OF FORT POWELL AT GRANT'S PASS, JULY 5.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. B. HOUGH.

FORT POWELL, MOBILE HARBOR.

AFTER the entrance of Farragut's fleet into Mobile bay, and the dispersion, capture and ruin of the rebel fleet, Fort Powell, at Grant's pass, the bombardment of which some months since our readers will remember from our sketches at the time, became totally useless to the rebels. They had not consulted Farragut as to his plans, and as he ungenerously withheld information they were unfortunately not in a posture to give him a suitable welcome on his approach from the bay. After the fight the Union fleet bore away towards the fort, really to be out of range of Fort Morgan; but the commander of Fort Powell seeing only an attack on himself, blew up the fort in the evening. We give from actual view a sketch of the explosion, and of the fort as it appeared when we entered it.

WASHINGTON'S CAVE.

AMID the hurrying march and countermarch through the Shenandoah valley, our Artist paused in view of Ashby's Gap in the Blue Ridge, to sketch a cave two miles south of Charlestown, in Clarke county, in the interesting Selden estate. This cave has a local reputation, from the fact that Washington is said to have here held the first Masonic meeting west of the Blue Ridge. We have applied to several of the craft who might be supposed to know of Masonry in Virginia, but have failed to ascertain the time when this occurred, or the lodge whose meeting was held in this romantic spot.



WASHINGTON CAVE ON THE SELDEN ESTATE, CLARKE COUNTY, VA., WHERE WASHINGTON HELD THE FIRST MASONIC MEETING WEST OF THE BLUE RIDGE.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. E. TAYLOR.

THE "BOMB-PROOFS" AT ATLANTA!

SUCH of our readers as perused the charming volume "Cave Life in Vicksburg," issued by Appleton, need little explanation of the bomb-proofs of Atlanta, of which we give an interior view. To those less familiar we may say that they are excavations in the soil roofed with heavy logs, over which is heaped the loose earth to the height of a young Ararat. These little mounds may be seen all over the city. The garden to almost every house which does not boast a cellar is now supplied with its artificial "bomb-proof." They are perfectly secure against the metal storm, and many of them are quite comfortably furnished with beds and chairs and other furniture. Women and children were huddled together in them for hours at a time, and when the city was furiously shelled at night the whole community may be said to have been underground. Hither in days of steady bombardment the less prudent fled, for cellars, the common resort, were only traps. Some times for days they lived there, eating, sleeping, working, plying as of old the spinning-wheel and other ancient implements.

OBSTRUCTIONS IN THE JAMES RIVER.

WHEN Gen. Grant resolved to cross the James and operate on Richmond from both sides of the river, it became necessary to guard against a sudden descent by the rebel rams, which, built on that Merrimac pattern so steadfastly adhered to by the South, lay at Richmond ready to annihilate all Northerndom.



THE SIEGE OF MOBILE—RUINS OF FORT POWELL AFTER THE EXPLOSION.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. B. HOUGH.

A line of piles was accordingly driven down, and our Monitors lying below it to keep watch and ward, ready to treat Merrimacs as we have done at Hampton, Charleston, New Orleans and Mobile.

Our Special Artist gives a view of this position taken from the Crow Nest battery, a high position from which a hundred pounder thunders on the enemy. The enemy feel this point to be vitally important, and have made the high banks bristle with cannons covering our batteries and operations.

MY GRANDMOTHER'S STORY.

I WILL try to tell it as nearly as possible just as the old lady told it to me. It was her one story, the great event of her life, and he assured she told it more than once. This was the way it went:

It was a great many years ago, my dear, long before you were born, that my husband met with a serious accident in New York, fracturing his leg by a fall into a ship's hold. I was sent for immediately, or rather the news was sent to me, and I determined to go directly to the city. We lived then in New York State, about two hundred miles distant from my point of destination, and there was no means of whirling one from point to point with greater rapidity than they could stay at home. Railroads were unthought of, and stage coaches only ran over the most frequented routes. After a family council, rather confined in suggestions—for I had but few to advise me—it was concluded that I should set out on horseback, with Martin Frobish, our hired man, who was what was called "a German redemptioner" in those days, which means that he was an emigrant from that country, whose services for a certain term had been sold to my husband to pay his passage to this country, and that Martin, who had been with us for several years, was to be my squire to such a point as was best for taking the stage coach for New York.

That matter settled, we set out. The first night of our travel we stopped at the house of an acquaintance of my husband's, but it is with the second night's travel that the whole of my story lies.

It was almost an hour after dark when we drew up by the gate of a wayside inn, that displayed a dingy sign of a horse with a man standing by it, and an announcement of "entertainment for man and horse," as its warrant. There was something in the look of the place as I entered that struck a chill through me, but there was no help for it, there I had to stay.

The premises consisted of one large and general room, the bedrooms being all above stairs, the uninviting entrance to which was from the general room. I endeavored as far as possible to make myself contented with my situation, and to accept the sulky attentions of my host and his wife with a pleasant manner, but still there was a constraint that was far from being pleasant. I watched Martin get his supper, and saw him, after dozing for an hour by the fire, go off to his bed. He had scarcely gone when a knock came to the door, and it was opened. The man admitted was undoubtedly an American, apparently an Eastern man. He was tall and raw-boned, but there was a homely air of honesty and good-nature in his face that came like a ray of sunshine into the great cheerless room at once, and made me feel as though I was safe in his presence. He wanted supper and a bed. The matter was discussed between him and the host, and the result was that my honest-faced friend arranged to occupy the landlord's room, who was to take his chances in the large room we sat in for the night.

I cannot explain how or why, but I felt from the moment he entered the house as if my safety was secured. As far as I could understand, the room in which he was to sleep was next to my own. This was something I especially appreciated when I became aware, which I did very soon after he went away, that Martin had gone to the barn to sleep, and was consequently far beyond the reach of my voice should I have wanted to call him. With this feeling strong upon me, I watched the newcomer's every move, and when the time came for him to retire to his room I was very sorry to see him go. Go he did, however, and in good time I followed. I expected when I reached my room, which was a cheerless, ill-furnished one, that I would hear my next door neighbor stirring, but I was disappointed, and after listening awhile concluded that he had made rapid preparations, and had got into his bed. This, of course, was my own best plan, and I looked around to see the proper thing to be done. There was a fire upon the hearth, not a bright one, and I had a candle, so that what light could do for the room was done. I first looked to the door, and very much to my annoyance I found that the lock had been removed, and there was no fastening. Then came a time of consideration, and the result of it was that I attempted to secure the door by other means. I tried to make a chair act as a prop against the broken lock, unsuccessfully, and then I lugged, with great labor, the heavier articles of furniture across the room, until I had them piled against the door, though even then in a way that I felt would be insufficient should a resolute man undertake to force an entry. I had done my best with that when I went over to the fire, and sat down before it, upon the floor, with the idea of there pulling off my shoes and stockings. I had scarce touched the floor, when, by a turn of my head, I threw one glance under the bed. It was but an instant, but that instant froze all the blood in my veins. There was a man there, and that man was the traveller who had so prepossessed me. The turn of my head was very rapid, but it was long enough for me to be sure that I was not mistaken. Within the space of a few seconds all that I had ever read or heard of cases of sudden danger flashed across my mind, and I thought of what I should do. I could not go to work to remove the barricade I had built against the door, for that would bring him instantly upon me. I could not make believe that I had forgotten anything below, for that would be too transparent, and what was more I now felt confident, notwithstanding their great tact in concealing it, that this man was in league with the people of the house. I saw no chance for my life, but the window, a sudden jump from it, and a flight into the weeds; but this idea was dissipated in a moment by an attempt on my part to raise the sash, as though to shut in the outer shutter; and finding it was nailed down, there was nothing for it now, but either to meet death at his hands, quietly, without a struggle, or to battle for it as far as woman's strength will suffice against that of a man's.

I went back to my seat by the fire, and without looking, for I really believe that the horror of my situation gave me eyes in the back of my head, I saw this man under the bed, and saw his great, fierce gray eyes glaring out from the darkness upon me, and watching with a fiery eagerness. What, in heaven's name, should I do? I did not dare to scream, as I felt sure that it would only hasten my doom, nor yet could I escape. I felt pretty sure that unless I forced him to it by making an alarm, the man would attempt nothing until I was fairly asleep. From my point of observation, without appearing to do so, I took a view of the whole matter. I saw that the man had got to the situation he was in by creeping under at the foot of the bed, but that it was very unlikely he would get out that way, but that he would rather rise upon the side nearest to the wall, between which and the bed there was a place about eighteen inches in width, and to this point I turned my attention.

I undressed myself as deliberately as though I had been in my own room in safety at home, and went through all the routine. It required wonderful nerve, my dear, but you must understand that my life was in the scale, and I was determined to go through with it. Just before I got into bed I went to my travelling bag and took from there my scissors, for I wanted them to carry out what I had made up my mind to do.

I got into bed, every drop of my blood creeping like ice through my veins, but still determined to play my part. I did not want the man over whose carcase I sat—for that was my position on the bed—to think I had fallen into slumber too easily, and for that reason, before and after I got into bed, I hummed quite loudly to myself the air of a song. But while I was doing so, with my scissors I cut the upper sheet of the bed into strips about fifteen inches in width, and, with fierce rapidity, twisted them together until I had a rough, strong cord. This was to be my weapon of defence, and as soon as I had it finished I blew out my candle and prepared for sleep.

Don't think from this that I lay down and became composed.

As soon as the candle was blown out the glimmering light of the fire was all I had to go by, and this barely allowed me to see what I wanted to do. I knelt upon the bed, facing the wall, perfectly silent and grasping my cord in both hands. The room was still, and I could hear my own heavy breathing, as, without doubt, the man beneath me could. I think almost an hour must have passed away, I sitting, or rather kneeling with my face to the wall, before I heard a motion under the bed, and when I did it almost deprived me of sense. I watched that space between the bed and wall as I never watched any point or spot before, and thought of my fate should he fail to emerge in the very place I had calculated on. At last, after an hour, which to me seemed ten, I heard a movement, and in a minute saw the top of a head protruding from its hiding place. I stretched forth my arms, and quick as lightning, before the eyes were above the level of the bed, threw the cord I held behind the head, loosely. Another instant and the eyes came up and stared in astonishment, almost in terror, at the figure kneeling in the bed facing them. I did not wait a moment for him to recover from the first shock, but with the strength that seemed that of a giant I jerked the cord tight, and drew the neck of the man against the wooden crosspiece of the bedstead, where, with a force and strength I had never before exerted in my life, I held it by throwing back my entire weight. Had my purpose or the cord given away at that moment, in ten minutes I would have been dead.

I strained tighter and tighter on the twisted cloth in desperate agony. I heard the great limbs beneath the bed struggle and flounder about in terrible desperation. I saw the long, lank arms occasionally rise above the bed in fierce attempts to clutch at me, but every fresh grasp only drew the cord tighter by throwing me farther back. I saw the horrible eyes starting out from the head, and growing dimmer and dimmer every moment, and the tobacco-stained lips growing paler, but still I clung with fearful energy and weight to the cord.

How long this horrible state lasted I have no means of telling. I feel sure that I was perfectly conscious until all life had left the man, and then I must have sunk into gradual insensibility, for long after the time usual for breakfast, when no stir was heard about, the landlady came to my door, and failing to get any response, brought up Martin Frohish, and between the two the door was forced, and I was found rigid on the bed, kneeling, with the weight of my body thrown back upon the tightly-grasped cord, and the head of the dead man just protruding above the bed.

It was a day or two before I was able to understand or converse on the terrors of that night, and a week before I was able to leave that wayside inn; but before I went away I freely confessed to the false opinion I had formed of my host and hostess, who during that week surpassed my every wish in their attention and kindness, and whom, I very soon knew, hid, under a rough manner, the kindest of hearts, and knew as little of the man I had been the instrument to punish as I did myself.

An inquiry brought out the fact that he was a desperado, who had carried terror through a neighboring county, having committed several murders, and having concluded to change his locality and try his hand in another direction, met his punishment on the first attempt.

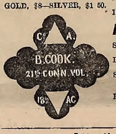
CHEAP BREAD.

"BREAD and butter" are the only articles of food of which we never tire for a day, from early childhood to extreme old age. A pound of fine flour or Indian (corn meal) contains three times as much meat as one pound of butcher's roast beef; and if the whole product of the grain, bran and all, were made into bread, 15 per cent. more nutriment would be added. Unfortunately the bran, the coarsest part, is thrown away, the very part which gives soundness to the teeth, and strength to the bones, and vigor to the brain. 500 pounds of fine flour give to the body 30 pounds of the bony element, while the same quantity of bran gives 125 pounds! This bone is "lime," the phosphate lime, the indispensable element of health to the whole human body, from the want of the natural supply of which multitudes of persons go into a general "decline." But swallowing "phosphates" in the shape of powders or in syrups to cure these "declines" has little or no virtue. The articles contained in these "phosphates" must pass through nature's laboratory, must be subject to her manipulations, in alembiacs specially prepared by Almighty power and skill, in order to impart their peculiar virtues to the human frame. In plainer phrase, the shortest, safest and most infallible method of giving strength to the body, bone and brain, thereby arresting disease and building up the constitution, is to eat and digest more bread made out of the whole grain, whether of wheat, corn, rye or oats.

But we must get an appetite for eating more, and a power of digesting more. Not by the artificial and lazy method of drinking bitters and taking tonics, but by moderate, continued and remunerative muscular exercise in the open air every day, rain or shine. And that we may eat the more of it the bread must be good, and cheap, and healthful; and that which combines these three qualities to a greater extent than any other known on the face of the globe, as far as we know, is made thus: To two quarts of corn (Indian) meal, add one pint of bread-sponge; water sufficiently to wet the whole; add one half pint of flour and a teaspoonful of salt. Let it rise, then knead well, unsparingly, for the second time. Place the dough in the oven and let it bake an hour and a half. Keep on trying until you succeed in making a light, well-baked loaf. Our cook succeeded admirably by our directions at the very first trial. It costs just half as much as bread from the finest family flour, is lighter on the stomach, and imparts more health, vigor and strength to the body, brain and bone. Three pounds of such bread (at five cents a pound for the meal) affords as much nutriment as nine pounds of good roast beef (costing, at twenty-five cents, $2 25), according to standard physiological tables.

A PONDEROUS gold guard chain has just been completed at a chain and jewellery manufactory in Springfield, for a man in New York, who has a fancy for "big things." It is four feet long, weighs a pound and a quarter, big enough to chain an ox with, and cost $900. Rather loud, that.

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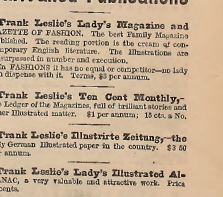
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No. 470—Vol. XIX.] NEW YORK, OCTOBER 1, 1864. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly, 10 Weeks $1 00.

Our Financial Affairs—Prices—The Prospect Before Us.

Gold has been for some time, and still is steadily tending downwards. From its highest advance of 285 a fall of some 60 odd per cent. is an immense gain to the Treasury, the faith of the nation, and the country, and people at large. The bulls of Wall street, during the past two weeks, have left no stone unturned to keep up the price of gold; but with all their ready resources and cunning devices, they have failed and have lost heavily. Irresistible causes are at work against which no gambling contrivances, however powerful or ingenious, can succeed. Public confidence in the complete success of the war for the Union has been universally restored with the fall of Atlanta, and with the present satisfactory condition of things in reference to the beleaguered city of Richmond. This confidence, which extends to the crowning success of the war during the present Virginia campaign of Gen. Grant, is the very simple solution of this downward tendency in gold, as compared with the national paper currency.

We believe, too, that the fall of Richmond is near at hand; and we have no doubt that with the evacuation or surrender of his capital by Jeff. Davis, the remaining remnants of his "Confederacy" will be substantially dissolved. What then? How will our financial and business affairs be affected by the dissolution of his "Confederacy," and the submission of the rebellious States to the Union? There will be a financial reaction. Gold will go down with a run to its real value, as compared with



THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG—REBELS REPAIRING THEIR FORTS ON THEIR SECOND LINE, SEEN FROM FORT WILCOX.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.



THE CONTRABAND CAMP AT CITY POINT—AN EVENING PRAYER MEETING.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

the national paper currency; and the prices of all things, labor, and the products of agriculturists and manufacturers, the wares of merchants and traders of all descriptions, will as rapidly decline, making due allowances for the tariff and internal revenue taxes.

This idea has apparently taken a firm hold upon the public mind; for to the extent of our observation, notwithstanding certain onward shows of general extravagance, industrious men and women of all classes are beginning to practise the virtues of a sagacious economy. They are wisely calculating what may be advantageously saved in provisions, fuel, clothing, etc.; and in the consumption of luxuries there is, we are sure, in the aggregate, a reduction which would show that the rule of retrenchment is gaining a foothold throughout the community. Economy is manly beginning to be considered a creditable novelty as a private duty, and especially when justified by the plea that extravagant outlays now are foolish, in view of the better times that are surely coming. We like this idea, for in proportion as the expenditures of a community in provisions, coal, drygoods, etc., are reduced, the costs of all these articles are at once affected to the advantage of the consumer.

Retrenchment, therefore, for the present, is not only a wise proceeding in anticipation of the better times of approaching peace, but in view of the immediate reduction of all the costs of living. With the suppression of the rebellion, there are some two or three millions of bales of cotton in the South that will be brought into market, the cash value of which in the matter of our foreign exchanges, will be, the gain to us of so much gold. Next, the rebellious States will widen the area of our national currency, and the markets of our Northern farmers and mechanics, and the demands for labor equal to the disbandment of our armies in the field. We may, therefore, confidently expect, that there will be a running commercial reaction with the end of the war to any great class of the American people, not excepting the unfortunate people of the South, whose financial means and hopes are involved in the paper of the Davis Confederacy. By submission to the Union they will lose nothing that can be saved under Davis, for, as repudiation has already extinguished one-third of the paper issues and obligations of Davis, the other two-thirds would soon be liquidated in the same way, even if his scheme of Southern independence were successful. Therefore, the sooner the people of the South are relieved of that delusive despotism and restored to the Union, the sooner they will be placed in the only condition in which they can repair their broken fortunes. Their markets will be once supplied, and in filling them the Government and the loyal States, and all the people concerned in every way, will be immensely strengthened from the substantial exchanges of the South. In a word, as we can now safely do, if we embrace the South in our financial estimates of the future, we may say that in regard to prices and the National currency we have everything to hope and very little to fear whatever for distrust. We have weathered the roughest of the storm, and the danger of shipwreck is past.

FOREIGN NEWS

THE London *Times* blames the policy of the pirate rebel ships, saying their wanton burnings of commercial marine will do much to reunite the North, and make enemies of numbers of people who have no sympathy with Yancein and his party.

The New York correspondent of the London *Times* continues his letter from Niagara Falls as the Democratic wrangling at that place in regard to the Chicago Convention. He maintains that if the election to fair unbiased by Chicago nominee and platform or precedent, on the platform of an armistice and convention of States. He thinks that the armistice will suit all men and parties, except contractors.

The half-pound sneering for the sinking fund of the Confederate loan took place on the 1st. Nearly one-sixth part of the whole loan has been redeemed, viz., $340,000 sterling by cotton, and $138,000 by the sinking fund.

The *Times*, of the 3d, has another editorial on the peace proposals of America, in which it says: "It is hardly be doubted that this very important period in the politics of the Union has arrived. Should the tendency has been peaceful for a long time, recent events have increased its movement and made it, it would seem, almost general."

A trial of the Ericsson, one of the rebel arms bought by the British Government, has been made; she is managed nearly 13 knots an hour, and answered her helm readily.

The Emperor Napoleon, accompanied by Prince Humbert of Italy, was at the camp at Chalons.

The protracted trial of Jacques Latour and Audney, for the murder of Mr. Dugald Clerke, has resulted in Latour being convicted of death, and Audney acquitted of the like.

The envoy sent by the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico had been received by King Victor Emanuel, who had acknowledged the Mexican empire.

EDUCATION IN TURKEY.—The Turkish Government is at present making great efforts for the improvement of education in Turkey. In the public schools a number of elementary school-books, which are gradually coming into use. The attempt it has made to improve the ordinary teachers have not yet been very successful; but in those schools in which a higher kind of instruction is given, and which are equivalent to our grammar-schools, the efforts of the Government have been productive of much good. There are 12 of these schools in Constantinople, and one in each of the other towns and cities. The scholars in all of them together amount to about 4,500, of whom nearly one-half belong to those in Constantinople. They are highly esteemed, especially by the pupils, and constant applications are made for the establishment of new ones.

Barnum's American Museum.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 1, 1864.

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Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA—SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN.

Gen. Sheridan officially reports a victory in the Shenandoah valley. Gen. Getty, of his command, fell in with a rebel force encamped, on the 13th morning, Sept. 13th, the position of Early's forces, four divisions of which occupied the west bank of the Opequan. Gens. Wilson and Merritt, with their cavalry, dashed along the Winchester pike on the same morning, charged through a fifth division of the rebels, and captured an entire battery of South Carolinians with their officer and brigade commander. This feat was accomplished with the loss of but two men killed and three wounded. Another charge was made on the right of the line, during which an officer and 11 men were captured. Sheridan is now gathering in the fruits of victory.

GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.

Gen. Lee has now to defend Richmond about 75,000 men, but his ranks are filled up with old men of 60 and boys of 15, and the mountains are full of deserters who cannot be found. The loss by desertion is constant and rapid, and the officers give strict orders to fire on any one seen leaving the lines. The relative state of Lee's army is represented in the Confederate army now by a regiment of about 100 men, and this is rapidly decreasing.

The usual amount of picket firing along the lines of the contending forces around Petersburg still continues night and day, but Grant is fully determined not to allow a similar surprise to take place as that by which we captured the line of works last week.

A On Wednesday, Sept. 14, Gen. Birney opened his batteries on the city and rebel works in his front, and kept up a furious cannonade for one two hours. On the same afternoon the enemy opened a terrific artillery fire on three signal towers on the flanks of the Bisk corps, but inflicted no injury that was not easily repaired. The death of Brig.-Gen. Howell, of Pennsylvania, commanding a brigade in the 10th corps, is announced. He was killed by his horse falling upon him.

On the 16th a large body of rebel cavalry swept down of 5,000 head of cattle, the reserve herd at Harrison's Landing.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The French beat Fawn, while on the passage from to Roanoke island, through the canal, ... ared and burned by the rebels on the 8th inst. Major Jenny, Provost Judge at Newberne, together with the crew of the FAWN were also captured.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

We have news from Hilton Head to the 13th inst. No active military operations of importance are reported. The 600 rebel officers recently consigned to Gen. Foster have been placed in the stockade on the north end of Morris island, under the fire of the rebel batteries, and the commander at Charleston notified of the fact. As a result of this, these prisoners are to fare precisely as do the Union officers placed under fire in Charleston. Gen. Saxton has organised a saving band for the contrabands, and has also issued an order prohibiting the purchase of cotton from the negroes in advance of the harvest.

GEORGIA.

Having resolved to make Atlanta a strictly military post, Gen. Sherman has ordered all the white inhabitants to leave Atlanta and to proceed either North or South as they may elect. A ten days' truce had been agreed upon between Hood and Sherman, in order that transportation should be provided for these who chose to go South.

MISSOURI.

The rebels have organised another invasion of Missouri. Despatches from the Southwest state that Gen. Price, with 5,000 cavalry, crossed the Arkansas river at Little Rock and Fort Smith on the 8th inst., *en route* for Missouri; and it is conjectured that his destination is Springfield, while Shelby's rebel force will attack Cape Girardeau. These posts are said to be strongly garrisoned and able to repel any demonstration that may be made against them.

NAVAL.

The following blockade runners have recently been caught. British steamer Elsie, captured on the 5th, by the Quaker City and Keystone State, with 220 bales of cotton. Steamer A. D. Vance, captured on the 11th, by the Santiago de Cuba, with 400 bales.

An investigation has been held at the Gosport Navy Yard to inquire into the cause of the burning of the steamship Brandywine on the 3d inst., and the result of the inquiry has been sent to the Secretary of the Navy at Washington thereupon.

The United States steamer J. P. Jackson, of the Gulf squadron, captured about the beginning of the present month the rebel schooner Lizzie, armed with one gun, in Mississippi sound, where she had been cruising with the intention of attacking and capturing our vessels.

A correspondent in the *Express* clears up the mystery which has hung over the fate of the Electric Spark, recently captured by the Florida off the coast of Brazil. The Spark was taken after her capture by the Florida, she, with the Florida, proceeded to one of the small keys, not over 85 miles from Nassau, where her cargo—which was a very valuable one, and especially adapted for the rebels, there being a large quantity of winter clothing and shoes—was put on board a vessel rechipped on a blockade runner, and has long ere this been safely landed in Dixie. The vessel was then to be put in order to carry guns, and to be altered as much as possible to resemble as that ere long, most likely, she will be prowling along the coast.

A Copy of Frank Leslie—A War Relic.

LIEUT.-COL. A. W. BISHOP, 1st Arkansas cavalry, has politely sent us a copy of our paper of Jan. 16, 1858, with this explanatory note:

HEADQUARTERS 1ST ARK. CAV. VOL.
Fayetteville, Ark., Sept. 4, 1864.

DEAR SIR—I enclose a copy of your paper of date Jan. 16, 1858, taken from the body of a bushwhacker, killed this morning in a skirmish, or rather a bushwhacking scrape. Headquarters 1st Brigade, Col. D. Jet Anderson's cavalry, on the west fork of White river, six miles from Cane Hill, Washington county, Arkansas. It is a curiosity, at least, Carl Formes has felt the effects of this rebel bullet, and I hope it may be harmless to him as the one by which his reputation was destroyed. Please accept the enclosed sheet. It may not be unworthy of preservation.

Very respectfully yours,
A. W. BISHOP,
Lieut.-Col. 1st Ark. Cav.

FRANK LESLIE, Esq.

On the first page was a portrait of Carl Formes, through which a rebel bullet had drilled the bushwhacker. The paper had never been cut open, and was doubtless taken from a file on some house where they had been plundering.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE ART JOURNAL. September, 1864. London: James Virtue, New York: Virtue, Yorston & Co.

This elegant monthly makes its welcome appearance in all regularity, and continues to sustain the reputation it has long enjoyed for excellence. The present number is a fine one. The steel illustrations are O'Neill's "Foundling," engraved by Lightfoot; Turner's "Heidelberg," by Prior; "A Spanish Girl," by Murillo, engraved by Blanchard—all three exceedingly fine. The article on "Modern Art" is the most interesting of the literary portion of the week. We have, however, only room for the following extract:

"The art journal of Westwood and Strutts, so full of interest, is nearly concluded, and given, with illustrations, a most vivid portrait of the great potter. Specimens of "Dibdin's Illustrated Arabian Nights," a continuation of "Wright's History of Caricature and the Grotesque in Art," an interesting on "Forged Antiquities," with the usual summary of art news, fill up the charming pages.

TOWN COSSIP.

THERE is something wonderful in the idea of a country involved in the very depths of a terrible civil war, and yet existing in the highest state of prosperity. This is simply the case with these Northern United States. In spite of all the drain upon our population, the consequent scarcity of labor, the depreciation of the currency, and the expenditure of wealth, we never were more prosperous or rich on the whole than we are this day. The immense wealth of a lifetime has come forth from the closets and chests of sturdy farmers, to be used in clothing for the men who are going to fight our battles in the field, and the whole land teems with money. Crops are overflowing, mechanics are busy, factories are groaning beneath, and no pair of hands need be uncoupled with paying employment unless they choose to. Never before was so much money, goods imported into them, or land reclaimed; never did all articles of luxury stand a better chance of being consumed, and yet the people open their purses pockets for the acquisition of whatever is for sale. New York is once more in town, after astonishing all the country with its overflowing treasures, and Broadway is rich with silks and satins, and sparkling with milady faces and bedizened forms. The theatres and places of public amusement are filled to overflowing, and everything betokens that the coming winter is to be the finest New York has ever seen.

Can this be Nero fiddling while Rome was burning; or is it real prosperity? We are inclined to believe the last. There is really nothing at this time drawing the lifeblood of the country. It is true we have several hundred thousand men who have withdrawn from the labor of the country; but the deficiency has been more than made up by the extra exertion of those left at home and by emigration. Large parts of the country women have turned out by thousands into the fields to do agricultural labor, and by so doing have balanced the loss of the work of brothers, sons and fathers, fighting the battles of their country in the ranks of the Union army.

This is the true secret of our great prosperity: that by some means, notwithstanding the fact that a half million of men have left the labor of the land, our agricultural products have not diminished, and our manufactures have been carried on as actively as before the war. It is the South only that is suffering in this terrible struggle, and not the States of the North. New York, as the natural centre of all this wealth, feels joyous over the prosperity of the rest of the district, though got out through a very small back door—is determined to have her full share and spend some of it.

In these days of war and bloodshed a more single murder is a matter of the greatest interest. Even once it was thought worthy of columns of record in the daily press, now it scarcely excites a paragraph. Such a point is this paltry apathy carried on small excitements, that the Rademaker murder, committed some years ago on the pier-station is unmolested. We have contained instances of the most shameful murderers have got off by their counsel not free, or with only a year or two at the most in State prison. Even the jury has sometimes striken a trifle to keep away starvation, receive a heavier punishment. At this time we have an instance of the uncertainty of the law in the case of Judge Hall, who has been several years in prison under sentence for the murder of Mr. Ward, of Mr. Wallon, and of Mr. Matthews; and also that of Radeiky, the murderer of Mr. Rogers, has been sentenced to hanging. Every one has been convicted and is undoubtedly guilty, and yet they are suffered to escape through some legal flaw, and turned out upon the community, perhaps to commit more murders. Whilst Dr. Cornish, the German physician, who, in the best of position stabbed a man who purposely provoked him, and has by disease and poverty reproached his crime, is to be hung. He has no friends and his lawyers tell him that he should be 10 consciously to be hung for being too poor to buy law. Verily we are a peculiar people!

There is so much that is noticeable and exciting in the present theatrical season that we scarcely know where to begin recording it. Firstly, of that which has been, the Germans have had the Academy of Music. On Monday night we had "Faust," and thousands were turned away unable to obtain admission. Tuesday, a repeat of the opera itself at this late day would be like a critique on Shakespeare, so we had a first-class audience of "Faust." It was successfully produced and several of the artists acquitted themselves in a way deserving more than passing mention. Herrmann as Mephistopheles brought forth the enthusiasm of his audience and received more flattering attentions than the "Evening Star" could possibly bestow. Madame Bertha Johannsen and Madame Frederics both sang splendidly, and the manner in which each one of the artists se must have convinced them that they sang to an appreciative audience.

On Wednesday "Martha" was upon the boards, with the familiar but always welcome refrain. In the second act Madame Johannsen introduced "The Last Rose of Summer," which brought down the house encore. Thursday, "Faust" again, never too often; and this week we are to have Robert le Diable, which will also be given in Brooklyn. There is a rumor that Grumolo's "Martha" is to be produced in English previous to the season quite equal to that of "Faust," and of a more attractive character.

For the handling of his orchestra and his general management, Carl Anschutz deserves more than praise can be given him through this paragraph, and the success he deserves for the grand success he has made, a success which we trust will be the means of putting enough money in his pocket to make him a rich man.

Next comes Max Maretzek, and what he is about to do. Last week Maretzek Monday Italy throws open the doors of the Academy, and Italia resounds with the Teutonic element in its classic dances. Maretzek is quiet in the matter, but it is the list of operas, concerts and old favorites he offers for public suffrage is quite enough to create a furore of excitement among the music-loving public, if nothing more. Carozzi Zucchi, Brambilla, Bertucca, Mrs. Laura Wells, a prima donna soprano, and Morensi, Frida de Gebel and Ferranti, a tenor, are also announced. Ferranti is a rising well. Massimilloni, Lotti, Bellini, Pierini, Brignoli, Amodio, are also announced, and we can believe that the coming season is to be something more than simply promising.

The speculations are to be "Don Sebastiano," Donizetti's last, and highly pronounced the best work of all; "La Forza del Destino," Verdi's last, and "Mireille," which "The Ragpickers," "The Peoples" and "Fra Diavolo," will be revived in a style calculated to astonish the natives.

The director having gone about his business in a business like way, we look forward to a good season of Italian Opera as the most successful ever known in New York, and we hope it will not be disappointed.

Monday last brought forth one of those monster concerts which are the delight of Brooklyn. At the Academy of Music, it was at Jones's Wood, given by "The Musical Mutual Protective Union," and it drew together a crowd of 10,000 to 20,000 many thousands of people. Six hundred performers were engaged, and the programme was a varied and six thousand people—more or less—tripped it on the light fantastic to the time inaugural to a series of monster affairs of the same kind that are to be given for the benefit of the fund, and if we can judge by the success of this, they will succeed.

There is little to record of change in the theatres. At the Winter Garden the Ravels are once more delighting fashionable audiences.

Mrs. John Wood has withdrawn "Miriam's Crime," and replaced it by a three-act comedy by the Countess of Gifford, entitled "Finesse." It is founded upon the historical idea that in 1816, during the English occupation of Sicily, a dangerous conspiracy against them was discovered and defeated by skilful finesse. It has been greatly successful in London, and we shall have more to say of it next week.

At Wallack's a new comic drama *Ici*, by Bouricault, has been produced, one of which our manager has announced that, in consequence of the public desire for "change and variety," he will occasionally give them a night of a play called "Rosedale." A most fitting joke that.

Heller is astonishing himself and a lot of people by turning about as much money every every night as he takes in. Since his engagement he has had a success that no one in his line ever had before in New York; the only fault to be found is that he should have a larger room, and thereby avoid the crowding that occurs every night. The performance of that band of negro minstrels, with the unpretending name of Sable Brothers, is the best of these days, and is a feature that can only be understood by seeing.

Barnum still has the happy family of the Thumbs on hand, including Minnie Warren and Count Joe Nutt. We are happy to inform all inquiring bodies that Mrs. Charles Stratton's wife is Lavinia Warren; baby is not much like other babies of its age, neither larger nor smaller. Further this deponent saveth not.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The monastery of St. Michael at West Hoboken, erected by the Passionist Fathers, was solemnly inaugurated on the 20th of Sept. It is a very handsome and commodious building, situated in a very romantic spot.

— The Sterligist Coterie Evening Sociable met on the 12th September to reorganize for the coming season, and they will hold their social gatherings at Pfaff's Academy in 14th street. The Sterligist Coterie numbers among its members many of the most elegant and intellectual young men of the day, and who are as noted for moral worth as for personal appearance and accomplishments.

— There was a meeting at the St. Nicholas hotel on the 14th of Sept, to take into consideration the propriety of erecting a Free Public Cemetery. The idea, after considerable discussion, was abandoned.

— The Overland Stage Line to California is to be immediately extended, the hostility of the Indians having ceased along the whole line up to Folsom, Cal.

— The Democratic Convention met in the county at Albany, on the 14th, Mr. Champlin in the chair; he endorsed McClellan.

— The *Evening Journal* says: Rev. Dr. Evarts, by way of illustrating the inscrutability of Divine Providence, relates a German story of a pious old woman who "The spot in our lake can be pointed out to you where a young lady was drowned last year." The story was one we will talk drowned. He went down, as it was supposed, for his last time, with assistance close at hand. But, to the consternation of all, much difficulty earned to consciousness. Dead men rise to testify in the case of the President of the Insurgent Confederacy—Jefferson Davis."

— The Mayor has written a letter to John Williams Esq., agent of the Peabody Educational Fund, giving him as his opinion that the title of the organization is a misnomer, and should be "called a hall where Democrats pretence to exhibit foreigners."

— The New York political tickets are thus settled:—

Democratic. Republican.

Governor ..... Horatio Seymour. Reuben E. Fenton.
Lieut.-Governor D. R. Floyd Jones, Thos. G. Alvord.
Canal Commiss'r Davis Lord. ..... C. A. Alburger.
State Prison Inspect'r David B. McNeil. ..... D. T. Porter.
Prosecut'r Elect Wm. A. Kelley ..... Horace Greeley
Sent at Large. Elbridge Kingsley.

— The great billiard match for the championship and the stakes of $2,000 between Dudley Kavanagh, of this city, and Philip Tieman, of Cincinnati, came off on the 19th, at the Academy of Music, and resulted in favor of Kavanagh. The game was a carom one of 1,500 points, and was finished in one and a half. At the close the score stood—Kavanagh 1,500, Tieman 927.

— The Democratic State Convention on the 15th selected the following from Tammany Hall as the regular representatives of the Democracy of the city. The Wood faction, the Mozart Hall organization, the McKeonites and one of the German delegations threatened to withdraw from the Convention. The other German delegation remained in with Tammany Hall. Two withdrawals and one split promised to damage McClellan and the State ticket, and make their fight with Tammany at the local candidates, except the Wood and Mozart delegation, which ignored McClellan and promised nothing.

Western.—Brig.-Gen. Sibley, in an official despatch, says the number of Indians embraced within the territory of Minnesota is nearly 17,000, including 3,200 warriors, of whom 1,600 are now actively hostile, 200 doubtful and the rest, 1,400 friendly—professedly so friendly, but who would not hesitate at any time to raise the hatchet if they considered it for one of the consequences. He recommends as a permanent policy concentrating the military and Indians in the several bands and tribes, adding that "when they find they must come to us or starve upon the claims for food, and must work or starve, they will agree to any reasonable conditions the government may set to them." He says that it is becoming more and more manifest that some such brief policy as that indicated must be adopted by the Government with reference to the great tribes of Indians West of the Mississippi, if a permanent peace can be restored to our extensive border."

Southern.—The Southern press is very much divided in the consideration of Gen. Sherman's swing of their editors declaring that the war will be carried on with more military vigor than ever, and that it has been, and that his terms, as put forth in his letter of acceptance, have been made, there is really no difference between Lincoln and McClellan. Judging from the correspondence of the Northern papers, and we take it they reduce more accurately and vividly the condition of the people and the resources and movements which can be adduced to the writer's fancy, the state of the South must be unspeakably horrible to contemplate, and is a painful evidence how latent the spirit of war and the South is, how deeped in their determination. It will require all the tact of their leaders to prevent the question of a return to the Union, should a favorable opportunity occur.

Military.—Gen. Grant and Gen. Sherman have both been summoned by the President to publish letters urging the immediate enforcement of the draft as the way it will put an end to all false hopes on the rebel side, and also to settle them a victory.

— The remount of the 6th and 7th Connecticut volunteers, now in this city on the Potomac, en route for home, their term of service having expired. They numbered about 1,200 men. After partaking of refreshments at the Battery Barracks they left for Hartford. The original number was 1,400—two regiments of over 2,000—besides recruits. The slaughter of this war already equals that of Cesar's long and eventful life.

Personal.—Gen. T. F. Meagher has been ordered to report to Gen. Sherman for service.

— Parson Brownlow thus epitomes the death of the great orator and statesman, Henry Clay, in short: And when he died a thief and coward expired." He was killed in Mrs. William's back-yard, or cabbage-patch, in the city of Lexington. He was shot through the head by Andrew Campbell, of Company G, 12th Tennessee cavalry, while he was endeavoring to escape. He was a notable friend in front of every horse-stable in the land, in the days of slavery, and all the fast trotting mules should be noticed that they may now appear in the spirit world, and grace in peace in the daytime. Morgan leaves a large amount of good and greenbacks, cotton and real estate, the proceeds of his thieving exploits resulting from untold murders and robberies, through a space of three years. His is legal heir it will be difficult to settle. His first wife was the sister of Colonel Bruce, of Kentucky. She died in Lexington, from neglect and bad treatment of her debased, grabbing and thieving husband. His second wife was the negro wench he had with him during his residence in this city. She is at Memphis. His third wife is the daughter of Charles Healy, of Murfreesboro, and she is at a Bangalow, in Virginia."

Obituary.—Among the many gallant men who at Fredericksburg, nearly two years ago, fell on the field, was N. Y. Vole. This is a fine regiment, being chiefly composed of the 9th N. Y. Vols., better known as Hawkins's Zouaves, which proved itself to be the best volun" of regiments of the war. Thereon mi embarr" ... merged in the 17th N. Y. Volunteers.

— Mr. Matthew Hughes, the well known artist, who has been at Athens for a period with his sketches in *Once a Week* and various other English periodicals, has left the city of Pallas, and will spend a month at each prefecture that he had lived in would be a most interesting and valuable contribution.

— The Rev. George Potts, D. D., a distinguished Presbyterian clergyman of this city, died at his residence in Jersey City, on the 20th inst., of a paralytic stroke received this summer at Saratoga. He was born in Philadelphia, graduated at that city, at Princeton College, and immediately after took the chair of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy in Dickinson College, at Carlisle, Pa. He subsequently came to New York and assumed pastoral charge of Duane street Presbyterian Church. His talents were erected a spacious church in University place, where he has since labored with continued acceptability to a large and influential congregation. Dr. Potts has published many valuable works, and ever since his celebrated controversy with Rev. Dr. Wainright of the Episcopal Church, as to whether the church could exist without a bishop, a discussion which grew out of the consecration of Bishop Potter, Church of this diocese in consequence of the Onderdonk difficulty (now happily settled), he has held four children three sons and one daughter. One of his sons is the Rev. John Aiken Potts, of Jersey City. Another, Dr. Potts, is surgeon in the profession of which his father was a distinguished member.

— Park Benjamin, formerly one of the editorial staff of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, and a popular lecturer and poet, died on Monday evening, 19th of Sept, at his house in this city. He was of Welsh descent, and was born at Demerara, British Guiana, on the 14th of August, 1808. An illness in childhood impaired his hearing, and he was totally deprived of sight in his eyes and to his father's home in New England for a year at Harvard College, graduated at Trinity College, Hartford, 1827, began to write poetry at college, and was one of the original editors of the *New England Magazine*. In 1837 he removed to New York, and in connection with C. F. Hoffman, the *American Monthly Magazine*, and with Rufus W. Griswold, the *International*. He once Greeley in editing the *New Yorker*. He was a most original writer, and was the author, with Rufus W. Griswold, as editor of the *New World*, a cheap weekly periodical, which had a large circulation among English magazine literature, and received original contributions from many distinguished men. He was the author of the well known lecture on Poetry, which he has delivered in most of the principal towns in the country, both in prose and verse. His poems, which embrace many popular lyrics, have been published, but never been collected, but are found scattered through the several periodical literature of the country.

Accidents and Casualties.—Mr. Clark, of Van Buren co., Iowa, heard a few days since that her husband was killed in the battle of Corinth. A man who had approached him as he was at supper, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. She then told him that a blow on the head with an axe that he is not likely to recover.

— A disastrous fire broke out in Washington street, on the 14th Sept, at a large storage, owned by Mr. Thomas Hamilton, and burned it.

— Patrick McDermott, accused of shooting Walter Bell, in a fight on the 4th of July last, was on the 19th inst. by whom the police have been on the look-out since then, arrested by Capt. Dilks, and was taken to see himself by Capt. Jourdan. He declares his innocence.

— A man named Lewis was arrested on the 19th of Sept., in New York, charged with forging checks on the American Express Co., at Rhinebeck, of $17,000. The money was recovered.

Foreign.—A Crystal Palace has been opened at Amsterdam with great solemnity, in the presence of immense crowds. The Prussian Minister of Finance, Herr Joseph Fuster's structure of 1851 has been adopted and constructed on the same principles. It is a splendid edifice contrast to most of the public and private buildings in the city of Amsterdam. The King of Holland, Prince Frederick, uncle of the King, presided at the ceremony, and delivered a long speech, replying to the address from the projector, Dr. Sarpathi, whom the Prince decorated with the Order of the Lion of the North Star.

— The French journals inform us of a very charming innovation in the mode of setting dresser on table at very great parties. The old fashion of doing so for reason will barely be extensively adopted: "The fruit, the flowers, the dessert, the table itself, are to be arranged in the form of a garden, with its trees, its shrubs, its flowers, cherries, peaches, grapes, pears, figs, nectarines, and the whole to be finished by growing on dwarf *espaliers*. The pots standing on silver or gilt stands, and the whole arrangement to be concealed by moss. Each guest will find a small basket, with a pair of scissors, containing a strawberry plant, in full bearing, to be carried away as a souvenir."

— An ingenious trick has just been detected in Paris. A man and woman worked it. The man would go into a shop and buy a trifle, tendering a note of a large amount, for which he paid with a five-franc or ten-franc piece, and received the change. Satisfied with the operation his female confederate would enter and also make a small purchase. Then the man would return, ten minutes, or a few minutes, she would politely ask for her change, and, on the shop-keeper counting out the money, receive any coin from her, she would reply that he must have given her a napoleon, and not a five-franc piece, and put a gold piece with a certain mark on it. On finding that it was a five-franc piece the woman would, of course, give the change with many apologies.

— A very sad event occurred at the theatre of Milan. A new drama, called "Le Sarette," in five parts, was being acted with the best masters, under her first appearance on the stage. The piece was received with favor, and in the second, and at different times rapturously encored. But in the last act, when the unfortunate debutante was carried home by her parents and friends, she was dead.

— A cat exhibition is under consideration in London.

— A history of the Polish revolution, by Mr. S. Edwards, the London *Times* correspondent, is promised.

— Mr. Thackeray, the novelist, has given a lecture in memory of Meyerbeer. It will take place this month.

— M. Donati, the astronomer, of Florence, has just discovered a new comet in Coma Berenices. It is visible to the naked eye.

— The Bishop of London has ordered an inspection of the sanitary condition of the churches in London which are not in good repair.

— The rumor now is that November is the month when the Emperor Napoleon will visit Rome. If he does and it is thought they will meet with the grandest reception that has ever been given to a monarch.

— The Powers, which, besides France, have, as yet, recognized the Empire of Mexico, and whose ministers reside in the capital of the new empire, are Belgium, Austria, Prussia, Russia, Holland and Rohland.

— The population of Paris is progressing enormously, increase to the increased demands of the postal service and a new Post-office is to be built. New York might follow its example with advantage.

— Among the literary novelties in London is a new publication to be called the *Creator*, which will contain the best speeches of past and present times, with notes critical and explanatory.

— The heirs of William Penn still head the English list of landholders. The present Lord Stanley, who is to be paid so long as time and treasury shall last.

— Four hairdressers have been fined five shillings each by the Leicester (England) magistrates, under the act of Charles II., for having no hair.

— There are to be virandiers appointed to the French regiments. So delighted were the men at the intelligence, that the hands and beppers immediately struck up, "The Camp-fellers are coming."

Art, Science and Literature.—Dr. Von Rehn, Austrian Consul at Athens, according to reports from Rome, which has recently engaged on a series of excavations in the Salluzzi, supposed to be the ancient Rome Street. He was assisted by a band of 36 Arabs, who have been employed in digging out the earth, and laying bare the Acropolis in its entire extent. The surface soil consists of the Cyclopean character, common to the eastern cities discovered by Schliemann at Troy, Mycenæ and Orchomenos. No sculpture of any kind has yet been found, but numerous fragments of pottery, some of clay figures, etc., have been met with. The remains of the Acropolis lay at a depth under a layer of vegetable soil 13 feet in depth.

Chit-Chat.—Waller was engaged in a discussion as to the probabilities of a future state for mankind. "I have," said he, "many anxieties on the subject are agonizing," said he, "but I have one of heaven, and when I shall be at my doubts resolved in this life." "Sir," said a gentleman present, "I am resolved," said Waller, with a solemn air, "they have their necks twisted in a rope."

— A Gascon nobleman had been reproaching his son for his idleness. "I am not idle," said the hopeful young man. "So far from having served me, you have ever stood in my way, for, if you had never been born, I should, at this moment, be the next heir to my rich grandmother!"

THE MACKEREL FISHERY.

MR. CARTER, in his "Summer Cruise on the New England Coast," gives the following account of the mackerel fishery:

"When a fleet of vessel reaches a place where the fish are supposed to be plentiful, the masters take the lead, and the vessel, bringing his vessel's bows to the wind, ranges his crew as upon a whaling cruise of his own, without a mackerel in sight, attempts to raise (school) by threes and fours, and, if successful, heads sloops, with the boat-box outside the rail, and with a tin horn in his hand, and, standing on the bow, blows for the water. If the mackerel appear, he then throw out short hail, and, if they are in the humor, they will be answered. The fish, if they be all right, generally bite freely, and as soon as they are on board the men actively run throw out and draw in a line. As they pull them on board, the fish are thrown into a box, and the bait into a barrel standing beside him. So enormously do they bite, that frequently a hook is caught in fifteen minutes by a single man. Some active young man will haul in many more; but, if he is not careful, he will soon have with a single motion, and repeat the act in such rapid succession that he will soon be actually on the average "by he high line," that is, to catch the greatest number of fish. The fish, when on board, present a curious sight among the sculpturesque and the miniature case, the pectoral fin, the gill cover, the movement which each item exhibits in the strife, are interesting. The fish which are thrown into the box will take the hook, the excitement of the men, and the dazzling noises of the fish in their beautiful and manifold evolutions in the water, arrest the attention of the most careless observer."

LOVE'S ENDING.

SOME years ago a marriage was arranged between Hans Steinman and Marguerite Blaine. Hans was a young and promising merchant, Hans was a banker, and Marguerite's father a laborer. Unhappily the latter, from imprudence or misfortune, became the victim of pecuniary embarrassment. Hans proposed to get the money due to him, and having taken a great share of Marguerite, proposed to cancel the debt, provided the girl's father would give her to him. Hans was with Hans, and give his daughter to him. The bargain was struck, and the girl, unconscious of the plot, who probably thought a rich husband was better than a poorer one. On the wedding day Hans forced his way in to the house where the bridal party were gathered, and invited the bride to dance with him. She was too frightened to refuse, and was compelled to her husband to know what he wished her to do. He got up and repaired to the company to drive out the intruder, who thereupon raised his arm and struck the bride's father on the head, and thus smashed the wreath from the bride's head, and wished her joy. The company was far from being a happy one.

Hans, from motives of jealousy, treated his wife very badly for upwards of five years, when a catastrophe occurred which changed the whole plan. One Sunday evening, as she was returning from Murray, Hans, who had been out in a sailing boat, had a row with a man at the entrance of a road which wound round a precipitous cliff. Hans struck the man, and he threw up carcass, as the rail which guarded the path had been broken away. Hans, seeing that the man fell, and knowing that the first time she was seen alive. Her husband, on hearing of the accident, went to seek her, and supposing that some accident must be the cause of her absence, he went to the place where his wife was found. She was dead, and by her side lay the body of a man, with a knife in his left hand, and in his right the end of a string, the other end of which was round the trigger, he had been shot through the heart.

The verdict was that the man died wrong, probably by mental anxiety. Drunkards, who had never seen Hans before, declared that he was a murderer, and suggested in the dead man, as he lay before him, weltering in his blood, his wife's young love.

A DINNER-PARTY IN NORWAY.

THERE were, perhaps, 150 guests assembled when we entered. I wondered how we were all going to get accommodated.

"I dare say you do not have these sort of dinner-parties in England," said a young lady to me, when I had taken my seat by her side. "We always at such parties stand up to dinner."

My surprise was cut short by being ushered into the dining-room.

As I wished to do at Rome as they did at Rome, I first turned to a little side-table, on which were arranged sandwiches, and wine, and liqueurs, and various other appetite ticklers. I won't describe the dinner: suffice it to say that some sixteen courses fell I would earnestly recommend any one going to Christiana to practise fasting during the previous twenty-four hours, for it requires an uncommon knack to be able to manage it properly. Eat into a wine-glass, a slice of ham, a piece of cheese peas and potatoes on it, for instance. Hold the in your left hand, and your knife and fork will be completely occupied by the clashy people—and cut and eat with your right.

In the meantime, keep constantly drinking with anybody who will let you get your elbow to push forward against you from all sides. And, when you have got your plate full, pay some attention to the study of attitudes. Assume the best posture for preserving your "crusty" in a state of solidity," while at the same time seat to avoid a straddle, as if you were on the deck of a rolling steamer, otherwise you may be astonished even by the company. You must not feel annoyed if, just as you have succeeded in cutting up the chicken and ham into small bite, and have got a mouthful of it ready for the fork, a jolt from behind disturbs the direction a mouthful is taken, and sends it outside your shortlived restaurant of inside.

Neither must you be irritated at feeling that some one is pouring a plentiful of gravy down your back. I spent a glass of wine over a young gentleman's new embroidered vest of scarlet baize, who bumped against me, was the vessel, and I am ashamed to say that I looked hard in another direction, as if I knew nothing at all about the matter. Another piece of advice I would venture to suggest—especially if you dislike using dirty forks—is to bring to keep a tight hold of your own.

Forks are always at a premium, and if you put yours down for one moment, it is ten to one if it again. I cannot suppose the modest stranger's doing anything better than looking on, and getting in his quiet way what not immediate use; for I am convinced that not one of the forty or fifty guests stood out of the sense plus the knife.

When I came, which was over about six, the gentlemen strolled out into the grounds to smoke. The ladies remained in the drawing-room of the Governor, and chatted with the elderly gentlemen. Coffee was then duly appreciated, we returned to the house to dance the evening away. Although the party had then lasted eight hours, it had been throughout a most rational pleasant one, and the time had passed very quickly.

THE STONE OF SILENCE.

WE have many famous Stones in the world—principally to be noticed the Stone of Honor and the Blarney Stone. But we doubt if many of our readers ever heard of the Stone of Silence in the Arabian Nights, the discovery happened in this way:

"Now, Abdallah," said the Caliph, "doing" Scotland was an ambitious to tell his friends on coming home that he had sealed Cerberus, and had seen a Spaniard's head grow, a "gawky" Western Call, who is sent to get "Sir Walter" to write out of adventurous visitors to Scotland, and to disclose his favorite resorts. Abdallah was nothing if not observant, talked, but he contrived the stranger of the unfrequented, and he was rewarded with the lucrative letting out of himself the really remarkable.

"For instance," said he, in his broken English, which it will be our task to render tolerably correct, "For instance,"—a happy thought suggested itself on the spur of the moment—"there is a Stone of Silence standing connected with it is that any one stands upon it can hear no one speak, and no one can hear."

"Indeed!" said the Cockney.

"Indeed!" echoed Abdallah's Islanders.

Upon this the hero of Richmond hill mounted the Stone of Silence, and began to speak in the high falsetto tongue shapes which an enunciation of Gaelic gutturals requires and approximates—fully, at the same time never sounding a note.

He had scarcely opposing he was calling loudly, vowed he could not hear a whisper. Still not quite satisfied with the test he called upon Donald to change places with him, which Donald gravely did.

Donald stood on the Stone and porter began to shout, till the rocks and skies reverberated.

Donald stood unmoved.

Again the Londoner called, but no apparent symptom of audible sensitiveness rose on the stolid features of the imperturbable Celt.

"Donald," said the Cockney, and forthwith taking out his portfolio he sentenced to paper the words not only the most extraordinary that had come under his notice in his "travels," but a sad specimen of the story of the remark of Donald how necessary it was to have to have a guide in surveying Scan.

The echo of Kilburney, which the Irishman said was the good echo in the world if a speaker's wife are you to-day? It would answer: "Pretty well, I thank you." is not to be wondered at that Abdallah, the hero in one own renowned Island of the West; and it shows an ingenuity in the latter to make the most of the latter for gratifying to the very top of their best simple-minded and credulous visitors.

The delight with which Donald recounted the triumph he had played on the credulity he understood by those who know his fondness for ready money and snuff.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

ONCE on a time, not long ago, not so far from Midmorning as it ought to be, a good-natured and belonging tenged, style-selling wife attended social party. Before she started, however, she would check her husband thus:

"Now, Abraham, don't talk so loud!"

"Come, William, don't lean back in the chair that way!"

"Now, William, don't get noisy over there!"

"Say, William, don't you think it's time to go?"

At last forbearance ceased to be a virtue, and the husband, turning to his wife, said: "Now, look here, Sarah, and said:

"I beg pardon of the company; but as my wife insists on being boss all the time, it is right she should have a hearing!"

And he deliberately took off his pants, handed them to her, and sat down in his boots and drawers.

The company was convulsed, and the wife burst into tears. The happy couple soon went home, but neither spoke a word.

How the affair was settled we cannot tell, but the last time we saw the husband he was whistling, and he invited to think she will not again lose in company in a hurry.

DURING the recent freshet near Peterburg, when a portion of the Federal fortifications was submerged and rendered untenable, a soldier on picket duty, while struggling in the water, cried out:

"Say, boys, I'm getting out of my bailiwick!"

That was as cool and self-possessed as Mercutio, who died with a joke on his lips.

"You want a slogging, thats what you do," said a passer-by to a boy in the street.

"I know it, dad, but I'll try to get slong without it," was the reply.

THOMAS, the third son of Bishop Burnet, caused his father great grief by his excesses. One day the Bishop found him in the presence of his son's countenance, asked, "on what he was thinking." "On it myself," was the reply. "History of the Reformation," say you," was the reply.

"I shall be happy to get it," said the father, "though I almost despair of it."

It was ambition, however, and vigorously pursued, the young man at length became a bishop himself, established the rank of chief justice of the common pleas. He died in 1792.

THE celebrated Lessing was remarkable for a frequent absence of mind. It is told of him that, having occasion to write to different times, without being able to discover who took it; he determined to put the history of the matter to the test. He, therefore, left a hundred on

"Of course he counted it?" said one of his friends.

"Counted it!" said Lessing, rather chagrinned; "no, I forgot that."

In a Scotch church, a descendant of Nebal having put a crown piece into the plate instead of a penny, asked to have it back and was refused.

"In once, in for ever."

"Aweel, aweel," grunted he; "I'll get credit for it in heaven."

"Sir, no," said Jeems, the doorkeeper, "ye'll get credit only for the penny."

WRY is a man living in the town of Truro, in Nova Scotia, who has been in the city of Record Rescue he's a Truro-man (true Roman).



THE WAR ON THE UPPER POTOMAC—GEN WILSON'S CAVALRY FORAGING AT THE SELDEN ESTATE, CLARKE CO., VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

FORAGING SCENE ON THE SELDEN ESTATE.

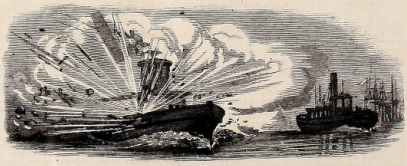
Our Artist, who is in the army of Gen. Sheridan, and whose sketches of the rapid and daring movements we have frequently given, sends a sketch which shows why the Shenandoah valley is the bone of contention. The richly stored barns of the farmers are coveted by the starving legions of Lee, and straitened as he is by Grant, he may better meet Grant than famine, and sends Early to gather the harvests. Our armies in their advance also need supplies, and there are plenty who are openly hostile to make the foraging a matter of no reluctance. In the present case, which occurred in Clarke county, Va., on the Selden estate, our men are retaliating for the plunder of Maryland and Virginia.

NEGRO PRAYER-MEETING.

THE negro is devotional. If he seldom rises intellectually to the higher level of the whites, he shows every basis for religious teaching. He is earnest, emotional, reverent. As a class, too, they are not, as the reports of crime show, nearly as troublesome in proportion to their numbers as whites; and they are not represented as fully in our penitentiaries and prisons.

Whom this struggle is over we trust that good men will endeavor to elevate them. The field is a wide one.

Our Artist in Gen. Grant's camp was struck one evening at City Point by the singing of a colored prayer-meeting, and approaching, was so struck by the simple earnestness, real piety and untutored eloquence of Brother John, who led the services, that he could not forbear sketching the scene.



EXPLOSION OF THE TUG B. B. SANDERS, IN THE EAST RIVER, NEAR JACKSON STREET, NEW YORK.

ONE day a physician alighted from his carriage, and entering the shop of bookseller, inquired of the master if he had a copy of "Heberden's Commentaries."

"No, sir," replied the man of letters; "but we have 'Cæsar's Commentaries,' and they are by far the best."



GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—BUILDING A CORDUROY ROAD IN THE WOODS NEAR THE WELDON RAILROAD.—FROM A SKETCH BY ANDREW M'CALLUM.



GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—ADMINISTERING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE TO REBEL PRISONERS NEAR DUTCH GAP.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. F. MULLEN.

WHITE VIOLETS.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

My sweetest friend I sought to please;
I led her down a cool descent,
Where trailed the boughs of ancient trees,
Most quaintly bent.



A glen we found all velvet-lined,
Whence, peering fifty fathoms down,
We saw the flashing rapids wind
Through boulders brown.

A light cascade flung crystal globes
O'er dense green moss and slender sedge,
Then flitting on in gauzy robes,
Waltzed o'er the ledge.

Full softly shone, through leaves half-furled,
And filmy, frail, spray-silvered nets,
Those loveliest blossoms in the world—
White Violets.

Oh, pure! oh, fragrant woodland things!
My friend beheld them with delight;
She lightly brushed their snowflake wings,
With hand as white.

"Fair flowers, and is it sweet," she said,
"To dwell in such a glade of dews?"
Then lower drooped her faultless head,
And seemed to muse.

"But human hearts," she murmured then,
"With cause for constant sighs are weighed,
Wherefore we yearn, though green the glen,
For deeper shade.

"And watching foamy water-jets
In mossy woods, we straightway crave,
By their attending rivulets,
A quiet grave."

"Kind Claire," I sighed, "the thought is thine,
Still should I pray for lengthened life,
If but that restless hand were mine,
Its queen—my wife.

"Yet softer sleep could never be
When this my pilgrimage must end,
Than under flowers beloved of thee,
My sweetest friend."

She raised a rapt, transfigured face,
"While blest with love and thee," she said,
"No more shall Claire crave resting-place
Among the dead!"

Low sang the wind through ancient hewers,
Light swayed the gauzy water-jets;
Loving and loved—oh, rarest flowers,
White Violets!

THE richest individual in England is the Marquis of Westminster, whose daily income is estimated at £6,000. The Rothschilds, four of them, are the richest house in Europe, and their income is estimated at $9,000,000 a year, or $1,000 an hour.

THE SUBJECT FOR DISSECTION;

OR,

THE STUDENT'S RUSE.

BY A. M. H. FREEMAN.

THE class to which I belonged was about graduating. It was near the Commencement, and after we had received our diplomas we were to return to our respective homes fully authorized to practice the healing art. Among the other students that I had associated with were two who had been especial favorites of mine, though both were of entirely different temperaments.

Horatio Westbaven was by a few years the elder of the two. Of a nature warm-hearted, gentle and loving, yet his power of attraction was neutralized by manners so reserved that but few attempted to win his confidence; yet I, by some chance, had become one of the latter, and to me he unfolded the particulars of his approaching marriage with Leonore Montclare, a lovely girl, who at that time resided with some distant relatives living near the borough of M——, at a short distance from the city.

"Now I wish it was all over, and that I had caged my bird and was at housekeeping," he said to me at the close of a confidential discourse in which he had unfolded many of his future plans of life. "I should then immediately enter into practice in our old homestead, which is now being thoroughly renovated and refurnished in anticipation of the coming event. And do you know that I think the coming season will afford rare opportunities to a young practitioner thirsting to



LEONORE AWAKES FROM HER TRANCE.

acquire reputation and independence? The more so, as owing to the peculiar state of the atmosphere and the influences at work during the war, there must be a large increase of endemics.

"There are now many new phases of diphtheria and spotted fever about, and I have studied the symptoms and management of those classes of diseases so thoroughly and well, that I feel confident I can do good battle against their dread approach. But mind, Ellwood, I shall claim your promise of spending part of your summer at our bijou seaquarry."

And he went on chatting on his future plans—plans in which wealth and reputation formed no inconsiderable part. But as we talked on we little dreamed of the reverse that the next opening of the door would usher in upon us.

From the ascending stairs came the sound of a loud, clear whistle, a ringing laugh, and the heavy stamp of well-nailed boots, and through the opening door walked, or rather jumped, Howard Clay, enveloped in the smoke of a havana, and thoughtlessly ejecting tobacco spittle which flew upon the polished boots of Westbaven. Springing towards me with one bound, he snatched the handkerchief from my breast pocket, and appropriated it to his own use without further ceremony, merely giving me a loud laugh in return for my look of surprise, with an

"Excuse me, careful Ellwood, but I know you have plenty of others, while I have run through my last. Cool, decidedly, ain't I?"

"All right," I said, returning his nod, for he had previously [illegible] that he had been too "fast," and being near the end of the term was



THE MARRIAGE HOAX.

consequently "hard up," and with all his faults I knew he was one of the few who would almost go through fire or water to serve me; but as I again glanced casually at his face, I was startled at the change in its expression. The joyous look of social hilarity was gone, and a deep crimson flush suffused his face instead.

Following the glance of his eyes, I was soon at no loss to divine the reason of the change. Horatio Westhaven had withdrawn towards the door with a gesture of impatience, and in doing so had glanced at Clair with a look of mingled scorn and disgust clearly discernible upon his expressive face. Knowing him well, I could easily read the reflections of his high, sensitive nature upon what he deemed to be the rudeness of the other. The moment proved embarrassing to me, for I still did not feel very when it was ended by the departure of Westhaven.

"How disagreeably that fellow looked at me!" exclaimed Clair, unable any longer to refrain his pent-up wrath. "By heaven, the scorn in his eyes fairly cut me through and through! Had he not been your friend I should certainly have levelled him, or he should me! As it was I had hard matter to keep my hands off him. Pray what business was it of his? A proud upstart, with his father's moneybags to fall back upon. Be very sure I should never have taken his handkerchief, had there been none other in the city. But never mind, I will have my revenge yet! I will play such a series of practical jokes upon him that he may have an opportunity of getting up a little scorn on his own account too, or I'll miss my time."

I soothed Clair's wounded feelings as well as I could. Reared in the school of adversity, I had learned to give and take, and where I knew the heart was right was not over sensitive as to the rest. The door opened over and I thought no more of it. In fact, the approaching Commencement was the all-engrossing subject of conversation. The graduating class were daily taking up with the discourse of the principal professor upon the last and most important dissection that was about to take place.

The fresh bed of late new and sudden diseases spreading about the country, in which even old and experienced physicians had failed to afford relief, and in which a peculiar form of study the professor had directed our earnest attention, exposing it upon our minds as most likely to form the simplest form of practice for the coming year. To afford us every facility of instruction he had given orders to procure a human subject stricken with the disease, which we were to operate upon, as the patient hitherto through the brief hours of stupor and exhaustion that closed their earthly career.

That day the professor continued to lecture to and exhort us upon the action of the human system upon the heart in cases of sudden disease.

My mind being full of these important studies, I was conversing with another student upon the obsolete theory of the action of the great sorta and ventricles, to which he was much addicted; during our discussion several of the students came in as animated attention, when we were interrupted by the abrupt entrance of Westhaven. He appeared to be laboring under the excitement of some trouble with agitation as his eyes glanced round the circle, as though in search of some one, while he pointed to an open newspaper which quivered in his hand.

"Who could have done this?" he hoarsely exclaimed. What wretch has forfeited all claim to manhood by perpetrating so miserable a trick as this?"

At these words Howard Clair, who was sitting behind me, sprang up with the utmost haste and distant look, but I quickly turned and he met my eye, which bore down the expression of his, calmly yet resolutely. He hung his head, and sinking back in his seat, appeared to be absorbed in the pages of a medical disquisition which he picked up.

Eldridge reached the paper and read the item which had so disconcerted Westhaven, aloud:

"Married, on the last of March, 186—, by his Honor the Mayor of the city, Mr. Horatio Westhaven to Miss Emma Wood, of this city."

Some of the students made vehement protestations of their innocent of the contemptible act the ruse, while others turned their heads to hide the laughter they could not conceal without doing so. Some could while others could not, for Miss Emma Wood was well known to all present as the principal keeper of the boarding-house where Westhaven lived, and was a by no means attractive spinster lady of upwards of sixty, with a shrill, cracked voice and remarkable nose, wearing a green shade over one eye, and usually carrying an ear trumpet.

"I would give one thousand dollars reward to find out the culprit!" raved Westhaven, finally out of breath, after many invectives upon the head of the anonymous joker, and startled out of his usually calm and gentlemanly manner into even rougher language than heedless Howard Clair had ever used.

I stood in anxious thought. Knowing as I did the full particulars of Westhaven's approaching marriage, I could scarcely realize what effect this false announcement would have upon the sensitive girl who was so soon to have become in reality his bride—a young girl, I knew full well, who was dependent upon the coldly extended hospitality of distant relatives; and it had been the secret pride of Westhaven to secure for her the zealously anticipated comforts of a home.

As these thoughts revolved through my mind I wondered what effect the mischievous item would have upon the poor girl, for well I knew the gossiping spirit of the neighboring villages would spread the intelligence of a piece of news so interesting to them; for the newspaper in question was their chief circulating medium. As I glanced at Horatio Westhaven I felt most deeply for him, for I judged that similar thoughts were agitating him, as he leant against the wall in an attitude of despondency, his face wearing an expression of mental anguish, as he wiped the perspiration of excitement from his brow. Feeling thus I could not help looking round upon Howard Clair, whom I felt sure was the author of the mischief. But his face wore an expression of childlike innocence, as he appeared to be still deeply buried in the medical treatise before him, every once in a while reading aloud a note upon the effect of electricity upon the nervous system, and where there appeared to be caught the severe expression of my eye, and he hurriedly exclaimed:

"Do you know that I think the application of strong mustard along the spinal column as one of the first of applications to be used as a counter irritant in spotted fever, as it rouses the normal condition of the brain, with a sudden force of motion."

"Ah, yes," I answered, in a tone he well understood, it being meant only for his ears, "and I think shaving off the head of the rat a straight-jacket, with an occasional dose of cayenne or the use of a fly-blister, might be even yet more efficacious in allaying of the effervescing devility of a too active brain."

He bussed himself with the treatise again, but not before taking a sidelong glance from the corners of his eyes at Westhaven, and I judged, by their mischievous sparkle, that he enjoyed the joke amazingly.

"Well, one thing must be done, without further delay," said I; "the contradiction of this marriage advertisement must be written off at once, and sent to the publishers of the paper. I will do it myself, otherwise the type will be set and the columns filled, and it cannot appear in the next edition."

"Ah, but you forget that so-morrow is Sunday, and there will be no daily paper issued until Monday, so the contradiction will not reach the public much before Tuesday. Hence the refinement of this malice."

So the vexation of the trick having worried Westhaven into a violent attack of nervous sick headache, to which he was subject, there was nothing left for me to do but to send the marriage contradiction and await its publication in Monday's paper.

The next week opened with a drizzling rain, and cold, heavy mist and fog, lasting the effect of making a feel dull and spiritless, continued for some days.

"I understand that we are to have a human subject next week," said Clair to me, as the close of an afternoon; "and I, for one, am getting tired of the professor's eternal paper-maché models."

"I have been at great pains and expense in trying to secure for you a subject for dissection," said the professor, at the close of a lecture. "For such are the prejudices of poor, weak humanity, that the people of this city prefer to keep intact the remains of a corpse rather than save the lives of the living without injury to the body of the deceased. Hence, as a matter for the cause of humanity, the subject in this case had no near relatives, and upon being seized with the epidemic which resulted in her death, those with whom she had resided fled from her in their fear of contagion, that they temporarily left the house while it was undergoing fumigation, thereby leaving the funeral to the discretion of the undertaker, who is an old friend of mine; and he seeing no one particularly interested, had it sent to the receiving vault, in which the coffin, where service it was transferred to me. The house in which the death took place stood alone, at some distance from the village, few inhabitants, and those who had been struck with terror at the sudden deaths, resulting from the spread of malignant typhus and spotted fevers in that locality. So contagious had all the diseases here become that the entire families around had had members swept off at once by their ravages. Many of the people living around had left a hasty retreat, and their fine homes unoccupied, and I understand that the poor girl was hastily shrouded in what was considered to have become her wedding dress."

He then gave us full and particular instructions how to proceed, leaving the case for us to study over by ourselves, as he had to assist in performing a delicate surgical operation, which would detain him until a late hour in the night.

"And mind," he said in conclusion, "be particularly careful in the incision over the heart. I seek every opportunity of confirming my theory of the action of the heart in sudden disease, for, as I have before said, I believe it to be the only organ chiefly affected by atmospheric influence. And I wish to make notes in this case for publication in the forthcoming review."

It was the last night of dissection for the course, and most of the students in the graduating class were anxious to seize the opportunity the professor's absence afforded them for study or relief to little matters which always seem to accumulate towards the close of the session.

Westhaven being still unwell, had retired to rest early in one of the dissecting rooms. There was Dr. Clair, Eldridge, Waltham and myself left to commence the dissecting operation, and they grouped about me although my services were engaged during that night, enough to chill the ardor of the most enthusiastic. The wind blew an equinoctial gale, and splashes of heavy rain occasionally came upon the window-panes as we ascended the steep back stair that led to the professor's private dissecting-room. It was in a long, narrow hall, with high, dormer windows, having ventilators attached to the upper part, through which the wind moaned dismally, sounding every variation between an aeolian harp and a human groan. The floor was covered with dark oilcloth. At one side of the room stood a large cabinet, with glass doors, through which could have been seen skeletons of almost every bird or beast that had name.

Further on were human relics. Here might be seen the tiny skull of the week old infant, side by side with the deformed chest and crooked spine of the untimely dead. Here, also, might have been seen every phase of animal and vegetable life, from the slug to the walrus—colored models of the principal organs of the body, as acted upon while under the different courses of remedial agents; and last, not least, among many other objects of note that were there to illustrate the pathology of disease, hung human skeletons of noted murderers and their victims, whose crimes are not even daily familiarity, coupled with the ardent love of science and humanity, could wholly divest of awe.

That night, I felt the chill, rather owing to the depressing influence of the humid atmosphere or the sympathetic admonitions of the human soul, I felt oppressed by a mental weight upon my spirits. The feeling was not lessened by observing that its effects were shared in a greater or less degree by my fellow-students. All day the dissecting-room had been fumigated by the most powerful disinfectants; in fact the very air seemed charged with pungent aromatics.

Clair and Eldridge placed the necessary instruments and advanced towards the upper end of the room, while Waltham and myself put on the full dress of our profession, for we felt as though we needed all the light that we could get that cheerless night, as gas had not yet been introduced into that portion of the building. Clair and Eldridge approached the dissecting-table, whilst I busied myself in arranging some necessary articles upon an anatomy stand.

While my attention was taken up with these preparations, I was aroused by the sound of a quick altercation going on.

The subject for dissection was still lying within the open coffin upon the table, and the other students were gathered around it in attitudes expressive of deep interest.

"Take hold," said Waltham; "let us lift her out without disturbing the natural position of the body. These were the professor's orders."

Clair made a reply, seen by pushing back the others with a motion of his hand, but stood entirely still, gazing upon the corpse as though he was spellbound. Then, recovering his light, to habitual to his eyes, had entirely left them, and their expression had become sad and earnest, while that tremor of the body was already forced.

"Come, come, we are losing time!" he exclaimed, somewhat roughly.

"Wait a moment, sir," said Waltham. "The sooner the better; for I do not feel in the right spirit to attend to such work to-night."

"Hold back! We will proceed no further—I were almost said I shall not!" in a voice whose altered tones vibrated between persuasion and command. "What!" continued he, in low, changing tones, "cowards! Is there a dozen of tender feeling even I had not thought him capable of, as he bent over the subject, that appeared to thrill his too often heedless being, "I run the mind steel along the interior of this lofty cask; mar with rude hands the faultless symmetry of that marble bust; bare that high, pure brow from the brain that nourished it? Shrink from the task for fear of a womanhood? Great heaven forbids it! No! not for a hundred professors would I attempt the deed. Will and I have proved that I have been in my time; but I am no stoic. I have an absent sister, pure and far as this poor girl has been, and I swear, by her pure memory, that I will not assist in putting knife in this subject!"

"For heaven's sake, do not be raising up private theatricals at our expense!" cried the more practical Waltham. "Here, Bill, to the name of Esculapius, what else are we here to do? I contess that I like the work no better than yourself—but it is one of the necessary duties we must be the Academy this moment—but there is the report to be made out, and we cannot all dodge the subject."

"Leave that to me," said Clair. "It is enough for the benefit of the practice that the wilful felon and murderer are secured to us; those who have basely forfeited their lives by crimes against society can have no claim upon our sympathies, but this case is different. The professor, by his absence, has left us to the full enjoyment of the rights of this lovely form; for the professor has so well drilled every nerve, sensation and reflection of my brain, with so much knowledge of the great secret of life, that I can dissect their full details, that I am morally certain that I need not this last experience to perfect perfection."

"Be it so," said Waltham, "we all need rest this wretched night, and I, for one, have much to attend to before I leave for home."

But Waltham's second remarked, and debated as to the proper course to pursue; finally, after conversing with me, he left the room to summon Westhaven for his solemn share upon the subject.

I accepted a seat to the side of the coffin, while Clair held up the fluid lamp, throwing the full brilliance of its light across it. I stared inwardly, shrank back, gave a low, faint glance within, and as I again looked upon the face and form of the intended subject, the nameless thrill that shot through my nerves at once bore me nearly marvel as to its effect upon Clair. It seemed to me that it held me bound by the same spell of terrible fascination, for I felt as if not one hour ever fair to look upon, but there were strange, startling symptoms about it that troubled and oppressed me then, but which, through the course of my further practice, I could better account for. The jetty bands of hair were smoothly parted from off the marble brow, and white buds and blossoms were interwoven among the heavy braids. The bridal dress of white silk was made low in the corsage, and rushes of soft, delicate lace shirred the white neck and rounded shoulders. The shortened sleeves did not hide the contour of the shapely arms, and the unglored hands were simply folded across the bosom, displaying the engagement ring whose brilliant crimson stone caught and reflected hues of a thousand dazzling rays from the light of the lamp held by Clair. But the face—the face—it was the effect of that above all the rest that for a time held my tongue spellbound, as during his emotion, I stood looking over the shoulder of Clair.

We had stood together, and gazed upon the face of the dead, when borne from many a scene of panic and terror; upon many who had lost life suddenly or hurriedly, both through disease and the accidents of machinery and workshops which are of so frequent occurrence in a large city, but never had I looked like this. Calm and peace of death were not there! The jet black arching brows were set in a deep frown, while a look of accusation and terror seemed to rest the whole expression of the face, yet blended with a sort of appealing interest I can scarcely describe, but it left to me at the time like the spirit of a Nemesis.

"See there!" I whispered to Clair, still under my breath; "look at that purple spot upon the left cheek!"

"Petechiæ," he murmured.

"Do you want to know what I think?" he looked quickly around, evidently startled at the tone of my voice. "This subject has never come to a natural death. The agonized contraction of that young brow was never the result of the undued exhaustion that invariably succeeds acute suffering. The strangely set teeth under those parted lips are not the results of a sign for speedy dissolution—and feel, the arms are still quite limber!"

"But I thought that," replied Clair; "but chopchere is Eldridge at the door, bringing in Westhaven; I will stand back, get his opinion, he was always sharp and quick at diagnosis."

Clair stepped aside as Eldridge and Westhaven advanced towards the coffin. The former was explaining the position of affairs to the latter. I glanced inquiringly at Westhaven as his face was very pale, and the usually gentle expression of his eyes had given place to a look of deep trouble; impulsively I reached out my hand and drew him to my side, whispering:

"Look!" I cried, "she does not look as though she died a natural death. Mark that expression of wild terror! See how the hair rises on the scalp."

And I looked eagerly in his face to see if his impression would coincide with my own. He turned his face slowly as though accompanied with other thoughts, then wildly started back and took another look—a look of such terrible, heart rite agony, that I was startled to get his expression till my dying day. Then with a wild, fierce cry, he bowed his head over the body, crying out in tones of sorte suffering:

"Leonore! Leonore! my murdered bride!"

And as we, who stood round, beheld his terrible anguish, we felt as by intuition that this was indeed the sacred bride rumor had so long spoken of his affianced wife. With an aching heart and tearful eyes I passed my arm around him, trying to offer the mute support words failed to give.

"Leonore! oh, Leonore! have they bowed your sensitive spirit to the dust? Have they at last broken the heart I was no longer there to uphold? Did your trusting confidence at last fail? he cried, with touching emotion, as he bent down for a brief period, forgetful of everything but the weight of sorrow.

Yet as he gazed upon the painfully contracted features before him other and stronger emotions succeeded that of mere mourning love, love so wildly, that I began to fear that the shock would unsettle his reason.

Show me the cowardly wretch who has birded that false marriage announcement upon her unsophisticated ear, that I may lighten the load of my soul by taking vengeance on him, or that he may receive from my hand work by which he will rest too—for I no longer wish to live. Life to me has for ever lost all attraction."

And he struggled on my arm with the strength of a madman.

"I will hunt him through the world!" he cried.

Hardly had the last words left his lips, when Clair, who had listened horror-struck at their import, rushed forward to his side.

"Hear me, Horatio Westhaven!" he cried, "it was I! I alone wrote that false advertisement. None other shall suffer for my misdeeds; great was the wrong, and bitter my repentance—but take your vengeance!"

"Away, fool! do you not see the state he is in? Add not daring to folly!" I exclaimed, as with my disengaged hand I endeavored to push Clair away, but too late, for Westhaven was already closing upon him, and a struggle was literally commencing over the coffin.

"Help! help!" I cried, as I found that all my efforts to separate them proved unavailing. Eldridge—Waltham—we will you have me stand under your very eyes? Do you not see that Clair is almost suffocating? Great heaven! be quick!

They came forward, trying to separate the two who now seemed wrapping on a mortal struggle, but in the sudden re-bound the burning lamp was thrown upon the body in the coffin, and the next instant the light face was all ablaze, as the hair so fluid ran over the neck and bosom of the lost Leonore. At that awful sight, Westhaven relaxed his hold and Clair fell, unconscious, from the frenzied grasp. Shocked from his temporary madness at the scene, tears came to Westhaven's relief as he endeavored to assist me in subduing the light flame from the body still so dear to him. Gently quashing me aside, he bent down, and with his linen handkerchief carefully wiped the remains of the fluid from the scarred neck; then with sudden impulse, he clasped the body to his heart, and pressed a wild kisses upon the purple lips. Then with a nervous thrill he started back, looking at

be face with a gaze that made me doubt his sanity.

"She lived she lives!" he cried. "Oh, for the sake of heaven, bring restoratives—restoratives!"

I gave one wild look of doubt—it was even so. The apparent dead was restored to life, as many had been before, and may be yet again, in seasons of panic and consequent premature interments.

Westbaven stood beside the coffin, leaning upon his breast; supported by his encircling arms was his lost joy, his dead Leonore, restoring to every nerve, yet with strongly increasing powers of respiration, strangely yet surely coming back to life. Her long, deathlic trance at last was suddenly terribly broken, by the momentary agony of the burning fluid so awfully spilled.

We soon applied the most powerful restoratives the Materia Medica affords, and had the satisfaction of seeing the fair girl fully restored to the possession of all her faculties, though still weak, and suffering some pain from the action of the fluid upon her neck and shoulders.

"Then you were not married after all? Thus like a fearful dream!" were the first words she fell from her lips.

"Never will be to any but your own dear self, my Leonore. The thought that I could ever intend to contradict the false report has well-nigh driven me distracted. The presentiment of trouble never for a moment left me. How could I live without you?"

The drooping head pressed closer to his bosom, while the white hand tenderly clasped his encircling arm, the dark brown orbits, and the despairing agony the had darkened the young face gave place to true and love.

"Oh, it seems so weak in me to believe it even for an instant, but I was not myself. I had caught the fever while tending the bedside of a dear neighbor, and my nerves were unstrung. So I was getting better when they brought the news, and showed me the advertisement. The shock was too great for my unsettled nerves, and I swooned away, and lay without power or motion, yet feeling a terror within me that knit my brows, and clenched my teeth and hands like an iron vice. Like a horrible nightmare, and yet not like a nightmare, for I was still keenly alive to everything that was going on about me. Though susceptible to every sound, I was also seized by the stagnation of power that clogged my nerves with loss of action. Oh, the terrible memory of those dreadful hours. The suffering of a lifetime seems compressed within their space. The horror with which I heard the students decline to disect me—even that was a relief—and the compound with a living death in a tomb—besides being then my only hope of resuscitation. Oh! the terrible effort of agony that will I made to move the sluggish current of my blood! Ah, while the dreadful memories rise fresh upon me, promise me—promise me one thing?"

"By all my hopes of heaven I promise."

"Promise that when I seem to die never to bury me until decomposition actually commences to take place."

"Never, my Leonore! You shall never leave this earth until necessity alone demands the sacrifice. And your terrible experience may be the means under Providence of saving the lives of others in these days of sudden epidemics and hasty interments."

And the pair so terribly restored to each other were soon comfortably accommodated by the professor's wife, who had been summoned from the adjoining house, and we carried the covered bier that held the light form of Leonore through the commanding doors in the back entrance, thereby hushing up the matter from public curiosity, which it was our rule always carefully to avoid.

The professor's family extended a hospitable welcome to the affianced bride of Horatio Westhaven, and the orphan girl was soon surrounded with all the evidences of a refined and kind happiness; under its influence and the watchful love of him who declared he never more would be separated from her, she soon regained health and strength. The benevolent professor himself been the most surprised of the party, and thenceforward his favorite study was said to be that of suspended animation.

A short time afterwards the marriage of Horatio Westhaven and Leonore Montclare was solemnised at the residence of the professor. And upon that occasion, amid the social enjoyments of the evening I had the satisfaction of reuniting the broken bonds of peace between bridegroom and Howard Clair, who humbly and, I believe, truly promised to have done with mimes both practical and unpractical for ever. And, I believe, that was the last, as it was the worst of his many attempts at practical jokes.

Shutting After Youth.—Women never make so much mistake as when, in defiance of wrinkles, crowsfeet, and increasing prettiness of outward they sing, as it were, to the skirts of youth, and refuse to be anything but girls of the maturer, decay, position. Yet so many will do it; so very many, especially of those who have reason to remain single, think that to be admired, or even esteemed, they must keep down the charming exuberance of 30, and never, on any account, even to being out of their teens. This is partly the result of the feminine friends, who, being linked by white ties innumerable, have not the courage to break them, and have a general impression that 18 crowns woman's highest earthly perfection. Of course, to be neglected by the sterner sex is not to be single, but the other big fallacy remains that, to be married or growing, the more size thinner is necessary to trip and glide about with the light and airy scraps of. All the looked prove when she felt grave, and laughed to do the very moment; when merry, she walked slowly: when disposed to be silent, she held her tongue; but all of the symptoms, lest people should think her youth fading; shivers in uncomfortable costumes; last age should be supposed the cause of proper and comfortable clothing; and chatters and giggles continually, because that is her idea of juvenility.

A lady, more favored with fortune than education, at a soiree which she lately gave, desired her daughter to play. "Her daughter was ready, she got from London last week." The pretty girl obeyed, and it was very confusing.

THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

BY THOMAS POWELL.

The human soul's the certain man,
And Christ the Good Samaritan;
Jerusalem's the spirit's home,
And Jericho the world we roam.
Our passions are the thieves that fall,
Leaving the bleeding soul half dead.
The priest is stern morality,
Who grand against, and then passed by.
The Levite is the type elect
Of the human intellect.
How can priest and sage impart
Life blood to the kindled heart
Christ, the Good Samaritan,
Saw and saved the dying man!
Below was all the sin and grief—
Wine was prayer which strength restored,
And the beast on which he rode
Was human mortal, though he saved.
For 'tis Jesus who can make
Man bear sorrow for his sake.
The inn he took to was the house of mind,
And the two pence he left behind,
The Sacred Scriptures, Old and New—
The best to help the weary true,
And should they more than prompt spend,
They to the Lord and Saviour lend,
And when He comes at Judgment Day,
The Lord is just—He will repay.

THE GENTLEMAN WITH THE CAMELLIA.

I was going one morning from Southampton to London. I had the carriage to myself as far as Kingston; here a little man got in who at once attracted my attention by the peculiarity of his dress, appearance and manner. He was a seeming dress, everything about him, from the silk-faced dressecoat to the fine patent leather boots, being brand new. A glance was enough to see from being unconscious; each of his garments, in its turn, attracted his notice and approving smile.

The only thing about him that violated evening etiquette was his necktie, a blue one, negligently arranged in the manner of a rolling collar.

From this I argued that he was not a lord, for turndown collars were by no means so common then as now; the fashion prescribing terrible gills, which, in after-dinner conversation, were the terror of their whiskers and ears. My surmise was confirmed by his long hair, its natural tendency to curl having combated by the daily exhibition of grease, and probably by assiduous brushing.

His face, however, was somewhat against my theory; instead of being a pasty pale, with eyes "in fine frenzy rolling," it was round, plumping like, and rosy; his little eyes deeply set in tunnels of fat, which, at the slightest from time to time, were half closed by his rising cheeks. His head seemed to view a mere shi; his nose short, turned up, and garnished at the top with six or seven curly hairs; his mouth small, and his teeth in very good; fortunately, as he showed them all, not even concealing the wisdom teeth, which were not quite come above.

He was well made, what there was of him; he was not much above five feet high, rather disposed to be corpulent.

In his button-hole he wore a magnificent white camellia, which, I regret to say, I saw, admired, coveted, and determined to possess, by fair means, if possible, if not, by foul.

The flower, too, attracted much of his attention; he bestowed frequent glances upon it, muttering what I conceived to be poetry, inspired by the purity and delicacy of the flower.

I was considering how I might best commence a conversation which would lead to me the precious graces of this gentleman, and ultimately make me the possessor of the camellia, when he saved me the trouble of breaking the ice by saying:

"Candidly, sir, what do you think of my tailor?"

I replied that I had not the advantage of knowing him, a circumstance which I regretted the more, as his work showed him to be a master of his seemen ability; I added, that he was fortunate in having so client whose figure and air would set off garments, even though dressed with less consummate skill.

He acted to look modestly unconscious, and said:

"And who, sir, may this client be with the *distinguè* figure and air? As you say that you do not know my tailor, I am at a loss to imagine how your truly flattering observations were addressed to me; but my figure, though not deformed, is small, that is to say, rather under than above the average size; and as for my air, though I flatter myself that I possess some of that *je ne sais quoi* which distinguishes a man like you and me from the vulgar herd, still neither my figure nor air is worthy of the very glowing eulogium which you have bestowed upon them. No, sir, really; no indeed, sir, really," and he looked down, closed his eyes, and cast glances on his little round limbs of more than parental fondness. I perceived that he was not insensible to flattery, and did not desspair of obtaining the camellia by fair means.

"I should apologise," said I, "for so personal a remark; it is entirely from unconsciously; but you must have heard it frequently from the lips and seen it in the eyes of the gentle sex. You are not insensible to the admiration you excite in your eye; nay, that camellia in your button-hole proves you to be the happy bondman of some black-eyed houri."

"How did you find that out? You must know something about me; you might have guessed that I was in love; but how did you find out the color of her eyes?"

"Well, I did not know positively. I thought it likely, most in accordance with the eternal fitness of things, that you, who have taste, should be enslaved by black ones. Was I right?"

"Well, I can hardly tell you; I trust you may be right; but the fact is, I have never seen the lady's eyes."

"Never seen her eyes! Ah, I see; a mysterious courtship, truly poetic, veiled lady, gentle voice, white hand, one raven lock just peeping from its concealment, fairy form, taper ankles, little tiddly-iddly foot."

"Sir," said he, grasping my hand, "we are kindred spirits—you have the divine afflatus—you have struck the wild harp and burst into the inspiring melody of song. We are poets, sir—brother poets. Here, sir, is a bunch of the confidence reposed in me, I would tell you the history of our loves, our hopes and our sorrows."

"You forget that, so long as you conceal the lady's name there can be no breach of confidence. She is the unknown quantity; let X represent her."

"Not X; I shall have to repeat her name often in the course of my narrative, she would then become a double, treble, or even quadruple X, and she is not stout."

"Well, then, let Y represent her; it is a slender and graceful letter."

"Good; let Y, for the moment, represent, unworthily, the name of my adored charmer. I am a poet, sir, as you have already perceived, and not altogether unknown in the public ken in the 'Poets' Corner' of the Trottingbury *Mercury*, *exegi monumentum aere perennius!* You may have seen some of my productions in that journal, signed 'Beta.'"

"I will just repeat to you my 'Ode to the Morning.'"

"Pray don't take the trouble; I know the poem by heart, and recited it only last week to D——, at the Athenæum Club. Just now I am burning with impatience to hear your story."

"You shall have it, my friend. I had scarcely ventured to hope that the weak breathings of my muse had penetrated as far as London."

"Why, my dear sir, there are six copies of the Trottingtem *Mercury* on the table of the Athenæum Club, and it is difficult to get hold of one of them for no one reads any part of it but the 'Poets' Corner.'"

"Not Trottington, Trottingbury *Mercury*. Well, I'll go on with my story: One evening, I had just finished my 'Imitation of Amerceus,' and had taken them to the office of the Trottingbury *Mercury*. The last feeble flicker of twilight was fading into the more solemn darkness of night. There was a holy stillness, a quiet calm about the hour that seemed to soften the heart, to prepare it for the reception of love. In front of the office of the Trottingbury *Mercury* is a garden. There, roses should vie with geraniums, the graceful lily should contend with the fair dahlia—work, and she stately lily should be there in the pride of her virgin purity, but, I regret to say it is planted with cabbages. In this garden there are two gates. I was going down the path leading to one of them, and repeating a beautiful stanza of my own composition—(I never read the works of other people, for fear of unconsciously stealing). As I was going down this path I chanced to look towards the other gate; a fairy form was passing through it. I could perceive at once the beauties of that glorious vision. I rushed straight across the garden in chase, but the potato-stalks tripped me up, and I fell flat on my face. My hat was incapacitated from further pursuit. I limped back to the office and asked the clerk:

"Was that divine creature who has just left your office?'

"That,' said he, grinning, 'is a contributor to our 'Poets' Corner.'

"She is a genius, then; I knew it must be so. What is her name?'

"'Won't do,' said the clerk, with his tongue in his cheek; 'that's the unknown lady.'

"Baffled in my inquiries, I returned to my couch, but not to sleep. That vision still haunted me. I thought of her all night. Evening by evening, the taper ankle, the tiddly-iddly feet. Evening after evening did I lie in wait before the office in the hope of seeing her again, but in vain. Things went on so for a month, and every day I fell deeper in love, my appetite diminished, and I lost nearly two pounds in weight. At length a happy inspiration struck me. I would put my soul in poetry, and I would tell my love in the 'Poets' Corner' of the Trottingbury *Mercury*. She was a poetess—she must see it. Next week my poem which exists between kindred minds would tell her that she was the object addressed. I wrote the lines entitled 'A Morning Twilight Scene.' Never in my most inspired moments had I so successfully portrayed the inward workings of the tender passion, for I did not know whom to inform, now I felt them. I will just repeat you these lines:"

"Pray don't, sir; I remember them well."

"I knew that she to whom they were addressed would read them and reply; and I was not deceived. The next time I went to the office the clerk said:

"'There is a letter here—meant for you, I suppose.'

"It was directed: '——Beetroot, Esq., contributor to the Poets' Corner of the Trottingbury *Mercury*.' The dear girl evidently did not understand Greek, and by the similarity of sound was led into the very parallelogram. At length she wasn't a blue-stocking, and I rejoiced at it.

"To make a long story short, we commenced a correspondence, but have never met; but this day she has given me an appointment at Purnell's, the pastrycook, in Cornhill. It is in honor of this appointment that I wear for the first time those garments, the fitting of which you so complimented."

"And the camellia?" I suggested. "Don't you think that a budding rose would be more emblematic of your rising hopes? If so, I think I could manage to get you one."

"By no means; I should have told you that is our signal for recognition; we are each to wear a white camellia over the heart."

How truly has it been said that the first step in crime is a lie. Here was I, a *Sodalis ad decorum aus Aternd*. I had begun by coveting the one camellia, and resolving too blam it by fair means, if possible. I now resolved to resort to the foulest means, if necessary, for its capture, and to use it as a decoy to obtain the other white camellia now in the possession of the poetess of Trettingbury. To what a precipice was my passion for white camellias hurrying me!

As it was essential to prove his identity in the coming rendezvous, it was evidently useless to try to persuade him to give it to me; my only chance was to steal it, or take it by force.

Calling his attention to passing this watch remarked, I incisively severed the stalk with a tap from my cane, and slipped the flower into my pocket, unperceived.

I then said that, though I had read and learned by heart the contents of the 'Poets' Corner' in the Trottingbury *Mercury*, it would still be a treat to hear some of these *chefs d'œuvre* repeated by the author.

He needed no pressing. Without once thinking of his camellia, he favored me with an uninterrupted stream of poetry till our arrival at Waterloo station. I then took a hurried leave of him, pumped into a cab, and, transferring the camellia from my breast to my buttonhole, drove to Purnell's to complete my conquest.

We soon arrived there. Being in a capital humor, I gave the cabman a sovereign for his fare. But what!—how is this? I tried to recollect one after another; no purse; the cabman began to eye me suspiciously.

"My good man," said I, "I find that I have lost my purse, but my portmanteau is a sufficient guarantee for the payment of your fare. Drive me to Lincoln's Inn Fields, I have a friend there who will lend me some money."

The cabman saw the justice of my remark, and drove me to Lincoln's Inn Fields, where my friend received me with open arms, and placed his purse at my disposal.

The journey was rather an expensive one for me, for never was my purse going to run, and my watch and a valuable gold snuff-box. It appeared that the poet and I had been intent on similar designs; but what attentions, and attention extended no further than white camellias, I will not take to enhance for articles of value and current coin of the realm.

It is needless to add that I did not return to Purnell's, that I never saw the pastrycook, nor have I ever again met my friend the poet.

SIR HUMPHREY DAVY AND HIS WIFE.

There was always a great deal of the fine gentleman about the chemist—almost too fine for the quiet scenes of his after life. Those brilliant scenes of his professional career at the Royal Institution of Trottingham, where he was turned out from, to carry him to that stage of social instruction under which he was dubbed into marrying a wealthy lady of fashion and consequently blue-looking, fashionable Mrs Apreece.

Such unpoetic comfort ever came of the marriage. Yet he was a chivalrous man, and took the issue calmly. It was Shakespeare—"My dearest Davy," said Mrs Apreece, "I have suffered much." But these expressions always wound the tender passages. It was altogether a gentlemanly affair, and quite calm. Only once, in a fit of mind, he forgets himself in an honest repining; it is in a letter to his mother, under date of October 24, 1812: "To add to my annoyances, I find my house, as usual, after the interregnum made by the absence of it, without female servants. But in this world we have to suffer and labor, and from many of these no humble mortals, domestic discomfort seems a sort of publican-house."

If only Lady Davy could have seen this Xantippe touch, I think her daughter-in-law would have taken to singing in some quiet country place for a month thereafter. But when she did write, it was with the bantered, and when, striking by the palsy, he is lettering from London to Rome, from Rome to Geneva, "I am glad to hear of your perfect restoration, and with health and the desire of exertion, which you are so fond of on account and enjoy, your verse *in fabricis*" is much more characteristic of the man and the wife.

And again: "You once talked of passing this winter with us. I hope your plans will be entirely guided by the state of your health and feelings. Your society would undoubtedly be a very great resource to me; but I am afraid that you will find my own present life for society, that I would not have you risk the chance of an intermittent fever on account of it."

The dear Lady Jane must have had a penchant for society by which the poor palsied man to tickle his lonh about!

And once again, in the last letter he ever writes, dated Rome, March, 1829, he gallantly asks her to join him. It began: "I am still alive. Though scarcely every hour to be released."

And the dying Jane, who is washing off her fashionable humors in the fashionable waters of Bath, writes: "I have received your letter, dear Humphrey, the letter signed by your hand, with its precious wish of tenderness. I wish to answer you in the same manner, but my Drs. Babington and Clark tell to-day. . . ." Poor Jane! And kerry Davy, the father of half a page of what your fame is a deposit and your memory a glory, your life still a love.

Sweet Lady Jane! Yet they say she mourned him not. Yet they say she put palsied man to bed with his book about!

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Regeneration of Bone.—M. Sedillot has reported to the Paris Academy of Science the result of various operations on bones by longitudinal resection. The object of which was the leaving intact as much as possible to periosteum capable of preserving to the limb its length, without destroying the more important muscular insertions, and where one side of the bone, after the regeneration of the bone, the elements of a complete osteoplastic periosteum. In the osteoplastic trans-formation of the plasmatic cellules of the periosteum and of the medullary canal the layer. By this operation upon a dog between 10 and 15 years old, and in whom a tibia presented a false joint, the bone was completely modified, not the slightest trace of consolidation having been observed. When the dog was removed bone was replaced by a simple ligamentous cord. M. Sedillot thinks that more than half of the bone of the femoral diaphysis had been successfully removed by longitudinal resection, the bone was regularly and easily regenerated. He hopes soon to publish still further successful results of his method of operation.

Shakespearian.—"All's well that ends well" is the gentleman said when he wrote the postscript to his letter. "Meaning for measure," as Dr. chemist said when he took a bad, sixpence for a black draught. "All's well that ends well," as the servant said when he drank his master's grog. "A winter's tale," as the bewhiskerden said when the pumper asked for some coals.



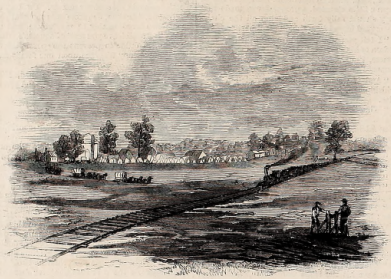
GRANT'S CAMPAIGN.—CITY POINT, JAMES RIVER, BASE OF GRANT'S SUPPLIES.—FROM A SKETCH BY ANDREW McCALLUM.



PASSING THE GURLEY HOUSE.



JUNCTION WITH WELDON RAILROAD AT BLICK HOUSE.



PASSING JONES HOUSE.



SOLDIERS LAYING THE RAILS.



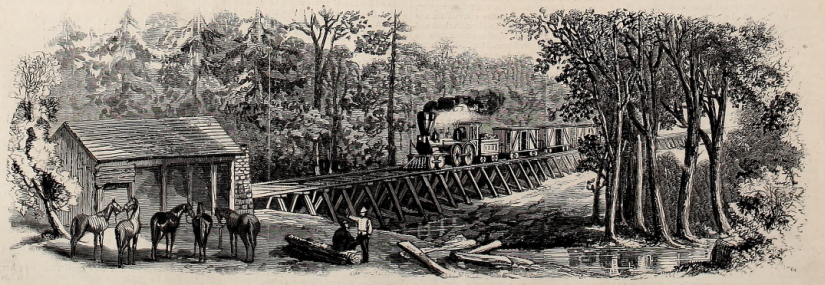
SOLDIERS LAYING THE TIES.



LOOKING DOWN THE WELDON RAILROAD FROM THE JUNCTION.



CROSSING JERUSALEM PLANK ROAD.



TRESSEL BRIDGE NEAR THE GURLEY HOUSE.

GRANT'S ARMY RAILROAD, RECENTLY CONSTRUCTED FROM THE CITY POINT RAILROAD AS FAR AS HIS NEW POSITION ON THE WELDON ROAD IN THE REAR OF WARREN'S LINE.—FROM SKETCHES BY ANDREW MCCALLUM.

DEAD.

BY ADA VROOMAN.

All tranced and pale I stand,
And hold thy marble hand,
In fearful wonder that thou dost not speak:
Oh, best beloved, hear!
Know'st thou that I am near?
Or hast thou grown too dying, faint and weak?

Too late! oh, heavens, I rave!
Appareled for the grave,
Thou lest here in dreamless calm and rest;
Immortal life is thine,
Thou art no longer mine,
But His, the starry King of all the blest.

Thine eyes' sweet violet
In death's dark night has set,
Thy rose-red lips no more will ape thy name,
But clasped in death's embrace,
Then turnest thy dear face
Towards the mystic bourne from whence the mandate came.

But oh, my love, my own!
How could'st thou die alone?
Without my voice to cheer and comfort thee.
Did the Messiah stand
And hold thy trembling hand,
Until God's glorious face thy weary eyes could see?

Oh, for one last caress!
One more to clasp and press
This broken lily to my breast, and say,
"Dear love—now all divine—
If look or word of mine
E'er wounded thee, forgive me, now, I pray."

But I, who loved so much,
No more have right to touch
This holy thing, now God's, and God's alone;
For up in heaven she stands,
Clasping her radiant hands,
Among the saints that gather round the Throne.

NINA MARSH;

OR,

THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER XIII.—"SUCH A GHASTLY OUTRAGE."

THE three Misses Grimaldenne were much sought after in Bathwick, because their time was always at the disposal of any one who desired to make profit out of their accessibility. If an impromptu rubber was to be organized, you had only to send for one of them. As their hair was put on ready dressed, their toilets were soon made, and there were at your disposal in a few minutes. Besides, they were what may be called "evening-eyes." They never won enough to create envy, or lost enough to excite pity; consequently, they were neither unpleasantly triumphant nor painfully disconcerted, and people liked to play with them on this account. But it occasionally happened that the three Misses Grimaldenne were so fascinated angrily about Balnwick, each having an especial invitation of her own.

On the evening in question the two elder ladies had joined a small social gathering at Mrs. Sturt's, in order to celebrate this lady's sixtieth birthday, while Amoross had accepted an invitation at Mrs. St. George's, to meet Mr. and Miss Mervyn for the last time previous to their departure for the south of England. Now, as Amoross had certain designs upon Mr. Mervyn, she gladly put aside the other engagement in order to be present at Mrs. St. George's quiet reunion. Knowing that Mr. Mervyn liked punctuality, and thought it an especial and rare virtue in womankind, Amoross skilfully managed to enter Mrs. St. George's drawing-room precisely as the clock struck eight. She gaily drew attention to the fact.

"Punctual, as usual, my dear Mrs. St. George."

Mrs. St. George smiled her own little wily smile. She understood Amoross as well as if she had adopted the proposition of Momus, and owned a window in her bosom, through which the workings of her diabolic mind could be seen. But the failure or success of the sanguine spinster's schemes was a question of no moment to Mrs. St. George, so that she had her rubber; only then looking from Amoross to Miss Mervyn, simple and unpretending, with a cloud on her sweet, gentle face, which came inward sorrow or perplexity, Mrs. St. George decided that they two could never make a home together, and rather hoped, for the sake of the latter, that Amoross's plans might not prosper. Still it was not her business to set any obstacles in the way. The principle of her life had always been to take care of herself and let others take care of themselves, and she was not likely to abjure her doctrine for the first time at the age of three score. Her perfect indifference and impunity gave her the advantage of watching the game for the sake of amusement alone, and should any interest or her own intervene during the contest, then would it be time enough to interfere. So settled Mrs. St. George as she shuffled the cards and drew her chair to the table, round which her three guests had been standing, with their teacups in their hands.

It was one of the Balnwick by-laws that no one should indulge in five-o'clock conversation during the game, but perfect immunity in this respect was generally granted at the termination. This evening it succeeded rather with pleasurable regularity until about eleven o'clock, when sandwiches and wine were brought in, and Mrs. St. George, pocketing her moderate winnings, rose from the table. Then Amoross gave a playful dart at the refreshments.

"I'm so hungry!" she exclaimed, making two bites of her sandwich.

"Madam," said Mr. Mervyn, with formal courtesy, "you are greatly to be envied. I have always at this time a painful shaking sensation in the region of the chest; but my legs being so miserably inadequate to the support of my body, I am obliged to deny myself any refreshment, for fear of increasing the bulk of my wretchedly pondérous frame. It is a subject of absorbing interest to me as to what available locomotive means I shall have when my unfortunate person has still further encroached on the legitimate boundaries."

"Oh, Mr. Mervyn, how can you talk in that way? Your understanding is really beautifully in proportion."

Mr. Mervyn sighed mournfully.

"My dear lady, you need not spare me. I am quite sensible of my deficiencies, and am, I hope, resigned."

"But, sir, excuse me," answered Amoross, with a tender light in her sea-green eyes, "I have always heard you spoken of as an object of envy rather than compassion."

"To those who have not sufficient penetration to pierce below the surface, I may appear a fortunate individual, but to others with more discernment I must be regarded as an unhappy object indeed."

"I know you had some secret sorrow," replied Amoross, in a tone of the deepest sympathy.

"I have, madam," said Mr. Mervyn, pathetically, and, strange as it may sound, my grief lies entirely in my—"

"My dear sir, why harp upon that miserable theme? You are making a serious mistake, indeed you are. I can show you how serious, only mind that my little confidence is strictly for your ear, and would not be made did I not know you to be the most modest of men. I heard it the other day."

"Heard what?" said Mr. Mervyn, who, in addition to being extremely nervous, was nervously anxious as to the effect he created.

"You wont tell, really?" said Amoross, confidentially.

"On my honor, madam; and though my unfortunate peculiarity may render me ridiculous, it can never destroy my honor."

"Ridiculous? Ah, Mr. Mervyn!"

"Yes, ridiculous. I speak advisedly. Any freak of formation out of the rules of nature is ridiculous to an ordinary observer. I have felt this acutely for years past."

"My friend," said Amoross, sinking her shrill voice to a whisper, "I am sure you are making a serious mistake. Nature has been most bountiful to you."

"You bountiful in paris," sighed Mr. Mervyn.

"Not at all," answered Amoross, indignantly taking his part against himself. "My opinion is the general opinion. I heard two ladies discussing it the other day."

Mr. Mervyn pricked up his ears and grew red in the face with eager expectancy.

"And one of them said you were the finest figure of a man she had ever seen; and the other remarked that you were the image of George IV. in his younger days."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Mervyn; but there was no mistaking the look of gratification in his face.

"It is the truth, sir, I assure you, and the resemblance had struck me before, only it seemed so like flattery I hardly liked to say it."

"Don't let there be any more of this reserve between us again," said Mr. Mervyn impressively. "I feel greatly indebted to you."

"Then why don't you propose?" thought Amoross.

"And if there is anything in the way of commissions I can do for you in London, I shall be most delighted."

"Then you are going to leave us?"

"Yes; I am going with my sister to make a brief stay at Boulogne-sur-Mer, previous to my return in the course of a few days. And now, as Miss Mervyn has finished her interesting conversation with Mrs. St. George, I will reluctantly bid you a very good-night."

Mr. Mervyn bowed over Amoross's hand with elaborate courtesy, gave Mrs. St. George a formal adieu, and then with carefully downcast eyes, his sister, who had been too absorbed in present perplexities to perceive Amoross's designs, following him quickly in the hall.

"Is my chair come, I wonder?" said Amoross, helping herself to her eighth sandwich and recollecting her absent chair.

Mrs. St. George rang the bell and summoned her page. After making the necessary inquiry, and receiving a negative reply, Amoross said she ordered him to fetch Miss Grimaldenne's cloak and hood from the ante-room. Buttons was some time over his errand. This aforesaid hood—Tom being the cardinal term of reference—was a matter of unfailing delight, and he was busily engaged in trying its effect on himself.

"Ah," said Tom, looking at himself apologetically in the glass, "I couldn't look so bugy as her, not if I tried all ways. But oh my, though, I'm sure she scratch me, if she catch me with the little lega? Well, all I can say is, if she catches him, I'll treat myself to three dozen oysters on the strength of it. But she just give him a time of it, lawks-a-daisy me!"

And Tom relieved himself of some of his superfluous energy by turning a somersault, and then retraced his steps to the drawing-room, and demurely helped Amoross to don the objectionable hood.

But Tom's joy was evidently not equalled by his ability. The headgear was so badly adjusted through his agency that Amoross's curls were dragged backward—and her bald head shone helplessly in the light of the lamp.

"Stupid!" exclaimed Amoross, turning on the boy with a decided double emphasis in her small green eyes.

"Yes, it's me that's the stoopid now," reflected Tom; "but it will be him pretty soon, if she catches him, for all the lovey-doveys he gets beforehand."

And Tom chuckled maliciously. Amoross saw the chuckle, and gave a vicious look at the boy.

"You did it on purpose," she said.

"Oh, mum!" exclaimed Tom, with the air of a traduced saint.

Amoross did not condescend to dispute the question; but, as she bade Mrs. St. George good-night, and met the clear, mischievous gleam of the keen dark eye, Amoross whispered angrily:

"That's a very dangerous lad. I should part with him at once if I were you. There is nothing what he might do."

"I am not afraid of him," answered Mrs. George, significantly.

And Amoross, having no foundation for retort, was fain to depart without having afforded herself any relief.

Balnwick was usually considered a quiet place, but was now and then visited by some sufficiently lawless characters, from gay sailors just come on land, ready primed for any lark that should present itself, with plenty of ready money in their pockets, to wild Irish from Limerick at night, frightening unprotected spinsters, and setting a limited police staff at defiance, in the most audacious way. It must be owned that a watchful mother's quiet tea-table, varied by a card-party, was poor entertainment for reckless lads, who had had months of confinement with ship or regiment, and now considered themselves bound to put their bygone projects into execution with the least possible delay. As it happened, a young lieutenant in the navy, a son of Mrs. Sturt's, had been giving a wine-party to a few favorite chums at the George Hotel, and, when all had drunk enough to render them little elevated, a proposition was made that they should sally forth and stop all the chairs homeward bound from the different parties.

"I tell you what, Sturt," said Sturt, who, by reason of his superior years and position, was, of course, the ringleader, "I know the three Bardinge are somewhere in the town to-night."

"And if we catch 'em!" suggested a small midshipman, his blue eyes on fire with fun and glee.

"Why, then we'll bid them an affectionate goodnight. We're all brothers and sisters, aren't we? Was Adam our general father, or was he not? If he was telling a lie, I'll give you leave to correct me. I've no false pride of that sort."

"But he was,"

"And Eve, what was she?"

"Our general mother."

"Of course. Then what is more disgraceful and improper than to see relatives on bad terms? I ask you that. You haven't answer unless you like; but, if you do, let it be in a straightforward way, one becoming your rank as a midshipman in her Majesty's service."

"Family dissensions are vulgar and demoralising. You hurt his feelings there, Winstanley, upon my honor. Tben, with our noted respect for the ladies, we should not feel justified in allowing them to do anything vulgar and demoralising."

"Certainly not."

"Ergo, let us have very vulgar to quarrel, it must be the height of refinement to embrace."

"Bravo!" shouted his five listeners in chorus.

"Don't splash me, I beg. I am merely adding my help in stating these simple facts," said Lieutenan Sturt, who was delighted to find that he could reason so clearly and logically after a champagne dinner. "Hurrah, and *bisbum*. Now, this question satisfactorily settled, what is to prevent our intercepting the three Darlings, and refunding their money if they make a fuss of our vow? If other adventures should present themselves meanwhile, we shall know how to profit by them. Now, then, all ready, and the word of command is, 'England expects every man to do his duty.'"

The little band sallied out with these words, and posted themselves in a dark alley leading into the principal street, where they saw two chairs coming slowly from the opposite direction.

"Only two!" said Lieutenant Sturt, in a disappointed tone. "Well, I'll be a man inside, I am positive. It is no use there."

These were allowed to pass unmolested, but in another moment they returned in sight.

"I'll bet you a pound it was the Darlings after all," exclaimed the brisk midshipman, impetuously.

"Hold your tongue, Winstanley," replied Lieutenant Sturt, with some severity; "you'll spoil all the fun if you chatter so confoundedly. Now, boys, you are the last one, but mind that I, as commander, have the first right of search, and shall board the craft at once if I find any contraband goods."

The five young men bore rapidly down upon the tiny vehicle wherein Amoross, wrapped in her cozy hood, was complacently reviewing the events of the evening. Her bearers were not valiant by nature, and soon yielded to necessity and coercion. Announcing their capture of the lady, they had set down the chair close to the pavement, under a lamp, and drew aside, rather enjoying the adventure themselves. Amoross soon perceived how matters were going, and uttered a shrill scream.

"Oh, gentlemen, pray do have mercy!" she pleaded. "I assure you I am a person of irreproachable character, and indeed, and I have never been stopped in the street in such a shameful way before. I beseech you to regard me in the light of a sister only."

"A grandmother, you mean," exclaimed the young bucaneers, as he caught a good view of her face. "Grandmother, we won't hurt you. Shut her up," he added, turning to the bearers, who were grinning widely in the background.

Amoross still continued to moan and plead piteously.

"There, go home to bye-bye, grandmama," said Winstanley, with mischievous glee; "we are sad rascals, I dare say, but we always respect old age. Do shut her up, you men there."

This time the bearers hastily complied, because Winstanley was considerate enough to back his persuasions by a gift of money, and Amoross was carried on her way homeward once again. On reaching her own house she entered the drawing-room precipitately, threw herself on the nearest couch, and went into violent hysterics.

"Amoross, what can be the matter? I never saw you indulge in such an indecorous display of feeling before," said Miss Grimaldenne, who, having arrived first, was impatiently awaiting Amoross's return.

"Such a ghastly outrage!" exclaimed Amoross, laughing and sobbing at the same time. "They —stopped—me—and they wanted—to—to—kiss me!"

"And did they—do it?" inquired Miss Grimaldenne, her chaste lips refusing to close on the wicked verb.

"No," and Amoross sobbed more violently than before.

"Then be grateful for your deliverance," said Miss Grimaldenne, with dignity. "What possible cause for grief can you have when you have so mercifully escaped the snare laid for your undersigning feet?"

"That's just it," replied Amoross, who was too agitated to be insincere. "I'd rather they had done it than shut me up in that humiliating way and call me grandmother."

"Amoross!" said Miss Grimaldenne, with crushing severity, "I am literally horrified and astonished at your miserable depravity. For the future I shall hold as little intercourse with you as possible, in case your evil example and communications should corrupt my morals. I will try to forgive you, Amoross, but from this moment you have fallen irredeemably in my esteem, and at my death I shall leave you under Kezzie's guardianship, in order to prevent the possibility of your bringing any disgrace upon our family and name."

And with these words, loftily intoned, Miss Grimaldenne left the room with stately and severe grace

CHAPTER XIV.—THE TANGLED WEB OF DECEPTION.

THE good understanding recently concluded between Nina and Captain Marsh seemed to have small chance of any lengthy duration. She had grown captious and irritable again, and was constantly stinging him, either with the sharpness of her retorts or her needless exercise of power. Cyril's patience was growing threadbare, especially as he could see no reason for this change, unless it were the near prospect of Nina and his Merryn's visit to Beechwood. Captain Marsh could not understand what there was in this fact to occasion the difference in Nina's manner to all about her. He was launched on the sea of doubts and perplexities once more, and this time he was given no chance of appeal, for Nina had told him decidedly from the first that whatever change he might remark in her he was not to speak of, for she would neither listen nor pretend to understand anything that he might have to say. This was a time when she must stand alone, and the less he came in her way the better should she be able to bear her trial.

As the day for the arrival of the visitors approached, Nina grew more and more restless and irritable. Gabrielle de Pene, who was often with her about this time, noticed the alteration in her friend, and spoke of it to Captain Marsh. He happened to be in the hall one day when she entered, after her afternoon before Mr. and Miss Mervyn were expected. Gabrielle wore a jaunty little hat, in which the wing of some brilliant bird, name unknown, waved backward and forward as she walked. Her dress was looped up all round, showing the edge of a crimson petticoat, and a couple of the prettiest little feet in the world. The frosty air had brought a flush to her clear cheek, and her great dark eyes glowed with a species of laughing mirth like a mischievous fay.

Gabrielle was looking quite her best, and was pleasantly conscious of the fact. But Captain Marsh gave no sign of having made the same discovery. He was standing moodily at the stove, pretending to warm himself, and there was no welcome beyond a grave inclination of the head as Gabrielle came up to his side.

"Oh! I am so glad to find you here, Captain Marsh," said Gabrielle, quickly. "Can you tell me what has come over Nina lately?"

The shadow deepened on Cyril's face, and he did not at once attempt any reply. When he at last spoke it was in a tone of suppressed impatience.

"You must ask Nina herself, mademoiselle. I can hardly be expected to know all her secrets."

"Not all, but some, perhaps?" and Gabrielle's manner was significant, and the slightest degree scornful.

"I suppose you imagine that in my character of patriarch I should be likely to receive the confidence of young ladies. I have no relish for the soft confidences and mockery, unless—and he turned upon her with a sudden gleam of mischief in his eye—"you will allow me to survive you, Mademoiselle de Pene."

Gabrielle gave a quick start.

"Did you burn your hand?" inquired Cyril with apparent anxiety.

She scanned her foot impatiently.

"You are both incomprehensible and disagreeable," Captain Marsh. I rather liked you at one time, but I have had reason since to revoke my favorable opinion. But I tell you what, if you think—"

"I don't think anything wrong," replied Cyril with a smile, "but allow myself to feel a little grandfatherly anxiety on your account."

"And pray why?" said Gabrielle sharply, and the smouldering glow in her eyes shot out into a broad flame.

Cyril answered her very gently, avoiding her eye that he might not witness any emotion his words created.

If I were your brother, there is one question I should feel it my duty to put to you before I closed my eyes this night."

"Put yourself in the place of my brother for five minutes," replied Gabrielle in a tone of unrepressed scorn.

"Put yourself in the place of my brother for a few minutes," replied Gabrielle in a tone of unrepressed scorn.

"You will not think me impertinent?"

"You speak as a brother."

"Indeed I do, mademoiselle. Is there no partiality you have experienced lately which is neither safe nor justifiable? I can only give this warning; but I know you are too intelligent to need an explanation at the same time."

"What partiality?" murmured Gabrielle in a tone of suppressed emotion. "I do not understand you."

"Colonel St. George," answered Cyril, speaking more gently still, but keeping his eyes persistently fixed on the stove.

"Colonel St. George!" repeated Gabrielle, with a sigh of relief, and a quick return of her old gaiety. "Most gray and reverend signior, I am happy to be able to inform you that Colonel St. George has not once been in my thoughts since he left this house three weeks ago. He might have been a very dangerous person indeed; I have no doubt he was if you say so; but I cannot speak from experience myself. My gentle peace of mind is not so easily disturbed as you'd imagine. It is not quite enough for a man to look at me, touch me, offer me, or ask me to dance, for me to find my feelings hopelessly involved. You town and travelled men think all the country people are fools, but you are quite mistaken. We are not so fashionable as you are, perhaps, but we are quite as sharp."

At this moment Nina was heard calling from the stairs:

"Gabrielle, is that you?"

"Yes, it is. Won't you come down?"

"You are going to stay all day, of course?"

"No, indeed, I am not. Mama is poorly with a tire-some *migraine*, and I couldn't leave her for long. I only came to see if you felt inclined for a walk. The day is so bright and nice, I am sure you would enjoy it."

"Very well; go in and speak to mama whilst I am dressing. I shall soon be ready. Ask Captain Marsh if he won't accompany us."

"Can't you ask him yourself?" said Cyril.

"Tell me, sir, if an answer you mean to give me first; you know I don't like to be refused."

"I should think you had had no sort of experience in that way."

"Well, Captain Marsh, are you coming with us?"

"Certainly, Miss Marsh, now that you do me the honor of making the inquiry."

Cyril's tone and manner were light enough, but his eyes were more earnest than they had ever come for being. He felt as lightly as he spoke. Nina answered more cheerfully than usual with her of late:

"Very well: I shan't be a moment."

And Gabrielle nodded, and walked off towards the drawing-room. In a few minutes Cyril came in to find her.

"Nina is waiting for us if you are ready," said he; and Gabrielle kissed Mrs. Marsh, and followed him out.

Gabrielle had truly said that the day was "bright and nice." The road was crusted with a thick and sparkling frost; the bare trees hung heavy with snow; but the air was fresh and warm and pleasant, the air invigorating. It was what the French call "*un beau froid*." No leaden atmosphere and universal grayness, as if all the earth were dressed in dingy half-mourning, but a pale yellow brilliancy, cheering, and not unduly chilly.

Nina walked silently along for a time, leaving Gabrielle and Captain Marsh all the conversation to themselves. Presently they strolled into the lanes, and, as they had a sharp corgi with them, brought almost face to face with Anna and Jack Dawes. The two were surrounded with dogs of divers breeds. A Newfoundland puppy, kept guard at Anna's side, a pugnacious little terrier, perched at his heels, and bidding him defiance with all the audacity in the world. Two beagles, chained together two by two, ambled along at a safe distance from the mistress's skirts. A splendid setter capered round Jack, licking his hand, and demonstrating his affection in every way in his power; while a pet poodle, of apoplectic stoutness and indolent magnanimity, brought up the rear.

The fine healthy color on Jack's cheeks turned to a deep red glow as he held out his hand to Nina. Anna's greeting was not quite so conspicuous. She did not like Nina, although she could hardly have explained why. It was not exactly jealousy, to do Anna justice, but for some reason or other she suspected Nina, and could not feel sure of her sincerity. Being perfectly frank and straightforward herself, she noticed the opposite qualities in Nina the more readily, and resented Jack's preference on account of its object rather than for the preference itself. It must always have been a struggle with Anna Dawes when Jack turned the first thought of his heart away from her, for she has learned to consider his love and care exclusive privileges of her own; but, had she woman she loved been all she considered worthy of him, she would have resigned her position with less difficulty.

There is some instinct which guides a woman straight to the enemy's camp. Nina knew that, although good and kind to her, Anna regarded her with coldness and distrust, and looked upon Jack's partiality as a most unsociable infatuation. At one time, knowing all this, would have believed it impossible that she should ask, or even accept, any obligation at Miss Dawes's hand; but the unfortunate circumstances which had already forced upon her so many serious humiliations gave her more bitter drawbacks to swallow yet. She could only see one clear path amongst her wretched entanglements, and that must be followed at any sacrifice of pride.

She stooped down presently to caress the fat poodle, and the others went on all but Jack, to whom these precious moments at Nina's side were worth handfuls of gold.

"Poor Snip is getting short-winded," she said, with that indescribably sweet smile of hers, which made a commonplace remark from her lips sound wise and witty in Jack's ear.

"Well, now, you see, Miss Nina," answered Jack, showing a double row of large white teeth in his satisfaction, "I've had him from a pup, and his sire was hrod on our place, so I've a sort of feeling that I shouldn't like to have him shot, although he is shoon worn out."

"How is it you make all your animals obey you so well?" asked Nina, presently.

"Well, it's by love, I s'pose, Miss Nina, for I never so much as used a whip to any of 'em in my life. But they know I mean what I say, and they're fond of me, you see, and there's a good deal in that with dumb beasts."

"I suppose there is. But haven't you a fine young colt? I heard papa speaking of it the other day."

"It's a beauty, Miss Nina, it really is! I should like you to see it. We aren't very far from the stables, if you wouldn't mind just stepping round."

"No; I was going to ask you to have me a little while at Gladchiles, only Miss Dawes, I see, disapproves of it, and that she would not be induced to tolerate my society."

Jack turned quite white with pleasure.

"You mean coming to stay, don't you?" he breathlessly inquired.

"Yes, I did mean that, only I fear Miss Dawes would not relish the idea so much as I do."

Jack hesitated. As the pleasure of it dashed with pain. His sister's manner, always when Nina was under discussion, had given him a vague feeling of uneasiness, and any silence when Nina was praised had appeared to Jack, although he was not penetrating, as very suggestive. At any rate, he had formed no definite opinions of a dim impression that Nina was no favorite of Anna's, and to hear it verified by other lips was quite sufficient to bring conviction to Jack's mind. He felt angry with his sister for the first time in his life. What if her prejudices should stand in the way of Nina's visit?

"Then, by heaven! she shall suffer for it," said Jack to himself; and Anna, could she have divined his thought, would have seen the imprudence of standing between such a woman and love. There was a fierce gleam in Jack's eyes as he turned round to Nina again.

"I'm unsteady no more," he said sternly. "Those I like I have, and those I don't like stop away."

"Still, I shouldn't wish to do anything disagreeable to Miss Dawes; besides, the invitation must come from her."

"Must it?"

"Of course, she is the lady of the house."

"Oh, dear, oh, dear! exclaimed Jack, with the frankest dismay, "I don't understand how to get round women, and that's a fact. Now, if it was a horse, Miss Nina, I could do it by gently using as I liked. But there's something very puzzling about women. You can tell exactly what they will and what they won't like, and if once they get the bit in their mouths they'll run for it by the devil's way in no time—begging your pardon, Miss Nina. Now, Nina, you see, is uncommon pleasant as long as she gets all her own way; but it's little as she she'll turn restive when she comes to feel the reins. Nan's only half broke, but I'll bring her to her bearings, never you fear."

"You see, Mr. Dawes," said Nina, speaking in a confidential tone which nearly sent Jack mad with delight, "we have had some very disagreeable people coming to Beechwood, and I should be glad to get out of the way if I could."

"Are they going to stay long?" inquired Jack, eagerly.

"I don't know; but I should think it wouldn't be over a week in any way."

"I should like them to stop there for ever!" said Jack.

"I am afraid you would get very tired of me if they did," answered Nina, with her sweetest smile.

"I wish I was a parson," said Jack, presently, with a helpless look at Nina, and then he stopped short, amazed at his own audacity.

"A parson?" repeated Nina, very much inclined to laugh at the idea of Jack with his tastes and habits, inclining to the ecclesiastical. "And why?"

"Because they can talk so well. Just listen to them! They've only got two or three lines to make a show of, and they can palaver about it for an hour in such a way, with my heart as full as it would burst, and if you'll forgive me, Miss Nina, I couldn't tell you anything about what was in it."

"Shall you mount'n try, Jack—do you hear?" said Nina, suddenly assuming the tone and passing the group who had gone before.

I didn't understand what she said at the last about 'worthy,' and you'll forgive Jack, as he slowly followed her steps; "that she called me Jack, and that I do understand. I'd draw the last breath and bleed with the best of them, Miss Nina, to do it. There isn't another woman like her in all the world. God bless her!"

And Jack pictured Nina once brightened by that sweet presence. He thought of himself coming home weary from his long ride, and, finding this gentle creature waiting for him on the threshold of his house, welcoming him with outstretched arms and smiling lips, and Jack thrilled with a deep, passionate thrill which shook him from head to foot. His heart seemed to be bursting with the fullness of its great throbs of passion. He could have worshipped Nina literally to the last day of life, and he believed in her with a simplicity of faith had been an angel instead of a woman. And he dreamt on, poor Jack, in the midst of her voice the soft accompaniment of his reveries. Every now and then he caught the white gleam of her own profile as she half turned to answer some question addressed to her, and once she even spoke to him, and Jack's sweet dream gathered strength with her smile.

He was sorry enough when they reached his own gate, and Anna stood in the garden. He could not stay behind and leave his sister to go in alone, but he consoled himself with a long, lingering pressure of Nina's hand. Nina's face glowed, and a pained expression crept into her eyes, but she suddenly withdrew her hand and walked on with a sober face. In another quarter of an hour Gabrielle de Pêne had also left them, and Nina and Captain Marsh were the rest of the way alone.

We do not know what persuasions or threats Jack used for the attainment of his purpose, but certain it is that, towards nightfall the same day, a most gracious and pressing invitation for Nina to spend a week at Gladchiles came from Miss Dawes. Better in hand, Nina went up to her mother's dressing-room.

"Mama," she said, "I have just had a little note from Anna Dawes, asking me to go there for a few days."

"And you have declined, of course?"

"I haven't answered yet; but I thought of accepting."

"But, my dear Nina, how could you possibly be absent during Miss Mervyn's visit?"

"Why, mamma? I am neither the mistress of the house nor the eldest daughter."

"Still you are Miss Mervyn's especial attraction at Beechwood—it is useless to deny that; and, after her kindness to you last autumn, I do not see how, in common politeness, you could quit home during her stay."

"No, perhaps not; but before she came I might."

"At any rate, I should be seriously annoyed if you were to do so, Miss Mervyn is a very old friend of mine; she has always shown great affection for you besides, and I should not like her to be neglected and slighted by any member of the family."

Mrs. Marsh spoke quite decidedly for her, but Nina had not taken their most obstinate fold. It was evident that she had no intention of giving in. She answered, coldly and firmly:

"You see, mama, if people are bound down by all this sort of ponsideration there is no freedom of action at all, and it would be as well to turn Beechwood into a nunnery with the smallest possible delay. Miss Mervyn is very estimable, and so on, that I am quite willing to allow; but, just now, I really don't feel equal to entertaining visitors."

"Then you cannot be equal to making visits," said Mrs. Marsh, quietly.

"Well, then, mama, if I must speak plainly, I don't mean to meet Mr. and Miss Mervyn. If you object to my going away, I will take to my room and keep it locked on all intruders, leaving you to make what excuses you like; but as to being at Miss Mervyn's company one hour, or even one minute, I will not. There is a certain point beyond which a person is not justified in escaping a child. I would do a great deal out of pure love for you, mama, but I must be allowed to consider my own feelings and dignity at times. To force me into a most distasteful encounter would not increase my affection, and it is a trial you cannot care for me to make. I am not to be led. I speak plainly, mama, because in this matter it is more necessary than you imagine that I should have my own way."

"What could have been the use of consulting me if you were so determined beforehand?"

"I merely wish to mention the thing to you as my mother."

A slight pang, that would have been a long agony with some women more sensitive than Mrs. Marsh, passed through her heart as she answered her daughter:

"It seems to me that I have borne only the title for some time past. It is easy to see how much you have become estranged from all of us of late. You never cared at one time to go your own way without reference to my wishes and feelings. You were loving to me, and patient of your father's and brother's temper. It is all altered. There is something the matter with you that I can't understand, but you know best, of course, whether you are to go or stay on this occasion."

Nina sank impetuously on her knees, and buried her head in her mother's lap.

"Mamma, don't question me, only love me! I am so utterly miserable! For over a year now I have not known what it is to have a single happy hour. If you knew of Jack, with his love, better die at once! What is the use of my living? I am no comfort to any one. I hate and despise myself so much myself that sometimes as if I could tear myself to pieces. Oh, mamma! pity me—love me! I am so utterly wretched!"

"Nina, my poor child, what does this mean?" inquired Mrs. Marsh in a tone as perplexed as compassionate.

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"Nina, my poor child, what does this mean?" inquired Mrs. Marsh in a tone as perplexed as compassionate.

"Oh, I'll tell you, if you ask me—I'll tell you everything! I can't bear this concealment! It seems as if this miserable secret were eating into my very heart!"

"Have you done anything wrong, Nina?" said Mrs. Marsh, in a low, terrified whisper. "What is it? Can't you tell me?"

"Would you love me and the same, mama? If I have done what is wrong, you are my mother still; you gave me life, remember. If I am wilful, and headstrong, and passionate, it is my fault or yours? Some people say that the child is influenced by the thoughts and feelings of the mother! I am so miserable! so wicked!"

And she gave way to a paroxysm of passionate agony, and had her face again in Mrs. Marsh's dress.

Mrs. Marsh looked helplessly about her.

Her child was in the power of a secret which, as Captain Murray, 7th Iowa cavalry, and some Marshall county militia, with one cannon. The enemy, Sioux and Cheyennes, numbered from the 16th of August, 12 miles from Little Blue station, where the road from Fort Kearney to Fort Laramie crosses the river. The soldiers and militia fought four hours, but the Indians were larger mounted and armed, and finally drove them back 10 miles.

Dr. Gouraud's famous *repertoire* of all that is necessary to a lady's toilette is visited by all the fair and fashionable belles of New York. It is 680 Broadway.

In the time of Sir John Macpherson's government, most of his staff consisted of Scotch gentlemen, whose names began with Mac. One of the aides-de-camp used to call the governor Jemmy Jones. "For," said he, "if you stand in the middle of the crowd and call Mac, you will have a dozen out of every window."

PROSPICE.

BY R. BROWNING.

Fear death? to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe:
Where he stands, the Arch-Fear, in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go;
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so one fight more,
The best and the last!
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore
And bade me creep past.
No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worse turns the best to the brave,
The black minutes attend,
And the element's rage, the fiend voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace, then a joy,
Then a light, then thy breast,
Oh! thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be at rest.

ADMINISTERING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE

To Rebel Prisoners.

Among the prisoners who fall into our hands many take the oath of allegiance and enter the service. Some are deterred from doing this by the ridicule of their more violent comrades, who look for any act being put in the front and falling into the hands of the rebels, who would shoot them as deserters. To obviate this poor regulations have been made. Those men are used as far as possible to fight from the States to have been sent to the northwest, some to garrisons, some for employed in scouting. The return of our Gettysburg rains directing are sent in all parts of the Union. Such measures, and such other effect that not a deserter comes in without one in his pocket.

EXPLOSION OF THE B. B. SANDERS.

Steamboat racing has of late years fallen into disuse, such fearful ending with the lives of hundreds having been lost in the unanimous and public denunciations of the whole community. Our rivers and lakes, of late, have been comparatively free from the accidents resulting from racing, but on Sunday morning of Sept. 16, two tugboats, the B. B. Sanders and Olive Belle, had a race from the lower dock of the Erie railway, opposite the foot of Jackson street, New York, the former boat captained by her father and everything in her being thrown high into the air. Of the seven men on board four were drowned, viz.: Capt. Sanders, Jr., Forpet Wilsey, having been carried 50 feet through the air.

Practically all the boiler, machinery and woodwork were thrown several hundred feet, many falling on the Erie docks. One piece, weighing 400 pounds, was hurled to Jackson's marble yard near the foot of Jackson street. Several pieces, also, were thrown across the river, some by fragments, and a pelice officer was seriously hurt.

The B. B. Sanders was built in Brooklyn, E. D., in 1862, and was built in Troy, in 1863, at a cost of $40,000.

THE INDIAN WAR.

The battle with the Indians which appeared in our last was a severe one, it appears from later details, by Capt. Murphy. The Iowa cavalry, and some Marshall co. militia, with one cannon. The enemy, Sioux and Cheyennes, numbered from the 16th of August, 12 miles from Little Blue station, where the road from Fort Kiley to Fort Kearney crosses the river. The soldiers and militia fought four hours, but the Indians were larger mounted and armed, and finally drove them back 10 miles.



THE GREAT GERMAN FESTIVAL, THE "TURNFEST" AT JONES'S WOOD, NEW YORK—SCHAUTURNEN, (SHOW-TURNING) MONDAY AFTERNOON, SEPT. 12.—From a Sketch by A. Berghaus.



THE SIEGE OF PETERSBURG—VIEW OF GRANT'S POSITION ON THE WELDON RAILROAD, FROM THE CENTRE OF THE LINE LOOKING LEFT FROM A SKETCH BY ANDREW McCALLUM.



THE WAR IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—MARTINSBURG, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

OCCUPATION OF MARTINSBURG, VIRGINIA.

GEN. AVERILL, on the 19th Sept., reoccupied Martinsburg, and the restoration of the Baltimore and Ohio road was at once begun.

Martinsburg, of which a sketch will be found on another page, is the capital of Berkeley county, Va. It is situated on a fertile elevated region on Tuscarora creek, a few miles west of the Blue Ridge, and was in other days a busy, active place, its water-power and railroad facilities giving its manufactures—especially of flour and iron—a great impulse. It has been racked, impoverished and paralyzed by the war, but has in its very position the certainty of future growth.

GRANT'S OPERATIONS.

Grant's Railroad.

"THE railroad in war" is a new and curious chapter furnished by our civil strife. The great struggle is for railroad lines, and once possessed to adapt them to use. Gen. Grant, in sitting down before Petersburg, availed himself of the City Point and Petersburg railroad, already existing, and has just added a new road to it, so that cars can run from City Point to his extreme left on the Weldon road, which it will doubtless soon cross.

This extension, nine miles in length, shows the wonderful resources of our army.

Without any preliminary preparation, without surveys to establish the line or the grades, Major Wentz, the Superintendent of Military Railroads, employing detachments from the different corps, completed the whole work in 11 days. Several ravines were to be crossed, but these were bridged by substantial works. Our Artist sends us a series of sketches of this remarkable road. We have first, in order of time, a party o

THE TURNFEST.

THE Turn Verein has been for some years endeavoring to teach us some good lessons in physical education, and we must say that we do not see that our American youth have benefited by the instruction imparted. All agree on the great neglect of physical training in this country; and the use of gymnasia, either in connection with or independent of seminaries of education, has progressed steadily, while valuable treatises on physical training have been prepared to guide less experienced teachers. Still all this is little. To give it a zest, association on the Turner plan is needed.

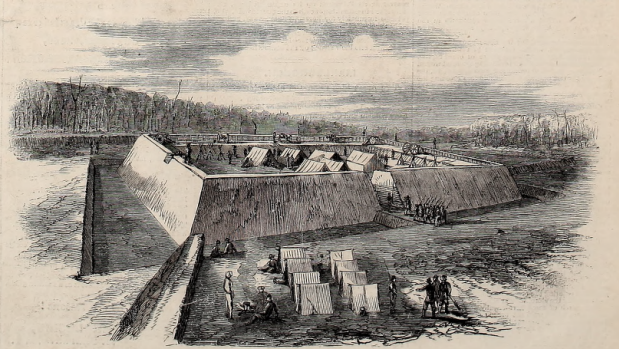
The great Turnfest this year took place at Jones's Wood, beginning on Sunday, Sept. 11, and ending on Thursday, Sept. 15. The Turn Halle, in Orchard street, formerly a meeting-house of the Society of Friends, were a strange look indeed, compared to its antecedents. The room was splendidly decorated with banners, and crowded with delegates from the Turner associations of Boston, Rochester, Springfield, New Haven, Hartford, Bridgeport, Providence, Albany, Poughkeepsie, Newark, Trenton, St. Louis, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Memphis, Cincinnati and Chicago, as well as of those immediately in and around New York.

The Turners and their guests proceeded on Monday to Jones's Wood at an early hour, where the day was passed in prize exercises and Turner gymnastics, fencing, wrestling and racing.

The weather was unfavorable during the week, detracting from the usual success, diminishing the exercises and driving off less hardy spectators.

Our Artist illustrates the Free Show Turning on Monday afternoon, in which apparently a grand piece of human pyrotechnics is going on. It gives, perhaps, better than any other scene, an idea of the strength, agility and skill developed by the Turner training.

Besides the exercises at the Wood, the Turners had concerts, theatrical exhibitions, &c., &c., at the Stadt Theatre.



GRANT'S POSITION ON THE WELDON RAILROAD—FORT HANCOCK—SECOND CORPS ON THE RIGHT OF THE NEW LINE.—SKETCHED BY ANDREW McCALLUM.

soldiers laying the ties; next, another laying the rails.

The other views illustrate the work completed, giving some of the most interesting points. Thus we see it passing the Jones House; also where it passes the Gurley House, near the Southern bridge; and the splendid trestle-work put up to cross a ravine near the Gurley House. It is 820 feet long and 20 feet high; formed of a cribwork of rough logs, with heavy timbers run from across, on which the crossties were put down, and the rails bolted down.

The crossing of Jerusalem plankroad is another point of interest, best shown all the turnings at the Weldon railroad, and the view looking down that now famous tramway.

City Point.

Our fine large view shows well all its importance City Point, the base of supplies of Grant's great army. This place was formerly the point where exchanges of prisoners took place, and its sudden capture by Gen. Butler prevented any rebel instructions to the guard which Grant has promptly extended.

When Lieut.-Gen. Grant transferred the war to the south of the James he made City Point his depot of supplies, and it at once assumed a look of busy activity.

Grant's Position.

Another sketch, which our readers will study with interest, is the view from the camp on the extreme left line, on the Weldon railroad, looking to the left. In the foreground may be seen the rear guard of the 10th New York battery, with a well-planted abattis in front. Our picket lines are now in the woods on the right, from which runs out the line of the Weldon road. From this extend to the left those of the right the lines of the 9th and 5th corps (Warren's), with occasional redoubts. Near the Weldon road will be noticed a fort, which we illustrated recently.

The house on the extreme left is the Blick House already mentioned in describing the new railroad, which runs behind Dep'ew's line.

The cavalry-magazine in the battery, with the case shot in front "saving," need no description.

Fort Hascall.

On the right of our new line the 2d corps have thrown up Fort Hascall, which will at once be seen to be a proof of the labor of our men and the strength of their position.

Rebel Forts.

We also give a view of rebel forts on the second line of works, thrown up to defend Petersburg. From Fort Wilcox our Artist could see the men busy repairing the works and mounting new guns. The fort on the right hand side is armored with a heavy rifled gun. It was on this line that our men roused in vain on the 30th ult.

Building a Corduroy Road.

We conclude this week's sketches of Grant's army, south of the James, by a pendant to the first of them: A party of soldiers, engaged under one of those ingenious wheels practical experience has made perfect calculating how to build a road over the marsh. It is a very pleasant thing to travel, rather preferable to having Rebs thrown stab to the box in the Headmaster Virginian mire.

Perilous Adventures with Snakes.

A RESIDENT in India, Siam and Burmah has very much the same influence upon outdoor life as a residence in London, in at least one respect—it makes you wary of your life. In London you pause and take every precaution to avoid the possibility, amidst the immense throng of vehicles, of coming to any exhaustive end; and by those precautions duly exercised may, with God's blessing, avoid the daily catastrophes recorded in the papers. So also in India, the quantity and deadly venomous quality of snakes of all sizes and shapes, from the cobra de capello to the tiny but equally deadly carpet-snake, puts a pegs upon their guard against the intrusion of such foes by such reasons as are never dreamt of by people in Europe. Such, for instance, as carefully examining every portion of your bed and bedroom, of violently shaking boots and clothes before wearing them, and which is an operation not unfrequently rewarded by the rental of a scorpion, or a snake, or maybe a comfortably coiled up cobra under your pillow.

One of the first Tamul words which becomes familiar to European infants and adults alike is the word "paumbu," or the snake. A native passenger on a entrance of a baby in arms, who could just manage to prattle, being instrumental in all probability in saving the life of the child, or of the nurse. The woman, as is the custom, had laid herself down upon a mattress on the floor, and no sooner she could the nurse see that the child to sleep with a foot or an arm without disturbing herself from her recumbent position—nay, almost without observably exhausting from that heavy lethargy which falls upon this class of people after a plentiful supper of curry and rice. Apparently the child had been lying there for some little time, gazing perhaps as infants often as at the bright flame of the wreck of the occasional lamp, when of a sudden it uttered piercing screams, which thoroughly aroused not only the nurse, but the mother and father, and all the paluquin-bearers that usually make up the travellers.

Running to see what was the matter, the child distinctly uttered the word "paumbu," pointing at the same time to the hurriedly displaced bed-covering which the snake had removed on the approach of the nurse. Rising into up the hearers, who were armed with stout bamboos, killed a large snake coiled up in the bed-fold, to which they very speedily administered a quietus.

It is no uncommon thing for these poor barefooted paluquin-bearers, while carrying you through the jungle, to set foot upon some snake or other reptile, which usually ensues in inflicting a mortal wound upon them. And if, as on a clear moonlight night, the bearers step over these their deadly foes crossing the high road, they will very unceremoniously drop the palanquin at the earliest opportunity, and, leaving the unhappy inside passenger, assail the snake, leaving you to keep off the intruders as best you can, until they have dispatched the calamon foe, and can return to give battle.

Perhaps one of the most perilous encounters that I ever had with a snake occurred to me in a little up-country civil station called Chittoor, in the Arcot district, Southern Hindostan. We had in cultivate or go down, as these stores and warehouses are called in India, where you kept our annual supply of European wines, beer, spirits, preserved fruits, jams, &c., which were generally transported to us from out of the way place or chittoor, and which we kept under the safe custody of large padlock, the key of which was always a tenant of our waistcoat pockets.

Notwithstanding the professed reflexive antagonism to strong drinks the European abominations, there were many of our servants (especially the coachman, an old half-caste) who had a decided weakness in various members of the family, and invariably got drunk on pay-day and every quarter-day until they procured, and locked up his poor old wife unmercifully, who had what the Irish call a "fondness" for the fiery of any description. It was a daily duty or one or the other of us to serve out to the head dubash, or butler, such requisites as were required for consumption.

One fine morning I had preceded the dubash, who was busy entering the cook's morning market account, into entering the store, walked across it to the further end in search of some hermetically sealed viands and vegetables, which were not procurable in the place at that season of the year for love or money. The place was lighted only by the entrance-door, through which, however, there entered a sufficient flood of brilliant daylight to answer all my purposes.

I had just laid my hand upon a tin case of green pets and was speculating upon the best means of opening it when a sudden scathing, squeaking and hissing, close behind me, attracted my notice; and turning abruptly round, I saw that a huge cobra and an angry rat had tumbled just by the door of entrance, and were engaged in deadly combat. The former had in all probability intruded upon the latter's nest of young once somewhere in the rafters of the roof, and with a hostile reception.

Not waiting up with all the sedity of fear upon a strong projecting shelf, for I durst not make a rush at the former under peril of my life, I became an unwilling spectator of this most unequal contest. The rat for some time, conscious of its own strength, stood its ground with, kept its pang round and round, like an agile gymnast, evading, nearly every opportunity, the crash in and bite the snake, which had worked itself into a most distressing heat. The snake had darted at the rat with its protruded forked tongue in a manner that was really fearful to witness, and which was a source of spectacle again in the sunlight with rage.

At last the rat, after having received a deadly wound upon the brave little animal, who, apparently conscious that escape was impossible, put up all its previous caution, and rushed boldly in upon its adversary, seizing the latter's tail, and left eye of the snake, and never letting go its hold, notwithstanding all the struggles hashing and writhing of the latter and its mouth more powerful opponent, till the convulsions of death forced the rat to quit its prey.

The cobra, who had received its death-wound, now, to my terror made its way direct to the shelf where I was standing, and was evidently making up one of the posts that supported it. I had nothing in the shape of a weapon in the way of a club or description. But there chanced to be on a shelf over my head, and within my reach, a pound of rice, grown somewhere in the interior of Bengal. I clambered up to the shelf, and seizing a heavy bag, which made up a ugly appearance had wriggled itself half way across the shelf, dropping the rice on the floor, and so completely crushed the snake. I was not long, you may be sure, before I returned to the storehouse, and with every article in it to be removed (displacing and killing in the progress a number of young cobras) to a more commodious warehouse, where such unwelcome replier could easily be observed, and as quickly dispatched.

Another occasion, when I was stationed at Tellicherry, on the Malabar coast, I had dangerous and peculiar adventure of the thing viewed by three cases of for eggs. We kept a great many turkeys, and in the cocoa-nut grove adjoining the house, which (the compound) covered nearly four square miles of garden and fine old trees, the turkeys had the habit, in a few directions, making their nests and depositing their eggs in all kind of out-of-the-way places. Sometimes, after a disappearance of a week, they would return to the poultry-yard, accompanied by a young retinue or two keys. One day I tracked one of these hens to a considerable distance, leaving hedges and trees, so as best to conceal myself, finally to the end into a bush, whence, after a short time, she returned with all the following satisfaction of a new-fledged mother. I waited till the bird had disappeared in the direction of the poultry-yard, and then scrambled into the bush, when, in a roughly-made nest, I saw what I conceived to be some eight or ten large cream-colored eggs. Stopping to possess myself of this treasure and transfer the eggs from the nest to the coat-pocket, I was startled by an ominous hissing close beside me. Leaping back with all conceivable rapidity, I saw a monstrous cobra capello standing upright to an arrow in the centre of the bush, and shaking its big head to and fro, precisely in the same deadly age as sure and as deadly as a poisoned shaft. To this day I cannot tell how my impulse at the moment. I never paused to see whether I was pursued or not, but instantly into the house reckoned for some twenty-three or three-and-twenty inches in the range. That snake was sagacious enough never to stop itself to the bush or and pursuing her prey unchanging to the gest. The contents of my double-barrelled gun fired into the bush made it be quieted, and then we discovered that every egg had been in a successful state of its contents as it could have been by practised bird-dancer or the fowls the luckless inside being nearly reproduction to the naked eye.

At this very same place I subsequently had a very unpleasant encounter with another cobra during their breeding season, at which time they are more than usually vindictive. Strolling out in the cool dusk of the evening, I perceived a new snake under an isolated bush; bush, and to make sure, ere forthwith beginning to fire, I gave it a blow with a stone to rouse it from its sleep and dart out straight at me. I had scarcely time to get out of the way before the snake shot past me, and before he could contrive to turn I fired a shot into the middle of his body, and his legs would carry me. The venomous brute followed me with unrelenting fury, and but for the fact that I succeeded in reaching the stable, whence to my rescue called forth some half-dozen grooms, armed with grasscutters, armed with stout bamboos, with which they soon dispatched the intruder.

One more snake adventure and I will bring this little narrative to a close. I was favored by a friend of mine, Colonel W——, of the Madras Horse Artillery, who was superintending duty in the interior to the seaside, accompanied by his wife, we were staying at Alleppi Island, and with the object in view of sending her back to England by the first opportunity that offered. They were dining at one of the old-fashioned, tumble-down travellers' bungalows, which have been employed once were erected, and were seated at opposite ends of the dining-table, when the head dubash down from the ceiling upon the centre of the table a vile cobra, who, nevertheless, finally, and to be expected, and threatened instantaneous death to the poor invalid, who, with extraordinary presence of mind, threw away, and fell off her chair. Seizing the dilemma the snake seemed to be at the enticing dangerous nature of the victim, the Colonel rushed to the corner for his sabre, and unsheathing it, with one blow struck off the brute's head.

MARLBOROUGH.

The great blot upon the character of that eminent soldier, John, Duke of Marlborough, greater than the favorites of King James, or the duplicity to King William and Queen Anne, was his greedy accessions in money matters. He was accused of having received presents from all sides, and the instances, in which he held the station of generalissimo, with vast emoluments, merely for the sake of the money he received. He was also charged with having, during his home, he wrote to the Queen on a page out of his orderly sergeant's pocket-book, and to his wife on the back of a brown bill—not that paper was scarce, but that he was saving. He was publicly accused, in the House of Lords, of peculation in the discharge of the money committed to his trust as commander-in-Chief, and a majority voted him his pensions had been unwarrantable and illegal. It was imputed to him by the Lords of the Council, that he to shelter, he came a great number of officers to be stocked on the pay-list, and received the pay of them, and put the full pockets by dispensing of their commissions." His answer was as follows: "In one campaign, when the Earl of Peterborough (also a great soldier), was absent by a London rook for the Duke of Marlborough, then very unpopular, he gained himself from such usage, with which he was threatened, by calling out:

"Gentlemen, I can convince you, by two reasons, that I am not the Duke: in the first place, I have only five guineas in my pocket; and in the second (throwing his purse to the crowd as he spoke), they are heartily at your service."

Contrasted with Marlborough's acquisitiveness how proudly stands out the pure integrity of Washington! I

AN IRISH PEER.

LORD M——, as we are informed by Mr. Dunn, had obtained his title during a vacant period, in gracious recognition of some dexterous trafic in parliamentary votes; and he was as unprincipled in pecuniary as in political transactions. When Lord Kerry's house in Stephen's Green was for sale, Mrs. Keating desired to become the possessor of a per attached to it, which she erroneously assumed belonged to Lord M——, and wrote upon him for a satisfactory purchase.

"I am not aware that I own a pew in St. Ann's," said Lord M——.

"Pardon me," replied Mrs. Keating, "I find your Lordship has one; and, if you have no objections, I am willing to buy it."

Thus appealed to, Lord M—— threw out no further obstacle. A bargain was struck; he took the money; and on the following Sunday, Mrs. Keating, on an imposing suit of crashing bombazine, sailed up the nave to the aforesaid pew, and, with all the bustle with much firmness, interposed, and, in reply to her expostulatory remonstrances, declared that it was "the new pew," and had never at any period belonged to Lord M.

The lady, taunting under the outlawed circumstances of the trick and the slight, retired with considerable loss of dignity, and with a flushed, and lost no time in writing on Lord M——, in the hope of obtaining some redress.

"My Lord," she began, "as regards the pew in St. Ann's,"

"Oh!" interrupted the poor, laughing, "you may have it for your own use on the same terms."

"Pray, don't add insult to injury, my Lord; you must be aware of your mistake, and that you really never held any pew in St. Ann's."

"Well, if you are to the first instance," replied Lord M——.

"Under all the circumstances," proceeded his fair visitor, "I trust your Lordship will kindly refund the money."

"Impossible, my dear madam; it's gone long ago."

"Pay your Lordship's character."

"That is also impossible," replied Lord M——, leaning back in his easy chair and laughing immoderately.

The money was never refunded, and Lord M—— subsequently obtained an unenviable notoriety for selling the commissions of a regiment of militia in which he was Colonel, and when upbraided with the act by the Lord-Lieutenant, simply replied.

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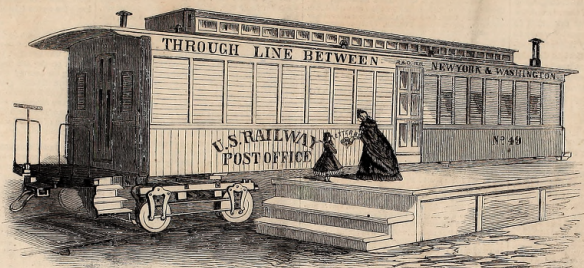
No. 471—Vol. XIX.] NEW YORK, OCTOBER 8, 1864. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly, 13 Weeks $1 00.

Sheridan's Splendid Victories.

The War Goes Bravely On.

Gen. Sheridan's late brilliant success over the rebel Gen. Early, near Winchester, in the famous Shenandoah valley, was a blow for the Union which staggered alike the ruling rebel conspirators at Richmond and the gold gamblers of Wall street. They had still, however, the hope that Early, with the bulk of his army his artillery and provision trains, might possibly escape, until the news came sparkling over the wires of his second and more disastrous defeat at Fisher's hill, some 20 miles up the valley from Winchester, when, if we may judge from the effect upon the gold gamblers of New York, there must have been a sensation resulting in a general packing up of movables in the rebel capital.

We need not here repeat the details of these brilliant operations of Gen. Sheridan, nor the losses involved to the rebel army in men, artillery, small arms and all the *materiel* of war. Our present purpose will be answered in a few passing observations upon the value of these great victories in reference to the crowning object of all the combinations and movements of Gen. Grant's armies—the capture of Richmond. The army of Gen. Early, while it remained intact and



THE NEW UNITED STATES RAILWAY POST OFFICE—EXTERIOR, SHOWING BOX FOR DROP LETTERS.—SEE PAGE 39.



THE NEW UNITED STATES RAILWAY POST OFFICE—VIEW OF THE INTERIOR, SHOWING THE SORTING OF THE LETTERS ON THE WAY.

defiant in the Shenandoah valley, served these purposes to Gen. Lee: It menaced the Maryland and Pennsylvania border and the rear of Washington; it detached from Gen. Grant's principal army a large force to watch the movements of Early; it held the Shenandoah valley and its supplies for the uses of Lee's forces around Richmond; it protected that city on the north side, and Lynchburg on the west, the most important depot of supplies now remaining to Lee; while in holding the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, Early materially interfered with the transportation of supplies and reinforcements to Gen. Grant from the West. Now, with the overthrow and dispersion of Early's veteran fighting and defiant "stonewall" corps, the line of the Union side recover the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, the absolute possession of the Shenandoah valley, all the gaps and passes in the Blue Ridge chain of mountains leading to the north side of Richmond, and an open way up the valley to Lexington, and across the mountains from that place to Lynchburg. The rear of Washington and the Maryland and Pennsylvania border are relieved, and Sheridan now, with 30,000 men or more, is free to move in any direction in carrying out the well-considered and sagacious combinations of Gen. Grant.

The alternative which is now presented to Gen. Lee is the sending out another army to take the place of that of Early in the Shenandoah valley; or a desperate effort to dislodge Gen. Grant from the Weldon Railroad; or one of the two measures for the evacuation of Richmond. Which of these alternatives is Lee most likely to adopt? He cannot replace the army of Early without so weakening his lines as to risk the fall of Petersburg and Richmond; he cannot venture upon an assault of the Union works on the Weldon road without hazarding the loss of his army in addition to the loss of Richmond; so that his only alternative of safety for his army is manifestly a timely evacuation. We still adhere to our original idea, that when driven to the wall, and in danger of a complete isolation from the means of supply, Lee will abandon Richmond to save his army; and we predict that he will retreat to Lynchburg, in order to maintain a footing upon the "sacred soil" of Virginia as long as possible; unless in the meantime he shall be compelled to move down into North Carolina, in view of a junction with the Georgia army of Hood.

At all events, Gen. Sheridan has so far simplified the work of the campaign as against Richmond, that no intelligent observer of the events of the war can doubt for a moment that the cause is now completely in the hands of Gen. Grant. Nor shall we be surprised if the crowning triumph of the war shall be the next bulletin of victory from Secretary Stanton.

We await in absolute confidence the further development of Gen. Grant's strategy and tactics. Meantime a passing glance at our military operations in the Shenandoah valley since the beginning of the year will show how great has been their influence heretofore in favor of the enemy at Richmond. In the summer of 1861, Gen. Patterson, with a column of 25,000 men, was assigned to the duty in the Shenandoah valley of giving employment to the rebel Joe Johnston and his 15,000 men, while Gen. McDowell moved upon Beauregard on the other side of the Blue Ridge at Manassas. But Johnston contrived to slip away from Patterson and the valley, and to join Beauregard in time to turn a Union victory into the disastrous defeat of the first Bull run. In March, 1862, a portion of the army of Gen. Banks, commanded by Gen. Shields, handsomely defeated Stonewall Jackson near Winchester, who was then pursued up the valley a hundred miles and more. Jackson, in May, strongly reinforced, Jackson retreated, and routing the forces of Gen. Banks from Strasburg, Front Royal and Winchester, pursued him in a running fight to the Potomac river. Shields, McDowell and Fremont, each with a strong force, were then advanced from different directions against Jackson. He was intercepted at Strasburg by Fremont, dislodged from Fisher's hill, driven by the valley to Cross Keys, near Port Republic, and defeated there in a fierce battle and driven out of the valley. Next, while our various army detachments were hunting him up, he was joined by Ewell, strongly reinforced, gave them again the slip, and with his massive column of 40,000 men dashed down upon the extreme right of Gen. McClellan on the Chickahominy, broke it up, and thus inaugurated those terrible and disastrous seven days' battles which ended in transferring the war from Richmond to Washington.

Again, in September 1862, while McClellan was moving against Gen. Lee's main army in Maryland, Stonewall Jackson, with his 20,000 men, pounced upon Gen. Miles and his 12,000 at Harper's Ferry, compelled him to a surrender of his whole force, including also 60 pieces of artillery and an immense amount of military stores. Thus was Lee's army in Maryland by these timely supplies saved from destruction. In 1863 the Stonewall corps, turned over to Ewell at Jackson's death, dashed over into the Shenandoah valley, and routing Milroy from Winchester, captured their ammunition, artillery and supplies of all kinds, without which Lee's defeat at Gettysburg would again have involved the destruction of his army. In 1864 the misfortunes of Sigel and Hunter in the Shenandoah valley early paralyzed the direct operations of Gen. Grant against Richmond, but brought down Gen. Early upon his late destructive raid into Pennsylvania and Maryland, and to the very gates of Washington.

To Gen. Sheridan, under Gen. Grant's admirable arrangements, belongs the honor of retrieving all these misfortunes, and of making his campaign in the Shenandoah valley as decisive against Richmond as all our preceding operations in that quarter had resulted to the security of Jeff Davis in his chosen capital. Now he is deserted, and the end draws nigh.

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Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA—SHERIDAN'S ARMY.

On Sunday, Sept. 18th, the rebels under McCausland and Johnson, advanced from Bunker hill, and attacked Averill at Martinsburg. The fight lasted after a brief cessation, till back to Hainesville, a short distance from Falling Waters, on the Virginia side of the river, where he took a position.

During Sunday night Averill received reinforcements, and the next morning advanced against the rebels and drove them back to Bunker hill and reoccupied Martinsburg.

Gen. Sheridan attacked the army of Early on Monday morning, Sept. 19, at the Berryville gap crossing of Opequan creek, and the battle raged with great fierceness until five o'clock in the evening, when the rebels, after having kept up throughout the entire day the most stubborn resistance and fought with the greatest determination, were forced to give way, under complete defeat, which soon became a perfect rout, and they were driven through and beyond Winchester, only the darkness of night causing a cessation of the pursuit. The results of this magnificent victory of Sheridan's, as far as yet ascertained, are a loss to the rebels of five general officers and 2,000 men killed and wounded, officers and 2,000 men wounded, 5,000 prisoners, 15 battle flags and five pieces of artillery. The rebel generals killed were Rhodes, Gordon, Wharton, Ramseur and Godwin. Our losses are not yet fully ascertained, but are estimated at 2,000. We had Gen. Russell, commanding a division in the 6th corps, killed, and Gens. Upton, McIntosh and Chapman wounded. All of the enemy's dead and wounded fell into the hands of our army.

Sheridan did not stop to rest, but pushed his cavalry in hot pursuit, and followed in force. On Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 20, he crossed Cedar creek, and pushed on to Strasburg.

A portion of the rebel cavalry which turned off to Front Royal were pursued, attacked and routed.

On the 22d the rebels were found posted in an almost impregnable position at Fisher's hill, about three miles beyond Strasburg, and at about four o'clock in the evening the attack on their lines was made, Rickett's division directly assaulting them on their left, resting on North mountain, and the 6th and 19th corps in front. Crook carried everything before him, driving the rebels in confusion and sweeping down behind their breastworks. The attack of the 6th and 19th corps was equally effective and successful. It says the whole rebel army appeared to be broken up, fleeing in the utmost confusion. Our army captured 16 pieces of artillery and a great many caissons, artillery horses, &c., &c. Gen. Sheridan was pushing on up the valley so rapidly that he was unable to tell his own or the rebel losses, or to state the number of prisoners he had captured. He says: "Only darkness has saved the whole of Early's army from total destruction." The last we did hear from the rebels they were sent on the same day through the Luray valley; Early's command embraced the famous "Stonewall brigade" and the troops commanding Stonewall Jackson's old corps, and was the *élite* of the rebel army. What is left of Early's army has abandoned the rebel cause, and is retreating in a rout, as rapidly as possible, by way of Culpeper and Gordonsville, directly for Richmond. The route to Lynchburg is thus unobstructed, and Lee can now prepare to send Richmond to send thither to oppose the victorious and indomitable soldiers of Sheridan. At the last accounts Sheridan was at Woodstock, on Friday.

The Richmond *Examiner* confirms the report which we recently received from Washington, that Moseby, the notorious guerilla, was wounded in one of the fights. Early was wounded in the thigh, on the 15th inst.; but the rebel paper says he expected to be in the field again in a week or two.

GRANT'S ARMY.

In spite of the pursuit of our cavalry, the rebel raiders succeeded in driving the whole of the captured cattle safely across the James.

A lavish ammunade was kept up on Petersburg on the 19th and 20th.

The arrangements for the exchange of prisoners at Fortress Monroe appear to be working more favorably at present than they did formerly. Over 1,000 rebel prisoners at Fort Delaware were sent up the James river on Monday last, with the understanding that an equal number of Union prisoners would be sent down from Richmond in return.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The firing on the city of Charleston was continued in the regular manner, though the range had been altered, and the shells and portions of it, which had until recently been unvisited by the dreadful messengers sent by our guns are now suffering those visitations. A correspondent from James-island damage is being done to the city. Gen. Jones, the rebel commander at Charleston, would not grant Gen. Foster's request to be allowed to send supplies of food and clothing to our suffering soldiers now prisoners in Georgia. Several of the rebel officers now confined as prisoners on Morris island have expressed a desire to take the oath of allegiance to the National Government. Admiral Dahlgren had gone on an expedition up the coast.

GEORGIA.

Owing to the recent rains, Sherman lies quietly at Atlanta, fortifying the town. Heed wrote a letter denouncing Sherman's conduct in expelling the inhabitants, but Sherman, of whom as of Cæsar it may be said *eadem copiosa scripsit quo bellavit*, replied in a letter that has not been equalled during the war.

The latest Richmond papers are greatly excited over reports which reach them from Macon, Georgia, to the effect that that Gen. Sherman has sent an informal request to Governor B. Stephens, Vice-President of the rebel Confederacy, Gov. Brown, of Georgia, Herschel V. Johnson, and other prominent citizens of Georgia, to meet him at Atlanta, for the purpose of conferring as to Georgia seceding from the bogus Government, and returning to her allegiance to the Union. Gov. Brown has distasteful the matter.

ALABAMA.

The attack on the city of Mobile had not yet commenced. An expedition sent out from Fort Gaines had destroyed immense rebel salt works and inflicted severe damage on the rebels. The rebels have been destroying great quantities of turpentine and rosin in the vicinity of Mobile, to keep it from falling into the hands of our soldiers.

MISSISSIPPI.

The Vicksburg *Herald* of Sept 10 says there has been a concentration of rebel forces at Jackson, Miss. Forrest's, Taylor's, Gibson's and Wirt Adams's troops were encamped around that city for several miles. The force was estimated at 20,000 men, with extensive wagon, pontoon and artillery trains. Forrest was still compelled to walk on crutches, from a wound received at Tupelo, but can ride a horse.

LOUISIANA.

Col. Scott, commanding the rebel troops near Baton Rouge, recently sent a proposition to Gen. Herron to surrender from 8,000 to 9,000 men if an unconditional pardon was granted.

The Union and Rebel Commissioners for the exchange of prisoners had an interview at Morganzia, Louisiana, on the 13th inst., and it is hoped that a general exchange may be the result.

MISSOURI—ARKANSAS.

The advices from southeast Missouri and Arkansas go to show the concentration of various scattered rebel detachments, for a simultaneous raid of Missouri, under Gen. Sterling Price, as in progress. A fight between the 3d Missouri militia and a portion of the rebel Shelby's force took place on Monday, Sept. 19, on the Little Rock river, in southeast Missouri. Gen. Price has a force of cavalry and infantry on the Arkansas river, between Little Rock and Fort Smith, and Shelby was said to have between 4,000 and 5,000 men at Pewpatrun, Ark., on the 15th inst. Other detachments of rebels are scattered about in various localities on the Missouri border.

TEXAS.

The operations in Texas have resumed a new shape. Corinna, with the possession of Matamoras, was attacked by the French, whom he defeated on the 6th Sept. on the road to Bagdad. During the action the rebel Col. Ford assisted the French, and Corbina, after directing the French, crossed the Rio Grande, raised the American flag, and as an American citizen attacked Ford, drove him from the field, with the loss of 200 men and nearly a million of dollars' worth of rebel stores.

NAVAL.

Two small steamers, called the Parsons and Island Bell, were captured by our fleet on Lake Erie, on Sunday afternoon, Sept. 19, by a party of about 30 rebel pirates from Canada. According to our treaties with Great Britain, these vessels cannot enter any of the British ports on the lakes.

Several of the pirates have been pursued and captured. Six of them are now in safe keeping on Johnson's island, and the principal agent and several of his accomplices are prisoners on board the United States steamer Michigan, the capture of which vessel was the ultimate object of the piratical foray.

TOWN GOSSIP.

Once—not many weeks since—we were told by our especial lady friend, that nobody wanted to go anywhere, even though the usual conditions existed; that prices were not considered, and that women dressed as much at home, because there was no place to go to. The the time we were inclined to doubt, but every day suggests our doubt and resolves the problem of plenty, especially as it relates to dress and daily life.

This has been opening week, that most eventful time of all the half year to milliners and modistes, and certainly has not been a busy one. Ladies would reveal at any one to believe, not even the most inveterate croaker, that financial distress was the order of the day—judging over the hand. With lace at the value of a king's ransom, whatever tangible sum that may be), and velvet at a sterling value, with the very best of French flowers at fabulous prices, and general trimmings at a wondrous exaltation, a bonnet becomes a matter of such serious consideration as even to tax the purse-book of a millionaire. And yet even in the face of this fact, never before have millinery establishments been so large, and bigness so recklessly parted with their greenbacks as upon this very occasion. All that can be picked of the treasures of earth, or air has been freely given for their adornment, and these airy, fairy creations glitter with the gems of the earth, the marvels of the sea, the trade dress and daily life. All enhanced by the hand of art and turned to the adornment of beauty.

In a few words, never before has so much money been laid on the adornment of the person in a single season of living as upon this very year of our Lord 1864.

In the Metropolitan Theatre, Wednesday, there is at least one compensation, which is, that as luxury advances so does the taste for the drama. Our vocation has not decided on garments that make them a figure of ridicule, but only to be worn by those who can afford to, and we will venture to say that there was never so dressed a house as that which did not never before. Nor will we venture to say that there was ever so much beauty in the same number of persons assembled together, as upon this occasion, which is, that as luxury advances so does the taste for the drama. Our vocation has not decided on garments that make them a figure of ridicule, but only to be worn by those who can afford to, and we will venture to say that there was never so dressed a house as that which did not never before. Nor will we venture to say that there was ever so much beauty in the same number of persons assembled together, as upon this occasion, which is, that as luxury advances more in accordance with the instincts of nature, crowds closely adapted dress to its true principles of common sense.

Another opening that will take place before the paper is in the hands of its readers is one of equal importance, and of equal interest to many. This is the opening of the public establishments for the year. To many of our people the existence of such places is unknown, and to many, but still owned they are to our midst, and while they are to be found somewhere in every large city, thousands speak who labor in the factories and the shops, and who are in the habit of daily marketing and shopping-ing, for the knowledge that will smooth their daily life.

Through all the summer our citizens have borne the heat and discomfort of their homes, their necessities from home-letting, pork-packing and other nuisances, and have not left the city. But now, as it is the period of non-endurance, they have, in a strong body, power for a discontented one, and the Health Officer-Inspector Rode to sweep them away. There seems, somehow, to be a crime upon the public mind to be found in these places, which officials are not willing to brow away. The old saying that "dirt is the source of disease," the only spot of action being through the Board of Health, it must be considered as the source of all the fearful pestilence, who cause more often with such than with the sword.

Why the fortunate few, who can afford, does not set a fashion in the matter of pestilence. Verily the ways of lawyers are various!

The last statistics we recorded the fact that gold had touched 200, and this week we are happy to record the same with the difference that this week brings the downward movement. The precious metal has within the past few weeks fluctuated from point to point until at one time reached 230, since which, with spasmodic efforts at reappreciation, it has gone down—down, until the lower figure has been reached, with a happy assurance to a still further contraction. This is a grateful announcement to make to the public, and yet it will be some time before they can really feel the benefit. This wholesale dealer and speculator will realize the advantage of the value, and the retailer overgrown dealer, tarer or collapse, and his great stock he thrown upon an already overcrowded market; but the petty shopkeeper

man or the corner-grocer will, with natural obstinacy, refuse to accept the situation until it is beaten into his thick skull with a financial sledge-hammer. There is a great panic coming in the commercial world, but we doubt much if the working-man be not the gainer. He who is careful and economical, and stores away his greenbacks in these days of plenty, will find in a few months that every dollar is worth two when counted by what it will buy.

The coming week will be one of trembling everywhere but in the city of New York. While all her neighbors are shaking in their shoes at the steady march of the draft, Gothamites are exulting. We can imagine the feelings of many of our citizens who, during the first fright, determined to take time by the forelock, and therefore put in substitutes at an expense to them of different sums, ranging from $900 to $1,200, when they found that New York was exempt and their investments had been made without necessity. The thing is really too fearful to consider, and in one case that we know of has acted with a singular effect. A well-known stock-broker sent his man to the front at an expense of $1,200, duly paid to the negotiator of the contract. News came a day or two since that Patrick, the representative, had been laid out during the rush of Sheridan through the valley of the Shenandoah and was good for a final ticket-of-leave. Our stock-broker doubled up in an instant and took to his bed, and was only prevented from giving up the ghost by a response to his telegrams that Patrick was likely to recover. Since that time he has gradually improved, and at last advices our stockbroking friend is likely in a week or two to be out on crutches, if nothing happens.

While upon this subject let us remark that never since the commencement of this war has a better class of men gone forward, or with more enthusiasm, than at this time. We have heard within a week a recruiting officer say that he had in 20 days raised a company of gentlemen, and our experience of an hour or two in his office corroborates the assertion. The bounties are high and the service is short, the first amounting to about $700, and the last for one year. The soldier for this year's service receives altogether in cash the sum of $892, and with it clothes, rations, and every want supplied, making him, if a reasonable and careful man, independent of outlay. If this is not a spur to patriotism we desire to know what is.

In connection with this matter we see that Mr. Simeon Draper, the new collector of the port, though he has only been two weeks in office, has had over 2,000 applications from those desirous to serve their country. Gen. Sherman, before Atlanta, threatened to form the Northern recruiting agents into a regiment and put them in front, why could not Collector Draper be allowed the same privilege? We know a few tried officers who would be happy to lead them where more glory could be won than over a desk in the custom-house.

To change the subject, let us say a word about the amusements of the town.

Firstly, the opera—German of course we mean—in which the event of the week has been Carl Formes, who made his debut on the first evening of the week in "Robert le Diable." To those who remember him six years ago we will only say that there is a shade of alteration, not for the better, but we also add that his grand voice can afford to deteriorate and still be strong enough and fine enough to make thousands of new converts as it yet holds all its old admirers. The German opera has been a great success, and while we hail the advent of Maretzek we cannot help regretting the necessity that carries away from us Carl Formes and the Teutonic musical element.

Maretzek has made a point financially by filling his subscription list before opening. Already the choice seats command a premium, and the season promises altogether to be a greater success than any for years. The first opera is not yet announced by name.

On Monday, Wallack's opened with what they were pleased to style a new play, which "new play" was simply a re-hash of one played several years since in London under the title of "The Married Bachelor," and also in this city at Burton's Theatre, under its present title. Of the merits of the piece, though the manufacture of that eminent patcher-up of dramatic necessities, Boucicault, the less said the better. Mr. Boucicault himself, if we are not mistaken, was of this opinion, and the play was only produced in London for the purpose of annoying its author, who was anxious to suppress it, though he had sold it to Mr. Webster, the manager of the Haymarket.

The old company remains much about the same, and were welcomed to the stage again in a manner that must have been flattering to their vanity, provided it has not swelled to such extent as to close every pore of the skin. Especially was this welcome extended to Miss Mary Ann Gannon, who, having just escaped from a bed of sickness that at one time threatened to prove fatal, was greeted with more than usual warmth.

At the Olympic the production of the new play "Finesse" has been a success. Notwithstanding the illness of the new favorite, Mr. Holsten, who was to have done the leading part, the whole affair went off smoothly, though why the character should not have been placed in the hands of Mr. Davidge at first is something we cannot conceive, and one of those marvels only known to managers. The next move upon the board is an adaptation of "Martin Chuzzlewit," by that uncertain individual, "a gentleman of this city," and the management announces that its intention is to present the affair "exactly as Dickens wrote it."

At Niblo's three nights a week are given to Forrest and three to the "Duke's Motto," each drawing full houses, and laughing financial tightness to scorn.

The Winter Garden still holds on with Clarke as Major De Bootes, and the public seem satisfied to want nothing else, save now and then a dash of "Toodles." On Thursday of this week Mr. Clarke is to venture on "The Comedy of Errors," doing the Dromio of Syracuse, while a Philadelphia amateur will essay upon the Dromio of Ephesus.

The Broadway still runs Mr. John Owens, and every night tells a fresh story of appreciation. The management has inaugurated Matinées, the first commencing on Saturday next, a movement which, if rightly conducted, cannot fail to be a success.

Heller must feel the attentions of the New York public this season as something a little more than flattering. There has not been a night since his first opening that the house has not been crammed to repletion, so much so that we feel inclined to grumble slightly when we come late. On second thoughts, we promise to forgive Heller if he will tell us privately how that goblin drum business is managed.

The Hippotheatron is announced to open next week in its old quarters opposite the Academy of Music, with a new and powerful company.

NEW MUSIC.

Oliver Ditson & Co. have just published a very capital collection of National Songs under the title of "Trumpet of Freedom." It is just the book for the camp, as it is equally well adopted for singing and playing. The airs are chiefly popular ones, and those that are new will doubtless soon become great favorites with the public. The arrangement is excellent.

BOOK NOTICES.

The American Conflict: A History of the Great Rebellion in the United States of America, 1860–64. Its Causes, Incidents and Results; intended to exhibit especially its Moral and Political Phases, with the drift and progress of American Opinion respecting Human Slavery from 1776 to the close of the War for the Union. By Horace Greeley. Illustrated. Vol. I. O. D. Case & Co, 1864. Octavo, 648 pp.

The future philosophic historian of this war will not lack materials; he will be rather oppressed with the multiplicity of books, pamphlets and papers, as well as of unpublished matter to be explored and sifted. Much may doubtless be easily set aside as of little matter. This cannot be said of this work. Of the Republican party, whose success was the pretext for the secession of the Southern States, and their subsequent war on the General Government, Mr. Greeley was one of the founders and constant exponents. His work is thus the full clear exposition of the principles of the party and facts resulting from them. He goes back to the origin of the Government to show the rise and progress of the anti-Slavery idea, which, when Slavery became a political element, necessarily took form also as a political power. He traces the history of Slavery till the time of the Missouri struggle, giving the details of the Compromise; sketches the career of the Abolition element and the Pro-Slavery reaction, embracing the action of the Churches on the question. Texas and the resulting war with Mexico are then treated of; and then after examining the Kansas troubles, the Dred Scott case, the Cuba project, the John Brown attempt, thus bringing before the reader every point of the struggle down to 1860, he begins his narrative of the campaign which ended in the election of Abraham Lincoln, and gives the history of the war, bringing it in this volume down to the battle of Dranesville. It is rather, it will be seen, a political history, and abounds in extracts from documents, speeches and the like; but the military operations are carefully detailed with clearness and precision, with maps and plans, enabling the reader to follow without difficulty the course of the narrative.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The British Government has announced its intention to leave the question of the seizure of the Georgia to the U. S. Prize Courts. This, of course, puts an end to the chance of any trouble between the two powers.

The Danish question is by no means settled yet.

The *Ost Deutsche Post* says: "The reports of difficulties which have arisen in the peace negotiations, of new pretensions put forward by the Danish Government as regards Northern Schleswig, are daily renewed. In vain does the Press endeavor to point out the inexorable necessity of Denmark, as she is circumstanced, to conclude peace. The rumor of a postponement of peace still prevails."

The Vienna *New Free Press* says: "Denmark would never have dared to raise objections as regards the financial question, or threatened to abandon the clauses stipulated in the preliminaries, if she were not backed by the three Powers. Russia, France and England, are now acting in concert with the sole object of paralyzing the work of peace, to save at least Northern Schleswig to Denmark, and to effect a reunion of the Duchies of Denmark by the aid of the fatal question of successions, which still remains pending."

The British Government has given orders to arm all their infantry with breech-loading rifles. Despite its enormous expense it will be well worth it, since it will render 10,000 men equal to three times their number armed as the soldiery are now.

It is reported that Lord Palmerston's hesitation to acknowledge the Mexican empire proceeds from the hesitation of the new Government to acknowledge the debt due the English bondholders.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The New York Manufacturing Jewellers' Association have inaugurated an enterprise which for liberality and popularity outdoes anything of the kind we have been acquainted with. They have engaged the Academy of Music for the evenings of the 28th, 29th and 30th of September, for three grand concerts by first-class artists, among whom are D'Angri, Fanny Stockton, Mr. S. C. Campbell, Mr. W. Castle and others, besides a grand orchestra of 60 pieces, under the very competent direction of Mr. John P. Cooke. The price of tickets to these concerts is $1, which is a very reasonable one, but—and here the joke comes in—the directors give to each purchaser, in addition to a ticket to the concert, a beautiful present, varying in value from $1 to $500 at usual retail prices. These presents consist of pianos, sewing-machines, gold and silver watches, diamonds, silver tea-sets, castors, jewellery of various kinds, and all sorts of knick-knackeries, of which an immense stock is on exhibition at the Company's Depot, Nos. 542 and 544 Broadway, at which place only tickets are sold and the presents distributed. The presents are given at the depot, at the time of purchase, so that there is no delay and the purchaser is not kept in doubt as to what he is to receive. A large amount of tickets has been sold, and among the thousands who crowd the place daily we have yet to hear of a single individual who has expressed the slightest dissatisfaction. We repeat the whole scheme is the fairest and the most liberal we ever heard of, and we are not at all surprised at the unprecedented success it has met with. We advise all who like to listen to good music and are not unwilling to accept a sure and a good thing to call on Mr. Elias, the actuary, Nos. 542 and 544 Broadway, purchase a ticket and try their luck. You *may* get a piano, but you are sure to get the worth of your money at any rate.

—— The Printers' Union has been dissolved. The New York *World* says: "The New York papers, like those in other cities, have for many years been to a great extent under the control of this combination, both as regards the compensation for labor and the internal regulation of their offices. The combination, however, heavily increased the rates of pay required from the employers at a time when the cost of all materials gave publishers a heavy load to carry; an advertisement for workmen not connected with the Union was offered for insertion in the *Tribune*; the men employed in the office demanded its exclusion, and struck in order to establish their control over the advertising of the paper; and this turned the scale. The combination had overshot its mark; the different papers quietly made arrangements to secure other men and to discharge all connected with the Union, until about a week ago it was announced that the *Herald* alone employed compositors belonging to that body. It now appears that the Union has been compelled, by the consequences of its own headstrong folly, to abdicate its only really important function."

—— The wheat crop of Minnesota is stated to be 2,800,000 bushels in excess this year over that of any previous crop. At the same time, that State has sent 12,000 of her laborers into the field as soldiers.

—— Peace through success is union. Peace through surrender is disunion.

—— Two men were digging a well in Canterbury, Ct., recently, in which they struck a rock at the depth of 23 feet. A blast opened a seam from which carbonic acid gas issued, overpowering the two, as well as another man who attempted to rescue them. The three were subsequently removed, but doubts are entertained of their recovery.

—— A citizen of Washington has sent to Gen. Grant $100 to be given to the man who first unfolds the Stars and Stripes in Richmond.

—— The great trot on the Fashion Course, L. I., came off on the 21st Sept., when the Hartford horse, Prince, beat Gen. Butler, John Morgan and Lady Emma. It was for a purse of $1,000, and an inside purse of $250 each. In consequence of the fineness of the weather the attendance was immense, numbering 80,000 persons.

—— A grand and imposing meeting in behalf of the Union cause and candidates was held on the 22d Sept. in the Brooklyn Academy of Music and in the street adjacent. Over 20,000 people were present. Speeches were made by Gen. Hooker, Senator Wilson and Gov. Boutwell of Massachusetts, Col. Harriman of New Hampshire, and Geo. W. Curtis.

—— The number of arrivals for the week ending Sept. 17 was 2,471, making the total since January 146,825, against 114,365 the same time last year.

—— The steamships America and Havana have been libelled, charged with a breach of the Revenue laws.

—— Post-Master Blair has resigned his position in the Cabinet. Judge Dennison of Ohio has been appointed his successor.

Military.—Gen. Hood having made complaints against the cruelty of Gen. Sherman having ordered the Southern women and children to leave Atlanta, Gen. Sherman administers a severe reply. We have only room for the concluding part. He writes as well as he fights: "I have not accused you of heartless cruelty, but merely instance these cases of very recent occurrence, and could go on and enumerate hundreds of others and challenge any fair man to judge which of us has the heart of pity for the families of a 'brave people.' I say it is a kindness to these families of Atlanta to remove them now at once from scenes that women and children should not be exposed to, and the brave people should scorn to commit their wives and children to the rude barbarians who thus, as you say, violate the laws of war, as illustrated in the pages of its dark history. In the name of common sense, I ask you not to appeal to a just God in such a sacrilegious manner—you, who, in the midst of peace and prosperity, have plunged a nation into civil war, 'dark and cruel war,' who dared and badgered us to battle, insulted our flag, seized our arsenals and forts that were left in the honorable custody of a peaceful ordnance sergeant, seized and made prisoners of war the very garrison sent to protect your people against negroes and Indians, long before any overt act was committed by the 'to you' hateful Lincoln Government, tried to force Kentucky and Missouri into the rebellion spite of themselves, falsified the vote of Louisiana, turned loose your privateers to plunder unarmed ships, expelled Union families by the thousand, burned houses, and declared by act of your Congress the confiscation of all debts due Northern men for goods had and received. Talk thus to the marines, but not to me, who have seen these things, and who will this day make as much sacrifice for the peace and honor of the South as the best born Southerner among you. If we must be enemies, let us be man, and fight it out as we propose to-day, and not deal in such hypocritical appeals to God and humanity. God will judge us in due time, and He will pronounce whether it be more humane to fight with a town full of women and the families of a 'brave people' at our back, or to remove them in time to places of safety among their own friends and people."

Naval.—The U. S. sloop-of-war Brooklyn arrived at the Charlestown Navy Yard on the 20th Sept. This vessel led in the engagement at Mobile, and suffered more from the fire of Fort Morgan than any other. Fifty-nine shots entered her sides, most of them on the berth-deck, and 73 shots took effect in other parts of her. On her decks are to be seen more than 1,200 pounds of iron, which were poured into her from the rebel batteries.

—— The splendid U. S. steam-frigate Franklin was launched Sept. 17th, at noon, at Portsmouth, Kittery, Maine. She is 265 feet long between perpendiculars, and 306 feet over all; extreme depth, 46½ feet; capacity, B, 684 tons; weight of vessel about 2,500 tons; propeller, 21 feet diameter; she is pierced for 50 guns.

—— Commander Carter, of U. S. steamer Michigan, reports to the Secretary of the Navy the capture by pirates of the steamers Parsons and Island Queen. He says they were pursued by him, and that he has got the principal agent prisoner on board, and many accomplices. All is safe at present. The object was to capture the steamer Michigan. Col. Hall has six of the pirate party on Johnson's island.

Personal.—Madame Tedesco, famed for her "Alabaster Shelf," is singing at Madrid. She is as fat and pretty as ever.

—— Professor Anderson, assisted by his daughter, is about to appear in London, after an absence of 7 years. His entertainment will be part dramatic, part legerdemain.

—— Oscanyan, the distinguished orientalist, will commence his entertainment, on the 3d Oct., at Irving Hall.

—— Theodore S. Fay, so long our consul in Switzerland, has returned to New York from Europe.

—— Mr. Mallison, Howard's confederate in the bogus proclamation, has been released from Fort Lafayette.

—— Commodore Theodorus Bailey has been ordered to the command of the Portsmouth Navy Yard in place of Commodore George F. Pearson, who is ordered to the command of the Pacific Squadron. Commodore C. K. Stribling is relieved from the Navy Yard and ordered to the command of the East Gulf Blockading Squadron.

—— Dr. Robert Shelton Mackenzie, literary editor of the Philadelphia *Press*, is about to receive a consulship, as a reward for his brilliant and highly successful advocacy of the Administration. The doctor is in fine condition for Minister of the Feejee islands.

—— Despite Senator Wade's proclamation against Lincoln, he is stumping Ohio for him.

Accidents and Offences.—On the 22d of Sept. Dr. Issachar Zacharie, a well-known chiropodist of this city, was shot in his own house, No. 760 Broadway, with a five-barrelled revolver in the hands of Mr. Samuel M. Barnett. Two shots were fired. One ball entered the doctor's cheek on the right side of his nose, and passed into his head beyond the reach of a probe. It is feared the wound will prove fatal. Barnett immediately after delivered himself up, and Justice Shandley committed him to await the result of the injuries. There are several different versions as to the cause that led to the affray, and at present there is a mystery surrounding the whole affair, which will no doubt be hereafter unraveled. Barnett is an Englishman, a single man, aged 32 years. Dr. Zacharie is a native of Charleston, S. C., aged about 45 years, and has a wife and several children residing in this city.

—— A girl of 14 lately poisoned herself in Louisville because she was not allowed to elope with a young scamp of 17. Medical remedies saved her life.

—— The past week was pre-eminently fatal for railroad accidents. On the 21st Sept. the fast line train going Eastward on the Pennsylvania railroad ran into a freight train, demolished the engine, killed six and wounded 13. On the same day a locomotive exploded on the same line near Latrobe, which smashed the engine, destroyed six cars of cattle and killed three men. And on the same day an accident happened on the Hudson River Railroad, occasioned by the axletree breaking, and throwing the entire train from the track. Two boys in the baggage car were killed, and a brakeman and one passenger, a lady, injured.

—— On the 16th Sept. a fire broke out in the Inebriate Asylum, Binghampton. One complete wing was totally destroyed. No lives lost. Damage $100,000—fully insured. The origin of the fire was purely accidental.

—— A man residing in Jersey City was so terrified at the idea of being drafted that he attempted to cut his throat. The wound, however, was sewn up, and he is doing well.

—— A young woman named Clifford was killed on the 24th Sept. by falling through the hatchway of Silas Herring's manufactory, corner of 3d avenue and 14th street. Herring was censured for neglect.

Foreign.—There are at present residing in the same mansion, in Cardiganshire, three sisters, whose united ages fall but 17 years short of three centuries. The sisters have reached the respective ages of 92, 94 and 97 years, and are one and all in the enjoyment of good health and unimpaired faculties.

—— Asiatic cholera has made its appearance in the Lincolnshire Fens, in England, and has proved fatal in several cases, owing (it is stated by the medical men) to the long-continued drought, which has caused the drains to become little better than stagnant pools.

—— The *Nazione*, of Florence, says: "In the villages of Antignano, Arcuella and Due Porte, which stand on the same hill in the province of Naples, reside about 30 men and women, who, from a singular religious fanaticism, have made a vow never to speak. For some years past they have maintained silence. A tradesman (a grocer) is mentioned, who carries on his business without uttering a word. Should a customer enter his shop to purchase anything, he weighs and sells. If the buyer has any observations to make, he listens and does as he is requested. Besides, his wife speaks for him, and most ungrudgingly."

—— British North America has a commercial marine of 600,000 tons. She is exceeded by only three nations, Great Britain, the United States and Russia.

—— The central provinces of India are being devastated by the cholera.

—— Tennyson's new volume of poems, "Enoch Arden," etc., has caused much division of opinion among the critics. The *Athenæum* is very severe upon it, while the *Illustrated London News* and most of the other literary papers are very flattering. The best critics, however, consider it a very mediocre production.

—— An extraordinary cloud of winged ants, which completely obscured the rays of the sun during their progress, passed over a district of France lately.

—— According to recent statistics, 101,750 inhabitants of Paris are receiving public charity. The sum devoted by the Administration to the relief of those persons is 4,200,000 francs, a quarter of which is derived from legacies and donations.

—— Punishment by whipping is on the increase in England. Last year the number of prisoners flogged was 338.

—— The heir to the Emperor of Russia is engaged to Princess Dagmar, daughter of the King of Denmark and sister to the Princess of Wales.

—— On the 1st July there were 163 theatres in Germany, 60,000 actors, singers and dancers, and 8,000 choristers.

Chit-Chat.—A prisoner of war advertises from Johnson's island, in a New York journal, for a substitute to take his place there: "Wanted, a substitute to stay here in my place. He must be 30 years old, have a good moral character, A-1 digestive powers, and not addicted to writing poetry. To such a one all the advantages of a strict retirement, army rations, and an unmitigated watchfulness to prevent them from getting lost, are offered for an indefinite period. Address me at Block 1, Room 12, Johnson's Island Military Prison, at any time for the next three years, inclosing half a dozen postage stamps. ASA HARTZ."

—— A recent writer on the planetary system coolly says: "There need be no alarm about comets; should one of these erratic bodies come into collision with the earth and destroy it, the inhabitants will suffer no pain, as the atmosphere of the comet will instantly suffocate every living thing except the fishes, and so render them insensible to pain!" Very consoling.

—— The Blue Noses of Halifax, N. S., have commenced the publication of a paper called the *Bullfrog*.

—— A carrier pigeon lately carried a letter, tied round its neck, from London to Exeter, 171 miles, in five hours and two minutes.

—— In Canada the cultivation of flax is progressing. Last year there were only 5,000 acres planted with it, and this year 50,000!

—— "For want of water, I am forced to drink water; if I had water, I would drink wine." This speech is a riddle, and here is the solution: It was the complaint of a Italian vineyard man, after a long drought, and an extremely hot summer, that had parched up all his grapes.

—— Count Nesselrode says that his life has been prolonged by music and flowers.

—— Esparto grass is being used very extensively in England in the manufacture of paper.

—— A correspondent of the Richmond *Enquirer*, in a description of the present condition of Charleston, says: "In one of the widest and handsomest thoroughfares, a space just wide enough for the cart wheels is all that can be seen of the paving stones; all else is covered by tall grass and weeds, reminding you of a pathway through an old field in the country."

—— Concerning diphtheria and the use of kerosene the Providence *Journal* is informed that the idea that kerosene has anything to do with the prevalence of diphtheria is absurd and ridiculous. Diphtheria has now been prevailing extensively for about 40 years in France and England, long before kerosene was used at all.

—— The Philadelphia *Press* has the following: There is a startling rumor in town to the effect that McClellan will not vote for Pendleton, nor Pendleton for McClellan. One is so unequivocally for peace that he cannot support a candidate who receives his pay from the War Department, and the other being "The Soldier's Friend" can scarcely be expected to endorse a man who was in every respect the soldier's enemy.

—— A man on Cape Cod, who had separated from his wife, married a second with whom he lived a year and a half, and then died. His first wife came forward and took possession of the estate, the second wife sued for pay for services during the time she lived with the deceased, and a jury gave her a verdict for $2 per week.

—— A loyal American of African descent makes report of his participation in a guerilla fight: "We fit 'em, we whoopt 'em, and we kotched ten uv 'em."

—— The Paris cabmen can't cheat. They are paid by the mile, and a dial worked by clockwork, set in motion by the revolution of the wheels, shows the distance travelled.

WASTED COAL.

Coal is $12 to $13 per ton. That means something when a winter's supply has to be laid in. In the use of it the most prodigal wastefulness is practised, doubtless because it is black and dirty, and does not look nice; it ought therefore to be got out of the way as soon as possible.

One-third of every ton of coal burned by servants is wasted—not alone in reckless burning, but in actual, wanton waste. The coal is as certainly lost as if a third were left in the street instead of being put in the cellar. It is wasted in the ashes; fresh coal falls out of the grate in replenishing it, and this, with that remaining in the fire at night, and charred half-burned lumps, amounts to fully one-third of the quantity actually used. This is a most unnecessary and wicked waste, and if servants cannot be induced or made by surveillance to correct the abuse, it would pay householders to look after it themselves.

In the matter of burning coal there is also a great want of intelligence, and it is not to be expected that common servants will know, or care much about saving it. The grate or the range is stuffed so full that the oven top is loaded with it, so that the fire will not die out or require looking after; then the draft is opened and the money, or what is the same, the heat, goes flying up the chimney.

With a little forethought all this could be prevented, and a ton of coal made to last three months instead of one. A good, bright fire can be steadily maintained with coal with less trouble than with any other kind of fuel, but not raking, poking and piling in green fuel continually. After breakfast the fire should be cleared of ashes, if there are any, and fresh fuel put on to fill the grate moderately. Let the over damper be turned up so as to heat it, and leave the small top door open, more or less, according to the intensity of the heat required. In this way air enters over the top of the fire and maintains a far better combustion, and consequently greater heat, than when the draft dampers are thrown open. A washing can be done or "ironing" accomplished with one-third less coal than is generally thought necessary to use.

So far as sifting ashes for the cinders they contain is concerned, it is hopeless to expect much change. Hundreds of poor families in cities live off of the waste of their improvident neighbors, and in this way there is something used which would otherwise be lost, but it seems to us that charity should be practised in a different and more profitable manner. If the proverb be true that "Charity begins at home," then we have a still stronger argument against this wasteful practice. Cinders will burn admirably in small cylinder stoves, and heat a nursery or laundry as hot as it should be. Every shovelfull saved is a shovelfull of coal put in the cellar, and a hint to the wise is enough on this point.

Fashionable ladies will be pleased to learn that the new style "Alexandra" and "Empress" Undersleeve is now offered at the Ladies' Outfitting Rooms, 505 Broadway, just below the St. Nicholas.

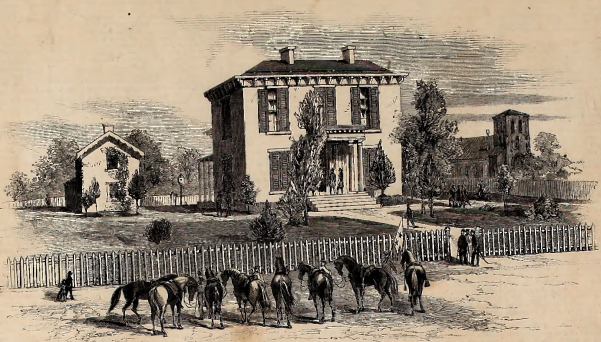
SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN.

THE Shenandoah valley has been so often the field of operations, that curiosity is naturally stimulated to see how places so often mentioned really look. In future years many a party of tourists will traverse it to visit the nooks where so many gallant men fought and fell. Hences will be pointed out and be gazed on as we now those which gained celebrity in the Revolution.

Smithfield, or Wizard Clip.

This little town, which Averill, after an obstinate fight, had to vacate in the last days of September, but which we soon recovered, has been sketched by our Artist. It is a small village, many of the houses showing signs of the recent battle, being perforated with shot and shell.

It is near Charlestown, on the turnpike, and is also termed Middleway, but throughout the country around it has for half a century been the name of Wizard Clip, from strange events which occurred at the house of a Mr. Livingston, now in ruins, but which for a long time attracted general attention. Articles of dress and boots even were mysteriously cut into strips generally by a spiral clip going round and round the doomed article. This clipping or cutting gave the place the name of Wizard Clip, and to this day the spot is regarded with terror by the people. The lot is now used by the Catholics as a burial-place, but few of the Smithfield people could be induced by any offer to reside at it. Some of our troops were for a time encamped on it.



INTERVIEW BETWEEN GEN. GRANT AND GEN. SHERIDAN AT CHARLESTOWN, VA., BEFORE SHERIDAN'S ATTACK ON EARLY, SEPT 17.



SMITHFIELD OR WIZARD CLIP, VIRGINIA.

Sheridan's Headquarters, Charlestown—Scene of his Interview with Gen. Grant, Saturday, Sept. 17.

The recent glorious victory of Gen. Sheridan gives an interest to all his movements, and we sketch with pleasure his Headquarters in Charlestown, where, on the 17th, Lieut.-Gen. Grant and himself planned the recent successful movement. Our Artist sketched it as the two, after their conference in the room on the left, came out of the house together.

This house, standing, as will be seen, not far from the Episcopal church, belongs to Mr. Butterfield.

Leetown.

Leetown is a small place of some eight houses, and once belonged to Gen. Charles Lee, the eccentric officer of the Revolutionary army, whose genius is now scarcely doubted. Here he spent his last days, with no companions but his hooks and his dogs. Five powerful springs have their source here, sending out good mill streams. At one of these in the sketch some cavalry are watering their horses; a mill-race runs from it to the right. Another spring is further back.

The mill in the centre, where the road turn off, belongs to Mr. Barlch, the present proprietor of the town, whose residence is on the extreme right. On the left, on the Winchester pike, is Mr. Snyder's residence.



LEETOWN, VA., AVERILL'S HEADQUARTERS.



OUR SPECIAL ARTIST PASSING NEWCOMBER'S FORD ON THE OPEQUAN AT A DISADVANTAGE.

SCENES IN SHERIDAN'S SHENANDOAH VALLEY CAMPAIGN.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

Newcombe's Ford on the Opequan.

The Opequan has just given name to a victory, the most undisputed in all our glorious list. And as the little stream has thus risen to an historic greatness, a sketch of its course is not amiss. In sending the sketch our Artist says: "Here I had much difficulty in getting into our lines from Martinsburg, the picket on the opposite side of the stream being a German. It took some time and more labor to make him understand that I was a friend and had a pass. He finally agreed to let me go over, which I accomplished by stripping and fording, the recent freshet having made the ford by no means shallow. This ford is near Martinsburg, and is guarded by Averill's cavalry. It has been the scene of several skirmishes during the war."

MEN-OF-WAR'S MEN.

Our gallant tars have not perhaps been fairly dealt with by us as illustrators of the time. The various army organizations, the corps, divisions, brigades and regiments have all been depicted in mass and in detail, so that many of the regiments are recognised throughout the country.

But the men who fought under Winslow, under Foote, under Dupont, under Farragut, under Porter, under Dahlgren, Reservations shave, and we give this time a group from life, drawn with all the fidelity of a daguerreotype, as easy, as graceful, as unstudied as the gallant tars themselves. All honor to our navy, which may be outstripped by the fleet heels of a thief, but never fails to show of what metal it is made if it can once get them to stand.

THE COUNTRY MARKET AT HARPER'S FERRY.

GEN. STEVENSON, in command at Harper's Ferry, has recently, by a wise discretion, allowed the farmers of Loudon county to come over the mountains with produce to Harper's Ferry. Our Artist has sketched the new country market thus established, and by it our readers will see somewhat of the regulations.

The farmers are permitted to come, irregardless of their political sentiments, to a place on the margin of the Shenandoah, near the town, where a market is held daily. An enclosure bounded by a rope near the ruined railroad bridge, and strongly guarded, is the prescribed space where citizens and soldiers equally share its benefits and enjoy fresh butter, eggs, meat and other necessaries, at prices which for cheapness excite the envy of New Yorkers at least: butter at 50 cents, eggs $2 a 100, meats of all kinds at 25 cents and less.

ACCORDING to Confederate interpretation, "O. S." means "Cousin Sal," as "U. S." stands for "Uncle Sam."



THE COUNTRY MARKET AT HARPER'S FERRY, NEAR THE RAILROAD BRIDGE DESTROYED BY THE REBELS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

THE BEE AND THE ROSE.

BY ROSENBERG.

I.

From blossom to blossom a Honey-Bee roamed,
But most he loved the lips of the Rose,
Whose flushing cheek to the wanton Sun
Its beauty and perfume like incense throws.



And thither he came from hour to hour,
Pausing to kiss her on careless wing,
Till the wind and the ray their task had done,
And the hundred-leaved flower was a faded thing.

II.

Alas! the poor Rose! She was withered and pale—
No more the faithless Honey-Bee came;
Sorrow had rifled her crimson lip
And trouble had tainted her blush of flame,
While many a younger beauty lured
Bosom and cheek as he passed her by,
And bade him pause with her, her sweets to sip,
And murmured and laughed at the faded one's sigh.

III.

But the storm, it arose, and the wind awoke,
On his wing the pleading raindrops fell,
The Tulip closed her leaf when he came—
The Marygold never "had loved him well."
The Daisy wondered "he looked so low—"
The Lily appealed "to her purity—"
The Ladysmock talked of her name and her fame,
And none sheltered the soiled and the stricken Bee.

IV.

Then he came to the frail and the faded Rose,
From her withered lip no cold word came—
Her love lived yet in her dying leaf,
And she told him not of her tears of shame
She had no memory harsh and hard
Of wounded love and of rifled youth,
Her words were neither of woe nor of grief,
She spake to him but of her love and her truth.

V.

The wind and the rain came and scattered her leaves
And smote to the earth the wounded Bee—
Kiss-like on his lip, her last leaf fell,
In the selfless kiss of her sympathy.
There are things as frail yet not so true—
Things that can laugh and can love again—
Heaven will pardon the truth that is frail,
It is not the Love, but the Lie is the stain.

MRS. NETTLETON DRIGGS.

BY J. W. WATSON.

"It certainly has very fine eyes, Robert."

"Y-e-s! yes, fine eyes, very fine child."

"How pleadingly the poor thing looks at us. Upon my word I never thought of such a thing when I came here, but I am almost of a mind to take that child home with me. What's your name, my dear?"

"Joey, ma'am," answered the child, timidly.

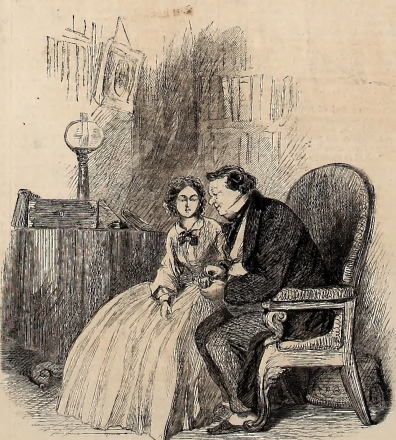
"Would you like to go home with me, Joey?"

"Yes, ma'am!" answered the little one, eagerly, the light sparkling up in her brown eyes with all the childish desire for change.

"What do you say to it, Robert? She is not so very young as to be much trouble; I can bring her up as my own maid, you know."

Mr. Robert Leroy looked sideways at the little one, twisted his mouth slightly, and gave his chin the least perceptible scratch, then answered:

"Just as you please, my dear, you know what is best."



POPPING THE QUESTION.

For though Mr. Robert Leroy was accustomed to being consulted on any and every matter connected with his household economy, the idea of offering opposition had deported from him many years before, as by profound calculation he found that invariably upon all argument in which he took part against Mrs. Robert, defeat was the consequence. He, therefore, like a true philosopher, after giving every matter upon which his



ADOPTING THE FOUNDLING.

consent was asked a sobd consideration of at least thirty seconds, consented. The question involved in the present case was simply this:

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leroy in the course of certain wanderings, the object of which it is useless to record, at being no part of the present history, stood together looking at the hundreds of children committed to the public care of the city of New York. It was no part of their errand, as Mrs. Robert had said, to take one of these little ones away with them, but it was so fated that the brown eyes and laughing mouth of Joey had attracted the not unkindly though somewhat stern notice of the lady, and occasioned the resolve she had but just communicated to the gentleman. The child who was the object of the notice was a fine girl of ten, physically forward for her age, and in spite of the coarse blue cotton gown and close cropped hair was unquestionably pretty. Indeed, under the gaze of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Leroy, and the excitement of the lady's question, with the color flushing into her face and the light dancing into her eyes, Joey Burton was more than pretty, she was beautiful.

"Indeed, I don't think you could do better, ma'am. You couldn't have picked out a finer girl on the whole place, I tell you that honestly," was the superintendent's response to Mrs. Robert's announcement that it was her intention to remove the little public waif and take it to her own house.

"Let me see!" continued that gentleman, referring to a large book, which he dragged with difficulty out of its recess and on to his desk. "Let me see, twenty-three, eighty-two, Josephine

Burton, came in June 4th, 1832, exactly six years ago, ma'am; bless me, how time flies; was then four years old, neither father nor mother, both died with cholera, supposed to be English by birth, no relations, no inquiry even been made. Thats all we have, ma'am, about her. I don't think you'll ever be troubled to give her up. He! he! he!" and Mr. James Jenkins laughed a little obsequious laugh behind his desk, at what he considered an excellent joke.

The formalities of taking the child from its charity home were few, and the packer of its worldly property, such as Mrs. Robert would allow it to take away, was a matter quickly done, and the little Josephine was soon on her way to a new home, too much elated with the idea of change to feel sorrow at parting with those who had been her companions for almost all that she could remember of her life.

Have you noticed Joey since she has her new dresses, Robert? Don't you think she is dreadfully improved?" was Mrs. Robert's questioning of her husband a few days after the introduction of Joey to her new home.

Mr. Robert Leroy's eyes had followed the girl as she crossed the room, and answered, that as he were any criterion of his opinions, he did think her "dreadfully improved," for his thoughts ran upon his childless master's desire of early years and the then unbearing desire that for half that time had been unbreathed, even to himself, once awoke; and he thought of how great a change it might have been in his life had he been father to one like this little waif, new thrown upon his hands, for whom no inquiry had ever been made. Mr. Robert in his own heart did not object to the taking of the child into his home, but he did object, though not with a word of spoken remonstrance, to the child as a companion, thinking that him take the place of a boy at least, and act out the desire he felt so make it that for which he had once so longed; but the will of fate Robert had learned to submit to, and it was understood in the household that Joey was under the charge of the housekeeper, and that her duties were to learn the sad mystery of a servant, especially one related to becoming Mrs. Robert's own maid.

Yes, she was certainly improved, and the child was gaining fresh bloom and beauty each day, and new grace into her movements, while she in her turn brought a new life into the steady, quiet household, and never yet had been the step or voice of a child. Joey was everywhere, always with a laugh in her eyes, and a willing though weak hand to assist everybody, and to settle any dispute; the question of the child, even under the censure of her childish faults none ever showed anger to little Joey or frowned at looking on her for a minute's sight than that of a universal pet. To this only one exception must be made, one who though when taxed with her enmity laughed, and who occasioned by her laugh, and yet never succeeded in dispelling the belief from the minds of those who accused her of hatred toward the foundling. This exception was Margaret Stone, who, though not claiming long occupancy of her position, arrogated an authority in the household which brought tears to grief as often as an appeal had been taken by her outraged fellow-servants to the Leroy tribunal. Margaret was tall and sharp-featured, rarely ever never smiled, was worn out at spells, sometimes lasting for days, to preserve almost entire silence, barely using enough of language to carry her through her ordinary duties, and then again breaking forth in a torrent of talk the larger part of which would be complaint and invective, the latter ill-borne through life to a day, and ending with bringing her into a state of war with the entire servants' hall. Margaret was Mrs. Robert's maid, and to that lady, when circumstrated with far dissension, declared it was only zeal in her cause, and her dislike to the hypocrisy and ingratitude of her fellow-servants, that caused it. Among the servants there were many whispers of the last trait being prominent in their account, but if it was so none had ever yet succeeded in learning guilt upon the part of Margaret Stone was Mrs. Leroy's maid, and though among the servants she sneered at her coffee, and almost daily made some sarcastic remark concerning it, and leaving service, yet when the little Joey came among them, and the understanding was that at some future day, when years had added to her size, she was to assume Margaret Stone's place, she found at once a deep and implacable enemy in her predecessor.

And yet the years went on, and Joey never abated the good humor and willingness that made her a favorite. Of all the visitants of that house there were none but knew of the beauty of Mrs. Robert's maid, for now Joey was installed in her new position, and Margaret Stone having at last made it a point to be left entirely out of the other servants, so that they had gone in a body to Mrs. Robert, and declared that they could no longer live in the house with her, had been discharged, vowing vengeance against all, and especially against Joey, on whom they chose to settle the burden of hatred. Many days' consultation did not Mrs. Robert receive on her new maid, then only thirteen, but a woman in handiness and dignity, and many an admiring eye was cast upon the little beauty by susceptible young men who had the entree to the Leroy mansion.

And still the years went on, and Joey spent them happily and peacefully, with no dream of ambition disturbing her heart. She knew that she was a servant, and even though always a favored one, she never forgot or neglected about this position. This was the case when Joey at fifteen first saw Lambert Littlejohn, an under clerk in the house of Leroy and Sharp, who sometimes came to bring the letters or receive the commands of of Mr. Robert when it did not please him to spend any part of his day at the counting-house. Lambert was almost a boy, being only three years the senior of Joey, and was in the receipt of the munificent sum of six dollars per week salary from the house of Leroy and Sharp, a salary that just kept him in a certain number of fashionable suits per annum, well patent leather to match, his hat bond, being a long credit on the future, granted him by an uncle who gave this credit as he share towards setting the young man forward in life. There was nothing vicious in the lad, but he loved the theatre better than the counting-room, and had more faith in a first-class frolic than in devotion to his desk. It was not a difficult thing for these two to make acquaintance, even though Lambert was obliged to make short errands at Mr. Robert Leroy's, and still more difficult for them to make clandestine meetings, and again less difficult for them to do what the world generally terms, fall in love. It was the first offering of devotion of the boy upon Joey's shrine, and crude as it was, with her it was molten gold. She hung over the passionate declarant as he lay before her with a belief that knew of no shadow of doubt, and dared everything, even deceit and falsehood, to be with him, or to receive his letters brimming with wild declarations of devotion.

When all the house was quiet, and Joey was supposed to be slumbering, she would steal out from the house by an alley that led into a side street. There, under the shadow of a huge buttonwood, half in the alley and half in the street, she would meet her lover, and fearing to venture for a walk, they would stand for hours to repeat the old, old story, and part to meet again the next evening. It was on one of these that they were so engaged that a female figure brushed close to them, halted an instant, put up her hand to hold silence for a moment, gave them a fierce look, and then pass so quickly down the street and out of sight as to leave them in wonder at the celerity of her movements. Lambert was the first to recover from a half shiver as the figure passed away, and something prompted a recognition. The name of Margaret Stone came to his lips, but for the moment it was instantly ahead of her old enemy seized her. It was useless for Lambert to attempt reassurance, or by argument convince her that the figure was a stranger's, and that Margaret would not be out alone at such an hour; the fear had settled upon her, and that night Joey cried into a feverish pillow in her room and wept bitterly over the love of which she feared the end.

Days passed, and one came that brought terror to the heart of Joey Burton. Under the shadow of the buttonwood tree stood the two. The night was dark, so dark that even the passers upon the main street could see but a dim outline as rushed up against the dark wall and under the darker shade. The arm of Lambert was half around the waist of the girl, and his head was bent down to meet her ear, when a quick hand was laid upon his shoulder, turning him around, so that what little light came from a distant street lamp fell upon the face and the figure of Margaret Stone stood before them, her face within a foot of his.

A sharp, quick, "What's this?" from her lips.

Then a scared Lambert, doggedly, shaking off the hand from his shoulder.

"How long is this to go on?" she said, after a minute or pause of fierce scrutiny.

"As long as I please," answered the boy; "dye hear that?"

"I hear it;" she repeated, slowly, drawing her breath with almost a hiss. "Do I hear it? Yes, Lambert Littlejohn, and others shall hear it also. Do you think I am to be cajoled and know as you are here night after night, clasping that white-faced thing to your breast, and do nothing to prevent it? Do you know how I have kept my eyes and ears open as much as you once told me that you loved me?"

There was no answer came from Lambert, but he seemed to draw back from the girl.

"You are beginning to understand, then, that I am conscious of the shrinking of the girl.

"How many months have gone over your head since you spoke to me of love, and were telling that same treasure, and drew me towards you as you now do her? Oh, you're only a boy, but you're old in deception! And I, I was only a girl, and I believed you—though I knew you were playing with this girl all the time. Come, I want you to go home with me."

"Don't make a fool of yourself, Margaret, all your fuss won't have any effect on Joey."

"Joey, indeed! Her name is Josephine, hear him! Lambert Littlejohn, do you expect that God will prosper your love, or bring anything good out of it? I have wished to warn her, but I ought rather to leave you to yourselves, the punishment would would surely come."

"Well, why don't you?" said Lambert, sullenly.

"Leave me to myself, and go home; you needn't stay for me to go with you. I don't want ever to speak to you again after this night."

The girl clinched forward her head and, with her hands clenched, stared hard into his face without speaking; and then, suddenly turning upon her heel, she left him as hastily:

"As for you, my hitherhate fall on you! You've done nothing but cross my path from first to last, and now you've got what I would have you with a word, do you think I wouldn't do it? Let me tell you, fool, that it was I who gave that child to Mrs. Robert. I had her in charge, and her hand clenched before her. "He couldn't then have got away from me, but that I had my cause to ask him to spare it, and then to—ruin you. He were like a dog to do my bidding, and he did it yet, though he is now snarling at me. Take him, girl, you're welcome to each other; take him, and take ruin and ruin with him."

And then, with her last word, she plunged into the darkness and was gone, leaving behind her the unconscious Joey, held fainting in the arms of Lambert Littlejohn.

That night a shivering, hopeless girl crept coldly back to the Leroy House, and awoke the next morning with a raging fever. Days and weeks passed on before she would come down, and then it was to encounter a new trouble. Mrs. Robert Leroy had received an anonymous letter, informing her of the clandestine meetings between Joey and Lambert Littlejohn, and had determined to end them. For that purpose she had sent for the girl, and Joey, weak and unhappy, confessed all, and, still heartsick with the storm of that terrible evening, was ready to promise anything. That night a tap, as of some substance thrown, came upon the bedroom window, and Joey opened it to see. No sooner was the sash raised than a pebble flew in, bringing with it this letter:

"Oh, Joey, do you intend that they should separate us for ever? Once more only meet me this night by the tree, and I will be true to you, I will leave you, never to return. Only once more!

Poor Joey, with a heart torn between love and duty, gazed for a moment into the darkness for the one Lambert standing opposite with his arms stretched out in supplication, and the sight was too much. In a moment her head was on, and then a few pebbles she was in his arms, under the dark and solemn branches of the buttonwood, and in an hour she was Lambert Littlejohn's wife.

Years of happiness, of repentance, a weeping, downcast bride, with nothing but what she stood in, the wife of a penniless, unemployed boy.

We shall not follow over the next three years, years of toil, destitution, sickness and death, and find Joey a widow with one child. Three years before, Joey, in spite of those heavy lights and her marriage, she had alone sought the presence of Mrs. Robert Leroy, and had borne a stern reproach and from that lady, and a declaration was published that as she had made her bed so must she sleep on it, which poor Joey received as a sentence of eternal banishment, and fled from her presence, leaving a number of ingratitude. Weeks after, when Mrs. Robert relented, and would have bidden the poor castaway back, there was no trace of her, and though orders were issued that if ever she was heard of by any of the servants, the intelligence was to be immediately communicated, no word of Joey ever came to the ears of Mrs. Leroy. Once a while Mr. Robert would look up from his book or paper, on some dreary night, when he was toasting his knees over the fire to hear a long, low, suppressed sigh, would hazard a few words, surmise, or wonder with Mrs. Robert as to the whereabouts of the poor girl, and then the subject was put away for weeks, until something again recalled it.

During all this time Mr. and Mrs. Lambert were never like to meet, save upon the sea of life from point to point, struggling with bitter poverty and starvation. A little copying, a transient employment of a few days, an appeal to his former friends, to far-off relations, and the hopelessness of despair set in upon the boy-man, and step by step he sank deeper and deeper into misery and the lowest haunts of intemperance, and before half a year had passed over the heads of the child couple, it was nothing unusual to see Mr. Lambert reeling home at midnight, or after, to throw himself, half unconscious, on the poverty-covered couch, and sleep a drunken sleep for half the following day.

A few months after came their child, and the little creature was ushered into the world with a drunken father and a mother unable to understand the intelligence of its birth, and dependent on the charity of neighbors, almost as poor as she herself, and without a friend to call upon for parents, for rags to cover it, or even a few months' food. Under the stress of his new position, Lambert became somewhat altered, and made a fresh struggle, but the industry was lacking, and once more he sank into the old habit. With them came neglect and a haze of his wife and child, and Joey drank the cup to the very dregs, passing through every stage of misery and degradation.

The third year was far gone, and it was one hot, sweltering night in August, when the very walls of the houses seemed to be second burning with the absorbed heat of the day, and not a breath of air came in through the four pane hole of a window, that Joey had risen from a sleepless couch and stood looking out upon the roofs about her and dreaming of the child days, when she had been among the hundreds of walls like herself, a poor, friendless, homeless child days, when she had found peace and happiness under the care of Mrs. Leroy; and then the hot scare tricked down her face, and she shuddered at the thought of the moment desperate love in the pressing throng, and that she then would be free, free as air, to go through the world and regain her past, and to have once more prosperity. The head of Joey swam and throbbed under the horror of her imagining, and she struggled on almost with a plunge, and then fell, and lay half mad, half dead for over her burning temples. It was only for an instant. But in that instant the surging crowd caught her, and with a cry, a shriek, a wail, and a curse, she was borne on many yards until she stood alone, staring blankly, stupidly, into the eyes of a policeman, and in the excitement of the moment, a colored woman carried in the arms of a stout laborer into a near by drug-store.

For nearly an hour the woman who had carried the child remained from one swoon to fall into another, until at last she returned to life, to find herself upon the lounge of the back room of the store, and only the proprietor and herself one and a stout, middle-aged, rather good-featured man standing over her, and looking somewhat anxiously down upon her face. At last she could distinguish the words, subdued, but seeming to her stunned ears more like words spoken miles away than coming from the two men who were gazing at her.

"What do you think now, doctor?" said the stout gentleman.

"Coming round, sir, coming round. I think she wants nourishment more than anything else. Looks bad altogether."

"Poor thing! poor thing! Couldn't you give her anything, doctor, to fetch her round? Fetch her round if you can, sir. You shall be paid for it. There's nothing like no use so much as people fetched round."

"Thank you! thank you! I'll do the best

can," said the apothecary, pleased at the title of doctor as well as by the offer of payment.

"Don't you think a little brandy-and-water, now, would do her good? What do you say to that?"

The apothecary said to that, he thought it would, and glad of any suggestion that would help him out of his ignorance, proceeded forthwith to administer the stimulant. Joey swallowed a mouthful or two with a shudder, and then sat up, and looking wildly around, asked:

"Where am I?"

"Just where you ought to be, child, among friends," said the stout gentleman.

"Friends!" muttered Joey, vacantly, as she looked from one to the other. "Friends!"

The stout gentleman coughed slightly behind his hand, and then repeated the word, though somewhat subdued in tone—"Friends!"

"Where is Willie?" she said, quickly and wildly.

"Willie?" questioned the stout gentleman, looking all around the shop as though he suspected the object of inquiry might be somewhere concealed among the bottles or boxes of the establishment.

Recalled by the sound of her own words, Joey stared fearfully at the stout gentleman, and then with one long, dry sob, she clasped her hands over her face and sank heavily back on the couch.

"Oh, come, come now!" coaxed the stout gentleman, "don't take on so. If you want anything you shall have it. What do you think she wants, doctor? Do you think a little drop more brandy-and-water now would do her good?"

The doctor thought it would, and proceeded accordingly to administer it, and then finding that his patient refused a further draft, took a tremendous swallow himself, by way of illustrating to her that his assertion of its being good was true.

Once again Joey sat up, and looked more calmly on the two men who were ministering to her.

"Where do you live?" asked the stout gentleman.

Joey shook her head slowly.

"I mean where is your home?" he repeated, in an apologetic tone.

"I have no home."

"No home! God bless me! how extraordinary! No home! Why, I never heard of such a thing! No home!"

"No home!" echoed Joey, vacantly.

"No home! Dear me, doctor, did you hear that? Why, you're very young to have no home. Isn't she, doctor?"

"Quite so," responded the doctor, finishing, with a swallow, the brandy-and-water. "Very young!"

"Something must be done about this, doctor; it won't do for any one so young to have no home. Ain't got any friends either, I s'pose?" he said, turning quickly to Joey.

She shook her head slowly, as before.

"Something must be done about this, doctor. Eh! what do you advise? She must be taken care of, or else she'll be falling down in the street again, and then maybe you can't fetch her round. Now, then, if she hain't got any home, a home must be found for her," and the stout gentleman took the apothecary aside, and after a few earnest words a large wallet came out from his pocket with a jerk, and a transfer of something was made from it into the hands of the other.

"What did you say your name was, my child?" asked the stout gentleman of Joey, who had not as yet said her name was anything, but answered him:

"Joey—Joey—Bur—Lambert—No! Josephine Littlejohn."

"Josephine Littlejohn! Eh! not a bad name. I shall call you Joey now—Josephine is too long. What do you say to that, Joey?"

Joey smiled a serious smile, and looked up gratefully in his face, thanking him by her looks for his kind words.

"Well now, Joey, what do you say to staying here for a few days with this gentleman's wife upstairs until you get stronger, when we'll see what can be done for you?"

"Oh, no! oh, no!" said Joey, springing to her feet with vehemence, but staggering back again to the lounge. "I cannot stay here—I must go in search of Willie!"

"Willie!" said the stout gentleman, somewhat confused. "Who's Willie?"

Joey glanced from his face to that of the apothecary, but was silent.

"Doctor, don't you think you'd better go up to your good lady and tell her of this arrangement. She'll want to make some preparation, you see."

The doctor thought he had, and immediately set out to put the thought in execution. No sooner was the door closed than the stout gentleman seated himself on the lounge beside Joey, and said:

"Now then, Joey, who is Willie, and what is the trouble?"

There was something in the look of the stout gentleman's face, and a homely kindness about his eyes that opened Joey's lips and unloosed the fountains of her heart, and within a few minutes, piece by piece, the long bitter history came out, and Joey for the first time had made a confidant of everything in the stout gentleman. When it was all said, and the step of the apothecary was heard upon the stairs returning, the stout gentleman took her hand, and said:

"Well, Joey, you must keep a good heart. There is no past so unhappy but there may be some compensation found for it. You must stay here now until I can find a better home for you, and we must have Willie looked up. I'd take you home with me now, Joey, but I never do anything of consequence without asking my wife or telling her of it, and so you will stay here and make the best home you can until I can do better for you. Yes! yes! we must find Willie! We will find Willie."

And the stout gentleman bustled about the room, looking into corners, and upon shelves, as though he expected to find the object of his search the instant, while Joey followed him about with her heavy feverish eyes, scarcely comprehending the change an hour had wrought in her condition. Only a dim, terrible remorse shot through her brain when she thought of her child, and of the chance that she might never see it again, and now within the very hour that such fearful thoughts had flashed across her fate had brought to her a friend and a home, that would not have been denied even with the burden of her child. How swift was retribution, and how terrible?

But at last the stout gentleman bustled away, after consigning Joey into the hands of the apothecary's wife, who came into the little office with a virtuous frown all over her face, which melted away like mist before Joey's childlike, helpless glance, and gave place in a moment to a fussily expressed desire to coddle and nurse the white-faced little patient. The stout gentleman had given a heavy plurality of orders and directions, all tending to the one grand point, which was that Joey was to be "fetched round" as quick as possible, and that he would drop in next day and see them, thrusting, as he left the shop, a card, on which was written the name of "Nettleton Driggs," into the hand of the apothecary, and bidding Joey a cheery "good-bye," went out, nodding back with a smile through the sash-window of the door.

How strange it seemed to her, who, but an hour or two before, had been a homeless wanderer upon the street, with no prospect before her but a pauper resting-place, to find herself at once the care of strangers, and with a home, even though only one for the moment. When she was removed upstairs, and too weak to move about, was seated in a great rocking-chair looking out upon the busy street and the crowds of which she had but a short time before made one, and heard the buzz, the clatter and the shouting, she felt as though all that had passed was but a dream, and that she should turn her head and see once more her dim and poverty-stricken room, and her child in its box-cradle, sleeping soundly in the corner. And then, each time as the dream would reach its culmination, she would gaze with a quick stare around the cosy apartment, and with a heart-sickening the fearful truth would all come back upon her, and her eye would wander away off into the extreme distance over the sea of heads, as though through dust and sun glare she could see the tiny form of the child she had that morning relinquished to the crowd, and hear its weak call for her protection.

And then next day came Mr. Nettleton Driggs and his wife, a stout, goodhumored, unremarkable lady of forty, who said little, but nodded assent and admiration to everything said by her husband, and shook hands with Joey, and asked her how she had been, as though she was an old acquaintance, and had turned up that day after an absence of a few months. Then she entered approvingly into all the suggestions of Mr. D——, relative to the domestication of Joey, and interspersed them with observations of her own as to the necessity of airing beds, and being particular that sheets were not damp, also some learned comments upon stuffing poultry and making custards, and an entire disagreement with the apothecary's wife upon a matter connected with the putting up of peach preserves, which ended in each lady declaring her intention of making a convert of the other by sending a jar of the article that they might become acquainted with the true method. To all this Joey listened with her heart's eyes gazing out to unknown places after the little one afloat upon the world, and of whom, up to this time, Mr. Nettleton Driggs had been able to get no intelligence, though the police were now on the search, and would, without doubt, succeed. And then it was agreed among them—without Joey's opinion being asked—that the next day she would leave the apothecary's, and as soon as she had been properly "fetched round," assume the position of assistant housekeeper under the charge of Mrs. D——, and consider their house as a future home, and with this arrangement completed, the worthy couple took their departure.

The next day Joey was transferred to Second avenue in a neat little pony chaise, the equine material of which bore striking resemblance, in sleekness and goodhumor, to their driver, Mr. Nettleton Driggs, who insisted that Joey was not sufficiently "fetched round" to walk the little distance to her new home. Here she was inducted into a large, comfortable, old-style house, with everything as neat as a pin, and the ancient furniture standing for a warrant of respectability, and rather improving by age and good-keeping. There was a great lazy cat with a silver collar, and a small lazy dog with another, moving stolidly about, and showing by their countenances as they followed their mistress into the sitting-room that they were too well-assured of their positions to feel jealousy of any new comer.

A tidy, bright-looking girl opened the door with a smile as the master entered, followed by Joey, and a quiet, middle-aged man-servant crossed the hall and went below. Everything in and about the house spoke of wealth without show, and solid, quiet comfort. To Joey all this was like entering upon fairy land, and the very aroma of the new home sent a balm to the inner heart of the poor, dejected, heart-stricken woman. Only one thing was wanting—only one thing!

Three more years, years full with outward peace and unvarying plenty, years in which there was wanting but one thing to make them years of entire happiness, had passed over Joey. Once more, as in the olden time in the Leroy household, Joey bore the middle relation between the trusted servitor and the child of the house. None among all the servants or among the guests but loved or admired the fair-faced, sad-eyed, girl-like woman, who moved so silently about her duties, and who had made her earnest and ministering hand so felt in her new home that the wonder only was how they ever got along before without her. Who but Joey took from the not unwilling-to-be-relieved hands of Mrs. D. the parts of household duty that could not be trusted to servants? Who but she became so skilled in the mysteries of pickles and pastry, preserves, stuffing and stews, that her proficiency met even the approbation of Mr. Nettleton Driggs, who had never before been able to find any hand, save that of his fair spouse, approach anywhere near the mark? Who but Joey could go into the markets and stores, and buy, with a close eye to quality and price, and render an account of her stewardship with a correctness that never showed a variation of a penny on the auditing of the account? And who during this three years received two distinct offers, one personally from the corner grocer, a smart and good-looking fellow of thirty, with ten thousand dollars of his own and a flourishing business, and who was stricken for a month by his rejection; and one from a wealthy tailor, retired from business to his country seat, forwarded through Mr. Nettleton Driggs, and endorsed by that gentleman as "a most responsible man, and the makings of an excellent husband," who also met with a like fate at Joey's hands, and, trusting his heart to the rebound, was caught, within a week or two after, by a gay and fashionable widow, who rewarded the bestowal of his plebeian hand by introducing the retired tailor into society? And during all these three years there was but one thing—that, in spite of every effort, no trace had been got to the little one who had strolled away into the great world upon that day when Joey first met Mr. Nettleton Driggs. Had that gentleman been searching for the philosopher's stone, with full faith in its verity, he could not have searched more truly and thoroughly than he did. All that the police could do, all that the newspapers could do, and all that his own faithfully working brain could do, was done, and at last, month by month, and year by year, the memory of the little one who had gone from her side so terribly on that day became only as a dim nightmare of a loved child in its little, coarse pink dress, cast out upon the sea and floating into the far distance, perhaps to death.

THE REV. DR. POTTS.

The Rev. George Potts, D. D., a distinguished Presbyterian clergyman of this city, died at his residence on the morning of Sept. 15, from the effects of a paralytic stroke received this summer at Saratoga. He was born at Philadelphia, was educated at and graduated from Princeton College, and immediately after his ordination became pastor of a Presbyterian church in Natchez, Mississippi, remaining in that position 15 years. He subsequently came to New York and assumed pastoral charge of the Duane street Presbyterian church. In 1846 his members erected a spacious church in University place, where he has since ministered with continued acceptability to a large and influential congregation. Dr. Potts has enjoyed almost a worldwide reputation ever since his celebrated controversy with Rev. Dr. Wainwright, of the Episcopal church, as to whether the church could exist without a bishop, a discussion which grew out of the virtual vacancy in the Episcopal church of this diocese in consequence of the Onderdonk scandal. Dr. Potts leaves a wife and four children—three sons and a daughter. One of the sons is in the Union army, another is a missionary in China, and the third is now preparing for the profession of which his father was so distinguished a member.

THE RAILWAY POST-OFFICE CAR.

Time is one of the most important public necessities of this busy age, and to save a few hours inventions of every description have been resorted to. One of the latest of these labor-saving, money-saving and time-saving contrivances which has been brought out in this country is the Railway Post-Office Car. It has been in use in England for several years, where its success has been eagerly watched. Having proved to be of great benefit, its introduction into this country was carefully considered, and, after several fruitless attempts, it has finally been adopted.

The credit of its introduction here belongs to the Third Assistant Postmaster-General, Mr. Alexander N. Zevely, and to Mr. Thomas Clark, Superintendent of the Newspaper Department of the New York Post-Office. Several improvements over the English system for transmitting the mails have been made by these gentlemen.

The cars are running between this city and Washington. One car leaves Washington at 5:20 in the evening, and reaches Jersey City at 6 o'clock on the following morning. The car going to Washington leaves Jersey City at 7:30 in the evening, and arrives at 6 o'clock the next morning.

Both cars meet at Philadelphia. When they arrive the clerks in charge of the New York car take the Washington car and return to this city in charge of the mail. The same routine movement is pursued by the Washington clerks. All the mails are assorted and prepared ready for delivery while the train is moving. When the car reaches New York the letters are boxed up and ready for distribution to all parts of the country, thus saving four hours' time on the city delivery alone, and in some of the country stations as much as 36 hours. Although the Southern mail will not close much if any earlier by this change, yet by taking letters to the car at the railroad depot they can be dropped into the mail up to within five minutes of the train's starting. By this arrangement letters can be sent South two hours later than heretofore. An extra car is stationed at New York in case of accident.

The clerks on the New York car as as follows: Thos. H. Jenkins, City Department; Joseph Elliott, Carriers Department; Edward Brennan, Erie Distributing Department; E. L. Champlin, East Distributing Department.

If the new cars were running on the Eastern route the mail matter for that direction would not be brought to the city office, thus frequently missing the trains in consequence of the time required to assort it, but would go at once to the Eastern cars.

The matter for the North, which goes on the Hudson river train, and for the West, which is forwarded by the Erie railroad, was taken charge of by two other men, and prepared in the same manner as has already been described with reference to the matter for the East.

The distribution for this city included the morning letters which came not only from the cities on the Washington route but from all points connecting with those cities.

The letters were so separated that those for the boxes of the Post-Office, according to the "sections" into which the five or six thousand boxes are divided, could be distributed at once at this office; that the letters for the callers at the "general delivery" box could be made ready immediately, and that the letters for the carriers and for the "stations" in this city should be given out on the arrival of the train here.

This early delivery is one of the first of the effects of the new system; and our citizens who desire to send letters southward at a late hour in the evening can do so when the train starts from Jersey City, at half-past 7 o'clock.

The cars contain every convenience which has been thought necessary for a thorough performance of the work. Besides the several hundred "pigeon-holes," into which the mail matter is distributed—these pigeon-holes covering a space nearly equal to one side of the car—there is sufficient room for the mails, the tables required by the clerks, and for working space.

We are indebted to Mr. Barker, Master of Transportation, New Jersey Railroad, for courtesies extended to our artist.

DESTRUCTION OF THE NEW YORK STATE INEBRIATE ASYLUM.

This noble institution, the first in the world devoted to the cure of a misery that sweeps off its thousands, has just received a serious injury by fire, the destructive element reducing to ruins the north wing and much of the centre.

The asylum, due to the energy and humanity of Dr. J. E. Turner, was founded in 1858, the corner-stone having been laid on the 24th of September, at Binghampton, in the presence of a large assemblage.

It was 365 feet long, three storeys high, of a castellated Gothic style, with massive towers, and constituting a noble and imposing structure.

Its beneficial results are unquestioned, and its loss would be a serious injury to the community.

On the 16th of September, while most of the inmates were at tea in the south section, a fire broke out in the north-west corner of the building, and on the top floor. The fire was seen by persons in the village almost as soon as it commenced, and the fire department promptly started for the scene of action. As soon as the engines were on the ground, it became apparent they were useless, there being no sufficient amount of water nearer than the river, and the distance and elevation preventing a supply from being obtained from that quarter. Many people had arrived on the ground by this time. To check the fire water was needed, and with a limited supply of pails the work of bringing the needed article from a well and cistern some distance from the building was commenced, and for two hours a train of buckets and pails was continually kept up by those willing to thus practically show their desire to stay the destruction of property.

In this way the men were kept busy fighting the progress of the fire, the point aimed at being to hold the fire in the north section, preventing its entering the centre of the building, and especially keeping it from reaching the south section or most valuable portion of the building. The struggle to check the flames commenced a little before seven, and by half-past eight it was evident that the fire was under control. A feeling of relief was manifested by half-past eight, as it became known that the building was not to be entirely destroyed, and by nine o'clock the people began to disperse.

The flames leave the south section of the asylum uninjured, while the centre is damaged only on the north side, the flames reaching it somewhat, but more of it being torn out and cut away to check the flames. The conservatories remain uninjured, excepting a few places where the fire caught and was extinguished, and the breaking of a few panes of glass. The south section of the building is somewhat damaged by being stripped of its movables and fixtures. The north section was burned clean of its woodwork, and the two inner walls are bowing, one of them leaning badly. The outer walls are somewhat blackened, and near the doors and windows so heated as to cause the stone to be more or less scaled.

Dr. Turner, who has charge of the asylum, was not at home, having left the day before to join his family in Connecticut. The loss is some $80,000 or $100,000.

THE PNEUMATIC RAILWAY

In the Grounds of the Crystal Palace, London.

Several attempts have been made to drive railway cars by pneumatic pressure, hitherto with but indifferent success. There is now in operation, in the grounds of the Crystal Palace, London, however, a working model of one invented by T. W. Rammell, C.E., which seems to contain elements of success. It extends from the Sydenham entrance to the Armory, near the Penge gate, the distance of about one-third of a mile. Our illustration will enable our readers to understand the operation of this curious road.

A brickwork tunnel, about ten feet high by nine feet wide, and capable of admitting very large cars, is laid with a single track, fitted with opening and closing valves at each end, and supplied with apparatus for propelling a train by a strong draught behind, when it goes one way, and by pumping the air away in front when it goes the other.

The motive power is supplied by this contrivance: At the departure-station a large fan-wheel, with an iron disc, concave in surface, and 22 feet in diameter, is made to revolve by the aid of a small stationary engine, at such speed as may be required, the pressure of the air increasing, of course, according to the rapidity of the revolutions, and thus generating the force necessary to send the heavy carriage up a steeper incline than is to be found upon any existing railway. The disc gyrates in an iron case resembling that of a huge paddlewheel, and from its broad periphery the particles of air stream off in strong currents.

When driving the air into the upper end of the tunnel to propel the down train, fresh quantities rush to the surface of the disc to supply the partial vacuum thus created; and, on the other hand, when the disc is exhausting the air in the tunnel, with the view of drawing back the up-train, the air rushes out in a perfect hurricane from the escape valves of the disc case.

When the down journey is to be performed the breaks are taken off the wheels and the carriage moves by its own momentum into the mouth of the tube, passing in its course over a deep air-well in the floor, covered with an iron grating. Up this opening a gust of wind is sent by the disc, when a valve, formed by a pair of iron doors, hung like lock-gates, immediately closes firmly over the entrance of the tunnel, confining the increasing atmospheric pressure between the valve and the rear of the carriage. The force being thus brought to bear upon the end of the train, the latter, shut up within the tube, glides smoothly along towards its destination, the revolving disc keeping up the motive power until it reaches the steep incline, whence its own momentum again suffices to carry it the rest of the distance.

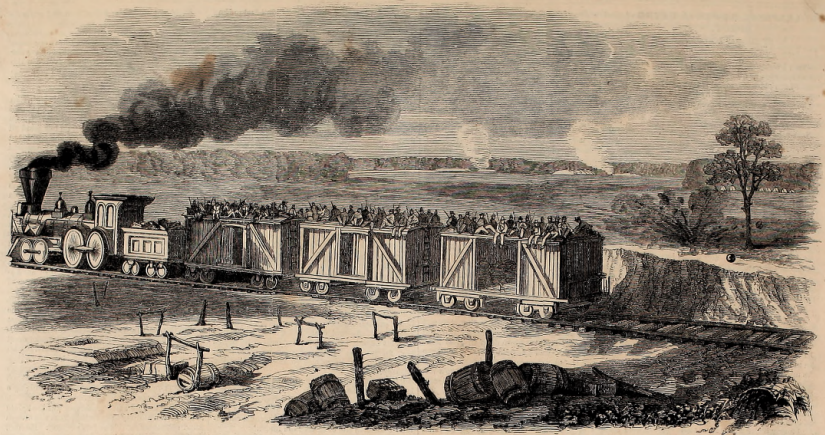
The return journey, on the contrary, is effected by the aid of the exhausting process. At a given signal a valve is opened, and the disc-wheel set to work in withdrawing the air from the tube. Near the upper end of the tube there is a large aperture, or side-vault, which forms the throat through which the air is exhaled, the iron doors at the terminus still being kept shut. In a second or two the train posted at the lower terminus, yielding to the exhausting process going on in its front, and urged by the ordinary pressure of the atmosphere from behind, moves off on its upward journey; and, rapidly ascending the incline, approaches the iron gates, which fly open to receive it, and it emerges at once into daylight.

Instead of a train being used at Sydenham, there is one very long, roomy and comfortable carriage, resembling an elongated omnibus, and capable of accommodating some 30 or 35 passengers. Passengers enter this carriage at each end, and the entrances are closed with sliding glass-doors. Fixed behind the carriage there is a framework of the same form, and nearly the same dimensions, as the sectional area of the tunnel, and attached to the outer edge of this frame is a fringe of bristle, forming a thick brush. As the carriage moves along through the tunnel the brush comes in close contact with the arched brickwork, so as to prevent the escape of the air. With this elastic collar round it, the carriage forms a close-fitting piston, against which the propulsive force is directed.

Although the curve of the tunnel is unusually sharp, being of eight chains radius, and the gradients are as high as 1 in 15 (those of Holborn Hill being only 1 in 18), it is surprising that the motion is much steadier and pleasanter than ordinary railway travelling. The journey of 600 yards is performed, either way, in about 50 seconds, with an atmospheric pressure of only two ounces and a half to the square inch; but a higher rate of speed, if desirable, can easily be obtained.



MAN-OF-WAR'S MEN.—SKETCHED FROM LIFE BY LUMLEY.



GRANT'S RAILROAD—THE REBELS SHELLING THE TRAIN AT THE EXPOSED POINT FROM CEMETERY HILL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

GRANT'S RAILROAD.

We follow up the interesting sketches of Grant's railroad last week by two which need some explanation. At one point the road is very much exposed and the cars are certain to be saluted by shells from a rebel battery. Our Special Artist sketches this path of danger, and also shows how Gen. Grant is providing a remedy by throwing up works to protect the passing trains. Although the rebels shell constantly no serious injury has been done, and yet the missiles fall around and strike quite near. In one case a keg of spikes was struck and the contents sent in a most dangerous manner for a considerable distance in all directions.



ANCIENT HOUSE ON THE FAIRFAX ESTATE, NOW OWNED BY MR. DENNY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

ANCIENT HOUSE ON The Fairfax Estate.

The Fairfax estate, confiscated at the Revolution for the loyalty of its possessor, Lord Fairfax, the friend of Washington in youth, was one of immense size and value. It comprised nearly the whole of 17 modern Virginia counties, and has been the theatre of most of the battles fought in the present war between the Potomac and the Rapidan. When its owner heard of the surrender of Cornwallis he called his body servant: "Come, James, take me to bed, it is time for me to die." Memorials of its ancient lordly proprietor still remain, and our Artist has sketched one ancient house with its curious dovecote near at hand. This antique dwelling is now owned by Mr. Denny, a good Union man.

A new method of depriving gold ores of sulphur has been introduced at the mines of Pike's Peak. It consists in reducing the ores to fine dust, then forcing the dust by a draft through a flame of pine wood.



GRANT'S RAILROAD—RELIEVED RELIEF PARTY OF THE SECOND CORPS THROWING UP WORKS TO PROTECT THE PASSING TRAINS FROM THE REBEL BATTERY ON CEMETERY HILL.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

THE LEAFLESS BOWER—A RETROSPECT.

BY THOMAS POWELL.

I.

WHEN I was young—oh, blissful When,
I was as glad as other men;
Now I am old—ah, woeful Now,
A weight of sorrow girds my brow—
The thorns of memory pierce my brain!
Ah, vanished joys, ye give the pain—
The presence of the silent Past
Makes the dim Future dark and ghast.

II.

How from their hallowed tombs arise
The forms long shrouded from our eyes:
The father, who toiled life away,
And she who taught us first to pray—
Sisters and brothers, loving band,
Once more in thought around me stand—
But dearer far the tender wife,
Who sweetened all our daily life,
And gently helped us to sustain
The wearied heart and jaded brain—
Whose smile was light, and whose pure kiss
Emparadised a world of bliss;
And lounging on her loving knee
A little prattling child I see—
All sleep where I ere long shall rest,
The deep grave's uncomplaining guest.

III.

Oh, that the past for one brief hour
Could bring them to the leafless bower,
In which I drowse away the time
In mournful dreams or joyless rhyme—
As mid the boughs, so black and sear,
The moans of perished hopes I hear—
Sepulchral voices heard among
Bare ruined choirs where birds once sung!
That I might speak the unspoken weight
Of love that makes me desolate—
And unsay bitter words once said
In anger to the injured dead—
That I might gain one smile, and hear
Once more those tones, now doubly dear—
'Tis only when the loved are gone
We know what 'tis to be alone.

IV.

'Tis vain—'tis vain—the dead are dumb—
They cannot to my longing come,
But I shall go to them—God speed
The hour when living men shall read
The silent stone above my head
Which tells I slumber with the dead.

NINA MARSH;

OR,

THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER XV.—THE MISSING MAGNET—ATTRACTION ABSENT.

IT was close upon five o'clock the next day when Mr. and Mrs. Mervyn arrived at Beechwood Manor. It was already dark, and the old House with its brilliant windows threw a hundred reflections out upon the snow. The hall, with its huge red lamp and blazing log fire, looked cheerful and comfortable to the weary travellers. Miss Mervyn rubbed her dazzled eyes and glanced about her. She was apt to sentimentalise in all weathers and on all occasions; it was almost her only fault. In this case most people would have warmed themselves first, and kept their transports for future discussion. But Miss Mervyn was so constituted that this was impossible to her.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, regarding the oak settle with eyes of almost tearful tenderness, "how many, many happy days I have passed here!"

"Not in the hall, my dear, surely?" said her brother, who, though tolerably virtuous, was intolerably matter-of-fact.

"So very many happy days!" continued Miss Mervyn, not heeding his interruption, and straying into soliloquy for want of appreciation. "But one can't be always young and gay; the time will pass."

"That's rather a trite aphorism, Selina, my dear."

"So it is, Anthony, I know," replied his sister, with perfect gentleness; "but it is one a woman of my age gets into the habit of repeating, fancying that, because it is so true, it must needs be new also."

But Mr. Mervyn had given his attention to the butler, who was carefully helping him off with his great coat.

"Thank you, thank you; my painful infirmity renders me peculiarly indebted to any one for some small assistance of this kind. Selina, my dear, if you are ready, we will proceed towards the drawing-room by small stages. Mr. Marsh knows how I am situated with regard to my unfortunately feeble legs, and will, therefore, make every excuse for our delay. Thank you, Simmons, if you will have the goodness to precede us, only gently, if you please."

But at this moment Mr. Marsh came downstairs to welcome his guests and conduct them to his wife. Miss Mervyn looked at him with eyes of earnest interrogation. The last time she had been at Beechwood, she remembered so well that Nina had been waiting for her in the hall, not allowing any one but her herself to remove her travelling cloak, and warming her cheeks and her heart both with her glad impulsive kisses. And now it was so different. Had Nina ceased to care for her old friend? The very suspicion turned all Miss Mervyn's pleasure into pain. Mr. Marsh's cordial greetings left no sense of satisfaction behind. A chill had come over her, all the stronger that this visit had created such pleasant anticipation beforehand, and appeared to offer itself as a solution of so many doubts and fears. Nina must be away from home, she felt sure. Had she been at Beechwood she must certainly have come to welcome her earlier, if only for the sake of keeping the contrast between her past and present feelings from the eyes of the servants. Indeed, so convinced did Miss Mervyn feel of Nina's absence, that she never even made a question of her presentiment, but quietly resigned herself to circumstances.

"Nina is gone," said Mrs. Marsh, after she had kissed Miss Mervyn, and made her very welcome to the house and the fireside.

"Yes, I see," answered the other, with a low sigh and pained, disappointed look.

Mrs. Marsh said no more after this, and was glad to be saved the effort. It seemed to her, from Miss Mervyn's manner and words, that there had really been some misunderstanding between the two, and she thought by probing the wound in the dark she should rather hurt than heal. So she busied herself in making every arrangement for Miss Mervyn's comfort without speaking another word in reference to Nina's departure.

Still, in this case, more than in any other, Nina had been Miss Mervyn's special attraction at Beechwood, and all the kindness shown her by the others could not compensate to her for the lack of those attentions she had been accustomed to receive from Nina. She tried to appear happy; she even carried her magnanimity so far as to inwardly declare that Nina was quite right not to deny herself an agreeable visit for the sake of a tiresome old woman's company; she went further still, and tried to believe that she had in some way provoked this desertion; but still down deep in Miss Mervyn's heart there was a certain sense of ill-usage which she would not acknowledge, just as there had been at the time of Colonel St. George's ungracious avoidance of explanations she so ardently desired.

Three days of Miss Mervyn's visit had already passed, and still she heard nothing of Nina's whereabouts. By tacit consent her name was avoided in the household. Mr. Marsh was displeased with her, and Mrs. Marsh, although her heart still yearned towards her favorite daughter, scarcely dared speak of her, lest the habit of unreserved confidence should tempt her into the divulging some of her own miserable doubts and fears. Katie pined after her, and the more, too, that some instinct taught her she would be wise to keep this feeling to herself. Katie appeared to be somewhat stronger just now, although not radically better. Captain Marsh had proposed that she should learn to ride, thinking that the exercise might be beneficial to her; and every day he might be seen, when the sun was warm and bright, leading her pony up and down the terrace, and making it very pleasant to Katie by his cheerful words and careful tending. Somehow or other, Katie never thought to thank him on these occasions. She seemed to divine instinctively that he was pleasuring himself as well as her; and that, even if he could have thought of any reward, her warm affection and clinging dependence would have satisfied him on every point.

Meanwhile, Mr. Marsh was not so agreeably employed. Mr. Mervyn was one of those men whom conscientious relatives should never allow to make visits. Although perfectly harmless and well-meaning, it was wonderful how much disturbance he created in a household, and how difficult he was to amuse. Mr. Marsh resigned all his favorite employments, and gave himself up to a species of martyrdom, and yet Mr. Mervyn looked inexpressibly and affably bored. He could not walk; he did not care to drive; the very suggestion of riding filled him with reproachful dismay; he was no reader, looking with indifference even on the *Times*; when, therefore, he had turned his thumbs from right to left all the morning, and made everybody in the room feel idle and uncomfortable, he had only to repeat the operation in the reverse direction through the afternoon.

Assuredly, Mrs. Mervyn, *mère*, had made a great mistake in bringing him into the world at all, for what good he did in it no one could possibly tell. This was not our opinion originally; it is only right to specify that it was pirated from the servant's hall, where Mr. Mervyn was not regarded in a favorable light.

"What's the good of his being born? he doesn't do no good to anybody," said Miss Wells to Jim, the under groom. "It's my belief he worrits master's seven senses out of him with his nasty womanish ways. He can't do this, and he won't do that, and he must have this, and he mustn't have that; and I declare if he just steps outside the door he must be wrapped up in three great coats and two comforters. I'm sure I wonder he doesn't have himself lined inside with fur; he's finikin enough for that any day!"

"Well," said Jim, in reply, "I don't like to see gentlemen coddle themselves so, I must say. If he's made of crockery, and is afeard of breaking, what makes him pay visits?"

"That's my opinion. People who are so pitiful when they are out should stay at home. I know what I'd do if I was master."

"Well, what?"

"I wouldn't invite him. But I played him a pretty trick the night before last, and no mistake," added Eliza, with a little glow of triumph. "He won't be so disagreeable for some time to come, it strikes me."

"What did you do?"

"Well, you must know he has been complaining every day how bad his bed was made; 'it wasn't shook enough,' he said; 'there was lumps in it as big as your fist, and as to sleeping in it, and so on, he couldn't think of such a thing.' Well, last night he rings the bell quite late, and when Mr. Simmons answered it he says, imperious like:

"'Send up the girl who makes my bed.'

"So up I goes, and there stands my lord fretting and fuming, with the counterpane on the floor, and his room in the biggest mess you ever saw.

"'Mary Ann,' says he.

"'My name's Miss Wells, commonly called Eliza,' says I, rather short, for I didn't feel in the best of tempers.

"'Well, Eliza,' says he, 'is that what you call a Christian bed?'

"'It was, sir,' says I, 'before you slept in it, I know, but I can't tell what it may be now.'

"'Don't be impudent, young woman,' he makes answer, 'or I shall hinform your mistress. Now look here. There's ice on the ground an inch thick, and we are in the middle of February, and yet upon my word, you consider three blankets—only three, mind—a proper proportion for a delicate man. I ask you, young woman, a simple question, and I beg that you will answer it according to your conscience.'

"'Well, but you haven't asked me any question yet,' says I.

"'Yes I have—don't prevaricate, young woman,' says he; 'I inquired if three blankets were sufficient for a delicate man when it's the middle of February and ice on the ground an inch thick?'

"'I'm not accustomed to see to delicate men. I didn't know their ways was so different to other people's; but, if you want more blankets, I can get you some out of the store-room,' says I.

"'Not to-night; I will endure the hardship for this once,' says he; but, mind me, if I catch a severe cold, and am laid up, you will be bound to pay my doctor's bill.'

"'I wish you may get well on the money you screw out of me,' thinks I as I goes downstairs.

"Well, yesterday morning, when I made his bed, I got ten blankets out of the store-room—all there was left—and crammed them on his bed without saying anything to anybody. He didn't ring for me last night, but when he came down this morning I happened to meet him in the passage.

"'Eliza, you miserable young woman,' he says, looking as if he was all in a tremble, 'what did you do to my bed last night? I haven't closed my eyes. I was in a perfect fever, and was so consumed with thirst that I drank the whole carafe-full of water in the course of the night.'

"'Dear me, sir, do you think you've got the scarlet fever?' says I, looking very innocent; 'I know it's pretty much about, and lots of people have died of it.'

"'Oh, Eliza! as you value my peace of mind, don't say that! it's my peculiar horror. I couldn't survive it! I've no stamina, and my unfortunate peculiarity—'

"'Well, sir, it is very unfortunate, when you are out upon a visit, too.'

"'But you're quite sure it wasn't your fault, Eliza? Did you make the bed properly?'

"'I shook it up well, sir.'

"'And how many blankets did you put on?'

"'Only thirteen, sir.'

"'Only thirteen! then that accounts for it! I wonder I'm not dead, I'm sure! Thirteen blankets! Mercy, mercy me!'

"And he went off, too thunderstruck to grumble; but it's a pity if I haven't given him a lesson."

"Well, Eliza, I will say one thing for you—you are a girl of pluck, and no mistake!" exclaimed Jim, admiringly. "If you have got some savings, and have a mind to settle, I'll take you, and willing."

"And what about the public?" said Eliza, taking care not to deny the soft impeachment with reference to savings.

"Hang the public!" said Jim.

"You'd better cut it," answered Eliza, meaningly.

"Well, I don't mind which it is," replied Jim, who was naturally of an accommodating disposition.

"But you'll have to take to minding that, and more things besides, if you want me."

And then Miss Wells went off to her duties, feeling that she had profited by her opportunities as well as could be expected.

Mr. and Miss Mervyn had originally decided to remain a week at Beechwood, but on the morning in which the conversation recorded above took place between the under housemaid and the lower groom, Mr. Mervyn went to his sister, and expressed his intention of leaving the next day.

"You know, Selina, you can do as you like, but I am quite determined to be out of this house by to-morrow evening."

"But, my dear Anthony, what is the matter?" said Miss Mervyn, speaking rather hurriedly, perhaps, in surprise.

"Don't be so impulsive, Selina!" exclaimed her brother, reproachfully; "you know how weak my nerves are, and what a shattered constitution mine is. I require the greatest care and quiet, besides unremitting attention. I am not fit to pay visits."

Miss Mervyn certainly could have indorsed his last sentiment with all cordiality had she felt so inclined.

"And, my dear," he went on, "I understand that scarlet fever is raging in the neighborhood, and you know it is my especial horror. I should be sure to catch it. Last night I was consumed with fever, and that miserable girl who attends to my room put thirteen—actually thirteen—blankets on my bed."

"Then no wonder you were consumed with fever."

"Selina, oblige me by not discussing any medical questions; you do not understand them, and you know that I have always been painfully averse to anything like an argument."

"My dear Anthony, I had no intention of arguing—the matter is so clear."

"Oblige me, Selina"—and here Mr. Mervyn put up both his hands in solemn deprecation. "Chirurgery is out of a woman's province altogether, indeed it is."

"Then you certainly leave to-morrow?" said his sister, by way of turning the conversation.

"Selina!" exclaimed Mr. Mervyn, looking completely outraged, "when did you ever know me to break my word? I did not understand that you had quite decided."

"I am not of a vacillating, erratic temperament, as you must be convinced. What I have once said I hold by. At the same time, although your natural guardian and responsible protector in the eyes of the law, I lay no commands on you. Do exactly as you feel inclined."

"If you go, I may as well go too."

And then Miss Mervyn gave a little sigh. In spite of all the kindness and consideration shown her, her visit had not been a pleasant one. Nina's unexplained absence had weighed on her mind all through. This young friend, whom she had loved with all the affection of her warm, weak, trustful heart, had rejected her love, and gone away, probably, that they might not meet. And, thinking on these things, Miss Mervyn not only sighed, but allowed herself to believe that she should be more comfortable altogether when away from Beechwood.

When this question was settled, Miss Mervyn went straight to Mrs. Marsh to acquaint her with her intention. Mrs. Marsh remonstrated, but rather feebly, perhaps. She had been living in constant dread lest Miss Mervyn should learn Nina's near neighborhood, and either express a wish to see her or demand the reason of her absence. It was, therefore, with a certain sense of relief leavening her actual regret that Mrs. Marsh heard of her friend's intention of leaving on the morrow. Lord Gillingham was to dine at the Manor House that evening. Mr. Marsh had met him in the road just after breakfast, and his lordship had managed to make it plainly understood that he should like to be invited, and so Mr. Marsh had invited him. But it is not clear to us that Mr. Marsh was not guilty of deception when he refrained from telling the earl that Nina would not be there, since to see her could be his lordship's only object in seeking this invitation.

Lord Gillingham had learnt enough of the habits of Mr. Marsh's family to know that Nina was always first in the drawing-room of an evening. He had, therefore, calculated upon ten precious minutes alone with her before the others should assemble. He would speak out plainly then. She would be seated in an armchair, he should be standing over her, watching the clear bloom mount to her soft cheeks, and the silken eyelashes fall over the deep gray eyes. Presently he should take the little tremulous hand in his own, and then the earl reflected that it might even be pleasant to kneel down beside her and catch a new phase of her most glorious beauty. And then he should kiss her, of course—a kiss of betrothal, as was his right; and the earl, in his villainous heart, gloated over the thought of touching the pure young red of those sweet lips. Lord Gillingham, midway in his evil career, began to think a virtuous passion not only possible, but actually stimulating.

He was drawing this pretty picture, dreaming this pleasant dream, all the way to Beechwood. He was in high good-humor when he alighted from his horse.

"Here, Pierce, he said to the groom who had followed him, "take this sovereign and buy a ribbon for your sweetheart."

Pierce touched his hat with one hand and pocketed the coin with the other.

"Let Mary know that you've orders to be here at ten o'clock, and that she mustn't keep you a minute beyond, or no more ribbons, eh, Pierce?"

And then his lordship entered the house.

He was shown into the house, and waited there with exemplary patience full ten minutes. Then Mrs. Marsh came in, looking as if she had been slightly hurried over her toilette. Lord Gillingham greeted her almost eagerly, for he was growing tired of solitude, and was, besides, anxious to ascertain why Nina had departed from her usual habit. He mentioned her name, inquiring tenderly after her health.

"Thank you, she was quite well when she left us," said Mrs. Marsh; "but I have not heard from her since she went."

"Miss Nina, then, is away?"

"She is staying a few days with Miss Dawes."

"With Miss Dawes? I had no idea there was any particular friendship between them."

"I don't think there is; only they have been near neighbors since childhood."

"I hope, then, Mr. Dawes isn't Nina's attraction at Gladshelles?"

Mrs. Marsh—a lady every inch of her—looked up perfectly astonished at the earl's impertinence. I really think his lordship felt a little ashamed as he met the clear, contemptuous glance of those beautiful eyes. At any rate, he knew that he had made a mistake, and hastened to rectify it.

"This was a mere joke, of course," he added, in a tone of frank *bonhomie*. "No one could give Miss Nina credit for such arrant bad taste."

Mrs. Marsh thought that Nina would be guilty of far worse if she chose the earl, confident though he might be as to his own advantages. But he husband entered the room at this moment, and she turned away, only too glad to be spared the annoyance of entertaining such a disagreeable guest. The earl could not get over his disappointment. He was in one of his cynical, captious tempers all the evening, and, but for the tact of Captain Marsh and the quiet dignity of the old squire, would have broken out into absolute rudeness long before the ladies had retired. As it was, he and Mr. Mervyn launched little malicious shafts at each other across the dinner-table with visible aim and significance.

Just like all people who are conspicuously disagreeable in their peculiarities, Mr. Mervyn had a quick eye for the failings of others, and the smallest possible patience with them when discovered. He seemed to forget to-night that his nervous irritability might be as unpleasant in its effect upon others as the earl's cynicism was on him. He had discovered early in the evening that Lord Gillingham was very tenacious of his rank, although his conduct was so wanting in true nobility, and Mr. Mervyn became an obstinate democrat on the spot.

At last he capped the climax by forsaking his new principles in order to discover that there was no earl or marquis in the house to whom he would yield precedence in point of good blood, for that his family was the most ancient in all England.

"Do you know what you are talking about?" exclaimed the earl, turning upon him brutally, and glaring at him through his red, bleared eyes.

"I believe I may venture to assert that I do," answered Mr. Mervyn, in a tone of smooth confidence. "Mr. Debrett has told me that I never speak without due deliberation."

"Then, egad, sir, I tell you what—one hair of my head is better bred than your whole body."

"The seantiness of your lordship's hair takes a good deal from the force of the insult," said Mr. Mervyn, with an elaborate bow.

"Or rather the joke," put in Captain Marsh, pleasing himself between the combatants. "My lord, you will surely take another glass of hock? I have heard my uncle say that you prefer it to anything. Mr. Mervyn, I know your partiality for old port, and I think, my dear, there has been in the cellar, I believe, over twenty years. If neither of you will be persuaded to any further patronage of my uncle's wine, perhaps we had better join the ladies." Ducky, have I your permission to open the door?"

The gentlemen all rose at this; but, even when amongst the ladies once more, it required the happiest art on Captain Marsh's side, and the greatest care on that of Mr. Marsh, to keep the irascible old peer from another and still angrier dispute with the captious democrat, and it was greatly to the relief of all parties when Lord Gillingham rose and bade them good-night.

CHAPTER XVI.—JACK DAWES TURNS REFORMER.

MEANWHILE Nina was passing a really pleasant time at Gladesbelle. Her ashe had no part to play, and she might be herself—and herself was the gift that she could smile, and look melancholy when gaiety was impossible. Anna Dawes' prejudice against the invalid guest was somewhat diminished by intimacy. She did not wonder at Jack's partiality now; she could have wondered, indeed, knowing Jack as she did, that any man could not love her. Only Anna divined that whilst Jack's love and hope kept him from realising—Nina liked him greatly as a friend, but had no feeling beyond. She would have married Jack of this, only she thought such words would come best from Nina's lips, and softened by a tear in those beautiful eyes, might sound less hopeless and more cruel. Jack seemed resolved to tempt his fate. He lay on his bed of a night, restless and wakeful, trying to frame short sentences which should only express all he intended to say. He dared not trust himself with long phrases—he knew that he should break down. Jack was a man who daily exposed that it might be easy to manage it all by a few words. Only when he did really speak, it was strange how widely he diverged from the plan he had set down.

Nina was early in the drawing-room, as usual, that evening. Her simple toilette was always quaintly made; besides, a quiet half-hour in the dim light was growing pleasant to her again. But Jack had learnt her habits, and thought the opportunity an excellent one for his purpose.

"She will hear me murmuring, perhaps," thought Jack to himself, "but she won't see me blush, and I don't want to look like a coward after I've been at the pains of getting my pluck up for the occasion."

When Jack entered the room, Nina was seated on a low stool in front of the fire, dreaming. Jack just turned when she saw him, and smiled up into his face.

"You see I make myself quite at home."

"Do you, Miss Nina?" said Jack, feeling hopelessly uncertain as to the availability of his treasured resources.

"I hope you've been comfortable here, Miss Nina?" was Jack's next step towards his mighty revelation. "You can make herself pleasant when she likes now, can't she?"

"No one could have been kinder than Miss Dawes."

"And cheerful?"

"Very cheerful," answered Nina, confiding her smile of amusement to the fire alone.

"You would think it quite the house—I mean to live in—should you?" questioned Jack, displaying some anxiety as to the reply.

"Of course, dear me, no!"

"But it wouldn't be exactly what you would call amusing, Miss Nina?"

"If you are treated kindly in a place, it must be agreeable to you. One's happiness always depends upon people, not upon places."

"Do you think, then, do you think, Miss Nina?"

"Of course—with us, if not with ones."

"What about the oats?" said Jack.

And his tone was a little disappointed now, Nina thought, though why she could not comprehend.

"Don't they say that oats attach themselves to a locality, and not to the people in it?"

"Do they say? I never heard it; but you know best. You are so clever, Miss Nina—cleverer than Nan by a clear hand—and she's not a fool. But some boys seem to know everything—everything it's best to know, I mean—not Latin and all that stuff. It isn't any good learning Latin now, is it?"

"I don't know—everybody does; so perhaps it is better not to be behind the rest."

"You think so?"

And Jack was silent a minute or two, growing thoughtful as he turned his eyes upon the fire.

"Miss Nina," he said presently, "would it be any use my trying to get myself up in Latin now?"

"I don't think it would. Why, have you any ambition that way?"

"Well, I begin to fancy I've wasted my time sadly. I wish I'd stuck to my books when I was young. I suppose no one could care for a man who didn't know Latin?"

Jack spoke in a tone of helpless appeal that Nina's heart. It is sad when a man begins to feel his own deficiencies so acutely, and to mourn over the wasted opportunities it is now too late to redeem. She answered him very gently—

"I don't think men are really liked for those acquirements. It is advisable, we know, not to be behind others; and in the same time, I fancy that you would like a person you were going to like ever before you inquired whether he was a good scholar. One would be influenced by the kindness of disposition and heart he had, and when satisfied on this point, one would not so much care about learning and so on. Still, I do not mean to infer that talent and knowledge are not very valuable and certain advantages to their possessor; I only wish to make it understood that some other qualities are of more value than Latin, Jack."

"But it's not quite against anybody's being liked, not having talent, and all that sort of thing?"

"Not if they are good-hearted and well-principled."

"I wonder if I am?" said Jack, speaking to himself rather than to Nina. "What do people do when they are? I'm afraid I don't show many kindnesses to people, but that's because I don't want to—it's because I don't know how. I wish I could do more what was right. Somehow I always had the notion that if I took care of Nan, and made her comfortable, I hadn't much more to think about besides amusing myself. I'm afraid I got wrong at starting, and the worst of it is I don't know how to get right again."

"But the care and comfort of Miss Dawes were your first and greatest duties," said Nina, gently.

Jack started. He had hardly been sure that he was speaking aloud. He had been following out his thoughts without reference to Nina for the moment, and it seemed as if an encouragement to his hopes that his answer should have been vouchsafed. Jack was no metaphysician. His mind, what he did of it, was his pondrous and awkward for fine distinctions. He could be very far in front of him by reason of the dimness of his lights; but, to do him justice, he went steadily over every obstacle in the space allotted to his understanding.

There are more like Jack Dawes—ones who would be so sensible if only they knew how—ones who are always striving to do right, wondering where they can learn, and what stands in their way, and yet following their own devices, and blind to their own tendency, and making it quite unintelligible to mere lookers-on how their course of action can be so different to all they anxious wish after bitter things. It is like the man who Sisyphus was doomed to roll up the steep hill—their good intentions were always thrown back upon them again, and they had to make the effort at ascent in merely a rough fall. Maybe they will never land their burden safe beyond peril of renewed accidents, but we would fain hope that many a weak and dear interests than the man who yearns vaguely at times to reach the summit, but, frightened at the view of many struggles, falls back from the attempt, and, stifling his conscience, goes along the smooth path in undisturbed peace.

Jack's dawning consciousness of his failure and deeply opened-the eyes of his understanding. He began to realise now that his life had not been altogether as it ought to have been, and he longed to learn from the wisdom of others how he might do to redeem his past and make himself worthy of the view of angels.

"Yes, I know I ought to see to Nan first," he said, after a long pause: "but isn't there anything else for me to do? I don't go to church on Sundays—had to do so—I suppose. Though, Nan tells me so sometimes: but then she makes out I'm to do it for the sake of what people will say, and she look of the thing."

"I am afraid a great many regular attendants have no better reason to give, if they spoke the truth."

"I shall sell my hunters," said Jack, who was becoming a most enthusiastic reformer.

"But why? shouldn't if I were you."

"Don't you think I ought?"

"Certainly not."

"Then hadn't I better get rid of my dogs?"

"Why should you?"

"Mustn't I do something? Ah! I know. I'll give up going to fairs."

"There it would be advisable to reform."

"And races," added Jack, determined to stop at no sacrifice Nina considered necessary, although in him the task was disappointed and arduous.

"I am no fitting judge in such matters, and ought not, perhaps, to give you advice; but repentant and true hearts are essential to everybody, and, therefore, I think, you go to races as a mere looker-on, and do not bet, there is no reason why you should deny yourself this pleasure."

Jack's face brightened wonderfully.

"Do you think so, Miss Nina? I shouldn't mind about giving them up—at least, not so very much as you told me it was right."

"I am no judge in such matters, as I said before. I cannot see any harm in racing myself, without betting, but I might not still——"

"Somebody else might."

"A few do, I dare say."

"I only care about what you think in such matters," said Jack, significantly. "Some people are so squeamish, they call everything wrong. I want to do what is right, and go some way towards leading a better life; being dull isn't particularly Christianlike, as I can see. A prig isn't a saint. I don't care to make a show of being wiser, my wish is to do the real thing, Jack. Only you must show me how, Miss Nina: I can't go a step myself."

Nina had risen and stood against the mantelpiece, looking down into the fire.

"You mustn't ask advice of me," she said, with a look of sad humility. "I am not fit to give it. You can't be more painfully alive to your deficiencies than I am to mine."

"I always thought you were quite perfect, Miss Nina."

"I was? Ah, Mr. Dawes, you cannot tell how very, very far wrong you have been! Perhaps some of these days you will know all, and consider yourself agrieved that I should have asked to sleep under the same roof with your sister. But try to think of me a little kindly even then. You cannot tell how sore pressed I was, how tempted and weakened—and I was so young!"

Nina had sunk upon her knees, and was bending down until her face was almost touching the ground as she spoke. It seemed strange that she should choose such a confidant as Jack Dawes, but she had truly said that her miserable secret was eating into her very life. She could forget it for a few minutes, and she had even found it to be possible to appear cheerful, even when she did not feel so; but there were times when the vague yearning within her to tell of her sins and hear some voice say that they might be forgiven her. She knew of the greatness of mercy promised to all those who repent, but she could not believe that she was within the pale of those promises.

If any one had told her that she should seek this comfort from Jack Dawes, she would have scorned the idea with the utmost fervor; but now, as she knelt there before him, she longed to hear his words of pardon, and was in her anxiety in his earnestness and simplicity. She could not forfeit much by telling him her miserable secrets, and it would bring relief to herself. If he should despise her when all was told, she could but leave him, there was no such tie between them that her heart must break if she lost him. Another question; if he could think pardon possible for her, he should feel stronger. And Nina did tell Jack, pouring out her confession with vehement self-reproach as she bent low at his feet.

Jack listened gravely, incredulously at first, but no one could doubt the sincerity of a person who so humbly and strikingly accused herself so fatally. When she had finished, she buried her face in her hands, and awaited his first words as a prisoner awaiting the sentence of the judge.

Jack moved away, and paced the room a few moments with a stern, darkening face, from which Nina shrank, as from a frown at her first words. Presently he came back to where she stood and spoke to her, but his voice was not the cheery, pleasant voice of an hour ago.

"You have no more to say, Nina from me?"

"Nothing—can I be forgiven?" She uncovered her face again now, and gave him a look of anxious supplication.

He struggled a moment with something in him as—doubt, a fear, whatever it might be; then he took the hands that clasped her cold hands in his own, and said, passionately:

"I can forgive you, Nina, for I love you so blindly."

"Not now, Jack—you can't love me now."

"Yes, Nina, I love you now, I shall love you for ever. If Nan were away out of my home, I would still ask you to be my wife as it is—"

"You think I oughtn't to stop here?"

"How should I know? Oh, Nina! I can't see right, but I'll try—I'll try hard to be done. I'll tell you, for I love you so blindly. I could trust you now the same as ever. Oh, my darling! my darling! that you should have suffered so much! He broke off suddenly, and wrung his hands with hopeless sorrow.

"I can't bear beyond my strength," she answered, humbly, "and I have repented so earnestly since! Oh, do tell me, Jack, would not God forgive me?" It is so sad at nineteen to feel with out hope."

"Poor little one," said Jack, laying his huge hand tenderly over her bent head. "I don't understand much, but I can help, but I can't help thinking that, if you're sorry for what you've done, and didn't mean it to be as it was, God will forgive you."

"I am sorry, Jack, and I would willingly take all the shame if I might be spared that one great load. And you forgive me?"

"I know you have, poor darling"—and the great rough fellow spoke very softly from his tenderest heart—"I know you do. People can't do wrong without suffering for it, if they've got any heart; but it's just the suffering that washes out the sin, you know, in a way of thinking. I look upon you the same as if you had never told me this, and am as proud to have you here; but there's Nan to see, she was left to me in a queer sort of way, and I feel as if I ought to take more care of her than an ordinary brother would. If she day was over to come when she could turn to me with a confidence like yours, through no fault, and because I'd thought of my pleasure before her good, I believe I should die of shame. Nina, I'll tell you what I'll do—and when she was first trusted to me, and I've always had my fears that I shouldn't do what was right by her. But if Nan ever comes to me, and would come to like me a bit, I would do all I could to make you happy; and as to that thing ever being spoken of between us, I'll never mention it again; and then, if you could make up your mind to love me a little, I know I should be very happy, and I would make you so too if I could."

Jack never knew how much his earnest words added to Nina's sorrow and humiliation. There was something to her in having a quiet home and friends to love her, and the recollection of her secret could chill or destroy. For a minute she had thought it possible to cast aside her love for Cyril Marsh, and accept this life offered her, and be glad and grateful for this much of peace and comfort after the miserable struggles of the past year. And yet he who loved her so truly that in his heart he could forgive her her sins, and even respect her again, even he could not see that it was right to bring her under the same roof as his sister. Nina acknowledged the justice of his scruple and the sacredness of his trust, but never before where she had sought comfort had she found such a miserable answer to her prayer. She had no longer any hope, nor could she feel as if she had any right to the gifts and pardon even of the world, because Jack, whose instinct was his sole guide, had not bestowed his forgiveness upon her in unconditional terms. He loved her blindly—he said so—but not so blindly that he would cause Anna, whose name was pure and unstained, to make a sister by law and love of Nina Marsh.

"I know it is my own fault," she said to herself, "but oh! it is so hard to bear. I have looked upon upon Anna Dawes a little, perhaps, in times gone by, and now I seem to hear it said—and that by a man who loves me better than her—that I am not fit for her company—that I might contaminate her. And she was right to say that too. I cannot contradict him. I must ever respect him more for this fear. When everything comes out—and I suppose it must—he would be sadly blamed if he had allowed us to remain together, knowing my faults. Oh, my God, have pity on me! My strength is failing so short! I have suffered almost as much as I can suffer, and live."

A part of this cry, deepening, cry passed her lips in words, and went straight, like a sharp arrow, to Jack's honest, loving heart. He bent down again, folded his strong arms about her, and said, earnestly:

"Nina, I am sorry for what I said just now. I will protect you before and against all the world. Do you think you like me well enough to marry me?"

Nina shook her head, and the pent-up tears flowed fast on the broad breast against which she leaned.

"I like you too well to bring shame on you and your name," she said, with a resolute accent Jack recognised as final. "I will try for time to be able to remember you with affection, and if it can please you to think of me as a sister—one who sinned, suffered and repented—one who has tasted of such sorrow and bitterness that her youth was no pleasure to her, and she longed to be old and grayhearted before she had done anything to be a blessing of peace—then, Jack, you may believe in your kind, noble heart that I really look upon you as a brother, and that never will any happen I shall still keep a warm place in my heart for Jack Dawes."

"And you will not have me, Nina?" asked Jack, still holding her tight, as if he could not let her go. "You know I love you, Nina."

"I know you do, Jack. I could not doubt your affection for me, my friend. How quaint it you say a thing I feel bound to believe your word."

"You may, miss Nina. I never told a lie—that is to say, a wilful one—in all my life. Here's my home for you, and here's my love. Nan will be kind to me, try and like me a little, and let that be an end of the matter."

"Shall I? Jack, when you for a brother," said Nina, sadly and firmly. "I see now that it would be neither right or possible for me to give you any other name."

"You don't love me," said Jack, mournfully; "I might have known you couldn't, such a great, rough, uncultured fellow as I am."

"Yes, Jack," Nina answered, smiling at him faintly through her tears, "I do love you; I couldn't help it after to-night. I love you as a sister loves a true, generous, generous brother. I tell you that until the last day of my life I shall never forget you in my prayers. Now touch my forehead with me go, and God ever bless you, brother Jack!"

"God ever bless you, Nina!" he answered, as he pressed his lips reverentially first on one hand and then on the other that clasped his grasp.

Then Nina slipped away to her own room and pleaded illness, in order that she might not be called down to take her place at the dinner-table. Presently Jack came to her with the offer of a glass of wine; Jack had sent her, she said. Nina drank the wine, refusing to eat lest she should be choked, and then sent her compassionate friend. She gulped down the wine, holding the glass unsteadily in her nervous fingers; then she stooped and kissed her, speaking a few gentle words of commiseration.

She believed that Nina had refused Jack, and was grateful to her for it; and now that Nina was no longer dependent on him, it was only natural to share her brother's admiration for their beautiful guest. But there was a strong feeling in Jack's heart against their errors, which she understood its meaning. Jack's trouble and her visitor's sudden disappearance had appeared to Anna a full confirmation of her worst fears, and her brother's sorrow weighed as nothing against her own sense of relief. Perhaps, after all, Anna was not more selfish than the rest of us; but it seemed so to Nina, remembering how Jack had spoken of sacrificing his love and hope for this one girl, and then inwardly congratulate herself at his disappointment and misery. She was glad when Anna could be persuaded that talking made her head worse and had gone downstairs. She was still alone when the next day she accessed the threshold of her own home, and met Captain Marsh's welcoming hand and smile.

WHAT OUR FARMERS SHOULD BE.—Dr. Muzzey (formerly Mitchel) has penned many touchingly beautiful and long-to-be-remembered sayings, but the following is among the best—at least—"Don't keep a solemn face when you go out once a month with your parson or sewing society. Hang around your walls pictures, which tell stories of cheery, hope, courage, faith and charity. Make your living room the merriest and most cheerful in the house. Let the place be such that when your boy has come to distant lands, or even worse, perhaps, he drops to a single glance in the door while passing, he feels again the thrill of the still homesick pang once across the desolation, bringing him back to his home and love. Have no quarrels about your house, no one person never open, no thanks that are always short."



PNEUMATIC RAILROAD NOW IN OPERATION NEAR THE CRYSTAL PALACE, LONDON, ENGLAND.—TRAIN COMING IN.



PRESENTATION OF MEDALS TO GALLANT SOLDIERS OF THE FIFTH ARMY CORPS, AT GEN. WARREN'S HEADQUARTERS, NEAR SIX-MILE HOUSE, VA., SEPT. 13.—FROM A SKETCH BY D. DOUGLAS FORBES.

PRESENTATION OF MEDALS TO GALLANT SOLDIERS

Of the Fifth Army Corps, at Six-Mile House, Va., Sept. 13, 1864.

A recent Act of Congress authorised rewarding enlisted men by presenting them with medals for deeds of valor performed in the field. The first occasion took place at the headquarters of Gen. Warren's fifth army corps, on Sept. 13.

The spot chosen was Gen. Warren's headquarters, and, although the order for the presentation did not arrive until 11 o'clock, through the exertions of Gen. Warren and his Adjutant-General, Lieut.-Col. Locke, everything was in readiness by half-past three, at which hour Gen. Crawford's division was drawn up in front of headquarters, an impromptu platform erected, which was gaily decked off with flags, among which were the captured rebel flags, bands of music stationed, and everything done to make the occasion one long to be remembered and talked over by those who witnessed it.

At four o'clock Gens. Meade, Warren and Hancock ascended the platform, Gens. Crawford, Ayres, Griffin, Baxter, Hunt and Bragg, with their staffs, standing near, as also a large number of regimental officers.

Gen. Warren, in a loud clear voice, stated the object for which they had met thus together, and called the names of those who were to be honored,



THE LATE REV. DR. POTTS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.

desiring them to come forward to the platform. First Sergeant Shilling, Company H, 51 regiment of Delaware Volunteers, who captured a South Carolina flag; private F. C. Anderson, Company H, 18th Massachusetts Veteran Volunteers, who captured the flag of the 27th South Carolina, and private George H. Reed, Company E, 11th Pennsylvania Veteran Volunteers, who captured the flag of the 24th North Carolina, came forward to the platform, and, presenting arms, came to a shoulder.

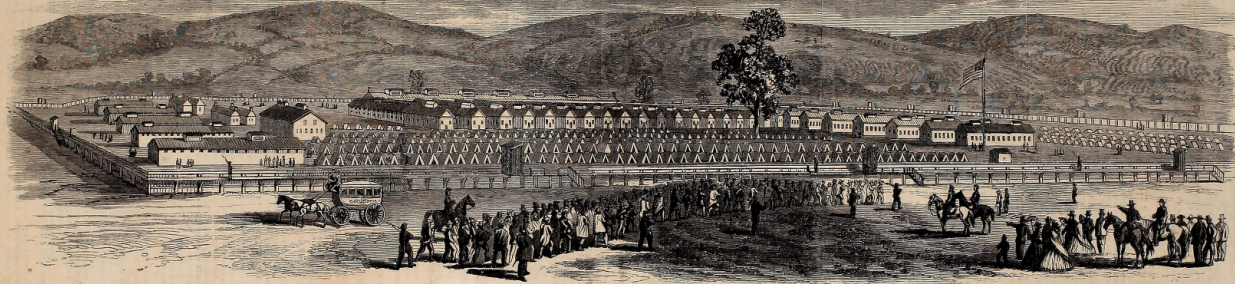
Major-Gen. Meade, commanding the Army of the Potomac, then arose, and, during the utmost quiet and most respectful attention, addressed the soldiers.

Upon the conclusion of the address Gen. Warren stepped forward and asked the "boys" to give three hearty cheers to show the general they had a heart to appreciate his kindness, which was done, and they were given with a will that must have acquainted the "Johnnies" with the fact that something unusual was going on. The band struck up "Hail Columbia," the troops were marched off to their quarters, and Gen. Warren invited his guests to partake of a collation, which was not the least agreeable feature of the proceedings.



DESTRUCTION OF THE NEW YORK STATE INEBRIATE ASYLUM, AT BINGHAMPTON, BY FIRE, SEPT. 16.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. G. ROWE.

To Prevent Gas Explosions.—Everybody should be aware of the fact that coal-gas, mixed with common air, will explode like gunpowder when flame of any kind is brought into it; and that, consequently, there is great danger when gas is suffered to escape from a pipe into an apartment. Although the quantity escaping is so small as to be harmless, it may be discovered by its peculiar smell, but whenever this is perceived, the room should not be entered with a lighted candle without first opening the windows, and thus setting free the imprisoned air, so destructive to life and property.



RECEPTION OF REBEL PRISONERS AT THE PRISON, ELMIRA, N. Y.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

PRISON AT ELMIRA FOR SOUTHERN SOLDIERS.

THE treatment of our prisoners of war taken by the rebels has been one of the most revolting exhibitions which the world has ever witnessed. England herself, with all her partiality for the South, shrinks in horror from the spectacle of such barbarity. We reluctantly gave some months since photographs of returned prisoners. One of the prisoners confined at Anderson, Ga., has attested the truth of the picture as witnessed by him in thousands of cases at Anderson.

In contrast with this we give a view of the prison at Elmira, used by our Government for the prisoners captured by us. It is a large and well conducted place of confinement, humanity and not retaliation being our policy.

The camp for rebel prisoners at Elmira barracks No. 3 was first used for the present purpose July 6, 1864. It is an area of 40 acres, surrounded by a simple board fence some 15 feet in height, guards being stationed on platforms at the top of the fence every 20 or 30 feet. The business of guarding the prisoners is, however, a sinecure. The officers on duty state that the captives evince no disposition to escape. They have no desire to return to the felicities of Southern soldiery. Undoubtedly should single individuals attempt to borrow under the fence, or should a large number make a rush against it, their chance for escape would be very good; but apparently the prisoners would not leave if the fence and guards were entirely removed.

The plot constituting the prison is finely situated on an excellent piece of ground about a mile from Elmira, and though entirely closed as stated, the prisoners are not deprived of a view of external nature; for on one side rise pine-clad hills, high up into the air, visible from all parts of the prison. The prisoners are all provided with bunks in the same kind of rough barracks as are used for sheltering our own men at the various places of rendezvous before going into the field. A very large building is appropriated to the culinary department, and is fitted up like the kitchen of a great hotel, with about a dozen ranges, containing boilers, etc., and there is, also, a large oven, where sufficient bread, from good flour, is baked daily. The cooks and bakers are, of course, prisoners.

Clothing is furnished to the prisoners by the Government when their own becomes too much worn to be serviceable.

The whole appearance of the camp is very neat, working parties from among the prisoners being constantly employed in policing the grounds.



U. S. GENERAL HOSPITAL AT ELMIRA, N. Y.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

The daily ration is as follows: Pork or bacon, 19 oz. in lieu of fresh beef; or fresh beef, 14 oz.; flour or soft bread, 16 oz.; or hard bread, 14 oz.; or corn meal, 16 oz. To the 100 rations: Beans or peas, 12½ lb.; or rice or hominy, 8 lbs.; soap, 4 lbs.; vinegar, 3 quarts; salt, 2½ lbs.; potatoes, 15 lbs.

Sugar, coffee and tea are issued to the sick and wounded on the recommendation of the surgeon, at the rate of 12 lbs. of sugar, five of ground coffee, or seven of green, or one pound of tea to every 100 rations, every other day. To working parties of prisoners nearly the same ration is given in all respects as to our soldiers in the field.

Notwithstanding the ration for the prisoner is somewhat less than that issued to our own soldiers—and very appropriately so, since they do not hard work—yet, in reality, they get the benefit of the entire ration. For the difference between the prison ration and that of the United States soldiers is credited on the books of the Commissary of Prisoners, and expended for the benefit of the prisoners in such ways as the commanding officer may direct. This fund, it will be seen, grows rapidly to a large sum.

These arrangements apply not only to the prison at Elmira, but to all others. The Elmira prison is for private soldiers, and if they live so comfortably, it can be imagined that the officers on Johnson's island, and at other places, who have money of their own for the purchase of little luxuries, must pass their time as agreeably as the conditions of prison existence will permit. How utterly false, therefore, are the statements made from time to time by Jeff Davis, to the world, that Southern prisoners are badly treated.

Enough has been founded on the statements of returned prisoners, to exhibit the state of matters in Southern prisons; but lest these reports should be considered exaggerated, we refer to a very readable book by Col. Cavada, giving an account of his life in Libby Prison. This place, it will be recollected, is used for confining officers only, and consequently the brutalities experienced by private soldiers, at their particular prisons, are here not practised. But notice the petty annoyances, the absence of provisions for cleanliness and comfort, the pillaging of boxes sent from the North, the heartless insults of the guards, which are detailed by the writer of this book! How does the management of a Southern prison contrast with that of a Northern? In the one the unhappy inmates are treated as brutes—in the other as men.

The camp is at present commanded by Major H. V. Colt, the post by Lieut.-Col. Eastman. The guard consists of the 54th, 56th, 58th, 77th, 98th, 99th, 104th N. Y. S. N. G., with sections of a regular battery, under Major Lewis Batty, the Rochester Grays, and two companies of the 9th V. R. C.

The treatment in sickness is no less marked in its

difference from that of the South to our poor fellows. There medical attendance is seldom given, and when given often of a most brutality.

The hospital at Elmira, which we also sketch, is conducted with every care to cleanliness and health, and the treatment given such as many of our Northern poor seldom get.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

It can rightly old woman quarrels with us, it is easy to forgive. If a young and pretty one, to kiss and forgive.

EVERY man is involuntarily original in at least one thing—the manner of sneezing.

THE merchant who measures his goods honestly adopts a wise measure.

THE Indian are so vain of their hair that they are proud of getting it into the papers.

MARRIAGEABLE ladies should frequent the theatre before the curtain is drawn up; they would then be sure of an overture.

"I CAN'T say I admire your style of acting," said a landlady to a strolling player, when she caught him stealing the spoons.

DR. FRANKLIN, speaking of education, says: "If a man empties his purse into his head, no man can take it away from him. An investment of knowledge always pays the best interest."

FOLLOWING Suit—A dandy following the fashion.

THE prettiest hood in the world—childhood.

THE ruling passion strong in death—a shoemaker breathing his last.

IT is generally true that we judge too liberty and too broadly the evils of every office which we do not ourselves hold.

MANY regard themselves as merely disinterested, impartial arbitrators, merely because they incorrectly state that others shall be so.

NAVAL ANTIDOTE.—One of the royal frigates being at sea on a winter's night, in a tremendous gale, the ground broke, and so the ship began to drive. The lieutenant of the watch ran down to the cabin, awoke the captain from his sleep, and told him that the anchor had come home.

"Well," said the captain, rubbing his eyes, "I think the anchor's perfectly right—who would stay out such a night as this?"

A FEW SIMPLE QUESTIONS.—Did you ever know anything good as a comparison to trembling but an aspen leaf? Did you ever see the shame which are said occasionally to bind the forehead of sinful? Did you ever light your cigar with the flames of love? Was ever your face furrowed by the anxious cares of prosperity? or, have you been obliged to resort to an umbrella by the dark clouds of adversity? Did you ever see an inhabitant brow, an adamantine soul, an ivy heart, or an iron frame?

IN an old paper, printed in New London, nearly a century ago, we find the following on matrimony:

"Oh, matrimony! thou are like
To Jeremiah's figs;
The good is very good; the bad
Too sour to grin the pigs.
I never dreamed of such a state,
When I a-bus'ness courted,
Wife, mother, nurse, seamstress, cook, housekeeper, chambermaid, laundress, dairy-woman, and scrub generally, filling the work of six.
For the sake of being supported."

CARD TABLE SIGNALS.—"Never," said Theodore Hook, "let man and wife play together at whist. There are always telegraphs; and if they fancy their looks are washed, they can always communicate by words. I found out that I could never win of Sarah among all her wiles. I mentioned this one day and was answered: 'No, you never can win of them.' 'Why?' said I. 'Because,' said my friend, 'they have enough behind a side.' 'Dear me!' said I, 'signals by looks?' 'No,' said my wife. 'If Mrs. Sarah imagines she has a Sniggering says: 'Dear, begin.' Dear begins with 'a,' so she counts one, and so on over over from the lady. It be has to lead, and she says: 'S., my love,' she wants a spade. 'Horrid, my dear, how long you are scoring your cards.' Mrs. Sniggering stamps down a heart; and exclaims: 'Come, my love,' on either side, produces a club.'"

NOT A FALSEHOOD.—"Do you call them large lumps of sugar?" said a lady to a waiter.

"Why, yes; they are considerable large."

"They may be for lumps, but they are nothing to an ounce I saw the other day."

"And how large was the ounce?"

"Why, sir, it weighed 40 pounds."

"Forty pounds?"

"Yes, sir, one of the layers, and the 16th layer went round a barrel that held four gallons!"

"Are you sure?"

"You don't mean to say I tell a falsehood?"

"Oh, no! what a whopper of an ounce! I mean."

AN INVITATION TO DINNER.—It was observed that a certain covetous rich man never invited any one to dine with him.

"I'll buy a wager," said a wag, "I get an invitation from him."

The wager being accepted, he goes the next day to the rich man's house about the time he was to dine, and tells the servant he must speak with his master immediately, for he came to save him a thousand pounds.

"Sir," said the servant to his master, "here is a man in a great hurry to speak with you; he says he can save you a thousand pounds."

Desires the master.

"What is that, sir; you can save me a thousand pounds?"

"Yes sir, I can, but I see you are at dinner; I will go away, and call again."

"Oh, pray, sir, come in and take dinner with me."

"I shall be troublesome."

"Not at all."

The invitation was accepted.

As soon as dinner was over, and the family retired:

"Well, sir, will the man of the house, "now to your business. I am here how I am to save a thousand pounds?"

"Why, I hear, sir, you have a daughter to dispose of in marriage."

"I have, sir."

"And you intend to portion her with ten thousand pounds?"

"I do, sir."

"Why, then, sir, let me have her, and I will take her with nine thousand."

The master of the house arose in a passion, and kicked him out of doors.

CURSING.—The portuguese, was mounted on a runaway horse with the high bridle bounds, and excused himself for riding against Lord Alvanley, by saying, "Oh, my lord, I can't hold him, he's so hot!"

"Let him, Gunter, let him!" was the consoling response.

"JEANNIE," said a Cameronian to his daughter, who was asking her consent to accompany her sweet and favored suitor to the altar, "Jeannie, it's a very solemn thing to get married."

"I know it, father," replied the sensible damsel, "but it's a great deal solemner not to."

ON account of the number of oil wells in the country, a Western exchange thinks the United States should be called Modern Greece!

A BUDGET OF BLUNDERS.

We have all heard of Sir Boyle Roche's blunders. Dickens gives an account of some of those which, happily, are preserved. In one of his speeches he said:

"Sir, I would give up half—nay, the whole of the Constitution, to preserve the entire."

This, however, was parliamentary.

Hearing that Admiral Howe was in quest of the French fleet, he remarked, somewhat pleasantly, that the Admiral would "sweep the French fleet off the face of the earth."

By-and-bye came dangerous times of dissatisfaction, and house man's lives were insecure. Sir Boyle writes to his friend, and tells him the capital the discouraging view of his position:

"You may judge," he says, "of our state when I tell you that I write this sword in one hand and a pistol in the other."

On one occasion when the famous letters to the *Public Advertiser* were attracting universal attention, Sir Boyle was heard to complain bitterly of the attacks of a certain anonymous writer called Junius. He it was who recounted that marvellous performances in gymnastics, when, in a transport of loyalty, he "stood prostrate at the feet of his sovereign." He it was who denounced in withering language the apostate politician who "turned his back upon himself." He it was who introduced to public notice the ingenious yet particularly confused metaphor of the rat:

"Sir," he said, addressing the Speaker of the Irish House, "I smell a rat. I see him floating in the air, but, mark me, I shall yet nip him in the bud!"

There was the famous speech which confounded generations:

"I don't see, Mr. Speaker, why we should put ourselves out of the way to serve posterity. What has ever posterity done for us?"

He was a little disconcerted by the burst of laughter that followed, and proceeded to explain his meaning:

"By posterity, sir, I do not mean our ancestors, but those who come immediately after them."

His invitation to the noblemen on his travels was hospitable and well conceived, if not lucid:

"I hope, my lord, it never you come within a mile of my house, you'll call at once at sight."

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There was the famous speech which confounded generations:

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No. 472—Vol. XIX.] NEW YORK, OCTOBER 15, 1864. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly, 15 Weeks $1 00.

Richmond.

The recent military operations on the north side of the James river, and on the south side of the Appomattox, will have satisfied the inquiring and intelligent reader that Richmond and the army of Gen. Lee, the last forlorn hope of Jeff Davis, are in a very critical situation—a situation from which they can be rescued only by a miracle.

From the beginning of this campaign we have, from time to time, endeavored to show that the enclosing triple lines of elaborate fortifications constructed for the defence of Richmond involved a useless expenditure of engineering skill, labor, time and money—for the simple reason that in cutting off the city from its sources of subsistence, it must soon become untenable. Upon this idea the operations of Gen. Grant against the city have been conducted; and bearing the important fact in mind, that even rebel soldiers must have something to eat to keep them on their legs, it will need only a glance at the present embarrassments of Gen. Lee to perceive that he must very soon make his election in an effort to break through the tightening lines of "the Yankees," or in an evacuation, which, though not perhaps as speedily, will be as inevitably fatal to the "Confederacy" as the capitulation of his army.

What is the present condition of Richmond in regard to this vital matter of provisions? With flour there at $500 per barrel even in "Confederate" paper, valued at five cents on the dollar, the supply must be very short. The citizens of Richmond, and the army of Lee, in fact, are dependent for their supplies of subsistence upon their railroads, and the the canal communicating with the city from the south and west. The hitherto fruitful districts of Virginia north of Richmond, including the beautiful country east of the Blue ridge, and the great and fertile Shenandoah valley, have been so wasted and eaten out by contending armies during these three years of war, that they have hardly subsistence left sufficient to save their fixed population from famine through the coming winter. Lee's supplies are partly drawn by way of Lynchburg from Southwestern Virginia, but mainly from North and South Carolina and Georgia.

What follows? Cut him off from his Southern lines of communication, and, in plain terms, he is starved out of Richmond. To this end a most important step was made by Gen. Grant in striding across the Weldon railroad. On Friday last another point was gained in the lodgment effected upon the Southside road, connecting Petersburg with the Danville road. Another advance to the junction of the Danville with the Richmond and Petersburg roads, some 20 miles west of Poplar Grove, the position secured by Gen. Meade on Friday, the 30th ult., reduces Lee and Richmond for their supplies to the James river canal from Lynchburg, a line wholly inadequate to meet the necessities of the case. On Friday evening, the last day of September, Gen. Lee was razed to the Danville road and James river canal, with the first in imminent danger from Gen. Meade's advanced lines, and with the other menaced by the victorious army of Sheridan. At the same time, from the new position gained by Gen. Butler's army, on Thursday, the 29th, on the north side of the James river, within seven miles of Richmond, and held on Friday against a heavy attack, Lee is in danger, at any moment, of having his forces at Petersburg cut off from Richmond. This misfortune must be avoided if necessary, even at the cost of sacrificing Petersburg.

We write this article upon the basis of Gen. Grant's operations of Thursday and Friday, the 29th and 30th of September. Before it reaches the hands of our readers still further and greater advantages, we expect, will be gained towards the reduction and occupation, by the "oldline," of the rebel capital. It will suffice, however, for the present, that in operating simultaneously on both extremes of the enemy's lines Gen. Grant has developed the weakness of Lee, has shewn that the strength, the prestige and *morale* of his boasted veteran legions are gone, and that the only doubt regarding this campaign against Richmond is, whether the city will be defended to the extremity of the capitulation or dispersion of Lee's forces, or will be abandoned to save his army.

Brave old Admiral Farragut's magnificent achievements in Mobile Bay, and the crowning success of Gen. Sherman's grand campaign at Atlanta, exercised their moral influence to our advantage in Virginia; but when to these serious rebel misfortunes in Georgia and Alabama were added their late disasters in the Shenandoah valley, the previously still defiant spirit of the veterans of Lee was broken, and their gorgeous castle in the distant clouds of an imperial Southern Confederacy vanished from their sight. But the causes which have carried despair into the heart of the rebellion and a havoc among the gold gamblers of Wall street, have infused a spirit of confidence and enthusiasm among the rank and file of Gen. Grant's armies which renders them irresistible. Our prophecies are becoming the universal conviction—that the end of the rebellion and a new epoch of harmony, prosperity, strength and glory to the Union are at hand.



BRIG.-GEN. DAVID A. RUSSELL, KILLED AT THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.—SEE PAGE 55,



SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN—AN INCIDENT AT THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER—A FAITHFUL DOG WATCHING AND DEFENDING THE DEAD BODY OF HIS REBEL MASTER.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

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Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA—GRANT'S ARMY.

Sheridan's overwhelming success, exceeding even Grant's anticipations, enables the latter to move. Leaves of absence to General officers were countermanded. Lee is evidently about to abandon Petersburg and concentrate. He has made a new course for the Southside railroad, removed store houses and heavy guns.

But Grant was not to move there. On the 29th he began operations north of the James. Gen. Ord's 18th corps carried the strong rebel fortifications and long line of entrenchments below Chapin's farm, with 15 cannon and 300 prisoners.

Gen. Ord was wounded, and Brig.-Gen. Hiram Burnham, of Maine, killed, as they entered the fort; Kautz pursued the flying rebels to Richmond.

At the same time Gen. Birney (10th corps) advanced from Deep Bottom and carried New Market road entrenchments, scattering the enemy in every direction, his colored troops, Paine's division, 18th army corps, carrying the well defended heights amid an appalling fire. Birney then pushed on, carrying a second line, but at the junction of the New Market and Varina roads found formidable works. Birney prepared for a general assault, which was manfully made, but failed to carry them, though the men got so far that they had to wait till night to get back.

On the 30th, at 3 P. M., Grant having drawn Lee's attention to Richmond by the recent successful advance in that direction, pushed Warren forward, and that General, whose very name is success, with his own 5th and part of the 9th army corps, advanced towards Peplar Spring church, and carried the enemy's line on the extreme left, capturing a number of prisoners, but failed to storm the line at Peeble's farm.

At the same time Lee had, as we have remarked, left these lines almost unprotected, to mass his troops for an assault on the works taken by Ord and Birney. He made two assaults on three columns at 3 P. M., but was repulsed.

The panic in Richmond is terrible.

SHERIDAN'S ARMY.

Sheridan's motto is onward! After the victory at Fisher's hill he pushed on in pursuit, sending Torbert with his cavalry up the Luray valley. Had Torbert been able to reach the point aimed at he would have captured Early and all his host, but the rebel General saw his danger and sent Wickham to protect the point. Torbert defeated Wickham with loss, but the delay was all that Early needed to escape.

Sheridan pushed on, after being joined by Torbert near New Market, and on the 26th occupied Staunton and Waynesboro.

On the 29th he was pressing the remnant of Early's army at Brown's gap in the Blue Ridge, where the rebel General held a strong position, but Sheridan assures Gen. Grant that he is amply competent to carry out all his plans.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Little is doing at Charleston, but the blockade is so inefficient that two vessels a week at least run in and out.

GEORGIA.

The rebels are now using every effort to isolate Atlanta by attacking the line of railroad from Chattanooga.

Gov. Brown has recalled the Georgia militia from Hood's army. That defeated General is now entrenched on the West Point railroad.

Gen. Sherman has finally exchanged 2,000 of his own army, on his own terms, with Hood. The rebels have a very chivalrous way of sending us dying men, soldiers whose term of service has long expired or whom otherwise we cannot use, and receiving from us able-bodied men. Sherman required that for Hood's men he should get men of his own army fit for duty and whose term of service had not expired. There was of course a howl at Sherman's barbarity, but we are glad to see that he has carried his point.

ALABAMA—TENNESSEE.

Hood, at the last accounts, was marching into Alabama to join in the effort to dislodge us from that State.

Cols. Campbell and Jamison, with the 6th and 8th Indiana cavalry at Athens, were attacked by Forrest at the head of 8,000 men and 10 pieces of artillery, and after a fight of two hours forced to surrender on the 24th. Forrest murdered all negro soldiers.

The rebels also destroyed several miles of the Tennessee and Alabama railroad between Decatur and Athens.

On the 25th Forrest destroyed the Sulphur Spring trestle, and Col. Pace evacuated Elk Horn bridge immediately after.

Rousseau, standing firm in Forrest's front, at Pulaski, in force, compelled Forrest to retire with the loss of over 200 men.

Two trains were captured on the Chattanooga railroad at Big Shanty.

Forrest had reached Fayetteville with his whole force on his way to the Chattanooga railroad.

The rebels had destroyed all the bridges between Athens and Pulaski, a distance of 30 miles.

Beauregard is to command in Tennessee.

MISSOURI.

On the 24th Sept. Shelby occupied Fredericktown, 20 miles east of Pilot Knob, with 4,000 cavalry.

Price is also said to have entered Missouri with 30,000 men.

Gen. Rosecrans has called out the militia, and will do all that can be done with his means to drive Price out of the State, but it is sad to see the hero of Iuka and Stone river left without a regularly constituted army to hold a State so deeply tinctured with rebel feeling, and where the men seem to take oaths of allegiance as freely and with as hearty a chuckle as they do a glass of whiskey.

On the 27th Mineral Point was attacked by the rebels, who were repulsed. They, however, captured Potosi on that day.

Ewing was ordered to evacuate Pilot Knob, but found his communications cut.

The rebels, under Price, are pillaging and destroying everything. Franklin and Ironton are seriously menaced.

LOUISIANA.

Gen. Banks relinquished command of the department, Sept. 23, and came to New York. Maj.-Gen. Hurlbut succeeds him.

NAVAL.

The ex-rebel steamers Gaines and Selma have been silencing the rebel batteries near Mobile.

TOWN GOSSIP.

A FALL in gold! For the week this has been the all absorbing talk, the millenium of the hour. Gold, like some drunken thing, after staggering and reeling, came down with an awful crash, and brought with it loving friends, who had walked complacently on either side to support its tottering steps. With each staggering step made by the yellow god, the good people over the length and breadth of the land shouted with joy. What matter to them that speculators and brokers were financially crushed, that men went stark, staring mad over their ruin, there was to be cheaper bread and more butcher's meat for the limited amount of cash, winter clothing would come down and coal be mortally wounded.

The hope was realised, and, for the moment, shopkeepers, giving way to panic, made desperate attempts to force off their overstock by marking down the prices and offering them at something corresponding to the value of our currency. In many cases this was no doubt honestly done, but in the majority it was simply a ruse to induce extra purchases, or to galvanize trade under the moment of excitement. One large house upon Broadway, which shall be nameless, closed their doors upon the public, putting large placards in the window informing eager would-be purchasers that they would open that afternoon with the stock marked down. At the appointed time they did open to a rush of the fairer portion of creation, one of whom confidentially informs us that each piece of goods was furnished with a new label, on which a price, which was to be supposed as the old one, had been marked off and a new one, about 40 per cent. lower, had been written below. She says that the whole affair smelled rather suspicious, from the simple fact that within a week previous she had bought the identical marked down goods at a trifle less over that same counter. And of such material is a shopkeeper made.

To those dwelling in the country it is scarcely understandable the general joy that pervaded all classes on the announcement that gold had fallen over 20 per cent. in a single day. It was the universal topic in cars, stages and the streets. From the stage of one of our theatres it was announced to the audience and received with three hearty and enthusiastic cheers, and made the subject of many small impromptu speeches on street corners, hotels and public-houses.

In Wall street a fall such as we have noted is equal at once to a panic, and on the day when it comes off knots of men, from 5 to 50, can be seen everywhere eagerly talking and comparing notes. One lucky individual speculator happened, either by good fortune or by far-sightedness, to sell about $1,000,000, deliverable on a certain day of this week, at 220. He filled his contract when the article was at 186, clearing the handsome difference of 34 per cent., which, upon $1,000,000, is not a bad thing to take.

When will this patient, enduring donkey, New York city, throw its political riders and set to work kicking out the manifold nuisances and annoyances under which it continually suffers? We cannot help thinking this as we look on at the petty squabble now taking place between the Mayor and the Street Inspector in reference to the bone boiling and fat smelting nuisances of the city. These places are admitted on all hands to be in the highest degree detrimental to health and to life, and that it is imperatively necessary they should be driven from the city, and yet in the face of this they are suffered to remain day after day and month after month, simply in consequence of the small quarrels of two officials, for neither of whom the public cares ninepence. The City Inspector accuses the Mayor of wilfulness in not calling a meeting of the Board of Health, who alone have the power to abate nuisances, and the Mayor retorts by saying that he will not do so because the call would add to the emoluments of the City Inspector's office, and so the matter now stands, while the offence is rank and smells over the entire face of the city. Let these officials wait in their fancied strength until the hour of awaking comes, and our word for it the people will, of their own accord and in their own way, remove these nuisances, even though they have first to remove both Mayor and Street Inspector.

It seems strange that in the midst of all our excitements and tribulation, that at no time previous have places of public amusement been more patronised than the present. With several dozen of theatres and entertainments in full blast nightly, not one can complain of want of patronage, and it seems only necessary that a manager should throw open his doors and the public rush pell-mell to crowd his house.

The week, without offering anything of especial novelty, has nevertheless been one of great prosperity. The event has been the production at the Olympic of what the manager is pleased to term a literal dramatic version of Charles Dickens's "Martin Chuzzlewit," a literal version which we fail to see, though at the same time admitting the merit of the play. It is an adaptation by Mr. Fiske, the dramatic editor of the New York *Herald*, and may be more strictly called a series of tableaux than a play. It is put upon the stage in most excellent style as everything at the Olympic, and the make up of the characters is in the highest degree commendable. Mrs. Wood makes up for Bailey capitally, and the inexpressibles become her much. Mr. Davidge as old Martin Chuzzlewit adds another leaf to his laurel of old men characters, and earns the reputation of being the best actor in that line upon the American stage. Mr. Mortimer as Montague Tigg is admirable, and several of the company who have little to say and do say and do it with a reality that deserves high commendation. The piece is of that kind capable of achieving a success, and will, without doubt, have a run for several weeks.

Wallack's seems to go on in its old-fashioned sleepy way, and its audiences, as though possessed of a season ticket and bound to get the worth of it, crowd the house nightly, no matter what trash is offered for their entertainment or how badly it is acted. The present season at this house has been behind the age, and at present shows little chance of getting up with it. The day has gone by when the public can be put off with poor plays, badly acted, on the reputation of the house, and sooner or later the deliberately formed opinion of the people will tell to the downfall of those who trust too implicitly to the stupidity of their auditors.

Mr. Forrest is still at Niblo's, filling the house nightly to overflowing, and convincing his critics that if he has declined—as many of them assert—in his power as an actor, he has not declined in his power of drawing houses.

Mr. Oscanyan announces the resumption of his lectures on and illustrations of Turkish life, immensely improved from last season. Mr. Oscanyan has fitted himself out with full representatives from every grade of Turkish life, and will give us opportunities of beholding the Turk as he is at home, the Circassian beauty, the belle, the bride, the mother, the babe and the slave. These entertainments will be the feature of the season, and will do more to let us into inside life in Turkey than all the books that ever were written.

Heller announces a new sensation, but declines letting a curious public know what it is, simply informing them in a mysterious way that it is something that will throw all his former diablerie into the shade, and demonstrate clearly that he must have direct dealing with somebody with an unmentionable name.

This week inaugurates the Italian Opera, and we predict for it the most brilliant season ever known in New York. There has been no puffing of the artists in advance, and they are left to the cool dispassionate judgment of the public. What that judgment will be we are not yet prepared to say. We will take another week to think upon it, and in the meantime we can only commend the manager, who has well arranged everything connected with the house, and created a financial success for his season before it is begun.

Artemus Ward announces himself almost ready with his "wax figures," and figures of speech, to show up Brigham Young and all his family. In the second week of this month, Artemus opens at Dodworth Hall, when Salt Lake City will be turned inside out for public inspection.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Secretary Stanton has ordered that the wages of the sewing women in the employment of the Government shall be increased 20 per cent.

—— The number of persons who arrived in Quebec during the month of June last was 6,450, of whom 1,065 were from England, 928 from Ireland, 501 from Scotland, 1,204 from Germany, 2,322 from Norway, and the remaining 435 from Sweden and Belgium; 237 immigrants were provided with passages by charitable societies, and 6,218 immigrated at their own expense. 1,052 British and 3,125 foreign immigrants proceeded thence to the United States.

—— The anthracite coal tonnage of Pennsylvania is again heavy, reaching 257,660 tons, increasing the coal tonnage of the year to 7,547,169 tons, against 6,773,768 tons to corresponding time last year, being an increase of 678,601 tons. The trade, though active in the way of production and shipment to market, is a little dull in the way of sales, and prices are weak.

—— On Tuesday, Sept. 27, a large ratification meeting of the supporters of Mr. Lincoln was held at the Cooper Institute and around the building. W. O. Noyes was called to the chair. Speeches were made by Montgomery Blair, Deming, McKean and other prominent Republican politicians. The whole affair was wound up outside with fireworks and cheers.

—— The fluctuations in gold have been remarkable. The near approach of the downfall of the rebellion, chiefly through the victories of Sherman and Sheridan and the prudent attitude of Grant, convince speculators that the time is coming when the necessaries of life must be brought nearer to their peace standard. The best way to accelerate such a result is to economise. It is computed there are over 150 large drygoods firms about to close up their business. This will throw an enormous quantity of goods into the market, and bring down their prices.

—— In Portland, Maine, volunteering is quite brisk. The city gives, including State bounties, $1,000 for three years' men; $700 for two; and $400 for one year men.

—— The immigration at New York, during the month of August last reached the extraordinary figure of 22,417 souls, being an increase of 6,920 over the corresponding month last year. The Germans exceed the Irish, there being nearly 9,000 of the former and nearly 8,000 of the latter.

—— The total subscriptions to the 7-30's, to Sept. 17, is over $35,000,000; and the total subscription to the 10-40 loan $114,000,000.

Southern.—We have been loth to believe all the charges of inhumanity made against the rebels, but when we read in their journals such fiendish sentiments as are expressed in the following paragraph from the Meridian (Ga.) *Daily Clarion*, of Aug. 25, we can no longer refuse to believe them capable of any barbarity: "During one of the intensely hot days of last week more than 300 sick and wounded Yankees died at Andersonville. We thank heaven for such blessings."

—— The rebel papers all express the utmost faith that Beauregard will check the victorious course of Gen. Sherman in Georgia.

Military.—The Washington *Republican* says: "On Thursday, Sept. 15, a portion of the 13th New York cavalry started from their quarters, at Falls Church, on a scout, with three days' rations. After scouting for six days, living on the enemy's country, they heard of Mosby's whereabouts. The commanding officer of the 13th caused a number of his men to disguise themselves as guerillas. This party came up with Mosby, who was entirely taken in by the ruse, near Centreville. They advanced leisurely towards him, and when within firing distance commenced discharging their revolvers. Mosby and his party returned the fire. As Mosby was in the act of raising his pistol to fire, —— Smith, a private of the 13th, took deliberate aim and struck the pistol on Mosby's left side, the ball gliding off and entering his groin. At the same instant he dropped his arms, wheeled his horse and galloped away. He was able to ride about a mile, but, becoming weakened by loss of blood, he concealed himself and party in one of his numerous lurking places until out of danger, and then was placed in an ambulance and sent to Richmond."

—— Gen. Beauregard has accepted the command of the rebel army of Tennessee.

—— Maj.-Gen. Banks and staff arrived in New York on the 30th of Sept.

—— Capt. Charles S. Bulkley, who has been for the past two years in the Department of the Gulf, superintending the construction of the military telegraph, will leave to-day for the West, to enter upon his duties as superintendent of the great overland telegraph around the world. The part of the line that he is to construct extends from Columbia river, in Oregon, to the mouth of the Amoor, in Asia, embracing the line across Behring Straits, a distance of more than 6,000 miles.

—— Gen. Grover, of Maine, in a letter to a friend, says: "In the recent battle at Jonesboro every Colonel in my division was killed or wounded." Gen. Grover commands a division in Sheridan's army.

Naval.—The London correspondent of the New York *Herald* writes as follows: "Admiral Farragut's performance in going himself into the maintop and dashing right by the forts, giving them broadside after broadside, excites intense admiration. An English army officer remarked to me that it called up the days of the heroes and demigods of ancient Greece. 'No such nautical exploit,' said he, 'has been seen in our day. Nelson was shot by a man in the roundtop of the enemy's ship, while Farragut put himself in the roundtop to be shot at. So long as you have such stuff among you, we shall never be ashamed.'"

Personal.—Mr. Fiske is the dramatist of "Martin Chuzzlewit," now performing at the Olympic.

—— Ex-Postmaster Blair, despite his summary ejectment from the Cabinet, is making stump speeches for Mr. Lincoln.

—— Vallandigham, while condemning McClellan's repudiating the Chicago platform, announced in a speech made at Sidney, Ohio, that he should support him.

—— The Griffin *Rebel* (Ga.) gives the following graphic account of Gen. Early: "Old Jubal Early, or as Gen. Lee calls him, his 'bad old man,' has won a name during his sojourn in the valley of Virginia of which he is well worthy. Did you ever see him? If not, you have missed one of the greatest curiosities of the war. He is a man of considerable corpulence, with a full face which has the appearance of the full moon when it is at its height in redness. He is about six feet high, and of immense structure. His voice sounds like a cracked Chinese fiddle, and comes from his mouth somewhat in the style of the Hardshell Baptist, with a long drawl, accompanied with an interpolation of oaths. In winter his head is encased in a net striped woollen skull cap drawn about his ears, while his body is contained within the embraces of a Virginia cloth overcoat, striking his heels. His legs are covered by leggings of the same material, wrapped from the feet upwards as high as the knees with white tape. He is brave as he is homely, and as homely as any man you ever saw, except Parson Brownlow, who is said to rival his Satanic Majesty in personal appearance. There are many incidents related of Old Jubal, but I cannot at present call to memory but one. During the battles in the Wilderness on one occasion a regiment from South Carolina was ordered to charge the enemy. For some reason they faltered. Old Jubal, hearing of it, rode up to the head of the column, and in that peculiarity of tone for which he was noted, cried out: 'Blast you, you got us into this d——d scrape, and by G— you shall help us out.' The regiment was so cut by the remark that they rushed upon the foe, driving him from every position."

—— The Sandusky *Register* says: "John Brown, a son of the great Ossawatomie Brown, of Harper's Ferry fame, lives on Put-in-bay island, where he is engaged in the grape culture. Being among the first of the patriots of the island to discover the rebel conspiracy to release the rebel prisoners on Johnson's island, he at once manned a boat, armed the crew to the teeth, and set sail by a roundabout way for Ottawa City—in order to avoid falling in with the pirates—to give information to the commander of the post of Johnson's island of the seizure of the Philo Parsons. He arrived at Ottawa City about dark, and from there footed along the shore to Fox's Dock, arriving about daylight the next morning."

—— Dan Rice, the circus man, is candidate for State Senator in one of the districts of Pennsylvania. His wife, who is separated from him, is now Mrs. Dan Drew, and manages the animals. The *News* says if Dan can manage the brutes in Congress as well as he did those in his caravan, he will be the right man in the right place.

—— The heir to Victor Emmanuel's crown, Prince Umberto, is only 20, but looks older. He is very like his father. His face is bronzed by exposure to wind and weather, and his whole appearance savors far more of the "warrior grim" than of the "carpet knight so trim." His features are irregular, but there is something frank, open and manly in his countenance that is likely to make him popular among a military people.

Obituary.—From Florence is announced the death of Baron d'Hantecourt, a graceful writer, who has published several excellent novels. He was drowned while bathing in the Arno.

—— James Seymour, the facetious comedian, of Niblo's Garden, died suddenly in this city on the 20th of Sept. Mr. Seymour was much beloved by those in the profession, many of whom were present at the obsequies of the deceased. He had performed his part in the "Duke's Motto," the Saturday previous to his demise.

—— Frederick Buckley, one of the Buckley Minstrels, died in Boston on the 21st Sept., aged 32. He was a very fine musician. His wife was formerly Fanny Brown, the actress, but he was separated from her some time ago, and she recently sailed for California on a professional tour.

— Cardinal Sevelli, the Corsican, died in Rome on the 30th of August. He was formerly Governor of Rome. He was promoted to the purple in 1853 by the present Pope.

— The Princess of Poligna died in Paris on the 15th Sept. She was the wife of the celebrated Prime Minister of Charles X. She was an Englishwoman by birth.

— The Duke of Cleveland died at Raby Castle, Sept. 15th, and was only succeeded to the title on January last. He is better known in the country as Lord William Fowlett, the great sportsman.

— On the same day, and in the same house in this city, died Joseph Lyon, after a long and painful illness of nearly three years, with extraordinary patience. He was a native of New Jersey, but had resided in New York for the last 30 years, where his unassuming virtues had made him many friends. He was a man of humane life, and was highly regarded by a large circle of friends. He leaves a family to mourn his loss; one of them a daughter in the Sisters of Charity.

— Count Moritz Dietrichstein has lately died in his 90th year. He was a native of Vienna, and has been head of the Austrian imperial theatres and opera houses. In his younger days he was a music pupil of the Abbé Vogler, the master of Meyerbeer and Von Weber.

Accidents and Offences.—A lad named Benjamin Gilbert, aged nine, employed in a law office among Dennett & Co., 98 Broadway, was shot on the premises at No. 55 Broadway, on the 16th inst., by another lad named Clinton Harring. The ball entered his temple, but never by any chance a wound of a serious nature that he died soon after at the New York Hospital. Wilcoxen Harring, the parents in formal relation to Harrington, Harring was arrested by officer Seaman, of the Broadway police, and locked up in the Tombs to await the inquest. Harring is about 14 years of age. Gilbert, the lad who was killed, he stated that he did not know that the pistol was loaded when he pointed it towards Gilbert.

— On Saturday, the 10th Sept., says the Indiana (Penn.) American, an engine of the Pennsylvania Railroad, while being supplied with fuel and water, took wheels and ran away. It got loose from the supervisory to hitting a train West, got loose from the engine and ran off by itself for a while, smashing and panting as if giving challenge for a race. Engineer Blair, of the Express train of the last time, overtook at once on the north track in pursuit of the flying engine, being a short mile, outgot from the cars the runaway at Alexandria, and, running alongside, the engineer stepped on board and reversed the engine. The precaution was taken, to telegraph to White Hill, and have the switch turned, so as to have the wild train in case she reached that point.

— An outrageous attempt at robbery occurred at the house of Mr. Henry Strauss, in Woodcock township, Crawford county, on Saturday evening, Sept. 3, which is worth a brief notice. A man came to the door, which was answered by Mrs. S., who, upon opening it, was seized by two men, who attempted to gag her. They had even brought her husband to the door, who was knocked down and severely and painfully injured. A chance was then made for money, and a search was being undertaken, when the coming of a wagon caused the villains to beat a hasty retreat. Mr. Strauss is about 80 years of age, being one of the oldest and most worthy citizens in that community.

— The most startling and perhaps the largest robbery that ever occurred in Illinois was committed at Sterling, Whiteside county, Illinois, August 31. On Saturday of Mr. Gault's bank, was entered on Saturday night, and $40,000 taken from his safe, about $20,000 of which was in gold, and the rest in legal-tender currency, and the balance in United States bonds. The amount of money in the time in quarterly payments, being about one-fourth of the amount taken, the balance being Mr. Gault's private funds, including many valuable papers.

— A 25 years old, David Greichly, has been arrested at Lancaster, Penn., for charging a switch on a railroad track, which caused the passenger train to be ditched, and had he did it "for devilry."

— The Grand Jury of Orange county, in session last week at Newburg, found bills of indictment against Dr. Boyd, the examining surgeon in the Provost Marshal's headquarters, for the branding of Rebel soldiers with the Thomas Andrew, recruits for the army. The sufferers also prepare to appear before the Grand Jury as a party to the recovery of damages.

— In a political fight between Republican and Democratic parties, in which firearms were freely used by both parties, at Cincinnati, on Saturday evening, Sept. 24, a black man was shot and instantly killed.

— Ten buildings, with their contents—dry goods, drugs, shoes, hats, caps, trees, hats, &c., &c., &c., were destroyed by fire at Woodstock, Canada, on the 20th Sept., $50,000.

— There was a frightful accident on the railroad between Atchison and Leavenworth, Kansas, on the 30th ult. By the collision of one of the forward cars, and two of the passenger cars were injured, three of them severely.

Art, Science and Literature.—"Martin's Central View," a large and interesting picture promises to be one of the greatest efforts of modern chromo-lithography that has yet been put on the market, as it is the most accurate in design and coloring, ever issued in this country. A representation of New York's greatest achievement—the Central Park, it will doubtless have an unprecedented sale. The picture will be on exhibition at the Messrs. Appleton's, in Broadway, on and after October 1st. The publication has the recommend books will be opened. As this immense picture can only be issued by subscription, those who, from the earlier proof impressions, should not delay, either in leaving their names at the Messrs. Appleton's, or at the office of the Central Park Publishing Company, 720 Broadway.

— Theodore Hagen, 2 Mercer street, has published a collection of the most beautiful and select Operatic Natural airs, Quadrilles, Waltzes, &c., &c., beautifully arranged without echoes. This is a most charming Parlor Companion, and will be highly pleasant to the gratifying beautiful airs it attaches them to the instrument.

Foreign.—The salt sea in Spain has taken to bullfighting. The Duke of Morella has given orders to maintain a professional bull-fighter for the town. The "bread and the bread" here must perhaps confine.

— Rear-Admiral Liovoid and the officers of the Russian fleet now in American waters last year, made a formal visit to the American Minister in St. Petersburgh on the 1st inst., when addresses, handsomely framed, arranged without echoes. This is a most charming Parlor Companion, and will be highly pleasant to the gratifying beautiful airs it attaches them to the instrument.

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— Mr. Bensley lately made a speech at the Consular Conference in Paris, in which he said that everybody hearers that Napoleon III. was the founder of liberty in France, that the political influence of England was not adopted for France, as authority and liberty could not likely be confided to a class, and that neither the liberty of the press could be a benefit. "as new, vigorous and unexhausted people must arise to replace minds enervated by revolutions."

— A letter from Vienna announces the betrothal of the Princess Mathilde, the only daughter of Jerome, the King of Saxony, to the Duke Charles Theodore, the brother of the Empress Elizabeth of Austria.

— Navarez, the new premier of Spain, proposes to pursue a conciliatory policy at home and abroad.

Chit-Chat.—*The Dublin University Magazine* has an article touching ladies how to make their own dinnerets.

— Opium taking is becoming very common with the ladies of England. One man recently stated that his wife has consumed a ton of it since their marriage, ten years before.

— Prince Alfred has been proposed as the King of the Canadas. The Irish would like to have him as perpetual viceroy.

— A classical and pastoral correspondent sends us the following: "Let the rabble sing their 'Jubal Early,' we will sing Jubilate." On the same topic a contemporary says that "this is the year of Jubal E."

— The whole of the Queen of England's journey from Windsor to Balmoral (580½ miles) was finished within one minute from the appointed time, namely, in 19 hours and 46 minutes.

— A cross-action in Paris commences his puff with these words: "All the world has come; the fairest, boldest, the ugliest, the handsomest, the richest, the poor, the ugly and you, ladies and gentlemen, need not think to escape me." Ugly, indeed, to be sure.

— The *Official Diario*, of Rome, recommends those who are afflicted with gout to pray to St. Tophimus, a martyr of Cappadocia, who was put to torture by a lawyer to bear that they go to such a place.

— A sale of the necessary of $200,000 per acre, or $500 per foot frontage, took place in London, lately, when very large houses in Old Broad street were disposed of.

— There is a fine art exhibition at Antwerp at present containing 1,400 pictures, by 1,400 artists, and among them works of living artists of all nations, except Americans.

— In a late number of the London *Times*, a novel advertisement appears, which is very touching, reminding thus: "Friends will kindly accept this announcement of her removal."

— It is said that the Municipality of Paris proposes to build, to the neighborhood of the Hotel des Invalides, 12 large mansions, to be let annually to Generals, Marshals and admirals.

— The Emperor Maximilian of Mexico represents the "imperial power" sitting on the prickly pear of Mexico. If the imperial power should be the Empress, it would be a cactus, and not a prickly pear, and cannot be a pleasant one for his majesty.

THE LATTICE AT SUNRISE.

As on my bed at dawn I mused and prayed,
I saw my father's face, and heard him say,
The flaunting leaves and fidgting birds withal—
A sunny phantom interlaced with shade;
Two months he is dead—I see him as I said,
What sweeter aid my matins could befall
Than this fair glory from the East hath made?
What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of all,
To bid me feel and see! my soul is free
To say we see not, for the glory comes
Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea;
And Sunday speeds the week, and Sunday quells
And, at prime hour, behold! He follows me
With golden shadows to my secret room!"

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS.

"You seem very happy, dear Annie, always happy. I never saw yet any one who seemed more happy than you, and—"

"Oh! oh! Emily," replied Mrs. Danton, laughing. "In those words you have but twice used the verb to seem, and you look so inquisitive. Do you wish to be a little more enlightened about yourself, like the countryman in quarter of a hour? Happily, Harry is not here to see the cadence which I discover in the eyes of his betrothed; he would think that I was jealous of the soul of fear instead of joy at the eve of your nuptials."

"Done laugh at me, Annie, but speak to me as you used to do formerly. I have not a friend, sister or brother except, I have serious misgivings, I see so few married people really happy, happy as I wish to be. Never seem to approach nearer than my own heart, and I find only fissures. Now, have you never any little—quarrels?"

"No, no more now. We had one, and I believe that it made happy for a month to come, ha! ha!"

"Tell me of it, Annie, will you?"

"Yes, if you wish it; maybe it will be useful to you."

I was a very romantic young girl, so you know it, Emily; I had some friends whom I loved dearly, but that love did not satisfy me; my heart was yearning for something more, and I could not say what till the day I loved my husband. During the first months of our marriage I often asked myself if I was happy. "Yes," I said, "but I hoped to find it in? Am I as happy as I expected to be?" and my heart always replied: "Yes, and even more happy."

The romance of marriage, if I may express myself so, lasted a long time for me; as for me, I felt a most intense satisfaction when we were alone, when I was to walk about with him, and happy hours of the day were those we spent alone, reading and chatting. When slightly put out, I could not be at peace till I had made it up in the company of my husband. I feared above all to remain stupidly silent when with him, or to have nothing to speak of, like the wife of the old butcher's bill. I tried to recollect all the pretty things I had read, heard or thought, to repeat them to him, and when I had exhausted my stock, exhausted, we both had one hobby to ride; and so, when we were silent, it was never because we had nothing to say, but because we felt the need for short two years. I was very happy. I believe that people who saw us then must have wondered often to see us so long pleased with one another.

I put that down to the fact of our youth. We used to board, and I had nothing to take care of. My husband's love was a sovereign panacea for me in the daily worries, which are the lot of the maiden of our greatest happiness. But it could not last for ever. His business took more of his time, and at last I had a home of my own, and a child to look after. It was then that, for the first time, our mutual patience was tried. All then we find devoted ourselves to one another; henceforth the cares of life often took the whole of our energies. I was the first to perceive the change. It seemed to me that a dark cloud was hovering over me. Sometimes I gave myself up to sadness, thinking that my husband did not love me so well as before. Now, that I look into the past, I am convinced that it was my tired nerves. These hours of sadness diminished my courage, and it was an injustice of what I ought not to have been guilty towards my husband. However, my mind retained from them a kind of dolorous impression, and I felt as if I had been the victim of a serious grievance.

For some time my heart had been bleeding from that wound. I kept all my little grievances to myself, I was too much ashamed, and at the same time too proud, to speak of them. That was my second error.

There can be no happiness in marriage without the greatest mutual confidence. The weather changed and dumps, dumps, dumps! I put in up in a most irritable mood. I had caught a cold, had a dreadful headache, and my child had disturbed me all night. I got up, each one was in an ignorant country woman, and that morning, she served us one of her worst breakfasts. The steak was burnt, the eggs as hard as a cannon-ball, the bread half baked, and the coffee, our greatest relish, execrable.

My husband endured everything till the coffee came, but that coffee put an end to his patience. He upset his cup, and said, half angrily:

"I wish, Annie, that we could have once some good coffee. Why is it never here as at—mother's?"

This was for me the drop in the already filled cup, and my bitterness overflowed.

"You never find anything nice here," said I; and I shudder it at the sound of my own voice. "You would do better to stay at your mother's if you are not satisfied here, or else give me servants who know their business. I cannot do all—take care of the child the whole night, and then cook the breakfast."

"I did not know I was so unreasonable," replied he, in a cooled manner.

He remained a few minutes longer without touching his breakfast, took his hat and went out.

When I heard him shut the door after him all my firmness gave way. I shut myself up in my room, sat on a chair, and began to cry like a very child.

It was the first time I had answered him so. It seemed to me that something frightful was going to happen, and because my husband was so excited, that I actually went round my room wringing my hands.

All is finished between us, thought I; we shall have no more happiness in this world. A heavy shroud covered me from head to foot—the future was all darkness and desolation. In my misery I attempted to pray, but the throwing the whole blame on my husband. "Why should she speak ill to me?" cried I. Could he not see that I was suffering? Could he not divine anything? He pays more wickedness in him. It is evident that he cares no more for me—and then always throwing in my face the example of those people so agreeable, when he knows that I do my best to please him. Oh! it was pure wickedness!

I was beside myself with grief. Just at that moment my child began to cry, and I was obliged to run to him before being able to go through the whole of my doleful litany, but I had gone far enough to find out where I was in the wrong. I began to grow calm at the thought that my husband alone was to be blamed. I was very sorry to have spoken to him so harshly, but I thought that he too ought to be sorry.

Before my child had ceased crying I had taken the first step, and the reconciliation—a tender kiss, too, should show any. I washed off the traces of my tears, dressed with the most particular care, and was all ready to go down to receive—and to let her to pay great attention to the dinner. When doing so I really considered myself to be a victim. I awaited the humble and repent of his injustice, by giving him (as a kind of reproach) as good a dinner as at his mother's: and in order to increase his remorse, I made, with my own hands, a pot of excellent coffee.

One o'clock at last. The door opened, and I heard my husband's step in the hall. He was coming up to me. He stopped on the staircase, without showing the least vestige of the morning's tempest. He threw around him a glance of satisfaction. "Very good dinner, Annie," said he. "I am happy that you find it so," replied I, with the air of a martyr. "This roast is delicious, Annie," he added, this your work?" In short, he was so pleased with that dinner (which I intended as a reproach to him) that he did not even perceive my displeasure. I was at once angry with him and I was glad. I took the proffered peace, my lips to answer him. After the dessert I gave him me coffee. He was quite surprised.

"Why, Annie," said he, "you have made that coffee, my little fairy, to show me what you can do."

I could not proceed it, but without suspecting the intention. My first impulse was to ask him openly openly. "Is it so good as your mother's." Then I thought that I should be ashamed of the sudden anger he would have understood all, and we would have made peace at once. But I was ashamed. I remained silent, and my sudden good-humor immediately slipped away, and my good angel took flight. Pride remained master. I began even to be annoyed to see him enjoy my revenge and forget so quickly that so much he had given me. Having a good deal of business to transact, he did not remain as long as usual; but when he left me I felt more irritated against him than before dinner. I went back to my child, thinking all the time of what I ought to do.

The night was asleep, the rain was pattering against the window, the wind was blowing furiously, and the world seemed to me as black and dreary as the night. I was overcome with the shadows, and now that the excitement was over, and that I felt the reaction, I asked myself what advantage I had gained over my self. I had blamed my husband and not seen that we ought to have made peace. I reproached him with heartlessness.

"Formerly," thought I, "he would have noticed the least alteration in my voice, the thinnest cloud on my goodhumor; now I can be really angry with him, without his being aware of it."

The afternoon seemed to me to have no end. I was excited and feverish. I tried everything in succession; I could sit down to nothing. I went down to see a garden deal farther from the right path than I was at dinnertime. I sat down alone and peevish. My husband tried several times to begin a conversation, but in vain.

"Annie," said he at last, with great kindness, "you are not well to-day."

"Not quite," replied I, with a sigh.

"What ails you?"

"My head aches; the child kept me awake nearly the whole of the night."

It was the truth, but only part of the truth. I felt guilty to utter. He advised me to lie down on the sofa, and offered to send for me. I felt how kind it was of him—it was the good old thing. Although the new time had lasted but one day, it seemed to me endless. But I wanted something else. I wished for a clear explanation, and I wanted to allow him to jump over it; I reproached him with the downfall come to the afternoon, till he should see and feel that after such a misunderstanding I could not receive my former happiness without experience repentance and forgiveness. So I declined the sofa and the reading, saying it was necessary I should go to bed. I let him offer me his arm to lead me with a good fire, just as when he was still unmarried. I went upstairs, laid down and cried myself to sleep. You laugh, Emily; you think that I was mad. You are right. Nor I believe so myself.

"And how did it all finish?"

I walked one week, becoming every day more silent and more unhappy. Then, one day, I could no take my child and cry over him, as if my husband were dead, as if I had but that child in this world. I was unhappy I was sad. And my sadness did something to my burden; every time I saw my husband I found something new to blame him for. Now he was idle and I thought he was not fond enough; one time he talked too much, another time not enough. He bore my ill-temper most patiently, and I believe that he was trying in his own sense to tell me that he had eight days' leave of absence; had hired a carriage, and that I was to pack up quickly, for we should be away in an hour. We were going to my mother's for a week.

"It is better to pay travelling expenses than doctor's bills, my love," said he. "I will not have you to pass another night as the last few days. We shall send old Bridget away, and then no one leave care behind and enjoy ourselves."

I was touched to the heart, and I felt inclined to throw myself on his neck and to cry all my tears, when remembering my odious conduct, but I restrained myself and kept still.

I packed up as quickly as I could. Before having half done, I took the resolution to tell him all, to humble myself, to ask his pardon, and at a time intense weight was taken from my heart. I was as light as a feather. My face, the sound of my voice, all was altered. I knew it, and he saw it also, and he was happy.

"Well, Annie," said he, "I really believe that the mere idea of travelling has cured you; we may stay at home after all."

Such is my story, Emily; the remainder would not be interesting to you.

"No, no, you do not deprive me of the best part of it. Tell me how you made peace."

We got in the carriage, and went on gaily till the child began to feel sleepy. Then my heart was very splendid. Nature was wrapped in silence and quietness, and I envied that quietness. Tears of repentance and love rose to my eyes, and they fell on the child before I knew it. My husband perceived them.

"What I Annie," said he, with the greatest surprise; "are you unhappy?"

"I am so sorry," sobbed I.

"Sorry! and for what, my darling; are you not happy? Are you not with your husband?"

"I am so sorry to have been so wicked the whole week."

"What do you mean?" said he, more and more astonished.

"How should you not know?" and I began by the beginning, and told him the whole story how I had forgotten myself, and answered him harshly when he had told me that his coffee was good, and that I was jealous of his mother's; how that had annoyed me; how he had forgotten it, and had not fallen on his knees, asking for forgiveness; how I had thought of it the night before; how I had thought poisoned my heart and spoiled all my enjoyments; how many tears I had shed when alone, thinking that all was over between us for ever; how I could not love one another as we did love before. He listened to me without saying a word, and then broke in a most tender voice:

"I want to know, Annie," said he, "if that is the only complaint you have been suffering from the whole week? Certainly—"

He stopped the horse, to make him turn back.

"What are you going to do?" I asked.

"To go back, for I think he did not complaint."

I laughed so heartily as himself, for now, that my sin was confessed, I felt very happy. But I pulled at the rein, and made him proceed on the whip, and he started briskly in the direction of my mother's house.

Then we took the resolution never to allow the sun to set on our little misunderstandings, so that we should always be in due peace, if not with the whole world, at least with one another.

We have faithfully kept our agreement. I have never spent another miserable week as the one I have related to you, and I know that I shall never see such a one again.

I hope, Emily, that you will find with Harry the happiness I enjoy with my husband. The best thing for you to do, is that your first quarrel will also be the last one.

ON THE RESTORATION OF FLOWERS.—M. Cabonne, in a note to the French Academy of science, says that when the green parts of plants, under the influence of light, absorb carbonic acid, assimilate, the carbon, and give out oxygen, the colored parts, on the contrary, under the same circumstances, absorb oxygen, and give out carbonic acid. The increase of carbonic acid evolved seemed to increase as the temperature rose, and a growing flower gave out more than a fully blown one.



SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN—BATTLE OF FISHER'S HILL, SEPT. 23—CHARGE OF CROOK'S CORPS ON THE RIGHT.—Sketched by our Special Artist, J. E. Taylor.



SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN—BATTLE OF FISHER'S HILL, SEPT. 23.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist, J. E. Taylor.

THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER,

September 19.

At five o'clock on Monday morning Wilson's cavalry division pushed up the Berryville pike, crossed the Opequan, and, moving up towards Winchester, encountered the rebel skirmishers, whom they speedily drove back into the field works erected to defend the ford. The entire division then charged the works, and actually carried them at the point of the sabre, capturing some 30 or 40 prisoners, and thus securing an undisputed passage of the Opequan for our infantry.

Immediately after the capture of the lunettes commanding the ford, the 6th corps (Gen. Wright) moved forward, and pushing up the pike towards Winchester some two miles, formed line of battle, throwing out a heavy line of skirmishers, the artillery attached to the corps at the same time taking up position and vigorously shelling the works in which the enemy had taken shelter.

Owing to different manœuvres and connections, it was fully noon before the advance was sounded, and during this time the enemy's lines had been greatly strengthened, and were formed in a belt of heavy woods skirting the Berryville pike. All this time portions of their artillery kept up a brisk fire, without inflicting any serious loss on our part. When at last everything was ready, the two corps moved slowly but steadily forward. The first line of battle had advanced but a few hundred yards when they received a heavy volley from the enemy, and soon became hotly engaged with the rebels, then some 600 yards distant. Our batteries simultaneously opened a searching fire, pitching shell and shot into the woods spoken of before with great rapidity, and harrassing the rear columns of the enemy and embarrassing the movements of reinforcements, which could be seen moving up.

At this time Gen. Sheridan rode along the lines, and was received with great enthusiasm by the men, and his presence seemed to animate them with renewed determination.

Our troops continuing to move forward, despite the murderous fire of the enemy, they succeeded in getting within 200 yards of the rebel lines, when a furious cannonade broke out from some batteries hitherto concealed, and by their repeated discharges of grape and canister mowed down large numbers of our men. So heavy and destructive was the fire from these batteries that our advanced line was compelled to fall back, thus temporarily deranging the formation of the second and third lines of battle. The order was quickly given for the men to lie down, in order to avoid the effects of the showers of grape that were ploughing through their ranks.

Our artillery was then rapidly brought up and given commanding positions, from which they soon commenced a withering cannonading of the enemy's advanced position, under the protection of which our lines now reformed, again advanced, and after a desperate resistance on the part of the rebels, the enemy were compelled to fall back, and we once more gained the position we had lost. After this achievement the 6th and 19th corps were ordered to lie down in the lines of battle as they then were, in order to await the arrival of Gen. Crook's 8th corps, which was up to this time lying in reserve on the eastern bank of the Opequan creek. Gen. Crook was ordered to take up a position on the right of the 19th corps, with a view to check an expected attempt of the enemy to turn our right flank, who could be seen massing his troops on his left for that purpose. It was nearly three o'clock when Crook formed his line on our right, his second line being in rear of and supporting the 19th corps.

Gen. Torbert, at this juncture, came up very opportunely, bringing with him both Averill's and Merritt's divisions of the cavalry. They had been fighting all day along the Opequan, after crossing that stream at Burn's and Knox's ford, meeting with strong bodies of the enemy, and succeeded in successively and steadily driving everything before them.

Gen. Sheridan now gave the signal for the grand and final charge that brought victory to our arms. Our line, now over three miles long, advanced with long-continued and hearty cheers. The charge was made with a headlong impetuosity impossible to resist.

As our lines pushed on, and drew nearer and nearer to the enemy's position, the battle raged still more fierce, and with a fury impossible to describe. At every volley men could be seen dropping in every direction, and frequently the opposing lines could not have been many hundred yards apart.

As we stood anxiously awaiting the result, the bugles of the cavalry rang out "the charge," and thus began the closing event of the day. Moving out with the rapidity of an avalanche, our gallant knights of the sabre swept on, and thus aiding our infantry by adding their own resistless weight in the furious onslaught then being made upon the enemy's position, succeeded in gaining the splendid victory. This last manœuvre was too much for the rebels, and they were forced to fall back, but still compelled to break before our continued and determined efforts. The cavalry claim to have captured nine of the battle-flags and two pieces of artillery.

Gens. Custer and Merritt were conspicuous for the daring manner in which they led their commands into the charge. Gen. D. A. Russell, commanding the 1st division, was, as usual with that gallant and fearless officer, foremost in the fight, and was killed instantly by a cannon ball while urging on his command.

The shattered and utterly demoralized divisions that go to make up Gen. Early's command now fled in utter rout and confusion, throwing away in their panic their guns and equipments, and whatever they happened to have on their persons. They started in all directions, pushing for the mountains and Winchester, others doggedly giving themselves up as prisoners. Large numbers of the enemy were captured by our forces during this disastrous retreat, and by this means swelled the heavy list of prisoners already in our hands.

As the head of our column reached Winchester, the Union residents, consisting, of course, mostly of ladies, came out joyously and greeted our victorious soldiers with glad smiles and words of warm welcome for the defenders of that flag which they now so triumphantly waved over their heads.

Early's loss was nearly 10,000 in killed, wounded and prisoners, including Gens. Rhode and Gordon killed.

The loss of the gallant old General, D. A. Russell, was our most severe blow.

Our sketches of this signal victory show the operations of the 8th corps on the right and the 6th (Wright's) on the left.

In the foreground of the former are Crook's veterans, advancing to attack the forts on the right, which commanded Winchester, and which they took so gallantly by the aid of Averill's horse. Our men, it will be perceived, charged under the fire of these forts as well as of the fire of the rebels posted behind the broken stone wall and rail fence on the left, behind which may be seen the distant summit of Strasburg mountain, and nearer us the city of Winchester, the former soon like the latter to see Early disastrously defeated.

In the sketch of Wright's corps may be seen our left advancing to drive the rebels into the fort and woods, and then, in spite of their artillery covering the Winchester pike, out again to the west in full retreat.

Nor was this the only fighting. Our centre nobly did its share, driving the rebels from the woods to the right of our second sketch, and when they regained it forcing them again into the deadly grasp of Crook, literally filling the woods with dead.

"I have turned many a woman's head," boasted a young nobleman of France.

"Yes," replied Talleyrand, "away from you."

"Jane, what letter in the alphabet do you like best?"

"Well, I don't like to say, Mr. Snobbs."

"Pooh, nonsense! say right out. Which do you like the best?"

"Well," dropping her eyes, "I like U best."

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

At a recent examination of a farmer, on his sister entering the box to be questioned, the following conversation took place between her and the opposing agent:

"How old are you?" said the lawyer.

"Oh, weel, sir, I am unmarried, and I dinna think it right to answer that question."

"Oh, yes, inform the gentleman how old you are," said the judge.

"Weel, a weel, I am fifty."

"Are you not more?"

"Weel, I am sixty."

The inquisitive lawyer still further asked if she had any hope of getting married; to which Miss Jane replied:

"Weel, sir, I winna surely tell a lie; I hinna lost hope yet." And she scornfully added, "But widna marry you, for I'm sick and tired o' your palaver already."

Speaking of a New York paper, a contemporary says: "Too religious to commit suicide, it has doubled its price, and seeks a natural mode of exit to the other world."

If a pretty woman asks you what you will bet, answer that you will lay your head to hers.

Our griefs are no doubt deeply interesting to ourselves; they are great bores to our friends.

"Did you know I was here?" said the bellows to the fire.

"Oh, yes, I always contrive to get wind of you," was the reply.

Mr. Noggs, speaking of a blind wood-sawyer, says: "While none ever saw him see, thousands have seen him saw."

"Julius, whar did you get dat coat?"

"Down here to Push's."

"Whar's dat?"

"Little ways down in Brattle street, whar it says 'Push' on the door. I pulled dis coat and run out."

THE WOODMAN'S ANSWER.

Air—"*Woodman, Spare that Tree.*"

You bid me "spare that tree,"
Nor "touch a single bough,"
But then, sir, don't you see,
I'm out of wood just now.

You say "your father's hand"
Had "placed it on that spot,"
But now I own the land,
Because I bought the lot.

'Tis beautiful no doubt,
But than it's in the way,
And I will have it out,
For beauty does not pay.

If I should "let it stand,"
A fool I'd surely be,
For there's at least a cord
Of firewood in that tree.

An Enterprising Agent.—An enterprising travelling agent for a well-known Cleveland tombstone manufactory, recently made a visit to a small town in a neighboring county. Hearing in the village that a man in a remote part of the township had lost his wife, he thought he would go and see him, and offer him consolation and a gravestone, on his usual reasonable terms. He started; the road was a horrible, frightful one, but the agent persevered, and arrived at the poor man's house. The bereaved man's hired girl told the agent that the bereaved man was splitting fence rails over in the pasture, about two miles. The indefatigable agent mounted his horse and started for the pasture. After falling into all manner of mud holes, scratching himself with briers, and tumbling over decayed logs, the agent found the bereaved man. In a subdued voice he asked the man if had lost his wife. The man said he had. The agent was very sorry to hear it, and sympathised very deeply with the man in his great sorrow, but death, he said, was an insatiate archer, and shot down all, of both high and low degree. He informed the man what "was his loss was her gain," and would be glad to sell him a gravestone to mark the spot where the loved one slept, marble or common stone, as he chose, at prices defying competition. The bereaved man said there was a slight difficulty in the way.

"Haven't you lost your wife?" inquired the agent.

"Why, yes, I have," said the man, "but no gravestone is necessary; for you see the cussed critter ain't dead; she scooted with another man!"

That man is a thief," said a wag, pointing to a reporter at Guildhall.

"Why so?" inquired his friend.

"Why," cried he, "do you not see he is taking notes?"

"Confusion to the man," as the carpenter said, "who first invented working by candlelight."

"Ay, or by daylight either," rejoined his apprentice.

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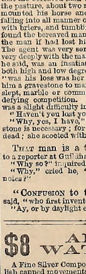
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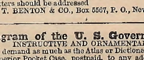
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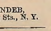


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SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—OUR FORCES AT JONESBORO DESTROYING THE MACON RAILROAD.—FROM A SKETCH BY GEO. D. SAYLOR, 2ND IOWA INFANTRY.

THE TWINS OF THE HEART.

BY THOMAS POWELL.

Two chambers has the human heart,
Where joy and sorrow ever dwell;
Close they reside, yet apart,
Each within her silent cell.
Is laughing joy in hers awake?
For they ne'er awake together,
Sorrow then her rest doth take,
E'en as dark and sunny weather.
Merry-hearted joy, beware,
Lest you rouse your sister sleeper,
Let thy laugh be soft and fair,
Slumber best becomes the weeper.

TOUCHING THE BODY;

OR,

THE MURDERER'S TEST.

A DISTINGUISHED attorney of Baltimore, not long since deceased, with whom I had the pleasure of an intimacy something more than professional, one evening, as we discussed cigars and wine at his table after dinner, interested me with the relation of a thrilling incident in his experience. An atrocious murder had been recently perpetrated in New York, some features of which we had been speaking of, and which led to the somewhat confidential communication of his narrative.



THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF THE BOY.

"I shall not mention names," he said. But if the reader pleases we will assume names for the convenience of relation:

A Mr. Arthur Norton had been engaged in mercantile business—in fact, a pretty extensive business on Baltimore street, for some fifteen years. He was generally supposed to be wealthy. I had transacted his legal business, and had repeatedly suggested to him the propriety of making his will. His wife had been dead few or five years, and he was left, well advanced in life, and in impaired health, with one son, a rather delicate youth of fifteen years, at the precise time I am speaking of.

One morning I was sent for hastily to Mr. Norton's house. He had been taken ill during the night, and was supposed to be slowly sinking afterwards. He desired me to make his will. Left alone together, he said, that his wealth had been greatly overrated of late by popular opinion; and this I believe to be the reason why he postponed the obvious duty to which he now addressed himself. He enumerated what real and personal estate he possessed, and estimated its entire value at thirty thousand dollars. It realized, in fact, thirty-six thousand dollars. The vicissitudes of commerce, he said, had reduced his gains to that sum. He was confident that he had at one time, only a few years before, been worth at least one hundred thousand dollars. He was evidently very earnest in his purpose to impress me with the importance of this fact.

I drew up the will in accordance with the instructions he had jotted down that morning. After some few legacies to bookkeeper, salesmen, clerks and servants, five thousand dollars were devised to his brother, James, and all the rest of the property to his son, Arthur. He then added this note:

"I do not devise anything to my niece, Margaret, whose love and kindness to me during her occasional visits to my house have caused me to esteem her very highly; but, I hope that she will become the wife of my son, Arthur, who, I believe, loves her very dearly."

I ventured some inquiries on this subject, and learned that Mr. James Norton was a master mechanic in rather a small way. He also was a widower, and had one daughter, Margaret, who was just four months the junior of her cousin, Arthur. I remarked that they were very young to have indicated mutual affection. My client corrected my misapprehension by saying, that he didn't know they ever had. I thought it possible then, that his wish would not be regarded. He thought so, too, but concluded that Margaret would inherit the five thousand dollars left to her father, any way. I was dubious on this point, but the old gentleman was not disposed to discuss the matter, and a clergyman was announced as in the parlor. The will was duly witnessed, I being appointed administrator, and Mr. James Norton guardian of the boy Arthur. The old gentleman died that evening.

Arthur had no inclination to pursue the business of his father, had it been possible. Mr. James Norton knew nothing about it, and it was sold to a very fair advantage. Arthur was then placed at an excellent educational institution, and I heard nothing more of him, till one morning I read a paragraph in the paper stating that he was drowned. The facts were very meagre, the reporter introducing them with the remark, that at a late hour last night he had ascertained that while Mr. James Norton and his nephew, Arthur, were engaged in fishing from a boat in the harbor, opposite Canton, the young man had fallen overboard and was drowned, notwithstanding the prolonged efforts of his uncle to discover and rescue him after he disappeared beneath the surface. Mr. Norton shrieked for help, and finally returned, almost frantic, to the city.

And James Norton is the heir at law, said I to myself as I laid down the paper. I was suspicious of foul play immediately. The truth is, I recoiled instinctively from that man upon meeting him at his brother's house when the will was opened and read. The countenance and bearing of the fellow associated him with the prisoner's dock, from a professional point of view. I did not at the time like the idea of his guardianship, and determined to have as little to do with him as possible. I thought, perhaps, I had been remiss in my surveillance of his guardianship, and might thus have contributed to the boy's untimely fate. But I resolved to spare no effort for the complete elucidation of this affair, and if foul play had been practised, to bring Mr. James Norton to account. So much at least by way of compensation for the past.

I had not breakfasted when the bell rung. The servant entered. "Mr. James Norton wishes to see Mr. — immediately, if possible."

With all my professional experience I felt my blood rushing back upon my heart. I sent word I would see him in five minutes. In those five minutes I endeavored to collect myself for a searching process with this man, to probe his



THE ORDEAL OF TOUCH.

hears, and to convict him of his guilt, if possible, on the spot, and give him into custody.

When I entered the parlor he was pacing up and down the floor. I had determined to seat him with his face in the light of the window, but whether anticipating such an effect or not, without substation even, he seated himself with his back to the light, and left me to choose my position.

"Oh, Mr.——," he exclaimed, directly; "this is a horrible affair."

He seemed to take for granted that I had heard of it. A murderer always believes that the fact of his crime is instantly carried abroad on the wings of the wind. His fallacious hope is, that the perpetrator will be undiscovered. Mr. James Norton's first demonstration was a suspicious one.

"I have just read in the paper that your nephew was drowned last evening while in your company." I determined to be frank with him, and have always found it the best policy in the end. "Was no one present but yourselves—you and the lad, Mr. Norton?"

"Not a soul."

"Nor in sight?"

"It happened just after dusk—almost dark. There was a sloop sailing up the channel and a steamer had just passed down."

"It was very unfortunate that no other small boats were near?"

"There was some up higher town, going in; but we'd a sort o' drifted down rather far."

"Is the accident in the papers a correct one?"

"Pretty nigh. It just happened by Arthur's letting go his oar and reaching over after it. He went down headforemost, missed the oar and never came up. I kept a rowing about for half an hour and hollered, but couldn't make nobody hear, and then pulled up to town."

"With one oar?"

There was the slightest perceptible pause.

"One oar and the sail."

"Oh, there was a sail?"

"Yes; didn't say so?"

"Not before."

"I thought it was my duty to let you know about it from me, Mr.——, and so I called," he said, rising.

He had taken the alarm.

"Keep your seat, Mr. Norton," I said, with perfect control of my voice, though I was deeply agitated. "May I ask whether there has been any indication that Arthur would carry out his father's wish with regard to your daughter?" I resumed, scarcely believing that he would have committed such an act as I suspected him of if the consummation of this wish had seemed probable. The young girl, Margaret, I had been much pleased with, after what little I had seen of her.

"I believe they were getting to be very fond one of the other."

"Does she know of this calamity?"

"She's a-most crazy over it, and has been a raving all night, and saying all sorts o' things."

"Mr. Norton," I said, suddenly changing the point, "could Arthur swim?"

"Not a stroke; he was sort of 'feard of the water."

"How did you happen to know he could not swim?"

"I heard him say so only a few days ago."

"How came he to say so?"

"I—I think I asked him, or—maybe Meg did."

"Try and recollect whether the question was from you or your daughter. These little things may be of some consequence hereafter."

"Why, you ain't agoing to try me, I 'spose."

"Not at all, but every fact will be thoroughly investigated at the inquest."

"If the body is found," Mr. Norton remarked.

"If the body is found."

"And if the body aint found?" and he paused.

"There can be no inquest—no *corpus delicti* whatsoever."

"No what?"

"No *corpus delicti*."

"And what's that?"

"No evidence of crime whatsoever; and even though you were to confess that you——"

The bell rung at that moment, and Mr. Norton started as if he had been struck. I did not finish what I was about to say, when he remarked:

"I don't think it's quite fair, Mr.——, to talk to me in that way."

The servant brought in a card and placed it in my hand. It was one taken from my own basket appropriated to the use of chance callers or visitors unprovided themselves. It was my turn to start now—but I did not. But if Mr. Norton had been bold enough at suspicion me, he would have seen I knew not what sort of an expression, besides the pallor of my face.

"Tell the old lady to remain seated in the library, and I will see her directly, Robert."

Robert opened his eyes a little wider than usual, perfectly comprehended me, and withdrew. I talked rambling for a minute or two, and then requesting Mr. Norton to wait till I returned, I went out and shut the door, pausing Robert in the hall, with orders to summon Mr. Norton when he came forth to leave the house. And then I plunged into the library. In five minutes I had arranged the testimony which called me there, and returned to my quarry. Had I a cruel satisfaction in torturing this victim by closing about him, bit by bit, the net in which he was to entomb himself?

I think from the globe and muteous placardings in which detective officers give their testimony, they must revel in delicious glee as they wind the folds about the unconscious one, and the supreme delight consists of the fact that it is unconscious. It was not so with me. Could I have met this man when he first entered my house with a direct accusation of his guilt, I would have done so, and spared him the torture I very well knew was already fastening upon his soul for ever and ever. I have enough now boldly to make the charge against him, but it was still necessary in wring from him the undoubted proof of his guilt.

Upon returning to him I resumed the conversation by speaking of the reversion of the property.

"You are the heir-at-law, Mr. Norton. You are aware, probably, that the whole estate falls into your hands?"

"I supposed as much. I don't like to think about that, though, just now. It don't seem quite decent."

"Very true. Have you considered the possibility, Mr. Norton, of the boy's being alive?" he started again and looked wildly at me—"I mean the possibility of his having picked up?"

He was evidently relieved from the first startling supposition.

"Oh, no, sir—oh, no. There wasn't nothing nigh to us, I told you. I hollered for help, and nobody heerd me. It was a place deep enough to drown him if he had been fifteen foot high, and he couldn't swim. There was at least twenty foot of line on with the killock."

The "killock" is the little anchor with which these small fishing boats are held in position.

"The killock! Mr. Norton," I exclaimed, with some emphasis; "I thought you said you had drifted down?"

His eye wandered for an instant, helplessly; his fingers twitched nervously upon his knee.

"Drifted—did I say drifted? O, yes, after we got the killock up, and while we was a winding up the lines—yes, drifted a little bit down."

"After Arthur went overboard, you think he couldn't have caught the oar?"

He looked almost savagely at me, but paused before he answered me, and then I knew his reply.

"If he had a caught the oar wouldn't he have hollered to me?"

I made no questioning me, you see.

"That might depend upon circumstances," I answered.

"What sort of circumstances?"

"Whether he felt quite sure that he could trust you again."

"Mr.——, I think you suspect me, and mean to insult me. I mean, say, I say; have a care. I shall leave your house now, sir."

I am sure that as he moved towards the door he did not feel quite confident that he would be permitted to do so.

"Where are you going, Mr. Norton?"

"I am going down to the place where the poor boy was drowned, Mr., and going to take some hands along, and grappling irons, to search for the body. I am going to do my duty, sir, you only do yours."

"I have been more prompt with mine, Mr. Norton. The body has been found and already brought to this house."

The man's jaw fell—he trembled in every limb—and reeled against the door. Then recovering himself in a moment or two, he jerked out the words:

"You're joking, Mr. ——, you are a-joking—but yes wouldn't joke now."

"No, Mr. Norton, I would not joke on such a subject as that. The body is here in this house, and is now laid out upon my library table. Will you walk and see it?"

I don't think he could ever have told what answer he made. He mumbled something, and I took him by a firm grasp of his arm, and led him passive as a child across the hall, threw open the library door, entered and closed it. There upon the table, stretched out in unnatural length, with its suggestive outlines delineated beneath the white sheet, it lay before his gaze—nothing but that, and nothing else could be supposed to be the victim. I endeavored to lead him to the body, but he recoiled and detached himself from my grasp.

I then approached it myself and drew the sheet from the upper part of the figure. A single glance at the pale face, the closed eyes, the long lashes, plastered to it, upon the dead-white cheek, and the miserable wretch was completely unnerved. He went to the window and endeavored, with wonderful success, to lift the sash.

"Stop a moment, Mr. Norton," I said. "It were better not to have witnesses from the street of this painful scene, nor to offer any loiterer ear to hear us. In times not very remote, Mr. Norton, it was said that a murdered soul would have some such preliminary presence if he approached and touched the body after death. I frankly tell you, sir, that I suspect you of deliberately compassing this poor boy's destruction, and I expect that his spirit will bear witness from hand upon his heart, and declare, before heaven, that you are innocent of such a design. Will you do it?"

He had partially recovered from his extreme nervous prostration, and hoarsely answered that he would. Approaching with wavering step, but his eyes were fixed upon the opposite wall. He just dropped them as he stood by the table to see where to place his hand, and laid it upon the region of the heart.

"I declare, in the presence of heaven——"

He had drawn back from the body, now he snatched away his hand and rushed from the table, his teeth chattering in his head.

"What is the matter?" said I, as he sank into a chair.

"Good God, his heart is beating!"

"It is the sign," said I. "And look there!"

The body rose to a sitting posture. Norton sprang from his chair to the door, but it was locked.

"Uncle," exclaimed young Arthur, "you would have added perjury in the very face of heaven to the crime of murder!"

Then he dropped from the table.

"I am alive and well!"

But his uncle did not hear these last words. He had fallen insensible to the floor, and it was an hour or more before he returned to consciousness.

"How in the world had the boy escaped destruction?" I asked.

By obeying the suggestion of his own well-grounded fears. He had for some time been troubled with apprehensions of his uncle's designs. He could scarcely define any particular thing to which to ascribe them. His mode did not accord—ages the affection of Margaret for him for one thing, though he knew that they were both well disposed to fulfil the wish of the deceased Mr. Norton. Then a pointed inquiry whether he could swim—could he swim even a little?—followed in a day or two by an almost peremptory declaration of purpose to have an aquatic fishing excursion, flung the lad into a state of feverish, nervous alarm, the cause of which he could communicate to none, for he had no one with whom he could take counsel upon so grave a suspicion, and one which he still fancied might be utterly groundless.

I asked him why he did not come to me, and he replied that he thought of me as the last person he could approach with such an intimation, from very fear that I would be founded, as a lawyer, I should establish the guilty purpose, and so ruin his uncle. There was a charming amiability in the boy's character, and it was enlisted to the last. So he took safe, prudent and timely counsel of his fears, and purchased a patent life-preserving vest of which he had heard, perused, and put it on before venturing upon the fishing excursion. It was infated through an elastic tube which it was only necessary to detach from the inside, place in the mouth and blow into, a turn of a screw in the embouchure retaining the air. He had made up his mind, he said, that if he got safe home without any attempt on the part of his uncle to *do* harm to him, to abandon his fears, and then exhibit his precaution as the resort of his timidity under his inability to swim.

They had taken some few fish, but they did not bite freely—it was rather early to expect it in fact—but the uncle seemed to linger needlessly and aimlessly as unprofitably, so far as sport was concerned, until night came on, and two or three boats which had been out far from them had withdrawn. The boy observed that his uncle seemed pre-occupied, seldom spoke, but frequently looked all around him, until the twilight obscured observation from any point of the shore or vessel within view. It was at the time that Arthur took an opportunity to detach his vest by occasional inflatments. It was nearly dark when his uncle proposed to take in lines and go home. The boat was drifting in position by the killock. His uncle having occupied a good deal of time in getting in the lines, seated himself in the middle of the boat with his face to the bow, and the oars lying one upon each hand alongside in the boat.

"Now, Arthur," he said, "up killock."

The boy turned and pulled upon the rope, but it did not immediately yield to his strength, when his uncle stepped over the seat between them, and grasping the rope with his left hand, exclaimed:

"Here for a struggle, you!" and at the same moment seized the boy by one leg just above the ankle, and pitched him head foremost into the water. He rose instantly, breasting the water about him and calling for help, that his uncle's suspicions might well have been aroused; but as he found himself buoyed up, and free from any struggle on the part of the boy, he threw himself as flatly as he could upon the less treacherous deep and floated away. He stated that he could not believe that he could himself win a single look after him, for he saw him in a few moments pulling from the spot with the oars—both the oars secured to the rowlocks as fast as he could.

Arthur soon felt himself quite at ease in his new situation, but was soon alarmed to find that he was drifting into the channel, supposed to be the channel, where he might be run down by a steamer, or carried out into the bay. Presently, going with the tide as he was, and in fear of hearing, and perceiving that the light of Lazaretto Point must be within hailing distance, he began to shout for help, and was almost instantly relieved by a response. A boat came off shore, and he was saved. He told the man who had thus aided him, that he had fallen overboard from a vessel, but had forborne to mention the truth as accident by wearing a life-preserving article of dress, gave the man a dollar for his trouble, and walked to town, where he got his own clothes up to dry during the night, and came off to me first thing in the morning, having first forfeited himself with a brief explanation to his cousin, personally brought his body to my house before I had broken my fast. It was Arthur's card that Robert brought to me in the library, and owing to the dark in the in the library, I heard his story in a few words. We instantly improvised the little dramatic scene I have described, and the magical effect, Robert lending a helping hand while I returned to Norton, but to this day ignorant of the parties, the plot, its design and denouement.

"And what did you with the villain?" I asked.

"Well, literally—*entre nous*—we compounded a felony."

Arthur begged so hard that his uncle might be saved—"He my become a good man, you know, sir, yet—and then there's Margaret," &c.; and so I yielded to the boy's importunities, but on the stipulated upon two conditions: First, that on base a criminal should surrender his guardianship as a matter of course; secondly, that he should leave the State of Maryland never to return to it. Arthur demurred to the last, but I would submit to no other terms, and before we had agreed by the time Norton had come back to his worthless self, when the first use we made of his consciousness was to grovel upon his hands and knees, and beg for his craven life.

He gladly accepted the terms, but neither Arthur nor myself could rely upon the consequences. In the fulfilment of them poor Margaret saw her fears confirmed, and fell fearfully ill. Arthur visited her, and assured her that she was all the world to him, and young as he was he would marry her at once, if she would consent, and banish the idea she entertained utterly from her mind. But he could not honestly deny the accusation, her natural instincts had authenticated as the cause of her father's action, and she refused him and died. I verily believe of a broken heart.

Norton soon afterwards converted all he had into money, and took his departure for California; and in three weeks was killed in a *mêlée* with the natives of Panama.

"And Arthur?" I asked.

"That is my secret. He still lives."

* * *

About three months after this story was thus told to me, I received an invitation from my friend Arthur to be present at the nuptial ceremony of his second daughter, about to be united with a young man who had, by his manliness and persevering student law, in her father's office, and had since his admission to the bar made quite a successful professional debut. As they stepped into the carriage and drove away from the church door—a handsome pair, a beautiful girl, and a tall, intellectual featured youth—my friend whose hand was resting upon my arm suppressed

"A word in your ear—strictly confidential. You've many a slip, &c., consequently when I told you that anecdotal story of mine about the the drowned boy, I did not knew positively that he would become my son-in-law, though I expected it. That is the lad."

SONG.

TAKE me from these dreary shades;
Life me to some softer morn,
Where the laughing light invades
Dark old shores of the dreary bourn.

Which was born when trees were born.

Where the docile winds take care
Not to ruffle any breast,
Lest queen-clouds that pace the air
Should put fond a mirror there
When they stop to gaze, and look.

Where the dazzling nights endure
Till the day has passed its spring,
And where starlight is so pure
That no bird is ever sure
Whether it should sleep or sing.

Somewhere there is never rain,
Never trouble in the air;
Not a breath of care or pain;
Take me to that land again;
I have dreamed I once was there.

NINA MARSH;

OR,

THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER XVII.—A TRIAL OF STRENGTH.

The wind was blowing keenly from the north, and full in Mrs. Oldnun's face, as she trudged down the road in search of her son. From her lofty observatory she could note all the outgoings and incomings of the village, but she knew when any one had a grand week, and in what state of preservation their clothes remained. She saw many quarrels, a few reconciliations, and an occasional fight. Her lynx eyes were often, too, the scornful witnesses of stolen kisses. She could tell to a nail how many lads sought the convivialities of the Red Lion of an evening; and when Mrs. Sand-se stole in the dusk for a quieting draught, Mrs. Oldnunne all knew it, and grieved piously at such drunkenness and deceit.

"You had the toothache terrible bad last night, hadn't you?" would Oldnun say to Mrs. Sand-se, when she met her the next day in the street.

"The toothache! I never had such a thing in my life."

"Oh, I thought it was that sent you to the Red Lion yesterday for a little drop of spirit," would the wily old woman reply.

Then came a pause, which was broken presently by Dame Oldnun's voice pitched into a soft key.

"Hush! they've killed their own best beautified pig last month. I was wondering if there was any of it left by this time."

"There is a few bits, and my husband sets much store by his pork," says the victim, painfully aware that resistance will be useless.

"I'll pay for what I have by other things besides," answers the dame. "Some men is fonder of a sober wife than they is of pork."

"Hush! there's Dame Oldnun coming," and having gained her purpose, she trudges homewards in high glee.

And it was for these things that dame Oldnun had come; and so considered a person of consequence in the village, and was looked up to literally as well as metaphorically, as a person too high in the world to be officially or colloquially. But her star had been more particularly in the ascendant these last few months. She spoke vaguely of some wealthy relations she went at pleasure, and certainly every wish she formed seemed to meet with rapid fulfilment. She wanted some young women's undergarments, and they came to her as if by magic; and on Christmas day she sat down to as "noble a joint" the neighbors remarked, as any lady in the land.

In the darker ages Dame Oldnun would assuredly have been taken for a witch, and put to all sorts of tests. As she was regarded as something not altogether canny, and there were found people to declare that she had entered the service of His Satanic Majesty for a little consideration. The dame herself rather favored this hypothesis on the ground that it was convenient for her purpose, and even strengthened the delusion by occasionally dispensing charms. She told fortunes, too, in a friendly way, and fetched such wonders out of a tea-cup as all the science of a Newton would have been unable to produce. But to-day the dame contented herself with more simple efforts at divination. She was waiting for

her son, whilst the dinner on the board smoked through the open door.

"It's that hussy, it's all that hussy again," she exclaimed with prophetic accuracy, and she gave a spiteful glance towards Woodman's cottage. "No one could be more regular at his meals than Ben was before he took up with her, and now the witches stand mud the fat's like tallow, because he must needs make morning calls like his betters. I haven't no patience with men, and that's a fact. As soon as they get as high as your knee, they must go gallivanting and making fools of their-selves. If we was to make such fuss about pink cheeks as they do, I don't know how the world would get done. I thought Ben was more sensible than the common run, but I see now he was only waiting for an opportunity, for he's took the fever about the worst of anybody I ever saw. And he must be a fool," she added, looking back at the smoking joint; "as if all the talk in the world was equal to that meat when the fat was hot, as all should be."

Dame Oldham's anger almost yielded to compassion at Ben's ignorance and folly. She was about to re-enter the house and begin her dinner without him, when she saw the door of Woodman's cottage open and Ben come out. Rose was behind him, the wind blowing her fair hair about her flushed cheeks, and her great violet eyes sparkling with modest joy. Dame Oldham could even see the flutter of Rose's bodice as it heaved joyously with the quick throbs of her heart. Ben was holding her hand and looking down into her face, and she was smiling up at him with a smile speaking words of modest love. Many a mother would have been satisfied for her son to marry so beloved; but Dame Oldham was not generous by nature. She liked Ben well enough, but he was only necessary to her through her egotism. She could live without him, but she could live better with him, and in a way to get the most pleasure out of her remaining years. This was her sole motive in grudging Ben any of his affection, for this motive was strong enough to make her hate Rose, and look upon her as a person it was natural and legitimate that she should wish to injure.

The dame's wicked heart was bitter within her as she watched the two standing there looking into each other's eyes, unconscious of observation. She doubled her fist, and her keen oil face brightened with some evil resolve.

"Ah, my lady!" she muttered between her teeth, "whilst you're flaunting about I'm working, and it will come hard if old brains don't get the better of pink cheeks."

Pink cheeks are very well in their way, and go further than old brains with some people," said a decided, manly voice close behind her, in which was perceptible the slightest shade of repressed contempt.

The dame turned sharply about, and came face to face with Captain Marsh.

"Ah, it is you, sir," she said, with some show of hostility. "I wasn't expecting the favor of your visit. May I make bold to inquire what you want me for?"

"I'll tell you what I want with you presently," answered Captain Marsh; "but first oblige me by stepping a little farther back. If you have an over the hill-side in that way your head will become giddy, and you will assuredly fall and break your neck."

"Maybe you'd like to come in-doors?" she replied, turning round and going towards the cottage-door.

"No, thank you, I am very well where I am, only it is necessary to caution you about falling. I frequently see you hanging over the village, and have wondered that you never had an accident."

"And if I did, shouldn't you be glad enough? I lay that many people would set the bells ringing, and make a bonfire on the common, if it was to die. I know pretty well how I'm looked on in some quarters."

"You are regarded according to your deserts; but should woman who passes her time in intimidating a sorrowful and defenceless woman, and shouting all her might out of her door, ever to be looked upon with any vast amount of sympathy. This system of intimidation has been going on for some time past, I know, but mind me, dame, it shall not continue."

"Who's to prevent it?" she said, putting herself into a defiant attitude.

"I will, and that speedily. You are darkening my cousin's very life, and I won't permit it."

"People don't say 'would' and 'shall' to me nearly," she replied, an impudent smile crossing her thin, pinched lips. "Haven't you been here long enough to know that?"

"I have been here long enough to learn a great many things, and I will tell you one of them. I have learnt that you are more known than fool, dame."

"Any one could have told you that without your taking the trouble of spelling it out," said the old woman with mocked courtesy.

"That's very probable; but I don't trust to other people's observation and experience, as a rule; I prefer my own. I am more free to act when this knowledge is of my own seeking and finding. In the present case I am simply indebted to my own and care for such discovery I may have made respecting your character, and I give you due notice that I mean to act on the information obtained."

"And so you may, and willing; you can't harm me."

"I am not so sure about that, dame. Old women who are constantly seen prying about people's houses, and threatening these they know to be helpless and sorrowful, are scarcely considered fit objects of charity. Ben gets plenty of work now, but, remember, one word from Mr. Marsh to Sir Barnard Sykes, and he is thrown out of place."

"There's always no good fish in the sea as have come out of it."

"Yes, if you don't mind shifting your tackle. But perhaps Ben would hardly care to leave the village; he might think—there's no telling—that starvation near Rose of the pink cheeks was better than prosperity and plenty elsewhere."

"Yes, he's fool enough for that, I dare say," answered the old woman with irrepressible candor.

"Well, and how would that suit your purpose?"

"I shouldn't starve. I haven't worked my mine clear yet."

"You have, if my influence will hold good," said Cyril, turning to depart. "I have taken the matter into my own hands, so that, whenever you want anything of Ben, you apply to me, and I will give you a suitable answer."

"Does Miss Nina know you are come?" questioned the old woman, as he moved a few paces from her side.

"No; I mean to tell her, but forgot it."

"Well, then, tell her when you get home, and let her know, too, what you did say to her took the mormer grown she gave me for every day wear, and shall want something better for Sundays."

And, with a chuckle of the most triumphant insolence, the old woman made him an elaborate courtesy, and went in-doors to her dinner with an appetite all the keener for the past contest.

CHAPTER XVIII.—KATIE'S CHARGE.

Katie had rallied during the cold, dry winter weather, but when the sharp spring breezes began to sigh through the trees, she seemed to grow more weaker and weaker, whilst her cough troubled her incessantly day and night. The little thin, patient face, so like the dear dead one, grew pinching lips, was a painful sight to them all, though only Cyril realised the full significance of the change.

Katie often spoke to him of her death, but never before the others. Perhaps he divined the effort they were making to shield themselves, and would not undeceive them until the last moment. Certain it is that the child opened her heart to Cyril alone, and that her simple theology afforded a wonderful source of consolation to him.

March had blown itself out and a few milder days had set in. Katie rallied again in order to welcome the swallow, but it was evident to Cyril that her improvement would be merely transitory. For a week her brilliant eyes and crimson cheeks deceived the fondest watcher, but on the first day of April, when the swallows came, Cyril knew that she suddenly sank again into more determined weakness. She did not complain of anysuffering, but her breathing became very audible. Her young life seemed to fade away very gradually and gently. She was perfectly resigned, and, perhaps, even glad at having the heart to be going home to God.

One evening about the end of May they all gathered round her bed. Mrs. Marsh was showing Katie the gorgeous sunset and predicting that she would be well enough to go downstairs and be able to get up and enjoy it. Katie's large hollow eyes had followed her mother's, and her little face was flooded with the crimson light, but she was not thinking, too, of being better on the morrow—better in heaven. At any rate, she had sunk into a deep trance, and could see no more, so that it was of no use to speak to her. Mrs. Marsh was about to have disturbed, and they were silent.

"I wish some one would sing to me," said Katie, presently.

Nina began a few soft notes, then buried her head against the coverlet, and her bosom heaved with suppressed sobs.

Katie laid her thin hand caressingly on Nina's neck.

"You couldn't, darling, I know; but cousin Cyril will."

Captain Marsh bent over her with great tenderness.

"What shall I sing to you, dear Katie?"

"About the weary traveller—I am so weary, and I can see my home, but it is not distant still," answered the child, in a low tone.

His voice softly modulated, but beautifully clear and distinct, Captain Marsh sang the hymn from beginning to end.

When he had finished, Katie gave a little sigh of gentle contentment and closed her eyes.

Then Mrs. Marsh and Madeleine crept softly out —Mrs. Marsh to fetch her knitting, Madeleine to fetch her work. Madeleine's cold, selfish, self-absorbed nature was wearied by the study of a little dying face, but it felt that it owed it to her—she rather wished to be, but she could not remain idle. She had always taught her fingers to be busy when she could be still. It was too late to unlearn the old lesson now, and took her head to work and her fingers to be still. She knew that Katie was going, and she was sorry to part with her; but we think it was the pain she had over her embroidery-frame, with the arduous work of months nearly completed on it, she would have grieved more keenly for her so enduringly.

Meanwhile Nina and Cyril kept watch together at the bedside of the little dying girl. She had seemed to be sleeping, but her eyes soon closed upon Mrs. Marsh and her eldest daughter, Katie opened wide her dim blue eyes and looked wistfully at Captain Marsh.

"You once promised me you would take care of Nina," she said, in slow, faint voice. "You won't forget?"

"No, Katie, I will not."

"And you will be gentle with her, cousin Cyril? I know you will do it, and do it better, too, than any one else could. It was Nina's doing, now, I wanted to live for. Mama and papa love me very much, but then they have other children, Madeleine—"

But here the child stopped and sighed. If she knew how little heart her eldest sister possessed she did not care to talk of it at such a time. But for Nina, who loved her so tenderly, almost naturally. Katie could measure the terrible loss of her presence. Perhaps she realised to some extent how great a safeguard she had been to Nina. Left to her despising thoughts and own most wretched resources, Nina might—we can hardly tell—have sought self-destruction. But this child had saved her simply by her innocence and love. Nina knew all that she was losing, and the plaintive cry broke from her lips:

"Oh, Katie, what will become of me when you are gone?"

"I will take care of you," said Cyril, passing round to the other side of the bed and taking both her hands in his own. "I will take care of you, Nina."

"Yes, against others; but I am my own enemy most of all, and who will save me from myself?"

"My God can do that," answered Cyril, earnestly. "What is in the power of mortal man I will do for you, not only on Katie's account, but on your own. I cannot give any fuller promise, Nina; you must trust me now, that is all."

She lifted up her face and drew closer to Katie. She was haggard and heartstained, but the fatal beauty which had brought her so much sorrow and reproach still kept her company—when it had been absent and forgotten—for the minute, at least, she was so tearful and worn, and yet lovely still, in spite of all disadvantages, Cyril, who had been speaking with brotherly tenderness to Nina, observed the dark-fringed eyes, and whispered, in tone of passionate earnestness:

"Remember that you belong to me—I never gave you up—and shall I be careless of my best possession? Katie," he added, turning to the dying child, "you would like me to have Nina for my own, and hold her, you wouldn't you?"

The girl's face brightened.

"Oh, cousin Cyril, I have always wanted that!" "Then shall it be so?" he asked, and Katie, too, Nina. You need not tell her how much I love her—she knows it well enough already; but you can tell her that the past will be as nothing to me if she will only give me some happiness in the present and future."

Nina gave a startled glance of inquiry up into Cyril's face. But Cyril met it with the same passionate earnestness as before.

"I ask no questions now, Nina. I have grown wiser of late, and I will wait for you to come to me as you are, and let nothing be thought of between us but our love for each other."

"Katie, you hear what he said?" said Nina, in a tone of mingled joy and incredulity.

"Ask Katie," he answered with his most gentle smile. "I know her wishes will be laws with you now, and I have the satisfaction of getting her leave for my silly. She must plead my cause; I have failed so often myself that I dare not try again."

"You will plead for me, dear Nina, won't you?" said Katie, anxiously. "The thought of leaving you is the only thing that has kept me from dying for a long time. If you were with him you would be happy, and he would take care of you, just as he has taken care of me. I should like to think that you could not miss me so very much."

"Katie," replied Nina, with grave earnestness, "Cyril does not know all the promises; but if, a year hence, he should still wish it so much, and I should be free, I will become his wife."

Cyril bent over her again, and whispered softly:

"Nina, do you love me enough to make my hope yours?"

"Katie, tell him," she murmured, burying her head again in the bedclothes—"tell him that I love him with my whole heart."

At this instant Mrs. Marsh re-entered the room, bringing her husband with her. Mr. Marsh walked straight up to the child's bed, and took her forehead in both of his hands.

"Your mama tells me that you seem worse to-night, Katie. Do you feel so?"

"Not worse, papa, but better," she said, her dim grey eyes turned lovingly up to him. "I am nearer to God."

"By darling, we cannot spare you; you must not think of leaving us yet," said Mr. Marsh, with a demonstrative tenderness not common to him. "We cannot do without our little Katie."

"But if God wants me too, papa, I must go to Him, mustn't I?"

"And you are glad to go?" said Mr. Marsh, almost in a tone of reproach.

"Not glad to be leaving you all, dear papa, but glad to be going to heaven. You will come to me some soon-day, and then there will be no more parting, dear papa, but we shall all be happy together."

Mr. Marsh shook his head doubtfully and sorrowfully.

"I think Doctor Oundle should be sent for," he said, presently, not in his usual tone of calm decision. "I don't like the look of the cough at all, matter after all. You feel weak, my love, don't you? But you suffer no pain?"

"I am not quite easy now that my cough is gone. My side used to ache so badly, but it has quite left me, and I feel as if I were going to get well; and I am glad to get well—for papa—to heaven."

"My love, who has put these gloomy ideas into your head? It is quite natural for young people to wish to live, especially when they have so many comforts about them as you have."

"As first I did feel that it was hard to be dying so young, but I don't now. I am quite, quite happy, dear papa. I want all of you to come to me in heaven; and you will, won't you?"

Her faint, pleading voice broke off here, and she fell back, breathless. Nina's head was heaped her moist forehead, and sprinkled some refreshing perfume over she bed. Then Katie lay down, saying she should be better very soon, and Cyril and her self carefully pilgrimage had been short. Katie had learned the blessedness of death, after only twelve years of life. She was better on. There was less of carthly taint to cast off, less stain to wipe away, than if she had lived to a riper age. Katie could go silently to her long rest, and those left behind had no need to grieve as with people for whom the world is dark and cold. It is a better home than any riches could gain for her. Nina and Mrs. Trent passed the night by Katie's bed. Medicines stood in the library adjoining, giving orders that Mrs. Trent should call him if she perceived any change.

CANINE FIDELITY.

An Incident in the Battle of Winchester.

Ons Artist, after the battle of Winchester, strolling over its ground marked by the battle and in the woods in front of the 19th corps, where the most stubborn fighting took place, and the dead by thickly strewn, and the trees, which towered above them, found an incident which he has sketched, and the fidelity of the dog we have often heard. Here was an instance, a fatal wound by a rifle ball, on his back, killed, apparently, almost instantly by a bullet through his forehead, his gun-lock still in his hand, around and but a few feet from him. By his side was his faithful dog. He was true to his master, allowed no one to come near the corpse, the animal, true to his instinct, keeping watch by the dead, waiting, doubtless, for some familiar face to approach.

BRIG.-GEN. D. A. RUSSELL.

Brig.-Gen. D. A. Russell, whose lamented death is at our present writing announced, was a gallant soldier and an accomplished gentleman. He was a native of Washington county, New York. Entering the West Point Military Academy at an early age, he graduated in July, 1846. Ten years of his subsequent life were devoted to operations on the Pacific coast. He was a Captain in the 4th Regular Infantry. When the war broke out he was chosen Colonel of the 7th Mass. regiment. He had the honor to command with much distinction the first brigade that crossed the Potomac into Virginia, under Gen. McDowell. For distinguished services in the battle of Williamsburg he was appointed Brevet-Major in the regular army; passing through the battle of Seven Pines and Fair Oaks, and the seven days' fight with McClellan the 5th Infantry, and subsequently appointed Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel in the regular army for general good conduct during the seven days' campaign. In October of the same year (1862) he received his appointment as Brigadier-General of Volunteers, which was confirmed in the month of March of the following year. He commanded the 1st brigade, 1st division, 12th corps of the Shenandoah in the summer and autumn of 1863, and in the battles in the Wilderness through the fights at Spotsylvania Court House. For his services in the advance to the recent important victory in the Shenandoah valley, where he fell, he received a command in the field corps of the army. Gen. Russell was a man of noble stature and pleasing manners. He was in the prime of life, being but about 40 years of age. His loss will be deeply felt by his companions in arms as well as by the country at large.

NEW MUSIC.

The Musical Host. Nos. 1—9. New York: J. W. Fortune, Publisher, 102 Centre street.

Musical publications have seldom attained popularity because they could not offer any surprises in matter, or novelty in the sheet music of the day. From want of satisfaction in the quality of publications were inferior, the printing gray and repulsive to the musical eye. It is only since bringing merely by poor experience, known under the Musical Host, he still certainly, if it still edited, the picture of a light order, embracing every variety, songs, waltzes, quadrilles, marches, &c., and the selection of the most popular pieces of the day, and especially a series of part songs arranged by R. D. Wilson, that could fail to give universal satisfaction. We have known, ourselves, the first few numbers to be eagerly subscribed from all parts, so that the current number looked for as anxiously as any monthly visitor.

The publisher has on his part accomplished wonders, in this very valuable and artistic form that prepares you for an elegant interior. The paper is magnificent, the print thick substantial, the printing clear and the ink a clear black. No musician, lady or gentleman, can choose a number of the Musical Host, and sitting down to try its contents, will fail to make it a regular visitor.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The news from Europe is of little political importance.

There has been a change of ministry in Spain, and Trade-Marshal Narvaez has been appointed by the Queen her Premier.

Capt. Spoke, the celebrated discoverer of the source of the Nile, had been accidentally killed.

The Princess of Prussia had given birth to another son.

The *Wiener Zeitung* advises that the supposed pervasive Cyclostomata, or Leech-Gatherers, has been purchased by Prussia for the navy.

The London papers alluding to the Presidential election in the United States, say: "The believe all opportunities stand full as all force has failed. We believe that supposed world. So far as Europe is concerned it must become inevitable! but we admit that if reunion were possible for the United States it would be the source of its accomplishment."

Active operations have commenced for the manufacture of the Atlantic telegraph cable.

The English Press declares that Australasians who talk of separating from England, and always "they change their tune when they find England is willing to take care for military glory", and proceeds to show the Australasians that had England not been willing to fight for them, expecting an outbreak, would have instructed her Admiralty to let the French and Colonists occupy the Lower their respective posts by different routes for a common rendezvous, and that the Lower Province was prepared to hold itself in readiness to bear down on the Australian Colonies and Australasia fully adequate to the service.

The Paris *Moniteur* reports that the English government has agreed, that commencing from the present moment to remove, within 30 days, all obstruction to the navigation of the mouths of the Suez Canal, by the fortifications which Prince Napoleon constructed. By the removal of these fortifications will, the fortifications would be removed.

There was a secret council of a meeting between Louis Napoleon and the sovereigns of Russia and Prussia in Germany.

The London *Daily News* says that should McClellan be elected President there will be a breach between England and the United States, and that a civil war would then be done not say.

The Rome *Moniteur* says that the armistice between Germany and the German Powers will be renewed from the 15th of October to the 15th November.

Some of the German papers contrast the large warlike naval preparations of England with the ostentation of her peace proclamation.

Miller, the alleged murderer of Briggs, arrived in London on the 16th Sept.

The Paris *Indépendance* says that at last an arrangement had been arrived at between Napoleon and Victor Emanuel on the settlement of the Roman question.

The London *Times* says that the conquest of Atlantis is the most important discovery of the nineteenth century. The rebel loan declined 3 per cent. when the news came.

It was proposed to remove the Italian capital from Turin to Florence.



MAJOR-GEN. SHERIDAN RIDING ALONG THE LINES AFTER THE BATTLE OF FISHER'S HILL, VA.

"AWAY."

My wife had left her home to seek
The glow I worshipped in her cheek,
Like Persian old; my sky had paled;
A letter every day I mailed,
And often said, in cheerful vein,
"The baby slept all night again."

All haltered by her tears and prayers
He staid with me, it lessen'd cares;
If he, the nestling, slept, I knew
My dove would slumber sweetly too;
And as I wrote her me and then
"The baby slept all night again."

One morn he laugh'ed at my side,
Death-sick, and with the day he died,
And day with him. It was my pain
That she I loved be happy still.
So wrote I in my wonted strain
"The baby slept all night again."

But when, in turn, she fondly wrote,
Her pet names musing in her note,
Within talk almost the bed
Of him who slept se cold and dead,
I sat the bitter truth to pen
"He sleeps to wake no more again."

And when upon my breast she lay,
And sobbed her precious blood away,
And grief met grief, while of the dead
We thought, within his narrow bed,
I said, and saw it ease her pain,
"He wakes, to sleep no more again."

MRS. NETTLETON DRIGGS.

BY J. W. WATSON.

(Concluded from our last.)

AND so three years had gone away, and one morning there was summoned in haste upstairs to the bedside of her mistress and friend. For days she had been ill, but within the few minutes that Joey had been side a dangerous change had occurred. The house was in terror and confusion, and within a short time the doctor had told Mr. Nettleton Driggs to prepare for the worst, for if the patient had another convulsion she could only come out of it to pass quietly into another world. And so it was that while the poor young lady did that last mother, and within a few hours after passed quietly into a better world, kissing the streaming eyes of Joey and her weeping husband, and whispering to him with her last breath to take good care of the poor girl, for she was the truest friend and companion she had ever known.

There was, and house full of money mourning and poor Joey, though she had known so much of sorrow and woe, thought that now indeed her heart was broken, and that she never again would find so kind, so firm a friend as she who had just passed away. The material estimation of the dead lady had been shown on the reading of her will, and Joey heard, with loud sobs of regret that she could not do something to express her gratitude for the love that had existed in it, that she was become the personal property of the deceased, and such of her estate as would yield a clear income of one thousand dollars per annum.

So now Joey was, as Mr. Nettleton Driggs informed her, an independent woman, and need no longer so anything for a living, which was meant as a hint to her that she had it in her power to abandon him to the servants and to loneliness, a hint that Joey would not in any way understand, but would act in the same old-fashioned, steady manner, making his home as bright and as happy as she could, when she knew the loneliness there must be in the heart that had loved so calmly and so nightly for twenty years with her who was gone. More than this, she utterly refused to consider herself in any other way than that in which she had come into the house, to change her habits of her dress with her change of fortune, or to do anything but a servant. As to what her future would be, she knew well enough that her beneficentress by doing so she would have her do had she lived.

Whether all this was in accordance with the ways of the world, or whether that world would deride Joey's manner of showing her gratitude, is something unalterable, it is enough that such was her resolution, and though Mr. Nettleton Driggs felt it a duty to show Joey what she lost by not at once accepting up his offer and marrying him while she was yet young, he could not help an inward glow of satisfaction when Joey declared her unalterable intention of not changing her mode of life or her condition, unless he was unkind enough to put her again out upon the world, which was a thing she did not believe in for a moment, and so with this understanding the old life went on, and saving the void made by the death of her friend, there was once more peace and happiness in her heart.

We must move by sequences of three years, and so it was that three years later, upon one clear, frosty night in November, Mr. Nettleton Driggs sat in the neat library of his house, holding a newspaper, in which at times his attention would be given, but oftener to the busy figure of Joey sitting at the table and deeply merged in her housekeeping accounts. Joey, in the six years she had been in that house, had altered much. The childish, and look had almost passed away, and a womanly, self-reliant air had taken its place. But, for all, on her watched the earnest labor of Joey, and then suddenly he said:

"Come, Joey, put away your accounts for tonight, and talk with me. Do you know that this is my birthday, little woman?"

"No!" was her answer, shutting away her papers into her desk at his bidding, "is it so? Indeed we have grown so solemn of late that we forget everything. Sure enough it is the tenth. Strange that we should forget the tenth of November. Once we never allowed it to pass without honors."

"Yes, and to-day I am forty-eight. Think of it, Joey, forty-eight!"

"Just twice my age! and yet it does not seem so much for you."

Mr. Nettleton Driggs looked down into his paper with a rapid wink of both eyes and said:

"Hem!"

"I mean," said Joey, apologetically, "that you look so much younger than you are, and that you are so kind and good, that one would almost say, just to see you with white hairs like a grandfather, rather than with the black locks you have."

Mr. D. winked harder than before, and gave a second glance at the paper.

"Indeed you know that you don't look over forty, and everybody tells you so," Joey continued, "and if for one don't believe you're ever going to grow old."

Mr. D. smiled a gratified smile, and cast a sort of side glance into the mantel mirror.

"Well, Joey, I'm glad you think so, because it may serve to make what I am going to say more reasonable to you."

Joey looked up in his face curiously, and drew her chair closer to his.

"You know me well enough to know, little woman, that I would not propose anything that should be thought purely selfish, and yet I am going to be selfish enough to propose something that should prove you also to be selfish with me, for though I have seen you send away two, yet I am afraid, Joey, that the right one was not among some that I and carry off my little housekeeper, and so leave me to die an old man alone."

Joey had drawn closer and closer, and now sat holding the hand of Mr. Nettleton Driggs, and thinking of the day, six years before, when he had saved her from a fate perhaps worse than death, and wondering how he could ever have been guilty of so much ingratitude. And yet all the word she could say was:

"Never! never!"

"It is to insure this, Joey, and to know that I can give a legal and indisputable title to the one who will have all my worldly goods when I am no more, that I speak. Do you know what I shall say, Joey?"

"No!" answered Joey, slowly and wonderingly.

"I am going to ask you to marry me," said Mr. Nettleton Driggs, looking earnestly into the upturned face of Joey.

There was no start, no withdrawal of the hand, no clouding of the face or turning away of the eyes. The proposition came as something which Joey as would a flash of lightning, and yet in an instant she saw it all, she saw the unselfishness that dictated the offer, she saw the love which indeed plead guilty, and with just ten seconds for consideration, she placed her other hand in his, and with a calm, quiet light glowing in her eyes she answered him:

"I will."

"I thought nothing less than this answer, Joey, when I should ask you, but believe me when I say that though it has always, since the death of my wife, been my intention to leave you all I possessed, yet until this day I never thought of saddling it with such a burden. It is not yet too late, Joey. My will is made, it is unalterable if you refuse the burden, but before he disposed of you become my wife, to describe you as such. Speak again, while there is yet time, will you have the old man and his money, or will you not as a condition, but as a self-chosen burden?"

"With all my heart and soul!" and Joey sprang to her feet, and standing before him, looked down and gave and received her first kiss, and lay weeping in his arms.

Oh! yo who would have romance at the expense of reality! Such was none in this. There is no romance in the thought of a beautiful woman, young and loveable, giving herself with such sudden and hearty will to a man who was old, stout and unloveable, save only in such beauty as the heart can see, and yet it is wondrously real.

Seventy-seven days after, a wide and hearty stare when the fact was announced, but as Mr. Nettleton Driggs had little to do with society, and Joey little, the world, in a few months, ceased to cast its eyes or its tongue were matters of little consequence; and therefore one day when, in the presence of Mr. Nettleton Driggs's friends, they were all gathered in the parlor calm, and beautiful, in which was just what Mr. and Mrs. Nettleton Driggs wanted.

They must take a long sweep over the life of Mrs. Nettleton Driggs, and come down to quite a little over twelve years after the quiet wedding at which society was disgusted, and brunket ourselves to a beautiful cottage on the outskirts of a village, well known for its fashionable reputation, and not many miles from the city of New York. Another thing there was about Marion Cottage that at a glance showed its occupant not only a person of wealth, but beyond the size of the house occupy it of infinite taste. In a room of this cottage sat two ladies, the first, if attentively counted up, would, though in neglige, yet still with quiet and decisive individuality; the second, a young woman, who showed that she made no pretension to fashion, but rather bore the air of one who, though brought up in the city, had long enough left a country life to lose her early habits.

"Indeed, you've been a fortunate woman, Mrs. Driggs, very fortunate, I may say," was her remark to the other.

"Fortunate! Mrs. Dalton. You have strange ideas of the application of the word if you can attach it to me. I look upon my entire life as made up of sunshine and shadow, but the shadow largely predominates. The very part which you esteem fortunate and on which you congratulated me is the bitterest of the whole."

"Bitter!" exclaimed the elder lady, abridging her shoulders. "Bitter! upon my word I should esteem it anything but bitter to marry a man as old and as rich as the late Mr. Nettleton Driggs, and have him called away after seven years, leaving me everything he was worth in the world. Why, my dear, he was twice your age!" and Mrs. Ebenezer Dalton knitted away on the crochet with a vigor that showed she was in earnest.

"And he was the best man that ever lived!" answered Mrs. Nettleton Driggs, with strong emphasis.

"Oh, oh, oh! my dear! The best man that ever lived! Only think for a moment. Isn't that very decided? The best man that ever lived, my dear, in your estimation."

"I mean, Mrs. Dalton, that he was true and honest in very thought, in every word and deed. He was honest to a fault, when every worldly policy would have taught him differently. He was the first and last true man I have ever seen, and I know I lost him! I lost what can never be replaced in this world."

Mrs. Ebenezer Dalton coughed deprecatingly and for a few moments was silent; then, recovering herself, she said:

"Well, well, we can't all agree upon the merits of a case, and so let us change the conversation, or, rather, you and I will go on good terms with all the world to-day; for, as you have heard, I am momentarily expecting my son home. Just to think of it, my son, my own son, and only coming back a major, when he went away a lieutenant, and a second lieutenant at that! When you talk about good men and true, I believe that ever lived, my dear Mrs. Driggs, you must let me say something about my son!"

"He must be indeed a most estimable young man, Mrs. Dalton, if I am to believe only half of all I hear in the village; and a brave one, if half the newspapers tell the truth."

"I shall only tell be truth! Why, they don't tell half. And then he is so handsome, too! Indeed, I assure you that one-half the ladies of the place are dying with love for him, and he not yet twenty-one! Why, he'll be a general before another year goes over his head!"

"And a fine major really such a lady-killer, Mrs. Dalton?" said Mrs. Nettleton Driggs, laughingly. "I've heard so much of him from a score or two of ladies in the village, that really I almost fear to meet him."

"Lady-killer!" answered Mrs. Ebenezer, tossing her head, with a world of scorn, indeed, "I only say for him that he never gave encouragement to any of them. He was very courteous and always kind, but he don't make love to any one, Mrs. Driggs."

"I am sure that if he is the brave man he is represented, Mrs. Dalton, he never will trifle with an honest love, even though ill bestowed."

"Then you are a fortunate woman. I have no doubt curiously about it, because she could scarcely realize that a woman who was so uniformly the object of Mrs. Ebenezer Dalton could have such a paragon of a son. There was something about Mrs. Dalton that Mrs. Nettleton Driggs instinctively felt about being the last to assign any reason for that dislike beyond the fact that in the face of her new acquaintance there was an expression of hardness, and of a want of the proffer-seems of friendship, and something that jarred up pleasantly upon the new even tenor of her life, which she could not dismiss by reasoning or argument. Mrs. Ebenezer Dalton, Mrs. Nettleton Driggs's own will, Mrs. Ebenezer would never have been allowed to cultivate an intimacy or have become a visitor at the house; but by the positive manner and pertinacious force of the latter lady had succeeded, and scarce a day passed that she did not come in for her crochet, her gossip and her shadow into the presence of Mrs. Nettleton Driggs.

In the cheerful at Marion Cottage the Joey of Mrs. Driggs was gone, and even the most detective intellect of society would have failed to see in the elegant woman of thirty-six the plain, quiet, yet loving Joey who had once held so humble a position. The beauty was all there, but cultivated by education and travel; for the unambitious Joey of the days of Fair Isaac Gardner Driggs knew something more was expected of her than as the foundling or the housekeeper. It was with this thought, and with the determination to lead the life of her husband, that she had devoted herself to an attainment of those accomplishments, real and superficial, that would enable her quietly to take her place in that society to which her wealth would entitle her. A few years more and she burst upon the delighted eyes of her husband, not only as the fair beautiful woman of his knowledge, but one of high intellect and accomplishment. All this was due to him, and yet never less the fancy of Joey that she was ungrateful; belief that he was that which would be best for her, and at the same time most the approval, if she could overlook it, of the dead, he took the greatest girl to the head of his house and the whole of his heart. Seven years had the fond and never-forgetting wife made his home a path of perpetual flowers, and when, after a long illness, as though for a last treat of the young wife, he went forth to join the army of the dead, his parting words were, that in her he left his world, and nothing else to regret.

A year after this the young widow, yielding to the earnest pressing of friends and her own desire, had joined them to go abroad, and had remained three years in Europe and the East, coming back with all the brilliancy a contact with the world could give her, and yet never forgetting the long past and her charitable. This was now the lady of Marion Cottage, so named by her in remembrance and honor of its donor, the kind mistress and earnest friend.

One week later, and Mrs. Ebenezer Dalton, with a sharp smirk of satisfaction, rushed into Marion Cottage to announce the intelligence of the arrival of Major Frank Dalton.

"And now, my dear Mrs. Driggs, you must let me present him in me dutiely—yes, immediately," said Mrs. Ebenezer, with emphasis. "I am so anxious you should see him, and I am so anxious he should see you; for you know, my dear, confidentially, that you are the only one in Middleville that any sensible person would give a straw to know. Indeed, I hope you will like the major as well as I know he will like you. Now, can I bring him right up this morning?"

Mrs. Nettleton Driggs smiled at the eagerness of Mrs. Ebenezer, though something there was about it that grated harshly on her sense, and after a moment's consideration compromised with her anxiety by consenting to receive the young man that afternoon. The afternoon came, and with it Mrs. Ebenezer and Major Frank Dalton, the last a bowling, brown, dark-eyed, well-formed man, looking at least five years older than represented by Mrs. Ebenezer. He was a gentlemanly looking man, and one that duty did not proceed from any attempt to show it or any consciousness of its existence, but rather from the natural and unaffected bearing of thorough-breeding intellect that spoke out of his really good face. The prejudice from which Mrs. Nettleton Driggs had been unable to divest herself, when considering Major Dalton with Mrs. Ebenezer, vanished in an instant, and when she arose and gave him her hand it was with an asking of pardon in her heart for the injustice of which she felt she had been guilty, and perhaps it was to offer some reparation to her own conscience for the injustice that she resolved to make herself over the usual reserve with which she always met the other sex, and treated him as an old friend whom in she had not seen for long absence.

Weeks passed away, and Major Frank Dalton's furlough was within a day of its close. The gossips of Middleville were terribly excited over the discovery of the young and handsome paper in Marion Cottage, and were exactly indignant, especially those who had marriageable daughters, at the fact that the major was a widower, who made the purpose of marriage or flirtation, try to enchain the affections of one so much younger than herself. Indeed, they declared that it was monstrous, and the idea that his mother could not only countenance him in it but should really show a high opinion of the match, was the last drop of bitterness that had occurred to shock the proprieties of Middleville since the Rev. Ralph Peabody, the Presbyterian minister, had gone off, despising all the remonstrances of his indignant flock, and married a plain and not handsome country girl, to whom he had been engaged long before he had accepted his call to Middleville.

As we have no secrets from the public, though for the present we intend to keep some from the parties most immediately concerned, Mrs. Ebenezer Dalton, who, though feverish with desire to know all that passed at Marion Cottage, would not spoil by her presence the interview which she did know would culminate to her wishes better without her, we will introduce it to that day before which Major Frank Dalton was to leave Middleville.

A few happy weeks had they been at the cottage, not only to Mrs. Nettleton Driggs and to Major Frank, but to the charming Bertha Lee, who, almost since the death of Frank's first love, had been the companion of Mrs. Nettleton. Charming was Bertha Lee, so said Mrs. Nettleton Driggs, and when well-educated to display to advantage any matter of taste, even though it were a question of taste with regard to women? Bertha Lee was a niece of Mrs. Nettleton's, one whom she had watched almost from her birth. Bertha's mother had been one of the few friends of her past, one who had, in a long-seen scene of her early life, shared the rich family of Driggs, treated the Joey of the past not as a servant, but as an equal. When the mother died, after the little Bertha had reached the age of seven, over that Joey bore for the mother was transferred to the child, and Bertha became almost as her own. When more years had glided away, and Bertha became an orphan, the care of Joey increased, and only excepting such time as was imperative to be spent among the relatives of her father, for the new mother always. Together they had studied, travelled and lived, though nearly a score of years separated them in age, they were more companions and equals than in the relation of mother and child. Bertha was eighteen; Bertha was blonde, fine-eyed and fancy-formed, a being that shadowed out more than the age and a grace of cultivation in her movements.

This day they were all together in the garden of Marion Cottage, the gossiping, serious and silent than usual, for each had thoughts running riot through the brain, thoughts that each dared not speak. Frank Dalton in the last happy weeks had revelled in a delight of such association as he had never before known, and now he was about to tear himself away from the Eden of the Field.

"—— with a most voiceless thought,
Sheathing it as a sword."

And he sat gazing in profound silence on the two beautiful women, so entirely unlike, and yet so loveable each. To the beauty of each, the one an opening bud, the other a flower full blown, a paid full homage, but it was the older that led the heart and brain of the young soldier captive; and yet, notwithstanding the admiration such as he had never felt for woman before, Major Frank could not persuade his judgment that its true expression would be in asking her to become his wife. Beautiful as she was, beautiful alike in

body and mind, there was something to the young man that forbade such love, and yet love her he did, in spite of all instinct and all philosophy. And farther, he felt that he could not quit Middleville next day, perhaps never to return, without a word that should leave a record of that love, and yet how was it to be spoken? And she, as though reading through the light covering of words, could look into his heart and know what she feared, and knew that upon that day would come some expression of it, and like a subtle diplomatist, admitting the same love to the almost boy at her side, sought only those words and actions that would discourage it, and for ever still any mention that such intention was in his heart, or any reciprocity in hers. And yet they would talk, and that talk of love. It was Bertha speaking.

"Believe! what necessity shall there be for credibility? Do not women always believe in love? What is it that makes the charm in woman but her belief, her confidence, the very confidence that sometimes is her destruction?"

"For which be she ever blest, and even though that confidence be her destruction here on earth, it will make an angel of her hereafter!" said Major Frank.

"You are speaking with that very confidence," said Mrs. Nettleton Driggs, "which simply argues that the love in which you are such perfect believers, is a thing not of a lifetime, but of certain years of our lives, and cannot be expected to last for ever. We must all love once, as we all must be afflicted with sickness."

"Oh, shame! shame! cousin," for so Bertha Lee had always called her friend, "what romance is there about you, that you should talk of the grand passion in such words?"

"The most sensible of romances, a romance founded upon fact. What sympathy has the world with love when it comes late in life. It is only with the boy and girl we allow our feeling to be enlisted, not with the full grown man and woman."

Major Frank looked earnestly at Mrs. Nettleton as though he would look to her very inner heart, and there read the dictation of her words.

"And by that," said Bertha, "you hold that one should not love after they have reached a certain age."

"Yes; they should not love in the general worldly acceptation of the term. Love we must, always, as I love you, Bertha, as I love a child, or a dear friend, but the love of our youth, never."

"And pray," said Bertha, laughing, "my lady philosopher, will you tell us at what age it is our duty to leave off loving?"

"Certainly," answered Mrs. Nettleton, gravely, "at my age. I should hold it a weakness, if, at my age, I surrendered my senses captive to the passion and reckless love of my youth. Ah, well, you may laugh, lady-bird, when I say 'at my age,' but I am no longer young, and I hope too sensible to represent myself so."

"And then," asked Major Frank, slowly, and with his eyes fixed searchingly on her face, "we must understand you that you will never love again, either with the love of your early days, nor yet with the more subdued and refined passion of the later time—must we not?"

"Without a moment's question!" was the answer firmly given.

"And do we understand from this that nothing will induce you ever to marry again, or will you dispense with the love, and marry purely on the philosophy that it is not good for man to be alone or woman either?" was Bertha's query.

"Your first proposition is right. Nothing will ever induce me to marry again."

There was a slight quiver on the lip of the young man as these words were spoken, and he turned away for a few moments and stood absently plucking the roses from a near bush, and throwing them upon the ground. The smile passed away from the face of Bertha the instant she saw the serious air of her friend, and silence for a time rested upon the whole party.

The next day Major Frank Dalton went back to his regiment, but not until he had undergone a rigid questioning from Mrs. Ebenezer, bearing upon his status at Marion Cottage, a questioning that only resulted in a confused conclusion in that lady's mind that all was right, and prospering according to her wishes, a conclusion that became almost a certainty when the Major gave notice of his intention to resign from the service, and take up his residence once more in Middleville.

A few weeks went by, and Frank Dalton was no longer Major. He had returned to Middleville to find Marion Cottage empty, and its tenants flown to the city for the season, and to the city accordingly he bent his steps, leaving all Middleville to gossip and sneer over the coming marriage of the young man to the woman of thirty-six. There was little love lost between Mrs. Ebenezer and Mr. Frank Dalton. As far as the strict duty of the young man went, it was faithfully done, but there was none of that demonstrative affection that follows the relation. It never was shown or cultivated by Mrs. Ebenezer in the past, and her love for her son now only seemed to ooze out in boasts of his superiority, and of her own superior management in bringing such a son out to the world. Thus it was little confidence existed between them, and as a consequence that Mrs. Ebenezer knew about as little as the rest of Middleville regarding the progress of his wooing, though allowing her hopes to address her belief, she felt satisfied that everything was going well and that at any moment she might hear the announcement that he was about to marry.

And so truly did it fall out, for before the coming of the new year, and within three months of the time of his return, a letter to Mrs. Ebenezer from Frank announced his engagement and approaching marriage. Others followed, finally stating the day, and though correspondence between mother and son had never been either voluminous or cordial, a sincere and affectionate request for her presence, if at no other time, at least at the ceremony, which was to be only in the presence of a few, and would be at the house of Mrs. Nettleton Driggs.

Mrs. Ebenezer graciously announced her intention of being present at the ceremony, but declined coming before, on the plea that perhaps her presence might be embarrassing to the lovers, a plea that was accepted by the interested parties without a murmur. It was strange with this lady that now when her hopes were upon the very point of realization, she was so silent. From her lips the gossips of Middleville never received the slightest intimation of the affair that was so near consummation, those who were close observers afterward declaring that during those weeks that intervened between the conveying of the intelligence and the marriage, Mrs. Ebenezer seemed especially silent and nervous, resisting all efforts to draw her into conversation upon the subject on which she was wont to dilate with so much confidence. So apparent was this, that the good gossips all mentally concluded that the expected match was a failure, so that when within a few days of its actual coming off, they were startled by the intelligence leaking out some way, they all felt that they had been terribly wronged in not having longer notice, and turned upon Mrs. Ebenezer the full ire of their tongues.

The party was gathered within the cheery walls of the good old Second Avenue mansion, the guests, all told, numbering not half a score, were present, and the clergyman ready to perform his solemn duty. The time had passed a full two hours, and all, from the bride down to the waiting servants were becoming weary of expectation, for Mrs. Ebenezer Dalton had not yet appeared, though she had been expected the night before. The streets were white with the heaped snow to several feet in depth, and the clank of the shovels told that it had but just ceased. It was only after many consultations and the truthfully arrived at opinion that Mrs. Ebenezer had been stayed upon her journey by its great fall, and the consequent stoppage of travel, that they proceeded, and the tying of the knot that bound two together for life and death, was consummated.

While this was proceeding Mrs. Ebenezer was laboring by hard stages, along with some hundreds more, into the city, almost twenty-four hours behind time, impeded by the fearful drifts that had covered rails and consigned cars and locomotives to an immovable mass, and two hours after the conclusion of the ceremony, made her appearance, gaunt and pallid, before the startled guests at the wedding breakfast. Her entry at the door was followed by a general rising, and Mrs. Nettleton advanced quickly towards the haggard woman with words of welcome, but was in an instant astounded to hear Mrs. Ebenezer, with hands outstretched to repulse her, hiss out fiercely:

"Stand back!"

Mrs. Nettleton was paralysed for an instant, before the burning eyes and threatening tone of the woman before her, but immediately recovering herself advanced, and once more the same shrill voice spoke.

"Stand back, I tell you! Don't put your hands on me, for your life!"

"Mother!" cried Frank Dalton, springing forward; "what does this mean?"

"It means compensation," answered Mrs. Ebenezer, turning swiftly upon him. "Are you married?"

"Yes!" and the young man would have instantly followed with some words of apology for not longer awaiting her coming, but was stopped by the shrill laugh of his mother.

"Married! Ha! ha! ha! A nice and proper marriage," and then coming closer to Mrs. Nettleton, "let me give you joy."

The one addressed started back and a pang like death shot through her brain. Something there was in the words, or in the tone, or in the eyes that glared so terribly into her face, that brought a sensation of sickening fear over her heart. Once more Mrs. Ebenezer spoke.

"What does it mean? It means revenge! It means the heaped revenge of a lifetime! I would have been here to see the act done, to see you both swear those oaths that should perjure and debase you before all the world, but I was too late. But—I am not too late to congratulate you. Married! Ha! ha! ha!"

"Mother!" said Frank, wildly, "what has happened to you, that you should act so? What is this?"

"Don't call me mother!" shrieked the woman; "I am no mother. You are not my son! God never cursed me with children! Look!" and she pointed toward Mrs. Nettleton with the vehemence of a stab, "There stands your mother!"

A shrill scream from Mrs. Nettleton Driggs rang through the room, and in an instant she was clasped in the arms of Frank, who had sprang forward to save her from falling.

"Woman!" screamed Mrs. Ebenezer, taking from her reticule and holding before the eyes of Mrs. Nettleton a tattered, pink child's dress, "Do you know this?"

With one grasp the other caught the little garment from her hands, and staggering to the sofa, covered it with hysterical kisses and tears in a moment.

"Yes, weep, weep tears of blood, woman, over that memento of your crime. It was I who stood ready upon that day to relieve you of your burden. I who traced you from spot to spot that I might watch for my revenge. It was I, who when you deserted your child in the streets, caught him away and kept him through all these years, not because I cared for the brat, when on his face was marked the features of those two whom I most hated of all the world, but because I would make him an instrument in my hands for your punishment, whenever the time should arrive for it. I little dreamed then of how long it would be, or that it would come to me in the shape it has; but the fiend always helps its own, and so it was that in spite of all disguises and all your silence upon the past, that I knew you, and so was enabled to scheme out my vengeance, and by one blow ruin not only yourself, but his and your brat at once. You know me now, woman, eh!"

And as she stopped for an instant, the features of Margaret Stone glared out in such distinctness that Mrs. Nettleton wondered vaguely how she ever could have seen her, even once before, and not have recognised one who had been to her memory a lifelong terror.

"You know me?" she continued, "and now you know why I have suffered you both to go on in your unholy love, and to leave you to your unholy wedlock. This is my compensation, my revenge has been blessed!"

"Did you believe that I was wedded to my mother?" asked Frank, advancing towards her with a countenance of horror, and speaking in a low choking voice.

"Did I believe! Fool! Do I not tell you that she whom you have just married is your mother?"

Frank turned, and led Bertha Lee forward.

"This is my wife. Do you mean to say that she is my mother?"

"Your wife!" gasped Mrs. Ebenezer; "your wife! Were you not married to that woman?" and she made another point like a stab towards Mrs. Nettleton.

Still holding his wife by the hand, Frank advanced towards Mrs. Nettleton, and taking both in his arms, he said:

"Mother, wife, let us thank God that we have passed through peril unscathed. Mother, that we have loved without passion, and with a love that will endure for ever, and wife that we have loved upon a belief in that calm second thought, that leads the heart instinctively to the real harbor of its rest."

And those three, forgetful of all around them, embraced in the very fulness of their happiness, and then turning to see her who had, intending to do the reverse, brought it all to them, she was gone.

Yes, Mrs. Ebenezer was gone! A glance had shown her how the scheme of her life had miscarried, and she slid quietly away, never more to be heard of in her haunts of old, nor to make her whereabout known even to her most intimate gossips of Middleville.

Our story is told, and we have only to verify its happy end by looking in at any time on one of the most contented family circles in the land, now filling the Second Avenue mansion of Mrs. Nettleton Driggs.

GENERAL SHERIDAN.

Philip Henry Sheridan, to whom the country is indebted for the great triumph at Winchester and Fisher's hill, is a native of Perry county, Ohio, born in the year 1831. He was graduated at the West Point Military Academy in July, 1853, and at that time entered the army as a brevet 2d Lieutenant of the 1st United States Infantry. During the years 1853, 4 and 5 he served in the Indian campaigns in Texas; and in July of the last mentioned year, after serving a few months in command of one of the forts in New York harbor, he was ordered to California. Engaged for a while in the Government railroad surveys on the Pacific coast, he was detached from that service to take part in the campaign against the Indians, in Oregon Territory. In the severe campaign, under Major Raines, he greatly distinguished himself, and was highly praised by his commander for gallant and meritorious conduct in the fight at the Cascades of Columbia, April 28, 1856.

For the part he took in the settlement of the Indian troubles in Oregon Sheridan was very warmly eulogized by Gen. Scott, then General-in-Chief of the army. Just after the breaking out of the rebellion he was made Captain in the 13th infantry, and served for several months in St. Louis as President of a Military Commission convened at that place. In December, 1861, he was made Quartermaster of the army of the Southwest, then operating in Southern Missouri, and afterwards in Arkansas under Gen. Samuel R. Curtis. He remained with that army until after the great battle of Pea Ridge, in the spring of 1862, when he was appointed Chief Quartermaster on the staff of Gen. Halleck, then in command of the army before Corinth.

In May, 1862, he was offered and accepted the command of the 2d Michigan cavalry, and from this time he was in his proper element, and his great merits as a soldier in active field service were rapidly developed. Three days after he assumed command (May 30) he fought and defeated a considerable body of rebel cavalry near Corinth. In 11 days after this he was entrusted with the command of a brigade of cavalry; and on the 1st of July he vindicated the choice of his commander by fighting and defeating a rebel cavalry force of nine regiments under the notorious Chalmers. This action was so brilliant that it won for him the star of a brigadier. Thus in a few months he won his way by sheer force of active and meritorious service, from the rank of major to that of general officer. In September of the same year he was given the command of the 3d division of the army of the Ohio, then operating under Buell in Kentucky. He fought his brigade with distinguished gallantry and success in the severe battle of Perryville in October of that year; and again, with still greater distinction, under Gen. Rosecrans in the victorious Murfreesboro' campaign in December, 1862, and January, 1863. His services at this time were of such distinguished merit that he was made a Major-General, to date from December 31, 1862. From that time his career in the Tullahoma, Chattanooga and Chickamauga campaigns of Gen. Rosecrans, in the Chattanooga and Mission Ridge campaign with Gen. Grant, and in the great campaign of the army of the Potomac commencing in May, 1864, all the time as a most accomplished and successful General of a corps of cavalry, is still so fresh in the memory of the people as to render more particular mention unnecessary.

His dashing expedition to the rear of the rebel lines near the Wilderness, in May last; his destructive foray on the Virginia Central Railroad, in June, and his almost ubiquitous operations against the enemy, with the splendid cavalry he had imbued with his own soldierly spirit, made him the terror of Lee's army in the early months of the campaign.

In all his various employments, whether as a subaltern in an Indian campaign, in the difficult executive duties of the Quartermaster's office, as the Colonel of a cavalry regiment, as the General of an infantry division, as the General of a cavalry corps, or in the higher and more responsible position of commanding General of an independant army, in the field, Philip Henry Sheridan, now Major-General, and Brigadier in the Regular Army, has shown himself a most thorough and accomplished soldier.

The author of "Down in Tennessee" thus describes the popular hero of the day:

"At the close of our discussion a singularly quiet, unassuming man, in plain pants, loose, blue sack and everyday boots, entered the room and took a seat on the window-sill, by the side of Stanley. He was below the medium height, slightly built, with closely-cut hair and beard, and a dark, sun-browned face. There was nothing about him to attract attention except his eye, but that seemed a ball of black flame.

"'How are you, Phil?' 'Good-morning, Sheridan,' greeted him from various parts of the room, and Garfield, turning to me, said:

"'Mr. ——, this is Gen. Sheridan.'

"It was the youngest corps commander in the army, the man who, when McCook was routed, stood so like a wall at Stone river; who led the desperate assault on Mission Ridge, and has recently made the brilliant cavalry campaign in Virginia.

"'Do you remember Pope's 30,000 muskets and 10,000 prisoners?' asked a young officer near me.

"'Yes; very well,' I replied.

"'I took the muskets and Sheridan took the men. How many were there, Sheridan?'

"'I don't remember,' answered the quiet General.

"'Well, I remember the muskets; they counted 930—not one more or less.'

"'I was with Pope at the second battle of Booneville,' said another General, 'when Sheridan rode up and reported 65 prisoners. 'Why don't you say 500?' said Pope. 'Because there are only 65,' said Sheridan. 'There ought to be 500—call them 500, any way,' said Pope; and 500 they were, but not in Sheridan's report.'

"A general laugh followed, but the quiet hero said nothing, and in all I saw of him afterwards I never heard him speak disparagingly of any one."

BATTLE OF FISHER'S HILL OR STRASBURG, SEPT. 22.

Gen. Sheridan, after routing Early on the Opequan, near Winchester, did not by masterly inactivity allow the rebel General to recover from the stunning blow. He seems to believe in following up an advantage. Early retreated, pursued by Sheridan's cavalry, and the Richmond papers, which at last reluctantly admitted the defeat at Winchester, consoled themselves with the assurance that Early had taken post at Fisher's hill, a strong position from which Grant and his army could not dislodge him. Richmond breathed more freely. There had been defeat but no disaster. Even north those who knew the ground, but could not see how completely the *morale* of Early's army was destroyed, anticipated a long and stubborn battle at Fisher's hill. It is situated about two miles southwest of Strasburg on the valley road, and its base is washed by a stream called Tumbling run. Here Jackson in 1862 held Fremont at bay till he got his prisoners and train out of the way. The hill is almost inaccessible on the north, and rises like a wall from the run. Here Early was posted on the 22d, with his right upon the Massanutten mountain, and his left upon North mountain, having his front covered by strong natural and artificial defences.

On the 21st Wright's corps gained an important position on his front, and next day Sheridan made a demonstration against Early's impregnable right; but the main attack was on the centre and left. In the centre Rickett's division of the 6th corps advanced and secured some important heights in front. Early alarmed at the vigor of the attack on the centre and right lost heart and began to withdraw, but Early had not penetrated Sheridan's plan of battle. About noon Averill's cavalry drove the enemy from his advance on the left, into his mainworks, after which Crook, who had been kept out of view, pushed up and gaining steadily, about five furiously attacked the left of Early's line, doubled it up and advanced down their line; Rickett's, well to the front, swung in and joined Crook; Getty and Wheaton followed, and Sheridan's whole force was soon in full possession of the enemy's works, driving them like sheep. The rebels threw down their arms and fled in confusion, abandoning most of their artillery. 20 pieces and 1,100 prisoners, with caissons and ammunition, falling into our hands. Sheridan is no boaster, but he cannot help saying, "I do not think there ever was an army so badly routed;" and the men who were thus beaten were the veterans whom Stonewall Jackson had so often led to battle in this very valley; who should have been inspired by past victory. But as a rebel colonel was brought in, he threw down his sword, "The Confederacy is gone to hell; the men won't fight, and more neither will I."

If it has come to this that Virginia officers and men, who are sufficiently Northern to show themselves on all occasions the best heads and hands in the rebel army, begin to give up the cause, how long could it hold out with the discontented North Carolinians, the effete men of South Carolina, Alabama and Mississipi?

Our view of this important and decisive battle shows the town of Strasburg in the foreground. The Shenandoah is seen on the outer edge of the town and the Manassas gap railroad in the foreground. On the left of the town is one of our batteries, and the line of pickets run from it. The rebel picket line is further back, and near are seen Newell's and Hammond's barns destroyed by our shells. On the woody hillside opposite the imposing edifice in the centre is the rebel battery belching away. But the chief interest is further to the right. From the Round hill signal station a succession of batteries were at work. Almost directly in the rear of Widow Kendrick's and Banks's old fort was the rebel front which Sheridan drove them from at half-past two o'clock, and held. While Crook and Averill, pushing through the woods near North mountain, on the extreme right, came bearing the whole line along for the rest of the corps to join him in the chastisement.

SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.

Our Forces Destroying the Macon Railroad at Jonesboro.

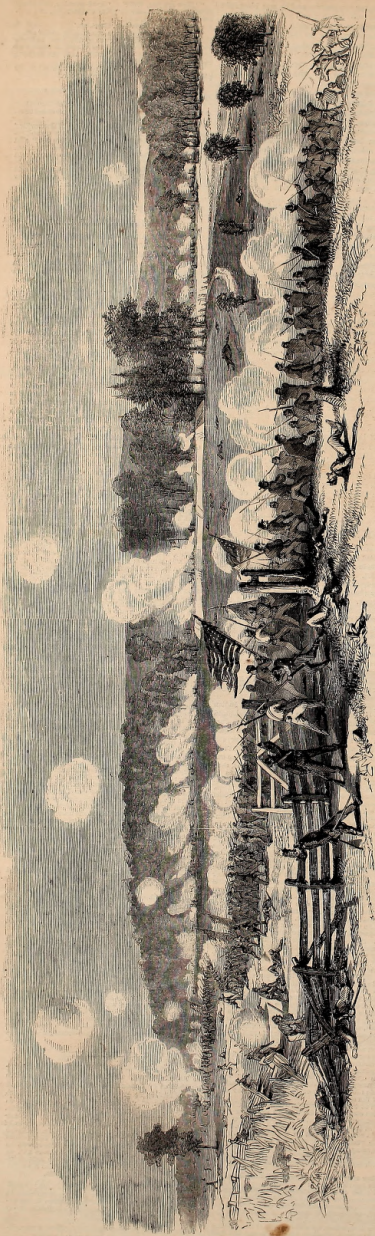
Jonesboro, or Jonesborough, is a little place in Georgia, of which one of our occasional Artists gives us a sketch, with a view of the method in which the rails of the Macon railroad were treated to prevent further use.

Jonesboro, it will be recollected, is the spot to which Hood, completely bewildered by the manœuvreing of Sherman, sent Hardee with a good part of his force, and on which the wily General immediately marched with all his army except one corps, and, attacking Hardee, completely routing him, so that Hood had to evacuate Atlanta. To prevent the rebels from using the Macon road, Sherman's soldiers were at once set to destroying the road. The effectual way in which it was done is shown in our cut. Two posts were firmly planted, and after the rail had been heated redhot in the centre, on a fire built on the road of sleepers and ties, it was placed between these and a number of men, who tugged away at one end till it was well bent. Once cooled, it was of no use except to melt.

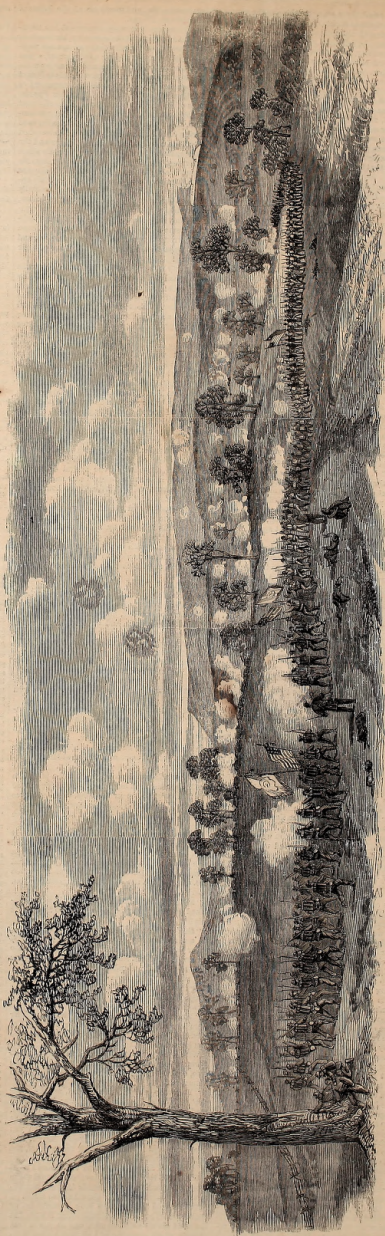
Mr. Oscanyan has again resumed his Oriental Entertainments, those animated and attractive descriptions of Turkish life, so full of instruction, and accompanied, as he ingeniously has rendered his, with full costumes of various personages, cannot fail to instruct all. Teachers could not select a better entertainment for their schools. It is to the young better than a volume to see the Turkish dress, the mode of eating, receiving company, the Turkish bride, the Druse woman, with her Scriptural horn, &c. In thus recommending it to instructors of the young, it may well be inferred that we can assure all that there is not, as some seem to suppose, anything that the most fastidious could object to, but much that all who have not visited the East will hear and see with profit.

Lovett's Wahpene.—This old and well-known Hair Restorative is once more re-established at No. 9 Bleecker street. We refer our readers to the advertisement in another column. Its excellence is too well established to need eulogium.

What unlucky men military officers are, to be sure—they are always in some mess or other.



SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN—BATTLE OF WINCHESTER—POSITION OF THE 19TH CORPS, GEN. EMORY, SEPT. 19—THE CENTRE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.



SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN—BATTLE OF WINCHESTER—CHARGE OF CROOK'S 8TH CORPS—THE RIGHT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

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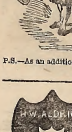
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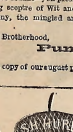
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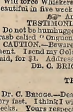
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No. 473—Vol. XIX.] NEW YORK, OCTOBER 22, 1864. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1 00.



GRANT'S MOVEMENTS SOUTH OF THE JAMES—BATTLE OF POPLAR SPRING CHURCH—GALLANT CHARGE OF A PART OF THE 5TH CORPS ON THE REBEL FORT, SEPT. 30.—SKETCHED BY OUR ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER



GRANT'S MOVEMENTS SOUTH OF THE JAMES—THE NINTH CORPS PASSING POPLAR SPRING CHURCH AND REBEL PRISONERS COMING IN, FRIDAY AFTERNOON, SEPT. 30.—SKETCHED BY OUR ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 22, 1864.

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Jeff Davis.

"What, though the field be lost? All is not lost."—*Paradise Lost.*

A WAIL of despair comes up from the heart of Georgia. It is the voice of a drowning man among the breakers. It is the cry of the master-spirit of the rebellion, flying from one danger to another, and calling in vain for a rescue.

We refer to the remarkable speech of Jeff Davis, delivered to the citizens of Macon, Georgia, on the 23d of September last, and reported, entire, by private telegram to the *Macon Telegraph and Confederate* of the 24th. As an exposition of the desperate extremities of his "Confederacy," we do not wonder that it has shocked the sensibilities of the leading Southern rebel journals; as an appeal for help it evidently comes from "the last ditch," as it is a review of the prospect before him—thet of a man reduced to bankruptcy.

He leaves the imperiled city of Richmond to arouse and encourage, by his presence, and to strengthen, if possible, the bands of his imperilled lieutenant in Georgia. And what is the burden of his appeal? Desertions from his armies on every side. He tells the people of Macon that sooner or later Sherman will be compelled to retreat; that it will be the day comes, our cavalry and our people will harass and destroy his army as did the Cossacks that of Napoleon." But then comes the inquiry—"How can this be the most speedily effected?" Davis answers—"By the absentees of Hood's army returning to their posts." Here is the weak point, the fatal confession—"the absentees of Hood's army." Alas! thousands of them can never be recalled; but there are other thousands who will bear this despairing cry and will not come. They have had enough of e contest which promises them nothing but death or exile to themselves and ruin to their families, and they have abandoned their master's hopeless cause. Of the extent of these defections he makes the remarkable disclosure that "it is not proper for me to speak of the numbers of more rebel soldiers in the field, but this I will say, that two-thirds of our men are absent, some sick, some wounded, but most of them absent without leave." The most of these absentees are soldiers, struggles of desertion "absent without leave," are not to be found. Does not this testimony abundantly confirm all that we bear from the camps of Grant and Sherman, and the demoralization of the rebel armies, and of the daily increasing desertions from them? Southern bayonets are beginning to think, for the truth is beginning to reach them.

What is the remedy proposed? Davis visits Georgia to try by moral suasion to reclaim these absentees, "but," he continues, "if, after conferring with the governors of States, quarters, if there be any other remedy, it shall be applied." This means that Hood's soldiers still remaining on duty are to be somewhat extensively employed in scouring the woods, swamps and country for their absconding brothers. Was there ever a more ghastly mockery than this of men "fighting for their rights?" But these demoralized absentees must be hunted up, for says Davis, "you have not many men between 18 and 45 left." His reserves are exhausted. His wasted armies can now be recruited only from his legions of dissaffected runaways. A dismal picture he draws; and in his efforts somewhat to lighten it, he bewildered Moloch of the rebellion only darkens it into a deeper shadow of gloom.

He tells the people of Macon, after promising the expulsion of Sherman back into Tennessee, cut down to a "mere body-guard," that "the city of Macon is filled with stores, sick and wounded," and that "it must not be abandoned when threatened; but we must defend it, instead of retiring upon Hood's army for defence, the old men must fight," showing that even Macon is not considered safe against the Yankees. Again, says Davis: "I have ordered reinforcements from Virginia to Georgia," but "in Virginia the disparity in numbers is just as great as it is in Georgia." In other words, it is here pleaded by Davis, in his own defence, that the fault of Hood's rebel army are both urgently in need of reinforcements, each to too weak and sorely pressed to render any assistance to the other. Thus from the rebel chief himself we obtain the plain confession that most conclusive proof of the masterly and irresistible military combinations of Gen. Grant.

The quotations we have given from this exhaustingly confession of Davis at Macon, of his forlorn condition, are sufficient, we think, to satisfy the intelligent reader that the days of the "Cotton Confederacy" are numbered. We cannot, however, dismiss this remarkable witness without touching upon his testimony in reference to the dismissal of Gen. Joe Johnston, and the appointment of Hood for the defence of Atlanta. Davis says: "I know the deep disgrace felt by Georgia at our army falling back from Dalton to the interior of the State. But I was not of those who considered Atlanta lost when our army crossed the Chattahoochee. I resolved that it should not be, and I then put a man in command who I knew would strike a manly blow for the city, and many a Yankee's blood was poured out before the prize was won." This evidence from his own mouth is exceedingly damaging to Davis. He goes out of his way to cast disgrace upon Joe Johnston, a General who has no superior in the rebel service, except Lee. "A manly blow!" What were the results? A loss of 25,000 men to Hood, killed, wounded, prisoners and deserters to our lines, the loss of Atlanta, the destruction of vast stores of ammunition, and depots of supplies, amounting in value to millions of dollars, all or most of which, men and materials of war, Johnston would have saved to the rebel organization, for he knew the strength of his adversary. He knew, too, what Davis, it appears, had not the sagacity to comprehend, that Sherman's game was not so much the capture of Atlanta as the destruction of Hood's army, which was very nearly accomplished, through the folly of Davis in his removal of Johnston.

"When the Gods would destroy they first make mad," with this fatal madness has surely fallen upon the remorseless despot of the South. In his rage, confusion and dismay, he permits his personal resentments to overrride the dictates of prudence. He is blinded to the real issues in his own camps, instead of seeking to beat them. He is a bard master, and Gen. Joe Johnston, among his officers, is but one of thousands who must now be wearied of his thankless service. There yet, however, may be something of charity to his people in preparing them for the worst. This may be the redeeming object of his Macon speech. We cannot divine what other motive could indice him to betray his weak and vulnerable points, his doubts, his plans and his purposes, his disappointments and despondency, so far as to convince even his admirers that he is in the hands of a prodigal who has wasted his inheritance, and of a ruler whose cause is lost.

Summary of the Week.

GRANT'S CAMPAIGN—NORTH OF THE JAMES.

On the 1st Oct. Gen. Birney (10th corps) sent out a reconnoitring force consisting of two brigades of infantry, a brigade of cavalry and a section of horse artillery, which penetrated within two miles of Richmond. The rebels retreated to their strong inner lines, which are manned by militia and raw recruits.

The rebels were about to make a flank attack on the 10th corps, but not on Birney's advance.

On Sunday, the 2d, they, however, made a furious attack on the 10th corps pickets, but were driven back, pell-mell.

Gen. Birney has made his position so strong that the rebels seem to give up all hope of carrying it.

Desertere come in daily.

Between 6 and 7 o'clock on Friday morning, Field's division of the rebels, after marching all night on the York river turnpike, fell on Kautz's cavalry division on the Central road, where it was protecting the flank of the 10th corps. Kautz held them at bay two hours, but at last gave way in disorder before the superior forces of infantry and cavalry, leaving 4 cannon in the field. At the same time Hoke and Hooker's division advancing down the Central road took him in flank. Col. Sumner, after the stampede of Kautz's force, kept back the enemy for two hours, till Birney, rising from a sick bed, formed his line.

At ten o'clock the rebels attacked his line, hoping to push him back and assail our rear. For half an hour they rushed repeatedly on Birney's work, but at last gave way in confusion, leaving Gen. Gregg in our rear. Gen. Gregg is wounded.

Birney then pushed on, and his infantry reoccupied the works held in the morning by Kautz's cavalry. The enemy, however, retreated.

Birney himself was on the field directing the movement.

In Richmond the panic increases, and it is now proposed to free and arm the slaves, as though they could be depended on to fight in order to perpetuate the bondage of their masters. The report in the army of the United States feels that every blow he strikes is one for the liberation of the Southern slaves.

SOUTH OF THE JAMES.

On the 1st our lines were advanced three quarters of a mile. A reconnoissance was made by a division of the 2d corps to the Boynton road, where strong works were found.

On Sunday our cavalry recaptured 500 prisoners.

SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN.

Sheridan's cavalry penetrated to Staunton and Waynesboro', destroying the iron bridge at the latter place, throwing it into South river, also the bridge of the Virginia Central and the railroad from Staunton to Waynesboro.

The rebel cavalry, however, made a dash into Ebenzburg, between Wolfpitch and Mount Jackson, and burned the bridge there.

A report comes that Sheridan has defeated Longstreet, Early's successor, but we have no details.

GEORGIA—ALABAMA—TENNESSEE.

On the 8th a severe fight took place at Allatoona, in which the rebels were heavy, but after a severe contest, during the fighting the rebels retreated to Dallas, leaving 1,000 of their number dead and wounded on the field.

Hood's army, with the whole army north of the Chattahoochee in Sherman's rear, and has entrenched himself strongly. His troops, according to the rebel papers, have recovered their spirits and discipline.

On the 4th they took Big Shanty, and began to destroy the railroad, but on the 5th Gen. French attacked them, and after a severe engagement drove them out. They, too, left their dead and wounded.

The rebels hoped much from Forrest's movements, but he is closely invested. Major-Gen. Sherman is at Athens, with Gens. Granger, Rousseau, on his front, from Nashville; the gunboats on the Tennessee cover his front; Stedman and Newton are on his rear. Morgan has already captured the transportation, and if he escapes at all, it will be with no power or mischief.

The desperate state of affairs in the Southern part of the Confederacy cannot be exaggerated if we credit Jeff Davis, who says two-thirds of the army are absent without leave.

The western department command has been put in command of the department of Georgia and Tennessee, and the department of Alabama, Mississippi and E. Louisiana, thus controlling Hood and Dick Taylor.

WESTERN VIRGINIA.

Gen. Burbidge, with 2,500 men, recently made a dash into Southwestern Virginia, and captured prisoners and stores at Saltville, but finding a large force under Breckinridge and Echols in the vicinity retired.

TENNESSEE.

Gen. Gillem defeated the rebel Gen. Vaughan at Carter's station, Greene county, driving him out of on entrenched position.

Vaughan retreated to Zollicoffer.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The rebels are expecting an attack on Wilmington.

SOUTH GEORGIA.

Further exchanges of officers have taken place at Charleston, and the rebels have permitted stores sent by the Sanitary Commission to the Union prisoners formerly at ..... to enter the lines.

LOUISIANA.

The rebels admit the defeat of the rebel Col. Scott and the occupation of Clinton by the Union troops.

MISSOURI.

Missouri is in a frightful state. Gen. Ewing, after a gallant defence at Pilot Knob, made good his retreat. The rebels then plundered the town. At Potosi Major Walker and many of his troops were murdered in cold blood after surrender. The whole path of the rebel forces, regular and guerilla, is marked by blood and ruin.

PRICE'S RAID.

Price is moving on Jefferson city, pursued by Mower and A. J. Smith. His course, like that of all others, is marked by desolation. But they seem to seize men with avidity to force them into the ranks.

TOWN COSSIP.

We have just left a friend in the street who has entered upon the last day of grace with a lugubrious easy upon the uncertainty of all things human, based upon the fact that he had a mortgage alone laid in his family seal at the rate of $14 a ton, and that since it has fallen to the ridiculously low price of $10, he does not see how he is to pay it over after he brings it, he was joyfully congratulating himself on his foresight in providing himself with his winter's fuel at—as he declared—one half what it would be about Christmas. "It's these confounded greenbacks, don't you see, my boy? you can never tell what you're worth or to pay for coal." Since that time gold has fallen 33 per cent, and everything has come down by the run, and as a consequence our friend, who has had sufficient faith in his native land to endorse its currency, is out and injured to the extent of from 25 to 30 per ton on his winter's coal, all for a want of loyalty and general confidence in loyalty in the present Government, but in the absolute stability of the currency.

Pursuing this subject, it seems strange to us that in the midst of a terrible civil war we actually see nothing of it about us here, in this city, but the reverse. Well, we see men recruited for our armies; by whom? Why, by bounties and promises. We see the city to big per cent. upon the transaction that enables them to get an able-bodied man in the service of the country. We see the same afterwards re-enlisted and again in the possession of his large bounty made a subject for every imposition and overcharge that can possibly squeeze a penny from him. We see drafting and substituting for substitutes and volunteers; supervisors and town agents haggling for every their quotas filled and their town bonds cashed the same as they would bargain for a team of horses or a herd of cattle. We see contractors gaining double prices for the lowest articles that they may clear cent. per cent. on their engagements, and then crying aloud in the highways that they were ruined from the hard terms of a partial and work. In a word, though the nation is doing its work and fighting out the greatest struggle the world has ever seen, still it cannot avoid giving way to the bargaining, dickering habit of its youth, and turning things of even the most solemn import into a matter of trade.

As connected with this, our prediction of last week that the fall in gold would not seriously affect the prices of the necessaries is verified. As the currency appears to have made an ineffectual struggle to somewhat bring down the price of gold, the effort was too much for human nature, and was abandoned. Gold has recovered, though with a terrible sense of fluctuations, making, at the close of the week, from 108 to 200. The speculators, figuring on the basis of 200, are all buyers, and the shopkeepers, encouraged by their action, hold a hard front. Rents are falling in some parts, but are getting magnificently on the fall of value.

The fact is we are all up to one in which nothing will be much longer felt, seen or tasted but politics. A subject on which, for the last two years, not one single person of sense has differed, for that time agitate them to the very heart. The country, will, in less than a month, by its votes, either confirm its present rulers or know off an entire party to "seek another." During that time a cannot will be fired that will seal the solemn fates of a great nation, and decide the life or death of perhaps a quarter of a century.

During this struggle every eye is turned to the centre seats, while the minor party groups are forgotten, without attracting the slightest attention. Taking advantage of this, the small groups, with their main object in view, at periodical turns of bargain and sale, quarrel and fight and, finally, the combination of the whole, in that stupid donkey, the public, stands by with an animal look of astonishment, and sees the spoils come to be distributed, such as Sheriff, County Clerk, Supervisors and others, worth only from $2,000 to $5,000 per annum, and the question to be settled is not whether the nation shall be saved or not, but what has he to be done for his party, how many friends has he got, and what will he do if that magnificent income will not suit his party purposes, and who will he call in to assist him in the struggle? This is the history of the last century of politics in New York, and now voters have nothing to do but to put the same order of the nursery into practice on the belief that they cannot fail to hit upon a thorough knave, and that he will be honest enough—by honest men, and vote for him.

The thing is that we have foreseen and spoken of several times in the past, has come to pass, a combination of employers against employees. In the present case it is the latter who have made the first move in the country, being nothing less than a resistance to the reduction of wages. Seeing that the cost of necessaries have been for a year or two in a fierce ferment, consequent upon the financial strikes, they have demanded and their demands have been acceded to readily, by the employing classes, with a view to avoid disputes. The employing ladies have rebelled, and declared it an imposition to be compelled to proceed with business under the circumstances. They claim that their consequent gains are falling rapidly away before the rising prices and overcharges a claim that we do not believe in, for the simple reason that the ladies are never the first to sell as now or were more or less, and that workmen's labor instead of falling, instead of rising, which it ought to assert) the universal downfall of all commodities. Under this claim they have combined, and actually refuse to employ any striker, nor yet any member of the Journeymen Tailors' Union, unless they guarantee that any person wanting new clothes, must wait until they get ready, and that as a single person in each case it stands, and not in the slightest degree in a likely way of satisfactorily being done. Of course, a check to the case will be of no consequence; it is a point of honor, as they say, to be firm, and must be so for a few weeks will bring forth, and do not feel inclined even to think about them, let alone write about them in any serious. Let the employing tailors wait until the first cold snap, and it is very shortly on us now, and they will soon be convinced that the people are alive and not to be frightened even at $100 for an overcoat.

Among the wholesale dealers this striking for higher wages is of little consequence, just now, as there is literally nothing doing. Those employed on Government work are pitching lustily along, but all else waiting. In the meantime there are many who cannot wait, but must go, if not one way, the other, by backing down. The last week has brought forth some heavy failures, and several instances such as we know in the

panic of 1857, the sudden changing of wholesale houses into retail, and the attempt to force great quantities of goods, principally old stock, on a public that is not inclined to buy.

One of the most interesting exhibitions to visit that New York produces is the meeting of Police Commissioners at the Headquarters in Mulberry street, where our law enforcers, the police, are brought to trial and tribulation for law breaking. We have taken some interest in the matter for a few weeks past, and our conclusion is that it would be hard to take the same number of men from the average number of our citizens and find that they could be charged with a like number of offences. It may be that citizens do not have the same temptation to commit assaults, accept bribes, pick up unconsidered trifles and neglect their duty, as the members of police, but if they do it speaks terribly ill of the general morality of the force. The proceedings of the last week have developed assumptions of petty power that should condemn some of these gentlemen to the working of Mr. Seward's little bell, and shown a mutual spy system at work in their midst that makes it a most desirable thing for a respectable man to be a policeman.

Now, then, for something about the salt of our lines—music and the drama.

Maretzek has had full swing the past week, and unless he is insatiable must be more than satisfied with his success. To this time the promise of new operas, for which all New York is waiting, as it is waiting for sundry other things, has not been fulfilled, but we have had the new company, and as far as our hearing goes, there is no dissatisfaction. In saying this we do not speak of the "opinions of the press," but those of the people. To speak first of the *prime donne*, for the company is a double one. Signorina Carozzi Zucchi, who made her *debut* on the first night, is a grand personal presentment of the tragic muse. She is of tall, fine figure, and imposing, strong and refined features, with rich, dark, fiery eyes. Her voice, which she manages with artistic skill, is powerful and smooth, and her youth throws an inexpressible charm over all she does. On the stage she is self-possessed and gorgeous, and summed up will make a mark on the operatic history of New York that will not easily be forgotten.

Brambilla is almost the reverse, and somewhat on the fairy order. She is pretty both in figure and face, and runs into the style that New York is fond of making pets of. Her voice is sweet, good in the upper, but unsteady in the lower. She sang in "Traviata" with the new tenor-robusto, Massimilliani, who was so exceedingly robust as to completely overshadow the little Brambilla.

There is a story going the rounds that our opera season will be cut short, or not repeated, from the fact that Maretzek has yielded to the golden seductions of the stockholders of the Tacon, and will pass, presto! into Cuba somewhere about the conclusion of the eighteenth night. It seems strange that New York and Brooklyn, combined, cannot bring about a permanency of opera, with all the wealth, taste and fashion in their midst apparently willing to patronise it.

One of the principal features of the week has been "Martin Chuzzlewit," at the Olympic. The piece has been cut and redressed from the commencement, until now it is in capital working condition, and as a skilful putting upon the stage is worthy the attention of every manager in the land.

Another feature is the production, at the Winter Garden, of "The Comedy of Errors," with Clarke as one of the Dromios, a Mr. Fawcett, of Philadelphia, doing the other. Not to speak of the improbabilities of the play—which we do not believe was ever written by Shakespeare, and possibly never seen by him—it is unfit for the stage, simply because the outrage offered to common sense is not compensated for by the fun. Mr. Clarke was capital (he can hardly be anything else), but to our mind was kept in continual check by the weakness of his opposite. The play has been a great success and is still on.

As good news to the little folks, we announce that the Hippotheatron opened during the week with a strong company of tragic and comic horses, clowns and gymnasts; and as bad news, that this week closes the little Thumbs at the Museum, and is the last chance to see the General and his wife, prior to their final retirement to domestic felicity.

MUSICAL.

A PRIVATE concert was given last week at the residence of Mrs. Hilliard, on Staten island, under the superintendence of Ardavani, which passed off in the happiest manner, and despite the unfavorable state of the weather was very fully and fashionably attended. Ardavani, who is a baritone of the true old school, gave the music of Rossini with great power and delicacy, and was much applauded. Madame D'Angri sang the Rondo from the "Cenerentola" splendidly. Mozart's exquisite "Vedrai Carino" was sung by Mrs. Hilliard very charmingly, and won considerable favor. Maccaferri, Weinlich and Miss Allan also contributed their full share to the enjoyment of the evening. Goldbeck played a very fine arrangement of the favorite airs from "Faust," with considerable spirit. Altogether it is very seldom that a private concert passes off so satisfactorily as the one we are recording.

We ought to mention that Mrs. Hilliard is an amateur, which renders her excellent vocalization the more remarkable.

NEW MUSIC.

TOM THUMB PRESENTATION POLKA. Rochester: G. H. Ellis.

This is a very pleasant piece of music published by that most enterprising of men, G. H. Ellis, of Rochester. The title-page is very handsome, being graced with the splendid sketch of the ceremony at Ellis's store, taken from *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*.

WELS'S CHURCH MUSIC. By CHARLES WELS, Organist of Christ Church, New York.

This is an entirely new collection of sentences, chants, hymn tunes and anthems, designed for the Protestant Episcopal Church.

It is intended principally for quartets and skilled voices, but will be found a very pleasant companion in the social circle, and to the young organist we can recommend no better book for study and practice.

The selections embrace arrangements from the gems of ancient and modern masters; and the whole work is remarkable for its freshness and beauty. The book cannot fail of giving great satisfaction wherever it becomes known.

BOOK NOTICES.

FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE AND GAZETTE OF FASHION. October, 1864.

This monthly visitor comes in all its attractiveness, dazzling the ladies by the brilliant colored fashion-plate and its almost countless variety of illustrations of dresses for all occasions, bonnets, fichus, jackets, paletots, corsages, ceintures. A full-size cut pattern for a lady's overcoat is also given.

The description of these is not all that the "Gazette" gives. Its pages are a full record of fashionable dress changes at home and abroad, and give our lady friends all that they can desire to dress well and understandingly.

The literary department of the "Magazine" is very attractive. "The Story of the Stone Eyes," "The Rector's Will," "Our Bet," "An Hour in Janet Rye's Life," all illustrated by artists whose reputation is world-wide, give a most delicious reading. The minor articles are no less interesting, and the illustrations all most attractive.

THERE is a dull ring about a bad piece of coin, as there is about the moon in hazy weather.

CHARITY may gush forth from the hardest heart, like silver water from the rock.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Secretary Fessenden has issued proposals for 40,000,000 of 5-20 bonds, 6 per cent interest, payable half-yearly in gold.

—— On Friday, Oct. 7, a solemn funeral service was held in Trinity Church, New York, for James M. Hopkins, one of the choir of that church. He was accidentally killed by the discharge of his own gun, Oct. 1, while shooting at Newport, R. I. He was a youth of remarkable beauty of mind and body, and was beloved by all who knew him. He was in his 16th year.

—— The iron men of Troy made a further reduction of $10 per ton on the 1st of Oct.; this makes $30 a ton from the highest rate.

—— The yellow fever in Newberne is abating, and is of so mild a character now that it readily yields to medical treatment.

—— The military order forbidding the sale of fire-arms in Indiana, Ohio, Illinois and Michigan has been rescinded.

—— The prizefight between Harris and Martin, of New York, came off on the 5th Oct. in Pennsylvania. Harris was badly beaten after a fight of 45 minutes.

—— The Firemen's Benevolent Association of Chicago has just erected, at a cost of $10,000, a very handsome monument in commemoration of the Lake street calamity of 1857, when 30 persons lost their lives by a conflagration which destroyed an immense amount of property. The monument consists of a column 32 feet high, of Italian marble, and surmounted by a life-sized figure of a fireman in uniform. The marble was captured by a blockading vessel, having been intended for the State House in Columbus, S. C.

—— Gen. Hooker was honored with two or three serenades while at Columbus, Ohio, but being very busy, only made the following response: "Gentlemen, I have only time to say to you and to those who are gathered here to-night, that I am extremely busy in preparing to leave the city, to be absent a short time. I have not time to talk, if I wanted to, but I do not want to. I only desire to say I am extremely sensitive to the kindness shown me since I have been here. There is no one more sensitive to it than I am. I came here a stranger and found myself among friends. I shall return here as soon and as often as I can. I can say no more to-night, for I am very busy."

—— As a proof that the price of gold is regulated almost entirely by the success of our armies, it went up 6 per cent. on the 6th of Oct., merely because there was no news from the army.

—— At the regular meeting of the Chamber of Commerce a report was adopted transmitting a letter of eulogy to Capt. Winslow, of the Kearsarge, and recommending that $25,000 be appropriated for a testimonial to him and his fellow-officers.

—— Miss Nancy Rhodes, of Bremen, Maine, has had six sons in the army. Four have been killed in battle, one wounded and made a cripple for life, and the sixth now doing service in the field. One of the sons was wounded in the early stage of the war, and discharged, but got well and enlisted again.

Personal.—Father James Hennesy, pastor of St. Patrick's Chapel, Detroit, having been drafted on the last call, his numerous friends gathered around him, and offered to provide him with a substitute, but he refused, saying nobly, "No man shall run any risk for me. I am called upon by my country, and I mean to go." Several of his congregation urgently requested to go in his place, but he refused. Father Hennesy's example is a noble one.

—— Judge Kelley and Gen. Naglee are having a very angry and pointed correspondence in the newspapers, on the Chicahominy campaign.

—— Charles G. Halpine, known as Miles O'Reilly, and formerly of Gen. Hunter's staff, has just been admitted to the bar.

—— Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb sail for England on the 20th Oct., to make the grand tour of Europe.

—— Gottschalk is now in this city. He is about to make another visit to Mexico and Cuba.

—— Rev. Dr. Stone, of Boston, has accepted a call from San Francisco.

—— Gen. Philip H. Sheridan was born in Perry Co., Ohio, in 1834.

—— The Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha is shortly expected in Paris to superintend the rehearsal of an opera of which he is the composer, called "Casilda." The Duke is very anxious to see his works applauded at Paris.

—— Major-Gen. Dix, who, accompanied by Col. Ludlow, of his staff, has been on a visit to Detroit and other Western cities, on important business connected with the late piratical raids made on Lake Erie, has returned to this city. It is understood that the most thorough and searching investigation has been made in this matter, with a view to prompt action.

—— Mrs. Gen. Landor, formerly Miss Davenport, has resolved to return to the stage.

Military.—The following is the record of a youthful hero: John Fletcher, of Lafayette, Ind., private in Co. C, 65th Indiana Volunteer Infantry. He was born in Albany, N. Y., in 1851, and enlisted at Washington in the 4th U. S. cavalry in 1861, at the age of nine years, and sent to the field during Buell's and Bragg's campaign in Kentucky. He served in the 4th regular cavalry in that campaign, and was twice wounded, once in the leg at the engagement at Richmond, Ky., and again in the thigh at Perryville. He was discharged from the 4th cavalry on account of his wounds, and re-enlisted in the 65th Indiana Infantry Volunteers in February, 1864. Besides serving in the campaign in Kentucky, under Buell, he was at the battles of Chicamauga and Mission Ridge, and at Resacca and Kenesaw Mountain, and is now in Sherman's army at Atlanta. This 12 year old veteran is smart, active and brave—a good soldier, in short. "Long may he wave."

Naval.—The new ironclad Monadnock has returned to Boston from a very successful trial trip, her performance being considered satisfactory in every particular. She was propelled at the rate of ten knots an hour, with all her stores on board.

—— The new Japanese frigate, built here for the Tycoon, called the Fuseyama, made a trial trip on the 5th. She is the first of the war vessels to be built here for the Japanese Government, under the superintendence of Capt. Joseph J. Comstock. She carries 12 guns, and promises to be very fast; length, 207 feet; beam, 34; depth, 15 feet.

Obituary.—Ex-Gov. Reuben Wood, of Ohio, died at Rockport, in that State, on the 1st inst., aged 73 years. Gov. Wood went from this city to Cleveland, where he entered upon the practice of the law. In 1840 he was appointed Supreme Judge of the State of Ohio, and in 1849 was elected Governor by the Democratic party. In March, 1850, the new constitution went into operation, which vacated his office; but he was re-elected by a large majority in the fall of 1850. In 1853 he was appointed United States Consul to Valparaiso, where he served for eighteen months, when he resigned and came home. After his return from Valparaiso he took no active part in politics.

—— Mrs. Don Piatt, a lady well-known in the literary world, died at Cincinnati on the 1st inst.

—— Ferdinand La Salle, the noted social agitator in Germany, was killed on the 20th Sept., at Munich, in a duel. The dispute originated in the discussion of a peculiar institution.

—— Mrs. Anne T. Wood, a lady of considerable literary ability, and a contributor to the New York *Home Journal*, died in Mariette, Ohio, on the 14th Sept. Her writings display great taste and delicacy of sentiment.

—— Hon. Thomas F. Marshall died lately, at his residence, in Kentucky, aged 64. He was formerly a politician of much note, and one of the most eloquent lawyers of his time. His habits of dissipation, however, ruined his prospects. He had been a State representative, and also in Congress.

Accidents and Offences.—Charles Curran, a police-officer, much respected, was shot on Saturday, the 1st Oct., by a man named Theodore Yates, while arresting him on the charge of attempting to assassinate another man. The wound is dangerous.

—— R. J. Gilbert has been found guilty of manslaughter for stabbing a man named Kinchy in the saloon kept by Madam Bell, in Broadway.

—— Two boys, aged 10 and 12, were run over by the New Haven train on the 5th inst., and instantly killed.

—— The United States Marshal at San Francisco was arrested on the 3d October, on the charge of forging legal tender notes in New York. He will be brought to New York for trial.

—— Three of the Lake Erie pirates, officers in the rebel service, have been arrested in Sullivan county, Ind., and taken to Indianopolis. They had receipts for making Greek fire, and the chemicals for preparing it, in their possession.

—— Private S. K. Dease, of Philadelphia, was shot through the head and instantly killed on the 5th inst., in Price township, Monroe county, Penn., he being one of a squad of men sent out to guard the person serving notices on drafted men. Two men were arrested on suspicion of being the criminals.

—— H. H. Dodd, Grand Commander of the Sons of Liberty, recently on trial before a military commission at Indianapolis, for conspiracy against the Government, escaped, on the 7th of October, from the third storey of the jail, by means of a rope furnished by his friends outside.

—— A singular case of assassination was recently perpetrated in Boston. As a man named Maurice was walking home from a ball, about three o'clock in the morning, he was shot by some unknown person, and died almost immediately. The murderer escaped.

Foreign.—45,000 Polish families have been banished to Siberia, simply for their remaining neutral in the recent rebellion.

—— The treaty between France and Cochin-China is completed. France maintains her foothold there and receives $20,000,000 indemnity.

—— A novel and interesting lawsuit is in progress at Vienna, Germany. A physician, who was deeply enamored of a young and lovely Viennese belle, expressed his desire to an elderly unmarried lady (who, without the doctor's knowledge, was in love with him), to marry, but, added the blushing physician, "I have not the means." The following day the lucky gentleman found himself in possession of a note inclosing a signed deed, assigning to him the amount of 150,000 roubles. The letter, which was from the elderly lady, said: "Your desire is now fulfilled; henceforth there is no obstacle in the way of matrimony." The overjoyed physician immediately repaired to the home of his adored, proposed and was accepted. But the elderly lady either misunderstood the doctor, or he misconstrued her gift; for she has sued the modest gentleman for the sum of 150,000 roubles, which he refuses to return. So far she has lost the suit in two courts, the jury, in both cases, being of opinion that, inasmuch as no marriage proposal was tendered, the doctor is entitled to the amount. In the meantime, the *entente cordiale* with the young lady (Miss Fishel) is in *statu quo*.

—— A silver medal has been voted to Miss Le Geyt, in Bath, England, for her gallantry in rescuing two lads from drowning at Lyme Regis.

—— If "cards," on nuptial occasions, are going out of fashion in England, *cartes* are coming in. Not long since (says a London paper) we read of small photographs of the bride, and indeed bridegroom, too, being sent round to friends, instead of the old enamelled, silver-ligatured pasteboards; but we have, within a week, seen the sun-painting process turned to a still more extensive account in connection with these "auspicious occasions" in the form of large photographs of the bride, bridesmaids, bridegroom and best man all in one group.

—— The city of Paris lately advertised for a poem of 70 lines upon the opening of a new Boulevard. There were 2,600 candidates for the 500 francs prize.

—— Victor Hugo has published a letter recently, in which he gives an amusing account of his travels in England after a statue of Shakespeare. He is, Frenchmanlike, very severe upon there being a statue to Wellington, "the general who"—so says this truthful author—"gained one battle!" The prejudice of a Frenchman beats that of an Englishman out of the field.

—— The particulars of Capt. Speke's death are thus given in a private letter: "Capt. Speke was on a visit to his uncle, Mr. Fuller, of Neston Park, near Corsham, Wilts, the well-known London brewer, and was out shooting with Mr. George Fuller, his cousin. While getting over a low stone wall Capt. Speke, with an incautiousness remarkable in so practised a sportsman, held his gun with the muzzle towards him, and it going off the charge entered his body, passing completely through, severing the main arteries of the chest and lacerating the lungs. Mr. Fuller, hearing the gun fired, turned round in time to see his friend and relative fall from the wall into the field, and the keeper, who was marking birds at a short distance, seeing his master run towards the deceased, also went up and found him mortally wounded. He was only sensible for a few minutes. On Mr. Fuller coming up he moved his hand to his chest, and said feebly: 'Don't move me.' Shortly afterwards he breathed his last. A surgeon was on the spot very soon after the accident, but Capt. Speke was dead before his arrival. The deceased was 38 years of age and unmarried."

—— The Emperor of the French has just finished the plans for another breech-loading cannon, with which the Pri ca Imperial is to be armed—that is, the vessel of that name, not the youthful scion.

—— It is said that the influence of Eugenie has again become ascendant in the bosom of Louis Napoleon, and that she has made the sacrifice of Achilles Fould the *sine qua non* of the *entente cordiale*.

—— The King of Bavaria has given permission to a German traveller in India to call himself Schlagintweit-Sakuenluenski. He must indeed call himself so. No one else will be able to call him by that awful conglomeration of letters.

—— Professor Priestly, of King's College, London, has been appointed to attend the Princess Louise of Hesse, at Darmstadt, in her approaching confinement, which is expected to take place about the end of October or the first week in November.

Chit-Chat.—The pumpkin is much cultivated in France for soup, and is held in great esteem. An annual prize is given by the Agricultural Society of Paris for the largest pumpkin, when a sort of coronation and procession takes place in its honor. This year the king of pot-irons weighed 270 pounds, and his waist measured over three yards in circumference. His Majesty sold for a sum equal to $40 in United States coin, or $100 in greenbacks.

—— Mr. Spurgeon has retired from the Evangelical Alliance in consequence of the dissatisfaction given to the Church of England by his sermon on Baptism and Regeneration.

—— A Hindoo named Vberahogavasantaragan proposes to re-establish Hindoo rule in the southern part of India, and says that if the English don't leave the country in two years, he'll feed them to the dogs and birds of the air.

—— Frederika Bremer, the gifted Swedish authoress, so well known in this country by her writings, and to some extent by her visit in 1850, has not failed in interest for our welfare since. She recently wrote over to a friend here: "I cannot but believe with you that this war is providential, and after its worst is done, its woes are past, will serve as a baptism for a new and higher life. A baptism of blood, true and terrible it is; but the grace of God will turn the very wounds, to eyes which see His will, to fountains of sympathy and charity. God bless America! My heart is there now more than ever, and were I more young I would be there soul and body, and mix among those who take care of the sick and wounded. But I am old, and shall hardly ever more cross the Atlantic except with my warm wishes."

—— A Traveller's Insurance Company has been started in Hartford. Capital, $250,000. An exchange says "You wish to go on a journey, you insure yourself in this company, and if the train goes off the track and cuts you into splinters, it is a thousand dollars cash in your pocket."

—— A celebrated German actor named Haerting, has essayed the part of "Narcisse," at the new German Theatre in this city, during the past week. The critics speak in the most favorable terms of Mr. Haerting's delineation. Apropos, the popular soubrette Johanna Clausan (the Captain) is permanently engaged at this theatre.

—— A new American novel is announced by Ticknor & Fields. It is called Emily Chester, and is said to be a romance of unusual power.

—— George Augustus Sala, whose initials are gas, in a recent letter to a little penny paper called the London *Telegraph*, having said "that Boston was chiefly remarkable for its intense hatred of English gentlemen," an Irish clergyman, who has travelled extensively in the United States, after denying the statement, says: "I should know Boston as well, at least, as Mr. Sala, and I pronounce it a libel to assert that there is any peculiar hatred to the real English gentleman or the nation among the higher classes there. I ask Mr. Sala what city at home or in foreign lands treated the Prince of Wales with such royal honors? And in order to judge aright, may I inquire whether he was invited to the houses of the Winthrops, the Adamses and the Everetts of the proud city of the Puritans? Did he mingle with the dignified and splendid scholars of Harvard? Could he not see in the English look of everything, which he admits, that Boston, before all the world, delights in her English ancestry? Her scholars are English scholars, her Church is English, whether Puritan or Prelatic, her social life is English from basement to garret, the houses are like the memorials of the old ancestral halls out of which the English Salas of the 17th century drove her fathers; and if you step through the old cemetery in Tremont street, or go to Burial Hill at Plymouth, you will find that New England loves even to bury her dead in the good 'old country' style, and to trace the history of their English lineage upon their tombstones."

—— A correspondent communicates to the *Times* some particulars of the journey of exploration which two intrepid Dutch ladies are now making on the White Nile, and of the difficulties that beset their path. They had got to the Soudan, and had attempted to penetrate to the country of the Niam-Niamie. This, however, they were unable to do in consequence of the hostility and opposition of the native merchants, those ungallant persons having probibited the negroes to serve them or to supply them provisions. They complained to the Pasha of the Soudan, but were unable to obtain any redress or protection from him, and were thus compelled to abandon their expedition for the time.

—— George Francis Train, in one of his wildest letters to Gen. McClellan, commences: "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, and George, if you keep on as you have begun, in November you won't have anybody."

—— "You're a nuisance, I'll commit you," said an offended judge to a noisy person in court. "You've no right to commit a nuisance," said the offender.

—— Two English artists, thought to be intent on sketching Morro Castle, near Santiago, in Cuba, have been treated with much harshness by the local Spanish authorities. One of them, a Mr. Goodman, takes a Briton's usual vengeance—he writes to the *Times*.

—— A soldier, who was reading inscriptions on the transparencies in a Democratic procession in Trenton, and discovered nothing inscribed thereon but abuse of the President of the United States and insults at our own Government, turned to a companion and exclaimed: "I say, Jim, this is the first rebel raid we've seen since we left Virginia."

—— A dandy in London has sued a photographer for making his legs crooked in a picture.

NEGRO HUMOR.

THE darkey has not the slightest idea of wit; he would let the most beautiful *double entendre* or the finest turned pun pass him without so much as an agitation of countenance, but when it comes to humor he is all at home. The simplest sayings of the negro are oftentimes the very epitome of fun. The comical idea he takes of himself as a chattel is illustrated by his characterizing some one of his color whom he does not like by a financial valuation, as, for instance, calling him "A $50 nigger!" or, as a better illustration, the remark of a venerable colored person I once met in Richmond, on the far upper part of Main street, over the drunken carcass of one of his own color. We had both stopped to look at the prostrate darkey, but without speaking a word, until the old fellow, looking me comically in the face, says, "I wondar whose property dis is layin' round yar so loose!" Another instance of a comical nature, though occurring under the gravest circumstances, comes to my mind. It was during the fever season of 1830, in New Orleans, that I heard of a singular case, which was attracting the attention of medical men. It was that of a negro woman who had died of the fever, and immediately after death had turned white, the skin having all the appearance of the Saxon. With many others, I had the curiosity to go and see her. The husband, who had been an officer's servant during the war of 1812–14, and had assisted in the defence of New Orleans, received the party, which consisted of half a dozen physicians and others, at the door, and with a "Wait a minute, genelmen!" disappeared through an open door. In a minute he called us to walk in, and we entered a room to see our military hero standing at the head of what proved to be the corpse of his wife, stretched on three chairs, and covered with a sheet. The hero of the cotton bags motioned and directed us to arrange ourselves at the foot of the defunct, and, then, catching the corners of the sheet in each of his hands, he shouted, "'Tention!" and with a half-face, throwing off the covering, he went on in a voice of command, "Uncubber—corpse!" and the dead woman was ready for examination. When our curiosity was satisfied, the ceremony was finished by our falling back to the foot, when the old darkey, who had stood immovable during its progress, flung on the sheet again to his own command of, "Cubber—corpse!" and we were again ushered into the street, after presenting a gratuity of 25 cents per head.

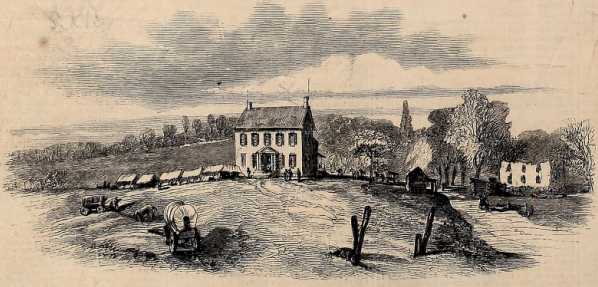
OSCANYAN'S SOIREES ORIENTALES.—Mr. Oscanyan, the well-known Oriental lecturer, is again creating a decided sensation by his *Soirées Orientales*, at Irving Hall, which wonderfully combine amusement, instruction and artistic effect. Our readers will remember that we published an illustration of one of the scenes in the harem, and hope, hereafter, to give another of some of the unique costumes of street life in the East, as they are produced by Mr. Oscanyan. The tableaux are highly effective and artistically interesting. The grouping of so many brilliant and often grotesque costumes creates a *tout ensemble* which interests all. The Oriental music, the perfume of the pastile, mingled with the fumes of the nargileh and chibouk, and the graceful movements of the dancing-girls, combine to realise much of the romance which we all associate with everything Oriental. The philosophy of Eastern institutions pervading the Christianity of the civilised world, as they are still maintained in the lands whence the sacred Scriptures emanated, is graphically explained by the lecturer. We can assure our readers throughout the country that they have a rich treat in prospect when Mr. Oscanyan commences his tour.

SOME men are odious to vulgar people on account of their high rank in society. Each one of them may say, like the King in Hamlet, "Oh, my offence is rank."

THE children of scolding parents are hot-house plants.



IRON MINE NEAR THE TOP OF PILOT KNOB MOUNTAIN, MISSOURI, RECENTLY CAPTURED BY THE REBELS.—FROM A SKETCH BY H. LOVIE



SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—HOSPITAL OF THE 8TH ARMY CORPS AT SPOUT SPRING MILL, ON THE OPEQUAN, VA.—SKETCHED BY OUR ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

DEDICATION OF THE PASSIONIST MONASTERY,

At West Hoboken, New Jersey.

New York is beginning to be encircled by monasteries, convents and colleges directed by a few of the various religious orders which so abound in the Roman Catholic Church. A Convent of the Sacred Heart crowns the heights of Manhattanville, the Christian Brothers have a college on the same ridge of land, the Sisters of Charity occupy Forrest's former residence at Fort Hill, the Jesuits have a college at Fordham, and now, within a few months, a new and stately monastery has been erected on the other side of the Hudson, at West Hoboken, by the Passionists.

This order is comparatively a new one. It was founded in July, 1737, by the Blessed Paul of the Cross, who died in 1775, aged 81. It was confirmed by Benedict XIV. in 1741.

It is very severe in its fasts and austerity. The members are devoted to preaching and missions.

They were introduced into the United States in 1852, and established a monastery, or *retiro*, as they style it, at Pittsburg.

St. Michael's Monastery, at West Hoboken, was commenced in May last, and is a building 200 feet long by 200 feet wide, built of blue stone. There are five floors, with basement and attic. On the first floor will be the chapel, chapter-room, two parlors, tailor's and porter's room, and recreation hall. The upper storeys contain rooms for the members of the community. With the grounds attached, it cost about $46,000. It was dedicated on the 25th of September, in the presence of a large assemblage of people. The Superior is the V. Rev. Dominic Tarletini.

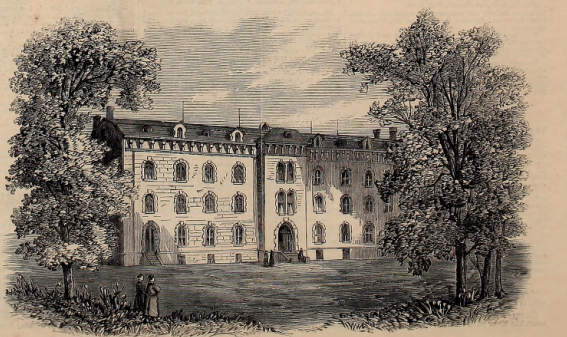
PILOT KNOB.

When travellers first told of mountains of pure iron in Missouri the story seemed fabulous; when at last the fact was established, speculation grew, cities were laid out near them and immense fortunes were to be made. Gradually things cohered down and the mines were properly worked. Among these iron hills is Pilot Knob, in Washington county, Missouri, about 60 miles south-west from St. Genevieve, on the Mississippi, and six miles from Iron Mountain. It is an isolated conical peak, covering an area of 360 acres, and rising very steeply to a height of 380 feet. Towards the top of the mountain the rock becomes ferruginous, with huge blocks of pure iron. About 440 feet from the base on the north a bed of ore 273 feet in length is exposed, and here is the mine of which we give a view in this paper. It was commenced in August, 1845. Iron Mountain is connected by railroad with St. Louis, and Pilot Knob, from its commanding position, has become in the present war a point of military importance.

It has recently been held by Gen. Ewing against a very heavy rebel force, who made a fierce attack under Gen. Cabell on Fort Davidson, but Ewing's few hundred repulsed them and the rebels drew off, leaving the ground around the fort literally covered with their dead and wounded. Their loss is estimated at 200 killed and 600 or 700 wounded. This victory enabled the gallant Ewing to draw off his little force to Mineral Point.

EIGHTH CORPS HOSPITAL AT SPOUT SPRING MILL.

Spout Spring, on the Opequan, was, before the last movement of Gen. Sheridan, the headquarters of the rebel Gen. Ramseur, who marched from it to Winchester, intending, doubtless, to return when Early had finished up the Yankee General. The mill on the right was burned by our troops on Sept. 17, for grinding grain for the enemy. It, with the brick house near it, belonged to Mr. Daniel T. Wood. The wounded in the battle were brought here, and it thus became the temporary hospital of the 8th corps.



NEW PASSIONIST MONASTERY AT WEST HOBOKEN, DEDICATED SEPTEMBER 25.



THE APPROACHING ELECTION IN THE CAMPS—GROUP OF SOLDIERS READING POLITICAL HANDBILLS—SKETCHED IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

THE TWO SOLDIERS:

A Romaunt of the War.

BY C. D. O.

I.

Two maids walked by the shining sea,
One with a crown of raven hair,
And one with her tresses flowing free,
And the golden noon-rays resting there.



"Heart of mine," thus the dark maid cried,
"None save a soldier shall o'er command.
With a soul of flame and an eye of pride,
And his gleaming sword in his good right hand!"

"Mine I give," said the fair-haired maid,
"Even as thou, to a soldier's care;
In the cause of Truth is his soul arrayed,
With the sword of Faith and the shield of Prayer."

II.

Two youths walked by the forest green,
One with a haughty brow and eye,
And one with a calm and gentle mien
That cheered the soul of the passer-by.

"Raven locks and an eye of jet,
A proud-lip'd maid with a tropic cheek;
Such is the snare for my heart set!"
Thus did the haughty Southron speak.

"Tresses of gold," his comrade said,
"Eyes like the depths of a summer sea,
Cheeks where the bosom's truth is read,
Such is the guileless heart for me!"

III.

Two by the shining sea once more:
Tresses of gold and raven hair
And two in the shade of the forest hoar:
The haughty brow and the brow so fair.

Crisped hands in the locks of jet,
The proud lips clenched and the dark eye sear;
But the tresses of gold in a sable net,
And the blue eye bright with a chastening tear!

The fire quenched in the Southron eye,
The dark brow prone on the rebel sod;
But the fair face turned to the summer sky,
And the patriot soul at peace with God.

OVER THE WAY.

BY LILLIAN HOPE.

In was a pretty cottage, too pretty to remain long unoccupied. I was interested in the appearance of the gentleman who came to look at it. He was young, yet one could not help thinking that he had learned his strength—strength to grapple with life. I liked the young wife at first sight, too. She was fair, with soft folds of chestnut hair banded back from a smooth, open brow. There was a little one with them, a dear little girl of about two summers. It would have been a poet's duty to go mad at once over her golden curls, sunny blue eyes and dimpled cheeks. Such dainty, hasy little feet pattered over the uncarpeted floors!

They were pleased, and either purchased or rented, I do not know, and it does not matter which.

I am sure you never saw such a cheery, happy-looking house as that became. It seemed as if everything around it smiled. Every morning I heard the ring of a brisk step on the pavement, and, if I chose to look, saw a sweet pale-faced



A SEASIDE REVERIE.

woman, with a blue-eyed little girl in her arms, both of them watching the loved one out of sight. At first, Birdie, as I heard them call her, would creep down the steps often during the day and run to the gate, calling "Papa, papa!" When the young mother came for her, she would put up her red lips grievingly, saying, "Papa no tome," or "Birdie want papa tome!" But after a while she seemed to learn to look for him about the sunsetting. Then she was sure to be at her post, peering through the gate, and calling "Papa!" as her dear baby voice till he appeared. The fair wife seemed just as eager and watchful as the child. Such a light would come into her eyes, and such quick blushes ripple over her cheeks, one would think her a timid maiden waiting for her lover. And no wonder; for such exceeding tenderness as that man manifested for his wife and child was beautiful to behold. It is as rare as beautiful. I was witness to many glad reunions. Time after time I watched them, till—I am ashamed to confess it—till the pain at my heart grew heavier, seeing the full measure of their content.

I did not envy them—at least, I was not conscious of harboring so sinful a feeling—but the contrast between their smiling faces and my darkened chambers was too great.

Not that I was utterly unloved or uncared for, but the dear father and mother, most loving and best loved of all, had hidden me good-bye and gone home to that other country. They died of the same disease; one in the hush and darkness



THE OFFER OF MARRIAGE REFUSED.

cherry lips as she had—such lovable, kissable lips! I longed to cross over the way and, taking the blessed child in my arms, bring her back with me to my lonely home. Perhaps the sunshine and gladness would follow her. Such a sweet baby voice! It sounded through those empty rooms as she prattled away to "papa" and "mama," while

of a moonless midnight, the other as the flush of sunrise tinged the orient. This was in the month of roses.

I had no sister; of my two brothers, one was a sailor, captain of his own vessel—I remembered his departure, but it was a dim remembrance, like a half forgotten dream—the other, nearer my own age, was a student at Heidelberg.

You perceive that I was "monarch of all I surveyed," and, with the exception of Mrs. Stone, an elderly widow lady, distantly related to my father, who had been our housekeeper for many years, alone in my dominions. Mrs. Stone pitied my orphanage. She was sympathising and endeavored to be companionable, but she was still, and odd, and old-fashioned in her ways. She was in all respects a most estimable woman; but the stillness, so unnatural in our house, with her widow's weeds and my own black garments, continually reminded me of death and the grave.

Summer passed, and each day seemed to bring some new joy to that happy family over the way. In the the morning the young wife sang among her flowers to her little one, and in the evening that rich bass voice was an accompaniment not to be despised. Their piano was a fine, full-toned instrument, and the pitying winds wafted the strains over to me, but they brought no soothing. Ours had been a happy household, a household given to kind words and pleasant laughter and much song.

In the autumn Mrs. Stone requested permission to invite Winnie Halsted, a niece of hers, to spend the winter with us. I consented. But Winnie was not a lively girl; she seemed to fall readily into her aunt's quiet ways. In thinking of her now, however, I do not believe it was her natural manner; perhaps our long faces and sombre garments frightened her, if so, it must have been a dreary winter to the poor girl; for, altogether, we were a most melancholy group.

At length I fell sick of a low, nervous fever, caused, doubtless, by great depression of spirits. Mrs. Stone grew anxious. She was a good and gentle nurse. Sometimes she would look at me earnestly, then shake her head and say, in an aside to Winnie, that something must be done to rouse me from despondency or I would die.

"She takes it so hard. But then it was terrible. Their dying so suddenly, and both together as it were; and she so young, and alone, too, poor thing!"

I used to listen to her low words when she thought me asleep, and wonder if I would die. Not that I dreaded it. Indeed, no. Anything to be with them.

But the long winter dragged away, and, very slowly, I grew better—grew able to wander over the house again, shrinking from a shadow and trembling at the echo of my own footsteps in the silent rooms. I was pale and thin and spiritless. It seemed as if nothing but death would release me from the state of listless apathy into which I had fallen.

"Why did you not come at once to me, Anna Lee? Mrs. Stone should have written long ago; you, poor darling, have been too sick and sorrowful to care even for me. To think that the young year walked over their graves, and I all unawares! Your heart is crushed; I know it, little one. You believe it buried beyond hope of resurrection. You are sure that to you this fair earth of ours has lost its beauty and its bloom for ever. Perhaps this is not so, Anna; perhaps there is a long life of brightness yet before you, if you will. Is this mockery? Come to me, dear child. Have I not a right to weep with you? Are we not sisters by adoption? Were not your honored parents mine in my great sorrow? Who else will pillow your head upon her bosom, feeling that your loss is also hers? Come, my sister; you are sick, I will heal you; you are pale, the sea breezes will plant roses in your cheeks. I have taught my little ones to love you; they eagerly await your coming. I so regret that we have not had you with us all those weary months. I am sick to think of your pining in that great, silent house! Come back with Leonard, dear one, he will follow close upon the footsteps of my letter. Come, weary child, and fold your tired wings in a home that can never be closed to you. Come, Anna, and Leonard will point you to the shining way that leads to that blessed city where your beloved are."

This was the letter that came to me in the early spring. It was from Ruth Willis, my cousin. Then I wondered that in all those months my thoughts had not once turned to her. She was older than I, but I remembered that, in the long ago, when death was very cruel to her, my parents found room in their hearts for another. She came to our home and was one of us till she married Leonard Willis, a clergyman, and went with him to his parish, by the "sounding sea." She was a dear girl; I believe my parents loved her as if she had been their own. But a number of years had passed since she married, she was older than I, as I said; most of the time I had spent at school, and it seemed, somehow, as if she had slipped out of my life entirely. That letter brought her vividly to mind, and with the recollection came a yearning to pillow my head upon her bosom, as she had written, and to feel the loving pressure of her soft arms around me, after the manner of the olden time.

I thought myself utterly unable to endure the fatigue of travel, but you cannot imagine the strength that letter gave me. Verily, it brought healing on its wings! When, a day or two after, I heard cousin Leonard's voice in the hall, I actually ran down to meet him. He took me in his arms as a brother might have done, and kissed me over and over; and I, foolish girl that I was, laid my head down upon his breast and cried like a child.

Winnie and Mrs. Stone had packed my trunks, and the next morning I bade them quite a cheerful good-bye.

I must tell you of my last look at that cottage over the way. I said—did I not?—that the sight of such uninterrupted happiness was bitterness instead of balm. It was wrong; but I was very weak, and could not put the feeling from me. In my own chamber the curtains of the windows that looked upon the street had not been lifted for many a day.

We had learned nothing of that pleasant family, only that the name was Peyton, and that Mrs. Peyton was in very delicate health. This was the cause of their advent upon our quiet street, so far from the business part of the town.

We were to take an early train, and I was ready for departure, when I stole back to my room, and going to one of those windows of which I have spoken, put back the heavy crimson hangings and looked out. It was a pleasant picture that I saw, and memory framed it.

Mr. Peyton was running down the walk, that darling baby following as fast as her little feet could go. Smiling, Mrs. Peyton brought up the rear. Mr. Peyton put the gate between the little one and himself, and stood looking over at her, talking to her, but the cunning little elf thrust her chubby fingers through the wires and caught his hand, laughing with great glee. He feigned distress and anxiety to get away, while the young mother pretended to assist the child.

After a while he started down the street, looking back every other step to smile and say "Bye!" to Birdie, who called to him till he was out of sight. With a silent adieu to these strangers that I knew so well, a silent prayer that their happiness might know no change, I dropped the curtains and went down.

Soon we were hurrying towards that home upon the sea.

Beltonville, so called after the "oldest inhabitant," was quite a stirring, thriving little village; yet there was but one church, and of this cousin Leonard Willis was pastor.

A year slipped by. In the genial atmosphere of that seaside home something of my old spirit came back to me. Mrs. Stone still kept my house. I had no purpose or desire to return.

My income was limited. I looked around me for something to do. Belton seminary was about fifteen minutes' walk from the parsonage. It was respectable and flourishing. I applied for a situation as teacher. There was a vacancy in the primary department, it was the only one. They would be happy to engage my services, if we could "agree as to terms." We met with no difficulty. They were courteous, and I was not unreasonable. My home was still to be with cousin Ruth.

I never thought myself particularly attractive, yet children always cling to me. I believe this is a rule that has had no exception. I suppose it is because I love them so. To my surprise, I found myself becoming popular with parents as well as children. During the second term, Miss Honey, preceptress, resigned on account of ill health. The situation was offered me.

I was inexperienced; there were many young ladies among the students who were older than I. It was a position of too much responsibility. I hesitated. But the trustees united in urging it upon my acceptance; the faculty seemed anxious. My education had been thorough; in the end I silenced my scruples and entered upon new duties and new trials;—not, however, without occasional misgivings. It would seem that never a teacher had less cause for misgiving than I. My classes were affectionate and respectful, my associate teachers considerate and kind. The good people of the place seemed to vie with each other in attention to the "stranger within their gates."

Thus passed two more years. I did not weary of my employment; I can truly say that those were years of pleasantness and peace. It is well that we have not power to unveil the future. To know that evil is in store would ill-fit us for the enjoyment of the present.

About the middle of the second year a letter came to cousin Leonard from a brother of his, somewhere in the far West.

He was going to cross the ocean. It was a matter of business that clamored for immediate attention. He knew sister Ruth's great capacity for loving! Would she take his motherless little girl to her fold for awhile? She could not go with him, and how could he leave her to the care of strangers? He was just going to send her to that good aunt of hers, without preliminary questioning, or shadow of doubt of the gentlest of welcomes. One thing he would like to ask.

Would sister Ruth talk often to the child of a dear one dead? He had done so; he wished to keep the memory of her mother green in the heart of his little girl. He wished it to be a pleasant memory, and truthful, of one who was gentle, beautiful and good. And so in the twilight, before the lamps were lit, when he sat with his little one close folded to his heart, he talked to her of a grave upon Lake Michigan, and a fair young mother who passed through its portals to a "happy land" where the angels dwell. Would sister Ruth sometimes do the same?

It would be such happiness to see them in their home, but this could not be till he returned from over the waters. A friend—one whom Stella loved—was coming to the Atlantic States, she would be safe with him. He knew brother Leonard; he knew sister Ruth; he did not fear to entrust his own lamb to their keeping. He knew that just as tenderly as they cared for their own little flock, just so tenderly would they care for her. The dear God grant his darling to be an "angel in their household."

Cousin Leonard read the letter aloud, Ruth leaning on his shoulder, looking over as he read.

"Poor boy," said Leonard, musingly; "three summers have scattered their blossoms over the grave of his young wife, and still he mourns as one who cannot be comforted!" and saying this, he reached up and drew Ruth's arm around his neck, as if thanking God in his heart, that, while one had been taken, the other was left.

"How old is this little Stella of whom he writes?" asked I.

"Let me see," said Ruth, pausing a little, as if in doubt, "she was four when Ellen died, I think; she must be about our Willie's age," glancing across the room to a bright-looking, curly-headed seven year old, who sat in the window, lost to everything but his first experience of Robinson Crusoe.

You may be sure that the doors of cousin Ruth's good heart flew wide open to take in the little stranger. Motherless! This was the "open sesame!" Sister Ruth! as I called her, thinking of the letter, of the little girl who was coming; thinking, too of the sisterly solicitude she was—in a thousand little, loving ways—continually manifesting for me.

"Stella" proved to be an unusually interesting and attractive child.

A little shy at first, a little afraid of her new found friends. But this could not last, and when you knew her, and she loved you, you found such a clinging affectionateness of disposition, that you trembled for her womanhood. A very beautiful child was this little Stella. Her long, shining curls—of that peculiar golden hue so much admired, yet so seldom seen—parted over a forehead that was marble in its whiteness.

There was the faintest bloom upon her cheeks, and her red lips curved so prettily, there was such a dewy sweetness in her blue eyes, that I never looked at her without longing to take her to my heart, and keep her there for ever. I grew to love her very much. In the morning, when I went to my classes, she was the last to kiss me good-bye, and the first to welcome me at night. I was pleased with this, for, although rich cousin Ruth's bright, good little boys were very dear to me, there was a deeper tenderness in my heart for this motherless little girl than I had ever felt for them.

It was vacation. The first vacation that had occurred since my connection with the school, to which I had looked forward with irrepressible impatience. I have said that cousin Leonard lived by the "sounding sea." I love the ocean. For hours I have wandered on the smooth beach, or sat upon the battlements—as I called a rocky section of the coast about two miles from the village—watching the blue waves dotted with white sails, the seagull skimming over the waters, or the bald-eagle darting down upon its prey.

The day was mine for as lengthy a ramble as I desired. Ned and Willie—Ruth's boys—were with their father in his study; Stella—as I thought—in the nursery. I was glad of this, for, although they were the invariable companions of all my walks, I greatly preferred, that morning, to leave them behind. I slipped out quietly, congratulating myself upon being unnoticed. But I "reckoned without my host." I had not proceeded far when I heard the swift patter of little feet behind me, and Stella's voice calling:

"Wait, auntie"—a fashion of Ruth's boys that she had copied—"wait, I'm coming!"

The child never doubted my willingness; she was never happier than when with me; a refusal to let her accompany me would be an act without a precedent; I could not send her back!

It was in the month of March, yet we had one of those clear, balm-breathing days that seldom come to us earlier than the flowers of May. The air was full of freshness and vitality.

Stella was wild with excitement. She danced along the path, singing fragments of songs, and filling her apron with shells; occasionally running back to show something quaint or curious that old ocean had tossed upon the shore. I knew of a sort of semicircle among the rocks that opened to the sea. Far back in the shadow was a rude kind of platform, and detached pieces of boulders made excellent seats. It was sufficiently elevated to be, at all times, above the reach of the tides.

This was a favorite retreat of mine. I think no one else ever visited it. At least I never was disturbed in my solitude.

As we sat down I saw a vessel steaming into harbor. I wondered if it might not bring tidings for my little Stella from a "foreign shore." The child was very weary. I looked at her flushed cheeks and drooping eyelids, and began to think I had not cared for her as I ought. I untied her hat, and drew her pretty, golden head down into my lap. In a little while she was fast asleep.

I told you that my years were passing pleasantly. I have acknowledged the exceeding kindness of teachers and friends. All this was, new, an experience of the past! I had been so happy! So sure and proud of my position! My position in the hearts of those around me, I mean; and very grateful I had felt for it, too. Had the change been gradual, perhaps, I could have borne it better; but it was a precipitate transition from tropical warmth to Artic coldness, and it chilled me so!

Yes, I had been very happy at cousin Ruth's, but weariness of spirit had come to me, even there.

Professor Steele—principal of our seminary—was a man of sufficient ability to perform the duties incumbent upon him, with credit to himself and to the school. He was affable in his demeanor to all, but particularly so to ladies. He never forgot to be polite and courteous to them. Moreover, he was a religious man. He made long prayers in public places, gave much alms, and was considered a burning and shining light in the one church of Beltonville, of which he was an honored member. Nevertheless, I could not like him.

From the first—although I received a most elaborate welcome—I felt repelled. His affability was oily, and I could not rid myself of an uncomfortable feeling that his sanctimoniousness was hypocrisy.

No doubt it was all very absurd; I had sufficient sense to keep my opinions to myself.

Let no one suppose that I am covertly sneering at Christianity. It is as far from my heart to do so as the east from the west. Heaven forbid that a woman's pen should ever be thus guilty. As for me—Leonard Willis, cousin Ruth, your blameless and well ordered lives are before me—surely it could never be mine! I feel a respect, that is nearly allied to reverence, for those, who—professing the name of Christians—show by their walk and conversation that they have been with God.

To return to Professor Steele. It seems that the dislike was not reciprocal. In the beginning of the term that had just closed he made me an offer of marriage. Of course I was obliged to refuse. I endeavored to do it kindly, with as little injury to his self-love as possible. But he pressed his suit till I became indignant, and plainly told him that his persistence was not honorable or gentlemanly, and the subject must not be renewed.

I did not take blame to myself for this, for, as I said, from the first, I felt repelled, and had never been as friendly and cordial as is my wont with those with whom I am thrown into such intimate association. It was soon apparent that I had made a bitter enemy. There was no change in his manner towards me that others could see, unless he became a little more gentle and partonising than before, yet that man showed me that I was in his power; he could harass and annoy me continually; and he did it, too, in a thousand mean, contemptible ways, without mercy or limitation. I began to stumble on groups of girls, young ladies, generally, that I had censured for improprieties of conduct—whose earnest, almost audible whispering would cease, only to be renewed with little bursts of derisive laughter, and muttered ejaculations of contempt as I passed on. Insolent people stared at me upon the street. Those who had been most friendly hurried by with hardly a nod of recognition. One who remained true explained the matter.

That man was at the bottom of it all.

Very cunningly he began the diabolical work of undermining my reputation. Sometimes when favorable mention was made of me, he would roll his solemn eyes up to the flies upon the ceiling—Well—yes—he trusted she was an amiable person; he hoped her influence over the young ladies was salutary! Again—It would be a matter of regret if the trustees were deceived. But we must be charitable; we we all frail, erring creatures! If any one requested an explanation—Oh! There was nothing to explain! He wished no one to attach any weight to his opinion in such a case. People must judge for themselves; if they saw nothing, his lips should be sealed!

At other times, perhaps, he would only shrug his shoulders and shake his head, saying nothing, but looking unutterable things.

How much might be implied! How much is expressed often by these eloquent shrugs of the shoulders, shakes of the head and upliftings of the eyebrows? Then, if you question, their astonishment is supreme, and they innocently ask what they have ever said!

The leaven worked. Professor Steele was a gentleman of acute judgment and undoubted piety; he could not be in fault. They wondered that they had ever given such ready countenance to a stranger!

They had been duped; it would learn them wisdom. They failed to perceive that my evident possession of their pastor's confidence and esteem was a stronger claim to their consideration than any that Professor Steele had furnished. They were anxious to discover the exact nature of my offence; they thought it quite right and proper that they should know; but that wonderful man adroitly parried all their attacks upon the citadel of his secret knowledge. Serene as a May morning, yet utterly impenetrable. It was aggravating, but after all, his discretion was praiseworthy. Had I told the exact and simple truth it would have been hooted at as falsehood. That noble man vindictive and malevolent!

I saw that if I did not voluntarily go I should be requested to do so. You may be sure I had no disposition to remain. Accordingly, at the close of the term I sent in my resignation. It was accepted without the farce of regrets. All of which was, as yet, entirely unknown to my friends at the parsonage. Perhaps I have been somewhat prolix, and yet I do not know that one can dwell too long upon the character of a good man. Such an anomaly, you are aware. Bear with me for feeling and writing bitterly. That man caused me much suffering.

I was very wretched that March morning when I sought my hiding-place among the rocks, to decide upon some plan of action for my future; this done, I would tell Leonard and Ruth all that it was necessary for them to know, and then bid them good-bye for ever. Yes, for ever, for I could never come back to them with a stain upon my good name. I was innocent, but this would not avail. It was cruel that I should so suffer. I am afraid that I felt very wickedly. I remember thinking that a kind Providence would not permit it.

During all these years I had not looked once upon the graves of my parents. I would go back to that city where, after all, was the only place I had a right to call my home.

I had forgotten the vessel in the harbor, forgotten that a dear little girl was sleeping quietly, with her head in my lap; I did not know that the day was waning. The sea moaned; premonitory symptom of the approaching storm; I did not heed; I sat with my head upon my knees, oblivious to everything but wretchedness.

"As I live, they are both asleep!"

It was cousin Leonard's cheery, ringing voice that roused me; he was coming rapidly up the rocky path. There was another gentleman with him. I started hastily, and would have sprung to my feet, but the heavy weight in my lap prevented.

"It is my brother, cousin Anna Lee," said Leonard, "he has landed within the hour; we would not have intruded upon you, but brother could not wait for you to come with Stella."

I looked up to acknowledge the pleasant bow and smile. To my surprise I knew that countenance well. Cousin Leonard called the man brother, and told of his having lived West. Notwithstanding this, notwithstanding the dissimilarity in names, I was perfectly certain that the

man before me was the one who did live in cottage "over the way!" I remembered how their happiness mocked my misery then, and wondered if it was his fate to cross my path at times when hope—if not dead—lay sleeping in my heart.

The sound of voices wakened Stella. She rubbed her sleepy eyes and looked around, to spring with a glad cry of recognition to her father's open arms.

Leonard came over to me, assisting me to rise, drawing my arm within his own.

What can possibly be the matter, cousin Anna?" he asked, in a low, anxious voice. "You are white as the dead, and you glared upon us so," laughing as he said it, "that I declare I am afraid brother thought we had found a fit subject for treatment in an insane asylum instead of my cousin Anna, of whom he has so often heard. You stayed too long upon those damp rocks; your hands—for I suppose they were his useless in his warm clasp; he shocked suddenly round, facing me—" Anna Lee, will you tell me what ails you?"

Mr. Pierre—you see I felt sure of his identity—had gone forward with Stella. I looked up at cousin Leonard, but somehow I had no voice for words. Had I spoken, I do not know what I could have said. He just put his good, strong arm around me, partly leading me, partly carrying me, till we reached the house.

"Here, wife," said he, "put this child to bed, will you? She is sick, or obstinate, probably the latter. In either case, Spellman shall have an opportunity to test his skill."

I did not smile, as usual, at his pleasantry; I think I wished, indeed, to appear sick. I do not know—I did not leave it again for many a day.

In the delirium of sickness we sometimes reveal secrets that we had thought to keep hidden for ever. I suppose they discovered many things that I would never, willingly, have made known. It was best that it should be so. Had I gone to them for counsel in the hour of my troubles, how I should have had fewer days of wretchedness and fewer sleepless nights to weep away.

Cousin Leonard was perfectly grieved, surprised and indignant. He found it difficult to credit the fact that his people could so presume one whom their pastor loved. An honored inmate of his own house. I have said little of this good man, but if you whose eyes are resting on this page have grown sour, and cynical, and misanthropical, if—seeing so much of sin, and crime, and crime upon the earth—you have come to lose all faith in man, I invite you to visit that unpretending parish and make the acquaintance of its pastor. His is a religion that maketh glad the heart, and he believes if the heart is full of gladness it will beam from the eye and tremble upon the lip. The children of his people love him, and the humblest of his parish know that in him they have a friend.

During the long weeks of that terrible brain fever—as they called my sickness—he was not idle. He marveled that the fullest justice should be done me. To this end he proceeded—first, to make private investigations into the antecedents of my position and station. Professor Steele was graduated from Yale. He came thence with many recommendations of ability, acquirements and piety! Cousin Leonard had friends in that time-honored institution. He wrote to one of to whose discretion and co-operation he could trust. His friend's knowledge was limited. He had understood that Professor Steele was originally from Bennington, Vermont. He believed his parents were still living there.

Further than this he knew nothing. If desired, he would make quiet inquiry, and report results.

I imagine that exclamations were sharp par when the facts that his quiet inquiry brought to light were publicly made known.

Will you believe it? That man, whom the church thought to be without spot or blemish, and the community delighted to honor; who had filled me with his hate for the single reason that I could not love him and would not become his wife, was already a married man!

A Benedict of several years standing! Far up among the mountains of Vermont they found her—the deserted wife!

She had been a belle, and many a rustic youth was refused the love of him, for she was studious and sought their mountain breezes for the restoration of his health. She lived with her parents in an obscure little—of-the-world hotel, feeding her poor fond heart with the hope that he would yet come back to her.

In the meantime the professor pursued the "even tenor of his way" as sleek, and pompous, and complacent as ever. Upon my last decided rejection of me he immediately began paying his addresses in another quarter. Rumor and that certain mysterious preparations were going rapidly forward in the house of Deacon Garfield.

Lizzie Garfield was the acknowledged belle and sweetest maiden in all Beltonville. Her parents were pleased and proud that their daughter should do so well, and yet they did not think it strange for who could help admiring Lizzie? They had been a little fearful that she cared for Tom Rushford—the business young bachelor—who was so smitten with her charms. He was of a good family; doing well in his profession—called a rising young man. They liked Rushford, only—unfortunately—he was not religious. It did not seem exactly the thing for a deacon's daughter to marry out of the pale of the church.

Lizzie marvelled that that grave man should seek her favor; she stood much in awe of him, but that she supposed was because he was so much older, and better, and wiser than she. She was never at ease with him as she was with Tom. One could not feel afraid of Tom; he was always so cheerful, and chatty, and pleasant. Her secret fears gave him the preference, but her parents approved of Professor Steele, and she ought to be thankful for her good fortune. Since it was a special interposition of Providence in her behalf. She sewed busily away upon her bridal garments, trying to believe that she was contented and happy, but she could not help a stray tear now and then, and she did not sing about her work as usual.

Cousin Leonard communicated the important intelligence he had received to a few of the members of his church—Deacon Garfield among the number—and to the astounded trustees of that flourishing seminary farther than this it was not known, for as yet no letter had been received by mail. Agencies were working to bring hidden things to light of which they were ignorant.

Professor Steele attended a religious gathering one evening—it was nearly midnight when he returned to his rooms. He took a letter from the office on his way, and ascended to his study, to pause to look at the contents then. This was the note that was afterwards found upon his dead body:

"I say, Jim, resign yourself to the loss of the deacon's moneybags; it is time for you to pack up your traps and start. Your contortions with the prim schoolma'am there was vexatious to be sure, but your way of courting wasn't exactly the thing. You've walked up the parson.

"Somehow he's got wind of your *finer pas* with that fresh little bit of fruit—your cousin Anna. Demedly pretty, wasn't she though! Pity you actually married her, you must have been waking, old boy. But, as I said, the parson's got wind of it, and he'll come down upon you like an avalanche. You see the schooling is complete—he and his wife, and he is interested. I tell you, Jim Steele, your pretty face will be of no avail. He'll make a clean sweep. I don't think he's heard of your nice little establishment in Vermont, but he'll find it out, you may depend. I advise you to be nowhere at home when you can conveniently make it convenient. I've a plan in my head, and I hope and trust it will work. I'll pass you off upon my governor for a Methodist minister. Promising, eh? Now, and all kind sort of thing! He'll take; he'll beg you to his heart, and he'll present you to the church till you decide where next to ventilate your genius.

"I'm a pretty sister at home now; you can make love to her in his house, and that's a pretty little thing though, and I don't like fellows of your stamp to be too much in the way of my trophies. Don't fail to come, for your game is up in that old rooster's mansion.

A train passed through the place at midnight, stopping five minutes at the station. Crowding a few things into his valise, the crestfallen professor was hastening from the house when the walk, out upon the dark, silent street. There was a footstep heavily, and freezing upon the pavements as it fell. He was a little behind time; the train had started, but a passenger was standing upon the steps of a passenger car. He turned to enter, his foot slipped upon the icy platform, he fell between the cars and was instantly killed.

It was a cruel death. When word was brought to cousin Leonard, they said that this was his righteous judgment; that "the transgressor is hard." Deacon Garfield shuddered, and thanked the God of his fathers that Lizzie was safe from him.

After many days my fever turned. Reason came back to me. I lay helpless and weak as a child, but dangerous symptoms had passed. This was the verdict of the physician: "I shall tell you, Leonard, I heard Ruth say, one day; "it will prove a better physician than Dr. Spellman's medicines. One has strong enough to hear good tidings, aren't you, darling?"

Very gently she imparted the glad news that the dark side of trouble appears only to human gaze, and now I was held in higher esteem than ever before. They did not tell me then that Professor Steele was dead, only that he would return not to turn; they feared the shock would be too great. They assured me, however, that the humiliated and penitent villagers were convinced that I—harmless child that I was—had not been guilty of any very grievous wrong; I had been sinned against rather than sinning.

Those were happy days, the days of my convalescence. They were all so kind to me, my friends at the parsonage I mean. It is true that the people around us were assiduous in attentions; they were mortified and angry with themselves; they were anxious to atone for their temporary estrangement, and literally overwhelmed me with kindness. I endeavored to appear and even to feel grateful, but they had doubted me—I could not forget that. Only a few days, cousin Leonard's boys, and Stella, my blue-eyed darling, were overjoyed to know that anna would get well.

Leonard's brother was still absent, too, was kind; he brought me new books, fresh flowers and early fruits, and when I was strong enough gave me long rides upon the heath. I was not find it at all difficult to feel very grateful for his numberless acts of kindness. I surmised that he had learned the history of me for past months, and his generous heart was stirred to pity. I believe there was a little mystery about him that I have not explained, for my kind cousin Leonard's brother only. I was not mistaken in supposing that to be the gentleman who once tenanted that cottage over the way during my own old home, although I found that cousin Leonard was not inclined to be close proximity at the time of his coming for me, and he had omitted to inform him of the change in his bearing.

It seems that sweet Ellen Peyton was constitutionally delicate. The knowledge of her hereditary consumptive tendencies kept her parents in a state of continual alarm. Soon after I left the city he took her to her father's home in Western Michigan, hoping the change of climate, coupled with the warm, fostering tenderness she would find to find under the old roof-tree, would prove beneficial. But all in vain. Ellen, the child, bidding her husband the calm good-night of the Christian, in the hope of a resurrection unto life immortal.

He lingered—for the Angel of Death still stood upon the threshold. He saw the mother of his young wife laid to rest by the side of her darling, and then—keeping his little one with him—he wandered away, hardly knowing or caring whither, till he found himself in San Francisco—our Al Dorado of the West. Here he entered into business. He was from San Francisco that he sent the little Stella to the care of her friends upon the Atlantic shore. The dear child had travelled quite extensively for so diminutive a maiden.

In the meantime a note came to me from the trustees of the seminary. They were profuse in apologies, petitions for pardon, and humble hopes that I would be willing to overlook the past, and honor them by returning to a position that they were sure no other could so creditably fill. They had procured an old acquaintance for that unprincipled Professor Steele, but my place was still vacant—they had purposely left it so. They wished me to come to it at my earliest. Do you suppose anything could have induced me to enter that Inquisition again?

Good cousin Leonard spared me the pain of replying. He took it upon himself to notify them that, while I thanked them for this evidence of renewed confidence, I was sunshine of their favor had once been withdrawn from me without a cause, I feared that it might happen again; in short, I had no wish to risk the painful liability, and he assured them my friends entirely approved my decision. Thus ended my connection with the Seminary for ever.

During the days of my convalescence Lizzie Garfield called around to see me. She whispered a parting that her parents had withdrawn their opposition to her union with—and so she expected to become Mrs. Tom Rushford.

I set by an open window that looks out upon the sea, listening to the ripple of the waves that ripple and break upon the shore. They call me an invalid still, but mine is no languid pulse. Health and strength are rapidly returning. Four years ago this day I looked upon the dead faces of my parents. Sorrow and joy have been meted out to me since then. To-night I see no cloud in all my sky.

Arthur Peyton has asked me to be his wife. I think he can see, like the one who sleeps; I do not think he can love me quite so fondly as he loved that gentle, beautiful woman. Sometimes this thought brings a little sadness to the heart that I know I love him, and I strive to put it from me as a weak and selfish feeling. I believe that I am necessary to his happiness, as he is to mine. I know that he loves me tender and true. Have I not seen his tenderness?

He has asked me to be another to his little girl. The little one that I have already called my blue-eyed Stella, my sweet-voiced darling! The dear child that loves me so, that I so love, that I so loved when I first looked upon the echo of her baby voice. It seems wonderful that I did not know her, but years have changed her much.

I am going to try to fill the void to them, to be a faithful wife and mother to them.

Wherever we go, may love brighten and bless our home, as it did that home, the memory of which haunted me for some of the years agone in that cottage "Over the Way!"

NEARER TO LIFE'S WINTER.

NEARER to life's winter, wife,
We are drawing nearer,
Memories of the spring
Growing dearer, dearer.

Through the summer's heat we've toiled,
Through the autumn weather
We have almost passed, sweet wife,
Hand in hand together.

Time we hearts were, well as feet,
Lighter, I perceive;
April's looks of gold are turned
Silver this November.

Flowers are fewer than at first,
And the way grows dearer,
For under life's infirmity,
We are drawing nearer.

Nearer to life's end, sweet wife,
We are drawing nearer;
The last milestone on the way
Our eye sight grows clearer.

Some whose hands we held grow faint,
And let go our hold,
Looking backward, we to-day
All their graves may number.

Heights we've sought we've failed to climb,
Fruits we've failed to gather;
But what matter, since we've still
Jesus and each other.

AN UNEXPLAINED MYSTERY.

MANY of the old citizens of New Orleans will remember the case of M. Pierre Dussaint and daughter, though over forty years have elapsed since it was the exciting matter of the day.

M. Pierre Dussaint was one of the old and wealthy families, and the name is still scattered through Louisiana. He had achieved great wealth as a merchant in New Orleans, and having retired from business, lived in refined elegance in a mansion at the upper end of Chartres street with only his daughter, a beautiful girl of seventeen, and his solitary child. M. Pierre Dussaint, with all the pride of family, joined to that of his great wealth, looked for a high and brilliant alliance for Mademoiselle Natalie, and sometimes gave such vague hints that nothing less than a visit to France, and the introduction of the blood of the old aristocrats, would satisfy his cravings. There was little wonder, therefore, that when a New Yorker, travelling on business for his employers in that city, met Natalie and inspired in the girl's breast a passion, that M. Pierre indignantly rejected the suitor, and denied him all access to Natalie, though without interfering his daughter harshly.

Waterton, the lover, left New Orleans, and for a year nothing was heard of him by the father, though the servants well knew that a correspondence was kept up between him and Natalie, and that many presents found their way to the young lady from New York. At the time of Waterton's residence in New Orleans he had always openly professed his belief in the supernatural, and, though an educated man, avowed his reliance in charms and professions against evil spirits, especially showing a desire to become acquainted with the Obi and other charms and philtres of the negroes.

At the end of about a year M. Pierre was taken sick, a slight indisposition at first, but growing more severe week by week, until he could not leave his bed. During this time nothing could be more attentive and self-sacrificing than Natalie. Night and day she was with him, and no food or medicine was administered but by her hand. Long afterwards, when this was discussed, and the servants collated their knowledge, which they had not dared do during the progress of the event, they told of the almost unconcealed action of Natalie in pouring something which she poured from a black vial, always carried in her bosom, in every dish of food offered to her father, and of the fact that upon one day, when an untasted bowl of soup was sent away from his bedside, and eaten by a mulatto body servant of M. Pierre's, it made the man very sick, from which he took several days to recover.

All this went on from day to day, and the servants, of whom there were over twenty in the house, discussed the matter among themselves, and made no hesitation in declaring in their own circle that M. Pierre was being poisoned by Natalie in pursuance of her love for Waterton, the attending physician was a young Alabamian, who had long been an admirer of Natalie's, but who was rejected by the well-known pride of the father. Whether he knew of what was going on and closed his eyes to it in the idea of removing Natalie's hopes, or whether he was really a partner in the crime is something that will never be elicited; but certain it is that nothing was ever suspected by the rest of that household, until it was announced that M. Pierre's sickness was mortal fatality, and several of his relatives were sent for. Among those who came, though not sent for, was one Dr. Edwards, a distant cousin on the side of M. Pierre's. He was a man of science, educated in France. He arrived, and within an hour, at the bedside of his kinsman, his suspicions were aroused. He was a man of sense and executive energy, and within another hour the servants had been examined and questioned, and the result was an appeal, privately, to the authorities in behalf of Natalie, without finding the mysterious black vial, and the confinement of the young lady to her room.

The physician who had attended M. Pierre was then interrogated, and the inquiry went on. It was shown that during all the time of her father's illness Natalie had never left the house but to walk in the adjacent gardens, and though every chemist and druggist of the city was examined, none of them had sold her poison or drug of any kind, save the prescriptions written by Dr. Edwards, the attending physician, which were always sent by a servant. Natalie's maid had brought her letters from Waterton from the Post Office, and during the sickness no express or package had arrived. The letters of Waterton were found to have nothing to criminate them, save here and there a mysterious line, referring to the time when her father "must consent to their marriage, if she, Natalie, would but continue steadily on."

Natalie was asked for an explanation of these passages, and beyond fainting spells, and utterly passionate tears, and fainting spells, and with shrieking supplication to be allowed to see her father.

At last, when it was found that no skill could save him, the fact was announced to her, and her terrible grief was aroused from where she was and allow her an interview, alone, as she requested. Those who ushered her into the room with the dying man only saw her clasped in his arms, both crying and sobbing, when the door was closed and they were left alone for an hour. What transpired, or what confession was made in that hour none ever knew. It was the left for the room she was rigid and deathly pale and tearless.

"Poor child," the old man only said, "she is innocent. God rest her father. God only knows the misery she must endure. I charge you that she must not be troubled any more, she is innocent!"

And an hour afterwards M. Pierre Dussaint was dead, an announcement that found Natalie in her chamber prostrated by grief, a deep sigh from an opened vein, and hardly able to acknowledge her understanding of the intelligence.

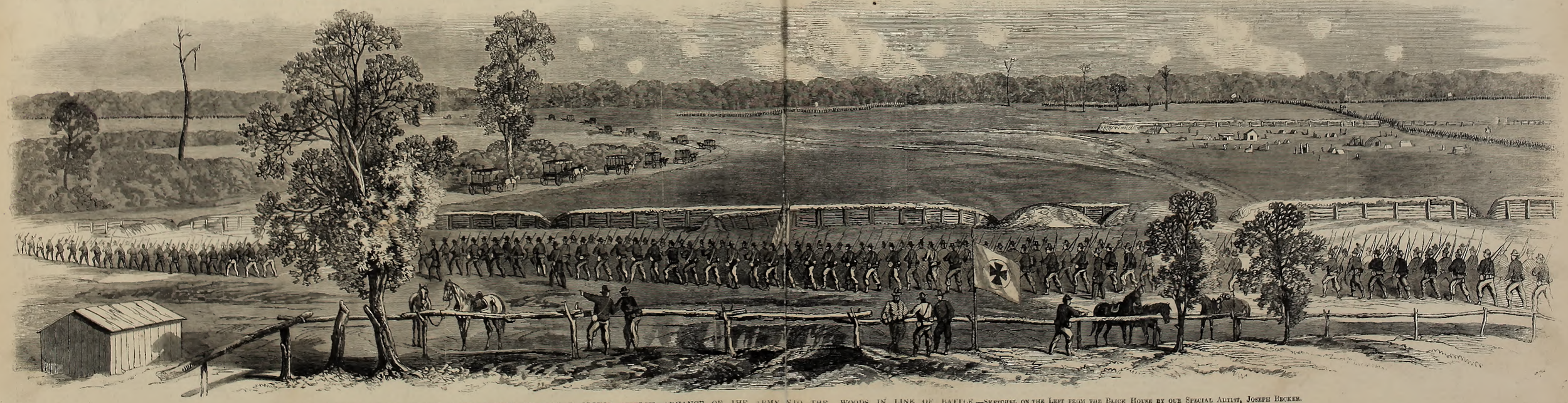
No other interview with her father ever given. If an analysis was ever made of M. Pierre's stomach the result was not made public, but those who were present at the time formed a theory that Waterton had sent poison to Natalie in a letter, with directions to administer it to her father, and that it was a charm to bring about his consent to their marriage, and that the confiding girl believed it and acted accordingly.

This is the only hypothesis ever arranged for the double death that there were who believing that Doctor Edwards knew more of the matter than he chose to tell, finally drove him from New Orleans to some obscure locality.

POVERTY A RELATIVE TERM.—Bulwer says that poverty is only an idea, in nine cases out of ten. Some men with $10,000 a year suffer more for want of means than others with $800. The reason is, the richer man has artificial wants. He income is $10,000, and he suffers enough from being cheated for unpaid debts to kill a sensitive man. A man who earns a dollar a day, and does not run in debt, is the happiest of the human race. Very few people believe this, and we believe this, but it is true as God's word. There are thousands who are poor because they are rich—who never know a moment's peace because they live above their means. There is really no poverty in the world among working people than among those where called rich.



GRANT'S CAMPAIGN SOUTH OF THE JAMES—BATTLE OF POPLAR SPRING CHURCH, SEPT. 30—THE FIFTH CORPS (WARREN) CHARGING AND CARRYING THE ENEMY'S FORT ON THE LEFT.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Joseph Becker.



GRANT'S CAMPAIGN SOUTH OF THE JAMES—BATTLE OF POPLAR SPRING CHURCH—ADVANCE OF THE ARMY INTO THE WOODS IN LINE OF BATTLE.—Sketched on the Left from the Brick House by our Special Artist, Joseph Becker.

FATE.

BY MAUD.

Forms and lost within an hour,
Hope's bright star no longer gleams;
I have seen him, and another
Claims the ideal of my dreams.

On his kingly brow hath Nature
Placed a regal crown she brought
From the treasured store of Genius,
Set with gems by Learning wrought.

Lord, forgive my adoration!
Of thy perfect work in him;
Surely I were more than human
To avoid that moment's sin.

Life's fair morning have I squandered,
Hoping for this priceless gem.
Now, alas! to find it sparkling
In another's diadem.

Is it strange that I should covet—
This command should be forgot?
"Anything which is thy neighbor's
Henceforth thou shalt covet not."

Oh, remember, ere you censure
My involuntary sin,
Could I, unmoved, to those tones listen,
Which the hearts of all did win?

NINA MARSH;

OR,

THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER XVIII.—CONTINUED.

MEANWHILE Katie slept on, and the night wore away. A grey chilly dawn poured in at the windows, giving a strange pallor to the bright face of the sleeping child and on Nina's arm. Nina had scarcely moved all through the night, lest she should disturb those quiet slumbers, but now she slightly raised herself, and beckoned to Mrs. Trent. The housekeeper got up and came to the bedside, leaning over the child for several minutes. When she at last rose she was very pale.

"Did you hear any sound just now?" she asked.

"Any strangle or movement?"

"She sighed two or three times in her sleep. Don't disturb her, Mrs. Trent," added Nina, apprehensively, as the other stooped down again to she bed.

"Nothing will ever disturb her again," replied the housekeeper in a tone of solemn earnestness; and then Nina knew that the little one she had loved, almost as a mother loves her child, had been taken from her by death. She lifted the wan, still face from her bosom and laid it on the pillow, kissed softly the motionless lips, and then went away to meet her new grief alone, and battle with it as she best could. But as she passed Captain Marsh's room she heard her own she found the door ajar, and Cyril came out.

"I have not attempted to go to bed," he said; "but I dared not intrude upon you in the sick room. How is Katie?"

Nina gave a helpless look up at him, and struggled to speak.

"I know what you would say," continued Cyril, drawing her close to him, and holding her tight, "I feared it must be so before morning; but Nina, we have not lost Katie; we know that 'it is well with the child.'"

"But it is so hard to part with her," said Nina, striving with her tears.

"I can understand that perfectly, for I loved Katie as much as if she had been my own sister. But there is something very hopeful in the death of a little innocent child. I know it is hard to part with her—hard for me, but much harder for you. Yours we must try and realise her gain, and remember it is very great. She gives us up, but she gains in return for this sacrifice a happiness immeasurably above anything we could have hoped to be obtained for her here. Try and feel that."

"I will. Thank you, Cyril, for being so good to me; but it would be best for me to go to my own room for a little while."

"I think it would; but you won't make yourself ill, Nina? Recollect that you are Katie's charge to me, and I am to take care of you. I will give you an hour to yourself, and then put on your bonnet and come and join me on the terrace. You have had no sleep to speak of for several nights, and a little walk would do you more good than anything."

But Nina felt all the better now for his kind words and protecting manner. The bitterness had gone from her heart, as she deeply felt his healed her wounds. After a time she went down, as he had bidden her do, and they paced the terrace silently together for a full hour. Then Cyril drew her in-doors again, ordered the breakfast, and poured her out a cup of strong coffee with his own hand. He did not force her to eat, but with respect to the coffee he was perfectly obdurate. And she was repaid for the effort afterwards, for she felt calmer and stronger all through the day than she could have believed possible.

Mr. Marsh would not acknowledge, even to himself, that he could have any particular love for daughter above another, but certainly in his heart of hearts he loved Katie better than the other two. Katie's obedience had always, of necessity, been unquestioning; whereas Madeline's indolence and Nina's wilfulness had each angered him at times in different degrees. She was the child of the house, too, and we all know how desolate the house is where children have been, and no longer are. Mr. Marsh was one of those men who grow stern in their grief. Those who did not know him might have thought him angry instead of sorrowful. He made a few conscientious efforts to comfort his wife and instil into her mind the philosophy of quiet endurance; then he fled from her tears as if they stung him, shut himself up in the library, and worked hard at his accounts.

Madeline barely knew what to do. She did not suffer inordinately, but she had an idea that it would look better for her not to appear absorbed in her work as heretofore. Finally she came to a compromise. She devised a mourning screen, which consisted of a large tomb in white wool, with a black pyramid, and on this Madeline worked with infinite relish and a clear conscience.

Nina suffered greatly, but Cyril was by her, and he was teaching her gradually to find comfort and alleviation in doing her duty to others. Mrs. Marsh had no longer reason to complain of either want of affection or unfaithfulness on Nina's part.

"Will all this pay back the past?" had Nina said to Cyril the day Katie was laid in the tomb. She had been at her mother's side all through these sad and solemn preparations, and when Mrs. Marsh had cried herself into a restless sleep, Nina had crept down with a hursting heart to gain some comfort from Cyril. He drove her out in the morning scarf as she entered, and went to meet her with a smile.

"I need often to try and be gay," she said, in her plantive voice, and clinging close to his arm, "and I thought the past might be forgiven me; but I have never felt so much as if it really would be as I do now."

"Because you have never striven so earnestly before to do your duty, Nina."

"I suppose that is it. But duty isn't always easy. Ah! if one could only command one's thoughts as well as one's actions!"

"But, Nina, your present work is a labor of love."

"I know it is; but, Cyril, I did so want to be alone—to weep over my own way. Only to have to put one's own feelings entirely aside for others is hard."

"It is what we all should do."

"Yes, I know, but I am only a novice yet, Cyril, and sometimes I nigh, and sometimes I feel as if I must kick against the traces. I had made up my mind to follow Katie, and see the very last of her, and I could not."

"It would not have been right that you should; it would have been too much for you, my poor Nina. You were better at home. In tending Katie's mother you were doing more good, believe me."

Cyril spoke very quietly, but in his seared heart he was deeply touched at this dry-eyed misery. For Maude Ashleigh was leaving Ulm, and should see from the army and live with the . Hitherto Captain Marsh had opposed this wish, not being able to see clearly what was right for Nina. But when he found that he could bring some comfort to this desolate household, Cyril no longer hesitated, and Captain Marsh wrote to Maude Ashleigh a commission. He did not intend to live permanently at Beechwood, but hoped, in the course of a few months, when they should be better able to dispense with his company, to get some diplomatic appointment through the interest of the then prime minister, who was a connection of his mother's family.

CHAPTER XIX.—A TRIP INTO YORKSHIRE.

LORD GILLINGHAM, when on the scent of mischief, was always keen on the pursuit of prey. You might dodge him, get behind the shelter of a wood, throw lures in his path, fling him dainty morsels of every kind, but he would not turn out of the track. He would dodge as you dodged, smile at all your lures, and eat your dainty morsels running; but he never strayed from his cursed purpose for one moment, never let anything hinder him on the way. Although he had assumed anger and incredulity at the discovery made by Mr. Barkley Smith, he suspected at once the suspect before him of a speedy revenge. His great object was to discover the motive of this fraud, and the motive of a woman he knew was always a keen one. A man of Colonel St. George's position does not commit an act so compromising and dangerous without some very powerful motive. Lord Gillingham, of all, he thought it advisable to make sure that a forgery had really been committed, since people cannot be too subtly to work on suppositions, however strong.

Mrs. St. George had, it appeared, died, or, at any rate, had been reported dead, while Leslie was still village near Doncaster. His lordship had intended proceeding there at once, only an obstinate attack of gout had prevented him. A man of his lordship's build and habit; but no sooner had he received than he determined to put his plan into immediate execution.

The earl's little expedition caused quite a flutter of surprise in the servants' hall. The valet was not to accompany his master—a thing hitherto unprecedented—and he took with him only that a small carpet-bag of unpretending exterior. It was evident that his lordship meant to travel incognito. The valet was not to be the distinguished one in view. Lord Gillingham drank with unusual moderation the night before his departure, and rose early the following morning, looking a little fresher than his wont.

"When are we to expect your lordship?" inquired the valet, as he followed him into the breakfast-room to receive his orders.

"When you see me," said the earl, shortly. Then he turned round from looking out of the hasty visit to the stables. At half-past eight, to a second, he was in the carriage; at eleven o'clock the groom was left alone.

"Well, where did he take his ticket to?" was the inquiry that met him on all sides; for this sudden expedition, so peculiarly carried out, had, as we have said, excited great curiosity in the servants' hall.

"To London," answered the groom, elbowing his way out of the group that had collected about him. "What's the use of your bothering yourself about my lord's doings?"

"Or Mark's bogey?" said one of the maids, giving him a glance of sawcy defiance. "We all of us know he's as sour as a May gooseberry."

"And as green," said another maid, who had a personal slight of her own to avenge, and would not miss such an excellent opportunity.

"Whereas you're paller from jealousy," retorted the groom; and although Mark reddened her head, and looked as if she had never heard of such a thing, it was generally felt that Mark had had quite the best of it.

Meanwhile his lordship was travelling towards London as fast as an express train could carry him. On reaching the terminus he immediately jumped into a cab and made direct for the Great Northern Railway, where he took a ticket for Doncaster by the first train which was to start in half an hour upon starting. When he reached Doncaster it was, of course, late, and the earl could only eat a chop at the principal hotel, take a modified edition of his usual night dose of brandy-and-water, and go to bed.

The next morning, at about eleven, he ordered a carriage and drove to Woodcurt. It was a pretty little village, watered by the pebbly Don, and harbored within the shelter of some low grass hills. The modest village inn stood at the entrance of the village, and the river bounded the neat lawn in front, and reflected the clusters of violets, blue and white, that covered the bank. The house itself was hidden in a clinging envelope of ivy, and appeared to the earl's singularly comfortless eyes, as he drove up, truly enough, the walls were thin from age, and rejoiced in manifold cracks and crevices not needed for the purposes of ventilation.

Lord Gillingham got out of his carriage at the gate, and, ordering the man to put his horses at the inn, he walked up the little gravel path and knocked at the door. His summons was answered by a ruddy-faced little maiden, who was evidently not accustomed to see strangers, for she blushed, and trembled, and courtesied as if her wits had quite forsaken her and she was dubious as to when they might return.

"Is your mistress at home?" inquired the earl, in his sharp, authoritative way.

"Yes, sir, master's at home," she just managed to gasp.

"Could I see him?"

"Yes, sir, you can see master," returned the girl, but she made no effort to secure him the privilege.

The earl's patience was not exemplary, as we have had reason to see in his wife. When he found the stupidity of the rustic handsaiden increasing rather than diminishing, he took the liberty of following out his own suggestions, without any further help from the astonished girl. Pushing her from his path, he walked into a neat little sitting-room, the door of which stood invitingly open. "Tell your master I want to see him," he said, coolly seating himself in the best armchair before the very eyes of the astonished maid.

The girl immediately departed, and, in the course of three or four minutes, a tall, elderly gentleman entered the room.

"Mr. Caudlum, I believe?" said the earl, rising and bowing.

"That is my name, sir," answered the reverend gentlemen, bowing in his turn. "May I inquire to whom I have the honor of addressing?"

"My name is St. George, at your service."

"St. George—St. George?" muttered the other reflectively. "Surely I have heard that name before!"

A ray of evil light shot into the earl's eyes. Nevertheless, he managed to speak with calmest indifference.

"You may possibly have done so, for I have been upon the commission of the peace, and have passed some years of her life in this village, and was buried in your churchyard."

"Ah! that's it. Thank you, sir. I am always thankful to any one who will help me out of any dilemma of this sort. My head is gone from overstudy. I have no memory at all—none in the least."

"At the same time, I dare say you recollect Mrs. St. George, do you not?"

"Now you remind me of the name, sir, I do recollect Mrs. St. George; a very amiable person—very amiable indeed."

"She has been dead rather over a year, I think?"

"There, sir, I must own you get quite beyond me. I am totally incapable of dates; but I will look at the register."

"Thank you, I should be sorry to trouble Miss Dorothy," answered the earl, with unpressed irony; "I would not for the world feel sorry if I were to examine the register."

"So it would, sir. Excuse me for not having thought of it. I will fetch the register immediately."

Mr. Caudlum left the room as he finished speaking, and in a few minutes he returned, bearing a ponderous volume in his hand, which he set down on the table and opened at the year 1850.

"I can't trust myself at all, so far as dates are concerned," said Mr. Caudlum, "therefore I will leave you to find the entry you want; but, if I might be allowed to offer a suggestion, I should certainly say that Mrs. St. George could not have died in the year 1850, as I could not have recollected her so well at her burial had that been the case, as I should only have been two years old at the time; but, if you should find any difficulties in the way, I, of course, would, I know, be happy to give you any assistance."

"Thank you, I shall manage very well."

And the earl began to turn over the pages of the book before him quickly and eagerly. He knew that the supposed date of Mrs. St. George's death was the 13th of November, 1850, and he soon found the entry he sought, which accorded in every way with the extract in his possession. But it seemed to the earl that the figures here were also sadly crowded, whilst the difference in the formation of the two 1's was even more marked in this, too, was much paler in the second than in the first. Still this was small evidence; but suddenly the earl's face brightened with savage satisfaction. The next entry he found to be of an earlier date than the one preceding it, Mrs. St. George's funeral having been entered on the 13th, and the following one on the 7th. The earl called Mr. Caudlum to his side.

"Were you aware, sir," he asked, pointing to the register, "that you had made an error of precedence here?" He could mean to think that Mrs. St. George was buried on the 11th of November, and James Morrell, who directly follows her, on the 7th?"

"Dear bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Caudlum, sharply. "How could I have made such a mistake? I am quite sure it was so. I—I—what do you suppose can have caused such a wretched memory! And yet—excuse me," he added, reflectively, "this seems very strange. Some unusual circumstance must have occurred at this kind, and, although I cannot trust myself, I have always found that I could trust her."

"I have no doubt whatever that you made the entry correctly enough, but that the register has been tampered with since."

"Tampered with!" exclaimed the reverend gentleman, indignantly; "that is quite impossible!"

"Impossible so far as you are concerned, of course; but you must occasionally have visitors who are not to be trusted. Just now, for instance, I had expressed a wish to see and consult Miss Dorothy, you would have fetched her yourself, would you not?"

"I believe I should."

"Very well; then what more easy than for me to have made some slight alteration in the figures during your absence?"

"Sir," exclaimed Mr. Caudlum, looking painfully perplexed, and eyeing his visitor suspiciously. Lord Gillingham smiled.

"Do not be afraid of me," he said; "but pray try and recollect if you have had a person here lately—a stranger, or otherwise—and whether there was anything peculiar in his conduct."

Mr. Caudlum shook his head.

"I will ask Dorothy. I assure you I am not to be trusted. I am a very small counsel to—"

Mr. Caudlum got as far as the door, when sudden thought struck him, and he returned, caught up the register, and carried it away with him.

"But surely it would save you some trouble if you were to ring for Miss Dorothy, instead of going for her yourself," said the earl.

Five minutes later there was a shuffling sound in the hall, betokening some slight want of unanimity on the part of the parson and Dorothy; then the door opened, and Mr. Caudlum came in, holding his refractory daughter by the hand.

She was a tall, handsome girl, of about sixteen, with unkempt hair and pale, watery blue eyes, which looked as if they had cried over difficult lessons until the brightness had been studied out of them. Her lips were open in expression, and her hids were ordinarily downcast over the pale, shy eyes; but every now and then she caught a glance of audacious power which irradiated the strange, wild face, and gave it a sudden grace and mobility. Altogether Dorothy seemed an interesting, peculiar and decidedly original.

"Dorothy," said Mr. Caudlum, loftily, "this gentleman having heard of your wonderful memory, wishes to consult you upon a subject of special interest to himself. Sit down."

Dorothy obeyed.

"I should be sad Miss Dorothy," said his lordship courteously, "if she remembers any stranger visiting this house during the last year."

"Yes," returned the girl.

"Was it a lady or gentleman?"

"A gentleman—tall, six feet high, squinie nose, dark brown eyes, curly hair—almost black—and whiskers."

"Very good," commented her father—"quite clear, and I have no doubt, accurate. You can by my own wife, Dorothy, in order that she, personally, may counteract my deficiencies. Is there anything more you recollect about the gentleman, Dorothy?"

Dorothy reflected a moment.

"He wore a blue cravat," she said.

The earl looked contented—the whole description tallied notably with the colonel himself.

"Anything further?" again questioned Mr. Caudlum.

"He wore a ring on the third finger of the left hand."

"Can you remember what sort of a ring it was?" inquired the earl, with a red glow on his sinister face.

"Yes; it was of virgin gold, with a large diamond in it, cut in the shape of a pear."

"There—I told you!" exclaimed Mr. Caudlum, with a delighted glance at the earl. "Dorothy is remarkable. Go on, Dorothy, if you have anything more to say."

"I don't think I have."

"You couldn't tell me, I suppose, what day of the month this person came?" said the earl, with an insinuating smile.

"You do Dorothy injustice," interrupted her father. "I can answer for her being capable of that much. Tell the gentleman, Dorothy."

"It was on the 21st of August—exactly nineteen months ago."

"And he called here, and asked to see the register of deaths?"

"He did."

"Can you tell me if he was left alone at al during his stay?"

"Yes, he was."

"Had he a pen and ink?"

"Yes, for my father had just been writing out the certificate for him, and left both pen and ink on the table. I remember this particularly, for the gentleman blotted the tablecloth, and Eliza—Eliza is the servant—and I had to take out the stain with salts of lemon."

"Thank you. I am very much obliged to you for this information. If you will answer me one more question I will not trouble you any longer. Can you tell me how long the gentleman was left alone with the register in this room?"

"For close upon seven minutes I should say. My father came for me because they wanted to know some of the particulars of Mrs. St. George's death, and I was translating Zachylus's 'Medea' into English verse, and didn't want to go; and then we quarrelled about it; and at last my father pulled me by the ear, and as he did to-day," concluded Dorothy, resentfully.

"I am sorry to have put you to inconvenience," said the earl, with the courtesy he could so well assume at times. "Allow me to thank you for your information, which will be of great service to me; and now I hope I may not keep you from your studies any longer."

And he rose, bowed, and wished her good morning. Dorothy gave him one of her shy, gleaming looks, and dashed out.

"Now, sir," said the earl, when he and Mr. Candlum were once more alone together, "you see that I was correct in my surmise. The person whom your daughter describes so accurately altered the date of Mrs. St. George's death for some purpose of his own. I hope to discover it. We may be very certain that you would not have inserted Mrs. St. George's name first in the register if she had not been buried before James Morrell."

"I remember nothing of this," answered Mr. Candlum, looking distressed. "You had better wait a minute, and let me recall Dorothy."

"It seems too bad—" began the earl.

But Mr. Candlum was already gone, and soon returned, accompanied by Dorothy, coming as a willing witness this time. She had plastered her hair blue close to her cheeks, arranged her disordered dress, and tied a fresh red ribbon round her neck. Dorothy looked quite good-looking, and was pleasantly conscious of the fact.

"Dorothy," said her father, "we should be glad to know if you recollect anything about Mrs. St. George's death."

"She died on Thursday, and was buried on a Monday. I remember it distinctly, because it was the first day of the month; and your old clerk, James Morrell, died just after the funeral very suddenly of heart disease, and was buried quickly on the 7th. I couldn't be mistaken about the date, it is all so perfectly clear in my mind."

"That will do, Dorothy; you may go," said her father, waving his hand in sign of dismissal.

But Dorothy was in no hurry to depart. Confident as to the effect of her red ribbon, she wished to linger to note her triumph. The earl's courtesy had brought back, by a sudden inspiration, the old days of her first meeting of pleasure admiration which she had hitherto smothered in Latin declensions and Greek particles. Poor child! these sensations had a most inopportune birth, for the earl noted nothing of her little feminine artifices to gain his attention, and was quite absorbed in his own scheme of revenge.

Presently Dorothy left them, having received another reminder from her father; and then Lord Gillingham also arose, thanked Mr. Candlum for the information he had given him, and took his leave.

A SUBMARINE VESSEL.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: I have been down in the submarine vessel recently invented and manufactured in this city by S. S. Merrian, and just tested by himself and the Government agent from New York, and as the following account of his experiences: "Entering the circular vessel from the top, the door was closed, and the order, 'Men, to your places,' given to the little crew, who promptly obeyed. When everything was ready, Mr. Merrian opened the screw valves and the compressed air came hissing in, producing an unpleasant sensation upon the drums of the ears, which was soon relieved by negating and swallowing. The vessel seemed perfectly steady, and then she dropped when half gone to the bottom, and raised the door on the bottom of the boat, but the water came pouring in so much faster than from coming in, even enough to wet the soles of our feet. One of the men hastily improvised the opportunity to dive out and come up on the surface of the water, since, to the astonishment of the spectators on the bank. He afterwards remarked and acknowledged from the bottom, when the door was closed, another and heavier pressure of water came upon him, and were on the bed of the river, 30 odd feet under water, the distance requiring an additional pressure to resist the water with the door open. We could stand on the bottom of the boat and see the color of the grass at that distance under water could easily be read, by the light that came in at the glass windows. Bells ringing outside were also heard distinctly. To return to the rest of the trip, after the order of the people was necessary; the air rushed out of the bottom and the boat was quickly relieved of the water. We moved with a propeller easily under as well as upon the water, and all agreed that the vessel worked so completely that its success is undoubted."

DISCOVERY OF AN ANCIENT ROMAN DIVING WHEEL.

M. ADOLPHE SAISON gives a description in the Paris *Presse* of the discovery in one of the mines of Portugal of an old wheel which was doubtless employed by the Romans in the same way as its operation is carried on the mine. It is well known that the hydraulic works of the Romans surpassed in extent any of those of modern times. As that great people had not the use of either steel or gunpowder, they were sometimes compelled to carry it right through. In some of the mines of San Domingo they have long galleries nearly 6 miles in length, but in some places the rock was so hard that they were obliged to abandon that round the drift. Eight of the wheels have recently been discovered by the miners, and are now in possession of the company. These wheels are made of wood, the arms and felloes of which are of the hard, solid wood of oak, the floating remarkable for the lightness of its construction. It is supposed that these wheels cannot be less than 1,850 years old, and the wood is in a perfect state of preservation, owing to the immersion in water charged with the salts of copper and iron. From their position and construction these wheels are presumed to have been worked as treadmills by men standing with naked feet upon one side. The water was raised by one wheel into a basin, from which it was elevated another stage by the second wheel, and so on for eight stages. Established by M. Saisson in connection at the Academy of Arts and Industries. It is 21 feet 7 inches in diameter, and 19 inches across the face.

ONE DAY.

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

I WILL not tell you when they met,
In the limpid days of spring;
Elder boughs were budding yet,
Oaken boughs looked watery still,
But primrose and veined violet
In the mossful turf were set,
While meeting birds made haste to sing,
And build with right good will.

I will tell you when they parted:
When fifty dozens autumn sheaves were
brown,
Then they parted, heavy-hearted;
The full rejoicing sun looked down
As grant in the fields before—
Only they had lost a crown;
Only to them those days of yore
Could come back nevermore.

When shall they meet? I cannot tell,
Indeed, when they shall meet again,
Except some day in paradise.
For this they wait, one waits in pain.
Beyond the sea and land they live
For ever, yesterday, to-day.
Angels shall ask them, "Is it well?"
And they shall answer, "Yea."

THE MYSTERY OF THE WELL.

NOT many miles from Holworth Hall there is an old road, never occupied from the main road—"St. Swithin's Well," famous for the icy coldness of its water in the warmest of seasons.

In the year 1795, Mr. Barnard, an old gentleman who lived at Greendell, chanced to be walking, alone, near this well. He was followed by a huge mastiff of the true old English breed. The dog appeared the bearer of his wife's and Richard loudly. His master's attention was attracted, and he proceeded to ascertain the cause of the animal's excited state. To his surprise, he beheld an infant of about a month old, wrapped in a costly brocaded silk scarf, and girdled with a broad blue ribbon. Mr. Barnard was startled at the discovery, and he called to some laborers who were at work in a field hard by. They came to him immediately, but they were unable to give him any information. They declared that they had seen no one come or depart on that day.

What was to be done with the child? It was evidently nobody, when the dog gave the alarm; but the barking had aroused it, and it cried lustily. Mr. Barnard had several children of his own, but he had a horror of all other people's, especially young ones; and, while he rejoiced in saving the life of the little being, he was rather sorry that he had not left all other people's to their fate. However, he ordered one of the laborers to carry the infant to Greendell.

When he arrived at the gate of his home, he told the man, who was carrying the child, to stop for a few minutes, in order that he might prepare his wife and family for the reception of the little stranger.

He gave his wife a detailed account of all that had passed, but he could not get her to believe a single word.

"Nay, nay, Thomas," she said, "that won't do. The brat shall not be taken here. The story is too unlikely for me to credit."

"I protest, my love," he replied, "that I know no more about it than the man in the moon. Your reasonable fears are quite without object. Here is the child. Look at it—poor thing!"

The old lady was exceedingly obstinate, and not easily persuaded when she had once arrived at erroneous conjecture. The cries of the infant, however, pierced her kind heart, and she took the little creature up in her arms, and began to caress it. The servants thronged about the babe—especially the kitchen maid, and one of them managed to console it very effectually, and afterwards to hush it to sleep.

There was an elderly lady in Grassfield who had, by her youthful days, been a favorite Maid of Honor to Queen H. She was a shrewd and clever person, and a sort of general adviser in all cases of difficulty. She was sent for as a matter of course, and was soon on the spot, and, after mature discussion, relative to the parentage of the foundling, was kept up in the kitchen. Every one surmised, conjectured, but they did not get at the truth. Suffice it to say, that, if great folk deserted their young in this way, it was hard to punish the likes of them for the same misdemeanor.

The lady of county experience arrived, and inspected the child with praiseworthy coolness, while she was about to say on whom the pedigreemage probably rested.

"He seems a fine, healthy little boy," she remarked. "And, bless me, how smart he is. Well, I declare!"

"What?" asked Mr. Barnard and his wife, in the same second.

"Why, that ribbon belongs to a Knight of the Garter!" she exclaimed. And she peered up at the ceiling.

"You don't say so?" said Mr. Barnard.

"It is," she repeated; "and, what's more, it has been a good deal worn! And this scarf," she added, "is shaped to some person of rank. That is very evident."

"I trust, my love," said the old gentleman to his wife, "that you now believe what I say."

"I don't know what to make of it," she replied. "It is the oddest thing I ever heard of."

The circumstances soon were spread, and for months were the theme of the whole country. Every young man of fortune was set down as the reputed sire; and no child in this world ever had so many mothers assigned to it.

The boy was christened Joseph, and surnamed Swithin. He was kept by Mr. Barnard till he was some four years old, and was then sent to school in York. The old gentleman would have kept him in his house till he was older; but the number of persons who called and begged to see him, out of curiosity, made the charge extremely inconvenient. I should mention that one morning a letter was received by Mr. Barnard from a banker in York, to the following tenor:

"SIR—You will be good enough to know that a person, who calls himself Master James Smith, has deposited in my hands the sum of three thousand pounds, which he has requested me to place to your credit, at the same time, to tell you that you will know how to dispose of it. Dated, at York, March, A. D. 1767."

That the money was sent on the boy's account, was very certain; and for his benefit it was immediately invested to the best advantage.

The boy grew up. The interest of the three thousand pounds was expended on his education, and, on his attaining the age of twenty-one, he was placed on one of the old peninsula of Holworth. He soon became a partner in the house. He died, some years ago, at the age of eighty, after amassing a very large fortune, which he bequeathed between his wife and the Foundling Hospital in London. He lived a quiet life, and was remarkably attentive to his business.

The earnest wish to discover and to ascertain who was his father was not a whit less than that which Marryat implanted in Japhet.

At elections, fairs, public meetings, and at all other gatherings of influential people, he was always to be seen, with the original broad blue ribbon across his breast, and not unfrequently carried in his hand the identical scarf in which he had been found near St. Swithin's Well. But he never discovered, and no clue to his paternity was ever discovered.

An now, gentle reader, having told you thus much, I will tell you a mystery which you may believe or not, just as you please.

The people of the part of the country I have named, declare to this day that St. Swithin's Well has been haunted, for the last ninety years, by a fair spirit, who is sometimes seen looking down into the wells, as if anxiously searching for something under the bright near Holworth Hall.

Very few persons can be tempted to cross that road after dusk, for they approach the house which was once owned and occupied by Lady Bosworth.

The ghost has been described to me by several men, who profess to have seen it, as "a tall and beautiful young woman, of, maybe, twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, with long black hair and large dark eyes; high cheek bones and a very straight nose."

About eleven years ago I was staying in the house of my friend Barnard—the representative of the old gentleman who found the boy. At a large party, which consisted entirely of young people, the above named was told the story for the benefit of those who had never heard it before."

Several asserted that the foundling was the son of the wrong, and others asserted the well; whilst a number laughed convulsively at the idea of the belief which prompted such a supposition, and of Lady Bosworth's share in it. The conversation became loud, if not boisterous.

An officer belonging to a regiment of dragoons, then stationed in a town about nine miles off, was at the party of which I am speaking. He called out to our host, from the other end of the table:

"Have you seen the ghost?"

"No," was the reply.

"Have you ever been to the well at night?"

"No; but I have passed the bridge often, and I confess I saw no ghost, though I looked for it."

"Did you ever hear any reasonable man say that he had seen it?"

Several.

"Who are they?"

Barnard mentioned several gentlemen whose names might be known.

"Oh! they were not sober, you may depend," cried out three or four who took a warm part in the conversation, and who were frequently sneered.

The officer who led the opposition got up and said:

"I will go and look for the lady; though I do not mean to say that will settle the dispute, because ghosts are very fickle, and will not always 'come when you do call for them.' Will you send anybody with me that knows the spot?"

"It is more than two miles off," said Barnard.

"Never mind. Lend me the gig. It is a beautiful moonlight night."

"Well, I'll drive you down to the bridge," said the host.

The gig was ordered; the two men lighted cigars and drove off, amidst the laughter of those who remained to ridicule the expedition.

After an absence of about the space of an hour, Mr. Barnard and the officer returned to the room where they were all sitting. They were received with a loud and unmeaning "Hooray!" by the anti-spiritualists.

The officer was pale and agitated. His silence was that of a man who has seen that which he filled a bumper of sherry and drained it.

"Well, Jack, what is she like?" asked one of the party.

"She is something like Mrs. Randall," he said, mysteriously; "but taller and younger-looking."

"Then you did see her?"

"I did."

The greater number of us laughed, and said:

"Oh, you are evidently in the same condition as those other people were in when they saw her."

Mr. Barnard remained silent; and the officer who was perfectly sober, after making a solemn and awful adjuration, spoke as follows:

"I jumped out at the bridge and looked under it and all around it. I saw nothing. Barnard pointed out the direction of the well, and thither I went. I walked boldly up to the brink, and there I beheld the figure of a woman, sitting with her face hidden by her hands. I confess I felt a little nervous, but I plucked up my resolution and rapidly reasoned with myself. I approached to within about five paces of her, and said: 'What may you be doing here?' She arose and came close to me, stared vacantly in my face, and smiled. I shrugged with the fear that came over me, and tried to speak again, but could not. After staring at me for a few seconds, she turned and looked about the ground. She stooped several times, as though she were in the act of taking something up into her arms. Her agony appeared intense when she found the object of her search was gone. She knelt and looked down the well. Disappointment and horror were depicted on her countenance, and she glanced inquiringly at me with the keenest look I think you ever saw. My senses here failed me. I became giddy, and how I got back to the bridge I know not. For full five minutes I flew the figure. She was dressed in the richest court dress; and I heard as distinctly as possible the rustling of the silk as she walked about the length of the well. I shall never be ashamed to tell this; nor would I scruple to take my oath to the truth of what I have stated, in any court in the kingdom. As for being tipsy, no one ever saw me the least affected by wine; and as for being led away by my imagination—as some one just now suggested—every one who knows me will admit that such is not very likely. I walked to that well with as much confidence as I would walk into my stable—I returned from it scarcely as I have mentioned."

"All the old people declare," said Barnard, "that, whoever she might be, she is the real mother of that child which my ancestor found near the well, and whose history I gave you this evening."

"I have nothing to add," said the officer; "I am a perfect stranger here; and I have only described to you what I saw plainly as I ever saw anything in my life."

THE NEW FRENCH RAM THE SPHYNX.

THE impenetrable ruler of France not inaptly calls the ram which we illustrate in this week's paper the Sphynx. As a memorial of himself it will deserve to stand.

France has striven for two centuries manfully but in vain to weather the prow of a ship. Richelieu's "*Florent quoque lites jentes*" is beautiful, but has seldom been realized.

Never, heretofore, has France been so formidable on the ocean as now. Her armored vessels, combining the velocity given by steam, the solidity of iron, the history and the greatest security against an enemy's missiles, are, we fear or tremble to say, the best in the world, but they will prove in action to be to soon.

The Sphynx built at Bordeaux, by Mr. Arman, whose establishment is fitted for the most extensive work in iron.

She is a ram, having a prow of cast steel under water capable of resisting the strongest shock, but which is intended to strike below the armor.

She has a length between perpendiculars, carrying a 800-pounder Armstrong gun, which is expected to pierce the strongest armor at a mile and a half with two 50-pounder guns of the same make.

She has twin propellers screws and steering apparatus, and can thus turn readily, in a length of peculiar shape.

Her engine is 300 horse power, and she is expected to make nine knots an hour.

The illustration below her at the Cale of St. Orsk ready to launch, and also under sail. We also give a section showing her interior arrangement.

THE BATTLE OF POPLAR SPRING CHURCH, SEPT. 30.

OF Friday morning, about 8 o'clock, the 1st and 2d Divisions of the Corps, with Col. Hoffman's Brigade of the 3d Division, moved out on the road leading toward Poplar Tree Church, with the intention of attacking the Rebel right flank and rear. Crawford with the remainder of his Division and some new regiments, was ordered to the left of Hoffman and left of the 5th Corps, having Gen. Ferrero's Division of colored troops from the 9th Corps detailed to his command temporarily. The resolve to attack was made at a late hour.

When Gen. Warren reached the Church, of which a few boards still remain, and where a Rebel battery was establishing his line, Gen. Parker of the 5th Corps came up with the 2d Division, and formed on the left, and forming on Warren's left, struck the Squirrel Level road nearly a mile, and perhaps a quarter of a mile, from the advance into which, our Artist graphically portrays. The very first shot from the Rebel battery struck a file of the enemy, and a small and unfinished work, carrying 4 guns, but from some unaccountable reason, failed to throw any fire from them.

Everything in our front ready, the lines were ordered to advance, and after a brief defence on the part of the enemy, the works were carried by the charge of Gen. Griffin's Division, capturing one gun and a few prisoners, consisting of dismounted cavalry and artillery, sent from Heath's Division. Of this charge Gen. Warren said: "A more splendid charge never was made by any troops in any war." Our sketch will enable our readers to form their own judgment. Our Artist, looking through the option field in the foreground our guidon bearer and the Rebel battery beyond, from which the hollow ground upon the rebel fort and line. Another sketch is one of the 5th Corps, showing the line of battle as the first of all spring upon the gunner.

This gun and others taken by the charge then thrown forward, Gen. Parke on the left, with Wilcox's Division joining the 5th Corps, and Potter's Division the extreme left. This line explored by five miles minus was very nearly defended and incomplete. Our loss was trifling.

Whether this movement will result in driving the enemy made a mass movement, and succeeded in encamping part of a brigade of Rebel cavalry within a few hundred prisoners. At this critical juncture, some troops from the Corps were ordered to attack and checked the further advance of the enemy. These two brigades were early ordered to the left, and the 5th Corps left in time. The rebels failing to make any very serious impression upon the left, still continued to attack our troops loaded themselves all night in throwing up entrenchments, which are now in a very strong position.

A concluding sketch shows what to the soldiers was a cheering sight, the arrival of rations from Grant's railroad on Saturday. These pushed on through the 5th Corps and 2d Division to Gravelly Run, crossing Poplar Spring Church, a distance of two miles, and thence on to the newly captured work had a safe harbor.

THE first institution given to our race was the Sabbath; the next was marriage. Reader, give your first thoughts to heaven, the second to your wife.

IT is no misfortune for a nice young lady to lose her good name if a nice young gentleman gives her a better.

MANY thistles grow upon Parnassus. That must be the reason why so many donkeys browse there.

WOMAN is the converse of the great human proposition.



SCENES OF ARMY LIFE—DEALING OUT LIQUOR TO SOLDIERS IN THE TRENCHES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, E. F. MULLER.

CAMP SCENES.

The Coming Election in the Army.

The loyal States, with few exceptions, having made new laws to recognise the right of soldiers to vote while absent from their several States in the service of the Government, and to establish the necessary regulations for this exceptional vote, the military authorities have issued the following regulations from the office of the Adjutant-General:

"In order to secure a fair distribution of tickets among soldiers in the field who by the laws of their respective States are entitled to vote at the approaching elections, the following rules and regulations are prescribed:

"1st—One agent for each army corps may be designated by the State Executive, or by the State Committee of each political party, who, on presenting his credentials from the State Executive, or the chairman of said committee, shall receive from this department a pass to the headquarters of the corps for which he is designated with tickets, or proxies, when required by State laws, which may be placed by him in the hands of such person or persons as he may select for distribution among officers and soldiers.

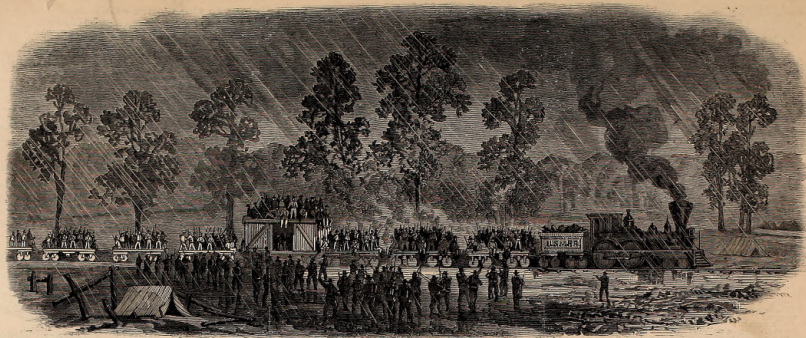
"2d—Civilian inspectors of each political party, not to exceed one for each brigade, may in like manner be designated, who shall receive passes on application to the Adjutant-General, to be present on the day of election, to see that the elections are fairly conducted.

"3d—No political speeches, harangues or canvassing among the troops will be permitted.

"4th—Commanding officers are enjoined to take such measures as may be essential to secure freedom and fairness in the elections, and that they be conducted



SCENE IN THE NEW COMEDY OF MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE, NEW YORK—FINALE OF THE SUPPER AT MRS. TODGERS'S HOUSE.



GRANT'S CAMPAIGN SOUTH OF THE JAMES—REINFORCEMENTS FOR GEN. WARREN ARRIVING AT THE TERMINUS OF GRANT'S RAILROAD NEAR THE WELDON ROAD, TWO MILES AND A HALF FROM THE RECENTLY CAPTURED WORKS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

with due regard to good order and military discipline.

"Sh—Any officer or private who may wantonly destroy tickets or prevent their proper distribution among the legal voters, interfere with the freedom of the election, or make any false or fraudulent return, will be deemed guilty of an offence against good order and military discipline, and be punished by a summary dismissal or court martial."

Our Artist sketches a new scene in camp —A group of soldiers, reading and commenting on the election posters stuck up, and now for the first time bringing the polls to them, as they could not go to the polls.

Dealing Out the Liquor Ration.

The work in the trenches, which is so constant and unremitting, and on which so much depends, could hardly be carried on without giving the soldiers some stimulant. We give a sketch of the dealing out what is deemed a safe ration to the brave men who so readily do their part in this toilsome and uninspiring work. The effort to dispense entirely with liquor, in the damp and unhealthy districts where an army is too frequently obliged to operate, has but increased the amount of sickness, and Government, taught by experience, acts with moderation and wisdom.

SCENE IN MARTIN CHUZZLEWIT,

At the Olympic Theatre, N. Y.

THE new dramatic rendering of Martin Chuzzlewit which has met with such success at Mrs. Wood's Olympic Theatre has some scenes so irresistibly ludicrous that we give our readers an illustration. Pecksniff, that creation of Dickens which has become the type of hypocrities, has exposed himself in the dinner at Todgers's by a little too free indulgence, and the united efforts of the boarders have carried the sufferer from "chronic" disorder to his room. His reappearance at the head of the stairs, his address to Mrs. Todgers, revealing another vice in his character, are followed by the sudden descent which we see depicted.

No description can, however, give our readers the convulsing merriment which is ever excited by this scene when rendered as it is at Mrs. Wood's Theatre.



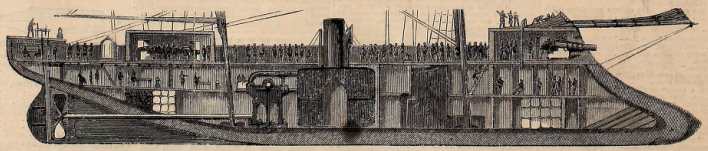
AUSTRIAN MILITARY BAND ON THE MARCH.

AN AUSTRIAN MILITARY BAND ON THE MARCH.

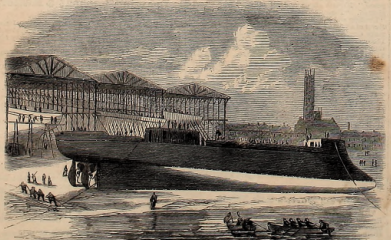
AN Austrian drummer, if this French illustration may be taken as a pure and truthful portraiture of nature, takes life easily. While the schlarr toils along under his load of musket, knapsack, haversack and what not, our drummer does not pretend to carry either drum or drumstick. He has a little sled or car drawn by a dog, on which he places the musical instrument confided to his care by the State, and even makes his beast of burden carry the drumsticks. All goes bravely on till some other dog picks a quarrel with the one thus honorably employed in the state service, and drums must occasionally suffer in the war that ensues.

ROYAL EXAMPLE IN ECONOMY.—Queen Elizabeth of York, the wife of Henry VII., though she paid the board of her married sisters to their husbands, and furnished her maids-of-honor with gambling money, practised the personal economy of having her own dresses turned and mended. Henry VII. was the English king to whom Columbus applied for aid in his great adventure.

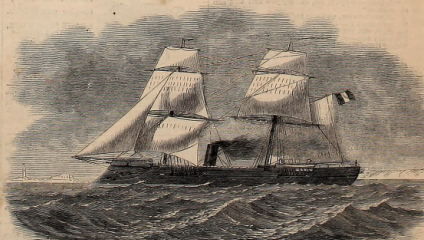
YOUNG lady, get your lover upon his knees, but don't let him get you upon them.



THE FRENCH IRONCLADS—SECTION SHOWING THE INTERIOR OF THE NEW FRENCH RAM THE SPHYNX.



Before Launching.



Complete for Service.

THE FRENCH IRONCLADS—THE NEW FRENCH RAM THE SPHYNX.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A FREQUENT excuse put forth by persons asked to sing is the declaration that they would be delighted if they could remember the words. As words, in the present style of singing, really matter very little, we give the following verses as a sample of the kind of thing that may be sung by people with short memories:

Oh, if I had lumty tum lumty tum too,
In the land of the olive and fig,
I would sing of the lumty tum lumty tum to you,
And play on the thumpany jig.

And if in the lumty tum bottle I fill,
A tumti tum of the tiddy cove—
Oh, hurry me deep in the wheayoomay call,
And plant the lumpaloola over my grave.

In case this should be too great an effort for the memory, we have dashed off the succeeding trifle, which, by a clear and loud delivery of the ends of these lines, the hearer will imagine he knows what he is about:

Dumty, dumty, dumty love,
Dumty, dumty, teary,
Dumty, dumty, dumty prove,
Dumty, dumty, part.

Dumty, dumty, dumty, meet!
Dumty, dumty, coy,
Dumty, dumty, dumty, greet,
Dumty, dumty, joy.

AN INQUIRING MIND.—Professor Gunning, the lecturer on geology, was discussing the primary schools of one of our city reforms recently, by showing what he condemned and what how he was made. He had finished it by trusting in the sting, when a little fellow, who had been watching the process most closely, spoke up:

"Mr. Runner?"

"What, my boy?"

"Didn't you also the bee?"

"Yes, certainly. God made the bee."

The little fellow was silent a minute, when he spoke up again:

"Mr. Runner?"

"Well, what now, my son?"

"I was thinking," said the young philosopher, "how God could make the sting into the bee without hitting his fingers sting before he let it do."

That child ought to be encouraged.

CONSIDER THE RISE!—Sam is our steward; and not content with being the prince of stewards, he occasionally dabbles a stroke of business in the money-lending way among the men. The other day one of the men on the ship, who borrowed some money of Sam, which coming to the ear of the officers, some of them bore him to task about it.

"Sam," said the skipper, "how much interest do you charge?"

"Not much, sir," said Sam.

"Well, how much?—50 per cent.?"

"Oh, dear, no, sir."

"Fifteen?"

"No, indeed, sir."

"Ten?"

"No, no."

"Well, five, then?"

"Good gracious, sir!" exclaimed Sam, in holy horror, "do you take me for a Yankee?" (Nobody, for probably meanest.)

"Well, then, how much do you charge?" asked the skipper.

"Well, sir, I tells you; I let him have five pounds for three days, and I only charge him two pounds ten to interest."

"Sam, you scoundrel!" exclaimed the skipper, "you are a high-flier."

"But think of the risk, sir," said Sam, in extenuation; "think of the risk. Why, the man was in the doctor's hands."

The hand followed at the expense of our worthy surgeon may be imagined, not described.

TRUTH AND FICTION.—The Archbishop of Canterbury said one day to Garrick:

"Pray inform me how it is that you gentlemen of the stage can so easily express with things imaginary as if they were real, while we of the Church speak of things real as coldly as if they were imaginary, or at least unlikely imaginary."

"Why, my lord Garrick, "the reason is plain. We actors speak of things imaginary as if they were real; while too many in the pulpit speak of things real as if they were imaginary."

His grace bowed to the respect of the actor.

SIMPLEX MUNDITIIS.—A Southern planter named Brown, pretty well to do in the world now, was some 20 years ago, a poor boy on the eastern shore of Maryland. One of the strongest and most marked traits of his character was an inordinate love of money. While he was at the academical school of the people in them diggins, where they practice skinning strangers during the fall season, and shaving one another during dull times.

In the course of time P—— was of age, and thought it about time to get married. He went to a neighboring village, and in the course of time was introduced to the daughter of Judge B——.

"Dog me, dad," said the embryo speculator to his friends, who were gaining him an entrance among the ribs.

"Very."

"How much might Judge B—— be worth?"

"Why, about $10,000," was the reply.

"How many children has Judge B——?" continued the inquirer.

"Only three."

"Three into ten goes three times and a third over," unanimly achieved [illegible].

Here was a chance—a glorious chance—and he improved it to the full. He made love to the beautiful and philistical daughter of the judge with all his possessions—three, by the way, for we are smooth-e looking cub as ever went unlicked, his suit prospered, and they were married.

The honeymoon passed off as all other honeymoons do, and then he was happy. The bride was lively and chatty, and often made allusions to her brothers and sisters. Being by some means he thought should not be in the catalogue of relations, one evening at tea he said:

"My dear, I thought there were only three of you?"

"So there are by my own, but my pa's first wife had eight more."

"Eleven into ten, no times and nary one over!" said the astonished P——, who jumped up and kicked over the chair, and groaned in great agony. "I am ruined! I'm sold! and—and a sight cheaper than an old bellwether cheap at that!"

He left, and married reviewer finds a passage that he pretends to think not worth the ink and paper used in publishing it, he is very sure to use as much more in roughshing it.

THE laws of Connecticut got blue two centuries ago. The lawyers in a good many States have frequently done so ever since.

A FOOL lover, even when his love is most prosperous, is not heard.

MANY calumnies are injurious even after refuted. Like the Spanish flies, they sting when alive and blister when dead.

WE call our legislators lawgivers, when instead of giving laws they charge heavy wages for making them.

POOR men plant and gather the corn, and rich ones drink the whiskey.

A GIVER-OAT should he a good hubter; she never loses her scent.

SNAKE STORY.

We extract the following thrilling tale from a volume of adventures recently published in Europe. The hero of the scene is a sailor, who, with companions, were on an East India island, preparing to leave, but could not finish a sail they were making. He says:

We worked hard, and being burglers, much of the work had to be done over night, for fear of ruin-ince. We were, however, pretty near the end of our job, when an adventure befell me, the recollection of which, is preduced in dreams, often makes me start up in bed in a cold sweat of horror. It was about 10 o'clock, quite correctly, in a popular periodical, probably by some one who had been there, and I assure you that it is not thus fill out. The sail, a big sail, did not set well. I my self, and several hands, were hanging on to each subject than the others, remained by the boat, whilst my mates returned to the ship, forgot in all made themselves comfortable. I worried on till I had tremendously wearied myself. The Southern night, with its glorious moon and fields of splendid stars, was brilliant as day, though cold for the climate. A chill wind having set in immediately after sunset.

This, with the work I had been doing—cutting and stitching the sail—did not induce warmth, so that I panted more freely than it was my wont to do of the excellent brandy I had provided myself with. At all events, that evening, I could not so set the sail as to bend it on the ship-shape, and perhaps more than half the case over (I was not an inexperienced man in those days), lay down just under the lee of the boat, took a few pulls at the brandy flask, and dropped off to sleep. Sleep! yes, the sleep of devils! Frightful, horrible dreams oppressed me. I was struggling with nightmare. That was the impression on my half unconscious mind. And I fully awoke. Good God! the icy chill which ran through my veins, when I, by brilliant moonlight, discovered the cause of the nightmare which was sitting me.

Fright, horror, mortal fear, suffocating and [illegible] sensations of the sailor-like, on the largest I had ever seen, were by no means unusual—where they had no doubt crept for warmth—twined together, and being of enormous size, were, I judged, taking to stay to awake them, was certain death. In less than an hour, if I was taken over-board, I should be a mass of corruption. Paralyzed, fainting with fear, I lay perfectly still, in the feeling that the dreadful suspense could not be long endured, and I must soon start up and cast off the horrible reptiles by my rise. They were comfortably asleep, and might be flung at a distance before they had time to make use of their fatal fangs.

This merciful God they begin to stir—to wriggle from each other, and to crawl.

It is that the creeping, chirping hark of our pet monocose (chameleons) which alarms the reptiles? Let me explain.

The monocose is the natural enemy of snakes, and in a combat with one is sure to be the victor. The bite of the snake produces but a momentary effect upon the little animal—seems to make it giddy for a few moments, when it seems to recover itself by eating her by-eating some of the herbs, of which there is a disputed point. However it may be, the monocose gently returns to the attack, and the snake, as I was told, is invariably killed.

The snakes around me themselves almost as plentifully as snakes. Lazzaro and Dupont managed to bune had almost succeeded in their very difficult task—knowing that not one of the serpent tribe will approach where they have been, and, recently, no more than a cockroach will venture out of its hole in a chink to save a hedgehog. Once wakid and wholly free, the chameleons were special pets of mine, and were their, causing the serpents and themselves to be in fear and fright; their hoots dilate as they unwrist themselves, glide off on the long grass, and the serpents had no possible, turn to fight. The chameleons desire nothing better. They attack the snakes, bite them on the back part of the head, and carry on the battle, if such it is, in a deliberate manner, with a spirit, a cheerful, chirrupy vigor, which is, I feel sure, thoroughly actually enjoyable. I never saw, before, a sure augury of success. The battle is not a long one. Generally in half an hour, they are quite running after and leaping up at me appear to know that their enemy is routed and will not have to reward an even more plentiful supper than usual. They are not mistaken. Our friends and fellows gradually excited by the incident which had, however, so happily terminated, and, as I said, I was not myself again for several days. I never sought in the open air again.

A SMOKING AUTOMATON.—Many men smoke mechanically, but we never heard of one before smoking by mechanism, as is related in a recent work by authors. The Salem *Gazette* says: "Mr. Thomas B. Russell, an ingenious gentleman of this city, has made a machine of his friends a curious piece of mechanism, which is now at his rooms in No. 164 Street. It consists of the figure of a man, seated in a common chair, and having a cigar in his mouth. By winding up a spring, and thus setting in motion an ingenious piece of machinery in the body, which passes in the mouth of the figure, are made, at regular intervals, to emit a steady stream of smoke, as required with grace by a professional smoker could not excel. By this process a cigar will be smoked up as quickly and naturally as sitting man could do it. The machinery by which the result is accomplished consists of a series of levers, not unlike those by which a clock is made to strike. Rubber tubes are put in connection with the mouth of the figure and bellows, which are slowly worked. Two valves, nicely adjusted, regulate the drawing in and emission of the smoke.

MANY a man is "blackballed" by those who are scarcely fit to perform that operation upon his boots.

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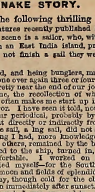
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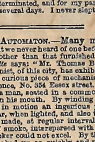
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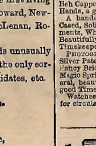
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Indianapolis, Sept. 14, 1864.

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Portability combined with great power in *Field, Marine, Tourists', Opera* and general use—for day and night double-perspective glasses, will show distinctly a person to know him at from 1/2 to 6 miles. Spectacles of the greatest sharpness power to magnify and improve the sight, without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogues sent by enclosing stamp.

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for the same QUALITIES and MAKE than those of any other Shirt House in this city.

Circular containing drawings and prices sent free.



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PATENTED
APRIL 19, 1864

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A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVED GOLD-PLATED WATCH, Double Case, Lever Cap, Small Size, White Enamelled Dial, Cut Hands, "*English Movements*," and Correct Timekeeper, with an accurate "*Minister Calendar*," indicating the *Day of the Week, Month, &c.*, in back case. A single one sent free by mail, to any address, in neat case, with a BEAUTIFUL VEST CHAIN, for only $10.

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Double Hunting Case, Solid Go'd Composite *Screw Balance*, Jewelled Action, *Polished Cap*, only $15. SOLID SILVER CHRONOMETER MAGIC HUNTING CASE WATCH, Jewelled, Capped, Polished Dial, only $15. ENGLISH OUTER WATCH for Ladies, a Beautiful article. *Enameled Case* and Engraved Fine Action, only $56. BRITISH ARMY OFFICER'S WATCH, a "SOLID, Hunt and Time" Jeweller's *Novelty* for the Army, correct Timekeeper, Fine English Movements, Jewelled, with Polished Cap and all requirements, only $26.

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We will send to any address, on receipt of $1 00, one of our Large Size, fine quality, Warranted GOLD PENS and Silver-plated Extension Case. Sent Registered for 30 cents. Send stamp for circular.
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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 474—VOL. XIX.] NEW YORK, OCTOBER 29, 1864. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1 00.

The Last Resort.

KING SOLOMON, a wise man in his day and generation, were he now alive, would write among his proverbs, not that "there is nothing new," but that there are many new things "under the sun." He would recognise this Southern rebellion, for the perpetuation and expansion of slavery, in the name of liberty, as a new thing. He would record, as a new thing, and somewhat infamous withal, the active sympathies of England in this war, that foremost champion among the nations of negro emancipation; and as something decidedly new and unique, the establishment by a Frenchman of a Dutchman as Emperor of the Mexicans, and of their own free will at the point of the bayonet. He would pronounce this Southern revolt against an indulgent and beneficent Government a blunder as great as the crime, and as wholly without a precedent in its perverseness and wickedness, except in the rebellion of Absalom against his father. He would declare, as a new thing under the sun, the setting up and knocking down of King Cotton, and as something never known, heard or dreamed of before on the face of the earth, the proposition lately broached in the rebel capital, of arming 250,000 negro slaves to fight for a Southern Confederacy, the whole fabric of which, from its turrets to its foundations, is negro slavery.

This is the last resort. This is the desperate alternative to which the thoughts of the leaders of the rebellion have at length been drawn. The Davis Confederacy, reduced from its original area of over 800,000 square miles of territory to less than one-third this imposing usurpation, and from its original hold upon 12,000,000 of people to less than 4,000,000 within its lines, more than one-half of which are negro slaves, is groaning at last under the still increasing pressure of the unbroken strength of the Union. Davis leaving Richmond, his chosen capital, in imminent danger of capture, with the shipwreck of all his fortunes, hastens to



ONE OF THE CAVES AT ATLANTA MADE BY CITIZENS TO ESCAPE SHELLS DURING THE BOMBARDMENT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



EXAMINATION AT BOW STREET, LONDON, OF FRANZ MULLER, THE ENGLISH RAILWAY MURDERER, RECENTLY ARRESTED ON HIS ARRIVAL AT NEW YORK AND TAKEN BACK TO ENGLAND.

Georgia, to provide, if possible, against the danger which threatens him there. While in Richmond he is accused of abandoning Georgia to her fate, in Georgia he is suspected of abandoning Richmond to save himself. In "defining his position" to the Georgians, he confesses that two-thirds of his enlisted soldiers "are absent without leave," that he knows not how to recover them, and that his last reserves are exhausted. He implores the harassed and suffering women of Georgia, and the old men and boys, to come to the rescue. He confesses his forlorn expectation of Sherman's veteran and victorious armies, numbering 100,000 men, by the decimated army of Hood, reduced to its numerous heavy defeats and constant desertions to less than 30,000 men.

These astounding disclosures and stultifications are made in the presence of the whole nation prevailing at Richmond, from the steady approaches of Gen. Grant's encircling columns. No reinforcements for Lee! Only the poor women, and the old men and boys of Georgia to come to the rescue! No means, no available bodied white material left! Two-thirds of the Confederate soldiers deserters or stragglers! What, the Richmond *Enquirer* may well ask, what are we to do? Driven to these fearful extremities, no other resource remains than the Southern slave population. The fact is recognised, and in its blind and impotent rage the *Enquirer* asks for the arming of these slaves, with the reward of their personal freedom for their services in the work of binding their families and their descendants in perpetual bondage.

Could any evidence be desired more conclusive than this to prove that "the backbone of the rebellion" is at length in reality broken, Gen. Grant, what was of the opinion that it would be broken with the arrival of the available Legislature of Maryland; Secretary Stanton thought it was broken with the capture of Vicksburg and the reopening of the Mississippi river; while many of our enthusiastic fighting war journals have pronounced this extraordinary backbone of the monster broken at least a half a dozen times in as many different places, still the monster is "like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along." But when the most authoritative organ of Jeff Davis is pushed to an appeal for the fearful alternative of arming the Negro slaves to fight for slavery, there can be no doubt of its significant meaning. It simply means that the rebellion is in its dying contortions. If the white soldiers of Davis doesn't like drafts, as from a hopeless cause, his blacks, if tried in this capacity, would desert by thousands. They will not, however, be provided with the means or the instruction that would enable them by regiments to move across the lines. Their masters cannot be induced to deliver them up for such a suicidal experiment, and the *Enquirer*, in proposing it, only betrays the important fact, under the present circumstances of the desperacy are exhausted, and that there is nothing left it now but Samson's alternative of vengeance, of pulling down the temple upon himself with the Philistines. This unpromising ending is this to that boasted Southern Confederation, founded upon the corner-stone of African Slavery, and daunting its defiance in the face of the entire mankind, as the predestined arbiter of the nations under King Cotton!

In conclusion, this appeal of the Richmond *Examiner* for the arming of the black reserves of the "Confederacy" to fight for it, ends the discussion of this branch of the negro question, at least, in favor of the policy pursued by our Federal Administration. Whatever opinions the intelligent and dispassionate reader may have entertained heretofore on this subject, he must now admit the sagacity of Mr. Lincoln, in strengthening our wasted armies from the swarms of Southern "contrabands" fleeing to our military control. This was his last resort; and the chief of arms of Jeff Davis, in urging the same expedient as the last resort of the "Confederacy," puts an end to the African debate, and admits the failure of the rebellion.

FOREIGN NEWS.

SHERMAN'S brilliant campaign in the Shenandoah has had the effect of knocking down the rebel loan in London seven per cent.

FRANZ MAURER has been committed to take his trial for the wilful murder of Mr. Briggs, although, as the evidence now stands, there is considerable doubt if he can be convicted, Mr. Lee, counsel for the two men in the railroad carriage with the murdered man, being unable to swear to identity.

There had been considerable disturbances in Turin, in consequence of the reported intention of removing the capital from that city to Florence.

SIR HENRY BULWER had arrived in Paris on a visit to the Emperor, which put down 500,000 men in the valley of England and France.

THE Sultan had rejected the arbitration of Louis Napoleon in the matter of the Suez canal.

THE Prince and Princess of Wales had left Copenhagen on a visit to the King of Sweden at Stockholm.

There had been many heavy failures in England, principally in London, Liverpool and Leeds. The Leeds Flaxdog Company had failed, with liabilities of over $1,000,000.

THE Danish-Austrian Treaty, pending for the withdrawal of the French troops, had been communicated to the Diet. Lord Clarendon had protested against making diplomatic action against it.

Barnum's American Museum.

IMMENSE ATTRACTIONS.—Colossal Giants, Dimutive Dwarfs, Albino Children, Japanese Rope Skating Feats, Wax Figures, Aquaria, etc., etc. DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES daily at 2 and 7½ o'clock P. M. Admission to all only 50 cents. Children under ten, 15 cents.

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It is the most popular Album; should be seen on every centre table; and the cheapest and most acceptable present that can be made to a lady. Costs only $8. Forwarded by mail, postage free, on receipt of price, by

C. OCSANYAN,
Second Avenue, 3d door from 56th St., N. Y.

N.B.—To prevent counterfeiting, each package is accompanied by the proprietor's own autograph in four different languages, viz: Turkish, Armenian, Greek and English.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 29, 1864.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

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Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

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One copy of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper and one copy of Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine (the most replete Lady's book published) for one year - - - - 7 00

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One Dollar a line on the outside or last page.
Sixty Cents a line on the 14th and 15th pages.

To Correspondents.

First-class stories will be read promptly, and if found worthy of acceptance, suitably compensated.

The manuscript should be legible, on one side of the paper, and the name and address of the writer at the writer. Poems of a high order and moderate length will meet with attention.

By the decision of the authorities at Washington, ARTICLES FOR NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES cannot be sent by mail at the rates of printed matter. If sent by mail, letter postage must be paid. Packages over four ounces should be sent by express.

When parties desire their returned by mail, postage stamps must be enclosed for the full amount. Contributors of short articles, poems, etc., will do well to keep a copy, as the cheapest course.

ENIGMA.—Zerelda—Matter Fulcral—To a Friend—An Acrostic—Bachelor Friend—Shall We Love Again?

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA—GRANT'S ARMY.

On the 9th of October the skirmish line of the 6th corps was pushed forward three quarters of a mile.

On the 10th the 9th corps made a reconnoissance a mile and a half in front of its position.

On the 11th there was heavy firing.

Rebel deserters still continue to come into our lines in large numbers, all heavily sick of the war.

The rebels have upon every battle-field in Virginia, during hundred times over so very puny a matter as the rise of a river, left their dead.

Briskly, we do not believe in the numerous profits declared to be made by speculators, the President of the 6th Avenue road, as an instance, counting out, over his own signature, and declaring that for months past it has cost the road to run its passenger trains what has been received for them, a declaration that we are strongly inclined to believe. Secondly, we think it but a small return for the service we render and see how all things else have risen, and so assume that in not really opposing the Erie bill, which, if it has any fatality, terrifies persons, who are always glad of an opposition that will create a wordy quarrel, or bring them before the public. This public, as a general thing, is a patient, lickable donkey, seldom or never kicking back, save at some one know, and then only with a noisy, donkeyish bray.

The stages have been up to date, and the public have submitted quietly to this rise of nearly 70 percent, and quarrels vehemently only as cars for parking on twenty. "Oh, consistency, thou art a jewel!"

And speaking of a petty war, we are reminded that the feud between the railroad and the employers still rages, and that the well-known belligerent nature of the journeyman tailor has exhibited itself in various instances. The employers meet in secret session at Clinton HALL, and while they debate dire destruction to the Sullory Union, the journeymen hang round Astor Place and Broadway, vowing vengeance and wasting their athletics on the external of the depleted pockets of the employed.

We look upon this movement as only the inauguration of what will be a general war in the New York trades—but as the combined action of the employers against the employed, brought about by the abuse of workmen. However serviceable such unions may be for a short period, and to attain some special end, when used as a permanent remedy for extortion of labor, they are worse than useless, and swell upon the horror.

While speaking of "Unions," our attention is attracted to that of the Working Woman's Union, and their appeal to the public for aid during the coming winter. In this union there is room for true philanthropy, an unfortunate field, where not only the sufferer is taken from perdition, and aid much physical comfort to those of those sex alone, but where also there is the co-operation of manly generosity, and of the assistance of his strong arm. The Working Woman's Union is at No. 16 Chambers street, where they solicit cash and employment from those of kindly feeling.

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GEORGIA.

Hood, blarmed by Sherman's advance, moved rapidly back to Dallas and Van Wirt.

The rebels were, at the last accounts, at Dalton, with Sherman on their rear. They have a considerable force north of Tunnel hill.

FLORIDA.

Gen. Asboth returned to Pensacola on Oct. 1 having penetrated to Marianna. He brought in 400 negroes, and about 1,000 cattle, horses, etc., also ammunition and supplies. The General received a severe wound in the arm.

Col. Noble recently captured a camp of rebel militia at Enterprise; and a rebel battalion, under Maj. Clinch, was also captured near Tallahassee.

ALABAMA.

Forrest, though closely pursued, managed to cross the Tennessee, near Florence, and fled Southward in all haste.

KENTUCKY.

Gen. Lyon, with some thousand rebels, attacked Hopkinsville on the 10th; but Col. Jackson made such a gallant defence, that Lyon, after four hours' fight, drew off, with heavy loss.

A train between Paris and Lexington was taken by guerillas, plundered and destroyed on the 11th.

The rebels burned the bridge at Irvin, Rebels county, and also plundered stores in Brandenburg. A large force is at Mayfield, threatening Paducah.

MISSISSIPPI.

Col. McCahle, on Sept. 26, left Vidalia with a small force, and returned with the rebel Col. Williams, four Lieutenants, 60 rebels, 100 head of horses, mules and cattle, and quantities of cotton and arms.

MISSOURI.

Price, on the 7th of October, had pushed forward to within 10 miles of Jefferson city, causing great consternation in that capital. His advance had been driven, as he was steadily opposed all the way. Finding no fords strong, he moved off and was soon attacked by Pleasanton and Curtis. Rosecrans has himself gone to the front to control the campaign in person.

The 6th Missouri militia dispersed a rebel camp in St. Francis county, killing 30.

Major Williams, 13th Iowa, has retaken Pilot Knob, and found 216 rebel wounded there. About $100,000 of property was carried off by the rebels.

Gen. Rosecrans on the 13th, and moved on Lexington.

On the 19th Jeff Thompson captured Sedalia, and paraded or shot the militia.

NORTH CAROLINA.

A part of the crew of the rebel ram Albemarle came down to Albemarle Sound, to capture a dispatch boat running to Roanoke Island and to blow up an unfinished gunboat. Failing in this, they destroyed the Croatan lighthouse, eight miles north of Roanoke island.

TENNESSEE.

Ninety colored soldiers, under Col. Weaver, were attacked on the 9th, five miles below Fort Nelson, by 200 rebels, but defeated them, killing and wounding 27.

On the 13th the rebel Gen. Buford crossed the Cumberland at Harpeth's shoals.

NAVAL.

On the 12th Admiral D. D. Porter took command of the South Atlantic squadron.

The Roanoke has probably been captured after the fashion of the Chesapeake.

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well for the talent of the actor and the taste of the public.

Mr. Forrest is still at Niblo's, crowding the house three times a week, and will end his engagement on the coming Saturday, the 22d, after which comes Maggie Mitchell, with Fanchon the Cricket.

There has been an extra night at the Academy this week, possibly to make up for Tuesday, when there was no performance. "Il Trovatore," "Un Ballo in Maschera," and "Lucrezia Borgia," have been the operas of the week, in the second of which Mdlle. Frida de Gebele made her debut. This week we are to have our old favorite Clara Louise Kellogg, as Marguerite in "Faust," and on Saturday a Matinée will be given.

Heller gives us a new problem this week, nothing less than "The Troublesome Spirit in Scarlet," to which he especially calls the attention of all Spiritualists and believers in the supernatural. Heller has made a wonderful success in New York, though not an astonishing one when his talent and enterprise are taken into consideration. His new programme commences this week, and judging him by the past, we anticipate a few astonishers.

The Winter Garden still runs Mr. Clarke, and "The Two Dromios," with wonderful success and crammed houses.

This is the last week that the Thumb family will submit to public gaze. On Monday next they sail for Europe, and from that time exhibit no more. Barnum has already prepared mourning for the Museum, and has purchased half a yard of super crape to tie to the tail of the whale.

BOOK NOTICES.

Evan Dale. A Novel. Boston: A. Williams & Co., 1864. 387 pp., 12mo.

If the prices have risen publishers certainly produce their works in fine style. Seldom does a work of fiction appear in such beauty as Evan Dale. Paper, presswork and binding all bear witness to the taste and enterprise of the publishers. Evan Dale is a story of Boston life. The characters are numerous and well sustained, giving us interesting views of city society. The heroine, Grace Lee, and the realization of her ideal husband, stimulate curiosity to the end.

The Ocean Waifs; a Story of Adventure on Land and Sea. By Capt. Mayne Reid. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1865. 12mo., 366 pp.

This is another of the attractive boys' books which Reid has so happy a knack of producing. Books of adventure in the wilderness or the ocean are the literary food that boys crave, and Mayne Reid succeeds admirably in making this a vehicle for instruction and a means of inculcating noble and generous thoughts and aspirations. The standard of honor and dignity cannot be too high in works for the young of either sex.

The Poems of Bayard Taylor. Boston: Ticknor & Fields, 1865. 419 pp.

Bayard Taylor, who will long live as the American traveller, investing with grace his descriptions of even familiar lands, and familiarizing us with all, stands in no mean position among our poets. To the many who have enjoyed his poems, this edition in blue and gold, in all the beauty of the issues of Ticknor & Fields, will be extremely welcome.

Broken Lights. An Inquiry into the present Condition and future Prospects of Religious Faith. By Frances Power Cobbe. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co.

This work is by the English editress of the works of Theodore Parker. Of her views there is, therefore, no question. Her problem is "the true grounds on which God will hereafter lead mankind to rest the faith in himself and his holy law and in a life beyond the grave." She very justly analyzes the condition of Christian thought, and makes the threefold division of all into those who believe in, 1st. An infallible abiding Church—the doctrines of the Roman Catholics; 2d. Prophets, such as the Swedenborgians, &c.; 3d. An infallible book, as pure Calvinists. The less logical who combine these she omits. Discussing the paleological answers to the problem in the Church of England, she takes up the neological and weighs all the modern movements of the liberal party in church doctrines.

The Life of Abraham Lincoln. New York: T. R. Dawley, 13 and 15 Park Row.

A popular life of our present President, giving the chief events of his career in a brief and connected way.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A salute of 100 guns was fired in the New York Park, on the evening of the 12th of Oct., in celebration of the Republican victories in Ohio and Indiana.

—— One of our best Generals of the United States army, who has unfortunately had part of his upper jaw carried away by a Minie ball, has had it replaced artificially by Dr. De Marini, of this city. The doctor's skill in these operations is well known, and the Russian officers availed themselves of his services during their stay here. The painlessness and gentleness of his manipulations are remarkable, and they have been attested by the most accomplished writer of the country. N. P. Willis, in a leading article in the *Home Journal*, gave his happy experience under "Rescue of a Tooth." We notice Dr. De Marini's return to his residence in East 34th street, and the resumption of his profession, after a long recess in the Far West, and the celebrated watering-place of his native State.

—— On Monday, the 10th of Oct., the fares on the cars and stages were raised to 6 cents in the former, and 10 cents the latter.

—— The 200th anniversary of the surrender of this city and its surrounding province to the English by the Dutch, and the attendant change of name of the former from New Amsterdam, and the latter from New Netherlands, both to New York, was celebrated on the 12th of Oct., at Cooper Institute, and notwithstanding the rain, there was a large assemblage of citizens. The most prominent feature in the exercises was an interesting paper read by Dr. Brodhead, giving a history of the transfer from the one Power to the other, and of the condition of the colony at that time.

—— The New York *Herald* recommends to the citizens of New York, that a farm be presented to Kearsarge Winslow instead of a silver testimonial.

—— A marriage for a consideration recently took place at the Methodist Church, Williamsburg, Mass., the bridegroom being a very handsome youth of 16, and the bride a rich and dashing widow of 34, who had buried two husbands already, the last of them being 78 years of age. The minister at first hesitated, but upon being assured by the bridegroom's father that it was all right, performed the ceremony. It appears the widow had conceived a violent passion for the youth, and that he returned it. She settled a large farm on the father, and $10,000 a year upon her young husband should he survive her.

—— All aliens are interested in the following, which makes them *bona fide* citizens, if they have been soldiers and honorably discharged:

And be it further enacted, That any alien, of the age of 21 years and upward, who has enlisted or shall enlist in the armies of the United States, either the regular or volunteer forces, and has been or shall be hereafter honorably discharged, may be admitted to become a citizen of the United States, upon his petition, without any previous declaration of his intention to become a citizen of the United States, and that he shall not be required to prove more than one year's residence within the United States previous to his application to become such citizen; and that the court admitting such alien shall, in addition to such proof of residence and good moral character as is now provided by law, be satisfied by competent proof of such person having been honorably discharged from the service of the United States as aforesaid.—Sec. 21, Chap. 200. Laws of the 37th Congress, 2d Session, page 591, approved July 17, 1862.

—— There are 127 Petroleum companies now in existence in Pennsylvania, representing a capital of 88 million dollars. There are about the same number in other parts of the country, representing about the same sum. It is consequently one of the greatest staples in the United States.

—— The Vermont Legislature met on the 13th of Oct. Hon. A. B. Gardiner was chosen Speaker of the House. The Senate elected H. Clark for Secretary.

—— The imposition practised by the conductors of the cars in demanding six cents instead of five led to almost a riot on the 14th, in car 55, 4th avenue. A passenger having refused to pay more than five cents, was told to leave the car, refusing to do this, the conductor attempted to remove him by force, the passengers joining the *melée*, other railway officials reinforced the conductor, a crowd gathered round, but after a quarter of an hour's disturbance, the passengers triumphed and the conductors were vanquished.

Southern.—Richmond papers of the 8th and 9th of October, say that, during Friday's battle every school, newspaper, department, storeshop and railroad was suspended, and every male person employed therein ordered to the front. The *Examiner* condemns the suspension of the newspapers. The papers all claim a victory in the attack on Birney.

—— The rebel President has received considerable condemnation for his unfortunate Macon speech, which, says the *Budget of Fun*, may be the *un-Macon* of him. The Charleston *Mercury* at first declared it a forgery, but when the Richmond papers copied it and commented on it, the South Carolinians were unanimous in their blame—the *Mercury* saying that he must have been mad. The most singular thing is that the Richmond press endorse it. This evidently proceeds from the fact that Jeff Davis delivered the speech in a Virginian point of view, since it is founded on the idea that every State ought to send troops to save Richmond, since if that goes all has gone. Gov. Brown, whom Davis called a scoundrel by implication, says that Mr. Davis's remark is founded on his ignorance of State rights.

Military.—A Union officer writing from Charleston, where he has been placed under fire by those inhuman monsters, says: "The Andersonville prisoners have been passing through this city. There are some 6,000 here now. You cannot imagine them. Eight thousand out of 25,000 died of disease at Andersonville during the months of July and August. Nineteen hundred of the 6,000 here are totally incapable of helping themselves. Most of them are insane! Fifty of our regiment went to Andersonville in April, and in July, when I last heard from a corporal of my company, there were but 12 alive; probably they are all dead by this time. I know all this to be a fact, from officers here who were confined in hospital with the men."

—— Gen. Rosecrans has taken the field in person in Missouri, having finally arranged his plans. Sterling Price, the rebel General, it is said, will not hazard a battle, but harass the Union troops in every possible manner.

Naval.—The London *Times* in an article on Farragut's action in Mobile bay, says: "We must now invite the public to draw a conclusion from this extraordinary trial of two things; either the armor of the Tennessee was superior to any of the targets which represent our ironclads, or the ordnance of the Federals is inferior to our artillery. We have already said that we do not think the former hypothesis could be maintained for a moment, and consequently we must close with the latter. This we do without hesitation, and we imagine that most persons acquainted with the subject would be prepared to affirm that the guns which penetrated the Warrior target would, at 10 feet distance, have smashed in the sides of the Tennessee before the action had lasted a quarter of an hour."

—— Admiral D. D. Porter took command of the North Atlantic squadron on the 12th Oct. in place of Admiral Lee, which event was signalized by a salute from the United States steamship Brooklyn.

Personal.—Pierre Soulé, formerly Senator for Louisiana and Pierce's Minister to Spain, has gone to Mexico on a diplomatic mission for Jeff Davis.

—— Mr. Adams, the well-known tenor singer of Boston, is thus announced at the Covent Garden Theatre, London: "First appearance of the celebrated German tenor, Herr Adam."

—— There is no truth in the semi-absurd report that Dr. Shelton Mackenzie has been appointed Consul to the Feejee Islands. It first appeared as a joke in a comic paper, from whence it was copied into the journals of the day as a piece of news.

Obituary.—Judge John D. Willard died in Troy, N. Y., on the 9th Oct., at the age of 64 years. He was a native of New Hampshire, graduated at Dartmouth College, and settled at Troy in the practice of the law at the age of 21. Gov. Marcy appointed him Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in 1834, and in 1857 was elected State Senator. For some years he edited the Troy *Sentinel*.

—— The venerable mother of John C. Breckinridge, of the rebel army, died in Baltimore, on the 9th of Oct. She had resided with her son-in-law, Rev. Dr. Bulloch, of the Franklin street Presbyterian Church, for the past two or three years.

—— Our European advices inform us of the death, at Florence, on the 17th Sept., of one of the most distinguished members of the English literary circles of that city, the aged Walter Savage Landor. He was born in 1775, and was therefore '89 years old. He was educated at Rugby and Oxford, but quitted the University without a degree. In 1808, he raised, at his personal cost, a body of troops in aid of the Spanish patriots, by whom he was created a colonel in the Spanish army. Since his marriage—with the exception of a few years at Bath—he has resided abroad, chiefly at Florence. Among his works, we may mention "Count Julian," a tragedy; "Gebir," an epic poem, which he afterwards translated into Latin; "Imaginary Conversations," in five volumes; and "Pericles and Aspasia." In 1857 he published "Dry Sticks Fagotted," which contained personal allusions to a lady in Bath, and occasioned great scandal, for which Landor was prosecuted and compelled to pay £1,000 damages. His last work was a small collection of verses in English and Latin, marked by all the characteristics of his peculiar genius.

—— Ex-Gov. Jared W. Williams, of New Hampshire, died at Lancaster on the 29th Sept. He was an old and respected politician, and in addition to being Governor for one year, he served two terms in Congress, and several terms in the State Legislature.

—— Mrs. Rose Greenhow, the well-known rebel, whose imprisonment at Washington, two years ago, made so much noise, was recently drowned at Wilmington, in trying to run the blockade. The steamer having run aground, she was put, with several other passengers, in a boat, to be taken ashore, when it was capsized, and she was drowned. She had been to Europe to publish her book on the war, and was on her return to Richmond.

Accidents and Offences.—On the 11th Oct. the Jersey police put a stop to a prizefight at Bergen Point between two New Yorkers. The principals escaped, but about 30 of the spectators were arrested.

—— A waiter at the Astor House Hotel was arrested on the 12th Oct., charged with having abstracted, last April, $2,480 of partially signed bank bills of the North Bennington Bank. $1,600 worth of the stolen money was found at his residence.

—— Some few days ago the middle portion of human body was found floating in the river. It was wrapped in oilskin. A day or so after two legs, belonging to the same body, were found at Gravesend Bay, wrapped in the same material; these legs correspond exactly to the upper portion of the body. The missing parts are the head, breast and arms. The only clue was a bunch of keys found in one of the pockets. There can be no doubt some atrocious murder has been committed.

—— Wm. Fischer, a Hollander, keeper of the shooting-gallery, 157 Chatham street, shot himself on the morning of the 13th Oct., at a wedding supper. The wounds are supposed to be fatal. Unrequited love was the cause.

—— An accident occurred on the 13th Oct. on the Hudson River railroad, near Manhattanville. Owing to the fall of a quantity of rocks and earth upon the track the up-train ran upon it, and was thrown over. Most fortunately none of the passengers were injured, although the carriages were a complete wreck.

—— A severe accident happened on the New Haven line, near 71st street, on the 10th, by which over 30 persons were severely hurt; among them Mr. and Mrs. Parke Godwin, of the *Post*, and others.

—— Two men were arrested, on the 13th Oct., in 6th street, N. Y., charged with being the counterfeiters of the 50 cent fractional notes. Nearly $30,000 worth of these worthless forgeries were found in their room.

—— The Quebec papers of the 11th say: "Between five and six o'clock this evening part of the rock in Champlain street, below the Citadel, fell and destroyed three houses and the inmates perished. The house of Mr. Hayden and Mr. Battle was entirely destroyed, and one occupied by Joseph Lesueur, ship chandler, was rent from the cellar to the attics. The street is filled with a sympathizing crowd, and everything is done to rescue the living and recover the dead. The following are the names of the persons who lost their lives: John Hayden, stevedore, Mrs. Hayden, Mary Hayden and Janet McCann; injured, Thomas Hayden, son of John Hayden above mentioned, and Mrs. McCann."

Foreign.—The Prussian soldiers now occupying Kiel are excessively addicted to smoking, and an anecdote is told of two riflemen who, in the recent campaign, popped at each other from behind two trees situated a short distance apart. Suddenly one of them, a German, held out a cigar, with a polite bow. The other, understanding at once, advanced half way, and was met by the German. In courteous silence the German lighted his cigar at that of the Dane. Bowing again politely, they withdrew to their respective places; and ten minutes afterwards, by some fatality, shot each other through the heart.

—— In Algeria an Arab aged 14 has been executed for cutting his wife's throat, aged 17. He said in his defence that she was bigger and stronger than he was, and that she beat him and pulled his hair. He committed the offence while she was asleep.

—— Louis Napoleon is encouraging the introduction of boxing in his dominions. For this purpose he paid the celebrated pugilist Ben Caunt to give a grand boxing exhibition at Calais lately. He is also engaged by him to give them in all the large cities in France. A French paper says it developes muscle and pluck.

—— Major Yelverton having sworn to certain tendernesses between himself and the far-famed Mrs. Yelverton, Capt. Champion, of the Melbourne, where they were said to have occurred, has emphatically denied the "gallant soldier's" statements, thus making him a perjurer as well as an absconding husband.

—— The summer has been so hot in Norway that salmon fishing had to be commenced at eight o'clock at night.

—— It seems after all that England has gone in for the Duke of Augustenberg, since Lord Clarendon, when he was in Berlin and Vienna, distinctly advised the Ministers of those countries to immediately install the Duke in his dominions. It will be remembered that Augustenburg is nephew to Queen Victoria, and a Coburg by marriage.

—— A couple of goats tied together were recently driven out of a man's garden, near Clonmel, Ireland. Startled by a stick thrown at them, they jumped the fence and alighted, one banging on each side of a colt's back. The colt dashed away, all three kicking furiously, and ultimately falling into a quarry and being killed.

—— The Duke of Nassau gave a dinner at Baden, lately, and just after the guests had sat down the party was discovered to number 13 persons. This "unlucky" circumstance terrified the diners, and ultimately the officer on guard was sent for to obviate it by his being added to the company.

—— Dr. O'Neill, of Lincoln, England, recently, by action at law, recovered three guineas fee from a neighbor who had written a letter purporting to be from a third person who required his services, but who was not ill. The sell did not pay in this case.

—— An ingenious Parisian has invented a boat in which a person can bathe, the water flowing through it, and move about at the same time—a sort of floating cradle, with a tent roof and sides, and a kind of band-propeller.

—— A memorial has been voted to Queen Victoria from the Ayr Town Council, complaining that people will persist in saying England when they mean England and Scotland. Dreadful attempt on the part of those Scots to control the right of free speech!

—— The London *Times* now and then changes its mind. Of the two opinions given below, both are wrong, for the South has made a desperate fight:

Look on This Picture—Nov. 26, 1860.	*And on This*—Sept. 14, 1864.
"It is evident, on the smallest reflection, that the South, even if united, could *never* resist, for three months, the greatly preponderating strength of the North. A few hundred slave owners, trembling nightly with visions of murder and pillage, backed by a dissolute population of poor whites, are no match for the hardy and resolute population of the Free States."	"We trust the public will admit that they have not been misguided by our comments on this obstinate contest. The great fact which we asserted from the first has now been placed beyond the reach of controversy. We said that the North could *never* subdue the South, and the North has now proclaimed the same conclusion."

Chit-Chat.—St. Peter's Church in Rome will contain 54,000 people; Cathedral of Milan, 37,000; St. Paul in London, 25,000; St. Sophia in Constantinople, 23,000; Notre Dame of Paris, 21,000; Cathedral of Paris, 13,000; St. Mark of Venice, 7,000.

—— The oldest officer in the French army is Colonel Dubois Fresney, Knight of St. Louis, and Commander of the Legion of Honor. He is 106, and although blind, he retains all his mental faculties.

—— The Old Blair has given an account of his interviews with Bryant, Bennett and McClellan, concerning the Chicago nomination. The visits were made without the knowledge of President Lincoln. He offered Gen. McClellan an important command if he would decline the Chicago nomination.

—— A correspondent says, "Anent Phrenology as a general thing, a man having a large head has more brain power than a small headed man; but this is not always the case, inasmuch as quality and organization exercise much influence upon the power of the brain. A small man may be so well made, as we call it, as to be much stronger than a large man. So a small head may contain such an excellent quantity of brain, and the brain may be so admirably placed, as to give the fortunate owner of the head much greater intellectual and moral power than might be possessed by a man with a larger head. Besides, the brain is to a great extent nourished by bodily forces exterior to it; and if these forces be weak in a given case, the brain will be lacking in vigor and power. Wherefore, this question of reading character by one's appearance comprises a vast deal more than a mere fingering of the cranium. The great use of phrenology would therefore seem to consist in pointing out to us our capabilities, and telling a man to act up to his bumps."

—— In these days of tercentenary festivals, and above all in the town of Elsinore, it is a great shock to one's Shakespeareanism to be told that Hamlet, properly "Amlet," was not the son of a king of Denmark, but of a pirate chief; that as a Pagan, living centuries before the Christian era, he did no more than his duty in revenging his father's death; that he by no means fell in single combat with Laertes, but lived to become Governor of Jutland, and to marry two wives, one of whom was daughter of an English king. The culminating point of this antiquarian heresy is that there was no Ophelia. To have one's faith destroyed in one of the sweetest characters that Shakespeare ever drew is a trial; but there is this consolation, leaving behind this picturesque town of Elsinore with its 8,000 inhabitants, nothing remarkable is passed on the road to Fredensborg with the exception of the ruined castle of Gurre, to which a tradition clings remarkable for its likeness in a double aspect to those connected with English history. In the 14th century Valdemar IV., like our Henry II., concealed in this sequestered nook from the jealousy of his Queen a Danish fair Rosamond, known as Tovelil, "Little Love." But whereas English history has been content to infer that Queen Eleanor, after the discovery, proved to her liege lord a sufficiently retributive thorn in the flesh, Danish story goes much further, and dooms Valdemar to the fate of Herne the Hunter, for having blasphemously declared that he should not desire Heaven if Gurre were left to him.

—— Punch is getting more and more dismal. We give the following as the gems of the last number:

Dr. Manning, Roman Catholic Provost of Westminster, lately preached, we hear, a most touching sermon. Most of his male auditors were in tears. It was remarked at the time that this was not like Dr. Manning's usual style, that it was, in fact, un-manning.

Passage from the Diary of a Late Physician.—The fellow got well before I came.

Notice.—The gentleman who, the other day, ran away from home without stopping to take his breath, is requested to fetch it as quickly as possible.

"All the world is at Baden-Baden," wrote a correspondent to M. Bismarck. "That can hardly be," said the minister, "seeing that I've sent the *demi-monde* away."

In most towns of the Continent you may be sure that a little good English goes a great deal farther than any quantity of bad French.

A WATERSPOUT AT SEA.

The barque Jane Doull, Capt. Smith, which arrived in the Thames on the 13th of September, from Bermuda, had an exceedingly narrow escape from destruction by a waterspout at sea.

She left Bermuda on Sunday, August 14th, and shortly after, the wind having fallen to a dead calm, she came to anchor off the Great Sound. "The evening," writes one of the passengers, "was sultry and overwhelmingly oppressive, not a breath of air rippled the water or cooled the hot atmosphere. The sun travelled down the west and disappeared, like a great circular patch of blood, behind a heavy bank of black clouds. The night was equally miserable. the heat intense; the wind was dead, the broad expanding water smooth as glass, and everything in nature seemed to denote some unusual phenomenon at hand.

"The morning came, but no change with it. Clouds of varied hue, but all sombre gray and black tinged, chased and gathered beneath the sky; the sun rose a ball of fire, and loomed in the distance like a redhot 68lb spherical shot. No wind, no ripple, no sign of change except perhaps for the worse. At seven the clouds gathered thick and heavy, and far in the distance we could see rain beating down on the sea in lines of water. Our attention was soon diverted from the rain. Capt. Smith and Mr. Virgin, the pilot, asked if we did not hear a distant roar, as if there was a naval engagement going on at some short distance. A dull, rumbling roar could distinctly be heard.

"We next observed, about five miles from us, a cylindrical column, reaching from the sea to the altitude of 500 feet. From our point of view it appeared about three feet in diameter. It was of a grayish hue, and assimilated in hue with the clouds above. It rested upon the water, and by the aid of our glasses we could distinctly observe the salt water ascending and the fresh water descending in torrents, the sea in a state of great agitation. Around this cylindrical column the wind seemed to be rushing with the force of a volcano. A smaller one, which appeared about this time, was apparently 'swallowed' by the larger one.

"For some 15 minutes we watched this remarkable and, to us, novel phenomenon. The pilot then pronounced it a waterspout. As we had never seen one we felt no alarm, till warned that if it struck the vessel we must save ourselves. While we were yet conjecturing what would be the result of this extraordinary formation, the great line of black clouds solemnly advanced on each wing of the spout. The rain was pouring in wild torrents, and then the spout dropped down its mighty weight of water on the pitiless sea, while the winds madly rushed it towards us. We now became alarmed. The roar of the falling waters came to us like the distant sound of Niagara; the sea was lashed into great waves; the waters poured, and bubbled, and rose in swaying masses over six feet in height. With deadly aim and certain purpose the awful column advanced. Not one on board the ship but felt the danger, and knew that nothing could save us if it struck the ship. Thank God! it burst about 30 yards from us, and the last remnant of water ceased about ten feet of the stern."

The best preparation for the teeth is the Fragrant Sozodont—it is the best because it is the safest. So many of these specifics are dangerous that we have pleasure in recommending the above.

Mr. B. S. Osbon, late naval editor of the New York *Herald*, has opened a bureau of naval information at No. 2 Dey street, in this city, where, for a moderate fee, he will furnish information respecting naval matters not conflicting with the laws of the Navy Department, and which the pressure of public duties prevents the Department and officers from affording readily. Mr. Osbon will forward letters, packages and parcels to ships in service on any stations. In fact, the bureau will be of great value to those who have friends in the navy. From a long knowledge of his merit we can recommend Mr. Osbon to the public.

The New Magnesium Light.—The great difficulty which has hitherto stood in the way of the utilization of this wonderful light has been the want of some means for its easy application. This difficulty now appears to be entirely surmounted. Mr. A. G. Grant, an American gentleman, resident at Nottingham, has patented an apparatus which effects in the simplest manner the object in view. The wire is coiled on spools and thence is drawn between cylinders to a tube through which it is thrust at precisely the rate at which it burns. Nothing can be more simple and effectual. The apparatus will form either a hand lamp or may be applied for other purposes, such as the lighting of theatres, the making of fog signals, or signals of any kind. The hand lamp will be especially useful to photographers. By its assistance, they will be able to take portraits in less time at night by the magnesium light than they can now in the daytime by the sun. There is a variety of other purposes for which the light will be useful now that it can be readily applied. The increasing cheapness of the magnesium wire will soon cause it to be generally adopted in all cases where a most brilliant light is required, and the lamp invented by Mr. Grant will materially assist in its advancement in public favor.

Singular Phenomenon.—At the foot of the first summit of the grand old Sierras, at a point just south of the Amador and Sierra Nevada wagon road, quietly nestles one of the most beautiful sheets of pure crystal water to be found in all California. Surrounded with snowclad giant hills, resting in a bed seemingly hewn out of solid granite, gives it a picturesque appearance; in fact, its situation is lovely and romantic in the extreme. Mountain trout are found here in abundance, and at this season of the year in no spot on the Pacific coast can the pleasure-seeker realise more enjoyment than at Silver Lake. But hold; we started out to tell about a strange phenomenon frequently occurring at that point. On a calm morning, about ten o'clock, a singular noise in the air is often heard passing over the lake. At times, the sound resembles that produced by the rapid flight of ducks, as they seemingly descend; at other times, like the ringing of a bar of iron passing swiftly through space; and then again, like the crackling noise made by the sudden bending of sheet iron. Now the sound comes from the east, going west; then from the north, going south. It apparently comes from some of the lofty mountain peaks surrounding the lake, and loses itself on some other on the opposite side. The sound produced is a strange, awe-inspiring sound, and it is said the Indians avoid the lake as haunted.

CHIEF-JUSTICE TANEY.

Roger Brooke Taney, Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, died in Washington on Wednesday evening, Oct. 12, after an illness of a few days.

Descended from a family of English Roman Catholics, which settled in Maryland about the middle of the 17th century, he was born in Calvert county, Md., March 17, 1777, and was consequently in his 88th year at the time of his death. He was graduated at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., in 1795, admitted in 1799 to the bar of his native county, from which he was elected a delegate to the General Assembly, and in 1801 removed his place of residence to Frederick. In 1823 he removed to Baltimore, having previously served as Senator in the Legislature of the State during a term of four years. He was appointed Attorney-General of Maryland in 1827, and in 1831 was appointed Attorney-General of the United States by President Jackson.

During the contest of the Administration with the Bank of the United States, upon the dismissal of Mr. Duane from the office of Secretary of the Treasury, Sept. 23, 1833, on account of his refusal to remove the deposits, Mr. Taney was appointed his successor, and immediately ordered the transfer of the deposits to the local banks selected by him as the agents of the Government. The Senate refused to confirm the nomination by a vote of 28 to 18, in June, 1834. In the following year he was nominated by President Jackson so on Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, but he was virtually rejected by the Senate, which indefinitely postponed the consideration of the subject on the last day of the term.

Upon the death of Chief-Justice Marshall, he was appointed his successor by President Jackson, and was confirmed by the Senate in March, 1836, that body having changed its political relations. He took his seat upon the Supreme bench in January, 1837, and held the office until the time of his death.

Chief-Justice Taney drew on himself severe censure by the unpopular but really historically true statement in his decision in the Dred Scott case, that "negroes, whether slaves or free, were regarded for a long time previous to the Declaration of Independence as beings of an inferior order, with no rights which the white man was bound to respect," and therefore were not included among the "people" in the terms of that instrument, and had no claims to be regarded as citizens of the United States.

Chief Justice Taney was never robust, and for many years was apparently so feeble that his death was looked for at any moment. Still, President has succeeded President, and he died at last almost at the close of the Administration of the 10th Chief Magistrate who had occupied the chair of Washington while he presided over the Supreme Court.

HON. ROGER B. TANEY, LATE CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.

LOYAL DUNKARDS GOING NORTH.

Our Artist represents a scene at Harrisonburg, at the headquarters of Gen. Crook, on the 2d of October.

The fortunes of war have made the fertile valley of the Shenandoah, like Belgium and Lombardy, a favorite place for operations. Armies swept backward and forward, leaving terrible traces of their passage, but now the terrible fad has gone forth—it is to be desolated. Northward and Southward, as fair recollections dazzled, the rural population mustnow go. Among these who set their faces Northward were a number of Quakers, a sect of quiet non-combatants, resembling the Quakers, and one of the religious communities in which Pennsylvania has been so distinct. Capt. Cartwright, the Provost-Marshal, on the right, is handing them passes, and Capt. Douglas, the Commissary of Subsistence, is giving the home-traveling Dunkards information as to the means of reaching friends, while Maj. Stephens, Inspector-General of Gen. Crook's corps, is looking on. The number of loyal men is great. About 100 families came North with one supply train, and more are coming, abandoning their fine homes and fertile fields to the desolating hand of war. In the distance, on the left, is Sheridan's headquarters, with the headquarter designation, a red and blue light, and to the right the temporary prison for captured rebels.

SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN.

Woodstock—Destruction of Barns, &c.

The Shenandoah valley has always been a source of difficulty to our commanders. Its fertility rendered it a granary of almost inexhaustible resources to the Northern rebel armies, while its position made it a path, and the only safe path, for carrying the war into the Northern States. Lieut.-Gen. Grant studied the problems, formed his plan and selected his man. Early was just flush from the destruction of Chambersburg and a successful raid to the very streets of Washington, when Sheridan appeared in the valley. Evidently expecting to play the old game so often resorted to by the rebel commanders, Early undertook his antagonist, but thoroughly beaten at Winchester, rested at Fisher's hill, he was seat whirling out of the valley, and Sheridan actually reached Staunton and Waynesboro' with his advance, completely shattering and demoralizing Early's army.

The defeat of the rebel forces accomplished, the next step was to make the valley impracticable for their future operations.

"No doubt," says a correspondent, "the rebel papers will cry out against what is now being done in the valley towards rendering it unfit to nourish the rebel army. Yet it is only since we have commenced this work that we fairly see how necessary it is. Many of the mills we found in operation were grinding up as fast as wheat, which the millers were grinding up as fast as they could for the use of the rebel army. The amount of wheat which we find in the valley is astonishingly large. The mills are full of it. Stacks as high as houses are found in the fields. Besides, there is an abundance of oats in the stack and enormous quantities of corn. Almost every barn we come to is loaded with wheat, hay and oats. The destroying of these barns is being accomplished as fast as possible. Of course it is not pleasing sight to witness fires in every direction that the eye can penetrate. Still, it is pre-eminently necessary, and beyond all doubt a very great step towards putting down the rebellion. Unfortunately some few houses caught fire from the barns, and were consumed; but it was not our fault that this happened, nor was it our desire or intention that it should be so. In every instance that has come to the knowledge of your correspondent the greatest care has been taken to spare dwelling-houses, which are looked upon as strictly private property. The barns are not now looked upon in that light. They contain the means of subsistence for the rebel army, and that subsistence has been declared 'contraband of war,' and the barns must be destroyed because of their containing it."

Sheridan, in his dispatch from Woodstock, Oct. 7, his arrival in which we show in our illustration, says: "In moving back to this point the whole country from the Blue Ridge to the North mountain has been rendered untenable for a rebel army.

"I have destroyed over 2,000 barns filled with wheat and hay and farm implements, over 70 mills filled with flour and wheat, have driven in front of the army over four herd of stock, and have killed and issued to the troops not less than 3,000 sheep.

"This destruction embraces the Lurray valley and Little Fort valley, as well as the main valley."

Defeat of Rosser.

As Sheridan retired the rebels pitched up a little courage, and Rosser, who was styled "the saviour of the valley," one of the very best cavalry officers in their armies, followed close on Sheridan's rear.

On the 8th of Oct., when moving to Strasburg Sheridan perceived the movement, and halted to give battle, but, finding that, to use his own words, "it was only all the rebel cavalry of the valley, commanded by Rosser," he directed Torbert to attack at daylight this morning and crush this saviour of the valley.

The attack was handsomely made. Custer, commanding the 3d cavalry division, charged on the back road, and Merritt, commanding the 1st cavalry division, on the Strasburg pike. Merritt captured five pieces of artillery, 400 caissons, forage, &c. The two divisions captured 43 wagons, ambulances, &c., among the wagons captured are the headquarters wagons of Rosser, Lomax, Wickham and Col. Pollard. The number of prisoners will be about 300.

The army, after being charged by our gallant cavalry, were broken, and ran. They were followed by our men, on the jump, 23 miles through Mount Jackson and across the North Fork of the Shenandoah. He deemed it best to make the delay of one day here, and settle his new cavalry General.

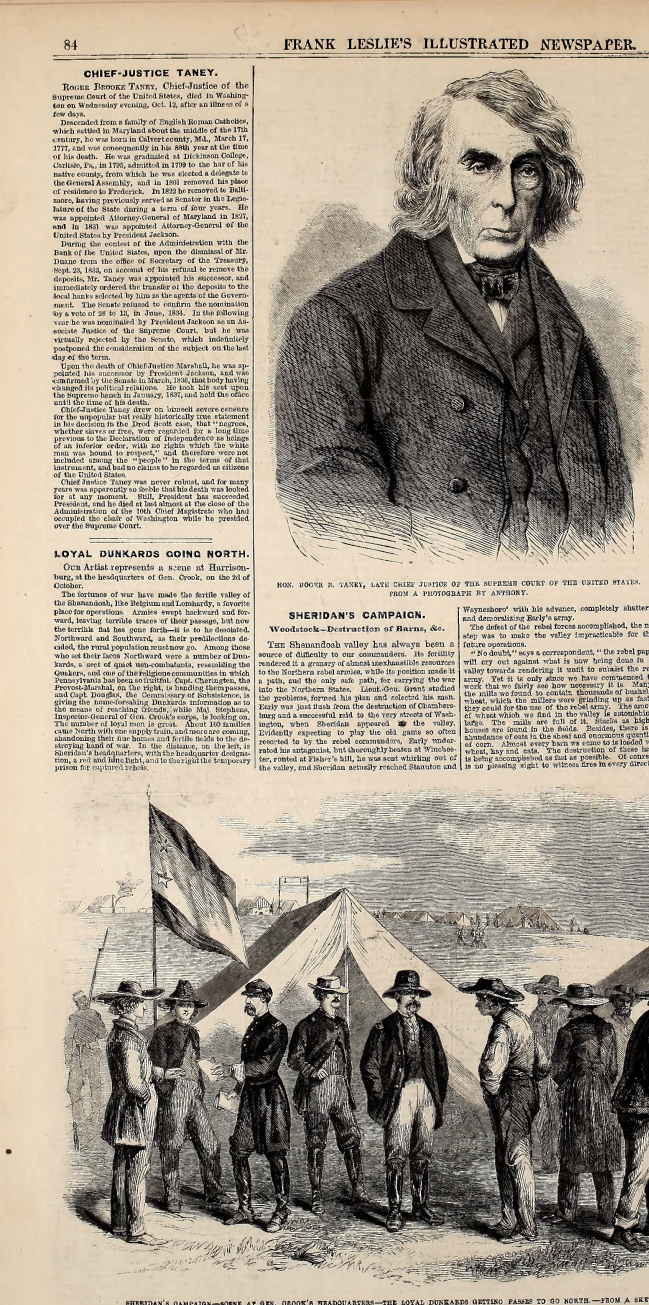
The 19 pieces of artillery captured to-day make 36 pieces captured in the Shenandoah valley since the 19th September. Some of the artillery was new, and had never been fired. The pieces were marked "Tredeger Works."

Our sketch of the army passing Woodstock shows that town, with its quaint-brick Court-house; but the view of Mount Jackson, which was for the rebels a vast hospital, the buildings in the sketch having been erected for the use of the sick and wounded, shows Rosser's last and successful effort to save one at least of the splendid array of guns with which he went forth to assail Sheridan's rear.

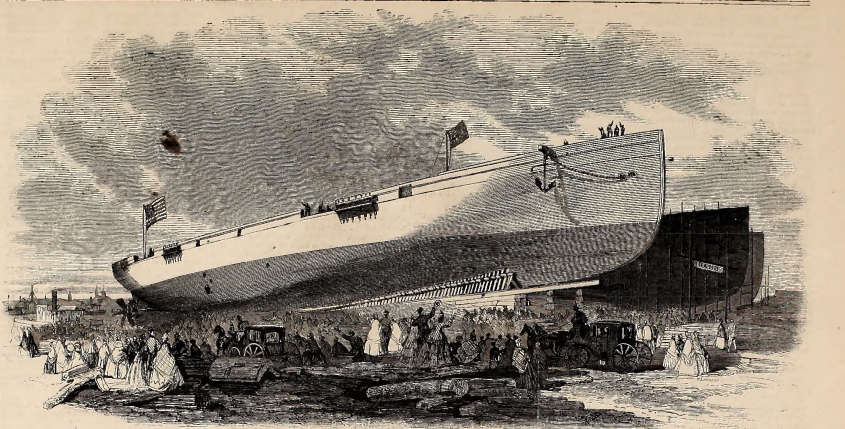
The struggle was a fierce one. Our men eager in pursuit, but the rebels looking but desperate, and shunting every nerve to save themselves from total disgrace, and ready to die to the last, to be able to carry off at least one gun.

Sponges.—The sponge business has become a permanent element of industry in the Bahama islands. It is almost entirely the growth of the last 20 years, and nets annually about $70,000. The sponge is found and raked from the sandy bottom of the ocean at the depth of 30, 40 or 60 feet. It belongs to a very low order of animals, the organization hardly being detected. When first taken from the water it is black, and becomes exceedingly offensive from decomposition. It is so poisonous in this condition that it almost blisters the flesh it happens to touch. The first process is to bury it in the sand, where it remains for two or three weeks, in which time the gelatinous animal matter is absorbed and destroyed by the insects that swarm in the sand. After being cleansed it is compressed and packed in bales like cotton. The sponge has been applied to a variety of new purposes, and within the past few years has quadrupled in value.

A dealer in ready-made linen advertises his shirts and collars under the ambitious appellation of "made and female envelopes."



SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN—SCENE AT GEN. CROOK'S HEADQUARTERS—THE LOYAL DUNKARDS GETTING PASSES TO GO NORTH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.



LAUNCH OF THE FAST U. S. SCREW STEAMER IDAHO FROM THE YARD OF HENRY STEERS, GREENPOINT, L. I., OCT. 8.

ACROSS THE WAY.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.



Slanting and hot from the city roofs,
The sunlight falls like a bloody stain
On the shutter there, and the floor below,
And my nasty lodgers, all in a row,
And that gray spider weaving his web
Across the window pane.

I can look through her casement where I sit
In this dim old place, and see the room
With her books and chair, and the bird that swings
In his gilded cage, and flutters and sings
At the sight of her face; and her rose-tree there
Is purpling over with bloom.

Sometimes she leans o'er the low, wide sill;
The silken knot of her splendid hair
Shining like gold, and her two clear eyes,
Blue as harebells, and wondrous wise,
Half-raised to the rifts of twilight sky,
Like a vestal nun at prayer.

Sometimes the lattice vine is stirred
To the lightsome tune of her sweet old lays;
And I marvel to know there is not a sound
In the blue above or the air around,
So dear as that voice has grown to my heart,
In these long sunny days.

Oh, I thought, as a breath of wind came in
Through the shutter there a moment ago,
Of an old lost love with the same fair face—
The yellow tresses, the girlish grace,
And the eyes like violets laughing out
From a drift of April snow.

And that wind had a scent of wide, green fields,
Where the brown, brown swallows need to fly,
And a sound, I thought, like the springing of grain,
And some how, I wished I was young again,
And the few gray streaks were out of my hair—
The lost youth in my eye.

Oh, dainty Madge! oh, beautiful Madge!
Here's a sigh for the day that is dead and gone!
I remember you still as you used to stand
With the laurels loose in your slender hand,
Waiting for me with back-blown curls
In the path among the corn.

And the old dead kisses you kissed me there,
Some of their sweetness, I think, must cling
To the warm wind yet; and the pines that heard
Our old love-songs—oh, they still are stirred
By the ghosts of their echoes under the stars
In the long, blue nights of spring.

It was long ago, but the last embrace,
And the last fond tears, where you and I
Stood, hearing the hum of the yellow bees
Beneath the bloom of the orchard trees,
And the braided threads of the meadow brooks
With still feet creeping by.

Well, let it go! You were false—I cold,
And the sting of that sad, old, passionate pain
Is over; and yet, I would that I,
Lying to-day 'neath the self-same sky,
Could hear the wind in the corn, and dream
The dreams of that time again.

With a silky shining of yellow hair
Sweeping my breast—not the curls of old—
Lady Madge, you are watching to-day
Your girls and boys in their careless play,
And the old love lies in a deep, deep grave,
With not a spark in its mould.

But that little girl at the casement there,
With the nun-like face, so wistful and sweet,
Does she know how my life, to its very core,
Has leaped into summer-bloom once more?
Will she look at me kindly with her large eyes,
If I lay my heart at her feet?



COING TO THE ARBOR.

MY VACATION.

BY EDITH MAY.

The last exercise was closed. The last oration delivered. The final amen of the third long prayer spoken. The gray-haired minister raised his hands in benediction, and as his tremulous voice repeated: "May the peace which passeth all understanding rest and abide with you evermore," a calm, holy quiet stole into my heart, as



LOVE'S BOUQUET.

if some master hand had swept across the clanging, vibrating chords, bringing strains of harmony out of the discord that had reigned there so long.

My cheeks were still flushed; my temples throbbing with the excitement and fatigue of the day. As I rose to leave the building my limbs refused to support me, and tottering feebly a few steps I sank helpless upon a seat. I was too weak to call for assistance, so I remained unnoticed and unheard for, until Minnie Carleton—my favorite little scholar, in searching for me to receive a parting kiss—found me fainting upon the hard seat.

A cool refreshing breeze called me to consciousness. I opened my eyes to find myself by an open window—Doctor Eastbrooke, Minnie, and a stranger gentleman whose dark eyes and intellectual countenance had attracted my attention during the afternoon, standing near, besides a number of frightened schoolgirls in the background of the circle.

"You are better," said Doctor Eastbrooke, kindly; "only a little excitement and over-exertion. You need a vacation in the fresh country air."

"Yes!" I answered, bitterly, "the prescription is pleasant but unattainable for me. I thank you for your kindness. I am quite well now."

But when I endeavored to walk I gladly accepted the stranger's proffered arm and suffered him to lead me from the building.

"There is not a carriage in sight. Do you think you can walk to your boarding-house with my assistance?" he asked.

"The distance is short—I can walk."

I might have added—I am accustomed to walking, and without assistance. Oh, how often in the past year I had wished for some arm to shield me from the rude storms of the world, some arm on which I could lean for support in hours of sorrow and weakness! and now, as my thoughts rose so

vividly before me, I clung tenaciously to the strong; merely arm on which my hand rested, forgetful that I was appropriating to myself what a stranger had offered as an act of courtesy. Alarmed at my imprudence, I glanced hastily up to meet my companion's eyes bent upon me—not in contempt at my unwonted act, but in kind inquiry for the cause. We had reached the narrow, dusty street in which my boarding-house was situated: one glance at the tall, contracted house looming up before us brought me back to my life immediately. "The kind stranger only waited to see me enter, and disappeared.

That night my sad, lonely life seemed doubly cheerless. Since my father's death, when I found myself obliged to toil for my daily bread—I, who had never known a want which a father's love could supply—through that first year I had toiled patiently, even hopefully; but this day a simple act of kindness from a stranger had stolen upon my clouded pathway like a sunbeam, leaving the gloom more unbearable by the contrast. How those weary months of toil rose before me that night. The past day had not realized my expectations, for though it brought me a temporary release from my school cares and responsibilities, bitter thoughts and memories had mingled with the joy.

Three years ago that day, I, Margaret Vinton, the expected heiress of great worldly possessions, had graduated from Madame Stewart's Seminary. Then a timid schoolgirl, surrounded by friends and admirers, caressed by a loving father—this day an humble governess in the school where I had been the favorite scholar—despised and slighted by those who had been most profuse in their protestations of friendship! I grew bitter as I thought. In my bitterness I nearly doubted the justice and mercy of an overruling Providence. Why should my life be one of toil and privation, while those who once called themselves my friends were surrounded by every blessing and pleasure? I forgot I had once been as happy and thoughtless as they.

The next morning I was sitting in my room when a servant announced that a lady wished to see me. Visitors were a rare occurrence in my humble life, but supposing it to be one of my scholars, I smoothed my hair and descended to the parlor. As I entered the apartment Minnie Carleton sprang joyfully forward and presented me to her aunt, a tall, haughty lady whom I had met occasionally in better days, and who was now most unrelenting in her efforts to teach me the difference between my former position and that which I now occupied. She announced her errand at once.

"I have called, Miss Vinton, she said, "to secure your services, if possible, for the summer. I intend visiting the various places of resort with my family, and have been somewhat puzzled as to what disposition to make of Minnie, who is at present in my charge. She has boarded with my daughter in the family of a worthy farmer at Academy since the two vacations since her mother's death; but as my daughter is now old enough to accompany me, I have decided to propose that you should take charge of her until the commencement of school, boarding with her at Meadow Farm."

I did not answer, and she continued with remarkable consideration:

"And judging from your appearance, Miss Vinton, a few months in the country would prove beneficial to your health."

Thoughts crossed with such rapidity through my mind I was nearly bewildered. What happiness! to spend a whole vacation out of the dust and heat of the city! and only last night I had murmured, complaining that my life was without joy. Surely I could not deserve this good fortune!

"Do say yes, Miss Margaret. You don't know what a pretty place it is, and we shall have splendid times if you will only go," said Minnie.

"I will accept your proposal," I managed to say to Mrs. Adams.

"Very well, your salary will be paid in any way you may wish. Can you be ready to leave by the day after to-morrow?"

"I can."

"Good morning. Minnie will call for you at nine o'clock Friday morning," and with a highly gratified air the lady sailed out of the apartment.

She was gone, and my heart leaped with joy at the prospect. The day passed like a dream, yet when evening approached my preparations were nearly completed. My stranger friend called that morning, inquired concerning my health, and left a bouquet of wild flowers. On the card attached I read:

"Country flowers are attainable, if the air is not!"

Their delicate perfume filled my little room, bringing peace and quiet into my heart. That night I slept sweetly.

My first week at Meadow Farm; how like a delicious dream those days passed away! When the carriage which came for me on Friday morning, to my surprise I found my stranger friend to be one of the occupants. Minnie solved the mystery in her prettily childish way.

"This is my brother Paul, Miss Margaret, he is going to take us to Meadow Farm, and, perhaps, he will stay a week with us. Don't you hope he will?"

Mr. Carleton smiled at my embarrassment, and bending his dark eyes upon me, answered mischievously:

"Miss Margaret's acquaintance with your brother is too limited to make his presence very desirable; but I hope the time is not distant when it will be as acceptable to her as to you."

I did not reply, and at the moment we reached the wharf. As the boat loosed from her moorings sailed slowly out into the stream, I felt that many dire burdens me to a life of sorrow and toil were severed, for a time at least. Happy and free, my heart beat responsive to the scene surrounding me.

The day was lovely, and when we reached the "landing," from which A—— was accessible, the departing sun was painting sky and hilltop with gold and crimson splendors. As we jogged along in farmer Blake's capacious wagon, my eyes feasted upon the fresh beauty of the landscape. Groves of tall waving trees; orchards laden with the white drapery of apple blossoms, with an occasional bank of the pink peachblows interspersed; softly rippling brooks wanding like silver threads through the emerald carpeted meadows—

"Making themselves green banks along the while."

Hills covered over with flocks, and fields in living green. Good God, how can we be so dead to, and gave me a true motherly welcome. The farmhouse was a rambling old building, with gables and dormer windows, and a broad piazza in front, where swallows built their nests beneath the overhanging eaves, and lambs and sheep upon the green hill which rose in the background.

But of all the pleasant things I had seen my own room pleased me most. It seemed a desert of space compared to the few feet allotted me in the city. The floor was unexpected, the smooth surface scrubbed to a cleanliness truly refreshing. A four-posted bedstead hung with vallance, a blue-and-white covered toilet-stand, snowy pillows, cherry-framed mirror, low rocking-chair and fresh white curtains, were its principal adornments. After exchanging my travelling dress for a cool muslin, and brushing the heavy braids from my heated brow, I seated myself by the open window; a most delightful and ancient prayer for the asylum which had opened to receive me in the hour of need. Minnie came in from a visit to the barn and its inhabitants, her cheeks glowing with exhilaration.

"Oh, Miss Margaret! there are two of the cunningest little kittens in the barn, and two chickens, and the dearest little colt you ever saw; only so high," and she stretched her hands over her curly head.

I kissed the silken hair into ringlets, lingering lovingly over such as I knew a mother's hand had once reared, looped the short sleeves of her white dress with white ribbons. Minnie, who wore the garb of mourning, missing a mother's hand to robe that dimpled form. Fatherless and motherless, and the only child of Mr. Carleton, from harm, and warn from temptation—was she not to be pitied?

Sabbath morning we rode to the village church, and listened to words of admonition and entreaty from a simple-hearted disciple of Christ, spoken without affectation, yet in their earnestness and simplicity eloquent. Again those blessed words of benediction fell upon my ear, and with the "peace" resting in my heart, I left the sanctuary, and walked slowly towards the path which wandering through woods and fields led to Meadow Farm. I was in no mood to ride, and the others gladly yielded to my preference for the dusty road. I had not expected company, but Mr. Carleton was soon beside me. Few words were exchanged during the walk; I think each was deeply impressed by the silent yet fervent worship Nature offered to her God.

For a month Mr. Carleton lingered at Meadow Farm. Riding, walking and sailing with us, or reading—rendering the thoughts of poets and scholars more touching and beautiful by the magic of his voice. Evenings we gathered around in the little parlor, and with the melodeon as an accompaniment, sang old ballads which Mr. and Mrs. Blake had sung in their youth, and loved still. There was something very touching in the devotion of this worthy couple. The frosts of sixty winters had whitened their locks, and when Farmer Blake's step was firm, his form unbent—while Mrs. Blake's cheek vied the damask roses in her garden, and her voice was as clear and sweet as when it rose from the choir in the village church, in the days of her girlhood. Often on those quiet evenings her blue eyes liquid with tears—her hand clasped in that of her husband, she would sing—

"Now we maun totter down, John, but hand in hand
And we'll sleep thegither at the foot, John Anderson, my Jo."

The morning on which Mr. Carleton left Meadow Farm, Minnie and I accompanied him to the landing. Minnie had tried very bravely to keep back the tears ready to flow, but at the moment of parting drew near her courage failed, and clinging to him she sobbed convulsively.

"Oh, Paul! don't leave me!" she cried, clinging to him.

He drew her to his knee, soothing her with all a brother's tenderness. Then calling me he assisted me into the carriage, placing Minnie beside me.

"Remember, Minnie, I shall return in a few weeks, and then I expect to find you improved beyond recognition. Will you trust me, little sister?"

"Yes, I will," she sobbed; "only you must write very often and come back very soon," and she was led over for another kiss.

"Miss Margaret, I leave you a very precious charge," he said, looking me full in the face, which I would rather you had no one else. Remember, she is fatherless and motherless. I know you can sympathise with her."

In a moment more he was gone, and we were riding back to the farm. After that the days passed more slowly, interrupted frequently by letters from Mr. Carleton, of which Minnie was the proud. They were long, loving epistles, containing many kind messages to me. In one he wrote that he had purchased Willow Glen, my old home, of which my father had been so proud; there were descriptions of many well-known haunts, bringing a tide of memories which I had thought long since buried beyond resurrection.

One lovely day in the early autumn brought an invitation in the form of Mrs. Adams and her two haughty daughters, "coming," as Mrs. Adams expressed it, "for a few day's rest in these unobtrusive visits." Minnie was forcibly taken from me in these following days, petted and caressed by her cousins, very much to her annoyance, and only resumed from open rebellion by my lectures and entreaties. Each day she came to me for sympathy, often with flashing eyes and quivering lip.

"Miss Margaret," she said, one day, "that hateful Laura says I am a little artful, designing creature; and that all you came here for was to get Paul to marry you."

All my former pride was aroused by this cruel insinuation, and forgetful of all but my wounded pride, I exclaimed, springing to my feet:

"Has Miss Laura dared to make such an assertion? She judges by a fearfully low standard when she compares my actions to her own."

"Oh, Miss Margaret, Miss Margaret! And I told her so too. Then she asked me if I would like to have her for a sister, and live with her and Paul at Willow Glen. I told her I would not live at the Glen if she was going to be there."

I was too much excited to consider how wrong it was to allow Minnie to continue. Miss Adams's unjust interpretation of my actions roused me to a perfect fury. The room seemed fearfully small, the air stifling. Seizing my hat, I went out into the shady grove at the back of the house. As I passed through the hall Miss Laura's open door warned me that I had been overheard. There in an refreshing state of dishabille, my self-complacency and vanity received a severe shock. Her pulses throbbed less wildly, and the burning left my cheek. Minnie also grew more calm, but she still sobbed over the hurt to her mother's memory her brother's love from her.

"If Laura goes to live at the Glen, I shall not; I will stay with you always, Miss Margaret," she said, between her sobs.

"Hush, Minnie; it is not right for you to say so. Besides, you may do her injustice. If, after a while, you find her kind and good, you would love her very dearly," I replied, soothingly.

Minnie had grown very dear to me in those past few months, and the thought of separation was doubly painful when I reflected how very few objects of love were left to me; but however painful the task, I determined to have Meadow Farm the next day. The commencement of school was near at hand, and a few weeks in the city would be fully sufficient for the satisfaction I should have of knowing that Miss Laura's charitable scheme of exposing me to Mr. Carleson's ridicule, when he should arrive, would be frustrated.

The sun was setting when we turned our steps homeward. As we left, the grove a gentleman advanced from the farmyard. Minnie caught but a few glimpses of him as the strong twilight fell to meet her brother. She could scarcely wait to receive his kiss before she asked the question which had caused her such unhappiness.

"Paul, is cousin Laura going to live with you at Willow Glen?"

"And what if she is, Minnie?" he asked, smiling.

"Because if she is going there, there will be no place for me," she answered, her blue eyes brimming with tears.

"Rest assured, little sister, that there will always be room in your brother's house and heart for you."

"But you have not answered my question," Minnie persisted.

"I will tell you to-morrow, Minnie, who is to live with us at Willow Glen," and with that she was obliged to be satisfied.

I noticed that the entire absence of Miss Laura's keen eyes as she teased Minnie about the romantic reception she had given her brother, but her shots fell harmless, and the second flung he removed from her power to torment me. Poverty and toil were light compared with the exquisite torture Miss Laura was constantly inflicting upon me.

That night was clear and beautiful. Far as eye could reach the landscape lay bathed in a flood of silvery moonlight, Minnie was sleeping in her little bed, and Laura and her mother were playing a duet on the piano, while I leaned upon the open window, gazing dreamily through the fleecy clouds, catching now and then the flutter of a white dress and a flash of bright jewels from the walk below, as the ladies and gentlemen (for the house had been filled with company all day) passed my window. Suddenly the tone of Laura's voice rang like a death-knell in my ears, calling forth intense hatred for the one who could not leave me one fond cherished hold so much. How long I sat there I know not. I was aroused from a reverie of the past by a flower thrown skilfully from the ground below hitting my cheek. I looked down in astonishment, and saw Mr. Carleton smiling at my perplexity.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Margaret, for my peremptory call, but I had called you several times, and in despair resorted to this means of calling you back to earth. Will you come down and walk with me?"

I declined, haughtily.

It is important that I should speak with you to-night. Will you not grant me the interview?"

My first impulse was to decline, but a view of my trunk already packed reminded me it would be for the last time, and I descended to the porch where Mr. Carleton awaited me.

"Come this way, they have company and will call you in if they see you," he said in a low tone, and conducted me to the grape arbor.

The heavy dews were falling, and as we entered the arbor my companion folded my shawl closely around me, and laid my handkerchief over my head, at which I was sorely tempted to tell him that I could take care of myself, this does seem like a most unnatural world. He waited for me to speak, and thinking it best to end the interview as soon as possible, I asked:

"Has Miss Adams told you that I resign my charge and return to the city to-morrow?"

"You have not told me how you have enjoyed your vacation?" he replied, not noticing my remark.

"It has passed very pleasantly."

"You are not as interested in my behalf as I am in yours, Margaret, for you have not made a single inquiry, and I was absent so much longer than we expected," he said, reproachfully.

"You forget I have been informed of your movements during the summer."

"Pray who could have informed you of all my movements?" he asked rather satirically.

"Do you not remember that Miss Adams is at Meadow Farm?"

"Have you no question to ask me about Willow Glen?"

"No; it is nothing to me now," I replied, sadly.

"Will you not make it something to you, Margaret?" I long so much to see you once more unaware of your old home!"

"Do not presume upon my loneliness, Mr. Carleton!" I exclaimed passionately, withdrawing my hand from his arm.

"What can you mean, Margaret? Do you think I would play with your feelings if I were not in earnest? I have loved you for a long time. Will you not come back to your old home, and make it a happy home for me and Minnie?" and his full deep tones grew tremulous with emotion.

I could not answer, and deeming my silence consent, he folded me in his strong, manly arms, and drew my head tenderly to his shoulder.

"My own Margaret, my pearl!" he murmured, pressing a kiss upon my brow.

This happiness, so sudden, so unexpected, held me speechless. I saw through the vista of the arbor a shower of rose stems and winds, one long delightful vacation. Then the vexations of the past week came back to me, and womanlike I could not be happy while there was a mystery still unexplained. Impulsively I drew back, and raising my eyes searchingly, said:

"Laura Adams?"

He comprehended immediately, and bending his truthful eyes full upon me, he answered:

"Is nothing to me, and you are everything! Are you satisfied, Margaret?" he asked, smiling.

"Yes."

When I went to the breakfast-table the next morning I found Mrs. Adams and Laura there and her daughters were profuse in their expressions of regret for my departure. Minnie was inconsolable, and my position of the subject bringing tears to her eyes.

"Minnie will need some one to take care of her after Miss Vinton's departure, Paul. Had you not better procure a governess to fill her place?" asked Mrs. Adams, playfully.

"Be assured my dear aunt I appreciate your kindness, as also your anxiety on Minnie's behalf for the office; but it will not be necessary, for though Miss Vinton has decided to resign her position of governess she will be Minnie's sister, I have promised her to continue her duties under different circumstances."

An awful silence followed this announcement. Mrs. Adams, too proud to ask an explanation in words, replied only by a cool bow.

"That Margaret will be your sister!" asked Minnie, pushing back her chair and going to his side.

His arm was around her in a moment.

"That Margaret will be your sister!" he said firmly.

"And that with us instead of Laura? Oh, I am so glad!" she said, forgetful of her cousin's presence. "But, Paul, is she going away from us here?"

"No; we will go to the city with her this morning, and in one month we shall all be together at Willow Glen."

"I am so glad!" and coming to me, she kissed me fondly, calling me by her sister.

I had thought very little of the time when I should enter upon my new duties, and Mr. Carleton's proposition to me under my former relation I had bestled so long alone, that I was quite willing to leave all manœuvring to one who I knew would accept my happiness and welfare.

The four weeks passed quickly. The time was short, but my preparations were simple, and at the appointed time I was ready. Mrs. Adams refused me the slur. As I heard again those blessed words of benediction, the last lingering echo of discord went out of my heart, and with those sweet prayers words "my wife" fell upon my ear the Angel of Peace entered my heart, and amassing its crystal doors, dwelt and abided there ever since.

The days pass quickly and happily now. Willow Glen is my home again, and with the love of my darling little sister, and the devotion of my noble husband, I cease to sigh for the past days of my girlhood, and thank God for the discipline through which I have passed, looking forward with the future as a delightful never-ending vacation.

ANTIQUITY OF MAN—INTERESTING DISCOVERIES.—Among all the many papers presented by members of Sciences, Paris, on this interesting subject, there is none of greater importance than that of the question which was presented by MM. Lalet and Christy, confirming the fact that the human race is of greater antiquity than the chronicles of the Bible. The above gentlemen having, during the latter part of 1863, visited the district in the department of the Dordogne, explored, among other caverns, that known as the Cave Eyzies, situated at the confluence of the Vezere with the small stream called the Beune. Here, under a thick layer of black earth, they found, at a depth of two feet, a concretion of broken bones and cinders, and among them a number of flint implements. So far there was nothing extraordinary, but on researching further they discovered under these remains the remains of the antlers of the reindeer, the most unequivocal evidence of the existence of that animal of all others inhabited France during the without reason, be fairly assigned to the quaternary or diluvian or drift period—that is long before the appearance of man. The explorers had previously ascertained that there was no sign of the soil having been moved at a later period than the deposit of the concretion of the reindeer were firmly imbedded in the breccia which rested on it. The implements found in this cave were some which testified a degree of civilization far beyond any that might have been suspected to exist at so remote a period—viz., needles made out of the sawdust of the reindeer's antlers, with eyes to receive the thread; marks of sharp instruments in the bones, showing that the sinews had been cut in order to make them into threads, a practice existing among Esquimaux to this day; and, lastly, sculptured antlers of no mean execution. Our authors especially describe one in which the artist has shown wonderful taste in adapting the form of an animal to the shape of a handle, forming a sheath of head of dagger, the blade of which is made out of an antler.

PLAY THE MAN.

Is there a star that does not shine?
Is there a flower without its scent
In all creation's span?
Perform thy part—the soul's divine;
Be then what heaven hath meant,
And play the man!

If new irradiations beam,
And overflow thy mounting soul,
Heed not the censor's ban:
Pour then abroad the lucid stream,
Wide as the billows roll,
And play the man!

'Tis mental hunger crowns the great,
And moral strength of thought and will,
To dare what valor can,
Whate'er may be thy mortal state,
The world is all up-hill,
Then play the man!

What soldier longs for peaceful fields?
What sailor sighs for placid seas,
Since war and waves began?
To courage, peril, victory yields,
Virtue fades in lapse of ease,
Then play the man!

Behold those wondrous orbs of fame,
That shine for ever. When they wrought
Their grand conception's plan,
Not agony, and want, and shame
Could dim their glorious thought.
Then play the man!

To be a man is not to shine
In raiment rich and gems of gold,
With pride's plume self to fan;
'Tis not to sport on seas of wine,
O'er rocks of ruin rolled;
Then play the man!

To be a man is God to fear,
To fly from Passion's painted breast,
Truth's angel-form to span,
The ship of right to boldly steer,
And ride o'er danger's crest.
Then play the man!

A ray from every little star
Illuminates the midnight sky,
And beautifies its span.
Each heart can love-beams shed afar,
And hush some spirit's sigh.
Then play the man!

WAIF.

BY J. R. WEBB.

CHAPTER I.

JOHN HURLEY was a plain, honest, unassuming young man of twenty-three, not handsome—in fact, barely passable according to the popular standard—but possessed of a heart bursting of kindness, generosity and affection. He was unobtrusive in manner, even diffident, the result of a modest nature and the careful training of his beloved widowed mother.

Mr. Hurley had died during John's infancy, leaving his relict a comfortable home and the guardianship of his only child—all that he had to give to her whom he loved dearer than life. And faithfully had she fulfilled her trust. The broken heartstrings in time were healed in the double affection felt for her boy, and all the resources of her kind, motherly nature were called into action in his development, readering him, at maturity, a model of goodness, virtue and affection.

It was Christmas morning—nearly a score of years ago—and John had risen early to surprise his mother with a "Happy Christmas" and the presentation of an elegant shawl which he had carefully selected for her on the preceding day.

"Thank you, my dear boy," said his mother. "It is a beautiful present, and I shall prize it doubly as a gift from you. But, really, John, you are more considerate than myself, for I am almost ashamed to say that I have not yet procured a Christmas present for you."

"No matter, mother; I need no presents to prove your affection for me," he replied.

"And I might say the same with regard to you, John; nevertheless, you shall have a Christmas present. The weather will be pleasant after awhile, and I will go out to see what I can find."

Mrs. Hurley proceeded to prepare the breakfast, and opening the coffee-box, exclaimed, suddenly:

"What, John, the coffee is all gone! Not enough for breakfast, I declare! I don't see how I came to overlook it. I wish, dear, you would go around to the grocery and get some as quickly as possible, for I have the breakfast nearly ready."

"Certainly, mother," replied the son, hastily adding his hat and starting out.

He opened the hall door and was about to run down the steps, when suddenly he stopped, stared for a moment, and exclaimed to himself: "What the deuce is this?"

A large basket, apparently full of something! covered with a blanket, set upon the topmost step.

"It must have been left here by mistake," thought John, "or else somebody has left it here for a short time with the intention of taking it away again," and he was just about to remove it, when he espied a paper pinned to a corner of the blanket, on which something was inscribed in pencil. He stooped down and read:

"A Christmas present for John Hurley."

"Well, really, this is interesting," thought John, with a smile. "A Christmas present that occupies a hundred baskets! Who can it be from? I wonder if Black & Holland would open their gorestrings in the way of a present for my sticking so closely to Coke and Blackstone? I'm continued, meditatively. "But I will see what it is, at all events," and he picked up the basket, which was quite heavy, and returned to his mother.

"Why, John, what have you got there?" asked the good lady, in astonishment, as John placed the large basket upon the floor.

"A Christmas present, mother, that somebody has been kind enough to send me."

"But what is it?"

"That's just what I want to discover," replied the son, removing the blanket from the basket.

Births "present" was not yet visible. Another blanket was thrown off, then a heavy quilt, then a fine lambswool covering, and there, just opening its eyes from sleep, by a tiny, beautiful little baby!

"John!" There was a whole volume of meaning in that exclamation, as Mrs. Hurley threw up her hands in horror and gazed in a piercing glance upon her son. Doubt, inquiry, distrust, reproach were all blended in it.

"Mother!" It was all John said, yet the tone of wounded pride and affection was enough to satisfy his mother.

"Pardon me, John," said the good lady, taking her son's hand, "I am sorry that I doubted you for a moment; but I was so surprised that I hardly knew what I uttered."

John gave his mother an affectionate kiss, and proceeded to relate to her the particulars of his discovery.

The probabilities and even possibilities of the little Waif's history were fully discussed, but no satisfactory solution to the mystery was reached. They had heard of mothers getting rid of their offspring in that manner, but why was the little stranger left at their door? and why was John made the recipient of such a "present?"

"It's a pretty little thing," said John, looking admiringly at the babe.

"And not more than three or four days old, I am sure," returned his mother. "But what shall we do with it? Send it to the orphan asylum?" she continued.

John was meditating.

"Did you not hear me, John? I asked you if we shall send it to the asylum?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, abstractively, and then suddenly continued, in an animated tone, "mother, why cannot we keep the poor little Waif? You know we had nothing to do with compelled to endure it taken to an asylum, and somehow it seems to me that we ought to keep it?"

Mrs. Hurley was a kind, tender-hearted woman, always willing to assist the unfortunate, and without passionately fond of children; but she did not think favorably of John's proposition, as she ran the objections to it over in her mind. The scandal which it would naturally produce in connection with her son; the probable illegitimacy of the child; the trouble and expense of rearing an infant, were matters which received full weight in the good lady's mind.

But John had become interested in the homeless little Waif, and pleaded its cause with all the energy of an embryo lawyer. He did not fear scandal, he said. His family could bear high in the estimation of the virtuous and the good to be injured by such means. The child might be illegitimate, he admitted, but that was not its fault, and as for the trouble and annoyance, could they not employ a nurse to take care of his protege?

John triumphed, and the next morning's paper contained the important announcement that a respectable and handsome little boy, possessing lacteal qualifications, could find a good situation by applying immediately at 101 Blank street.

CHAPTER II.

JOHN HURLEY did not repent of having induced his mother to adopt the little Waif, his Christmas present. As the weeks passed, and it began to exhibit those interesting little developments of doubling its clubby little fists and smiling so sweetly—John thought he had never witnessed anything so beautiful—he felt more drawn to the larger and began to recognise him—holding out its little hands to him, and in baby-language asking him to take it—he felt quite a new interest in the young stranger. He would remain in the house for hours at a time playing with his present, very much to the delight of Mrs. Hurley, and equally much to the disgust of Black and Holland, who became alarmed at his sudden aversion to their dusty volumes.

"John," said Mrs. Hurley, one day, "we must really find a name for baby."

"I know it, mother; but we have already discussed the matter without coming to a conclusion. As you have said, if we had only to furnish a Christian name, it would be easy enough; but the surname—the family name—is the puzzle. I have decided to give her one name, for she is not a Hurley and is something else."

"True," replied the mother; "but she will soon be too large to call 'Waif' and 'baby.'"

A thought suddenly occurred to John.

"Why not call her 'Waif,' mother, and as she grows older, if her true name is not discovered, people will naturally give her our surname. Besides, I think it would be a pretty, pretty name—odd, to be sure, but I like odd names. What say you, mother?"

And from that day baby's name was Waif.

When Waif began to walk and talk the scene of John Hurley's happiness was reached, and his very life seemed bound up in the child. And it was not strange, for John had never mingled much in society, had never known the joy of such a treasure; and then Waif was so beautiful. How her large hazel eyes sparkled in play; and how cunning her little brown curls looked; and what dainty little feet she had; and what plump little hands. John thought there never was such a child—his own little Waif.

CHAPTER III.

MANY years had passed since John Hurley found his wonderful Christmas present upon the doorstep, and a corresponding change had occurred in the appearance of the little family group. Mrs. Hurley had become weak and infirm through age, and John gave evidence of the march of time in the furrows that appeared upon his face and the occasional gray hairs found upon his head; for John had passed his fortieth year, and was starting down the declivity of time, with no companion nearer to him than his mother and Waif.

And what of Waif?

She had grown into a woman of eighteen, very pretty, but world dreamed, but transcendently beautiful according to John Hurley's vocabulary. She was so graceful, so modest, so perfect in her manners, and withal so fond, so amiable and so good. If John loved the little prattler that sat upon his knee long ago, no wonder that his affection had increased and strengthened during the years that he had watched and guarded her with even more than parental jealousy. His very life seemed to be devoted to her happiness, the gratification of her every wish; and the nobleness of soul which characterised her at maturity amply recompensed John for all his efforts on her behalf.

It was not strange that Waif's beauty, purity and accomplishments caused a multitude of suitors to hover round her, and perhaps the prospect of a handsome dowry from Hurley's strong box had something to do with their coming. But however that was, they all received the same respectful, cordial attention, and the same coolest though emphatic refusal.

It was Christmas evening, and John and Waif sat together in the parlor awaiting the hour for the grand ball at Mrs. Ellinwood's, to which they had been invited. But little was said between them, for each seemed engaged with personal reflection. Waif looked very pretty in her ball costume, but there was an apparent listlessness in her manner and bearing which plainly that her mind was not wholly at ease.

"John," she said, suddenly, after a protracted silence.

"What is it, dear?" asked John, rousing from his reverie.

"Are you very anxious to go to the ball to-night? The fact is, I am broadly invited to all balls and parties and the young coxcombs by whom I am always besieged. I would rather stay at home, unless you desire to go," and a look of vexation overspread her pretty face.

"Indeed, Waif," replied John, "I am hastily and if duty you have no objection. I have very little taste for such places, to tell the truth, and have only gone to them for the sake of introducing you to society. But," he added, after a pause, "you do not seem so anxious to receive the acquaintance of this young Ellinwood, who has just returned from Europe. He seems to be a great favorite with the ladies, by the way. I watched his companion closely as he concluded.

"They are all alike to me," she replied, with some evidence of irritation or contemptuous.

"You seem to have a poor opinion of marriageable mankind," returned John, with a poor attempt to smile.

"No," she replied; "I do not make my remark so sweeping as that. But I cannot like the young, heartless coquettes whom I meet at balls and the like."

John mused. What did she mean by that remark? An aversion to young coquettes! and—but a thought struck him.

"I am afraid, Waif, that your remarks, that we shall have some difficulty in finding the lucky young fellow who will come up to your standard," and he watched her more closely.

A little foot patted the floor a moment, and she replied:

"If I should ever marry, my husband will be a man whose kindness, affection and purity of heart will be manifested in his life. I will not rank the happiness of my life by giving my hand to one whom I do not thoroughly know, or whose principles of life I do not approve."

Their eyes met, and the language of that mutual glance was expressive beyond the power of words.

"You do not mean that, Waif?" exclaimed John, eagerly, taking her hand in his own.

"Do you love me, and will you be my wife, darling?"

It was all John said—in fact, all that he could find words to say—and a very commonplace declaration of love it was. But the most eloquent speech and the most poetical utterance could not have been so dear to Waif as the homely language of him whom she had always loved with a fervor only equalled by John's love for her. She did not answer him in words, her soul was too full for speech, but John knew that she was his for life.

"Waif," said John, kissing her hand in his own, "Do you love me, and will you be my wife, darling?"

It was all John said—in fact, all that he could find words to say—and a very commonplace declaration of love it was. But the most eloquent speech and the most poetical utterance could not have been so dear to Waif as the homely language of him whom she had always loved with a fervor only equalled by John's love for her. She did not answer him in words, her soul was too full for speech, but John knew that she was his for life.

"Waif," said John, kissing her hand in his own, "Do you love me, and will you be my wife, darling?"

"I do, John—you are my step-daughter, you know," replied Waif, archly.

A kiss followed the witty retort.

"And you care not for what busybodies may say?"

She looked at him, seriously, and replied:

"Did you think of such persons, John, when you found the little Waif on your door-step eighteen years ago to-day?"

"You are right, dear; and that remarks me that you have removed the Christmas present, and I am not now so much troubled to find a surname for you."

"If I only knew something definite respecting my parentage, I would not now have another wish to gratify," remarked Waif, thoughtfully.

And, in spite of her efforts to restrain it, a tear appeared upon her cheek, for she knew that the world required her parentage as unenviable, to say the least.

"Don't think of it, darling," returned John, affectionately. "Happy in each other's love, we will act well our part, satisfying our own consciences, and giving no heed to those who are low and so wish us evil."

CHAPTER IV.

IT was the evening of the day before the wedding. John Hurley and his affianced wife were sitting at a recessed parlor window in their own house, for the springtime had come, pleasantly conversing upon the great epoch of their lives, now so near at hand, when a splendid carriage stopped in front of the house, and a messenger entered with a note for Mr. Hurley. John opened it and read:

"Will Mr. Hurley and his affianced wife do me the favor to call and see me immediately? I trust he do not disappoint me. My carriage will convey you here, and return you home after the interview.

MARIA LIVINGSTON.

"Per ——."

John and Waif both knew the author of the note. She was an aged maiden lady, very rich, and residing only a few blocks distant, on ——— street. She had been bedridden for a long time, which, with growing petulishness and irritability of temper, had left her few personal friends.

Waif looked at her betrothed wonderingly as she concluded reading the letter, and said, inquiringly:

"We will go, of course?"

"Certainly," replied John, and a few minutes later they were at the bedside of the invalid Miss Livingston.

It was an elegantly furnished apartment, well in keeping with the resources of its occupant.

"I am glad you have come," said the invalid. And then motioning the attendant to retire, she continued:

"You are Mr. Hurley, I believe; and you," looking at Waif, "are the white-robed bride found upon the doorstep on a Christmas morning?"

They both nodded assent, and she continued, addressing Waif:

"And have you never learned anything respecting your parentage?"

"Nothing whatever," replied Waif, with a look of wonder.

"Then listen to me," continued the other. "I am sick and weak and you are to be married to-morrow. I am glad of it. This is a responsibility with me that I cannot live more than a few weeks at best, as my physicians tells me, has induced me to reveal to you long ago what I have long designed telling you. Do not interrupt me in the narration, for I am very weak, and must use as few words as possible.

"Your father," addressing Waif, "was my only brother. He was rich, and I lived with him and his wife. Four or five years before your birth your father died, and his wife, your mother, was so grief-stricken that she entirely refused company. Your birth and your mother's death occurred on the same night. Your father having made no will, you would, of course, have been the heir to all his property would have been held in trust for you, and I, who had no resources of my own, would have been turned into the streets a beggar. Nobody but the doctor and myself was acquainted with the birth of your birth, and a hint from him—the doctor—induced me to form a plan for getting you out of the way and placing you in possession of your father's property, being next heir-at-law. We then, if you remember, Mr. Hurley, lived nearly opposite your present home. Having the goodness to part with yourself and mother, I determined upon a plan of action, and you know the rest."

After a moment's rest she continued:

"The property, of course, came into my possession; and, I am happy to say, has greatly increased in value under my management. It rightfully belongs to you, and you shall have it. My lawyer tells me he is aware of all the circumstances, and that my claim can be established by my affidavit, &c., but there are many things that could not properly be conveyed to you in that manner. I have accepted the simpler method of making a will, leaving to you all the stocks, bonds, mortgages, real estate and deposited money, in my name. But this effort has exhausted my little strength," she continued, after a pause. "Come again, and I will tell you more of your parents. I have asked God to forgive me for the wrong I have done you, and perhaps you may forgive me when I have gone from the world."

Need I say that, out of the fulness of their joy, the lovers did not refuse the poor boon of forgiveness to the aged and dying penitent?

They had scarcely uttered a word to each and Waif. They live in that elegant mansion on ——— avenue where Miss Livingston resided, and I understand that John is now the wealthiest man in another little Waif, that very much resembles the one he found upon the doorstep many years ago.

DOCTORS AND PATIENTS.—Among the curious statistics brought to light in England upon the census returns here is one made by Dr. Farr. It is recorded that, for every death in a year, there are constantly two persons ill in the year, and, so reckoning, the census of 1851 and 1861 and the mortality returns of the intervening years give the following results: In all England and Wales 47 persons constantly sick to one medical man, including under this last term not only physicians and general practitioners, but also such assistants and medical students as are above 20 years of age. In London the proportion is only 34 resident sick to one doctor; in the south-eastern counties, 37; south-western 45; south-midland 49; west-midland 54; eastern 57; northern 58; north-midland 59; Yorkshire 64, Monmouthshire and Wales 76, and in the north-western counties (Lancashire and Cheshire) as many as 80. Those who are not in practice are medical men to every 1,071 persons in England and Wales.



SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN—SIGNAL DEFEAT OF THE REBEL GENERAL ROSSER, THE "SAVIOUR OF THE VALLEY," BY GEN. TORBERT—DESPERATE EFFORT OF ROSSER AT MOUNT JACKSON TO SAVE HIS LAST GUN.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist, J. E. Taylor



SHERIDAN'S CAMPAIGN—THE ARMY OF THE SHENANDOAH AT WOODSTOCK, ON THE MOVEMENT FROM HARRISONBURG, AFTER DEVASTATING THE VALLEY.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist, J. E. Taylor.

ALBERT DURER.

There artists live within the clouds,
And shadow forth a purer
And fairer life than that of ours;
So lived old Albert Durer.

But lest old Albert should begin
To think his more than human,
God gave him, to subdue his pride,
A very angry woman.

And when he fashion'd angels' heads,
And painted eye and lip,
She vexed, of his too heavenly dreams
By this morcese Xantippe.

Within a little room upstairs
Worked Albert late and early;
Beneath he heard her supple tongue,
That ceased its rattle rarely.

For, like a kite, he sought the sky,
And soar'd on wing ecstatic,
Until she pulled the string and brought
Him down to earth domestic.

And still within his placid face
You see the sad expression;
Poor Albert's story teaches us
A somewhat useful lesson.

For when I envy him his fame—
The color fame had nurst,
I look at Letty, and am glad
That I'm not Albert Durer!

NINA MARSH;

OR,

THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER XX.—THE TUG OF WAR.

COLONEL ST. GEORGE, when in town, occupied lodgings in Piccadilly. Nobody enjoyed life more heartily than the gallant colonel. As we have said, his constitution was naturally robust, his digestion unimpeachable. Dyspepsia, even in its mildest form, was a thing he had not nursed, much less realized. He could fare sumptuously every day, and experience no ill effects therefrom, waking after a night of moderate repose to the full enjoyment of his breakfast and morning paper.

Had Colonel St. George been fond of preaching, his text would have been moderation. But his choicest wit and that expressive kind which gives facts instead of fancies, frait instead of flowers. He might have expanded his text endlessly and made but the impression to be obtained by the mere display of his vigorous frame and healthy organization.

Master St. George sipped delicately at the cup of life, which to him contained nothing but nectar of the finest flavor. Conscience never poisoned the draught. He could follow his own devices without a twinge of warning or menace. Conscience had grown dead within him, and no longer condescended to speak a word to the hardened sinner who loved his sin.

The colonel was in excellent spirits this morning. Unlike his amiable relative, the Earl of Gillingham, he always felt fresh of a morning, and keenly alive to the pleasure of entering on a new day. The colonel was somewhat past now, in his usual tranquil, equable way, whether a wife would be so very inconvenient.

"Nina would certainly do credit to a man's taste," was his inward reflection; "she'd have all London mad after her in no time, and that would be pleasant enough, only we have no such trifles in some batteries. Is it gratifying to have a beautiful woman about one, but there are certain disadvantages in the bargain; she's sure to get crushed and screwed directly she gets up here, and has so many admirers swarming round her. But I suppose it will have to come to this," added the colonel, with a little sigh; "that is to say, if Mr. Goldsmith persevere in his suit, which it is devoutly to be hoped he may not do."

But at this moment Colonel St. George's reflections were suddenly ended, and the old adage signally verified by the appearance of Lord Gillingham.

"Ah! you're up, are you?" said the earl, astonished to find that his cousin could take the trouble to rise early without any special object in view. "I never expected to find you at home."

"I am never in bed at this hour, excepting at Rockleham, and there your lordship keeps it up late that the one is obliged to burn day into night to regain one's lost sleep."

"I thought you seemed to reconcile yourself to the change without difficulty," said the earl, with a sneer.

"No, my lord; excuse me; I never reconcile myself easily to such inconvenience. Any infringement of established laws disconcerts me. I am just as much of a martinet in private life as I used to be in service. Like a certain illustrious personage, and the strictest discipline kept up in every relation of life. I would even have my thoughts in training if I could."

"I think they would be obstinate at drill," said the earl, meaningly. "But I must say, for myself, that order is a despot I never quarrel with. I like punctuality and regularity and precision are the duties of machines, and not of human beings."

"But see how peaceably the machines work."

"Simply because they have no power to revolt. Once inclose a spirit within one of these complicated machines, and its struggles and weaknesses would soon disorder the working."

"My lord, you have turned philosopher, I see."

"Or rather sewper," answered the earl, with a deep, meaning smile.

"Of whom? if I may inquire."

"We are coming to that presently; to hurry events would not accord with your theories. In the meantime, perhaps you can tell me the date of Mrs. St. George's death."

There was the slightest possible start, but so slight that even the earl, though keenly on the watch, could not be sure of his effect. Then the colonel turned to his relative, a cool smile on his lips, a glance of thorough scorn in his eyes:

"It is strange how your lordship will persist in worrying me about the decease of Mrs. St. George. I have done all I could to satisfy all your doubts, too. You have had the certificate of her death in your possession for weeks now, and might have examined it every day had you felt so inclined. I have not stood in the way of any investigations society can expect to be pleasant. If you had felt any more doubts after this, you had only to go to Woodcraft. For half-a-crown you might have had a good view of the register from which her certificate was copied."

"I have just returned from Woodcraft," answered the earl, quietly.

There was no start this time, only a show of more steady attention and watchfulness, as if Colonel St. George began to understand that his law's meaning, and did not choose to be taken at any disadvantage.

"I hope you enjoyed your visit," said the colonel, crossing one his leg to imitate the perfect fit of his Parisian boot. "They tell me the air of Woodcraft is very dry and bracing; just the very thing for your lordship's complaint."

"I did not go there for my health," responded the earl. "I have never felt better in my life than I feel to-day."

"I thought your lordship looked jaded, too; but perhaps it was my mistake."

There was one thing the earl hated above all others, and that was to be told that he looked ill, especially by Colonel St. George, whom he would have had to believe that he was one of the most robust people on earth. In this case it was doubly annoying, since the accusation, although prompted by the instinct of retaliation, was assuredly true.

"Let those laugh who win," he said, making a sudden sharp effort to control his rage. "I am not quite dead yet, St. George, and a good many things may happen before then."

"Your lordship's remark is one of such prophetic originality, that you must allow me to congratulate you upon it."

"I may have a son, for instance," continued Lord Gillingham, unable to keep up with his relative, and dell blow for blow.

"Possibly. But Nina Marsh will never be Countess of Gillingham; be sure of that, my lord. You will have to look beyond Beechwood for a wife."

"Why, I'll bet you a hundred to one that Nina Marsh gives you a cool *congé* before a month is out."

"Done! Just have the goodness to write that in your pocket-book, will you? And now we will proceed to business. As I informed you a few minutes ago, I have just returned from Woodcraft."

"And I had the honor of inquiring whether you had received any benefit from the air."

"At any rate I derived some benefit from a sight of the register; I found that your memory was singularly correct. It would have been as well if the person who visited Woodcraft on the 31st of August, and altered the date of Mrs. St. George's death from the 16th to the 17th, had made it the 18th, and also taken the precaution to alter the succeeding entry from the 7th to the 17th, as that would have rendered the deception perfect. Be sure, Miss Dorothy, whom I had the honor of seeing and consulting, has such a wonderful memory that her testimony would be worth a great deal in any thing, and she distinctly remembers that Mrs. St. George was buried in Woodcraft churchyard on the 1st day of the month. The question is, why should you have had any interest in changing this date? Not a stranger, assuredly. We have to seek for the guilty person in the very house we live in. Your lordship knows of our family row living. Your mother we may safely decide to have been innocent in the matter. We have therefore to look for the culprit that the guilty person must have been either you or myself."

The colonel had listened very quietly. His right hand was shading his eyes, but very carelessly, and he removed it at once when he spoke again.

"I can't exactly see the justice of your theory of guilty complicity. It would be more natural to presume that Mr. Candlum had made some slight error in the precedence of the two entries."

"Miss Dorothy's memory is such, it is probable that she keeps a journal. Young ladies who live in the country, and hear and see nothing worth recording, invariably do, I believe. If so, that would be corroborative evidence as to the truth of her statement. Besides, the person who visited Woodcraft on the 31st of August remained a few minutes alone with the register, and pen and ink were both by him, for Miss Dorothy distinctly recollects that he made a great black stain on the table-cloth."

"And pray how can you prove that the person who visited Woodcraft on that occasion was myself?"

"Miss Dorothy's description was pretty accurate. Listen: 'A gentleman, tall; six feet high; aquiline nose; dark brown eyes; curly hair, almost black; and large whiskers. He wore a blue cravat, and a ring on the third finger of his left hand.'"

"That is not at all uncommon."

"No, but the ring was; she described it as a large diamond of the pear shape, set in virgin gold."

"If I could recollect myself that I was the sole possessor of a ring of this kind, I should value it more highly than I do now."

"If that were the only mark of distinction you might exercise justice on your own place; but as all the other items agree so well——"

"And even then, admitting that I was at Wood' ruff on that day, and had the register to myself for the space of seven minutes, how can you prove that I tampered with it in any way?"

"If I could get a proper fee this, the rest would not be difficult. The certificate you lent me, and which I now beg to return," said the earl, laying it down on the table, "shows such excellent marks of forgery, that my solicitor, Barbary, found no difficulty in detecting the alterations at once."

This time Colonel St. George did start, and the earl, perceiving it, smiled grimly in his face.

"I told you," he resumed, "that those who win should laugh."

"You have not won yet," answered the colonel, resuming his *sangfroid*, although with effort. "What earthly motive could I have had to ascertain whether Mrs. St. George was buried on the 1st or the 11th of any month I have no to discover; certainly I cannot discern myself."

"Of course, at present, I do not know what you had to gain by the deception; but I am convinced that there was some substantial benefit to be obtained thereby, or you would not have accepted the risk. This benefit I shall learn in time, and then I shall, doubtless, possess a key to the whole enigma."

"Don't be so sanguine, my lord," said his cousin, with cool insolence, and he rose from the table, drew up to the mantelpiece and quietly lighted his cigar.

It was impossible to tell whether Mr. George committed the offence ascribed by the earl's threats. He had been off his guard one minute, and had certainly shown transient marks of anxiety; but so very quickly had he conquered his momentary trouble, that, had Lord Gillingham been less suspicious by nature, he might have been deceived. But, as it was, he only felt pleasantly stimulated by the confidence and disregard of Colonel St. George. He rose to take leave, and as he walked slowly down Piccadilly, his lordship decided that he had only to be guided by the recent interview—one, a slight inkling of the truth as regarded this grand secret; the other, a double motive for his speedy marriage with Nina Marsh.

CHAPTER XXI.—WAKING UP AFTER A BRIGHT DREAM.

FOR about a week after his return from the journey which had appeared to his household as mysterious and needless, Gillingham did not go near Beechwood Manor. The earl was not fond of consoling people in their trouble. To a real lover Nina would have been doubly dear in her grief, but to Lord Gillingham—whose passion might have borne another name, if terms had been properly distributed—Nina, in her sorrow, was a thing to be avoided. But when she had wept as many tears as a reasonable young lady with beautiful eyes could be expected to do, the earl might have ventured to make his offer on the scene and try his own consolation—a coronet.

That way woman in the nineteenth century could be capable of resisting such an inducement never entered his heart to conceive. There might, possibly, be disinterested love in the world, but Lord Gillingham never had the pleasure of making their acquaintance, and therefore might be pardoned for not believing in them.

It is a fact, however, as true, that men who are too well treated by the world set the smallest value on its tenderness. Instead of a man being grateful for the gifts of fortune and philanthropists, ten chances to one but that he becomes a despot and a sceptic. Those who are buffeted about and have to fight every inch of their way are generally all the most benevolent. There are many good lessons to be learned when struggling into power, but they are lost in the process of cushioning their baby feet are apt to get arbitrary from the mere habit of command.

Of course there are some bright exceptions to this rule as illustrations in principle of any kind it is always necessary to leave a margin for occasional variations.

We know that Nina had been unconditionally engaged to her cousin since the evening of Katie's death, but it was only natural that Lord Gillingham should be ignorant of the fact, since it had not been made public up to one yet. Cyril had wished to mention it to Mr. Marsh, but this Nina strenuously opposed. It seemed to her that they had received his consent to their embrace only—that any day it might slip from her, and leave her, as Cyril had said, lonely, desolate and unloved.

Her own love was so entirely enslaved for her hopes, then would be the time to take others into her confidence, and invite them to share her joy. But somehow the confession would not pass her lips.

She had to leave them a great deal together, and, although on these occasions few words of love were spoken, Nina began to feel becoming more precious to her cousin daily and hourly; and in this new happiness, brought to her by the scene of being so beloved, she would sometimes forget for hours at an ugly nightmare that Cyril, by some magic of his own, had managed to scare away.

It is pleasant to dwell on this time. Nina's youth was coming back to her in a warm, bright flood. She thought she owed all her happiness to Katie—loved her fondly by connecting it with a name and memory so dear to her. There was no self-reproach, and no fear of forgetting the bright one in the darker. The child had wished it to be so it was; had spoken of it at the last, and Nina knew that in being happy she was best fulfilling her sister's dying request by her memory.

One morning towards the end of May, Cyril and Nina were sitting together in the pleasant morning room at Beechwood. The sun streamed in at the windows, the birds were twittering merrily under the eaves, and the smooth velvet lawn stretching out in front of the open window was a refreshing sight to the eye. Every now and then a light breeze swept across the shrubberies, bringing a soft perfume of roses as it passed. Altogether, it was one of those delicious mornings when the blood dances more cheerily in the veins, and a delightful sense of the pleasure of living for the mere sake of living pervades one's entire being—a morning when old age and sickness seem like impossibilities, and the renewed youth of the seeming earth and fragrant flowers lulls you into momentary forgetfulness of the continuance of your own life.

Cyril had been reading aloud to Nina; but the book was not interesting, it seemed, for Nina's thoughts had wandered away, and were busy with other things.

"You are not listening, I see," said Cyril presently. "I shall save my breath for a better occasion."

Nina looked up and smiled, not her old smile, perhaps, but a very sweet substitute.

"Come," said Cyril, "you owe me amends for your inattention, and therefore shall tell me your thoughts."

I was thinking of your leaving us, and wondering what I should do then."

"A very unnecessary piece of wondering, when you consider that I do not leave Beechwood until you are ready to go with me."

"Are you quite sure, Cyril, that you wish to take by the apparent mad-cap evening?"

"So sure that I have not even thought it necessary to ask myself the question."

"And you will ask me no questions either?"

"None, unless it is the momentous one about taking me for better or worse, do."

"Cyril, do believe that you will always be satisfied with your ignorance?"

There was a look of sudden doubt and pain on Cyril's face, and consequently much annoyance. She had put a vague, restless fear of his own into words. He turned his head aside that she should not see his troubled expression, but it was too late—Nina's quick eye had read him through. She had some sort of desire to probe him deeper still, and she began to speak again before he had gained sufficient composure to answer her last question.

"But, Cyril, I hardly understand all this. At one time you seemed fully had no confidence in me, and you were resolved then, I remember, to force me into a confession."

"I knew," answered Cyril, speaking vehemently, with the air of a man who forces himself into opposition with counsels he respects. "But, then, have you ever tanced a heavy purse own hand? At first it does nothing but heat its wings against its prison-bars, wounding itself in its efforts to escape. But after a time it grows quiet, unconditionally, and becomes as meek and submissive as one could desire, and craves no more for the freedom so loved before. I have been struggling my own case, though not so shy as I might have wished. I am very happy, Nina. I love the mere rattle of my chains, the very walls of my prison become precious. What is my part to me? I once told you that I could forgive any bygones so that you gave me some happiness in the present. You forgive, Nina?"

"You know I do, Cyril."

"Then what more can I want?"

Nina could not know it herself, but there was something dubious and doubtful in the tone of this question. He meant it to be a cordial assertion. He had fully persuaded himself on another occasion, which broke loose at the last, and ended in painful interrogation. He had been stifling the voice of his reason for weeks, and now it rebelled once more, and also itself heard. Cyril loved Nina devotedly and passionately; he would have gone to the other end of the world to secure what he considered his own more than man could be have remembered this terrible mystery between them without bitterness and despair.

Nina could not see how the scales fell from Nina's eyes; she began to see everything clearly now. Cyril was making impossible promises—promises that could not be kept. Nina should struggle against his keeping. He had been subjugated by passion; but in those after-years when he should feel less, but better, he would find some faith in her to fall back upon, and there would be none. The miserable barrier of suspicion and concealment that had been built up between them, wrecking their married happiness, all the more thoroughly and efficiently that his early promises to her would be broken in the hour of his doubts and fears. It would be so fearful to watch this great sorrow of a strong, upright man grow into a hatred for her, and know that she, and she alone, had made so late, after she had belonged to him for years, and her sole hope in life was the confidence of his love—the conflict of his honor and passion, of his little cues—and—

She stopped, shuddering, and cowering away from his sight. It was cruel and horrible to let him see how much he made a woman and such a fate. How could she be so wickedly selfish? Was she worthy of the heart and hand of a man like Cyril, and know it? His conscience answered her so incessantly that she never thought to combat its warnings. She turned upon Cyril with a sudden passionate attack to the very lips.

"Hear me, Cyril," she said, "I am speaking now once for all. I have changed my mind about this proposed visit to London, and cannot go. It is late and respect you too much to become your wife. I have no right to make present profit for the benefit of your inheritance. You shall thank me for this decision some day, Cyril; and it is right."

"And Katie——" he said, in a tone of stifled opposition.

"Katie did not know all, or she would think as I do, that such a marriage is impossible. God bless you!"

Then she sank down suddenly at his feet.

"Forgive me, Cyril. It was so wicked of me to think of becoming your wife. But I was mad; and I so wanted to be happy just a little while. I should must have been mad with my trouble, or it must never have dared. But you don't know what it is to suffer, and suffer until you want to grow old suddenly, to be near death. Bless me before I go, for I have loved you so dearly, Cyril. If my

secret had gnawed into my very soul, if you could have been happy without knowing it, I could have died rather than give you the faintest hint. But you could not have been—not you, Cyril; I know that. For awhile you were my own, my very own, and now I have no right to you—none."

"What do you mean, child? You belong to me, and I do not choose to give you up."

His arm tightened round her waist until it felt like a bar of iron. He strained her to him with a vehement movement, and his kisses lingered soothingly on her white lips.

"You may give me up," he added presently; "but I will never yield one iota of my claims until you distinctly tell me that you are about to become the wife of another man."

He released her as he finished speaking, and she rose and without another word left the room. Her passionate, undisciplined nature led her into many inconsistencies and extremes; but she was settled now in her purpose respecting Captain Marsh. She would do anything rather than become his wife and lay herself open to reproach in after years. Nina always fought her battles alone, and was hastening past the drawing-room to her own room when Mrs. Marsh opened the door and called to her:

"Is that you, Nina?"

"Yes, mama; do you want me?" answered Nina, turning back, according to her old habit of self-sacrifice.

"No, my love, but Lord Gillingham is here, and has asked for you several times. He is just gone to search for you in the grounds."

"Oh, mama!" exclaimed Nina, impetuously, "I don't want to see him. Don't let him know I am at home."

"But, my love, he does know already. He particularly inquired for you at first, and only came in on hearing that you were at home. It is very evident what he wants you for; and surely it would be as well to see him, and set the matter at rest for ever."

"Mama," said Nina, with a miserable attempt at playfulness, "how would you like to see me Countess of Gillingham?"

"I would rather see you the wife of a good honest farmer any day."

"Nina, you are mad," said Captain Marsh's stern voice close at her elbow; "you dare not do this!"

"You shall see what I dare do," she answered, her old spirit rising hot within her; "you shall see, Captain Marsh. I won't be dictated to by you. If the earl asks me, I shall do quite as I like about accepting him."

"Yes, and purchase a lifetime of misery for the mere gratification of a moment's passion."

"You don't know what you are talking about," was her haughty reply. "I shall not marry him just to gratify a moment's passion. I shall marry him because the Countess of Gillingham will be above the reach of scandal."

"No one is above that," interrupted Mrs. Marsh.

"Perhaps not actually; but people think several times before they say ugly things of a countess. You know that, mama, as well as I do."

"I only know that you are mad, Nina, to talk in this way."

"She is mad," said Cyril, with stern reproach; "and in this madness she will go and do a thing which she will regret through her whole afterlife. Aunt, I beseech you, use your authority to prevent this. Don't let her see Lord Gillingham; or, stay—I will go into the grounds to meet him, and manage to get rid of him in some way."

"He won't take an answer from you," said Nina, confidently. "He will come and see me again, and then I shall be able to do as I like."

"But Mr. Marsh will never consent to such an unholy marriage."

"He will consent to anything I like," answered Nina, scornfully, and she bent on Captain Marsh a look of uncompromising hostility, and sped past him up the stairs.

Then Cyril went out to meet Lord Gillingham. He did not know what Nina might be tempted to do in her sorrow and passion, so he politely dismissed the earl, giving him to understand that Nina was not in a fit state to see any one, which was, in reality, too true. Lord Gillingham went away at this, giving Captain Marsh full credit for a decided breach of veracity, whereas we know that his words were sober, serious truth.

From the window of her own room Nina watched the earl depart, saw Cyril open the gate for him and bow him through with a manner of equal coldness and courtesy; then she went and lay down on her bed. Every pulse in her body seemed to have distinct and emphatic life of its own. The blood moved so swiftly and hotly through her veins, that even to the tips of her fingers she was burning with a sudden fever. She felt a tightness at the throat as if she were choking. She crawled off the bed again and managed to reach the ewer, where she deluged her head with cool water. Only for this her paroxysm of anguish and passion might have ended in madness. After a time she grew more composed; then she got up, dried the heavy masses of her thick, short hair, put on a few jet ornaments and went downstairs.

Mrs. Marsh and Cyril were the only people in the drawing-room as she entered. She walked straight up to her mother and said, in a cool, clear voice:

"Mama, I behaved very badly to you a little while ago; will you forgive me?"

Mrs. Marsh's sole answer was a most tender embrace.

"And, Cyril, I was rude and passionate to you, too; but you know how ill I bear now anything like opposition. It was, of course, very wrong of me to indulge my temper, but I have been so tried."

Her voice faltered a little here, but she conquered this tremor, and went on resolutely—

"I know you have always desired my good, and that you would have done everything in your power to make me happy as your wife; but I found this morning in your manner a sort of protest against your own infatuation. You have seen too much of the world, you are too clever, Cyril, to give perfect trust where you know it is not merited. It is, therefore, better that we should part, and I must try and resign myself to a future which is safe, even if it be unpleasant. I believe that a marriage with Lord Gillingham would purchase me far greater security than I have now. I have considered the matter thoroughly; and since it is morally impossible for me to marry you, I do not seem to care what becomes of me. My only anxiety under such circumstances is to protect myself from calumny for all your sakes. It is better that I should die honored but miserable, than live degraded and cursed by you all."

"But, Nina, a coronet cannot wash out all sin," said Cyril, gravely.

"No, but it can hide it. People are not prone to think ill of a countess if she comport herself with dignity."

"I don't understand you, Nina," said Mrs. Marsh, with a sorrowful look in her mild eyes. "I have not understood you for a long time; but I must fairly warn you that if anything in your conduct has laid you open to calumny, the higher your position in the world the more terrible will be your fall."

"You neither of you understand the circumstances of the case—you even less than Cyril, mama. But he, at least, will thank me some day for having saved him the disgrace of calling me his wife."

"Nina," said Captain Marsh, "let us argue the question together. If, as you assure me, it would be wrong to accept my offer, there must be the same objection to a marriage with Lord Gillingham."

"No; for Lord Gillingham is a bad man, and his own past is not so clear that he should ever dare to reproach me with mine."

"But has it never struck you that, under the circumstances you describe, your only safety would be with a man of honor and principle?"

"On the contrary, with such a man I could have no check. If he were to put me away I should not dare even to remonstrate, for I should know that I had justly no right to remain in an honest home. But as to Lord Gillingham, I could defy him and hold my head high besides. He is as bad as I am, and I could not wrong him by becoming his wife."

"Nina, this unnatural marriage shall never take place," said Cyril firmly.

And at this moment Madeleine came in with the mourning screen, nearly completed, in her hand, and Nina escaped again to her own room.

AUTUMN TIME.

TIME, like a wrinkled hermit, sits
  Counting his beads, each bead a day;
From his long rosary of years
  Those beads drop silently away.

Or, as a sexton, one by one,
  Puts out the smouldering funeral lamps,
And leaves the corpse alone and still,
  Amid the charnel's dripping damps.

So dealeth Time, who strips the leaves
  Of bankrupt summer's rich array,
As jailors strip the trembling fool,
  Whose spendthrift wealth has had its day.

Yet these are but the feeble types
  Of higher dooms to sons of clay,
Of shiver'd globes and falling worlds,
  And earthquakes of the latter day.

THE CASE OF MONS. D'EGVILLE.

THIS remarkable case of circumstantial evidence, though generally known to the curious in such matters who have searched into West Indian records, is as yet, we believe, entirely new to the English public. The details, however, might never have been laid before them had not the original papers been recently discovered in the Provost-Marshal's office in Barbadoes, and copied and forwarded to the writer. Besides the intrinsic interest attaching to the story itself as a mere anecdote, there is the object of adding another instance to the list of executions carried out upon the evidence of circumstance alone, and of exhibiting some of the strong as well as the weak points which characterise this peculiar form of judgment. Perhaps a close and careful comparison of numerous instances of circumstantial evidence might assist in moulding into something like a system the various and sometimes almost contradictory inferences deduced during trials of this character, and in bringing them under a legal form which might be applied when similar occasions required. At present it is well known that the law of circumstantial evidence is very uncertain, and the story before us is a most conspicuous instance.

In the year 1824, Michael Harvey Peter William Henry D'Egville, resident in the island of Barbadoes, West Indies, dancing-master, was brought up before the local June Sessions charged with having caused the death of his wife by administering to her poison in the form of arsenic.

The name of D'Egville has been always famous as the title of a family of dancing-masters and mistresses; there were some of the family, I believe, in Cheltenham when I was a boy, and I certainly was instructed in the art by a D'Egville, though whether the name was assumed as a recommendation or not I cannot say. The unhappy man of whom I write had, though a Frenchman, migrated to Barbadoes with the view of teaching dancing, and was, it is reported, very successful. After a somewhat long residence in the island, he married a lady whose family name was Llewellyn, though whether maid or widow at the time of her union with D'Egville is not shown. Thy Frenchman was not a man of good character; he was addicted to debauched society and to drink. In many of his tipsy fits he was wont to strike and ill use his wife, though he never seemed to cherish the least ill feeling towards her. He was not therefore malicious, though he was quarrelsome in his cups. Still, his ill usage of Mrs. D'Egville was so continuous and excessive that the long-suffering wife determined upon a separation. This was effected without any scene of violence or recrimination between the parties; and while the dissolute husband pursued at uncertain intervals his profession of dancing-master, the relieved wife lived at some distance, out of his and harm's way, as was supposed.

It is to be particularly noticed that, though separated from each other, no ill feeling was to be discerned between Mr. and Mrs. D'Egville; on the contrary, the wife was in the habit of sending to her depraved partner little attentions in the form of dainties, such as she knew he was attached to, as for instance fruit, soup, rare fish, &c., &c. D'Egville recognised these attentions, and (occasionally) returned them, though the fluctuation of his gains at times prohibited an equivalent interchange of gifts. Now D'Egville was aware that his wife had not only signified her intention of leaving to him a sum of money at her death, but had actually executed the instrument by which he was to be entitled at her demise to a bequest of £500 old Barbadoes currency, *i. e.*, about £330 sterling.

It was proved that D'Egville had bought arsenic some few days previously at a druggist's shop, and being asked if it was required for rats, said:

"Yes! and I shouldn't care much if they were two-legged ones!"

Observe, that to be in possession of arsenic was nothing of itself, for there generally was a supply in every house in the island for the extermination of rats and wood-ants; indeed, I can vouch for the fact of my grandfather keeping a very large quantity in the medicine chest for periodical poisonings of wood-ants, which infested one of the mills on his estates, so that no stress can be laid on the mere purchase of the arsenic.

Mrs. D'Egville was particularly fond of toasted cheese, and at times of the year cheese was a very scarce article in the island. However, things had been prosperous with the Frenchman of late; for he purchased a piece, had it prepared, and sent it to his wife by the hands of a little mulatto boy, with these instructions.

"Tell her to eat it herself, and not to give any of it to Miss Llewellyn."

This was Mrs. D'Egville's sister, who lived in the same house with her.

Mrs. D'Egville was found dead in her bed next morning; Miss Llewellyn was dead also, and two or three of the negro servants were ill, though they ultimately recovered.

An inquest was immediately held, and Dr. Cutting tested the contents of the stomachs of the deceased, the rejected matter from the negroes who were suffering at the time, and the remainder of the cheese which was left in the dish. In all was arsenic found.

D'Egville was arrested, and brought up at the June sessions in 1824. It was the interim between the death of the late Attorney-General Beckles and the appointment of his successor, and Mr. Coulthurst (acting Attorney-General) prosecuted. Mr. Hinds defended the prisoner, resting his defence on the fact that a link in the chain of evidence was wanting. This meant of course the evidence of the little mulatto boy who had carried the cheese to Mrs. D'Egville, for negro evidence could not be received in court at that time.

The jury, after long consultation, came into court and said that it was impossible that they could ever agree, nine of their number being for an acquittal and three for a verdict of "Guilty;" so they were discharged, and the prisoner remanded to the next sessions. Meantime, Samuel Hinds was appointed Attorney-General. When the sessions arrived (Dec. 1824), Mr. Hinds declined to prosecute, on the ground of having formerly defended the prisoner, so the prosecution devolved upon Mr. Solicitor-General Griffith. The jury were empanelled, the evidence and all other proceedings carried on from the last sessions were read over to them, and after a short deliberation they brought in a verdict of "Guilty."

Extract from the minute-book of the Court of Grand Sessions held Dec. 17th, 1824:

Michael Harvey Peter William Henry D'Egville was then brought up and set to the bar to receive judgment; when, upon being asked if he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him, he delivered in a paper writing, signed by himself and Mr. Moore, as his counsel, protesting, alleging, and pleading that he, the said D'Egville, was put on his trial at a former sessions for the same offence, and, therefore, prayed that judgment might be arrested and stayed against him. Mr. Attorney-General Hinds objected to the same, on the ground that the former trial was not complete, inasmuch as no verdict was rendered, and inasmuch as the prisoner had on the present trial pleaded "not guilty," and put himself upon the country, he was by that plea barred from any other. The opinion of the court being taken, the said paper writing was rejected, but the court declared themselves ready to hear anything, by way of reasons in arrest, which the prisoner or his counsel might think proper to offer, when Mr. Moore moved that the judgment in the cause of the "King *v.* M. H. P. W. H. D'Egville" be arrested, on the following reasons, namely—because it appears by the proceedings of the last Court of Grand Sessions, holden for the body of this island, in the month of June last, in the Town Hall, Bridgetown, in the said Island of Barbadoes, that the said M. H. P. W. H. D'Egville was arraigned on an indictment preferred against him by our Sovereign Lord the King for the murder by poison of his wife Susanna D'Egville, whereto he pleaded "not guilty," and that a jury of twelve men was empanelled, sworn, and charged to try, and he, the said M. H. P. W. H. D'Egville, was actually put on his trial on the said indictment for the said offence, and whereto he, by his counsel, entered upon, disclosed, and made his defence; and further, because that the said jury, so sworn, empanelled, and charged to try him, the said M. H. P. W. H. D'Egville, afterwards actually retired and went out to the petit jury-room, and remained several hours deliberating on their verdict; and further, because the offence whereof he hath been tried at the present sessions, and the offence for which he was put on trial, as before mentioned, at the Second Court of Grand Sessions, in the month of June last, are one and the same offence, and not divers, which said reasons being taken into the serious consideration of the court, were rejected, and sentence of death was accordingly pronounced.

This extract shows the procedure of the court (which was acting upon the condemnatory evidence alone) to have been crippled by the absence of the one link in the evidence exculpatory, viz., the testimony of the mulatto boy who had been entrusted with the cheese. The common precaution of inquiry into the conduct and motives of the person through whose hands the poisoned cheese had last passed was thus cast aside, and this not being received, the poor dancing-master returned to prison without a hope.

Here is a copy of his death warrant:

GEORGE THE FOURTH, by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, &c.

To our Provost-Marshal of our said Island of Barbadoes, or his lawful deputy, greeting:

WHEREAS Michael Harvey Peter William Henry D'Egville, late of the parish of St. Michael, in the island aforesaid, yeoman, now detained in your custody in our gaol of our said island, was, at a Court of Grand Sessions of Oyer and Terminer, General Gaol Delivery, and General Sessions of the Peace, held for the body of our said island, and begun on Tuesday, the fourteenth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and twenty-four, and so continued and held by special adjournment *de die in diem*, on the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth days of the said month, at the Town Hall, in the parish of St. Michael, in our island aforesaid, indicted and arraigned for the murder of Susanna D'Egville, and thereupon was tried, convicted, and, in due form of law attained, and now stands adjudged unto death, of which judgment execution remains to be done. We therefore command, and by these presents firmly enjoin you, that in and upon Monday the fourteenth day of this instant February, between the hours of nine and twelve in the forenoon of the same day, you carry the said M. H. P. W. H. D'Egville to the place of execution within the gaol-yard, in the town of St. Michael, in our island aforesaid, and there cause him, the said M. H. P. W. H. D'Egville to be hanged by the neck until he be dead, and that this you fail not to do upon peril thereon to ensue.

Witness.—His Excellency Sir Henry Warde, K. C. B., &c., his Majesty's Captain-General and Governor, Commander-in-Chief, &c., of this island, &c., at Government House, this seventh day of February, in the sixth year of our reign.

(Signed) HENRY WARDE.

This warrant was duly carried into effect.

Some years afterwards, when D'Egville's name was forgotten, a negro man who had been a slave in the possession of Mrs. D'Egville, and who was, by her father's will, to receive his manumission, confessed that he had received the cheese from the mulatto boy and had put in the arsenic, as he was aware that his freedom was to follow upon his mistress's death. The link wanting (as the learned counsel observed), namely, what had passed between the time the cheese was put out of D'Egville's hands and its delivery into those of his wife, was now supplied. The negro's name was Christian, and he went, as was usual, by the family name of Llewellyn. All this he confessed upon his deathbed, to the great discomfiture of those who had condemned the wretched dancing-master, and to the shame of the system of refusing any evidence, though from negro lips, in a trial where life and death depended upon evidence alone.

LAUNCH OF THE FAST SCREW STEAMER IDAHO,

At Steer's Yard, Greenpoint, Oct. 8.

THE necessity of building fleet steamers to overtake the fast blockade-runners, built in England, has long been apparent, and our Government at last ordered a new style of vessel. On the 8th of October, at half-past two P.M., the sloop of war Idaho, 12 guns, the first of the new class of screw steamers, was successfully launched from the yard of Henry Steers, Greenpoint, L. I., in the presence of a large number of spectators. Among the professional gentlemen present we noticed Admiral Renaud, of the French navy, Rear-Admiral Gregory, Com. Ringgold, Capts. Boggs and Worden, Commander John P. Bankhead, Chief-Engineers Woods and Lawton, of our navy, and many other gentlemen, ship and engine-builders in their profession. The Idaho moved from her ways and entered her destined element in the most graceful and brilliant style. Everything worked smoothly, and the launch was as successful as any one could well wish.

The Idaho's lines are exceedingly fine, and give every promise of being the right ones for great speed, the point aimed at in her construction, together with the no less important ones of great buoyancy and stiffness. She is to carry a heavy battery of 12 guns, of long range and greatest effectiveness. Her length is 305 feet; breadth of beam, 44 feet; and depth of hold 24 feet. She will be barque rigged and fitted with double direct-acting engines, with four 30-inch cylinders, driving two propellers 24 feet in diameter. Her boilers are of Mr. Dickinson's pattern, and the engines are also of his design. They will be constructed at the Morgan Iron Works, where the vessel was taken immediately after the launch. Mr. Steers is confident that the Idaho will easily run 15 knots an hour, as the engines are of 3,000 horse power, nominally, and can be worked up to 5,000. She is about 3,000 tons burthen, and we hope she will fulfil the anticipations of her constructors. She seems to have every element of success, and we cannot see how she can fail to be the fastest vessel in the navy.

THE great problem of compounding a bitter which shall invigorate healthfully, without exciting the system too much, and at once be sufficiently bitter without becoming unpleasant, has been solved by Hostetter & Smith, whose famous bitters are now a household necessity, restoring tone to the stomach and quickening the digestive organs, without leaving any of those unpleasant results so common to most of those preparations which pass under the name of tonics or bitters. Having felt their beneficial effects, we can speak with certainty of their merits, and cordially confirm what their manufacturers claim for them—that they are strengthening, safe, stimulating, and leave no reaction. They not only restore the lost or flagging appetite, but quicken the digestion and give that relish to food which constitutes half its nutriment. Their New York store is 59 Cedar street, and their manufactory is in Pittsburg, Pa.



SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE, ATLANTA—CITIZENS GETTING PASSES TO GO NORTH AND SOUTH, IN CONSEQUENCE OF GEN. SHERMAN'S ORDER FOR THE DEPARTURE OF ALL CITIZENS.

ATLANTA.

If you have a good map of the United States some 20 years old hanging in your office you need not look for Atlanta. It is a new creation springing up as towns seldom do South, but as they crop out most teemingly at the North, defying all mapmakers to keep up with them.

It came into existence from its railroad position, and as the war edged southward it became a vital point for the rebels. It was accordingly fortified with every care and the most elaborate defences.

Jeff. Davis said: "Atlanta is the gate city from the North and West to the Southeast. Its fall would open the way for the Federal army to the Gulf on the one hand, and to Charleston on the other, and close up those rich granaries from which Lee's armies are supplied. It would give them control of our network of railways, and thus paralyze our efforts."

We know how it fell; how Hood exultingly telegraphed that Sherman had raised the siege and retreated, only to learn that he himself must retreat.



PRISON NOW OCCUPIED BY REBEL PRISONERS AND FORMERLY BY UNION MEN.

Destruction of Cars, &c.

On the 1st of September he began to march out, his soldiers helping themselves to the public stores as they passed. Towards dark the rolling stock of the railroad, 100 cars and six engines were gathered at the rolling mill, near the Georgia depot, and about midnight the torch was applied; at two in the morning the cars containing the ordnance stores exploded, spreading ruin on every side.

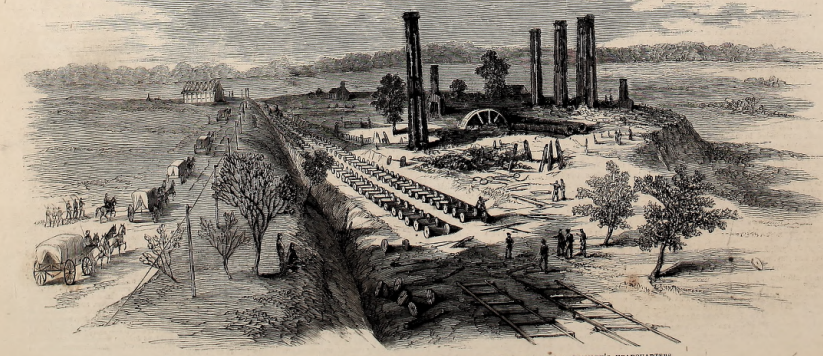
Our Artist, who entered with Sherman's army, sends a sketch of the scene of desolation that remained. Our readers will easily discern the wheels of the cars and the ruins of the locomotive at the head.

Rebel Fort and Chevaux de Frize.

Another sketch, showing one of the rebel forts with its chevaux de frize and abatis beyond it, will give an idea of the fortifications which it would have been madness to assail directly. No mortal men could under fire pierce such obstructions.

Bombproof Caves.

We have already described the caves in which the people of Atlanta were obliged to take refuge during the siege. Our Artist now sends an exterior view of one of these caves

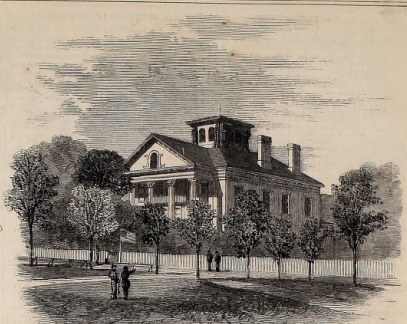


RUINS OF THE CARS AND ROLLING MILL DESTROYED BY THE REBELS.—SKETCHED FROM GEN. STANLEY'S HEADQUARTERS.

SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—SCENES AT ATLANTA, GA.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



HEADQUARTERS OF THE REBEL GENERAL HOOD, NOW OCCUPIED BY COL. H. A. BARNUM, 3RD BRIGADE, 2D DIVISION.



MAJOR-GENERAL SHERMAN'S HEADQUARTERS, ATLANTA.

in which helpless women and children spent much of their time. They were large, roomy excavations, well-supported and roofed, the earth being heaped up above sufficiently to protect them from the exploding shells.

Prison for Rebels.

The prison used for confining our men that fell into their hands sees the tables turned, and is now filled with Confederate soldiers, some perhaps who played jailors a few weeks before, tasting moderately the enjoyments which they considered too good for Yankees.

Hood's and Sherman's Headquarters—The City Hall.

Being a new city, Atlanta was quite a handsome place, the buildings being good and still fresh. Of these will be viewed with interest the building occupied by Hood as his headquarters, now tenanted by Col. H. A. Barnum, and that selected by Sherman as his own headquarters. The City Hall, by no means a bad-looking structure, is now occupied by our officers and soldiers.

Provost-Marshal Giving Passes.

The resolution of Sherman to make Atlanta an exclusively military post required the citizens to leave; and our Artist shows a scene at the Provost-Marshal's, where they are getting passes to go North or South as they prefer. Those going North have their houses cared for during their absence, and are aided on their way by Government as well as by societies. Those going South moved out their household goods—100 wagons went at once to Rough and Ready, about 19 miles from Atlanta, where a flag of truce was raised and a detachment from each army quartered. The wagons were driven half-way between the two lines, and the exiles received by the Southern officers with every demonstration of regard.

THE MULLER CASE AT BOW STREET, LONDON.

The proceedings in the Muller case acquired new interest in London on the return of the supposed murderer in custody. The Coroner's jury closed their session and found a verdict charging him with the murder of Mr. Briggs in the railway car. He was taken to Bow street Police Court on the 8th of July.

The prisoner arrived in the police van about 10½ o'clock, after being exhibited to the Coroner and his jury at Hackney.

A considerable amount of testimony, the points of which have already been published, was then taken; after which

Mr. Giffard said—I now ask you, sir, on the part of the Crown, to commit the prisoner for trial on this charge.

Mr. Beard—I shall reserve the defence of my client for the trial.

Mr. Flowers (addressing the prisoner)—As a more matter of form, I ask you if you desire to say anything in answer to this charge?

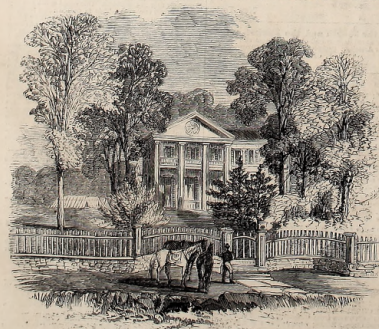
The prisoner, in a clear voice, said: "I have nothing to say now."

The prisoner was then fully committed for trial.

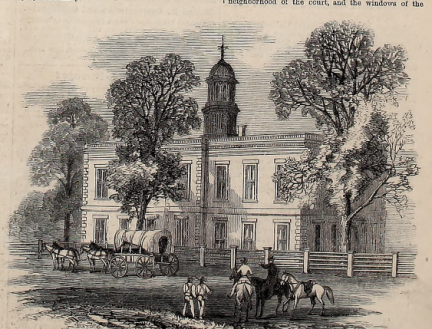
The examination was concluded at about four o'clock. By this time an immense crowd had assembled in the neighborhood of the court, and the windows of the



RUINS OF REBEL FORT ON THE SOUTHEAST SIDE OF ATLANTA, WITH CHEVAUX DE FRISE AND ABATTIS IN FRONT.



GEN. GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS.



CITY HALL, ATLANTA.

SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—SCENES AT ATLANTA.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

houses in Bow street commanding a view of the road between the court and the police station opposite were crowded with visitors.

Of the scene before the magistrate we give an illustration which our readers will see with interest.

There does not seem to be much more evidence against Him than that was presented before the Commissioners at New York. The hat found in the cars after Mr. Briggs was murdered, is assumed to have belonged to Stuller, having been purchased for him by a witness who swears to its identity, and the hat found in the possession of Stuller at the time of his arrest, on shipboard, has been identified as that of Mr. Briggs. The watch sold to the jeweller by Stuller has been identified also by the jeweller Dutch, and also the chain given in exchange. The only new fact yet brought out is that two persons were seen in the compartment of the railway car with Mr. Briggs before the train started. But the gentleman who testified to this simply could not identify Briggs, or give any clear description of the man whom he saw there, nor is it certain that both men mentioned in the car. There is a strong feeling against the accused in London.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

MANAGERS may be known by the companies they keep.

SUGAR went up so high lately that it caused a slight increase in the price of coffee.

CAN the incoherent expressions of a man in a fit be considered words duly spoken.

WHAT is the most pleasant music in a bath-room? The music by the bath, of course.

THE "utter" most parts of the earth are supposed to be the parts where there are most women.

WHY is the man who will not bet on the coming election as bad as one who does?

Because he is no better.

WHY is it a serious thing to produce infant mirth for our amusement?

Because it is a lamb-en-table affair.

SUPPOSING you found a greenback, would you, when found, be able, by any means, "to make a land of it."

WHY are a gentleman, in practising at pistol-shooting, and a lady carrying a muff, alike?

Because both delight to bring down game.

A MAN out West gives his geese, once a month, a dose of "Indian Vegetable Pills." We have often thought the best thing for ducks was quack medicine.

DIFFERENT ways of travelling—Man travels to express his ideas; but women—judging from the number of boxes she invariably takes with her—travels only with the object of expressing her dress.

WHY ought the old chap, who always stands upon the Common, ready to weigh you for "one cent," to succeed in life?

Because he makes his living by more weighs than one.

In a Philadelphia paper an advertisement of patent medicines says: "One bottle will set on any complaint whatever, if the patient is possessed of a fair fate." This is giving fair warning, and anybody who takes the notice after this recommendation must be "reconciled to his fate."

"HEY, George, what are you hoeing in the garden this time of night?"

"Well, I was a-civil (cry, mother, and don't the Bible say—He that sows the wind shall reap?"

The old lady drew her head in, closed the window, and collapsed.

CAPT. HOFF, of the Soldier's Rest, at Alexandria, tells a good story respecting a colored man who applied to him a few days ago for employment. By being an able-bodied fellow, the captain asked him why he did not enlist.

"Well, captain," he replied, "I less as'll go an' fight as not if dey would treat us same as dey do white folks."

The captain assured him that the Government was disposed to treat the colored troops with perfect fairness.

"Den why don't they draf us?" exclaimed he. "Dey don't draf us in Alexandria. Dey oughter draf us same as white folks."

At one of the hotels in Augusta, recently, the landlord said to a boarder:

"See here, ——, the chambermaid found a lady's hairpin in your bed this morning, and it will not answer."

"Well," replied the boarder, "I found a woman's hair in the butter this morning; but it did not trouble me to say anything about it."

The man looked at each other for short ten seconds, when each smiled and went his way, no doubt pondering over the peculiarities of circumstantial evidence.

WHILE walking with a friend, a gentleman accidentally stepped upon a lady's trailing dress, she turned with a frowning look, and a strong expression of anger. She made usual remarks, to which he replied:

"I am sorry, madam, very sorry, indeed; but really I didn't know that I was within a quarter of a mile of you!"

A RADLY hinged-up Emerald islander, in recognizing a lawyer, "Where have you been?" said:

"Down to Mr. Burrcomp's wake, and an illigant time we had of it. Jemmies and Judies from mimesty, and one whole noseful in the house, and that belonged to the big gentleman!"

A GENTLEMAN residing in Norfolk, who appreciates the high prices of things now-a-days, says that a mischievous little brown hound of his, one of children's favorites, and commenced nursing their value upon the hour, has become so much a part of the family, and so wedded were all the inmates went up, until they finally covered the whole skin, and the worm ever upon the unprotected. Since then that dealer won't buy up anything cheaper than a "hound dog," as that he can have a sufficient margin for the advanced prices.

THE Dundee *Advertiser* circulates the following story: On one occasion a beggar wife, on receiving a gratuity from the Rev. John Skinner, of Longside, a minister of "Auldwegbonnie," said to him, by way of thanks:

"Oh, sir, I hoop that ye and your family will be in heaven the nicht."

"Well," said Skinner, "I am very much obliged to you; only you need not have been so particular as to the time."

A DEAF old lady, who had brought an action for damages against a neighbor, was being examined, when the judge suggested a compromise, and instructed her counsel to say that she would take 50 cents the matter.

"What will you take?" asked the counsel of the old lady.

She shook her head at the counsel, informing the jury at the same time that she was "very hard o' hearin'."

"I better wants to know what you will take?" said the learned counsel again, this time bending at least six inches on his old lady's ear.

"I thank his honor kindly," said the ancient dame, "and if it was necessariance to him, I'll take a little warm ale."

A RUSSIAN PRINCESS.

Among the legends of Alabama is one of the year 1721. In that year there came a party of German colonists to Mobile, among whom was a young woman of great personal beauty and accomplishments, and great apparent wealth to boot. She was known and recognized as the Archduchess Newby, the repudiated wife of the only son of Peter the Great, Alexis Petor, who was supposed to have been cruelly treated by her husband, and to have fled from him, while he professed that she was dead. She came in the train of Bienville, Mobile there came a Chevalier D'Aubant, a well-known French courtier of the time, who was vacationing in these far-off lands for the good of France or himself. He saw and admired the Archduchess, and after a while some offered her marriage, which was accepted. They were married, and many months in Mobile, after which the Chevalier carried his bride to Paris, and introduced her to the French court as a princess. She lived there for some years, but finally an expose came, and the Archduchess was found to be a fraud, and had been about the person of the real Archduchess, and had robbed her of jewels and other valuables, and more, with which she had sought the then almost inaccessible colony of Mobile.

IN SEARCH OF A COMMISSION.

A FRIEND, who has been under fire, states that he recently applied for a commission in the Corps d'Afrique, and repeats the following questions and answers:

Colonel: "What is the position of a soldier?"

Candidate: "Attention, eyes front, and chest a-beckhand on a steamboat."

Col.: "How do you form a company?"

Can.: "Cut out big bandanna, offering $18 a month, and bounty, $25 down, and a month's pay in advance, and $2 premium. Say something about our glorious country, free institutions, and fruits of duty, and you will soon have your company formed."

Col.: "When you have formed your company, what do you then do?"

Can.: "Wear shoulder-straps and draw $128 per month."

Col.: "How do you instruct men to wear time?"

Can.: "By cutting a notch in a stick for each day—two notches for Sunday."

Col.: "After marching time, what comes next?"

Can.: "March."

Col.: "What next after march?"

Can.: "April."

Col.: "How do you open ranks?"

Can.: "Fire a cannon-ball into them."

Col.: "Who are the highest military officers?"

Can.: "Generals."

Col.: "How are they called generals?"

Can.: "Because they are nobody in particular."

Col.: "Very well. Now, tell me where you had? What branches are you conversant with?"

Can.: "Book branches mostly, as I lived in Indiana during my school days."

Col.: "Do you consider yourself capable to instruct and teach a company of American citizens of African descent?"

Can.: "I think, sir, I can teach the young idea how to shoot."

Col.: "What would be your principal aim and end in such instructions?"

Can.: "My principal aim would be at the rebels—the end, of course, to kill."

The examination closed here, and the colonel's company was filled up without the candidate. I think I took my hat and my leave. My commission has not arrived.

A CHEAP CARPET.—The *Cosmos* contains a letter from Mr. D. Tenney, telling us a pattern taken from a large tag entirely due to the work of a group of spiders in a cellar. The whole thing, he says, was complete to produce, by such help and without expense, scotland warts carpets. It is accordingly that a number of these woolly spiders should be confined over a space proportionate to the extent of work desired.

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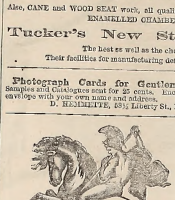
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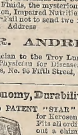
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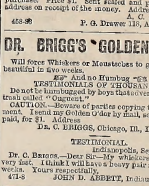
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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 5, 1864.

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Gen. Sheridan's Late Victory—The Rebellion and the Golden Calf.

THE 19th of October, first made for ever memorable by the surrender of the army of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, Va., in 1781, has received a new baptism as a day sacred to Liberty and Union in the famous Shenandoah Valley. On the 19th day of October, 1864, in that valley of many battles, a victory was gained by the Federal arms in behalf of American unity, only second in importance to that achieved eighty-three years ago in the cause of American Independence.

Gen. Sheridan, under the severest test to which the leader of an army can be subjected, has proved himself the possessor of the highest qualities of generalship. The battle of the 19th instant, with its disastrous opening and triumphant termination, is the most remarkable in all the lengthy catalogue of this sanguinary war. Our army at that hour in the morning, just before the break of the day, when wearied soldiers, having safely passed so far the dangers of the night, are most inclined to sleep, was stealthily approached through a dense fog, assaulted by a heavy force in flank, and in a swift and overwhelming charge was routed, thrown into confusion and flight, and driven a distance of five or six miles, involving in its surprise, repulse and retreat the loss of over 20 pieces of artillery and many prisoners. While still in disorder and falling back, the gloomy day waning into the afternoon, our army hails the arrival of its invincible commander—Sheridan. His very presence brings his faithful soldiers to a stand. He passes through their lines; they catch his inspiration; they are reformed in a steady and unbroken front of battle as by magic; they advance; they charge along their whole line; the hitherto successful columns of the enemy are borne down. They are broken, scattered and routed from the field. They fly in confusion and dismay, leaving prisoners, artillery, wagons and all the debris of a shattered army strewn along their line of retreat of 10 miles, till the friendly curtain of night descends between them and the victorious Union legions in pursuit. Thus a field day which, in its opening, was one of the ugliest-looking disasters of the war, was suddenly transformed into one of most decisive triumphs, by the timely arrival of a commanding General, whose presence his soldiers have learned to regard as the sign of victory. Sheridan is one of those officers singled out by the strong perceptive eye of Gen. Grant for great enterprises, and the General-in-Chief, in declaring that he has "always regarded this admirable soldier as one of the ablest of Generals," pays him a compliment which adds to the lustre even of his late most wonderful and unexampled success.

The issue depending upon this battle of the 19th was Richmond or Washington. Had the enemy succeeded in what they had every reason to expect in the morning, the complete rout and dispersion of the Union army, we doubt not that Early would have advanced again upon our national capital. It is possible, too, that under such circumstances he might, by rapid marching, have effected a passage into the city; it is certain that, in requiring from Gen. Grant immediate reinforcements for the defence of Washington, Richmond would have been instantly relieved. And thus another campaign might have been lost, entailing the most serious consequences upon the national cause, politically and financially, at home and abroad.

But with the crushing defeat suffered by the enemy Richmond is correspondingly weakened. Gen. Lee is not in a position to spare another reinforcement to Early in the Shenandoah valley of 15,000 or 20,000 men. He endangered himself in detailing the column under Longstreet to Early, in order to make a powerful diversion that would compel Gen. Grant to relax his hold upon Richmond. Failing in this diversion, Lee is now in greater danger than ever; for all the approaches to Richmond, from the North and West, are open to Sheridan. Despoiled of their provision trains, Early and Longstreet can find no resting place in the desolated upper Shenandoah valley. To subsist their troops they must fall back near enough to draw upon Lee's scanty supplies at Richmond, and in thus falling back they leave Sheridan free to strike to the right or left, as the occasion may invite, in direct support of Gen. Grant.

These reflections, we think, will suffice, with the intelligent reader, in explanation of the supreme importance of the great Union victory of the 19th of October. It involved, however, only the main link in the chain of rebel combinations, designed to break the force of our successes of September, East and West. Beginning with the "Trans-Mississippi Department," all the scattered odds and ends of the rebel armies there, from Texas to the Missouri border, were called together, under Gen. Price, for a strong diversion into Missouri. Thus, with a miscellaneous army of regulars, guerillas and bushwhackers of some 25,000 or 30,000 men, he moved forward upon his mission, under the idea that the danger threatened to Missouri would divert to that quarter any Western detachments of new troops intended for Sherman or Grant. At the same time, under the personal supervision of Jeff Davis himself, the army of Hood in Georgia, *en masse*, is moved round to the rear of Atlanta for a raid upon Sherman's communications, that will compel him to abandon Georgia to save Tennessee and his base of supplies. The fresh army detailed from Richmond, under Longstreet, to secure the expulsion of Sheridan from the Shenandoah valley and another panic in Washington and throughout the North, completed the chain of aggressive combinations we have indicated.

Next came mysterious rumors of serious embarrassments to Sherman, of actual disasters in Missouri, and of some terrible impending blow in Virginia from Gen. Lee, at some point where least expected. Manipulating all these things to suit their nefarious purposes, the gold gamblers of Wall street, with all their rebel sympathising mercenaries, worked the market successfully in arresting the fall of gold, and in securing another rise from day to day, affecting all the business interests and classes of the community. Thus stood the issue between the worshippers of Jeff Davis and the golden calf, on the one side, and the cause of the country and the people at large, on the other side, when the tidings of Sheridan's late victory came flashing over the wires. The price of gold instantly declined; but the operators for a rise still held a footing upon doubts and mysteries which they saw in our official reports. In a short time, however, all doubts, all drawbacks to the public confidence in the national currency, whether emanating from Virginia, Georgia or Missouri, will be at an end. In this view, to all consumers of the essentials or luxuries of life, and to all manufacturers and business men, requiring raw materials of any kind, in their various branches of industry, we would still recommend economy, and a holding up, in their purchases, as far as practicable, for the better times are that surely coming. The welcome day so long expected is at last visibly dawning, and with the rising sun of the Union redeemed, our Wall street secession gold speculators, and their vocation in the interest of the rebellion, will be gone.

Summary of the Week.

VIRGINIA—GRANT'S ARMY.

Gen. Grant's army has sustained a severe loss in the death by fever of the capable and gallant Gen. D. B. Birney.

On the 14th Col. Gansevoort, 13th New York cavalry, surprised a camp of Mosby's guerillas near Piedmont, taking all his artillery, caissons, &c. The guerillas, however, captured and burned four or five boats at Point of Rocks, Md., on Oct. 14th.

SHERIDAN'S ARMY.

On the 15th of Oct. Crook attacked the enemy near Strasburg, and in short time drove them up the valley. But constant success had made them too confident, and while Sheridan was at Washington consulting, the rebels prepared to attack.

Before daylight on the 19th Early, marching from midnight, attacked Crook (8th), who held the left, Sheridan's line, and took them by surprise. Crook lost his artillery, and his corps was driven back in confusion. Wright (19th corps) and Emory (6th corps) made, for a time, a resolute stand, but, although Custer and Merritt did their utmost, the enemy drove all back.

At 11 Sheridan came on the field alone, riding in advance of his escort. His presence was a host.

He rallied the men and formed a line-of-battle about a mile north of Middletown, with the 8th on the left and the 19th on the right, Custer covering the left flank.

Sheridan then rode through the ranks, telling the men that he would return to his old headquarters before night.

At half-past one he attacked and drove the rebels steadily, although the fighting was desperate; but a resolute charge of the 6th and 19th corps at four o'clock broke the rebel line, and they fled, hotly pursued by Sheridan, who kept his word and returned to his old headquarters. The rebels made a stand with their rear guard at Fisher's hill, but Sheridan drove them out in haste.

We lost in the morning about 20 cannon, but Sheridan captured in all over 50, with at least 2,500 prisoners.

The rebels lost Gen. Ramseur, who died in our hands.

On our side Gen. Bidwell was killed, and Gens. Wright, Grover and Ricketts wounded.

VERMONT.

A party of rebels, whom our Canadian friends, with a view to future good feeling between us, have been assiduously cultivating, made a dash into St. Albans, killed several citizens, and robbed the banks.

Fourteen of the murderers were caught on the Canada side, but they claim their release under the decision in the Chesapeake case.

GEORGIA.

Hood, after striking the railroad between Resaca and Dalton, fell back without fighting, and was pursued by Sherman. He moved rapidly towards south of Lafayette, carefully avoiding action. Wheeler's cavalry is still near Rome, but rebel cavalry now is a sorry affair.

MISSISSIPPI.

Lieut. Earle recently made a very consoling capture with a detachment of colored troops. He seized a rebel mail and 13 Union flags captured from Gen. Banks, which were on their way to Richmond. Full lists of the trans-Mississippi army were found, and a letter from the Governor of Louisiana urging the conscription of negroes.

Gen. Dana's raids have killed 100 rebels, and brought in as many prisoners, with many negroes and great quantities of cattle.

MISSOURI.

Anderson, with 40 guerillas, murdered six citizens at Danville and destroyed much property, but was pursued and 32 of his party killed or wounded at High hill.

On the 21st Gen. Curtis attacked Price in front on the Little Blue river near Independence, and was holding him till Rosecrans came up on his rear.

The hero of Iuka is not likely to be beaten by Price now.

TENNESSEE.

Rebel troops are hovering around Memphis, causing some alarm.

LOUISIANA.

Clinton and Greensburg have been captured by the Union forces, and an immense amount of rebel stores destroyed.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

The Charleston papers say that the bombardment has been recently very severe, doing great injury to persons and property.

NAVAL.

The fate of the Roanoke is at last known. She was captured by a party who went on her as Braine's party did on the Chesapeake. The rebels put the passengers on the brigantine Mathilde, and fired the Roanoke.

The Niphon is said to have been blown up and sunk by a shell from the rebel Fort Fisher, near Wilmington, N. C.

BOOK NOTICES.

MANIFESTO OF DON GERARDO BARRIOS, Captain General and President of the Republic of San Salvador, to his Fellow-Citizens. Translated from the Spanish. New York: Hallet, 74 Fulton street.

If any doubt existed of the infamous character of Carrera, the President of Guatemala, and the patriotism of Barrios, the ex-President of San Salvador, it would be dispelled by this most comprehensive and masterly document, every line of which bears the impress of sincerity and truth. It is addressed to the citizens of San Salvador, and sums up the history of Carrera's ferocity and treachery. In one sense, the success of that unscrupulous despot might be quoted as a convincing proof of how unworthy the South American Republics were of free institutions; but the fact is they are republican only in name, and no more like our own than the monarchy of Prussia is to that of England. The whole narrative shows that, in their present state, the people are incapable of battling for the best. As a proof of this, we quote the exact words of President Barrios, showing the wretched condition of Central America when emerging from the despotism of Spain:

"From the date of the independence Central America was enjoying a national Republican Government, with Guatemala established as its capital. But, as I have before stated, the retrograde party, identified with the clergy, was powerful in the city, and being ill-disposed to the new order of things, it repeatedly provoked fratricidal wars, as in the years 1822, 1824, 1827, 1828 and 1829. In the latter date Gen. Morazan, authorized by other States, came upon Guatemala, with an army, to destroy the retrograde element, which had overturned the constituted Governments by a revolution and menaced the very existence of the Federal States. Morazan re-established constitutional order and the State authority at Guatemala, and assisted the State to get rid of the ringleaders of the late disturbances, among which were prominent the archbishop, sundry regular and secular clergymen and civilians of the oligarchy, who had been most active in the rebellion. Guatemala having rooted out these bad weeds, again set out on the path of progress, and although in 1832 some relics of the clerico-oligarchic faction tried again to raise their heads, even so far as to hoist the Spanish flag on the castle of Omoa, Morazan again hastened to the defence of liberty and the laws, routed the reactionists, and, two years afterwards, removed the capital to San Salvador, which had the double advantage of being free from that malign influence, and being in a more central position in the country.

We have not space to follow President Barrios through his admirable dissection of Carrera's conduct. Suffice it to say that in every sense Barrios shines out as the true and enlightened patriot, and his opponent as a sanguinary and remorseless tyrant. As a corollary to the foregoing, Barrios concludes his manifesto with two documents, which ought to be conclusive in the minds of every impartial person. They are the formal protests of George B. Mathew, Minister Plenipotentiary of the Queen of Great Britain, addressed to his Excellency Don Pedro de Aycinena, Carrera's Minister of Foreign Relations, and of E. O. Crosby, Minister of the United States, addressed to the same person. Both of these unequivocally condemn the conduct pursued by Carrera towards the Sister Republic of San Salvador. We quote a passage from the latter document, dated 2d Feb., 1863. After expressing his regret at the determination evinced by Carrera to commence war against San Salvador, he says:

"But he desires now to invite the serious attention of the Government of Guatemala to a fact which is part of the proceedings between the Governments of Guatemala and Salvador in this connection, which occurred also in view of the apprehended rupture, and which opened a a way for the satisfaction of all offences, the reparation of all injuries, and the prevention of all the consequences of a war.

"He alludes to the means of settlement or arbitration, and the opportunity for a frank and loyal explanation, offered and acceded to by the Government of Salvador; and which, at the time it was made, he hoped would also be accepted here, since, in his opinion, it would have led to the restoration of amicable relations, and leave the citizens of the two Republics to develope, in peace, their increasing resources, acquit their obligations to others, and go on with the success which eleven years of peace and prosperity had secured.

The British Minister is equally firm in his belief o the uprightness of President Barrios, and says:

"The undersigned, simply doing justice to President Barrios, must add, that in the limited communications he has had with his Excellency on the subject, he has not found reason to believe him animated by motives of personal ambition in his adherence to a policy which he appears to have followed all his life, and has received from him repeated declarations which would imply the existence of very different sentiments.

"As respects to the second point in question, the undersigned can do no less than believe that the Government of Guatemala has been very erroneously informed. He has never had the slightest cause to suppose that his Excellency President Barrios had the slightest intention of attacking Guatemala."

We advise all who take an interest in Central America to read this able *exposé* of its affairs, and which, above all, vindicates the character of President Barrios from the unjust aspersions of his enemies.

THE ART JOURNAL. October, 1864. New York: Virtue, Yorston & Co.

This journal, which so well deserves its name, comes this month with a fine engraving, by Sharpe, of Leslie's "Bourgeois Gentilhomme Fencing with his Servant-Maid," and another addition to the Turner gallery, his "Italy—Childe Harold's Pilgrimage," engraved by Willmore, and a very fine engraving of "A Spanish Lady," by Leroux, after the original painting of Velasquez.

The letterpress continues the interesting account of "Wedgwood and his Etruria," a series of papers which must possess additional charms to the English collectors of Wedgewood's works; an article on William John Müller, with very fine woodcut copies of his paintings of "An Italian Seaport," "Bacchanals," "After the Rain—North Wales." Wright's amusing "History of Caricature and the Grotesque" is continued, and Hogarth brought forward in an attitude which will be new to many, that of a paid worker for Lord Bute. The paper on "Ancient Egyptian Decoration" is a curious and instructive one, which might be continued by the study of the styles of other countries. "The Secular Clergy of the Middle Ages," with art correspondence, notes and notices, fill up the number.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The number of emigrants landed at this port last week was 2,773, making altogether 156,376 since Jan. 1, against 126,537 to this time last year. The commutation balance now in bank is $17,524 07.

—— The Grand Jury of the General Sessions were discharged on the 19th. They have disposed of a great deal of business since they have been in session, having found over 100 indictments and dismissed 24 complaints.

—— The first grand mass meeting of the Veteran Union Club was held on Wednesday evening, the 19th, in the Cooper Institute, which was crowded by an audience mainly composed of veteran soldiers who have been disabled in the various battles of the Union since the commencement of the war. Cannon, shell and other implements were placed on the platform, and everything connected with the proceedings breathed a warlike spirit. The chairman of the club, in calling the meeting to order, said that their club was organised to secure the re-election of Mr. Lincoln, and from information received from the army he pledged the vote of the soldiers of the Empire State for the Union. Gen. John Cochrane was selected to preside, and made an eloquent speech in favor of a prosecution of the war, which was loudly applauded. He was followed by Col. Van Buren and others, whose remarks were received with great enthusiasm.

—— In Indiana the Republicans now concede two majority in the State Senate to the Democrats.

—— At the meeting of the Board of Education on the 19th Oct., the Finance Committee reported in favor of an appropriation of $270,048 26 for the general current expenses. This includes $200,000 for teachers' salaries. The appropriation was made. No further business of public interest occupied the attention of the Board.

—— The most terrific gale and storm known for years occurred on Lake Huron, on the 7th and 8th inst., destroying a number of vessels, and doing serious damage to docks, &c. No lives were lost, so far as known at present.

—— In the Superior Court, before Judge Barbour, Mrs. Jane Bryant, aged 70 years, obtained a verdict of $1,96[illegible] against the administrator of her son's estate, for service[illegible] rendered deceased as his housekeeper during a period o[illegible] six years, during which time she took care of his childre[illegible] and managed his affairs generally. The case created [illegible]usual interest, and lasted two days.

—— The Uni[illegible]d States Courts have decided that a ton consists of 2,240 [illegible]ounds.

—— Much sensat[illegible]n is caused in San Francisco by the opening of Pagan te[illegible]ples in that city by the Chinese for the worship of thei[illegible] Gods.

—— Two young ladies [illegible] belonging to two of the most respectable families in St. [illegible]ouis, were fined and lectured last week for parading the s[illegible]reets in male attire.

—— Eighteen thousand d[illegible]llars worth of lace were sold in one day at a retail dryg[illegible]ods house.

—— The quantity of cotton ex[illegible]orted from China last year was nearly 700,000 bales.

—— President Lincoln has issued [illegible] a proclamation appointing the last Thursday in Nove[illegible]ber as Thanksgiving day.

—— The Postmaster has given the a[illegible]vertising of latters to the New York *Times* instead of the [illegible] *Herald*.

—— Great efforts are being made to intr[illegible]duce the culture of the coffee bean into the Connecticu[illegible] valley, which is said to be the best substitute for co[illegible] [illegible]e yet discovered.

—— The trotting mare Flora Temple is about to be sold for $15,000.

—— A Halifax paper says with the greatest coolness: "The blockade-runner Old Dominion has returned after two unsuccessful attempts to get past the fleet off Wilmington. She is going to get a new supply of coal, and try again."

—— Nearly all the Philadelphia banks organised under charters from the State have resolved to reorganise under the Banking act of Congress, as National Banks.

—— There is a new institution in the Custom-house of New York, to wit, a corps of guides. Four men march among the great pillars and intricate passage ways of the buildings, and direct strangers to any department of the customs. There are so many branches that persons who have occasion to visit are sometimes unable to find what they seek. The guides wear signs on their hats.

Naval.—Mr. Webb has received a letter from Naples, Italy, announcing that the new ironclad frigate arrived at that port all safe and in good order after a passage of 20 days and 22 hours.

—— The Roanoke left Havana on the 29th of Sept. for this port, and about ten o'clock on the night of that day the rebels, who till then had shown no symptoms of being anything but peaceable passengers, by a sudden movement, succeeded in securing all the officers of the steamer, and therefore soon had it under their control. After seeing the passengers and crew safely on board another vessel for Bermuda, the pirates burned the Roanoke. Her freight was not of great value; but she had on board between $50,000 and $60,000 in funds, which her rebel captors of course secured. These pirates were under the lead of the notorious Braine.

Personal.—Israel Washburne has recently presented to the town of Washburne, Aroostook county, Maine, a valuable library.

—— James Betts Metcalfe was yesterday appointed by Judge Nelson United States Commissioner.

—— Gen. McClellan paid a lengthened visit to Mr. James Gordon Bennett at Washington Heights last week.

—— Col. Clarence Prentice, only surviving son of G. D. Prentice, is about to be tried for killing a Mr. White, of Abingdon, Va.

—— Edward Bulwer Lytton's son, better known as Owen Meredith, is going to marry a daughter of the Earl of Clarendon.

—— Gen. Winfield Scott intends spending the winter in Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Obituary.—Major-Gen. Birney died in Philadelphia, on the 19th of October, from the effects of fever caused by exposure during the campaign. At the battle of the 10th he was so ill that he directed his men from an ambulance, refusing to leave the field. David B. Birney was the son of Hon. James G. Birney, a wealthy Alabama planter, who removed many years since to Ohio, liberated his slaves, and openly and manfully avowed his principles in behalf of freedom and the emancipation of the slave from Southern bondage. When the war was forced upon the North by the South, Gen. Birney was engaged in a lucrative business in Philadelphia. A civilian, he espoused ardently the sacred cause of the nation, and volunteering for its defence, was made Lieut.-Col. of the 23d Pennsylvania Volunteers, enlisted for three months' service. At the expiration of his term of service he returned to this city and recruited the regiment for three years, and again took the field as its commander. In August, 1861, he was promoted for gallant service in the field, to be Brigadier-General of Volunteers, a position which he filled with such credit to himself and the country that, on the 23d of May, 1863, he was advanced by the President to a Major-Generalship. As a Division Commander in the famous 2d Corps, he won an enviable distinction, and there were few battles in which Birney's Division did not take a prominent and decisive part. It is but a brief period since he was appointed to the command of the 10th army corps; yet in that time he had fought several battles of magnitude, in all of which he proved victor. In the movement on the north bank of the James he was in the advance, and his corps, through his skill and gallantry, gained those great advantages which have placed our army at the very gates of Richmond.

—— Bishop Boone died in China on the 17th of July. He was the soul of the missions there.

—— Col. Thomas J. C. Amory, of the 17th Massachusetts regiment, died of yellow fever at Beaufort, N. C., on the 6th of October. He was a captain in the regular army, and much loved by all.

—— Mr. Tait, the well-known Edinburgh publisher, has just died, aged 72. Some 35 years ago he commenced *Tait's Magazine*, one of the most brilliant publications of the day.

—— Vincenzo Lazari, the custodian of the Museo Corrèr, one of the best antiquarians and numismatists of Italy, author of the "Notizia delle opere d'antichità della raccolta Corrèr," editor of Marco Polo's Travels and many other valuable works, has recently died at Venice.

Accidents and Offences.—A very destructive fire occurred on the night of the 15th inst., at Brownetown, one of the suburbs of the city of Pittsburg, Pa. The extensive tack factory of Chess, Smyth & Co. was totally destroyed. The entire loss is estimated at nearly $200,000, on which there is an insurance of $53,000.

—— At Ottawa, Ill., on the night of the 16th inst., the City Bank building and four other buildings occupied as stores were burned. The loss is quite heavy, but mostly covered by insurance.

—— The Brooklyn City Mills were destroyed by fire on Wednesday, the 19th inst. The total loss is estimated at $250,000, on which there is an insurance of $112,000.

—— A portion of the machinery of the Baltimore city gas works exploded early on the 18th Oct. The building in which the explosion took place was torn to atoms—doors, windows, shutters, piles of brick, rubbish, tools, machinery, etc., being thrown and strewn in every direction. What remained of the building was almost completely destroyed by fire, caused by the burning gas. The loss is from $30,000 to $40,000, which the company lose themselves, being their own insurors.

—— Two druggists of the city were lately arrested for selling poison contrary to the statute. In one case a young woman, named Miss Ellen Hanley, residing with her parents at No. 535 2d Avenue, sent a child to the drug-store of Dr. Christopher P. Skelton, to purchase six cents' worth of arsenic, on the pretence that it was wanted to kill rats. Neither the name nor residence of the child was taken by the doctor, as the law requires. Miss Hanley received the poison, swallowed it and died soon after from its effects. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of death by suicide, and censured Dr. Skelton "for selling poison to a child contrary to law." He was held in $1,000 to answer. The other case was not fatal, but owing to the druggist having sold laudanum without a label, instead of paregoric, as a physician's prescription demanded, the life of a child was placed in jeopardy.

—— The recent accident on the New Haven railroad is said to have been caused by rotten sleepers. The disaster occurred on a portion of the track within the precincts of New York, which is jointly used by the New Haven and Harlem railroads—just the spot where all ought to be securest.

—— A new dodge has lately been adopted by thieves. A man dresses up as a woman and then commences his depredations. One lately, in Schenectady, disguised himself in a black silk dress, black jockey hat and white veil, and while thus sailing under these false colors garotted one man, robbed another of his watch, and frightened a lady into fits.

—— Bristenbecker, late a cashier of the Stevans Hotel, in an affray with his former employer, fired three shots at him, one of which took effect on a bystander. He was arrested, and is held to take his trial.

—— Mrs. Arkhardt, who kidnapped a little boy, the adopted son of Mr. Seigrist, on the 7th of October, near the Academy of Music, was arrested at Washington and brought back to New York.

—— A young woman in Jackson, Michigan, has been carrying on the recruiting business in an original and [illegible] peculiar manner. She marries a man on condition that he will enlist and give her his bounty. She being strikingly handsome, the man consents. After he is gone she marries another. Four men has she thus wedded and sent to the army. On the fifth occasion she was detected.

Foreign.—Information has been received at Washington from Japan that our claims upon that Government are in a fair way of being satisfactorily settled, the Japanese Government showing an amicable disposition to that end.

—— Accounts from Bermuda to the 3d inst. represent that the yellow fever is still bad. The blockade-runner steamer Wild Rose arrived on the 3d inst. from Wilmington, with 716 bales of cotton. The Banshee sailed on the 30th ult. for Wilmington.

—— The *Independance Belge* of the 29th Sept. says that the Union frigate Niagara entered the port of Anvers on the 26th ult., where she hoisted and saluted the Belgian flag. The salute was promptly returned by the forts. The Niagara is expected to remain in port three weeks taking in provisions. The public were about to visit this magnificent vessel.

—— It is seriously proposed to open in London a club for fashionable bachelor clergymen, to be used also as a temporary home for clergymen visiting the metropolis.

—— The London papers express the opinion that Muller will not be tried until November. The case will be submitted to the Grand Jury at the October term; the probability is that should a true bill be presented, the trial will go over to November.

—— The Quebec Convention of Colonial Delegates are expected to agree upon the following form of Government for their proposed Provincial Confederation: The Governor-General and Members of the Upper House of Parliament are to be appointed by the British Crown; the Members of the Lower House are to be elected for five years; and Lieutenant-Governors of Provinces are to be appointed by the Governor-General of the Confederation.

—— The Russian Government encourages marriage among its soldiers, provides the couple with a house, supports them, rears their children, but takes away all the boys at a tender age and sends them to military garrisons, there to be trained for the army. There are 300,000 of this kind of soldiers now in the Russian army.

—— There were 67,500 different works published in London between the years 1835 and 1863. A condensed catalogue of the entire number has just been issued by an English bookseller.

Art, Science and Literature.—It is a remarkable and highly suggestive fact that, with the exception of Col. Halpine, who has proved his gallantry on many a desperate field, not one of the hundreds who have written patriotic odes, urging men to fight and die for their native land—not one of these, we repeat, has has followed his own excellent and spirit-stirring advice. Boker writes odes to Sheridan, Trowbridge writes "Rally! Rally! Rally!" and Bayard Taylor, from his cozy parlor, urges men on to the fight. Parson Tilton writes bloodthirsty articles, telling all his readers to rush into the thickest of the fight, but he sends a substitute to the war when he is drafted. Congress ought to pass a law compelling every warlike poetaster to read his inspiring verses as he heads the forlorn hope—it would recruit the ranks, and put an end to much bad poetry. Perhaps, however, they think it as absurd to follow their own advice as for a signpost to root itself up and follow its own direction.

—— Mrs. Alfred Tennyson, the poet's wife, has just published a song, written and composed by herself, called "The Alma River."

—— So many popular French works are forbidden to be sold in France, that German booksellers in the towns on the frontiers make large fortunes by selling the interdicted volumes. One of the great features is: "This work not allowed to be sold in France."

—— The Prussian police have been actively engaged in ferreting out Madame Ludmilla Assing, who has been sentenced to two years imprisonment for her last work, the "Memoirs of Varnhagen d'Ense." It is said she is safe in Switzerland, and in that classic land of freedom, which has ever preferred liberty to empire, the recent examples of Teleki's and Arguelles's surrender are not precedents she need fear.

—— The Benedictines of Monte Cassino promise us a new edition of Dante, from a MS. of the 14th century, preserved in the library of the monastery.

—— A recent traveller, or, more strictly speaking, pilgrim, gives an interesting account of the Lotte (the heroine of Goethe's "Werther,") room, at Wetzlar, which has been taken under the protection of a society of the citizens of the town, and saved from the profanation of becoming part of an orphan asylum. The house in which Lotte's family lived is small, and must have been inconvenient for a large family. The walls are crooked, the windows small, the rooms low, the staircase wretched, and the whole look of the place shabby. "And yet," remarks the pilgrim, "from this house proceeded the spark that inspired a work of poetry which filled Germany with enthusiasm and Europe with astonishment!" The ante-room in which Goethe found Lotte "cutting bread-and-butter," seems changed; but the chief room in the house is well kept; the old papering remains, and the old stove, and many objects belonging to the room were collected in the town, and replaced there by the patriotic citizens.

—— A person advertised in all the papers that he had an infallible receipt to attain long life, which he was willing to communicate to anybody who would send him 25 cents in postage stamps. Everybody past 50, and almost everybody of wealth sent him the required sum of money, and received in return this method of longevity: "Get yourself elected a member of the French Academy. All members attain great age; for instance, M. Dupin is 82, M. Berryer is 76, M. Guizot is 75," etc.

Chit-Chat.—"If a traitor strikes down the American flag, shoot him on the spot!" has become unto us a law of war and a law of honor. Says the Lord Dundreary of Democratic politics: "Exhwaust all the reswourees of statesmanship to perswuade the individual to lift the American flag up again. But don't shoot."

—— It is doubtful if evidence enough to convict Muller, the murderer, can be obtained in England, now the authorities have him there. But a firm which has secured the copyright of his photograph is making money by selling his photographs for a penny each.

—— William McDarmott, a newspaper carrier in New York, walked "fair heel and toe," 21 miles last week, over the Fashion Course, in four hours and seven seconds, for a purse of $100, which he lost by seven seconds. The crowd made it up by subscription.

—— In describing the difference between aristocracy and democracy, it is wittily said of Cincinnati: "The democracy are those who kill hogs for a living; the aristocracy those whose fathers killed hogs."

—— Mr. Reynolds, the dramatist, once met a free and easy actor, who told him that he had passed three festive days, at the seat of the Marquis and Marchioness of——, without an invitation. He had gone there on the assumption that, as my lord and lady were not on speaking terms, each would suppose that the other had asked him, and so it turned out.

—— A rebel paper says that no one but Early knows precisely where the main body of that General's army is. It is probable that they have joined three-quarters of the rebel army, who, according to Jeff. Davis, are absent without leave.

—— The great "Bed of Ware," which Charles Dickens recently purchased, is said to have been built at the union of the houses of York and Lancaster. It is 12 feet square, the posts are of uncommon size, and are carved with red and white roses. The date, 1463, is painted on the headboard. This bedstead weighs half a ton, and 20 persons can repose on it comfortably.

—— A rebel army correspondent says that Gen. Lee keeps a flock of fowls at his headquarters. One of them, a cock, is said to be a pet with the General, who has had him since the beginning of the war and carries him wherever he goes. The General loves fresh laid eggs, no doubt. Gen. Beauregard's pet is a fine milch cow, which shares all his campaigns, and is a most indispensable companion, his health being so delicate that he can eat little else besides milk and bread.

—— A letter has been received at Lawrence, Mass., addressed to the handsomest young lady in the town, and the postmaster feels he is in an awkward fix.

—— Some lively young wags last Sunday placed the bill-boards of the theatre on either side of the church-doors of St. Paul's, Troy, just as the people were about going to divine worship. The indignation of the sexton was something terrible, when his attention was called to the fact.

—— The manuscript of C. G. Leland on "The Origin of American Popular Phrases" was recently destroyed by a fire.

—— "An armistice, eh?" said an officer with two crutches and one leg. "Certainly, I go for an armistice—after Richmond and Petersburg and Charleston have fallen, after Mobile and Wilmington are ours, after the last armed rebel has keeled up in the last rebel ditch. Oh, I love armistices; but I want them to come from the rebel side and not from our side."

—— A friend "down East" writes to us on the advantage of being a Copperhead. He had recently sunk a well near his residence, and was at the bottom of it, engaged in walling up the sides, when a laborer dumped a load of stones near the well, and one of them, weighing about 14 pounds, fell into it, striking our friend on the head, and peeling off the scalp in such a manner that it hung down over his face, doing no further injury. He firmly believes if he had not been a Copperhead he would have been instantly killed.

GUN COTTON.

This substance has again been the subject of interesting experiments, which we find described in a paper addressed to the Academy of Sciences by M. de Luca. Gun cotton is decomposed very slowly in the dark, somewhat faster in diffused light, very rapidly when exposed to the sun, and still more so when exposed to heat of about 50 degrees centigrade. This spontaneous decomposition passes through four different stages. At first it contracts slowly without losing its primitive form and texture, so that its volume becomes ten times less than its original one. A few days later it becomes soft, and is transformed into a sort of gummy matter which adheres strongly to the fingers, and has no longer any appearance of texture or organization whatever, even when viewed through the microscope. When this mass has become quite homogeneous, its volume is again reduced by one-half.

The third stage, which occurs some considerable time after, instead of producing any further contraction, causes an expansion; so that the substance, reduced as it is to one-nineteenth of its original volume, swells up to the full extent of the latter. In this state it is still gummy, but the mass is porous, and full of cavities like a sponge. During these three stages there is a constant evolution of nitrous vapors, which become much more abundant during the third stage. This evolution of gas gradually diminishes during the fourth stage; the substance slowly loses its gummy quality and yellowish color, and becomes so friable as to admit of being crushed into powder between one's fingers; it then becomes as white as sugar.

It takes at least five months to see all these stages passed through. The sugary substance is very acid, nearly entirely soluble in water, and is composed of glucose, gummy substances, oxalic acid, a little formic acid, and another which M. de Luca thinks is new, and with which for the present he has obtained salts of lead and silver. The glucose contained in the last transformation of gun cotton has the taste and even flavor of honey; it quickly reduces the tartrate of copper and potash, and ferments in contact with yeast, producing carbonic acid and alcohol. It appears from M. de Luca's experiments that gun cotton will keep indefinitely in vacuo.

THE TOMB OF PRESIDENT POLK.

One of the most attractive houses in Nashville is the residence of the widow of President James K. Polk. It is a neat and commodious two-storey brick, with an extensive front, located in the centre of the city, and having in front a large and tastefully laid out garden. In this garden, and immediately in front of the dwelling, is the tomb of President Polk. It is of plain design, with no unnecessary architectural display, but in its simplicity is sufficiently attractive to cause the passer-by to tarry a few moments and reverently gaze upon the stone beneath which rest the remains of a once honored and illustrious American. Upon the tomb itself are the following inscriptions. On the front:

The mortal remains
of
JAMES KNOX POLK
are resting in the vault beneath.
He was born in Mecklenburg County,
North Carolina,
and emigrated with his father
in 1806.
The beauty of virtue
was illustrated in his life.
The excellence of Christianity
was exemplified in his death.

On the north side:

His life was devoted to
the public service. He was elevated successively to the first
places in the State and Federal
Governments; a Member of the
General Assembly;
A Member of Congress and
Chairman of the most important
Congressional Committees;
Speaker of the House of
Representatives;
Governor of Tennessee and
President of the
United States.

On the south side:

By his public policy he defined,
established and extended the
boundaries of his country.
He planted the laws of the
American Union
on the shores of the Pacific.
His influence and his counsels
extended to organize the
National Treasury
on the principles of the
Constitution,
and to apply the rule of
Freedom to Navigation,
Trade and
Industry.

The west side has no inscription.

MONKEYS IN JAVA.

The most common animals here are wild boars and monkeys, of which much is said. "Wild boars are as common as rabbits in a warren. Fat, burly-looking monsters sprung out of the jungle before us, and crossed the road, apparently quite unconcerned at the appearance of strangers, though some of the smaller and more frisky ones scampered away grunting, probably with dissatisfaction at their privacy being intruded on. From the depths of the thicket, as it became more dense issued sounds resembling a series of 'oha!' uttered in a melancholy tone. On inquiry, we found that these sounds were made by the ape called untah, some of which, before we reached our journey's end, we saw jumping from branch to branch, and from tree to tree, in a most agile manner.

"A native gave me a curious version of his belief as to the origin of these monkeys. 'Their ancestor,' he said, 'was the son of a Malay king, who, although possessed of extraordinary power as a sorcerer, had but this one child, of whom he was, therefore, very fond. One day, while at their morning meal, the prince vexed his father, who became so enraged that he snatched the ladle from the rice prio, or pot, and struck the young man on the forehead, exclaiming, as he did so, in a loud tone, 'May you be known by that mark, and your children after you, until the last day!' Instantly, like Epimetheus, the son of Japetus, the prince was transmuted into an ape, with a white mark on his brow. Thus disgraced, he left his home to roam with the beast of the jungle, until the judgment day, when he will resume his former shape. 'What makes these creatures cry in that sad way,' continued the man, whose words I have translated, 'is that they pine to be re-admitted to the society of man.'

"The skin of the untah is black, as also is their coat, except their breast and stomach, which are covered with gray hair. On their forehead they have a white mark, like an arched patch, which is all the more conspicuous as the rest of the face is perfectly black."

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE DRAFT.

Since the authorities have discovered that men who are drafted and unfit for soldiers may yet be made to serve their country as hospital nurses and in various other capacities, I have deeply reflected upon the subject, and am at length enabled to submit the the following suggestions, which the Government is at liberty to adopt or reject as it pleases:

It is a well-known fact that blind men have the sense of touch more finely developed than those who can see. Draft a few regiments of blind men who can feel the position and strength of the enemy. No exemptions granted on the ground that they "can't see it."

Blind men and lame men might be drafted together, the blind men to go into battle carrying the lame on their backs. "Call you that backing your friends?"—*Shak.*

Men who have lost one, or even both of their arms, should no longer be exempt. Government is prepared to arm any quantity of men on the shortest possible notice.

Idiots should not be debarred the privilege of saving their country, in the ranks, when we have so many among our generals.

Draft all the lunatic asylums—the madder the men get, the better they fight.

Dumb men ought to make the most serviceable soldiers; as they cannot cry "quarter," their motto must be "no surrender."

It is absurd to exempt fat men, they are so well calculated to fill up the depleted ranks of the army. If you want to crush the enemy by precipitating upon them large bodies of troops, let fat men be drafted by all means.

Confirmed drunkards have been rejected because they are not so anxious to whip the enemy as they are to have the enemy treat. A large regiment of them armed with rifled whiskey and sustained by a battery of delirium tremens, would do great execution—to somebody.

I have not heretofore favored the idea of drafting the other sex, but a brigade of old maids would certainly be useful for repulsing the enemy. They are sometimes good in an attack.

By all means draft Congressmen. They might do a little good in the army, and they are of no possible good where they are.

Conscript all lawyers, their charges will be most disastrous to the enemy. (This is new.)

Why is the sun a quarrelsome fellow? Because he never shows himself without making a shine; but then it is only done in the heat of the moment, and upon the least reflection the whole matter would be seen in a very different light.

Castles in the Air.—Chateaux d'If.



THE WHARVES AT NASSAU, NEW PROVIDENCE, WITH THE BLOCKADE-RUNNER FANNY DISCHARGING COTTON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

NASSAU, N. P.

NEW PROVIDENCE has figured several times in American history, and the annoyance which the group of islands to which it belongs has caused us in this war shows how unwise it has been to leave them in the hands of England.

New Providence lies near the centre of the group, and is an island 17 miles long, from east to west, and seven miles broad. It was colonized by the English in 1629, and has twice been captured by the Spaniards, who restored it at the peace of 1783.

Early in 1776 it was visited by Com. Esek Hopkins, with a squadron fitted out by Congress. Hopkins took the forts, with 30 pieces of artillery and a large quantity of ammunition and stores. No attempt was made, however, to hold the island.

Nassau is the capital of the island, and, indeed, of the Bahamas. It has a good harbor, with 12 or 16 feet of water. The town itself is built on a steep hill, but is well laid out, and has many handsome residences.

The climate of the island is mild and healthy, and it is rich in productions.

During the present war Nassau has been notorious as a resort for rebel privateers and as the centre of the blockade-running, in which so many English merchants have made fortunes, and some, it is a consolation to see, have lost everything.

We this week publish an engraving of the wharves of that now busy port, with a celebrated blockade-runner, the Fanny (which, however, we believe has since been captured), discharging cotton at the public wharf. Two other blockade running steamers are also shown, together with a new warehouse in course of erection. All recently the trade was being pursued with as much vigor as ever, the local journals being filled with lists of arrivals and departures from and to the blockaded ports. At last advices, however, the trade had been nearly suspended, in consequence of the vessels engaged in it requiring repair, and from fever having broken out to a serious extent among the officers and crews of the blockade-runners, some of which had lost nearly half their complement of hands. This, and the heavy losses caused by captures, have for a time checked the efforts of the rebels and their friends.

THE COUNTRY POST OFFICE.

AMONG the pleasant reminiscences of the great Sanitary Fair at New York, visitors to the Art Gallery have doubtless still preserved that of a statuette by J. Rogers, which we give in this day's paper. The little group is full of spirit and natural to the utmost degree. The cobbler, invested by the National Government with the charge of the mails in the important rural locality, has just received the bag, whose solid leather perhaps stimulated him to seek the post, and was a substantial argument in his favor. His fair companion (is she maid, wife or widow?) has seen the mail carrier on his way, and is now on the wings of love. "Any letters for the old fellow in? How long it takes to open that bag! And there is most put on the glasses. Dear me! he knows that letter is for me—can't he spell out the name, I could read it quite off. For mercy's sake, Mr. Jones, do give me that letter!"

THE COL. LAMB,

Blockade-Runner, Built in the Mersey.

We give a sketch of a new steel steamer, the Col. Lamb, built on the Mersey to run the American blockade. She is remarkably fast, as experiment shows.

A London paper says:

"On the 13th ult. an exciting race took place off the port of Liverpool between the paddle-wheel steamboat Douglas, lately placed on the Isle of Man line, and the Colonel Lamb, a steel-hull paddle-wheel steamship, from the yard of Messrs. Jones, Quiggin & Co., Sefton street, Liverpool, and the largest steel ship that has yet been built. The two vessels were moored abreast of each other at the Prince's Stage at about eleven o'clock in the morning. Great interest was felt in their completion. The Douglas had proved herself one of the fastest boats built in the Mersey; the Colonel Lamb was a new boat which had never been tried at sea, built of steel, and was supposed to be much more fragile than an iron vessel, whilst her great steam power was considered likely to make a few of her rivets.

"The result, however, has proved that the Colonel Lamb is a splendid seaboat; she was as stiff as could be desired, and there was an entire absence of the vibration that is frequently found in boats of her size and power. Her length is 281½ feet; beam, 36 feet; depth of hold, 15 feet 6 inches; and tonnage, 1788 o. m. She will carry 2,500 bales of cotton, and sufficient coals for five days, with a draught of 8 feet 9 nine inches. She left the Prince's Stage about a quarter to twelve o'clock, under the command of Capt. Lockwood, and when outside the Rock, by to until 12.36, when the Douglas came up to her. "Full speed ahead!" was the order given on board the Colonel Lamb, and the race continued for two hours and thirty-eight minutes, during which time the Colonel Lamb gained on the Douglas about four miles.

"The engines of the Colonel Lamb are by Messrs. James Jack & Co., of the Victoria Engine Works, Liverpool; they are a pair of oscillating engines, of 300 horse-power, and have surface condensers. The paddle wheels are on the feathering principle, of 28 feet diameter. By log the ship ran 14½ knots, or about 16 miles an hour, against a head wind and a heavy sea. The builders of the Colonel Lamb have launched during the present year two sailing ships and six steamers; one steel, and one sailing ship and two steamers of iron, being 11 vessels, of an aggregate measurement of 9,260 tons; and have now on the stocks nine paddle steamers of steel and one iron screw, the aggregate burden of which is about 10,500 tons, besides one composite ship of 1,000 tons burden."

BAGGAGE TRAIN IN A STORM.

GEN. SHERMAN, after the capture of Atlanta, prepared for the next move of his antagonist. That this was to be a crushing blow Jeff Davis announced. Hood evidently moved north, assailing Sherman's lines of communication; but he was repulsed at important points, and being followed closely by Sherman, retreated southward. The mountain region is again the scene of operations just as winter is approaching. The immense labor and fatigue attendant on operations in that district may be conceived by the sketch presented this week of a bagging train crossing the mountains in a storm. The fearful road over rocks and cliffs, the storms, the constant hazard of surprise by the enemy, where escape and defence are alike impossible, give to the life of the army leader in this department all the perils of romance.

GRANT'S NEW POSITION,

Near the Southside Railroad.

"GRANT pushes on steadily to isolate Lee, by destroying his railroad communications. The Weldon road is already gone, and the south side is one which Lee must hold at all hazards. But Grant comes on inexorable as fate. We give a view of his new position, near the important road, stretched from our cavalry pickets, and of course looking back, a kind of view, we are happy to say, we seldom give, as our Artists, like our gallant soldiers, have always their face to the foe.

LIGHTHOUSE AT FORT MORGAN.

We give in this paper a fine view of the lighthouse on the north-west corner of Fort Morgan. Our readers do not at this day need any detailed account of Farragut's gallant passage of the fort, and yet some of our engraving duties seem to require a new study of the event. Now need we stop to narrate how Farragut and Granger, after a bombardment of 36 hours, compelled Fort Morgan to surrender at 20 minutes to seven A.M. on Tuesday, August 23, 1864.

What that bombardment was our sketch from a splendid photograph, shows. You can count the bricks and estimate the state of the edifice. Over 1,300 shells exploded in the fort, and it will require $200,000 to put the fort in fighting trim.

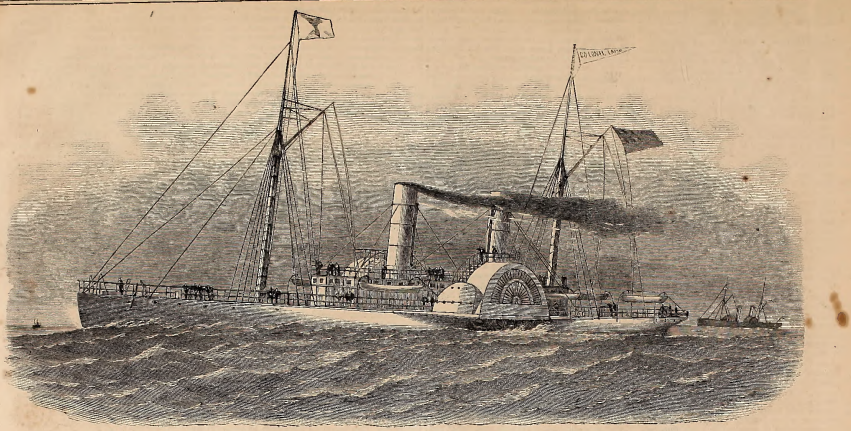
The lighthouse was pierced and scaled in a dozen places, and seems ready to totter and fall before the slightest breeze. The rebels had a lookout on top till every pane of glass was pierced by the balls of our sharpshooters.

A MONKEY SURGEON.—We vouch for nothing of the following from Cassell's "Popular Natural History," except the story, which is a pretty good one: "The smallpox having spread fatally amongst the monkeys of South America, Dr. Pinchard, Secretary to the Bloomsbury street Vaccination Society, was struck by the idea of arresting its further progress. Vaccination was, of course, to be the means of staying the plague, and his scheme for its introduction was entirely ingenious. He bound two or three boys hand and foot and then vaccinated them in the presence of an old monkey, who was observed to be closely attentive to the proceedings. He then left him alone with a young monkey, with some of the matter on the table, and he set it a lancet, guarded, that it might not cut too deep, by a proper piece of stick. The doctor witnessed the result from a neighboring room: the old monkey knew the young one down, bound him without delay, and vaccinated him with all the skill of a professor."

EXCELLENT NEWS.—Dr. Calvert, of London, in a recent lecture on "Chemistry applied to the Arts," says these curious substances products are not only considered great delicacies in China and India, but even in Europe, where they realize from $12 to $50 per pound. It has long been considered a disputed question what is the chemical nature of the substances composing these nests, which are the product of a peculiar kind of swallow; but Mr. Payne, in his recent researches, has left no doubt in the minds of chemists that it is animal, not vegetable matter. In fact, it is a peculiar mucous substance secreted by the bird, and composed of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, nitrogen and sulphur. Further, it is insoluble in cold water, but soluble in boiling, and differs from gelatine and isinglass in that it does not coagulate as it cools.



THE COUNTRY POST OFFICE.—FROM A STATUETTE BY J. ROGERS.



THE REBEL BLOCKADE-RUNNER COLONEL LAMB, RECENTLY BUILT AT LIVERPOOL.—FROM A SKETCH BY WM. WOODS.

OUR CASTLE.

BY CATHARINE EARNSHAW.

Is perfumed air of orient climes,
In sunlight of sarcenet gold,
Which, flickering through our arched limes,
Flecks yellow on that verdant mould—
Beneath these royal, purple skies,
Here shall our castle's turrets rise.



Its battlemented walls shall gleam
With crimson glows and fairy lights,
And through its mullioned glass shall stream
The starlight of enchanted nights;
While soft the scented airs shall blow,
And hours that come shall never go.

In gardens with our languid blooms
The fireflies keep their revel dance—
And darting through the dewy glooms
Their elfin torches glance;
And in this odorous dusk we roam
Queens regnant of our castle home.

Such roses never bloomed before
As bloom and kiss our castle walls,
The sire that sighed in days of yore
Breathe sweeter through our fountained halls;
'Neath magic skies, in magic lands,
Our charmed Spanish castle stands.

With scarlet lips, the dying day
Breathes splendor o'er our rampart heights—
The bul-bul's long, melodious lay
Pours sweetness through the Eden nights;
Through starry-bloomed pomegranate trees
Flows sweet the dreamful evening breeze.

Afar, the sea in violet flush
Lies dreaming to the listening night—
And we in this entrancing hush
Quaff all we dream of dear delight—
A lonely life 'neath Southern skies,
The books we love—each other's eyes.

For you and I alone, my friend,
Our castle's turrets stand;
For us those days that never end
Bring bliss to our Elysian land—
Imperial hours of pleasures rare,
For love and you and I are there.

Wreck of the Sylph.

BY AN EX-MEMBER OF CONGRESS.

Long will be remembered the 14th day of June, 1859, by the inhabitants of Buffalo and Niagara Falls and their respective neighborhoods, as well as by the numerous visitors congregated at the latter place on that occasion.

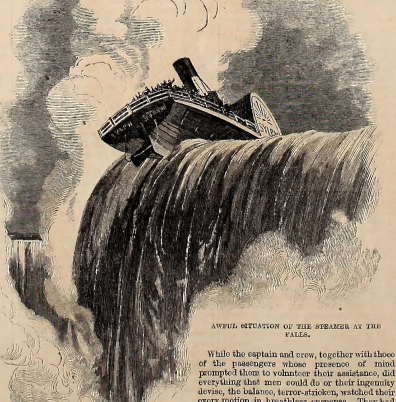
The ill-fated steamer Sylph, which was then plying between Buffalo and Chippewa, left the former port on the morning of that eventful day, with some one hundred passengers, besides the officers and crew of the boat, on her regular trip to Chippewa, situated at the head of the rapids above the Falls of Niagara.

As the majority of the passengers were persons who were travelling for pleasure, and, as the scenery on the Niagara river is very beautiful and in some places quite romantic, in addition to the interest with which several spots are invested from the historical associations with which they are connected, the time passed very pleasantly.

All was gaiety and hilarity on board, when, just opposite Chippewa, as the boat was rounding to, preparatory to landing, and, when about the centre of the stream, something gave way about the machinery and her engine stopped working. As the wind was blowing pretty strongly down stream at the time, it seemed almost impossible that they should be able to steer her into shore before she struck the rapids, which, having reached, no human power could save them from going over the Falls.

Every effort, however, was made that men in such circumstances could make to avert such a catastrophe. Nearer and nearer they approach the point, where the waters, dashing precipitately down the shelving bed of the stream, roaring and surging and chafing among the huge rocks, with which it is covered, fret themselves into a foam, long before taking their final leap over the precipice.

What a change a few moments had wrought in the feelings and actions of those on board that ill-starred vessel. From joy and innocent gaiety, accompanied by frequent bursts of laughter at some sally of wit, jest or lively repartee, all was now consternation and dismay.



AWFUL SITUATION OF THE STEAMER AT THE FALLS.

While the captain and crew, together with those of the passengers whose presence of mind prompted them to volunteer their assistance, did everything that men could do or their ingenuity devise, the balance, terror-stricken, watched their every motion in breathless suspense. They had already succeeded, by extraordinary exertions, in reducing the distance to the shore nearly one-half, when the wind suddenly ceased blowing. They now gained the shore rapidly, and their hopes began to revive, as the boat approached almost near enough for a person to have jumped on shore, when the wind as suddenly broke upon them with redoubled fury, and, in spite of all their exertions, the boat was driving from the shore more rapidly than a moment before she had been approaching it.

And now hope died in the bosoms of all on board; and when, a moment after, the boat struck the rapids, yielding themselves up to despair they involuntarily, as it were, and with one accord,



THE LIFEBOAT.

sunk to their knees, as the most befitting attitude in which to meet their Maker, towards whose presence they were hurrying with such terrific velocity.

What an awfully sublime spectacle! More than one hundred human beings in the attitude of prayer, with eyes uplifted; some frantically beseeching their Maker to save them from the impending destruction, while others were supplicating the throne of heavenly grace for mercy, and praying to their Saviour to intercede for them; home away, as they were, with resistless energy and fearful rapidity towards the verge of that mighty cataract, by whose side the most stupendous works of man dwindle into insignificance, and man himself, proud man, feels that he is but an atom, an evanescent scintillation, as it were, and, from the abyss of whose vexed and boiling waters no living thing has ever returned to life, that has dared or endured the fearful leap.

Nearer and nearer they approach; the vessel gliding along with the swiftness of the winged arrow and tossed about on the bosom of the raging stream, like an atom of foam, created from its own fretting, but with infinitely more ease, apparently, than the giant rends the gossamer web that obstructs his pathway.

They are now on the very brink. The roaring waters beneath are yawning to receive them. A piercing shriek goes up that rises above the roar of the mighty cataract itself. A crash is heard; a shock is felt; and all is silent, save the roar of the mighty torrent that is surging and breaking around them.

Surprised at the momentary respite, some of the bolder spring to their feet to ascertain the cause, when a cry of joy bursts from their lips, which rouses the rest from the state of almost suspended animation into which they had fallen, and restored them once more to consciousness. A

more careful examination of their situation, however, was not calculated to inspire them with a high degree of hope. They seemed to have been spared from instant destruction to be subjected to the tortures of lingering death, with the prospect, every moment, of being dashed to atoms and swallowed up within the remorseless jaws of that yawning vortex that seemed to be raging and roaring beneath their feet for its prey.

The boat had lodged on a projecting rock, on the very brink of the precipice, and so far from the shore that any attempt at communication or the purpose of rescuing them from their perilous position seemed utterly hopeless. And besides, from the tremendous force with which the raging waters beat against the boat, which now obstructed their free passage, it seemed impossible that she could hold together longer than a very few hours at furthest.

And now the scene on shore beggars description. The news of a vessel had gone over the rapids and lodged on the edge of the Falls, with a large number of persons on board, spread like wildfire, and men, women and children came flocking from towards the Falls on both sides of the river and from every direction.

The astounding news telegraphed to Buffalo, the friends of many of those on board the vessel were soon added to the number of the hundreds, if not thousands, who had already assembled to witness the tragic scene; and, on the arrival of the cars from Buffalo, the largest train by far this and ever previous to the season it had been built, and all crammed to suffocation, several hundred more were added to the throng.

All was consternation and dismay.

The agonizing shrieks of those on board the boat, which rose above the roar of the maddened waters, and their frantic gesticulations, which could plainly be seen through the surrounding spray, which vainly strove to conceal them from view, and by which they were constantly drenched to the skin, imparting those on shore who gave to their rescue, almost paralyzed them with despair instead of invigorating them with hope and stimulating their exertions.

A thousand plans for their rescue were suggested, discussed and abandoned, either as impracticable, as requiring too great a length of time, or as involving an additional risk of life, without any adequate prospect of success. Large sums were offered to any one who would or dare save them himself or suggest a practicable plan by which they might be saved by others, but all in vain.

Several hours had now elapsed, and both sides had almost entirely despaired, the one of saving and the other of being saved, when a small steamer was seen coming down the river with the speed of the wind. Landing just above the head of the rapids, in an incredibly short space of time a small boat was launched from her bows, which bore a number of men from the steamer down to it, and started with it down the rapids towards the Falls. These movements attracting the attention of the crowd about the boat, induced them to be some plan of rescue, and having abandoned all their own, the vast throng on the Canada shore now made a simultaneous movement to meet them.

And now, while the people are all wondering at the late arriving and hastening to the Falls to keep with the boat, we will proceed to Buffalo, from whence the vessel came, for the purpose of giving a brief history of the causes that led to this new movement.

Charles Walker, a young lawyer from Detroit, formerly a Virginian in his way, was sitting in the bar front of the Phelps House quietly smoking a cigar, and as quietly looking under the bonnets of all the pretty women that passed, when a very small boy, with a tremendous pair of lungs, came tearing down street, bawling at the top of his voice:

"Extra *Commercial*—get the particulars of the Sybil going over the Falls—all the names of the passengers on board. Cent apiece—buy one, sir!"

As curiosity was considerably alive on the subject, Charley, for once, invested a copper, and, as he had heard before all the particulars about her going down the rapids, lodging at the edge of the Falls, position &c., he immediately directed his attention to the names. In going over the list he met with the names of several persons of his acquaintance, but as he looked upon death as the common lot of all, and as he was not unduly in the habit of meeting with the names of his acquaintance in the newspapers, who had paid the debt of nature, and as he regarded the names before him as he would a list of killed and wounded in a battle, or as victims to some malignant epidemic, he only gave a careless glance, more of regret at the sudden manner in which they had been called from time to eternity. For although he had understood that any of them were actually dead or even dying, still believing their deaths to be inevitable, sooner or later, and classing the idea of their being rescued among the impossibilities, he experienced the same sensation in reading over the names that he would have done if they had actually died. But he proceeded about two-thirds of the way through the list when he eye rested upon a name, at the sight of which all his unconcern and philosophical indifference vanished in a moment.

"What!" he exclaimed, letting the paper drop from his hand, as a slight tremor convulsed his manly frame, "Kate Drummond on board!—and there for a moment brightening up, he continued: "Oh, no! can't be, for it's only two days since I left her in New York, where it is her intention to remain during the summer, visiting Saratoga, Newport and the other fashionable watering places in reach, and returning home by way of the Falls sometime in August or September. I suppose there are more Kate Drummonds in the world than one, and that this Drummond is one of the other ones. Well, I feel some interest in her on account of her name, anyhow, and if it was in my power I'd save her just for that. But as it is, I'm afraid she's a goner. Kate, and if there's any poor devil as sigh crazy about her as a certain chap I could name—there's a certain other Kate Drummond, I think, from the sensations I experienced just now, I can appreciate his feelings when he hears of the sad catastrophe.

"I'm glad it wasn't my Kate at all events.

"My Kate! That sounds mighty pretty, and it's all well enough to talk about my Kate, but old Drummond, that flinty-hearted old father of hers, seems determined that it shall be long enough before she becomes mine. And my opinion is he shall render the two words *my* and *Kate* entirely applicable, when issuing from the two lips of Charles Walker, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, &c. He seems bent on forcing a match, if it can't be brought about by gentler means, between Kate and that old dotard, Bellamy Stanley, because he's rich. Yes, there lies the secret; he's rich, but then he's old and as ugly as sin, while I'm as poor as Job's turkey, young and decidedly good-looking.

"And there's the name, too. Hodge. Now that's a pretty name for a man to go by, to say nothing of hearing Kate called Mrs. Hodge. It would be like putting a satin flounce to a bit of calico or binding a velvet hat with gilt lace. Preposterous! Walker, now that sounds something like. There's something melodious and poetical about it. Why, I can't imagine Mrs. Walker would sound almost equal to the name of the sphere.

"And there's our fathers too!

"I'm willing to compare pedigrees with him, as to age, fortune, beauty and name. His father lived so long ago to know him, wallowing in wealth, to lead a life of luxurious indulgence and die and be a wretched existence of gout and *ennui*, and now, at a time of which he should be thinking about his grave, to bring into the surrounding of his accomplished and amiable girl in the whole country; and then, after managing to get her father under his thumb, to force her into a match for the sake of interest to speculate on, and taking deeds of trust on his property, and then obtaining him out of the way altogether, to marry the widow herself again, pressing at the same time to be his best friend, to insist that she should be described on the altar as the relict of her husband, and not their existing between them! I'll venture to say he hasn't experienced the sensation these twenty years. And, by Jove, although she's as full of love as Venus herself, she'd as soon think of falling in love with that bloated, hoary-headed old sinner. Old Drummond's a fool, if he is Kate's father; and if he wasn't, he'd be a fool for all that, to waste his time entertaining the idea even of such a match, much more for threatening to use coercive measures, as he has done, knowing as he must that Kate regards him with utter loathing and detestation. Yet he insists on the sacrifice, trying to persuade her that she can, and will, bring herself to like him as a gentleman, as kind, as sensible, and all that, and what is better than all, as rich!

"Why, he's contemptible, my dear old fellow, and let me perfectly willing to follow his glorious example, but, unfortunately, destitute of the wherewithal to do so. However, the want of means doesn't trouble my mind much, for I'm young, and the will to conflict my way through life with and for them; and, if old Drummond don't keep his eye skinned, I'll be off some day and old Hodge yet, as sly as the cleverest in kept, and marry Kate in spite of them.

"I love Kate, and she loves me, and Kate loves me, and she knows that I know it—and, more than that, she doesn't care who does know it—for she's proud of me, as I'm sure any woman might well be. Ahem!

"Yes, and I'm proud of her, too, and is needn't surprise old Drummond if he should happen to wake up some fine morning and find his daughter among the missing, the willing, loving, lovely and accomplished young lady of Walker, the poor lawyer; for although she positively refuses to marry contrary to her father's wishes, I have no more confidence in her spirit and strength of character to believe she would, than I have of her marry contrary to her own. And in the event of her obstinately persisting coercive measures, as I have reasons for believing she will, and of the old man turn home, I think I shall persuade her to consent to an elopement; and, then, won't I be the happiest man out of jail? Ah, well, I'll keep a sharp look over, at least the wind work of it, and I hope old Drummond will soon become reconciled to the idea of his daughter's marriage with a poor but ambition over his pillfed milk. So now let's see who are the balance of those unfortunate people on board the boat. Oh, Kate Drummond, I wish I could, but as I know I can't, it's no use trying or crying either. What awful sensations they must experience—poor devils! to be where they are a minute for all old Hodge is worth at this chance of marrying Kate in the bargain, if he has got so far out on the list.

"'Let's see, how far down had I got?' Ah, yes! Kate Drummond, of Detroit. Of Detroit? Why, that's where my friend Dunmore resides, and I never heard of any other Drummonds living out of Buffalo, horrible! If it should be Kate! Let's see who is on the list—George Dunmore, of Milwaukie. Wm. Johnson, of Philadelphia. Thomas Milner, of Illinois; Col. George Drummond, of Detroit.

"George Drummond, of Detroit!" he repeated. "That's Kate's father. Then it is! It is she! And now she's lost—lost—lost! Oh, my God! what shall I do?" he exclaimed.

And now the appearance of Phelps and lightly hearted young man rested his head upon his hands and gave vent to his feelings in a flood of tears.

After remaining in this position for perhaps two minutes, he suddenly rose from his seat, his countenance brightened, and dashing the tears from his eyes, he exclaimed:

"I'll save her, or perish in the attempt!"

Then, jumping on a cab that stood near, he jerked the lines and whip from the driver's hands, very much to that individual's consternation, who thought him a maniac, and, leaping whip to the horse, drove, John-like, down to the wharf. There he soon succeeded in procuring a small lifeboat and several hundred feet of strong cable, and then chartering a swift-running steamer, he put them on board of her, and left for the Falls.

This was the reinforcement that had attracted the attention of the crowd at the Falls, as before noticed. Having towed the small boat to a point some two or three hundred yards above the Falls, he fastened the cable to her bow, and the crowd having met him some distance above, he explained to them his plan of operations, which was as follows:

Floats being fastened to the cable every few feet, to keep it on the surface, a sufficient number of these on shore were to take hold of the cable, while he got into the boat to steer it, and then away were to go, and gradually unfold as he reached the stranded vessel. So confident did he seem of success that he inspired the others with the same confidence, and they joined in with alacrity, rendering him every assistance in their power. Having got everything in readiness and explained the signals he should make, when to pay out rope, when to stop, and when to haul in, he embarked on his perilous but noble enterprise.

In the meantime these on board the Sybil were no indifferent spectators to what was done on shore. From the time the vessel struck and they found themselves alive, but their lives suspended as it were by a single thread, they had been watching, with breathless anxiety, for some effort in their behalf, not, however, with any very high hopes of its success being consummated. But, until now, they had seen nothing that looked like an attempt to rescue them.

On the contrary, from the time the boat struck the rapids, had been in a state bordering on insanity, as one moment prayers mingled vehemently, the next were upbraiding Kate for being the cause of all this trouble and for their being where they were, at the same time charging her with ingratitude for the pains he had taken with her, and telling her that if she had followed his advice as he wanted her, they would all have been at home happy, instead of being on the brink of eternity, and in which case, Kate, and then he would commence praying furiously.

Kate, who was by far the calmest one on the boat, had in her own mind passed her father, but at the name of Hodge she could not forbear expressing her detestation for the man, and declared that she would rather go over the Falls that very moment, and be dashed into a thousand fragments, than marry him. It was this constant talk of Hodge and Kate's determination to cross in her mind by the incorrect savings of her father, with a knowledge of the fact that, from some cause or other, her father had hurried on after her some days before, and that he was then in New York, and was taking her home for the avowed purpose of hurrying on a marriage with that odious old fellow, together with the belief that Walker was created by an exhumation and directed to the little craft that had just been launched upon the troubled waters, and, consequently, hoped it might succeed in reaching and saving them.

She had been watching the tiny thing dancing upon the water for some moments with breathless interest, and admiring the skill of the daring pilot who, perilling his life in their behalf, was directing its course towards them, slowly but surely, when the cry of "Kate!" was recognized in him in the one who, of all the world, she had rather see.

"What!" she exclaimed, "can it be he? Can it be Charley?"

Just at that moment the spray driving somewhat so as to give her a better view.

"It is he! it is he!" she continued, and then, rushing to her father, "Father," she cried, "it's Charley! Oh, father, it's Charles Walker that's coming to our rescue!"

"Charles—the devil!" says the old man. "It seems that you can think of nothing but Charles Walker, Kate, and that's the thinking about dying. Here I've been praying for the last thousand years and—"

"Oh, no, father—not a thousand years; we haven't been on here a whole day yet."

"Don't interrupt me; you don't know what you're talking about. It seems like it's been a million, and I've been praying the whole time and you've been doing nothing but chatter about Charles Walker. Oh, that infernal scamp! It's you and he that are the cause of all my sorrows, and now, after bringing a fool and doting father to an untimely end, you can have the heartlessness to talk about Charles Walker's coming and bitter his dying moments by talking to him about your partner in iniquity, who has the audacity to be following you about and of course coming to put the ungrateful to permit it, contrary to my orders."

Indeed, father, as to his following me, I can't possibly conceive why I am to prevent it, this being a free country, and civil people allowed to go pretty much where they please, and as to your doing nothing but talk about him, it is the first time I've mentioned his name since we left New York. But," she continued, "indeed, father, Charles is coming in a little boat and he'll soon be here; and if he should succeed in saving us, you may consider yourself indebted to me for the rescue quite as much as for your rights, as in I think bringing him, I'm confident of that."

"Oh, yes, it's you that's bringing him—I know that to my sorrow! I would have to know where we wouldn't follow you to? As if I'd ever run away from each other that I took you away from school at Philadelphia and sent you to Buffalo. The next news I got was from Buffalo that seemingly ubiquitous Mr. Charles Walker was there, pretending around with you swung to his arm, contrary to my positive orders. You couldn't help that, neither, I suppose. Well, I sent and had you brought home, and two days after I was in town, and, going down Main street, what should I see but a young man of nice tacked up by the side of a door, with 'Charles Walker, Attorney-at-Law,' on a large gilt letter? Well, I put up with his impudent familiarity and your stolen interviews as long as I could stand it, and at last determined to send you to New York, never dreaming that he, a poor lawyer, with but little practice, would presume to follow you there, indeed doubting his having so much as to. I say I determined to send you to New York and shut you up for the summer, and when you came home in the fall to insist on your marrying Hodge immediately, and settling down in a happy way. But the stranger was going after you, and by some strange goods, I got him to take charge of you, and take you to New York, to your aunt's. When Stringer came back, I was thinking of him when he saw you last and now you seemed to be enjoying yourself, when he answered that he saw you the night before last at the ball, at the opera, in company with Charles Walker! And you seemed to be enjoying yourself very much indeed; that he had never seen you looking better in his life; and, indeed, he said you were the best-looking girl in the theatre, and seemed to be enjoying yourself in full as well as any, and, if anything, a little better.

"What, says I, as soon as I could get in a word, is Charles Walker in New York?"

"'Oh yes, says he, he's been there a week.'

"As it happened, Charles's leaving business in New York, he left Detroit a week before, and the first ligament of the old man's intentions of sending her to Saratoga was taking, while a very agreeable surprise on receiving a note the evening after, received informing him of her whereabouts. But of this Charles, knowing me profoundly ignorant, supposing until informed to the contrary, the stranger that he was still in Detroit, though Kate was rather more enlightened on the subject and at the time her father was reading her letter under Stringer's ears to keep her out of Charley's way, he was sitting in her sleeve at the piano he was so unwittingly taking the whole scene before her.

"I asked him then," continued the old man, "if he left him in New York."

"'Oh yes,' was the reply; he intends staying there all summer.

"I then made up my mind that I'd go after you and have you home, when you should marry Hodge right away, and then I'd send him to all those wild-goose chases. I went and had got as far as Buffalo, when nothing would do but you must take a trip down the river to the Falls, and there we are. I guess you've got your satisfaction now, and I hope you're satisfied."

"Indeed, father, I am, rather, you had better give your consent for us to marry, provided he succeeds in saving our lives, which I am sure he will do; and then I shall cease to annoy you with our wild-goose chases, as you call them, and no longer follow me, but I am, so my rightful owner will be, and I hope a happy family we will be. Come now, father, what do you say to our standing upon the very brink of eternity as it were, not knowing the moment we may be swept off, do you not consider your objections to Charley Walker, or do you still insist, in the event of our being saved, on my marrying that detestable Hodge?"

"Do as you please, child, I've done my duty in trying in every way I knew to keep you from marrying that young upstart of a lawyer; but as you seem determined on throwing yourself away by marrying him, do so, I shall make no further opposition."

"Oh, thanks, dear father, a thousand thanks," exclaimed Kate, clasping her father in her arms, and covering his face with kisses. "I knew when you became convinced what a noble fellow you'll love him—you can't help it. But while we've been talking, Charles has reached us in safety, thank heaven!" Kate, as she spoke, was at his boat by the side of them, which, having reached it, he sprang boldly to the deck of the steamer, and the next moment he was clasped in Kate's fair white arms, and he was smothering her with kisses. As soon as she could get to speak, she told him that her father had yielded up his objections to their marriage.

"Yes," says the old man, taking hold of his daughter's hand and placing it in Charley's, "here take her, and make much of her, for I'm afraid I could to prevent it; so you needn't stop to thank me; but as you've captain of that craft that lays alongside of us, and I feel very much inclined here, suppose we make a trade. I give you Kate, and you give me a passage to the shore."

Accordingly the stranger came around the old man, he swung him over the edge of the steamer and deposited him in his own little craft. Then springing down himself he placed Kate next her by the side of her father. In the same moment he filled it to its utmost capacity with women from the Sybil, and had a look in it, when the next rose before the balance on board were aware of what he was about, so rapid were his movements.

And now a wail went up from those left on the steamer, begging in most piteous terms not to be abandoned to their fate! But on being assured that it was impossible to take any more on board at that time, and that the boat should immediately return, they ceased their lamentations and resigned themselves calmly to whatever fate Providence might have in store for them.

The signal having been given, the boat began to move slowly up the stream and towards the shore, which they soon reached in safety; and other persons volunteering to take charge of the lifeboat and see that the balance of the passengers were brought ashore, Charles and Kate, accompanied by Kate's father, jumped on board the steamtug, which had brought Charles to the scene of action, and returned rejoicing to Buffalo.

In the course of a couple of hours from this time they left the last person on board the Sylph had left her to her fate, and reached the shore amid the congratulations of their friends, and in a half hour more she was floating in a million fragments below the Falls.

That evening a small party, consisting of a few of the most intimate friends of the parties, were assembled together in the parlor of the Phelps House for the purpose of witnessing the consummation of the bargain, entered into on board the steamer Sylph, between Colonel Drummond on the one part, and Charles Walter on the other, when and where Kate Drummond became the happy bride of her dear Charles, and Charles himself, as he had anticipated, the happiest man out of jail.

The old colonel also, his wife having once more resumed their legitimate functions, was so happy at realizing the fact that he was actually once more on terra-firma, that he not only forgave Charles and Kate for the trouble they had given him, but was unable to find words to express his gratitude to the former for so nobly perilling his own life to save theirs:

"You've won her, my boy," said he, "and nobly won her too. Fortune favors the bold. You're worthy of each other, and I'm proud of you both. I see now, and confess it with shame, that I was a fool in wanting to sacrifice such a jewel as Kate on the altar of Mammon, though in fact I was so infatuated that I never looked upon it before in the light of a sacrifice, and I thank God that my steps were arrested before the unhallowed deed was consummated; though from what I've seen of you, Charley, I have not the slightest doubt the sacrifice would ever have been made even if this accident had not have happened, as I'm pretty well convinced that you and Kate would have contemplated us in the end. However, that's all over with now, thank fortune, and may all your anticipations of happiness be more than realized. So good-night, and God bless you both."

The next morning they left for home on one of the magnificent lake steamers, where they arrived without further accident. The following morning they learned that Hodge had died very suddenly a few days before, leaving all his property to Kate, to dispose of as she might think proper, while she immediately did by delivering the papers into the hands of her husband.

Through courtesy, and by way of showing their respect for the memory of the lamented defunct, they went into mourning, but then the parties and merry-makings, of which they were the life and soul for some weeks thereafter, were suggestive of anything rather than sorrow, they seeming to bear the unhappy misfortune with a most astonishing degree of resignation.

AMONG THE SHEAVES.

Among the sheaves—the golden sheaves,
An empty heart, I walk forlorn;
How sadly sigh the older leaves—
I loathe those fields of mellow corn!

Among the sheaves—the golden sheaves,
My heart is full, new hopes are born;
My heart in faint—for Hope deceives;
My passion may be met by scorn!

Among the sheaves—the golden sheaves,
My Love is wan! No more forlorn,
How sweet the whispering Adair leaves—
I bless those fields of mellow corn!

THAT MARTHA.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

"For my part," said Mrs. Maltby, as our party came out of the theatre one night after witnessing the cruel fate of that ill-used female, Desdemona, "I'm sure if I've always pitied Othello, poor man! You see I was jealous myself once, and know what it must be."

Jealous of such a man as Mr. Maltby—that couldn't be, so we declared, but the little woman insisted on the truth of her assertion, and while spread at a tent back in the carriage with the gentlemen out of hearing in front, "If you'll promise never to tell any one you shall hear all about it?" Which daughter of Eve would resist such an inducement. The promise was given and on came the story:

I can't bear the name of Martha even yet without having my blood boil in the silliest way. And when my cheeks are at the reddest, and my heart beats the loudest, I suddenly remember what a goose I am, and cool down again. The first time I ever heard that name to take much notice of it was on the porch of our house at Brownsville. We had been married just three years, Mr. Maltby and I, and we had a very happy life. We had had some trouble to get along at first, but as old uncle of Tom's had died and remembered him in his will, to Tom's astonishment, for he always thought he had been disinherited for putting on his uncle's dressing-gown and slippers and playing he had the gout, using naughty language to the little black boy, and going on just like the old gentleman. Tom was only ten then, and boys will be boys, you know. So he was delighted when he discovered that the old gentleman hadn't forbidden his thing, and often said he would have given a great deal to have been reconciled before he died, for since that day behind, never entered his uncle's house, but I told him the hand of fate was in it, and he couldn't help it, you know; so as soon as he got possession of the money he bought that place of ours at Brownsville and we began to enjoy ourselves. And I was so happy, my dear, that I used to say that if we only kept a cow and had our own butter, and a few chickens and fresh eggs, Maltby cottage would be an earthly paradise.

Living so far from the city it was not easy to have lots of visitors and as Tom was fond and likes you, the neighbors were such upstarts that they wouldn't sell you an egg or a quart of milk if they could get a dollar apiece for the pigs or roasted them. There wasn't a farmhouse for miles. They were all villas or residences, and when Mr. Bonnyhell, with whom I had dealt for milk all the time I lived in the city, retired from business and bought a stone house with two turrets, and Hebe in the garden pouring the contents into a marble basin, and I sent up word by Bridget that I was going to make a custard, and could they spare me a dozen eggs, the answer was sent back word, 'her compliments to Mrs. Maltby, and she wondered at her impudence, and she didn't keep shop.' Set a butcher on purchase and he'll ride as far as the horse will go. And as for bakers, when I heard of the 'residence of Terence O'Grady, Esq.,' I never thought he was ours where we used to buy the buns we were always so fond of in the morning. But, dear me, I'm forgetting all about Martha.

We hadn't been at the cottage three weeks when nurse Glower came to visit us. She only stayed—I could remember her from the time I was that high—and she was always at our house when I was a child at least once a year. She was very fond of me and meant for the best, but was, perhaps she wasn't quite judicious. I don't think she was, for economics is a wholesome treat for a child, though it don't always agree with it at the moment having one—and something like the chicken-pox is—several times.

When I was married at sixteen she always promised to visit me, and when I went to the cottage she came; we hadn't had room for her before, for to tell the truth Tom's income was a sofa-bedstead, and laid the pots and kettles in an ottoman when we had company, because we hadn't any kitchen.

Somehow, though, Tom never liked nurse. So he provoked me by going out a good deal more often evenings than he ever had before, under she came—and by sitting by himself on the front steps smoking until after midnight. Nurse Glower was afraid of rheumatism, and considered the night air poison, so I couldn't well ask her to join him without leaving her, and that I was too fond of Tom, maybe I looked a little low-spirited one evening, for nursey said to me, in such a meaning way:

"Hang it, is your life a happy one, or do you find that marriage is all what it's cracked up to be?"

She was not particular about her grammar, dear old soul, and always said "we" for "v."

"Happy! oh, yes. Tom is the best of husband's."

"Easy to be the best," said nurse, "for they're a worry and lot now, I tell you. One thing I'll say of Mr. Maltby, he's a good provider. But is he devoted?"

"Devoted! Oh, I'm sure he is," said I.

"Ah," said nurse Glower, "that's a young thing thinks so and is deceived. Husbands is pardicular by nature. Him as was down upon his bended knees a saint and a courting and talking like as if he'd commit self suicide if twas so t'ahe wouldn't have him when his wife's gal, is just the worry one to go a-flirting awantin' by the time she's had her first. Lor, I've nursed a many ladys, and I never knowed one as had had her second as could put her head down on her husband and say, 'there, I hev him ev'nin's.' They're worse than foxes—husbands is!"

"Not all," I began.

"All!" said nurse Glower. "I'd like to scuth your feelins and say 'some isn't,' but truth's truth, and as I've said afore, they're all alike. Glower was; that I know, and that I stick to, and allers will!"

I knew Mr. Glower had not been what you might call a domestic man, and I began to think might have been prejudiced by his conduct. Still my heart sunk at my bosom like a lump of lead, and though I tried to look pleasant, and made much of the warm sangaree she always took before she went to bed, I felt dreadful, and if I smiled it was only to hide my tears.

When your spirits begin to go down it's very hard to make them rise again, and when nurse Glower would not go to bed, instead of running downstairs to sit on the porch, as I had first intended, I took my seat on the broad sill of the open bedroom window, and began to wonder what I should do if I were to discover anything dreadful about Tom.

I can't say that I perceived myself I could see his dear curly head with wreaths of fair hair about it, and the more I looked at it the more I choked up, until at last I said:

"I'll go down and sit with him. If there is only one good husband in the world, Tom is the man."

If I only had done what I intended at that very moment, I should have been spared a great deal of trouble. But my evil star made me stop to let nurse get out of sight, and I shouldn't see I had been crying, and just in that little while nurse had come up to the garden fence, stopped, took off her specs, and said:

"Mr. Maltby—I say, sir!"

Tom went down to the gate, only a few steps, and not only could I hear but see him perfectly in the moonlight, and there was something mysterious and secret in the very back.

"I've come from Turner's, sir," said the man. "My way being this, the lady ast me would I stop in and tell Mr. Maltby if he cares about seeing Martha he must come up in a few days; she won't be here long."

He spoke in a coarse, high-pitched voice, and I saw my husband put his hand upon his arm and point warningly towards the house.

"Hush! This is a little secret, you know," he said. "I don't want any one to hear."

"Keeping it from the missus, I reckon," said the man, with a gruff laugh.

My husband nodded.

"Tell t'be lady I'd not miss seeing Martha for the world," he said; "that I'll be there to-morrow if possible, and here is something for your trouble."

The man muttered a thank you, and added, with a laugh:

"She's a splendid creature, sir."

"I don't know her equal," said my husband.

Him, my dear, who had promised to cherish and protect me at the altar—only think of that! And he had so often told me that I hadn't my equal in the world. Of course it isn't so, you know; but one's weak enough to think so, whether any one else does so or not.

And that horrible man went away, and Tom came slowly sauntering up the path as though nothing had occurred worth think of, and I, poor creature, I felt sorry for myself, as though I had been some one else, and slipped down from the window-sill and sat upon the floor. Oh, how I cried! Softly, though, for I had made a vow that he should never have the least suspicion that I had found him out.

What a desolate life mine seemed when I was forced to keep it! Nurse Glower was right and that men were all villains.

The next day—my dear, I've read how men who have been executed passed the night, I'm sure not one of them suffered a bit, and never could then did I guess myself how much I thought of Tom, but wonder that I lived through it—when at the breakfast table I said:

"Why, puss, you look pale. You are not ill, I hope?"

I could have burst into tears, and nurse Glower saw it, and said she:

"Pops mrs. Maltby sat up late last night. Late hours ain't healthy, you know, sir."

Well, he gave her such a look; he might just as well have said "Mind your own business" outright, and I felt so glad. Dear old soul, if she could have known what I knew!

After breakfast I watched Tom. Of course he would go to see Martha—that abominable, shameful, good-for-nothing Martha—but where? that was the question. Of course he'd try to elude observation, if possible; the guilty always awaken suspicion by their manner, I thought. I could wait. There was a long life of misery before me, and I was not in a hurry for it to begin. But one thing I had resolved upon—to discover—oh, that horrid Martha!—saw my husband, she should also see his injured wife.

Yesterday, to be idle and unconcerned, I saw it was all humbug. Tom loitered about the house all the morning, and strolled a gate and pat a new puppy to the fence-palings, and even sat down at luncheime and had a splendid repast for raspberries and cream. After lunch, he said:

"I'll smoke my cigar in the arbor, puss," and went out.

Oh, how my heart beat! I was after him in a moment. Sham enough, he had his cap on, and was just going out of the gate. I called after him:

"I thought you were going to smoke a cigar in the arbor?"

"So I was," said Tom; "but I've changed my mind. I think I'll take a stroll."

"But with such a day!"

"My love, the middle of the day!" said Tom.

"Oh, it's a cool day," I answered. "Besides, I should think it would hurt you if it were so bad for me."

"Oh, I'm a strong man," he said, "and you are a delicate little woman. Besides, your complexion—"

"Oh, now I am married, who cares for my complexion?" I said. "I'll take a parasol."

Tom stood drumming with his fingers on the fence and whistling. In a minute he said:

"Look here, puss. I'm going out on business, and you'd be in the way. So I can't have the pleasure of your company. Bye-bye! We'll talk matters over this evening."

"Will we," I said to myself. "Ah, before evening you little know what we may happen, Tom."

And unfortunately I looked towards the sharp pruning-knife that lay upon the bench under the grape vines.

I dare say, I hope I shan't shock you, but if I had been a Othello that day I should not have smothered Desdemona, because when I looked at the carving-knife I thought of that abominable Martha.

I watched him out of sight, and then ran to get my bonnet. If he went to the Turners I knew he'd have to pass the house before him by a short path which crossed our next neighbors' garden, and saved a quarter of a mile. I should run all the way, and be very sunstruck, even when he used to come a courting.

How I got there I never knew, but there I was hiding behind a thick tree all of a trouble when Tom came up whistling, for whistling as though there were no such thing as perfidy in the wide world.

He knocked at the door, and old Mrs. Turner opened it (she knew of his coming, and could speak in a bass part); and when she was inside I crept up to the window and listened. And she first thing I heard him say was:

"I feel hard work not to hring my wife along."

Then Mrs. Turner laughed, and said:

"That would have been a joke; she don't suspect nothin', does she?"

"Guess not," said Tom: "How's Martha?"

"She's out yonder," said old Mrs. Turner. "Such an uncasy critter I never saw. I shall be glad to get rid of her; besides, we haven't room enough to keep her, that's a fact. You've decided what to do, I s'pose."

"I do," said Tom, "I've engaged Johnson, the carpenter, to build a first-rate house for her Near as I can tell I want do better."

A house! I should hear of a carriage and pin-money next. Oh, well might our dear old minister talk of riches being a snare. When we were poor, Tom never thought of building houses for Martha, and I never heard of such a thing except in English novels. Well, I should have one friend at least. There was nurse Glower; she would take my home to me and pa, to do. I came near fainting; but what I heard next aroused me.

Tom spoke, and he said:

"Come, let's go and see my Martha."

He Martha—his—oh! and all the injured wife blazed up in my bosom, as well it was. Yes, he might go and see his Martha, and I would go and find Martha—my husband's Martha also.

And I opened the door so softly, though I had been a housebreaker, and glided in like a snake. Oh, mercy me! that wicked old Mrs. Turner was just going the way out of the room, and their backs were towards me, and they didn't see me. So I followed, and all that kept me up was the thought that I should know more than Tom knew, and that he would know that he had killed me and feel remorse at last.

Along the hall they went, and out of the back door. Probably that woman was waiting in the garden.

Mrs. Turner went on talking:

"Snkey is as jealous of her as she can be," she said. "You never saw such a jealous creature!"

"I'm sure poor Martha's with other names—was Tom a grand Turk, or a Bluebeard, then I'm prepared for anything. But Mrs. Turner had stopped before the barn, and was taking a key from her pocket.

"I hated to lock her up," she said, "such a splendid day; but if I didn't she'd run away, and I feel responsible."

Locked up. What could it mean? Was Tom an ogre to fasten women up in barns? I stared at Mrs. Turner as if I would eat her up when I got at, oh, don't you pity me—I, a lawful wedded wife, who had loved my husband better than my life; I watched him say when she had gone:

"My beauty, Don't you know me, Martha? I'm going to take you home next week; and Sukie is packing."

And the next instant my husband walked out of the barn, leading the most beautiful dun cow that I ever saw in all my life, and talking to her as if he had been a child:

"What will your mistress say to you, Martha?" he said. "I will she like you, my beauty? How many quarts a day will you give, eh? Turner? Puss—excuse me, I call my cow Puss sometimes—Puss always has said all we need at the cottage is a cow and chickens, and she'll be delighted with Martha; but she hasn't been saying about it until she is in her house, and then she'll be delighted with the churn and milkpails and all—and we'll have the new milk from Mrs. Turner. My wife adores a little dairy and fresh eggs and butter."

I had been jealous of an old cow. I didn't wait to hear more I can assure you, but crept out of the yard and away through the hill into the road, as though I had wings on my feet.

When Tom came home I was sitting on the piazza swing, and how I kissed him. It seemed as if nobody in the world had been tormented out of heaven and then taken back again.

That horrid nurse Glower began to abuse my husband again that night, but I cut her short immediately.

"I don't know anything about bad husbands," I said, "but I know good ones are blessings, and Tom is the best husband in the world."

All her insinuations did no harm after that, and she went away pretty soon, and said to all our folks that for old fashioned people we were pearls standing we were the silliest she ever saw.

I never told any one of my fit of jealousy, and Tom never guessed a word about it. How should he? But when baby was born, and I said:

"What shall we name her?"

"You have a mighty prejudice against the name?" said Tom, smiling.

"Well," said I, "I have; for a woman it's perfectly dreadful, but it's a splendid name for an old cow. I'm glad ours has it, and always have been."

"Why?" asked Tom, but I didn't tell him.

A ROYAL HUNT BY MODERN TIMES.—A correspondent writes from Rome to report upon the King of Italy's hunting encampment in the Maritime Alps: "A favorable spot was chosen for that where I write, on the summit ridge of that chain of mountains, very nearly related to the Col di Tenda, and overlooking it. The evening when the King was expected to arrive at Limone, a large number of persons were all assembled on San Martino di Lantosca, and next morning at six a.m. the hunting, including some pressed peasants and the musicians of the place, started on a four hours' walk to a place where to rim where we halted to breakfast on their severities. A dozen snowy tents, occupying one side of the valley, had been pitched for the royal party. Near at hand a number of horses were picketed, and many more grooms and gens provided hunting-clothes for the encampment. The King and his suite, though numerous, were not to be seen in hunting about with one or two friends, among the rocks. He dressed in a shooting-coat and waistcoat of English pattern and sergeant tartan pantaloons. Cousin puts more the thousand his dress and that of his friends from the dress of English sportsmen. He ascertained that he had shot but one chamois, and did not intend to shoot again that day. There was something noble in a King being satisfied with so little game, and that so hard of attainment in regions so wild. Chamois, however, were the principal object, and a large number of men were employed in driving them down from the tops in the direction that on the following day he and his friend might have a better chance of coming upon them."


"Had though metaphorically lost half an arm"


"Orpheus will burn and destroy his army"


God bless the boys


If there is any other remedy it shall be applied


If [illegible] them are absent without leave.


Let us with one arm and one effort achieve [illegible] Sherman


"I had sent Bragg with pontoons to cross the army into Cuba"


THE CITY OF MACON IS FILLED WITH STORES SICK & WOUNDED


"who will be our aristocracy the limping Soldier"


"the old men must fight"


"Young ladies! always marry the empty sleeve"


The fate of the French army retreating from Moscow reacted for Sherman

JEFF DAVIS'S SPEECH AT MACON, GEORGIA, ILLUSTRATED BY NORTHERN ARTISTS FOR SOUTHERN READERS.

BIANCA.

BY ADA VROOMAN.

No wild Bacchante, tendril-crowned,
No sad-eyed vineyard saint was she,
A maid, instead, who sweetly frowned,
And sweetly smiled at sight of me.

You say she loved me? Well, what then?
No harm was done! so bright a smile
Was never meant for other men—
And I had no'er a thought of guile.

It was the vintage—half divine
The day, from rise to set of sun,
And flushing dark with amber wine,
The ripened grapes dropped one by one.

Across the wide Campagna came
At even a wind with cooler eyes,
Ablaze with more than sunset flame—
Oh, happy youth, too over-wise!

You know that in the vineyard shade,
A star within its purple gloom,
She waited—flower, dearest maid,
That ever blushed 'neath trysting bloom.

You felt that smile was all for you,
That languid sweetness in her mien—
And glowed in triumph as you drew
Her olive fingers to between.

Yours, whiter far, and bent to kiss
Each softly rounded finger-tip;
Then, growing bolder in your bliss,
The pouting crimson of her lip.

You saw her heart's quick throbbing stir
The curious kerchief on her breast,
And heard, above the downy whirr
Of doves returning to their nest,

Her murmured welcome—murmured low
In that sweet language of the South
Whose very echoes melt and flow
Into—"I love!" in Beauty's mouth.

She loved me well; yet now I mourn,
Perhaps my memory—yet 'tis not so—
She was not one to falsely scorn,
And feign a love she did not know.

I wish she had been—simple girl!
It would have saved a world of pain,
But no—that thought itself a pearl
Not lightly to be touched again.

She thought I loved her; was she wrong?
I thought I loved her for an hour,
I only marred 'twas so long.
Since e'er was boundless power,

Another mistress reigned supreme—
My Art, my lissful One, my All!
I could not dream she was a dream,
Nor stay when she should choose to call.

And she did call me. "Venice waits
Thy skilful pencil, as of old."
She waited for her Doge—her gates
Adorned with purple and with gold."

And I—"Bianca, do not grieve!
My duty, and—nay, kiss me, dear!
Believe me, sweet, I do not leave
This Rome and thee without a tear."

I paused in doubt; no word she said,
But clasping close a shining vine,
In slow, still anger turned her head—
"Thou hast thy path—I, too, have mine,"

This was our parting. Thence I took
The road to Venice. Some a year
Had faded, when a whisper shook
My every nerve with thrilling fear.

"Last week a peasant girl in Rome
Died by her own dark, desperate hand;
No one had known her, but her home,
She said, was not in any land.

"And life was chill, and dark, and sad
(Some thought she mourned an absent love),
And she had naught to make her glad—
Twas brighter—happier far above."

And hidden next her heart, they say,
Was found a tablet, and the name
Was whispered me—I turned away
Brow-flushed with burning grief and shame.

NINA MARSH;

OR,

THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER XXII.—IN THE GLOAMING.

Algernon Lord Gillingham had been baffled once in his intention respecting Nina, he was by no means cast down. He attributed his ill-luck entirely to the jealousy of Captain Marsh. At those obstacles and delays only added fuel to the evil passions which Lord Gillingham was profuse enough to designate love. He determined to make an effort to meet Nina alone, and that at a time when no immediate interference of her husband in her welfare could be brought to bear upon her.

One of his lordship's grooms had a leaning towards a certain maid at Beechwood, who was more tender than discreet. The indiscretion of this same maid had, unconsciously to herself, served the evil enemy a good turn, and it came in useful again on the present occasion. Caroline confided to Pierce one evening that Miss Nina was rather strange in her habits—not to say peculiar; so much so that Caroline, although noted for her discernment upon ordinary occasions, could really make nothing of her.

We may suppose that Pierce's curiosity was piqued by this avowal, and he questioned Caroline rather closely as to the nature of her young mistress's peculiarities. Caroline was a true woman, and, having given her heart to Pierce without reservation, it appeared natural to her that she should do likewise by her confidence—on the same terms. So she innocently informed him that Miss Nina's strangeness consisted in her fancy for walking out in unseasonable hours.

"Indeed," added Caroline, "if it's only between ourselves, I must say it would be more natural if Miss Nina was to stay by her mother's side in the drawing-room after dinner, instead of going about the grounds at such odd-of-the-way times. Not that I mean to say I suspect anything in it, but then," concluded Caroline, modestly mindful of the advantages of male escort, "not having anybody to mind, if can't be say nice, to say the least of it."

Pierce treacherously garnered up this knowledge in his heart, and communicated it to his master when he visited the stables next morning.

"At what time do they dine at Mr. Marsh's when they are alone?" enquired his lordship, looking well pleased at Pierce's information.

"At seven o'clock to a minute, my lord, because Caroline said—"

"Never mind what Caroline said now," interrupted his lordship. "I never doubted that she was a very clever young woman, and I wouldn't be right if we to encroach on a confidence which was, no doubt, intended for your ear alone."

And the earl, as if overtaken with tardy scruples, put a peg to his conversation and left Lady Gillingham's. But that evening Lord Gillingham dined earlier than usual, and, after drinking but moderately, strolled slowly down the avenue. He entered the park by a small side gate, not caring to be seen by the lodge-keeper, and reached the shrubberies at a halfpast eight, when Nina might be expected to leave the house. A rustic arbor near at hand accommodated him with a seat, and from there he could easily see the entire drawing-room of the manor-house and the long level sweep of the green lawn. He waited patiently for about a quarter of an hour; then he began to fear lest Nina should not come at all, or at least, on such a fine her ramble to the terraces, where he would not dare intrude.

But presently he saw a dark figure issue quickly through the huge doorway of the house, and move swiftly towards him. She stopped to gather a white rose from a tree in the lawn, pause it to catch the perfume; then she came on again until she was within a few paces of his hiding-place. He had no doubt now that it was the person he sought.

Nina looked very pale, and her eyes seemed to burn out of her white face with almost supernatural brilliancy. Her deep mourning dress added to her strange pallor, and gave to her form a shadowy thinness which was almost ghost-like. She stood a while motionless, looking up at the soft freshness of the evening air. The birds were chanting a dreamy lullaby, and here and there a silver star peeped out from the dark blue-grey heavens. There was a solemn hush over the distant hills, which mingled their gray peaks with the clouds until you could hardly tell where a part. A flush of crimson just lightened the western horizon. The moths came to sip the dew, and the bats whirled about in their mazy, fantastic circles, almost fanning Nina's cheek as they passed, the chasing each other with grim gaiety around and round the air. A mane-deer came from the dark, frowned glant-like into the face of the quiet sky, and assumed a sort of statuesque beauty in the gloom which destroyed a multitude of sharp-cut defects, and gave them a grand charm of their own. But Nina was aroused from her reverie by a rude voice that jarred upon her ear, and brought her back, by a sudden spring, to the hard realities of life.

She turned about with a startled cry parting her lips, and came face to face with Lord Gillingham.

"Oh, no, no! don't speak to me now!" she exclaimed with a wild piteousness of entreaty that the earl had all himself to expect from a young lady born in such matter-of-fact, mechanical times as our own. "I can't hear you to-night; it would be a shame and a desecration."

"What would?" inquired the earl a little roughly.

How was he to understand the wrestling of a spirit such as here? How could he tell that to listen to his horrible love-making seemed to Nina wicked and shameful in this pure moonlit hour? To him this poor, wild girl, struggling hopelessly against a most pitiless fate, was a mere enigma he did not care to solve. She was recovering away from him, with her dim white face upturned, her dry eyes full of piteous appeal, and he helped out this forced silence when he was meant for his profit. He grasped tight hold of both the nerveless hands and drew her, helpless, into his arms, and then he kissed her. She slunderered at violently that the rose in her hand fell from its shelter and fluttered to the ground. The caullosed the hold of her at this, picked up the flower and stood it thoughtfully in his buttonhole, wearing it as a badge of victory.

Nina had grown calmer now, and when Lord Gillingham pushed her in gentle fun to his side, she answered him quietly enough that she should require a day to consider his proposal. But as to wonderful as her self-possession unconsciously, that even a very gallant man might have considered himself permitted to hope. So confident was she earl indeed, that he would have kissed her again to seal their engagement, had she not resisted him with a determination he thought it best to respect. Then the earl went away well pleased with his interview, begging that she would give him her final answer at that time to-morrow night. After Lord Gillingham had left her Nina felt more than ever unwilling to re-enter the house.

She believed that Cyril's keen eye would read her thoughts and betray both their and glances. He and Mr. Marsh generally sat a good while over their wine, not drinking much, but talking a great deal. Still it was now close upon nine o'clock, and by this time Cyril would certainly be in the drawing-room; and it was Cyril, above all others, whom she dreaded to meet, knowing that the trouble and misery written on her face would be to him clear evidence of the truth. She turned towards the shrubberies, meaning to walk there until she was calmer, and better able to confront her cousin's sharp glance of inquiry. She had reached the small ornamental gate, which shut out the shrubberies from the park, when she came full upon Jack Dawes, leaning against the hedge in a forlorn and disconsolate attitude. Jack's face brightened immediately when he caught sight of Nina, and his lips parted in an eager effort to speak—too eager, it seemed, for Jack remained speechless. At last he blurted out, vehemently:

"Don't do that, Miss Nina—don't do that!"

"What, Jack? Tell me what I am not to do?" answered Nina, kindly, but in a tone of some perplexity.

"Don't marry him, Miss Nina, that's what I mean. For I know you're not what men are so well as we do; it isn't natural you should, not being brought into the way of 'em as we are. But I can tell you, Miss Nina, that Lord Gillingham is a regular bad lot, and I'd rather see anybody I loved in that grave than married to him; I don't think hard of me, Miss Nina, but I really would. I'm only saying—don't be angry—but a man who bullies his servants and every one else about him will soon learn to bully his wife, you he will, mark my words, Miss Nina."

"But who told you I was going to marry Lord Gillingham?" said Nina.

"No one told me, miss, no; I was taking a stroll this evening, I saw him creeping and skulking about the place, and knew directly he wasn't up to any good. So I thought I would wait about and see how long he was going to remain, and be opened the gate here and went in, as cool as may be, and then I knew that you'd let him come."

"But I hadn't, I assure you; such surprised to see him as you could have been."

"Then how dared he make so free?" exclaimed Jack, heredly. "But I'd known he hadn't an invite! I'd have knocked him down before he'd got this gate open; but I fancied for certain, seeing him in bold and confident, that you had let him come. Now, Miss Nina, I'll tell you what sort of a man he is. I don't care to repeat such tales as a rule, but perhaps it's right you should hear the whole truth. You know Rose Woodman, don't you?"

"Yes, very well. She was a pupil of mine at the Sunday-school."

"Well, it seems she caught my lord's eye one day when he was walking through the village, and he wrote straight off to Rose's mother, and the whole lot of work to be done, and then told Woodman to bring his eldest daughter to Beechwood. Count on Sunday, and be about to be out, and the housekeeper should show them all the pictures and curiosities, and so on. Well, they went, and instead of being out, as the earl said he would, there was his lordship waiting at home on purpose, and he took Rose all over the place himself, and sent her home with a coupe of greenhouse flowers as big as my head. Well, Woodman's work was to make some new gates close to the house, and Rose used to take him his dinner. Soon the neighbors found out that the earl was in the habit of meeting Rose half-way, and walking a good bit of time with her, and one day she came out in a much fresher dress than usual, and Rose was fair, but which Dame Oldum and the rest of the world declared was his lordship's present."

Here Jack hesitated and coughed, then went on suddenly:

"And the long and short of it is, Miss Nina, that Ben went to Rose one day and threw up the engagement flat, and Rose made off, I don't nobody knows where. But when Dame Oldum went to his lordship, just to satisfy Ben, who was talking on so terrible, that he would go crazy, the earl said it was no business of anybody's where Rose was, for that he'd take care she didn't suffer."

"Poor Rose! I am very, very sorry. But are you sure all this is true?"

"Quite sure, for Seth Woodman makes a boast of the money his daughter sends him, and she gave her father the frock she got from the earl, saying that she couldn't bear the sight of it now. So you see that she can afford to be particular and change her dresses with her humors."

"All this is very sad. I wish we could do something for Rose."

"I am afraid that is impossible; but Dame Oldum says that the earl has faithfully promised to provide for the girl."

"Then there is a child?"

"No, Miss Nina," answered Jack, blushing like a maiden, "only girl—I was talking of such things to you—but there will be one some day."

"It is very, very sad," again repeated Nina, finding it hard to believe in the sudden demerale-ation of such a noble, honest, pure girl as Rose.

But she knew so cruelly and fatally herself the effects of an evil presence and ungodly persuasions, that while there was no question that she was a good deal of pity in her heart towards the poor fallen girl, who had, doubtless, been sore tempted, there was more room in her eyes for scorn as she turned towards Jack and gave him her hand.

"I must go in now," she said; "but thank you for your warning. Good-night."

"And you won't marry Lord Gillingham now?"

"I don't know—but I believe not. I must make inquiries about this matter before I can come to any decision. But, at any rate, thank you for your kind intentions."

Kind intentions aren't much to signify, if they don't go no further. I'd rather do you a little more than thank-you, Miss Nina, I can tell you."

"I know you are very good and kind, Jack."

"Oh, Miss Nina, I wish you wouldn't say that. But I want a word with you, if you don't mind waiting. Nan's got engaged in the hunting-field the other day; she really has, upon my honor!"

"Engaged to be married, do you mean?"

"Yes—to Sir Frank Seymour."

Here Jack paused, finding the old difficulty in explaining himself on a subject so very dear to his heart and interests.

"She really has," he repeated, as if he were unravelling a most extraordinary phenomenon. "I can't understand it myself, that I can't; and yet—"

"Indeed, why not? Miss Dawes is very handsome, and is such a splendid horsewoman."

"Yes," answered Jack, admiringly; then he went on in a tone of great humility:

"You're so very clever, Miss Nina, that perhaps you know what you're going to say. Sheriff be married in the autumn, and will go down to Leicestershire, hunting, for the honeymoon. But it can't last long, you know."

And Jack, very red and very pitiful, stood fumbling with the latch of the gate, feeling that after a great and universal fire of wrath a complete drought had supervened, and that at the very moment when he would have given anything to be eloquent, he was unaccountably perfectly what he wished to say, and resolved to spare him the pain of a second refusal. So she made a sudden excuse for leaving him, and hurried away before Jack had sufficiently disentangled his arms to put them into words.

As Miss Nina doesn't care for me, and that's a fact," said Jack, sighing, for he had seen by her manner that she perfectly understood his intention. "And it's a pity, too, for I would have tried to make her happy, and there's more in that than most people think. At any rate it can't be helped; only it's some hard, after I've given up going to London, and got to please her."

Then Jack heaved another very long sigh, and went to unloose his two setters, which he had tied with a pocket-handkerchief to the rose, lest they should scamper about over the gardens, and destroy Mrs. Marsh's flower-be s.

CHAPTER XXIII.—DAME OLDUM'S THEORIES OF RIGHT AND WRONG.

Algernon Nina had made up her mind that it would be her duty to sacrifice herself by a marriage with Lord Gillingham. She saw it always struggling with herself against it, and searching for some loophole through which she might escape from all such a repulsive and degrading alliance. And, after all, if the fancied security in this dishonoring union should prove a fallacious hope, and she should be dragged from her high estate with a terrible fall, what should she have gained by her sacrifice? There would be increased shame for herself, and those who loved her. The Countess of Gillingham would be more notorious than Nina Marsh.

She could see no way out of her wretched difficulties. All night long she tossed on a sleepless bed, and at dawn she rose and dressed herself. Only one thing she would go and see Dame Oldum before any one was about, and learn the truth of Jack Dawes's story. If it should prove to be correct, it would at least be imposed that she should marry Lord Gillingham, and therefore, the effort of a decision would be taken out of her hands. Her pride was almost too highly. No one could have less right to inquire into a man's past than she had, but she was quite justified in demanding that a person who sought her for life or should shun the contact for ever should be free in the present. There could be no accepted rivalry between herself and Rose Woodman.

Dame Oldum was not so sharply to do her justice. She had been up an hour or more when she saw Nina wearily ascend the steep hillside. The old woman met her cordially at the door, and showed Ben's breakfast a little, in order to get him away before her visitor should arrive. When Nina reached the top of the hill she found the young man lying, a bright sudden bloom dyeing her white cheeks, the dame came out, as if by accident, and looked concerned and surprised to see any one at the threshold of her door.

"Dear me! who'd have thought it?" was her first exclamation. "But come in, miss, do; Ben's gone, and I'm quite alone."

Nina passed silently in, and sank into the first seat that presented itself.

Dame Oldum gave her one keen glance of inquiry, then went bustling about the room, as if busy with her work.

"Dawes, I want to know this story about Rose Woodman. I hear such strange reports of her and Lord Gillingham."

"Didn't you know what comes of people getting in my way?" said the old woman, with a sudden bitter expression which made Nina shudder. "No house could have stung a stronger than she did, and I made a vow I'd have my revenge some day, and I have found out her. She'll never walk up that road in Beechwood again," she triumphantly concluded.

"Oh, dame! you have never been so cruel as to have shut your door on a character very far nothing?"

"That's just what I want to know. Is it true, dame?"

"It can't signify to you either way," she answered doggedly.

"You are mistaken there—it signifies to me a great deal. If I could be sure that he had been guilty of the sin imputed to him, nothing should persuade me to marry Lord Gillingham."

"I don't see she was of being so particular about such things," muttered the old woman. "I never think anything wicked until its found out, and then I make Towngas. Gentlefolks are brought up to have their way, and if they go a little wrong

in getting it, why, it's no more than we can expect. There's everything in what you are taught at starting."

"You and I will never agree about such things, dame," said Nina, coldly. "Will you tell me the truth of this story I hear, and let me get away? I am afraid of being missed from home."

"And s'pose it is true?" inquired the old woman, scanning her keenly, whilst she eagerly awaited the answer.

"Then you may be quite sure that I should have nothing whatever to do with Lord Gillingham."

"Then it isn't true," answered the old woman, sharply. "Are you satisfied now?"

"No. I can't see your motive for fabricating such a cruel tale."

"Can't you?" And the old dame laughed till the tears ran down her apple-red cheeks. "Well, you have tickled me!" she added with odious familiarity. "I never expected to find you so innocent."

Nina uncovered her face, and looked straight at the dame haughtily.

"You go too far," she said. "I have warned you from the first that you might make it easier for me tell my secret than to keep it. Can't you understand how much you are injuring yourself by injuring me?"

"I don't know about that. They'd pay me well for witnessing, no doubt."

Nina shuddered, and grew white to her lips.

"Yes, I suppose you would get something for that," she answered hoarsely, "but not nearly so much as you got out of me. It takes more than three-parts of my allowance to satisfy your claims."

"And if people have got secrets they must pay for them," replied the old woman, insolently. "I don't expect people to do anything for me out of love, and I don't see why you should—not a woman leastways. When I was young and bonny, and had men to deal with, I used to pay some of my debts with kisses instead of money; but I didn't find any women to let me off so light—nor more will you; it isn't nature. Did the captain tell you what a good match he found?" she added presently, with a malicious chuckle. "He came up here blustering and looking fierce, but he went down again as meek as a lamb. That merriner frock settled him. I saw him tugging at his beard all the way down the hill, and it's my belief he'd have liked to tug at me instead; but I'm not gamboozled so easy as that. He'll behave hisself more seemingly the next time he comes."

"Dame, I would rather you speak against me than against Captain Marsh," said Nina, sadly. "He is the best friend I have in the world."

"Then keep him as a friend; his lordship is the only safe husband for you."

"I don't know; they tell me that poor Rose will have a child."

"And what then? You aren't getting particular now, I should think? A gentleman's none the worse for liking to look at a pretty face when he can get the chance."

"But, dame, you don't understand—"

"Yes, I do," answered the old woman, with the coldest insolence. "I understand that if my lord was such a saint, he wouldn't be fit for you."

"Dame," said Nina, shuddering, "you know I never did that guiltily. It was too terrible—too terrible; it has darkened my life and made me miserable in a way you could never realise; but I swear before God that it was done innocently."

"You won't find any one to believe you."

"No, I dare say not. I have felt that all along. But it is some relief to my conscience to know that, great as my sin, great as my trouble was, that thought never came into my head. I would have faced everything—I meant to do so, but, dame, you are so cruel to make me talk about all this! You must see it kills me."

Nina sobbed convulsively, without shedding any tears. A ring of flame seemed to encircle her eyes, burning up the tears as they tried to pass. To be in the power of a coarse, merciless, hard-natured old woman like Dame Oldum sharpened all her sufferings into intense poignancy. The old prayer for death was on her lips, and in her heart, as she walked slowly down the hill, her white, despairing face flooded by the amber and purple glory of the rich sunrise.

She crept round the hill, and sat down out of the sight of all human eyes, only in God's presence. And then she prayed in repentance and supplication. She mourned bitterly over her sins, and she asked God, humbly, that, if it should please Him, she might be allowed some rest from her great sorrow.

How passionately the poor child wept and prayed on the quiet hill-side that fresh early morning! It seemed to her that she could reach God better here than in her own room.

She got up from her green couch, and began to walk homeward at a quick pace. She had girded on a shirt of mail, and Dame Oldum's taunts would have hounded off harmless had they been launched at her now. She reached the base of the hill, and was just turning into the village, when she came suddenly upon Captain Marsh and Gabrielle de Pène. There must have been some change in her face—a reflex of her inward feeling—for both stared at her: one anxiously, the other carelessly.

"You look like your old self again to-day," said Gabrielle, presently, nearly choking Nina with her white winding arms. "I wanted to scold you for running away and making us so afraid, but I can't, for I am so glad to see you with a quiet, calm look in your eyes once more. Do you know that they have been so wild and searching for months now, that I could never dare think of you? It always made me cry. But you are going to be happy again now, Nina?"

"I shall be different, I think," she answered almost solemnly. "It is not possible that I should ever be what you call happy again, but I shall be contented and calm. I am able now to leave everything in God's hands, and submit myself entirely to Him. Whatever may come to me I shall meet it steadily, and that is all I or any one else can expect."

"How strangely you talk!" exclaimed Gabrielle in a perplexed tone. "Captain Marsh, will you make Nina explain her strange conduct? I feel so curious."

But as Gabrielle did not wait for an answer, and Cyril would not heed her commands, Nina escaped free of any inconvenient questionings, and entered the house without having been forced to betray the secret of her morning's walk.

AMONG THE REEDS.

The streamlet leapt from rock to rock,
And danced adown the shallows,
To where the white pool mirrored all
The skimmings of the swallows.

Afar it heard the village hum—
The sound of human voices;
And thus it loudly, gaily sung
Mid all its myriad noises:

"Now I shall see the children play,
And hear their laughter ringing:
And I shall listen at the door
Where maids and youths are singing;

"Now I shall hear the old men tell
The young ones pretty fables,
While the red sun falls athwart
The westward-watching gables;

"And I shall swiftly rush and fling
Abroad my dancing billows;
But linger by the haunts of men,
Beside the drooping willows!"

Down by the reeds the streamlet came,
Its laughter slowly dying:
A something white—a curve of gold—
Within the pool were lying.

The streamlet paused and looked askance
Among the reeds low-laden—
The curve of gold was floating hair,
The white, a dress of maiden,

Oh, swiftly, swiftly ran the stream,
Until it grew a river!—
One hurried glance, along its course,
It darted backward never.

A fearful sound was in its ear—
A moan of maiden dying;
And through the night it heard with dread
The willows' dark leaves sighing,

Oh, swiftly, swiftly, ran the stream,
Looking behind it never;
Men knew not where the mirth had gone
Of this brown-rushing river.

JEFFERSON DAVIS'S MACON SPEECH.

When the speech delivered by the rebel President at Macon was first published, the amazement was so general that few credited its authenticity. Gradually, however, confirmation came strong and irresistible. To give it full weight as one of the most important documents of the war, we have illustrated it in the present paper.

The application of the different extracts marked below in italics and illustrated by us requires no comment. His admissions of defeat, of loss and armies melting away, cannot be retrieved by his mild calls on the women, the old men and the boys, to use their endeavors to help the falling fortunes of the rebellion:

Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends and Fellow-Citizens—It would have gladdened my heart to have met you in prosperity instead of adversity. But friends are drawn together in adversity. The son of a Georgian, who fought through the first Revolution, I would be untrue to myself if I should forget the State in her day of peril. *What though misfortune has befallen our arms from Decatur to Jonesboro, our cause is not lost.* Sherman cannot keep up his long line of communication, and retreat sooner or later he must; and when that day comes, *the fate that befel the army of the French empire in its retreat from Moscow will be reacted. Our cavalry and our people will harass and destroy his army as did the Cossacks that of Napoleon;* and the Yankee General, like him, will escape with only a body guard. How can this be the most speedily effected? *By the absentees of Hood's army returning to their posts;* and will they not? Can they see the banished exiles; can they hear the wail of their suffering countrywomen and children and not come? *By what influences they are made to stay away it is not necessary to speak.* If there is one who will stay away at this hour he is unworthy of the name of Georgian.

To the women no appeal is necessary. They are like the Spartan mothers of old. I know of one who has lost all her sons, except one of eight years. She wrote that she wanted me to reserve a place for him in the ranks. The venerable Gen. Polk, to whom I read the letter, knew that woman well, and said it was characteristic of her; but I will not weary you by turning aside to relate the various incidents of giving up the last son to the cause of our country known to me. Wherever we go we find the hearts and hands of our noble women enlisted. They are seen wherever the eye may fall or the step turn. They have one duty to perform—to buoy up the hearts of our people. I know the deep disgrace felt by Georgia at our army falling back from Dalton to the interior of the State. But I was not of those who considered Atlanta lost when our army crossed the Chattahoochee. I resolved that it should not, and I then put a man in command who I knew would strike a manly blow for the city, and many a Yankee's blood was made to nourish the soil before the prize was won.

It does not become us to revert to disaster. Let the dead bury the dead. *Let us, with one arm and one effort, endeavor to crush Sherman. I am going to the army to confer with our Generals.* The end must be the defeat of our enemy. It has been said that I abandoned Georgia to her fate. Shame upon such falsehood. Where could the author have been when Walker, when Pope and when Gen. Stephen D. Lee were sent to her assistance? Miserable man! The man who uttered this was a scoundrel! He was not a man to save our country. If I knew that a General did not possess the right qualities to command would I not be wrong if he was not removed? Why, when our army was falling back from Northern Georgia, *I even heard that I had sent Bragg with pontons to cross it to Cuba.* But we must be charitable. The man who can speculate ought to be made to take up his musket. When the war is over, and our independence won—and we will establish our independence—*who will be our aristocracy?* I hope the limping soldier. *To the young ladies I would say that when choosing between an empty sleeve* and the man who had remained at home and grown rich, always take the empty sleeve.

Let the old men remain at home and make bread. But should they know of any young man keeping away from the service, who cannot be made to go any other way, let them write to the Executive. I read all letters sent me by the people, but have not the time to reply to them. You have not many men between 18 and 45 left. *The boys, God bless the boys, are, as rapidly as they become old enough, going to the field. The city of Macon is filled with stores, sick and wounded.* It must not be abandoned, when threatened; but when the enemy come, instead of calling upon Hood's army for defence, *the old men must fight,* and when the enemy is driven beyond Chattanooga, they too can join in the general rejoicing. Your prisoners are kept as a sort of Yankee capital. I have heard that one of their Generals said that their exchange would defeat Sherman. I have tried every means, conceded everything to effect an exchange, but to no purpose. Butler, the Beast, with whom no Commissioner of Exchange would hold intercourse, had published in the newspapers that if we would consent to the exchange of negroes all difficulties might be removed. This is reported as an effort of his to get himself whitewashed, by holding intercourse. If an exchange could be effected, I don't know but I might be induced to recognise Butler. But in the future every effort will be given, as far as possible, to effect the end. We want our soldiers in the field, and we want the sick and wounded to return home. It is not proper for me to speak of the number of men in the field, but this I will say: that two-thirds of our men are absent—some sick, some wounded, but most of them absent without leave!

The man who repents and goes back to his commander voluntarily appeals strongly to executive clemency. But suppose he stays away until the war is over, and his comrades return home, and when every man's history will be told, where will he shield himself? It is upon these reflections that I rely to make men return to their duty; but, after conferring with our Generals at headquarters, if there be any other remedy it shall be applied. I love my friends and I forgive my enemies. I have been asked to send reinforcements from Virginia to Georgia. In Virginia the disparity in numbers is just as great as it is in Georgia. Then I have been asked why the army sent to the Shenandoah valley was not sent here. It was because an army of the enemy had penetrated that valley to the very gates of Lynchburg, and Gen. Early was sent to drive them back. This he not only successfully did, but, crossing the Potomac, came well nigh capturing Washington itself, and forced Grant to send two corps of his army to protect it. This the enemy denominated a raid.

What would prevent them now if Early were withdrawn from taking Lynchburg, and putting a complete cordon of men around Richmond? I counselled with that great and grave soldier Gen. Lee upon all these points. My mind roamed over the whole field. With this we can succeed. If one-half the men now absent without leave will return to duty we can defeat the enemy. With that hope I am going to the front. I may not realise this hope; but I know there are men there who have looked death in the face too often to despond now. Let no one despond. Let no one distrust; and remember that if genius is the beau ideal, hope is the reality.

MAJ.-GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN.

Origin of the War Song of the Logan Division.

The following interesting account of the origin, or rather the circumstance which called forth the well-known song, "The Bonny Free Flag," given by the brave and talented author, Major W. C. Carroll, in a letter to the publishers, Messrs. Endres & Compton, of St. Louis, will be read with pleasure by the thousands of admirers of the gallant Logan:

"A few days before the evacuation of Corinth, in May, 1862, Gen. Halleck ordered that an advance be made by our whole line, 'with a view of attacking Corinth.' Logan's brigade held the post of honor on the extreme right of the line, and swung around to the left until we came in sight of the railroad and the outer line of the enemy's works. Our skirmishers became very hotly engaged, and the main body of Logan's troops were drawn up in line of battle, awaiting the momentarily expected command to advance, when the General came dashing down the line, full of fire and animation, crying out in his musical but penetrating voice: 'Now, boys, for it! Give them jessy! Show them the best blood of Egypt!' (his brigade being mostly from Southern Illinois), and although without orders from his superior officer, gave the order to advance. Turning to his Staff, he said: 'Now, I want all of you, my aids and orderlies, to follow me!' and dashed off to the right, followed by his staff—mounted the railroad embankment in a storm of bullets, one of them cutting off the end of the General's moustache. The advance was, however, checked by the division commander, and a general engagement prevented, much to the chagrin of Gen. Logan and his brave troops."

The following are the words of the song inspired by this incident. It is a very popular song in the army:

THE BONNY FREE FLAG.

Dedicated to Major-Gen. John A. Logan, by Major William C. Carroll, 13th Illinois cavalry.

The war-cry is up, our nation resounds,
And our arms are all shining and bright;
Right bold are the foes that encircle around
The temple of our liberty's light.
But there's virtue and faith in the land of the free,
Whilst the spirit of our fathers remain,
And the bullet and sword our last refuge shall be,
Our lost States from rebellion to reclaim.

CHORUS.

Then a song and a cheer for the bonny free flag,
With its stars and its stripes waving high;
For its soldiers and sailors, its army and navy,
For our Union must live, or we'll die.

Come forth, noble youths, come forth men of nerve,
And pledge her your arms, strong and true;
Your country now calls on her faithful to serve,
For the honor of the Red, White and Blue.
Our forefathers fought for their liberty and God,
Transmitting these gems to our hands;
Then rally, my braves, better sleep neath the sod,
Than to yield up to treacherous bands.

"March on!" cried Logan," "sound the drum and the fife,
Show the best blood of freemen on the field;
Strike, strike for your homes and a dear nation's life,
For the Army of the West shall never yield.
'Tis not for the North, the East or the West,
But the South shall be equally free,
So together we'll live as the wise and the best,
And the envy of the world we will be."

Silkworms.—A new silkworm from South America is described by M. Guérin Méneville, in a letter read at a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences, at Paris. The worm was found in very great abundance, in a wild state, on the lands of the Correntino Mission, on the right bank of the Uruguay, by MM. Herrera and Fauvety. The tree on which this worm feeds is a species of mimosa; the cocoons are of an orange color when fresh, but become pale through the action of the sun and rain, and the silk produced is very fine. Specimens were submitted to the examination of the Academy. The name proposed is *Ver à soie Uragayo—Bombyx Fauvetyi*. M. Guérin Méneville announced the opening of one of the 16 cocoons of the Bombyx Atlas, sent to him by Capt. Hutton, from Mussoree, situated on an elevated plateau of the Himalayas. This cocoon is very large, weighing nine grammes, while the cocoons of the common worms and the ailanthus weigh only two. The lateness of the season at which this opening of the cocoon takes place will, it is feared, prevent the acclimatization of the Bombyx Atlas in France.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

What's the difference between 60 minutes and one of my sisters? Give it up, do you? Why, one's an hour, and the other's "our Ann."

Our travelling contributor states that of all the cities in Europe he has visited the very fastest is Berlin. Arrive there when he may, he invariably finds it on the Spree.

What loose things generally stick pretty fast to one? Loose habits.

Burglary.—A thief was lately caught breaking into a song. He had already got through the first two bars, when a policeman came up an aria and hit him with his stave. Several notes were found upon him. Another was found making an entry in a book. He was immediately taken by an artist, who was sketching somebody else at the moment.

What judges might be supposed to show most leniency to the prisoners brought before them? Those who preside at quarter sessions.

We know a poor fellow who has a wife so obstinate and passionate that she never "gives way" to anything but temper.

Domestic Happiness.—The happiness of your domestics; without which you will have none of your own.

Why is a benevolent landlord who lowers his tenant's rent like a man who draws up a new code of philosophy? Because he reduces it to assist 'em—a system.

What noted forester would a person represent in stealing a certain part of a lady's attire? Robin Hood, to be sure.

Cause and Effect—A lawyer's bill.

What kind of food is most proper at funeral dinners? Lamb and 'taters (lamentatore).

Hairdresser's Motto.—"Cut and come again.

On what day of the week ought people to get married? Why, on Wed-nesday, to be sure!

Why is steam like cotton? Because it often makes a car go (cargo).

A mob may have as many ears as a cornfield, but is as deaf to the words of reason.

Gen. Sheridan, in early life, was a newsboy. He circulated news then, but makes it now.

QUESTIONS FOR SCHOOLBOYS.

Mention the name of a wicked Roman? Cinna.
Where should a dun horse be kept? In Dunstable.

It is not easy to understand why public singers should have any objection to encores. Is not every ancore a-gain?

A DICTIONARY OF MILITARY TERMS.

Very useful to those who read the Southern accounts of the War.

For Strategic Reasons—Because you can't help it.
A Masterly Backward Movement—Running away as hard as you can.
A Clever Flank Manœuvre—Allowing the enemy to outflank you.
Repulsing the Enemy with Loss—Bolting from them, and allowing your guns, etc., to fall into their hands.

Never give a high price for a coat that has come from Birmingham, for it is sure to have seen hard-ware.

Real Inn-dependence.—Living at an hotel as long as you like, and going away without paying the bill.

"Come wheel, come woe!" as the man said when the cart was going to run over him.

HINTS TO CARPENTERS.

When you start in business, make up your mind not to chisel or be chiselled.
Be liberal to those you employ; it will then be plain to all that you are no screwdriver, and as each day comes round you will find yourself all square with everybody.
Make it a rule that any man going into the workshop should scrape his boots. Should the rule be broken, impose a fine of ten cents, which may be called a tin tax.
Try all in your power to get your men out of any vice they may have got into; for instance, if you saw them screwed, you, of course, would conclude they had been to an alehouse, and warn them that drinking to excess in the morning will surely bring them to an early bier.

Why is a woman deformed when she is mending stockings? Because her hands are where her feet ought to be.

Why is a professed joker like a publican? Because he's a licensed wit-teller.

Why is a gentleman enjoying a snooze, and refreshed by it, like a hunter who goes at a jump with a number of others? Because he takes his (s)leap with the rest.

The True Social Science.—How to make home happy.

The Superlative of Temper.—Tempest.

A gentleman recently entered a London fashionable church, where the female pew-opener expects gratuities. Twiddling a half-crown between finger and thumb, he was politely shown into a pew, and then dexterously conveyed a halfpenny into the expectant palm of his conductor, who clutched the coin and smirkingly withdrew. Presently the woman brought him a hymnbook, and, still smirking, whispered:

"You made a mistake, sir; it was only a halfpenny you gave me."

"No," said the gentleman, with a benevolent smile, "it's all right; I never give less."

Exit pew-opener, not smirking this time.

A traveller called at the Castle Tavern, Marlborough, and ordered them to get him a dinner worth his money. The landlord, thinking he would be a profitable customer, set before him a most excellent repast, consisting of all the delicacies of the season, to which the traveller did ample justice. When he had finished, the landlord presented his "little bill," and his guest tendered him a sixpence.

"How is this?" asked the host; "your dinner comes to 15s. 9d."

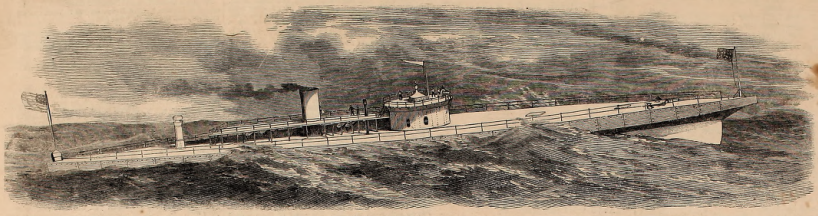
"Not so," answered the other; "I expressly ordered a dinner worth my money, and I assure you this sixpence is all the money I have in the world."

The landlord, finding that he was victimised, thought it was useless to argue the matter any further, and consented to be the loser on one condition—that the guest should go and cheat the landlord of the Red Lion (his enemy) of a dinner likewise.

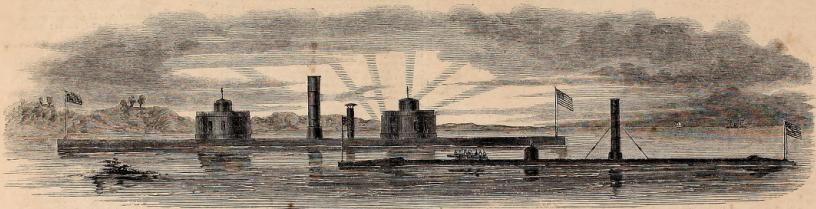
"My good man," said the other, "I cheated him of a breakfast this morning, and he gave me 5s. to pay you a visit!"

"Massa," said the black steward to his captain, as they fell in with a homebound vessel, "I wish you would write a few lines for me to de ole woman, 'cause I can't write." The good-natured skipper complied, and wrote all that Pompey dictated. As the captain was about to seal the letter up, Pompey reminded him that he had omitted to say: "Please excuse de bad writen en' spellin."

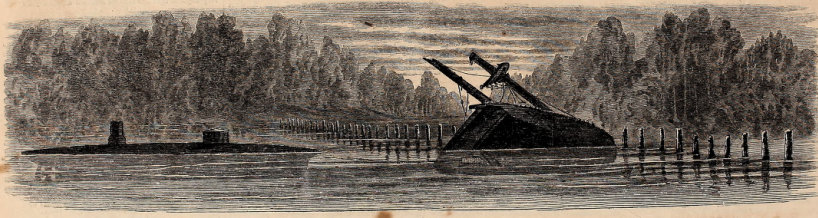
Throwing One's Self About.—An instance of this proceeding was witnessed a few evenings ago at a party, in the case of a young lady who, when asked to sing, first tossed her head and then pitched her voice!



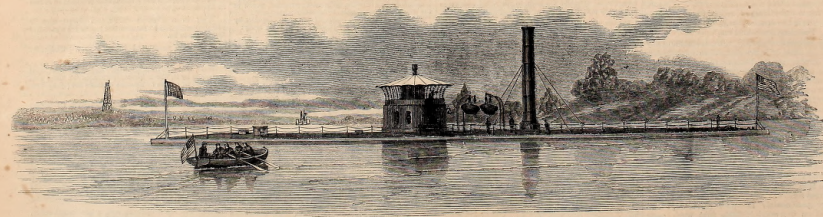
THE NEW OCEAN MONITOR DICTATOR.



DOUBLE-TURRETED MONITOR MONADNOCK AND THE MONITOR TORPEDO BOAT NAPA, STRIPPED FOR ACTION.



ONE OF THE NEW TORPEDO BOATS.



NEW LIGHT DRAUGHT MONITOR TUNKIS.



NEW PICKET BOATS.

OUR NEW IRONCLADS, SHOWING THE NEW PATTERNS RECENTLY ADOPTED.



THE CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA—A BAGGAGE TRAIN CROSSING THE MOUNTAINS IN A STORM.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. F. HILLEN.

OUR NEW IRONCLADS.

On page 108 will be found truthful sketches of a new batch of machines of war belonging to our navy. The Dictator is represented at sea and in the act of lifting her enormous prow from the briny deep over which she is cornsing. She is known as an ocean ironclad ram, and was built at the Delamater iron works foot of 13th street, N. R., from plans and drawings by the great Swedish engineer, John Ericsson. She is a beautiful piece of workmanship, She carries two 15-inch guns in her turret.

The Monadnock, although a monitor battery, is built of oak wood, and heavily clad with iron armor. She has two turrets, and carries four 15-inch guns. She was built at the Boston Navy Yard, under the superintendance of W. L. Hanscomb, Esq., naval constructor.

The Tunxis belongs to the light draught monitor class of vessels which have been so unsuccessful. In is doubtful whether she can ever be made useful in her present condition. She was built at Chester, Penn., by Cheney, Son & Archbald, from plans and drawings of Chief-Engineer Alban C. Stimers, U. S. N. She carries two 11-inch guns in her turret.

The Naga is also a light draught monitor, but she will be completed without a turret and will mount an 11-inch gun on her forward deck. The pilot-house will take the place of the turret. She was built at Wilmington, Delaware, from plans by Mr. Stimers.

The new torpedo boat bears the name of Stromboli, and is the invention of Chief-Engineer W. W. W. Wood, U. S. N. We are not at liberty at the present time to go into an internal description of this new and novel craft. She performs her work entirely with the torpedo, which, by an ingenious contrivance, is placed and exploded under the bottom of an enemy's vessel, or on the bed of a river or bay where obstructions have been placed. She was built at Fair Haven, Conn., by S. H. Pook, Esq., one of the most accomplished and successful naval architects of the age. He is a son of naval constructor S. M. Pook.

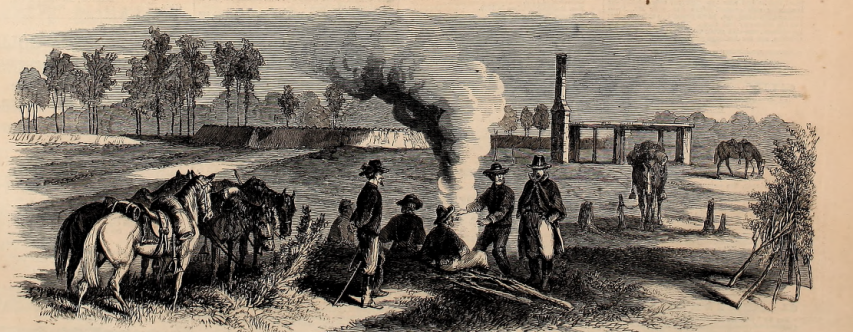
The little picket boats which we represent are new to our service, and their value cannot at the present time be over-estimated. All of them are fitted with a "Wood" torpedo attachment. There are six of them already constructed. They were built at Schenectady, N. Y., under the superintendence of Capt. C. S. Boggs, of Varuna fame.

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In our vicinity recently there has been a very remarkable case of this kind, involved, perhaps, in more mystery and certainly more curious in its details than usually surround the most mysterious murders.

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Scene of a Family at an Immolation.
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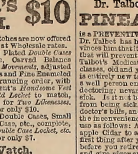
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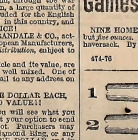
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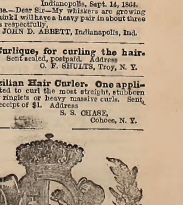
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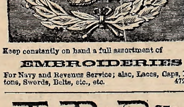
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IN those cases of scanty, retarded growth, where the person is over 18, by its peculiar nourishing and stimulating power, the Balsam of the Tennessee Swamp Shrub has been found to excite the Beard, Moustache, &c., to a fine and vigorous growth. (See voluminous testimonials.) The history of this Balsam, with a small sample box, will be sent sealed, on receipt of return postage.

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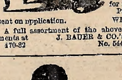
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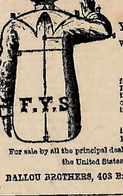
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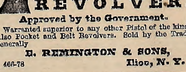
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NEW INVENTION.

A new Illuminating Lamp, or Candle Stand. This is so arranged as to be attached to the window by Clasp Spring, and prevents all dirt or grease from dropping therefrom. Price $5 per Hundred.

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$7 ARMY WATCH. $10

A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVED GOLD-PLATED WATCH, Double Case, Lever Cap, Small Size, White Enamelled Dial, Cut Hands, "*English Movements*," and Correct Timekeeper, with an accurate "*Miniature Calendar*," indicating the *Day of the Week, Month,* &c., in back case. A single one sent free, by mail, to any address, in neat case, WITH A BEAUTIFUL VEST CHAIN, for only $10.

A neat SILVER WATCH, same as above, with the Miniature Calendar, &c., specially adapted to the ARMY. Sent free by mail, to any address, for only $7.

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Self-Measurement for Shirts.

Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.

French Flannel Overshirts.

Cut 33 inches long, $4 75 and $5 each. Sent by mail on receipt of the cash and 63 cents postage each shirt.

STEEL COLLARS

Enameled White, having all the comforts of linen collars. Washed and dried in a moment. A sample Collar mailed free on receipt of 75 cents. Cuffs $1 00 per pair. Ladies' Collars and Cuffs same price.

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AGENTS WANTED in every Town in the Union.

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Of these we have an immense assortment, including War Scenes American and Foreign Cities and Landscapes, Groups, Statuary etc., etc. Also, Revolving Stereoscopes, for public or private exhibition. Our Catalogue will be sent to any address on receipt of Stamp.

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We were the first to introduce these into the United States, and we manufacture immense quantities in great variety, ranging in price from 50 cents to $50 each. Our ALBUMS have the reputation of being superior in beauty and durability to any others. They will be sent by mail, FREE, on receipt of price.

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200 Brig.-Generals,	250 Other Officers,	130 Divines,
275 Colonels,	75 Navy Officers,	125 Authors,
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EAR-RINGS AND SLEEVE BUTTONS; ALSO,

Gilt Belt Buckles, Latest Styles,

At WM. M. WELLING'S, 571 Broadway,
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ERNST'S PATENT

Self-Fastening Steel Collars,

PATENTED AUGUST 30, 1864.

Require no Pins, no Studs, no Elastic Loops, nor any other of the botherscms (and apt to get lost or broken) extra fastenings of other Metallic Collars, but *are absolutely self-fastening* by means of button-holes so arranged as to firmly clasp the buttons of a shirt while putting the Collar in its place. Samples mailed free on receipt of 75 cents. Address the Patentee, OTTO ERNST,
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Soldiers and Sailors, Send us your Address. Return you a Comic Paper *gratis*, to read in Camp and "Bunk." Free to the above only. M. A. GILBERT & CO., 36 Ann St., New York. o

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The West Indian Hair Curler, warranted to curl the most straight and stiff hair, on the first application, into short ringlets or waving massive curls. Sent to any address on receipt of $1. Address

WAUD GILBERT LYON,
o Box 5251, New York Post Office.

THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 500 TIMES, mailed to any address for 50 cts. THREE of different powers for $1. Address
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LADIES' LETTER.

FIVE ANATOMICAL ENGRAVINGS

Has information never before published. Sent free, in a sealed envelope, for 10 cents.
o Address Box 4652, New York Post Office.

Vineland Lands. To all wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlements mild and healthful climate, 30 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, which produces large crops, which can now be seen growing. Ten, twenty and fifty acre tracts at from $25 to $35 per acre, payable within four years. Good business openings for manufactories and others. Churches, schools and good society. It is now the most improving place East or West. Hundreds are settling and building. The beauty with which the place is laid out is unsurpassed. Letters answered. Papers giving full information will be sent free. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Cumberland county, New Jersey.

From Report of SOLON ROBINSON, Agricultural editor of the *Tribune*:
"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost level position and suitable condition for pleasant farming, that we know of this side of the Western prairies."

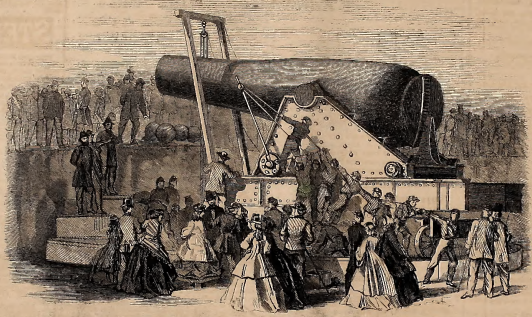
FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 476—Vol. XIX.] NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 12, 1864. [PRICE 10 CENTS $4 00 YEARLY, 13 WEEKS $1 00.

Judah P. Benjamin on our National Finances.

Once upon a time there was a little enterprising Jew of the Island of Barbadoes, who crossed over to the State of Louisiana, settled there, entered into the practice of the law and the politics of the Democratic party, and became a great man. As a lawyer he made money, as a politician he made heaps of money; but from the Southern games of bluff and faro, it is said that this prosperous individual, like the notorious Slidell, realised the bulk of his riches in houses, lands and negroes. At the time of the so-called secession of Louisiana in 1861 these two remarkable men, John Slidell and Judah Peter Benjamin, were the representatives of said State in the Senate of the United States, and in this capacity had been doing a good business in Houmas land speculations, swamp land grants, and other bills ceding away the public domain to States and companies.



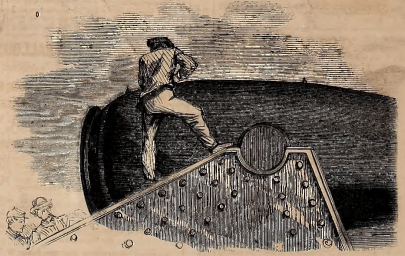
PLACING THE GUN IN POSITION, AFTER THE FIRST DISCHARGE.

Under that delectable Southern millenium established in the name of Jeff Davis, Slidell has figured as his ambassador to Louis Napoleon, while Benjamin has held, and now holds the unprofitable sinecure of Secretary of State of the Confederacy. Slidell is out on charm's way, and has made ample provision for his family in Europe, whatever may be the fate of poor Jeff. His old colleague, Benjamin, is in a somewhat critical situation at Richmond; but it is believed that he, too, has laid something by for a rainy day on the other side of Jordan or the Atlantic, and expects, in the last extremity, to reach it by running the blockade after the fashion of Mason and Slidell.

In the meantime, having nothing better to do in his capacity of Premier to Jeff Davis, the indefatigable Benjamin, true to the peculiar instinct of his industrious race, has turned his attention to a little *financiering*. Some six or seven years ago, as many of our readers will remember,



LOADING THE GUN WITH A 1080 POUND SHOT BY MEANS OF A DERRICK.



THE BREECH—ADJUSTING THE PRIMER.



FIRING THE FIRST SHOT.

THE GREATEST GUN IN THE WORLD—ITS TRIAL AT FORT HAMILTON, N. Y., OCT. 26.

there was Southern speculator of the name of A. Dudley Mann, who tried the experiment of establishing a numerous fleet of large steamers for direct trade between some Southern ports and Europe, but failed to raise among all the cotton lords of all the South the money necessary to build the first ship. They found it cheaper to trade with Europe by way of New York. This man, Mann, since the setting up of the Davis Confederacy, has been the planner of King Cotton and King Slavery, has been dabbling in Europe in Confederate buccaneering cruisers and blockade-runners. A. Dudley Mann, therefore, is the man to whom Benjamin from Richmond addresses himself as the proper man through whom to enlighten the capitalists of the European continent in reference to his rather fully investing in the Government securities of the United States. John Bull, following his sympathies for King Cotton, has made, in various contraband advventures, heavy investments, in support of the protegé Jeff Davis, and has already realised the truth of the old proverb, to the effect of many millions of dollars, that "a fool and his money are soon parted." Not so with the sagacious and cool-headed people of the German States. They, pretty clearly comprehending the issue of this war, have been and still are investing liberally in the bonds of our National treasury. To stop this leaning, and to weaken our national cause in Europe on the money question, Benjamin makes up his budget for European circulation. It is needless here to enter into his tables of figures of our National debt, state debts, daily expenses of the war, conscription expenses, etc. It will suffice to give the conclusions at which he arrives. His figures, derived mostly from official reports, are mainly correct, but his conclusions are exceedingly fallacious.

Benjamin says that the "facts thus presented demonstrate that if the United States persist, as is now threatened, in carrying on the war for another year, the burden of their public debt will be such as to render it absolutely impossible for them to pay." He argues from this that "if the capitalists of Europe withhold further supplies, the resources of the United States are so far exhausted as to render the restoration of peace certain at no distant day;" but, he continues, "it is in the power of the same capitalists, by furnishing the means for the gratification of the insane passions of the North, to plunge the borrowers into irretrievable bankruptcy, and to render certain the loss of all their own investments, past as well as future."

Now, for the sake of shortening the argument, we will waive his rebel financier's and his own absurd assumption that the United States cannot sustain the accumulation of another year's expenses of this war to our national debt. What, then, Benjamin? Why, there is no probability that the rebellion will or can hold out another year, or even six months longer. From the immense strides accomplished towards its subjugation, even considering the diminished forces, the contracted area, and the exhausted condition to which the armies of Davis have been reduced, and our own greatly increased and still increasing strength and concentration of the armies and fleets of the Union, we have every reason to expect that within one month after our Presidential election this war will be at an end, with the collapse of the Southern Confederacy. Its strength is now, we may say, reduced to the shattered and depleted army of Lee, for the feeble garrison of Mobile, in Georgia, is a fugitive, vainly endeavoring to escape by the running columns of Sherman. If a decisive military issue at Richmond, before the expiration of the month of November shall not utterly extinguish this rebel theory of Benjamin and Benjamin, we shall, perhaps, be ready to admit that there is some degree of plausibility in his dismal calculations.

Within six months from this time, we venture to say, that every capitalist or politician in Europe will be prepared to accept these conclusions, to wit: that before the end of another year this war and two-thirds of its expenses will be ended, and the resources of the rebel United States, cotton and all, will be added to the available wealth of the Union. It is, we dare say, some such estimate as this that has for some time past been operating on the European Continent, and that still increases in strength, in favor of investments in our national securities. Against the false theory of Jeff Davis on the military situation, the new position in the South in favor of that last desperate experiment of arming their slaves to fight for slavery, and our late progressive victories in the field, East and West, the exhibit of the relative futurity of State of the exhausted condition of our national treasury will be rightly understood in Europe. While writing this exhibit of our financial weakness to A. Dudley Mann, it is very probable that Master Benjamin had his messenger out in the streets of Richmond, vainly endeavoring to make financial speculation at the rate of $1,000 in Confederate scrip for a $10 bill bearing the portrait of Abraham Lincoln!

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 12, 1864.

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Summary of the Week.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

On Thursday, Oct. 27, reconnoissances, in force, for the purpose of ascertaining the enemy's position and strength, and also to invite an attack, were made on the two extremes of our lines around Richmond and Petersburg.

On the left the 2d and 5th corps were pushed out to the Boydton road, used by the rebels to convey their supplies from that portion of the Weldon railroad held by Grant.

At every point, strong entrenchments, well manned, were found.

After the 2d corps, Gen. Hancock, had held the position some time, he was furiously attacked by the enemy, who were repulsed, with the loss of 900 rebels as prisoners.

Gen. Grant estimates our loss at 200. Having accomplished his object, Gen. Hunter returned to his former position.

On the north side of the James, Gen. Butler extended his reconnoissance as far as the Yorktown road, but found every thing quiet.

ON THE UPPER POTOMAC.

A dispatch from Gen. Kelley, dated at Cumberland, Md., states that a detachment of the 8th Ohio cavalry was attacked on last Saturday morning by 800 of the rebel Imboden's men, under Major Hill, who, after two hours of hard fighting were repulsed and routed, with a loss of 8 prisoners, 15 killed and a large number wounded. Major Hill was mortally wounded and captured. The Union loss was seven killed and 21 wounded. The location of the fight is not given.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

Although the rebel army has been entirely demoralised and much broken, there is still located over the valley a considerable body of them. It is well known that they have a large body of cavalry in Luray valley, and to ascertain their precise strength a reconnoitring party of 300 cavalry, under Major Gibson, was sent on the 24th of October. This force came upon a large body of rebel cavalry, who, although much superior in numbers, held in disorder to their entrenchments. Major Gibson, not deeming himself sufficiently strong to attack these, then returned to camp, having captured a battle flag and some prisoners.

The guerillas are still very troublesome, and rob and murder with impunity. They attacked a Union train near our front on the 26th, but were soon driven off.

MISSOURI.

Price's rebel army suffered a very serious defeat on Sunday, 23d Oct., by the Union army, under Generals Curtis and Pleasanton, on the Western border of the State, near the south of Kansas city. They were chased all Sunday night, and on Monday they made a stand, but were again defeated. Price having crossed from Missouri into Kansas, the Union cavalry followed him, a series of fights taking place on Tuesday and Wednesday, 25th and 26th, in which the rebels suffered disastrously for the rebels, who lost 1,500 in prisoners and 12 pieces of cannon.

General Sanborn and Col Cabel were captured, with several Colonels. Price burned 200 wagons to save them from falling into our hands. Gen. Steele was in pursuit with a large force to intercept his return to Arkansas.

LOUISIANA.

Gen. Hurlbut, who commands at New Orleans, has ordered the enrolment of all males in the department between the ages of 18 and 45. The guerillas are very troublesome on the Louisiana plantations. On the night of the 15th of October they burned 2,000 bales of cotton near Baton Rouge, carrying off all the negroes they could find. Squads of rebel cavalry are scouring Iberville parish, under orders from Mr. Allen, who styles himself Governor of Louisiana.

ATLANTA.

Despatches have been received at the War Office up to the evening of the 29th October, which confirm the statement that the rebels are concentrating Tennessee. Col. Johnson, the late commander of the rebel garrison at Dalton, saw the whole of Hood's army at Palmetto town, and he estimates their numbers at 35,000.

NORTH ALABAMA.

The news is not quite certain, but it would seem that the rebel Generals Taylor and Hood have moved into North Alabama, and are about invade Middle Tennessee. Taylor, who commands the rebel army of the Gulf, has about 10,000 men, and is reported to be moving towards Selma and near Decatur. Hood's advance is said to have reached Guntersville.

EAST TENNESSEE.

Gen. Gillem met Gen. Vaughan on the 27th near Morristown, and, after a sharp encounter, routed him, taking 500 prisoners.

TOWN GOSSIP.

Potatoes is the all absorbing theme, from the bowl to the pate, now for so far the next few weeks, at the end of which time the great Presidential question will be settled, and we shall know under which administration we are to live for years to come. Then the war is nothing, and a battle a bagatelle. In fact New York is no longer enthusiastic, and has come to regard the war as merely a necessary evil which we are obliged to bear, and of which there is little hope of seeing the end. Fallen on evil times, appeals directly to their dispositions and to the pocket, and yet the whole machine is run by a few professional hands, and the general public have little real voice in the choice of their future rulers as they had in the nomination.

The present Presidential campaign puzzles the wisest old political heads. There is no basis upon which to build, and every day produces new causes for alarm. The local elections held during the past month are no criterion of the views of the people, for the ever powerful personal popularity will rule over the mere votes of the opposite party, but whether enough to elect a single candidate is a matter for prophesy.

Even while this political storm is sweeping over the country, a large portion of the people are beginning to take to work out a solution of all our troubles. We mean the efforts to form companies for oil. The Petroleum States have filled their quotas, with men provided by the Government, and the call for men in the State the quota is full, but New York city still goes on raising 4 and 5 regiments, apparently with no desire to do, against the next call, which may confidently be looked for in January.

In connection with this subject, we do not regret to see the bribery and corruption which now exists practiced by the Provost Marshals. It seems a recognised thing, that from the moment a man is drafted, and before the enlistment paper, he loses all claim to humanity, and is from thence regarded as a "substitute," a commercial bomby pumper or a deserter. We have seen a drunken man in a carriage driven to the office of one of these men, a low, poisonous cur, without a place to sit upon, or a decent coat to his back, who was duly enrolled for two days, notwithstanding they could see by his appearance that he was not fit for the Marshal as security for their not running away. Such practices are not only low and mean, but they discourage enlistments, and later men with any pride from enlisting.

Now upon this subject we should say something about the "substitute" system, which is a curse to the country, of those having charge of the granting of passes to Hoke's division, and to the Provost Marshals, of some cases amounting to 1,000 per day, have to go to Hart's Island, to the general receiving depot, from there no such thing as a furlough is granted, and as a consequence the men are obliged to take to male soldier to bid adieu to wife, mother or sister, but a female friend, or a boy. The Government has been a fine diamond running these capable of carrying out their designs, and we have no doubt that many of all those wives, mothers and sisters who entered for passes to see their friends on the Island one day, only once permitted to go daily where brimstone is applicable.

Many of the substitutes are deserters, who have been put off with a pass dated a month ahead, when the time for their return to camp would be over, and the liability of the recruit being kept there over a week, thus adding much to the profit of the Government allowed every man, woman and child to go up to the island who could get a pass, and the Provost Marshals would not interrupt the discipline of the post, if it was done under certain rules. All these things operate against recruiting, and are especially hard on the recruiting officer, who receives from his men all the abuse, which justly belongs to those high in power.

Our local war, fast between the tailors and their employers still continues, and our nice young men are becoming accustomed to all the demands of the coming season, which promises to be one of unusual gayety. We have upon a large body of rebel cavalry, who, although much superior in numbers, refused to accede the case. In the meantime the strikers are left to the protection of the constables, and just now—if they do not mount up their wrists on the principle that we believe rules a number of our other evils with a view to get the best of it.

Our other evil with war, that between the city railroads and the public, we see subsequently that is now engaged than any other, and that is something. We have succeeded in getting all our horses with a limited number of terrible undiscovered number and demonstrations, and we are now ready for the fray on all events and occasions. We are reminded of it by taking up a copy of that remarkable journal, the *Sojourner*, and finding there the following editorial:

VOTE MONEY OR VOTE ——.—A MORAL FOR COUNTRY MERCHANTS.

A Pittsburg merchant, and a member of the Councils of that city, was at the Astor House in New York Monday night of $4,500. He had gone there to buy goods and to "see about," while remaining in the night was some "friends." So the story is told in the newspapers. This gentleman, although no politician himself, may not be thankful that he did not lose his life in addition to his money. Let us tell the style in which they met now. He would have been much worse off if he kept a gambling house in a Broadway, New York, or in a New York dock, his arms over in Williamsburg and his head down at Governor's Island. As a long time ago the *Herald* had a list of battle-scarp homicides, or attempted homicides, and which it kept for years, and added to from days, and thinished that people are frequently missing that never turn up, so we have a list, of course, of late that Pittsburg merchants and all other merchants from that State shall not better go to New York to buy, and purchase their goods in Philadelphia, where we are somewhat more careful of the money and free of strangers."

Which very clearly shows in every line that neither the National rights are to be properly cared for, nothing of the word jealousy as connected with New York. The merchants of the West and Northwest will not have to come to New York, and like all other countrymen are coming, Philadelphia is the place to go to. So selected has two boom companies, possibly countrymen in the end, but all working for the city at present, and only right, want to stop in the same bed, and in the forthcoming new Pennsylvania convention we shall see 25,000, whether by robbery or by scattering it in the streets during the election, is really worse.

Of these terrible murders that are committed in our midst no record will always be kept in the newspapers of ten days are the work of some native of another country. New York, Philadelphia, Boston and the cities and scoundrels of the world, Philadelphia included. Other cities, Paris and the great centres of intelligence and the people will almost every bird in the country, and the Philadelphia merchants and legislators who look upon their visits to New York as simply a matter of business, and who are thereby supports in our midst places that the good and the and intelligent of the country would not visit, and if left to themselves, is the reason why we do not, if called to the spot, we have much chance to show.

As a singular instance of enthusiasm in the wrong place we just point to the presence of last Sabbath at the church of the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. It was announced that he would preach upon the fact that the reverend gentleman was about to leave for Europe, and numerous of the upper ten Sunday evenings. It was during one of these semi-political discourses that he interrupted the name of McClellan. In a moment a cheer broke forth that shook the building, and the whole audience, followed by another and yet another. The speaker stood upon the platform, a look somewhat puzzled, and then forcing up a grim smile went on. The story has a moral, which is that the people's power in the future will break through the trammels of parties.

Another fact on the 8th of next month we are disposed to believe, is that of a vote of Alexander Dumas in the country, and the election of Lincoln by a large effect, and shall have in a month or two another literary treat.

One of the excitements just now, in a financial way, is that of gold rising. Everybody is getting excited, and every one who has $10, in some cases even less, in Government, is buying gold stock. It is a good time for the investment, without doubt, as a happy one, but between ourselves we do not believe it will go over 2 per cent. up to 10 per cent. ditto, are somewhat calculated to make a man nervous, and we have noticed that the old stocks past Wall street has doubled in petroleum to the extent of 100 per cent. within the past few days. Outside of all speculative ideas there is something wonderful in the Petroleum idea. It seems as though at the very moment when the people were to be destroyed by the scarcity of coal, Providence in the very nick of time had been the subject of the burning fluid which is to be the means of saving us. It is not to be that a new material should be discovered in such quantities as to supersede coal for all time, and that further, when cotton was lost to us a source of supply should be opened to us at the very spring to supply that wealth, bidding fair, at no distant day, to be the first in the world.

An event of the week worthy of some notice is that of the burning of the Union railroad train bound into the city, by regular and fast train, with the mails, passengers and express freight. Nearly 200 the guard were, and strange to remember, not a single life was lost. The week under the stimulus of bad country whiskey and cheap liquors, has been a fearful harvest of wakings, purses, and wherever else they fancied, and the city is in a terrible way in the street. The railroad still continuing their way towards New York with passengers, and the police fail to make arrests and punish?

Notes of the theatres:

The opera has had emphatically a week of triumphs. Carl Rosa's company, which we have spoken of in the last soon forgotten in "Dublin." Her Pauline has been a perfect success, and has enabled her to bring this opera home to the hearts of music-loving New Yorkers. Mr. Castle, as Count Stein, has had appreciative and liberal words, but this week has dawned upon a new star in the person of Miss Kellogg as Pauline, who wrote the popular operas of the day. Zuochi has great power, and Mr. Castle, with a solid voice, good and grand stage figure and youth, would make it strange indeed if he were not popular.

Through the week we are to have "Don Giovanni," with Miss Kellogg as Zerlina, and Mr. Castle, a new candidate for operatic honors as Giulio in "Rigoletto." We read how to hear with the French successes of losing Max and his company for some little time yet.

At the Winter Garden we have had a great change. Mr. Clarke, after attracting all the town for weeks in "Voodoo," "Major de Boots," and the highest of high old comedy and farce, turns right about and gives us Shakspeare, and we are glad to say that it is as well as it is possible to be with the style of acting we have to do it in. Mr. Clarke has given us Bob Tyke in "The School of Reform," and pleasures will carry it long in their

memories as some of the most finished acting of the day.

The Broadway is going on night after night with Mr. John Owens, making a success that is truly flattering to the appreciative powers of a New York public. Mr. Owens's "Solon Shingle" is a piece of stagework coming nearer to nature than anything that has been seen in these localities for many years, and such as will not be seen again for many more.

Wallack gives "Rosedale" again this week for a change.

The Olympic brings out a new thing, if a translation can be called new, entitled "Marguerite's Colors," and sends "Martin Chuzzlewit" into the shades for the present.

Niblo's is making a hit with Maggie Mitchel and "Fanchon." There is something in the play that seems to come home to the audience, and this time it is better produced than it ever has been before.

Artemus Ward has opened his chapter on Mormonism at Dodworth's rooms, though why at this God-forsaken, cramped place is more than we can tell. Every night tells of its small size, and the continual turning away of hundreds at the doors admonishes him either to stretch the capacity of his room or remove his pictures to some more elastic locality. His audience have not room to laugh.

Heller has still that same troublesome "Spirit in Scarlet," and those who are inclined to a belief in the spiritual or supernatural ought to study it out.

What Barnum will do now is a marvel. The Thumbs have gone, for ever, as they declare, from the classic shades of the Museum. It will not, however, be the frequenters who will lose, for Barnum has a way of getting desperate over his losses, and upon the desertion of a giant, dwarf or any other man or thing, manages somehow to pick up something always more curious and more run-after-able.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Another proof how a love of notoriety can disturb the judgment was given last week, when a respectably-dressed young woman called at the Coroner's office, and requested to look at the fragments of the body recently found in Brooklyn. When they were shown her she instantly declared they were the remains of her husband, to whom she had been married only three days when he disappeared. When asked for her marriage certificate she produced it. Being dated four days after the first portions were found, it was of course clear she was laboring under a decided delusion.

—— An inquiry is now being held on the charges brought against Inspector Boole by Mayor Gunther.

—— It is just 27 years since the telegraph was put to practical use.

—— Pennsylvania has produced during the past year $56,000,000 worth of petroleum, and $51,000,000 of iron.

—— There are 268,079 Indians left in the United States; 25,000 Creeks, 17,350 Cherokees, 16,000 Choctaws, 15,000 Navajoes, 13,638 Sioux and 3,300 Camanches.

—— The *Miners' Register*, of Sept. 7th, printed at Central City, Colorado Territory, says: "The immense clouds of grasshoppers which passed over the city yesterday were a sight, we believe, has never before been witnessed in the Territory. By looking towards the sun they could be seen in a dense crowd like swarms of bees. They appeared to be coming from the western slope and going eastward to the plains. They were very high up, probably 2,000 feet, as they were flying entirely above all the mountains about here. A few straggling ones lighted here, but the vast majority of them passed over. We should expect to see everything swept before them wherever they go."

—— The poisonous character of the liquors sold at the present day was illustrated in the case of a negro who died at Philadelphia the other day of intemperance. A *post-mortem* examination was made, and when the abdomen was laid open it was found that, by the direct action of liquor, the membrane lining the stomach had been corroded and eaten through. The mucous membrane of the viscera was so nearly destroyed that the victim may be literally said to have been "eaten" by poison and "doctored" liquor.

—— In the case of the suppression, in 1861, of the *Jeffersonian*, a newspaper published at West Chester, Penn., a jury in the U. S. Circuit Court at Philadelphia has just given the plaintiff a verdict of $500.

—— A case of much interest to certain parties has been decided by Justice Boerum, in Brooklyn. It was a suit for damages to a wagon, caused by the horses running away; the vehicle had been engaged on Sunday to take a family out for a ride, the horses ran off before the party was ready, the owner sues the hiring party for the price agreed upon and the damages in addition; the defence pleads that no such bargain made on Sunday is legal—and so the court decides, under the statute prohibiting travelling for pleasure on that day.

—— A meeting was held in Hope Chapel on the 27th of all the Frenchmen residing in New York who are in favor of re-electing Mr. Lincoln. The assemblage was energetic and unanimous.

—— The first annual meeting of the New York Women's Infirmary Association was held on the 27th Oct., at the 5th Avenue Hotel. The report was a very able and a very gratifying one.

—— A terrific rainstorm swept over New York and the adjacent parts, on Friday afternoon, doing considerable damage.

—— The new line of steamers to Providence of the Neptune Steamboat Co. is now thoroughly inaugurated. The Electra is running regularly twice per week from the foot of Robinson street. Seven more are building and will be finished by the 1st of January. The Galatea, with Mr. S. C. Williams, formerly cashier of the Stonington line, as Passenger clerk, enters the line within a fortnight. Mr. Williams is eminently qualified for the post to which he has been assigned, and will, we doubt not, in his new place, win an increase of friends by his urbanity, attention to his duties and sterling integrity. The new line, under the guidance of its able directors and their agent, Mr. Wm. M. Edwards, cannot be otherwise than entirely successful, not only as a medium for the conveyance of freight, but as a first-class as well as economical means of travel for passengers. The fare for the round trip by this line, to Providence, is only $3, being much less than by any other, and with equally as elegant accommodations.

Southern.—The Philadelphia *North American* submits the following as a carefully prepared estimate of the number of slaves thus far set free by the Administration or by the events of the war;

Mississippi, ½	155,540
Alabama, ⅓	145,023
Arkansas, ⅔	74,074
Virginia, ⅓	163,629
South Carolina, 1-6	67,066
North Carolina, 1-6	55,176
Louisiana, ⅔	201,150
Tennessee, ⅔	183,912
Delaware, ⅓	592
Maryland	87,188
Missouri	114,965
Texas, 1-6	30,427
Kentucky, ⅓	75,163
Georgia, ⅓	154,066
District Columbia	3,185
Indian Territory	7,360
Utah and Nebraska	44
Aggregate	1,368,600

—— A Richmond paper announces that "Oliver Twist" and Schiller's "Robbers" are in course of rehearsal at the Richmond Theatre.

—— The Richmond papers bitterly complain of the continual desertions from their armies.

—— The Alabama Legislature has by no means responded to Gov. Watts's demand upon the State for more men and money. Its reply is a preamble and resolution in favor of peace negotiations on the Chicago platform.

Military.—During the progress of the insidious malady which was the cause of the death of Gen. Birney, he was frequently delirious. During these moments, when reason was temporarily unseated, he constantly was under the hallucination that he was still in the field at the head of the proud legions that he had led so often to victory. He was frequently heard to exclaim by the anxious watchers at his bedside: "Bring up the guns," "Advance on the left," and other military orders, the counterpart of those issued on the battlefield. His last words, spoken in the delirium that preceded his death, were: "Boys, keep your eyes on the flag!"

—— The 52d regiment N. Y. V., arrived here on the 27th of Oct., their three years of service having expired. Out of over 1,000 men, only 35 men and 5 officers come home. Col. Frank is in command.

—— The 26th Mass. regiment, which left Sheridan's army on Tuesday, the 25th, arrived here on the 27th, and left for Boston in the afternoon. The regiment numbers 100 men and 9 officers. It was the first regiment that landed in Louisiana before the surrender of the forts, and its last service was in Sheridan's late battles.

—— We are happy to announce that an agreement has been made between Gens. Grant and Lee, by which our Government is permitted to send necessary supplies of food, clothing and medicines to the Union soldiers now prisoners in Rebeldom; in return for which, our Government permits the rebel authorities to purchase abroad such proper supplies as they may desire for the use of their soldiers who are prisoners in our hands.

—— The wrought-iron Ames gun was tried at Bridgeport, Connecticut, last week. Three shots were fired, with the following result, as reported in the Bridgeport *Standard*—The first shot, with a charge of 16lbs. of powder, the gun elevated at 24½ degrees, was sent 5¾ miles. The second shot, elevation the same, with a charge of 20 pounds of powder, was a "tumbler," and fell short about 1¼ miles. The third shot, with a charge of 25 pounds of powder, went a distance of 7¼ miles in 30 seconds. The shell weighed 107 pounds.

—— Gen. Butler's retaliation by putting rebel prisoners in the Dutch Gap canal, has had the desired effect. The Union soldiers are consequently not employed any longer on the rebel fortifications. This is the second time that Gen. Butler has taught the rebels a good lesson.

Personal.—Miss Adah Isaacs Menken has been astonishing the London public at Astley's Amphitheatre, in the character of Mazeppa.

—— Mr. Wilkie Collins is to receive $15,000 for his new novel. It is advertised to appear soon in the *Cornhill Magazine*.

—— Rockwood, the well-known photographer, is busy upon his beautiful illustrated work, "The Homes of the Poets;" the first number containing Sunnyside, was published some time ago. The forthcoming part is devoted to Idlewild, the home of Willis.

—— Miss Olive Logan has made a great hit in Philadelphia. Her personal beauty seems to have had much influence with the critics, since they do not even name the faults on which the ungallant critics of New York dwelt.

—— Renan, whose Life of Jesus caused so much attention, has just sailed to visit the places which were the theatre of St. Paul's life, which he is writing.

—— Gottschalk, the pianist, has been made a Knight of the Order of Charles the Third of Spain.

—— George Peabody, the London American banker, has retired from business.

—— The Archbishop of Quebec is lying dangerously ill in that city. He had received the last consolation of the church.

—— Another female lecturer has appeared on the stage in the person of Miss Cordelia Phillips. She delivered a very well written discourse at the Brooklyn Athenæum on the 28th of October, and was cordially received. Her manner is very effective.

—— Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stratton, better known as Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb, sailed on the 29th October in the City of Washington, for Liverpool.

Obituary.—On the 25th October, of typhus fever, Marcellus Eels, a well-known citizen of New York. He died at Parkersburg, Va. He was one of the Ten Governors when that body was in existence. He had for the last few years been in the Custom House.

—— Col. James Redfield, who fell, Oct. 5, at Altoona Pass, was born in Clyde, Wayne county, N. Y., March 27, 1824. He graduated at Yale College and studied law. About 10 years ago he went to Iowa, and was elected State Senator. When the war commenced he raised the 39th Iowa regiment, and participated in the Western campaign, being wounded at the battle of Parker's Cross.

—— Prince Paul Galitzin died in Paris, Oct. 3. He was a son of the Princess of that name, to whom the principal letters of Madame Swetchine were addressed.

—— Father Ignatius, not the Anglican one, Mr. Lyne, but the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer, has died in England. Mr. Spencer was a son of the third earl of that name, and was brought up at Eton and Cambridge. He entered holy orders, and was presented to a valuable living in Brighton. Soon afterwards he seceded from the Anglican church, and entered the Order of Passionists in 1835, where he has remained ever since, devoting himself to works of benevolence and piety. He died after a short illness at Carstairs, in his 65th year.

—— Marzetti, the celebrated Ravel pantomimist, whose performance of the ape was so much admired, died in this city last week.

—— Gen. Bidwell met his death in the unexpected, nobly contested, but ultimately successful action in the vicinity of Cedar Creek, Virginia, on the 19th Oct. He entered the service Sept. 21, 1861, as Colonel of what was known as the Buffalo regiment, or in order of numbers the 49th New York Volunteers. He early became conspicuous for his bravery and soldierly qualities, and has taken a prominent part in nearly all the campaigns in Virginia. At the time of his death he commanded a brigade in the 8th corps. His appointment to the rank of Brigadier-General was of recent date, and had not yet received the confirmation of the Senate.

—— The rebel General Ramseur, who was killed in the last fight in the Shenandoah, was a native of North Carolina, and received his education at West Point. He graduated in 1860, and was breveted 2d Lieutenant, 3d heavy artillery. When the rebellion broke out he joined the rebel ranks, and was made Brigadier-General, 1863. He was actively engaged in Lee's army till he was sent under Early to the Shenandoah.

—— The Rev. D. W. Cahill, the celebrated Irish Lecturer, Politician and Priest, died at Boston on the 27th October, after a few days illness. He was 65 years old. Few men have possessed either his energy or his learning. He was born in Ireland.

—— The Duke of Newcastle, who visited this country with the Prince of Wales, died Oct. 20, in his 54th year. He had been in public life since his 21st year.

—— Jasmin, the tailor poet of France, is dead—aged 66. His poems, written in a provincial dialect, are so excellent as to be even popular in Paris.

Accidents and Offences.—Owen Feeny, a porter in Stewart's store, was arrested on the 25th Oct. for inflicting a dangerous wound, with a cotton hook, upon Mr. Howard, a clerk in the Croton Department. Mr. Howard having remonstrated with Feeny for running against him with a truck, the latter drew his cotton hook and dug it into his neck. The police ought not to allow the dry goods merchants to occupy the sidewalk in the manner they do.

—— Michael Buckley was tried for the murder of Michael Smith at Weehawken on the 27th Oct., but the jury being unable to agree upon a verdict, it was discharged. Buckley was admitted to $5,000 bail.

—— A man named John Carpenter was arrested on the 27th October for having, with two other men, forcibly detained John Riley while he was rowing a race on the East river. The reason was that Carpenter had wagered money on Riley's opponent.

—— Ex-Mayor Opdyke has caused the arrest of three large lumbering advertising vans.

Art, Science and Literature.—Dr. Brownson has publicly announced that, owing to his feeble health, he has been compelled to discontinue his *Quarterly Review*.

—— At the sale of coins recently held at Cooley's salerooms the following prices were realised: Washington funeral medal (tin), $52 50; do., $20; do. (in silver), $10; do. (in tin), $14 25. Washington on horseback medal (bronze), $13 25; do., $20 50. Thirty-eight small Washington silver medals brought $137 65. Washington medal (in bronze), bust to right, in citizen's dress, $57 50; do., ditto, Westwood medal (plated), $10 50; pedestal medal (silver), $24; other Washington medals brought from 25 cents to $50. Among these was the Washington button (in tin), which sold at $18 50; discovery of America, a medal struck in honor of Columbus, $80; John Adams as Envoy, $77 50; a Washington half dollar, $52 50; ditto, $72 50; a Washington cent of 1792, $55; one of 1791, $15; and a medal of '92, $27 50.

—— The *Independence Belge*, of Brussels gives the following curious particulars of the amounts received by various artists as the results of single performances: Malibran, at Drury Lane, received $750 each night; the same price was paid to Lablache for two performances: Grisi, at New York, received $2,000 for one performance, and shortly after obtained $11,000 as the result of one night's entertainment in London; Taglioni received $750 for every performance at Hamburg; at her second benefit at St. Petersburg she realised the extravagant sum of $45,000, in addition to a magnificent present of diamond ornaments made her by the Czar.

Foreign.—William Ronpell, ex M.P. and convicted forger, was to have gone out lately to New Zealand with a batch of convicts, but it is stated his stay in England is necessary in connection with the property affected by the recent forgeries. He is employed in the extension works at Chatham, and may be seen as a common laborer, dressed in a gray, coarse convict suit, using a spade or pickaxe, getting stone, or yoked with other convicts to a cart, in connection with the works for the enlargement of the Chatham Dock Yard.

—— A few weeks ago an old woman died in the small town of Lievikzee, on the banks of the Scheldt. The old lady was regarded by her neighbors as being within only a few removes from positive poverty, but she died and left no will behind her, and, to the astonishment of her neighbors, what she did leave behind her was cash, bank notes and stock, amounting in value to about 2,000,000 guilders. There were pots full of the gold and silver of withdrawn and forgotten currencies, which had been buried for years; there was a box full of Austrian and other stock certificates, the coupons of which had not been cut off for a quarter of a century; while in a tin canister, which might have been the domestic tea-caddy, was a quarter of a million's worth of banknotes, musty with the accumulated damp of years.

—— On the evening of the 23d Sept. the city of Alexandria, Egypt, was lighted for the first time with gas, the works having been erected by a French company. The lamplighter is nightly followed in his rounds by a crowd of wondering Arabs, whose exclamation, as jet after jet spurts into light, is "Allah is great!"

—— One legged dancers are all the fashion now in some parts of Germany. There are no less than three at Hamburg now exhibiting.

—— The Emperor of Morocco has ordered the heads of certain rebels to be pickled and preserved, and then exposed to view in some of the most public points of the chief cities.

—— The London *Court Journal* has an editorial lamenting the prevalence of female slang among the fair sex, more especially in the higher classes.

—— The Paris *Moniteur* of the 8th October contains a decree of the French Emperor, from which the following articles are taken:

"Art. 3. M. Mercier, our Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary at the United States of America, is named Ambassador to her Majesty the Queen of Spain, in place of M. Barrot, who is raised to the dignity of a Senator.

"Art. 7. The Marquis de Chauteaurenard, our Minister Plenipotentiary to the Prince of Hesse, is named our Envoy Extraordinary and Minister to the United States of America, in place of M. Mercier."

Despite the Southern education and marriage of Count Mercier, he has deported himself very impartially during the war.

—— The last new sensation in London is preaching in theatres. Every Sunday night five theatres are filled to overflowing with excited audiences. The admission is one shilling. It is said to be a very profitable speculation.

—— A lady of fashion lately wore a muslin dress, the washing of which cost £10 sterling!

Chit-Chat.—The King of Oude, one of the British India Stipendiary Princes, has an income of £80,000, or $400,000 a year, and yet owes nearly $5,000,000. He spends his time in collecting the most beautiful birds for his aviary, and the most beautiful women for his seraglio. He has only stirred out of his palace twice in ten years.

—— The Hon. Geo. Ashmun has just published a letter a letter giving an account of an interview between himself, the late Senator Douglas and President Lincoln on the night that Fort Sumter was fired upon by the rebels. The only difference of opinion between Mr. Douglas and Mr. Lincoln was, that Mr. Douglas was for calling out 200,000 instead of 75,000 men, and had a much clearer estimate of the intentions and strength of the rebellion than had the President. On the question of a vigorous and prompt suppression of the outbreak, all three gentlemen were in perfect accord.

—— Mr. Henry J. Morgan, of Quebec, is preparing for the press a new Life of Major André, and would be grateful for any assistance in the way of either letters or other documents.

—— The Supreme Tribunal of Madrid has just given final judgment in a suit which had been under litigation 200 years, and which involved the succession to the inheritance of Francis Pizarro, the famous invader and conqueror of Peru in 1532.

—— Whatever may have been the ill-luck of the King of Denmark as a monarch, his success as a father has been most brilliant. His only son, King of Greece, and his two eldest daughters—a Queen and Empress *in prospectu* of the two greatest thrones in the world.

—— A popular actress in Paris has commenced an action against a minor actress for imitating her voice and manner.

—— The Indian names of some of our new war vessels are thus interpreted: Suwanee, buffalo soup; Shamokin, worn out pipe; Muscoote, muskrat; Winnepee, small pig; Ashuelot, burned bones; Monocacy, sleeping baby; Mabongo, wounded boar.

FOREIGN NEWS.

England.—Numerous failures continue to depress the commercial mind. Mr. Gladstone, in a recent speech at Ripon, again declared that, while the British Cabinet deplored the continuance of the war in America, it was their determination not to interfere; at the same time he doubted the power of the North to subjugate the South.

The report that Semmes was again afloat was denied.

The London *Times* has an article, in which it advocates the formation of the Canadian Confederacy as a balance to the war power of the Union.

The Mace Coburn prizefight was a draw. Coburn had claimed the stakes, but it had been decided against him, on the ground that as the objection to the referee came from himself, he had been the chief cause of the match being off.

Mexico.—Cortina has at last gone over to Maximilian. On the 26th of Sept. he surrendered Matamoras and the greater part of his troops to Gen. Meja, taking the oath of allegiance to the Empire. Gen. Canalis, with about 300 men, however, refused, and crossed over to Brownsville, Texas, surrendering themselves to Gen. Ford, who commands the rebel forces there.

THE GREAT GUN AT FORT HAMILTON.

Our first page this week is entirely occupied with illustrations of the trial of the monster gun, which was made at Fort Hamilton on the 26th of October. Fort Hamilton is on the Long Island shore, about eight miles from New York city, and almost immediately opposite Fort Lafayette. An excursion steamer from the city went thither on the day of the trial, which was bright and cheerful in autumnal beauty, and conveyed many citizens, together with military and naval officers, to witness the interesting experiment. Several hundred persons were present. Among the spectators were Capt. Rodman, the inventor of the gun—which is remarkable as the largest in the world; Mr. Knapp, the owner of the Fort Pitt foundry, at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, where the gun was cast; Capt. Wise, Chief of Ordnance Bureau, U. S. Navy; Capt. Benet, Chief of Ordnance Bureau, U. S. Army; Major S. Van Vliet, Quartermaster; Gen. Hitchcock; Gen. Howe; Capt. A. R. Buffington, U. S. Ordnance Corps, commanding the party working the gun; Capt. Marcel, of the Revenue cutter Bronx, the excursion steamer of the occasion; and Paymaster Hassler, of the receiving ship Vermont. Mr. Orison Blunt and Mr. Peter Cooper were also present. All admired the great gun. Our readers may remember that we published a picture of the casting of this huge piece of artillery, which took place on the 11th of February. The gun is made of Juniata iron, weighs nearly 1,117 pounds, and at the breach is nearly 6 feet in diameter. Its bore is 20 inches, and it carries a solid shot of 1,080 pounds weight. Its regular charge of powder is 100 pounds, but that may be increased, should necessity require, to 125, or even to 130 pounds. On the occasion of its trial, it was discharged three times.

A blank cartridge containing 100 pounds of powder, mammoth No. 1, was first fired, amid the applause of the spectators. The great gun spoke for itself, but its voice did not prove to be as loud as that of an ordinary 10-pounder Parrott, loaded with small shot. It recoiled about two feet. Our first sketch represents the operation of placing it in position, after this recoil. It was then loaded with 50 pounds of powder and a solid shot, weighing 1,080 pounds. One of our sketches represents the process of loading it by means of a derrick, which, we believe, is a novel, as it is certainly a clumsy method of filling the cannon's mouth. It occupied, on this occasion, precisely one hour. On being discharged this immense shot was driven about a quarter of a mile, when it ricochetted six or seven times, and finally disappeared in the water. The gun recoiled two feet six and a half inches. It was then loaded for the third discharge with 100 pounds of powder and a 1,080 pound shot, and pitched at an angle of 25 degrees. Especial interest was felt in the result of this trial, together with some apprehension as to its result. The gun was fired by an officer, who snapped the cap. Thereupon the ball was hurled forth about four miles in twenty-seven seconds, the gun recoiling four feet, eight and three quarter inches.

A second trial of the mammoth was made on the 27th of October, with perfectly satisfactory results.

THE ST. ALBAN'S RAID.

We devote a large space, this week, to illustrations of the recent rebel raid upon St. Alban's, Vermont. St. Albans is a flourishing town, situated three miles east of Lake Champlain, 23 miles from Rouse's Point—where the railroads converge, going North—and 10 miles from the Canada line. The raid was made upon it on the afternoon of Wednesday, the 19th Oct. Business hours had not passed and the banks were still open. The attacking party numbered 25 or 30 persons. These men had come over from Canada and quietly congregated at the various hotels in St. Albans, holding no noticeable communication and awakening no suspicion. Their plan was a bold one, and was successfully executed. On the day mentioned, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, they suddenly congregated, in squads, and made a simultaneous attack on the St. Albans, the Franklin county and the First National Banks. At each bank they drew their revolvers, threatening instant death to all the officers present if any resistance was made. They then robbed the drawers and vaults of all specie, bills and other valuable articles that they could lay their hands upon.

At the St. Albans bank these ruffians compelled the tellers to take the oath of allegiance to the Confederate Government. At the Franklin bank they thrust the cashier, Mr. Beardsley, together with a Mr. Clark, into the safe, and left them, where they must infallibly have suffocated, but for the timely arrival of assistance, after the robbers had decamped.

At the First National Bank some resistance was made to them, by Mr. Blaisdell, one of the bank officers, as represented by our Artist. But, in general, they met with no opposition. The attack was so sudden and unexpected that at first the citizens were panic-stricken, and the utmost confusion prevailed in the town.

Parties of the raiders rushed about, from place to place, discharging their pistols in every direction. Their weapons were seven-shooters, and each man carried several of them. A number of citizens were killed —the first victim being Mr. E. J. Morrison, who was shot down at the door of Mrs. Beattie's millinery store. Among the killed were a woman and a little girl.

Having completely pillaged the banks, and murdered a number of the citizens of St. Albans, they closed their foul work by seizing the horses from the farmers' wagons and from livery stables, and so made good their escape. Within half an hour from the beginning of the raid they galloped away from the town. During the period of their stay they uttered fearful threats and a good deal of blasphemy. They pretended to be Confederate soldiers, and their language and conduct were such as seemed to warrant their pretence.

Their leader, one Bennet H. Young, pretends to be an officer in the rebel army. We shall publish a portrait of him, together with additional sketches, illustrative of the raid, in our next paper.

The raiders were promptly pursued by a party of armed citizens of St. Albans, under Capt. Conger. The pursuit lay in the direction of Sheldon Creek, at which point the flying robbers set fire to the bridge, in order to protect their retreat. They were, however, followed into Canada, where a number of them—14 at latest accounts—have been captured. They are claimed by the United States, under the extradition treaty, as murderers and burglars. Their examination was commenced at St. Johns, but will probably be completed at Montreal. The Canadian Government has behaved in the most prompt and just manner in this business, and there is no doubt that the miscreants who perpetrated a series of foul murders and robberies at St. Albans will be brought to justice and punished according to their deserts. They are defended at present before the Canadian court by George N. Sanders. If they prove indeed to be Confederate soldiers their case will not be improved, seeing that Canada will exact reparation for violation of a neutral soil.

The greater part of the stolen money has been recovered. The frontier is under arms, and no apprehension need be entertained of any more rebel raids from Canada.

Our sketch of the principal street of St. Albans is from a photograph by Mr. T. G. Richardson, of that town, who was made a prisoner by the raiders, among others that were guarded on the green, in front of the American Hotel, but who escaped unharmed. Mr. Richardson's courtesy to our Artist is gratefully acknowledged.

Oliver Ditson & Co. has just published a most accurate and elegant edition of Gounod's highly popular opera of "Faust," with English and Italian words, to correspond with the operas already published by them. It is worthy of these enterprising publishers' reputation, and cannot fail to have a great sale, since every lover of this brilliant and dramatic composer will naturally like to possess it.

REBEL ARMY, UNDER EARLY, SURPRISING OUR FORCES AT CEDAR CREEK, ON THE MORNING OF THE 19TH OF OCT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

BATTLE OF MIDDLETOWN, ON THE AFTERNOON OF THE 19TH OF OCT.—GREAT VICTORY WON BY GENERAL SHERIDAN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.



CAMP SCENE—AN ARMY DRUG STORE—THE HOSPITAL STEWARD.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

AT THE FARM.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

THE dew is on the clover, and the blackbird in the corn;
There's a tuft of starry blossoms out on a branch of that garden thorn.



Listen a moment, and you will hear the sound of the wheel at the mill,
And, piercing sharp through this hazy calm, the stage-horn over the hill.
Well, the cattle browse in the pasture-lands, and the world looks blithe and gay,
As blithe as that summer morning when we watched him marching away.
Mother, 'tis like old times again, to see you in this seat,
With the lilacs nodding overhead and the sweet pinks at your feet.

Do you know how many times we've sat in this same place—you and I—
And looked at the saffron and tawny red afloat in the sunset sky,
The roses blowing along the lane, and the shine of the evening star,
And talked of the many things we'd do when John came home from the war?
How many times in three long years we've watched in the old west room,
And fancied we heard his ringing step a-sounding in the gloom,
From the gate, you know, straight up through the pinks, and over the threshold stone,
Where we sat in the shadows, you and I, in the shadow—ours alone?

There are hearts, I ween, in the town to-day, as happy as hearts may be;
They are back from their hard-fought fields, at last—the boys of Company C.
Who would have thought of a house so still, of a feast unspread to-day?
I had been his bride but a year, you know, when he went marching away.

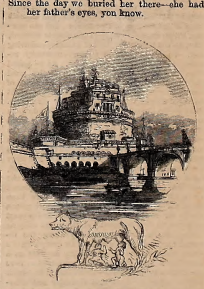
Oh, I dreamed last night of that dreadful field, the field we know so well!
With its charging columns, its gory dead, and the shriek of its shot and shell.
And I heard the cannon a-sounding deep, and I saw him where he stood,
By the river, whose current was running red, like a tide of human blood.

He was there—my John—with his bare, bright sword, and the voice we used to hear,
Out ringing over the farm at morn, like a trumpet loud and clear,
And the red, red batteries all around—oh, why did I dream the rest?
Why did I deep to see last night that blood-stain on his breast?

They brought my captain back to me in the sunshine yesterday,
With the muffled drum and the wailing fife, and the thick crowds in the way.
The bees were singing along the lane, and the blackbirds in the corn,
And the wind was coaxing the white bloom out from the buds of the garden thorn!

Did you see the light fall under their feet, in streaks, like golden hare,
As they bore him up the broad church aisle, a-sleeping under the stars?
The broad, bright stars he loved so well—oh, the cruel wound they hid!
And the sword was laid, with a stain on its hilt, across the coffin lid.

The baby lies 'neath that blooming thorn—'tis just a month ago
Since the day we buried her there—she had her father's eyes, you know.



THE CASTLE OF ST. ANGELO, ROME.

The house is still—the old farm lays spread out in the sultry noon,
Drowsy and hushed, with only the winds and the yellow bees in tune.
Without, two graves among the flowers, within, a tattered sword,
A little lock of the baby's hair, and two empty seats at the board.
The silence of death in the old west room, and the sighs that the roses make,
And, in the shadow of those two graves, a dumb heart waiting to break!



RED ANDREA PROFFERS HIS SERVICES.

RED ANDREA.

BY C. G. ROSENBERG.

CHAPTER I.

THE Opera—it was and possibly may still be called the Alberto—has closed in Rome. Its doors have been shut upon the lovers of music, for the simple reason that this is the week preceding Easter. Nor is it alone, the Alberto, which has closed its entrance upon the lovers of amusement and the pleasure-seekers in the old Imperial city. Every entertainment which had its doors open to the people, has for the moment closed them and excluded their love of pleasure. At this period, the Roman Catholic world—more especially in th

great emporium of its ceremonial observance, where it is so closely under the surveillance of its priests and rulers—is compelled to exhibit a becoming deference to those rules which have been unsurgingly imposed upon its children. It must fast—does not the Roman Church bid its children scrupulously to fast at this period of the year? Moreover it is compelled to abstain from all amusement. Is not all amusement a completely forbidden thing to the Catholic during the penitential week which ushers in the Easter Sabbath?

All around me is gloom and sadness. The clerical, as well as the lay portion of the population, are all abandoned to the solemn observances of the period.

But the strangers, or, rather should I say, the Protestant residents in Rome with the French Roman Catholics, are waiting with impatience for the end of that week of penitential observance. They have looked to it in their own hotels, without thinking it at all necessary to keep up that starvation system, with regard to their fleshly persons, which is enjoined upon all men by the Romish Church. They have eaten and they have drank, as men of the world will eat and drink upon every occasion which presents itself. This occasion has presented itself in consequence of that almost universal sheriffness, in Rome, which was alluded to in a letter which I wrote some days. The hotel-keepers, themselves, have had more time to attend to the fleshly wants of the heretics who are dwelling in their houses, because the Romanists residing under their care have sustained their bodies upon a purely fishy nourishment.

Edward Sheridan is myself—who have been travelling together for the last nine months, and intend to return to London as soon as we have seen the Pope blessing the faithful, in front of the cathedral of St. Peter's, upon the heartily tired of Rome in its drapery of sorrow.

That is the right word, or, rather the right phrase—the drapery of sorrow. Are not all pictures and statues in every church and chapel which dot Rome, as thickly as the currants dot a Christmas cake in more northern climes, draped with sable curtains? Is not a doleful and agonising Miserere the only chant which, during the last days, we have had any chance of listening to in the grand and imposing interior of St. Peter's? Was not a kneeling figure at the shrine of Loretto, with its face buried in its hands and weeping in the agony of its contrition for repented sin, or a stalwart son of the scorching Campagna, standing barefoot and raggedly garmented chest with his clenched fists, before the altar of the holy Virgin, the only chance for dramatic excitement which was offered to our travelling thirst for travelling, by the Ara, or rather the death, which lay around us?

Naturally was it, therefore, that I and my friend Sid should rest on the evening preceding Easter Sunday, offering up an intense thankfulness that Lent had at length drawn to a close.

When, on the following morning, we met at breakfast, it was at once evident that a considerable change had come over the spirit of the scene, in which we were to be found. Bells were ringing with all the cheerfulness that can animate their metal tongues on every side, and the murmur which surged to us from the streets without, was, for the same being, that of an active and joyous city. Vitality had, once again, apparently reanimated that corpse of the past. As we gazed from our windows, those windows by good fortune opened on the external world instead of the interior court-yard, monks and priests might be seen wending their way in all directions. They seemed to swarm into life as the flies do upon and from a dead body. Have you, my good friend, ever seen a flame? If so, has not the same thought stricken you, when you have been looking on the activity which seems to pervade it wherever there is a religious festival? For one forcibly, did the idea suggest itself to my mind, upon the present occasion. The whole of the populace of Rome, of the Seven Hills appeared on that morning somewhat even more than menkish. A brace of cowls or clerical gowns might be counted, by any ready and expert reckoner, in that constantly shifting and edging throng which swept ceaselessly along the illgarred roads and windows, for every cuirass's dress which might be seen doing its duty as a constituent part of the crowd, numerous as were the cuirasses that Papal—which had in its former days of grandeur been first—and last—of the swords Imperial—Rome, By-the-bye, I should have said "every patriotisure's" dress, for the sparking yellow, blue and scarlet, with the strings of gold braids (as say rate, they were very heavily gilt) of the Cuirassier, who from the earliest dawn had been streaming into the capital of the Papal world, very nearly rivalled the clerical hat or cannikin hood in numbers. And what on the round earth is a cuirassier more lovely, what is an the bumor for admiring loveliness, than one of those Roman peasant-women? With a form that, in the midst of a throng of the proportions which might rival that of the Pagan Hunteess Diana, and a royal enough beshy head which might shame a princess of the blood of the sponse of Jove, she is a model for an artist who may be studying in either class of beauty. However, spite of these reflections which occurred to me while gazing upon the crowd, I recurred to my old idea. As Moreton called my attention to a head of more than ordinary grandeur of outline, I sighed involuntarily.

"What is the matter with you?" he asked.

"The fine old place," I muttered rather than said, "is more monk than fly-blown."

"You know that I am a Roman Catholic," was his answer, "yet let me candidly own, that, but a few minutes since, I also was thinking of the same thing."

Some Roman friends had cautioned me on the Thursday previous, when we were taking on the with them—some Romans are there who are visible to their acquaintance even in Passion Week—to be ready in the evening, as, as I seem to remember it was called, if my memory may in this be trusted (thirteen or fourteen years have passed away since I last stood there), the *Tizzo di San Pietro*. Accordingly, shortly after breakfast, we repaired thither. Carriages had now begun to swarm through the city in every direction. Here rolled the equipage of one of the Foreign Ambassadors. He and his secretary were both in uniform. The servants in pompous liveries sat upon the box and stood behind the carriage. Behind it, at a somewhat slower pace, an entire battalion of cuirassiers indisputably more gorgeous carriage of a high dignitary of the church. You see the glimmer of scarlet and white here there in the window, and an old and crafty-looking head peers from it upon the thronging street. It is that of a cardinal, who is driving in state, and who honored a slender chance of succeeding to the Papal chair. Had he done so, Pio Nono might have remained to the present day an unknown quantity in the list of Roman Princes, but the occupation of the chair of St. Peter may be called so. He has a lovely nice —some say she was his daughter—who is not with him now. In the carriage across the course of the street, a stalwart peasant is nearly crushed by it against the wall, so narrow is the roadway between the side pavements. He utters a savage curse, he stays himself against the rough stone and gazes into the vehicle.

The guide was evidently engaged, passes and crosses himself. It seems to me that a look of terror has stolen over his usually happy countenance.

"Who is it, Filippo?"

Filippo does not answer, but hurries on. At the same time I notice that the muscular individual who had almost been crushed by the carriage is with a gracious nod from the old cardinal, and removing his hand from the bosom of his tanned sheepskin jacket, he says:

"I say, Filippo, who is it?"

Filippo gives an impassive and trembling glance at his friend, and seeing that we are at a safe distance, says:

"It is Red Andrea, *Excellenza*."

"Red! How the face is as yellow as yours is now, and his hair is darker than mine."

An endeavor to laugh—the veriest ghost of a smile—under the circumstances upon Filippo's visage, has somehow or other he cannot manage to achieve it comfortably. Moreton breaks out into a loud laugh.

"You couldn't look more frightened, Filippo, if he was a brigand."

Filippo jumps as he might have done at a lash from a bandit-whip.

"Is he one?"

"*Per Famore di Dio!* Signor, don't say that again!" Filippo exclaims, with a groan.

And then, by dint of question and cross-question, we manage to extract the following facts from him:

Four years since Andrea had been a wealthy peasant—that is to say, he made money. How, Filippo knows not. On the evening, three days ere the ceremony we was not at that period a brigand. Among other items of personal property, he possessed a wife, who was famed for her bright beauty. Unlike the generality of the female peasantry of the Campagna, she was fair. She was also a devout Catholic, and, as Filippo puts it, and this circumstance made her loveliness the more remarkable. Andrea cared for her as the most passionate people cares for his sister. It had so happened that a young Roman nobleman, who was staying at the Papal capital, had met with her near her home. He was attracted. "Why," asked Filippo, "should he not be, with the loveliness of Gaetana?" He saw her again and again. At last she consented to leave her home and throw herself upon his protection. When Andrea found that he was alone, his neighbors—for a man has neighbors even on the Campagna—refused to harbor him, and he was driven to a stiletto. The blow had so all appearance had been given by a man who must have been standing behind him, that no one would seem from the manner in which the corpse fell that any other absence of the usual marks of a struggle, or mutilation. In addition to this, his pockets had not been rifled—he was murdered from a close-ably large sum, had not even been touched.

A warrant was at once issued for the apprehension of Andrea Rossi. And, as the supposed he alone could have committed the murder, which had not been wrought for the purpose of plunder, he was at once charged with the crime of murder against him. One of the cardinals—"*questo, Monsignore?*" ejaculated Filippo, with an emphasis which expressed the utmost indignation, which gave us to understand that he was alluding to the one who had just passed us—had befriended him in his extremity. And, in consequence, Andrea was again allowed to go free.

"And Gaetana?" inquired Edward.

"Ah! *La povera fanciulla!*" said Filippo, with a sigh, pumped up apparently from the very depths of his chest.

"What became of her?" I asked.

Filippo looked at me and shook his head. He was very evidently trying to imagine a thing out of her misfortunes, but found some difficulty in accommodating his information to the wants of his temporary patrons. It was the only case with which I have ever been acquainted, that left the guide or courier at a loss upon any subject on which they were questioned. Therefore is it that I mark it down, and express my opinion that Filippo must originally have come into the world with some vague notions respecting the propriety of truth in a general point of view. At any rate, all the hesitation which he may probably have felt upon this point, or the difficulties which may have been attendant upon his immediate invention, were speedily at an end.

"The poor child never again saw Andrea!" he said to me, in the most lugubrious of tones.

"How was that?" asked Moreton.

"She took poison, *Eccellenza*."

"Indeed!" I exclaimed.

"And, poor thing, what pains did she take, or have you forgotten it, Filippo?" Edward inquired.

"Forgotten it, signor!" ejaculated Filippo, with a glance of the most intense surprise. "Did I ever forget any thing?"

"I think it would be impossible to say."

"*Acqua tofana?*" uttered Filippo with an air of triumph.

He had remembered the name of a well-sounding death potion, and rejoiced in having done so. I bear witness that it had a deal of suicide in that poison bad been rounded on reminiscences of the middle ages. Moreton, therefore, smiled first, and then I laughed.

Filippo's dignity was wounded. He shrugged his shoulders and walked on.

"And this is the cause, then, that has made Andrea, a brig——"

I could go no further. His instantaneously appealing look at me was so wonderfully effective, that it arrested the very word upon my lips. Moreover, we had arrived in the front of St. Peter's Church, which was filled to the square which was acting before it. All was active and busy life, there, for the time being. The great flag, with the crossed keys and the Papal arms and Tiara woven into its silken folds, was streaming lazily on the sunshine from the tower of the castle of St. Angelo. The bridge which is at the end of the Swiss Papal Guard were playing. Around them were a dense and closely-packed throng, over whose heads we saw the columns of spray from the fountains flashed into the air, and fell in the pendant jets of the statues that they might see the Pope when he should issue from the gate of the huge cathedral. The crowd had arrived much too early, and it was by labor and the most unflinching impudence that Edward at last found six inches square of footing for which he mounted at the imminent risk of breaking his neck, while I remained below in company with the very honest and remarkably intelligent Filippo.

Quarter of an hour had slowly passed away. My friend began to grow uncomfortable.

He was already weary of his elevation. He grumbled in no peculiarly measured terms, at the want of philanthropy in his immediate neighbor, who either could not or would not permit him to have the additional inch of space, upon the bench on which he was standing.

The murmur of tongues around us hushed for a moment. All was silence.

Then the hum and buzz of life again broke from that momentary stillness. With, as it were, a long and deep sigh of relief, the human beings stretching before us swayed in the direction of the portals of the church. At the same instant, the choirs, which had been concealed from our view, burst out into a triumphant song, and the Pope issued from the door of St. Peter's.

He was borne on a splendidly carved and richly gilded chair, which was borne by six sturdy-looking priests, who might, as far as theews and appearance were changed places with any six of the Papal Guard.

In the hands of two younger clerical functionaries were immense fans, two immense fans of peacock's feathers, which were mounted upon silver-handed ashen staves. Before, were two bishops, and two mitred abbots with burning incense. Cardinals, dressed in their purposing robes, Archbishops, Bishops and Mitred Abbots surrounded him. Following them were the Swiss Guards in long files closing the procession. But at their heels came an even denser throng, which as he was borne towards the steps that led to the platform of the cathedral, arrayed itself down towards the crowd which already filled the usually vacant area before it. It ebbed and then flowed, and then surged together the waves of humanity grew denser and heavier. Yet, singular to say, no cry of suffering was heard. Women, children, priests and peasants, the soldiers and the populace, all knelt in solemn silence.

Then the old and feeble man stretched out his hands and blessed us. Heaven forgive me if I were wrong, but in that supposed to me, that the blessing was heard above. So still was all around —so universal a calm rested upon that immense multitude, that I even fancied my ears could detect the sound of that voice. And yet I had seen him and he had spoken to me before, and his voice was so low and feeble in its utterance, that this must have been impossible.

From his fingers fluttered down two papers, which passed through the air down the balcony. Then I knew not what these contained. A written forgiveness of sins for the faithful, and a written curse on the enemies of the church were those two papers. At that time I knew not what the monument meant, and only heard the murmur of the strange beneath the gallery to obtain the smallest torn scrap from them. As they fell—or perhaps it ought to be said when they had fallen on the heads rotted from the gallery, and at the same instant every church bell in Rome sent its clangor to the sound that broke from the immense multitude.

They were rising from their knees.

Scarcely had I risen, than Filippo touched my arm. He had been kneeling beside me.

"What is it?" I demanded, hastily.

The truth is—let me out with it, confession is good for the soul—that I was somewhat ashamed, for a Protestant, for having permitted my knees to become lapped in that fit of Roman devotion.

"Look, *Eccellenza*."

"Where, and at what?" was the angry question which I put to him.

"There!" said Filippo, extending his finger in a manner that struck me as being somewhat less frankly significant than the action of his finger and arm generally was. Suffice it that I looked round, and I did so, my eyes fell upon a figure it had very certainly not been in the expectation to behold so near me.

It was Red Andrea.

He was still upon his knees. His arms were crossed athwart his brawny chest, which appeared to have been with his concentrated energies. His head was humbly bent towards the earth, and as it appeared to me, he traces of two huge tears rolling down his cheeks, which were handy-lined face. Barely, however, had I the time to fancy that I noted this, than he rose. With a proud gesture, and a haughty defiance, he wore half ashamed of the emotion he had displayed, he tossed his long leathern jacket closely around his form, and striding away from the colonnade, crossed the Place of St. Peter.

Not knowing what I did, I sprang to follow him among the already fragmentary and melting crowd. Edward had laid his hand upon my arm, and his voice, as he did so, rang upon my ear.

"Where are you rushing to, my dear fellow?"

I struggled hastily from under his hand, and looked around. The crowd were fast leaving the spot, which, on the morrow, would have come to and its return to its usual monkish repose and stillness.

The annual blessing had been given, and the annual curse had been scattered to the winds.

CHAPTER II.

WHAT is there that I can be more delicately lovely than the still and calm and gentle beauty of an evening in Central Italy—an evening when the sun is yet so young that the presence of the sunset has brought no sorrow in its wake with the freshening breezes that have been cradled upon the Middle Sea? At such a moment the young imagine that the dream, for, with me we are young dreaming is imagination, and as we grow old the activity of the imagination becomes merely a dreaming. The youth imagines the future, while age dreams over the past.

Edward Moreton and myself had been dining, and had sat down to our wine, when the coffee stood on the table in the apartment which we occupied.

The windows were wide open and permitted the cool air of evening to pass through them and search our persons with its somewhat keen yet pleasant embrace, while we chatted, two young boys, in an idle humor, with our Havanese cigars, and sipped from time to time our rapidly cooling coffee—for, by the by, I should have hardly failed enough in its way, as it generally is in central and southern Europe, a Spaniard could most certainly have detected the table a little sooner, and have decidedly not have recognised it as the veritable and genuine juice of the Mocha berry.

We had been imagining all those possibilities and impossibilities which might find a temporary resting place in the brains of youth. Strangely enough, that identical food or Black Arabes with whose immediate contemplation we had been staring formed an occular acquaintance, had become the main topic of our conversation.

"Then you really believe that Andrea murdered the young Vicenzes?" inquired Edward.

"Why not?" I asked, with a philosophical twirl to the strong end of my cigar.

"You do then believe it?"

"Most indubitably!"

"Of course in that case, you put no faith in the devout humility displayed by him this morning?"

"I thought you were a Roman Catholic?"

"When I said that, I did not think. He very clearly foresaw what I was about to say.

"You ought to know that absolution and the confession of the sin are all of a piece," I said, in a tone of intense philosophical gravity. "He may have put the Viennese out of the way, yet you know he as decidedly harmless as you or myself."

"He may," said Moreton, dubiously.

"But I say, good sirs, I am certain he is."

"Nevertheless," responded my friend, "I should prefer Filippo as my guide to the aforesaid Andrea—especially upon a dark night, and more especially by night in the city of Seven Hills."

"All I can say is, that I am by no manner of means certain that I should."

As I uttered this, and what is more, as I uttered it with an air of the coolest, Nay! may I not say of the most superb indifference, a gentle, master-of-fact knock come at the door of our apartment.

"Come in," ejaculated Edward, as I turned my head lazily towards it.

The waiter who was in attendance upon our floor of the hotel, entered the room. He came for the purpose of informing our "Excellencies," that

Filippo had very suddenly been taken ill, and would consequently be unable to attend us on this evening. Now, we were comparatively strangers in Rome, and he had been engaged by us for more than a week past, with a special view to his services upon this day. It must be confessed that the annoyance was enough to make the most Christian-like of modern saints swear like a trooper who has to turn into the saddle, just as he is sitting down to a grilled brace of fowls whose necks he has wrung, without paying for them, at the nighest henroost.

"What the dence has happened to the rascal?"

It may be observed that Moreton put little faith in his alleged sickness: neither, to tell the truth, did I.

"*Eccellenza!*" answered the waiter, "I am unable to say. His mother has just presented herself for the purpose of making his excuses."

"Can we get any one in his place?" asked I, with a view to the practical necessities of the case.

"It will be very difficult to find an attendant to-night, *Eccellenza*, at this late hour."

"Confound the scamp!" said Edward.

"Go and try to find somebody who knows the localities and understands French." You will observe that at this period my own Italian, as well as Ned's, was somewhat homœopathically accommodated to our wants.

We subsequently found out that the amiable Filippo's malady had been occasioned by the temptations held out to him by a Russian nobleman—hang the Russians! they seem in Europe always to have the gold of the Ural, and the diamonds of Golconda at their disposal, to say nothing of any quantity of platinum—to consecrate that evening to his examination of the illuminations of St. Peter's. The rascal was offered double what we had given him by the day, for his services. Therefore he had been taken with a sudden fit of the cholera, which, as cholera then was, might, if a veritable attack of that disease, have dispatched him upon the morrow.

The evening had gradually darkened, and the sky had assumed the deep blue which is so characteristic of the night-heaven of Italy. Indeed it was not blue. It was a full rich purple, and the golden stars glanced from and spangled it in the style that the specks of golden metal flash and glisten upon the blue velvet robe in which actors enact the part of "Richard the Third." Or, for in some manner it seems to me that the shaping of this simile detracts from their beauty, they starred and gleamed upon the purple heaven of night, like themselves alone, the wondrous diamonds, carbuncles and topazes set by the hand of God in the broad lapis-lazuli of the outspread firmament.

"Look, Edward, is not night in this clime beautiful?"

"Hang him!" replied my friend, rising and coming to the balcony beside me, "we shall have to go out alone in Rome at this time, or miss the illumination."

Scarcely had these words quitted his lips, than the waiter again entered the apartment.

"Have you found one?"

"Yes, *Eccellenza!* Shall I tell him to enter?"

"Certainly."

The waiter went out, and in another moment Red Andrea strode heavily into the room.

"The ——!" well, let us call it the gentleman in a suit of sable, for the purpose of avoiding an imputation of reckless profanity—was Ned's instantaneous ejaculation.

Even as my friend uttered this, I looked up in Andrea's face. Nothing could have been more statuesquely rigid and immobile than its harsh, yet dignified outline. It was evident enough that he very certainly had not the slightest acquaintance with the English language. Few or none of the Italian peasantry, as might naturally be expected, understand a word of it, save it be those national expletives which have generally rendered our tongue so masterly an idiom for putting oneself in a rage.

"Carlo," said the black-muzzled Campagnard, "tells me that your Excellencies require a guide for this evening."

He must at least have stood some six foot three inches in height. His shoulders recalled to me those of the Farnese Hercules; but his waist, as far as I could make it out under his loose sheepskin jacket, was much slighter. To my extreme astonishment he had addressed us in capital French—perhaps I ought to have said most capital, considering that it was shapen by the lungs of an Italian peasant who was supposed to pick up a dubious living on the Roman Campagna.

"But you are most assuredly no professional guide?"

The models for sculptors and painters are, it may be observed, professional. Such also is a religious mendicant. Couriers, too, are generally considered so. Why, you will allow me to ask, should not a guide share in the same appellation?

"No, your Excellency."

"Then of what earthly use," whispered Moreton, "can he possibly be to us?"

"However," continued Andrea, "if your Excellencies should be disposed to employ me, I will take admirable care of both of you."

"You scoundrel!" interjected Moreton, in thoroughly emphatic Saxon, "I don't doubt it in the least."

"Be quiet, Ned. We will go with him."

"Nonsense! I won't."

"Then allow me to assure you that I shall."

Saying this, I turned, and taking my hat, flung my cloak or capote, or whatever else it might be called, across my shoulders. But chancing at the same moment to cast a glance upon the swart visage of my red acquaintance, I discovered an unmistakeable smile of satisfaction—it was true that it was of the grimmest order—breaking over it. Now, could he by any possibility have understood what Edward and myself had been talking of? Or could he have guessed at our meaning? If so, was he flattered by my faith in his honesty? But, No! that he did not understand English was a certainty. How then could he have guessed at that which we had been saying?

"Your Excellencies will be too late to see the change."

"Certainly we shall."

As I said this I preceded him from the room. On issuing into the street, I found that Edward had accompanied us. He had only lingered for a moment to secure his pistols about him. When, taking my arm, he slapped the breast-pocket of his coat emphatically to show me that he was ready for all chances, I could scarcely forbear from laughing. Afterwards, I learnt that care of one's bodily integrity on the streets of Rome after sunset was not altogether quite so laughable a matter.

Andrea asked us where we would wish to go, and I necessarily—Moreton seemed now not to take the slightest interest in our proceedings—left the choice with him.

He accordingly led us to the bridge of St. Angelo. It was thronged with gazers of every description, and it was with some difficulty that we obtained, by dint of the use Andrea made of his shoulders, a place close to the balustrade of the bridge.

Who is there that has once gazed upon the glorious outline of that façade of fire can ever suffer it to escape from his memory? The whole of that wonderful and mighty dome, the dome of St. Peter's which even by daylight overawes the eye by its vast size as well as the marvellous harmony of its proportions, is traced, as it were, in lines of living fire upon the luminous purple of the firmament. Those heavenly opals, the stars, dim, when contrasted with the yellow radiance of the innumerable spots of flame which fleck the outlines that seem burnt into the overarching sky of night. The fiery structure actually quivers with radiance, and, seen from the spot on which we were standing, reduplicating itself in the tawny Tiber which rolls beneath our feet, would appear to be some huge transparency. So grandly imposing is it, that the stranger might almost deem it to be the toil of fairy fingers, a creation whose weird and supernatural beauty should pass away without the slightest chance of returning upon his sense.

"How grandly superb it is!"

"Your Excellency will have to wait yet," growled Andrea; "it will be only for a few moments."

"For what?"

"The signal has not been given."

"What signal?"

"Listen, *Eccellenza*."

When he said this, the report of a cannon boomed upon the air. Looking up at the castle of St. Angelo I saw the white wreath of smoke—it was yellow under the influence of the light from St. Peter's—curling slowly into the air.

"Look!" cried Moreton, seizing my arm.

Turning again towards the cathedral, my sight was almost blinded by the excess of radiance. The whole of that mighty dome seemed to have broken into flame. Thousands of men must have been employed in producing this sudden change. Not a square inch was there upon its surface, or seemed to be, which was not lit up and glowing and burning upon the stillness of the air of night. The heavy pitch garlands, which during the day had been hung upon every portion of the vast roof, had all of them been touched with fire. Even the gallery on the summit of the cupola and the gigantic cross which towered above it, had every point within its circle or upon its enormous limbs touched with light. Each line was clearly made out. It flashed and quivered and yet burned steadily upon the calmness of the heaven, which hung mellowed above the glowing arch of that immense dome of flame.

"See!" uttered Andrea.

As he said this his arm was extended in the direction of the cross. He had before seemed a giant, but now looked at, after my sight had been resting upon that vast and luminous architecture of fire, he had dwarfed down into a very ordinary specimen of humanity.

"The poor devil who climbed up to touch with light the topmost point of that emblem of our most holy Roman faith"—at the time I did not notice the strange manner in which his voice, as he said this, sneered at the religion which had in the morning, to all appearance, so profoundly impressed him—"got twenty-five scudi for doing so. Would either of your excellencies attempt it for five thousand?"

"I should rather imagine not," replied Moreton.

"Make the five thousand as necessary to me as the twenty-five were probably to him," was my response—it is very likely that I should."

"Right, *Eccellenza*; there is no such spur as necessity. Seven years since, I lit that cross for the last time."

"You did?"

"Yes, signor."

"And might I ask what induced you to do so?" My usual appetite for the romantic induced this question.

"They had none else, when I undertook it, who would do so. The twenty-five scudi enabled me to do what I wished to accomplish."

Saying this he paused, but again continued:

"On the Monte Pincio, *Eccellenza*, the view of the blazing St. Peter's is even more sublime. Shall we go there?"

Ned touched my arm.

"Yes," was my response.

"Good heavens!" he ejaculated, in very astonished Saxon, "you don't think of it."

Wrapping my cloak closely around my body, I began to battle my way across the crowded bridge. Now, whether it was that my friend's immediate courage had failed him or that he really did contrive somehow or other, against his own inclinations, to get separated from us in the narrow but thronging alleys through which we passed, I know not. Certain is it that when we halted at a little inn and got a couple of mules to mount the hill, he was not with us. Reconciling myself to his absence as well as I could, without a single thought of the anterior history of Red Andrea, saving and excepting those hints which he had given us respecting the operations of his younger days, I placed myself in his charge. After a ride of some twenty minutes or more, we accordingly found ourselves close to a small cottage which in those days did duty as a humble class of tavern upon the Monte Pincio. Dismounting and flinging my bridle to Andrea, I sat down on a large stone, which had apparently long officiated as a horse-block before the tavern, and gazed back upon the burning façade of St. Peter's.

Gorgeous indeed was the view of the cupola when seen from this spot. Never before had my waking dreams of fairyland received such a living realisation, or been made so tangible to my senses. The dome would seem to have been literally hewn from a blazing and burning sun. Of such a wondrous masonry might a poet have fancied that the palaces were reared and shapen in a Pagan Paradise. Nearer to us and beneath it all was dark. Houses, trees and buildings of every description intervened and kept the lower portion of the illuminated temple invisible. Nevertheless, light was thrown upwards from it. It seemed as if the starry dome was balanced and floated upon a subjacent ocean of lurid flame. At the same time the sounds of music lapsing into indistinctness, and the harmony of ringing bells, mingled with the dense murmur of the life below, struggled to my ears, while around him and myself, and the half-dozen strangers with their guides and couriers who had collected on the spot, there hung a silent and threefold night. Nay, the very stars that spangled the purple of the heavens, seemed to twinkle and flash there, with a dimmer and fainter radiance.

How long I remained, silent and absorbed, looking upon that sublime vision of beauty, it would be impossible for me now to say.

Be it sufficient that I took no note of time. Gradually did that earthly substitute for the sun extinguish, the last faint spark that my glance could detect upon it had smouldered out, when at last I rose from my seat.

All around me was in solitude and darkness, save a light or two which still glowed from the interior of the tavern. The moon lay hidden yet under the eastern horizon, but a flood of yellow light indicated the spot whence it must soon emerge. At a little distance from me stood the tall figure of Andrea, dark and colorless against the range of the sky, in whose canopy, above my head, the stars again glowed with their wonted Italian lustre. In its then excited state—for who could gaze on such a scene, nor have his imagination kindled by it?—he struck my fancy as the last of the Titans might, gazing, after the battle of Olympus, on the field where the red bolts of Jove had been quenched in death upon the heaped bodies of his brethren, slain in the attempt to scale the skies and dispossess the son and heir of their common sire of the empire of the heathen Heaven. Such, I say, was my momentary dream as I turned towards him. Then I came back upon my daily allowance of common sense.

"Will the *Eccellenza* return?"

Certainly the *Eccellenza* would return, but first he was disposed to try what kind of wine could be procured at the road-side inn. However, he was inclined to drink it in the open air. Giving, therefore, my purse to Andrea, I despatched him into the tavern, whence he speedily returned bearing with him a huge skin and two horn cups. The skin—it was the first bottle of the kind I had ever seen—was filled with the red wine, one occasionally procures good in Italy, its expense at that time varying from about four to ten cents for a skin full, which contains all sorts of quantities from one to three quarts. Andrea, I said, had borne with him two horn cups. It was clear, therefore, that he intended, as I had meant he should, doing me the honor of assisting at the emptying of the skin; and, to tell the truth, his intention seemed to me somewhat of the free and easy description. Nevertheless, I bore with it. My determination had been made up to learn something of my red companion. He was essentially a singular specimen of humanity, and I fancied I should like to know more of him. Therefore, I again seated myself on the horse-block, when what was my intense astonishment to see the aforesaid Andrea squat on the earth immediately opposite to me. Squeezing out a good half-pint of the juice of the the grape into one of the horn-cups, he extended it to me in the most patronising of styles, and then filling the other, with a brief—

"By your permission, and to your health, *Eccellenza!*" he drained it to the bottom.

You are uncommonly gracious, Master Andrea—thought I to myself, as I imitated his proceeding. Then, leaning back upon the horse-block, I resolved to commence the ceremony of pumping him, with far less delicacy than I had originally intended upon preserving in the operation. My readers may observe, in what follows, that he met me considerably more than half-way. Subsequently, it has indeed occurred to me, that he might have had his lips so long locked among his own fellows, and had experienced such a thorough dearth of companionship amongst his countrymen, that he must have from the first determined upon making me his confidant. It was a queer selection. We were of different countries, and of decidedly different degrees in life. He was, at the very least, nearly double my age.

"You then, Andrea, have lit the pitch garlands on the cross?" I began.

"*Si! Si! Eccellenza!*"

"And you did that to get the twenty-five *scudi?*" I inquired.

"Yes, Signor."

He paused for a moment, and then continued:

"I had a sister, *Eccellenza!*" Filippo had then told us the fact as regarded her existence. "She was young, and they told me she was beautiful. I loved her—I loved her, *Eccellenza!*" This was said with deep and passionate feeling. "Our parents had died when we were both young. She was left with me to care for her; and I did—I did care for her. The Holy Mother knows that I did." Here he paused, and it might have seemed to me that he had stopped to allow his grief fair way, but that my eyes were bent upon his figure. What was my surprise, to see that his past love for his sister, did not stand in the way of his attentions to the wine-skin. Filling his cup again, he assuaged his sorrow by emptying it. "It was to give her the means of learning to read and write, that I exposed my limbs to the chances of breaking my neck. At that time I was a fool—a poor fool—Eccellency! It seemed to me, that education with her beauty might fit her to become a *Contezza* or *Princippezza*. In my mind, all education was bound up in reading and writing. For a man there was perhaps something more. But what could a woman want besides these. At all events she had them. Afterwards I grew richer. After three years, there was no necessity for me to risk climbing up that cross. But with money, there was a necessity of work to obtain it, and I worked like a slave."

"At what?"

"There is no necessity for my telling you that—*Eccellenza*—suffice it that I worked. But my work took me a great deal from our home—a hut on the Campagna." When he said this he extended his hand, as it appeared unconsciously, in the direction of the now risen moon, whose light was marking his face, on which the lines of strong feeling were rendered visible. "It is my home—still. Does Gætana ever think of it?" The rascal Filippo had clearly been lying. He had practised upon our credulity. "It happened that a young Venetian who was then stopping in Rome saw her. The poor girl, like myself, put too great faith in the powers of her loveliness. *Santa Maria!* she was as beautiful as the Pagan Venus—*Eccellenza!* You can imagine what followed." As he uttered this, he bounded to his feet, and thrust his hand in his breast. For the moment I started upright—but scarcely had I done so, than the fit changed. "Ha! ha! ha! You do not think that I killed him. Oh, no! He was found, though, in the street with a hole in his breast that was quite wide enough to let his soul through. Do you think, *Eccellenza!* that it is in hell? I do. They arrested me, signor! for the—they called it murder. I thought it justice. He was enjoying an income as an agent of the Holy Office—consequently they thought that some one must be made an example of. But by the Virgin, they reckoned without their host. I also happened to be—". Here he suddenly stopped and seemed to reflect. The convulsing rage and agony of his countenance broke into a bitter smile, and lifting the wine-skin to his lips he made an awful inroad upon its contents. Indeed, he emptied it, and squeezing it together in his hands, tossed it away from him. "Well," he continued, "I happened to be a particular friend of one of the cardinals. They could prove nothing. Power never rids itself of utilities." The fellow was evidently a bit of a philosopher. "Accordingly I was set free."

"And Gætana!"

"Since that time I have never once cast a glance upon the poor girl."

"But you say that she is not dead?"

"Nor is she, signor."

Now, greatly as my curiosity had been excited, while he had been speaking, to learn what had become of her, allow me to own that I did not like to ask him. The foolish delicacy of which I have long since cured myself, prevented my doing so. "The foolish delicacy," I have written, and let it stand; for, after a very brief pause, he continued, with more rapidity, and in a tone which convinced me he was attempting to jeer himself into tranquility:

"A week or two after the death of this Viennese Don Giovanni, she found a second lover. This was a wealthy Neapolitan banker, who had taken a fancy to her tears, if she shed any, and her grand Roman beauty. With him she quitted Rome. It was a good jest, was it not, *Eccellenza?* They thought that the brother had got rid of one lover to throw her into the arms of another. In Naples she studied music, and when the old banker wearied of her, or she grew tired of him, she went upon the operatic stage."

Here he paused.

"Would you wish to know who my sister is? She is called La Signora ———."

But it will be best not to mention the name which he then told me, as, although never out of Italy, public rumor in that country attributed her paternity to a priest, who had been a bishop, and was at the time a cardinal.

"Should you be travelling eastward you may in all probability see her. She is now in Venice. Nay, you may fall in love with her." He gnashed his teeth savagely together as he said this. "Her beauty has been more lasting than the red and white of human flesh generally is."

When he uttered the concluding words of this sentence his head had sunken forward upon his chest, the convulsive action of which told me with what a bitter control he had restrained his passions while speaking. It remained in this position for some time. At length he slowly raised it, and I saw by the moonlight, which was now broad and clear, that his jetty eyes were bent upon me earnestly.

"What think you," he asked, "of the chances for the regeneration of Italy?"

Let me confess that this question amazed me, but the form in which it was put amazed me still more. It had been couched in very excellent English—so excellent, indeed, that I could scarcely have conceived it was not a native of England or an American who was speaking. Literally starting back with astonishment, my under jaw dropped, and I looked upon the Titanic and vigorously shapen limbs of the man before me as I might have gazed upon a sudden apparition.

(*Continued on page* 122.)

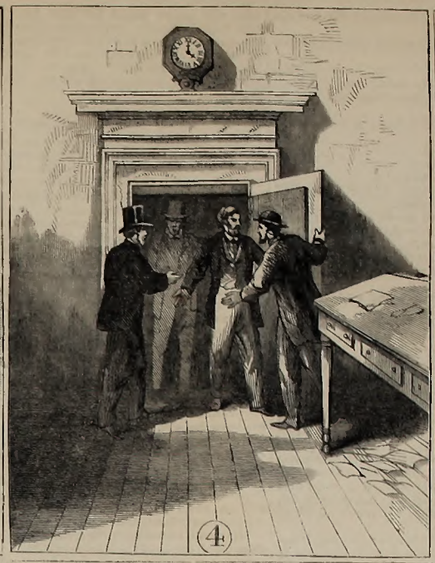


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1. Franklin County Bank, robbed by raiders. 2. First National Bank of St. Albans—Mr. Braisdell throttling one of the robbers. 3. The raiders fire the bridge at Sheldon Creek, to prevent pursuit. 4. Interior of the Franklin County Bank—rescue of officials from suffocation in the bank safe. 5. St. Albans Bank—entry of robbers. 6. Murder of Mr. E. J. Morrison, in front of Mrs. Beattie's Millinery Store. 7. View of Main Street, St. Albans—raiders seizing horses from the farmers' wagons. 8. Raiders collecting citizen prisoners on the green in front of the American Hotel, to keep them under guard. 9. Compelling the tellers of the St. Albans Bank to take the oath of allegiance to the C. S. A. 10. Interior of the St. Albans Bank—raiders demanding the funds of the bank. 11. Arrest of two of the robbers and recovery of money, at Stanbridge, Canada East, by citizens of St. Albans, assisted by British authorities.

RAID ON ST. ALBANS, VT., BY REBELS FROM CANADA, ON THE 19TH OF OCT.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE, AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY T. G. RICHARDSON.

RED ANNEX.

(Continued from page 119.)

"Man," he sadly continued, "is a strange creature, a singular mixture, a make up of shreds and patches, of feeling and separation. I am, as you may guess from that which I have said, a servant of the powers that are, in the city which once governed the world. My daily work is theirs, simply for the reason that I must live. But my faith tells me that the time will yet arrive when the temporal government of the Roman States will be wrenched from the hands of him who fills the chair of St. Peter. Those who have the charge of our salvation"—he spoke this reverently and with a certain air of humility—"will not be burdened with the care of our police and the imposition of our taxes. *Excellenza*, that will be a fair and brilliant day for the west of the old Roman Empire."

Ruby had he uttered this than a shout from a lower portion of the road reached my ears. Turning around, for I had recognized the voice of my friend Sigli, I saw the light of a lantern as it strobes winding up the road. He was searching for me.

"Andrea," I said, reverting my head.

He was not there. I gazed around me. He had vanished.

"You are safe, then," cried Ned, as the torchlight streamed upon my face.

"To be sure I am."

Rushing forward, my friend flung his arms around me, and gave me such a squeeze that I candidly imagined my ribs would have cracked. It was with anything but a kindly return for the proof of affection developed, by his embrace, that I thrust him from me.

"I am truly glad of it."

"What on earth did you bring these fellows for?"

My fingers pointed to the two torch bearers, whom I had but little difficulty in recognizing as members of the Roman police, *alias Gensdarmes, Sbirri*, or whatever else they may be called.

"Do you know or what Red Andrea is?"

"How should I?"

"Some four or five years since he was arrested for murder—that however you have heard."

"And was released—"

"That he might be sent to a madhouse."

Very quietly did I go towards my mule, loosed her, him it is, and mounted. Edward did the same, and we returned to the city. As we dismounted at the inn where Andrea had engaged the mules, an awkward fact struck me.

"You must pay for them, my good fellow."

"Have you forgotten your purse?"

"Yes," I replied, with a slight cough.

He had not. I never thought it necessary to tell him how I came to have suffered it to slip from my pocket. Condemn it, however, as a fair if mad, Red Andrea had on that night some slight return of sanity. What makes me so positive upon this point I leave my readers to decide in their own minds.

VERSES.

BY MARION POWELL.

A rose to me is ever sweet,
But this is doubly so,
Because it rested near the heart
Whence love and Friendship flow.

You gave this Rose in all its bloom—
Its fragrance filled the air,
But ah, it withers, fades, and dies,
In spite of all my care.

Alas! 'tis drooping even now,
Its leaves fall one by one,
Behold, even while I fondly gaze,
All its sweet life seems gone!

Alas! shall this an emblem be
Of Friendship I thought true?
Nay, do not let our Friendship droop,
As fading Roses do.

NINA MARSH;

OR,

THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER XXIV.—A LORDLY WOOER.

Nina was first in the gardens that evening. She no longer dreaded to meet Lord Gillingham. Her decision was made, and she knew that it was a wise and proper one, from the sudden peace that had fallen on her spirit. Calmly now, and without a struggle, she left her fate in high hands. After long and bitter wrestlings, Nina had come on the hidden truth at last.

There must have been some expression in her face that was not very encouraging to a wooer such as Lord Gillingham, for as he took her cold hand and pressed it, he felt sure, somehow, that his cause was lost.

"You gave me every hope last night," he blurted out in a disappointed tone. "I have publicly announced our engagement; it seems to me rather late to retract now."

"I am sorry if you have misled you," answered Nina, quietly; "but it seems to me better for both that I should retract now than repent when it is too late."

"And pray may I ask what has made you change your mind so suddenly?" inquired the earl, with restrained anger. "The fickleness of your sex is proverbial, but I might have expected to find you ready to hold by a promise so solemnly as last night."

"I gave you no promise."

"It was implied, if not actually spoken. You certainly meant me to understand that I should be accepted."

"I am afraid I did; but since then circumstances have occurred—"

"What circumstances?" asked the earl, sharply.

"That poor Rose Woodman," answered Nina, in a sad, gentle voice, more suggestive than reproachful.

"And they have been telling you that I was to blame there?"

Nina bowed her head.

"Then I say it is a lie!"

But Dame Oldum said—"

"I am not accountable for her falsehoods, roughly interrupted the earl.

"But you must have known of these reports, my lord, and, for the poor girl's sake, it was your duty to contradict them."

"It was not my duty to trouble myself at all with the matter. If people will talk, let them talk."

"In fact, you promised Dame Oldum to be silent," said Nina, with cold scorn. "I begin to understand the whole affair now."

"My motive was one most women would readily forgive; it was to win you."

"And do you think that was the way?" said Nina, indignantly. "I hope I have more heart and conscience than to be bought by another woman's tears. And after destroying Rose's young happiness, and ruining her home, how were you any nearer to me? Can you answer me that question?"

The earl began to see that his interests would best be consulted by candor and honesty. He would rather have told a lie, if it would have secured his object as well; but it would not, and he felt it advisable, for once in his life, to speak the truth.

"Upon my honor," began his lordship, "that the dame had managed to hear in some way of my affection for you."

"Not from you, I may mean," interrupted Nina, as haughty as any princess.

"There was no necessity for this; it was already generally known. It has long been the fashion of the neighborhood to join our two names together."

"And what was the arrangement between you and Dame Oldum?"

"I will tell you exactly," answered the earl, with charming candor, "and you will see then how highly I regard your favor."

"Well, go on."

"The dame was to use some influence she possessed over you for my benefit, on condition that I helped her to dispose of Rose Woodman, so as to get her out of her son's way."

"And you, a nobleman, a man of ancient lineage," exclaimed Nina, flushing deep red in her indignation—"you entered into such a shameful contract! My God, I thank Heaven that I had found it impossible to become your wife."

"Have a care—don't provoke me too far," said the earl, in a deep, hoarse voice, and with his dark eyes gave a sudden flash of menace. "I don't pretend to be a saint. But I loved you, and I made you a fair offer: many women, higher than you, and quite as beautiful, would have jumped at it. I shouldn't call it much like an insult for a man in my position to bestow his love on the daughter of a country lawyer."

"Your love?" exclaimed Nina, her round red lip curling with scorn. "Why do you desecrate the name? Dame Oldum's confidant, Rose Woodman's tradncer, my lover!"

"The first post I seemed to have shared with you for some time past," said the earl, trying to check his passion, in order that he might strike every separate blow with effect. "She cannot talk enough of your generosity to her. I could not do to believe everything you hear, I know; but some people seem to think that Miss Nina Marsh's morals are hardly as those of Cesar's wife should be, above suspicion; and under these circumstances Cesar himself might naturally expect some little license. Five miles beyond the old wood there is a bleak, desolate spot where the rocks are high and the tides strong. The dame says she met you there one evening bent on a strange errand. That may be scandal, but it has a wonderful air of truth, especially when you bear the whole tale."

Nina tried to move away, weakly, but he caught fiercely hold of her hands.

"You will marry me now?" he hissed, into her ear.

"Never!" she said; "I would die first!"

"If you refuse me you must take the consequences!"

"That I am willing to do," she answered, freeing herself by a sudden effort. "I would rather die a thousand times than be your wife."

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Nina's heart beat violently when she received the message, and she felt sure that the interview would be a painful one. She was right in her conjecture.

He walked up to the fireplace as he spoke, and remained for several minutes in earnest conversation with Mr. Marsh. Nina watched them both as if her very life hung suspended from their lips. She saw a tear he was ashamed to wipe away glide slowly down her father's face. He turned and glanced at her momentarily, then gave deeper attention to Cyril's words. And now Mrs. Marsh ventured to draw near to her daughter, and they had the explanation of what had bred on her mother's bosom. What an age it seemed before Cyril returned!

"Well, sir you like," had Mr. Marsh said, as he walked out of the room, and then Cyril had come back to them.

"I am content," Mr. Marsh to offer you the following terms," he said, addressing himself to Colonel St. George: "The step you contemplate of withdrawing my daughter suddenly from her father's house would cause a very great and unnecessary exposure. Mr. Marsh, therefore, proposes that you should return to London to-morrow morning, where Nina shall follow you after a month, her mother accompanying her. During this time your engagement shall be generally and publicly announced, and a few days after Mrs. Marsh and her daughter have joined you in town your marriage can be inserted in the *Times*, Nina dated, as if through a mistake. If you consent to this arrangement Mr. Marsh will, on my consent, entrance into a bond, to be forfeited to your account the sum of ten thousand pounds, the dowry he had always designed for his daughters on their marriage; if you refuse she will go to you quite completely penniless, and further intercourse between the two families shall immediately cease."

Colonel St. George hesitated a moment, then he said, firmly:

"You can tell Mr. Marsh that I agree to his terms."

Then he came and sat down by his wife, taking her hand with more tenderness than he had yet shown, but she shrank and cowered away from him with a strife, despairing, grasping agitation, void of her mother, as if she could alone protect her. An expression of real pain darkened Sir George's face. Mabel was his wife's companion to him and horror of his caresses. He felt humiliated, besides, that this display should have been made before Captain Marsh, a rival, and one evidently preferred to himself. He ground his teeth sharply together, and it was only by a great effort he could command himself sufficiently to speak with patience.

"I am sorry that you should show all this temper, Nina. Have you reflected as to the ill effect it must have on others? You are my wife; we have a long future, in all probability, to pass together."

Nina shuddered convulsively.

"It is only right that both of us should make an effort to render this future as pleasant as possible. I am ready to do my part. I will even acknowledge, if you like, that I have not treated you well—that my flirtation as to having another wife after your decease you was cruel and unwarrantable; but all this is not irreparable, and may be atoned for. Come, Nina, you must see that my remarks are reasonable enough. Neither of us can alter his or her fate; it truly remains for us to make the best of it. I am perfectly satisfied with my share of the bargain; I only want to see you the same."

"It is too late!" said Nina, shaking her head sadly; "my love is all gone."

"It may return."

"Never."

"What hope is there either for you or myself if it does not?"

Nina answered him only with her tears.

He took her from her mother's arms into his own. He was very patient. He had a feeling of true repentance for the wrong he had done her, and he loved her better at this moment than he had ever done before. The sense of his injustice towards her made him patient as well as tender. Mrs. Marsh, who was naturally impressionable and forgiving, and had been present in the action that a husband's power was absolute and indisputable, began to feel the same sympathy for Colonel St. George as her own children as she had formerly shown for Captain Marsh. She certainly reprobated his cruel conduct, but she thought that from the moment he, in his position, condescended to ask pardon of a wife, it was his wife's duty to grant it immediately, forget all his errors and take him to her heart. Mrs. Marsh did not know how to use masculine herself. If her husband murdered her she would have found some excuse for him with her last breath. She began to think it a hard fact for Colonel St. George that after having made such humiliating confessions as she considered them, he should still be treated with coldness and disdain.

"My dear, he is your husband," said Mrs. Marsh to her daughter, in a tone whose gentle dominance was very much the result of her own nature. "It would be so much better for you to make up your mind to treat him properly."

"You forget that he has treated me, mama," she said, a little resentfully, and she struggled out of Colonel St. George's arms and stood confronting her mother and him while she went on speaking; "that I would forgive him his cruel conduct willingly if he could only remove the consequences."

"They are removed now," said Colonel St. George.

"No; they are beyond your reach and beyond your knowledge, most of them. You cannot prevent me from living in continual fear and misery. You might have saved me all this if you had acted with common honor and kindness at first, but you did not, and now I tell you that the consequences of your conduct are beyond your knowledge and indirectly beyond your reach. What is done cannot be undone. To say that I would give my life to undo the past is but using a very emphatic term in my case, for my life is more than valueless to me, it is utterly distasteful; but I would consent to slow bodily tortures of the most terrible kind only to have my mind at once once more. If I am forced to come back to you, Colonel St. George, I will, but only because I must. The sole atonement now in your power for all the bitter wrong done to me is to give me your name before the world, and then to leave me free to dispose of my own future. I will promise to lead such a retired and blameless life that no taint of suspicion shall ever come near me. I will keep the name you give me sacredly unsullied. I will never show my face in the world, never ask for a penny of your money; but in mercy spare me the shame, and degradation, and horror of living as your wife in any other sense than that of your name."

She stopped here, with her face covered with clothes and tears, and Colonel St. George rose fiercely and angrily from her.

"You forget," he said, "that, after such an avowal, you leave me no other alternative but to take this man's life, or to lose my honor. Comply, finish your confession—who is he for whom you, another man's wife, dare to proclaim your love in such bold and unblushing terms to myself. I can guess, but I need my predictions confirmed."

"I will save my cousin the effort," said Captain Marsh, advancing a step forward, with a resolute air; "it is I, sir, and I am at your orders."

"You shall hear from me with the least possible delay," Sir George answered the other, white and quivering with rage.

"No," said Captain Marsh, firmly; "it will not be necessary that you should write. I can give you the satisfaction you demand, although duelling is as little in accordance with my principles as you just now pretended it was with yours. Nina must be in your house and satisfied of your intention, the announcement of your marriage must already be at the *Times* office awaiting insertion, and then I will meet you on the ground. You will have an opportunity of shooting at me if you like. Until then I refuse to place my life at any risk—for her sake."

"Are you a coward by any chance?" inquired Colonel St. George, with insulting coolness.

Cyril smiled.

"I have seen some hot work in the Sikh war," he answered; "I have fought for every step of property which I now own in the Punjaub, and I do not might to face a deceitful enemy whose knife was at my throat, whilst two others guarded my door to prevent escape. I encountered him single-handed, armed with an unchapped revolver, purely and simply because I was not afraid. I can't have altered so much since that time as to be afraid to face one man in broad daylight, with equal arms."

But he paused suddenly and smiled again.

"If you had called me a fool, Colonel St. George, you would have spoken the truth. I have just been guilty of a piece of folly, doubly sanctified by my promise to the dead."

"At any rate I will take good care to remind you of your promise to me before you attempt folly," said Sir George, haughtily, and he gave a sweeping, insolent bow, which included Mrs. Marsh and Nina, and walked out of the room.

Presently they heard the sound of carriage wheels along the gravel path, and Nina drew a deep breath of relief, involuntarily echoed by Captain Marsh. Mrs. Marsh rose slowly to go to her husband. For a minute or two Cyril was silent. But presently he said, in a tone we please as grave:

"Ought not you to go too, Nina?"

"Where?" she asked, with a sudden, startled look.

"To Mr. Marsh. You could not sleep without having first asked his pardon."

"Oh, Cyril, how can you say so? I don't think I could bear any unkindness."

"Can't you imagine what his feelings are now, Nina? and all your own wounded pride with your errors, you should not stay at any sacrifice that could bring him peace of mind. Supposing he should refuse you his forgiveness at first? What would you do? Would you patiently wait you have proved yourself repentant by act as well as by word, and then you may be sure that he will not continue obdurate long. You will be forgiven, pained and annoyed him both in his affection and his pride; do not hesitate before the small atonement in your power."

"If I go to his room, will you wait for me outside?" said Nina, timidly.

Cyril gave her his own wish it."

"Then I will go."

She went resolutely when once her decision was made. And Cyril, perhaps, also followed to the door, but Cyril put his cold palm over her tremulous fingers, turned the handle for her, and then retreated quickly into the shade, leaving her to enter alone.

It was a long time before Mr. Marsh would listen to her words, or look at her. But her attitude was so humble, her face so haggard and worn, that at last his heart melted towards her. He turned round, his eyes softening a little, and bade her rise from her knees.

"Now, Nina," he said, firmly, "tell me how all this happened."

And she told him candidly how, during her stay at Mrs. Marsh's house she had frequently met Colonel St. George, how a sudden fancy—I spring up between them, which Miss Mervyn, with natural and sympathetic, had nourished in every way in her power, believing it to be desirable from any point of view.

"Mind that woman never enters our house again," said Mr. Marsh, parenthetically to his wife, who stood trembling behind his chair.

Then she went on to describe the secret marriage, which had shocked them both when first proposed, but which Colonel St. George soon succeeded in persuading them would not only be productive of present but expedient too, until at last Miss Mervyn accepted the proposition with delight, and guaranteed to convert Nina to her opinions. Then the poor girl spoke with tears of her own submission to her lover's wishes, and of that solemn promise that in a month, at the utmost, he would acknowledge her openly as his wife. His cruel and unfeeling desertion afterwards she did not dwell upon. Mr. Marsh knew that already. But she did venture to describe all her own despair and misery during the interval, and her terrible struggles when a new, real love came to her and showed her plainly the falseness of the old.

"Why was it not told me of your marriage?" inquired Mr. Marsh, when she paused.

"Miss Mervyn—"

"And it was not solemnized—?"

"In the church of Rainworth, Westmoreland, on the 5th of November, at seven o'clock in the morning."

Mr. Marsh asked several other questions, and Cyril had walked up and down the hall for a full hour before Nina came out again.

"If he forgives me," she said, in a tone of deep sadness.

"Well," answered Cyril, surprised, "is it not a great relief to you that he does?"

"No, I don't think it is. I feel that I have gained his pardon under false pretences, for I am not truly sorry."

"Nina, what have you kept back?" inquired Cyril, sternly.

"Have I which I will never tell to any human being whilst I have my senses," she answered with firmness.

He had hoped that we had got to the end of all these mysteries and entanglements, Nina. Good-nesse knows, they have brought us all enough misery. And you thought that you would have been glad to feel that you might be candid and natural once more; but I am afraid that the habit of deceit, from being necessary, has now become pleasant."

"Don't be harsh to me, Cyril, I have suffered so, she said, so pitifully that Cyril felt ashamed of his own words. "Perhaps my conscience is deadened, but my feelings are not, unfortunately. I wish they were. It seems to be my fate to have only disagreeable sensations. Now this position he offers me was once my sole hope and ambition, and I need to think that if I could once be assured of his love and esteem I could be happy with such a care in the world; and now this assurance is not only valueless, but it is the most bitter agony I could have. I am sure you must pity me that you have been granted just as I had begun to pray that it might be for ever denied."

"Then, Nina, let your new prayer be that God will help you to build a better future on the ashes of a miserable past, and that this fate which seems to you as a curse, may, by repentance and patience, be transformed into a blessing. One separation seems very cruel now, but it would be far more cruel if there were no heaven for us both to win, and to meet after. If we can secure an eternity of bliss in return for a few swift years of misery, we shall not have much to complain of."

Nina looked up at him as he added with great tenderness, "go to bed, and rest, at say rate, if you cannot sleep. I will ask Madeleine to let me have a cup of tea for you immediately, and Mrs. Trent shall bring it to your room. Try both my remedies, and you will feel stronger to-morrow. Good-night!"

He kissed her cold hand affectionately, but still in a way that showed he had not forgotten that she was another man's wife; and then they parted for the night.

CEDAR CREEK AND MIDDLETOWN.

On page 116 will be found two spirited sketches, illustrating the recent splendid victory achieved by Major-Gen. Sheridan, in the valley of the Shenandoah. The engagement occurred on the 19th Oct. On the morning of th at day, the rebels, under Gen. Early, attacked our forces at Cedar creek. The attack was made at about daylight, under cover of a fog, and was a complete surprise. It opened on the left flank of the line which was held by the 6th corps. Our troops, including the 6th and 19th corps, fought bravely, but were repulsed and driven from the field. Sheridan's own terse and graphic account of the affair states that "most of the line was driven in confusion, but the troops rallied and fought with the greatest stubbornness on his way back from Washington, whither he had been on a short visit. The news of the disaster met him at Winchester, from which point he immediately set forth to reach his army. At 4 o'clock in the p. m. he came upon the field, somewhat of his escort. He found his retreating forces between Middletown and Newtown, about four miles back from their original position. His arrival inspired the soldiers with new courage and energy, and entirely changed the character of the day. The line of battle was immediately reformed; and, riding along from front, Sheridan told his men that he intended to return to his former position before night. Gen. Wright began the battle of Middletown, which, for brilliancy of dash and vigor of conduct, has no parallel in the history of the war. Gen. Merritt's cavalry on the great right of Murfreesboro, under Gen. Rosecrans. It commenced at 4 o'clock in the afternoon, and at three o'clock a general charge was made along the whole line, which resulted in the total rout of the enemy. We first found the rebels leaving upwards of 1,000 prisoners in our hands, together with 24 guns. At the latter, 24 more, all our own, which had been taken by the rebels in the morning. On the left flank, Gen. Custer's division swept in their right and confusion. Ten battle flags have been sent to Sheridan's headquarters. Besides these they will remain as trophies of his splendid victory. His grateful and admiring countrymen, however, treat no trophies to remind them of his valor and energy and indomitable spirit.

The first of our sketches represents the surprising of our forces at Cedar creek. The rebel position here is at "Bellegrove," on the left. Their battle lines extend to the right, where Gen. Early appears in the centre. On the right are the North mountains. Our troops are represented rallying on the left, at the 6th and 19th corps on the right.

Our second sketch represents the gallant charge of the 6th corps, commanded by Gen. Getty, which was made at about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 19th. It was this which decided the battle. The charge was made in face of a deadly and terrible fire from the rebel batteries, under which our men only slightly wavered, though they never for an instant gave way. The battle ground is that described in our sketch, lying at the foot of the Cedar Ridge. The rebel position is on the right, sheltered by a stone fence. That of the 6th corps is similarly protected on the left.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

THE RECRUITING OFFICER.—The reader must imagine a big-bellied, shorthaired recruiting officer, with a fuzz top hat, tight fitting frock-coat, a short sword, nine uniform a size too small, and a row-cancer-ous-looking "mustache" with a bloated gray coat. The officer was after recruits for a German regiment, and thus went at it for his susceptible countryman:

"Lo! dere, Hans, be dat you?

"Yaw!"

"Come me to be eafer man?"

"Nein!"

"Nein! comes it be so nice."

"Nein! I says, I don't."

"Nein! Fy tam, it is better as good. It ben from all de time. You eafter mit me you get vein hundred dollars komsish."

"Vat?"

"Yaw. And in the morning, ven de trump pots, dat is de gurnel's compliments to come at! gif your schapes mit him!"

"Vat?"

"Yaw. And pooty soon, bime by, trump pots, dat is de gurnel's compliments to come to de mit him in de carriage to see your vife or your Katrina. And den you rides out all over Long Island or city mit him, and you gets von dem cent. And bime by de trump pots, and dat is de gurnel's compliments to dine mit him in de big pipe mit him! And dere bime by, pooty soon dat you ben dead, you gets de burial, and de gurnel's compliments to come and git you nein hundred dollers extra!! Hans, vill you come?"

"Yaw! So gout!"

"Yaw! And den der Gourni and President shakes hands mit you, and you eat strout mit de President's own hand, and you gets von hundred dollers more, and den in a little vile you say der President be one fool, and you gets another hundred dollers komsish, and der President makes you strout mit him; pooty soon I guess, but I think not. You go mit me?"

"Yes!"

Two college cronies (call them Tom and Ned):

On Sabbath morning sought the house of prayer,
To hear a parson, who, they said,
Gave promise of a talent rather rare.
At service time the youthful Ned,
Or second Summerfield, obtained the Word:
Intent, he seemed, as this it all in all—
The poorest sermon that he ever heard.
Returning homeward, Tom was first to speak:
"Now I guess we may agree
I never thought the man could be so weak!
I did not think he'd preach for years and years!"
"Why, then he didn't preach at all!" said Ned.
"Well, he shows the truth (quoth Tom) of what he said!"

A SCRUB-HEADED boy having been brought before the Mayor as a witness, the following colloquy ensued:

"Have you ever been at home?" said the Judge.

"I've with mother."

"Where else but at mother live?"

"She lives with father."

"Where does he live?"

"He lives with the old folks."

"Where do the old folks live?" says the Judge getting very red, as an audible snicker goes round the room.

"They lives to home."

"Where in thunder's their home?" roars the Judge.

"I starts to home from from," says the boy, sticking his tongue in a corner of his mouth and looking out sly on the Judge.

"Here, sir, Constable," says the Court, "take the witness out and tell him to travel; he evidently does not understand the western circuit."

"You'd think different," says the boy, going towards the doorway, "if I was once to give you a canter!"

EVENING COMFORTS

1. To the Bi-boking—Comfort yourself by the reflection that the handsomest man is very generally blockhead.

2. To the tobacco-smoker—Console yourself for the evils you inherit with the smoke of your pipe by the knowledge that you might be one-half a dyspeptic strong liquor, one-tenth as unwholesome as gluttony, nor one-hundredth as fatal as gambling.

3. To the lady of a certain age—What a prodigious amount of consolation you have in your rosary pot.

4. To the man without leg—Be happy in the knowledge that you are exempt from corns and bunions.

5. To the individual who is suffering under the conviction that he is a fool—Dress for our supper.

6. To the gentleman who is bald—Take pleasure in the reflection that you are a philosopher.

7. To the individual who is reduced to his last dollar—Breathe over the extatic thought that you still have the price of a dinner and a whisky-skin in your breeches pocket.

LOVE SONG.

By an African Traveller.

My Mary Jane, I think of you,
Though far in foreign lands I roam,
For birthplace full of love, you,
The vast gorilla's native home!

My Mary Jane, of you I think,
When silent reigns the moonlight set and fair:
When bone, gobbled in the kitchen,
Pase roaring by my hunting lair!

My Mary Jane, I think of you,
Absence my passion cannot stale,
Love's joy I feel, though you be two
As surely as my trusty rifle!

And, Mary Jane, if e'er the word
Is spoke that I absolve forget,
May I by Yaks and Elands gored,
Be trampled down to death by Quaggas!

Turn following from a Scotch paper shows to what pitch of perfection etiquette has attained in the north. A minister was in the habit of calling on a certain family and said in an under tone: "Why don't you say a grace before meat?" "That's just what I'm trying to do, father," was the reply.

The darkest scene we ever saw, says a contemporary, was a darkey in a dark cellar, with an extinguished candle, looking for a black cat that wasn't there!

The rebel raider Wheeler is only twenty-five years old and very cruel. He is a Rebel man. At a ball in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, just before the war, he got tight, and becoming aware that the ladies were turning up their noses at him, he sallied out with the cry: "Wheeler you're drunk! Wheeler, the girls are laughing at you! Wheeler, you'd better go home!" And he did.



SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA.—U. S. SOLDIERS, AT ATLANTA, GA., TEARING DOWN BUILDINGS SHATTERED DURING THE LATE BOMBARDMENT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

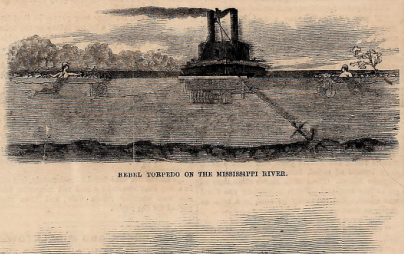
THE CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA.

Rebel Citizens Leaving Atlanta—Union Troops Tearing Down Shattered Houses.

We publish two very interesting sketches from our Special Artist with Sherman's Army, which illustrate the harsh side of war. The expulsion of the rebel inhabitants, although loudly denounced by secessionists, and in some instances disapproved by their Northern sympathisers, was absolutely indispensable to the safety of the Union army, as they would have been a nest of spies and active opponents in the event of any crisis. This was rendered the more imperative, since it was necessary to hold Atlanta as a military stronghold, and not merely as a conquered city. With the usual generosity of the Union Generals to their enemies, Gen. Sherman permitted the inhabitants to carry off all their household goods and other personal effects, hauling them Union wagons to transport them 16 miles into the rebel lines, concessions never yet made by the Confederates when they have obtained possession of any Union town.

Our Artist has represented the motley group as they appeared on the morning of their exodus, and it strikingly shows how terrible has been the price paid by the Seceded States for their dream of guilty ambition. But a glance at our picture renders description unnecessary.

The other sketch gives our readers a graphic idea of how much the city was damaged by our occasional fire, and shows how little able it would have been to withstand a bombardment, even had not Gen. Sherman, by his admirable strategy, rendered that extremity needless. As some of the houses were in a dangerous condition, the General ordered them to be pulled down.



REBEL TORPEDO ON THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

A QUESTION FOR THE GRETNA GREEN BLACKSMITH.—Is there any connection between a clandestine marriage and a runaway ring?

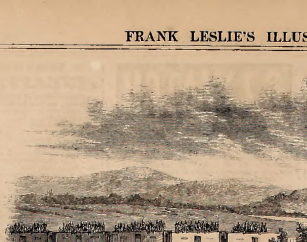


SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA.—REBEL CITIZENS LEAVING ATLANTA, GA., FOR THE SOUTH, IN U. S. ARMY WAGONS, IN COMPLIANCE WITH THE LATE ORDER OF GENERAL SHERMAN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

STOCKADE FORT

At Chattahoochee Bridge.

THE Chattahoochee river crosses Gen. Sherman's line, from Chattanooga to Atlanta, at a place called Vining, about 12 miles west from the latter city. There is a bridge at this point, protected by a stockade fort, as represented in the illustration on this page, from a sketch by our Special Artist. It is the custom to guard every bridge on the line with such a fort, which is very strongly built, and able to withstand a considerable force. There are several of them between Chattanooga and Atlanta, which are of material value in preserving the line of communication unbroken



STOCKADE FORT AT CHATTAHOOCHEE BRIDGE, BETWEEN CHATTANOOGA AND ATLANTA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

CONVEYING CAPTIONS

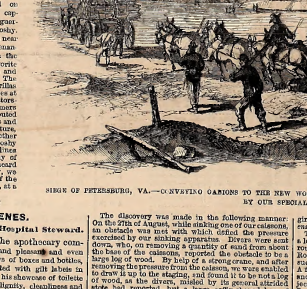
To the New Position in front of Petersburg.

THE approach of our forces towards Petersburg is slow and gradual, but steady and sure. On the 17th of October our lines were advanced, the 2d corps being in position. A sketch on this page, made by our Special Artist, represents the conveyance of guns to that position. The gabion is used for purposes of defense. It is a cylindrical in form, and is somewhat larger than a common barrel. It is made of steel rods, running round the end, which are arranged just as barrel staves are, the process being to stick them in the ground, and weave together with pliable twigs of hickory, ash or other suitable green wood. When erected in the line of the fortification, the gabion is filled with earth. It is a peculiarly effectual protection against rifle shot, and is much used to guard embrasures in forts.

CAPTURE OF A WAGON TRAIN

By Mosby's Guerillas.

A SPIRITED sketch by our Special Artist is presented on this page, representing the capture of a wagon train by rebel guerillas, under the command of Mosby. The capture was recently made near Ripon, in the valley of the Shenandoah. Mosby has long been the pest of this region. His favorite scouting ground is in Loudon and Fairfax counties, Virginia. The place of rendezvous for his guerillas is near Manassas Gap, sometimes at Fredericksburg, and sometimes at Rectortown. His men are chiefly farmers residents in that region. When routed and pursued they break separates and make away, thus eluding capture, but it is speedily summoned together again, hastily by a courier. Mosby is disliked to serve against the lines of communication of the Army of the Potomac. He was lately driven of near Alexandria, but is now, we believe, operating on the line of the Alexandria and Orange railroad, at a point further south.



SIEGE OF PETERSBURG, VA.—CONVEYING GABIONS TO THE NEW WORKS CONSTRUCTED BY THE SECOND CORPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

CAMP SCENES.

Army Drug Store—The Hospital Steward.

IN our cities and towns the apothecary commonly occupies a handsome and pleasant and even elegant quarters. His neat rows of boxes and bottles, uniform in size, and ornamented with gilt labels in abbreviated Latin, and with his showcase of toilette articles, tastely at once to the dignity, cleanliness and taste of his vocation. In the summer, too, he adds a new charm to his dispensary by erecting the white marble counter of the fountain, precious to thirsty and thoroughly unctuous ale. One might imagine that there would be a good deal of bitterness in the cup of the druggist; but there is, in fact, only this single drawback—he hails to be awakened at any hour of the night, and summoned to quench the craving of some importunate seeker after drugs and medicines. The position of the city apothecary, however, is fixed by itself compared with that of his compeer in the army. A stretch on page 117 represents his office at his post of duty. His office is that of Hospital Steward, and he is the doctor's assistant. Whenever a soldier needs medicine he gets a prescription from the doctor, and goes to present to the Hospital Steward, who gives him the required dose. Our sketch represents the Steward in his tastily improvised tent, contrasting strongly with the spacious and elegant quarters of the city apothecary, preparing medicine for a sick soldier. Behind the Steward is the chest of drugs, which is ordinarily kept in a wagon. On the table are gallipots and glasses. The accessories are appropriate to a scene in a camp life.

THERE is said to be a man in the moon. In the honeymoon there are both a man and a woman.

REMARKABLE DISCOVERY IN ENGLAND.

THE Liverpool (England) *Mercury* contains a letter from Mr. J. P. Ashton, agent of the contractors for the iron work of the bridge crossing the Mersey, at Runcorn, Lancashire, giving an account of the discovery of a human body, in a most excellent state of preservation, which must have lain in the peat of Cosh for 1,400 years. We add the account given by Mr. Ashton:

"The discovery was made in the following manner: On the 27th of August, while making one of our caissons, an obstacle was met with which defied the pressure exercised by our sinking apparatus. Divers were sent down, who, on removing a quantity of sand from about the base of the caisson, reported the obstacle to be a large log of wood. By help of a strong crane, and after removing the pressure from the caisson, we were enabled to draw it up to the staging, and found it to be not a log of wood, as the divers, misled by its general shrivelled state, had reported, but a large coffin-shaped box of great strength, measuring about eight feet by three.

"The wood had become impregnated with oxide of iron from the red sandstone, which had made it as hard as iron itself, so that it was with the greatest difficulty that we were enabled to pry open the lid. The inside, which was roughly hewn to the shape of a human body, with a large additional space at the head, was lined with a greyish bituminous substance, and contained the body of a man in a most wonderful state of preservation. It is stained in the dress of a wealthy Roman citizen, the tunic and togs both white, embroidered with purple and gold threads, the togs fastened with a handsome gold fibula. The straps of the buskins are studded with little golden bosses. Attached to the same I have described, and am about to describe."

In the sepulchre, besides a large number of ornaments of gold and silver, such as were worn by Saxon females of rank, among the articles of female lockets, containing a long tress of glossy yellow hair. The ornaments appear to be of a female who had longed to one person, and this fact, coupled with the presence of the hair, leads to the belief that the subject contained in the urn to be those of the owner both of them and the hair

The sarphous also contains a small pocket of coins, nearly 100 in number, of which 4 are gold, 3 of the reigns of the Roman Emperors; Honorius, dating an. 410, a few of Hadrian, Antoninus and Severus, with earlier dates. The remaining coins are silver, probably Saxon, but owing to their rust and their defaced condition I am unable to say positively. On only six a date visible, viz., 468

From these dates, as well as from the Saxon ornaments, I am inclined to refer the remains to about the date of the first arrival of the Saxons in Britain. The corpse may be that of one of the lieutenants of Horse to this island, or as history speaks of no political intercourse between Rome and our island at that time, he may have been connected with a religious, not a civil, mission. The ashes, I surmise to be those of a Saxon female. But how shall we account for the presence of the remains of a Roman and a Saxon in a common tomb? More strange still is the embalming of the Roman and the cremation of the Saxon. The position of the coffin in the bed of the river is also strange; but an overturned boat and the shifting sands may account for that. Possibly the scroll found in the urn may give an explanation of this, and till this has been deciphered we must be content to remain in the dark.

HOW A PHILOSOPHER LIVED.

IN a recent number of the *Cornhill Magazine* we find this account of the private life of Kant:

"Kant lived in a modest and retired house, in a quiet street, behind the old palace. Winter and summer, the old soldier, who was his servant, came into his bedroom at five o'clock in the morning, and said, 'It is time.' The philosopher rose instantly with wonderful rapidity, and by five was seated at his breakfast-table, where he took a cup of coffee, nothing more, smoked a pipe and collected his ideas for the work of the day. He never went out for his lectures, and on returning set to work till a quarter to nine.

"Precisely at the quarter he dressed for dinner, took a glass of wine to excite his appetite, and was ready for the guests whom he had invited. He never dined alone, and always breakfasted alone. Dinner was the time when he liked to receive his friends. At his breakfast he was so much accustomed to solitude that when once a friend dropped in at that hour and asked a chair to his meal, Kant was embarrassed, and ended by asking his friend to sit where he could not see him, saying that for more than half a century he had never seen a soul near him while he drank his tea in the morning. But at dinner he could not bear to be left to himself. He always took care to invite some of his friends beforehand, and one day, when none of them could come, he sent his servant into the street to pick up the first passer-by and bring him in to dinner. He could not bear to be kept waiting. For this reason he dissolved ceremony at table, and his most agreeable guest was the one who took a dish without offering it to others, so that the turn of the host came the more quickly.

"It must be remembered that Kant had eaten nothing all the morning, and had been working steadily. Dining usually two hours or more, and was a very pleasant meal,



THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—CAPTURE OF A WAGON TRAIN NEAR RIPON BY MOSBY'S GUERILLAS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

the great metaphysician talking in a simple and popular style on subjects of the day, generally on politics, of which he was a diligent reader. His passion for them was such that he sometimes flung himself eagerly on the newspapers in the morning, which one would have thought a profanation; for his study was a sanctuary sacred to intellectual labors, and nothing was more sure to disturb it. Not till the guests had quitted the study and entered dining-room and Kant was his colloquing gravely.

"After dinner he took his regular walk up and down a small alley of limes, which is called the Philosopher's Alley. His walk was always solitary, except on rainy and blustering days, when he was not followed by even a man with a smoke under his arm, and with a restless and vigilant look, an exact image of Providence. Kant had two reasons for walking alone—he wanted to think, and he did not want to give his servant the trouble of that by breathing through his nose the air could be admitted only through the mouth, and he held it a habit of taking cold. On coming home he read the papers. In the evening he made notes for lectures, or wrote a letter to a friend, and meditated on what he read, or for his own amusement. Before he began to write down any ideas that occurred to him, he was wont to dwell a moment or two in silence, and almost suspended all occupations, and closed his eyes. He bedeckoned his slight servant when sleeping. His bedroom was never heated, the windows were always half open, summer and winter, and the light was carefully excluded as the air."

THE OUT-TRAVELLED TRAVELLER.—A traveller came very late for his breakfast, and the meal was hurriedly prepared. A young man eating the chops was not quite up to the mark made all sorts of apologies around the table, and worked away in great haste, leaving his meal beyond the affirmative influence of his fork, or by any acknowledging even the presence of his host. This was a remarkable case, and roused the landlord, who changing the range of his battery, such his shirt to be his avocation, exclaimed:

"Now, mister, confound me if I hain't made all the apologies around, and more, for you to come late to breakfast and who gets it, and I tell you I have seen further, more crookeder, than the end of a eight months' breakfast than this several times."

The young man's head had down his tools, swallowed the bite in *transitu*, and modestly looking up to the fuming landlord, replied:

"In what you say true?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, I'll be blamed if you hain't out-travelled me."

MR. A. OAKEY HALL read a paper before the New York Horticultural Society, showing, among other things, some statistics which had taken place in New York since 1664. He referred to the fact that cows were then driven to the Park street, which is now. He is full of bulls now. The change is not remarkable.

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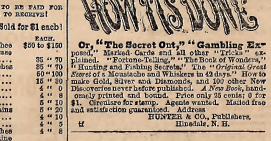
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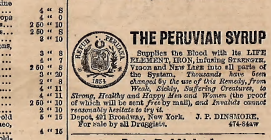
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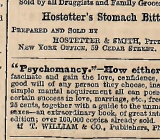
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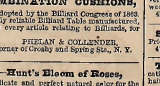
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Yes! 'tis the Emporium of GOURAUD, celebrated,
And well ye may smile for the deeds he has done!
All Ills that the human flesh heir to, he has quelled,
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Will force Whiskers or Moustaches to grow thick and beautiful in five weeks.

Sir. And no Humbug.—SIX TESTIMONIALS IN SIX HOURS.

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TESTIMONIAL.

Indianapolis, Sept. 14, 1864.

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Shnits' Curlique, for curling the hair. Price 50 cents. Sent sealed, postpaid. Address
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The Brazilian Hair Curler. One application warranted to curl the most straight, stubborn hair into wavy ringlets or heavy massive curls. Sent postpaid, on receipt of $1. Address
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100 per cent. premium paid for prizes. Information furnished. Orders filled for Tickets and Shares and all kinds of Gold and Silver.
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For Hardening & Invigorating the Gums.

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Forthchly combined with great power in *Field, Marine, Traveler's, Opera* and general use, these hand-some and carefully perspective glasses, will show distinctly a person to know him at from 2 to 3 miles. Specimens of the greatest transparent power to exercise, and improve the sight, without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogue sent on receiving stamp.

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KENDALL'S AMBOINE FOR THE HAIR



is composed of extracts from Flowers, Roots and Herbs, for the luxury and permanent Vigor of the Hair. It prevents hair falling, or preventing grey, eradicates dandruff and is a delightful and pleasant dressing.

Also offering a cure for most diseases incident to the scalp.

A trial will prove our assertion.

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Price $1 per case.

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475-80



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JOHN BULL—"*Ha, my dear friend, 'me did you get along with your fight?*"
DEMOCRATIC PARTY—"*Oh, splendidly! Glorious victory—only broke my arm and leg and lost one of my eyes, and it took three quarters of an hour to whip me.*"
Y. B.—"*Ho! if that's your idea of a victory you needn't come to me to borrow any more money.*"

WILLIAM KNABE & CO.,

MANUFACTURERS OF

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Certificates of Excellence from Thalberg, Goldschalk, Sigakoch, G. Bates, and other leading artists. Every Instrument Warranted for five years.

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FRENCH

YOKE SHIRTS

Warranted to FIT, and to be

CHEAPER

for the same QUALITIES and MAKE than those of any other Shirt House in this city.

Circular containing drawings and prices sent free.

For sale by all the principal dealers throughout the United States.

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Approved by the Government.

Warranted superior to any other Pistol of the kind. Also Pocket and Belt Revolvers. Sold by the Trade generally.

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Magnifying 500 times, mailed to any address for 50 cts. Three of different powers for $1. Address

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A WATCH FREE

And $15 or $20 per Day made Easy. *A New Sensation.* Our Great *Novelty*, the Wonderful PEARL PERFORATOR. Just out and creating an immense sensation and Extraordinary Demand throughout the *Army* and Country; there is nothing like them. Sales Enormous; *profits immense.* Each Perforator, Extra Large Size, $15; 20, contains an innumerable quantity of useful and valuable goods. Pairing, size, *worth Several Dollars*, and sells for only 25 cents. Articles that no *Soldier or Family* can possibly do without. Thousands sold Every Day. Soldiers can clear a *Month's Pay* in a Single Day. Agents Wanted in *Every* Camp and Village. A Beautiful Gold or Silver Watch Presented free as a *Premium to Every* Agent. This is the Greatest Chance ever Offered. Don't Miss It. *We Guarantee* any agent $15 per Day. *Premiums* sent with Goods same day the order is received. Circulars containing *Testimonials, inducements* sent by mail *free.* S. C. BUCKBEE & CO., 102 N. Jesse St., N. Y. Sole Manufacturers. o



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A new Illuminating Lamp, or Candle Stand. This is so arranged as to be fixed to the window by Clamp or Spring, and prevents all dirt or grease from dropping therefrom. Price $5 per Hundred.

I also manufacture over 40 different varieties of Casting Lamps, Burners, Wicks, etc. I will send on receipt of samples on the receipt of $2, $3, or $5. Single samples on receipt. Address Inventor, Pare Silverlake, for every Corps and Division in the army. Price $1 50 each. Agents wanted everywhere.

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Nervous Diseases and Physical Debility, arising from Specific causes, in both sexes—new and reliable treatment in Reports of the HOWARD ASSOCIATION—sent in sealed letter envelopes, free of charge. Address DR. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Howard Association, No. 2 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. o

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Price Package and Engraving Warehouse,
o 10 and 12 Beekman Street, N.Y.

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All articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Fortress Monroe, Harper's Ferry, Newberne, Port Royal, and all other places, should be sent at half rates, by HANNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 93 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates. 106o

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"*It is one of the best selected fertile tracts, on an almost level portion and suitable condition for pleasant farming, that we know of this side of the Western prairies.*"

$7 ARMY WATCH. $10

A Beautifully Engraved Gold-Plated Watch, Double Case, Lever Cap, Small Size, White Enamelled Dial, Cut Hands, *Arabic Numerals*, and Correct Timekeeper, with an accurate "*Manchester Calendar*," indicating the *Day of the Week, Month, &c.*, in back case. A single one sent free, by mail, to any address, in neat case, with a Beautiful Vest Chain, for only $10.

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Cut 36 inches long, $4 75 and $5 each. Sent by mail on receipt of the cash and 83 cents postage each shirt.

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Enameled White. having all the comforts of linen collars. Washed and dried in a moment. A sample Collar mailed free on receipt of 25 cents. Cuffs $1 50 per pair. Ladies' Collars and Cuffs same price.

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Agents Wanted in every Town in the Union.

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$50,000 Worth of Real Estate.

50,000 Highly Embellished Steel Plate Portraits of the President of the United States, Lieut.-Gen. Grant, Gen. McClellan and Corps Commanders of our Army will be distributed among the subscribers to the N. Y. S. Volunteer Institute, for the education and support of the orphan children of our volunteers, on Washington's Birthday, Feb. 22d, 1865. Every person sending $1 by mail, addressed to CAPT. H. R. RANDALL, Treasurer, Post-Office Box No. 4295, New York City, will receive any one of these engravings and a certificate of subscription, which will entitle him to one share in the real property, which will be distributed as stated. For further particulars, send for circular.

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Of these we have an immense assortment, including those of American and Foreign Cities and Localities, Statuary, Groups, Interiors, Copies of Paintings, Flowers, Fruits, Instantaneous Views, etc., etc. Catalogues sent on receipt of Stamp

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We were the first to introduce them into the United States, and have now the largest assortment in the country, ranging in price from 25 cents to $25 each. Also, a new and superior style of Morocco Album, unsurpassed for beauty and durability in any market. Sent by mail, postage paid, on receipt of price.

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EAR-RINGS AND SLEEVE BUTTONS; ALSO,

Gilt Belt Buckles, Latest Styles,

At WM. M. WELLINGS, 871 Broadway,
ctf Sign of Golden Elephant.

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FIVE ANATOMICAL ENGRAVINGS

Has information never before published. Sent free, in a sealed envelope, for 10 cents.

Address Box 4653, New York Post Office.



The only enamelled "Turn over" Collar made in metals. Send $1 for a "Turn-over," or 75 cents for a "Stocker," to A. H. WELLING, 64 Pine Street, N. Y., and receive it by return mail. o

For the Mouth and the Pocket. An invaluable Book for Soldiers, Sailors, Travellers, Civilians, and everybody. Send 50 cents, and get sample by mail. Address Box 28, HAWLEY, Pa.

476-7o

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Send for a Circular containing full information will be sent free. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, New Jersey.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 477—Vol. XIX.] NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 19, 1864. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly, 13 Weeks $1 00.



CELEBRATION OF THE ABOLITION OF NEGRO SLAVERY IN MARYLAND, AT PHILADELPHIA, PENN., NOV. 1.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR PHILADELPHIA ARTIST.

SLAVERY ABOLISHED IN MARYLAND.

Grand Celebration of the Event in Philadelphia.

The Legislature of Maryland, at its last session, authorized and directed the calling of a Convention to form a new Constitution for that State. In due time that Convention assembled at Baltimore, being, of course, composed of delegates elected by the people; and in due time that Convention submitted to the people a new Constitution abolishing negro slavery within the limits of Maryland. This instrument was subsequently accepted by popular vote, and took effect on the 1st of November. The event was celebrated in Baltimore and in other cities. A sketch on our first page illustrates the celebration at Philadelphia, which was conducted by the supervisory Committee for recruiting colored troops. The entire front of their building in Chestnut street was ablaze with gas—was illuminated on the night of the 1st inst., and adorned with transparencies, illustrating the progress of the Emancipation movement during the civil war, as also the achievements of our colored troops. The effect was exceedingly brilliant. Addresses were made on the occasion. Private houses in the city were also illuminated. During the day there was a parade of the 41st regiment of U. S. colored troops, commanded by Col. Louis Wagner. In the evening all the colored churches of the city were opened for religious services. Thus the colored portion of Philadelphia rejoiced over the great fact that Maryland is a free State.

MARYLAND.

BY JENNIE K. GRIFFITH.

Fiercer ocean unto oceanis roll;
From the Lakes to the Pole,
Far as our wide possessions reach,
From Mexico to Maine's wild beach,
From every home the whole land through,
From every church and schoolhouse, too,
Proclaim that Maryland is free!
Dear Maryland!

She did but sleep while others woke,
But saintly visions on her broke,
An angel through her light hath spoke,
Dear Maryland!

Oh, Rocky Mountains, ponder rise,
Tell the glad tidings to the skies,
Let the wild winds catch the refrain
And sing it far and wide again,
Run, Mississippi, on thy course,
With thunder's march mark thy far source,
Beat with thy strong pulse's mighty force
For Maryland!

Burst into bloom, prairie land,
Join, cities, hand in hand,
Toss thy white caps from strand to strand
For Maryland!

Tell all the white-winged ships that sail
Ocean, tell every tropic gale,
What means the bonfire from fort to fort,
Comet, thou, and pay thy loyal court.
Break into great throbs at her feet,
Let her heart fill full heart's beat,
And sit exalted in her seat,
Blessed Maryland!

O wise men, from the breaking morn,
A princess to our love is born,
Bring spice and gifts her to adorn,
Blessed Maryland!

We love her feet, her hands we kiss—
Dear land, to a deed like this!—
While, soft and slender, yet they broke
The driver's strong and hoodman's yoke!
Jerusalem, sing with loud acclaim,
Link all sweet phrases with her name,
Bring harp and, harps, bright bonfire flame
For Maryland!

Oh, smiling vineyards, flushed with wine,
Broad fields of corn in serried line,
Orains golden as the ore from mine,
For Maryland!

Pour freely all thy treasures out,
Be glad, O Earth, with gleeful shout.
No hopeless tears shall wet thy breast,
No hopeless heart ask thee for rest.
Bring out our mother's robes of state,
Fair maids of the Republic, wait,
Frond staters, harpy and date,
On Maryland!

Republican in court and hovel,
We name her Princess, as whom art,
Born to our tenderest love apart,
Our Maryland!

FRANK LESLIE'S Illustrated Almanac FOR 1865.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 19, 1864.

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Will the Rebels Arm and Liberate their Slaves to Fight for Slavery?

If his been semi-officially announced from Richmond that Jefferson Davis and his Confederate rulers have determined upon the desperate expedient of arming and drilling, for the spring campaign, the formidable auxiliary force of 200,000 negro slaves. Whether they can be bought over to this extraordinary service of fighting for slavery by the offer to each man of the boon of his personal freedom, with the promise of 50 acres of land at the close of the war. The masters concerned, for the loss of their valuable slave property, are to be indemnified in "Confederate Scrip."

The plan is the scheme of the dispassionate and intelligent reader, it may seem incredible and preposterous, beyond all bounds of belief; but it is seriously discussed and advocated by the Richmond journals and, among the leading Southern politicians, Virginia to Louisiana. They contend that the thing is feasible and advisable; that Southern independence is worth even the sacrifice demanded, and that the gift of the individual freedom and 50 acres of land will secure their black soldier against all the temptations of the Yankees. Absurd, ludicrous, insane and suicidal, therefore, as the project may appear, under the lights of experience and the reasoning of common sense, we are constrained to treat it as a movement seriously contemplated by that remarkable plutocracy and despotism of liberty, Jeff Davis. We are the more disposed to this treatment with his confession before us that, with Richmond invested by Gen. Grant, and the imminent danger, and with Georgia and all the States below threatened with subjugation by Gen. Sherman, two-thirds of the white soldiers of "the Confederacy" are deserters or "absent without leave," while more of the remaining whites at home are capable of bearing arms.

We will assume, therefore, that Davis has seriously considered this scheme of arming the slaves to fight for slavery, and has resolved to try the experiment. The question then recurs, how will it work? Let us briefly inquire from the facts before us and the lessons of experience.

First—300,000 able-bodied male slaves are to be armed and prepared as soldiers of Davis for the spring campaign. His Confederacy is now reduced to 6,000,000 of souls, of which about 2,500,000 are negro slaves. Deduct from this number 300,000 able-bodied men, in addition to those employed as army teamsters, etc., in the field, and there will be not he an able-bodied negro male left to plough the fields, and plant the corn, beans and potatoes, in the spring, upon which the armies and the people of "the Confederacy" depend to save themselves from starvation.

Our first conclusion, therefore, is that Davis, so far from being able to muster 300,000 negro soldiers for the spring campaign, cannot raise even 50,000 or 20,000, because in the spring the services of all his negroes will be needed to raise bread for "the Confederacy." From the scarcity of horses and mules, and from the great general blow will he required next spring in preparing Southern lands for corn than ever before, or, in other words, more able-bodied negroes.

Secondly.—We consider this maximum as experience has shown that the Southern slave seizes invariably the first "fair chance" to escape to the Yankees, singly, or in twos, tens and hundreds, and that he will not be trusted in armed gangs of hundreds and thousands, with that mockery of the heon of freedom which still consigns his wife and children to slavery, and with 50 acres of land in the mountains of the moon.

Thus much for the slaves. We now come to slaveholders. How will they receive this scheme of bringing these slaves into the field as soldiers of Southern independence?

First.—We hold that they will decide that this scheme inevitably involves the abolition of slavery, and that a Southern Confederacy without slavery is not worthy use to them.

Secondly.—That it is useless to fight for the abolition of slavery, when they can have it peacefully, and avoid all further spoliations of the war, and all the horrors of a servile insurrection of armed and isciplined blacks, by the simple act of submission to the Union.

Thirdly.—That with "Confederate scrip" reduced by the war to the dollar, payment in such trash to the slaveholders for his slave property, seized as food for powder, would be downright swindling with the additional loss, perhaps, of that 50 acres of land for each negro taken away; and that, accordingly, the general voice of the rebel slaveholders will be emphatic and decisive against this proposition to despoil them at once of their slaves, their lands and their Confederacy, and in behalf of a cause which is already lost.

Such are our views of the working of this preposterous scheme of liberating the slaves to fight for slavery in behalf of a tottering Confederacy; this scheme of knocking "the Confederacy" on the head to secure Southern independence. It will fail at both ends. The slaves cannot be taken from the hoe, and cannot he trusted with the bayonet. The masters having sacrificed everything else to protect their institution of slavery, will not sacrifice their slaves to protract the vain struggle of Davis to save himself "in this last ditch." We are rather inclined to consider the agitation of this scheme at Richmond as an ingenious method of announcing to the slaveholders concerned that their cause is gone, and that Davis would like to have their influence in favor of giving up "the Confederacy" in disgust.

Summary of the Week.

MISSOURI.

The rout of Sterling Price has been more complete than was at first supposed. His intention was undoubtedly to affect the approaching State election, and to announce in that perspective immediately be ascertained, but so far as the military success is concerned it has been a total failure.

The latest intelligence is that the Union forces, having scattered the rebel army, were in close cavalry pursuit of the broken and dispirited remnants of Sterling Price's army. It is, however, difficult to calculate upon the endurance of an army constituted as this is, half guerilla and half Western.

Their last rally was in Newton county, in the south-western corner of the State. That Price's army is regarded by our military authorities as powerless for future operations is evinced by the fact that Gen. Andrew J. Smith's corps is retiring towards the eastern portion of the State, marching by two columns, one on each side of the Missouri river, for the purpose of sweeping the country completely clean of the rebels.

KENTUCKY.

Preparations have been made to receive the threatened invasion of the rebels, who, it was said, were about to cross the river at Bridgeport, Ala., and march northward, while Forrest attacked Johnsonville. It is certain that the rebels are concentrating their forces for an attack in this direction.

SHENANDOAH.

There has been no movement of any importance since last week. Scouts inform Gen. Sheridan that the rebel Gen. Early is at Newmarket, reorganizing the remnants of his old army, and such operations as have been made to it by the Richmond authorities.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The Richmond papers announce the taking of Plymouth by the Union troops, after a spirited resistance. They attribute the fall of the town to the absence of the rebel ram Albemarle, of whose destruction by Lieut. Cushing they were so ignorant. Full particulars concerning it was a most brilliant one, and is illustrated and fully described in another part of our paper.

TENNESSEE.

A gang of guerillas made an attack on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad at Cave City on Thursday, and killed and captured several soldiers and negroes. After which they retired with all dispatch.

The day after the raid on the railroad Gen. Hood made his first attempt to cross the Tennessee river, between Decatur and Florence, at the head of the Muscle Shoals of the Tennessee. The movement of putting the rebels over was repulsed with great loss. The correspondent of the New York *Herald* says that Gen. Sherman has made the city of Decatur, Decatur, to operate against Hood, while he is marching with the other four to Atlanta, to assume offensive operations against the enemy.

VIRGINIA.

Our troops before Petersburg and Richmond are busily employed in making log huts for their winter quarters.

A Petersburg despatch in a Richmond paper says:

On the night of the 1st Nov. Grant drew in his cavalry pickets on the extreme left, below Reams's station, and left a strong line of infantry picket line a mile in the rear of his army, in the vicinity of Petersburg, as if to cover some movement."

NAVAL.

Lieut. Harris, commanding the army gunboat Maswood, attached to Gen. Graham's naval brigade, had made a reconnoissance up the Nansemond river, and captured a rebel Major and a squad of men.

TOWN COSSIP.

POLITICS! nothing but politics. Through all this week not a sensation has rested upon the public mind but the approaching election. Men met for every recurring theme. Torchlight processions and mass-meetings for supper, and public meetings for dinner, and protracted argument for breakfast. Charles Sumner and Wendell Phillips at Cooper Institute hooting forth to thousands what they term, and George B. McClellan looking forth from the balcony of the 5th Avenue Hotel over the tens of thousands of heads of men upon his old command, the men who fought, bled and did everything but die with him, on the now sacred soil of Virginia, and who are upon his side ready to pay him honor. There was something to be remembered for a lifetime in the act of standing on that balcony and looking upon those men who had been his name with the history of a nation. Something in which politics was lost, and we only saw the brilliant and successful soldier. The love they held of Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania, and by his skill saved a nation from destruction and anarchy. With that was mentioned associate politics. The very word is a stain upon his record, and yet he stands now, the entrusted general, by the confidence of a great part of the people, by the magic of his name to achieve a bloodless revolution, and alter the whole governmental action of a great people.

Before this paper reaches the hands of its fair million of readers the election will be over and the verdict given that shall tell us whether for four years more we abide under present rule, or whether the sober second thought of the people will make a change. Never before in the history of the country has so great an issue been involved, and never has such a spirit of bitterness been transpired. There is a calm desperation about the people that tells every one that the time for action has arrived, and that the scenes now being enacted in Dixie who never before felt the responsibility, and quietly perform that duty which, had it been always performed as it should and would have saved us all this lavishing of blood and treasure. Such a vote will be polled as will astonish the politicians of both sides. Andrew Jeff Davis with a large available force of muscle we have still on hand to help wipe him off the face of creation. 120,000 voters have already registered in New York city, and it will be strange if that number does not swell up on election day to at least 130,000, that being by 40 per cent. a greater vote than has ever before been polled.

The quiet movements that have been made by the National Government in New York city within the past few weeks show a distrust of our loyalty. The closing of the Provost Marshal's office, the withdrawal of the guns from the mud in and about the city, the appointment of Gen. Dutter to see to things individually and collectively.

is ominous of fear, but it is fear without a basis. New York is a democratic city, and always will be. The elements of her population make it imperatively so; but she is loyal to the core, and has sealed and is sealing the compact every day with her best blood, and a munificent share of her wondrous wealth. She is for business, heart and soul, and no business community can, upon time for calm deliberation, be in favor of war.

Had New York been asked, at the breaking out of this rebellion, what she would do towards helping on a war of four years duration, she would not have responded by one man or one cent. The result would have appeared to her as total ruin; but having once become embarked in the struggle, she is willing to carry it to the bitter end, though still claiming the privilege of a grumble, a privilege that should be most especially accorded her, if for no other reason than that while some parts of the country—New England for instance—have made money by the war, she has lost fearfully.

There is but one prayer we shall put up, which is, that the election and its approximations will soon be stilled, that we may read something else in all the newspapers than political squibs, heavy leaders, abusive attacks and disgusting misrepresentations, and God finally prosper the right.

To those who are waiting for their winter overcoats, we impart the intelligence, direct from headquarters, that the journeymen tailors have decided to give in, and throw themselves on the magnanimity of the bosses. It has been diamond cut diamond, but as the employers are the richest diamond, it was not difficult to see which way the battle would go if they only had stamina enough to stand it. It is a presumable case that now we shall have our winter overcoats for some slight figure under $200.

We may consider the railroad war as over. The public have calmly settled down into paying the extra penny, and though a few patriotic individuals provide themselves with tickets, and stand upon street corners offering them to would-be-passengers, or proffer them occasionally in the cars, the people hardly care to enter into the controversy, feeling that it is easier to pay the tax than to rebel. We are told by such presses as set up for guardians of the rights of the people, that this rise of one cent is but the preliminary to a demand for ten cents per ride; but we, for one, though not doubting the will of the companies to do it, will wait and submit, until such is the case.

One of the events of the week has been the absconding of a paying-teller, he of the Mercantile Bank, with only $300,000, and his ability, so far—though $20,000 reward has been offered for him—to keep out of the way. This little matter is refreshing, for the simple reason that we have not had an absconding of any consequence for some years, and as a consequence the public had settled down into the belief that virtue reigned triumphant with paying tellers, and all other persons who wear good clothes and live in brown stone fronts.

Of the absconding teller, we are told that "he was such a gentlemanly man." He drove fast horses and kept up a fine establishment at Staten Island, where, no doubt, he entertained many of the old fogy directors and officers of the bank, who, after an evening at his house, and getting comfortably tight—that is, as tight as such highly respectable persons ever get—went away with the set idea that this paying teller was the most genial and reliable man to be found. They knew that he lived at a rate three times beyond his income; but then he lived so well, and had such good wines and drove such excellent horses! Had it been one employer having a clerk, the whole thing would have been out in a month, but in this case the employers were legion, and "what is everybody's business is nobody's business," and so the paying-teller went on until one day the paying-teller and $30-,000 were missing together.

While upon matters hinging upon Wall street, we will say a word about gold. The precious metal has during the week touched 250, closing with the week at 244½. There is a terrible pressure just now to run the price up to 300, and to judge by the roaring and butting of the bulls, the matter may be a success, which will only be another argument to show how completely the people are in the hands of the capitalists and speculators.

Adverting to the military, it is a significant sign that our streets and public places are beginning to fill up with officers and soldiers, the most of them sent home to vote, but the greater part allowed a furlough because the work for the year is over. To those who are privileged to wear shoulder-straps, as well as to the privates, we have a word of advice to offer. It is all comprised in the two words—KEEP CLEAN! It is an error that too many of them fall into, that of going about the streets and into public places unwashed, and with a uniform which, as far as cleanliness goes, could not be touched with a ten foot pole. Most of them do this from the idea that it gives them a veteran look, a soldier tired of war's alarms, coming from the tented field, bringing all his dirt and, perhaps, something else with him. If this is the idea, it is one of great falsity. The world naturally shrinks with repulsion from an ill-dressed and dirty person, and whatever a soldier may gain by sympathy from appearance as a tatterdemalion will be lost through that feeling of repulsion. An officer is especially disgraced who cannot keep himself clean or his uniform neat. If he has not that faculty with himself he cannot make his men keep clean, and if he cannot do that he is unfit to command them. Also, we would caution actors, who sometimes see fit to insult the military portion of their audience by allusions to their presence, and suggestions, in bad wit, that they should rather be in the field. The fact is readily admitted, that the place for a soldier is in the field, but we cannot see why, when duty is slack, the one who has faithfully served, perhaps through the whole year, should not have a chance to be a week or two at home, and, if he chooses, to air his shoulder-strape in public places. We shall make it our business to rebuke publicly any actor who utters a slur of this kind, or any manager who permits it.

Our Amusements.

The time is one of steady prosperity to managers. Everything in the shape of a show, from grand opera up to a three-legged calf, will draw. New York has run theatre mad, and, whether good or bad is offered to its palate, swallows its dramatic food with equal gusto. The habit of theatre-going is very much of the same style as that of whiskey-drinking or newspaper reading; the victim becomes accustomed to a particular bar-room or an especial paper, and his physical or mental taste becomes so hardened by use that he does not detect change. The barkeeper may water or drug his whiskey, or the editor may leave out the spiciness that once gave flavor to his sheet; but the habituated patron still goes on drinking or reading, believing that he is getting precisely the article he received in the past, and enjoying it equally as well. This is the way with our theatres. Instance Wallack's and the Olympic. Instead of progressing with the age, they are steadily retrograding every week, and yet the same familiar faces crowd the seats that we remember in the olden days when something really good was done. The public must go to the theatre, and we hold it to be a sacred duty on the part of the manager, even though his house may be crowded every night, and he has it in his power to fob off old and stupid plays, backed by shabby and worn scenery, and blundered through by stupid sticks, to have sufficient conscience to offer the public his best. The simple truth is that just now there is a flush of money and a desire on the part of the people to amuse themselves and forget their troubles, and the managers are taking advantage of it by offering any trash they can make available. Wallack has revived "Rosedale," cramming it down the throats of his audience without a word of apology. The Olympic has given us for a novelty the "Rose of Castile," minus all the real attraction, and a few stout repetitions of Mortimer in farce.

Can it be possible that there is no dramatic talent in the country? Or is it that managers will not encourage it? We are satisfied that writers will not bestir themselves very heartily over playmaking for the munificent sum of ten dollars per night, but could not some of our successful caterers for the public bring forth a diamond from the New York mine of talent by offering its price? We firmly believe that there is ability, not in the old literary hacks who will knock you off a five act tragedy or comedy in half a day, and demand pay accordingly, and aspire to be called the dramatic authors of America, but in the floating talent that seeks only to be directed into that channel by inducement. The copyright of a good play is worth exactly ten times what any New York manager is at this moment willing to pay for it, and just so long as the ability to write is undervalued so long will the pen lay dormant.

At the Olympic, we have a debutante in the person of Miss Eliza Newton, who certainly has not beauty to recommend her, whatever other quality she may eventually show herself to possess. In figure she is rather inclined to the *petite*, and in voice lacking strength and indistinct. On her debut she labored under the disadvantage of appearing in boy's clothes, a serious mistake for a debutante, a disadvantage that we are willing to give her the benefit of, and believe that, with further opportunity, she may prove a sensible addition to the Olympic company.

The real success of the week is Maggie Mitchell as "Fanchon," at Niblo's, and were she supported by anything less than a company of confirmed sticks, we should record the affair as a complete success. Certainly as far as crowded houses go it has been, for through the entire week the passages, lobbies, and every available standing inch has been occupied to its fullest capacity. Miss Mitchell in much that she does is nature itself, and since her last appearance in New York has made marked and wonderful improvement. She is still, however, very unequal, and when—as she does occasionally—breaking into the harsh, Yankeeish drawl, especially unpleasant. In the play there is nothing save what she makes of it, and with a few weeks before a New York audience she will, without doubt, so tone herself that she may properly take rank by herself, as an exponent, not of any school, but as an original.

This week is announced as the last of "Solon Shingle," at the Broadway, and those who have not seen Mr. Owens in this the most artistic acting the New York stage has seen, and we can hardly believe that there is such person in the city, should not lose a chance that they may regret in the future. We believe that John Owens's "Solon Shingle" will remain one of the legends—classical if you please—of the stage for ever.

Barnum is given up to dogs, charming dogs, who do everything but speak, and we are not sure but they do that also when they get off by themselves.

The Academy is closed until the 14th, when we are promised "Don Sebastiano" and "Fra Diavolo," the last as rewritten by the composer.

Of all the funny things offered to New York the funniest is that of Artemus Ward. The man who could go to Dodworth's rooms, and sit out an hour under the teachings of Artemus without getting his risibilities out of order, must have had these organs amputated in his early youth and carefully eradicated all the roots. There was something in the air of Dodworth's Hall that we did not like, something that spoke of small audiences and empty benches, of a cavernous void, and gaping, yawning people; but under the influence of Artemus light has fallen upon dark places, and early in the evening eager masses rush to occupy once empty places; smiles, horse-laughs, and tears from over-laughs have taken the place of yawns and gapes, and serene above all the placid face of the showman looks down upon the crowd, and his right hand waving the baton, trots out the pictures that unfold the hairbreath escapes by flood and field, by savages and seduction, of the learned lecturer on his route to and from the stronghold of Mormondom. There is no better way of spending an evening in New York now than with Artemus, provided you can get in.

What shall we say of Heller? So much has been said of this wonderful man—is he a man?—that we feel as though we were following a beaten track no matter what we say. We have a little theory of our own about Heller. We believe him to be only —— in disguise, looking around New York and seeking whom he may ——. The wisdom that he shows in not running after his prey is good. He rather chooses to weave his web at a prominent spot in Broadway, and lure victims into it by attractions they cannot withstand. What we cannot understand we persist in believing diabolical, even though the perpetrator chooses to tell us that it is only a clever trick. Now we cannot understand this scarlet spirit business; we cannot understand the goblin drum; we cannot understand a lot of other things that Heller does, and though Heller tells us that they are only clever tricks, we persist in sticking to our theory unless he immediately calls on us and tells how they are done, that we may explain them to the public.

NEW BOOKS.

It is but a little while since Nathaniel Hawthorne was laid in his grave, at Concord, Mass. With him perished all that was mortal of the most original literary genius that our country has yet produced. A strong and stately intellect, a tender heart, a character of childlike simplicity, a brilliant imagination, a faculty for profound analysis of emotion and motive, a quaint fancy, and a complete mastery of the art of English prose writing, were combined in him and are illustrated in his works. One of the most characteristic, instructive and charming of these is his collection of "Twice Told Tales." Each of them is, as it were, the condensed excellence of a 400 page novel. Each is pictorial and full of wise significance. But we need not, at this late day, enlarge upon the merits of a book once so obscure, now so famous. Enough to call the reader's attention to the fact that Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, have recently published it, in two volumes, in that handsome blue and gold style of which they were the inventors several years ago. In this appropriate dress it deserves a wide circulation.

Miss M. E. Braddon's latest story, "The Doctor's Wife," has been republished, from the English edition, in neat pamphlet form, by Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald, of this city. It is, like its predecessors from the same pen, fraught with striking incidents, skilfully woven into an interesting plot, and is written with more than Miss Braddon's customary precision of style.

The Nov'br number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, published by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, contains several articles of special merit, and is in general an interesting and creditable specimen of magazine literature. Its most valuable article is "The Vengeance of Dominic de Gourgues," by Francis Parkman, which is particularly picturesque in its treatment of a romantic incident in French history. Equally animated and more instinct with the practical spirit of the passing hour is F. H. Ludlow's sketch of travel, entitled "Through Tickets to San Francisco." A more sober, but not less agreeable, paper is that which incorporates specimens of "Charles Lamb's Uncollected Writings." Mr. George W. Greene contributes an instructive paper on "The Finances of the Revolution." Politics, Slavery and the War are duly represented. The poetry in this number is of merely ordinary merit, the best specimen of verse being a timely and graceful address to the poet Bryant, on the attainment of his 70th birthday, by H. T. Tuckerman.

The subscription price of the *Atlantic* has, we observe, been raised to $4 per annum. This is rendered necessary by the increase in the cost of printing materials and of carrying on the publishing business. But the price is not too high for a good magazine.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields also announce a magazine for juvenile readers, to be published monthly, under the title of *Our Young Folks*.

F. Leypoldt, publisher, of Philadelphia, has issued the following interesting works:

"Mendelssohn's Letters." These have been translated from the German by Lady Wallace, who has performed her task with much ability. Madame Julie de Marguerittes has supplied a pleasant biographical notice.

"Life of Chopin," by F. Liszt. This is translated by Mrs. Cook, and is a charming work.

"Musical Sketches," by Elise Polko, translated by Fanny Fuller. The *Publisher's Circular* says: "No lover or student of music can fail to enjoy these graceful memorials of its triumphs and marvels, and these aspirations of its mighty teachers."

FINE ARTS.

An accurate and powerful bust of the late Archbishop Hughes has been cut by Mr. Richard H. Park, a talented New York sculptor. It preserves, with singular felicity, the expression of mingled dignity and sweetness for which the countenance of the venerable prelate was remarkable. Two photographs, representing the work, in front view and in profile, have been made by Mr. M. Stadtfield, of this city, and published by Mr. M. Knoedler. The bust itself is on exhibition at Goupil's gallery.

Still another memorial to the late Archbishop is due to the action of the Board of Aldermen of this city last January, empowering Mr. B. F. Brady, a local artist, to execute a work of art as a testimonial to the memory of the venerable priest. Mr. Brady has finished his work, which is an elaborate and very handsome piece of chirography, designed for the Catholic archiepiscopal residence in this city, now occupied by Abp. McCloskey. Photographs of this memorial are already in circulation. A description of it is here condensed from one of the daily papers: "The work consists of an elaborate frame, manufactured from the finest black walnut, carved in bold relief, and enclosing seven tablets, the centre one of which contains a beautiful crayon drawing of the deceased archbishop, dressed in full canonicals, with the crozier in one hand and the mitre in the other. The frame is 11 feet high and 8 feet wide, in the form of three arches, each of which is surmounted by a cross. The bottom of the frame, which is intended to be hung against the wall, is ornamented by a massive and elaborately carved figure of an angel holding a shield, bearing an escutcheon, upon which is inscribed the coat of arms of the deceased. In side tablets the resolutions of the Board of Aldermen are engrossed, the whole presenting the appearance of the finest engraving. In the various panels are grouped 13 pictures, representing the emblems of the Church. The frame is in keeping with the design of the pictures. At the top of the centre arch, just under the cross, is a medallion head, in bold relief, of the deceased prelate, surrounded by an artistic group of archiepiscopal crosses and other religious emblems, harmoniously blended, producing a very pleasing effect."

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—We cheerfully call attention to the following announcement: "We are glad to see that our brave soldiers in the field before Petersburg and Richmond are to be remembered on the approaching Thanksgiving. In addition to Mr. Blunt's suggestion that they be supplied with 50,000 turkeys, a movement has been inaugurated to send them 1,000 barrels of choice apples. The names connected with this generous scheme are such as will insure its success, and are a guarantee to any who may wish to aid in it that their money will be faithfully applied. Contributions may be sent to Storrs Bros., No. 121 Chambers street; Garbutt, Black & Hendricks, Nos. 168 and 170 Chambers street; Lathrop, Luddington & Co., Nos. 23 and 25 Park place, and Spencer & Porter, No. 106 Front street.

—— A Boston paper says there are now 166 suits for divorce upon the dockets of the Supreme Court in that city. Some of these are old cases, and probably never will be tried. Others have been recently entered. The causes alleged for a judicial separation are cruelty, desertion, criminality, etc. In a majority of cases the wife seeks a divorce from the husband. There is also a large number of petitions of divorced persons for leave to marry again.

—— About twice as much cotton was received at New York during the first two months of this year as was received during the corresponding period, either in 1863 or 1862. In 1862 the receipts were 89,562 bales; in 1863, 86,930; in 1864, 169,473. During the same period there were exported from New York in 1862, 18,018 bales; in 1863, 12,636 bales; in 1864, 25,010 bales.

—— The Emancipation of the slaves, according to the new Constitution, was celebrated on the 1st Nov. with great spirit.

—— Up to the 1st of Nov., there have arrived in New York 163,000 emigrants, against 130,000 up to a similar date last year.

—— Near the Grand Rapids, Mich., a salt lake has been discovered. The inhabitants are expecting great results from this opportune discovery, as it was one of the great things needed.

—— The Sanitary Fair at Boston has been a very great success. It was closed on the evening of the 26th by a speech from Miss Anna Dickinson.

—— A treaty has been concluded with the Indian tribes of Southern and Middle Oregon, by which 25 square miles of land are ceded to the United States—so says an exchange paper. We thought that the whole of Oregon was already the property of the United States.

—— Mrs. Lizzie Conwell Wilson died recently at Cambridge, Mass. She had acquired reputation as a poet, under her maiden name, Lizzie Conwell Smith.

—— Our venerable contemporary, the Hartford *Courant*, completed its 100th year on the 20th of Oct.

—— The remains of the late Rev. Starr King, who died at San Francisco, were removed on the 22d of September, and deposited in a new resting-place prepared for them in the burying-ground adjoining his own church. A splendid monument of Columbia marble is there erected to his memory.

—— William Cullen Bryant, one of the most eminent of American poets, attained his 70th year on the 3rd inst. Mr. Bryant is a native of Western Massachusetts.

—— Further sketches of the raid on St. Albans are deferred in consequence of an excess of fresh themes for illustration.

—— A Boston paper makes mention of a wonderful blind musician. He plays on various musical instruments with remarkable skill; his voice is of extraordinary compass, rising to the highest tenor notes, and sinking to lower base notes than any other singer has yet been able to reach. He can play the cornet with one hand, and with the other accompany himself on the piano. He is a gentleman of good general culture, having graduated from the Ohio Institute for the Blind.

—— The New Orleans *Picayune* devotes over two columns to prove that the climate of that city is not unhealthy, as often alleged, but is, on the contrary, favorable to vigorous old age, and a prolongation of the mental, physical and moral energies and capacities of man.

—— In the U. S. Commissioners Court, before Commissioner Morton, John C. Bennet, charged with the murder of John West, on board the British ship Raymond, while on a voyage from Dublin to this port, has been extradited, on the representation of the British Consul.

—— Messrs. Amasa J. Parker, W. F. Allen and William Kelley, the Commissioners appointed by Governor Seymour, to visit Washington and investigate the charges of fraud against the State agents for receiving the soldiers' votes, have made their report. They had interviews with the Secretary of War, and obtained from him permission to visit in prison Col. North and Messrs. Cohen and Jones, the arrested persons, who were subjected to improper treatment and great deprivation. They say that they could obtain no copies of the charges against the accused, and have found no evidence that frauds were committed by them. They state also, that soldiers desirous of voting the Democratic ticket meet with great difficulties in their efforts to do so. The Commissioners requested of the Secretary of War that either Col. North and Messrs. Cohen and Jones should be given up for trial to the State authorities, or that the proceedings in their cases should be postponed till after the Presidential election, and they be released on parole, neither of which being complied with, a communication was addressed to President Lincoln by Messrs. Parker, Allen and Kelly, stating the entire case, and their labors being completed, they left Washington. It will be seen that one of the desires of the Commission—the postponement of the trial till after the Presidential election—has been complied with by the adjournment of the court to the 14th inst.

—— Mr. Belmont has offered to wager $10,000 that if Lincoln is elected the war will last his term, and that the Union will be broken up. He also wagers the same sum, that if McClellan is elected the Union will be restored before his term expires, and that there will be peace on that basis.

—— The postal money order system has been received with great favor; orders drawn for soldiers in the army of the Potomac will be paid at the office at Fortress Monroe, on the soldiers' assignment, and will be paid to any party to whom the soldier may assign it.

—— Mr. Seward telegraphed to Mayor Gunther, that he is informed that an attempt would be made to burn our great cities on election day. The Mayor said he put no faith in the rumor, but he would be on his guard.

Military.—Gen. Wool is to take charge of our north-eastern boundary. This will doubtless put an end to rebel raids from Canada.

—— A returned prisoner says that while he was in Belle island, recently, he saw the rebel authorities dump a cartload of soldiers' letters into the river.

Personal.—Gen. T. F. Meagher is at Nashville, in active service.

—— Dickens, in his new story of "Our Mutual Friend," like Thackeray in his later novels, is said to have borrowed some characters from America. The *New Nation* of this week asserts that a "large class of readers in New York will recognise in the person of Mortimer Lightwood, Esq., a gentleman of this city, of whom Mr. Dickens has made a striking silhouette."

—— Mr. Benjamin, the rebel Secretary of State, finding it impossible to write up the rebel finances, has undertaken to write down those of the Federal Government.

—— Major-Gen. B. F. Butler and Staff have arrived in New York, under orders to report to Major-Gen. Wool.

Obituary.—Dr. Isaac W. Scribner, of Lowell, died on the 29th October. He was a man of considerable literary fame, having written a book, which was popular some years ago, called "Legends of Laconia." He was highly esteemed as a gentleman and a friend.

—— Hon. Nicholas Brewer, Judge of the Second Judicial Circuit of Maryland, died at his residence in Annapolis on the 29th of October.

—— M. André Perisse, principal member of one of the largest publishing houses in France, died recently at Paris.

Accidents and Offences.—A passenger and a cattle train came into collision on the Lafayette and Indianapolis railroad, six miles south of Lafayette, on Monday evening, 31st Oct., and 30 persons were killed and about as many more wounded. A majority of the sufferers were soldiers. Among the killed was the Rev. B. F. Winans, of the Sanitary Commission.

—— Charles Windsor, 14 years chief teller of the Mercantile Bank, 191 Broadway, has absconded with $241,000 in notes and gold.

Foreign.—The body of the late Cardinal Bedini, who visited this country some years ago, was blown up by a bomb, while lying in state in a church in Italy. Some say that it was merely the explosion of the usual gas generated in corpses.

—— Joshua Bates, the American partner of Baring Brothers, has died worth $8,000,000.

—— There had been some trouble between the authorities at Aspinwall and the commander of the French ship of war there. He had brought sailors to recruit the French fleet in the Pacific, which the authorities refused to allow to pass over the Isthmus. Whereupon the French captain threatened to land them under cover of his guns and force a passage across. The authorities gave way, and the matter was settled.

—— In Mexico the French fleet were preparing to attack Mazatlan, and it was said such were the extortions of the native chiefs that the inhabitants were perfectly willing to accept the Emperor Maximilian, whose army was marching up Chihuahua, where Juarez had retreated to. The imperial cause seems to be gaining ground daily.

—— The Spanish fleet still hold the Chincha islands.

—— It is alleged that an agent of the Sultan of Turkey has been arrested at Paris, for endeavoring to procure young women there for the Sultan's harem.

—— A correspondent of the New York *Observer*, writing from China, says that the Emperor of that country "still regards it as his prerogative to deify mortal men, and command his subjects to worship them."

—— Lord Palmerston completed his 80th year on the 20th of October.

—— The poet Alexander Smith is editing a new edition of the poems of Robert Burns, for which he will also furnish a memoir.

—— A volume of hitherto unpublished writings of Douglas Jerrold is announced in London.

—— An unusually valuable silver mine has lately been discovered in Sweden.

—— A Liverpool newspaper has discovered that Mr. Gladstone, England's Chancellor of the Exchequer, is lineally descended from Henry III. King of England and Robert Bruce King of Scotland.

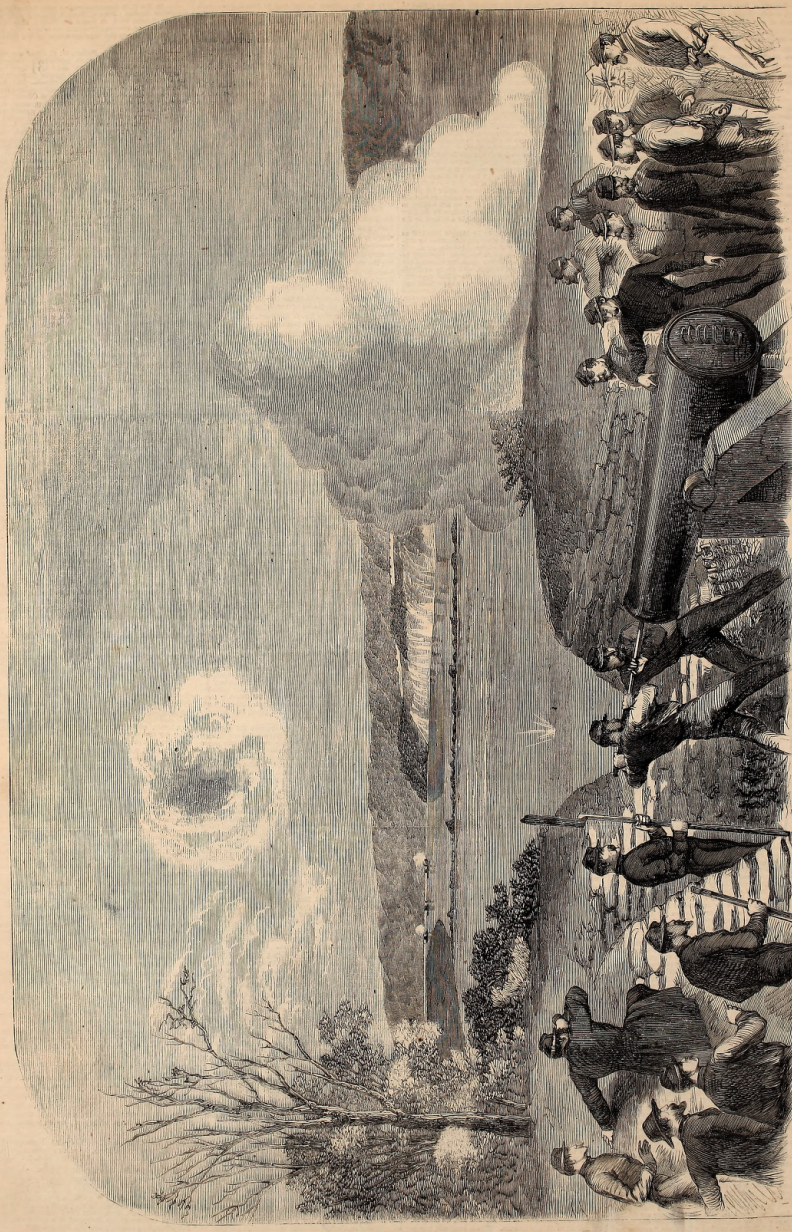
—— Mention is made in a foreign paper of a young lady, residing at St. Etienne, in France, who can see perfectly well in the dark but not all by daylight. The infirmity is rare, but not unprecedented.

Seventeen million francs were recently drawn from the Bank of France, in the course of a single week.

The Legislative Assembly at Vancouver island has passed resolutions, favoring a Federal Union with the neighboring colony of British Columbia.

Greenbacks travel far and wide. A cotemporary says: "We have received a $5 greenback from a correspondent in Monrovia, Western Africa."

The importance of a comma was well illustrated, in a return, received by the parish authorities of a Canadian district, from their chief constable. The document announced the dismissal of a police officer "For attempting to marry his wife, being alive."



HOWLETT'S (REBEL) BATTERY, ON THE JAMES RIVER, VA.—SHELLING OUR MONITORS, AND THE LABORERS ON THE DUTCH GAP CANAL.—[From a Sketch from a Rebel Source.



ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—BATTLE OF HATCHER'S CREEK, VA., OCT. 27—THE 2ND CORPS, UNDER MAJOR-GEN. HANCOCK, FLANKING THE REBEL WORKS AT ARMSTRONG'S MILL ON HATCHER'S CREEK.

FOR VICTORY!

BY MYRON FOX.

THE darkness flies, the flush of morn
Proclaims that day is being born—



The darkness of our nation's night,
When Wrong threw gauntlet to the Right,

And there was gloom, and pain, and jar,
And all the hideous crash of war:

The golden day, the day of good,
When o'er the land sweet peace shall brood,

And the united nation's path
Shall lead from out the vale of wrath.

Almighty God, our Sovereign Lord,
To Thee, at whose commanding word

Chaotic night gave radiant birth
To suns, and moons, and stars, and earth;

Who giveth nations life or death,
And good or evil, with their breath,

To Thee, Jehovah, Lord, to Thee,
We give all thanks for victory!

From the death-field of smoke and flame
We come with anthems to Thy name.

A nation saved bows at Thy throne,
And gives the praise to Thee alone!

To Thee we pray: God save the right;
O Father, nerve us for the fight—

The work that yet remains to do,
In combat for the good and true.

And when bright peace shall come again,
We'll praise Thee in more gladsome strain.

To Thee, Jehovah, Lord, to Thee,
All praise we'll give for victory.



THE GRAVE IN THE DESERT.



CROSSING THE PLAINS.

CHECKERED LIFE.

"Half the world know not how the other half live."
Old Proverb.

SCENE I.

A FREESTONE mansion in Fifth avenue, New York. Time, evening. Carriages thunder up to the door, and numerous beshawled and cloaked ladies and gentlemen enter the domicile. It is the first reception of Maggie Doremus, the only child of one of the noblest of the merchant princes of the proud city. Happy they who are entitled to entrance! More happy they who receive the smile of friendship from the beautiful girl! Here was that charming simplicity that denoted that the freshness of childhood was not yet gone, but was ennobled by a refined taste and a pure heart.

The party was a brilliant success. There were two or three witty conversationalists in the parlors, who kept a crowd perpetually amused by their keen repartees. A retired nook was found, where a number of "good people" withdrew from frivolity to discuss benevolence and scandal. And the great drawing-room was gorgeous with splendid dresses, gay with song and dance. Such a party! Wealth and wit, youth and beauty, learning and taste! Everybody saw, and heard, and partook of just what was most desired, and was most exquisite, and then, before being cloyed with anything, were whisked off to something else equally agreeable, so that *ennui* and boredom for once were forgotten.

In the midst of the gay scene Mr. Doremus approached his daughter.

"Maggie," said he, "Mr. Suydam is in the parlor, and I wish you to become acquainted with him. I have invited him to spend his vacation at our house."

"Why, pa," said Maggie, "I thought his opinions were so strict that he would not attend a party like this."

"Well, I believe he had no choice. He wrote to me that he should be in town to-night, and I sent Patrick down to the ferry with the carriage to meet him, and bring him directly here. It did not occur to me but that he would have a suitable dress, and it is now too late to remedy the difficulty."

"I will go with you now, pa," said Maggie.

"Who is this Suydam that Mr. Doremus spoke of?" asked one lady of another.

"Oh, I understand he is a theological student at Brunswick, whom Mr. Doremus has educated. His father used to be a merchant here in auld lang syne, and was unfortunate. You must recollect him. The Suydams are all stout people this son, who, it is said, will make a first chop dominie."

"Rather dangerous to bring him here where Maggie is—a girl with no mother to advise her. It would be a pity to have all this money go to a dominie."

"Not in the least risk; Maggie is unusually sensible! Besides, this Suydam is nobody yet. But what do you think? Is there any chance for that frightful Mrs. Wilcox to catch Doremus?"

Meantime Mr. and Miss Doremus entered the parlor. In one of the shadiest corners—if that could be shady which was all light and splendor—sat the stalwart Suydam. His velvet coat he occupied "seemed stuck full of pins." Eyes of the great, the polished, the witty, the learned, the beautiful fell on him with fierce glances of ridicule, pity, of scorn, as the risible, the sympathetic or the proud prevailed in the temperament of their possessors. Looked once and then were suddenly withdrawn, involuntarily asking, "What the deil does he here?"

Poor, unmirthful, countrified student! Little didst thou know what thou wast to encounter when gratitude compelled thee to accept the invitation of the kindest of thy wider kindness and to requests commands. Mr. Doremus had met him at the door of the house, had conducted him to his room, had waited for him till he was prepared to descend to the parlor, and then, the minister suddenly became conscious that his personal pride, which had prevented him from procuring suitable professional attire while he was yet deposited, had placed him in a most embarrassing position toward both his benefactor and his guests. Coloring to the forehead, he began a stammering apology, which his host cut short by plying numerous questions about his professors, until poor Suydam found himself in a corner of the crowded parlor, longing for the earth to open and swallow him up.

At most more and Mr. Doremus returns, and leaning upon his arm is a vision of more than earthly beauty. Clad all in white, with no ornament except a necklace of costly pearls, her glossy brown hair folded in no stinted Grecian *coiffure* and supported by a golden arrow, brilliant hazel eyes fairly illuminating an open, intelligent, handsome face, Maggie Doremus had a countenance that, once seen, could never be forgotten.

Straight up to the trembling criminal on his own eminence of fame did the daughter venture, and without waiting a word from her father, as if she knew that the poor boy would break down under a formal introduction, put out a hand out to him as he rose, trembling, and spoke — "Angels and ministers of grace!" she spoke—and in the dialect of mortals!

"Good evening, Mr. Suydam; we are glad to see you in New York. You must find it quite a relief to have vacation over, and be your own master for a while," and so on, with a series of commonplace remarks, until self-possession had returned to the student. She then observed to her father, who had remained at her side, much gratified at her tact:

"I will introduce Mr. Suydam to Professor G—— and Doctor M——, whom I see in conversation with Mr. L. I have hardly exchanged a word with them to-night."

So without ceremony she placed her glove on Mr. Suydam's old coat sleeve—happy old coat, from thenceforth thou wast glorified!—and boldly led the way into a little knot of magnificos.

"Professor G——, great is the honor your presence confers upon your grateful pupil. Let me introduce to you one of our republic of letters, Mr. Suydam. Dr. M——, that article of yours in the *Lancet*, upon Kleptomania, was horribly fascinating. And our cousin, the editor, discusses! Have you read the discussion, Mr. Suydam, upon Moral Insanity? No! Then I will lend you my numbers. Dr. Van Suydam. Also Mr. L——, famous as a punster. Beware of him!"

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"Don't give him a chance!" interrupted Dr. M——. "We have only just reduced him to silence. I have refused him by my watch; he requires just six seconds in order to charge his battery before perpetrating an atrocity."

"Curious," said Mr. L——, "how these logomachs disparage word-wit. They maintain that word-war is something glorious, and confuse sense with sound by great mouthing epithets. But the sparkling of dazzling verbosity, like the phosphorescent gleams of tropical seas parted by dolphin thought, the clatter of metal folios in cavernous mines, struck by the hammer——"

"Stitch!" cried Dr. M——. "I surrender! Only don't dilute upon the poetry of what the lexicographer calls a low species of wit."

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"Mr. Suydam, doesn't Horace express somewhere exactly the opposite sentiment?"

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"Mr. Suydam," said Dr. M——, "are you any relation to the Suydam, once famous in Yorktown, of Suydam & Rapelje?"

"His son, sir," said the youth, now with trembling lip.

"My dear boy!" cried the doctor. "Why, your father and myself were intimate friends! Ah, boy! I see his expression in your countenance. Professor, how these fathers live in the children! I am sometimes almost frightened when I look in the mirror, thinking for a moment that I see my father there! You recollect Mr. Suydam?"

"Very well, and ever since this young gentleman has been here I have been endeavoring to recover the locality and recollection having me. It is all vividly renewed now. For many years Mr. Suydam had a box near mine at the Post Office, and it so occurred that in those days my wife was accustomed to go ourselves for our letters at the same hour. Our punctuality became to each other a proverb."

One remark led to another. In the full flow of conversation Miss Doremus gliding away, produced no break in the tide; and all "were merry as a marriage bell."

SCENE II.

THIS scene commences in the same location as the former, but, alas! the rod flag is hung out the doorway. The firm of Doremus & Co. is no more. Numerous low commissions, executed with the honest agents, and at last a commercial crisis had brought the company to the verge of ruin, when the sudden death of Mr. Doremus inflicted the final blow. Maggie gave up all, even her personal effects, and had the satisfaction of saving her father's honor; but, then, nothing remained but to seek some employment that might afford subsistence.

Let us do her friends justice. A gentleman, who had sought her hand in the days of prosperity, now renewed his proffer, and was again kindly but firmly refused. More than one invitation was addressed to her to reside with them, even in the families of old friends, all of which were respectfully but decidedly declined. What will she do?

But suddenly a new actor appeared. James Suydam, the eldest child, the favorite orator of the mean order. He now sought the daughter of his benefactor, avowed his attachment, and entreated her to become his wife. Maggie, with a sense of gratitude which his host out-shyn by plying numerous questions about his professors, until poor Suydam found himself in a corner of the crowded parlor, longing for the earth to open and swallow him up.

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"Don't give him a chance!" interrupted Dr. M——. "We have only just reduced him to silence. I have refused him by my watch; he requires just six seconds in order to charge his battery before perpetrating an atrocity."

"Curious," said Mr. L——, "how these logomachs disparage word-wit. They maintain that word-war is something glorious, and confuse sense with sound by great mouthing epithets. But the sparkling of dazzling verbosity, like the phosphorescent gleams of tropical seas parted by dolphin thought, the clatter of metal folios in cavernous mines, struck by the hammer——"

"Stitch!" cried Dr. M——. "I surrender! Only don't dilute upon the poetry of what the lexicographer calls a low species of wit."

"Word-bashing wit low!" said Mr. L——.

"Mr. Suydam, doesn't Horace express somewhere exactly the opposite sentiment?"

"I only recollect one passage," said Mr. Suydam,

"I will be plain with you, Mrs. Suydam, for you can hear it. Your son's disease is hopeless in this climate. I do not know that any removal can save him; but it is certain that he will die here. There is a chance, if you could take him by the overland route to California, that the clear, piercing air of the plains, followed by the dry atmosphere of that remarkable country, may restore him to health. Think over my words."

"There is no need to think," replied Maggie. "To save my son's life, I would go to the ends of the earth."

So she at once announced that as soon as she could complete her arrangements, they would commence their journey for the Golden State. To western children the elder mother, yet Maggie herself was astonished at the effect of her words. Jamie rallied as if by enchantment, and while a stern flush would at times darken, began to tell his sister of the horses and oxen, of the great herds of buffaloes and the howling wolves that would wander at night around the camp fires, and afraid to come near. "Oh, mother!" cried he, "when we reach California, there we shall see what you have told us so much about, the great, great sea. Then we'll go to the ships with their white sails, and the little boats that toss on the great waves, just as when you used to go to Rockaway."

All was speedily arranged. Experienced guides were called in to decide what outfit was needful for the journey. The horse was dispensed with; two careful men were hired to drive the teams, and on the first day of May, with two commodious wagons, each drawn by six mules of sturdy, quick-stepping sisters, the party were ferried across the Missouri at Council Bluffs.

One of these wagons contained the family, and was their kitchen and bedroom. The other contained their stores.

A long train of emigrants, with more than a hundred wagons, was in company, and a formal agreement was made to keep together until they should reach the Snowy Mountains. At the first night encampment on the banks of the Missouri, a meeting of the emigrants was called, a captain elected, and the route for several days in advance was agreed upon.

After Maggie had partaken of her supper, and her hired men had gone away to some other family, as she was anxious to be with her children, an elderly man in the roughest attire of a trapper—buckskin hunting shirt and pants stained by many months exposure, dilapidated fur cap, long gray hair and all but a complete wild hunter, approached her, slowly and carefully scrutinizing herself, the children, the wagons. Having apparently satisfied his curiosity, he addressed her.

"Evening, marm!"

"Good evening, sir," replied Maggie, and then partly from a desire to be civil, and partly perhaps from the habit acquired by her husband's profession, she added, "Will you take a seat, sir?"

"Er'yer please," said the trapper, evidently delighted with the attention.

"I hain't seen a woman, marm, and have born tell that yer war takin that peeked-lookin boy of yourn to California for his health. Right place, then a long way off. Ye can't stand it here, I'm goin to say. This here train will soon break up I reckon. I've seed a heap of trains, but I never seed one that could get to Sweetwater without a breakin up. I hain't hired men of yourn will he of no count on the plains. They're hound to quit the first time they get hurtful."

"Why, what should I do?" said Maggie. "I never yoked a steer in my life, or drove one."

"Jest what I thought," chuckled the trapper. "Howsomever, marm, I reckon I kin jest see how the men do it, and yer'le soon learn. But that warn't what I war goin to say. I seed yer had to go to Fisher's spring for water, and that won't do. Suppose t'other wagon war stampeded by varmints, or washed away in the branch, what yer got here to eat?"

"Nothing," replied Maggie.

"I'll help yer rectifier that when we are done this here council. Suppose one of these cussed Injuns creeps up to yer wagon, I don't see any rifle or six shooter at hand."

"I have not got any," said Maggie.

"Never got any shootin irons in yer life?"

"I never fired off a gun."

"I have!" cried Jamie, "and I can load a rifle too!"

"That's the critter!" said the trapper. "Now I'm not goin to have yer start across the plains without a rifle and six shooter. I've got some campaigners here, and we'll jest pass the hat around for yer."

"No! no!" said Maggie, "I can pay for a gun myself—that is, I think I can. How much will it cost?"

"I'm powerful sorry yer won't let me git the irons as I wanted to. Howsomever, there is a feller over here got straight as pokrer, and I can get his right cheap."

The trapper then deliberately rose and went into the crowd, from whence he presently returned with a handsome double-barrel shot gun and a revolver. The gun was fortunately within Maggie's means, and she cheerfully paid the amount to the trapper. The latter then proceeded to explain the use of the weapons, and nearly gave Jamie a warshoop of pleasure when he saw how quickly his lessons were learned.

"Now, marm," said the trapper, "here come yer rons. We'll jest put a little hard tack, some bacon and sarce in yer own wagon, and then if Yother gives yer the slip, it's all right."

The hired men at first refused to make any change, and the trapper grew dark and silent; but the captain of the train happening to come up, the matter was explained to him by the trapper, and the transfer to be immediately made.

When all had been done the trapper spoke to the two men.

"Look here, fellers! Yer've got some d—— trick in yer mind. I'll be on the plains afore summer's over, if yer play any dirty trick on this here woman, or the pickaninnies, I'll lift your hair like Injuns and wear it. Look here!" And opening the bosom of his hunting-shirt, he displayed a number of bloody scalplocks. Then haughtily, and without a glance at the company, he stalked away and Maggie saw him no more.

The opinion of the trapper respecting the train proved correct. Day by day it was lessened by the withdrawal of some of the company. Near the head waters of the Platte it was completely disbanded; and the morning after, the two hired men employed by Maggie hitherto yoked her three best teams of oxen to her heavy wagon and drove away, leaving her encamped where they had stood for the night. So much had been her fear of them for some time, that she had never had down her harnessing with her firearms ready in her reach, and by daily practice had made herself an adept at their use. When the men deserted her, she felt rather relieved than otherwise.

SCENE III.

ONE thousand four hundred miles west of Council Bluffs lies the Humboldt Desert. Basaltic or volcanic rock, presenting many forms of desolation, border the desert on the south. Some distance northward lies that desolate region through which flows the Humboldt River. Eastward and westward extends a great plain of shineline soil, which refuses to support any vegetation, except an occasional patch of sage brush, which no domestic animal will eat. Over this desolation cattle travellers almost entirely to avoid this horrible region, and where the road leads over any portion which is for two days or more without water to obviate its sufferings. The surface of the earth in this season is covered with an impalpable dust like ashes. Every breeze is laden with this dust, and remains suspended in the air long after the passenger has gone by. Five or six years ago this desert was the terror of this danger for death in breadth, and where the main emigrant trail could be tracked by the bones of animals, and even human beings, whose strength had failed on the route, and who had perished.

One hot day in the early part of August, 1858, a single wagon was driven by two men over the crossing this frightful region. The company consisted of a sunburnt woman, attired in a faded calico dress, with shoes in which the worse for wear, and an old sidesaddle sunbonnet on her head. A thin-faced boy, some seven years of age, was driving the team. In the front part of the wagon, seemed to be lying in a heap, was a little girl, evidently with the flush of fever, even through the coating of dust which covered her face, and which she seemed to be trying to brush away with a little veil of an old palmleaf fan that had been brought from Oriental deserts, as if with the intent to perish in a wilderness.

Everything about the company proved that they were nigh exhaustion. The train, emaciated cattle, which could move on but three abreast, whose tongues seemed fairly parched by the heat. The timbers of the wagon had shrunk out of place in the intense dryness of the air, and were kept lonely kept on the wheels by being bound with rawhides. The woman would occasionally relieve the boy at the helm, but her voice was always raised in cheering words of encouragement. Suddenly the cattle stopped, and one of them lay down.

"Let us just have one more drink of water in the bucket for Dewlap," said the woman. "Perhaps when he tastes it, he will start again."

The ox drank the water, and looked eagerly for more.

"You cannot have it, old fellow," said the woman. "It is for your betters; just see how the—Jim, mother," said the boy, "if he dies, we shall perish too."

The woman made no reply, but began to chase the lying ox with a mournful cry and hands.

"Ma! ma!" cried the little girl, "a man on horseback is coming."

From the westward a man was now seen riding at a gallop towards them. He soon reached the wagon.

"Good!" said he, "your critter gin out. That's bad, for there are Injuns comin. If you could git over the divide, south yonder, you would see a long tree. You will find there a spring with water and grass. But yonder come the varmints. I can't help you. All I can do is to save my own scalp."

And the stranger spurn into his horse and rode off full speed.

And now, following on his trail, came into view a band of mounted savages, with feathers of plumes and war paint. Their fierce countenances, uncouth and merciless, were stained with vermilion, over which was settled a coat of dust, except where wash had been made by perspiration, which also covered their hard-ridden horses. With whoops they surrounded the wagon, and poured about its team. Then one of the band—apparently the leader—said some words in his jargon, and then reaching out his lance, touched the hair and head of the little girl. Blood followed the touch, and a chorus of wild hooting laughter broke from the band.

With a fierce gesture the squaw sprang to the wagon, drew the gun from beneath the seat, and at the same instant Jamie seized the revolver. "Back! back!" said she fiercely to the boy; but she waved the muzzle towards the Indians they reined back their horses, and then held a conversation.

One of the savages now dismounted, laid down his weapons, and holding out his hand, walked up towards the family. But as Margaret looked in his eye, the gleam was ferocious and cruel.

"Back or you die!" said she, and the fellow slunk away intimidated by her manner.

The Indians consulted for a moment, and then riding back about a hundred yards, alighted from their horses and sat down in a circle. One of them

presently arose and began a speech. He pointed to the sun, and slowly allowed his hand to follow its course to where it would set. He acted as if groping about in darkness, and then going down upon his hands and feet, he imitated the long howl of a wolf. Presently he sprang to his feet with a wild cry, and made the rapid motion of sweeping his hand about his head three times, and then with a triumphant laugh held up three fingers. Margaret comprehended the gestures. "He is urging them," thought she, "to wait till night before attacking us, and then that they should creep up and scalp us."

Another warrior now arose. For some time he spoke in a low tone without gestures, then he became animated. He represented three positions, and horses galloping to each. Then stretching out his arms, he gave a shout and brought his hands together and folded them on his bosom. Then, like the former brave, he held up three fingers with a long laugh. Continuing his gesticulations, he pointed to the sun and made a swift motion towards the west, then he rapidly turned towards the south and the north, imitated the motion of a horse, shook his head, uttered a low wail and sat down. Immediately grunts of satisfaction came from the whole band.

"Jamie," said Margaret, "I think that man is urging the Indians to attack us immediately, lest they should be interrupted. Do you feel afraid?"

"Not the least, mother," they are cowards! I think we shall whip them; but at any rate I will kill that fellow that struck Mary."

The Indians now promptly mounted their horses and divided themselves into three bands on different sides of the wagon. They shook their lances, unloosed their bows, and with whoops made their horses caracole about. At a signal cry they formed into lines and gathered up their bridle reins. When suddenly from far broke upon the ear the report of a cannon. Then a loud whistle followed, increasing to a fearful scream. Then a smoking mass fell to the ground scarce fifty yards from the wagon, throwing up the sand as it buried itself in the ground. Then followed a thundering report, while a cloud of smoke and dust filled all the air.

"Dragoons! dragoons!" cried the savages, and without an instant's pause, setting spurs to their horses, darted off at full speed in the direction from whence they first appeared. An instant more and another shell went whistling and shrieking after them in their flight. And now from the eastward came riding up a company of cavalry, their sabres gleaming in the hot sunshine, and their scabbards and accoutrements clanking in their headlong speed. Behind them came hurrying up the gun from which had come the messengers of deliverance, and which once more limbered up, was now whirled along by six powerful horses under the lash of the impatient drivers. The whole force went sweeping by the emigrant wagon without pause, and soon was lost to sight.

"Mother!" said the lad, "the man said that Lone Tree Spring was over that divide. Let us try to reach it."

But vain was the attempt to start the oxen, both of whom were lying down. The mother fell upon her knees.

"Oh, God! suffer not my little ones to perish thus."

Then arising she endeavored again to start the oxen. But now a gentle breeze from the southward arose and fanned the weary group. Both the oxen instantly raised their muzzles towards it; and then springing up of their own accord, began to walk rapidly towards the divide. The wonderful scent for water which all thirsty cattle have is well-known to travellers in the desert. The breeze brought the well-known odor to the discouraged beasts of the emigrants, and at once inspired them with new life. The wagon was speedily tracked up the sandy elevation, from whence was plainly discerned, a mile or two away, a single tree; while for a few yards about it, the desert was greener than elsewhere. The oxen now seemed frantic with eagerness. They utterly refused guidance. They paused at no impediment. They rushed on at full speed over the now broken ground, threatening at every moment to dash the wagon to fragments. On, on, they rushed until they reached the channel which some kind hand had scooped for the rivulet; and then plunging their mouths into the clear golden water, they drank until they seemed ready to burst from repletion.

The oxen were presently unyoked, and fell greedily upon the rich herbage. Then Margaret was startled to find how much her little daughter was exhausted by the heat and the exciting scenes of the day. She even refused to more than taste of the cool fresh water, so rare on the route; and though before she had suffered much from thirst. The slight effort needful to wash off the oppressive dust seemed to leave her languid and faint.

"Come, ma!" said she, presently, "take me in your arms, and tell me about the great beautiful sea."

Margaret gathered her close to her heart, while a dark, deep fear fell upon her.

"Ma," said the little one, "do you love Mary? I was not afraid of the Indian. I knew he could not hurt me."

Slowly the hours went by. The sun descended behind the distant mountains, and darkness came creeping over the earth, and curtained in the little family. Jamie had found a limb or two broken from the tree, which he had cut into small pieces, and brought to the wagon, together with some armfulls of dried grass. He had, however, delayed a little to kindle the fire, when suddenly the oxen came running to the wagon, a dog that had followed them for a thousand miles, partaking of their fare, uttered a short bark, followed by a long melancholy howl. As it died away, twenty, then a hundred voices took up the same plaintive wail, and then followed a chorus of yelping, snapping, howling cries, enough to chill the blood with terror.

"Jamie, my dear, the fire! the fire!"

"All right, mother," and the clear flame blazed up, flashing splendor upon a score of gaunt forms with white teeth and glaring eyes which shrunk back from the light.

The cool night winds blew through the thin curtains.

"Is my little Mary cold?"

"No, ma. Ma's darling is so happy."

"Did you not feel afraid when you heard the howling wolves?"

"I have not heard them to-night. Oh, ma, we are almost to the sea."

"At the sea! Oh, no, my dear, we have yet far to go."

"Ma's darling has not. Oh, ma!" exclaimed she, as if rallying from her languor; "I see it now It is like the great prairie, only it shines like silver. I see, oh! so many people there. Oh, ma! There is pa!"

She raised her head from her mother's bosom; she stretched upwards her little arms; then the head fell back as heavy as lead, and the arms sank down powerless.

And now the moon arose vast and red from the eastern desert. Calmly it shone down upon the solemn scene, the arid mountains, the sandy waste, the lonely tree, the little rivulet, the poor emigrants. It also shone far off on the great cities, cultivated fields, and all the appliances of wealth. But upon nothing over the wide earth did it shed a sweeter lustre than upon the countenance and form of the little girl that lay dead in her mother's arms in the emigrant wagon.

All night long Margaret sat motionless, holding close to her heart the inanimate form. With the first light of morning she said to Jamie:

"Come, my son! help me to prepare a place to lay down our little Mary to sleep."

They selected a spot near a ledge of rocks that broke up through the sod. They scooped out the sand sufficiently to make a shallow grave. They wrapped the little form in the best garments they had remaining, and enclosed all in a blanket, and then softly laid down the precious dust in the humble grave. Mother and son then knelt down, and with tears and broken words mingled with sobs uttered the prayers and promises of Christian hope. They filled the grave, piling up into form the mound above. Then going to the ledge, they rolled down the heaviest rocks they could move, and piled them around and above the sacred spot, so that no wild beast could disturb it. All day was occupied with these pious labors. Night once more gathered over the scene, and mother and son, comforted by their faith in God, safely slept beneath the bright moonlight, protected by the angel guards that kept watch and ward around the lonely grave of Mary Suydam.

SCENE IV.

This is laid in a canon or narrow valley in the mountains of San Luis, Obispo county, California. The high road from San José to Santa Barbara here follows for some distance up the course of the rivulet; then turning southward crosses the stream and ascends a precipitous hill. As soon as the rocky bed of the creek is past, another road, but less travelled than the former, is seen to turn abruptly into the forest to the right, and continue to follow up the rivulet, though now on the right bank.

To this spot, one soft, pleasant morning in the latter part of November, came Margaret Suydam and her only child. Kind hands had helped them across the Sierras, and thus far on their route. Upon reaching the valley of the Sacramento, the oppressive heat brought on a recurrence of unfavorable symptoms in Jamie. A distinguished physician, familiar with the climate of the country, had recommended them to go on to Santa Barbara.

"If," said he, "there is a spot on earth that will restore your boy to health, that is it."

Probably he may have supposed that they had money to carry them to the place by steamer. But it was not so. Upon endeavoring to sell her poor worn-out cattle and wagon, Margaret found that the miserable pittance offered would barely serve to support life for a few days, and was altogether too small for an expensive voyage. She had, therefore, undertaken to go the four hundred miles additional, as she had already the two thousand from Iowa. Slowly had they travelled through the long valleys of San Joaquin, San José and Salinas, through long mountain passes, and still, but with strength well-nigh exhausted, were toiling up the slight rise of road described, within hearing of the murmuring rivulet, and under the shade of madronas and bay trees.

The boy sat in front of the dust-covered wagon, as his sister had in the Humboldt desert, and also like her, pillows propped up his emaciated frame. The mother walked by the side of the scarcely moving oxen, who, whenever she turned to speak to the boy would instantly stop, and it required much effort to induce them to start again. They reached the turn of the road, crossed the rivulet, and attempted to ascend the hill. With great exertion the cattle dragged the wagon a few steps upward, then stopped, and the wagon drew them backward to the foot of the hill. Two or three times the attempt was made, but always with the same result.

"Mother," said Jamie, "it is impossible to succeed. We may as well give up making the the trial."

"Then," returned she, "it only remains to lie down and die."

"Mother," said Jamie, "God has always taken care of us, and he will not leave us now."

But the brave heart that had endured so much could bear no more. In its last descent the wagon had turned, and run partly off the road. She made no attempt to replace it, but silently disconnected the cattle, who immediately lay down upon the road. She assisted her son to alight upon the ground, placed his pillows under the shade of the dense foliage of a bay tree, and then sat down by his side, hopeless, and without strength.

The great voices of nature only were heard. The wood pigeon softly cooed from the depths of the glen. The cry of the jay from time to time broke startlingly upon the ear. The timid hare rustled the fallen leaves, as he came out from his furrow to gaze upon the unwonted sight; while the voice of the rivulet ceased not its perpetual murmur.

Gradually the scene seemed to diffuse its heavenly calm into the mother's breast, and she was enabled to feel that she could submissively await God's will.

Noon had come and past. Suddenly upon the highway, which the wagon had traversed, was heard the clattering of a horse's hoofs. The sound was first faint and far away; but every moment it grew louder, until the rider came galloping out from behind the trees that hid the road beyond the rivulet, and his horse shied violently from the scene that came in view.

"Gently! gently! Caballo! old horse!" said the unshaken rider. He was a man of perhaps thirty-five years of age; tall, stately and commanding in aspect. His countenance was mild yet firm. He was one of those men whom nature forms to decide the destinies of nations, to lead armies in the headlong charge, and who are equally fortunate in commanding the confidence and affection of women and children.

With a few coaxing words he reduced his steed, a magnificent black Spanish horse, to subjection, and then drew nigh to the travel-stained group under the bay tree.

"I perceive by the trail," said he, "that your steers were not able to draw your wagon up the hill. Has the man with you gone for help?"

"We have no man with us," said Jamie.

"You look, my young friend, as if times had gone hardly with you!" returned the stranger. "I, myself, have a little skill in medicine, although not a licensed physician. Will you let me see if I cannot prescribe for you?"

Saying this, he alighted from his horse, and came to the side of the lad lying upon his pillows. He asked a few intelligent questions that made him master of the boy's symptoms. Then turning to Margaret, he said:

"I have known worse cases restored in this remarkable climate. You have travelled, I see, from far."

"From Iowa," replied Jamie. "Dr. B., of Sacramento, advised us to go to Santa Barbara."

"Excellent advice," said the stranger, "and yet it is hardly prudent to be upon the road so late in the season. I am daily expecting the rains to commence. A month ago there was not a particle of water in this rivulet, yet how freely it flows now. The dew last night, too, was very heavy, and both indicate storms in this climate. Exposure even to one might be very injurious to you, my young friend!"

"Mother is doing all she can for me," said the boy. "She has come all the way across the plains to try to make me well. And I know that when I see the great sea I shall get well. Father died before we came from home. My little sister died in the desert, and mother and I buried her. I feel sure that we shall not be parted. We have nobody but each other and God in the world."

"And God," said the stranger, reverently lifting his hat from his head, and looking up to the sapphire sky, that seemed far away between the setting of mountains. "God will take you into his holy keeping! But why do you speak of the sea? Do you think it can cure you?"

"My son has often heard me speak of the ocean," said Margaret, "near which my parents used to live. He has never seen it, and thinks that, when we reach Santa Barbara, the sea air will restore him to health."

"Well!" said the gentleman, looking at his watch, "it is now one o'clock. The sun will set a little before five. Yes! I think by sundown if we are successful you will look upon the sea, and as you do, I hope it may cure you."

Then turning to Margaret he added:

"My mother lives about seven or eight miles from here. You had better come to our house to-night. I will ride home, procure a fresh team and return as soon as I can, to help you out of this difficulty. Of course I may be subject to a little delay, but I think I shall be able to be back in two or three hours. On this road where you are you are liable to be disturbed by bad people, so I think we had better drive a few hundred yards up this other road, which is the way to my ranch."

Jamie was then carefully helped to his seat in the wagon by the stranger. He then attached the oxen to the vehicle, and turning to Margaret:

"Now, madam!" said he, "if you will please to take a seat by your boy, I will drive the team."

"But your horse?" said she.

"Oh, I can lead him, too," he replied, smiling.

The oxen at once recognised the hand of authority. With a rapidity that they had not manifested for weeks, they promptly obeyed the commands of the driver; and turning into the road that led by the banks of the rivulet, walked along under the deep shadows of the forest. In about half a mile they came to an opening in the wood, where were a few acres of grass land, and where also was the source of the stream. Beyond the road ascended the steep mountain.

"Your cattle," said the gentleman, "could never draw your wagon over this mountain. I will now leave you for the present. In about two hours you may expect me back."

Then having loosened the oxen from the wagon, having first driven into the shade, he mounted his horse, ascended the mountain at speed, and presently was lost to sight in the turnings of the road.

"Don't you think that God sent him for our help?" said Jamie.

"I hope so!" was the reply.

"Oh, mother," he said, "that before sundown I should look upon the sea! Do you think it is so near?"

"I did not suppose it was. But, probably, this is the Coast Range, and when we cross over to the other side we may be able to discern the ocean?"

"Oh! I do so hope we shall," said Jamie, and then he began to repeat the words of Barry Cornwall's famous song:

> "The sea! the sea! the open sea!
> The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
> Without a mark, without a bound,
> It runneth the earth's wide regions round,
> It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
> Or like a cradled creature lies."

Two hours passed, and the short day of autumn was palpably drawing towards its close. The great sun, wheeling towards the west, seemed already to touch the mountain top.

"Ah!" said Jamie, with a sigh, "I am afraid it will be too late for to-day."

But while the words were on his lips, from up the road came the sound of the clattering and scrambling of a descending team. A moment more and they came in sight, with a person driving; while upon horseback, at his side, rode the gentleman who had promised to relieve them. And now he has reached the emigrants.

"Do you think we shall be in time?" cried Jamie.

"Yes, I do!" said the gentleman; "and meantime here is an excellent remedy for fever. You can eat freely, they will not hurt you, and they will refresh you, madam, very much."

So saying, he took from his arm a basket covered with broad, fresh leaves. These being removed, beneath appeared immense clusters of superb purple grapes.

The fresh team, composed of four powerful Devon oxen, their deep red hair brilliant and glossy as silk, were now attached to the wagon.

"If you please," said the gentleman, "we will just chain your steers to the back of your wagon, passing the chain under the axle forward, and we shall take them up the mountain whether they like it or not. My man here is an excellent driver, and I will ride by your side to see that you are all safe."

In a moment more the arrangements were completed, and with unwonted speed Margaret and Jamie are hurried up the steep mountain road. The sun soon sank out of sight, but his light still shone on all the summits round about.

An hour elapses as they travel on; then the ascent ceases, the woods open. A moment more and they stand upon the summit of the mountain. The road turns abruptly to the left. In front is a precipitous descent a thousand feet in fall. At its foot is a mile or two of plain. But beyond it, reaching out to the almost illimitable horizon, extends the mighty Pacific Ocean. It lays like an immense bed of burnished silver, its waves from the elevation either being lost to sight or only flashing little sparkles of splendor. Above the ocean was the nearly setting sun, all surrounded with gold and purple, and marking the pathway, from the eye to where it was going down, with a dazzling line of amber light.

The wagon stopped at a signal from the gentleman, but no word was spoken. Silently all gazed upon that great magnificence of sea and sky. The sun went down behind the waves. A moment more and a great flush of ruby glory fell upon the deep, the mountains and the group upon the summit.

"Oh, mother!" cried Jamie, "the blush of God's love!"

What electric spark was there in the words to awaken memory? Who can say?

With the same thought the gentleman now alighted, and standing by the side of the wagon and the poor, dusty, haggard, sun-darkened woman within, looked at each other.

They beheld, oh! how different a scene from the present. The woman saw far back in memory, herself a child, a noble youth, companion of her childhood, going forth from New York in a stately ship for a distant land, and she, with sobs, waving him farewell.

He, the man, saw also in distant memory, a beautiful girl that bade him good-bye as he sailed away from the home of his boyhood, and to whom, while he strove to hide his tears, he said:

"When I come back you shall be my little wife."

What is the enchantment that can connect yonder memories with the present moment? The woman arose, trembling, from her seat, threw back her bonnet, and came to the side of the gentleman. Steadily he gazed upon her. His eye seemed to pierce the crust of poverty, the stains of travel, the haggard countenance; or, rather, did the countenance itself change? Was it the sunflush that gave the glossy ripple to the soft, brown hair? Whence the lustre flushing in the eye, the carnation that in soft currents flowed to the lip and the cheek?

Like lightning the scales fell from their eyes. Each uttered a name—"Philip Vennor!"—"Maggie Doremus!" and impulsively he clasped her in his great strong arms, and wept.

"They are coming. We hear the wheels grate on the gravel in the lawn. Bring lights to the verandah! Is the bathtub taken into the room prepared for the sick boy?"

The speaker was an aged woman. Her snow-white hair lay in slender folds beneath the fringe of her widow's cap. A black silk shawl covered her shoulders, relieved by a delicate white collar at the neck. Her countenance was still handsome, and her appearance noble and impressive.

"Here we are, mother!" cried a manly voice at the door. "Who do you think we have found?

> "Old friends and true friends,
> Ne'er talk to me of new friends!"

"I hope, in meeting them, you have not forgotten the sick boy you spoke to me about? Though, to be sure, you would not be thoughtless in such a case."

(*Continued on page* 138.)



THE ADVANCE AGAINST RICHMOND—PROGRESS OF WORK ON DUTCH GAP CANAL, IN MAJOR-GEN. BUTLER'S DEPARTMENT—CUTTING THROUGH PENINSULA, TO AVOID REBEL OBSTRUCTIONS AND SHORTEN THE ROUTE OF OUR GUNBOATS TO RICHMOND.

CHECKERED LIFE.

(*Concluded from page* 135.)

"No, indeed; not in this case. Why, mother, this is Maggie Doremus, who used to call you mother, come all the way from Iowa, to find health for her boy!"

"What Maggie! My daughter, my daughter! This is a delight indeed! Come to my arms, my darling, my darling! I saw in the papers that notice of your husband's death last winter. I am so glad that you thought of us and have come home here."

"No, my other mother," said Maggie, "I did not know that you lived here, but God brought us on the way."

"But where is your boy? Oh, here; Philip is bringing him in. Welcome here, my dear boy! Let me take you in my arms. We are so glad to have you at home. Now, Philip, take him to the west room; he can see the ocean there in the morning, and it will put him in mind of New York. Come, Maggie, the bathroom is all ready."

Four grateful hearts that night reposed beneath the stately roof of the Rancho de Santa Teresa.

CONCLUSION.

A FEW days since I had occasion to take the railroad from San Francisco to San José. In the car in which I happened to be was a family group that greatly impressed me; a lady of great personal beauty and unusual refinement of manner, a manly boy of four years old, a most exquisite little girl of two, and an infant in the arms of its nurse.

I whispered to a friend at my side:

"Who is that lovely woman yonder?"

"Not to know her proves yourself unknown," replied my friend.

"Very likely," said I; "but that don't answer my question."

"She is the spirit that presides over the Sanitary and Christian Commissions."

"Everybody that can be solicited for funds has heard of them; but I never heard that they had such a spirit of light."

"Well, of course, being a spirit, she acts invisibly, but not the less really."

"Whose daughter is she? Are those her brothers and sisters?"

"Don't fall in love with her—she is engaged. Those are her children."

"—— it is impossible!"

"Don't swear in the cars. You are from New York, and she is a famous Excelsior, but for all that she will resent any bad language in her hearing. Don't you know Phil Venner?"

"What, of the Holy Tharesa? Certainly I do."

"Well, that is his wife."

"But I heard he had got a wife who drove an ox team over the mountains."

"That is just what that woman did."

"You do not know who I refer to," said I. "I mean that lady on the third seat from yon corner, with the sheet of piano-music in her hand."

"That's the lady," said my friend. "An educated and accomplished lady. She plays the piano exquisitely, sings like an angel, speaks French and Spanish, has faced down the fiercest Indians in search of prey, will go through fire and water to save a friend in trouble, can shoot a rifle like a Kentucky hunter; in short, is California grafted on New York."

"San José!" said the conductor.

As I stepped out on the platform the first person I saw was Phil Venner.

"Hollo, Dick!" said he. "Is my wife aboard?"

"All right," I replied; "that is, if your wife is the handsomest lady in California."

(We were old cronies.)

"That's she," said he. "Come in; I will introduce you. I want you to come to the ranch this all."

When we re-entered the cars the lady was warmly kissing a stout boy of twelve years old.

"And how is grandma, Jamie?" said she.

"Very well, and wanting to see you and the children very much."

"So, Jamie, you got the start of me," said Phil.

The lady arose and held out her arms. Well, never mind description, except that I should have liked to have been in his place.

"Are the Commissions working right?" said Venner. "Have you succeeded in getting the photographs to suit? Of course you have not forgotten the FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED?"

"Why don't you ask about the baby?" said Maggie, slightly pouting.

"As if I did not know that you would have telegraphed to me if she had coughed twice! But, come, the carriage is ready," replied Phil.

A large, roomy travelling-barouche, four splendid bays, an Indian boy mounted on a chestnut horse, and holding by the bridle reins a fiery pinto or dappled steed for Jamie.

"Don't forget us, Dick!" cried Venner, and the carriage rolled away.

"Well," said I, aloud, "so elegant a lady deserves just such an elegant outfit. But for all that, I can see that her best quality is—that she is a real woman."

"She is an angel, sir!" fiercely said a one-armed soldier standing near me.

"My friend," replied I, "such a woman is better than any angel on earth."

EPIGRAM ON THE PRONUNCIATION OF A FASHIONABLE PREACHER.

Happy flock, led to feed by a pastor discreet,
 Where in plenty and peace they may fatten,
For them even bitters are rendered so sweet
 That e'en "Satan" is turned into "Satin."

THE people can't be jealous, for jealousy is never popular.

THE CRY OF THE HEART.

FROM the great depths of the divine despair
 And utter desolation of my soul,
Which, having searched for solace everywhere
 In vain, beholds at last the billows roll,
Destined to whelm it into endless night,
 I raise my voice, as on my couch I lie
In blackest gloom, and cry with all my might:
 "Give me some one to love, or let me die!"

Long have I wandered, e'en from childhood's years,
 Bearing the burden of a weary heart,
Which craved for one to share its smiles and tears,
 Hopes, joys and raptures, agonies and fears.
And ofttimes, when I've seen the day depart
 In golden splendors, I have fainting sank
On earth in sweet delirium, like to one
 Who has of some divine old vintage drank
So deeply, that the skies around him reeled,
And, crazed with beauty, suddenly revealed
 Unveiled, in all the blinding blaze of light,
 His soul has seen and shivered at the sight,
 So have I given a bewildered sigh,
And murmured, as my senses swam away
Beneath the intolerable weight of day,
 "Give me some heart to rest on ere I die!"

The vision and the phantasy divine
Floats into night, as die the dreams of wine,
Leaving a pitiless vulture gnawing where
A seraph couched, all jubilant and fair;
And as the day crawled, with its leaden gray,
Over the hills, where erst the sunset lay,
Like a grand vision on Earth's golden breast,
In the sweet languor of a bridal rest,
I woke to all life's dreariness, and felt
As one who slides from some delicious trance
Into a world of tortuous utterance,
In which life hangs upon one stifled cry.
And then I wandered through the loathsome hours
Till darkness grasped once more the haggard sky,
And in the anguish of my soul I sigh:
"Give me some breast to weep on ere I die!"

Oh, must I perish with this wealth of love,
This hidden mine of untold tenderness?
Take my unblossomed mortal joys above,
And to the Hereafter sacrifice the Less?
Must I lay down my woman's craving heart
And turn, untasting, from Love's cup, which seems
Held only to my lips in those fond dreams
Which are of my existence its best part?
Or must I raise to God the frenzied cry:
"Give me some heart to love me, or I die!"

Often, in thought, I bring you to my side,
And frame a happy picture: We both stand
Before the sacred altar, I the bride,
And you, the loved one, placing on my hand
The golden symbol of eternity.
Then on my lips yon stamp the bridal kiss,
While I, dissolving into tears with bliss,
Fall in your arms, and in my rapture sigh,
"This is life's crowning joy, now let me—let me
 die!"

Now on the earth I stand, with half-raised wing,
Waiting the coming of that glorious day,
When every mortal thing shall pass away,
And the great Future on the hilltops spring,
As Heaven's grand sunrise floods eternal space,
And Love shall stand with God then face to face;
But ere that come, day creeps on day, until
My wearied bones the sacred coffin fill.
Blest hour! when I shall draw my latest breath,
And, since I cannot dream on thy sweet breast,
Find calm and solace, silence and dear rest
In the cold arms of grim embracing Death?

NINA MARSH;

OR,

THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER XXVI.—DRUNK AS A LORD.

FROM Beechwood Manor Colonel St. George drove straight to Rendlesham Court. So far his triumph had been rather a poor one, but he promised himself a full compensation for past mortifications in Lord Gillingham's discomfiture. He knew that every one at Beechwood despised him more or less, but he was going now where villainy was always respected, if it were only successful. Lord Gillingham might rave and storm, but it was certain that inwardly he would acknowledge his cousin's supremacy and venerate his superior cunning. Lord Gillingham never thought anything of a man until he had cheated or over-reached him. He had only the devil to cheat afterwards, as his lordship frankly avowed. The earl's compliments were very rare and very brutal, but somehow people liked them. It might have been because he was a peer and could squander his fifty thousand pounds a-year if he felt so inclined. His steward felt very proud on that day when his master called him into the library, and, slapping him on the shoulder, said, familiarly:

"I say, Smith, you're a clever fellow. You cheated me famously in that business of Robinson's. Who got the most by renewing that lease, you or I, eh?"

"My lord——" began Smith, humble and tremulous for the minute, but my lord interrupted him.

"Don't apologise, Smith; I like you all the better for it, and I give you full permission to cheat me again—if you can. You may keep twenty pounds of Robinson's money and put the rest to my account. Good morning, Mr. Smith, and ask the butler for a glass of wine as you go out."

But Mr. Smith did not seem to care for any wine just then. He went home moralising deeply, and be sure that in all his future dealings with the earl he took care to display as much honesty as zeal. Only, though Mr. Smith was resolved not to merit any more compliments of a like kind, from the day when his master had called him a clever fellow and touched his plebeian shoulder with his aristocratic hand, Mr. Smith's conceit became a burden to his neighbors and a source of diurnal aggravation to his wife; so that, as this lady herself had said, once when she was so exasperated that she felt as if she must burst if she didn't speak out, "It actually seemed as if my lord's slap had made a lord of plain John Smith." But then Mrs. Smith knew nothing about that little affair of the lease, you may be sure, and, therefore, was not so competent to judge of cause as she was of effect.

When Colonel St. George entered the drawing-room at Rendlesham Court he found his relative in the act of mixing his third glass of brandy punch, and he had an opportunity of noticing, if interested in such things, what a remarkably small quantity of the pure element was needed for the concoction. Lord Gillingham nodded towards a chair, ordered in another tumbler, and then sliced his lemon deliberately and dropped the pieces separately into the glass. He seemed so much absorbed in his occupation that St. George would not interrupt him. He went to the fire, which the cold spring night made very pleasant, stretched his legs out in front of the blaze, and showed every sign of being exceedingly comfortable.

Lord Gillingham watched him with an evil eye. He was in one of his darkest moods to-night—a mood when he drank hard, resolutely and deliberately, but, somehow, never got helplessly intoxicated, only more bitter and cruel every minute. These nights were a sad trial for the butler, worse by far than on those occasions when the earl drank with the intention of getting drunk, and, after sitting steadily to his purpose for an hour, rolled under the table, and was carried off, dumb and obtuse, and put to bed like a child. The man was grateful enough for Colonel St. George's arrival. A certain class of evils conduce terribly to selfishness. Barnes could almost have embraced the colonel's feet as he walked innocently into the wild beast's den, whilst the old bear showed its teeth in an evil grin that Barnes knew the meaning of well enough, if the other did not. But Barnes was mistaken here. Colonel St. George understood his master's moods as well as he did, only, instead of fearing, he rather enjoyed them. But, then, he had advantages poor Barnes had not. He could return insult for insult, sneer for sneer; whereas poor Barnes, who had a wife and family dependent on his one hundred pounds a-year and perquisites, could only be mute and bow humbly to his lordship's fiercest imprecations. So that he was truly glad to feel that Colonel St. George would get his share, and he could go and prepare the valet to receive his fag-end with resignation. He brought the tumbler ordered, lifting it off his silver tray with the greatest caution, and then glided noiselessly away and shut the door with a sigh of heartfelt relief.

Then the battle began.

"I didn't expect to see you," said his lordship, with no doubtful emphasis on his words.

"No, I dare say not," answered the other, smiling; "but you know I never advertise my visits. The idea takes me, and down I come, sure of a welcome and brandy punch."

His lordship touched the empty tumbler with a little growl that was meant for an invitation, after its kind.

"Presently, my lord, thank you," added St. George, who seemed to be in the sweetest of tempers. "Your cognac is excellent, as I know by experience, but it is too strong not to be a little heating, and I like to keep my head cool and my feet warm."

He drew his chair a little closer to the fire as he finished speaking, and his eye dwelt rather meaningly on the earl's hot, inflamed face, and then met smilingly his searching glance.

"I'll emulate your forbearance," replied his lordship, pushing the steaming liquor to the other end of the table. "I'll see if I can't preach moderation as well as you."

"It's rather late in the evening to begin," said the colonel, with provoking tranquillity. "It is very difficult to preach unless you are in practice. There is an epigram for your lordship, none the worse for being unintentional. But I feel inclined to follow your example of inconsistency, and change my mind about the punch. It is only the abuse of these things which injures us, not the use, and I believe I can trust myself to take enough without taking too much."

He came to the table, mixed himself a full glass, but not a strong one, and took it back to the fireplace with him, where he sipped it tranquilly and with evident enjoyment.

The earl was unusually patient for him. He knew that his cousin's visit had a motive, and was the effect of his telegram that moment, and he found himself wondering what was coming with a certain curiosity that was pleasant and stimulating from its very rarity. In spite of this coolness which Colonel St. George prided himself on so greatly, the earl was conscious that he meant to have it understood he was taking an important step, and was waiting to be questioned thereon. But he determined not to question him. The earl had his moments of dignity, and, besides, had just drunk enough to be obstinate and watchful; he was therefore a better match for his cool cousin than on ordinary occasions, or in his rare moments of perfect sobriety. His natural keenness was rather sharpened than deadened, and he was anxiously on the alert to parry any blow that might be aimed at him.

Colonel St. George was rather pleased to find the earl in this mood. He was sure of his victory in the end, but the sharper the contest was the better he should relish it. There was poor glory in beating a drunken man; but his lordship, with his wits about him, was a worthy foe, and knew how to die game. But he did object to his lordship's effort at dignity. It was rather awkward to open on his subject without encouragement. He would rather have had it extorted from him by degrees, and arrive at his grand triumph at his leisure; but since the earl chose to be so taciturn he must begin hostilities himself. He had not the advantage of the choice of a position. His first strokes were necessarily a little deadened by this disadvantage.

"Well, my lord, I received your telegram," he began.

"I never said you hadn't," growled the earl.

"I was rather astonished at the intelligence it contained."

"Ah! you were, were you?"

He took care not to say that his boast from being premature had now become fallacious. It was very bitter for him to have received this rejection, but St. George should not hear of it from his lips until the revenge he contemplated was so close that he could at first proclaim his discomfiture, and then immediately speak of his triumph. The best of men feel a little sore, either in their heart or their pride, when they have been refused by the woman they had expected to win; and the earl's dismissal had been made more than ever bitter to him by Nina's defiance and scorn, and the thought of his cousin's satisfaction. To do the earl justice, there was some real pain mingling with worse feelings. He had loved Nina after a manner; his love was neither endurable nor of good quality, but it was the best he had to offer. And born to a coronet, rendered dissolute and despotic by indulgence and impunity, the earl had always considered himself one of those lucky creatures who have only to ask to receive. When he experienced a rebuff under circumstances so stinging, the first thought to such a nature as his was revenge. But lest anything should mar this prospect, and put Colonel St. George beforehand with him in certain negotiations he meant to open on the morrow, he determined to keep the secret of his defeat from his cousin as long as possible. He started, therefore, apprehensively when Colonel St. George said with studied carelessness:

"I have just returned from Beechwood Manor."

"Oh, indeed!" was all the earl could say; and he said that very badly, for his cousin felt that he had made up for the first disadvantages of his position, and was sure of the effect of his next blow.

"I saw Nina, and she not only distinctly denies any engagement with you, but she also promises to make me happy this day month."

"I don't suppose she distinctly denied having given me every encouragement, did she?" inquired his lordship, roughly.

"To tell the truth, I never inquired. I was so absorbed in my happiness, I suppose. But if she did trifle with your affections, my lord, it was only natural. A beautiful woman is always a coquette, and will do as much damage as she can before she gets her wings clipped by marriage. But I will guarantee her future good behaviour."

"I tell you what, St. George, d—n you!" exclaimed the earl, white with rage, "you shall have a hot nest with your dove, if I can learn to kindle a fire. I know where to find the matches, and there's plenty of fuel. You wait; I'll bring such a blaze about your heads, that when you come out of the fire, if you ever do come out, you shall be glad to hide yourself in the kennel with my dogs, to escape the hootings and revilings of your fellow-men. You shall have a pleasant honeymoon, I promise you! You've heard me talk, but you've never seen what I could do; and now I will give you such a specimen of my powers as shall rather astonish you. This day month the wedding is to be, you say. Well, we'll see. Perhaps it will have to be put off; perhaps I'll let you get married first, and have my revenge afterwards; but you may be sure—you know me by this time—that I will have as sure and deadly a vengeance as ever man had, and that you sha'n't have more than one happy day, if so much, with the bride you have won from me."

"I can afford to laugh at your lordship's threats," said St. George, with a shadow of repressed uneasiness in his tone and manner. "I know that men, when they have been disappointed in love, are apt to fly into heroics. If Nina had rejected me, it is very probable that I should have given your lordship a whole volume of angry eloquence, and mouthed my threats and curses almost as valiantly as yourself; but the fortunate lover can afford to pardon something from the unfortunate ditto; and so I tell you compassionately that I will look over your little exaggerations, and allow you the credit of philosophy and resignation before the world. Be as indulgent to me if ever you surprise me in a weak moment, and I shall feel amply rewarded for my virtuous forbearance."

The colonel spoke as if he were soothing a perverse and irritable child instead of facing an enraged man, and his tone of indulgent superiority exasperated the earl more and more. He trembled with rage. His bleared eyes were in a red flame. He tried to command himself, but he could only sink down, struggling, in his chair. St. George turned away his head involuntarily. This dumb wrath was eminently repulsive. He looked at the fire, he moralised on the evils of indulged passions, he sipped his brandy-and-water, then feeling his extremities rather cold than otherwise, he warmed them. This little operation turned his reverie in a new direction. His boots fitted admirably, and Colonel St. George had a remarkably aristocratic foot. He admired it pensively, turning it from side to side, and wondering vaguely what could ever have induced men to adopt a style of dress so conspicuously disadvantageous to any superiority of this kind. "The foot is lost and disgraced in these lapping nether integuments," was his last comment; and he was just lifting these same nether integuments for the full display of his instep and slim ankle when he felt a hand on his shoulder, and turning suddenly, saw Lord Gillingham standing close at his side with two pistols in his hand.

"Choose, be quick," he said in a low, hoarse voice; "for by Heaven, sir, one of us two shall not leave this room alive!"

THE TWIN.

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

"Twas written—"Absence conquers Love!"
Forsooth, fond finale, go wept!
A blindfold vigil well may prove
A weary thing to keep!

But Friendship is an Anchorite,
Whose ever watchful eye
Turns, hope dismayed, toward the light,
And marks the days go by.

And Friendship's vestal lamp will burn
Within its lonely fane,
Till its fair Priestess shall return
To give it oil again!

But sh! should she, for other shrines,
Forget the distant spark,
The lonely lamp no longer shines—
The silent fane grows dark!

Not Absence, then, nor verge of space,
Alone, dim Friendship's glow;
But, Silence, with averted face,
May let the lamp burn low!

HOWLETT'S BATTERY.

A SKETCH, derived from a rebel source, appears on page 132 of this paper, representing the battery which annoys our gunboats on the James river, and recently dismounted one of Parrott's guns. The rebel work is situated on the upper side of the James, in almost a North course from Dutch Gap. The illustration, representing it, is taken from the east, and lies together with our picture and map of the canal itself. We could not have a better illustration of the canal, both in the character of the enterprise and the peril under which it is prosecuted. Our sketch represents the gunners at work on the left, the embankment behind which defend the river at the end of Farrar's Island. Farther back, within the fort, the men are not apparent in the picture. Its position is, however, sufficiently indicated by the direction of the guns and shells.

BATTLE OF HATCHER'S CREEK.
Hancock's 2d Corps flanking the Rebel Works at Armstrong's Mill.

Seize by step Gen. Grant is closing upon the rebel army. The last movement in that direction was made on the 27th October, on a road known as the James, when, at 2 o'clock in the morning, Gen. Hancock, with his corps of 20,000 men, moved out from along the Vaughan road, running south-west, and after crossing Hatcher's creek, found the rebels entrenched in newly made works. Gen. Hancock at once formed them on the flank, and drove them out just beyond Armstrong's Mill.

Our sketch represents this brilliant achievement.

Gen. Grant, in his telegram to the Secretary of War, dated October 28th, 9 P. M., says:

"I have just returned from the crossing of the Boydton plank-road and Hatcher's creek. Our line now extends from Armstrong's mill, on Hatcher's run, to the left by the south bank of Hatcher's creek to the point above stated.

"At every point the enemy was found entrenched, and his works abandoned. Our success was not decided day further than to drive pickets and cavalry inside of their works. Our casualties were light, probably less than 200. The same is probably true with the enemy."

HART'S ISLAND, EAST RIVER, NEW YORK.

THE within the last four years all we have known of its peculiarities has been from books. Our idea of the life of a soldier belonged to the bygone heroic, rather than to this common-place epoch. But very few years ago, as we can be told, like Minerva, a soldier springs armed and equipped, and disciplined for battle. The processes through which he passes are matters of little moment.

Our readers will, however, perceive, from the scene in present picture, that the process which the state should convert a raw recruit into the trained soldier. The genius of our institutions will always prevent our citizens from degrading into soldiers, as the genius of the old monarchical subjects invariably become, but still the natural effect of training shows itself, and the result is that a soldier is made capable of the most intricate evolutions one in the world.

Hart's Island, the barren and desolate spot some few months ago—destitute alike of inhabitants, trees and buildings—is now a busy scene of life and activity. York, in the bend of the East river, at the entrance to Long Island Sound. It is a spot of sand, the highest and most thickly populated spots in our State. All the natural features have been changed, and where there was sand, while there are undoubtedly many trees of natural growth, they are hidden from view by the mass of well and humanely managed as any institution of the kind can be.

Departure of Recruits.

The moment a recruit goes on board the John Romer steamer, which runs from the Battery to his drilling ground, he parts with his personal identity, and ceases to be either his volition. He is no longer free to act as he wishes, but is subject to the orders of his superiors or recruits represents. Every variety of the human race, from the Irish laborer, who is by a fair number broken of his intemperance and his rudeness—the Irish laborer who is by no means a bad soldier, when his despondent indignation and despair—the angry man, who has fallen out with his employer, and the Bowery boy, whom misery has driven into the great net. These, and a thousand other varieties go to make up the mass.

The brilliant tight-ing qualities of our men sufficiently prove that the training is good, and that the material is both and patriotic men, whom the love of the Union has called to the standard.

It is curious to observe how, at first, the sharp word of command, as it issues from the officer's mouth, seems to jar upon the nature of the recruit. It takes time before he can obey the word of reason, and to obey with alacrity the word of command.

Arrival at Hart's Island.

One of the first steps taken on the recruit's arrival is to make him perform various ablutions and transmogrifications, so as to give him a look more like a part of a great machine than an individual. He is restored, and, as it were, uniformed—body docketed—ready for drilling into fits or their regiment when sufficiently drilled.

Many of the recruits declare that, in a short time, they feel a great calm in being relieved from the daily cares of life. The haunting importunity of being obliged to think for themselves, day by day, is removed, and a contented security succeeds to that before. For the first time in their lives, the effect of regular meals and abstinence from stimulants soon becomes apparent, and the body acquires a healthy, vigorous tone to which it had long been a stranger. It is a very curious study to watch the different characters of the men as they develop themselves in their daily intercourse. The quarrelsome become peaceful, the drunken abandon their wrecks, and the vivacious and mercurial acquire a steadier behavior.

Interior of the Barracks.

The first thought that struck us when we entered the barracks was, that they were sickly. The berths had a regularity which was quite unusual of sailor, and the men seemed transformed into a species of borees. We heard, as we passed, a constant chattering, and not something half way between a lengthened grunt and an organ.

It must be confessed that the barracks are very commodious, and well ventilated, now—though at first many complaints were made. But perfection is of slow growth, and the barracks and forms were not built in one day.

The Officers in Command.

It would be difficult to select better officers than those now occupying important posts on the island.

General Hinrichs, the chief, is a gallant and experienced soldier, having risen by conferring from wounds received on the 15th June before Petersburg, where, at the head of his regiment, he displayed traits of the best of works. He has the reputation of being a very exact Disciplinarian, which, when combined with skill, is for his position. He is most ably supported by Captains Stanton and Hoyt, who, by their gentlemanly, courtesy and order are invaluable. Captain Shannon is much missed, as an officer, as well as good citizen, does not appreciate the self-denial and continuous labors of these officers, who have sacrificed much at home to "organize victory." The valor of our officers in the field is well known, and but for the labors of such men as Shannon and Chase and Esan. their efficiency would be impaired. The health of the men have earned for them the respect of even those whom they are constantly subjecting to duty and punishment.

Reading-Rooms and Concert-Room.

At the south end of the island there is a very neat building, which contains a library, two good-sized rooms, one for the officers and other for the men, and a very spacious concert-room, which will also be used for divine service.

A series of concerts will be commenced on the 14th Nov., in which Miss Kate Reignolds, the favorite of the soldiers, the regimental band being the orchestra. The band is in very high state of training of its pieces, the drum-major, Mr. Wiley, having formerly occupied that position in the 7th regiment band.

In the reading-rooms are to be found all the publications of the day, and there are few foreign magazines and newspapers. The number of books at present is very small; but, as they are what is desired, numerous donations cannot fail to come, since all must know that no better charity exists at present than to assist the soldier, but the true conservator of our constitutional liberties.

New Barracks for Rebel Prisoners.

At the extreme southern end of the island, on a sort of peninsula as it were, there are now being constructed barracks capable of holding 5,000 rebel prisoners. They are calculated to accommodate 5,000 comfortably, but will hold more if the service should require it.

Apropos of prisoners, an officer, who has just come from before Petersburg, informed us that, though, as a very significant fact, the great change that has come over rebel deserters in the last twelve months, years ago they were bitter, cowards, vindictive and longed, that is, they did not accept the fortune of war with so much good-temper as to be the next thing to satisfaction of their captors.

The Accommodations.

Hart's Island, which is about one mile in length from north to south, and somewhat less than half a mile in width, affords accommodation for about 5,000 men, although more than 4,000 have been there at the same time. Since the 1st of October, the number of recruits that have been received, trained and dispatched to the front is 10,000. There are at the present time about 2,000 recruits, who are rapidly being drilled into good soldiers.

The Officers' Quarters.

These are very pleasant little residences, with a cottage look, eminently vocative of summer—but a winter's dwelling would be very comfortable. Cleanliness is worth, and as many of the officers have their families with them, they are very much like the old Dutch farmhouses, although somewhat circumscribed in space.

The whole island appears to be kept in the utmost commanding, and has been successively occupied by Generals Brown, Jackson, Barry and General Hincks.

Battalion Drill.

At five o'clock every afternoon there is a dress-parade, which is a very pretty sight, and which is attended at times by their wives. The band of music is in attendance, and plays with very favorable advantage of good both operatic and patriotic. The whole scene is very inspiring.

Conveyance To and From.

The island can only allow as few of words more, and then we will give to the remark there and thence.

On the first day you arrive at Thirteenth Gen. Dix's office, 48 Bleecker street, a pass to visit the island. This is given by Captain Hoyt, who is very kind, courteous and courteous officer.

Then Lieutenant Jackson, Capt. Brett, is presumed, by fiction worthy of Dumas, to start from the Battery at 2 o'clock, and you will arrive at the island at half past seven till nearly 11. The fare to the island is 30 centers. The steamer leaves the island at 9 A. M. stays at the island half an hour, and then departs, leaving the visitor to his own devices for the rest of the day. There are villainous little tin that ever hinged through the water of New York harbor, which, however, somewhat mar the inconvenience in discovering America that the passengers go in the steamer to Hart's Island. Nothing more painful position of a susceptible man, climbed at on your back and sides, by the dirty hands and feet of strangers, whose eyes are dimmed with tears shed on their native shores. We have been there, and have compelled to hold on to the next passenger in a little boat to prevent being thrown overboard on dark, and such nearly as closely a fate and sensitive.

The best way to avoid these unfriendships is certain, since we saw a young and gallant officer at the — U. S. Arsenal, Governor's Island, once by a fair maiden in a blue veil, and finally, without hope of ransom or escape, by a fat old lady with a very wrathful countenance. With such attractive perils it is perhaps not too much to say that you should not go to Hart's Island on a Sunday or sardine box. Nor are your troubles over on landing, for the first thing that meets your eye is a sentry, with such a style of disciplinarian that a fifth wheel would be a comparative luxury. He walks up and down with the wheel which seems always on the point of coming off, and with a musket which he handles with the same air charged only 20 cents, while the handsome and gentlemanly Lieutenant Jackson will charge you only 30 cents for a ride to 27th street, where you can get a car and supper enough to find your way home. Surely the government ought to have a line from Rouse' at 6 o'clock in the afternoon, so to avoid this heavy tax on the recruits. We have endeavored to give a sketch of the redeeming features of the John Romer are Captain Brett, and the gentlemanly and facial steward, Mr. Voorhees. We must not forget to thank Mr. Tyler, the well-known photographer, for his excellent views, some of which we have engraved.

A CRITICAL auditor complained that his clergyman "preached politics," in a certain sermon. On being asked to point out the political bearing of the discourse, he replied:

"Didn't he say 'Pomp of the forest,' and isn't that nigger in the woods, I'd like to know?"

NEW SETTLEMENT OF VINELAND.

THIS is a most remarkable enterprise in the way of colonization. Its features are singularly original. The settlement of a new country has been reduced to a system. It embraces several important features. No land is sold, except for actual settlements, which are very rare. This stipulation enhances the planting of shade trees in front of each place, setting the sides of the road to grass for ornament as well as use, the introduction of social and gentle culture upon an extensive scale, a complete system of education for the young, and religious privileges for the people.

The development of the moral prosperity, the manufactures, the arts and industry of the place are also secured by the policy of the founder. This tract of twenty-seven square miles of land, within one day's railroad between Philadelphia and Cape May, 35 miles south of Philadelphia, offers a most excellent market and climate. The well-known agriculturist and editor of the *New York Tribune*, Solon Robinson, as well as trail-grower and farmer, has been actual consultant. Last year, pronounced the soil to be of superior quality. It now produces large crops for sale. It is all owned by Charles K. Landis. He started the enterprise in the spring of 1861, and already the settlement contains a population of from 4,000 to 6,000, with a capacity for 15,000.

Mr. Landis has opened 30 miles of new roads and streets, which are lined with buildings, orchards, vineyards and gardens. School-houses, churches and cottages have already been erected. A thriving town has been built in the centre of the tract, wherein manufactories are already prospering. The buildings in the place are of a beautiful description. Mr. Landis has imported the wealthy proprietors of the various Rose Hill cities, New Bedford, Hartford, Providence, Bristol, Newport and Fall River, to provide for the purpose of having homes in a mild and genial climate, and to which they can retire according to their tastes. In the resort also of invalids, the ocean is accessible in 20 minutes. 20,000 trees have been planted, and the peculiar culture of the vine, and the production of the most beautiful and ornamental fruits. Wine and fruit will be specialties, namely, the science of graperies. No intoxicating liquors are allowed to be sold. The settlement is now increasing at the rate 200 per cent. in one year. No land or town lot whatever is sold to speculators.

By a late legislative act a large district of land in Cumberland county, adjacent to Vineland, is annexed to a separate township, and placing it under the general supervision of the chief of the founder, giving it the name of Landis township.

THE LAST HOURS OF PRINCE ALBERT.

THERE has reached us from abroad a most interesting extract from a letter which was written by a member of the Queen's household shortly after the death of the Prince. The extreme sorrow, combined position which the writer held at the time not only the assurance of perfect reliability, but invests the following lines with a very special interest. We can fancy describing the grief and fears of the whole household for the Queen, and the sympathy in her personal loss sustained in the death of Prince Albert:

The last Sunday he passed on earth was a very blessed one to him. He was very ill, but knew it not. He was very ill and very weak, and she spent the afternoon alone with him, whilst the others were in church. He begged to have his sofa drawn to the window, that he might look out on the school, the boys' play-ground, then asked her to play to him, and she went through a host of his favorite airs, without the music—all from memory. After she had played sometime, she looked round, and saw that he was asleep. She played on till it prayer, and his eyes shut. He lay so long without moving that she thought he was fallen asleep. Presently he looked up and smiled. She said:

"Have you asleep, dear papa?"

"Oh, no, dearest," only I have such sweet thoughts."

During his illness, his hands were often folded in prayer, and, when he did not speak, his sacrine fare seemed to say that "happy thoughts" were then in the end. The Princess Alice's fortitude has amazed us all. She has been the help of both her father and mother's firmness depended on her firmness, and she set herself to it.

He loved to speak openly of his condition, and had the most beautiful thoughts of the life to come and prayers. He could not speak to the Queen of himself, for she could not bear it; he listen, and her eyes to the candour. His daughter says that she must say differently, and that she could not, and that she sought rest in his presence. She sat by him; listened to all he said, and when he was silent, and she thought he was no longer, would walk calmly to the door, and then suddenly turn back, overwhelmed with grief. Alice and mother's firmness depended on her firmness, and she set herself to it.

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"I have had a great deal to do, and I am not quite, but that we shall recognise each other and be together in the world to come, I am certain."

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THE SHLEST POLITICAL ECONOMIST OF MODERN TIMES.

The shlest political economist of modern times is John Stuart Mill. This is what he says as to the best method of raising money adopted to what point of degradation a country may be driven. It is the duty of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in laying on the breaker of actual ruin, to make his selections in giving up the original cause of quarrel, the Freedom of the Press, and the Freedom of Public Meeting. Indeed, that power of evil which it would not grant to retain for the sake of money is a fine large shell pale pedestal of either President Lincoln, Gen. Grant, or any one of the Corps Commanders, together with a certificate, representing a share in a land company near New York, which will be given to the holder on the 22nd February, 1865, or the plan of the *Art Journal*, which is now in course of publication, can be addressed to Capt. H. R. Randall, Treasurer, P. O. Box 4,563, New York city.



DEPARTURE OF GEN. TOM THUMB, HIS WIFE AND MINNIE WARREN FOR ENGLAND—SCENE ON THE QUARTERDECK OF THE STEAMER CITY OF WASHINGTON, AT NEW YORK, OCT. 29.

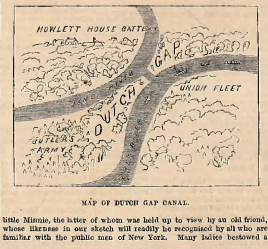
DEPARTURE OF MR. AND MRS. TOM THUMB

And Miss Minnie Warren.

THE steamer City of Washington sailed from this port on Saturday, Oct. 29, at noon, bearing away among her passengers Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Stratton, better known as Mr. and Mrs. Tom Thumb, accompanied by the latter's sister, Miss Minnie Warren. May the little General, and his wee wife and sister (who, if the truth were known, are veritable Queens of the Fairies,) meet, on the shores of the Old World, that warm welcome which is due to three of the greatest—and smallest—marvels of mankind!

This is not the first time that the General has visited the "tight little island" of Queen Victoria, and the cordial greeting with which he was received by his Transatlantic friends and admirers on a former occasion is the best surety that he will be hospitably welcomed now, especially as he carries with him the additional recommendation of a "better half" and their charming little child. "As the husband is, the wife is," says England's laureate, Tennyson; and if Tom be famous, therefore, Lavinia will share his renown. We congratulate each upon the reflected greatness derived from the other. May they have a safe passage across the Atlantic, and may only favorable breezes ruffle the mighty waters which bear upon their bosom the good ship City of Washington!

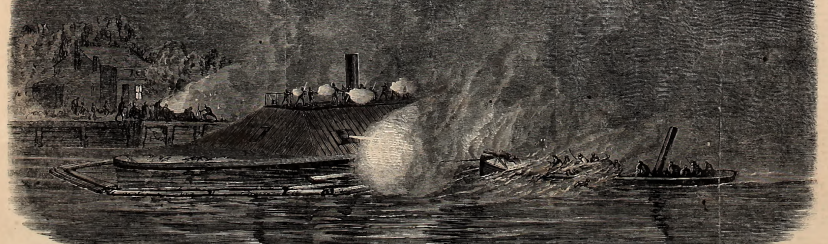
The scene upon the quarterdeck of that steamer, just prior to her departure, is depicted in the sketch on this page. It was full of interest and animation. Numerous spectators were in attendance, and the little General and his wife and sister were heartily applauded. They also received every attention from passengers on board the steamer and friends assembled to see them off. Many gentlemen saluted Mrs. Lavinia and little Minnie, the latter of whom was held up to view by an old friend, whose likeness in our sketch will readily be recognized by all who are familiar with the public men of New York. Many ladies bestowed a similar attention upon Mr. Tom. And so, amid the ringing of bells and the waving of handkerchiefs, and all the bustle incident to the sailing of a steamship for foreign parts, the family of Thumb sailed away from these shores. They go on a tour of pleasure in Europe, and not for purposes of exhibition; and they anticipate much pleasure in several years of travel. The General, who is now a rich man, living at ease, contemplates, among other pleasures, that of taking new Masonic degrees. He is already a Knight Templar of Freemasonry.



MAP OF DUTCH GAP CANAL.

THE DUTCH GAP CANAL.

THIS magnificent enterprise, the result at once of mechanical genius, military skill, and energetic labor, is steadily progressing towards completion. We give it the place of prominence in our paper this week, and also present, on this page, an explanatory map of the work. The object of the canal is to shorten the route of our gunboats to Richmond, and so enable them to co-operate with the army in the final attack on that long-resisting city. The canal is cut through an isthmus, called Dutch Gap, which connects, with the North bank of the James river, a peninsula, known as Farrar's Island. The nomenclature is slightly Hibernian—but that is no fault of ours. The isthmus of Dutch Gap is 300 yards wide, and 80 feet high on the western side, sloping towards the east. The canal is to cut it across, diagonally, and will thus be about 200 yards long. Passing through the canal, our fleet will save a distance of seven miles, and avoid the rebel obstructions, with which the river is thickly filled, at the end of the peninsula. They will also escape the fire from rebel batteries in that neighborhood. The work was begun



A BRILLIANT NAVAL EXPLOIT—DESTRUCTION OF THE REBEL RAM ALBEMARLE, IN ROANOKE RIVER, ON THE NIGHT OF OCT. 27, BY A TORPEDO BOAT, UNDER COMMAND OF LIEUT. WILLIAM B. CUSHI



DEPARTURE OF RECRUITS FROM THE BATTERY, N. Y., FOR HART'S ISLAND.



ARRIVAL OF RECRUITS AT HART'S ISLAND.

in August last, and is now nearly finished. Our Artist has sketched a birdseye view of the canal and its surroundings. In the foreground is the trench, in which our men are at work. Beyond is the northern arm of the James river. In the distance is Howlett's Battery, from which the rebels pepper us with frequent shells. The work, of course, proceeds in the centre of the canal, the ends of which are left standing, to be mined at last and blown out. When finished, the canal at Dutch Gap will rank among the most remarkable achievements of science in modern warfare.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE ALBEMARLE.

The brilliant and daring exploit of Lieut. William B. Cushing, which resulted in the destruction of the rebel ram, Albemarle, is illustrated on page 160. The Albemarle has long been the terror of the inland waters of North Carolina. She was a powerful ram, and was wont to cruise in Albemarle and Pamlico sounds; and, for several months past, she has held at bay no less than 10 of our war vessels, large and small. On a former occasion, in the course of a fight with the Miami, a shot rebounded from the iron side of the rebel monster, and killed Capt. Charles W. Flusser, the Miami's commander. Capt. Flusser was the intimate and dear friend of Lieut. Cushing, who has now bravely and nobly avenged the slaughter of his old comrade.

On the night of October 27th, acting under orders from Rear-Admiral Porter, commanding the North Atlantic squadron, Lieut. Cushing embarked on board a steam launch, with a crew of 13, officers and men, and proceeded towards Plymouth, in search of the Albemarle, designing to destroy her by means of a torpedo. Plymouth lies on the south shore of the Roanoke river, about eight miles from its mouth; and here the Albemarle was moored.

Both sides of the river—which averages 200 yards in width—were guarded by rebel pickets. Moreover, the stream itself was obstructed. But neither pickets nor obstructions stayed the advance of Lieut. Cushing. Favored by the darkness, he concealed in eluding observation, till his launch was actually bearing down upon the rebel ram. The latter, secure and unsuspicious, was lying at a wharf, at Plymouth, protected for, about 20 feet, by surrounding logs.

As soon as the rebels perceived the approaches of their enemy, they sprang rattles, rang bells, commenced firing and shouting, and made a racket generally. Lieut. Cushing replied with a dose of canister. Then, finding no gap in the protection of logs around the monster, he made a circuit with his launch, and, with a full head of steam, hurled her upon the logs and towards the Albemarle, bow on. In this perilous position—amid a storm of bullets, the torpedo boom was lowered, and, by a vigorous pull, Lieut. Cushing succeeded in diving the torpedo, which exploded, just as a heavy shot from the Albemarle stove his launch. The rebels continued firing, and demanded the surrender of our gallant party.



INTERIOR OF BARRACKS.—SEE PAGE 139.

Meanwhile Lieut. Cushing and his companions had taken to the water, leaving the torpedo to do its work, which it presently did, in the most effective manner.

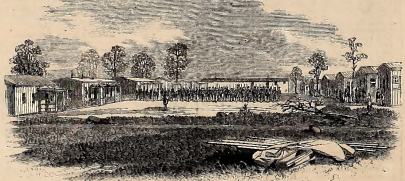
Victory, however, was not bought without its usual price. Most of our party were captured, and several were drowned. Their brave commander escaped, and that through much hardship and peril.

Swimming across the Roanoke, he crawled out of the water at daylight, and took refuge in a swamp, not far from a rebel fort. There, lying concealed, close to a pathway, he overheard the conversation of passing rebels, and thus became aware that the Albemarle had indeed been destroyed.

After resting awhile he continued his flight through the swamps, till, by-and-bye, he came to a creek, in which he found a skiff belonging to a rebel picket. Embarking in this, he made his way to the U. S. Valley City, which he reached about 11 o'clock on the night of the 29th.

In his published report of this adventure, Lieut. Cushing speaks with warmest praise of the bravery of his companions, especially commending William N. Howell, Acting-Master's Mate of the Monticello, engineer Stebbins, and William Hoffman, seaman of the Chicopee. The latter was the only man of the party, except Lieut. Cushing, who escaped by swimming. "He did his duty well," says his commander, "and he deserves a medal of honor."

The destruction of the Albemarle is a great relief to our blockading squadron. She was more than a match for any of our light draught monitors. In general features she is said to have resembled the Merrimac and the Tennessee, though she was much stronger.



BATTALION DRILL ON PARADE GROUND.



QUARTERS FOR OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS.

Her iron ribs were 13 inches in thickness, and were backed by solid timber. Her prow point, however, was beneath the water line, and here the torpedo prevailed against her.

Lieut. Cushing has done a signal service to his country, in destroying this rebel prat, and at the same time has earned new laurels of honor, that will not fade. He will doubtless be advanced in rank.

His share of the prize money—at a fair valuation of the Albemarle—will fall but little short of $50,000. This



GEN. BIRNEY'S HEADQUARTERS.



VIEW OF HART'S ISLAND.

VIEWS IN CAMP OF RECRUITS AT HART'S ISLAND, EAST RIVER, N. Y.

is not the first daring and gallant exploit in which his valor and energy have heen conspicuous. Yet he is only 22 years of age.

Since the destruction of the Albemarle our forces have taken Plymouth. Wilmington is to be taken next, which will put a check on blockade-running. In a little while, probably, our forces will hold the entire seaboard of North Carolina.

☞ Sent everywhere by Mail, Postpaid. ☜

Extension Silver-Mounted Holders,

WITH COMPOSITE

GOLD PENS,

REVERSE LEAD PENCILS,

cases of one dozen each; the boxes are finely finished and cloth lined, so that the contents can sustain no injury in transportation. The Holders are of the most handsome and durable construction; are heavily silver-plated, with an extension of three lengths. All are engraved, chased or engine-turned, and for beauty are not surpassed by any others. Our prices for the holders and pens, sold in dozens only, are as follows:

Size One.—When open, 5¼ inches in length; closed for the pocket, 3 inches in length. Price per dozen, by mail, postpaid, $10 25; retails at $2 each.

Size Two.—When open, 8 inches in length; closed for the pocket, 8¼ inches in length. Price per dozen, by mail, postpaid, $12; retails at $3 each.

Size Three.—When open, 6½ inches in length; closed for the pocket, 3¾ inches in length. Price per dozen, by mail, postpaid, $19 25; retails at $5 and upwards.

Size Four.—When open, 7¼ inches in length; closed for the pocket, 4 inches in length. Price per dozen, by mail, postpaid, $26; retails at $6 and upwards.

Size Five.—When open, 8 inches in length; closed for the pocket, 4½ inches in length. Price per dozen, by mail, postpaid, $33 50: retails at $10 and upwards.

Samples—Comprising one dozen of each size, making five dozen—for the whole, by mail, postpaid, $100; will retail at $312 and upwards.

Also WATCHES AND JEWELLERY in Great Variety at low prices. Catalogues free by mail. Registered letters at our risk. Address

T. & H. GAUGHAN, Manufacturers,
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In different attitudes of art.

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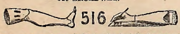
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The most perfect substitutes for lost limbs ever invented. Established 25 Years. Send for Pamphlet. SOLDIERS SUPPLIED FREE by order of the SURGEON-GENERAL. tf

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The Presidential Election.

We have passed quietly through the most imposing, the most momentous, and in many respects, the most critical ordeal of a national election in the history of the United States. The general results are before the country, in the election of President Lincoln, by an overwhelming popular and electoral vote, and in the return of a two-thirds Administration majority in the popular branch of Congress.

To elaborate of causes and resultant effects is here necessary to account for these results. They are simply due to the pressure of that paramount and all-absorbing issue upon the people of the loyal States, the indelible impression of this war, until the rebellious States shall be brought to the point of submission to the supreme authority of the Union. This broad and comprehensive sentiment of the Administration has carried the day against the untenable positions taken by the Democratic party at Chicago, that the war for the Union is "a failure," and that "immediate efforts" should be made for the "cessation of hostilities," in order that negotiations might be tried in behalf of peace. In the face of the oft-repeated and consistent declarations of the leaders of the Democratic party, that they were not for peace, nor enter into any negotiations for peace, except upon the basis of Southern independence, those Chicago propositions were largely regarded by the people concerned in this late election as equivalent to overtures for a surrender to Jeff Davis. Thus the Democratic party, in blindly casting away a golden opportunity for a great success, have been signally defeated.

The people of the loyal States have given their verdict in favor of the war policy of the Administration; they have decreed that there shall be no "cessation of hostilities" short of the overthrow and dispersion of the armed forces of the rebellion. The policy of the Government, under Abraham Lincoln as its chief executive officer, is therefore established for the next four years. All doubts upon the subject are at an end. The opinion is also widely entertained among the rank and file of the Democratic party, that the moral influences of Mr. Lincoln's re-election will immediately and powerfully operate to unite and consolidate the loyal States, and to distract, divide and break up the so-called Confederate States. The implacable feelings of hostility manifested on all occasions by the rebel chiefs and rebel journals to the "Illinois despot," and their anxiety expressed through a thousand channels for a change of policy, as a change in the Yankee Government," have been advanced as fully warranting these hopeful predictions. We congratulate all parties concerned, that the three excitements, jealousies and party wranglings of the Presidential campaign are over, and that the National Government and the loyal States have now a fair field before them for the vigorous prosecution of the gigantic campaign against the armies of the rebellion. We bow to the will of the people.

Jeff Davis to the Rebel Congress on the Negro Enlistment Question.

ANOTHER of those melancholy Jeremiads of Jeff Davis, digitized in rebeldom as "the President's message," which we publish, has been issued to the world. It is a public document but little calculated to cheer the drooping spirits of his friends at home or abroad, but much more likely to depress the shaders of Confederate scrip," or cotton loans in Richmond, New York and London. Jeff frankly informs his legislative assembly that their treasury is on the verge of the fearful abyss of bankruptcy; that the Confederate army is starving, naked and afoot from absenteeism; that he utterly despairs of a helping hand from Europe; but that he is still resolved upon Southern independence or Southern annihilation.

In order to strengthen his armies, he proposes the repeal of all exemptions, and in response to his demands, a bill has been proposed placing the able-bodied of the white-skinned citizens of the Confederacy absent in the North or elsewhere to return and shoulder arms, on pain of the confiscation of their property and other pervasive penalties. Upon the subject of a grant to the slave plantations, in the way of a "black draft," Davis rides both horses. He is opposed to the experiment of arming the blacks as dangerous and inexpedient while with "southern rights;" but he thinks that 40,000 slaves, to begin with, might be trained for the possible contingency of service in the field, with the reward of their personal freedom at the close of the war. Here, however, he is confronted by a Richmond editor, who contends that, according to Southern ideas, the blessings of perpetual slavery would be the proper boon to offer to the slave as a Confederate sword soldier. The irrepressible Senator Foote, who in this capacity represents Tennessee in the Richmond Congress, says, on the other hand, that the Confederate Government has no power over this question of emancipation, that it belongs to the several States, and so the controversy begins. How it will end, the events of a few weeks will probably disclose. We shall not be surprised if this thing of levying upon the slaveholder's negroes, as food for Yankee powder, shall prove to be the fatal package which breaks the camel's back. From what appears to be the state of affairs on this subject, it is apparent that, in being compelled to broach it, he feels that he is in "the last ditch."

The Gold Speculators.

The gold speculators during the last week or two have shrilly appropriated for a rise the excitements of the Presidential election, and rumors and inventions of disasters and stoppages to sherman's army. But we dare say that these expedients for the depreciation of the national currency are now exhausted, and that in good season we shall have such intelligence from Sherman's army, from "Mosey" and the financial allies of Jeff Davis in Wall street into a general stampede. We would, therefore, still advise all parties who have purchases of gold for a rise to make to defer them yet a little longer, as far as practicable, in view of the fall which is coming. "It is a long lane that has no turn."

Less of Politics and More of Literature.

THE Presidential canvass being at an end, and the Administration being re-established for the next four years, several of our late most active New York daily Democratic journals have given notice that hereafter and they will devote their columns less to party politics and more to general news and literary subjects. Let our unemployed poets, fancy sketch and romance writers accordingly hold up their heads and prepare for active service in their proper vocation. They have had a comparatively narrow field of usefulness for the last year or two; but now, in their behalf, we hail the dawning of a brighter day. Indeed, it is our belief that there is "a good time coming" for us all.

Summary of the Week.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

Gen. Early has evidently been considerably reinforced, since, on the 11th Nov. he has assumed the offensive by a strong cavalry reconnoissance. The front of the advance consisted of Gens. Custer and Merritt, near Keamstown, four miles south of Winchester. After heavy skirmishing the Union forces fell back, in order to draw the rebels on; but after advancing to where the Union forces were in position, they retired hastily, their purpose apparently having been accomplished. Early the next morning skirmishing was renewed, and, after some fruitless fighting, Gen. Powell's division attacked the enemy and drove them beyond Front Royal, capturing two cannon, 120 men, several wagons and a large number of horses. The losses are said to be heavy on both sides.

GEORGIA.

There is much uncertainty as to Sherman's position, the Government keeping his movements secret.

A dispatch from Chattanooga, dated Nov. 11, says that on Monday morning, Nov. 7, at daylight, the rebels attacked our pickets south of Atlanta, killed one, wounding two of the 1st Indiana, but subsequently they fell back. On Wednesday morning the rebels made three attacks on Atlanta, which being thrown so far as Decatur, Ga. The most desperate attack was made on the Rough and Ready road. The rebel artillery was within 600 yards of our rifle pits, and firing briskly and dismounted cavalry within 200 yards. Our men were aroused from their slumbers and quickly manned the defences, and soon repulsed the rebels off. The rebels were part of Young's command, and they finally retreated towards Macon. Our army is in excellent spirit and well supplied with rations. The weather has been quite cold at Atlanta. The Cincinnati *Gazette* has a dispatch from Nashville, which denies the reported evacuation of Atlanta by Gen. Sherman, and the destruction of the Atlanta and Chattanooga railroad.

TOWN COSSIP.

The election is over, and after a storm there comes a calm. The work is done, and both victor and vanquished, with that philosophy which is characteristic of the American people, have instantly settled down into a supreme acquiescence in the result, and which, we have discussed with so much earnestness and force. "The election is over," is the answer to any would-be agitator. The Government has been chosen for the next four years, and every man, bearing the least pride as an American, no matter on which side he voted, will put his shoulder to the wheel, and work faithfully and truly with that Government. He can feel that in the events of a terrible civil war, fought on the bloody fields, a revolution has been accomplished, a bloodless one; one that in its quiet working does more to secure the permanency and our own future than all that the most brilliant strategy, or the most reckless bravery.

Through a city supposed to be inhabited by a population the most mixed and unreliable in the world, there was not the slightest or attempted outbreak or riot. Some attributed this to the known presence of Gen. Butler and a half score thousand of troops in our midst, but the more thinking portion of the community adjudged it to the true cause, the positive earnestness of the people, and the conviction on each side, that this was the final struggle. And in saying that we believe ourselves justified in asserting that it is the first time that a presidential election has been held in one of which they have realized anything else of election day than a holiday and a time for relaxation and rude enjoyment. Even the lowest classes are exhilarated to be sure by those which occurred among us on Tuesday last that we have not ended in something more than a row. We only can see an example. In some of the Wards, the 22d for instance, in consequence of the immense number of voters, the polls were kept open unusually late. The bulk, hundreds of waiting voters had to be shut away when the polls closed at sundown, without having put in their votes. Many of these, however, knew that they would for hours. We feel that in any other land than this, or had the people been less accustomed to the exercise of it, there would have led to an outbreak and the shedding of blood. As it was the shut-out patriots took the matter very quietly, and each pacified himself somewhere that the unpolled votes belonged to them as a unit.

With the cessation of a great war comes the cessation of the excitement of war. We realize that we have the law and their employers, and between the people and the street railroad companies. In the latter case the employers have the law, and are very generally returning to work at the old prices, or such as the employers choose to offer. Where there is any importance in the matter, much more so than appears on its face. Managers whom the settlement which will end a response in almost every mind. A well-known comedian said upon the street a few days since, that he had been offered $40 per week for singing in his present theatre, but that he could get $100 per week if he would go to Boston. "What is your trade?" was the inquiry. "Why, I am a saloon, and could earn $6 a day." "Why do you not do so?"

"Because," answered the tailor, "I am on a strike."

The gentleman ceased his fumbling, and looking the tailor straight in the face, said:

"My good fellow, I have always a dollar for the man who cannot work or cannot get work, but not a cent for one who can work and who has work thrust at him. Good-day!"

Of the other small war—that of the cars—there is only a faint, distant and occasional rumbling. The people cannot afford to fight for so small an issue, and will not encourage those who do. The matter is to all appearance settled, and the companies have it their own way, the last point of opposition being that of the New York *Sun*, which offers to become retailers of the tickets if the companies will place them in their hands for that purpose, which most assuredly the companies will not do.

During the last week the remains of the supposed murdered and quartered man were buried, consigned to earth without identification, and in all probability the matter will be wrapped in perpetual mystery. It seems indeed wonderful that such a deed can occur in our midst, and have been advertised to the extent of this, and yet not a clue be gotten, even though every incentive has been offered for its elucidation. The theory now offered is that the thing is a practical joke of some medical students, who, for the purpose of making an excitement, have taken some body received for dissection, quartered and distributed it in the rivers and bay. This may do very well for a theory, but it will never do for a fact. Firstly, such a joke never could be accomplished without the knowledge of the professors; secondly, the body presented no such evidence, and thirdly, the chance of identification was just as strong in that case as in any other. The fact is that a fearful murder has been perpetrated, and the doers of it have been fortunate or smart enough to execute it without leaving any trace. The old saying that "murder will out" is not always true.

One of the most remarkable things is what becomes of our money. We were not so much disposed to wonder when gold and silver disappeared, for that was an inevitable sequence of its rise in value, but now we do wonder at the disappearance of the pennies. This currency is not worth sending out of the country, having been coined down to present value, and yet as fast as the mint sends them out they disappear. The master of the mint informs us that within the past four months eighteen millions of these circular bits of copper have been launched on the community, and yet the circulating medium as represented by them is just as scarce as ever. Added to this six millions of two cent pieces have been sent forth, and yet how often do we receive one in change? We have no theory for it, save that all the world is like a certain friend of ours who goes about with a pocketful of the new issues, offering to match pennies with all creation, and boasting that he is engaged in saving up a barrelfull for future use.

Everybody is discussing the probability of a new call for men and a consequent draft. We hardly think any fear may be encouraged of a new call. More men must be had, but there will be no necessity for a new call, seeing that the last one has not yet been answered. Five hundred thousand men were wanted, and so far on that call about one hundred and fifty thousand have been furnished; while three hundred and fifty thousand are due. This trifling balance it will be necessary to have, and our patriotic fellow-citizens may quietly make up their minds that they will have to toe the mark. They have endorsed the war and all its little belongings, and there is no reason why they should not take a hand. Uncle Sam has enough greenbacks to pay a million more of men, and enough veteran troops, who, to a man, approve of the call and of the draft to enforce any of his wants.

Our Amusements.

Firstly, the opera, the new season commencing with this week, during which we are promised many novelties, the greatest of which being the new opera of "Don Sebastiano," by Donizetti, being his last work but one. The libretto is by Scribe, than whom the world never produced one more accomplished as a librettist, or better understanding all the requirements of the stage. It was written and produced at Paris in 1844, and was more than a success, and for three seasons was the marked favorite of the Grand Opera.

The story is that of Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, who reigned from 1557 to 1578, amusing himself and his people by making raids and general scrimmages against the Moors, in one of which raids he was sent to kingdom come, but his body not having been found among the slain, the idea seized upon his followers that the King had only stepped out for a short furlough of a few years, and would assuredly return to lead them once more to battle. While they waited patiently for this good time, impostors would occasionally arise, claiming to be the King, and upon this idea the opera is based.

In the first act the King (Massimiliani) is about departing for a small fight with the Moors, when he is approached by the poet Camoens (Bellini), who begs his clemency for Zaida the African (Carozzi Zucchi), who has been condemned to death for doing a little poisoning. The King, struck by her beauty, pardons her, and, as a recompense, is blessed by Camoens, who predicts his success and happy return, under which blessing the King sets sail for Africa, where, in the second act, he is defeated by the Moors, and is saved from death by Zaida, who somehow mysteriously turns up about this time in the house of her father, and with an Arab lover, by name Abadialoe (Lorini).

The next turn of the dice brings Zaida and her Arab lover to the royal palace at Lisbon as ambassadors from the Moors to that court, and the King and Camoens, out of funds and somewhat dilapidated, to the same spot, where they recognise each other; and it is agreed that the King shall declare himself, which he does, but only to be extinguished by the people, who by this time have been so imposed on by false Sebastians that they are not ready to believe in any, and as a consequence seize the King and bear him off for trial. The whole affair ends with a grand trial scene, in which Zaida is mixed, and the condemnation of both to torture and death, giving a chance for Susini (as Grand Inquisitor) to do some rather extensive warbling.

Without doubt the opera will be a great success, the scenic arrangements promised being of the most magnificent, and the whole force of the company, musical, artistical and mechanical, being brought to bear upon it.

With the theatres there is little to record. Mr. Owens, with his Solon Shingle, keeps the Broadway crammed nightly, to witness one of the most artistic personations ever offered on the New York stage, and enters upon his twelfth week of his performance of that part.

Maggie Mitchell, as Fanchon, is winning a reputation in New York that will not leave her.

Wallack next week produces a new play by Boucicault. Mr. Lester Wallack plays Bob Tyke in "The School of Reform."

The French Theatre is once more open, and is worth every one's visitation, if it were only to see with what spirit the actors enter upon their work, and how thoroughly the audiences enjoy themselves.

HAMILTON'S FEDERALIST.

Now that a Republican Governor has been elected in New York, it is likely that the public will hear less, in future, about "State Sovereignty" as opposed to Federal Supremacy, in the administration of the laws. Nevertheless, we trust that students of our politics will not neglect to make themselves perfectly well acquainted with the precise nature of the relations existing between the States and the general Government, under the Federal Constitution. In studying this subject, no book affords greater aid than that splendid memorial of profound statesmanship, "The Federalist"—a work that testifies at once to the genius of our institutions and the genius of Alexander Hamilton, the foremost statesman of the Revolutionary period. A new edition of this work, edited by Mr. John C. Hamilton, of this city, the son of its principal writer, has lately been published. It is in every respect trustworthy. Mr. Hamilton is a scholar, a Conservative in politics, and, as a writer, is remarkable for the terseness, grace and elegence of his style.

We characterise his edition as the best one extant, because its editor has studied his father's works with a tender interest and a reverent care, necessarily surpassing the fidelity of strangers. It will be remembered that Mr. Hamiliton long ago edited the writings of his father, exclusive of the "Federalist," in seven volumes, and also published a "History of the Republic of the United States, as traced in the Writings of Alexander Hamilton and his Cotemporaries."

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The rebels have managed to collect quite a little fleet of pirates on the coast. In addition to the Tallahassee, they have now the Chicamauga and Olustee. All these vessels are said to have escaped from Wilmington, N. C. The Chicamauga, commanded by Lieut. Wilkinson, burned three ships on the 30th and 31st Oct. The Olustee, under the command of Lieut. Ward, captured two schooners on the 3d Nov. The crews of all these have been paroled as prisoners of war.

—— At the Trotting Park, Providence, R. I., a well-known citizen of that place, weighing 140 pounds, undertook to drag a sulkey, weighing 95 pounds, with a man in it, weighing 170, round its mile course, in 16 minutes. He gained his wager, and had 4 minutes, 30 seconds to spare.

—— A race almost as remarkable, came off last week at the Hudson county race course, Secaucus, between two distinguished officials of Hoboken, in which the gray Mayor proved the better horse, winning by several minutes.

—— The Presbytery of Cincinnati, at a late meeting, passed a vote "That any person teaching and maintaining that American Slavery is not a sin, or is justified by the word of God, is justly liable to censure."

—— The culture of the coffee bean is to be undertaken in the valley of the Connecticut river. This bean is said to be the best substitute for genuine coffee yet discovered.

—— The first American organ-builder was Edward Broomfield, Jr., the son of a merchant in Boston. He evinced a genius for mechanics, and made, for his own amusement, musical and also optical instruments, of great power. He graduated at Harvard College, in 1742, and died at the age of 23 years.

—— A rebel officer writes from Charleston: "We have all the liquor we can drink for $95 per gallon, or $2 per drink."

—— Twenty-nine newspapers are now published in the State of New Hampshire, says an exchange, instead of 40, as before the war.

—— The farms in the southern section of California have suffered very severely from drought. One farmer lost all but 60 of a herd of 10,000 cattle. The animals died of starvation. Efforts to aid the suffering farmers were, at late accounts, being made in San Francisco.

—— Emigration is very brisk from the valley of the Mississippi to the Western mountain regions, and to California and Oregon.

—— The Louisville *Journal* says that when the guerillas made an attack on the train on the Lexington railroad, recently, Hon. Montgomery Blair, who was a passenger, took a child from its mother's arms, stepped from the cars with the bright cherub pressed to his bosom, claimed to be the father of the rosy-cheeked darling, was very tender and solicitous in regard to its welfare, and played his part so well that the guerillas passed him by—the ex-member of the Cabinet thus escaping capture.

—— At a recent severe fire at Eastport, Maine, the women of the place distinguished themselves by lending efficient aid in working the engines.

—— The celebrated mare Flora Temple was recently sold in Baltimore. The mare, says a wag, makes the money go.

—— Mackerel have been caught in abundance in Antegonishe Bay, N. S. About 300 American fishing craft were counted at work in Morristown. The lights of this fleet made a beautiful illumination at night.

—— Gen. Sheridan and several staff officers were poisoned, a not long ago, at Winchester, by some corrosive substance which, in a supposed accidental manner, got mixed with their food. They all suffered severe pains from the effects of the poison, but it did not prove fatal to any of them.

—— The remains of Edgar Allan Poe, the author of the "Raven," who justly ranks as the most weirdly original of American poets, were buried under the Presbyterian church at the corner of Fayette and Greene streets, Baltimore, Maryland. A subscription is being taken up under the auspices of Mr. N. P. Willis, of the *Home Journal*, to erect a suitable monument to the poet's memory.

—— Mr. W. W. Swan, a well-known teacher, and author of several educational works, died recently in Boston.

—— The houses on the summit of Mount Washington were closed for the season on Monday, Oct. 17th. The last visiters to the mountain encountered snow three miles from the Glen, but found only a few drifts the next five miles. They were richly rewarded for their journey, as the morning was one of the clearest of the season, the ocean view being so extensive that upwards of 30 vessels were counted off Portland harbor, Maine.

—— The lady managers of the Orphan Asylum at Washington, D. C., solicit public aid in their good work. The Asylum is overcrowded with inmates, numerous orphans having been made by the war, in all parts of the country, who come hither for refuge.

—— A soldier recently presented himself at an exhibition, which he wished to enter at half price, on the ground that he had but one eye.

—— A cunning soldier of Vermont, who wished to accomplish two opposite ends at one and the same time, that is, desert to Canada, and yet fall with honor on the field of glory, stuffed his letters, his wife's photograph, and sundry locks of hair, into the pocket of a dead soldier, and then deserted. His death was accordingly reported; his supposed widow consoled herself with another husband and tears were shed. Last week his wife and new husband went to Canada on a little pleasure trip, and there, to her horror, met her first spouse, who, however, promised never to trouble her again.

—— Hon. R. J. Walker, who has just returned from Europe, has had a very satisfactory interview with the President. It is said that he will succeed the Hon. W. P. Fessenden, as Secretary of the Treasury.

—— Miss Hosmer's stately and impressive statue of "Zenobia" is now on exhibition at Derby's Gallery. It is a noble work of art, and a credit alike to the artist and the country.

Naval.—The consort of the Alabama, the Florida, was captured by the U. S. gunboat Wachusett on the night of the 7th Oct. in the harbor of Bahia, a Brazilian port. Unsuspecting danger being surrounded by Brazilian ships of war, and directly under the guns of Fort Marcellus, the officers and crew were sent on shore, while the vessel was left under guard of the first lieutenant. The Wachusett slipped her anchor in the night, and running into the Florida, demanded her surrender—which was made—12 officers and 58 men were on board. A hawser was then attached to the Florida, and with her prize, the Wachusett sailed out to sea, under fire of the fort, and pursued by two Brazilian ships of war, which soon gave up the chase. At St. Thomas the Wachusett found the Kearsarge, Capt. Winslow, in whose charge many of the prisoners were sent home. The Florida is at Fortress Monroe.

—— Messrs. Tomes, Melvain & Co., of this city, have published in neat, and even elegant style, a folio volume, describing and illustrating the "Uniform for Officers of the United States Navy," as prescribed by the latest regulations controlling the subject. The volume also includes the laws of the United States relative to the Navy, passed at the first session of the 38th Congress. It will prove extremely useful to officers and men in our naval service as well as practically instructive to general readers. The public cannot be indifferent to anything that relates to our brave defenders, whether on sea or shore.

Foreign.—A party of Tyrolese, arrayed in Garibaldi shirts, lately made a demonstration against the Austrian strongholds in Venetia, and endeavored to incite an insurrection among the people. But they only succeeded in obtaining a little plunder, with which they decamped to the mountains.

—— Most of the churches in Denmark are hung with pictures of the Crucifixion.

—— In England, the Bible is now sold for 12 cents, the New Testament for 4 cents, the Gospels for 2 cents for each copy.

—— Mademoiselle Keller, a popular Parisian actress, won 38,000 francs lately, at a gambling saloon in Baden.

—— The cucugo, a small Mexican insect, promises to take a position in the world, as an ornament for ladies' hair. It is said to possess wonderful beauty of color, and a dazzling lustre.

—— Several wealthy Southern planters have settled in Brazil.

—— The National Library of Madrid has just obtained the only copy that exists of the first edition of "Don Quixote."

—— There was once a madman at Athens. His frenzy consisted in imagining every vessel which entered the Pireus as his property, and he consequently tasted the happiness of wealth, though oftentimes he had not wherewith to buy a crust of bread and a half-dozen olives.

—— A frightful accident has taken place at Ulm, in Wurtemburg. During a performance at the theatre, 24 lamps attached to the chandelier suspended from the roof burst in succession with great rapidity, and burning petroleum oil fell like a shower of fire on the spectators, among whom were a number of ladies. In a moment the dresses of 20 of them were in flames. Several were seriously burned. One lady was dreadfully injured and died a few hours afterwards.

—— The demand for silks has increased considerably in Paris, since the beginning of autumn. At the same the raw material has become scarce, in the south of France. A large supply of the latter, however, is received from the east, and so the mills are kept in operation. The millowners in the departments of the Drome and the Ardeche are working chiefly with silk imported from Broussa-Beugal and China.

—— Madame Ristori and her theatrical company have gone to Egypt.

—— We read that a body, buried in 1721, between two strata of guano, has been exhumed, in perfect preservation, and is now on exhibition, in a glass-case, at Paris.

—— Recent statistics show that there are 42,856 lunatics in England and Wales.

—— We regret to announce the death of John Leech, the famous artist and contributor to *Punch*, which took place on the 29th Oct., aged 47. He was born in London, and educated at the Charter House of that city. His first contribution to *Punch* was in 1841, since which time he has been its most celebrated artist, his chief characteristics being quiet humor and absence of gross exaggeration.

Miscellaneous.—The 81st in the group of asteroids was discovered by Mr. Wempel, of Marseilles, on the 30th of September, in the constellation Pisces.

—— The swelling produced by the sting of mosquito, wasp, ant or bee, can be immediately reduced by the application of turpentine.

—— A fir forest is always a silent one. Birds almost always choose deciduous trees to sing in.

—— No principle of the laws of civilized warfare is better known, than that wanton and needless injury to an enemy is not justifiable.

—— The moral power exerted by good and wise councils, in contrast with despotic rule—whether of an Ultra Democracy or of a bigotted Aristocracy—should be a nation's bulwark in this 19th century.

—— The following recipe is given for making acorn coffee, which is said to be an excellent imitation of the genuine article: 1st. Take off the hull and dry the kernel. 2d. Roast and pulverize in the usual manner, using about the same quantity that you like of coffee.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Gen. Todleben, the famous Russian engineer, who gained so much reputation at Sebastopol, was in England. He had visited Woolwich, and tested a Whitworth gun, which throws 600 pound shot. It was, so they say, a perfect success.

The Emperors of France and Russia had met, and had several long interviews.

Nothing definite had been agreed on between the Danish and German Powers.

Franz Muller had been found guilty of murdering Mr. Briggs, and sentenced to be hanged.

Berryer, the famous French advocate, is paying a visit to Lord Brougham in London. A grand dinner will be given him there by the legal profession before he leaves.

Hong Kong advices to Sept. 10, state, that according to the latest intelligence from Yokohama, Japan, the marines were under orders for immediate embarkation, and the expedition was to sail three days later; viz., on on the 28th of August. It is to consist of 8 British ships, mounting 184 guns; 3 French ships and 5 Dutch. A merchant steamer had been chartered by the American Minister to carry the United States flag into action, in order that America also may be represented. The object is to enforce the opening of the inland sea according to treaty. It was intended that the marines should land and destroy the batteries so soon as the fleet had silenced the guns; 1,500 troops and half a battery of artillery would remain at Yokohama, together with two or three British men-of-war and the United States sloop Jamestown, to protect the settlements.

The London press is particularly severe upon Gen. Sheridan's devastating five miles of the Shenandoah valley, in retaliation for murdering a Union officer. The *Times* and *Advertiser* are especially so.

The Madrid papers announce that Peru, having refused explanations, all relations between the two countries are suspended.

The Italian Parliament, which met at Turin on the 24th Oct., was adjourned the very next day *sine die*. Considerable discontent was expressed at the proposed removal of the capital from Turin to Florence.

The last mail informs us that the news of the capture of the Florida by the U. S. gunboat Wachusett had reached Europe, and naturally caused much discussion, the British journals being particularly severe — the London *Herald* recommending the joint interference of the maritime Powers to punish such an outrage.

Peace between Denmark and the two great German powers has at length been concluded. The Danish Rigsraad was to meet on the 7th of November for the ratification of the treaty, which was to take place within three weeks. Twenty-one days after that event the Prussians will evacuate Jutland. It is said that France assents to the annexation of the Duchy of Lauenburg to Prussia.

A terrific cyclone has broken over Calcutta, causing enormous destruction of property. Of 200 vessels in the Hoogly (a branch of the Ganges) 10 are reported to be totally lost; and of the remainder 20 only are reported to be seaworthy.

The fleet of the English, French and Dutch has successfully attacked the forts of Prince Negato in the Straits of Shimonosaki. The Japanese have sued for peace, and promise to open the Straits.

THE SEA SHELL.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed
In the sun's palace-porch, where, when unyoked,
His chariot wheel stands midway in the wave.
Shake one, and it awakens—then apply
Its polish'd lip to your attentive ear;
And it remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.

VAN ARDEN'S REVENGE.

"Let me see that, will you?" and the group separated to make room for the tall, dark-bearded man who pressed forward as he spoke.

"Hand it here, Hardy; it is mine," he continued, as he cast a rapid glance at the photograph which Hardy held, and around which an admiring group had gathered.

None thought of disputing the claim, as Hardy handed the picture to Van Arden, and in a moment more the men were engaged in their sad, but alas! not unaccustomed duty.

Two years ago, the sweet girl whose face was pictured on that tiny *carte* had parted from her lover one snowy December night, and in parting placed in his hand this counterfeit of her dear self.

Truly and tenderly it was prized, and many a night, while pacing to and fro on some lonely beat, Van Arden had gazed lovingly on those dear features by the pale light of the moon, or while sitting with his comrades near the cheerful camp fire, had managed, unseen by them, to place his picture so that the light shone upon it, and ever and anon to cast upon it a stolen glance.

In one place just over his heart it always lay, until on one disastrous day fate turned against our armies, and the brave and tender soldier lover was captured and taken with other unfortunates to Richmond. Here his watch was taken from him, his pockets rifled, and their contents appropriated to the rebel sergeant, who superintended the operation, when in an unlucky moment the eye of a gray uniformed captain, who stood near, fell upon the sweet face of this picture, which they had taken by main force from Van Arden, and retained in spite of all his entreaties.

Watch, money, letters, he had not condescended to ask for, but he had begged for his picture as he might have done for his life. But no. With a vile oath the captain sprang forward, and seized it from the sergeant's hand, and turned to the window that he might examine it more closely. With a brow black as night Van Arden watched him, but attempt to gain his lost treasure was vain. He was but one among twenty; unarmed amid a score of revolvers and bayonets.

He saw the captain scan that gentle face with his wicked gaze, heard his coarse comments on its beauty, and then, most horrible of all, saw him imprint a kiss on those pure lips, that even he had hardly presumed to touch.

Then stretching his hands towards heaven, in a voice deep with suppressed emotion, he exclaimed:

"As God lives I will be revenged!"

A year passed by. Van Arden had spent eleven long weary months in a Richmond prison. A month he had been with his regiment, and now in his old place, seemed panting for the fray.

A mile distant the battle raged, the most terrible of the war, they said; and Van Arden's regiment stood waiting to be called into action. Anxiously the men gaze down the long dusty road. A long line of ambulances only is to be seen moving slowly towards the distant hospital tents, with their loads of patient, suffering humanity. Now a young surgeon, with his green scarf fluttering in the breeze, gallops rapidly past, and following him an aide spurs his jaded horse to the uttermost.

He stops, a word to the colonel, who vaults into the saddle as he speaks, an instant more, and the men are marching at double quick down the dusty road along which they have gazed so long.

But a few moments more and they are enveloped in the dust and smoke and din of battle.

Our army fought, not like devils nor tigers, but like tried men and true, and the day was ours. Men said Van Arden never fought so well, as when a few hours later a party which had been detailed to bury the dead carried towards the long open trench the rebel captain he had slain. Then and there they had found the picture which Van Arden had claimed.

He had accomplished his revenge.

WATER BATTERY AT FORT MORGAN.

The capture of Fort Morgan, in Mobile Bay, was effected, after a bombardment of 24 hours' duration, on the 23d of August last. The attack was conducted—as all the world knows—by valiant old Admiral Farragut, the naval hero of our war. We present, on page 148, a sketch of the water battery at this fort. Beneath it Mobile Bay stretches away, into the distance. A portion of our fleet is riding at anchor off the fort. We do not hear much of late as to the progress of affairs at Mobile, but it is known that the city is in our power, and may be captured at any moment. The accessories of our sketch need not be particularised. They are such as are incidental to camp life in and around a fortress, and will be easily recognised.

Oysters in Paris.—The cost of the oyster in Paris confines its consumption to the richer classes. Notwithstanding, however, the high price at which it is sold—generally from 8d to 10d a dozen—enormous quantities are eaten. It has been calculated that 7,000 to 8,000 baskets are daily emptied in Paris. Every basket contains 150 oysters, so that nearly 1,200,000 are daily opened and swallowed in that greedy capital; 36,000,000 oysters a month, or 288,000,000 in the eight months of the year to which the consumption of that mollusk used to be limited.

There is a Massachusetts clergyman who rejoices in the singular name of Rev. Preserved Smith, a unique species, doubtless, of a common genus.



WATER BATTERY AT FORT MORGAN, IN MOBILE BAY, ALABAMA—PART OF OUR FLEET LYING OFF SHORE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MOSES & PIFFET, N. O.



THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY—WAGONS AND CANNONS CAPTURED AT THE BATTLE OF MIDDLETOWN, VA., OCT. 19, COLLECTED AT MAJOR-GEN. SHERIDAN'S HEADQUARTERS.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



WOMEN VOTING IN NEW JERSEY, TOWARDS THE CLOSE OF THE LAST CENTURY.—FROM AN OLD PICTURE.

SONGS OF THE WINDS.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Ye winds of Palestine,
Sing softly o'er each holy shrine,
Sing of the prophet's wondering eye
That saw the Future shadow by



With all its pomp of woe and bliss,
The godlike birth, the traitor's kiss,
The temple rended and the night
That brought for man Redemption's light—
Sing, winds!

II.

Ye winds of iron Rome,
Sing of its wolf-fed founder's home,
Who, rearing high his hairy hands,
Shook law unto a thousand lands,
The law of force and only force,
The signet of his Empire's course,
With teeth of steel and brow of Fate,
Too stern for love, too proud for mate—
Sing, winds!

III.

Ye winds of myrtled Greece,
Sing of the azure eyes of Peace,
Of all her lovely Art that spread
Light on the living and the dead,
Light that is yet the light of mind
In an eternity enshrined,
Light that is yet the fondest nurse
Of the Ideal's Universe—
Sing, winds!

IV.

Ye winds of Freedom's Land,
Sing Power that wields with equal hand,
Where all behold a common shrine,
Let only by the Soul Divine
That rainbows every race with love;
Dropping for ever from above
Sweet benedictions, where the voice
Of choral Heaven cries, "Rejoice!"—
Sing, winds!

V.

Ye winds of every clime,
Sing to the waving wand of Time,
Religion, Freedom, Peace and Power,
Borne on the car of every hour,
When only joy shall lip the world,
One ensign over all unfurled,
Flaming upon its golden span
"The Endless Brotherhood of Man"—
Sing, winds!

A DOMESTIC STORM

"AND ITS REVELATIONS."

BY J. E. D.

Mrs. Kempler had been in the company of a gossiping young widow, a near neighbor, all the afternoon of a bright October day.

It is a curious yet an acknowledged fact, that young widows generally have a cognition of everything that transpires within their circle of society. I said everything, perhaps I should have said more than everything; they seem to have a sort of poetic license among both married and single ladies, therefore have a never-failing fund of idle words ready to run glibly from their tongue's end.

Mrs. Kempler had heard every subject exhausted—more than exhausted, she had heard upon some particular subjects more than she had wished for, and now was seated in her own well-furnished sitting-room, mentally rehearsing those same disagreeable words which she had laughed at when they came from the lips of her chattering neighbor.



THE EFFECTS OF SCANDAL.

The door gently opened, and in walked her husband, with a good-natured "Hem!" to announce that he was ready for the usual household words of greeting. Receiving no response, he made another and more emphatic "Hem!" and walking up to the luxurious easy-chair, with his folded evening paper he lightly tapped its fair occupant upon the cheek. Silence still held its sceptre over those compressed lips, and he repaired to a chair near, unfolded his paper, and commenced reading.



THE GOSSIPING WIDOW.

How conveniently interesting a newspaper is upon such occasions as this. No general, with his enemy's plan of battle drawn out before him, can make more strategic movements than he who sits behind a newspaper when a domestic storm is gathering. It is the most plausible pretext possible for not hearing any of the little peals of distant thunder; the dispatches are so exciting. There are a thousand different ways with this potent and powerful little instrument to disingenuously break the icy reserve which often steals into a fireside circle.

Mr. Kempler used none of them. He did not know the conflicting emotions struggling for the mastery at this time in the heart of his wife; not that we would carry the idea that he was unconscious of the unusual silence, and perfectly indifferent as to whether or no an air of cheerfulness pervaded his home; on the contrary, he was a very sensitive man, and loved home because it was really home. Neither were little domestic storms so rare under the canopy of his roof that he did not know their portentous signs. Doubtless he had carelessly, yet purposely, raised his eyes from the paper, and saw distant and faint flashes of a coming storm well defined upon the ruffled brow of his wife, for coming events cast their shadows before them. He retrospectively glanced at the past, and saw no circumstance which should at this time raise the slightest ripple upon the sea of happiness; but domestic storms, like the storms of Nature, are governed by incomprehensible laws; they are upon us in a moment, sometimes but a mere sprinkling in the sunshine, for an instant

sody; again, they are more noticeable, yet gentle and mild, like April showers, soon gone. Sometimes they come unannounced, without lightning or thunder, a simple pouring down of reproachful words. Again, the whole horizon is overshadowed with clouds, the winds shriek bitter invectives, lightnings flash, and the reverberating thunders roll among their accusations. This is the ominous calm—death to females and blasted hopes mark its course. Woe betides those overtaken by one of these storms.

There are patches upon this terrestrial globe over which storm-clouds never brood—the tinted Chilians and Peruvians never hear the thunder-bursting over their heads, nor look upon the lightning's heavy dew at night descends to moisten the earth. Perhaps there are those of the more human family over whom never has the discordant notes of chasing opinions beneath their roof, but our imperfect natures are generally so warped that they carry forth their carcasts wherever an adverse current disturbs them, or else they soliloquily gather up moisture to distill a dew of bitterness. Would not prefer a good, warm, generous shower to a dew, a cold dampness, that settles down, rusts the soul, and corrodes all the finer feelings of our hearts? Again, further up the Pacific coast, the San Franciscans witness but one storm each year, but that one lasts for three consecutive months, followed by a dreary, sunless and golden sky. Of all these storms and tempests the last is typical of the one darkening the scene before us. The paper which Mr. Kempler was reading had ceased to interest him as an absorbing interest, but that he soon dropped it across his knees, and staring from a side-pocket a small document which, in the world of Government note, already folded, so that the denomination was not visible, and waiting to where his wife sat, he he dropped it into her lap, saying:

"Margaret, give this to Edith—in your name," he continued, after a moment's hesitation, "not mine."

Mrs. Kempler changed colors rapidly, her lips were white and moveless as marble. With a stern and inquiring gaze at him in return, as though she would penetrate, upon the instant, into the innermost recesses of his heart, she unfolded the bill mechanically, and as she glanced at it a shudder shook her clothes.

"A fifty dollar Government note for Miss Edith Mason, from Mr. Kempler; and for what, may I presume to ask?" were the words that came from her lips with seathing accents.

"Margaret, this display of ill-humor is disagreeable and uncalled for. This sayfulness is beyond to annoy you? It came into my mind to-day, while in my office, that you said, a few days since, 'Edith is not well in six months.' And, as I passed her slender means, I laid aside that Treasury-note that you might present it to her to replenish her wardrobe."

"Rather say, Mr. Richard Kempler, that the real motives of your heart were by this course to draw a veil over my face, blind my eyes, while you continued with your intrigues. This money shall never purchase a *trousseau* for Edith Mason, at least not from my hands," and she flung it contemptuously across her husband.

"Margaret, I don't understand you. Tell me what all this means."

"I have nothing to say that will be new to you," she said, without relaxing the cold and hard expression upon her face—"nothing that will be either interesting or agreeable to repeat. I thought that you should have asked me in marriage and wed me, when your affections were placed in another's keeping—in the keeping of Miss Edith Mason."

"I am still to be her father," he returned, eyeing his wife, as if to read the depth of her earnestness.

"So much the more disgraceful are the intrigues and amours," she returned. "Had you been sincere and frank with me at first, grieved and disappointed as I would have felt, I would have respected you the more, and loved you none the less, for the disclosure. But when, after two years of married life, I learn that the man I trust, love and trusted with my whole soul, from whom I have never concealed a thought that could interest him to know, that he has been playing a false part, avowing at the altar to love me and me alone, when he secretly loved another, my most intimate friend, thinking to provide for her, incurring not only debts as the most precious of his possessions, is it strange that when the tongue of a common gossip should come home to my ears, and other evidences prove, and my own judgment now verifies, what I thought an idle tale to be true as gospel, is it strange, I say, that I should feel incensed at the deception practised upon me, at the infamous outrage of my dearest hopes, my most holy affections?"

"Margaret, spare, tell me that all this is but a cruel pleasantry of yours to prove my heart, and that there is not a word of truth in it," he uttered, imploringly.

"A cruel pleasantry," she returned mockingly. "One does not treat upon thorns willingly. Do not pretend to say that it when I have overwhelming evidence to prove it a bitter truth? My suspicions were unwillingly aroused by rumor, then, for the first time in my life, I went to your private desk, your private drawers—locks did not stop me—and there I found your most valued and treasured keepsakes were tokens from Edith Mason. Not from the Edith Mason of to-day—for you have her, she read, under your roof—but from Edith Mason of years ago, a braid of her hair when she could have been but a mere child. Can you deny this? And remember, too, that I have been you together, day by day, and that glances and actions, unnoticed at the time in my stupid blindness, recur to me now with terrible meaning; all these and other circumstances which are not of themselves similarly trivial, cannot fail, when united, to give cogency to the one fearful conviction of my mind. For once speak the true voice of your heart, and own what I know already, that all the love you ever had to give belongs to Edith Mason."

"I will speak the truth," and he arose and stood before her; face to face, and eye to eye, there was no evidence now in his tone. "Edid love that girl, I do love her now, not with that unholy passion pictured by you, but with such a love and such a regard for her as for a child, such a love as we both have for little Margery our child. Anything farther than this is a vile slander upon her name and mine. Edith Mason is as pure as the dew of heaven yet unfallen, and to breathe a word against her fair fame is the basest of all baseness. I am sorry that you should have not defend her, she came under my roof at your invitation, has remained here as your companion." He picked up the bill as he spoke, returned it to his pocket-book, and continued. "I married you because I loved you, because I was satisfied you loved me in return, and since we were united in that bond, it has been my homely endeavor to act so as to honor a true, kind and faithful woman. In world, indeed, I might appear a little gayer than I have been true and honest with you. I have kept your image so lovingly before my eyes, and your memory so constant in my heart, as to become a mark an object of reproach and sarcasm to half of my intimate friends. Before we were married I told you that I was a plain, matter-of-fact man, and in the part of my life from a living existence. I have tried to look upon that past as a dead and forgotten past." He paused for a while, as if in reverie, and then went on, and went on. "If that veil could be withdrawn for a moment, those things you found in a drawer would be found the last ray of hope she might have had that the rumors were unfounded. She was ready to believe that she had not been deceived, and that she could perceive throughout his statements a disposition to screen Edith Mason, and that was in itself an additional confirmation. Margaret, you have spoken of Miss Little Edith? What that braid of hair? While these subtle queries were distilled into poison within her soul, her lips mockingly uttered them.

"Their history," he answered, with no touch of self-consciousness, "I will relate to you at a future period."

"Why keep them at all, unless as a memento of one still dear to you?"

"I have kept them, buried them with that past," he said, and now still more bitterly than ever before he felt the sad consciousness of not being able to pour out his most secret thoughts and feelings, to withdraw the veil. If he could have told with a perfect assurance of being believed, he would have told all; but he felt too well that the aroused jealousy of his wife, her sex prevented her from reposing a full and generous confidence and trust in her. "I once said to myself if the time ever came when I can without pain to others, tell their history without a pang or a fear, I shall gain a victory over my proud spirit."

"And that time has never come," she interrupted him.

He would have continued, but his tongue was tied forever, at least for the present, for pride would suppress his indignation at being questioned like a guilty culprit.

"You see that I read all," she resumed. "As you came into the room I was hesitating whether or no to accuse my husband. Alas! such a course I thought could never restore lost love." As she said these words she turned to him and waited directly. "I hesitated whether or no to send the object of his attachment away with no explanations. I would have done so, but you, you did not at that moment asked me to give her that money—a servier I have often performed before this without suspicion."

"Margaret," he interrupted her, for he was now aroused to a true realization of all the bitterness and baseness of her unjust suspicions of him; "Margaret, you have been deceived, grossly deceived, he said, "Margaret, if I could I would at this instant sever our marital vows and relations; I do not wish to live with you, for you have proved never love, honor and obey one you think unfaithful to you. It will be far better that this should be done than to continue, as at present, to live a lie."

"Have you forgotten our child?" she asked, slunderingly.

"I have not," his voice trembled; "she is all that unites us now. For her sake—the sake of her future, her good name—an open separation must not be avoided if possible. He stopped a moment as if lost in the deepest labyrinth of thought, and then continued. "I moved all this, by quiet management, and with the full concurrence of Edith Mason, I will leave you. I shall sail for San Francisco to-morrow afternoon."

"Husband, husband, you have not loved me—if you love your child, do not desert us now. I will submit to any disgrace but this."

A few moments before she had been defiant, now that she saw the marks of a resolute determination upon her husband's face, her pride unchanged in its nature, sank into humiliation.

"Objections are useless," he said.

"But you will not leave me in anger; say that you will return soon and this miserable scene be forgotten."

"Shall I tell you when I will return?" he looked steadfastly into her eyes. "When you write me that you are ready to believe unfalteringly all that I may say in candor, whatever opposing evidence may stand before you; when you are ready to challenge and repel gross falsehoods uttered against me, until then I shall believe that my presence will be irksome to you. It is necessary for our firm to have a resident agent or partner in California. We had designed sending an agent; I shall go in his stead. It shall be for you to say how long I remain."

Mrs. Kempler's proud spirit revolted at this speech. She had been uttering scathing reproaches against him, upon what she considered well grounded, and he was passing sentence for the love she imagined had never been here, while he, indifferent and independent, stood afar off awaiting her pleasure—her petition whom he was proposing to abandon, this was too degrading to her pride, the tide of her feelings turned again.

"You scorn my society?" she spoke proudly. "I asked you—a shame to me that I did—to remain for the sake of respectability; that would only be a contemptible mockery of respectability. I would not have you suppose, and she brought out the words with seething contempt—"that I shall sink to the level that these rumors have impressed you with Edith Mason. If the native dignity of my womanhood, the principles I inherit from my mother, my love for our innocent child do not hold me to you, I trust that the hope of winning your approval will not. I offer but one promise. If you choose to remain in California until I do return, I will write to you and try to receive a love such as most men are glad to win by assiduity of attention and proofs of unchanging affection. If you remain away by a wilful and unrevengeful absence, you will never see your native state until the grass grows over my grave."

Richard Kempler already had in his lips, but he too was proud, and his will unnerbed.

"Act your own pleasure—your anathema against Edith Mason is unjust and unwomanly, and it is more to save her reputation—to remove all grounds of scandal, that I take the course I do—before I go I shall make such provision for your support as to maintain you in comfort, and shall confide to no one the peculiar circumstances of my departure, leaving you at liberty to act in relation to me in any manner one particular case, according to the dictates of your own good will and pleasure."

"And now may that one restriction be," she asked eagerly.

"That you shall speak nothing about this matter to Edith Mason, by word or deed until you hear from me by letter."

"Have her under my roof!—me feigned words of esteem when her secret soul loathes her as much as it loved her before this."

"She proposes visiting a friend in the country; you can recede." His voice was calm now, with more of the retreating than a commanding tone. "In my request granted?"

"Certainly, if you desire it."

And that was the little bell rang for their late tea, and they directed their steps to the dining-room and sat down at the table as usual, but how changed from the hour—this had been her home ever since her dearest friend Margaret Rutland had married Richard Kempler, merchant, and how changed to her appeared the eyes of Edith that Margaret ate nothing, and that she spoke only to avoid the appearance of singularity. Her self-control was wonderful, and was broached, the pleasures and beneficial results conceded—she would see forth upon it in a day or two—Mr. Kempler continued his purpose of a business visit to the Pacific coast.

"Why don't you go with him?" inquired Edith of Mrs. Kempler, when she had not yet stop without me if I were in your place—only think of seeing the Sierra Nevadas—the famous Yo-Semite, the Gold Hills and Silver Mines."

But Margaret's response was a counterfeit composure spread over each face. After ten little Margery was brought up with a sitting-room. Her father was sitting with her before holding out his arms she almost sprang from the side of the nurse towards him. Mrs. Kempler took up the child and pressed it fondly to its contents. Mr. Kempler, with a word, dismissed the nurse, took his darling, and laying aside all dignity, sat down on the carpet for a frolic.

That was a happy hour for Richard Kempler, yet an unhappy one. Taking the little one to her father, he said:

"Margaret, in one respect I confess I envy you—the little child is a greater treasure of happiness than all the gold in the world to me, I fear. Do not let me keep you up longer. It is late."

Taking her little Margery, Mrs. Kempler withdrew. She had not yet learned cast herself upon the sofa, there to lie and meditate during the night. He had arisen and was busily writing at his desk when she entered the room, and never turned. He noticed the dark shadows under her eyes, and the tight-drawn lines about her mouth as she sat up and returned her cold yet polite "Good morning."

She made several errands about the room, and once paused as if to address him, but changed her mind.

"But a few hours more and this mockery of life will be ended," she thought to herself.

She arose and went to breakfast, but took only a cup of coffee and a slice of toast, then selected his wardrobe to be packed, and passed to and fro in the room of business. At the dinner hour he did not appear—an hour later he came into the house, and under the color of giving the carriage a precast, he sought her for a third parting with his child, little Margery. He soon returned and stood before his wife.

"It is time for me to go now, Margaret."

She did not utter a word, but looked steadily down at the floor.

"Will you write to me and let me know of little Margery?"

"If such is your wish—"

There was a silence for some moments; Mrs. Kempler was pale and composed.

"Margaret, we have both been wrong. Unfaithful and unworthy as you think me to have been, before me, it almost kills me to part with you so coldly. Can we not say to each other, forgive and forget?"

In the worst of jealousy at the word forgive whispered in her ear, "He is guilty." Her eyes, black and haughty, met his with an answer as clear as her tongue could have expressed.

"I have nothing to say."

"Nothing! A continent must separate us then for a long time—perhaps for ever."

"I was your proposal—I will not change it."

"Not if you knew you would never see me again?"

"Not if I knew I should never see you again," she returned, slowly repeating the words.

"Good-bye, Margaret."

"Good-bye," she said in return, without looking up to notice the last expression upon his countenance, as he left her presence.

An hour after this unceremonious parting, two members of the business firm of Jones, Kempler & Co. stood near the gang-plank of a steamer about to bear upon its passengers on their way to the Pacific coast.

"Jones, will you give this letter to my wife Margaret Kempler?"

"I will," and he received the well-sealed missive from the hands of Mr. Kempler.

"Do it personally, and tell—"

"He got no further aloud" separated the two partners. The letter was delivered to Mrs. Kempler, who received with a feigned smile of complacency. She could not conceal the bitterness which was weighing her down. She was not at all eager to break the seal, and an observer would have noticed that she already knew the contents of it, so indifferent did she appear. The handwriting of the address was too familiar for her to be mistaken—it was that of her husband, and could contain nothing to relieve her heart-sickness—there is no balm to cure the wounds of a woman's heart made by jealousy, and she thought it to be.

When alone she opened it and read as follows:

MARGARET—When this letter will have been placed in your hands I shall be upon the rolling Atlantic.

What I write is intended for your eyes only! Read it attentively to the end, and I know that, with your heart wholly given to God you will then look upon Edith Mason as a dearer friend than ever. You may still, after reading this, think me unworthy, but you cannot think me unfaithful.

I am at last obliged to rend the veil which has so long hidden the past of my life from even your eyes. I could not bring myself to discover I am about to make, before you, face to face. I have wished a thousand times that I could, but the fear of losing your esteem and love stopped me. Now I must, and now it is with the greatest reluctance, the deepest sense of mortification, that I place upon paper the sad story of my past.

Let me commence at the beginning, bring forth from the dusty past a true picture of a sad and bitter trial.

How clearly do I see a mother's face after so many long and eventful years? How plain do I hear her voice! How distinctly my ear—every tone and accent so familiar! How distinctly do I see that silvery sheet of water, and the little purling stream below! Memory, it, and the past, like my pool, she pointed out to me, where she was baptised when a girl. How well do I remember the little prayers she taught me to kneel and beside her knee. Prayer to her asked! Joy—joy to her soul for ever! How well do I remember my boyish longings, how I laid awake at night and prayed that I might be as good, if not a great man—that I might have some way opened to me to fulfil a noble destiny, and make the world, in some little degree, better for my existence.

Time sped on—I grew to manhood—my disposition developed itself—my temper was—ah! I fear should say—my passions were very ungovernable controlled. Before I was twenty-one years of age I was married—in four short years two little girls raised their eyes to mine, and called me father. Now I was a merchant, that I had this story locked within my heart, but I will not weary you with a recital of the various scenes that came before me—suffice it to say that I was a man of pride, rather than the exception, governed my actions—true, I had great faults, of which I thought I had fully made. I prided myself on my truthfulness, and on the absence from my nature of all that was small and selfish.

I passed years over all others and proceed now with the one event which has overshadowed my whole existence, from the day of its occurrence down to the present moment.

Back! memory—to the day and the hour—bring up from the grave of the past that morning of twilight with its sad woe.

It was near nine o'clock in the morning of the last day of December, in the year 18—. I remember it well. I was walking down State street, in Boston—having been commissioned to that city as an agent to dispose of a consignment of crude petroleum from one of the Pennsylvania oil explorations.

Do you not believe, Margaret, that there is a destiny which rules from the cradle to the grave—that in the unpenetrable yet mysterious laws are effecting their specific and certain changes daily by unseen hands, unthought of by us?

Now me though—look back at your own life. You can but believe it.

I had disposed of the oil to a well-known business firm, and by a remittance forwarded the proceeds of the sale to the shippers, after detaining barely enough for my personal and travelling expenses.

As I was upon the very point of setting out upon my return trip, I accidentally met a villain—I can use no more faithful word—named Marley, who,

in a business transaction years before, had defrauded me of five thousand dollars, all the money I was possessed of. Heretofore I had been unable to obtain any traces of him. My first thought was to hand him over to the custody of an officer. I thought again: "He is older than I am, and perhaps among friends who will believe him in preference to me, and and are my proofs ready at hand?"

I did not have him arrested, but found myself listening as he told me that his ill-gotten gains had melted like snow under the rays of a vertical sun, barely lasting him a year's revel in New Orleans. He had returned to Boston—his old home—he said; had been upon the Grand Jury the six months previous—had been dabbling in stocks—was establishing a credit, the same as he had done years before when a Washington street merchant.

I know not how it was, but I found myself a ready listener to the dishonest scheme which he gradually unrolled, and which was to culminate in his buying as heavily as possible—upon short credit—and make a mercantile failure, the same as he had done years before.

Perhaps it was because he so faithfully promised to redeem his old obligations that made me listen and promise in return that I would wait and not molest him with any legal proceedings. I looked back at the happiness I had anticipated in rearing and educating my two little girls, and remembered it had been rudely torn asunder by the former wicked deceits of this same man. He had made "sorrow and disappointment handmaids at my fireside, famine and poverty guests at my table," and is it so great a wonder that I should be listening and secretly wishing he might be successful, so that he could restore my little fortune?

How true it is that vice in its true light is so deformed, that it shocks us at first sight, and would hardly ever seduce us did it not wear the mantle of virtue.

I was infatuated at the thought of getting back my honest dues, and gradually schooled myself to think I was doing right to secure from this man this indebtedness, no matter how he obtained the money.

One day he proffered me stocks amounting to forty-five hundred dollars, to cancel the obligation spoken of. I took them, without hesitation; and seeking to stultify my conscience, I did not ask him how he obtained them; yet, at the same time, I knew—or thought I knew—he had purchased them without any intention of paying for them; he intimated the same to me. Yet I did not return them, and therein consisted my guilt and in nothing more. I had deliberately received those stocks from him, knowing they had been obtained wrongfully.

Disguise it as best I could, I also felt guilty of the wrong perpetrated.

I turned part of the property into gold, yet I could not bear to touch it—its inherent attraction seemed changed into a repulsion. I sealed the bag and sent it by express to another State and followed it.

Arriving at my destination I sat down, without going to the express office, meditating whether the possession of this treasure would not be a source of misery rather than pleasure. He had paid it to me to cancel an honest indebtedness, I argued. Hesitating and uneasy, not knowing what to do, I picked up a paper. I am thus explicit, because I want you to know all. I fancied I could see nothing from top to the bottom of the sheet but one paragraph over and over again:

"He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy."

One impulse urged me to stifle such thoughts. Another, to restore the ill-gotten property. Oh, if it could be restored, and I relieved of these self-accusations, I would be a happy man, I thought.

While my soul was engaged in this conflict, a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and I was told by an officer that I must consider myself in custody and await a warrant and requisition from Boston.

I at once volunteered, and did return to that city without either a warrant or requisition. I heartily wanted the ill-gotten treasure restored to its proper owners. Little did I imagine to what a boiling and seething cauldron I was hastening.

I was taken into the police court, and there stood the man, Marley—arraigned as a criminal—who had so lately in the same halls of justice, as a grand juror, passed judgment upon his fellow-man, and I was supposed to be his accomplice.

The web was then unrolled before my eyes, and I saw that instead of purchasing—as he told me he had done—he had procured upon forged checks thirteen thousand dollars' worth of stocks.

It was developed that he had purchased stocks several times in a legitimate manner, paying therefor in bank cheques certified; afterwards he had purchased personally three different bank cheques of the denomination of twenty-five dollars each, and that the twenty-five had been carefully extracted, by means of acids, and five thousand inserted in each cheque, and thus he procured the stocks and bonds—a part of which he had paid me.

I saw myself entangled in a combination of circumstances, small in themselves, yet enough to have the finger of suspicion pointed at me; a part of the proceeds of a forgery was found in my possession. My heart sunk within me and was full of fear; in vain did I stand at my prison door and assert my innocence—an ominous shake of the head was all the encouragement I received.

I essayed again and again to explain all I knew, hoping some one would listen to me; but as often as I sent forth the dove of hope, so often did it come back with no olive branch—no promise of a shore.

A day was fixed for the trial of us both. Days dragged slowly along, and weeks. At last the day came, and I was placed in the prisoners' box for trial, without counsel, penniless and friendless.

Marley had formerly been a wholesale and retail merchant in that same city; had many friends and relatives of power and influence; and with their aid, assisted by two eminent lawyers, he succeeded in making the Government counsel think he was but a mere dupe or tool of mine. There was no possibility of his escaping the penalty of his crime except by this course; therefore they represented that he received the forged cheques of me, he was to plead guilty of uttering them, go upon the stand as a witness, convict me of forging them, and then get a suspension of sentence on the plea of assisting the Government. This was to be the price of his perjury, and for this end he spared neither wealth nor influence—and he succeeded. Why should he not have succeeded? The six months' experience as a grand juror alone gave him sufficient knowledge of the quibbles or evasions of the laws.

His evidence was, that he purchased the original bank checks of twenty-five dollars each, carried them to me and that I altered them to five thousand dollars each, when he again took them and procured the stocks and bonds, and gave me forty-five hundred dollars' worth of them, while he retained the balance for himself. An expert was found who was quite positive from a comparison that the handwriting in the checks was mine. Had not the handwriting of Marley been studiously withheld it would have been too apparent that he was the author of all the writing produced in court, with the exception of two letters which I acknowledged to have written to my little girls a year before. I had no defence! I arose, my trembling limbs and voice spoke too plainly of the pent-up anguish in my heart—yet these uncontrollable emotions were seized upon and portrayed as symbols of guilt. I simply asked each witness in turn if he had ever seen me before, or ever heard a single word against my reputation as an honest man, to which they all emphatically replied "No." I could only say more that I was entirely innocent of that forgery.

The jury retired for a verdict. Can you imagine the feelings of a drowning man who clings for dear life to a rotten rope, and feeling it part strand after strand, sees a fearful death before him? Then you can imagine my feelings as I waited for the verdict of that jury. It came at last, and that word—Guilty—is still like knells ringing in my ears. There is no need that I should describe my feelings to you, Margaret, to whom I write these pages of troubled memories; then it was that I wanted a real friend to stand up and proclaim aloud against the injustice done me.

Have you never felt, from the days of your childhood, while traversing the pathways of life, have you not at some time felt that a friendly word from some one would have fallen like dew upon the arid sands of your thirsty heart? None came to me. I asked myself can this be life, or is it a dream? I wished I could lay my head down at night, and that its resting-place would be the grave. If a dream, the reality was a sad awakening; sentenced to fifteen years' imprisonment.

I had let none of my friends know of the calamity which had overtaken me. I knew that the shock of a great misfortune always shivers every false sentiment, and silences all-feigned words, while at the same time it only brings out in added strength the true and natural affections. It would be useless to call upon my summer friends. I had only one true friend, an old mother, and I would sooner have let the rack of torture rend every bone in my body than let her know of my disgrace.

I entered the walls of a prison—a convict—and the grated doors that swang upon their massive hinges seemed like closing me in a tomb of living death. Upon my entrance to my narrow cell, scarcely any larger than will be my grave, hardly room enough before its iron cot to sink upon my knees and cry to the Father of Mercies for help and consolation; upon my entrance to that cell I fell down upon my knees and prayed earnestly, as my mother had taught me when a child, that God would take the bitter cup from me. Space will not allow me to unveil all the painful experiences of my prison life. A jury had pronounced me guilty of a crime. My assertions of innocence were now treated with indifference, or a curling lip silently proclaimed an immovable disbelief; no one imagined or thought of the possibility of my being innocent, even when I attested it from the very depths of my soul. Ah! how harshly this grated against my pride of having always had at least one virtue in its purity, truthfulness. I was almost ready at times to say I did commit the crime, to acknowledge anything I might be charged with, rather than have my words received with such cold distrust.

Hours I sat, my mind busied with the wicked questionings of God's purposes in thus afflicting me. Was it His own plan to bring me to Himself, to lead me to some higher good? The same sun that hardens clay softens wax. While many around me were cursing the consequences of their crimes, not its committal, I was secretly pouring out my heart that this affliction might make me a better man.

In looking at the past, what was most oppressive and most agonizing to my mind was thinking of my two little girls; their innocent and confiding reliance on me, and the shock their sensitive natures would receive, recoiling at the thoughts of being a convict's daughters; becoming the especial and unprotected objects of a libertine's arts; the finger of scorn pointing them out; or malice with ready sneer crimsoning their faces in coming years, because of a father's disgrace. I thought hundreds of times I could hear their voices repeating their little prayer—

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep," &c.

Think you, Margaret, I could cease to love them, even though I was disgraced and dishonored? No! as long as there is a pulsation of my heart I shall love them and their memories.

At last after long, long years of laborious toil I was set free. But where should I go? To whom could I look for an encouraging word? Had I once a home? it was now a lonely ruin. Had I a wife? she hearkened to the voice of evil rumor. Had I children? they would scorn to call me father. I was actually degraded and despised; the circles which once contained all my sympathies were now for ever closed against me. For years I had not even beheld the stars of heaven; for years I had not heard one gentle tone—one cheering, kindly word.

I went to the Golden State, and in time amassed a competence. I returned to my native place; strange faces filled every familiar window; no one knew me. I sought for my wife; she had been dead years. I wound my way with heavy footsteps to the village graveyard. I followed slowly behind the old silver-haired church sexton as he led the way and pointed out the graves of those I once had known; some of them had been my schoolboy companions. In one corner he pointed out two sunken graves; not even a slab or board noted their names.

"There," he said, "are the graves of the wife and daughter of ———, a convict."

Little did that old man imagine I was the one whose real name he had uttered.

"There," said he again, pointing to another mound near, "lies his mother."

I sank down upon the ground, and with the silent inner voice of agony called upon the mountains to fall down and crush me, and upon the earth to gape and take me in. The constellations were glimmering in the distance before I left that spot—that sacred spot of the earth's ground, but why should I linger upon these scenes?

One child, a small frail girl when I saw her last, was still alive. I searched for her, far and near, quietly and perseveringly; I met you, and—

"O'er the bitter, bitter past
You flung a garland sweet."

In time we were married. Need I tell you now, Margaret, that Edith Mason is my daughter. Yes, I am he who was once James Mason; the Legislature of California upon reasonable grounds changed my name to Richard Kempler. Need I tell you now those things you found in my private desk are what I used to identify that same Edith Mason—your old friend and companion—as my daughter.

No one is more thoroughly ignorant of all these facts than herself, and to no one have I ever told this story but you, Margaret Kempler. My task is now done; after this frank confession, if you deem me unworthy to be your husband you can in time procure a divorce upon the grounds of a wilful desertion, and in that case, I shall settle all of my property equally upon you, Edith Mason, and our little Margery. You can address at the Occidental Hotel, San Francisco,

I am as ever, truly yours,
Richard Kempler.

One dark and desponding morning of our late national trials, the country was startled by an electric flash from the Pacific shores—"California sends one hundred thousand dollars in gold to relieve the wounded loyal soldiers of the old Union." This was before the era of Sanitary Fairs; that message sent a thrill of joy throughout the land, and carried relief to the hearts of thousands. Another message went over the wires that same day carrying joy to one heart in that land of gold. It read as follows:

Mr. Richard Kempler,
Occidental House,
San Francisco, Cal.

Forgive and forget. Come home immediately. Our Edith will be married at our house. She knows all. Margaret Kempler.

THE OLD PROVINCE HOUSE.

On page 157 is a sketch representing the conflagration of the old Province House at Boston, Mass., on the evening of Oct. 25th. The building has been occupied for a long time past as a negro minstrel opera house by Messrs. Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge. It was built in 1679 by Peter Sargeant, Esq., one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of his day in New England. At that time, and for many years afterwards, it rejoiced in the most commodious and elegant surroundings. It stood upon a large lot of land, and was approached by a high flight of massive stone steps and through a magnificent doorway. The history of the estate, though brief, is eventful. It first passed out of the possession of Mr. Sargeant into that of the Province of Massachusetts Bay, and during the continuance of the Provincial Government it was used as a residence by various successive Governors. When the Revolution came, in 1775, and Washington had expelled from Boston the British forces under Gen. Gage, it was used for the transaction of business by the local town officers. As late as 1616 it was granted to the Trustees of the Massachusetts General Hospital, by whom it was subsequently leased to D. S. Greenough, Esq., for a term of 99 years. Since then the house has been used for a variety of purposes.

In the course of years it had lost the elegance of its surroundings, and only retained a dim and lessening flavor of antiquity. New and lofty buildings surrounding it on all sides kept it hidden from public view. The approach to it was through a narrow archway, opening on the north side of Washington street, and leading into a small courtyard in front of the building. From this courtyard another archway opened into a secluded street behind the house. Our sketch, of course, presents the modern aspect of the building, it having been changed somewhat and remodelled as to the interior, in 1851. The curious reader will find an excellent description of its old-time magnificence in Cooper's novel of "Lionel Lincoln; or, the Siege of Boston." In Hawthorne's "Twice Told Tales," also, will be found several interesting legends of the old house, together with a description of it, from which we extract the following passages:

"One afternoon last summer, while walking along Washington street, my eye was attracted by a signboard protruding over a narrow archway, nearly opposite the old South Church. The sign represented the front of a stately edifice, which was designated as the "Old Province House, kept by Thomas Waite." I was glad to be thus reminded of a purpose, long entertained, of visiting and rambling over the mansion of the old royal Governors of Massachusetts; and entering the arched passage, which penetrated through the middle of a brick row of shops, a few steps transported me from the busy heart of modern Boston into a small and secluded courtyard. One side of this space was occupied by the square front of the Province House, three storeys high, and surmounted by a cupola, on the top of which a gilded Indian was discernible, with his bow bent and his arrow on the string, as if aiming at the weathercock on the spire of the old South. The figure has kept this attitude for seventy years or more, ever since good Deacon Drowne, a cunning carver of wood, first stationed him on his long sentinel's watch over the city.

"The Province House is constructed of brick, which seems recently to have been overlaid with a coat of light colored paint. A flight of red freestone steps, fenced in by a balustrade of curiously wrought iron, ascends from the courtyard to the spacious porch, over which is a balcony, with an iron balustrade of similar pattern and workmanship to that beneath. Those letters and figures—16 P. S. 79—are wrought into the ironwork of the balcony, and probably express the date of the edifice, with the initials of its founder's name. A wide door, with double leaves, admitted me into the hall or entry, on the right of which is the entrance to the bar-room.

"It was in this apartment, I presume, that the ancient Governors held their levees, with vice-regal pomp, surrounded by the military men, the councillors, the judges and other officers of the crown, while all the loyalty of the province thronged to do them honor. But the room, in its present condition, cannot boast even of faded magnificence. The panelled wainscot is covered with dingy paint, and acquires a duskier hue from the deep shadow into which the Province House is thrown by the brick block that shuts it in from Washington street. A ray of sunshine never visits this apartment any more than the glare of the festal torches, which have been extinguished from the era of the Revolution. The most venerable and ornamental object is a chimney-piece set round with Dutch tiles of blue-figured China, representing scenes from Scripture; and, for aught I know, the lady of Pownall or Bernard may have sat beside this fireplace and told her children the story of each blue tile. . . . . . . To confess the truth, I was forced to draw strenuously upon my imagination, in order to find aught that was interesting in a house which, without its historic associations, would have seemed merely such a tavern as is usually favored by the custom of decent city boarders and old-fashioned country-gentlemen. The chambers, which were probably spacious in former times, are now cut up by partitions, and subdivided into little nooks, each affording scanty room for the narrow bed, and chair, and dressing-table of a single lodger. The great staircase, however, may be termed, without much hyperbole, a feature of grandeur and magnificence. It winds through the midst of the house by flights of broad steps, each flight terminating in a square landing-place, whence the ascent is continued towards the cupola. A carved balustrade, freshly painted in the lower storeys, but growing dingier as we ascend, borders the staircase with its quaintly twisted and intertwined pillars, from top to bottom. Up these stairs the military boots, or perchance the gouty shoes, of many a Governor have trodden, as the wearers mounted to the cupola, which afforded them so wide a view over their metropolis and the surrounding country. The cupola is an octagon, with several windows, and a door opening upon the roof. From this station, as I pleased myself with imagining, Gage may have beheld his disastrous victory on Bunker Hill (unless one of the tri-mountains intervened), and Howe have marked the approaches of Washington's besieging army; although the buildings, since erected in the vicinity, have shut out almost every object, save the steeple of the old South, which seems almost within arm's length. Descending from the cupola, I paused in the garret to observe the ponderous white oak framework, so much more massive than the frames of modern houses, and thereby resembling an antique skeleton. The brick walls, the materials of which were imported from Holland, and the timbers of the mansion are still as sound as ever; but the floors and other interior parts being greatly decayed, it is contemplated to gut the whole and build a new house within the ancient frame and brick work. Among other inconveniences of the present edifice, mine host mentioned that any jar or motion was apt to shake down the dust of ages out of the ceiling of one chamber upon the floor of that beneath it."

SCENE AT DUTCH GAP CANAL.

A sketch on our first page illustrates the somewhat animating circumstances under which our laborers are prosecuting their work on the Dutch Gap Canal. Last week we gave a picture of the canal and of Howlett's battery, on the north shore of the James river, whence the rebels throw shells, to annoy and impede our workmen. In our present sketch is seen the advent of one of these hostile messengers, and the consequent rapid prudence of our men, who are taking refuge in caves dug in the earth. Many lives are saved by this means. Whenever a shell is seen hurtling through the air, our men take to cover in their caves, and wait there till the shell has fallen and exploded, and the danger is past.

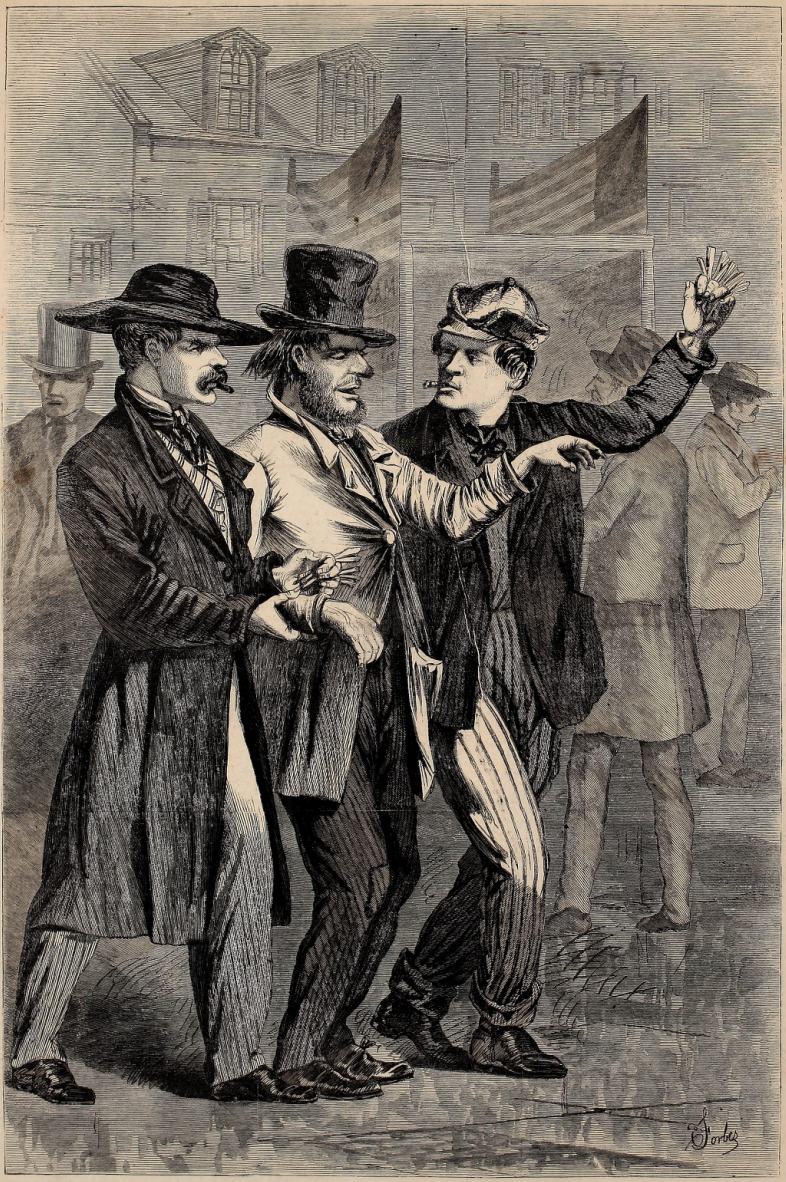
THE PRIZE STEAMER WANDO.

A sketch of this celebrated blockade-runner appears on page 145, furnished by our Special Artist at Boston, in the harbor of which city the Wando is now anchored. She is better known as the Let-Her-Rip. She was engaged in the regular business of running the blockade at Wilmington, N. C., and conveying cotton to Nassau, whence she procured and brought back supplies to the rebels. She left Wilmington for her last voyage as a blockade-runner, on the evening of the 20th of Oct., having on board a cargo of 600 bales of cotton, bound for Nassau. At the very outset, she was discovered, and attacked by the entire blockading fleet on that station. It was a very dark night, however, and favored by the darkness and by her great speed, she ran the gauntlet and got safely to sea. Thereupon the U. S. steamer Fort Jackson, Capt. B. F. Sands, was headed South by East, and kept running all night under a full head of steam. At daybreak, on October 21st, the Wando was discovered, off the port beam, about five miles away, when the Fort Jackson immediately gave chase. The pursuit lasted for several hours, until at length, about eight o'clock, A. M., the Fort Jackson opened fire upon the flying rebel, at long range, with a 100 pounder rifle gun, and a forward 30-pounder. The firing continued until half-past ten A. M., when the Wando surrendered, in Lat. 33 deg. 05 min. N., and Lon. 76 deg. 49 min. W. Ninety-eight shells were thrown, in all. The prize is an ironclad, of about 600 tons, painted white, and is a swift sailer. Her value, including cargo, is estimated at $500,000. On being captured, she was taken to Fortress Monroe, and thence to Boston.

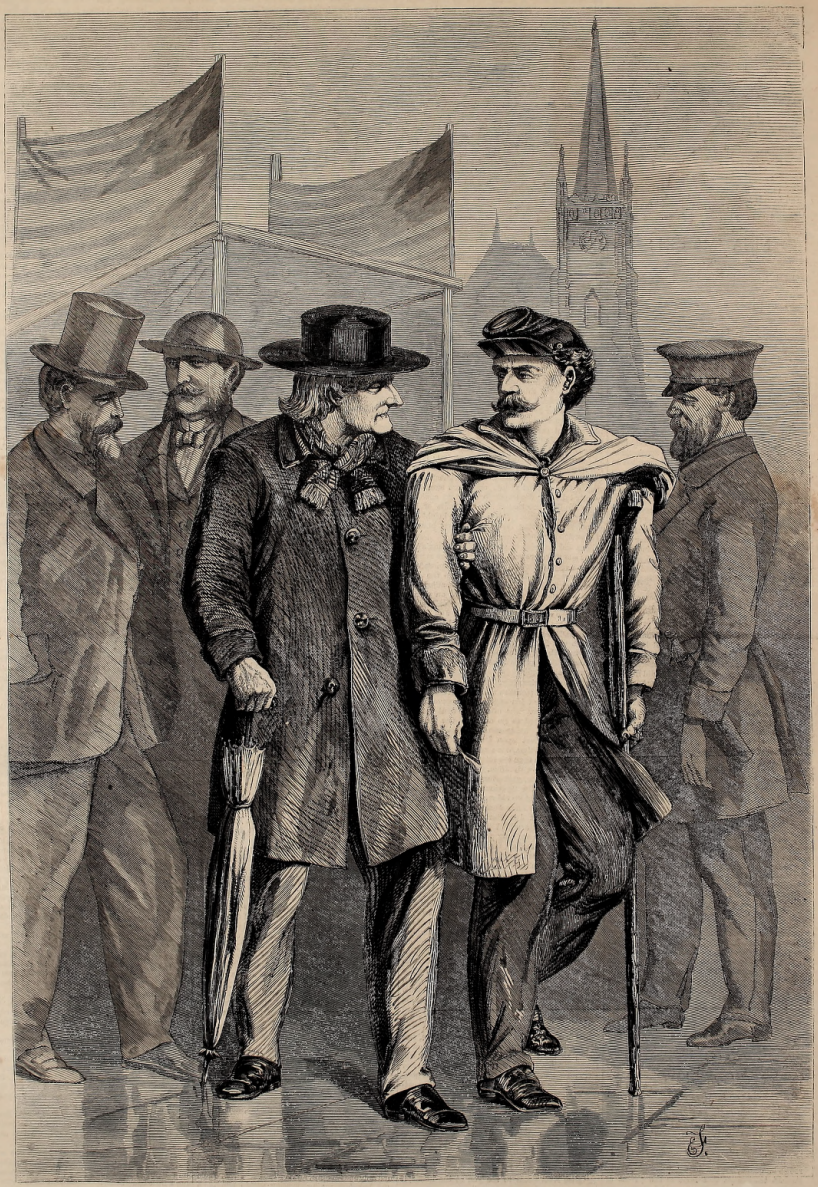
The following is a list of the officers in charge of the prize: Acting-Ensign Smith K. Hopkins, Truro, Mass.; Boatswain P. Alexander Chasen, Baltimore; Acting Master's Mate H. St. C. Eytinge, New York; Acting 1st Assistant Engineer John A. Hill, East Boston; Acting 3d Assistant Engineer W. M. Prentise, Fall River.

Her captor, the Fort Jackson, is a 2,000 ton ship, carrying a heavy armament, and reputed to be the swiftest sailer in the U. S. Navy, excepting, perhaps, the Vanderbilt.

Mention is made of a German metaphysical student who tried to read the works of John Stuart Mill, but gave up in disgust, because the English philosopher proved too clear for him.



THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION OF 1864—SCENE AT THE POLLS IN N. Y.—A VOTER IN THE HANDS OF THE PHILISTINES.



THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION OF 1864—SCENE AT THE POLLS IN N. Y.—THE VETERANS OF 1812 AND 1864.

THE OLD FOLKS.

I NEVER shall tell the old folks were,
'Tis a warning of time and breath
To give you the names of the humble pair,
Who have passed through the courts of death;
But the cot on the hill on the top of the dale,
Near the spot where I just have cried,
Tho the lot where the old folks toiled and toil'd;
And the cot where the old folks died
Is dearer far to my weary heart
Than the dearest cot of earth;
For that was the cot on the lot on the hill
Where the old folks gave me birth.

There's a child was near the cot on the lot on the hill,
That will tell to the traveller there
When the old folks had passed through the gates of death,
And the names of the humble pair.
When I tire of the toils and the cares of life,
Oh, then at the spot where I cried,
Near the cot let me sleep on the top of the hill,
Nestled down by the old folks' side.

NINA MARSH;

OR,

THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER XXVII.—THE ROVE RETURNS TO HER NEST.

A FORTNIGHT passed quietly at Beechwood. A species of solemn tranquility reigned in the house. Mr. Marsh was ill once, spoke little to any one, and never to Nina, unless it were to answer the morning and evening greetings she made at her bed-side. Mrs. Marsh, who was of a most sanguine, unimpressionable nature, had thrown off her melancholy without an effort, and was so placed in the public, as to permit it in her bearing, as she had ever been. We cannot describe Madeleine's feelings, simply because she had none. Her nature was incapable. She was not one-fifteen of her own defects; few of us are; but if she had been gifted with the power to see herself as others saw her, she was not such an apathetic to have profited by the knowledge. She worked on at her roses and lilies, blending fire and snow on her canvas with a practised hand, and she did not see them, or realize afterwards, that she had been toying at the mouth of a volcano.

But the two who really suffered bravely and silently, just terribly, were Nina Marsh and Captain Marsh. Nina had a restless, vivid color in her cheeks, and a dazzling brightness in her eyes which grew more feverish daily, instead of prostrating her energies. She saw no hope, and yet she hoped, clinging existedly to a frail reed of consolation that would break in her hand the directly she put its efficiency to the test. She counted the hours mournfully as they passed. She kept awake at night in order that she might get up and rush through every minute of freedom left to her. Even when she slumbered from pure exhaustion it was only fitfully. She would start and scream at the slightest sound, and her faculties were never so obscured by sleep that she could not begin her sufferings anew the instant she awoke. She never blamed Cyril, nor did he blame her. They met quietly, talked together on different subjects with burning hearts, and kept up valiantly the farce of indifference, which each knew it to be such a miserable lie. It was hard to say which was the calmer of the two. Cyril's calmness was the calmness of despair, Nina's of desperation. Captain Marsh knew the worst of his fate, and was suffering as much as he believed he could ever have to suffer. But Nina's greater sorrow was of that nature which stimulates rather than deadens, for it united anticipation to realization; so that the old wound, instead of being left to heal, or even to mortify, was kept open and raw, besides being threatened every minute with a deeper stab.

Now she had Cyril with her—Cyril, who was more precious to her than her life; but in dark future days she would be infinitely worse than alone. She felt in her heart's core the degrading degradation. To live as the wife of a man she despised and mistrusted, what could be more demoralizing, more hopeless, more terrible?

But in the midst of her own trouble—and this should buy her pardon for some errors—Nina never forgot that she was also in trouble. Mrs. Oldum was nearly mad with his grief at Rose Woodman's sudden fall. The poor girl had been entangled in a cruel snare by her unscrupulous fellow-conspirator, and even her lover, longing to doubt her guilt, could find no reasonable excuse. He might have been more easily compelled if she had given him an honest rival in an honest way. He could have pardoned recklessness, and humbly acknowledged that Rose's beauty gave her a natural right to entertain a better home than he could offer her; but to forsake him and his true, tender love for a licentious despot who had nothing to recommend him but his cutcromit, this was what Ben could not forgive or forget.

He took to the Red Lion convivially like a desperate man, ate his new lay sheep, and he had to drink deep to drown it. But his potations neither sharpened nor deadened his faculties, only hardened them, from a mild, plastic state, of silent nature and strong affections, Ben became a stubborn, loquacious cynic, and a taproom orator of a most humorous kind. He would have given all his fame for a little happiness. But we all know Marmontel's apothegm—*Quand on n'a pas ce que l'on aime, il faut aimer ce que l'on a*. This advice naturally occurs to most of us. We may put it in rough language, but the theory is the same. Some nations console us that hope is the parent of reality, and therefore, if we cannot find it in one direction we must seek it in another, and make ourselves satisfied with the result, even if it should be but a very mean portion of our desires. This principle of substitution is very congenial to our natures, and to do it justice, it cures many evils which the most resolute stoicism could never touch.

Not that Ben's malady was cured by any such means. It might have been later, but only at the expense of right feeling, disrespect and want of integrity, as the alternative he had chosen was of a doubtful character. To take real pleasure in his bacolic residence he must have been at a dearer price. But he was fast degenerating. Every day he lost some of his old sensitiveness and scrupulosity. He grew keen as a bargain, by force of caring to have her he frightened the old dame into a promise that she would board and lodge him for a certain sum weekly, the sum being so small that it barely covered his share of the household expenses, and left the rest entirely to her own devices. She submitted silently to his exactions, because she hoped every day to regain her influence over him. But every day he became more reckless and desperate, more sullenly determined to have his own way. The same grow disgusted. This was by no means the consummation she had plotted and planned. Her picture had been of a Ben subdued by suffering, penitent and docile, very grateful to her for her services, and unconditionally liberal with his wages. But the reverse of the medal was hardly to be borne. She became annoying, discontented, and harsh, stinting her in order to enrich mine host of the Red Lion, and so bitter and irritable that she would have driven Ben to leave the opinion of her own. The dame began to think that Rose's mild, benignant sovereignty had been more advantageous to her than she had ever supposed, when she was under the rule of the day. She would have liked to recall Rose, and welcome her back to her old kingdom; but it was too late. She had scorned, but now could not mend. The confession she must make to her son before she could satisfy him of Rose's innocence would prevent him having any more dealings with the new state of things. Ben had grown a dangerous character since his disappointment, and was not to be defied. She had only to look in his eyes at times which had made even her quail. She was not easily frightened, but somehow she did tremble before Ben's gloomy displeasure. She ought to get rid of him as she had once longed to keep him. She had a certain capital; it was not money, and yet it was better than money, for it was a perpetual dividend. She determined to realise this, convert it into one large sum, and quietly take her departure to a distant country, there to live in comfort on the fruits of her cruelty and cunning. But the dame's bright day of power was waning fast, and the dark hour of retribution drew nigh.

Nina did not wish to go near Mrs. Oldum's cottage; she therefore sent for Ben up to the manor-house. Her messenger was the gardener's boy, Will, a mere dame, and referred to the Red Lion for further intelligence. He adjourned there immediately, nothing loth, for Ben was a liberal customer, and generally appreciated by young men of a sociable turn—and Jim Stokes was sociable, too much so, as Eliza Wells often found.

"She was fond of society herself," she said, "but then she never forgot her decent limits. If Jim went out with her, she could stop at home the next contentedly."

But then unfortunately, Jim was so constituted that the natural pleasure of eating, drinking, and being met whetted his appetite, and gave him a longing for more. The oftener he went out the oftener he wanted to go out. All the persons he associated with encouraged him. Eliza had to offer had no effect upon him now. They had swayed him for a time, but a relapse soon followed, and he went out more than ever. Then Eliza fell off, and fell out with Eliza. Eliza called Jim a drunkard, and Jim, gathering all insults into one, stung to the heart by Eliza's cold and unpardonable epithet of "a dried-up old maid."

At this juncture Eliza went into hysterics, as in duty bound, and a fine scene ensued, in which Jim openly, fully determined that his commission should carry him not only past but into the Red Lion. When, therefore, Will, the gardener's boy, had assembling acknowledged to Ben's presence in the ale-house parlor, Jim felt personally indebted to him for legitimising his intentions, and paid down the price of a pint of ale.

He found Ben in all the excitement of a fiery debate. He was advocating the rights of the people; he was denouncing the aristocracy; in the sense way that you would crush a venomous reptile obstructing your path. He was cursing the ministers and the government for sending out the parsons to perdition: abolishing capital punishment; cutting up the rich man's parks, to make them into potato grounds for the poor; taxing high and low to one level, both in purse and person; and altogether instituting such reforms, and such revolutions, as would have made the old auditors looked upon him as a man destined to make a great noise in the world, as well as the taproom.

Jim came in for the fag-end of his oration, and sat down very patiently to await until the flow of words should subside. Presently Ben paused, moistened his throat with a draught of amber ale, and listened for a discontent voice. But none came; so he wiped his heated brow on his coat sleeve with a complacent air, and just then happening to catch Jim's eye, he nodded to him, with a smile that almost expressed his thought, "Am I not a fine fellow for a people's patriot and orator?" Jim did not feel quite inclined to acknowledge this superiority, and as Ben's eye still dwelt on him inquiringly, he made his way to the upper end of the room, and delivered his message in an audible aside.

"Miss Nina wants to see you at the house, if it's convenient to you to come."

Ben paused in his decision. Here was the time to make a grand effect, and practise the doctrine he had preached. Miss Marsh, the squire's daughter, was, in the eyes of all present, a member of the bloated aristocracy he had just been crying down with a vengeance. By sending her an insolent answer he would show the consistency of his principles, and make a lasting impression on his auditors. But then he thought of Nina's sad, sweet face, and beautiful eyes, and all the rough chivalry in Ben's nature was aroused.

"You can tell Miss Nina I'm coming, if you get there before me. I'll be in a trot, assured you."

and he marched straight out, unheeding the sneers of his enemies and the reproaches of his friends.

When he reached the manor-house he was conducted to Mrs. Treut's room. The stately housekeeper, who was accustomed to the loftiest tone, was a more formidable person by far than her young mistress. Ben suffered agonies of diffidence. He turned his hat round and round; he examined the lining with peculiar earnestness, then he stared into vacancy with troubled eyes. Mrs. Treut exerted herself to put him at his ease. But there was something so dignified in the very folds of her black silk dress, so much serious thought in her massive brow, that Ben felt he thought himself in the presence of a duchess if he had not known better. Still he could not get over the awe which the air of the room inevitably inspired him, and he was truly relieved when she got up from her seat, saying she heard Miss Nina coming, and would go to another room till they had finished their business together.

She was almost immediately replaced by Nina herself. Nina came towards Ben with a gentle, kind smile on her face, and he made him rescat himself, kindly. Ben dropped into his seat with a gigantic "plop," which made the china on the mantel-piece ring with resonance.

"You needn't look so startled, Ben," said Nina, drawing her chair nearer to the fire; "I have nothing but kind words for you."

Ben shook his head incredulously.

"If I were to tell you that poor Rose was most innocent and unhappy, you wouldn't you be able to believe me without proofs?"

"I should know, miss, you didn't tell a lie knowingly," said Ben.

"You would be sure that I had made a mistake?"

"I should, miss."

"I am grateful to have it in my power to clear Rose's character, and show it now, as it always was, without a stain."

And then she told him all—unbared that iniquitous plot between Lord Gillingham and Dame Oldum, which had proved so fatal to the happiness of two innocent people. She showed skilfully all through, but when she had finished he sprang off his seat, threw his cap into the air three times, and regarded the ceiling as if his ecstacies were too voice. Then, having given his feelings vent, he sat down again, looking confused at his own transports, and apologising very humbly.

"Never mind, Ben," she kindly answered. "I expected something of the sort, and I should have been ill-satisfied if your politeness had been stronger than your feelings at such a time as this."

But Ben had cooled a little now, and had room for a fresh burst.

"He mightn't have been lying, miss, might he? I know his lordship ain't in no wise particular about a bit of truth, but he wanted it to carry favor with you, and thought it would be as well to get Rose off his mind. Bachilus as he, being no gentleman, would be for a trick, but you're sure his lordship would be clever at his wicked ness, and find some learning to help him."

"No, I am positive that Rose spoke the truth, and that Lord Gillingham lied the truth. He would have kept it from me if he could; but when he found that I suspected him, and could not be deceived any longer, he confessed, unwillingly, his horrible plot against poor Rose, and tried to brave it out. But, if you feel any doubt upon the point, you may as well go to Lord Gillingham's. He can have no motive for deception now."

"No, I couldn't treat myself with him," said Ben, firmly. "I should mail him to death, I know I should."

"Then, perhaps, you had better hear what your mistress has to say, and then I believe she will confess, mind; but still, by taking her unawares, you may get enough out of her to satisfy you as to the truth of the matter."

"I won't that I doubt your word, miss—"

"I know you don't, Ben; but it is difficult for you to realise your own position. You have been a friend to me, and I will see your mother, and if you hear nothing from her that is satisfactory come back to me, and I will try to get you the proofs you require. But I would rather not to mention my name at all in the business. Dame Oldum will certainly guess that it was I who told you all this if you do, and perhaps it is better to say nothing, and the best return you can make me is to refuse to answer any questions Dame Oldum may ask concerning me. Will you also to make poor little Rose happy as your wife?"

"I'll cut my tongue out before she shall know you've been speaking."

"She must know, on account of Stokes having been to the house to ask for you; but I would not provoke her needlessly, nor must you."

Ben could not cross her with my whole heart, though she's the mother that gave me birth. But I won't, Miss Nina—I promise you, I won't."

Nina held out her hand to him, smiling, as she moved towards the door.

"If she's all you say, miss, I take my solemn oath she shall never have a saucy I make."

And Ben went away, and never remembered until weeks afterwards that he had not thanked Nina for her gracious services. But just now he had only one thought, and that possessed his whole soul, burning, raging, beating within him like a tumultuous tempest. That was his cause, not about a bloated aristocracy, the rights of the people, the duties of the great? The world was to him one great garden blushing with fruits, blossoming with flowers, brilliant with sunshine. He saw no snake in the grass, no trace of venom in the brown fertile soil. There was no wrong or oppression in his flowery Eden, no sound of wailing, none of those bitter cries that are won from the wan lips of the starving. All was bright, beautiful and blooming, for poor Ben's honest heart was blessed with the renewed gift of love and hope.

He strode up the hill, dewy and thick with mist, and crossed the threshold of his own door with an air of triumph. The barrenness and desolation of the little room as he entered it struck him with a sudden chill. All the china ornaments from the parlor mantel-piece were there, as well as a gay fire beside where his mother's armchair used to stand, all the pictures had disappeared from the walls, and the whole place was deserted and cheerless—in fact, the whole aspect of the place was at once solemn and forlorn, dreary and chill.

He was wondering over all this in a vague, obtuse way, when the inner door opened, and Dame Oldum suddenly confronted him.

She started back with a tone of repressed astonishment, "what brings you home so early to-night?"

But he fixed on her such a fierce, stern eye, that she paused and quailed.

"I come for a bit of news," he answered, noting her fear with savage joy. "You've made a beast and a brute of me with your plotting and your schemes, but, perhaps, you'll have the goodness to mend my manners by telling me what you and my lord have done with Rose."

"Rose, my lord! Ben!" began the dame, scornfully, but she soon faltered and was silent.

Ben did not look much as if he meant to be foiled, and he stood there so grim in his manner that he knew almost as much as she could tell him. A full confession would not harm her. She was implicated in the whole affair, by Ben, and was already deep in her preparations for departure. It did not signify to her who lived with Ben, since she could not remain to see him. She grudged Rose her triumph—grudged it with all her heart, but she stood between two unpleasant alternatives, and had to choose the least disagreeable. Rose was a little more afraid of Ben, in his present dark mood, than she was jealous of Rose. So she told the whole tale, Ben standing over her, and looking as if he could have throttled the words out of her cozy lips she paused to take breath. When it was concluded, he kept grim silence for a minute or two. Then he said, slowly:

"It's hard work, harder work than you think, to keep from cursing you right out. But I'll set you down as a fool, and let you off with that. You say you are going away the day after to-morrow. Well, live here peaceable till then; I won't disturb you for that. And as to Rose, I'll find her, mind, I'll never call you mother again. If you were starving, I don't mean to say I'd turn you from my door; only there's a deal of hard work in sin for many a long year to come, and I'm not sure I'm going, as it seems we shan't meet again in this world. Here's my hand, and good-bye to you. May God turn your heart—and mine!"

He went out, his eyes moist, his lip tears, and walked straight down to Woodman's cottage. The dame had told him that he could get Rose's address from her father, and he found the old man ready enough to afford him the information he required.

The poor sickly mother came hobbling to the door to wish him God speed, and to tell him how earnestly and faithfully Rose had loved him all through.

"I wouldn't have told you if it hadn't been all right between you now, Ben," she said; "but it is as near killed her as could be. Often and often has she said to me, 'If it wasn't for you, mother, I should lay down and die. There doesn't seem anything worth living for, now Ben and me's parted.' And the poor child used to nothing but poor girl! Only when the neighbors came in, and wanted to say a word about you, speaking harsh to us. How would Rose get up, and declare it wasn't your fault; for if you heard cruel tales, you wasn't to be expected not to believe 'em. And she went on taking your part, and telling us how good you was here. And as she rode off in the miller's light cart to the station, I could see her looking up at your cottage window, as we could not see it. But as to the very name of that frock the dame gave her, she couldn't abide it any more than she could abide pisen, and wanted to tear it up, if Thatch't hadn't prevented her."

"Then the dame really did give it to her?" said Ben, tremulously.

"I should think she did, in my very room, and before my eyes; and then we told her of it afterwards, she declared to us that Rose was a liar to accuse from Lord Gillingham, which was as false a story as ever was."

"And who got her the place?" said Ben, determined to make up everything at once, in order that he might never have to recur to the subject again.

"Well, my sister is housekeeper in a high house, and when I—being a good scholard, as Rose is too —wrote and told her about matters, she said, if Rose liked to come to her she would get her a good situation. And so she did, I'm sure, for many's the shilling Rose has sent me since her master spoke a word to her, and I s'pose you'll bring her home again?"

"Please God, mother, please God," said Ben, reverently, and he walked back down the road, turning every now and then to bid her a last and a last mute farewell.

Ben had a good fifty miles' walk before him ere he could reach Rose's new abode. But he marched on valiantly, now mounting a high hill, now crossing a little cozy beck, now disappearing in a green hollow, and he never thought to be tired; his heart was too full of other things. The silent stars bore him company, and the night, if chilly,

was clear and calm. But could he be cold, or hungry, or fatigued, who was about to take his innocent Rose to his yearning bosom again, and call her his own—his own now until death? When the dawn broke, and soft ripples of amber and sapphire light pierced through the gray east, Ben went in to a wayside inn to refresh himself, and came out feeling within him renewed energy and life.

But why describe this quiet, uneventful journey? Ben found his Rose—a thin, hollow-eyed girl whom he could hardly feel in his arms, when he caught her to him with an eager, passionate gripe. She had so wasted, so pined with sorrow, that his own heart almost gave a bound, and the tears sprang into his eyes as he looked at her.

"Don't cry, Ben," said Rose, stroking his cheek with her quivering fingers. "I will soon get well now. It wasn't pain that was killing me; it was only being parted from you."

"And we shall not be parted again now, my little Rose."

"Never," she whispered, pressing closer to him. "We are sure never, Ben, for the next time I should not linger, but die outright."

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE STORM BURSTS.

NINA had performed a good action, had remembered the sorrowful others in the midst of her own sorrows, and she felt more at peace with herself than she had done for a long time. She crept back into the room where they were all assembled, her eyes cast downward, unconsciously directly she entered, and lingering on him so long and so wistfully, that she never even noticed Gabrielle's presence until she clasped him in her arms.

"Now," said Gabrielle, breathless from the quick kisses she dropped upon Nina's cheeks and lips, "say you're glad to see me, or I'll pinch you."

"You know I must be glad, Gabrielle."

"Oh, no, you're not obliged, only you must say so. I like polite humbug better than rough truth."

"Nonsense!"

"I do, and I always did. I'm not obliged to be deceived by humbug just because I enjoy it. If you call me a humbug to my face, and deceive me behind my back I've turned my back, I don't know that you've reversed your decree so hastily, and walk away complaisant and happy. Mind, I am certain all the time that you don't feel quite all you assert; but then, as I said before, I like humbug; it's so smooth and light, that you can swallow a good deal of it at a sitting, and not suffer from indigestion; and, being a Frenchwoman, I prefer light dishes."

"I grant you credit for more solidity of taste than you will acknowledge," said Cyril, taking up the conversation in order to ease Nina.

Gabrielle turned him a sudden bright glance of interrogation, then turned away haughtily.

"You don't know anything about me at all, Captain Marsh, nor should you! You haven't heard the news?" she suddenly added, turning to Nina.

"No."

"Well, mamma has turned out to be a woman of fortune after all. There has been a cruel and persistent fraud somewhere, but all that I have to do is to explain it now. As any rate, mamma will now have a clear thousand pounds a year, and will go back to her beloved Paris, and live credibably to our name."

And Gabrielle paused, sighed very deeply, and then went on with sudden dash and fire:

"I am to be a duchess, at the least, so she says, and 'madame la princesse' would sound well, if it only prove attainable. But, as I tell mamma, I'm a different thing wishing for the moon and getting it."

"Do you compare a prince to the moon?"

"No, for a prince is a star of the first magnitude—that is to say, in mama's opinion. I—let me see, what do I think?—I think it is nicer to be Gabrielle de Tonnay, and live at Beechwood, and have Nina very often; but then Nina is going away, and will marry a big monster of a man, who, I fancy, wants just a wife, and nothing more; so I shall cast out here, I am fain to follow mama to Paris, and help her angle for the dear prince who is the object of her ambition."

"Then Baron de Pène has already left?"

"Yes, for town; but she returns in a couple of days to fetch me, and in the meantime she has billeted me on Nina, Mark—or, rather I have billeted myself, being a great little fool, and afraid to sleep alone."

"Why, Mrs. mademoiselle, I always thought you were so brave."

"So I am with ows, and spiders, and earwigs, and all such things. I live in mighty horror of finding a robber concealed beneath my bed. Mama looks under it for me every night, and into all the closets; then I generally scold her, stamp my patent leather boots or treble my door to make say one think I'm a man, after this black and-bolt everything there is so jolly and still, just a good hot bath ready for any one to tumble over if he came, and rush into bed, where I lie trembling until I fall asleep. But then I don't sleep for long, for very soon after, when we really thought that the long-expected robbers had come at last, I spontaneously threw myself into the arms of a myriad of John of Horse propensities with confidence, and grew so eloquent in my description of his natural ferocity and blackguardism, that, I believe, I made a very strong impression upon William Dart's gray mare which had strayed from the common and was standing a fresh nibble on our grassplot. At any rate, it neighed."

"Who neighed—the gray mare?"

"Naturally; it could not have been the robber, who never came; nor John the footman, who was a myth; nor mama, who was fainting in her bed; nor Mary Anne, who was down on her knees rushing over her prayers and saying grace before meat—evidently thinking that anything would do if it were only in the right sort—and I, am I in the habit of neighing, pray?"

"I never heard you," answered Cyril, gravely. "They've spoilt you hers," said Nina, shrugging her shoulders and laughing; "you used not to be so disagreeable when you first came."

The laugh was still on her lips, and Nina and Captain Marsh were each smiling, though faintly, when she repressed and the latter came in. It was rather unusual for him to enter the drawing-room of an evening without being summoned, Mr. Marsh never entering it before after dinner, and liked to be left with his family and to read his *Times* in peace, without being disturbed by the presence of others. He looked up at the man's flushed, sorrowful face, and then, as he saw Nina very often in the morning, and the increased pain of parting threshold. Then there was all her vague fear and horror of the secret of Nina's which had driven the police to her father's house, and between these mingled sensations Gabrielle was almost beside herself. She could not believe that such a deadly crime lay, dropped a kiss and a tear on it to-gether, and flew past him out of the room.

Then Cyril returned to Nina. But she refused the wine.

"Give it to mama," she said; "don't you see how badly she needs some restorative?"

"No, Nina, your mother would accuse me justly of cruelty if I brought her to her senses now. Let her remain as she is so long as possible. She will wake soon enough, my poor Nina."

"And you will not forsake me, Cyril?"

"Did I not promise Rose, Nina?"

"You will be so dull—so terribly tried. Can you guess what they are fetching me for?"

"No; but I should be to!?. It will come to me better from you, and, besides, I shall then be prepared."

"Murder."

She gave the word faintly, her eyes searching his eyes, as if to read his soul. He shrank from her a minute, but it was only a minute.

"You are falsely accused, Nina," he said, and, taking up her white tremulous hand, he kissed it passionately. "Be of good cheer, my child, and cheerful!"

"But, Cyril, I—I murdered my child."

"Then you were mad, quite mad, weren't you?"

His agony was almost equal to hers. His lips worked convulsively, the veins in his forehead stood out like cords, and he held his gripe on her hand tightened like the grips of a drowning man.

"When you were mad, quite mad, weren't you?"

He repeated his question, but she could not answer it then. At last she said "No," slowly but decidedly.

"But you have some explanation to give, Nina; you can tell me something I may believe."

"Upon my honor and soul, I committed this murder, Cyril, but you can exonerate me one way. I never meant to do it—I never dreamt of such a thing in my wildest moments. Only an hour before I was accused Sr. George had behaved to me, I loved his child. You know we were married, and after his desertion I returned home. In a few months I was again, on the pretence of another visit to Miss Mervyn; but, instead of going to Westmoreland, where she then was, I went to a quaint little village in Yorkshire, where my child was born. It was puny and delicate as its birth; but I swear that I loved it, and would have saved it if I could. I had written for me to return home. I had received no letters from any of my family. I had begged them not to write, save were travelling abroad, and was glad to be saved the trouble. But I knew that their trip to the seaside must be nearly over, and that I must take my child to Mervyn Court to get my father, and, finding everything, and flinging myself on his mercy. I wrote and announced my intention of returning to Beechwood, and waited for their answer in London. I had been away from home several days. They appointed the following Thursday for my arrival, and on the evening of that day I got out to a little station some short distance distant from here, and came on by a carrier to within an easy walk of the house. It was growing dusk when I got to the village, and I waited in the darkness of the churchyard, which overhung and covered the face of my child. It lay on my arm, with eyes distended and lips apart, and when I put its head on my shoulder, still, and dull, and heavy from lack of life—at least so I thought. I solemnly swear that I believed it dead. I sat down and wept over it, but I had no idea of its actual death. I have found rest. Then I went to the edge of the hill on which I had been sitting, and cast its body into the sea, which flowed at the bottom with a low, deep moan beneath. 'As well here as under the sod,' I thought, 'since it is lost to me and I cannot call it back again. God will smile on its ocean grave, and His cool waves are as soft to its form as the brown earth. So sleep, my beloved, until we meet again.' I turned, with my eyes flooded with tears, and came face to face with Dame Oldam.

"What have you been doing there? she said, in a tone of mingled authority.

"I cowered, but did not speak.

"'You've been murdering your own little one, I know.'

"It was dead—I swear it was dead! I answered, trembling in every limb.

"'Dead or alive, you've got rid of it. Have you the dead cry out?' she screamed.

"'It never cried,' I said. 'How could it? I tell you it was dead.'

"I saw she had something in your arms—I stood and watched you," she went on. 'You crept along the ridge of the hill, I crept along after you: you sat down, and I saw you bury your bonnet and cast it into the sea. I was so near you then that I let almost on you to look down, and I saw the child dash itself against the rocks at its cruel youder, and open its mouth and cry—it's no use saying it didn't—I heard the cry, I saw the child, and I'll be the say and I'll swear it. You carried it up from it out of your arms, and that it suffered in dying, for it died in sharp pain. You killed it, and you meant to kill it, to save yourself from shame.

"'Oh, Cyril, I was agonised! Less at detection, less from the conviction that benefited I was at an end, than at the hand, cruel, creature, than at the terrible thought that I had murdered my own child. She made a bargain with me I should be spared in consequence I do everything. I gave her money, all I could scrape together: I sold my jewels to satisfy her rapacious claims, and I lose step-mother's confidence, and with exposure and darkened every hour of my life. I went into mourning for my little one, as much from remorse as grief, and I was in deep distress on account for one in my position, and was always afraid of being questioned. I thought, then, black would hide my poverty and my heart at the same time. I suffered so terribly in different ways! I suffered through fear, through sin, through humiliation, through love, and now my cup is full to overflowing—the one last bitter drop has been added, and I am as one without hope."

She covered her eyes with her hand, and for a minute she was very gray. Presently she looked up again, and spoke:

"This is Lord Gillingham's revenge."

But she suddenly paused, listened attentively for a second or two, and then flung herself into Cyril's arms in an agony of terror.

"They are coming! they are coming! don't you hear them? Oh, Cyril, to die that death!"

"Hush, Nina; be brave!" he answered, straining her to his almost convulsively. "You are innocent in God's eyes; and I, having heard your miserable story, absolve you completely. No jury would convict you on the evidence of such a woman as Dame Oldam. Come, Nina, have courage. Nay, you must be very powerful herself, and take the air of an innocent person; your looks will be watched and your words studied. They are just at the door; take my arm, lift your head, look at them steadily as they enter, and remember, whatever may happen, you have a true friend in Cyril Marsh."

"Thank you for that, Cyril. Now I am brave."

And she smiled—smiled in the very teeth of the man who had come to tear her from her father's hearth. And they were surprised to find her very calm and confident. She thanked the superintendent quietly when he said that they had determined to remove her until the morning, and that Mrs. Trout might remain with her during the night, if she would prefer not to pass it with them alone.

Nina was truly grateful for these concessions. She did not know until afterwards that Mr. Marsh had used his influence with the coroner there for her, and had only succeeded after a most solemn assertion that she should not be allowed to escape. It would have distressed her to know that her father would do even this much for her. Still she had one consolation in Cyril's presence. Leaning on his arm, she had been able to listen firmly whilst the superintendent read out the warrant in a sonorous voice, which awoke Madeleine, scared, from her sleep in the kitchen. When it finished, she could answer without a tremor in the voice, or a tear in the eye:

"I will not make use as you will, for I am innocent before God."

Then came the parting, which was more terrible than the agony of death. Nina went up to her room with Mrs. Trout, and Cyril, at her request, kept her cold lips and cheeks with passionate kisses; then she drew towards Madeleine. The latter, who was still kneeling, still seemed to be at her reproachfully a second, and turned away her head. Thus Nina's tender, humble kiss never reached her mother's, but fell amongst the ashes. She came to Captain Marsh next, and last. He took her to his arms as if it were his right, being of her kind, and he said aloud:

"Courage, dear Nina; all will be well. The law is mighty because it is so just. You are innocent, and you will not harm you. You will return to us again."

"God grant it!" answered Nina, sadly; and she made out of the room, and down the three stairs, guarded and escorted by the three men.

Mrs. Trent's room had been chosen for their night quarters, and there the long hours dragged away. The policeman went out one by one, and one by one they slept and snored. Meanwhile, Nina lay on Mrs. Trent's bosom. She did not sleep, but she did not get the rest that her companion's deep breathing seemed to promise. Her once enjoyed became a necessity. She cried and prayed softly until dawn broke. At about eight o'clock she was taken from the house to the fatal carriage; but Mrs. Trent was still permitted to remain with her, and begged herself that she might be allowed to accompany the poor girl to the gates of the county jail. The constables were rough men, accustomed to sorrowful scenes, but they loved Nina—every one did—and they consented.

Cyril, at the head of the weeping household, stood in the hall to bid her a last good-bye. She took every one she touched on to kneel by, and looked at these faithful creatures thankfully through her tears. Then she crossed the threshold of Beechwood Manor for the last time, and was taken through the village. When they reached the top of the hill, she saw Cyril still standing on the doorstep, and waving her a final adieu.

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

Our double page, this week, is occupied by two scenes, in which character and the extremes of contrast perhaps have been never more vividly and significantly illustrated. The time is election day—Tuesday, the 8th of November. The persons are voters, and the place, the one and the other. Everywhere by legion is being hailed, half carried, to the polls, by their workers and delegated like-minded, types of the gathering politicians with whom our city is cursed. These men have plied their victim with drink, till he is almost stupefied, in which condition he is about to exercise the greatest privilege of freemen—the elective franchise. On the other side we have in true proportionatives of our country's spirit and dignity and heroic purpose, the veteran soldiers of 1812 and of 1864. They, too, are proceeding to the polls, but in a far different mood. In one scene we note the hideousness alike of physical, moral, and political depravity. In the other we admire manhood in its noblest form, the integrity that ennobles life and supplies the enduring basis of a great nation.

SHERIDAN'S TROPHIES OF VICTORY.

THE trophies of Maj.-Gen. Sheridan's victory at Middletown, on the 19th of October—which he most illustriously won, on the 22d—are represented as depicted in a sketch, on page 168, made by our Special Artist, subsequent to the battle. The wagons and ambulances, to the number upwards of 50 were captured, including 24 or our own pieces, taken by the rebels in the previous battles—are represented in our sketch. Also they appeared when collected in front of Gen Sheridan's headquarters, at Cedar Creek. The time is sunset. The battle, it will be remembered, began about 1 o'clock. The last grand charge, which swept the rebels off of the field, and sent them in full retreat, routed the enemy. Gen. Sheridan went forward and resumed the occupation of his original headquarters, at Cedar Creek, and there received the trophies that had since been driven in the morning. Here the spoils of victory were assembled. Gen. Custer's memorable words in reference to them will not soon be forgotten: "By my soul," he said, as he hugged Gen. Sheridan, "we've cleaned 'em out and got the guns."

THE late Archbishop Whateley, who was fond of his joke, said that his rule ought not to be followed to cultivate gardens, because they might "grow mutton."

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1864—SCENES IN NEW YORK CITY.

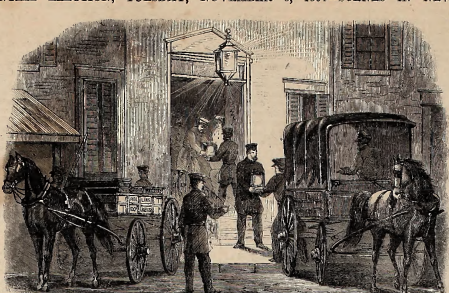
THE GREAT PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION

Of the 8th of November, 1864.

It is not too much to say that the election which has just passed over in such significant and remarkable quiet was one of the most momentous that ever challenged public attention; for it was not alone of the interests of our own Republic that trembled in the balance, but those of the whole world. How completely our Republican institutions have justified themselves and passed triumphantly through the fiery ordeal, even our monarchical enemies must acknowledge.

Despite the confidence which all felt in the law abiding disposition of the American character, there was a certain amount of misgiving, which was rather increased when it became known that Mr. Secretary Seward had telegraphed to Mayor Gunther that the Government had received intelligence of an intended attempt by Southern rebels, or their sympathisers, to take advantage of the excitement and confusion always attendant on a Presidential election, to act fire to some of our large cities. This feeling of uneasiness was also increased or diminished, just as the political bias of the parties swayed them, by the report that Gen. Butler had been sent up to supersede Gen. Dix, and to assume military command of the State. Alarmists even went so far as to say that he had come to proclaim martial law. Many, however, considered that the presence of "the great pacificator of New Orleans" would strike terror into the unruly, and that "Order would reign in Warsaw."

The morning dawned in clouds, reminding all of the opening words of Addison's "Cato:"



REMOVING BALLOT BOXES TO THE POLLS—SCENE AT THE FIFTH PRECINCT POLICE STATION—THE REMOVAL SUPERINTENDED BY CAPT. PETTY.

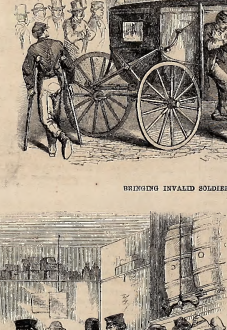
"The morning dawns, and heavily with clouds
Comes on the day big with the fate of Cato and of Rome."

Soon after the voting commenced, the clouds resolved to rain, and acted upon the resolution with considerable pertinacity. It seemed as though, since the police had stopped the supply of liquor, there should be no want of water; and, as temperance men, we are glad to say there wasn't any want of either, since the dealers in Bacchus kept the word of promise to the ear of authority, and broke it to their hope, by putting up their shutters and leaving the door open, with the decanters on the counters.

It is curious to observe how entirely the spirit of partisanship destroys that freedom of thought which is supposed to be the peculiar property of an American freeman in general, and of a New York voter in particular. To such an extent did this prevail on the present occasion that, while every McClellan man said Butler's presence would create a riot, and we, at all events, an insult to the Empire State, every Lincolnite declared that Butler's jovial person was worth an army, and that his half-closed eye would shed peace and security on the city. It must, however, be allowed that there was considerable moderation of language and demeanor in the political discussions going on, whether in a corner, round a corner, or even in the unrestricted precincts of the Fewter Mag, saying nothing at all of the more aristocratic regions of Delmonico's. It was, above all, easy to see that the good sense of the people had determined upon a quiet election, and that the only excesses would be those of a few industrious persons who would "vote early and vote often," voting, as Shakespeare says, "not wisely but too well."



TICKET BOOTHS—VOTERS PROCURING TICKETS.



BRINGING INVALID SOLDIERS TO THE POLLS.

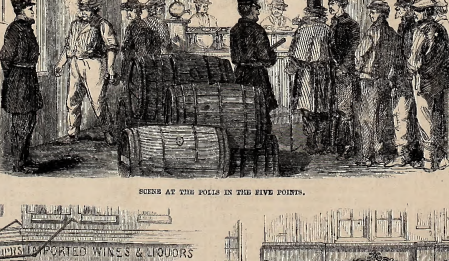
These instances were, however, but few, and we question if there ever was an election in which there were so few fraudulent votes. One man, upon being challenged, said: "That he thought he had a right to vote twice, because he had not voted last election!" While another argued that he had a perfect right to two votes, since he had a store as well as a private house! In fact, that he considered himself a double man. Another maintained that he had been married twice, and thought he had a good right to vote twice.

Elections in this country are so common that every man, woman and child is conversant with the machinery and processes, and therefore our sketches require no particular description; but, after all, with all brevity, things will go on which we have been familiar from our cradle, there is something very curious and ingenious in the method by which the silent resolve of a great nation is put into motion, and made practical in its bearing upon the government of the world. Jove, according to that blind old vagabond, Homer—we are speaking now as a respectable man—governed the world from the top of Mount Olympus, his *modus operandi* being thus expressed by Pope:

"Shakes his ambrosial locks and gives the nod,
The stamp of fate and symbol of the God."

Uncle Sam, who does not pay so much attention to his tonsorial duties, does not put his tresses into paper, but his votes and, charged with the lightning of his resolve, he displaces the official and puts another in his stead with the greatest coolness and determination.

Our Artists, who were really almost omnipresent last Tuesday, have, in their graphic sketches, given a perfect picture of some of the most interesting scenes. That they are not more exciting every time Americans will rejoice, for never has any election passed over with such perfect quiet. An English gentleman, an admirer of our Universal Suffrage, observed to us that there was more fighting and riot in one parochial election in any part of Great Britain, saying nothing of Ireland, than in the entire election last Tuesday in New York.



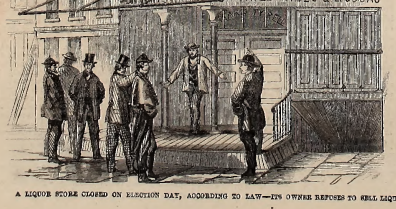
SCENES AT THE POLLS IN THE FIVE POINTS.

The Five Points.

Among the most startling changes in New York is that which has occurred over the quarter of the Five Points. Twenty—nay, even fifteen—years ago it was not safe to venture into its purlieus. The new system of police and the labors of a few good men have wrought a magical change, so that it is now as quiet as Bleecker street. On Tuesday morning, the memorable 8th of November, there was as much order in this once lawless region as in the 5th Avenue, and we have not heard of a single case of violence.

The Ballot Boxes.

The ballot-boxes now used are hollow globes of glass, fixed in an iron frame, seven of these are placed on a table, and into them every voter deposits his ballot. Before, however, he is allowed to do this, he gives his name and address to the Inspector, who turns to see if he is registered; if correct, he ticks off the name, and the ballot is put into the box. When the sun sets, these are counted by persons appointed by both parties, to prevent the possibility of fraud. Our readers will recollect that when there was so much excitement on the subject of glass ballot-boxes—which were, by the way, the invention of the



A LIQUOR STORE CLOSED ON ELECTION DAY, ACCORDING TO LAW—ITS OWNER REFUSES TO SELL LIQUOR.



THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION, TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1864—SCENES IN NEW-YORK CITY.



THE PROCESS OF VOTING—VOTERS AWAITING THEIR TURNS AT THE POLLS.

well-known music-seller, S. C. Jollie — we published an illustration of one, with full particulars, at the time they were adopted some seven years ago.

Night Scene at the Herald Office.

The enlargeie of our Press was well illustrated at the *Herald* office, where the returns were displayed to an anxious and agitated crowd by means of a calcium light. We have not space to give a tithe of the amusing disogues heard *membra dijecti*. The confusion of Babel is a faint type of the multitudinous gabble ot the surrounding crowd. It was, however, clear that "Little Mac" was the undoubted favorite, although many a remark about gunboats was heard, and that he was more of a naval than a military hero.

Government Precautions.

We can all sympathise with the man, who, when shipwrecked on what appeared to be a desolate, cannibal, looking place, suddenly came upon a gallows. We can enter also into the heartiness of his joy when, overcome by the sight, he fell upon his knees and thanked God that he was thrown upon a civilised land—and indeed, in all soberness, we may say there is no civilization without the gallows or a wholesome severity. At the recent election the Government evidently thought so, for Butler's machinery was very perfect. The engine-houses were open, and everything was in readiness to put down any attempt at arson, and it is remarkable that not a single alarm of fire was indulged in on this eventful day. We have heard that every ward was under the surveillance of an officer who had seen service, and who had been granted a short furlough for this very purpose. These were all in citizens' clothes, the better



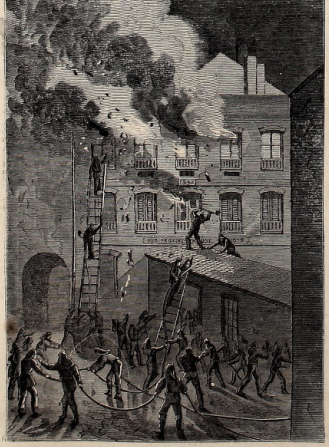
THE MAN WHO VOTED "EARLY AND OFTEN."

to accomplish their object, and to avoid the appearance of that military despotism which the disaffected so loudly braved about. Every hour these officers telegraphed to Butler's headquarters the state of public feeling. Should any necessity have arisen, there was a disciplined force of over 16,000 men ready to bear upon any given point.

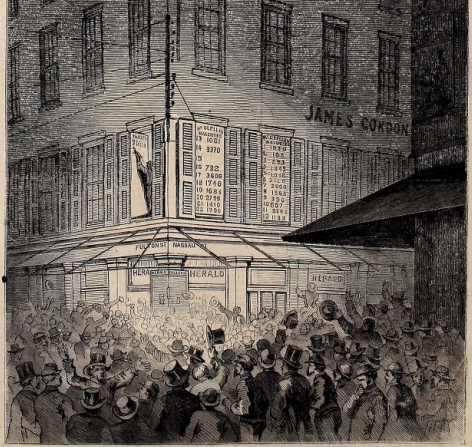
WOMEN VOTING IN NEW JERSEY

Towards the Close of the Last Century.

We publish, on page 149, a curious sketch, representing a custom, now happily obsolete, with the existence of which we fancy that few persons, except members of the Historical Society, are acquainted. That custom was the exercise of the privilege of elective franchise by women in New Jersey. It existed there within the memory of individuals now living. To this day women in England who, in their own names, hold property, and are unmarried, are entitled to vote for parochial officers, such as churchwardens, overseers, and sextons; but they have never, in that country, meddled with politics. Not so with us. In a very singular pamphlet, published in Trenton, 1799, called "Remonss, a Collection of Papers on the Errors and Omissions of the Constitution of New Jersey," the writer is very severe upon the fact that women were allowed to exercise the same right as the sterner sex—observing, in a note, on page 30, that "Nothing can be a greater mockery of this invaluable and sacred right, than to suffer it to be exercised by persons who do not pretend to any judgment on the subject." On another



THE OLD PROVINCE HOUSE, AT BOSTON, MASS., BUILT IN 1679, DESTROYED BY FIRE OCT. 26TH.



NIGHT SCENE AT THE N. Y. HERALD OFFICE—DISPLAYING ELECTION RETURNS BY MEANS OF A CALCIUM LIGHT.

page he says: "To my mind (without going into an historical or philosophical deduction of particulars on the subject), it is evident that women, generally, are neither by habit, nor education, nor by their necessary condition in society, fitted to perform this duty with either credit to themselves or advantage to the public. The great *practical* mischief, however, resulting from their admission under our present form of Government, is, that the *towns* and populous villages gain an unfair advantage over the *country*, by the greater facility they enjoy over the latter in drawing out their women to the election.

"Many important election contests have been terminated at last *by these auxiliaries* in favor of candidates supported by town interest."

In these days of progress, when women make stump speeches, and are applauded therefor, there are not wanting advocates of the expediency of allowing women to vote—such philosophers being unsatisfied with the incalculable influence already exerted over public affairs by the unseen but not less powerful influence of her intellect and her feminine charms.

A WAG suggests, in view of the numerous political organizations in all parts of the country, that "clubs are trumps."

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HON. DANIEL S. DICKINSON, President.
WM. T. PHIPPS, Vice-President.
ROBERT BASSETT, Secretary.

The New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company has been organized under the laws of the State of New York, for the purpose of mining for petroleum, and other minerals, and dealing in the same. It has located its principal business office in New York City, the largest transit and shipping market for petroleum in the world, and has taken measures to establish a connection with Liverpool, the most extensive receiving market for that oil, outside of this country. The managers and stockholders of the Company include among their number gentlemen largely interested in the petroleum business, and who have gained both wealth and experience in it: facts which justify the confident expectation of careful, intelligent and profitable management. It is believed that by a judicious investment of the funds of the company, dividends of from two to five per cent. a month on the capital stock can be made.

The property to be conveyed to the Company consists of the lands and property enumerated in the following list. Their extent can be greatly enlarged if desirable, and their present development completed, as funds shall come in from subscriptions.

LIST OF LANDS AND PROPERTY.

1st.—One-tenth of the working interest in Lot No. 1, on the upper McElheuny Farm, containing ten acres. There are three wells on this lot, two of which are now producing about fifty barrels a day each, the third about ten barrels. A new well is also now in process of drilling, and will soon be completed. On this property are three good engines, tankage for over eleven hundred barrels, tubing, tools, office, &c.

There is room on this lease for several more wells, and all wells put down on or near this territory have been productive. The character of the McElhenny Farm is too well known to need further comment.

2d.—One-fourth of the working interest in lot No. 8, on the lower McElheuny Farm, containing one acre, and known as the Hatch lease, being the lease next below and adjoining the well known Empire well, which is now producing one hundred barrels a day. On this lot is one well flowing twenty barrels a day, and another well which has been flowing eighty barrels a day, and which is expected to yield again, as soon as a "Blower" or air-pump can be put in, which is now nearly prepared. A third well is down and just ready to be tested. A fourth is down about four hundred feet, and is confidently expected to be a good well. There are three good engines, tankage, tubing, and an office on this lease.

3d.—One-fourth of the working interest of two lots adjoining, on the late Widow McClintock's Farm, containing half an acre each. On this property there is one well, known as the Freeman Well, now pumping twenty barrels a day—and another down two hundred feet, which is expected to yield a good supply of oil, being within a few feet of a well on the adjoining property which is producing one hundred and fifty barrels, and but a short distance from the celebrated "Hammond Well," yielding three hundred barrels a day. A third well will be sunk immediately on this lease. Two good engines and all the necessary appurtenances are on this property.

4th.—A lot of oil land, in fee simple, on the Caldwell Branch of Oil Creek, containing about one hundred acres, being the south half of that part of lot No. 103, on the east side of Caldwell Creek, about five miles above Titusville. The Briggs Oil Company own the land on the opposite side of the creek, on which a well is now about to be put down. The surface show of oil on all this land indicates a very rich territory for boring purposes. The above named property of this Company will be immediately put under development.

5th.—A lot of oil-land, in fee simple, containing seventy acres, situated on French Creek, about four miles from the Alleghany River. All the land in this vicinity is good, and excellent lubricating oil is produced from wells in the neighborhood.

6th.—A lot, in fee simple, of oil land on Cherry Run, containing about seventy-five acres, situated about three miles above Plumer, and only two miles from the celebrated "Noble Well." All the land on Cherry Run has been purchased, and all the wells put down have been productive. One well is down five hundred feet, with a good show of oil, on the adjoining lot.

7th.—Two-thirds of the working interest in the "Wheeler Well," on the John McClintock Farm, containing one acre more or less. One well is now producing 70 barrels a day, and steadily increasing, and there is ample room for two more wells on the lot. There is an engine and all the necessary apparatus on the property, which is directly opposite the celebrated Hammond Well, now producing 300 barrels a day.

8th.—One thirty-second of the interest in a lease of three acres on the Foster Farm, near the Porter, Crocker, Sherman, and Noble and Delamater Wells.

9th.—One-twelfth of the interest in one acre of the G. W. McClintock Farm, adjoining the Mowbray Well; with a good engine, 1,000 feet of tubing, &c., &c. On this land are two wells, both of which have flowed, and will again produce oil if worked.

10th.—One-half of the interest in two acres of oil lands on Cherry Run. This locality is now producing a great excitement in the oil market, large streams of oil having been struck there within a month.

11th.—Fifty acres of land on Oil Creek, five miles above Titusville, having a frontage on the creek of 100 rods.

12th.—The Ridgway Farm, so called, comprising 85 acres of land near Titusville, having a front on Oil Creek of 115 rods, and having already upon one well which promises to be one of the very best on Oil Creek.

13th.—Two hundred acres of land, three miles above Titusville, with a front of 300 rods on Oil Creek, known as the Newtown Farm. This land is undeveloped, and is by experts considered good property.

[N. B.—The three tracts last mentioned are not only valuable as oil land, but also for the lumber; being heavily timbered, and containing water-power and mills now established, which at their utmost capacity are unable to satisfy the demand for their sawed lumber at $25 per 1,000 feet at the mill.]

14th.—One-half of the interest in two acres on the John McClintock Farm, known as the Buttonwood Lease. This tract fronts for thirty rods on Oil Creek, and contains two wells. Of these No. 1 is now producing ten barrels a day, and No. 2 will produce twenty-five or thirty barrels a day as soon as the proper machinery can be set up.

15th.—One-sixteenth of the interest in two acres on the McElhenny or Funk Farm, near the Empire, Olmstead and Dinsmore wells. On this land one well is already down, and producing six barrels of oil per day.

16th.—One hundred and sixty-eight acres of land in fee, on Bull Creek, in the oil region of West Virginia.

17th.—One hundred and eighty-five acres on Cow Creek, West Virginia.

[N. B.—The two last named parcels of land border the two creeks mentioned, and are immediately adjoining oil territory of the best character, and which is now producing as much as on any Oil Creek.]

18th.—Seventy-five acres in fee, near Franklin, Venango county, Pa., with a front of eighty rods on the river. This tract is now yielding twenty-five barrels of a day, having upon it three wells already producing, and four ready for tubing, with the necessary engines and fixtures.

19th.—The Fulmer Farm, so called, being one hundred and sixteen acres in fee, three miles from Titusville, extending for a hundred rods along both sides of Oil Creek and being good oil land for its whole extent.

20th.—Seventy-one acres in fee, on Little Oil Creek and Thompson Creek, four miles from Titusville.

21st.—One-sixth of the working interest, being one-twelfth of all the oil produced on a lease situated on the west side of Oil Creek, on the Lower McElhenny Farm, and known as Lot No. 3. One well is already down on this land, the tubing and sucker rods on the ground and paid for, and a good eight-horse power engine ordered.

With this extensive estate already secured to the Company, and with its advantages of membership and management, the prospects it holds out are inferior to none now offered in the market. Indeed, notwithstanding the large number of Oil Companies now organized, the Petroleum business is, in fact, just at its beginning, as a brief statement will show:

"Seneca Oil," as it is sometimes called even now in drug shops, used to be collected by the Seneca and other Indians from the surface of Oil Creek and springs in that region. The first organized effort to obtain oil in the field of the present Petroleum business was not until 1854. The first well was bored at Titusville in 1857, and in August, 1858, at seventy-one feet, the drill fell into a cavity, and the well began to yield one thousand gallons a day. The business immediately received a monstrous impulse, and the supply of oil being quickly recognised as practically permanent, an enormous capital and a still greater speculative interest was at once attracted.

The oil lands are found in western Pennsylvania, north-eastern and south-eastern Ohio, north-eastern Kentucky and Western Virginia, not to mention other new fields from time to time found. Throughout these regions, for the last six years, lands have constantly been taken up, wells dug, companies formed, and immense fortunes made. The commercial uses of Petroleum have increased quite as rapidly as the supply, and the market absorbs at once all that is furnished. The speed with which investments are being pushed into the business may be imagined from the facts, that in New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburg alone two hundred and fifty Petroleum companies are in operation and quoted in market reports, and that Petroleum raised during the past year in western Pennsylvania alone has been sold crude at the wells for twenty-five million dollars.

In such enterprises to be early in the field is indispensable. Large as the number of companies may seem, it is not so striking as the vast extent of the part already proved of these unknown subterranean treasures of oil. In a few years more, perhaps, some working limit to the business will be reached. Now, however, the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company stands substantially as one of the early enterprises, and offers inducements only exceeded by those very few companies whose stock is practically out of market and inaccessible. With a view to provide for the future advantage of early subscribers, from this reasonable start in business, only a limited portion of the stock of the Company is offered at the present rates.

As one evidence of the opinion of experts about the quality of the property of the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company, we copy the following paragraphs from a letter of Mr. Mowbray, an operative chemist of reputation, established at Titusville, and prominent in the oil business from its very beginning:

"TITUSVILLE, PA., Oct. 10, 1864.

"W. T. PHIPPS, Esq., Vice-President, etc.:

"Dear Sir—

* * * * *

"I have observed that, without fail, the best wells have been reached in what was formerly the old bed of Oil Creek. The Drake well, the Sherman well, the Noble well, and the Story Farm wells are instances of this. Your lands here are mainly the Old Creek bottom. It (the creek) is now diverted south of them, and in the summer the evolution of gas has been so offensive to the grassmowers, that they have left them during mid-day for another part of the field. The Union Company's well, not down to the third sandstone, in the same formation, gives a first-rate show of oil.

"If these are not the indications of oil territory, then only until after a series of wells has been actually sunk on the land can any opinion be formed. What the value of the land will then be you can judge, but the price will be beyond any present purchaser's means I am satisfied. I can only add that I have not the interest of one cent in these lands, but say what I really think for your guidance.

* * * *

"Yours very respectfully,
GEO. M. MOWBRAY."

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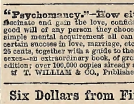
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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 479—Vol. XIX.] NEW YORK, DECEMBER 3, 1864. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY 15 WEEKS $1 00

An English Inside View of Richmond—A Dismal Picture.

THE Richmond correspondent of the London *Times* has been guilty of a great imprudence. He must have forgotten, for a time, that he was in Richmond. In his letter to the "Thunderer" of the 8th October he thunders too much, we apprehend, for his personal comfort in the rebel capital. He shows to the world that Gen Lee is at the mercy of Gen. Grant, and can only be rescued by a stroke of good fortune equivalent to a miracle.

When a zealous rebel-sympathising John Bull writes to his favorite London newspaper, from Richmond, that "Lee is like a skilful one-armed prizefighter, who is fighting a big bully with two arms—stronger, taller, more active and keener sighted than himself;" that, from his great numerical inferiority, "he is tethered down, and cannot afford to lose even 20 lives in a tentative operation;' that "from the configuration of the ground, it is almost impossible for Lee to cut Grant's extended lines in any vital place," that the confederates, in danger at all points, all the time, "have been fighting on the rack without intermission for more than five months," and that they are nearly exhausted, he tells a story which cannot operate very favorably upon the rebel cotton loan among the stock gamblers of London. But when this English friend of the "Confederacy" further says that the salvation of Richmond for even a few months longer depends upon a decisive victory by Hood over Sherman in the southwest; and that "if, on the other hand, Sherman is able to extricate himself, there will be reason for apprehension about Richmond during the coming winter, the like of which has never existed before," he simply warns all English holders of "Confederate scrip," in any shape, that the inevitable collapse of the bubble may now be expected at any moment.

Such is our interpretation of this dismal view of Lee's position on the 8th October by the Richmond correspondent of the London *Times*, whose interest in rebel securities is



SCENE AT DELMONICO'S RESTAURANT, BROADWAY—DEPOSITING COOKED POULTRY IN CELLAR PREVIOUS TO SHIPPING.



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perhaps greater than his interest in the rebel cause. Let he labors diligently to reason out a hopeful prospect of success to Hood in Georgia; but it is manifest upon the demand that "the disparity between the armies of Sherman and Hood is by no means considerable." What is the truth upon this point? Hood has moved his whole army by a circuitous route, to avoid a battle, up to the Tennessee border, in Alabama, under the belief that he would thus withdraw from Georgia the whole army of Sherman. But the results of this adventure promise to be somewhat different from this expectation. Gen. Sherman, leaving on the Tennessee border, under Gen. Thomas, a sufficient detachment of the forces to take care of Hood, is leaving now to be on the road from Atlanta with the main body of his army, *en route*, either for Macon, the Georgia State capital, where he will cut the last link of communication between Georgia and Richmond, and that he designs moving thence for the reinforcement of his army by the rescue of the 50,000 Union soldiers held as prisoners at Andersonville; or that he is moving directly for the great "Confederate" military magazines, factories and foundries at Augusta, whence he will proceed down the river to Savannah or across the country to Charleston. There is no impediment in his way in either direction. He has, too, the advantages of a region before him, south or east, teeming with subsistence for his army, the region from which Lee is mainly supplied at Richmond.

The weight of the facts and the arguments, therefore, are so overwhelmingly against the calculations of relief to Lee by the defeat of Sherman, that we may reasonably expect that the present movements of our army in Georgia will be the closing disaster to Lee, and to Davis and his Confederacy.

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DUKE SWEET, though a clergyman, was accustomed to give way to his wit, sometimes at the expense of his veneration. On one occasion, a tailor who had laid aside his shears and preached for the Sick and the Blide, sought to confute the Dean's views upon some passage of Scripture which he cited. The Dean yielded peacefully, but said there was another passage which had occasioned him great embarrassment. Said he to the tailor, "I have been reading in Revelations that an angel came down and stood one foot on the sea and the other on dry land; now is Hes within your line to tell how many yards of cloth it would take to make him a pair of breeches?"

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From the Lebanon Star.

Dr. Scott, the proprietor and editor of the *Lebanon Star*, is a postmaster, physician and State legislator.

"Perry Davis's Pain Killer, the old and well-known remedy, has acquired a world-wide success for the cure of sudden colds, coughs, etc., weak stomach, general debility, nursing sore mouth, cankered mouth or sore throat, dysentery, diarrhœa, cholera infantum, cramp or pain in the stomach, bowel complaint, painters' colic, sciatic cholera, diarrhœa and dysentery. As an external it has no equal for rheumatism; and continues to occupy a prominent position in every family medicine chest."

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We call attention once more to the advertisement in another column, of the New Republic Petroleum Company. Its shares are already rapidly selling at 10 cents per foot and less. Its President, HON. DANIEL S. DICKINSON, alone, is a tower of strength. Its validity is legal. Its character sound; its prospects excellent. Invest in it.

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 3, 1864.

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To Correspondents.

☞ Will the author of "The Vulture of the Mind" please send her address to this office?

The Rebel President's Message.

The rebel Congress assembled in Richmond at noon on Monday, the 7th of Nov., and received the annual Message of Jeff. Davis, their President. It is a very remarkable document, both for its admissions and announcements. He criticised the Union Generals, and proclaimed Sherman, Buell and Rosecrans great failures. He declared that neither Atlanta nor Richmond were points of vital importance, adding that while a white Southern man lived there was the Confederacy. He seems to have forgotten the last ditch. No peace without recognition of Southern independence was another of his declarations. He candidly avowed that he had no hope of foreign recognition, nor did he care about it. The public rebel debt was $1,147,970,208 and some odd cents, exclusive of the foreign and army debt. With regard to arming the slaves, he was not prepared to adopt such a hazardous step while there was one white man left; but he was willing to enroll and drill 40,000 negroes as laborers, these to be armed only in the last stage of emergency; he would also only free such negroes as might be called upon to fight. The Richmond press had not received this very favorably. The Richmond *Enquirer* postpones its remarks. The Richmond *Examiner* says: "The writer of the Message intended to be cautious, but has in several parts written an indiscreet paper." The editor is particularly angry at Davis's even mentioning the "accusational idea" of arming the negroes, adding:

"The existence of a negro soldier is totally inconsistent with our political aim, and with our social as well as political system. We surrender our position wherever we introduce the negro as a unit. If a negro is fit to be a soldier, he is not fit to be a slave; and if any large portion of the race is fit for free labor—fit to live and to be useful under free institutions—the line of action on the whole race is fit for it. The employment of negroes as soldiers, or with soldiers, or with the promise of their prospective emancipation, would be the first step, but a step which would involve all the rest, to universal abolition."

The Richmond *Sentinel* thinks the discussion injudicious and decidedly premature; while the Richmond *Whig* says that "two propositions are plainly inferable from Mr. Davis's Message which we cannot assent to—these are that freedom ought to be held out as a reward to the slave, which will, of course, make him disconnected with his condition of servitude, and secondly, that Congress has the right to take slaves from their masters."

The Administration—Rumored Changes in the Cabinet.

VARIOUS rumors are afloat of impending changes in the Cabinet. Among them, it is given out that Mr. Fessenden is about to be promoted to the office of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, and that Gen. Butler is to take his place in the War Department. Next, it is thought probable that Gen. Banks may relieve Mr. Welles of the cares of the Navy Department, and that on account of the feeble health of Mr. Fessenden, he may desist upon the duties of the Treasury, in which event we may look for the speedy retirement of the Hon. Robert J. Walker to fill that important position, if he will accept it. That, if opposed to accepting, he would fill it to the satisfaction of the country, we have a sufficient guarantee in his able management of the national finances through the Mexican war, under Mr. Polk's Administration. Nor can we doubt that the selection of Gens. Butler and Banks for the places indicated would be generally regarded as good appointments; but as these gentlemen are both from the same State, we presume that the appointment of either is transferred to the Cabinet, the other will remain in the army.

We dare say that in the necessary housecleaning for the important business matters of Mr. Lincoln's second term, we shall have a reconstruction of his Cabinet. Leading Republican journals say that it is a duty devolving upon Mr. Lincoln, in the acceptance of the Baltimore platform; while Gen. Cameron, of Pennsylvania (who may be supposed to speak by authority), promised substantially in one of his late stump speeches, that after Mr. Lincoln's re-election there would be a new Cabinet. We presume, however, that things will remain pretty much as they are until the meeting of Congress, nearly in order that the head of each Executive Department may "finish up" his budget for the year, and submit his report to the two Houses, so that his successor if there is to be one—may begin with a new chapter and a clean set of books.

The leading members of the present Cabinet have not luxuriated upon a bed of roses. They have had to sustain the trials of constant and heavy labors, responsibilities and the incessant unfavorable criticisms of a vigilant opposition party. All things considered, we may say they have done "as well as could be expected;" but if ever there was a case that "a new broom sweeps clean," we think that a careful reorganization by Mr. Lincoln of his Cabinet for his second term would meet, not only the approval of his own party, but the wishes and expectations of the country at large.

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The Case of the Rebel Crisier Florida.

THE London journals in the interest of Jeff Davis, in the absence of the sinking cause of its Confederacy, permit their zeal to outrun their discretion. They take up the case of the rebel cruiser Florida, lately captured within the waters of a Brazilian port by the United States ship Wachusett, as a case of violation of a neutral sanctuary, which, if not immediately and fully atoned for, ought to bring the most prompt and summary measures of all the maritime Powers of Europe. We presume, however, that if a satisfactory settlement of this affair can be brought about between the United States and Brazil, there will be no ground of complaint remaining to other nations. Nor have we any doubt, from the very friendly relations that have always existed, and which still exist, between our Government and that of Brazil, that we shall have a quiet and satisfactory adjustment of this affair. In the meantime, we congratulate our fellow-citizens, whose business ventures are upon the high seas, that the rebel pirates and pap the Florida is in limbo, and that her mission henceforth will be to protect rather than destroy American commerce. It is an old maxim that "possession is nine points of the law," and having this advantage on our side, we think that the question of the violation of neutral rights involved will be leisurely discussed and adjusted. There need be no hurry in the matter.

Peace Rumors—The Decline in Gold.

BETWEEN Monday morning and Thursday evening of last week there was a decline in gold of some 26 per cent., a most alarming run down to the bull operators of Wall street, causing them to evidently succeed to work up a little panic among them. What could it be? was the question. Some knowing ones among the outsiders whispered that astonishing news, by the rebel underground railroad, had been heard from Gen. Sherman; some positively knew that the Administration was about to detail a special peace embassy to Richmond, headed by Gen. Butler, and in which every prospect of complete success; others, again, were satisfied that the gold gamblers were frightened by certain preparations by Secretary Fessenden for the grand finale movement to head them off; while others argued that it was only a healthy reaction at work "on change," from the violent efforts of unscrupulous gold jobbers to make something out of the late national election.

We dare say that all the above have been operating among the worshippers of the golden calf, and that a substantial reaction has commenced against them, which, allowing for temporary fluctuations, will continue to run until we shall have reached the genuine value of the national currency and credit as compared with gold.

Summary of the Week.

TEXAS AND LOUISIANA.

By the steamship Morning Star, which sailed from New Orleans on the 12th Nov., we learn that the French troops have evacuated Matamoras and Brownsville, opposite to them at Brownsville, on the opposite side of the Rio Grande, was expecting an attack from a Union force, which, it was said, would be under the command of Gen. Banks. The recent Treasury orders declaring New Orleans to be an insurrectionary district had been rescinded, and trade had recommenced. Gen. Canby's wound is so serious that he will not be able to mount a horse for many months. The only item of interest is the capture by the Union troops, under Col. Dwight, of Shreveport, of Vidalia, La., of a large herd of cattle which the rebels were making efforts to get across the Mississippi river, for the use of Hood's army.

THE SHENANDOAH.

Early's army had been withdrawn from Sheridan's front, and had fallen back before Staunton, where reinforcements stole the rebel army during the winter quarters. It is considered, however, probable, that they have been ordered to reinforce Lee, who will have to send part of his troops to oppose Sherman.

VIRGINIA.

The utmost quiet reigns in the armies before Richmond and Petersburg. The rebels have commenced building an earthwork near the center caused by the mine explosion of the rebel battery in September, but they progress very cautiously.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The rebel steamer Advance on the report that the Union troops had reoccupied Washington, N. C., and that the rebels, after evacuating Plymouth, had fallen back on the line of the Roanoke river, where they were watching the movements of our troops.

GENERAL.

All that is certainly known of Gen. Sherman's new campaign is that on the 12th Nov. he burned all the buildings in Atlanta that were likely to be of use to the rebels, and with a large corps of his army, numbering about 60,000 men, advanced into the enemy's country, in a south-easterly direction, destroying railroads, cotton, and were in the highest spirits. In his address to his troops he said that they were advancing into a region which had hitherto been untrodden by the armies of either side, and that the supplies were abundant. As part of Sherman's campaign, Gen. Corse had burned all that was calculated to be of any use to the rebels, and had captured Rome.

EAST TENNESSEE.

The rebel papers publish a dispatch from Gen. Lee, stating that Gen. Breckinridge had defeated and driven Gen. Gillem, on the 9th inst., at Jeffy Gap, with the loss of 400 men and six guns.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A correspondent of the Boston *Journal* writes from Atlanta that the damage in carrying was hit by our missiles 200 times during the siege, and that it is by no means the most damaged house in the city.

—An interesting old building in Reading, Penn., called "The Old Blue House," has been demolished. It is locally remarkable as having served in almost every capacity possible to buildings.

—The public debt was $2,601,026,815.76 on the 31st of Oct. The annual interest is a little over $85,000,000.

—No Democratic Presidential tickets was run in Kansas.

—A bedplate, requiring 22 tons of iron, was recently cast at Hartford, Conn., in 65 seconds, for one of our Government engines.

—The warehouse of Gen. Wells is in Boston. He has not been driven by battles in the Shenandoah valley since April last. Gen. Wells, it will be remembered, was killed in the battle of Cedar Creek.

—A competent authority states, that Sheridan has

captured, in the Shenandoah valley, a mile and thirty-two yards in length, or an average of two pieces a day since he took command.

—St. Albans, Vt., the scene of the present rebel raid from Canada, voted 600 for Lincoln, and 292 for McClellan. All the border towns gave strong Lincoln majorities.

—A private letter from New Orleans, received in Newport, R. I., states that the immense quantity of cotton stowed in the interior of Texas, which Banks failed to capture last spring, is being rapidly sent over the border into Mexico, where it is bought up by Mexican and European speculators, at comparatively small cost.

—Mr. Gen. McClellan's resignation of his military position in the U. S. Army was sent to Washington on election day, the 8th of November, and was accepted. He has now only a country gentleman's and no retired officer's honorable private left. Let not political rancour bring his fellow-citizens to deny to anyone's ear a soldier's and his integrity and worth as a gentleman and a Christian.

—The British Minister at Washington, in consequence of the escape of the pirate steamer Florida, has protested against the departure of the ship of war built here by Mr. Westervelt for the Japanese Government.

—We have now three famous female American sculptors, Miss Hosmer, Miss Stebbins and Mrs. Freeman—the latter a new artist.

—A man fell off the forward platform of one of the 7th Avenue cars, the other night, in such a way that both his legs were crushed beneath the wheels. The unfortunate conductor should rigidly enforce the rule forbidding passengers to ride on the forward platform of the cars.

—A number of counterfeiters have lately been trapped in the West, and lodged in the old Capitol prison at Washington. They have succeeded in obtaining about a great deal of bogus currency.

—Samuel Sutliff, keeper of the Philadelphia Hotel, has been arrested charged with having last year robbed and destroyed a part of the hotel, and thus sold him as a soldier. It is a disgrace to the military authorities of that city and land that one was not acquired who at the time, since the victim then informed them of the outrage, was serving for a year as a soldier got a furlough last week, and has come here to see his sister-in-law.

—The Tulip gunboat, that recently exploded and killed over 30 of its crew, was the vessel which was anchored in the mouth last year, during the time of the raids.

—There is a strange coincidence in the peace articles as uttered by the Washington organs of the Administration and the Chicago Platform. On Sunday, 9th Avenue Hotel, on the 14th November. There seems a very remarkable coincidence that his proposition was the *avant courier* of Mr. Lincoln.

—Fat ducks and partridges abound in Wisconsin. The sharpshooters of the State are already in search of other game—the rebels that war against their own countrymen.

—A bill to regulate railroads will be introduced at the next session of Congress. It is much needed. Many road accidents are alarmingly frequent. Eight of them have occurred since July.

—The 75th birthday of the poet Bryant was duly celebrated on November 3, at the rooms of the Century Club, in this city.

—Pennsylvania has 2,340 miles of railway, which cost $141,417,000. Ohio has 1,961 miles in length, costing $8,811,702. The real and personal estate, in 1860, amounted to $1,256,586,386. The State debt, Nov. 30, 1863, was $40,586,000, showing a decrease from the preceding year of $815,637.

—A deaf and dumb arab musician had been engaged in the hopeless task of attempting to bribe one of the Judges of the State of Illinois. He wrote: "To the musician whom it may concern." It frantically calls upon the Judge, and discipline of Arabs to receive his corrupt greenbacks. It appears he first tried the effect of his promissory note, which was equally ineffective.

—The *Journal of Commerce*, one of the most vehement of the Chicago platform, has accepted the position of the recent election with great patience, and has announced its intention of devoting its columns exclusively to commerce and family affairs. The good temper with which the defeated party receive Mr. Lincoln's re-election is of especial admiration.

—A man weighing 151 pounds is on exhibition in Auburn, N. Y. The Skowhegan, Maine, *Clarion*, meanwhile, informs us that Armagh over a cabbage head weighing 15 pounds and a half.

—Count de Gurgi, the Austrian Minister at Washington, who was recalled on account of his intimacy with Secretary Seward, has been appointed Governor of Venice, and will soon leave, very suddenly, on the 8th Nov. He was in his place at the Court ball, last night, writing and speaking seven languages with purity and fluency.

—The Hon. Nathaniel P. Talmadge died at Battle Creek, Mich., on the 25th inst. He was a young man, a prominent New York politician, was United States Senator, and recently Judge-Governor of Wisconsin. He emigrated to the West some years ago. He was a spiritualist.

—Commander Napoleon Collins, of the Wachusett, whose recent capture of the Florida shows more daring than diplomacy, is a Pennsylvanian, by birth, and was appointed Midshipman, Jan. 2, 1834. He was educated in the Naval School at Philadelphia. In 1862 he was promoted to his present rank, as full commander. He is about 50 years of age, and has been over 31 years on the sea.

—A great banquet was given on the 18th Nov. at Boston, to Capt. Winslow of the Kearsarge, the destroyer of the Alabama. Mr. Everett delivered an oration, to which Gen. Butler and Mr. Thornton replied in stirring terms.

—A correspondent writing from Johnsonville, Tenn., says that eight steamboats loaded with Government stores were burned there to prevent them from falling into the hands of the rebels.

—A most interesting incident occurred on the day of the election in the village of Phillips, of Hartford, Mass., who is 104 years four months and nine days old, appeared at the town hall and deposited his ballot. His son, Col. Phillips, the oldest man in the town, being 80 years old, personally assisted the veteran. Deacon Phillips had fought in the war of Independence and he was in the war of 1812.

—Hon. John P. Hale, one of the Electors at Large for Connecticut, died suddenly on the 19th Nov. and suddenly on the 10th, at Waterbury. He was a most respected citizen.

—The American Geographical and Statistical Society held its first meeting for the year on the 16th Nov. at Clinton Hall. Prof. Bache presided and called to the chair the late Capt. Speke.

—Mr. Francis Scarlett, secretary of physical culture in West 15th street continues his successful career, and her light and warm calisthenic exercises become a part of all first-class education. Parents need not be reminded of the great value of physical strength, and of the unequalled bearing on the part of their children, these are securing by such study perfect health.

Foreign.—The Danish and German war can thus be summed up: Denmark cedes the three duchies of Schleswig, Holstein and Lauenburg to the victors, and gave to the duchies 8,000,000 of rigsdalers for their claims to the common property of the Danish monarchy. Schleswig and Holstein will be held by the Germans until the Germanic Confederation has decided between the rival claims of the Prince of Augustenburg and the Grand Duke of Oldenburg. Denmark is also to pay for the shipping captured by her fleet. It will be seen that the war has cost the conquerors no little treasure. It may not be profitable to the Prince of Augustenburg, who commanded it.

—It is not often that an official inquiry is made into the conduct of the gods, but the Chinese have proposed it. It is in the report from the Chinese Government on the attention of the rebellion, and is worded in these words: "It is, therefore, most needful that thanks be offered to the gods for their assistance, wherefore the Board of Rites is directed to examine into the services rendered by the different gods, and to report to us."

—The vintage this season in France and Spain is reported to be very rich. Consumers of wine will be sorry to hear it.

—The London *Morning Post* announces that the Warrior, the famous iron-plated war ship of England, is to be dismantled, it being deemed inefficient for war purposes.

—The London *Times* editorially notices the inhospitable reception given on several recent occasions to royal personages, in connection with the hostility shown by the Swedish royal family to the Prince of Wales.

—The Supreme Court of Justice, in Naples, has declared the property of the late Queen Amelia, and the late Prince of Capua to be legal. The decree having decided from the Court of Appeal, which the wider decree from this tardy recognition of her rights is the testimony of Europe.

—The London correspondent of the *Daily News* says that this year the *genius* of London have burnt a human effigy on the 5th of the Pope of Rome as a Guy Fawkes of the day.

—The English Board of Trade returns of railway accidents for 1863 show that in that year 33 passengers were killed and 1,049 injured in the United Kingdom by accidents to trains or other causes.

—An American shoe is now in full bloom in Edinburgh, Scotland.

—It is reported that a mountain of iron has been discovered on the Canada side of Lake Superior, 45 miles from the Sault.

—Alexandre Dumas's latest novel, now in course of publication in the *Opinion Nationale*, is "Isaac."

—The missionary ship John Williams, the first ever built for exploration in the South Seas, arrived in Loch Fleet in the Pacific. She went down in 20 fathoms of water, but was afterwards raised.

—It is stated that upwards of 700,000 persons enter London every morning on business days, and leave it in the evening over 600,000, a great part of it overcrowded.

—Madame Rehaper, daughter of John Shield, Sir Hawk's representative in Paris, has commenced her initiation of getting up a bazaar, in the French capital, for the benefit of Southern rebel soldiers, wounded in battle.

—The Persian Gulf telegraph cable has been regained. The Persian Government has opened up Beherun, and messages have come through to Bombay in London.

—Rat-catching has become a fine art in Paris. One professor has, in one year, killed 15,000 in 3 months. Their skins are used to make "kid" gloves.

—The first lighthouse ever erected within the dominions of the Sultan of Turkey was lighted for the first time, on the 16th of Oct. It is at Cape Spartel. The tower is 90 feet high, and the light can be seen 20 miles at sea.

—The Thanksgiving proclamations were generally issued by the Papal police at Rome; but the intelligent superintendents of a police station to which they were brought for issuance of them, declined to issue it as it is an unlucky number.

—There are now 3 horse railroads at Copenhagen and at the Hague. The latter is connected with Scheveningen by a horse railroad, which passes through what is called "a tunnel of green trees."

—Late services from St. Petersburg notice a scarcity of money there, and the rouble is at a high rate of exchange.

—Mr. Rogers, the American sculptor, residing at Rome, has finished a model of a colossal bronze statue for the Academy of Fine Arts, Philadelphia. The figure represents Israel, in the United States uniform, in the act of challenging Goliath, who is represented as Rebellion. Israel is equal in attack, and the head following the motion of his eye, his eyes are fixed upon the head of the giant, if into obscurity, and the whole figure saying as plainly as action can say, "You goes there?" It is a bold, bright, graphic work of art.

—Another American artist at Rome—Mr. Rebinson—has finished a statue of Cleopatra, which, as a statue and paraphernalia, is a constructed religion."

PICTURES.

A silver thread among the hills,
Gleaming down the hollows;
A fishing-line by lazy hands,
In sunny pools and shallows:
A broad stream flowing through the plain,
In the North and West:
A river rolling to the main,
Bearing navies on its breast:
And the great broad sea with its thousand shores,

An infant, with a tinkling toy,
In his nurse's kindly lap;
A chubby, bright-eyed, radiant boy,
On his father's proud knee dandled;
A youth in long's eager pursuit,
While Truth's broad scroll's unfurled:
A man with anxious, careworn face,
Bent with the load of the world:
And Death's great sea with its silent shores.

PINK RENNIE.

She taught school, and he made money. He will not describe their first meeting, or how he appeared at the house of her father, as a boarder, and during the winter of constant attention on Miss Fanny, talked sometimes with the shy little creature. He will not describe how the shyness of nineteen, a polite mamma had given her, in vain expectation of a legacy from the aunt from whom she took it.

Fanny Bondrair, who was always making fun of her cousin, called her by the long syllables, and was pleased at the show of sensitiveness, as her cousin, with a flush, or coldness, withdrew from all to chime, but could not become hardened.

The Bondrairs were kind-hearted people; their principles were respectable, they went to church, gave liberally in charity, but didn't they make up for every concession to Christianity at home!

Mr. Bondrair insisted on variety and elegance of dress in wife and daughter, gave entertainments, lived expensively, and had a running tread with the butcher, baker, and the rest. His wife and daughter would be in an uproar. Miss Fanny banged doors, talked as loudly as her father, and told him her opinions without the least euphemism. Mrs. Bondrair always took to her room, and had an illness. Pink supposed there would be no more parties or operas, no more fine velvet coats and new sets of jewellery. But a day of calm would come, the carriage would arrive loaded with brown paper parcels. The dressmaker would appear, even the awful paterfamilias he called in for his opinion on the newly-finished robe, at which time he was precisely blind and complimentary, and the world would go on until the quarterly period of disturbance. Mrs. Bondrair was a better. Her darling was small, fine-voiced, unceasing. She never reached a grand climax like her husband, but was constantly approaching one. Fanny was handsome, determined and rowdy—forgive the slang—what else can I say? for that word exactly describes her.

Into this family Pink Rennie was admitted. She was the child of Mr. Bondrair's only sister, poor, or she would not have been there. She had much to temper, and was very grateful, unreasoning, loving. Such a gentle, downy thing as a man of high intellect often marries for that very reason. Pink would never have dared to teach, although she had often cried and longed to do something, had not Fanny herself proposed it herself, and was by no money without "such horrid noisy quarrels with pa."

On Pink's eagerly expressed desire, Miss Bondrair had consented to be taught her, and kept her word. She installed her cousin in one of the fashionable city schools, and fought the necessary battle for eighteen months. At the end of that time Pink never forgot Fanny's kindness at this time. Fanny, who was engaged to marry that grandlooking Mr. Randall, and could do so much for Pink, when Pink's great fit of self-sacrifice came. It's kind of bliss. This grand Mr. Randall had once been a clerk in the house of Bondrair. An old man, the partner of Bondrair, died within a few years, at the head of a concern of his own. He became "good mate!" With all his stature and dignity, he was a simple, quiet man, one you would expect to be awkward on occasions, but who was continually surprising you by his self-possession and tact. He was a widower, was at first before him. She had accepted him without bestowing a bestation. Their courtship was a fashionable affair, and accompanied by presents. Pink, we thought, till one fine day Miss Fanny broke her troth, and married in three weeks from date Aiden Court Van Court, who was living on the interest of her money and her fine manners. Mr. Randall took it all comfortably, made the bride a rich present, and came to the Bondrairs to spend an evening and tell them.

He felt very sorry for poor little Pink. Had a brotherly kind of way that won from the girl her first grateful look. Then by degrees he made her brim everything that had ever happened to her, and all she had ever felt besides. Her little griefs, her great sorrows, her poverty, her pride. He made her sweet, dreary face to flush and brighten at his coming. He took her to ride, gave her advice, lent her books, and told the little ignoramus of the wonderful world of London. When he went away on short journeys he always felt like writing to her, and he did so. She became the confidante of his love affairs, and he often asked her advice about the color of his clothes, or the merits of rival styles of hat or collar. He never uttered one word of unmanly sentimentality. Fanny, married and living over the way, began to berate the girl because no engagement came of this intimacy of over two years. Pink, in order to be the pearl, or goose, or else tell him not to come here any more. It has gone on long enough." She examined her to us the particular phrases he had addressed to her.

"How did he begin his letters? Let me see one."

Pink could not.

"Goodness! how particular we are! Go, got the letters. There's no love in 'em, you say. What's the use of love now?" for the poor hunted thing began to cry.

Mr. Bondrair found her alone in the sitting-room one day, and as his wife could not be with her "a regular set down," whatever that may be, Pink sobbed and trembled as she couldn't after a passionate scene with Fanny—a fool, she had threatened to call Randall to account, and then went off well pleased with himself. He loved to see a timid creature under his sarcasm, to note the hot grievous drops as they fell. A victory over that half-interpreted thing—a woman's nature—was delightful to him. Tactless before, he became suddenly brilliant, quoted school scraps of poetry, made puns and laughed at them.

The idea of being married to Mr. Randall almost took away the girl's breath. What did the Bondrairs mean? Had she always been kind to her? he had made no professions; he had never told her he liked her even; it was only a fatherly interest he felt in her. She was contented.

Pink was not the first who had seen the graces of youth, or its sweet words and honey glances, would not at first be likely to ensnare a girl of seventeen, yet the gentle and loving nature of seventeen not yet crushed out. She tried to be as kindly and calm as usual to her good friend. Strangely to say, nothing of the domestic scenes came to Randall's ears. Once only Fanny Court Van Court told him he was keeping lovers from her. He only smiled, and said in his little manner—

"Who is it I am keeping away?" he demanded smilingly.

She knew no young men, she answered.

"Well, when you don't wish to see me any more tell me to go; you know the most distant hint will answer you."

So matters went on in the ebb and flow of daily life till the outbreak of the rebellion.

Mr. Randall did not go to Washington at first, he helped to fill office, but held no open purse; but by-and-bye he seemed to become educated to that point. Pink, who had heard his talk day after day, and watched its current, with the changing expression of his face, had seen the coming decision.

There was company at the Court Van Courts, a dinner to some officers, and he found a chance to say good-by.

"I am so hurried just now that I find it difficult to command a few leisure moments when you, dear, are unoccupied. What hour to-morrow can you walk with me?"

Five o'clock will be best," said she.

"Very well, at five then," and he turned away to talk with others. He was always easy.

Pink was ready at the appointed hour, and came down in a flush. As he saw her approach him, looking so small and girlish in the midst of the weakness of womankind, their faints and hysterics, and determined to tell her there.

"Comfortable me," said he, taking forward, and holding out his hand; "I am a colonel."

She did not speak, but gave him a smile, and a warm hand pressure. Then he told her what his duties would be, and promised to bring a book on cavalry tactics for her to look at; and after a while he said—

"Can you get ready to be married before I go, Minnie?"

An answer was not ready, nor did he seem to expect one.

"I did not wish to be so sudden, but I go so unexpectedly at last. It is out of the question to leave you here unprotected. I may be home soon back. It is better to have a quiet wedding, for I know you wish you to be beholden to the Bondrairs for any fine show or wedding breakfast."

Here he stopped, for he perceived she was trembling and very pale.

"Come out with me, Minnie; you can think better in the fresh air."

He opened the door, and they went out into the fine child-colored twilight. Pink could not be said during the early part of the walk, not until Pink began to recover her color did her lover talk much. Colonel Randall, under their parents together he told her about his property, and gave her an idea of what she would have to do during his absence. He had taken a house and easy.

"Perry is my man of business, a good, honest, sensible fellow. I have proved, and you may trust him. He will explain everything, and help you to furnish. Choose any house in the new part of school?" indicating a large brick edifice with closed blinds.

"Yes, Madame Gras lives here."

"Have you any objections to taking me in to see her?"

Pink had decided objections, being bashful; but she said she would call with him. Madame Gras was very much astonished at the object of Mr. Randall's visit, but she adapted herself to the good friendliness of his manner. It was impossible to be unflattered by his visit, or now to patronize Pink, who received the kind and sensible congratulations very prettily. Madame hoped she would witness the ceremony. Mr. Randall said he would send a carriage for her, if she would honor them so far. Then Pink, with a sweet look full of fearlessness and bliss, heard she was to be married the next afternoon. Then Randall took her home and left her upstairs to pack her trunks, while he told the Bondrairs. The next day he came in for a few moments to say all the arrangements were made, and found Pink quite ready. At five o'clock the carriages came, and took them all to church. Pink wore a gray silk, and little gray hat, with a white wing of a dove in it. There was a proper service at St. Mark's, which Mr. Randall heard through, Pink saying her prayers by his side. As the congregation rose to depart, he turned to the altar where the priest waited. It was over in a few moments. Mrs. Randall stepped into her own carriage, the bridegroom and Mr. Bondrairs went home with them to a family dinner. The house was splendid. Fanny prowled all over it in the course of the evening, making Pink go with her.

"It is perfect," she said, "and it says he has been over it all to you. I wish I had a baby like Pink mine. None of us supposed he was so rich. Why didn't you let me into your confidence, you sly thing? It is engaged at last long, and has he married at five minutes' notice, and startle everybody?"

Pink did not tell that she was startled as any one.

In the course of the evening the lawyer came, and in the presence of the Bondrairs those matters were settled which concerned Pink's accession of a fortune, and for ever entitled to their respect. Uncle Benerair, in a white waistcoat, and benevolent manner, distributed his wedding presents:

"Had no idea Randall was such a mighty smart chap."

At last her hero went, and all the fashionable world rolled up in carriages to see the bride. They tried in vain to make her gay that winter. Since parties a few weeks in the house of Colonel Randall, but when the army moved on came back to her quiet life. He came back to her once in April, when the war began to grow, and was wounded. Then for the first time they were really together. Mrs. Court Van Court said one day:

"How happy you two look. I believe she is glad you are wounded, Randall."

"I am a very crazy," answered he, with a smile, "The fact is, Fanny, I'm in love with my wife."

Pink blushed beautifully, as she met his eyes. Fanny laughed, declaring she never heard anything so ridiculous in her whole life. But she sighed as she went downstairs to her own grim chosen lord, and snubbed him unmercifully that evening.

The Boston *Transcript* says that the New York Herald has now been in the field for seven years during the last fortnight, and brought Mr. Stanton to the point of death four times within 10 days.

SCENES IN CAMP LIFE.

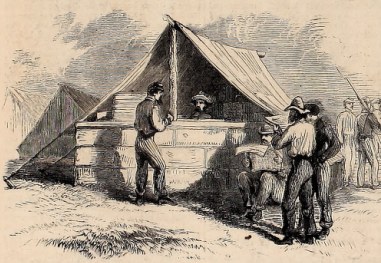
WE devote a large portion of our space this week to illustrations of the life of our soldiers in camp. These glimpses of adventurous and hardy experience are, we judge, interesting to numerous readers, and especially so to those whose friends are serving the country in her brave armies. Living in peace and comfort at home, all true Americans are mindful of the gallant soldiers who are protecting the nation from the hideous fangs of rebellion. We like to see how they live; and the sketches on this and other pages of the present paper bring home distinctly to our minds the realities of camp life. Looking upon these pictures, the parents, wives and sweethearts of our absent defenders can follow their loved ones on the war trail, and note how they beguile the tedium of camp life, when not engaged in active service. Our scenes in camp before Petersburg are spiritedly drawn from real life, by our special Artist, and they tell their own story. The first represents the soldiers playing at tenpins. Their method is a peculiar one, invented, we believe, by a Western officer, and introduced into the army of the Potomac by the officers brought thither by Gen. Grant. In the absence of a smooth bowling-alley, such as we have at home, the soldiers erect a couple of poles, with a cross-piece, to which is attached a rope with a cannon-ball at the end. The player takes aim at the pins with this ball, and swings it towards the mark.

The next scene represents a tent, wherefrom newspapers are dispensed to eager buyers. We are sorry to hear, by the way, that our soldiers are not thoroughly well supplied with reading. The next scene, representing the process of sorting letters in camp, scarcely requires a comment. We can easily imagine the anxiety, the mingled pleasure and pain, with which our soldiers receive their letters from home. The next sketch depicts the camp well, from which the soldiers are drawing water by means of the old-fashioned well-sweep, so common in country places, and so suggestive of Wadsworth's familiar and much cherished song of "The Old Oaken Bucket." Following this is a representation of the 5th Corps Guard House, near the Weldon railroad, which is used as a lockup for rebel prisoners. Around it are seen the tents of our men, and sentinels on duty. A sketch of several sharpshooters, Pennsylvania Bucktails, comes next in order, in which these skilful and courageous soldiers are advancing to their place in the dangerous picket line. A picture of the interior of a bombproof in Fort Duchane completes the series. Fort Duchane is one of our defences on the line of the Weldon railroad, and in this bombproof our soldiers may smoke, lie at ease, or, as Shakespeare has it, "sleep in spite of thunder." No bomb can penetrate this firm structure of logs and earth.



CAMP AMUSEMENTS—SOLDIERS PLAYING AT TENPINS.

TOBACCO.—That a great deal of smoking is done in this world may be inferred from such facts as these. A Brazilian mail-packet lately landed in England 6,000,000 cigars, while an American steamer landed 2,000 bales of unmanufactured tobacco.



A NEWS DEPOT—SOLDIERS BUYING NEWSPAPERS.



SORTING THE MAIL IN CAMP—SOLDIERS RECEIVING THEIR LETTERS.



THE CAMP WELL—SOLDIERS DRAWING WATER



FIFTH CORPS GUARDHOUSE—PLACE OF CONFINEMENT FOR REBEL PRISONERS.

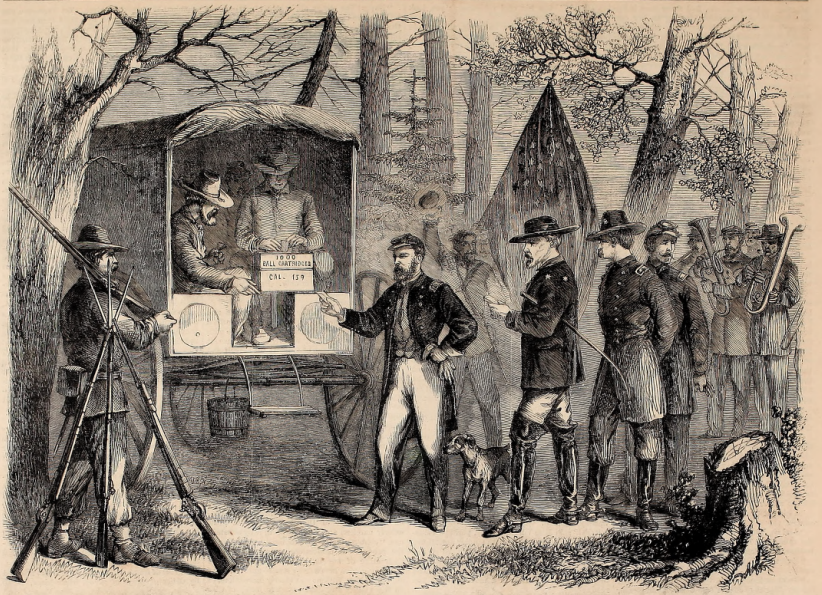


SHARPSHOOTERS GOING ON PICKET DUTY.



INTERIOR OF A BOMBPROOF IN FORT DUCHANE, ON LINE OF WELDON RAILROAD.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—SCENES IN CAMP BEFORE PETERSBURG, VA.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.



ELECTION DAY IN THE ARMY OF THE SHENANDOAH—SCENE AT THE POLLS—GEN. SHERIDAN, GEN. CROOK, AND OTHER OFFICERS CASTING THEIR VOTES.

MIST AT MORN.

BY HUGH W. GRIFFITH.

Belts of woodland circling around,
Luxuriant masses of green,
Zone after zone of rolling mist
Wavering up between.



Zephyrs dancing down through its depths,
While the sweep of their dresses whirl
The rolling mist in a thousand
Eddies of graceful curl.

Like him who dipt in the Lydian stream,
The morning beams bathe in the mist,
Like him, turning to molten gold
The vapory amethyst.

Marshalled in many columns, the mist
Resists the attack of the sun;
Down he comes with his golden lances,
Driving them one by one;

Backward they glide, upward they roll—
Dissolve in the ambient air;
The sun is victor—holds the world—
His beams are everywhere.

Only belts of woodland circling round,
Luxuriant masses of green,
Gone are the zones of rolling mist
That wavered up between.

"OFF THE STAGE."

BY LESLIE WALTER.

The Assembly Hall of the town of Riveredge was fitted up as a theatre "for this occasion only," and crowds of the Riveredgians were resorting thither, sure of an evening's entertainment in beholding "talents of no common order," as the playbills assured them. By some extraordinary good fortune for them—and for himself, as it afterwards proved—an important member of Mr. Barry's theatrical corps had been taken so seriously ill, in passing through, that it was deemed advisable for the whole troupe to remain over night with their suffering comrade, instead of proceeding to fulfil their engagement in the city of L——. The enterprising manager first telegraphed to that place, and then set himself to turn the enforced delay to advantage. A little German theatre, long since exploded, had left behind it a quantity of scenery, a few footlights and a big drum, and with these and the local band Mr. Barry fitted up the townhall, and had his company rehearsing "Faust" before noon on the day of their detention.



MEPHISTOPHELES AND MARTHA IN THE GARDEN.



HOLIDAY IN THE COUNTRY.

"Mr. Meacham" (a thin, red-headed young man), "in the absence of our poor Mr. Arnold—Faust," exclaimed the autocrat; "Mrs. Maclean, Marguerite; Mr. Treverton" (a new recruit), "Mephistopheles; Madame Martha, Miss Vincent. Mr. Maclean will drill the band and arrange the Witches' Sabbath. Afterpiece, "Family Jars;" Liddy, Miss Johnson; Diggory, Mr. Jones—you'll find the rest of the 'cast' on this table. No remonstrance, ladies and gentlemen, if you please—there really is not scenery for anything else," and the "eminent manager" stalked away satisfied, to the discussion of a capital dinner at the Riveredge Hotel, and left his dismayed subalterns to their task.

Mr. Treverton, the new recruit, twisted his moustache carelessly, as his part was handed him by the indefatigable prompter, in pursuance of these orders, and looked indifferently after the retiring figure of the worthy manager and sympathisingly round upon his companions. Mr. Meacham, a meek young person, long since crushed and submissive, was already conning his role with both hand desperately clenched in his hair. Mrs.

Maclean, a pretty blonde, had flung hers indignantly aside, and was animadverting on her employer's conduct in the severest terms; her energetic husband was sorting a pile of miscellaneous properties and distributing them among a few reluctant assistants. Beyond all this confusion, the dark-blue eyes of Mephistopheles—very handsome eyes they were—turned with an expression of pitying interest to a slender young girl, who sat apart from the rest; her head leaning upon her hand in a weary, drooping way; the nerveless fingers, on her lap, loosely closed upon her part; her thin sallow face shaded by her bonnet, the curtain of thick long lashes hiding her eyes.

As Treverton approached, gently, but with a steady marching step peculiar to him, she looked up, startled, and resumed her natural position and expression. Her gray eyes opened, clear and bright and wide, the light and life came back into her dull features; she smiled, showing a row of pretty glistening teeth, and lifting her graceful head, welcomed him with a ladylike ease of manner, a sparkling animation, widely contrasting with her sad and languid mien a few moments before.

"Do I frighten you already?" he inquired, bending his handsome head towards her. "Is there anything diabolic in my appearance? Do I breathe blue flames, or smell of sulphur?"

"Not yet," retorted Miss Vincent, composedly settling her dress, but glancing up half archly, half frowningly, as he took a seat by her side—a look changed into involuntary admiration at a nearer view of his clear-cut features and Spanish complexion. She remembered to have seen few finer faces, but she also remembered that to see such was not her business; and Emily Vincent, as the playbills called her, was of those who ride their own spirit, and resolved to steer clear of the rocks in her perilous profession, maintained her self-respect, and that of others, with a strong will, a steady and determined purpose. "Your vicinage might be dangerous without them," she thought, and rose.

Her little black-rosetted slipper fell off as she moved; the foot it was made for had shrunk and altered, sharing the thinness that marred the outlines of her figure, worn with overwork. Treverton pounced upon the pretty toy, and stood up to return it, but apparently changing his mind retained it a moment, twirling it upon his fingers, loth to render it back.

"I wish you would give this to me," he slowly said.

"And go, like Goody Two-shoes, with a boot on the other foot? Oh, no! Mr. Treverton! shoe leather is too dear. Give me back my slipper."

"But why does it drop off?" he asked, uneasily.

"To show that I have a pretty foot, of course; it is an old trick of coquettes. Come, if you please, my shoe!"

"You are no coquette," he said, abruptly; "you are wasting away to a shadow, killing yourself with overwork. They have no mercy on you here, and you will have none on yourself, Emdy," he continued, stooping to replace the slipper; "will you let me give you rest?"

Her face flushed hotly in a moment. She turned her haughty little head, like an offended princess, and scathed him with a flash from those gray eyes, compounded of anger and mockery.

"Mr. Treverton, you are doing stage business by daylight, which is in bad taste. Save your raptures for rehearsal, and let me study my part."

She walked away like a queen, and the actor rose, unwearying, unabashed, anxious only and eager to spare her tasks her feeble strength was unequal to perform. Under pretence of assisting the worried Mr. Maclean and his indolent wife, he engaged rooms for them at the hotel, sent up their luggage, bribed a waiter to attend them carefully, and would have given Emily his arm, but for her obstinate refusal, as they walked towards it.

A hasty dinner, a hurried change of dress, all intervening moments being devoted to intense study of a half-forgotten part, a prolonged and exhausting rehearsal; then the play, which all the country flocked to see—and Miss Vincent had lost her indignation in weariness long before it was over.

It was a beautiful moonlit May evening, and the temporary theatre being set up in a large building, containing a set of schoolrooms devoted to the select instruction of young ladies, had also appropriate grounds behind it where the said young ladies were accustomed to disport themselves during the hours of recreation.

The back doors of the assembly-room stood wide open for air, beyond the stage, and Mephistopheles and Madame Martha wandering down the painted arcades of an imaginary garden, to leave Faust and Marguerite *tête-à-tête*, suddenly disappeared from the sight of the crowded audience, leaving the heat, the dust, the noise, the flaring lights behind them, to emerge in a moment among the cool green shades of the real one, lying serene in moonlight splendor.

Mr. Treverton found for his fair companion a seat on a rustic bench at the foot of a great tree, and taking a cigar stood near her, smoking out into the clear air, and benignantly watching her as she rested, like a good genius, far more than the evil one he represented. There was a witchery in the hour and the scene that held her mocking tongue dumb, and smoothed the vexed lines of her little thin face, sad and pale under all its bright disguise of paint and powder. None felt the contrast of these false charms more sharply than she, brought suddenly into contact with the calm beauty of Nature, impressed with its grand simplicity, awed by its solemn calm; and none would so gladly have exchanged the gaudy artificial life for the simple, real and true. The shifting light of her eyes, the fervent change of her mobile features told Treverton all she felt, and thought, and hoped in that brief time.

"Good!" was his cool comment; "you look only your age now."

She turned upon him instantly, all her old haughty self again, watchful and austere.

"What do you say, sir? What is my age?"

"You are two-and-twenty."

"Martha has told you. But that is no reason——"

"She has told me nothing. I read it in your face."

"And you dare to say I look older?"

"Much elder—there are lines there that never ought to have come till you were a grave woman of forty—wrinkles of care and pain and trouble, sad to see in one so young. Your life has been a hard one, I fear."

"It has," she half sobbed; "heaven knows it has, yet we have done our best, Martha and I, and done no harm to ourselves or to others, but the world will barely let us live. Why are people so cruel and unjust, Mr. Treverton, why is everything so wrong, and why do you bring me out here in the moonlight, which always makes a baby of me, to tell you this? Thank you, you needn't mind," changing her tone from passionate to pettish, as he drew her shawl tenderly about her, and retained for a moment the slight fingers in which he left the floating ends. She put up a slender hand to wipe away the tears that hung on her dark eyelashes, and turned to him again a different creature.

"This is romantic, indeed," she cried, recovering her old mocking tone and sarcastic manner, "and good practice for us who counterfeit romance. Can't you strike an attitude, and go through the garden scene in Romeo? there will be just time before the curtain falls. Listen! how they are applauding! Martha must have done it well. Poor girl, fancy her saying to that little Meacham, 'He loves me—he loves me not—he loves me!' over a turnip blossom! It must require extraordinary energy to support the imagination through that scene!"

"They should have cast it with you for Marguerite—your sister is too languid."

"No, it is best as it is. The character would not suit me, I never play such parts. And Martha is so pretty, she looks so lovely with her rippling flaxen hair!"

"True, the character would not suit you, I should hardly like to see you in it, and Mrs. Maclean is pretty as you say, while you——"

"Am plain, I suppose—don't hesitate to own it."

"Are more than beautiful, sometimes," he warmly rejoined.

"Oh!" said Miss Vincent, coolly, perhaps accustomed to be made love to, with similar assertions, by her fellow-actors. "Then suppose we go in? This scene is superb certainly—better than our stage moon, isn't it? but also a little cold. The prompter's bell will ring in a moment. Are you ready?"

"Let me tell you first——"

"No, no, tell me nothing—let me respect you a little while longer, at least, which I have rather a fancy for doing. Besides, you don't know how tired I got of this sort of thing; all Mr. Barry's *jeunes gens* annoy me in that way at first; pray spare me—save your energies for the boards. Don't fancy," she added, as she rose, and looked half-kindly, half-archly into his downcast countenance, "that you are falling in love with me, Mr. Treverton; or worse, don't do it—and worse still, don't try to persuade me of it. It is all folly, believe me!"

She smiled up in his face, holding out her hand—her magnificent auburn hair had fallen in curling and rippling masses on her fair shoulders, half hidden beneath the stiff muslin of Dame Martha's correct pinner, her eyes glittered, wistfully bright, her lips smiled with a dangerous sweetness, her delicate expressive features glowed vividly in the pale light. It was not difficult to find her beautiful, as Treverton had averred she was, and though his lips were condemned to silence, his eyes confessed it again as he took her hand.

"Let us be friends," said she, frankly, laughing, "and talk of such nonsense no more. You have been very kind to me, Mr. Treverton, since you have been with us; I own I should not like to lose you."

"I had a selfish reason," he responded.

"Very well," she answered, quickly reddening. "Then let us hear no more of it—and now, sir, if you have done with my hand——"

"But I have not," he returned, bending to kiss it. "I wish it were my wife's, then no other man could touch it so, but I."

"Exactly; you would like to play the *rôle* of the 'Jealous Husband,' and sue Mr. Barry for damages every time a fictitious nobleman brushed the paint from my cheek with his bedraggled plume, or some wretched 'star' pretended to inflict me with a stage embrace! Go! before I learn to laugh at you!"

"That imbecile Morris, who plays the lover——"

"Do you think he ever dared come so near my hand as you have done? Listen! the curtain is rising, will you go?"

So Mephistopheles went back to tempt Faust to his ruin, and Miss Emily Vincent, retiring to her dressing-room, emerged from the relics of Dame Martha a flushed and laughing peasant girl, her auburn ringlets wreathed with roses, her fair arms bare, her bright eyes wide with wonder, as she dawned upon the scene, serene in rustic innocence. Mr. Treverton, for once allowed to be her lover, played his part *con amore*, and having to bear her off in his arms when the curtain dropped, paused only to wrap a shawl about her as he deposited her in the carriage that waited at the side entrance, with Mrs. Maclean on the front seat, asleep.

"That new Mr. Treverton is an acquisition," pronounced she, yawning fearfully, as soon as they were shut in together and driving off. "It would have been dreadful to walk all this way again."

"What do you mean, Martha? Did not Mr. Barry——"

"Never! the stingy old creature! When was he known to care how we got home? No, this is the doing of that dear Mephistopheles—I told him to call to-morrow that we might thank him."

And she had praised the manager's thoughtfulness, as the real doer of the kind deed had gently put her in. He had not said a word in answer, she recollected. No wonder! he must have thought her wilfully blind! Miss Vincent had not been too much used to kindness that its novelty should pall upon her mind. Her life had been spent in the service of selfish people, whose exactions had grown familiar; the considerate generosity of her new friend was a novel experience, and affected her with unaccustomed emotions. What care she had hitherto received had been that bestowed upon a useful machine by proprietors who do not wish to risk its loss—the theatrical managers, to whom she hired her time and talent, spared her so many evenings per month, so many months per year, because it was found that beyond a certain tension her powers utterly gave way, and entailed a greater loss than that of a brief vacation. When therefore her languor and fatigue had reached a certain climax, she always expected Mr. Barry's business-like proposal, of a few days' rest and respite, and accepted it with the same cool indifference with which it was offered, went away and returned at the appointed time, and resumed her duties with mechanical fidelity. But tender care, gentle consideration, thoughtful kindness, she had never known.

In the same way, the usual triumphs and trophies of her profession seemed to her but an empty mockery, and as such were put aside with cold disdain. She had entered it because it seemed the sole means of support for herself and her sister that offered at the time, and because the latter bore down all opposition with her superior age and authority, and forced the younger girl to follow the path she was resolved to tread. She had attained in it a certain position, were a certain distinction, and had no ambition for more. She did not desire to make her fortune by marriage, like so many theatrical "stars," and rejected all matrimonial offers with the same good-natured contempt that marked her refusal of the attentions, the vows, the jewellery and billet-doux lavished upon every pleasing actress in the height of her career; for she did not value the passion inspired by stage illusion, or believe in love that sprang from no deeper motive than the desire to win what other men admired.

Perhaps, too, those whose business it is to deal in the language of the *grande passion* grow utterly careless and indifferent to it by constant use, "contemptuous" by familiarity, according to the proverb—as confectioners are sickened by their store of sweets, and bank-tellers tire of counting golden heaps from sun to sun. Be that as it may, Miss Vincent was utterly incredulous to all the violent and demonstrative forms of that sentiment which she had been accustomed to see, and believed it to be her fate to stand for ever like a wayside statue, cold and unresponsive to her worshippers and their tributes, rather than to be taken, loved and cherished, as the household idol of some good man's home. She did not feel unworthy of such a happy fortune, but she had decided that it was not for her, and disdained all meaner forms of affection—so lonely and chill on her high pedestal, she was more easily moved, perhaps, than we—who are but mortal and dependent always on some fallible human love—by the gentle offices of real devotion. She fell asleep that night with a warmer color glowing on her fading cheeks, and tears hanging half dried upon the heavy lashes that drooped in deadly weariness.

Treverton's attendance at church, like all his actions, was subject to one controlling influence, and on the following morning—being Sunday—he hovered about the Macleans' lodgings, resisting the invitations of half-a-dozen dissentient bells, till a slender little figure that he knew came out alone, and passed quietly down the street. Long practice enabled him to casually join her, at exactly the right time, as she reached a neighboring corner, and with a half apology, keep his station at her side. There was nothing of the tawdry finery of the actress in her costume, everything was simple, fresh and pure, from the little shoe to the neatly fitting gloves, the ladylike dress, the quiet, tasteful bonnet. She held a small prayerbook in her hand, and there was a look of Sabbath peace and rest upon her pale face, pleasant to see, instead of the harassed, weary look it usually wore. But Treverton saw with tender pity how languid was her step, how colorless were her lips, how lifeless was the smile that lit her mouth and eyes with such animating light and sweetness, when she would. He walked silently on beside her, wrapt in deep reflection, and unconscious that those beautiful sad eyes were reviewing him keenly during his soldier-like march, noting with secret satisfaction the calm, gentlemanly elegance of his appearance, so different from her experience of his usually careless and slovenly class: ashamed to wonder, at a time devoted to more serious thoughts, what scorching climate burnt his clear cheek so brown, what earlier profession gave that military grace to his handsome figure.

They knelt side by side during the service, and read from the same book, but when the communion prayers were over, and one by one the occupants of neighboring seats arose and glided forward to the altar, Emily drew apart with bowed head and drooping form, her whole frame shaken by acute distress. With the delicate instinct of affection her companion felt the cause of her sorrow, and realised that, fresh from the garish scenes of the evening before, she felt herself unfit to approach the table from which so many—perhaps less worthy—were coming satisfied away. A kind hand touched her gently, holding beneath her bent face, over which tears were slowly stealing, the lesson for the day, the parable of the Publican and Pharisee, simple words that touched her heart with a sweet assurance of comfort, for which she thanked the generous giver. Yet Treverton was not a good man, judged by a rigid standard, nor particularly a wise one, not over-accomplished, nor ultra-refined, never remarkable for sentiment or sensibility, but possessing a secret charm that tuned his mind and heart to sympathy with those of this sensitive, suffering woman in that rare feeling—a devoted and unselfish attachment, a true and tender love.

By Monday the brisk manager had received an answer to his dispatch, from the lessee of the theatre in L——; there was no need of their presence for more than a week to come. The painters and decorators had been unavoidably delayed, and some days would yet elapse before it was fit for occupation. Mr. Barry, therefore, proposed to spend the interval in giving the Riveredge population a taste of the moral drama, as performed by his unrivalled troupe, and with this view had re-engaged the townhall and the German band, and issued a legion of posters in many colors, which announced these facts to all concerned, together with the performance for the coming evening. At its conclusion, overtaxed and overworn, and obliged to play a difficult part, which Mrs. Maclean had positively refused to undertake, Emdy Vincent quietly fainted away in the greenroom, wholly unnoticed by her brother and sister, who were taking a congratulatory glass of wine with the manager, and was found there looking like a pallid ghost in the moonlight, half an hour later, by the anxious Treverton.

He took her home. There was something like a grateful look in her little cynical pale face when they parted, and seeing her safe and comfortable in her sister's charge, returned to a private interview with the landlord and manager, in which I know not what powerful bribes were used, what secret influences at work, but only that he had galloped miles on a hired horse before the sisters rose next morning, and was applying for admission at Mr. Maclean's door before his wife had finished her late breakfast.

Their little parlor was already made neat by Martha's nursery-maid, and Emily Vincent lay smiling from her sofa at her baby niece. She looked sallow and sickly, and pale and plain, her eyes were dull and heavy, her cheeks thin and hollow, there was nothing, it seemed, of brilliancy or beauty left to win a lover's heart. But Treverton read a cruel resolute patience in her face, that flushed his own with deep and warm emotion, and filled his eyes with tears. Disregarding the hour of rehearsal now fast approaching, he invited the ladies to accompany him for a short drive, and Mr. Maclean feebly explained to his wife how the manager had given them a week's holiday without forfeiture of salary, which they were to spend in the country if they pleased.

A glass of fragrant flowers, pure white, relieved by delicate sprays of green, white lilacs, white violets, white roses, stood near Miss Vincent, and her fingers wandered caressingly over the perfumed petals, while she thanked Treverton rather coldly and languidly for his invitation.

"You love flowers?" he inquired, stiffly seating himself.

"She ought," cried Mrs. Maclean, across the room, "she gets these beautiful bouquets every day, and has for more than a year past, from some mysterious admirer; I don't think he has missed a morning. Always white and so prettily arranged, of materials varying with the season. Has he not exquisite taste?"

"I confess to you that I don't know," he indifferently answered. "I suppose the florists understand those things; for myself I have little experience; I am glad, however, that they please your sister."

But Emdy's large eyes lifted to his face had caught his first guilty glance and flush at the sudden question, and interpreted its meaning. She rose quickly, coloring a little, and went thoughtfully and quietly about her preparations for the trip, not seeming to realise that she was to have a holiday—holidays had been hitherto but empty observances to her. It was not until they had driven several miles that the sweet May wind fanned a faint glow into her face, kindled a brighter lustre in her eyes. Her companion was kind and attentive, but he did not disturb the reverie or stupor into which she had fallen, till her own morbid fancies found expression in speech.

They were passing the western boundary of a pretty suburban village, a green graveyard sloping to the banks of a clear little river that hurried swiftly by. Tall trees of an old and noble growth shaded the whole, weeping willows embraced the higher monuments, the humbler mounds were gay with groups of flowers. It was a beautiful, quiet place, suggesting thoughts as sad and sweet if less elaborate than Gray's. On an arch above the great gates was the inscription;

> "'Yea,' saith the Spirit, 'for they rest from their labors.'"

Emdy pointed to it with a sigh. "See!" said she, "they rest."

"No doubt they had their trials and troubles in their day," he answered.

"But they did not burn in such consuming fires as those in which we waste away. Avarice and ambition, the poor pride in the world's applause, the ignoble fear of its forgetfulness or indifference; the sordid strife for daily bread to satisfy the body, while the mind and heart starve ungratified for what is nearly as essential to living; discontent and weariness, and rebellion, and deadly self-contempt for life so spent; surely the dwellers in that peaceful place, looking forward to such a goal as this, could have found and needed no oblivion so sweet as ours would be beneath those trees!"

"My dear Miss Vincent," said Treverton, cheerfully, "you are falling into a common mistake, and making an Arcadia of this little country place, whose inhabitants, I doubt, are no better than we. Sons of Adam, daughters of Eve, how should they be exempt from the struggle and suffering that form the common lot of humanity? Believe

me, we are wrong in overvaluing the merits of their simple existence and depreciating our own richer and fuller ones, for which we should be content to pay the forfeiture. What does Mrs. Browning say?

'For my large joy of sight and touch,
Beyond what others count as such,
I am content to suffer much.'

"And I think many of our pains and penalties are self-incurred, like some of our privations."

His look, full of meaning, dwelt upon her, but Emily would not meet it.

"I am glad you quote English at least," said she sarcastically—"if you must be poetical. Mr. Morris stuns me with Virgil and Homer."

"Latin is not my forte, and English very much my mother-tongue. What! because I preserved the integrity of my aspirates, and forbore to sneer at your peculiar insitutions, you thought my nationality was the same as your own? 'But I love my ain, ain countree best,' though my tastes and ideas have grown cosmopolitan in the course of a long exile knocking about the globe, yet even in this noble New World of yours I miss her beauties and her defects. I miss her fogs and her follies, her titles and her taxes, her suicidal November, her London May. I miss the stately homes of England as I remember them, and as I wish I could describe them to you. Groves more green, trees more vast, more spreading and more shadowy; parks of rich herbage, cropped by deer with spotted fawns kneeling beside them; the woods of many centuries' growth; rich pastures, where the bonny brown cows feed knee-deep in blossoming clover; lawns of living vivid emerald, of three-piled velvet, dotted with clumps of luxuriant shrubbery on a cushion of turf such as our humid soil, our shaded skies alone could nurse and rear; trim fields kept like gardens, and tidy hedgerows bordered with short sweet grass, and gay with a hundred wild flowers. In the midst of such a landscape as this, imagine the antique mansion house, its heavy gables and tall chimney-stacks peeping from among ancestral oaks; its windows deep sunken in the stone; its battlemented roofs, its doors bound and barred with iron, old relics all of a warlike time gone by. Such a home as this was my earliest recollection—and I hope will be my last—it forms, as you may suppose, my dream of Arcadia in suitable society, but I despair of describing it to you, and here we are arrived. This will be yours, I hope, for a week at least—may it be a happy one!"

The different incidents of the day had somewhat affected Miss Vincent's usual manner of cold composure to her fellow-actor, and she thanked him with a brilliant blush, a yet more brilliant smile, as she eagerly sprang out of the carriage to join the Maclean party, who were proceeding up the gravel walk, with many expressions of surprise and delight. A kind matronly woman met them at the door, and invited them to a table spread with hospitable profusion, while she welcomed them to her pleasant home. An afternoon and evening of quiet holiday happiness followed, and Emily laid her weary head upon the homely pillow with tears of deep thankfulness and emotion.

I speak next of ten days later, the last on which the party lingered in the Eden they had found. To describe this is to describe all, except for its decisive ending.

The scene was pretty, as most rural scenes are apt to be in summer, their season of bloom and grace. The old house—every inch of its gray walls contended for by a wilderness of luxuriant creepers—rose, honeysuckle, woodbine, and virgin's bower, that climbed to the very chimneys, and forced off the warped shingles with the closeness of their tight embrace—stood back from the road in an orchard of fine old apple trees, now in blossom, whose base was green velvet turf, and gay with white and red clover. The air was further perfumed by an avenue of tall lilacs which lined the pathway, and nodded their purple clusters slowly in the sweet May wind. An old-fashioned kitchen garden, a red barn, its roof tenanted by a flock of cooing doves, and twittering martins; a towering well-sweep, swinging with a lazy croaking to and fro, a hayfield and a thick green hedge bounded their view, and filled their narrow horizon. Above all these objects, animate and inanimate, reigned a soft repose, a blissful calm, a quiet sense of rest and gladness, inexpressibly soothing to weary brains and aching nerves, that gave all care to the idle breeze, and were cheered and brightened by the warm spring sunshine. To such the rustic farmhouse became a haven of happiness, a paradise of peace.

Mr. Treverton was leaning against the sturdy brown trunk of an orchard tree, his coat powdered with the pink petals it showered down at every motion of his tall figure, and his black curls crowned by the circlet of pale blossoms among which they rested. His brows were unbent, his dark features irradiated with a genial glow, his blue eyes laughing, as he watched the frolics of Martha's petted two-year old baby, that tumbled on the turf at his feet; he seemed to breathe an atmosphere of content and happiness, as he leisurely smoked his cigar. At a little distance, Emily Vincent, in a dark French calico morning dress and deep white sunbonnet, enthroned on the grassy knoll formed by the roots of a companion tree, was regarding her infant charge with more anxiety and less satisfaction. Mrs. Maclean's temper was proverbially uncertain, no one could prophecy whether she would be delighted with her darling's improved health and spirits, or if she would scold its temporary guardian for the staining and soiling of the white dress, or the freckles already visible on the fair round arms. The young aunt was a little troubled by these reflections; she glanced wistfully at Treverton, whose hearty mirth and sympathy were encouraging the infant revel. Surely, no novice standing on the threshold of a difficult profession ever had as free and careless a mind, so easy a confidence, before! It was not like her own experience, she thought, and sighed.

Treverton's eyes, chancing to turn upon her, as was often the case with them now, met this look, and half interpreted it. It was time to speak. A week of absolute repose and rest had done much towards filling the wasted outlines of her form, and restoring the lost youth of her face—if ever Emily Vincent possessed a claim to the epithet pretty, it was now. A brief taste of happiness such as other girls of her age hold as their birthright and claim as their heritage and portion, had smoothed the lines of pain and weariness from her forehead charmed away the anxious careworn look from her beautiful eyes. Sweet peace descended upon her heart, gentle influences hovered about her steps, not for years had she known such a season of perfect and permitted idleness—always in those intervals they called recreation, and devoted to the duty of recruiting, the nominal seeking after health, there was some pressure of anxiety, the ceaseless prompting of ambition or necessity to study—care for the present, the burden of the future, the thought of the past, upon her mind, that left it never free.

Now, it was wholly unembarrassed and happy; life flowed on like a gentle river, bright, but quiet; she would have been contented thus to linger, thus to dream, for ever. The struggles, the ambitions, the poor rewards, the harassing toil of her profession, ceased to be remembered; they had slipped from heart and brain like fetters from the limbs of a prisoner, leaving indeed the rust and scar of the chains behind, but in those very tokens a sweet assurance of freedom. She woke now in the morning to hear the little birds singing above her head, gaily and joyfully—could almost have joined them in the fulness of her heart—woke early, that she might not lose a moment of the brief delightful day; watched with wonder the rosy streaks brighten in the east; the gradual awakening of nature; the light veil of vapor rising below; the gilded procession of clouds hurrying above, to join the glorious pageant of the sunrise. Restless as a spirit, she was up and away before the dew was dried, haunting the garden, the field, the wood, the unromantic precincts of the barn; gathering eggs among the hay; breathing the breath of the cows; trying in vain to coax the milk from the ruminating matrons with those statuesque hands that were the delight of her admirers; picking wet flowers, and trampling over high grass; coming into the early breakfast with her hair uncurled; her dress in damp confusion, and an appetite that shocked the dainty Martha, and would have shocked the said fastidious admirers, but with a life in her eyes, a color in her face, that met a brotherly look of interest and approbation from Mr. Treverton, who often shared the rambles, and always encouraged the appetite. Walks, rides and drives, in the same genial and gentle companionship, intervals of undisturbed rest, or free and friendly conversation, in which all professional topics were adroitly avoided, occupied the day and evening; and the young actress could hardly believe that ten such had passed since the weary night she had fainted from fatigue during the performance in R—, or that the full life of heart and mind in which she so rejoiced had lasted no longer.

Surrounded by such sweet influences, she had forgotten the heavy task to which she must soon return, and the first remembrance of it revived in the look and sigh with which she turned to her companion.

Treverton smiled as he met her wistful glance.

"This is surely Eden," said he, throwing away his half-smoked cigar, "and I have a mind to believe it also Paradise. How should I do for Adam, or the serpent?"

Miss Vincent laughed; she had learned to laugh in those ten days; the languor was gone from her eyes; the nervous quiver of pain from her lip; she looked up at him frankly, the deep cambric bonnet falling back from her sun-brightened hair.

"I dare say you would do very well, but I have no fancy for such primitive banquets as Eve's must have been, in spite of Milton's praises of her cookery. I feel more faith in Mrs. Maple's dinners, and can acquiesce in the fall, if so we get broiled chickens."

"*Gourmand!*" said Treverton, looking at her fond and proud satisfaction; "you are growing positively gluttonous; no wonder your cheeks are redder. I hope you will admit that my experiment is successful?"

"Only too successful," sighed Emily, giving her little niece to the nursery-maid who came to seek her. "I have learned to be idle and selfish, and I fear it will be hard to forget it. I believe my mind does not belong to the class that can receive happiness healthfully; what only elevates and cheers others enervates and unnerves mine, and unfits it for the tasks and duties to which it must return. I am like Bessie, who struggles and rebels, in her small way, against the fate that compels her to leave this pleasant spot, and is borne off contending, in the victorious arms of a stronger than herself."

"You do your mind injustice," returned Treverton; "it has been too long depressed, and cannot easily rally. You have had but a brief experience of this quiet place. A month more and you would weary of its monotonous peace and sigh for your lost excitements and enforced occupations."

"I do not think so," she replied, "and I believed that you understood my character better. The profession I follow was never my own choice; I have found in it more pain than pleasure. Were I sure of the greatest triumphs it can offer, I would say the same. What can compensate to a woman for the publicity it gives, the criticism it insures, the sacred sanctity of private life of which it robs her?"

"You wish, then, for a home?"

"I wish for it? Yes—'the desire of the moth for the star;' but I shall never have one—have never had one since I was thirteen. I envy those pretty ladylike women we meet in our drives and walks, going happily about their household affairs, and occupied in care for others. I might have been such had my poor father lived. I have done my best not to be unworthy of him, yet I know he would rather have had me like them, a quiet girl at home, than the most successful actress on the stage, and he would be right."

"You would hide your beauty and genius, and exchange with the commonplace matrons who come to the Riveredge Theatre, leaning on their husbands' arms? I thought you were fond of self-sacrifice, but hardly to this extent."

"I cannot believe that you are laughing at me, and yet I know I have neither. Surely you do not think I estimate our petty triumphs or ephemeral homage so fully? I was taught in childhood, when our minds are most apt to receive impressions, to care for other and far better things. To try to 'do my duty in that station of life to which it has pleased God to call me' is my chief care and effort now."

Mr. Treverton had drawn nearer, his countenance and manner grown more grave and serious, his very voice was changed, and sweeter when he spoke:

"Let me offer you this home and fortune."

Miss Vincent stiffened instantly.

"You misunderstand me, sir," she haughtily began, and rose, as if about to pass him.

He waved her back with a gesture that commanded silence, and she instinctively obeyed him and returned to her seat, seeing in his resolute face that the moment was come when he must be heard for good or evil. Her heart was soft with gratitude for all his kindness, but her determination was not the less stern. A married "star," plodding the dull round of her profession, like poor Martha, she would never be; her life was devoted to higher aims and objects.

"Ella—I must call you Ella—I know your real name, and I cannot endure to use that by which you are known to so many."

"I don't see that this is much better," Miss Vincent interrupted, bitterly; "I told Martha it would soon be no longer my secret if she persisted in calling me by it."

"I did not learn this from your sister," he answered, "I heard it as part of a heroic history, the story of a young girl born to wealth and refinement, but left, through the fault of others, orphaned and penniless, when little more than a child. Compelled, by the determined example and advice of an elder sister, to follow a distasteful profession, she so dignified and honored it that her stainless reputation, sustaining both, passed through the fiery ordeal of public criticism unscathed, while all the earnings her modest triumphs won were devoted to clearing her father's name from reproach, by paying the debts he left, her sister, encumbered with a family, not being able to assist in this noble undertaking."

Treverton stopped and looked earnestly at Emily. Her eyes were darkened and brightened by tears that she would not permit to fall, but her head was drooped, and her face still averted from him. Changing once more both his tone and his attitude, he went on, hurriedly:

"I have now to tell you of another person, very different from the last, a reckless roving young Englishman, who wandered to this country, after visiting many others, two years ago, with little faith in men or women, especially of your profession, of which he had seen something. At the first theatre he entered he saw the lady of whom I spoke, and being interested and attracted by her, was more than glad to gather this little history from one who had cause to know her well and deeply, a poor creditor of her deceased father, whom she had repaid. Having had the misfortune to be of good birth, in a position that exposed him to temptations, which his education and character had not fitted him to resist, this Englishman had been, like many others, a spendthrift and a vagabond, wasted his substance in riotous living, went into the army, fought more or less in India and the Crimea, sold out his commission on the return of peace, and travelled, not expensively, on the proceeds, waiting till a distant relative, who enjoyed an entailed estate, should die and put him in possession. Under these circumstances he could do little for the lady, and that he did. I think she has never lacked a white bouquet—it was his fancy to offer her only such, and that they became her; roses, camellias, daisies, there was always something in bloom—every day in those two years. This was silly, sentimental, you will say, and of no great use to her. Neither was buying a hatfull of tickets at her benefit—a common, boyish folly—for that is but another name for a manager's profits, or the securing her new engagements and better terms—for those her merits should have received in any event; but what he did do"—said Treverton, turning his blue eyes on Emily Vincent, and blushing scarlet, "and when you hear me repeat his claims to her interest, trivial as they are, of which I am ashamed, like a special pleader, you will know that the case is desperate—what he did do was to turn lawyer, at which the blood of the Baynes (for he like you he had a sort of pride in concealing his name in some associations) greatly revolted. He hunted up some Western lands in which the lady's father had sunk money twenty years before, and afterwards abandoned them as valueless, and persuaded the chief and last creditor, a regular Shylock, to take them as full payment for his claim. The lands are rising now, so that nobody is hurt. And all this, which I say again, I am ashamed to recapitulate," cried Treverton, with burning cheeks and thrilling voice, "is only to prove his interest in her, and does not indebt her to him in the least. To drop all metaphor, I am John Treverton Bayne, my uncle has died at last, and I am master of Bayne Oaks, not a large estate, but a place we might be very happy in, and I ask you, Ella Warren, to let it be your home."

"You ask me what?" said Emily, looking in his honest eyes.

"To be my wife and my love, to make my home your own and make it happy," he promptly answered, not without trepidation.

Miss Vincent had probably seen too much fictitious love-making to enjoy the real, or bad, perhaps, simulated the passion so often that she despised its usual forms. She only stretched a pretty hand to her lover, which he hastily and gratefully took.

"I trust you," she quietly said, "and I will try to thank you."

But the hand trembled and the voice shook, and no actress "well up in her part" would have deemed herself justified in displaying such unbecoming emotion as that which rained in heavy drops from her beautiful eyes, quivered on the small firm mouth, and flashed in and out with quick impulsive blushes on her pale cheeks. But she had withdrawn into the depths of the great white sunbonnet, and, unaware of the pantomime going on within, Treverton was obliged to be contented with the gracious token of approval vouchsafed him so coolly without, and expressed himself satisfied.

"You consent, then," said he, modestly and honestly exultant, "to go with me to England, and leave this life and all its associations behind. I have been a sad scamp, but I will be a better husband and try not to let you regret it; I hope the home and heart you accept may be all you deserve. Whenever you are ready we will sail, and as soon as you will permit me I will tell the manager that your holiday is but begun, and that you have left his company and are for ever 'off the stage.'"

To his surprise, she stooped and kissed his hand.

AN EXPLICIT LUNATIC.

A VISITOR to an English lunatic asylum thus describes an interview with one of its inmates:

As the doctor spoke, the man advanced towards us with an insolent, defiant look, but without a trace of insanity. When he was sufficiently close to speak, he asked me if I was in the magistracy, and I informed him I was not.

"Are you connected with Government, sir?"

"No, not in any way."

"Are you acquainted with any one that is? If you are, pray stand my friend, for I am treated here in the most infamous manner. I am no more mad, sir, than you are, and yet the doctor, for his own profit, keeps me here."

"But you know," says the doctor, "that you are a prisoner, and I have no voice in the matter. The Government sent you here, and without their orders you know perfectly well I cannot release you."

"But you know," said the man, "that if you only told the truth, and said I was not mad, I should be allowed to go at once."

"Not at all; you would only be sent to some prison. Besides, you have applied to the Commissioners, and they refuse to interfere in your behalf."

"Because they go snacks with you, I believe," said the convict.

"Well, then, this gentleman," said the doctor, "is a stranger to me, and is connected with the law, and can doubtless bring forward your case if he thinks proper."

"It would be a charity if you would, sir, for you may imagine what a terrible thing it is for a sane man to pass his life with the horrible madmen you see here."

"Tell the gentleman your own case," said the doctor, "and then he can judge for himself."

"I will tell you everything, sir," he said, "and as true as the Gospel; for I am not at all afraid of letting my case be known. I was formerly a respectable tradesman in the north of England. One day a taxgatherer called on me and said he had a claim against me for 12s. I asked him what for. He said I had been keeping a dog which I had made no return of, and for the matter of that it was perfectly true.

"'Well, then,' said he, 'you must pay the tax for it.'

"'I shall do nothing of the kind; no man ought to pay a tax for keeping a dog.'

"'Now, be reasonable,' he said, 'and pay it, for you can; if you don't I must summon you, and I do not want to do that to you or any man.'

"'Take my advice,' said I, 'and don't try it.'

"'I must,' said he, and he left me.

A few days afterwards he called with the summons, and I took up a knife and killed him."

"You did a very infamous action, then," I answered, astonished at the fellow's recital. "A short time since a man was hung for killing a broker who seized his goods for rent, and I do not see much difference between his case and yours."

"And he really deserved it," said the maniac; "but my summons was for a dog."

"No matter; you are bound to pay the tax for a dog as well as a house," I replied, totally forgetting I was reasoning with a maniac.

"Is that really your opinion?" he said, getting greatly excited.

"Certainly!"

"Very well, I shall know you whenever I see you again, and if ever I get from here I will rip you up as I did the taxgatherer."

I devoutly hoped, as I turned from him, that it would be some time before he left the asylum.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

FAT Mr. Banting, whose pamphlet on the art of reducing corpulency has been so widely circulated, is said to be a walking paradox, because he has achieved greatness by growing less.

THE lap of luxury is typified by a cat enjoying her milk.

WHAT THE LOYAL NORTH CAROLINIANS PRAY FOR.—Their Vance and our advance.

A EUROPEAN paper, describing the ascent of Nadar's balloon, said that a hundred thousand hearts were beating as they witnessed it; a hundred thousand eyes were watching the movements of the balloon! What a curious coincidence, says a critical joker, that there should have been so many one-eyed people present at once!

AN able physiologist has written that one-fifth of the human body is composed of phosphorus. *Punch* remarks that this most likely accounts for the number of matches made.

AN Irish savant claims originality for his country, and spells it O'Riginality.

"FAST" AND "SLOW" WRITERS.—Swift and Crabbe.

A DUTCHMAN lately attended Court in New York, to get excused from the jury-box.

"I can't understhand goot Englese," he said.

"What did he say?" asked the judge.

"I can't understhand goot Engleee," repeated the Dutchman.

"Take your seat," cried the judge, "that's no excuse; you need not be alarmed, as you are not likely to hear any."

A HUSBAND telegraphed to his wife: "What have you for breakfast, and how is the baby?" The answer was, "Buckwheat cakes and the measles!"

FEW people are aware how difficult it is to speak with either precision or grammar. Thus the New York *Herald*, on a recent occasion, announces the arrest of a woman, in the streets of Boston, and adds: "Nothing was found on her person but a letter and the photograph of a young man." Such a costume is certainly more appropriate to Paradise than to the Hub of the Universe.



SCENE AT BAKER'S BAKERY, BATTERY BARRACKS, N. Y.—PREPARING POULTRY TO BE COOKED FOR SOLDIERS' THANKSGIVING DINNER.

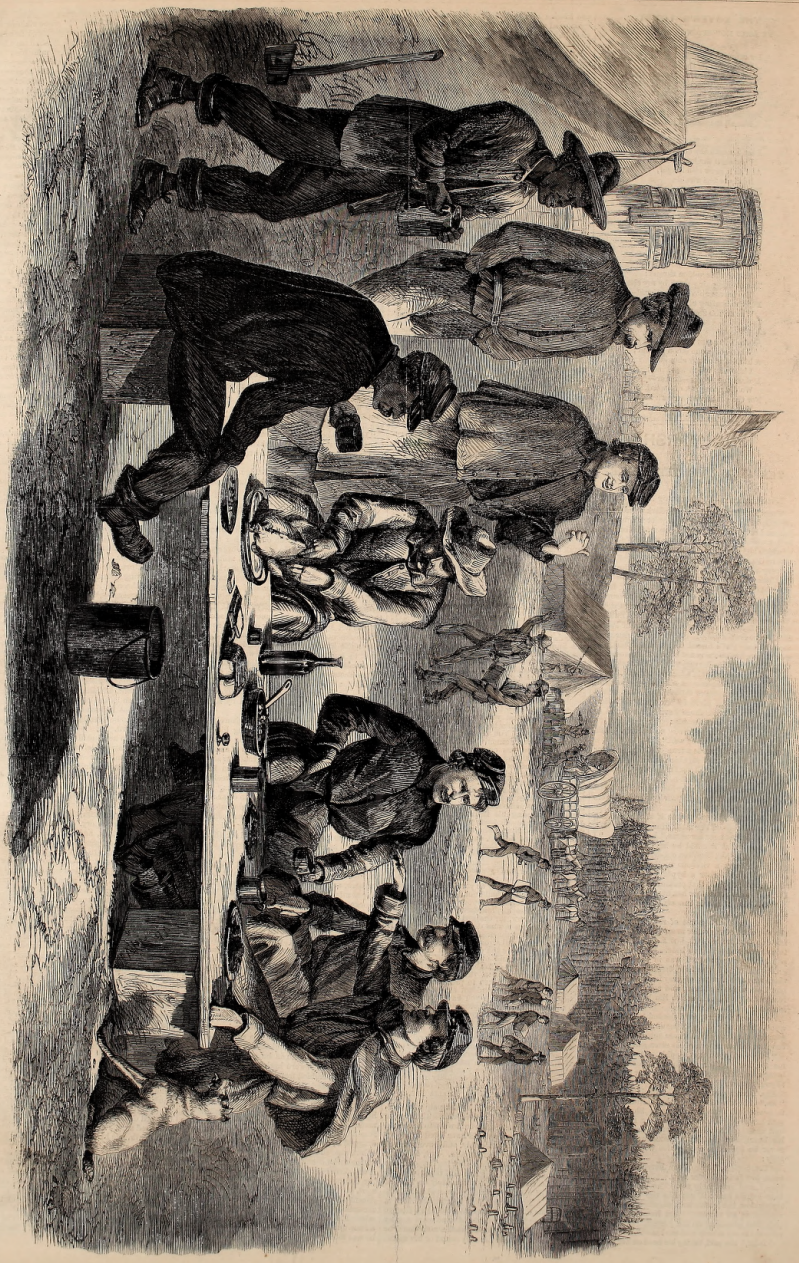
THE GRAND THANKSGIVING DINNER

To our Sailors and Soldiers.

It was a happy thought that has prompted this and other communities, at this Thanksgiving season, to testify, by substantial bounty, its kindly remembrance of our sailors in the navy and our soldiers in the field. The credit of originating the scheme rests, we believe, with Mr. George W. Blunt, a gentleman of sterling and tireless patriotism and public-spirited activity. It was first proposed at the Union League Club, in this city, a committee of which association then made an appeal to the public for contributions of cooked poultry and other suitable meats, as well as fruit and mince-pies, to furnish our gallant soldiers and sailors with a good Thanksgiving Dinner. That appeal has been responded to, in every direction, with the most bountiful liberality. Turkeys, geese and chickens have been sent in by thousands. Many persons and corporations have contributed money. The banks of New York have given $7,150. The contributions from private individuals largely exceed this amount. The money thus obtained has been employed, under the direction of Mr. Theodore Roosvelt, in the purchase of poultry and other food. In this manner a splendid banquet has been insured to our defenders on shipboard and in camp. Upwards of 35,000 turkeys, from this city alone, constitute a single item in their magnificent feast. We can fancy with what delight they will welcome this startling variety in diet, their customary food being salt pork and hard tack, alternating with hard tack and salt pork, now and then relieved by a little fresh beef. A large sketch, on page 169, represents a party of our soldiers at their Thanksgiving Dinner. Our Artist has happily preserved the tone of mingled sentiment and jollity that naturally characterises such an occasion. One fancies how memories of home will mingle, in every soldier's mind, with a sense of present pleasure in the gift of kind and thoughtful friends. As he sits down to his Thanksgiving Dinner he will be grateful, most of all, that he is truly remembered in our peaceful homes, in the familiar places that he loves, and to which it is possible that he may never return. Our other sketches relative to this subject illustrate the progress of the movement which has wrought such pleasant results. All the contributions of uncooked poultry have been cooked, in the best manner, by volunteer bakers. One thousand turkeys and geese were baked by the Messrs. Delmonico. A sketch on our first page represents the process of packing these cooked fowls in a cool cellar, at their famous restaurant on the corner of Broadway and Chambers street, preparatory to shipping them to their destination. The sketch immediately beneath this represents the principal receiving and distributing depot, at No. 34 Trinity place, in this city, superintended by Mr. G. W. Blunt. The scene at this place was extremely lively for several days. Contributions of all sorts were received here, and for many hours each day the street was thronged with drays, carts, express wagons, wheelbarrows and messengers with baskets, all laden with fowls and meats and other agreeable viands. On page 168 we present two sketches, showing how the turkeys were cooked. The upper one depicts a scene at Mr. S. O. Baker's bakery, at the Battery Barracks. Here all the poultry was prepared for cooking, and here it was finally packed and marked for its voyage to the sailors and soldiers. Upwards of 1,500 turkeys also were baked in this establishment. The whole work was superintended by Capt. Hicks, Commandant of the Fort, who appears in our sketch, standing nearest to the workmen. The fat gentleman next to him is Mr. S. O. Baker, the proprietor of the Bakery. The sketch immediately beneath depicts a kindred scene at the Bakery of Mr. Steele, No. 111 Cherry street. Here upwards of 2,000 turkeys were baked. Great credit is due to all who have participated in this kindly scheme. It was promptedby warm friendship for those who are bearing our flag on land and sea, and it has been executed in a spirit of genuine patriotic enterprise. With its gift the country sends a hearty greeting to the Army and the Navy, thanking the Great Master of all for the blessings it enjoys, in the peace and plenty that prevail at home and in the victory which he has vouchsafed to the victorious arms of the Republic.



SCENE AT STEELE'S BAKERY, NO. 111 CHERRY STREET, N. Y.—PROCESS OF COOKING 2,000 TURKEYS FOR SOLDIERS' THANKSGIVING DINNER.



THE SOLDIERS' THANKSGIVING DINNER IN CAMP.

THE LOVER'S TRYST.

BY LORD HOUGHTON (R. M. MILNES).

I.

I wandered by the brookside,
  I wandered by the mill;
I could not hear the brook flow,
  The noisy wheel was still;
There was no burr of grasshopper,
  No chirp of any bird,
But the beating of my own heart
  Was all the sound I heard.

II.

I sat beneath the elm tree,
  I watched the long, long shade,
And as it grew still longer,
  I did not feel afraid;
For I listened for a footfall,
  I listened for a word—
But the beating of my own heart
  Was all the sound I heard.

III.

He came not—no, he came not—
  The night came on alone;
The little stars sat one by one,
  Each on his golden throne;
The evening air passed by my cheek,
  The leaves above were stirred—
But the beating of my own heart
  Was all the sound I heard.

IV.

Fast silent tears were flowing,
  When some one stood behind;
A hand was on my shoulder,
  I knew its touch was kind;
It drew me nearer—nearer—
  We did not speak one word,
For the beating of our own hearts
  Was all the sound we heard.

NINA MARSH;

OR,

THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER XXIX.—A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

When Mrs. Trent had seen the dark prison gates close upon Nina she went to a quiet inn near the jail, and ordered pen, ink and paper to be brought to her whilst they were preparing the refreshment of which she stood sadly in need. Her first letter was to Captain Marsh, giving full details of their journey and Nina's state of feeling all through. She believed it would comfort Cyril to know that she had displayed the utmost calmness and fortitude ever since parting from him. How sorely she wept, in her weakness, when the huge doorway of the prison was barred behind her, shutting her away from the outer world and all she loved, Mrs. Trent did not know. She might have guessed that the poor girl's forced composure would give way at last, but she was not bound to express this thought to Captain Marsh, whom she could picture holding the letter in a tremulous hand, whilst Mrs. Marsh, her eager eyes blinded by tears, unable to root the name of this child who has sinned from the warmest place in her mother's heart, creeps near to read those hurried lines, and to drink in Cyril's earnest words:

"Aunt, you must not sorrow so bitterly. Nina is innocent, and all will be well."

Mrs. Trent's picture is a true one, for her letter brings a pale gleam of sunshine into the desolate household. Mrs. Marsh ventures to approach her husband to tell him the last news.

"Nina was quite calm when Mrs. Trent left her," she says, letting her poor quivering fingers fall pleadingly on his.

Mr. Marsh turns quickly, as if she had stung him, and shakes off her meek grasp.

"Don't let me hear her name," he mutters. "I never knew that it could be held to any man's shame that he had begotten children on the earth, and given them a virtuous mother, until I was called upon to harbor a hypocrite and father a murderess. Sophia, that creature is dead to me; I will not even remember her name."

"Oh, John, if she is innocent! and, any way, she is our own!"

"Is not that the worst of my sorrow? Were she the child of any other man, I should pity him from the bottom of heart, but I should not have this shame and agony to bear. Look at me, Sophia! Three days ago I was in the prime of a green old age; I was hale, hearty, upright, and there was not a seam of gray in my hair. And now I am white, and bent, and aged, and the last remnant of youth and active life has fled before her sins."

He paused a minute, and seemed to choke down a sob. Presently he spoke again, in the tone and manner of a strong man whose spirit is broken—a desolate Samson shorn of his strength.

"I have only you now, Sophia. Do not desert me for her! After all, these sufferings must bring us closer together. Have I ever been harsh to you, my love?"

Mrs. Marsh murmured a stifled but earnest "No." She was more pained by this humble mood than she had been by his anger. She saw, even with her little penetration, that the recent blow had shattered Mr. Marsh's pride, had wounded his heart, and that from henceforth he would never be the same again. He went on mournfully:

"Yes, Sophia, I have been harsh to you sometime, but it is all over now. You are stronger than I, and must help me. The blow was more than I could bear; it was like the terrible blast laying low the stout tree which had hitherto mocked at all storms. I am humbled now, Sophia, and grovelling on the ground. Do not forsake me in my misery and weakness."

"John," she said, taking his head on her bosom, and kissing him passionately on brow and lips, "you need not fear—I will be true and staunch to you; but can I forget that God made me a mother?"

"You were a wife first," said Mr. Marsh, with something of his past sternness.

"Yes," said the poor woman, all her pent-up feelings bursting forth, "I might have saved her all this sorrow, perhaps, if I had now and then put you a little aside in order to bring my children nearer. She once reproached me that I belonged so entirely to you, and it was true. I have been nothing but a wife, John; I forsook them for you, and now I am too old to learn the novel lesson of forsaking you for them. Oh, John, I am almost afraid that we have not done rightly by our girls."

Her manner was brave and outspoken for the first time since she became a wife. The anxious repression of years seemed to be forgotten now in her self-reproach, her searching pain, lest she had not been a good mother to the poor lamb which had gone astray. Oh if she could but feel her conscience quiet in this time of terrible trial! —if she could only be certain that she had never carried her obedience to her husband so far that she had sacrificed her children to him! The cry she had once heard pass Nina's lips—a cry which merely prefaced the passionate accusation: "You belong to papa, and not to me!"—rang in Mrs. Marsh's ears, and seemed to echo through her heart, stinging her with its painful repetition. For the first time in her life she doubted herself, she doubted her husband, she doubted everything and everybody but God, and never had He appeared such a sure anchor as in this hour of darkness and pain.

It was so strange to have him—the great strong man, her husband—dependent on her cares, expecting so much from her; but Mrs. Marsh was too troubled to realise the responsibility devolving so tardily on her, and, in her self absorption, sank without a scruple or a qualm into her place of trust.

And so we may leave them for awhile, and return to Mrs. Trent.

When she had written that comforting letter to Captain Marsh, she stirred her ink to blacken it, she mended her quill with a face of resolution and stern pride, which made her look a haughty Medea brooding over her wrongs and coming vengeance; then she began to trace her hurried, ebon words:

"Colonel St. George—I never thought to put your name upon paper again, or to have any compassion to spare for others—I who have suffered through every nerve and fibre of my being, and drunk with burning disgust the cup of ignominy and shame. Not that I write because I have pardoned you, and am sufficiently credulous to believe that you would be the easier for my forgiveness. No; you know that my creed is never to injure others, and never to forgive any one who has injured me. And you stabbed me in a vital part—you uncovered my heart and planted your dagger deep, laughing when the red blood poured out, and my white lips gnawed the passionate cries which pressed between them. God knows I had bitter days and dark nights in those times of agony and humiliation which you bought for me. I thankfully lost sight of you for a while, but, like a serpent who traces his path in venom, I came on your track again, and learnt from the delirium of a poor despairing girl that you had not been idle the years since we had met. Then we came face to face again, and, as a lordly recognition of my stupidity and harmlessness, you graciously confided to me the fact that Nina Marsh was really your wife. Not that you meant to acknowledge her, or even allow her the comfort of feeling herself free from sin. You were too learned in the art of torturing your victims to give that poor child one consolation you could deny. She suffered most horrible shame and misery, and in the brain fever brought on by grief I heard her secrets. She had married you unknown to her parents, and became the mother of a child. She raved about this child, morning, noon and night, until even Mr. Marsh, who often heard her, began almost to believe there was some truth in her mania. I succeeded in quieting his fears, but I never could destroy the vague distrust with which he afterwards regarded Nina. She would declare she had murdered it, and ask us, shuddering, if we could not hear it scream. 'Can't you see it floating on the water?' she would sometimes say, in an anxious, piercing tone of inquiry, and then she would strain her wild eyes seaward, and burst into racking sobs. Her anguish must have moved even you, cold and stony as your heart has always been. I believed—I could not help it—that, when you so cruelly repudiated your wife, she, in her madness and despair, murdered her child. I do not think this now, for the girl tells me that she could have sworn it was dead when she cast it into the sea. But the chain of circumstantial evidence is so clear and strong that I fear she cannot escape, especially as she was seen in the very act of throwing her child over the cliff, and Dame Oldum will take her oath that it was alive at the time. I have just seen the poor unfortunate creature, your wife, taken to prison, and I write at once to bid you hurry down and stand by her in her trials, all of which you have caused. You will come, otherwise I will proclaim you before the world as a bigamist and forger. My own miserable secret shall be exposed, great as will be the agony of opening an unhealed wound to the bleak air. You shall be known in your true character. Mind, I never swerve from my word. If by the day after to-morrow you are not at Durston, I will take care that Nina Marsh's wrongs and mine are amply avenged. And now do as you like; my duty is performed. All future responsibility rests with you, and you must do my bidding, or take the consequences. Amelia Trent."

It is hard to express with what pain and difficulty this letter had been written. There were some things Mrs. Trent would wish to have said she had not said; she would have liked to represent Nina's case more forcibly, and have referred to his feelings as well as his fear. But, although she realised the feebleness of her appeal, she could not mend it. A great deal must be left to Colonel St. George, and unfortunately he was not the sort of man who could be trusted to his own impulses. Mrs. Trent felt thoroughly sick at heart. She did not doubt that Colonel St. George would come; but when she reflected what a poor consolation the presence of such a man would be to a wife who loathed the very sound of his name, she almost doubted if she had done well to call him to Nina's side.

"Ah, if he had only been Captain Marsh!" was her involuntary thought as she dropped the two letters together into the box, and went back to the inn.

Colonel St. George was very cheerful this morning. He looked wonderfully young and fresh, and his dressing-gown would have satified the most fastidious member of the great "dandiacal body." It was pleasant to him to feel that without any extra care he was still so presentable of a morning, a time most trying to those who have passed the bloom of youth. He sat breaking an egg, with a smile playing under his ebon moustache that had evidently no connection with the edible under his spoon. He was still absorbed in this occupation when his valet entered, bearing two letters and the *Times* on a silver salver, Colonel St. George motioned him to deposit them on a little table close by, and went on with his breakfast. He had no fear, or even the vaguest presentiment, that the post would bring him ill news; but it was a principle with him never to open anything, down to a trade circular, until he fortified himself against all contingencies by a substantial meal. But warmed and strengthened internally by a liberal dose of rich Mocha, Colonel St. George felt in a condition to defy fate and battle with his bills. He had finished his eggs and ham, and filled up a vacant corner with some foreign preserve to which he was partial, and then he stretched out his hand languidly, and drew both the letters near his plate. His breath quickened, his eyes clouded, when he read the address of one, and quickly his hand broke the seal and tore the paper out of the envelope. When he had read it deliberately from beginning to end, he went to the door and called his valet.

"Jenkyns," he said, lowering his voice, "I know you are always willing and ready. If you will have all my things and yours packed, in preparation for a long journey, in two hours, I will give you five pounds."

"It shall be done, sir," answered Jenkyns, whose admirable training enabled him to receive this astonishing order without even a movement of surprise.

"I must leave London Bridge by the one o'clock train, in order to catch the Dover boat, which goes at half-past four."

"Very well, sir; I will be ready."

Meanwhile Colonel St. George collected all his papers, summoned the landlady, paid her a month's rent, in lieu of a month's notice, and shook the dust of his feet outside her door one hour from that time. He reached Dover without either accident or incident. He had still half an hour to spare before the boat would start, and, as he was one of those unhappy people who have a constitutional objection to the smell of a steamer, he put off going on board until the last minute, and strayed up and down the quay, waiting until the twin funnels should display some signs of active life. He was not so philosophically disposed as usual, for he resented the necessity of leaving London, where the life suited him beyond any he could hope to lead elsewhere. He was tapping the pavement with his cane, keeping up an unconscious accompaniment to his moody thoughts, when some one in passing him brushed his arm. Colonel St. George looked up quickly, and was startled to find himself confronted by Lord Gillingham.

"Well," said the earl, taking a leisurely survey of his habiliments, and then fixing his bleared eyes full on the other's face, "going on a trip to the Continent? You're such a deuce of an economical fellow, that I'll bet it's an excursion affair—so much there and back, and a week in Paris for sight-seeing. If it is more than a week, you'd better not go, in case I should want you. There's that little affair of the certificate to clear up; and I hear that Mrs. St. George—that delicate damsel from the Beechwood preserves—has been carried off to prison for poaching—hang it! I mean murder; so that you may be asked for there too. You see it wouldn't do, really, for you to be out of the way long."

Colonel St. George struggled with his rage and pain for a minute, then he pushed past Lord Gillingham, and strode towards the boat. The earl limped after him as fast as he could. When St. George reached the pier they were already removing the steps from the deck of the Victoria, and laying them on the quay. But seeing his predicament, the captain called out to him to cross a narrow plank, which was stretched from the paddle-box to the pavement, and had just been used by one of the land porters leaving the boat. Eagerly, but firmly, Colonel St. George placed his foot on the fatal bridge, and was nearly across when he heard a cry behind him:

"Stop him—stop him! he is flying from justice!"

He turned back to look at his pursuer, and at this moment the boat gave a sudden lurch and he lost his balance and fell into the sea. The green waters opened eagerly and sucked him in, closing remorselessly over him as he sank, never to rise again. The tides were high and strong, and the waves still trembled from the last night's storm. It was supposed that the unfortunate man was drawn under the bottom of the boat by the motion of the paddle-wheels, and that subsequently his body drifted out to sea. Every effort was made to save him, but, as we have said, he never rose to the surface again; and although they dragged the water as far as they could, no trace of him was found. A week later a body was thrown on the rocks, some miles above the town, but as it was denuded of all clothing, and the face terribly decomposed, Captain Marsh, who was on the spot, and had been most indefatigable to procure decent burial for his cousin's husband, could barely recognise the handsome, hard-hearted, worldly-minded Maurice St. George. They buried him in a little quiet cemetery close by the village where he was found, with a stone at his head, and the solemn moan of the sea sweeping his grave. How little record he left, save the name staining the marble of his tomb, may be gathered from the fact that not even those whose life had once been nearly connected with his could weep for him. And so it is that the wicked die and are forgotten, whilst the good and great live in the memory of their fellow-men from generation to generation.

When Captain Marsh had seen the last sad office performed over Maurice St. George, he returned to Beechwood, and from there wrote to Mrs. St. George, telling her as gently and gradually as he could of her son's death. But to do Mrs. St. George justice, she received the tidings with great stoicism. When tender-hearted Miss Mervyn came all the way from her place in Westmoreland to console the motherless widow she found her mentally convalescent, and already inquiring when it would be decorous for her to recommence her evening allowance at whist; and once, when Miss Mervyn had spent the whole afternoon crying silently over the unhappy destiny of the two young creatures whom she, in her ill-regulated sympathies, had helped to ruin, she looked up suddenly to find Mrs. St. George playing patience with great satisfaction. So that, finding her post of comforter a complete sinecure, Miss Mervyn retreated to her own home, where she nursed her sorrow in solitude, fully persuaded that the utmost she could do for Nina now was to spend a certain number of hours bewailing her miserable fate.

It was about a fortnight after Nina's incarceration, when her trial was expected to come off in a few days, that Captain and Mrs. Marsh, returning from a visit to her in prison, were met, as they neared home, by the clergyman of the parish. Cyril stopped the horses, as he saw by Mr. Douglas's manner that he wished to speak to them, and on hearing that he had important news to communicate, he ordered the groom to take the carriage home, whilst he and Mrs. Marsh followed on foot. When the man was out of sight, Mr. Douglas told them the good tidings he was on his way to Beechwood to communicate.

"I have just come from Dame Oldum's," he said. "Of course you have heard of her accident?"

"No," answered Cyril and Mrs. Marsh simultaneously.

"True, you were already gone when it occurred. But about twelve o'clock this morning, leaning over the hill to note something that interested her in the village below, she was seized with sudden giddiness and fell over. Her fall was broken, when half-way down, by an elm-tree, to which she clung frantically, until perceived by Rose Woodman, who sent some men to her aid. They succeeded in rescuing her, but she was badly hurt, one leg being fractured, an arm broken, and some internal injury having been sustained besides. When her limbs had been set, and everything done for her that was necessary, to the surprise of all present she expressed a strong desire to see me. On my arrival she informed me that she had a confession to make, which she would wish heard by two witnesses, and that I might write it down if I liked and get them to sign it. I called in the doctor and her son, and took down her deposition, which I now hand to you, Captain Marsh, to be used for your cousin's benefit. Madam," he added, turning to Mrs. Marsh with real feeling, "your daughter is innocent, and she will return to you again."

Mrs. Marsh looked up at him with wistful eyes. She could not believe these tidings; they were too blessed to be credible. She sent a glance of appeal at Cyril.

"Read it to her," said Mr. Douglas, gently, as he walked away and left them alone.

Dame Oldum, believing herself at the point of death, had made a full confession of her sins. She swore that Nina's child had been quite dead when she sepulchred it in the sea. She had seen the young mother sit down on the crag, open her shawl and gaze lovingly into the face of her child, then suddenly scream, lift it aloft and almost shake it to hear it cry. But no; the little one was cold and stark, and its wide-open eyes, distended and glassy, gazed full into the girl-mother's face, moving her to strange horror and fear. Dame Oldum saw it all—saw how the poor creature still strained the little one close to her bosom, when it could no longer profit by the warmth or gather any nourishment from her; and then, when all hope was gone—when her anxious ear, bent close to the little heart, found it so still—she rose wearily, and came with her lifeless burden to cast into the sea. The dame was close to her now, and could see the gray infant face and the look of sweet dead peace on the tiny features; and she noted the passionate grief of the mother, parting, amidst tears and kisses, from her child, and trusting it to the deep ocean for a grave. The dame could remember the prayer which formed her simple service over the dead, and the sobs which shook her frame as she turned away. Her false accusation against Nina was more shortly explained, and must be too fully understood by our readers to need repeating. But she made the earnest avowal that she had been bribed to her present cruel, false charge against the poor girl by Lord Gillingham, who had offered her a thousand pounds to come forward as a witness and accuse Nina. She had consented with sufficient willingness, perhaps, and was to have left for Durston some days before, in order to be ready for the trial, but had been detained at Beechwood by Lord Gillingham's tardiness in forwarding the promised sum. And now, knowing herself to be near death, she had been afraid to approach the last struggle with such a terrible lie on her conscience, and had sent for Mr. Douglas in order that she might right Nina and taste some peace. She hoped that she might be pardoned all her misdeeds, and, in full repentance, she flung herself on the mercy of God.

Cyril's heart was so full of deep, solemn thankfulness as he read that he hardly noticed how weak and spent Mrs. Marsh appeared. The great and sudden joy was too much for her. She smiled

feebly at Cyril, as if in depreciation of her pallor, and said, in a low, moving voice:

"I can't help being faint, Cyril, but I am very happy. God be praised for his boundless goodness to me and mine!"

THANKSGIVING.

NOVEMBER 24, 1864.

I.

Hushed be the battle-roar, to-day,
By riflepit and parapet:
Ring out a joyful roundelay,
Ye silver bells, for music set!
To-day no whistling bolts shall fly,
No cannon-voice the welkin shake;
But orisons upon the sky
In myriad strains of joy shall break.

For, on the land, and on the sea,
O! this a day of grace shall be,
O! *gloria in excelsis Deo!*
Praise the Lord!

II.

A sound of joy goes whispering,
To-day, the army tents among;
And through the ship-cords it will sing,
A birdlike note of tender song.
And lightly every soldier lad,
And lightly every sailor boy,
Responsive to the home-song glad,
Will lift his grateful heart with joy.

For, on the land, and on the sea,
O! this a day of grace shall be,
O! *gloria in excelsis Deo!*
Praise the Lord!

MISS HULDAH'S THANKSGIVING.

BY HORATIO ALGER, Jr.

Thanksgiving Day dawned clear and cold. There was no snow upon the ground, but the earth was frozen stiff and the road was rough with little ridges. A brisk November wind was blowing outside, which lent additional cheer to the glowing fires within.

Huldah Greene stepped briskly about the large old-fashioned room, which served at once as kitchen and dining-room. A tall woman, with energy and decision stamped plainly enough on a countenance which had never had any pretensions to beauty. There had been two sisters, Huldah and Susan; the latter had married, and now lived in a town ten miles away, surrounded by a family of children; Huldah had remained unappropriated. Perhaps she had too much else to think of. For ten years she had served as housekeeper in a large country tavern, where she developed into a notable housekeeper, and became famed through all the country round about for the excellence of her puddings and pies and the superiority of her dinners. But this was a wearing life, and told even upon the iron frame of Miss Huldah. So, when the death of an aunt placed her in possession of a comfortable property, she returned to the old homestead, where she kept house by herself.

To-day she was not to be alone. She had invited her sister's family to celebrate Thanksgiving with her. She was determined to receive them in a style which should do credit to her housekeeping, and to this end had for a day or two been engaged in making elaborate preparations for the Thanksgiving feast. This result was a supply of dainties which would have sufficed for three times the number she expected.

"You won't catch Huldah Greene stinting anybody," she said to herself. "The children shall have all they can eat, and if it does make 'em a little grain uncomfortable, why it's only once a-year."

Thanksgiving morning had come, the best room had been swept and dusted, the blinds had been thrown open, and the unwonted sunshine fell on the hard flat sofa and the straightbacked chairs ranged like grenadiers against the sides of the apartment. But the kitchen was the more cheerful place of the two. Visible through the half-open closet-door was a long row of pies—apple, mince and pumpkin—rich, and flaky, and appetizing. The turkey was roasting in the tin kitchen before the fireplace, under the vigilant care of Miss Huldah, who had already arrayed herself in a high-necked dress of black bombazine, which had served her for best longer than I can remember.

So the morning wore away. Eleven o'clock came and still Miss Huldah's company had not arrived. As they lived but ten miles off this was somewhat surprising.

"I expect it takes a sight of time to get such a parcel of children washed and dressed and ready to set out," said Miss Huldah to herself, a little uneasily. "I'm glad I aint troubled with a family. Still, I should think sister Susan might have got here by this time; at any rate, I might as well be setting the table, so I can be at leisure when she comes."

Half an hour passed, the old kitchen clock pointed to half-past eleven, the table was set, and the turkey almost done. Miss Huldah went to the door and looked up the road anxiously.

In the distance she detected the rumbling sound of wheels, though the wagon was concealed behind a turn of the road.

"I guess that's Susan," she said, with an air of relief.

But Miss Huldah was doomed to disappointment. It proved to be a neighbor riding home from the village. He slackened his horse's speed as he approached the farmhouse, and fumbling in his coat-pocket, said:

"I've got a letter for you somewhere, Miss Huldah. I was down to the village this morning, and the postmaster give it to me. I expect, from the postmark, it's from your sister."

"From sister Susan!" ejaculated Miss Huldah, in dismay. "Then she can't be coming. I hope she aint going to disappoint me after all."

She tore open the letter hastily, and found that it was indeed as she had feared. Unforeseen circumstances would oblige her sister to remain at home. The letter, which had been written two days previous, contained an invitation to Miss Huldah to spend the day with her sister. Of course it was now too late.

"I'd ought to have got this letter yesterday," she said in a tone of disappointment, as she went back into the house. "It would have saved my cooking up such a stock of things, with nobody to eat 'em."

There stood the table spread for eight. The turkey was nearly done to a turn. Already it was diffusing a delicious odor about the apartment. There was a large plumpudding, and the closet was full of pies.

"Well," sighed Miss Huldah, "it's a shame that there should be nobody to eat all these good things. I shall feel like a fool sitting down to this big table alone. If anybody should come I really believe that they'd think I was gone crazy. I declare, I feel so disappointed, that I don't believe I could worry down a mite."

All at once Miss Huldah was indebted to her good angel for a suggestion, which illuminated her face with new cheerfulness. Perhaps she might find guests after all. She remembered how, when a certain man sent out invitations to a feast and they that were bidden did not come, he went out into the highways and byeways and gathered in the poor and the outcasts, and made them welcome to the feast which he had prepared.

"I declare," said Miss Huldah to herself, "I don't believe Mrs. Nelson is able to get a Thanksgiving dinner for her children. Why can't I invite them here? I've got plenty if there were twice as many of them. I'll do it!" she concluded energetically.

With resolute Miss Huldah, to resolve was to act. She put on her cloak and hood, and calling the cat out of doors lest the temptations by which she was surrounded should prove too great for her to resist, bent her steps towards a small unpainted house—it was little more than a shanty—where Mrs. Nelson and her six children found an humble shelter.

We will precede her.

Mrs. Nelson, herself a worthy woman, had had the misfortune to marry a drunken husband, whose habits had increased upon him until one morning he was found frozen stiff in a snowdrift, where he had fallen in a state of intoxication on his way home from the tavern. How she had since managed to live she herself scarcely knew. Her children were too young to afford her much assistance. Notwithstanding the occasional help she received from the neighbors there was many a day when her children, after eating all she was able to provide for them, were obliged to rise from the table hungry. It will be easily seen that it was quite beyond her power to celebrate Thanksgiving day with the bountiful dinner which is usually associated with it.

"What are we going to have for dinner, mother?" asked Jimmy, the oldest boy.

"There isn't anything in the house but a little salt pork and some potatoes," said Mrs. Nelson, sadly.

"Ain't it Thanksgiving Day, mother?" asked Fanny, who was nine years old.

"Yes, my child," said her mother with a sigh.

"I saw such a jolly row of pies at Miss Greene's," said Jimmy, "this morning when I went in there. Didn't they smell good, though? Just baked, I guess. It's so long since I've eaten a piece of pie that I don't know as I remember how it tastes."

"Why don't you make pies, mother?" asked little Fred, who was too young to understand fully the hard lessons which poverty is not slow in teaching.

"I wish I could, my child," said Mrs. Nelson. "But lard is so expensive. It seems to me as if everything was expensive now. We shall be lucky if we can get enough of the plainest food to eat."

"Wouldn't it be jolly if we could have a roast turkey, mother?" asked Jimmy, who, poor fellow, could not help still thinking about what there seemed so little chance of his tasting. Did you ever have any for Thanksgiving?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Nelson, "we always used to have them at father's. That was before I was married. Afterwards, too, before your poor father got into a bad way we had a regular Thanksgiving dinner."

"Well," said Jimmy, "I should like to try it once, just to see how it seems."

"So should I," chimed in Fanny.

Meanwhile Mrs. Nelson had spread her table, placing thereon a few potatoes and some fried pork.

"You may come up to the table, children," she said. "Dinner's ready."

They were about to commence their frugal repast, when a loud knock was heard at the door.

"I wonder who it can be," thought the widow, as she went to the door.

"Won't you come in, Miss Huldah?" she asked in a tone of surprise.

"No, I can't stop a minute," answered her visitor, her keen eyes taking in at a glance the frugal dinner-table visible through the half-open door. I only came on an errand. Have you had dinner?"

Mrs. Nelson blushed, though, poor woman, she had little cause to do so. Her poverty was no fault of hers.

"I see you haven't," said Miss Huldah without waiting for a reply. "I am glad of it, for I want you to dine with me."

"Dine with you?"

"Yes. I expected sister Susan and her young folks, but I've just got a letter saying they can't come, and I don't feel like eating alone. So I should be obliged to you if you'd come over and keep me company."

Jimmy's eyes sparkled, for it was he that had seen the long row of pies which made a part of Miss Huldah's Thanksgiving preparations. There was a glad light, too, in the faces of his brothers and sisters as they heard the invitation.

"I'm very much obliged to you," said the widow, gratefully. "It'll be a real treat to the children. But I'm afraid they don't look fit to be seen in your house."

"Never mind, bring them over just as they are. The dinner's all ready to take up, and it won't wait. So, children, put on your things and come right along."

Ten minutes afterwards the children, half abashed, entered Miss Huldah's comfortable house. An ample table, covered with a snow-white cloth, soon groaned beneath a goodly weight of generous cheer.

"Now, every one of you, get a chair and sit right up to the table," said Miss Huldah, cheerfully. "Mrs. Nelson, you must sit opposite me and help take care of those little ones. I ain't used to looking out for so many. Now, Jimmy, pass your plate, and we'll see what we can do for you."

It is needless to tell how these poor children, unused to plenty, enjoyed Miss Huldah's dinner, nor how much brighter the world seemed to the poor widow who, with thankful heart, beheld her children cheered with a plentiful meal. Miss Huldah was in her element, and seemed bent on filling her little guests to suffocation. But at last the dinner was over. Then the dining-table was cleared away, and the children had many a merry game in the great kitchen. They were to stay to supper, so Miss Huldah insisted, though, sooth to say, they did not need much urging. When at length they were ready to go home, a large basket was packed full, which Jimmy and Fred carried between them.

"I declare," said Miss Huldah to herself, as she sat before the crackling logs in the evening, "I believe I've enjoyed this Thanksgiving better than any I've ever passed. On the whole I'm glad Susan didn't come."

The reader will be glad to learn that this was not the last time that Miss Huldah entertained her poor neighbors, and that a week rarely passed during which a basket filled with specimens of her excellent cookery did not find its way to the humble home of the Nelsons. To them that was indeed a day of Thanksgiving, which opened the heart of Miss Huldah to their necessities.

APART.

BY J. J. PIATT.

At sea are tossing ships;
On shore are dreaming shells,
And the waiting hearts and the loving lips,
Blossoms and bridal-bells.

At sea are sails agleam;
On shore are longing eyes,
And the far horizon's haunting dream
Of ships that sail the skies.

At sea are masts that rise
Like spectres from the deep;
On shore are the ghosts of drowning cries,
That cross the waves of sleep.

At sea are wrecks a-strand;
On shore are shells that moan,
Old anchors buried in barren sand,
Sea mist and dreams alone.

TOWN GOSSIP.

The sensation of the week—Gen. Butler—is gone, leaving behind him a speech of wonderful sagacity and power, and general orders, courteously thanking all those who aided and assisted him in drawing the cordon of defence around New York while she was passing through what many suppose the dangerous ordeal of the election. That she has been so used while all other parts of the country have been left to themselves is a matter at which New York has no right to growl. She lost her character for peace and quietness a year ago last July, and there need be no complaint now if a suspicion attaches even though without just grounds.

And now that he is gone it will not be uninteresting to New Yorkers, as well as all the rest of mankind, to just narrate how the matter was arranged, so that if naughty Gotham had become unruly she was to be punished.

Gen. Butler received an order on the 3d of this month directing him to report to Gen. Dix and take command of such troops as would be placed at his disposal. Within two days a full corps of over 8,000 men was transferred from the army of the James, with horse, foot and dragoons to match, to this city or its immediate neighborhood. There was no sign, no straggling soldiers upon our streets, no tramp of armed men in our midst, but quietly these thousands were placed upon Staten Island, Fort Hamilton, or such other places as were chosen to make them of easy distance from the city. The next step was for the commanding General to call about him such officers for temporary service within the bounds of the city as he could depend on. An order calling upon all such as were upon furloughs or unassigned brought together the material, and from them was selected such as were wanted for secret and special duty. Councils were held, a system of correspondence by telegraph and watchfulness was organised, and every part of the city districted and placed under charge of a commissioned officer, who was to act in concert with the police and report direct to Gen. Butler by telegraph.

With all this it was necessary that no suspicion should go forth that New York was surrounded by soldiers, to give the disaffected a chance to cry out against a fancied interference with the ballot box, and consequently, though the military power was everywhere, not an armed man was to be seen or an officer in uniform. Eight thousand men were ready at a moment's notice, with horses saddled and guns limbered, to swarm through our streets, and crush with one bloody blow any attempt at a repetition of the mob violence that disgraced us last year: and yet no sign was seen.

Until Friday last they maintained their positions, and then, like shadows, back they flitted to the James, leaving behind them only the suspicion of their visit, and the reality of a quiet city, and thus ended the act of the Government in administering an ounce of prevention.

With the exit of Gen. Butler, New York will be looking anxiously about for her next sensation in the way of man-worship, and we presume the object will be Alexandre Dumas, who will, within a few weeks, be with us: it may be he is even now on his way. He will come among us in his usual dramatic style, and it is already announced that he will make his advent with two translators and a private secretary, and honor us by writing a book, which will be published at the same time in Paris, London and New York. Dumas is about 60, and though a full mulatto, is declared an exceedingly handsome man. He is recklessly prodigal, making money by thousands with a stroke of his pen, and spending it with fearful extravagance. He is unmarried, and speaks no English, but is a universal lover of the fairer sex, and a citizen of the world in the broadest acceptation. There can be no question but Dumas is to be our next man sensation.

First ice! The announcement is one that will send a thrill of pleasure through thousands of hearts, and conjure up visions of moonlight, music, love and skating. Year after year the passion has grown stronger upon the people, and now not to know some skating is almost to argue oneself unknown. Within a few weeks, perhaps a few days, all New York will be giving way to the frenzy of the skating carnival. The opera will be voted a bore and theatres suffer, while Central Park, the 5th Avenue pond, and every sheet of frozen water within the bills of mortality will be the reigning toast, skates will be trumps, and no man, woman or child will be considered worth a passing notice unless they are good skaters. Let us pray for a rapid rising of the ball!

Among the very foolish things growing out of this election, and out of every election, is the practice of making absurd bets, the loser pledging himself to trundle a barrel of apples, or something else, to some given point, to sweep the street, to saw a load of wood, or to do something equally out of his daily avocation. As long as these stupid things are done in private, and the public are not called on by advertisement to witness men make fools of themselves, it is nobody's business but the actor's; but when, by placard and newspaper notice, all the world is called on to assist the long-eared betters, we think it is full time they were all served as one of the gentry was served last week, on his attempting to sweep Essex street, amid the hoots and yells of a mob of idlers, who fairly blocked the street and disturbed the peace of the neighborhood. The man had scarce began when a tap was administered to his shoulder, and he was politely informed that he was wanted, and between two policemen marched to the police-court, where he was put under bonds to keep the peace and cease to obstruct the street—a just punishment for acting like a fool.

While upon the subject of fools, we are reminded of those two who went out some five months ago in a little cockboat, which they called the Vision, to cross the Atlantic, and who have undoubtedly paid the forfeit with their lives, as the Vision has not been heard of since she sailed, and the two men and a dog—we sympathise with the dog—are no doubt long since slumbering at the bottom of the sea. In any country but this these two insane men, thirsting after a little unhealthy notoriety, would have been prevented sacrificing their lives and that of an innocent dog; but we are always too busy to attend to so small an affair as a human life or two.

As a bit of gossip from over the water, we chronicle the marriage of a celebrated New York belle and beauty, Miss Mary Lee, at Paris, on the 26th of Oct., to the Prince of Schleswig-Holstein, a wealthy and accomplished man, though rather in the sere of life, being 65, while the bride is not yet fairly out of the twenties. The prince, being of royal blood, could only contract a morganatic marriage, and, consequently, dropping his title as Prince, he married as the Duke de Noer, to which rank he is entitled by virtue of his Austrian estates, and under which he could marry Miss Lee in the regular way. *Apropos* of this marriage, it reminds us that New York is most excellently represented in the titled families of Europe, our belles seeming to have peculiar powers of attraction for a coronet, and an amiability to adapt their republican tastes to aristocratic union.

Once more gold is down, having closed with the week at 222, a fall of nearly 20 within five days. To the outside world this is really of slight importance, though fortunes are lost and won upon a turn of the cards, and it only assumes an importance from being supposed an index of the financial state of the country. This might have once been the case, but it is no longer so. The rise and fall of gold is merely the result of a feverish speculation.

Wall street is just now somewhat excited in an outside way with fancy stock, such as gold and silver mining, and the last stream of wealth, petroleum. The market is flooded with the last named, and, if brokers are to be believed, every inch of the country, from Maine to Louisiana, is to be bored for oil, and in less than a year our rivers will flow with it, and we shall eat, drink and wear petroleum; while the whales in the Northern seas can wag their tails in safety, and Cincinnati pigs congratulate themselves that it will no longer pay to manufacture their obesity into lard, oil or candles.

Our Amusements.

There is little, very little, to chronicle that is new. Don Sebastian has not yet shown his kingly figure upon the Academy boards, and through the week we have been obliged to be content with "Lucrezia" and more "Faust," and Miss Kellogg in her great rôle of Margherita. We shall save ourselves for Don Sebastian.

Strange to say, in the very flush tide of success, with houses jammed in every part, Maggie Mitchell withdraws from New York without having given us a chance to test her quality in anything but "Fanchon." Whether this withdrawal proceeds from engagements in other cities, or from the fact of Niblo's being pre-engaged, is a mystery into which we have not been initiated, but certain it is that her three weeks here have made a decided impression on New York audiences, and they will be always ready to receive her with open arms.

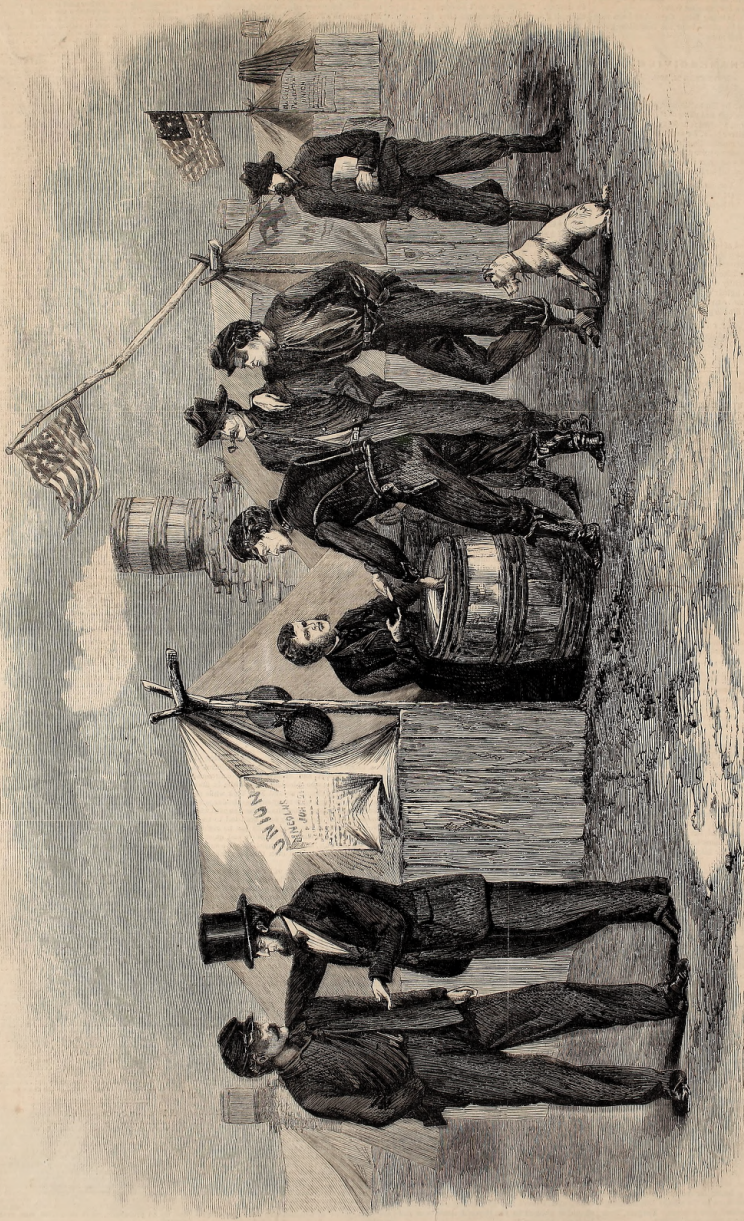
Wallack, as a great waking up, has produced "The School of Reform," which, of course, as everything has in this house, no matter how stereotyped, had a great success. Mr. Mark Smith gave us a Bob Tyke that may possibly have suited the taste of Wallackian audiences, but was not a rendering of the author's meaning. The character of Bob Tyke is not a low and brutal villain, ready alike for pitch and toss or murder; he is simply a common country lad, cunning, stupid and with all the instinct of petty crime, but not brutality, half rogue, half fool. Mr. Mark Smith mistakes the author's design.

Owens is still looking for that "b'r-rl of apple sass" at the Broadway, with just as many anxious people to assist him in the search, and at the Winter Garden Clarke is dropping in every night as "Paul Pry," promising that with this week he will withdraw his countenance and allow us to see Edwin Booth.

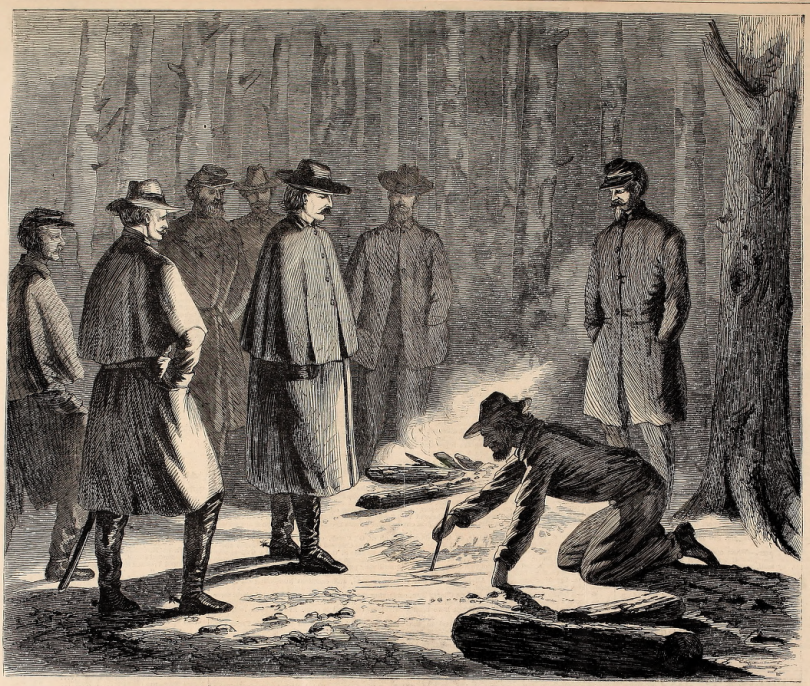
Barnum is still in the dog and "ingen" line. We are told, on most reliable authority, that one of those Barnum dogs is nothing more nor less than a Seneca Indian, who was coaxed out of his skin by the manager, and has, consequently, been obliged to make his appearance in his present guise. One thing we feel sure of, which is that the doggish dance is not to be beaten even by a Seneca Indian.

It is a good piece of news to give the little ones that Van Amburgh has arrived, bringing with him all the beasts, and the most beautiful collection of gay plumaged birds that perhaps has ever been gathered together in the world. It is the best exhibition of the kind that has ever been offered to the New York public, and the management deserves praise for keeping the price at so low a rate as to be within the reach of all.

A Bowl of Punch.—The *Gentleman's Magazine* contains an account of a remarkable bowl of punch that was made in England, in 1644. It was made in a fountain, in a garden, in the middle of four walks, covered overhead with orange and lemon trees, and in every walk was a table, the whole length of it, covered with cold collations, etc. In the fountain were the following ingredients: 4 hogsheads brandy, 25,000 lemons, 20 gallons lime juice, 1,300 weight of fine white Lisbon sugar, 51 pounds grated nutmegs, 300 toasted biscuits, and 1 pipe of dry mountain Malaga. Over the fountain was a large canopy to keep off the rain, and there was built on purpose a little boat, wherein was a boy, who rowed round the fountain and filled the cups of the company, and, in all probability, more than 6,000 men drank thereof.



THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION, NOV. 8—SCENE AT THE POLLS IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—SOLDIERS VOTING.—Sketched by our Artist, Joseph Becker.



A REBEL PRISONER EXPLAINING TO MAJOR-GEN. WARREN THE POSITION AND MOVEMENTS OF THE REBEL FORCES, ON THURSDAY, OCT. 27.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

OUR SOLDIERS VOTING IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

THE duty of our soldiers of late has been divided between fighting and voting, and in both capacities they have displayed a kindred energy and decision. A spirited sketch on page 172 represents a scene at the polls in the Army of the Potomac, on the occasion of the Presidential election. The particular location thus illustrated is near Fort Wadsworth, on the Weldon road. The polls were evidently of the most primitive construction. A tent for the shelter of the inspector of votes and an old pork barrel for the reception of ballots, the whole surmounted by the American flag, on a rather dilapidated pole—these are the elements of the scene. Our soldiers are thronging around this rude ballot-box, which, rude though it be, is the eloquent utterance of the will of freemen, who do not fear to peril everything for he sake of their beloved country.

BATTLE OF ALLATOONA.

ALLATOONA is a post town of Cass county, Georgia, and is between Dalton and Atlanta, from which latter place it is distant about 30 miles. On the 4th Oct. a rebel force of about 7,000 captured a little place on the railroad called Big Shanty, and then advanced upon Allatoona, some five miles north of that place. Flushed with their easy capture of Big Shanty, they attacked, on the 5th Oct., the Union force under Gen. John M. Corse, who had been sent from Rome with reinforcements by Gen. Sherman, who had anticipated the movement. After a desperate conflict of some hours the rebels were repulsed at all points, with the loss of 200 dead, left on the field, and over 1,000 in wounded and prisoners. Our loss amounted to about 400 in all. The enemy, after this defeat, retreated in the direction of Dallas.

Our Artist has represented the battlefield, with the rebel line of advance upon the Union forces. The commander of the rebel army was Gen. S. G. French.

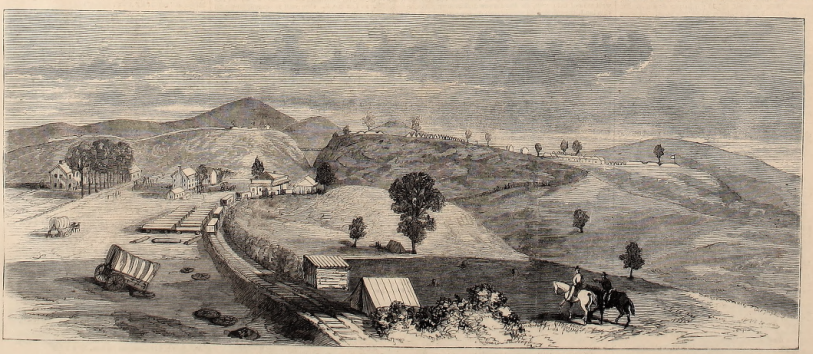
REBEL PRISONER EXPLAINING TO MAJOR-GEN. WARREN

The Position of the Rebel Forces.

As a general thing the rebel prisoners know very little of the position and strength of their armies, and if they did, it would be very unsafe to trust their reports. One of them, captured on the 27th of Oct., near Hatcher's Run, however, volunteered to communicate all he knew to Maj.-Gen. Warren, of their position and numbers. Our Artist was present on the occasion, and has given a graphic sketch of the scene. The correspondent of a daily paper says that his information was to be relied on, as he had a personal grievance against his superior officer.

ELECTION DAY IN THE ARMY OF THE SHENANDOAH.

Our illustrations of life in camp this week are ample, graphic and interesting. On page 168 we present a sketch illustrative of Election Day in the Army of the Shenandoah. The prominent incident delineated is the voting of Gen. Sheridan and Gen. Crook. The scene must have been at once romantic and solemnly impressive. The weather, on the occasion, was dim and drizzly; but the woods were their beautiful autumnal foliage, and cast abroad the sombre spell of their shadows and their silence. The polls, constructed of an ambulance wagon and an old cartridge-box, are seen to occupy a commodious position among the trees.



VIEW AT ALLATOONA, GA.—SCENE OF THE BATTLE ON THE 5TH OF OCTOBER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

In the wagon are the authorized inspectors of ballots. The place of voting was that appointed for the 34th Ohio regiment, belonging to the 8th Corps, which is commanded by Gen. Crook. The officer nearest the ballot-box, and in the act of depositing his vote, is Gen. Sheridan. Next to him is Gen. Crook. The farmer is attended by his dog—an especial favorite. The latter is represented in his customary dress, and carrying a rifle-trap under his arm, according to his constant habits. These particulars are sketched from life, and thus the picture gives a truthful idea of the personal peculiarities of these gallant and admired officers. The height of Gen. Crook is 5 feet 11 inches; while Gen. Sheridan is about three inches shorter. Both rival the Republican leader, their men, meanwhile, cheering around the flag of the Republic and the presidential hero playing the enemies of Sir Walter Scott's ringing old song of welcome, "Hail to the Chief who in Triumph advances."

HISSING.—Hissing to show disapprobation is of great antiquity. Though Shakespeare makes very few allusions to the practice, he quite agrees with plainly of it in the "Merry Wives of Windsor:" "If I do not act it, hiss me." It was used against gallant speakers some 19 centuries ago, as appears from the following passage in Cicero's letters: "It is worthy of observation, that Hortensius reached his end again without once incurring the disgrace of being hissed."

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The New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company has been organized under the laws of the State of New York, for the purpose of purchasing, selling, refining and exporting Petroleum, and dealing in the same. It has located its principal business office in New York City, the largest transit and shipping market for petroleum in the world; and has taken measures to establish a connection with Liverpool, the most extensive receiving market for that oil, outside of this country. The managers and stockholders of the Company include among their number gentlemen largely interested in the production of petroleum, and whose wells and experience in the business which justify the confident expectation of careful, intelligent and profitable management. It is believed that by a judicious investment of the funds of the company, dividends of from two to five per cent. a month on the capital stock can be made.

The property to be conveyed to the Company consists of the lands and property enumerated in the following list. These extent can be greatly enlarged if desirable, and their present development completed, as funds shall come in from subscriptions.

LIST OF LANDS AND PROPERTY.

81.—One-tenth of the working interest in Lot No. 1, on the upper McElhenny Farm, containing ten acres. There are three wells on the lot, two of which are now producing about fifty barrels a day, the third waiting on barrels. A new well is also now in process of drilling, and will soon be completed. On this property are three powerful steam engines and engine-rooms, with boilers, tubing, belting, &c., &c.

There is room on this lease for several more wells, and all wells put down on or near this territory have been found productive. The character of McElhenny Farm is that of a very superior oil-producing territory.

82.—One-fourth of the working interest in lot No. 6, on the lower McElhenny Farm, containing one acre, and known as the Hatch lease, being the lease and well adjoining the Wolverton & Emery Empire well, which is now producing one hundred barrels a day. On this lot is one well flowing twenty barrels a day, and another well which has been drawing eighty barrels a day, and which is known as the "Blowing" or slumping can be put in, which is now nearly prepared. A third well is down and just ready to be tested. A fourth is drilling, and will be put down and completed by a good well. There are on this property three good engines, tankage, tubing, and an office on this lease.

83.—One-fourth of the working interest in the new slumping, on the late Wilcox McClintock's Farm, containing half an acre each. On this property there is one well, known as the Freeman Well, now pumping twenty barrels per hour, and another lease is now ready for a second well and a good supply of oil is expected within a few feet of a well on the adjoining property which is producing one hundred and fifty barrels, and which has been producing that amount for the past two months. The engine, boiler, tubing, &c., for this well will be sunk immediately on this lease. Two good engines and all the necessary appurtenances are on this property.

84.—A lot of oil land, in fee simple, on the Caldwell Branch of Oil Creek, containing about one hundred acres, being the south half of the west part of lot No. 70, on the east side of Caldwell Creek, about five miles from Titusville. The Irving Oil Company own the land on the opposite side of the creek, on which a well is now being put down. This property is considered one of the most valuable pieces of property for boring, &c., in the region. The above named property of this company will be immediately put under development.

85.—Forty acres of oil land, in fee simple, on Cherry Run, about two miles from Oil Creek, about four miles from the Allegany River. All the land in this vicinity is good, and excellent fabricating oil is produced from wells now in process of boring.

86.—A lot, in fee simple, of oil land on Cherry Run, containing about seventy-five acres, situated about three miles above Tarrytown, and about four miles from Titusville, on the road leading from Oil Creek to Cherry Run. Seven wells have been put down on this property, and all the wells put down have been productive. One well is down five hundred feet, with a good show of oil, on the adjoining lot.

87.—Two thirds of the working interest in the "Wheeler Well," on the John McClintock Farm, containing one acre and a half. This well is now producing 70 barrels a day, and steadily increasing, and there is ample room for two more wells on the lot. There is also a well now pumping twenty barrels per day, within a few feet of the celebrated Hammond Well, now producing 300 barrels a day.

88.—One-third interest in the Wolverton & Emery Well, on the late Farrow, now Potter, Farm, on the south side of Caldwell's Creek.

89.—One-sixth of the interest in one well on the property of the G. W. McClintock Farm, adjoining the Mowbrey Well; with a good engine, boiler, tubing, &c., &c. On this land are two wells, both of which have flowed, and will again produce oil in a few days.

90.—One-fourth of the interest in two acres of oil lands on Cherry Run. This locality is now producing a great deal of oil, and the adjoining large properties of all leases are now being developed.

91.—Ninety acres of land on Oil Creek, five miles above Titusville, having a frontage on the creek of 100 rods.

92.—The Caldwell Farm, of thirty-four acres, on Oil Creek, about one mile from Titusville, and a mile and a half from the Oil Creek and Titusville Railroad. This property has a frontage on the creek of 18 rods, and having already upon it one well which promises to be one of the very best on Oil Creek.

93.—One hundred and eighty-eight acres of land on Oil Creek, about two miles from Titusville, and one mile from the Newtown Farm. This land is undeveloped, and is by experts considered good property.

94.—Two thirds of the working interest in two acres of land on the Farrow Farm, now the lumber; being heavy timbered, and containing water power and mills now established, which at their present capacity are manufacturing lumber directly opposite on the Oil Creek Railroad.

95.—One-half of the interest in two acres on the John McClintock Farm, known as the Buttonwood Lease. This property is now producing one hundred barrels a day. Two engines, 30 and 40 horse power, one hundred barrels a day, and No. 2 will produce twenty-five or thirty barrels a day as soon as the proper machinery can be put on.

96.—One-sixteenth of the interest in two acres on the McElhenny or Funk Farm, near the Empire Oil-stand and Lumber Company's Mills, on Oil Creek, about two miles from Titusville, and a mile south of the village of Oil City. This property is now producing 70 barrels a day.

97.—One hundred and sixty-eight acres of land in fee, on Bull Creek, in the oil region of West Virginia.

98.—One hundred and eighty-five acres on Cross Creek, West Virginia.

[N. B.—The two last named parcels of land border the two creeks mentioned, and are immediately adjoining and between the Wilkinson Oil Company's lands, and are known as any on Oil Creek.]

99.—Seventy-five acres in fee, near Franklin, Venango county, Pa., with a front or eighty rods on the river. There is upon it a large frame house, and a barn, and a large orchard of apple trees already producing, and four ready for tapping, with the necessary engines and tankage.

100.—Two Fifteen Hundredths of the interest in one well and sixteen acres in fee, three miles from Titusville, extending for a hundred rods along both sides of Oil Creek and being good oil land for its whole extent.

101.—Seventy-five acres of land on Oil Creek, about two miles from Titusville.

21st.—One-sixth of the working interest, being one-tenth of all the oil produced on a lease situated on the west side of Oil Creek, about two miles from Titusville, and a mile and a half from the Oil Creek and Titusville Railroad, the tubing and sucker rods on the ground and paid for, and a good eight-horse power engine ordered.

With this extensive estate already secured to the Company, and with its advantages of membership and management, the gentlemen who have the control of the affairs of the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company, standing the large number of Oil Companies now organized, the Petroleum business is, in fact, just at its commencement. The following extract

from a Series Oil," as it is sometimes called even now in dry shops, need to be collected by the Seneca and other Indians of the region, and sold to the whites at the rate of a gallon for a blanket or a dollar, is a fair index to the field of the present Petroleum business was not until 1854. The first well was bored at Titusville in 1859, and in 1860 the yield was 500,000 gallons. In 1861 it had risen to 2,000,000 gallons, and in 1862 to 3,000,000 gallons a day. The business immediately received a monstrous impulse, and the supply of oil being already enormous, the production for 1863 was estimated at 10,000,000 gallons, and for 1864 at 20,000,000 gallons. At one attracted.

Rich oil fields are found in western Pennsylvania, north-eastern and south-eastern Ohio, north-eastern Kentucky and Western Virginia, not to mention other new fields from time to time found. Throughout these regions, for the last six years, operations have been carried on with a continuously increasing, and sometimes fortunes made. The commercial uses of Petroleum have increased quite as rapidly as the supply, and the market available is now almost unlimited. The purposes to which it is applicable are so many and various, the business may be imagined from the fact, that in New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburg alone two hundred and fifty refineries are in operation, and the export trade of the United States is already a large one. The prices raised during the past year in western Pennsylvania alone has been sold crude at the wells for twenty-five cents a gallon.

In such enterprises to be early in the field is indispensable. Large as the number of companies may seem, it is not so situated as to control more than a small portion of the unknown subterranean reservoirs of oil. In a few years more, perhaps, some working fault in the business will be reached. Now, however, the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company enters with every advantage of the field and experience, and their investments only exceeded by those very few companies whose stock is practically out of market and inaccessible. With a view to prevent the formation of such monopolies, the Company will at once commence operations, only a limited portion of the stock of the Company is offered at the present rates.

In the evidence of the reports about the quality of the property of the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company, we copy the following paragraphs from a letter of Mr. Mowbray, an operative chemist of reputation, established at Titusville, and prominent in the oil business from its very beginning:

"W. T. PHIPPS, Esq., Vice-President, etc.:

"DEAR SIR:

"I have observed that, without fail, the best wells have been reached in what was formerly the old bed of Oil Creek. The Drake well, the Sherman well, the Noble well, and the Story Farm wells are instances of this. New fields have not usually the Old Creek bottom. If the creek is now diverted south of them, and in the manner the evolution of gas has been so offensive to the granulometrist, that they have left them during midday for shelter part of the field. The Dolon Company's well, not down to the third sandstone, in the same formation, gives a first-class show of oil.

"If there are no indications of oil territory, then only until after a series of wells has been actually sunk on the land can any opinion be arrived. What the value of the land will then be you can judge, but the price will be beyond any present purchaser's means I am satisfied. I can only add that I have not the interest of one cent in the lands, but say what I really think for your guidance.

"Yours very respectfully,

GEO. M. MOWBRAY."

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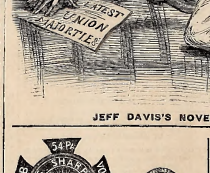
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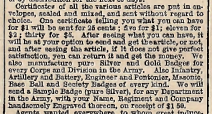
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No. 480—Vol. XIX.] NEW YORK, DECEMBER 10, 1864. [Price 10 Cents. $4 50 Yearly, 10 Weeks $1 00.

Gen. Sherman's Expedition.

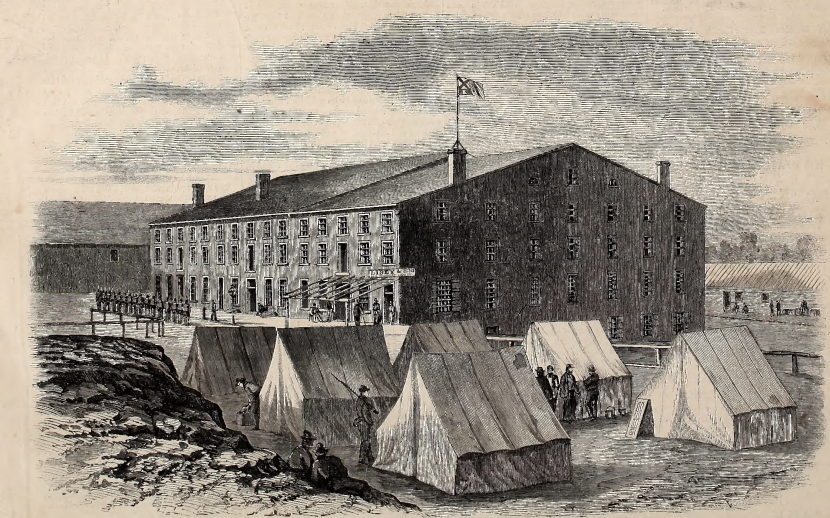
Gen. Sherman, in casting loose from his base of supplies and in striking boldly, with a numerous army, from the heart of Georgia for the Atlantic seaboard, depending mainly upon the intervening country for his subsistence, plunged into one of those delicate and difficult enterprises which often baffle the wisest calculations.

But notwithstanding the long journey before him, and the obstructions which the enemy and the elements may place in his path, there has been, from the outset, a remarkable degree of confidence in the public mind of the North that his expedition will be crowned with complete success. He has been heretofore tried in such expeditions, and has proved his capacity to meet their requirements. Last autumn, in crossing with his veteran army corps from the Mississippi river, some hundreds of miles across a comparatively destitute country, to Chattanooga, and last spring, in his expedition across the State of Mississippi, he showed how, through hostile regions, swarming with vigilant enemies, large bodies of men may be moved without a base of supplies. In this present movement, his general orders, preparatory to setting out from Kingston, Georgia, exhibit a rare degree of foresight in preparing for all the possible contingencies before his army.

As we write these observations with no other information before us than stinted rebel confessions that Sherman's advanced cavalry have reached the suburbs of Augusta, we cannot dilate upon the successe he has already achieved. We guess, however, that before this paper passes into the hands of our readers they will have some news from Sherman that will stagger again the gold-jobbers of Wall street. The audacity of this fearless Yankee in this daring adventure has already created something like the confusion of Babel in the rebel capital, if we may judge from the debates of the rebel Congress and the commentaries of the Richmond journals. They have reason for something more than an ordinary sensation. Jeff Davis, it is now apparent, committed a dreadful blunder in ordering the army of Hood three hundred miles to the north-westward from Atlanta to threaten Nashville, Memphis and Paducah, in the belief that by this stroke of strategy Georgia would be relieved of Sherman's entire army. What has followed? Leaving that capable, skilful and vigilant soldier, Gen. Thomas, with a sufficient force of his veteran troops, to take care of Hood, Sherman wheels about with some forty, fifty or sixty



WINTER SCENE IN CAMP—SOLDIERS IN WINTER QUARTERS.



LIBBY PRISON, RICHMOND, VA.—PLACE OF CONFINEMENT FOR U. S. SOLDIERS CAPTURED BY THE REBELS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

thousand men as the case may be, and when Hood next hears of him this indefatigable Western Yankee here is three hundred miles away, moving towards the Atlantic seacoast, and with nothing but a few squads of raw militia left behind in all the State of Georgia to dispute his passage.

Thus the rash expedient adopted by Jeff Davis to "relieve Georgia of the Northern vandals" has placed the State absolutely in the possession of Sherman, and has opened for him a passage through it, in any direction he may choose to go, with even so small a force as ten thousand men.

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537 Pearl Street, N. Y.

Our Soldiers' and Sailors' Thanksgiving.

THANKSGIVING DAY of the memorable year of our Lord 1864 will be cherished as long as they live, as one of the proudest days in the calendar to our soldiers and sailors within striking distance of New York and New England. On our brave boys of the land and water service on the James, in front of Richmond and Petersburg, at Norfolk and Old Point Comfort, and down in North Carolina, and up the Shenandoah valley, and upon Arlington Heights, and at every army and naval station and hospital within reach of the monstrous supplies of the Empire City, what a glorious day our brave boys of the Thanksgiving appointment! What happy associations, what bright and cheering thoughts of home, what a sense of pride in their "home guards," must have filled the hearts of our "gallant boys in blue," as they regaled their stomachs with the roast turkeys, the chickens, the oysters, the mince and pumpkin pies, and "the doughnuts and apple-pie," with which they were supplied by shiploads.

This is another new feature introduced by "the Yankees" in the art of war, in addition to those abundant provisions for the soldiers' and sailors' benefit, our Sanitary and Christian Commissions and Metropolitan Fairs. The great Napoleon thought it a "big thing" if, after a victory, which overthrew a powerful hostile nation, he could give his veterans each a special glass of wine. Napoleon the Third, when providing for his coup d'état, it is said, won over the National Guard of Paris by a treat of Bologna sausages. The English ladies, in their philanthropy when they sent that patriotic and truly benevolent French cook, Soyer, to the Crimea, to make soup for their soldiers in front of Sebastopol, would otherwise have been wasted. These things were each and all very good in their way, but they appeal shabby—positively shabby—from the contrast with our Grand Union Soldiers' Thanksgiving dinner. Truly may it be said that when the soldiers, sailors and people, fathers, mothers, sons and daughters, wives and sweethearts, widows and orphans, of "the great Republic" are all thus bound together in their country's cause, they may smile at the impotent rage of this Southern rebellion, and defy the world in arms against them.

How Much Longer?

In a recent debate in the so-called "Confederate States Congress" at Richmond, on a proposition to call upon the several States concerned for their white men capable of bearing arms, but who had been exempt from military service by State authority, it was reported from the Committee on the subject, that the numbers of these exempts were as follows:

In Virginia	1,600
" North Carolina	14,600
" South Carolina	1,000
" Alabama	1,074
" Mississippi	1,110
" Georgia	15,000
Total	32,384

This exhibit of less than forty thousand able-bodied white exempts in "the Confederacy" shows that the Secession game will explain the agitation of the schemes at Richmond for a draft upon the negro cabins of "Confederate" slaveholders, to fill up the ranks of the rebel armies. The white material for the fighting, or rather parts of States still within the control of Davis, is exhausted. We have been furnished, in the debate referred to, some other statistics which are really startling as a demonstration of this fact. For instance, a Mr. Leach, of North Carolina, in defending the exempts of his State, said, "North Carolina has already furnished to the Confederate armies with one hundred and eighteen thousand men, one-third of whom he under the sod of Virginia." Now it is only necessary to say that, by the census of 1860, the white population of North Carolina was 631,000, to give the reader a convincing idea of the exhaustion of the fighting white element of the State, saving those fifteen thousand exempts needed for other purposes than fighting by the community and by the rebel army itself. Had our Government drawn upon the white population of the loyal States in the proportion to which North Carolina has been depleted for ranks, the State of New York would have been drained in this time of over six hundred thousand of her able-bodied men. It is sheer exhaustion of their white population, and, this necessity, therefore, that have compelled the rebel leaders to agitate the desperate scheme of arming their black slaves. It is apparent, however, from the fierce hostility manifested by the slaveholders concerned against this proposition, that it will not be tried. Adopted or rejected, the end draws nigh.

Bungling Incendiaries.

THE unsuspecting citizens of our commercial metropolis were treated to a new sensation on Friday night, the 25th November. Evacuated by the New York thus becomes associated with a dreadful incendiary plot, which will rank in history with that of Guy Fawkes. That the design was a "fire in the rear" in support of Jeff Davis was apparent with the discovery of its authors' existence. Some two months ago, one of the leading rebel journals at Richmond, the *Whig*, boldly advocated the employment by the rebel Government of a special corps of rebel incendiaries to fire the great cities of the North. The suggestion, it was said, competent and ready for the work, were already on the ground; and that a million of dollars devoted to the delectable enterprise would be money well invested. With the near approach of the Presidential election, the State Department at Washington became possessed of evidence of the existence of a treasonable conspiracy of this character, to suggest the issue of a general warning throughout the North to be on guard against incendiary conflagrations and demonstrations. It was in consequence of this information that New York city on election day was placed under the special military care of Gen. Butler, and the trusty troops brought with him from the "front." These and other precautions then adopted had, no doubt, much to do with the remarkable manifestations of law and order which marked the national election day in all our great cities, and throughout the country.

In this late diabolical attempt to set the city of New York in flames, the guilty parties, doubtless, acted upon the principle that, with the public sense of danger on this matter having passed away, the opportunity had come for fulfilling one of their dark designs. But if these deluded miscreants were not stopped by the rebel junta at Richmond, or its emissaries here, they made a miserable selection of their instruments. A more bungling experiment than theirs at firing a great city was certainly never made; and yet it seems providential that not one of the numerous buildings fired with their quick combustibles was destroyed. We trust that this horrid business will be sifted to the bottom, and that meantime the warning thus given will lead to universal vigilance against rebel emissaries and incendiaries.

Summary of the War.

TENNESSEE.

The rebel army under Hood, which has for some time remained near Florence, Ala., has moved northward into Tennessee, and occupied Waynesboro, the county town of Wayne, on the Tennessee River. It is about fifty miles directly north of Florence. A Union force is near Pulaski, Giles county, forty miles south-east of Waynesboro.

MISSOURI.

The news is somewhat vague; but it would seem as though Gen. Sterling Price has fled, with his broken columns, into Arkansas. The fact that Missouri voted for Lincoln shows how little real power the rebels have in that State.

VIRGINIA.

The armies before Petersburg and Richmond remain perfectly quiet, while the slight exception of an occasional exchange of a few artillery shots. Although some of the officers are considering holidays, it is said there is no intention at present of going into what is called winter quarters.

LOUISIANA.

On the 18th a Union expedition into the Lafourche district of Louisiana was attacked and defeated a rebel force, destroying their camp, baggage and a number of boats. It is reported that the rebel governor of Louisiana has organized, at Shreveport, ten regiments of negroes. Gen. Canby is rapidly recovering from his wounds.

SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

Gen. Early has retired to Fisher's Hill, where, it is said, he will remain during the winter, watching Gen. Sheridan. Many of his troops have been sent to reinforce Lee, in Richmond.

Mosby, the guerilla chief, has hanged seven of our men, in retaliation for Sheridan hanging an

equal number of Mosby's robbers, who now, it is said, make no distinction between rebels and Union farmers, stealing and murdering with remarkable impartiality.

GEORGIA.

All we know of Sherman's progress is from rebel papers, and consequently not very reliable.

The Savannah *Courier* says that Milledgeville and Gordon were captured by the Union forces on the 23d inst.

The Augusta *Constitutional* says that the Oconee Bridge, five miles above Gordon, were burned at that point on the same day by the Union cavalry, who were repulsed, which, no doubt, means they retired after they had accomplished their object.

The Augusta *Chronicle* says Hardee's corps, from Savannah, on the 25th Nov., reports that the exchange of prisoners had stopped, as Sherman had cut off the railroad leading to Savannah. There was also a report that he had released 20,000 of our prisoners, whom he found at Millen. This is by no means certainly a rumor.

So great is the panic occasioned by Sherman's expedition that the Governors of South Carolina and Georgia called out the citizens of their respective States *en masse*.

TOWN COSSIP.

The great event of the week, the event that has come the nearest home to every New Yorker, is the firing of the new Fort.

It seems wonderful that we who sleep in such quiet and security, in such real and seeming fast ones that found in a great city, should be disturbed with pistol, musket and cannon, and yet, at this present writing, it seems wonderfully like it.

New York city, which feels the war afar off, and has never yet realized the strength of it, and cannot conceive anything that comes home to her, was aroused early on Friday night with the ringing of bells and the hurrying of men from a sense of public to answer the cry of "Fire!"

The alarm proved to proceed from almost every hotel in the city, and fire in its direst form was the cause. Simultaneously the flames broke forth from almost every fourth hotel and from Barnum's Museum, and for the moment all was terror and confusion. In a few hours all was quiet, and a fire smouldering and smoking seems only worthy to the struggle of the night before. The investigations of the police brought something to light, and we have a probable or absolute estimate of a concerted plot to fire the city, proved by the finding, in a dozen different hotels, of sundry bottles that had contained turpentine, turpentine, and other inflammables, as well as sundry leathern bags, hit by the incendiaries in the scamper they had enjoyed.

For the wreckage of hundreds of innocent lives, as well as the saving of great wealth, we have to be thankful that this horrible plot did not succeed, but for the future it is likely to do in arousing the people from the false security in which they are dwelling we have to be equally thankful.

Here, so far as we can see, is a band of 20 or 30 men, apparently organized, and fairly starting on a career of loss for murder and plunder into the very heart of one of the greatest cities of the world. What the great results could have been is one of those things that we shall why only be known on the last reckoning day, but the reasonable supposition is that pillage would follow. With the hatreds that certain Southern people have always held in reference to the wealth of Northern cities, this would not be the slightest difficulty in getting together there any gang of thieves of the Roger A. Pryor school, who would be willing to go to the bar a share of that same plunder. These men we have to look for in all wars and in any shape. Sometimes they will appear in the present form, sometimes as Confederate raiders, and sometimes in our common police reports as thieves, pickpockets and the like, but in every case we say the same men, and deserve the punishment due to their offence in its proportion.

We hope and believe that the fear of such wholesale mischief as this, when our loyal Northern people can look upon gangs of murderers and robbers, and identify them with the Southern people. Certainly it reckons the great mass of them may have become, but we can never be induced to believe that there is the lightened portion of that people whom we once looked upon as Christian, can be so utterly lost to all the instincts of humanity as to encourage an act like that which has just startled our whole.

Viewing it in this light, we think a great mistake is made in giving the perpetrators of such incendiarism even the benefit of believing that they are actuated by political motives. We should, in every case, look at every act, look upon them only as desperate villains, who without any redeeming feature have sought to live only for destruction's sake or for the sake of what they could get in the world not, as in times past, where there were riches, in the form of pirates and marauders, but coming into our borders, and seeking the construction of prisoners of war, or turn them over to military tribunals for trying them as the Southern school of criminals we would put them into the hands of the civil authorities, and let them be dealt with according to the measurable of the crime.

With regard to the future we cannot believe that so many as were concerned in it can all escape. Some of them must be known, and, if so, we trust that Uncle Dick's order of trial by court-martial and immediate execution will be carried out. Our State law makes their crime a capital one. Hanging is the penalty, and hanging by the neck is better, perhaps, than military law. Do not let us be shy any act identify these men with the Southern struggle. The struggle is degrading to humanity and must be left to history, but the struggle with this band of thieves is a present punishment, but the future we will leave to the care of the Almighty and the recorder of the acts of people.

Another event of the week has been the visit of Gen. Grant. With the known proclivities of our people to honor any one who may be finally successful in war, the man who has been near upon the longest of the people for the last year has any other, suddenly popular. There was no heralding of the fact, no raising of cheers, no parading and excitement, but he came like a shadow, and so departed. For a few moments a gathering, but only for a few moments, and no the same thing. Not a few remember, with the kind of speechmaking at Barnum's Museum, and almost broke Barnum's heart by their hatred to his discovery of a mermaid, the one ordinary existence, perhaps, the first in his stamp, obeying, as without doubt he does, the maxim of "speech is silver, silence is golden," only that he could, by gathering Stony Brookway, looking into the shop windows, and, paying, without a growl, for the poles in the cars, or allowing his little ones the many times the dancing jacks at "only 25 apiece" by St. Paul's Church, or the other who sends a standing boy dressed for the usual consideration of a quarter, top dancing, the great general goes on and enjoys the privilege of being where he is not known, and can do just as he pleases. And then what can be pleasanter than to go to Delmonico's on one's own? Many years it has been since they have met, and then the general was made Lieutenant-General and now Lieutenant without the General. Now, after a chat that deserves, every word of it, to be part of history, the senior Lieutenant-General gives a copy of his autobiography to the junior, and writes in it with his own hand these lines:

"From the oldest to the oldest General in the world.

"WINFIELD SCOTT."

Was it not equal to a battle won? We wonder whether Grant, on receiving the same copy of it at Vicksburg, felt more exultation than on receiving that original letter from Lee which was the means finally to come part of the keeping of our land?

We have had the pleasure of a bound from Dan to Beersheba, but as the mood strikes us so must we write. Something the last week or two has been decided in one of our courts, which, though unimportant in itself, has revealed a new danger to travelers, or, better one of those things which, though escaping the notice of the daily press, are worthy of all attention as making up our daily lives. It is one in which a verdict was rendered against the Harlem Railroad Company for $4,500 for injuries inflicted on a person while trying to cross the railway. The case was briefly this: A gate on the platform that only the railway belongs to the pedestrian, but to enter that platform you must cross the railway, and that the crossing so well belongs to the traveler on foot, and that the same law, that a vehicle must not be driven on an omnibus line, is bound to step on the holding up of a finger and give way to the foot passage. It has been a rule city that the entering of a passenger crossing any railway, and especially by the policy of under the wheels of the vehicle, is considered by the driver as a good joke, and something for which he can laugh back his fare above the drinking also above. It now becomes the duty of the railway authorities to see that the men whom they consider their sovereignty. If it can be done no other way, the footpassenger has a right to draw his revolver and shoot the fellow who deliberately seeks to take his life driving over him. We don't see a more desirable mode of bringing fellow to their senses, or advocate the law spanning a passenger, especially in Broadway, but only as a fact embodying the rights of pedestrians, and as a hint to the railway authorities and those who have no desire to be crushed under the wheels of a horse-car, that they will find that the people of Broadway of the imminent peril of their lives, then we shall have a little confusion in the streets, and a great thoroughfare, and shall not feel that we are an omnibus-crushed people.

Our Amusements.

"Don Sebastian," Dentlett's masterpiece, at the music hall, is drawing well. The audience is generally crowded with the *dilettanti* and fashion of the time; the performance is excellent. The play is one of great beauty and artistic effort, and yet, strange to say, it has not yet started the extraordinary success that it ordinarily from the press.

"Don Sebastian" is decidedly not a great opera. The music is entirely there is nothing absolutely striking, and we predict that it will not be one of the operas that will be familiarly through the streets, as the immortal march in "Faust," or the opening chorus in the "Barber of Seville," and yet it has had a success, and will continue to have, simply on the ground of the great excellence of the whole. It is a work. There is no opera of Donizetti's or Bellini's that has been produced, none that has been received with the critics of the great master. It is full of great dramatic effects, and we make no doubt that it will be as much heard often enough to form a real opinion, the probability is that it will be pronounced a masterpiece, and a work of eminent power. As the highest compliment we can pay, let us say that it reminds us of the immortality of Verdi, the orchestration especially so, without the resemblance to any one piece, but the great composer.

It was received with almost continuous applause and several encores, that of the trio between Zorilda, Ruiz and Don Sebastian being the most marked and earnest and real. When we have heard it a few times we shall have more to say of it.

There is a rumor about town that a body of highly respectable and wealthy citizens have banded together and have sworn by their lives, fortunes and sacred honor to protect the property of the city. In what way they'll bestow, or care playing Solon Shingle, until such an emergency arises it is impossible to say, but many occasions have grown up and witnessed him. How they will make their arrangements for this we are not knowing, but most certainly the thing at present seems to have some significance. We have always had a fear now for something like the sixteenth thousand time, and we have always found for the fear that the police with the public sympathies in it's search by returning nightly to their homes.

At Niblo's, through the week, we have had "The Seven Sisters," and "The Two Orphans," which is by no means "The Two Orphans," which is by no means nothing; firstly, because everybody knows it; and secondly, because it is a good piece, and well worth hearing about. It is of the modern French-Germanic sensation school, and the scenes are laid in Paris during the reign of the Bonaparte—Mr. Wheatley—who pop about him a pea on a hot shovel, down on the other, and another, and then he is ready to answer what poses to know which is which. Mr. Wheatley, as Fabien, Dorval, is one of the best in the situations and plain every day incidents enough to make a good actor.

Among the other successes of the day, we chronicle "Father and Mother," which is a touching portrait in how each of these, great as they are in their especial spheres, are helpless in the management of their child, even to the extent of turning people away from the house when she is sick, because they do not know how, and consequently cannot get in. There is a mystery about it, a little of the "Lady of Lyons" mixed with ugly reels upon their talent, and that backed by the talent of their business agent, who is one and the same.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE news most interesting to an American is that Capt. Semmes, the notorious pirate, had received the cross of the Legion of Honor. He was in command that vessel, off Madeira. The men were shipped in Liverpool, and were dispatched in another vessel to join Semmes. The Emperor Napoleon, in making the speech, explaining the nature of the duties expected from others in the confederacy, and of the conclusion of his address 39 out of the 190 men refused to go with him, and returned to Liverpool in the Lorral.

Lord Russell had delivered a speech at the University of Aberdeen, in which he declared his conviction that, no matter how long the struggle may last, the end will be the union and separation, the negro be for ever free.

Hon. J. O. Sanford, late British Minister in Athens, has been appointed to the same position in Spain.

From Mullet was to be executed on the 14th Nov., the Spanish Government having refused to release him.

The British legislature has approved of the treaty of peace.

The London papers continue their malignant comments upon the conduct of Capt. Collins in carrying off the Florida from anchored port, and some of them have published the correspondence between the British Consul at Bahia and the Governor of the Province, in consequence of the seizure of the piratical craft.

Lord Palmerston had made a speech at the Lord Mayor's dinner, in which he expressed a hope that the Queen's Majesties might soon be brought to a close.

The Emperor of the French has left Biarritz for Paris.

A Pan-Franco-Italian Convention and the removal of the capital from Turin to Florence, are the results of the late conferences of half-civilized nations are very remarkable.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—They are getting the capitol at Washington in readiness for the next meeting of Congress, December 5th. The old Representative Hall is to be converted into a National Statuary Gallery. Each State is privileged to furnish two statues, either in marble or bronze, of citizens distinguished by civil or military services.

The estate of the late Stephen A. Douglas has been settled. Mrs. Douglas realizes $75,000, and each of the two children of the deceased Senator receives over $7,000. All cash, of course, and good.

Hon. George Parkman, of Vermont, is dead, at the age of 72 years. He was one of the publishers and manufacturers of the Fairbanks scales, and was a wealthy and influential man in Vermont.

Governor Randall has ordered several towns in Illinois in Randolph nearly all the houses were blown down. In Chester $60,000 worth of property was destroyed.

The city clerk of Gloucester, Massachusetts, the leading fishing port of the State, proposes to contribute $2,000, if necessary, to the Sanitary Commission in the U. S. Army.

The Governor of California has called for another regiment of volunteers to garrison the harbor defences of San Francisco.

Mr. John A. Davis, a Quaker, residing at Achsnet, N. J., aged 90 years, cast his first vote on the occasion of the recent Presidential election.

Mr. Vallandigham has resumed the practice of law at Dayton, Ohio. We trust he will make no further political disturbances.

They burn houses in Fredericksburg, for fuel—it being cheaper than coal, and easier to buy wood.

Our Government is said to be pledged to non-intervention in the affairs of the French and Maximilian in Mexico.

On the erasing of the 26th of Nov. attempts were made to set fire to the public buildings in New York city: The St Nicholas, Metropolitan, Lafarge, St. Charles, Howard, Everett House, Fifth Avenue Hotel, Park and Barnum's Museum. The Fire Department were active and found in each of the premises named, not only trifling loss. In every instance the presence of a portion of turpentine was discovered in the beds, showing a combination of incendiaries, with a manifest intention of setting fire to the beds of every hotel in general conflagration in the city. Chief Engineer Kenny says: "The fire was evidently designed to kill the hotels to guard them against danger. Two persons were arrested on suspicion of the crime.

The U. S. Navy includes 588 steamers, of an aggregate tonnage of 498,000 tons. Large additions to the number are being made.

An ironclad, called the Canandaia, has been launched at Mystic, Connecticut, and will receive her guns and the various parts of her were shipped in the Aquila and sent to Key West. The barkof 1,000 tons, and the Aquila sunk at anchor, under pressure of a terrible gale of night. Her crew and the officers on board have been recovered from the sunken ship, and so the vessel is saved. The vessel, which is now on the coast of the Pacific, unless, perhaps, the Peruvians have launched an earlier one.

The city of Salem, Mass., is to be supplied with water from Wenham Lake.

Another gold mine has been discovered on Lucrat Fork, in Upshon county, Virginia. It is beautifully situated in a valley, and abounds in the under soil, in gold, in length, and 25 feet in width.

About 1,000,000 tons of merchandise were carried from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast by railroad during 1863, valued at nearly $650,000,000, and the value of the freight charges amounted to about $232,000,000.

A letter from Fortress Monroe says that a salute was fired on the 15th of November, in honor of the anniversary of Washington the late pirate Florida, in honor of the re-election of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States.

On election-day, a town-clerk of a rural town paid his respects to the ballot-box and carried his ballot home, satisfactied that he had done something for the Lower Law and Order.

The World's Health Association met at Hope Chapel on the 16th. The room was filled almost entirely by a party of very pretty women, giving a graphic picture of her trials and tribulations while the public sympathies in a search by returning nightly to their homes.

At Niblo's, through the week, we have had "The Seven Sisters," and "The Two Orphans," which is by no means nothing; firstly, because everybody knows it; and secondly, because it is a good piece, and well worth hearing about. It is of the modern French-Germanic sensation school, and the scenes are laid in Paris during the reign of the Bonaparte—Mr. Wheatley—who pop about him a pea on a hot shovel, down on the other, and another, and then he is ready to answer what poses to know which is which. Mr. Wheatley, as Fabien, Dorval, is one of the best in the situations and plain every day incidents enough to make a good actor.

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PAYING SOLDIERS AT ATLANTA.

Prior to Gen. Sherman's departure from Atlanta on his grand march across the rebel States, eight month's wages were paid to his soldiers. Our double army, with its thousands of camp followers, to whom this payment was made, and may also serve as a general illustration of pay-day in camp. It is treated by the soldier, and by every church and school in his own story. The soldiers file up and receive their money at the paymaster's tent, and when they have scored the names, letters and remittances for their wives and children and parents at home. The scene is joyous and exciting. Every soldier who has not wife, child and family is necessarily ill-starred, and may march to his duty with confidence that all is well at home.

GEN. SHERMAN'S GRAND MARCH.

Our Map of the Field of War.

THE advance of Gen Sherman across the Southern States now absorbs public attention, both at the North and the South. The subject is discussed elsewhere in this issue, and we present in this summary our Map on page 180, while it takes in the entire field of operations, prominently displays the line of march, and may be easily moved from Atlanta in two columns—one towards Augusta, the other towards Macon—and thence to Milledgeville, Sherman to move forward, either to Savannah or Charleston, but most probably to Savannah. We have also taken pains to trace from the reports marked upon our Map, so that the reader will be able, at a glance, to comprehend the grandest military operations of modern times.

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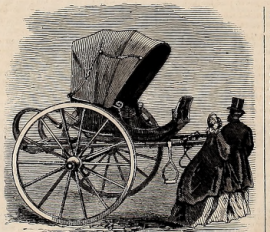
A New York paper enumerates the sweet scented compliments that have been paid by the press to the President of the United States. There are some of them: Ape, gorilla, fool, silly story-teller, despot, liar, thief, braggart, buffoon, usurper, robber, swindler, monster, boor, boozer, tyrant, ass, knave, fiend, hound, butcher, land pirate, ——. Perhaps the most complimentary of these names could be longer." Jack should have lived in our day.



SCENE IN CAMP LIFE—CHIMNEY ARCHITECTURE—OUR SOLDIERS AT THEIR CAMP FIRES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, ANDREW M'CALLUM.

THE LIBEY PRISON.

Among the names that are "damned to the same everlasting fame" as the Black Hole of Calcutta, and the Prison Ships of Brooklyn, will ever be found that of the Libey Prison, at Richmond, Virginia, of which a sketch—from a photograph accidentally picked up by one of our travelling Artists—will be found on page 177. There is something odious in the very sound of the name of this Prison, which conjures up a perfect phantasmagoria of horrors. Prior to the outbreak of the civil war the building now infamous as Libey Prison was the store of respectable dealers in provisions—the Messrs. Libey & Son, Shipchandlers and Grocers. The upper part of it was devoted to the process of drying tobacco, and a large quantity of that valuable weed was stored in it. It is a large, straggling, uncouth building, as shown in our picture. The subject of the cruelties practised therein, towards Union prisoners, has been much canvassed. Southern apologists have declared that the inmates of Libey Prison had as good fare as the rebel soldiers, and that only those prisoners were severely treated who made themselves particularly obnoxious to their captors. Mr. Libey, senior, whose name is thus unpleasantly associated with a scene of hardship and suffering, has attempted to leave the South, and, according to one account, has been successful. But we think it probable that his escape was prevented, since nothing has since been heard of him. Our sketch of the Prison reproduces it with all its customary accessories. The tents in the foreground are those wherein the rebel guards and their officers are stationed. The Provost Marshal guard was drawn up before the main entrance of the Prison when the photograph, which we have copied, was taken. To the right is the James river, Libey Prison being situated near the banks of that blood-stained stream—the modern Scamander.



STEPHEN GIRARD'S OLD GIG, LATELY PRESENTED TO THE CITY OF PHILADELPHIA.

Mr. Kirke, in his narrative of his recent peace proposition visit to Richmond, thus describes this charnel-house

"By this time we had reached a dingy brick building, from one corner of which protruded a small sign, bearing, in black letters on a white ground, the words:

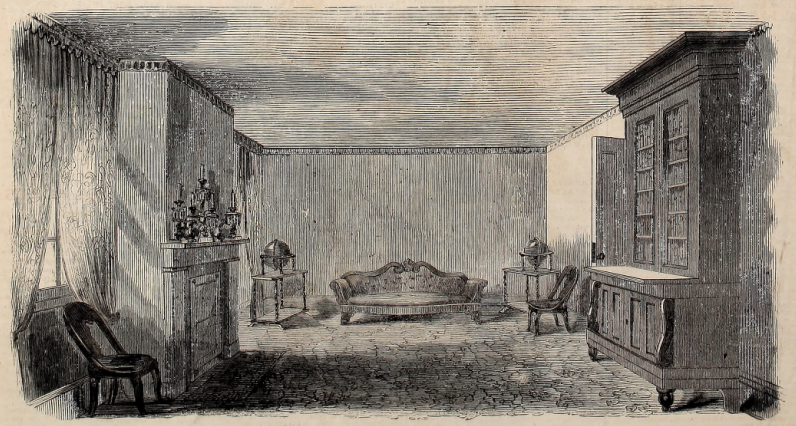
LIBEY AND SON,
SHIPCHANDLERS AND GROCERS.

It was three storeys high, and I was told, 80 feet in width and 110 in depth. In front, the first storey was on a level with the street, allowing space for a tier of dungeons under the sidewalk; but in the rear the land sloped away till the basement-floor rose above ground. Its unpainted walls were scorched to a rusty brown, and its sunken doors and low windows, filled here and there with a dusky pane, were cobwebbed and weather-stained, giving the whole building a most unsightly and desolate appearance. A dozen-shirted boy, in ragged 'butternuts' and a Union cap, and an old man, in gray regimentals, with a beer keg and a limping gait, were pacing to and fro before it, with muskets on their shoulders; but no other soldiers were in sight."

SHERMAN'S ARMY CROSSING THE COOSA RIVER.

The Coosa river is formed by the confluence of the Etowah and Costenaula, which unite at Rome, Georgia. It flows south-west to the north-east extremity of St. Clair county, Alabama, after which its course is south until it unites with the Tallapoosa, and joins the Alabama about 10 miles north of Montgomery. Its total length is about 360 miles. Small steamers navigate this river between Rome and the Ten Islands, which is 180 miles.

Our Artist has sketched Sherman's army crossing the Coosa river after its recent pursuit of the rebel Gen. Hood. The soldiers are crossing on a pontoon bridge, while the cattle are fording the stream.



PARLOR IN PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S HOUSE, AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.



ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—SCENE IN CAMP OF NEGRO REGIMENTS—METHOD OF PUNISHMENT OF NEGRO SOLDIERS FOR VARIOUS OFFENCES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

BABBETTE.

BY MARY KYLE DALLAS.

I.

'Twas in the streets of Munich,
What time the sun went down,
Engolding every window
Within the quaint old town.



That first I saw that sunny face,
Those eyes of brightest jet,
And doffed my student's cap to thee,
My fair fraulein Babbette.

II.

An hundred braids of golden hair
Lay bound about thine head,
And on that dimpled cheek, *ma belle*,
Were rose and lily wed.
In all the lands my feet had trod,
No girl I ever met
So bonny or so *debonaire*
As thou, my bright Babbette.

III.

I was bold, I know, to greet thee so,
Yet Love will have its way;
Then didst not bid me go, although
Thou didst not bid me stay.
I whispered, "May we meet again?"
And "No!" thy lips replied;
But thy glances had a thousand tongues,
Their "Yes!" that "No" denied.

IV.

Oh, I was very young, Babbette,
And thou wert wondrous fair,
And youth and love, my little pet,
Together much may dare;
So when it came to kissing thee—
Oh, was it not divine
The meeting of those scarlet lips,
So shly caught by mine?

V.

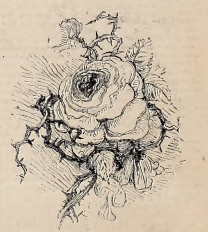
Sweet trystings at the eventide,
Vows breathed 'neath moonlit skies,
Till, to my heart's wild prayer, I read
An answer in thine eyes;
Then lay that little hand in mine,
And on its finger shone
The golden signet ring of love,
And thou wert all mine own.

VI.

Remembrest thou the garden bright,
Where tulips in a row,
And violets and ladies' pride,
And snowy waxdrops grow;
Thy father smoking in the porch,
Thy mother at her wheel,
When I, as at some monarch's throne,
A suppliant came to kneel?

VII.

My boyish cheek was pale, I know,
For never in my life
Throbbed my heart so as when I claimed
Forgiveness and—my wife!
Oh, I had neither house nor lands,
Nor gold, nor fame, and yet
Thy student lover they forgave
For love of thee, Babbette!



"NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN."

VIII.

Oh, bless the streets of Munich old,
The stones trod by thy feet,
The summer sunset's lingering gold,
The chance that made us meet;
And God bless her who lulls to sleep
My babe upon her breast,
Babbette, the fairest in the land,
Of all sweet wives the best!



ARTHUR RECOVERS CLARA'S HAT.

TURNING THE TABLES.

BY LIZZIE CAMPBELL.

IT was about five o'clock on the afternoon of a bright day in last August that Arthur Meberley, with his two cousins, Alice and Kate Cleeves, and a friend of theirs, Fanny Compton, stood before the door of a pretty little white cottage, ornamented with green window blinds, in the small watering-place called Norfolk.

It was not a fashionable place, very few people knew anything about it, and that was why Alice Cleeves, a pale, delicate girl, whose parents feared she was going into a consumption, persuaded her cousin, and sister, and their friend Fanny to spend the summer weeks there instead of at the White Mountains or Saratoga or Newport. Mr. Arthur contemplated the white cottage for some moments, and then, turning to his companions, remarked:

"This must be the place, girls. Shall I ring?"

"Yes, Arthur, do. This is the place; I recognise it from the description in the letter."

Arthur rang the bell, and the door was opened by a neat little maid-of-all-work, who, to their inquiries for Mrs. Barton, ushered them into a well-

furnished and even elegant little parlor, and told them that Barton would see them in a minute. Presently Mrs. Barton, a homelike, comfortable-looking lady, appeared, and Kate Cleeves at once took on herself the task of spokeswoman.

"Madam," she said, in the off-hand, dashing manner peculiar to her, "we are the party who answered your advertisement for summer-boarders."

Mrs. Barton's face beamed with a pleasant smile.

"I'm delighted to see you, young ladies. Very happy to see you, sir—Maberley, I think, I will show you to your rooms, and ten will be ready at half-past six."

At the tea-table Mrs. Barton presented a young girl, seated next to her, as her niece, and the whole party having bowed to each other, began to partake of the good things before them with a relish that was their best compliment to the landlady's cookery.

Before the meal was concluded Arthur had taken occasion to look once or twice at the landlady's niece, and discovered that she was a remarkably pretty young lady, and though her dress was simple, it was elegance itself, and made in the latest style. Her golden hair, parted in the middle, her lovely face, and rippling like waves, was tied in a knot behind, and ornamented with blue ribbon that came in the form of a necktie under her throat and wrists were ruffles of fine lace. Arthur knew it was both rich and expensive, for he had taken some pressed like it for his sisters that very summer. And then the little hands that handled so deftly the knife and fork completely enchanted him—so white and soft, so shapely. No vulgar country girl this. Who could she be?

After tea, and a fifteen minutes' rest in the parlor, the girls proposed a stroll out on the beach, and got on their hats and mantillas for the purpose, and a very pretty show they made, all with lawn dresses, lace mantles, and hair drooping in curls or rolled back in picturesque waves after the style, and Arthur in a complete suit of light summer clothes.

"Don't you think, girls," proposed that young gentleman, as they were about to start, "that we should invite the landlady's pretty niece? Perhaps she might like to stroll on the beach, too."

Miss Compton tossed her head slightly, not that she was the least in love with Arthur, but as he was the only gentleman about, and her two friends were only girls, she thought, she herself entitled to his entire attention. Alice Cleeves, who "thought all the world of Fanny," immediately spoke up in her behalf:

"I dare say the young lady has plenty of walks on the beach. She can go whenever she wants to."

"Nonsense, Alie!" replied Kate. "Where's the fun of walking all by one's self? I'm sure Arthur is quite right and very thoughtful, too. I'll ask Miss Barton myself."

"I'm not sure that her name is Barton, Kate," said her cousin.

"Well, Alie mind, Arthur. I heard her aunt call her Clara; so, to be on the safe side, I'll ask for Miss Clara," and she whisked out of the room, returning in a minute with that young lady, who, Arthur thought, looked prettier than ever, in little drooping black straw hat, with a white plume, and an embroidered muslin scarf on her shoulders.

"Well, I declare!" whispered Fanny, slipping her arm through Alice's, "Miss Clara doesn't spare compass in getting up ladies' finery. That plume's a real ostrich—and the scarf never cost less than thirty dollars."

Arthur, Clara and Kate brought up the rear, and the whole party were soon on the beach, gaily laughing and chatting, and picking up pebbles on the beach, to skim off over the water, cutting little edicts and circles as they flew.

Clara and Kate ran races on the beach, while Arthur shouted and gave the word to run or halt, and Alice and Fanny looked on from a distance, one too feeble and the other too proper to join in the fun.

Clara beat her hat in the chase, and reached the stopping-place with her hair all blown loose over her shoulders and about her glowing cheeks, panting and laughing, and calling on Arthur to confirm her statement when she declared she had won the race. But Arthur was off in search of the missing hat, which was finally captured out of the sea, covered with seaweed. Clara declared it was no matter, though the plume was drenched with seaweed, and insisted on wearing it when the seaweed tangled in it; and "looked like a Syren as she was," Arthur said, when she placed it above her dishevelled rippling hair, that reached half way to her feet.

"But we can't stay any longer," she said, looking at Alice, "or we must go home and take off all these wet things, since you would insist on getting my hat. I'm sure it wasn't worth such a dipping."

Arthur drew her little hand within his arm, and made a complimentary speech about "adventuring for such marauders as these: it is fair to that shore washed with the hurtliest sea;" and Clara blushed a most enchanting rose-color; and then their all turned homeward, laughing and talking in the gayest manner. And even Fanny became fascinated with the landlady's pretty niece; and Alie, of course, followed suit.

A week passed, and the little party from the city thought they had never known what real comfort and happiness was till they had found them in Mrs. Barton's cottage.

Kate, whose friends feared she was disposed to be a little fast, declared it was perfectly "jolly" and she never had such a glorious time. And then the breakfasts—always ready at eight, and large, with cups of foaming milk; omelettes made of fresh laid eggs! How glorious! Alice declared it was delicious, and showed her appreciation by a pair of rosy cheeks, and better health and spirits than she had known for years; and Fanny, though she said nothing about it, was never beheld when meals were on the table, and did ample justice to the viands. As for Arthur and Clara—they were evident what they were doing to and Fanny felt it her duty to warn her two friends of the snare their cousin was falling into.

"And what if he is in love with her," retorted Kate, "it couldn't be low with a prettier girl, and she's just as pretty as a dream."

"Pretty enough," assented Fanny, "but don't you see she is as artful as anything can be? I don't believe she cares a pin for him—it's only his money and position she covets."

"Stuff and nonsense! Let me tell you, Fan, there's nothing mean or mercenary about that girl; and I ask nothing better than to have her for a cousin. I love her dearly."

"Oh, well, my dear, of course it is more your affair than mine. But I wonder what Ellen Tracy will say to it."

"Bother Ellen Tracy! Let her look out for herself—Arthur won't engaged to her; and she hasn't a chance in the world. And as for her's as handsome or fascinating as Clara, no one's to blame for it, and I guess she's not the one to lose her heart about. Arthur and Kate hunmed a gay air and ran up to her room.

A minute after enter Alice with an open letter in her hand.

"What's the news, Alie?"

"Oh, Fanny, you there! Who do you think is coming to stay three weeks? Can't you guess—Arthur's sisters, Ellen Tracy and Will."

"What—Will Tracy!" and Fanny's face flushed with a very brilliant color.

"Yes, you needn't blush so. I'm sure you knew he wouldn't leave you here all summer by yourself."

"When are they coming?"

"Next week—this is Friday; they'll be here Monday evening."

"Splendid! I'll tell, you, Alie—let's keep it a secret. If Kate knows she'll tell Arthur, and if he knows he'll have time to model his conduct to Clara after that of Will, and their sister has no surprise he will be compelled to show which of them he cares most for."

"Will Tracy the capital, wouldn't it; and, perhaps, would bring him to terms with Clara; she's a nice little creature, and he has no right to trifle with her."

Monday evening came; and with it three very fashionable ladies in the persons of the Misses Maberley, the scorn of Miss Tracy and a good-hearted, handsome, dashing young fellow, by name Will Tracy.

Arthur and Maberley turned up their aristocratic noses at Clara as soon as they discovered how things were going; and as for Miss Tracy, between jealousy of the fair-haired beauty and molested pride at Arthur's neglect, she fell out of humor with herself, she was most unpleasantly situated.

There are two kinds of young men in this special particular of summer-boarding, who can be bullied and laughed and sneered out of an attachment to a girl whom his friends don't approve of; and whether she is made more devoted and determined by such treatment. Fortunately for himself, Arthur belonged to the latter. So, when he found that Miss Tracy had taken a cold shoulder on the lady of his love, he at once made up his mind to propose and carry her off in spite of them all.

A riding party was proposed by somebody, and every one at once agreed to it. Of course Arthur invited Clara; and Kate proposed accompanying him—either not having observed the manner of his sisters, or deeming it of no consequence. Miss Tracy took Will, and Maberley took Miss Belle—sympathised; Kate applauded and admired Arthur's spirit; Alice quietly approved and Fanny looked on, with the fair brunette's rage, and wondered if it annoyed Will as much.

As Will seemed to find only time enough to wait on and admire his fair fiancé, she soon became conversant with the fact that he was almost the least on the subject; and the cavalcade set out, led off by Arthur and Clara. Neither the Misses Maberley could boast of more magnificent horsewomen, and finally became ashamed of their awkwardness when contrasted with Clara's perfect grace and confidence of her animal, and declared they would return to the house again.

There was nothing for it but compliance, and as each had a brother there, the whole party were obliged to turn their horses heads homewards. Arthur, Kate and Miss Tracy couldn't possibly be lifted from their saddles by any one except their own brothers.

Kate made no attempt to conceal her indignation, and expressed it in terms of "some people's selfishness," in very plain terms; while Clara, comprehending the movement, smiled archly in answer to Arthur's apologies.

About a mile from the house the horse ridden by Miss Tracy suddenly became unmanageable; and before either Will or Arthur could succeed it Clara was beside her. Between fright and vexation, Miss Tracy had contrived to lose her bridle and get her skirts entangled in the stirrup; and Clara, dropping her bridle on her horse's neck, gave all her attention to restraining the other horse's animation.

She had just succeeded in putting the bridle in Miss Tracy's hands, and disengaging her skirt, when the gentlemen came up. Arthur uttered an exclamation of admiration at sight of Clara's coolness, on hearing which Miss Tracy gave her an impatient push, and whether accidentally or otherwise, flashed her whip across her horse's eyes. He gave one bound, reared backward, and before Clara could gain the bridle, or make an effort to keep herself in the seat, she was thrown to the distance of several feet, and fell striking her head against a stone on the roadside.

There was a simultaneous shriek of dismay; and the passionate, jealous beauty turned pale as ashes at a sight of her own act.

Arthur was kneeling beside the insensible girl, and with her head raised on his arm was pouring into her ear every tender word that love and fear could inspire; and when Clara recovered sense, she was strong and healthy, and the blow had only stunned her for a minute, while the passionate words she heard from her lover brought something like her usual color back to her cheeks. She declared herself well enough to walk home, as her horse had quieted down, and at least she would try soon. She was a little giddy, then, and her head drooped on Arthur's shoulder, the paler returned to her face—and the cavalcade had started again.

Like an infant he raised her in his arms, placed her easily on the saddle before him, and holding her head on his breast slowly walked the horse homeward.

Kate said she would ride on ahead, because she was more than half frightened to death; and Miss Tracy would have been glad to follow her example, had she dared to urge her horse into a canter. But she had ample time then to reflect that she had gained nothing by her ebullition of temper.

Mrs. Barton was indeed, frightened; but there was Utile occasion for Clara, after lying on the lounge in the parlor, propped up among pillows for two or three hours, made her appearance at the tea-table looking quite as usually well. It will be sure, Arthur had set beside her, holding her hand in his, all these hours, and it must have been very blind indeed that didn't see that they perfectly understood each other.

That same week Arthur announced his intention to be married to Clara, and to have it over before the wedding. Kate screamed with delight, and stipulated for the office of chief bridesmaid. The Misses Maberley declared they gave notice that they would return to town that same evening, and desired Will to be in readiness. That heartless brother refused.

"Delighted to wait upon you, girls, I'm sure; but you see I'm engaged to be groomsman, and I wouldn't slight dear Arthur's request for worlds."

"Then we shall return to town alone."

"If you are determined to deprive us of the pleasure of your countenances, that, I fear, is just what you must do."

The indignant trio left the room in disgust. Fanny, pleased with anything that pleased Will, accepted the invitation with pleasure; and Alice kissed Clara and called her "cousin."

Everybody who writes a story declares that before a fancy bridal party can take place she must have a lovely lovely in white satin, lace and orange flowers. And so beautiful was Clara—what fairy fancy could condescended, to remain—declared that Arthur never need be ashamed of his bride's appearance. She looked a little country-girl, without a penny to bless herself—well, I wonder what pups will say?

When Clara came to sign her name after the ceremony, she looked at Arthur with a mischievous smile, and then wrote for a moment on the paper.

"Well, Clara, it's a joke I declare, but I don't even know what your name was; let me see," and he looked over her shoulder—"Vernon!"

"Yes, Arthur, long enough he had been shot, "Vernon!"—he repeated, "and Clara Vernon it is—is it sannot be——"

"Hush!" she answered, putting two little fingers on his lips, "it is, but don't say a word."

The next movement of our party was to return to New York, where Arthur made the most splendid preparations for a large party to introduce his bride to New York society.

It was now late in September, and great numbers of the fashionables had returned to the city. Among the guests were Miss Tracy, Kate and Alice Cleeves, Will Tracy and Fanny Compton. Arthur was overjoyed at having upon the movement of the young bride with interest, and could not help admiring that she bore herself bravely; but still he had a most unpleasant sensation in knowing that there would soon be a precious commotion, when Maberley's pore learned that his son and heir had married a penniless girl.

At last the looked-for moment came.

Enter the elder Maberley, to him advances Mr. Arthur, leading the beautiful woman in the room leaning on his arm.

"Father," he says, "this is my wife."

Mr. Maberley looked upon his new daughter.

"Eh—what! Clara, my dear, I'm delighted to see you—and you, my dear little daughter! I would have eloped you from all the world," and he kissed the bride's cheek, "but, you see, which she returns heartily, and kissing him warmly, says:

"Dear Mr. Maberley, how glad I am to call you father!"

Then you may lay a very large wager there was much better among this brilliant assembly, and sundry guesses, and innumerable suggestions, as to the real position of Clara's friends—as to her wealth—previous lucky to get her for a daughter. Pumkins indeed! Well, thank you! She's Clara Vernon, and a ward, just now! Clara Vernon's ward, and worth half a million! She's been spending her income as the adopted daughter of her father's, a widow lady by the name of Barton, and that's how nobody has ever heard of her before.

Arms and Belle Maberley would have been glad even of the poor shelter of hiding their heads in the sand; but failing that, they were content to be covered with confusion, to hear Clara's pardon, and acknowledge the tabooed soon fairly turned on them.

Clara only smiled at their discomfiture, and immediately forgave them. "It was a mistake," she said; "but I'm sure we may all be good friends. Our acquaintance began with trouble; but there is no rose without its thorn."

THE OLD SONG.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

Sing again the song you sung
When we were together young—
When there were but you and I
Underneath the summer sky.

Sing the song, and o'er and o'er,
Though I know that never more
Will it seem the song you sung
When we were together young.

MEDUSA

CHAPTER I.

HERNE COURT, February 10th, 1863.

DEAR EDWARD—I am not coming up. Your bill of fare does not tempt me. I don't want to see "Bel Demonio;" I saw the "Duke's Motto," which was very much better. I don't care in the least about scenery and dresses, but I adore having bare rowed. "Buy Bias," if you like! I have seen it four times, and am good for a fifth; or if they would only give that naughty little French play, which, in dear consistent old England, it is proper to say it is not to say, and in which I believe Fechter is absolute perfection, I would scatter decorum to the four winds, set William at utter defiance, and walk manly off with you to the stalls in no time. Only fancy! Ha—William wants me to see it in Paris, and left me at home (though I was dying to go), and then he came back, and told me it was a very fine play, and that I shouldn't like it; after which he went back again himself. What a prodigate old William! No; I shall wait till I have a good Fechter and Fechteress, and then send you my commands as to places and so forth. London is so dirty and dismal at this season; no air, no light, no flowers. My conservatory here is already one mass of bloom, camellias, rhododendrons, orange-trees, azaleas, and a perfect regiment of dear little hyacinths and narcissus, making the whole house smell of the spring—it is too pleasant to leave. Besides, the country, even this season, is rather boring, and gives one an impression of complete and pure delight twenty times a day. One's human resources in London don't give one that quite so often; even you don't, my dear boy, fond as I am of you. And why, when are you coming to Herne Court again? I have been thinking of getting up all the marriageable girls in the neighborhood for your especial benefit, and among them there are really two or three who I think would make your affair, as the French say. First, there is Miss Laura Baker, a most cheerful active girl, with an even flow of great animal spirits (invaluable for you who have none); not very good looking, though not ugly, and has a head bit suddenly turned up at the end; the mouth rather large—but a thoroughly good girl. Do you like the description? Then there is another contrast. Little Amy Robarts, twenty-two, and fifteen hair; not quite so much conversation as Laura, but a good deal of the old Women, and as quiet and down at the school. Her only real drawback is a rather tiresome little trick she has of repeating the last two words every time you speak; if you remark that it is a fine day, she answers, "Yes, it is a fine day;" and if you add, "Charming for driving," she mechanically replies, "Quite charming for driving." But I feel sure you will soon overcome in a great measure from shyness, and if you would only come down and teach her to get fond of you, you could cure her of it, I have no doubt, in a short time. Then there is perhaps tells most against her in society is, that she has one leg a little shorter than the other; it was an accident, poor thing, which, you know, isn't like having been born so, and one does not see it when she sits. Now, what do you think of coming down and making love to her? Oh! how I should like to see you once really thoroughly in love—utterly and miserably in love. It would be so pleasant, and so much better for you than going about for ever as you do, singeing yourself and every one else in a continual flirtation. You are so fearfully capricious. Think of it for my sake, now do; and come down like a dear good boy, and look seriously at Amy and Laura.

Yours affectionately,
HARRY BRANDE.

61 Pall Mall, 15th February.

DEAREST HARRY—I am nailed in town by business, I am sorry to say, for the next week or two, as there are quite symptoms of my going to stay next to Herne Court. How like your dear, funny, insensible (shall I say nonsensical?) self, your letter is! and how completely one sees by it how you always sailed in smooth waters. If you had not, you would not desire that your friends should be the permanent subjects of complacent, touched of merely taking a pleasant little occasional search. After all, you and I are very much alike (but for me, thank goodness, I enjoy myself much more), each in my poor aunt, and of which, as you truly remark, I have little or none). We both lead placid contented lives enough, and both rejoice in the possession of undisturbed hearts. Why, then, do you always quarrel with me for a condition of existence which you so completely share? Now, do you say? Don't be angry with me if I don't give dear old William credit for having stirred the depths to that amount; and don't be angrier still, if I ask if any one else ever did? No, it isn't possible: you never would go hunting after great emotions, with that good unclouded child's face of yours as you do, if you knew what the words meant. In the meantime, I am afraid neither Laura nor Amy will do; neither of them seems to

be the little darling I require. I think I fancy rather less figure—and I do mind the leg.

Yours affectionately,

E. S.

Herne Court, 16th February.

Your questions have not made me angry; they have only set me into fits of laughter. You are perfectly right, dear Edward. I have not the remotest comprehension of the passions I read and hear of, and I owe to an almost morbid degree of curiosity with regard to states of feelings of which I have not the smallest conception in my own experience.

You know what a secluded life we always led in the country. An unbroken unshining stillness of home affection and duties during all our earlier childhood. We had poor papa when we were too young to understand the terrible meaning of death; and since that, the only shadow that ever came to darken the days was Minnie's marriage. We had been dear companions in all our occupations and pleasures; we had never been away from one another in our lives before, and the separation fell very heavily upon my heart. Shortly after Minnie and George had gone abroad, when the sad blank of her absence was beginning itself dotibly felt, now that the excitement of the wedding was over, just when I was at my very worst, in short, Mr. Bramble came down to the neighborhood to look at an estate which he had some thoughts of purchasing. He had been an old friend of papa's, and mama asked him to come and stay with us while he made his inquiries about Beech Hill: the place did not please him, but there were others, more or less near us, to be seen in the neighborhood, and so he stayed on and on, and at the end of two months he had found both a home and a wife to suit him: he bought Herne Court, and asked me to be the mistress of it. Mama was overjoyed at the prospect of giving me into such safe keeping, and having me settled tolerably near her; and William was so dear and good, so excellently kind to me when he was feeling and losing Minnie, and so perfect for mama, that I was very sure I should never meet any one I could esteem and love as he does; so I married him, and we were married. There are as many as twenty-four years between us, but I think he seemed to me quite an old grandfather when I married him, I believe I have got to think him younger by the way with him. I have my own dear man, unselfish, tender and guileless as he is. And although he did not "stir my depths" very violently—I did not say to stir, which I think is awful—he has filled my heart entirely for the twenty years that we have been married, during which time he has developed me like a large sunflower sets me like a devoted friend, and petted and spoiled me as I thought it was only in one's mother to do.

And now for the second question, which I dare say you thought was sufficiently answered by what I have said—and so it is—and yet it isn't quite, either—that is, I have just a wee corner of conscience about it that makes me speak, at the risk of your calling me more than your proportions to my small confidence than it ever deserved.

About a few years after we were married we passed a season in town, and became acquainted with a person whom William took an extraordinary fancy to. He shot like William till he hunted like Nimrod, he drew like an artist, and the worst of it was that he sang like an angel, and that dear good William, who doesn't know God's Queen from Xaxier Boodle, and had never cared about my singing in the least, must needs bethink him suddenly how good it was for me to be keep up my music, and was quite delighted to see my little talents appreciated by capable people, and so was I, I confess I do so blame. The consequence is, about this man to come down and stay with us, and he didn't see that by degrees he was beginning to pay me more attention than he ought, and that I might end with getting more distressed upon his companionship in those pursuits in which William is not sympathize with me, than was desirable. Well, this state of things went on, and we sketched together, and we sang together, and we read German together, till at last my life became spirited with an atmosphere to which it had been an utter stranger until then. I can't mean to say that I cared for the man in the least; but he troubled me—don't ignore the word more than its exact meaning—he just troubled me. He never had said anything to startle me, or that I could possibly be expected to take offence at; but I was made to feel that I was getting on day long: respectfully, but still adored, and thought it was certainly sometimes a little distressing, I found it a little pleasant too.

At last things came to a crisis; one of his long summer visits had just drawn to a close, and he bade us good-bye, more than usually out of spirits at leaving us. He was to go abroad early in the autumn, and not to return until the following spring. I watched the carriage as it drove away over the bridge, and then I went into the morning-room, got my work-basket, established myself on the lawn, with a sense of intense relief at being free of him. His manner during this last visit had got somewhat to be more earnest than it used to be; not content with the many hours which we naturally passed we could either compass, he would make excursions for being alone with me, which used to annoy me; he would go on fishing with William, and then forget some essential bit of tackle, and come back again to the house to fetch it, or agree to meet him at some particular spot, see him well started, and then pretend a headache to stay at home with me; and what enraged me more than all the rest was, that once or twice, in a sort of indirect covert way, he hinted that William's want of perception proceeded from his not having a proper appreciation of me, and from the indifference and apathy of age. He could not see that it was the gruffle sness of the creature, who thought no evil, because he was incapable of it himself. To all of this I could oppose nothing, because he managed so cleverly that I could not come to an explanation with him without seeming to assume that he had feelings for me to which he had taken no pains to give an impression. It was a state of things that had worried me, and made his visit odious to me, and I felt thoroughly glad that he was gone. I put my work-basket, and settled me out my work, when lo! between the folds of it, I found a letter lying, neither more nor less than the most audacious piece of flattery and nonsense I could not know what to do; I did not like to conceal it from William, and still I could not bear to hurt him either by a scene or entirely unhappy and ill at ease. However, the letter was going abroad almost immediately, we should not meet again for ages, and I made up my mind to say nothing about it. Of course I did not dream of answering him, and as he now took to writing invariably to William instead of to me, as he had used occasionally to do, I thought my silence had been understood, and that his addressing me no more was a sign of grace.

We were expecting a large shooting party on the 1st of September; and on the 28th of August William was obliged to run up to London for a few business hours. Of course I did not dream of a second letter, and I was not even surprised at receiving him, and asked him if he had seen any of our friends in town. I was perfectly unprepared for the fact that the very first person he had met on St. James's street was the hero of my story, whom I had already fancied well upon his travels; and still more so when William added:

"He seems altogether undecided about going abroad, and I told him he had better come down here for the 1st."

I didn't close my eyes all night, and got up the next morning in a very different mind as to what it would be best for me to do. I knew that if I were to have him here again with that idiotic love-letter fresh in both our memories, and yet I hated to tell William why, in a matter of the heart, that it was so far from him to suspect, and so I went thinking and thinking the matter over, when I made up rounds to the stables and saw to my guests, to see that all was comfortable, and to leave in their portfolios and envelope-cases the necessary materials for writing. I came back again to the little room which he had always occupied, and the moment I got into it I felt so suddenly saddened by the idea of his coming again with that odious common secret between us, that I made up my mind that as soon as I had deposited my little store of paper in his portfolio, I would run and find William at once. It was a fine night, and thing hidden from him a single moment longer. I hastily seized the blotting-book, it accidentally fell from my hands, and out of it dropped a single sheet of paper, which I opened, and read the following:

"*Oh! ma tre douce vie!*"—and this, mind you, was only letter A of the performance, it went quite as far as the fourth, and I don't know if it had more compliments" in the envelope, and I don't care to see. I was going in to breakfast, I met William, who was in a letter in his hand, looking the very picture of disappointment, and I knew that finally made up his mind, and had started for Paris the night before."

This, dear Edward, has been the only approach to a romance in the whole of my life, and the only concealment I ever had from my husband. I don't think it is a thing to be proud of, though it may be a proof of inferior organization—I sometimes think it is—meanwhile, in all humility, I thank God for it. I am very glad to be a victim of this very defect that I am quite the happiest woman of my acquaintance.

Your affectionate cousin,

HARRY BRAMBLE.

CHAPTER II.

MRS. WILLIAM BRAMBLE was a real lover of music; and she liked best the very best, which is a rare quality in those who pretend the most to be devoted to it. She had a fine soprano voice of its country, but contrived every now and then to take a run to London when some particularly tempting performance might be given there or at Jenny's Hall. Her husband did not care to lose a day's hunting by accompanying her on these innocent little excursions of hers, and so she set off, as does for a playfellow. She was sweet-tempered, refined, pleasant and kindly, and at seven or eight-and-thirty had preserved the most delightful air of girlishness. Children women do sometimes keep it to the last, that pretty, almost infantile candor of the eyes; and if you saw Harry's only sorrow that at Herne Court he little feet were to be found growing overhead, and no little voices filled the house with that sweet treasure so unlike and so much better than any other music in the whole world. Harry Bramble had been left his parents, and was master of a very good fortune, but he lived more like a poor man than a rich one, had no expensive tastes, and not a particle of ostentation. He was now twenty-nine years of age, and his cousin and fast friend, Harry Bramble, thought it would time that he should take to some profession ing and riding, and that he should marry and and keep house, and settle down, like other folks. Two days after dispatching her letter to 61 Pall Mall, she saw an irresistible musical announcement in the newspaper, and Edward Saville received the following:

Dear Edward—Such an advertisement in today's *Times*! Joachim, Halle and Piatti all together! Take places for Monday week; I am coming; and if you like eating horrible food, I will provide you with a basket, plus at 9 o'clock. But no, don't do that, dear—the dinners there are too nasty for anything, and though you wouldn't mind, I should for you. So just leave the tickets for me, and we will give each other rendezvous at eight o'clock at the St. James's Hall.

I have come to the conclusion of a new young lady; the family has only lately come into the neighborhood; we called when first they arrived, and yesterday the mother and daughter returned our visit. I spare you the description of the mother; the daughter is tall, and fair, and large, and not worrying, and her name is Beginald Peregoon; she's from an—shire (as afraid you'll think that rather old?), but though she is altogether too ripe for "little darling," you might, perhaps, make a sort of inquiry part of her. I believe I would like to see you married to your great-grandmother rather than not married at all. You see I am beginning to feel that you have become one being but a dreamer. It has been the ruin of you.

Your affectionate cousin,

HARRY BRAMBLE.

P. S.—I have had a lovely bullinch given to me, and have hung him up between my linnet and lark. He whistles delightfully, and only every now and then bazards a few mellow little chuckles down in the very bottom of his throat. I must take his instructions in non-conventional music, when the linnet and lark have an answering each other by the hour together; but the linnet, who prepares the interval of the lark, the instant poor bully attempts to open his mouth, lapses into rigid silence, sticks his stupid little beak down into the sawdust and gravel, and sulks. He makes himself an odious object of disgust and discontent. So vulgar of him! And so like the world, isn't it? I have seen two fine fellows have a long and friendly conversation just in the same way, letting all his observations drop exactly as if they had not been, and carefully listening to the remarks of the other gentleman. I'm glad I don't live in a great town! Be sure you take the seats in time, so as to get good ones near the orchestra.

Mr. Saville enjoyed the dinners as he was bid, and on the following Monday he deposited Mrs. Bramble's ticket, according to her order, at a small private hotel in St. James's place, where she was staying with her husband, and went to Exeter Hall, in the neighborhood of which he was already there, or, at all events, of seeing her appear shortly after himself. The places were the last side-seats at the end of the room, close to the orchestra. Mrs. Bramble was not yet come, and her chair was vacant. He took possession of the one next to it, and looked about him. It was a very full attendance, and every available platform upon which the artists were to perform was crowded to suffocation by a less elegant though not less enthusiastic portion of the audience. The concert had not begun, and he looked up and down the long lines of faces in search of something pretty with which to occupy himself, and after the enumeration of Harry Bramble should appear. Whole families there were of short people, with knobby heads and fat faces, and he watched the performers attentively in large massive books, which they had brought with them; wearing virgins with Roman noses, and rather pretty figures, who kept upon their heads endless fabrics fatally fanciful, composed of aged flowers, tumbled ribbons, limp strips of black lace, and bonnets like nothing, that hung on, or rather dangled off, the few straggling dark hairs still clinging feebly to the sides of divisions as which you could see the parting in three or four places and four. Here and there you caught a glimpse of a fresh little girl, with blooming cheeks and a large-eyed wonder at the whole thing; but these looked almost like that of an angel by contrast with the dingy multitude by which it was surrounded.

A noise of steps on the wooden staircase that leads to the platform, a burst of applause from the public, and Joachim and three other gentlemen made their way to their places for the first concert. Mr. Saville, who was looking at them through his glass, felt a rustle by his side, and became aware that Mrs. Bramble had come in from bench, which, up to the present moment, had been empty, were suddenly filled. He looked round and saw that a party of about a large wife much the same as the old ones, with the exception of the woman who occupied the seat nearest to him, and the daughter to boot, who, in the first by some strange mistake, so entirely dropped out of another world did she appear. When he first perceived her she was leaning back in a position of fashion repose against the rail of the bench, with her face turned away from him. All that was offered to him for speculation was a tall, slight figure, without any crinoline, clad in a dress of violet velvet, made high to the throat; and a delicate little head, with a profusion of small braids to support the weight of the great masses of fair hair which were loosely wound round a stately head of most noble shape, and crowned by a magnificent diamond comb—the only ornament she wore; just thrown over her shoulders hung a mantle, also of violet velvet, richly bordered with sables. He watched in vain for a glimpse of her countenance; she was completely absorbed with the bearing of the people on the room, and the platform, and evidently looking for some one she expected to meet. At last she found the face she was seeking for, upon the platform; and immediately made a quiet, hardly perceptible, little inward gesture with her bandie, pointing to herself as though she would say, "I am here." Edward Saville followed the directions of this slight movement, and saw it smilingly acknowledged from above by a young man dressed in a scarf gown of the commonest description, a rather shabby brown shawl, and a coarse black straw bonnet. She had sharp features and a bright color, and no one would have remarked a person of such ordinary appearance, but for the odd fact of her holding a gray worsted stocking in her hand, at which she was indefatigably knitting while the music went on, and for the still stranger circumstance of her relation (whatever it might be) with the distinguished personage to whom she was now known. Edward Saville and she were both at the extreme end of the hall; the woman in the orchestra was opposite to them and to the left, and the violet lady still had her head turned away from him. The evening wore on, the concert progressed, Mr. Bramble's place remained vacant. It was very unaccountable—what could have detained her? Or had she changed her mind, and altogether given up her appointment? This was not the only disappointment of the evening; he had reckoned upon hearing Joachim, but there was no sign of him; and the accustomed place at the pianoforte was filled by a lady, who was playing delightfully one of Beethoven's divinest sonatas.

Mr. Saville began to think he must have made some extraordinary mistake about the day; he had not any acquaintance of his own, so partly to clear his doubts, and still more to give an excuse to his neighbor to look round, he determined to borrow her book. At the close of the slow movement of the sonata, he asked her for it, and startled by his voice, she turned suddenly towards him. What a face it was! Deathly white, with lips as colorless as her cheeks, pale golden eyebrows, and a pair of gray eyes that swam in tears; they were eyes such as he had never seen before; so wistful, so forceful, and full of such strange pain. The violet bandeau Magdalene's face quite bathed in tears; and the unexpected appearance of this vision of sorrow, for a second, took away his breath; he recovered himself, however, and asked her to lend him the programme; she gave it to him with a quiet little bow, and immediately relapsed into her half-reclining attitude, again looking up at her friend who looked down and nodded and smiled at her. He glanced down the programme. The name was not mentioned, Miss Arabella Goddard was the lady at the piano: there was evidently some blunder about the day. He returned the paper with thanks; the lady took it with another slight inclination of the head, while a tremulous little smile played for a moment round her pale lips. It was a handsome face undoubtedly, and he was not the impression that predominated as one looked upon it—there was some painful want of harmony in the expression, which struck him above everything else. The upper part of the face was quite statuesque and cast in the grand mould of Lord Nolan's family; but the lips were full and vacillating in expression, was handsome too in shape; but its odd convulsive movement seemed to change the whole character of the countenance every moment. She was evidently extraordinarily affected by music; for while Joachim was playing a solemn adagio of Bach's, she leaned back from head to foot and seemed to shrink together; her face, from white that it was, grew to an awful ashy gray, her lips were drawn tightly together in speechless agony, and her eyes fixed upon the slender figure of the violinist. Her appearance at this moment had something so singular about it, that Mr. Saville felt that on the other side of her could not help observing it; and one of them pulled a large bottle of smelling-salts out of her pocket, which she handled nervously for a few minutes, and then put back again, like the thorough Englishwoman she was, on the principle of the master courage to offer it. Edward Saville raised his eyes to the platform; the woman in the orchestra was looking intently down upon her friend, and once or twice shrugged her shoulders impatiently at the whole scene.

When the first part was over, the pale lady, who had seemed almost sunk in a swoon, rose to herself, got up, and walked towards a screen that stood on the right of the platform and close to it; her dress immediately fell in front of the entrance-door just in time to see her drive off in a hired brougham, attended by a very respectable-looking elderly gentleman as escort, and she had seen that she was quite alone in the carriage, and he turned back again quickly for the chance of meeting her coming again by the way she meant to be found, and he went home in a state of unusual excitement. It was barely ten o'clock, he had still a couple of hours to lounge in the room, and so he sat down to write to Mrs. Bramble. On turning over a heap of papers which by accident he had left on the table, he found a letter of hers, which she had told him to take the places; and on looking at it again, he discovered that, by some piece of carelessness, he had read Monday and instead of Monday week, and so the mystery was solved. His note to her was a very short one; he told her of his stupid blunder, and merely added "There was no Halle, no Piatti; Joachim played, but I did not hear him. Mamma was there 5" which accordingly puzzled his cousin, who piled him with continual notes upon the subject, but never got any answer.

SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—PAYING OFF SOLDIERS AT ATLANTA, BEFORE STARTING ON THE GRAND MARCH ACROSS THE SOUTHERN STATES.

BESIDE THE SEA.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

I.

They walked beside the summer sea
And watched the slowly dying sun;
And "O," she said, "come back to me,
My love, my own, my only one!"
But while he kissed her fears away,
The gentle waters kissed the shore,
And, sadly whispering, seemed to say,
"He'll come no more! he'll come no more!"

II.

Alone beside the autumn sea
She watched the sombre death of day;
And "O," she said, "remember me
And love me, darling, far away!"
A cold wind swept the watery gloom,
And, darkly whispering on the shore,
Sighed out the secret of his doom,
"He'll come no more! he'll come no more!"

III.

In peace beside the winter sea
A white grave glimmers in the moon,
And waves are fresh, and clouds are free,
And shrill winds pipe a careless tune.
One sleeps beneath the dark blue wave,
And one upon the lonely shore;
But joined, in love, beyond the grave,
They part no more! they part no more!

NINA MARSH;

OR,

THE SECRET OF THE MANOR.

CHAPTER XXX.—CONCLUSION.

Nina was brought up for trial, but when Mrs. Oldum's deposition was read in court the prosecution at once broke down, and she was honorably discharged. The first person she saw on leaving the Town Hall was Captain Marsh, and by his side, her shrewd, earnest face sparkling with joy, stood Mrs. Trent. She passed from the arms of one to those of the other, and then back again, to be held to Cyril's heart with a lingering, passionate strain.

They were seated in the neat parlor of the little inn Mrs. Trent had formerly chosen for the very reason they chose it now—because it was quiet and retired. Mrs. Trent kept with them for a time and then discreetly retired. They had so much to say to each other, these two, and yet they were silent a long while. Nina's head had found some rest for its weariness on Cyril's breast, and the joy of her double deliverance was beyond words. She was too happy to tell of her happiness; she felt satisfied to feel it. Cyril, too, was busy conning over his own bright thoughts, and did not care to disturb her reverie. But presently his hand, in caressing her hair, exposed, amongst the ebon masses, two lines of snow, sure tokens of the work done by sorrow and care.

"How you must have suffered, my poor child," he said, pressing his lips against the silver threads. "Do you know that you are getting gray?"

"Am I?" she answered, with her sweet shadowed smile. "Oh, Cyril, no one can tell how small a gift beauty seems to me now. If I had only been ugly——"

"Nina, don't let us look back on the wretched past," said Cyril, quickly; "let it be dead to us from henceforth. We have a bright future to pass together."

"Not now, Cyril—you cannot want me now!"

"I do; but I suppose I must wait many, many a long day yet. I must be patient, and the reward will come at last."

"Ah, Cyril, what patient, tender love yours has been!" Nina could not help saying.

"I don't know that that is praising me much, Nina. I loved and hoped because I could not help loving and hoping. I did nothing of my own free will. The passion I had taken into my heart was stronger than myself; and although I once most earnestly endeavored to conquer it, I don't think I succeeded very well. You see I am not a hero, after all—only an egotist."

"Don't malign yourself, for I cannot bear it, even from you," said Nina. Then she passionately added: "Cyril, I will be to you such a true, tender, submissive wife as man never had before. What I have lost in honor I will make up in love. In times of trial I will forget to suffer, in order to comfort you; in hours of happiness I will take my smile from your lips, and all my sunshine through your eyes. I will never express a wish that you have not first fathered, and I will make you own in your heart that, of all the women in the world, Nina was the most fitting for your wife."

"Then your task will not be very difficult, for I own that now."

"You only think it yet; some day you shall be quite sure. I have always felt that I could make you happy, Cyril; I understand you so well, and we suit each other. The very look of you calms and comforts me, and I know I am pleasant in your sight. I hope I may live long—live to be very old—since I am to live with you."

"My darling," was Cyril's low-breathed reply, "there is nothing I would not do for you."

"You have proved it," was her triumphant reply. "I could not doubt you now, even if I would. Cyril, I am the proudest woman in the world! My one jewel is equal to Cornelia's three; for I have, or shall have, a true and faithful husband who loves me and whom I love; and will he not be more to me than three virtuous sons? Don't think me bold and unwomanly, Cyril; you know that one who has hungered wellnigh to death eats greedily at the first meal. I cannot be moderate, I cannot learn to repress my joy just yet. When I get accustomed to this plentiful delicious fare I shall be more temperate, but now I must eat my fill."

But Cyril had no fault to find with her expansiveness. He was as eager to listen as she was to talk. He had been starving, too, and this feast warmed his heart and quickened his blood. He sat devouring her face hungrily with his eyes, drinking in the music of her low, impassioned voice, and the hours passed as if they had been seconds.

At last Nina roused herself to contemplate the actual present, which seemed to cause her some doubt and fear.

"Where must I go?" she said. "Cyril, I cannot return to Beechwood."

"We have settled all that, Mrs. Marsh and I. Your father's health is terribly shattered, and we think it would be well for him to go abroad for a time. We, therefore, arranged that you and Mrs. Trent should go to Boulogne and await us there. We shall all join you in the course of a few days, and I propose our hiring a chateau somewhere in France, and living quietly together until I can claim you as my wife, when I should like, if you approve, to leave the Old World behind and make our home in the New."

"That is just what I should wish," said Nina, gratefully. "But, Cyril, are you sure that my father will receive me?"

"Quite; only you must be prepared for a great change in him, mentally and physically. Fortunately, my aunt is able to take his place; for the blow that crushed him seems, somehow, to have developed all the latent strength in her nature. You would be astonished how firmly, and yet how gracefully, she fills the place of trust he has ceded to her from sheer inability to retain it himself. I hardly know my aunt again. She is quick in her movements, decisive in her words, wise in her judgments, and still most tender in heart. She is so careful, too, of her husband's pride, lest he should regret the authority that has passed from him, that she refers to him even when she knows the reference to be worse than useless. I am only sorry to see that she ages perceptibly with these new responsibilities. She looks pale and worn; but though so much of the bloom and beauty she retained so long is gone, I like my aunt's face better than ever now, and think it as lovely as the face of a saint."

"Poor mama!" said Nina, regretfully. "Oh! how I have made everybody suffer who belonged to me! Can I ever atone for the past?"

"The consequences of your first deception were so terrible, that we may believe, Nina, you have expiated your sin. And now Mrs. Trent will be here in a few minutes. Let me tell you something about her before she comes. She confided it to me, and wished me to tell you and Mr. and Mrs. Marsh. She spoke of it with great pain and difficulty, and any repetition would be terrible to her. It seems that she was married to Colonel St. George ten years ago, and lived with him nearly six months, when—growing tired of her, I suppose—he confessed that he had another wife. She was very young at the time—barely twenty-two. It appears that he had first met her at a friend's house, where she was governess; and being struck with her peculiar style of beauty, he paid her violent court. She was an orphan, the daughter of an officer in the army, and her situation was so miserable that she listened eagerly to his proposals, and married him after they had known each other but a few weeks. She says that even now it is impossible for her to speak of that terrible time, when, quite coolly, as if he were telling her an excellent joke, he made her acquainted with her true position. She would not believe his word—she demanded Mrs. St. George's address. He gave it to her, and she went immediately to Yorkshire, and received the confirmation she required from the lips of his wife herself. She had not money enough to bring her home, neither could she take another situation as governess, having no references to offer. She felt her disgrace too keenly, besides, to court inquiry by any step of this kind; and after nearly starving for three days, she pocketed her pride and her gentility, and applied for a place as servant of all-work in a farmhouse. They were good Christian people, and they took her in, asking no questions, but giving her every chance, if she really were fallen, which they suspected, of retrieving her character. She lived here two years, and from there she went as companion and nurse to an old lady, who kept her until she died, and left her a legacy of five hundred pounds as a provision for her old age. The rest of her history you know, excepting that she learned the greatest part of your secret during your delirium, and consented to see and speak to the man who had betrayed her, for the sake of urging him to do rightly by you. She also wrote to him at the time you were convicted, to tell him that if he did not come and stand by you in your trial, she would proclaim him to the world as a bigamist and forger. You know the result of her appeal—his sudden flight, which ended in a terrible death. My dear Nina, you see now that you were not the only person at Beechwood who suffered silently and bravely, wounded in her honor and her heart. I only pray God that both you and Mrs. Trent may find enough joy in the future to amply atone for the miseries of the past."

"Amen!" and they turned and saw Mrs. Trent herself standing within the threshold of the door, as if she had just entered. Nina rushed into her arms, and for a minute both were too moved to speak. But Mrs. Trent was not naturally demonstrative, and had been long accustomed to discipline and repress her feelings. Presently she put Nina on one side, kissing her softly between the eyes, and said, with something like her usual self-possessed manner:

"Captain Marsh's prayer, so far as you are concerned, will be answered. You will be happy, since you are to live always with him. As for myself, I am an old woman in heart, if not in years, and I only ask from the world moderate indulgence and a small measure of peace. If I have these I shall be satisfied. It is for the young to hope; for such as me there is only one possible future—a future of usefulness and contentment which shall lead me slowly and softly to the grave."

Cyril's plans were carried out to the letter. The whole family removed from Beechwood Manor, and joined Nina and Mrs. Trent at Boulogne. Here they remained for a few days, whilst Cyril, who took all the fatigue and anxiety on his own shoulders, went to look at a chateau a few miles from Montpellier, which he had seen advertised in some of the papers. Finding this a desirable residence, and in good repair, he hired it on the spot, and returned to fetch the others.

They were soon installed in their new abode, with the old faces from home about them, Mrs. Trent taking her proper place as a true and valued friend, although she still relieved Mrs. Marsh of all household cares. Here Nina learned to smile again—not quite the smile of days gone by, for such sorrows as she had passed through must leave some traces behind—but she was always cheerful, often gay; and strengthened by the knowledge of Cyril's enduring love, she feels she may strive for that glorious crown which is for those "who do rightly the work that is set before them."

A few more words to the other characters of our tale, and we have done. When Lord Gillingham found himself so signally baffled in his double vengeance, he was almost beside himself. He had collected facts which seemed to promise that, with the aid of Mr. Caudlum and the learned Dorothy, he should be able to bring the crime of forgery home to Colonel St. George. And just when he saw his plans near fruition—when the woman who had scorned him was confined in a prison which it seemed very probable she would only leave for the scaffold—when the man he hated with all his wicked heart was about to be hurled down from the height of prosperity to the lowest depths of adversity—Fate gently interposed, rescued them out of his hands, and dealt with their delinquencies in its own way—meting out to one the full measure of wrath he had earned, and gathering the other into its bosom pardoned and contrite, and pushing her forward on her new and better life with a smile. To tell you how my lord raved and swore when he found his evil ends defeated, would not edify you in any way.

In spite of all her breakages and bruises, Dame Oldum partially recovered. She said she wouldn't die, and she didn't. She had the most wonderful vitality left in her crippled frame, and, as she says, she can walk with a crutch as fast as some people walk with their natural legs. It was curious to see the gradual change of feeling that marked her progress towards convalescence. At first she was heartily sorry for her errors, and glad to have made all the expiation in her power; then she began to pine after the thousand pounds which she had forfeited by her frankness, and to wish she had postponed her confession until the money was safe in her hands; finally, the dame, finding herself in for a tolerable lease of life yet, mourned her precipitancy in unburdening her mind with the deepest grief, and gathered into a cordial and collective anathema the parson who had shrived her, the parish who supported her, the peer who had cheated her, and the fortunate people who had escaped out of her toils.

Good and gentle Rose Woodman nursed the surly invalid through the worst of her troubles, then she and Ben were married, and took possession of their little cottage in the village. Ben is far too happy to remember his spite against his mother, and many a shilling of his earnings drops from Rose's generous hand into the wrinkled palm of the wicked old dame.

Mr. Barbary, after a little delay in his wooing, through a rival who was that ambiguous and mysterious "something in the City" not to be defined, or inquired into too closely, took his Margaret's redundant charms to his bosom, and was a happy man. Amorosa Grimaldenne was not so successful in securing her prize. Three separate times she got Mr. Mervyn up to the proposing point, and he suddenly cooled before the deed was done. She has now given him up in despair, and acknowledges to her intimate friends that, painful as it was to her sensitive feelings, she was obliged to refuse him, for his peculiarities were too much for her. Mrs. St. George is still alive, but it is whispered in Balmwick that she is beginning to fail, for once she actually forgot to turn up her own trump card.

Gabrielle de Pène satisfied her mother's ambitious desires; and really did marry a prince. Whether she is happy or no we cannot tell, but her husband is cited as *le meilleur mari de son temps*.

And now, dear readers, one more scene, and we have done. A gallant ship is about to sail for the New World. The rising tide laves her broad breast, the wind flaps her snowy sail. She dips her dainty brow seaward, kisses the lips of the waves, and glides forward to the sonorous chant of the sailors, friends on shore shouting a last adieu. Cyril and Nina stand on the deck of the noble vessel, looking towards land with eyes as mournful as tender. There is Mrs. Marsh weeping on Mrs. Trent's shoulder; poor tremulous Miss Mervyn repeating anxiously "that it is all her fault, and she ought to be killed;" and honest Jack Dawes. Madeleine is in France with her father, who could not bear the fatigue and anxiety of such a journey. Slowly and calmly the great ship recedes from the shore, and Jack's deep voice, a little thickened with the tears he stifles now, but must indulge by-and-bye, sends after them a last prayer:

"God bless and speed you!"

"Amen!" murmured Nina, pressing closer to her husband's side. "Cyril, shall we ever see them again?"

"Why not?" he says. "Either they will come to us, or we shall return to them. Where are your hope and faith, Nina?"

"At least I have you," she answers, and her tearful eyes turn on him thankfully.

"Yes; and when we have struggled for riches, my wife, and won them, then we shall gather our English family under our happy roof, and make in the New World another Beechwood Manor for our sons to inherit with the old place at home."

THE END.

HUMAN LIFE.

I.

I stood by the towers of Ardenville,
As the bells rang forth a joyous peal;
Loudly and merrily rang they then,
O'er hill, o'er forest and sylvan glen.
Each cheek was bright with the blush of morn,
Each voice sounded gay as the forester's horn,
Each heart was glad, for an heiress was born.

II.

Again by those portals proud did I stand,
As forth there came a gorgeous band;
There was the priest in his robes of white,
There was a maiden lovely and bright;
A gallant knight rode by her side,
And shouts of joy spread far and wide,
For the heiress was Rudolph de Courcie's bride.

III.

I stood by those stately towers again,
While forth there came a solemn train,
I saw the same priest, slow and sad was his pace,
I saw the same knight, but he shaded his face,
I saw not that maiden in beauty's bloom,
But the bier, and the hearse, and the sable plume,
For the heiress was borne to her forefathers tomb.

IV.

And such is human life at best—
A mother's, a lover's, the green earth's breast;
A wreath that's composed of three—
Primrose and myrtle and rosemary.
A hopeful, a joyful, a sorrowful stave,
A launch, a voyage, a whelming wave,
The Cradle, the Bridal Bed and the Grave.

THE ACROBAT'S REVENGE.

CHAPTER I.

The sun was setting behind the hills of Maldon, one June evening, in the year 1845, when an acrobat, with his wife, was seen plodding along the road to the next market-town.

They were weary and sad. The acrobat himself was a man about thirty, of dark complexion, with raven black hair curling over his forehead. His eyes were black and piercing, and there was something in his look which bespoke a nature above that of a mountebank.

His wife was some years younger, and carried an infant child at her breast. She, too, had the appearance of a person superior to her lot, and her face was comely to look upon.

Their life was a hard one, but they bore it well. Nor, as yet, had all the hardships which poverty had brought into their door sent love, as the proverb has it, flying out of the window.

They were now journeying to the market town of Maldon, and as to-morrow would be market day, Duval thought he might come in for a portion of the money that would be changing hands. But as it was very desirable that he and his wife should have supper after their long day's journey, and a place to sleep in, he was anxious to earn a few pence either in the town or before reaching it, and presently an opportunity arose by which, as he thought, he might do so.

Almost opposite to him, at two or three hundred yards' distance, was the lodge and noble gateway of a gentleman's park. As Duval approached it he heard voices sounding high and mirthful in the air—the voices of children making merry, with their light young hearts, and their clear, ringing laughter.

As he came nearer and looked through the gate, he saw between twenty and thirty children, in holiday attire, playing upon the lawn, before an old and spacious mansion, which had belonged to the Windus family for many generations, and was now in the possession of Sir William Windus, the tenth baronet; and it was the birthday of his little daughter which the children were celebrating.

The acrobat's eyes kindled as he looked in at the bevy of holiday-makers. Here was a grand chance for him. Surely it would delight the children to see him flash his golden balls in the air, whirling them up and up, like the ever-springing stream of a fountain. Surely all the other wonderful things he could do would be the very thing for them. Surely the great and wealthy parents would pay handsomely for the amusement of the little ladies and the little gentlemen.

He paused for a moment, then slowly pushed open the gate, and walked in towards the la followed by his wife.

Had there been any one there whose permission he could have asked he would have done so. But there was no one but the children themselves; and, therefore, addressing one of the oldest, he asked her if they would like to see some of his feats. The girl smilingly replied that they would; and all the little faces, with their great eyes, were turned upon the acrobat, and the wonderful box which he took from his shoulders and laid upon the ground.

And now the eyes of wonder opened as wide as they could go. And so intent was the little audience in watching the acrobat, and so intent was Duval in catching his brass balls, that none of them perceived that Sir William Windus was ap-

preaching, with his gamekeeper. He came forward with rapid strides, and when within a few paces of Duval, he called out to him in a voice of thunder—

"Vagabond! how dared you enter here?"

For a moment Duval stood astounded and dumb at this sudden interruption. He saw before him a gentleman much taller than himself, in shooting coat and boots, with a felt hat; narrow shoulders; fair, with sharp face and chin, but lively whiskers of deep tawny hue; his eyes of a hideous grey, large and bright, and his hearing that of an aristocrat, with a strong dash of the bully.

"Come, pack up your trumpery and begone!" said the harsh, seeing that Duval stood looking at him. But the poor man had recovered his self-possession, and now said, with a firm voice—

"I meant no offence, your honor; nor to harm any one, or remain where I am not wanted. I saw the children and made bold to enter, thinking it would please them to see my——"

"Oh, that's a very old story," said the baronet. "When thieves and gipsies prowl about gentlemen's parks we all know that their intentions are perfectly innocent!"

"Do you call me a thief, sir?" demanded Duval, his dark cheek coloring and his eyes flashing fire.

"Scoundrel!" exclaimed Sir William, his blood rushing into his face, and making it in a moment red with rage; "do you think I would chat logic with a stinking vagabond like you. I tell you to pack up and be off! Do so at once."

And as the baronet uttered this command he raised the hand in which he held his whip, as if about to strike the stranger.

Duval looked at him with a savage glare of his keen dark eyes, and slowly, in a deep voice, trembling with emotion, replied—

"You had better not!"

"Duval!" said his wife, gently pulling him by the sleeve, and in a voice of mingled pathos and humility; "never mind the gentleman. We shouldn't have come in without his leave. We humbly ask your pardon, sir; come, Duval, let us go."

"Take your wife's advice, my man," said the gamekeeper, "and be off, or some less gentlemanly parks no more till such times as you're specially invited. There, now, gather up your toggery and get out!"

While Martha and the gamekeeper had been speaking, Duval's eyes remained riveted on Sir William; and there appeared to threaten him with a blow; with a blow of that whip with which he was wont to chastise his dogs. Duval would have died sooner than receive such a degradation, and he felt half inclined to spring upon Sir William as it was, and show him that when it comes to close fighting bulk and muscle are worth more than gold, and that his rush set, if steady cause he fixed on him, and that his ground and overbearing nature had met its match. His blood boiled at the insult.

"Impudent villain!" he at last exclaimed, stamping on the ground, "do you dare to beard me, to threaten me with your insolent looks? Take that!" And lifting his arm he brought down his whip with a thud upon the scrobat's back that could be heard as far off as the house.

Mad with rage, frenzied with insult, Duval, with a fierce spring, rushed at the baronet; and dearly would Sir William have paid for his rash act, if the scrobat could only have had one blow at him, delivered with the prodigious strength of his muscular arm and broad, shoulders. But as soon as Duval rushed forward, Leo, one of the noblest hounds in Sir William's kennel, which had for some time been watching the gentleman his master and Duval with grave, sedate face, sprang upon the scrobat and intercepted the attack. Meanwhile, two other gamekeepers had arrived. And Lady Windus, from her bedroom casement, saw the struggle between the man and the dog, and wondered what it all could be about.

"Down, Leo, down!" cried Sir William, and the dog sprang away from the man and sat down by his master's side.

"Now put him on," said the baronet, as he turned away and walked off towards the hall.

"It's no use making any more fuss about it," said the elder-looking gamekeeper, as Duval sprang upon his feet, his face and hands covered with dust and blood. "You were wrong in the beginning, Jack, and you'll get your way quickly."

And Duval was advised: the more easily because of the appealing look his wife gave him as she gently wiped the blood from his face. He sprang his box once more over his shoulders, and walked slowly towards the gate; he passed through it, closed it, and then passing a few paces he halted and lifting it towards heaven, cried out, in the agony of his heart:

"My God, I humbly ask this favor of thee—that I may one day be revenged!"

So he and his wife resumed their journey.

Presently a postchaise, driven by a lady, was heard behind them; when it came close to them the lady drew up; asked them, with slight agitation, the way to Naterly; then asked Martha whether the infants she carried was a boy or girl; looked at it, kissed it, dropped a sovereign into Martha's hands, and drove on. It was Lady Windus.

CHAPTER II.

Two years passed, and a beautiful lady Ivy reclined upon a sofa in the large and richly furnished drawing-room of a country mansion, everything about which betokened the great wealth of its proprietor, who sat by the window, patting the head of a noble mastiff, which every now and then looked up at his master, and gave a bark as if to ask what he could do for him. There was not much that dog or man could do for the wealthy owner of Woodbury Park; for time had lavished on him all her favors—ancient descent, great wealth, a beautiful wife, and two promising children. Well might Sir William be a proud man.

Suddenly the heavy-sounding door of the room was disturbed by a loud clamor in the hall, in which questions were heard rapidly put by some one in an agitated voice. "Where is my lady? Where is Sir William?—and the next moment Emily Carter, Miss Joan's maid, rushed into the drawing-room.

Sir William and Lady Windus started up.

"What is the matter?" demanded the baronet.

"Oh, Sir William! oh, my lady—oh, my dear good lady!"

And then Emily shrieked three or four times running, and, turning white as death, fell back into a chair in a faint.

"Heavens on earth!" exclaimed Sir William; "what is the meaning of all this? Chambers, do you know?"

"Only, Sir William," said Chambers very slowly, and selecting her words with a precision which showed that she was not ready to utter a word or over state what she had heard from Emily; "only, Sir William, this much. Emily Carter came to the door, and, looking out on the lawn, and with an awful countenance, and everyone knows what Emily's countenance is when Emily's in one hour—"

"Confound it, woman! come to the point!" cried Sir William.

"So, sir, she says to me," said Chambers, suddenly quickening her pace; "'the children,' says she; 'the boat,' says she; 'where's Sir William?' says she; 'where's my lady?' says she; 'I told you so, my lord,' says she, 'and my lady was, she said, in, and as my name's Sarah Chambers that's all as Emily Carter said to me."

Though Chambers's information was neither copious nor distinct, it conveyed forcibly enough that the children were in danger, and that the boat had something to do with it.

It is impossible to describe the ghastly hue which spread over Sir William's face, as the brought flashed across his mind that his children had been drowned. But he had hardly time to realise the possibility of such a calamity when in rushed the orgrair, with a soft step and a smiling face.

"There is no imminent danger," he said at once. "There is no water in the boat, during which it is quite possible to save them. But lose not a moment in sending a messenger on horseback, to the nearest town for surgical aid; his brag found his host directly. If you'll lend me one of your horses, I'll go myself."

Orders were given for the immediate saddling of a horse, and meanwhile Sir William learnt from Mr. Ling that Master William had run his boat upon a sunken rock; that she had filled and gone down; and that Miss Joan, with the true pride of a woman, had stood by the boat in shore; and that, as Emily declined to venture on account of her tendency to idle, and her dislike of sharks, he took his sister, of his own lovely will and authority, under his protection. Then Mr. Ling's account went down; and, by good fortune, William, with Joan in his arms, was able to reach the point of rock on which he now stood.

What were the feelings of Lady Windus when she reached the shore, and beheld her children on a small rock in the middle of the lake, surrounded—smooth almost as glass it is true; but with the tide flowing, and every minute covering a fresh portion of the rock on which her babes were standing.

But in vain did her mother's heart swell within her till it was ready bursting, as she with Mrs. Chambers dimpled hands of her Joan stretched out towards her, and her brave boy take off his cap and wave it absurdingly in encouragement to courage, which he drew from her generous bleed much more than from his sire's.

But could nothing be done?

Sir William now appeared on the road which ran along the shore. He was followed by the old gamekeeper, Emily Carter, who had recovered; by Sarah Chambers, who had not, for the gamekeeper. Sarah Chambers said, if there was no one who could make the attempt, she herself would try it; but when questioned on her powers as a swimmer, she replied that she could only float; and that even that feat she had never performed out of her depth.

The caretaker, being applied to by Emily Carter, looked at that young person coldly for several seconds, and then quickly closed his eyes, and thus addressed her:

"Young woman, do you see this here rat in this here cage?"

"Well?" demanded Emily, with much dignity.

"Then, unless some on you can swim fardener nor me, or unless a boat comes up, or unless somethink else happens, which I see no promising sign on, I wouldn't give the li'est of this here rat for the life of them two children."

And the tide was rising. Smooth as glass—smooth, specious, and smiling as a lying hypocrite, it was rising, and Lady Windus could see that already it was licking the feet of her children.

"Leet, look, William!" she exclaimed, at the same time directing her husband's attention to the rock; "he lifts her up. The water is at their feet! My God! can we do nothing?"

Yes, it was true. The water was at their feet. William had raised Joan in his arms; and as he saw his mother direct the baronet's attention to him, he called out, though she couldn't hear him—

"All right, mama; there's plenty of time yet."

Plenty of time! He was deceiving her. Often as the party on the shore turned their eyes in the direction in which Mr. Ling had ridden to procure a boat, there was nothing in sight.

Lady Windus had fainted. Sir William stood the picture of agony, looking at his children; Sarah Chambers, Emily and the stable-boy were grouped round the old gamekeeper, who assisted them in shedding a great many tears, but had nothing better to offer his young master and Miss Joan, than the hope that help, perhaps truly, had he was ready to die for them.

The caretaker seated himself on a stone.

"Now, my man," said Sir William, as a man who stood at Sir William's side, but whose approach had not been noticed.

The person did not turn to look at the speaker. It was some seconds, indeed, before he recognised that any one had addressed him; but when he did, he replied, in a deep whisper of despair:

"They are——"

The man's gaze were fixed upon the children. Sir William looked at the speaker. He thought he remembered him, and so he did, for it was the scrobat.

"Duval Duval!—Duval, who had prayed for vengeance as the sole favor for which he would trouble heaven. It was Duval, at whose door, if he would give it, he would give all, all the miseries of life had knocked, and at whose hearth they had seated themselves. For did not she, whom he loved more than himself—Martha—did not she lie in her cold grave, with her body by her side, in the same pauper's coffin? And was not—what was left to Duval?—only to wait for death.

Nay, something more—to live for revenge!

For no heat made its appearance, the tide had risen and subsided, and now they saw the boy kneel down in the water, and look up as if he were praying. And only Duval could save him and his sister. Only Duval? Nay, of all who stood there, could breast the flood to the rock and back with the girl—to the rock and back again with the boy.

Why not tell Sir William so? Why not, indeed? Is not revenge sweet?

And still the tide was rising. Lady Windus, restored for a moment to consciousness, opened her eyes; but no sooner realised her position than she relapsed into insensibility.

"Sir William," said Duval; "I see you remember me! Once I thirsted for revenge upon you! For two long years I thirsted for it. Heaven has sent it to me!"

A bright light shot from his eyes as he said this, and then he slowly walked down to within a few paces of the water's edge, undressed; he waded into the sea till it came up to his breast, and then, throwing himself forward, struck out for the rock.

Sir William looked on, as they with which the parents, who had watched in agonised suspense the scrobat's attempt to rescue their children, look upon the efforts of angels' arms. But while they were fondling them, Duval had dressed and slipped away. He had regained the road, and stood before Sir William with a light step and a light heart, for he had had his revenge.

No, not all of it. Sir William no sooner missed him than he set off in pursuit of him.

"Here," exclaimed the baronet, when at last he came up with him, endeavoring to put a well filled purse into his hand. "You have saved my children, and are entitled—I say entitled—to a reward."

Duval drew back his hand.

"I have had it!" he exclaimed, darting a look of fierce and withering scorn at the baronet, and then turning from him with an expression of contempt, pursued his journey.

And the proud baronet stood looking after him, rebuked and humbled.

WINTER SCENE IN CAMP.

THE silver mantle of winter has been dropped upon the earth. In more prosaic language, snow has fallen in large quantities at the north and west. In some localities the mercury has been carried to the degree of six or eight feet. On the White Mountains it has two feet deep upon a level. In St. Louis the heaviest snowstorm ever known in that region, the ground to the depth of six inches. In Canada it has rendered the wild and picturesque scenery of the fall grand and ghostly white. Before many days, it will, we doubt not, be dancing over our own roofs, and over the camps of our soldiers in the army of the Potomac, however, will know how to make themselves comfortable in their winter quarters. Above is the first page of this paper presents a winter scene in camp, and suggests the life of our gallant defenders, when the skies begin to lower, and "the stormy winds do blow."

PARLOR IN PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S HOUSE AT SPRINGFIELD.

IN our paper of Nov. 17, 1860, we presented a sketch of President Lincoln's house at Springfield, Illinois, which residence he left for the White House at Washington. On page 180 of this paper we publish a sketch of the principal parlor in the President's Springfield home. The public naturally feels curious as to the private lives and circumstances of distinguished individuals, and the American people might well be excused for a little curiosity as to its President. Our sketch of the President's parlor will, we fancy, please many persons. The correspondent of a daily paper, who visited Mr. Lincoln soon after his nomination for the Presidency, in 1860, speaks as follows of that apartment: "It is very tastily and substantially furnished. There are a few books, and on the walls are some good engravings. All is, in fact, indicative of the well-to-do country lawyer, or retired farmer."

Such is the room to which, after his eight years sojourn in the White House, the President of United States will retire to reflect on the most terrible epoch of his life.

COMMODORE NUTT'S MEDAL.

ANOTHER, and the last, of Mr. Barnum's little people sailed away from these shores on the 23rd of November. On the day before his departure he went, by invitation, to the Astor House, the old city, there to meet and say farewell to a number of old acquaintances and admirers. Upwards of 100 ladies and gentlemen were assembled on the occasion, when Commodore Nutt exchanged the usual greetings of courtesy. On each of the latter then presented him with a beautiful gold medal, the work of Messrs. Ball, Black & Co., of New York, a sketch of which appears on page 189. The medal is in the form of a shield, suspended from an anchor. On the front of the shield is a ship's register, on which stands a figure of the Commodore, draped with American flags, while the bright star of Union glitters over all. On the reverse of the shield is the inscription: "Presented to Commodore Nutt, by his Lady Admirers in New York, Nov. 23, 1864."

On receiving the medal, Commodore Nutt delivered the following little speech:

"Dear Madams and Ladies—I feel both flattered and delighted at receiving this beautiful token of your kind regard and esteem; flattered by the inscription it bears, and delighted in receiving the high testimony of your approbation. Ever since the date of my commission as Commodore, I have been attached to England, being ordered to join my little fleet in Europe, and as fortunate as to meet with an extravagant and cordial a welcome. My fame as I find it now rings upon my breast, but my heart, as a remembrance of your kindness, will ever respond and I surrender to the great Admiral. Ladies, I thank you, and wish you all health and happiness."

A gold watch was subsequently presented to the Commodore, on behalf of the Sons of Temperance, of which fraternity he is a member. The interesting presentation was given him by Mr. Barnum. It is stated that he will shortly make his reappearance at St. James's Hall, in London, assisted by little Minnie Warren, for whom it is alleged that he entertains sentiments which, being reciprocated, are likely to lead to matrimony.

ARMY DISCIPLINE—PUNISHMENT OF NEGRO SOLDIERS.

WHEN it is remembered that our Government has upwards of half a million men in the service, the infrequency of punishments in the Army and Navy is something wonderful. Nor is the wonder lessened when we reflect that so many rough spirits, whose natural impulses are not softened by culture, are subjected to systems of punishment being peculiar and perplexing. This state is obtained by the moral influence of the one to mere pastime to another. Much depends upon the individual nature. In the Army the best disciplinarians have combined with the highest physical and moral courage, in preference to those which affect the ogbol or the moral element. The petty discomfort, notwithstanding the inventor of hotels, is, therefore, the principal penalty inflicted upon the disobedient, disorderly soldier. Bucking and gagging, the wheel still, the horse, and other complicatory semi-gymnastic feats, are among the penalties for breach of military discipline. Extremely ludicrous scenes often result from the enforcement of these punishments, and the offending soldiers are well ridiculed by their companions for their exertions. But punishment is usually received in good part, especially among the negro troops, whose sensibilities are so obtuse as their personal appearance. It is worthy of remark, however, that the negroes do not seem to cherish any vindictive feelings, such as might well be occasioned in the lessons of which they are the subjects of flogging. We present, on page 181, a sketch illustrative of a method of punishing refractory soldiers in camp. It is, as will be mounting them upon a rail, wherein they sit perched in mid air, playing cards and amusing themselves as best they can, while their sentries walk below. Our drawing is from life, and it serves to bring the truth of camp punishment vividly to the spectator's mind.

GIRARD'S CIG.

A RELIC of Stephen Girard has recently been presented to the city of Philadelphia, by Mr. E. C. Knight of that place. It is the old cig in which Girard was wont to draw. A sketch of it appears on page 190. The relic is to be preserved on the Girard College property—a fitting depository for Girard was a public benefactor, and as such he will ever be remembered. The story of his life has often been published, so that we need only here say that he was born in Bordeaux, Stephen Girard was born near Bordeaux, France, on the 23rd of May, 1750, and died in Philadelphia, Penn., Dec. 26th, 1831. He began life as a cabin boy, and ended it as a banker, leaving a property of $6,000,000. His wealth was acquired by trade with West India ports by renting houses, and by prudent banking. The negro insurrection at St. Domingo threw money into his hands. Among the bad wars that we can record which several planters shipped property which they were otherwise unable to save. He was a true friend of man in matters of charity, but very stern and exacting in matters of business. To the sick and the poor he was universally kind, but he had no friends. He was, in the fullest sense, a public-spirited man. In 1810, when the U. S. Government refused to negotiate a loan of $5,000,000, he took the whole of it. He built many splendid buildings in Philadelphia, and at his death bequeathed nearly the same amount of money to found a college for orphans, and to endow other public charities. His grave is at the Girard College, where also the traveler will often look with reverence, and sometimes with amusement, upon his ancient, queer, old-fashioned cig.

A coon sketch by a contemporary artist represents the calamities of a traveller on a dreary railroad, who thought, while entering Bergen tunnel, he would have a good opportunity, in the darkness, to change his shirt. He unbuckled his carpet-bag, got out many hands in putting on the garment, and had just got the last arm fixed, when the train, with a shock, the disarray and the uproar of the passengers, the train emerged into broad daylight.



MAP OF GEN. SHERMAN'S ADVANCE ACROSS THE SOUTHERN STATES—THE ROUTE FROM ATLANTA TO THE SEACOAST—GENERAL VIEW OF THE FIELD OF WAR



"WASHERWOMEN" IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

CHIMNEY ARCHITECTURE IN THE ARMY.

One of our most interesting illustrations this week is that on page 190, which depicts the styles of chimney architecture adopted by our soldiers in the army of the Potomac and elsewhere. The entire scene, made up of tents and chimneys, from which the smoke is curling upwards, and soldiers and sentinels at their posts, and the dark forest beyond, is extremely animated and picturesque. There are four different styles of chimney included in the picture. The first, at the right, is constructed of straight rails, the interstices being filled with mud. The next is made of straight rails, long and short, and old pork barrels, placed one above the other, without their heads. The third is the oldest in point of fashion, being made of short rails, or cross sticks, placed horizontally, and wedged together with mud. The addition of a pork barrel at the top is an innovation. There are several specimens of this order of architecture in our camp scene, this being the best known and easiest of construction. A more elaborate piece of workmanship is the chimney on the left, which is constructed of oyster cans, the ends of which have been knocked out. This imposing column extends along, beneath a little mound of earth, into the tent itself, where it connects with the fire. The tents in our sketch are called shelter tents. They are light, and divide in three or four pieces, so as to be easy of transportation. A deserted camp, with all its chimneys standing, is even more picturesque than one which is occupied.



COMMODORE NUTT'S MEDAL, PRESENTED BY LADIES OF NEW YORK.

"WASHERWOMEN" IN THE ARMY.

An amusing sketch on page 189 represents the army "washerwoman" engaged in the useful business of washing clothes. The "lumdrum," in this case, is a stout negro, who pursues this avocation amid the most primitive surroundings. His assistants or gossips are near at hand, to chatter of the news. The clothes of our officers are mostly washed by "washerwomen" of this description. Our soldiers generally do their own washing.

Metallic beds are by no means an invention of this age of inch—the 19th century. The bed of the King of Bashan was a bed of



SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—OUR ARMY CROSSING THE COOSA RIVER, ALABAMA, ON ITS RETURN FROM THE PURSUIT OF THE REBELS UNDER HOOD.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, STANLEY FOX.

iron. Solomon speaks of a bed decked with tapestry, with carved work, and with the fine linen of Egypt. The prophet Amos speaks of beds of ivory. The fascinators of the Egyptians, Greeks and Romans, show us numerous examples of their beds. In the Middle Ages they were made of bronze as well as of ivory, horn, and precious woods encrusted with enamels.

EXCELSIOR
MUSICBOOK

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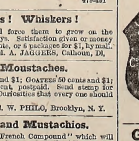
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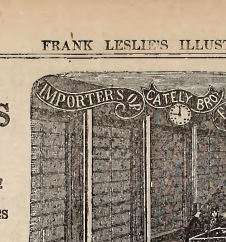
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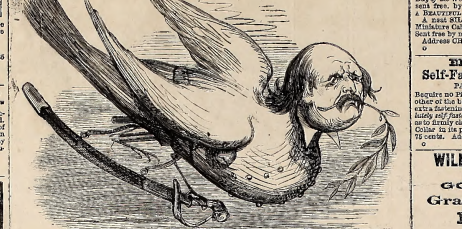
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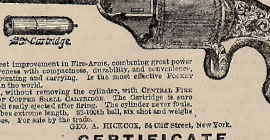
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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 17, 1864.

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Sherman—Thomas—Grant.—The Conflict Coming to a Focus.

As we write, our latest intelligence from Gen. Sherman is to the 29th ult., at which time he had occupied Millen, an important railway junction, within six days' easy marching of Savannah. There were no impediments before him, and no serious means of annoyance behind him. That he has effectively severed the railway communications between Georgia and Richmond, and between Georgia and Charleston, Wilmington, or for an immediate junction with Gen. Grant, as he may elect. His expedition, therefore, may be set down as a complete success, insuring the most decisive results in favor of the Union cause.

The rebel Gen. Hood, meantime, on his mischievous route into Tennessee, after his severe repulse at Franklin, has been able to do nothing better, down to the 5th instant, than to menace the army of Gen. Thomas in its strong position at Nashville. As the campaign is at that quarter now stands, we conjecture that Hood will be fortunate indeed if he shall contrive to recross the Tennessee, in his impending retreat, with the remnant of his shattered forces. East and West, under the most promising aspects, the great conflict is coming to a focus, and all from this whilgoose chase of Hood from the heart of Georgia to Nashville.

These two momentous military movements, both from the heart of Georgia, of Sherman for the eastern seaboard, and Hood in the opposite direction into Tennessee, and the results inevitably, then, will we are confident, form the most interesting and important chapter of the history of this war. To which side belongs the initiative in these movements—to the Union armies or to Sherman or Hood? Directly after the capture of Atlanta in September, Jeff Davis made his appearance at Macon, and in a speech to the people there he told them that the occupation of Sherman with Tennessee would be cut off, that he would thus be compelled to fall back out of Georgia to secure supplies; that Hood's army would be employed in the interval in starving our armies; the local militia of Macon, including the "old men and boys," would be depended upon to hold that city against any raid, by way of a diversion, and Jeff Davis himself with sufficient force to take care of Hood, wheeled short with the main body of his army, returned to Atlanta and Kingston, and rapidly at those two points destroying the great expedition struck out holdly for the Atlantic seacost, his legions covering all the roads over a swath of country seventy miles wide.

From those facts, it will appear that these tremendous movements were initiated by Jeff Davis, and for the good and sufficient purpose of compelling Sherman to retrace his steps back into Tennessee, to secure his depots and communications. But on the other hand, as Gen. Sherman, as soon as he was in occupation of Atlanta, issued his famous order for the depopulation of the city, leaving it optional with the inhabitants to go North or South, as they might respectively determine, families or individuals. It is thus evident that Sherman, before entering Atlanta, had some greater object in view than the occupation of that city, and to make Atlanta a new base of operations, and to start from it on another march South or East with the collection of sufficient stores of supplies. The unexpected interference of Hood in Macon this course would probably have been adopted; because, in that case, with Hood's army still in his front and wasting the country with the militia behind Sherman, the latter, in his pursuit, would have been compelled to draw his subsistence from an established base of supplies in his rear. To prevent the collection of these stores, Hood's army was moved on Sherman's communications; but this bold stroke of strategy, instead of arresting, immensely facilitated Sherman's designs. In getting the control of Hood out of his way he was relieved of the labor of establishing a great depot of supplies at Atlanta. He had a country before him to the seaboard abounding in provisions, with no opposing force before him sufficient to destroy them or to impede his march. Hence it will be seen that the movement of Hood on Sherman's rear, which, in the outset, had the appearance of a masterly piece of strategy on the part of Davis, was to him and his cause in Georgia, Tennessee and Virginia, and everywhere else, a terrible blunder, and the very thing desired and expected by Sherman.

We have gone into these details to illustrate to the general reader, from a striking example, the incalculable value of superior sagacity, and, indeed, of genius on the part of the director of the delicate, complex and dangerous game of war. We see, in this case, and in the boldest relief that Sherman, under the general coöperation of Grant, is, indeed, a master of the game. Great occasions produce great men. One of the chaos and the great Continental wars of the first French revolution rose the great Napoleon and his Marshals; so out of the trials of this great American Continental war have risen another galaxy of heroes in Grant and his Generals, whose deeds will henceforth establish the glory and destiny of the nation, and the stability of our popular institutions.

Congress.

The two Houses of Congress reassembled at Washington on Monday last, and, with the President's Message before them, they have their work cut out for the session. As it is the closing session of the 38th Congress, which expires by constitutional limitation on the 4th of March, we cannot expect that much business will be done beyond that involved in the consideration of the annual appropriation bills. We may have, perhaps, some additional and additions to our income taxes and duties on imports; and, another trial in the House on the constitutional amendment for the abolition of slavery; but, after all the other excitement, we shall have no cause to complain, if the work of the session shall be limited to the appropriation bills, current private and local bills of relief, and such constitutional amendments of our tax laws, &c., as experience may have suggested to be necessary, proper and expedient. We hope, however, that the national finances will not be neglected, and that some wise and wholesome measures will be adopted to establish the national credit and currency on a broad and solid basis, adapted to the new condition of things which will follow the impending collapse of the rebellion and the reclamation of the rebellious States.

The Late Incendiary Plot and the Law.

It strikes us that several of the daily journals of New York are rather tender-footed in their treatment of the incendiaries concerned in the late rebel attempt to illuminate this city with the burning conflagration. One of these journals, for instance, fumes that the summary method of dealing with these criminals, proposed by Gen. Dix, trenches upon the constitutional right of habeas corpus law; and another of the State rights school of our political press says: "Let the military agents of the administration leave the subject in the hands in which it properly belongs; let every indictment be referred for the detection of the conspirators to the civil police." "If not afraid of the truth, and we can hardly suppose it is, the administration owes to itself the duty of withdrawing its hand, and setting on, from the investigation of this extraordinary attempt at incendiarism, and we call on it, in the interest of law, justice and sound policy, to take this occasion to show that it is not going to a searching inquiry into the case at the hands of our civil tribunals."

Now, as a neutral, on mere party questions, we have nothing to do with the party criticisms of the journals quoted. We propose only to consider, and that very briefly, the question of jurisdiction which they have raised. They contend that the parties are arrested and accused of belonging to the rebel phosphorescent conspiracy should be tried before our ordinary civil or criminal courts, and that the Administration, with its extended military arm, should not, even in this matter, interpose, for fear of crossing the boundary of State rights. But what are the facts in this case? A deeply developed plot, and in the nature of the crime which they disclose? The facts established beyond the shadow of a doubt are—that this last diabolical attempt to destroy the city of New York by fire was the work of a deliberately organised treasonable conspiracy in the interest of the rebellion—that the incendiaries were rebel emissaries—and that the object was a general explosion in favor of Jeff Davis by a terrible blow at the great continental base of supplies of the government, the treasury, the army and the navy of the United States. It needs no argument or lengthy array of statistics to show that the destruction of New York city, with its custom house, sub-treasury, assay office, banks, public funds, assurance offices, shipping, &c., would be a more terrible blow to the Union cause than the defeat and pursuit of Gen. Grant's army to the fortifications of Washington. In view of the nature and extension of New York was, in this view, the aim and object of this phosphorus conspiracy.

We hold, therefore, that the proper and the only proper tribunal for the trial of the conspirators in this plot is a United States court-martial. The enormity of the crime, the overt act of treason against the United States, and the magnitude of the issues involved, and our ordinary local rights of jurisdiction over cases of arson and murder, and it becomes a matter which only the military arm of the United States can properly deal with. We hold, accordingly, that Gen. Dix is pursuing the proper course in the premises, and we are quite sure that the supreme law of the land and public opinion will sustain him, in his exercise, by court-martial, of his legal right to arrest, try, and speedily execute, if convicted, the guilty traitors. We believe, too, that, in a case like this, it is neither wise nor politic on the part of any Northern public journal to attempts to raise an issue in their behalf between State jurisdiction and the supreme constitutional authority of the United States.

Mem.—The Strength of the North.

The most remarkable and encouraging fact

developed in the results of the late Presidential election is this, that notwithstanding the immense drainage from the loyal States, during the last four years, of their able-bodied men for the destructive work of this gigantic war, those States are stronger in men to-day than they were in 1860. The following table of the aggregate Presidential vote polled in the States named, in 1860 and in 1864, establishes this extraordinary and important fact:

STATES.	1864.	1860.
Connecticut	86,778	77,000
Delaware	16,924	16,239
Illinois	347,786	339,693
Indiana	288,643	276,143
Maine	110,877	97,918
Massachusetts	175,489	169,175
New Hampshire	68,801	65,953
New Jersey	128,630	121,125
New York	720,687	675,156
Ohio	420,872	442,447
Pennsylvania	498,103	476,442
Rhode Island	22,075	20,141
Vermont	55,741	44,644

Here we find, East and West, in every State named, a gratifying increase in the popular vote, against all their losses of men from the war, and all their losses from the mighty streams of emigration that have been building up new States from Nebraska to the Pacific Ocean. Such a picture of strength and prosperity has never before been exhibited in the world's history. What a contrast between this increasing population and expanding power of the Union, and the contracted, distracted, depopulated and exhausted "Southern Confederacy!" Jeff Davis, despoiled of two-thirds of the territorial area which, in the outset, was subject to his demands, and reduced from a population of twelve millions, obedient to his will, to less than five millions, more than one-half African slaves, has been brought to the virtual confession that he is on the brink of "the last ditch," in his appeal for a "black draft." The rebel sympathising correspondents of the English press, from Virginia to Georgia, are also beginning to realise his desperate situation from the exhaustion of his fighting material. It will not be long, however, before they realise this other fact, that Davis and his Confederacy are reduced, exhausted, demoralised and cut to pieces beyond the possibility of resuscitation, even should England and France come to the rescue. For defensive or aggressive war, the loyal States are stronger now than were all the States of the Union together on the eve of the rebellion.

Summary of the War.

BEFORE PETERSBURG.

In order to find out if the rebels were sending any of their force to act against Sherman, Gen. Grant dispatched Gen. Gregg's division of cavalry beyond the enemy's right flank below Reams's station. At Stony Creek station, by a sudden dash, they succeeded in capturing the entire garrison of 200 men, two pieces of artillery, eight wagons, 30 mules, and all their arms, ammunition and stores.

From thence they proceeded rapidly to Duvall's station, below Stony Creek, and fell upon the enemy with such impetuosity as to rout him utterly, and capture an immense amount of commissary stores and public property, among which were 3,000 sacks of corn, 500 bales of hay, one train of cars loaded with commissary stores, a large amount of bacon, many carbines, and a very large amount of public stores of various kinds.

The depots, shops, public buildings and all the captured stores were burned on the spot, through our inability to bring them away. The two captured cannon were spiked and abandoned, and the carriages burned.

The result of the reconnoissance has satisfied Gen. Grant that no portion of the rebel army has been sent to operate against Sherman.

BEFORE RICHMOND.

Last week has been an uneventful one, the only operations being an occasional exchange of shots between the artillery of the two armies. Deserters report that a considerable number of cannon has been transferred from Petersburg towards Richmond, to resist the expected advance of Butler's gunboats up the James.

TENNESSEE.

There had been a heavy battle at Franklin, a post village about 18 miles south from Nashville, between the Union army under Thomas and the rebels under Hood. It was fought on Wednesday, the 30th Nov., and lasted from morning until nine at night, when the enemy were repulsed on all points, losing 7,000 in killed, wounded and prisoners, the Union loss being over 2,000, although some accounts make it less. After the battle, for some strategical reasons, Gen. Thomas retired towards Nashville. By the last accounts the Union army was within three miles of that city, in order of battle.

SOUTH CAROLINA,

The Fulton brought the news that an expedition led by Gen. Foster in person had visited Pocotaligo bridge, on Broad river, which place was captured after some sharp skirmishing, the rebel garrison evacuating it with great precipitation. This would imply that these places had been denuded of troops to oppose Sherman.

GEORGIA.

General Sherman is reported to be within six miles of Savannah.

ARKANSAS.

An expedition had crossed the Mississippi from Memphis, and proceeded some miles into Arkansas, and captured about 50 rebels, among whom were General Evans and several officers. The districts of West Tennessee and Vicksburg had been formed into one, under command of Major-Gen. Dana.

TOWN GOSSIP.

THERE are some things that are more than a nine days' wonder, and the firing of New York city is destined to be one of them.

Since the occurrence there has been nothing but mystery connected with it. The police, both special, ordinary and detective, have pried into every hole and corner; searched the pockets and the knowledge boxes of sundry suspicious—*i. e.*, ill-dressed—people; arrested an enterprising New Englander, who was in possession of an infernal machine intended to shave chins without the aid of a barber, and still nothing has turned up. Dark interviews, in still darker closets, have been held between the civil and military authorities, and rewards have been offered sufficient to tempt Jeff Davis himself to turn States evidence, and yet the four and twenty conspirators, at this writing, remain undetected.

And this is the only really wonderful thing about it. It seems impossible that a plot of that magnitude could have been fulminated without at least entrusting it to a score of people. That not one of these under the high rewards—amounting in all to something like $30,000—should betray his fellows, is certainly a mystery. That a plot and combination of workers of some kind was on foot is beyond all denial, but what that plot or by whom managed is the strange part. There are four positive parties to the discussion; the first, who believe it to be a genuine rebel plot; the second, who profess to think it originated at Washington, and was done for the purpose of intensifying the war spirit; the third, who believe it to be the machinations of a gang of thieves, bent only on plunder; and the fourth, who regard it as a practical joke, got up for the purpose of making an excitement. We give these, each, for what they are worth, pronouncing no opinion, and scarcely having one to pronounce. We opine that it is one of those mysteries that not even time will solve, the solution, perhaps, not being desirable in all quarters.

While talking of rebels and rebel plots we may as well mention the capture and passing through New York of that arch traitor, Roger A. Pryor. The press seems to attach much importance to this fellow, for what reason we cannot see. His rank is only that of a private, though he was once a Brigadier-General in the rebel army, and was forced to resign for some peccadilloes, after which in a fit of pique he enlisted. About Pryor there is not one trait commending him to the notice of respectable people outside of his traitorous proclivities. In Richmond, before the war, he was looked upon as a rowdy and a blackguard, always ready to drink whiskey at somebody else's expense, or fight when there was no danger. He was the terror of hotel-keepers and respectable citizens, and continually in a quarrel or urging others to it, and never travelling the streets without a gang of his own stripe at his heels. Such is Roger A. Pryor, as we personally knew, and a few months on the regimen of Fort Lafayette can do him no harm, and may possibly do him good.

From such subjects let us fly to something more pleasant.

We see there is a plot of another kind on foot, not to fire the city, but to supply it with fire. A few of our citizens who have cash to spare are about to organise and purchase largely of coal, wood and provisions, and retail it to the poor at cost price, thus breaking down the middlemen and corner grocers, who live and fatten upon the blood and sinews of the working classes. It seems a wonderful thing that, in a great city like this, speculators and capitalists should be allowed to operate, and get through State and city laws to suit their purposes, until they have control of our markets, and not a morsel of food can reach the people without passing through several hands and being doubled in price. The countryman and producer, by our municipal regulations, is shut out from our markets, and actually prevented from selling his produce to the consumer. He is forced into the hands of the middle men, who by combination can offer what price they please, and he is obliged to accept or take his load home. It is to obviate this in a measure that these gentlemen propose to buy in large quantities, and give to the poor at the same rates through the winter, keeping their original capital intact that it may be returned to the lenders in the spring. The Masonic Mission, as it is termed, we believe an association of Masons, are doing the same thing, but as their doings have not been made public we cannot speak of them with any certainty.

Our attention is called to a nuisance of such magnitude, by a circumstance that has just occurred—that we despair of doing any good by denouncing it even in the most powerful terms. We allude to the fast driving on our streets and suburbs, and especially that reckless style practised by butcher boys entrusted with their master's cart, or pedlars off business, and taking a trot through the streets to see how many old women and children they can destroy. The especial case we have to notice is that of the killing of a horse valued at $5,000 belonging to Mr. M. Sandford, on the 8th Avenue, on Wednesday last, by collision with a recklessly driven wagon. This may not be in the estimation of some equal to the killing of a human, but we think it worthy of citation, and while we are citing it say that the same principle governs. In the same sequence we would speak of the Central Park, where the "Ride" seems to have become a spot whereon every snob who can afford to pay a dollar and a half for a hack horse shall exhibit his brutality. Ladies go upon the Park to ride high-bred horses, believing that they can do so in safety, but they are mistaken. No sooner do they attempt it than they find the "Ride" a racing ground for be-whiskered drygoods clerks, who have their afternoon out, or butcher boys, who not daring to bring the cart into the park bring in the horse. Some regulation on the part of the Park Commissioners is necessary to abate this evil.

Our Amusements.

"Don Sebastian" gains favor every day. Each night we can mark that the gems, though partaking too much of the recitative, are received with more decided favor, which, while we are disposed to allow every credit for the grand orchestration, must at the same time be attributed to the powerful dramatic action, and the admirable scenic arrangement. It is rarely that an opera has been put upon the New York stage with more powerful attraction in the last respect than this, and we are satisfied that the public understand and value the liberality that has prompted it.

Zucchi has in this opera established herself as a favorite in New York, and may consider from this time forth her home is here if she chooses to make it so. Massimiliani, we fear, has not shown how well he can do. There is a carelessness in his action of which he needs reminding, and an attention to which will be not only a wonderful improvement to his own reputation, but an addition to the public enjoyment. In a word, he lacks action. He makes little difference whether in ordinary recitative or grand passion, and seems to regard the sacrifice of Zaida as a commonplace affair hardly worth an effort.

The ballet and chorus are really good, and the scene of the funeral is worthy of all praise. There are a few shortcomings in costume and stage arrangements that need reforming, but we suppose that a few representations will open the eyes of the manager to these, and that they will be attended to before our notice of them can be printed.

Of the gems of the opera we have left ourselves little space to speak, but we can speak of the Inquisition scene as grand. The quintette and chorus by Zucchi, Massimiliani, Susini, Bellini and Lorini, is really fine and worthy of every praise.

At Wallack's the old comedy of "To Marry, or Not to Marry," has been made new by production at this house. Of all dramatic writers Mrs. Inchbald was, perhaps, the most careful, not esteeming time as of consequence when finish was in question. "To Marry, or Not to Marry," is a notable instance of this, and as rendered into three acts by the Wallackian scissors, is made a most actable play. The plot as now given is this. Mr. Lester Wallack, as a bachelor of about 40, has a sister, Mrs. Vernon, who is an old maid. To this old maid Miss Gannon flies for protection from an unpleasant lover. Lester sees the girl, and feeling a spark of love grants her an asylum in his house, and on the unpleasant lover making a demand for the lady refuses to give her up. Up to this time the uncle of the old bachelor has made up his mind to marry his nephew to a lady of rank and title, but now, the old bachelor feeling that fair exchange is no robbery, makes a trade with the unpleasant lover, and gives him the titled lady in swap for Miss Gannon. On this is the whole plot of the play, and with the addition of certain small jealousies and by-plays turns up a sprightly and actable affair.

At the Olympic, Mrs. Wood has given us something new in "St. George and the Dragon." As usual in this house, it is a clever little affair, cleverly done, with plenty of jack boots, pretty women and clanking sabres. It is well calculated to please the easy taste of a New York playgoing public.

The Artists' Fund Exhibition is open at the galleries No. 625 Broadway, and though our space is limited we will endeavor to name some of the more worthy of the pictures, reserving to next week a more extended remark.

Wier has a pretentious picture called "Taking the Veil," a mixture of merit and oily imagination.

Cropsey is represented by "The Wa-way-an-da Valley." Not up to the artist's general coloring and only praisable for its admirable cattle.

Boughton shows two or three pictures, "Meditation" and "Bashful, yet Fond." In looking at these pictures we go back to the old wonder, why it is that an artist bestows so much labor upon a picture without the shadow of an idea. We can wander through a whole gallery and not see one picture with as much of an idea as would suffice a third-rate poet to write a five dollar poem.

Beard has "In and Out," a mechanical cat chasing an unbendable gutta-percha rat.

Louis Lang sends "The Funeral." J. C. Brown, "Two is Company, Three is Not." Gifford, a bard, slaty picture, which he calls "Chenango Lake," but which we declare to be a lake of Mr. Gifford's own imagination. Kensett also gives us lakes, "The Lakes of Killarney," another picture of the leaden, slate kind.

Can it be possible that our artists see all nature through such solemn, hazy eyes? Constant Meyer gives an ideal head looking about as much like the real artist as a turnip, and calls it "The Head of a Confederate Soldier." It simply shows that Mr. Meyer never saw a Confederate soldier with his head on.

Next week we shall speak of those pictures really deserving notice.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The ports of Norfolk, Virginia, and Fernandina and Pensacola, Florida, have been proclaimed open once more to domestic and foreign commerce.

—— A very interesting series of performances will be given at the Academy of Music, on Thursday, Dec. 8th, for the benefit of Mr. Charles Peters, the comedian, who was lately injured by an accident on one of the horse-railroads in this city, in such a manner as permanently to disable him from active duty. Mr. Peters is a good actor and a worthy man, and we hope the public he has so often amused will remember him in his time of trouble.

—— Christmas and New Year's Day come on Sunday.

—— A law was passed at the last session of Congress requiring all American vessels to be remeasured, on or before the 1st of January next, and the tonnage to be permanently marked on the main beam of the vessel. The penalty for non-compliance with this law is the vessel's forfeiture of all claim to the protection of the United States.

—— Among the romantic incidents of the civil war is the fact that Mrs. Julia M. Pierce, wife of Oliver Pierce, who lives in Spring valley, has been found to be a missing daughter of Henry E. Clifton, Esq., of Baltimore, formerly of Richmond, Va., and heiress to considerable property.

—— Judge Pitman is dead, at Providence, R. I. He was 65 years of age, and has been on the bench since 1824. He was an intimate friend of Henry Clay.

—— Two hundred Irishmen, Union soldiers, who were prisoners in the South, and have been in rebel custody over a year, becoming weary of their confinement, are said to have joined the rebel army, and been sent to Hood.

—— Mr. Bates has resigned his position as Attorney-General.

—— A St. Louis paper says there are not less than 200,000 persons in Missouri who are little better than paupers, not knowing where to get food to maintain them through the winter.

—— Gen. Hancock retires from active service, and the command of the 2d corps devolves upon Gen. Augur.

—— A Maine editor has incurred the displeasure of the ladies of his town by calling an Affghan a horse blanket.

—— The rebels have taken to smuggling in bacon, past the blockade. The evidences multiply that they are on their last legs.

—— About 200 men are now engaged upon Gen. Butler's canal, at Dutch gap, James river.

—— An apology for the absence of a guest at the Winslow banquet, in Boston, was made in the following lucid language: "The Chairman of the Naval Committee, who intended to be present, is prevented from being here, by something which kept him away."

—— Brig.-Gen. Tyler has forwarded to the Adjutant-General's office the black flag captured from Early's command last August near North mountain. He says the flag was in charge of two rebels, and set up against a tree. One of the rebels went in search of water. C. H. Marsh, a detective, who had been watching the flag from nightfall, determined to get it if possible, and sprung upon the man left alone, secured him, took the flag, and brought it and the prisoner within our lines.

—— Lieut. Cushing when he went to sink the Albemarle, in lieu of a signal bell, tied a string to the engineer's leg, and pulled it when he wanted a movement of the engine.

—— There are Mormons in California who reject polygamy.

—— By the admission of Nevada the Republic now numbers 36 States in all, including those in revolt.

—— President Lincoln's popular majority at the recent election is now given at upwards of 300,000. In 1860 he was in a minority of 103,623 votes in the States now loyal. Gen. McClellan, on the other hand, received the largest popular vote of any defeated Presidential candidate since the organization of this Government. It is but little less than that received by Mr. Lincoln in 1860.

—— Mineral salt, taken from the mine in blocks, is now brought in ballast from Russia. It is as hard as stone, and is quarried just as we quarry marble.

—— Water has been introduced, with suitable celebration ceremonies, into the cities of Charlestown and Worcester, Massachusetts.

—— The wheat crop of the United States for 1864 amounts to 160,695,823 bushels, which will make about 33,000,000 barrels of flour. The rye crop amounts to 19,872,007 bushels. The yield of barley is 10,716,328 bushels; that of oats is 178,670,064 bushels; that of hay is 18,116,751 tons; that of corn is 530,581,403 bushels; that of buckwheat is 18,700,540 bushels; that of potatoes is 96,256,888 bushels. The quality of the crops is superior to that of last year. The falling off in tobacco is stated at 67,000,000 pounds. These statistics are authorised by the report of the Agricultural Bureau.

—— A valuable coal mine is yielding a good article of coal near Providence, R. I.

—— A hen at South Scituate, Mass., who had never laid before, lately astonished her owners by laying, in the course of the same week, two eggs, each of which was 8¼ inches in circumference. One of the eggs was broken, and found to contain a second egg, of ordinary size.

—— Gen. Sherman's farewell message to his wife, on commencing his grand march into the South, was as follows: "I have received all your letters up to the 3d. I start to-morrow. Write no more, and don't expect to hear from me, except through rebel sources, for some time to come. Good-bye."

—— Kearsarge Mountain is marked on Holland's map of New Hampshire, published at London in 1784, "Kyar Sarga Mountain; by the Indians, Cowissewaschook."

—— Silver has been found in some copper ore in Orange, Vt.

—— President Lincoln has received a singular present from the California hunter, Seth Kinman. It is a chair made of elk horns.

—— Gen. Scott recently gave Gen. Grant a copy of his memoirs, inscribed with the words, "From the oldest General in the world to the ablest." It chances that Frederick the Great gave Washington a sword, with a similar inscription. Besides, Gen. Scott is not the oldest General in the world. Viscount Combermere is still alive, at the age of 95. He was Sir Stapleton Stapleton Cotton, in the Peninsula war, and he took Bhurtpore, in the East Indies, in 1825, after a memorable siege.

Foreign.—The Emperor Maximilian, of Mexico, has written to the Emperor Napoleon, asking him to recommend a financier capable of adjusting the disorganised treasury of Mexico. *La France*, which gives this piece of news, does not say what Frenchman is considered of sufficient ability to execute the Herculean task.

—— Franz Muller was hanged at Newgate, London, on the 14th of November. He confessed his guilt at the last moment to the German clergyman who attended him on the scaffold.

—— The King of Prussia is chief of all the lodges of Freemasons in his kingdom. Of this position he has just taken advantage to transmit to the grand masters of all the lodges in Berlin and the provinces a circular, exhorting the members to remain "faithful to the King," in the political struggles of the immediate future. The grand masters are requested to read the circular to their respective lodges, and to follow it up with personal exhortations of a tendency similar to that of the document itself.

—— A Welsh paper states that silver has been discovered in the Orme's Head, Llandudno.

—— Coal is very scarce at Halifax.

—— The question of direct steam communication between the British Colonies in the North Pacific and the Isthmus of Panama has again been brought up before the Vancouver Island Legislative Council. Such communication will doubtless be established.

—— An English theatre is to be started at Bombay, E. I.

—— Donato, the one-legged Spanish dancer, is to appear at Brussels. He was very successful at Berlin. Many imitators of this cheap prodigy have sprung up in European cities.

—— The new planet discovered by M. Tempel, at Marseilles, on Sept. 30, has been named Terpsichore.

—— A festival of "reformed drunkards" was held at Leeds, England, on the 8th ult.

—— Wagner's new opera, "The Flying Dutchman," was announced for production at Meningen, on the 17th inst., in honor of the birthday of the Duke of Meningen.

—— Among the new books announced in London are the following: "The Choicest Jests of English Wits," edited by Mr. W. Moy Thomas; "The Choicest Epigrams in the English Language;" "The Choicest Humorous Poetry in the English Language;" "The Choicest Humorous Anecdotes and Short Stories in the English Language."

—— Bombay has had but little rain this season, and a diminution of the next cotton crop is anticipated in consequence.

—— Mdlle. Carlotta Patti has gone to fulfil an operatic engagement at Prague.

—— It is proposed to cover the Seine between the Pont au Change and Pont d'Arcole, in Paris, and make a flower garden on the stone vault.

—— Interesting horse shows have been held at Caen and Pin, in France. Their object was to allow the imperial commissioners to select the best horses in the empire, several being intended for the Emperor's private stable.

—— Another terrible warning to women who wear expansive crinoline is contained in the following paragraph from a recent London paper: "On the 5th, Mrs. Waddilove, wife of Mr. Waddilove, architect, Seymour street, Somers Town, went into the kitchen to give some directions to the servant, when her dress, expanded by a large crinoline, came in contact with the fire in the range, and she was almost instantly in flames. The unfortunate lady, who was far advanced in pregnancy, was so fearfully burnt that she only survived a few hours."

—— We copy the following touching words from a recent number of the London *Punch*. They reveal, we think, the pen of Tom Taylor. Not every man who dies is thus mourned:

"JOHN LEECH.

OBIT OCTOBER XXIX., MDCCCLXIV

ÆTAT 46.

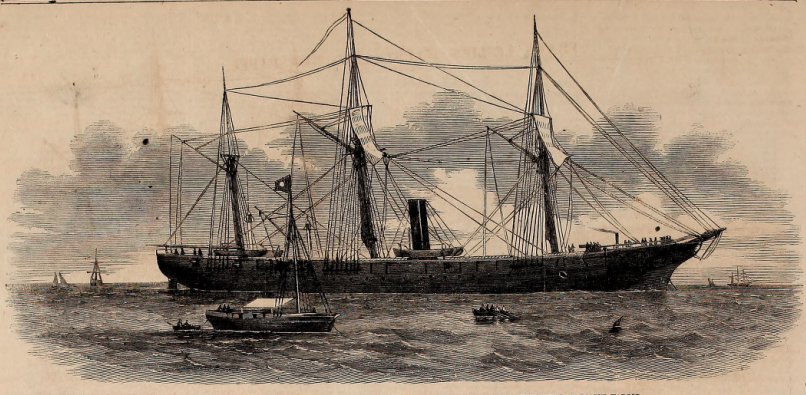
The simplest words are best where all words are vain. Ten days ago a great artist, in the noon of life, and with his glorious mental faculties in full power, but with the shade of physical infirmity darkening upon him, took his accustomed place among friends who have this day held his pall. Some of them had been fellow-workers with him for a quarter of a century, others for fewer years; but to know him well was to love him dearly, and all in whose name these lines are written mourn as for a brother. His monument is in the volumes of which this is one sad leaf, and in a hundred works which, at this hour, few will not remember more easily than those who have just left his grave. While society, whose every phase he has illustrated with a truth, a grace, and a tenderness heretofore unknown to satiric art, gladly and proudly takes charge of his fame; they, whose pride in the genius of a great associate was equalled by their affection for an attached friend, would leave on record that they have known no kindlier, more refined, or more generous nature than that of him who has been thus early called to his rest."

—— The Prince and Princess of Wales returned to London on the 7th ult., after a somewhat protracted tour, in the course of which they visited Copenhagen, Stockholm, Hanover, Darmstadt, Bonn (where Prince Alfred is studying) and other places.

—— During the present year 2,000 tons of iron have been turned out at a single iron works, in Woodstock, New Brunswick.

—— An American schooner, the Amelia, of Chicago, was wrecked near Goderich, on the Canada side of Lake Ontario, on the 12th ult. She had 16,000 bushels of corn on board, and was a total loss.

—— There had been a great conflagration at Yeddo, Japan, caused by the Prince of Dagota setting fire to his palace there in order to create a political riot, in the midst of which he was to seize the person of the Tycoon. A desperate conflict in the street ensued, in which the Prince's adherents were totally defeated. The allied fleet of French, English, Dutch and American has gone to the dominions of this prince to chastise him for outrages on foreigners. He is thus at war with his own Government and the Foreign Powers.



THE U. S. SLOOP OF WAR WACHUSETT, THE CAPTOR OF THE REBEL STEAMER FLORIDA, NOW LYING IN BOSTON HARBOR.

THE WACHUSETT AND THE FLORIDA.

WE present, on page 196, a picture of the U. S. war steamer Wachusett, and on page 197 a picture of the rebel steamer Florida. Both these vessels have, of late, attracted much public attention, incident to the affair of the capture of the latter, by the former, at Bahia, in Brazil, on the 7th of October. The particulars of that capture may be briefly detailed. The Florida arrived at Bahia on the night of the 6th of Oct. Bahia is in the bay of San Salvador, on the Atlantic coast of Brazil, 800 miles north-east from Rio Janeiro. The Florida came there to get coal and provisions, and to repair her engine. Mr. Wilson, U. S. Consul at Bahia, protested to the Brazilian Government against the Florida's admission to the port, and asked that a penalty should be exacted from her for burning a United States vessel within Brazilian waters, near the Island of Fernando de Noronha. The Government answered the protest respectfully, but decreed that the Florida was rightfully in a neutral port. The U. S. Wachusett, Capt. Napoleon Collins, was also in port at this time. Capt. Collins challenged the Florida to go out and fight, but the challenge was declined. Thereupon he determined to capture the rebel steamer and carry her away. This design was put into execution on the night of Oct. 7th, at which time Capt. Morris, of the Florida, and many of the crew were on shore. The Wachusett ran into the Florida, striking her on the quarter, and at the same time shooting away her mizzen-mast and main-yard. Little or no resistance was offered to the capture. A hawser from the Wachusett was made fast to the Florida, and to the latter was towed to sea. Two officers and fifty-eight seamen were captured with her.

From Bahia she was taken to St. Thomas, where several of the prisoners were transferred to the Kearsarge, Capt. Winslow, for transportation to Boston. The Kearsarge arrived duly at that port, bringing intelligence of the capture of the Florida. The Wachusett, also, has since arrived in Boston. The Florida, meanwhile, furnished with a crew of loyal Americans, and flying the flag of the Republic, sailed from St. Thomas to Fortress Monroe, where, on the 26th ult., she was accidentally run into by an army transport, and seriously injured. She subsequently sunk at her anchorage, in nine fathoms of water.

This entire affair is one for diplomatic arrangement. We offer no opinion upon it at present.

The U. S. Wachusett was built at the U. S. Navy Yard at Charlestown, Massachusetts, and was launched in 1861. She is 198 feet long, 33 feet broad in beam, and 16 feet deep. She is barque rigged, and is a good sailer. Her armament consists of two eleven-inch Dahlgren pivot guns, two thirty-two pounder rifles, and eight broadside guns. Her commander, Capt. Collins, is a Pennsylvanian, who has been 30 years in the U. S. navy.

The Florida was built in England for the Italian Government.—It was said—but was purchased by rebel agents in Liverpool, and surreptitiously sent to sea in the rebel service in March, 1863. She was about 750 tons burthen, carrying three masts and two smoke-stacks. Her depredations upon our commerce have been incessant and most injurious, and her loss is only to be regretted in so far as it may prove vexatious in the adjustment of diplomatic business that may grow out of the affair between our Government and that of Brazil.



DONIZETTI'S OPERA OF "DON SEBASTIAN," AT THE N. Y. ACADEMY OF MUSIC—SCENE ON THE BATTLEFIELD, 13 ACT II.—DON SEBASTIAN SHIELDED BY ZAIDA, FROM THE INFURIATED ARABS.



THE REBEL WAR STEAMER FLORIDA, CAPTURED IN THE PORT OF BAHIA, BRAZIL, BY THE U. S. SLOOP-OF-WAR WACHUSETT, OCT. 7, ACCIDENTALLY SUNK AT PORTRESS MONROE, NOV. 28.

PEARL ISLAND.

BY MAUD L. CRIMSON.

The isle of Pearl! the isle of Pearl!
That sleeps within the placid West,
How beauteous in its rounded shape!
How perfect seems its rest.



Oft in my dreams this isle of Pearl
Hath loomed in beauty on my sight,
And silvered o'er with magic rays
The sky of Fancy's night.

Oft have I sailed in fairy boat
Around its shores, the blue sea through,
And woke in sorrowed thought, to find
My giddy dream untrue.

And oft I think, as twilight falls
In crimson curtains down the West,
I hear the thrilling strains that float
From out this isle of Rest.

I long to live with those who dwell
Upon this little isle of Pearl,
I'd lie with them in coral caves,
And watch the blue seas curl.

And fancies, charged with rapture's fire,
Before my mental sight should roll;
Oh, what a depth of gleaming thought
Would fill my uncurbed soul!

But I can only note afar,
The glist'ning of its silver strand,
And wonder mutely, oft and oft,
If that's Utopian land.

I sigh and slowly turn away—
Oh! would I might such heights attain!
How many sinful souls of earth
Take up this sad refrain.

Oh, lift your heads! be sure you will,
Sometime, attain that isle of Rest;
Gaze often on its pearly banks,
Calm lying in the West.

Until your soul its pure hue takes,
Until your hidden wings unfurl;
Then shall you wend your airy way
Unto that isle of Pearl.

THE FALL OF THE LION'S HEAD.

BY J. G. AUSTIN.

North, East, South, West lay the waters, heaving smoothly in long billows, unvexed by obstacle or current, lither than the eyes of a poet's love, clearer than the visions of a seer, brighter than the dreams of youth, lying at every hand in wide reaches until in the distance they gently curved to the tremulous horizon line.

Above arched the smiling sky, as blue, as clear, as bright, as unbroken in its unity, save when slowly ascending to his throne of mid-heaven the regal sun extinguished color with plenitude of light.

Adam, waking to that scene and hour, should have found blue the color of creation, and in Eve's azure eyes have read fresh proof of her heavenly origin. Nor need Paradise, if intended for two alone, have differed materially from the little island, that formed the one break in this vast duality of sea and sky, the one spot in all the scene where the sun might chronicle his course by shade of tree or crag, or be welcomed by morning song of bird and flower. A mile of glittering beach, sown with rare tropical shells and vivid mosses, described its circumference, and rising thence on every side the ground sloped evenly toward the centre, where a huge rock crowned the summit, and relieved with its cool gray tints the riotous color and lush luxuriance of tree, and shrub, and flower, massed in rich hosquet, or dotted in unique beauty over all the space beside.

But Earth was made for man, Paradise for love, and here were no happy Adam and Eve, no human life indeed unless it lingered in those two still forms, lying so strangely there among the shells and seaweed of the beach.

A man and woman that the sea casting from its bosom still scornfully drenched with the crest of each retreating wave. They might have been the bodies of some norman and his love who, longing for earthly life and heavenly immortality, had found the one but the vestibule to the other.

Soon, however, the waves no longer reached them, the vertical sunbeams dried and warmed the sand, and kissed so ardently the pale cheeks and parted lips of the woman that a faint glow crept up beneath their surface, a tremulous shudder ran through her frame, and she wearily raised her eyelids, looking about her in the vague unconscious manner of an infant whose soul returns before its body from heaven to earth.

Presently those languid glances rested upon the quiet face lying a few feet from her, she eyes closed, the cheeks and lips as white as her own had been an hour before, and wandering no more, widened and darkened into consciousness. Then came memory and thought, until at last the dull throb of pain in her awakening heart took voice, and repeated in monotonous anguish:

"He is dead, he is dead!"

"Why, then, should I live?" responded the struggling sense, and all the awakening powers of life sunk back in apathy, all but the great love in the woman heart that still cried ceaselessly:

"He is dead! Rouse thee and look at his dead face lying here before thee!"

Until goaded to action by that sharp pang she stirred uneasily, a faint moan parted her lips, the blessed tears crept from under her stiffened eyelids, and with many a weary effort the woman roused herself, and once more took the burden of life upon her weary shoulders.

Creeping to his side she took the heavy head upon her lap, looking solemnly down upon the face of him she loved so well. Then parting the hair from off his forehead she tenderly wiped away the ooze and sand that clung there, and at the last she timidly stooped and pressed her lips to his. Raising her face all glowing with love and shame, even in that solitude, a joyful cry escaped her lips, for following that kiss a faint, faint sigh, not her own, had stirred it e sultry air, and smote open her ear with a sharp thrill of hope and joy.

Could it be that God would be so merciful to her



THE LION ROCK.

weakness? Would he really live to hear and answer those wild words throbbing so fiercely at her heart? Might she yet hope to feel on earth that heaven hes beyond?

The blood leaped through her veins, power returned to her frame, firmness to her purpose. With sudden strength she dragged the body higher up the beach beyond the wet line of the tide's limit, and heaped the burning sand upon it. Then with handsful of the same sharp stimulant she chafed the temples, the region of the heart, the extremities, until her own delicate hands were wounded and bleeding, although she was conscious of no pain. Then she patiently administered drop by drop some of the brandy from a flask in his own pocket, she spoke aloud his name, coupled with every tender and endearing epithet, until at last her unwearied efforts, her frantic appeals for God's pity and aid met their response. The life that was so much more to her than her own was restored to her, and with many a painful throe entered again into the body it had so nearly deserted, and showed itself in warmth, mobility, motion, and at last consciousness.

Paul Morgan opened his eyes and looked up in the anxious face between him and the sky, read the eager love glorifying its every line, and even as the trembling lips parted with a murmur of his name, he coldly and wearily let fall the lids again without attempt at response.

"Thank God, Paul, that you are not dead!" whispered the voice beside him. It was hoth an aspiration and an adjuration, and the faint sneer that stirred his lips served for an answer to both.

A deadly pallor crept over the woman's eager face, and the same voice that had so persistently cried that he was dead, now changed its meanie—

"He loves me no more, he neither forgets nor forgives!"

But not for this should she intermit the services she had begun to render in such sweet hope, and now continued in such sad humility.

"The sun is too hot for you here on the beach, Paul; up there are trees and grass, and perhaps water. Will you try to walk so far?"

"Go you, if you will. I do not care to move."

The voice was faint and chill as the sleeping



PAUL RESCUES CLARE FROM HER LIVING TOMB.

breath of the Ice-King, and with a dull sabe at her heart, Clare seated herself quietly, folded her bleeding hands upon her lap, and looked far out upon the sleeping waters. At her feet, the long shimmerous waves slid up the sand and broke in evanescent cadence, leaving many a pretty toy of pebble, shell or wood upon the beach, but holding in their unmoved depths the more treasured playthings that but yesterday had been living men and women, gasping away their lives in the fierce embrace of those playful waves.

The same thought possessed the minds of both these who only had escaped from that sudden shipwreck. Clare shuddered and turned pale. Paul smiled, and whispered, half aloud:

"Sea and woman—alike smiling and alike treacherous!"

She heard them, she to whom those few words spoke so bitterly, and with one quick glance at his averted face, she bowed her head to her knees, and sat with shrouded face as one who mourns a buried hope.

At last, however, she crept quietly away towards the trees, whose cool shelter and inviting watercourse lay so invitingly behind the arid beach.

She drank feverishly of the water, and then with womish fancy gathered a cup of the great leaves of a grapevine running riot among the clustering palms about the fountain. This she filled, after bearing in the cool and sparkling bunch of the ripe grapes, she hastily returned to Paul's side, and kneeling, presented her sylvan cup, saying, quietly:

"Drink, Paul. Forget who offers it, and take it as God's gift."

The water touch his lips, and with a sudden impulse he drank it thirstily, and seizing the grapes placed silently within his hand, he eagerly devoured them, saying more kindly than he yet had spoken:

"They are delicious. But you should not take so much exertion, Clare."

Ah! He had spoken her name once more, he had accepted her offering, and a faint glow crept into Clare's pale face as she timidly said:

"There are more grapes, and other fruits, just on there."

"I will gather some for myself, and for you also. I can do it sooner now," said Paul, rising to his feet and staggering forward.

Leaning on my shoulder, please. I am quite recovered," said Clare hastily, but the man, his vitality in some degree restored by food, could no longer endure to be dependent upon a woman, and hastily replied:

"Thank you, no. I am very well able to walk."

So, muscled, and with many a painful pause and stumble, he at length reached the trees and sank exhausted in their shade.

Clare, taught by feminine tact to offer no comment or assistance, unconsciously bound him by watching, with all her soul in her eyes, the handsome face lying at first so sharp and white upon the greensward, and then slowly flushing into life and vigor, until, with painful effort, Paul dragged himself to the margin of the brook, and after drinking copiously, bathed his head and face in the cool and sparkling water.

After this he found himself able to stand upright, and pluck the luscious fruits and berries that hung in every side of this little forest labyrinth whose shade the fountain sprung. These he flung into the lap of his companion, until she begged him to desist, as the weight of them himself with the fierce hunger of a man.

Then hagridly stretching himself among the flowers, whose heavy odor filled the place, he slept profoundly, while Clare steadily watched beside him, saw the sun placidly sink from out the cloudless sky, where stood presently great white stars gazing softly down at her, wondering at their immortal calm at her human sorrow and despair. Dust arose the splendor of the Southern Cross, and those glorious emblem of Hope and Faith before her eyes. With its rays fell a great calm upon her troubled soul, and softly whispering a prayer, she closed her eyes and soon slept serenely as an infant.

Waking in the early morning she found herself alone, and after casting such toilet as she might and brushing her fair with the rich fruits, she stole out of her leafy covert and looked timidly about her.

Upon the beach she soon discovered Paul, and shuddered as she saw that he was busy in hollowing a grave in the sand for two bodies that had washed ashore at high tide. Turning in the other direction Clare walked slowly on, casting curious glances towards the interior of the island. It was one varied scene of beauty. Such foliage, such luxuriance of growth, such warmth of color and full ouvres of form, had never before met her eyes, lured in the cold sterility of New England scenery.

Flowers that she had nursed as delicate exotics here richly developed in wanton exuberance, and birds, such as she had seen pining in solitary confinement behind their prison wires, flashed from tree to tree, flaunting their gorgeous colors, and calling good-morrow to their mates in notes gay if not too musical.

Beyond the grove where she had slept lay an open lawn, smooth and fair, unbroken by tree or shrub from the waters edge to the foot of that great rock crowning the summit of the island, and now, as Clare glanced towards it, she stopped short in her advance, struck and repelled by the extraordinary likeness of this immense boulder to a colossal head. The thin flank, the massive shoulder covered with a flowing mane, the haughty head somewhat elevated as if the better to scan this prying intruder upon his domain, the huge paws thrust forward at either side, all were reproduced in this startling specimen of Nature's sculpture.

It might have been supposed a veritable lion of the time when giants were, petrified, and set there upon this green pedestal of an island to show the world of coming ages how dwarfed and degenerate it had become.

Indeed so vividly did the likeness strike upon Clare's timid and imaginative nature, that as she continued her walk she turned cautiously to cast an apprehensive look at the great gray monster, half expecting to see a paw protruded, the great head spending in a yawn, the sun spread, some sign, in short, of returning life and aggressive action.

It was a relief when a clump of trees again closed in the view and the lion was no longer visible.

Continuing her exploration, Clare found herself approaching from the other side the spot where she had seen Paul at his dreary task, and she perceived that the sand was now smoothed into the form of a grave, and a great stone had been rolled to the head and foot to mark the place.

A little farther on sat Paul, his chin resting on his hand, his gloomy eyes steadily bent upon the sea, now glowing in the morning sunshine.

As Clare stood beside him he neither moved or spoke, and after a moment she moved slowly on, and went to seat herself in a little bower that had evidently become more homelike to her than any other spot upon the island.

The day passed slowly on, and was near its close when Paul entered the server, and leaning against the stem of the rustling palm, spoke abruptly and coldly:

"It is evident that only you and myself have escaped from the wreck of the Ingot; there is no longer any hope of companionship or prospect of rescue from this place. I have, then, but one favor, for best to arrange our lives as distinctly as possible for the term of our detention here. Under most favorable circumstances we are the direct route of vessels bound to Australia, and the signal I shall erect will, no doubt, be soon seen and answered. Meanwhile we must do our best to make as at least a shelter beneath the great rock in the centre of the island, which will think make a safer and more comfortable home than the open beach. Whatever I can do towards making you comfortable you will be so kind as to suggest. As for food, there is a great supply of fruit, and I have no doubt of game also. I fortunately have the means of kindling a fire, and there are birds and various small animals to be snared, when I can contrive it. So, on the whole, we be correcting himself, "you and I need have no apprehension of starvation. Whatever you cannot suggest for yourself, I shall, of course, supply you with, if in my power."

"But you," hesitated Clare.

"I am about to construct such shelter as I require for myself, at the farther extremity of the island. I have secured several planks, and some spars with cordage and sail, which I watched ashore in the course of the day, and shall do very well."

"But—but we, shall, shall meet?" stammered Clare, and paused, the appeal she could not phrase trembling on her lips unspoken.

Paul Morgan looked down upon her, into the dilated eyes, raised in mute eloquence to his. He did not shrink from her appeal, he understood it perfectly, and his answered coldly:

"We may see each other often since we wholly madam. It will be hardly worth while to try to renew on former intimacy."

Clare paused as if in a trance, and received a blow, and bid suddenly in her hands the face she had so eagerly raised to his. And in the eyes still looking down from towering height, or scorn, or pity, nothing but the cold abstraction that seemed to embody the man's whole nature.

"Will you leave me to see the cave I mentioned?" asked he at length.

Without reply Clare rose and followed him from the grove to the beach, and then up the green slope towards the conebant hon, now keeping grim ward over the sunset sea, as she had first seen it in the morning. As they approached, and the likeness rather increased than diminished, the sensitive woman crept closer to her companion and murmured:

"he should come to life!"

Paul looked down at her in undisguised astonishment:

"Why," said he, "you are not afraid of this rock because it resembles a lion? I confess that the likeness struck me forcibly myself at first, but the features are more are not so shaken thatthis seriously moves you?"

"No, oh, no!" exclaimed Clare, dreading another touch of contempt but half concealed in his tone.

"Where is the cave?" continued she quickly

"Here, between the lion's paws if you will carry out the fancy," said Morgan, and pointed to a hollow extending beneath the body of the beast, and rounded outside of its entrance by the outstretched legs and feet.

The cave was dry, large enough for one person, and entirely free from vermin. It was with invincible repugnance that Clare looked upon it as her future abiding-place.

"And will not the Obelot do as well?" asked she, tremulously.

"I do not think so, but you will judge for yourself. I, of course, claim no right to control your movements," said Paul, coldly.

"Oh, this is best, no doubt. I shall sleep here, and you there, between the lion's paws," said she, suppressing gained no mark of approval, other than

"Very well, if you think best. To-morrow will pull and dry some grass and leaves for your bed."

"Cannot I do that for myself and for you also?" timidly inquired Clare. "It will be easy and pleasant labor, and you will have so much to do with your cabin. Shall I do it?"

"For yourself, if you choose. Not for me, thank you."

"If I will not accept a service from me, and only renders them to me because he is a man and I a woman," thought Clare bitterly, as she silently retraced her steps to the thicket, while Paul as silently walked towards the other end of the island.

Soon after sunset Clare reluctantly sought the cave, but even when she stood at its entrance could hardly persuade herself to enter it, nor could she finally have done so had it not been the only wish expressed by Paul with regard to her future movements. To please and cheer him was now the only desire in her heart, and the only impulse sufficient to overcome the nervous repugnance that prompted her to turn and fly from the vicinity of the grim monster beneath whose very jaws she had been hidden to repose herself.

But she would have been no woman had not her heart sent up one thankful sigh for her safety, through interminable hours over thoughts of bitterness and woe; holding no communication more than could be done morning or evening ramble encountered Morgan, and asked some question or made some remark, eliciting always a cold and courteous response, but no continued conversation.

Once she saw him busy in lashing a long spar to the top of a lofty tree on the summit of the island, and the next morning a white flag fluttered out, a signal of distress to whatever craft might sight the lonely spot. Once also in the first few days human remains and bodies washed ashore, and were laboriously buried by Paul. Also various chests, barrels, packages and portions of the wreck had been secured by the latter, and each portion of their contents as could be useful to herself was silently placed either in her dreary grotto, or in the lower branches of the trees where wood and waking hours were passed. Chief in value among these was a trunk, belonging to one of the female passengers of the Ingot, containing not only clothing, but implements of needlework, books, and a writing-case, all somewhat injured by salt water, but still in a state to be available.

Many, however, were the hours when, book or work lying neglected at her side, Clare sat gazing, with dilated eyes, upon the sapphire sea, far beyond the bright horizon line, looking at the life she had left in her far-off home, looking through the sorrow of the present to the joyous past of her innocent girlhood.

She had loved Paul Morgan since she had first known him, a timid, shrinking but new brotherly love, shily and secretly at the first, and when he had asked for her his wife openly and proudly. Nor did she care to conceal from herself even when the knowledge that it reached the heart of her cousin Wyvil, who since her infancy had claimed her as his, at first with her careless assent, but of late with deep and secret pettish denials. And so did Wyvil Randolph become the cruel enemy of Paul Morgan and the bitter-sweet lover of his cousin Clare.

It is scold a story one is ashamed to tell it again; but does human nature change from age to age, and are we not, in our hatreds and treachery, the same passions to-day that they were when first the sons of God wooed the daughters of men?

So Wyvil Randolph had plotted, schemed, and had read so well the pride, the sensitiveness, the sudden impulse of his cousin's nature, that he led her to be vindicated in the eyes of the world, and the cruise of his plot, while she, poor child! thought she was but following the dictates of her own judgment and affection.

The wedding night arrived, and the guests, few in number, but comprising the chief of the whose opinion led the public mind in the conservative old town, were assembled.

Paul Morgan, proud and joyous, stood awaiting his bride, who, leaning on her father's arm, descended the stairs without look or word except suddenly by him and stood alone beneath the bridal arch at the end of the long room.

Then Wyvil Randolph appeared, the book opened in his hand, was about to speak, and as the bridegroom and guests stood silent astounded, the whole scene was changed by a piece of a rory and smiling bride, held up her hand to enforce silence, and spoke in a hollow and stifled voice:

"I am the wife of Wyvil Randolph, you who are hidden to the wedding know, but my husband will be my second, Wyvil Randolph, not Paul Morgan!" And this piece of purpose will seem to be strange, so wanton to meet of you, that in no manner less public than this could I justify myself and vindicate my own honor and nature, whom we all have thought so true and pure."

She gasped for breath as she spoke these last words, and turned her head away from the pale face so steadily regarding her, the face where contempt and indignation were now taking the place of love, and those who would have been willing to close other eyes whose powerful bidding she could not disobey, she seemed to gather strength, and went on:

"We all thought poor Mary Scarver was dead when she disappeared so suddenly from this place, three months ago, but I knew better for her life was dear to me, but she lives. I have seen her. I have heard from her own lips what it was that tempted her away from home and those who would have saved her. Yes, and he all the time daring to tell me that he loved me! It is unwomanly in me to say these things, but what am I more than an instrument in the hand of eternal Justice? Even at the cost of my own nature, Paul Morgan, I, the woman whom you have insulted, thus avenge the woman you have betrayed!"

As the last words parted from her white lips Wyvil Randolph stood beside her and held her hand.

With an imperious gesture and quiet word, he aroused the old clergyman from his stupor of amazement and horror, and after a moment the desecrated service was commenced, and a most unholy union blessed in the sacred name of God.

Then fell an ominous silence upon all the room. The scared and bewildered guests seemed in an hour to congratulate the bride, who, with wild unseeing eyes and rigid lips, stood like the monumental marble of a maiden frozen dead with horror in her nuptial hour.

Even her father and brother (alas! she had no mother) seemed uncertain what part to take in the strange scene, and stood whispering together in the centre of the room.

Only the bridegroom of all present seemed will at ease and ready, but for his position, for mirth and a hearty rejoicings. But upon the tumultuous silence broke a clear, incisive voice, full of haughty scorn, the voice of Paul Morgan.

"A story you have heard, said he, "is false—as false as the heart of him who made it or the lips of her who has uttered it. I, too, have seen the wretched girl referred to, and I, too, have heard her story—her true story—from her own lips, but if my character is not strong enough to refute this calumny, I disdain to attempt it in upon another's infamy. Mr. and Mrs. Randolph, allow me to hope that your married life may be as happy as circumstances will permit it to be."

He bowed courteously to the stupified host and whispering guests, swept one look at Clare that stung deep, even through her humiliation, and with the next moment was gone from the room and house.

The next day he took passage for Australia in the ill-fated brig Ingot, advertised as ready to sail out of Boston harbor in one week from the night of the wedding.

Clare was in a state of passion or despair. The proud self-respect of his nature would have protected him from such, would have kept him in the strength of his self-control, and have left us to others through any press of humiliating annoyance.

His Australian scheme had, in fact, been presented to him some months previously by a friend, who was about to emigrate thither as a wool merchant, and who would have gladly taken Paul into partnership engagement as the Ingot.

While completing his preparations he accidentally met Wyvil Randolph and Mrs. Randolph were to sail for India in the Brahmin, out of New York, a few days earlier than the Ingot, whose voyage had been unexpectedly postponed.

This expeditious escape from the notoriety of the proceedings at the late wedding had formed part of Wyvil's original scheme, and was carried out with the most business accommodation with a large importing house in the India trade, who had offered him very tempting terms as a resident agent in Calcutta.

Morgan heard this intelligence with apparent indifference, but when he was alone clenched his hands with the fierce pressure of concentrated rage, and muttered bitterly:

"I thought to place the world between us!"

Two weeks after the Ingot's departure arrived a three days' gale, and suffered so severely that her master decided to put back into port for repairs and refitting. Among the cargo of the Brahmin, Mr. Randolph, whose affairs in India were pressing, and who secretly dreaded a renewal of the averted glances and whispered sentences that he believe very frequent among his acquaintance since the night of his marriage, vehemently opposed this movement, and insisted that he should proceed immediately to some port upon the English coast, where the brig might be repaired, and the cargo overhauled, as well as the vessel.

The master, faithful to the interest of his employers, objected that the expense would be greater, and should the Brahmin prove always seaworthy, which no one could be certainly disposed of and the goods reshipped in a domestic than a foreign port.

Mr. Randolph was raising warm, and master and supercargo were beginning to each assert his own authority and measure it against that of the other, when the disputing sail was announced to be the Ingot, for Australia.

Upon hearing this intelligence, the harassed captain of the Brahmin suggested that his fellow-passengers should transfer themselves to the Ingot, and landing at Melbourne, wait there for the arrival of the Brahmin, repaired, and by the same firm as the Brahmin, and advertised to sail two weeks later than that craft. The captain added, that should the arrangement be decided upon, the supercargo, he must resign himself to return to New York, and in fact proceeded immediately to give orders for getting the Brahmin about and making sail on the homeward course.

After a few moments' hesitation Randolph decided upon accepting this proposition, and the change was accordingly hailed, and the arrangement briefly concluded between the two shippers. A boat was lowered from the Ingot's side, and having had her only available one in the storm—and in a very brief time the transfer was complete, and the two vessels parted company.

Paul Morgan, doggedly absorbed in an abstruse mathematical work, had not chosen to inquire the cause of the delay, or the purport of the messages shouted back and forth through the speaking trumpets of the two captains. Now, however, his studies were interrupted by the first officer of the

Ingot, who came to request that certain luggage of Morgana's, stored in an empty stateroom, might be removed for the accommodation of the new comers, and by mention of their names, and that of the Brahmin, informed him of the strange chance that had brought him again in contact with the man and woman whom, of all the world, he most wished to avoid.

His first impulse was to return to New York in the Brahman, but running on deck to effect this purpose, he perceived that a wide interval already lay between the two ships, and this the Ingot, steadily gathering way before a favorable breeze, was rapidly increasing.

As Morgan turned moodily from the rail where he had leaned to watch the lessening sails of the homeward-bound Brahman, his eyes encountered those of Clare Randolph, who stood gazing at him in bewildered dismay.

With a cold smile and bow, her former lover passed her, and descending to his stateroom, remained with a clear head and undivided interest the consideration of his mathematical problem.

After the first only met at table, and not always then, as Clare confined herself much to her own apartment. For the rest, their intercourse was formally courteous, and so well did Clare's tact and Morgan's pride conceal the fact, that Randolph and Paul never by any chance spoke or looked at each other, or in any of the little particulars of constant intercourse recognised in any manner each other's existence.

Matters stood thus upon the memorable day when the Ingot, soon after entering the tropics, encountered the terrible typhoon, whose sudden wrath was the total wreck of that illustrious craft, with the loss of every life, except those of Paul and Clare, the one saved by God's grace, the other preserved by His mercy to the frailer appeals of human love.

And this story, with all its wild details, details that in have perforce omitted, pictured itself for Clare upon the evening sky, whispered in the rhythmical plash of the waters, rang through the sudden lull of its strange hints, rustled in the palm-leaves, haunted her in the still midnight, looked at her from the myriad eyes of the starry heaven.

She brooded over its every feature, she peered into its ugly shadows as she had never done while she could fly for refuge to the things about her. But now that she stood apart from life, and no longer had a present, the past rolled back upon her, importunately urging her to remember its follies and its sins, to look upon the ruin she had wrought in three lives, and to consider if any possible future could efface it.

Until a fate of this constant retrospection and remorse, grew a will yearning for pardon and reconciliation with Paul. The ocean had discerned the kindly impulse that fearful night, and it had cast them here together to end their lives; and she was all to be for naught, was only bitterness and estrangement henceforth to possess the hearts once filled with love and trust?

Better than this that she had perished on that fearful night, her first Paul and revived only to frost that sleep of death, for sitting beside his grave she could not be unconscious that he lived he would have forgiven and loved her.

DON SEBASTIAN.

THE readers of our Town Talk gossip are already familiar with the character and peculiarities of Donzetti's opera of "Don Sebastian," recently produced at the Academy of Music, and in that city even those who may not have witnessed its representation upon the stage. It is not necessary, therefore, for us to describe it anew. Suffice it to say here that it abounds in strong dramatic situations, one of which is illustrated, in a spirited sketch, on page 196. Our Artist has selected for illustration, the scene, in Act II., wherein Don Sebastian, the wandering King of Portugal, is protected from the fury of the Moorish Princess, Zaida, by Zaida.

The subject is full of admiration and picturesque effect and it is we think, better treated with taste and spirit, so as to give a picture vividly before the reader's mind, heightened by blanks, and richly colored costume, and graphic accessories, and delineations of character, and sensation, one of the most impressively agreeable scenes ever produced upon the lyric stage.

THE ALLIGATOR.

It is believed that the alligator cannot devour its own species, and that after eating and assuming all he carries it away and secretes it in a hole; and that when partially decomposed, he takes a piece and, like jerk, eats it by the surface, then it is said he then enjoys it. The proper way to set an alligator hook is to procure a rope of three yards in length, run a forked stick into the ground, so that the bait hangs temptingly over the water. In the way I have seen seven bait alligators, or rather hooks, pulled out of one bank in one morning, the hooks having been set over night. Every alligator is not easily caught.

Two large ones, of English breed, were floating close to the banks of the Rio Grande del Norte, when an alligator seized one of them by the head; the other one, seizing the tail right, after the manner of the country, to the one which was seized, did all in her power to assist her companion to take what little life was left, but in vain; after a violent struggle both ones were carried off. It is not designed to be inquired into by the curious, and my informant, accompanied by some Englishmen, went in pursuit.

About a mile distant from where the cows had been seized, he saw a most interested spectacle, a large male alligator. He had beaten down and smashed off him half a cord of the best of sugar-canes, and had then laid the carcasses of the two cows, while he, stretched at full length, was enjoying himself in the sugar-cane, and chewing over his expectations. The hunters stole quietly upon him, and one of them fired at the head, killing him in what is called in "sailor-gear." His size was ten feet. The alligator had been a pirate like the seizer, and there said to the bottom. They then began pulling their boat across into the mud, and at last left the alligator below, apparently lifeless. The question now was, who should go down and inquire after him? Each unflinching which everybody politely offered to have no somebody else. At last one man, who had pistols from self for the occasion, said he would go down and bid the rest. He then proceeded and sent came up to say that during that the alligator was dead. Hopes were then given him, and he went down again and shot him through the carcase. With very great difficulty they succeeded in making it to shore, when it was found to be 15 feet long.

WHAT IS LIFE?

BY ST. GUILD P. ROY.

Is life an empty dream,
A cloud of vapor fringed with gold?
Its trials what they seem,
Tyrants of stern and vengeful mould,
Or mercy's gentle glean?

Is it an idle tale,
In fetters nonsense would hold?
A ship before the gale,
Upon the billows aimless rolled,
Without a chart or sail?

Is life a gaudy gem
That in its setting shall hold
Many a black and grim,
That will blooms, as we grow old,
Pale, valueless and dim?

Is life a garment rare,
Made for the rich and the bold
With cunning art and care,
But laid aside till plait and fold
Are marred beyond repair?

Is life a meteor pale,
Upheld by spirit fingers cold,
Of ghosts of noblest wail,
That have through devious wand'rings strolled,
Till hope and purpose fail?

Life is a fearful thing,
By Wisdom infinite controlled,
Whose ways are mysterious spring,
A precious treasure that we hold,
A holy offering.

FEMALE SOLDIERS.

We had ridden hard and far, but our efforts to overtake the enemy had proved unsuccessful, and now we sat in our tent, vainly striving to be cheerful and contented.

Major Hardy, Captain Mason and myself were the three senior officers on the staff of a general officer, distinguished equally for his valor in the field and his wisdom in the council. No man could be more truly and devotedly attached to their commander than we, and we have often thanked the good fortune to be under one more worthy of that attachment. But this does not tell my story.

Our tent, which had weathered many a storm, was pitched upon a damp, uneven piece of ground—ground which had been the scene of fateful contraband had somewhere found three boards on which we thankfully stretched our weary limbs, and, wrapped in our blankets, we laid down. A tent picket guard, the camp, far, far below us in the valley, and the brilliant signal lights which, over and around the mountain, denoted the foe, assured us that others were as vigilant as ourselves.

Hardy lay where the light from the fire at our door fell upon his face, and I think no true man would have been ashamed to acknowledge that the bright dewy tears glistened on his cheeks were tears, or that it was the thought of a dear young wife and beautiful child, far absent now, perhaps never to be seen again on earth, which caused them to flow. You would find no truer soldier than Hardy. Through the Mexican war he had won the praises and esteem of every officer under whom he served, and the hearts of all fellow-prisoners; and now, when he had "settled down," as he said, and had married a lovely girl to whom he had long been affianced, he was not willing to call for men to defend our country. Among the first to enter the field was Hardy, and his name had been distinguished for many a deed of wonderful daring and bravery.

Mason had drawn his "downy couch," as he called it, near the fire, and was busily engaged in deciphering a piece of old newspaper which he had found in a deserted house during the day's ride. Mason, like Hardy, was a regular officer. He was so brave, so gallant, such a thorough soldier and true gentleman, so frank and open, so wise in planning and judging, yet so modest in advancing his opinions, so pleasant a companion in the long nights which we occasionally take in the Army of the Potomac, that truly—

"None knew him but to love him,
Or named him but to praise."

I had withdrawn, as I said, to a dark corner of the tent, and it would have been difficult for me to say whether I was most thoroughly heart-sick or worn-out physically.

Mason was the first to break the long silence.

"Well, for my part," quoth he, "I don't believe one word of women's enlisting and serving as sisters. Every regiment has a couple of Joan of Arc small trash. I don't believe that any woman could bear the fatigue and exposure, or that they would have the courage to stand before a volley of musketry."

Hardy laughed.

"You remember the General's wife at Fair Oaks, didn't you, Mase?"

"No; what was it?"

"Well, you remember how these rascally rebels use to wake us every morning just before sunrise, by a dozen or so of shells, or a few volleys of musketry? Well, I was just lying down for a day or two, and insisted upon staying in the tent near the outworks with her husband. The morning after her arrival, the enemy began firing in earnest, and one or two shells burst quite near her tent. Of course the General sprang up at the first sound, and was soon with us, directing in person the fire of our batteries. He did not stop to give his wife any directions how to act in case of danger, but left her entirely to the force of the enemy, but trusted entirely to her own good sense and decision. She ordered her carriage to be in readiness at a moment's warning, secured a large amount of money which she had with her upon her person, and then, after hastening for some time to the incessant firing, and watching the shells as they whizzed about in the distance, she told her servant to call her if the sergeant of the ground at headquarters pronounced it necessary for her to retire, or if the General sent her any message, and returned to her tent. When, after silencing the enemy, the General returned about three hours after, he found her sleeping as quietly and peacefully as a tired child. When she awoke, she told him she was determined not to leave there as long as she could stay without a hindrance to him, and that, confident he would return to her in safety, she had run down to see the battle-ground."

"Yes," said Mason, "that may all be true, but in his first place, there are very few women like Mrs. Grafton, and, in the next, how long do you think even she could stand the wear and tear of a soldier's life? Not six weeks, I believe."

"Perhaps not," replied Hardy. "I pity any woman from the bottom of my heart that does so, but, let the reason be what it may. There must be something very wrong somewhere."

"The other day at inspection," said Mason, "Jay, the assistant-surgeon of the 49th, said he'd bet that splendid boy of his that one of the corporals' company, A, or the 10th, was a woman. I haven't seen him since to inquire, but I never should have thought of suspecting the man—the woman, I mean."

Hardy did not reply.

"Mason," said I, "do you remember at Bull Run, when we were both in the 7th infantry, that a splendid young fellow we had for a color-sergeant? How gallantly he defended his flag, and when how almost miraculously he saved Colonel Blair's life in the charge?"

"Indeed I do!" replied the captain with enthusiasm, pleased to find that he spoke "by the card" in the most gallant action performed that day. Why, doctor, his hands were all shattered to pieces by bullets, and his arm broken by the staff, and the flag, yet he managed to hold it by pressing it to his breast with his arm, though he must have suffered excruciating pain. Blair said he had given up ever getting out of that serape alive, when the fellow came dashing along, and throwing himself between him and the enemy, received in his own body the ball intended for the Colonel. I never saw a man feel anything as Blair did that. I never could get him to speak of it but once, and then he seemed almost overwhelmed deeply affected.

"You never surmised that the color-sergeant of the 7th was a woman?" I asked quietly.

"By Cornwallis, you don't mean it, doctor," exclaimed Mason in astonishment, and even the quiet Hardy started up from his board and looked at me with a look of astonishment.

"You need not stare so," I continued. "I am telling you the truth. I dressed the poor creature's wounds myself, and the next day she was sent for me and told me her secret. She had been left an orphan when quite young, and Blair's father, who was a rich planter, had taken her into her family as a sort of confidential servant, keeping her mostly in her own apartments. In this way she had seen more of Blair than she had of any other member of the family, although He was a handsome, dashing young fellow, and almost unconsciously to herself, and entirely so on his part, she became attached to him. Not long before the war broke out, he married and brought his wife home to this. Thus opened poor Margaret's eyes to the truth that her peace of mind was gone for ever, and unable to endure the misery to which she knew she must be subjected as a member of the family, she pleaded ill health as a reason for leaving them and spending the summer with an old friend in a distant part of the country. When the war broke out she was of the first to offer his services and raise a regiment when the war came. Margaret heard of it, and, by her own account, did not stop to consider to disguise herself and enlist in it. I can't imagine her deep-seated detection, but she did, and all along with high bravery and coolness she fulfilled her duty. When she found that her wounds were approaching, she desired me to send for the Colonel, and I left them together. What passed in that interview no one knows, but in about half an hour I was sent for, and found Blair looking almost as much like death as the poor girl herself. He had learned the truth. They were sure I should save your life in some way, and I did be happy. Think sometimes of poor Margaret, my Maud Parkwood, and the next Brevet Major Margaret Powers, the brave color-sergeant of the 7th infantry, was dead."

My recital was followed by the most profound silence, which was at length broken by Hardy, who, Hardy covered his face with his hands, and turned away from the light, and Mason sat looking thoughtfully into the fire. An hour passed in this manner.

Weary as we were, our position was one of too much danger to permit us to sleep quietly, and Hardy and myself had each an occasional doze as we lay on our hard beds.

Suddenly Mason started and listened intently; then, without a word, sprang to the side of his horse which was fastened near the tent, and began placing the saddle upon him with his own hand. Hardy quickly followed his example, and in a few minutes stood, thoroughly equipped, beside our horses, ready to mount. Then I asked:

"What is it, Mason?"

"The long roll," he replied.

"Where?" asked Hardy.

"On the right; Devereaux Division, I think."

"Another stampede among Hazelly's mules, probably," said I.

"No," said Mason. "Hazelly is on the left now, and besides the General heard it and started before I did. He is no ready for action as any man in our army, I believe. Have you any carriage to fit my pistol, doctor?"

I gave them to him, and they mounted and

CONSECRATION OF THE NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL

At Philadelphia.

THE new Roman Catholic Cathedral at Philadelphia has at last been completed, and dedicated to the solemn purposes of worship. The ceremony of consecration was performed on Sunday, Nov. 20th, in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators. We have engraved, for our Illustrated Weekly Journal, on the first page of this paper, an illustration of the scene in the interior of the beautiful Cathedral walls. The ceremony was performed by the Right Rev. Aurea J. Wood, Bishop of Philadelphia, a portrait of whom will be found on page 206. The Bishop, in our engraving, is depicted in the canonical robes, wearing his mitre of gold cloth, holding in one hand his arras crozier, pronounces the solemn words of the service. Behind him are other his silver instruments, from which he sprinkles the holy water over the altar and the floor. The procession is indicated in one of the most significant and impressive of the many rites of the church, and it is one of the most beautiful ceremonies performed with pomp and splendor.

The consecration of this magnificent Cathedral was laid Sept. 9th, 1846 by the late much lamented Dr. Kenrick, then Bishop of Philadelphia, and left unquestionably the finest edifice of the kind in the country. Bishop Kenrick, who succeeded Dr. Kenrick in the Bishopric of Philadelphia, continued the work, but neither of these prelates lived to see it finished. The Cathedral is now under the immediate care of Bishop Wood. It was designed by the eminent architect, Mr. Keely, and has been erected under his own superintendence. Its cost, about half a million dollars, has been defrayed by voluntary contributions, chiefly from members of the Roman Catholic congregation, collected, from time to time, during the earlier years which have been consumed in building it. A noble and lasting monument has thus been erected to the piety, liberality and generous liberation of the donors.

The Cathedral is the largest edifice—in the city of Mexico—the largest church on this continent. It is built in the form of a cross, and is 216 feet long, 104 feet wide, and 80 feet high, to the apex of the roof. The exterior diameter of the dome at its base is 71 feet, and its interior 55 feet. The towers, which are 19 feet at the great base and triangular in shape for 8 feet high, cylindrical and panelled. Over the intersections of the main vaults is the celebrated dome, octagonal in form, which is on the highest degree grand and imposing. The side aisles and transepts are divided from the nave by massive piers, which give support to the arches on which the clerestory is built; the piers being nearly square, with cylindrical moulded shafts at the four principal salients or the Corinthian order, with enriched base and capital. These pillars support an entablature, including the architrave, frieze, cornice and blocking course, over which springs the vaulted semi-circular arches. The architrave is carried round the pillars, which is on the highest degree grand and imposing. The side aisles and transepts are divided from the nave by massive piers, which give support to the arches on which the clerestory is built; the piers being nearly square, with cylindrical moulded shafts at the four principal salients or the Corinthian order, with enriched base and capital. These pillars support an entablature, including the architrave, frieze, cornice and blocking course, over which springs the vaulted semi-circular arches. The architrave is carried round the pillars, which is on the highest degree grand and imposing. The side aisles and transepts are divided from the nave by massive piers, which give support to the arches on which the clerestory is built; the piers being nearly square, with cylindrical moulded shafts at the four principal salients or the Corinthian order, with enriched base and capital. These pillars support an entablature, including the architrave, frieze, cornice and blocking course, over which springs the vaulted semi-circular arches. The architrave is carried round the pillars, which is on the highest degree grand and imposing.

The location of the building, on Broad street, facing on Logan square, is exceptionally fine and imposing. The material of the church is dark brown stone. Its architecture is the richest style of Roman Corinthian. Its front, on Broad street, is 104 feet wide, and 80 feet high, consists of a portico of four enormous columns, 60 feet high and seven feet in diameter, with a pediment above, surmounted by a richly sculptured. The inscription upon the frieze is—

"*Ad augustum Dei ejusque* (to the greater glory of God).

Over the portico, in the centre, is a large circular window, filled with tracery and stained glass of the richest description. The doors are of white Italian marble. The pews are of white pine, capped with mahogany, and are furnished with revolving seats. The floor is covered with rich carpeting. By Constantine Brumidi, over the main aisle, is one of the most striking features in the interior decoration of the Cathedral. Other paintings adorn the church, which is also glorious with colored glass and statuary, overall with magnificence the softened light, falling from above, sheds a holy lustre, in perfect keeping with the sanctity of the place. Here, through years—many to through centuries—the devotion of man will express itself, in humble adoration, before the Almighty Master, and in grateful thanksgiving for the gift of His son, a testimony to the pious energy and Christian labors of the present generation.

finished loading his revolver the General had mounted, and we were by his side, hastening to the front. For a time all was quiet, but just before daybreak the enemy attacked and drove in our pickets, of whom two were killed and several wounded. A skirmish followed, and for the next few hours I was fully occupied with my professional duties. About noon they brought in a poor young fellow—mere boy, apparently—and one glance at the fearfulness in his head assured me that he had but a few moments to live. I would not stay to examine his wounds any longer. I knew I could do nothing to prolong his life or alleviate his sufferings. At that moment Mason came in search of a message from the General, and as his eye fell upon the poor fellow before me he whispered:

"Doctor! it's the corporal of the 10th; the one Jay says is a woman."

I made no reply for the breath came more and more slowly, the death-dew stood upon the smooth, white brow in great drops, and the next moment, with one gasp, he died. Jay was right—the corporal was a woman—the mask had undergone the greatest hardships, and endured the greatest fatigues, for during the campaign we had lost more than eight soldiers dead as the ranks of the 10th were so much thinned by sickness and casualties, the few who remained were formed into companies and regiments. Afterwards I questioned some of the men in her company, but none of them had ever suspected that their former comrade was a woman, though they had frequently noticed her quiet, retiring manners, and evident wish to keep by herself and answer no questions.

So Mason was satisfied that a woman might have sufficient courage to face the enemy, and strength and fortitude to endure a soldier's hardships and privations.

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At Philadelphia.

THE new Roman Catholic Cathedral at Philadelphia has at last been completed, and dedicated to the solemn purposes of worship. The ceremony of consecration was performed on Sunday, Nov. 20th, in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators. We have engraved, for our Illustrated Weekly Journal, on the first page of this paper, an illustration of the scene in the interior of the beautiful Cathedral walls. The ceremony was performed by the Right Rev. Aurea J. Wood, Bishop of Philadelphia, a portrait of whom will be found on page 206. The Bishop, in our engraving, is depicted in the canonical robes, wearing his mitre of gold cloth, holding in one hand his arras crozier, pronounces the solemn words of the service. Behind him are other his silver instruments, from which he sprinkles the holy water over the altar and the floor. The procession is indicated in one of the most significant and impressive of the many rites of the church, and it is one of the most beautiful ceremonies performed with pomp and splendor.

The consecration of this magnificent Cathedral was laid Sept. 9th, 1846 by the late much lamented Dr. Kenrick, then Bishop of Philadelphia, and left unquestionably the finest edifice of the kind in the country. Bishop Kenrick, who succeeded Dr. Kenrick in the Bishopric of Philadelphia, continued the work, but neither of these prelates lived to see it finished. The Cathedral is now under the immediate care of Bishop Wood. It was designed by the eminent architect, Mr. Keely, and has been erected under his own superintendence. Its cost, about half a million dollars, has been defrayed by voluntary contributions, chiefly from members of the Roman Catholic congregation, collected, from time to time, during the earlier years which have been consumed in building it. A noble and lasting monument has thus been erected to the piety, liberality and generous liberation of the donors.

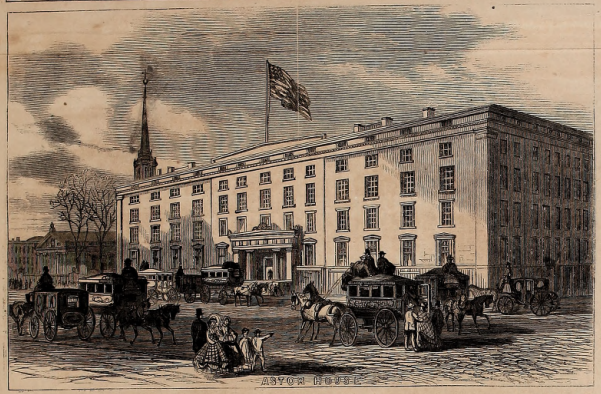
The Cathedral is the largest edifice—in the city of Mexico—the largest church on this continent. It is built in the form of a cross, and is 216 feet long, 104 feet wide, and 80 feet high, to the apex of the roof. The exterior diameter of the dome at its base is 71 feet, and its interior 55 feet. The towers, which are 19 feet at the great base and triangular in shape for 8 feet high, cylindrical and panelled. Over the intersections of the main vaults is the celebrated dome, octagonal in form, which is on the highest degree grand and imposing. The side aisles and transepts are divided from the nave by massive piers, which give support to the arches on which the clerestory is built; the piers being nearly square, with cylindrical moulded shafts at the four principal salients or the Corinthian order, with enriched base and capital. These pillars support an entablature, including the architrave, frieze, cornice and blocking course, over which springs the vaulted semi-circular arches. The architrave is carried round the pillars, which is on the highest degree grand and imposing. The side aisles and transepts are divided from the nave by massive piers, which give support to the arches on which the clerestory is built; the piers being nearly square, with cylindrical moulded shafts at the four principal salients or the Corinthian order, with enriched base and capital. These pillars support an entablature, including the architrave, frieze, cornice and blocking course, over which springs the vaulted semi-circular arches. The architrave is carried round the pillars, which is on the highest degree grand and imposing.

The location of the building, on Broad street, facing on Logan square, is exceptionally fine and imposing. The material of the church is dark brown stone. Its architecture is the richest style of Roman Corinthian. Its front, on Broad street, is 104 feet wide, and 80 feet high, consists of a portico of four enormous columns, 60 feet high and seven feet in diameter, with a pediment above, surmounted by a richly sculptured. The inscription upon the frieze is—

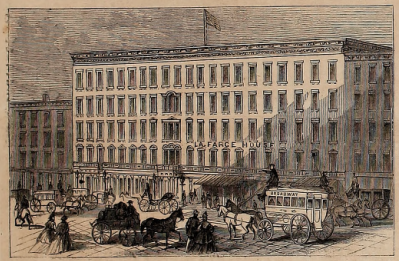
"*Ad augustum Dei ejusque* (to the greater glory of God).

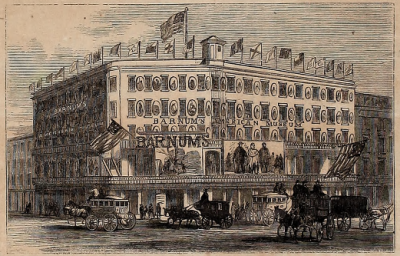
Over the portico, in the centre, is a large circular window, filled with tracery and stained glass of the richest description. The doors are of white Italian marble. The pews are of white pine, capped with mahogany, and are furnished with revolving seats. The floor is covered with rich carpeting. By Constantine Brumidi, over the main aisle, is one of the most striking features in the interior decoration of the Cathedral. Other paintings adorn the church, which is also glorious with colored glass and statuary, overall with magnificence the softened light, falling from above, sheds a holy lustre, in perfect keeping with the sanctity of the place. Here, through years—many to through centuries—the devotion of man will express itself, in humble adoration, before the Almighty Master, and in grateful thanksgiving for the gift of His son, a testimony to the pious energy and Christian labors of the present generation.

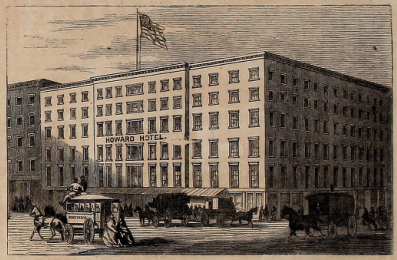
METROPOLITAN HOTEL

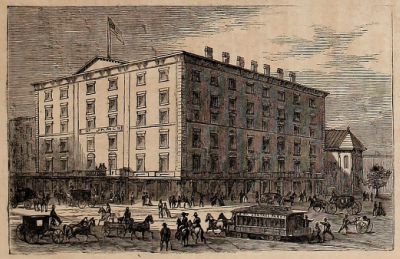




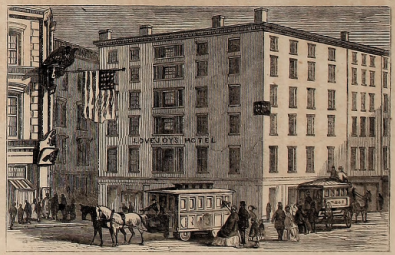




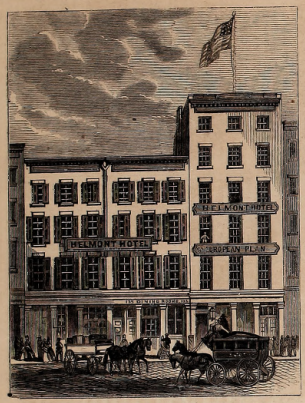


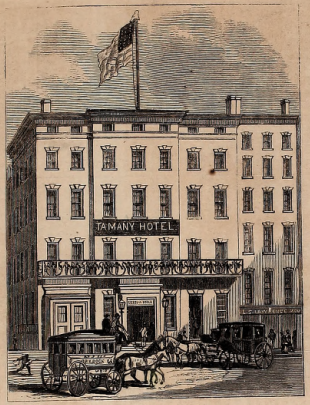






THE HOTELS OF NEW YORK CITY, THAT WERE SET ON FIRE BY REBEL INCENDIARIES ON THE EVENING OF NOV. 25.

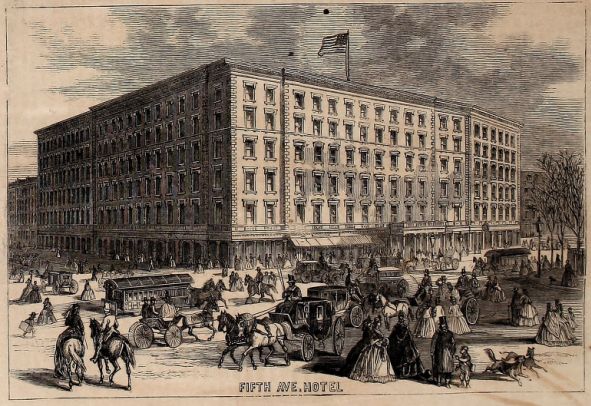

BELMONT HOTEL
BELMONT HOTEL
EUROPEAN PLAN


TAMANY HOTEL


FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL




METROPOLITAN HOTEL


FIFTH AVE. HOTEL

A LOVER'S THOUGHTS.

How many thoughts I give thee!
Come hither on the grass,
And if thou'lt count unfailing
The green blades as we pass;
Or the leaves that sigh and tremble,
To the sweet wind of the west,
Or the rippling of the river,
Or the sunbeams on its breast,
I'll count the thoughts I give thee,
My beautiful, my blest!

How many joys I owe thee!
Come sit where waves run high,
And count the heaving billows,
That break on the shores and die—
Or the grains of sand they fondle,
When the storms are overblown,
Or the pearls in the deep-sea caverns,
Or the stars in the milky zone,
And I'll count the joys I owe thee,
My beautiful, my own!

And how much love I proffer!
Come scoop the ocean dry,
Or weigh in thy tiny balance
The star ships of the sky;
Or twine around thy fingers,
The sunlight streaming wide,
Or fold it in thy bosom,
While the world is dark beside;
And I'll tell how much I love thee,
My beautiful, my bride!

MEDUSA.

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

On the Monday following the eventful Monday described, true to her original plan, Mrs. Brande came up to town, and, faithful to her appointment, drove up to the Piccadilly entrance of St. James's Hall at ten minutes before eight o'clock. She was a real child about her amusements, and always liked to be there ever so long before the beginning. She found her cousin, early as it was, already in waiting for her at the door.

"What have you been doing with yourself all day, you bad boy," she said, as he helped her out of the carriage, "that you never came to look me up, though you knew I was to arrive by the twelve o'clock train?"

"I couldn't, dear," he answered; "I was at a monster concert and couldn't get away; it began at one, and was not over before half-past six. I had got helplessly jammed in, and had to bear my fate as best I might, and bide my time to the end."

"Good heavens!" she said, "what an ostrich's stomach for music you must have! Fond as I am of it I couldn't have done that, and then do this on the top of it; no wonder that you look dead beat! Was it a good concert? What did you hear?"

"Oh, a lot of things," he answered, carelessly; "I'm sure I don't know what."

"And who sang?" asked she.

"Let me see," said Mr. Saville. "Oh, a whole heap of people sang—everybody sang—I can't recollect who."

He had taken care to secure the same seats of the week before, and when they arrived, he noticed with emotion that the first six places on the front bench close to them were still empty. As the hour of commencing drew near, he was in a state of abstraction that at last became quite apparent to his cousin; he hardly heard what she said to him, and scarcely answered when he had heard. The orchestra was filling by degrees, and he kept his eyes riveted upon the people as they entered.

"My dear Edward," said Mrs. Brande, "who in the world are you looking for among all those shabby people up there on the platform?"

"I am looking for a checked shawl and a gray worsted stocking," he answered.

But he looked in vain. Presently a party of people rustled past him, the women's gowns as they brushed by filled him with a strange agitation. He recognised them—they were the people of the Monday before—and took the same seats on the front bench. There was the elderly gentleman with the red nose, the daughter with the spectacles and the big music-book, the stout mother with the pagoda on her head, and her bottle of smelling-salts in her hand, and they had brought with them a son of fifteen who took the place next to Mr. Saville, who could have kicked him. Our friend was in an irritable frame of mind, and the boy fidgeted him into a perfect fever. The youth's neckcloth was too stiff, and he craned his neck about incessantly; then his waistcoat was too tight for him, and he tried to ease himself by first unbuttoning the three upper buttons, and then buttoning them up again, and unbuttoning the four lower ones, so as alternately to relieve the different portions of his suffering person. Harty Brande was quite delighted with the boy; he had chilblains too, and after rubbing his wretched feet together, and making his boots creak till he nearly drove his neighbor wild, he finally kicked both his boots off at the heel, after which he sighed deeply and seemed rather better. Harty, who had a great sense of fun, was thoroughly wrapped up in him. Edward Saville thought with savage delight of the end of the concert, and the moment when he would have to put those boots on again. The music came, the music went; the evening had come, and was gone, and Edward had accompanied his cousin home, and was now sitting by a bright fire in her small drawing-room, moodily drinking a very good cup of tea.

"My dear boy," she said to him, "what ails you? You don't seem half glad to see me, whatever the reason may be; and I am so disappointed about it that I really don't think I shall tell you something which I had imagined would have given you pleasure."

"Yes, I am glad to see you, Harty, dear," he said, kissing her hand affectionately; "but I am tired, and out of spirits, and the music and that hot room together have finished me. Decidedly London is a mistake at this season of the year; and to-morrow when you start, I think it not at all unlikely that you will find me at the station ready to accompany you back to Herne Court."

"Don't go to the station to-morrow, then, for if you do, you won't find me," she said, laughing; "this is exactly what I was nursing up as such a treat to delight you with—William has gone for a few days' hunting to the Digbys, and I have a holiday until Saturday. I thought you'd be so pleased! But you don't even make the demonstrations that bare civility requires, and I feel quite mortified. I had meant to go everywhere this week, and had reckoned upon you for the partner of all my little dissipations."

"My dear Harty, I shall be delighted to go with you everywhere; but on Thursday I can go nowhere. My sister starts for Malta with her husband at eight o'clock on Friday morning, and I must spend the last evening with her. Besides, this last week I have given myself a sickener of music, and just at the present moment feel very much as if I would rather never hear another note as long as I live. Last Monday, I went as you know to that ill-fated place we were at to-night."

Here Mrs. Brande burst out laughing, but on looking round at him, saw with surprise that he was perfectly serious.

"On Tuesday I was at the Vocal Association—one Wednesday there was Benedict's concert—on Thursday I went to Henry Leslie's Choir—on Friday there was the Israel in Egypt at Exeter Hall—and on Saturday I was at Covent Garden. I can't go to any more music!"

"But, my dear Edward, what could induce you to go to these places in such frightful quick succession?"

"Medusa," he said, with a nervous little laugh.

She pressed him in vain for an explanation; she could get nothing further out of him. As he was bidding her good-night, she kept hold of his hand, and said to him:

"Tell me who Medusa is?"

"Only a woman with gray worsted stockings, and a checked shawl," he answered, and left her.

CHAPTER III.

Edward Saville had passed a feverish, unsatisfactory week; haunted by the strange face he had seen at the concert, he had (as he told his cousin) gone by turns to every musical entertainment in London, for the chance of meeting the pale lady again. Everything about her seemed mysterious. That she was foreign he had no doubt, most probably German, he thought, as he recollected the circumstance of the knitting; and then he passionately regretted that this should not have occurred to him at the time. He had lived for years in Germany, and the language was as familiar to him as his own; if he had spoken to her in German, perhaps she might have answered him.

At last, exasperated by all these unsuccessful efforts to see her again, worried by recollections he could not banish, and speculations that arrived at no conclusions, in a sort of spite at himself he made up his mind to think that after all she was probably only one of the many foreign women of disreputable career with whom London is always teeming. Her costly clothes looked like the thing enough—so did her being there all alone—and then he remembered that irreproachable distinction of appearance, the quiet of her demeanor, and the pale face and wistful eyes seemed to reproach him for his thought.

If Edward Saville had had a profession, or an occupation of any sort, he would not have been subject to this kind of possession; but from a boy he had been his own master; and as, owing to his independent means, he had had life pretty much his own way, and had never met with anything like wholesome opposition to any of his wishes; while *blasé* upon all the ordinary pursuits and pleasures of most young men, he was capable of being roused to an almost insane degree of excitement by any adventure which seemed attended with doubt or difficulty.

However, continual concerts had somewhat damped his ardor, and at the end of this week of disappointment, provoked with his want of success, he thought himself a fool for his pains, and made up his mind that nothing should induce him to pursue his wild-goose chase any further; and so he devoted himself very thoroughly to his cousin, and took her to all the places she wished to go to, except to Leslie's Choir; it would have brought his recent disappointment too vividly before his eyes; besides, he was engaged to his sister, and, as we have seen, he refused to accompany Mrs. Brande there. On Friday, when he was calling, he asked her how she had liked her evening.

"Quite charming," she said; "we had all manner of lovely things, and then wound up with Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise, which I had never heard before. I never liked anything so much in my life, though I am free to confess that during the last chorus I only listened with half an ear to the music, for I suddenly caught sight of a face so unlike any face I ever saw before, and that looked so curious altogether, that I could not take my eyes off it."

"Yes," said her cousin, absently, "one does see such faces sometimes."

"I am sure," she went on, "there must be a story to that face. Edward, don't you believe that when people look like that they have stories? I haven't a story, and I don't look like that; you haven't a story, and you don't look like that; don't tell me that people look like that for nothing."

"Like what, in the first place?" he asked, laughing. "And in the second, did the face belong to a man or a woman? for you haven't told me even that yet. I dare say it's the man with the big red beard, whom one sees everywhere—you always go mad upon beards."

"It was a woman," said Harty, impetuously; "and the only thing in the world she was like was an ecstatic triumphant Virgin, in an Assumption by some glorious old master. She was just two rows behind me, and when I first caught sight of her, she was leaning back with her hands clasped in her lap, her face was turned upwards towards the orchestra, and had a rapturous transfigured aspect, such as I never saw on any human face before. And oh, what eyes! It was not only the beauty of them, but a look they had in them, as if all the time they saw something that we none of us could see. It seemed as if only the husk of her were sitting there, and that her soul was away, away, away, bathed in the light of a paradise that was invisible to her grosser sense."

"Some Southern woman, probably," said Edward. "One sees rays of light stream from those dark faces sometimes in a marvellous way."

"No, she wasn't Italian," interrupted Harty, eagerly; "she was not dark, she was a fair woman, with heaps of light hair, and a face as white as marble." (Edward Saville's heart gave a great jump.) "And what was so wonderful about her was her extraordinary unconsciousness; it seemed to isolate her so completely from the whole room. She had no one with her—wasn't it odd for so young a woman? She can't be more than three or four-and-twenty; she passed out close before me, and I saw that she was alone—you'll think I am gone quite crazy on the subject, but her dress, too, was so very peculiar: she had got on a gown of——"

"Violet velvet, I know, and a diamond comb!" exclaimed Edward Saville, starting up in a state of great excitement. "My dear Harty, can you tell me anything about that woman?" he said, taking both her hands. "You say that you left the concert-room together; did you see her drive off? Did you hear what direction was given to the coachman?"

"No," said his cousin, in amazement at the degree of agitation he expressed. "Her carriage was just before mine; there was an elderly-looking man waiting for her at the door, and 'Home!' was the only direction given."

Mrs. Brande knew the riddle now, and Medusa was revealed. She was troubled for her cousin; he looked worn and haggard, and his manner was so disturbed that she felt quite unhappy about him. She moved heaven and earth to get him to promise to go down with her the next day into the country, but was obliged to leave town without him, and, what was worse, with but little apparent prospect of seeing him for some time to come.

The months passed; winter had rolled into spring, and Edward Saville was still in London. Harty wrote to him continually from Herne Court, loading him with little commissions to execute for her, that he might be obliged to write, and that so she might be kept a little *au courant* of his life. She did not gather much information, however, on this head; he did what she asked, but was silent about himself; the letters were short, unsatisfactory, and read sadly; at least, so it seemed to Mrs. Brande's kind heart.

One morning he got a note from her containing a list of plants, which she begged he would be so good as to order for her from some nursery-grounds on the Bayswater road. It was a lovely morning towards the middle of May; he got into a Hansom, and went off in search of the florist. There was a brougham waiting at the door, which moved a few paces on to let him draw up. He passed through the little shop into the nursery-garden behind the house.

The master of the shop was busily engaged at some distance with two ladies, who were coming down the principal walk towards the shop. They were veiled, but a strange throbbing seized Edward Saville's heart as they came nearer, and he saw that the one next to him wore a checked shawl and common stuff gown. The other was a lady dressed in black silk, and held a large nosegay of lilies of the valley in her hand. He stood aside breathless as they approached. It was she; he took off his hat as she passed; she looked full at him as she went by, and smiled, but did not return his bow, nor look back once. They got into the carriage and drove away.

Without thinking of Harty, or her commission, or of the gaping shopman who was re-entering the house, and whom he nearly overthrew in his mad haste, Mr. Saville precipitated himself into his cab, and desired the man to follow the brougham, which was still in sight, but on ahead at some little distance before them. They drove on for some time upon the Bayswater road, keeping the carriage steadily in sight all the while, until they saw it stop very nearly opposite the gate of Kensington Gardens, before a long, low, Gothic cottage that stood within walls and a little way back from the high road. Here Edward Saville saw the young woman whom he supposed to be a servant get out and ring the bell. The door was opened by an elderly man, whom he recognised as the one he had seen at the hall. The carriage drove off empty, and the two women disappeared into the house.

He discharged his cab, and then walked leisurely past the cottage. It looked astonishingly rural among all the other suburban residences. Home Cottage was the name of the spruce little white box with the bright green blinds just before it. It appeared to have a large garden at the back, for over the wall he could see a considerable space untenanted with houses, and in which there were three or four trees: real trees of respectable magnitude. The cottage was of a light stone color; there was clear blue in the heavens, soft white clouds were sailing about, a fresh spring wind tempered the mid-day heat, and a lithe cherry tree, covered with blossoms, was nodding its white head in at the latticed bedroom windows in front; it was a very pretty picture. Having made this inspection of the premises, he turned back again and rang at the bell.

"Pray can you tell me if Mrs. Brande live here?" he said, when the old man appeared.

"There is no such person here," was the reply, very crustily given, and with a strongly-marked German accent.

"Do you know, by any chance, if there is such a person in the neighborhood?" pursued Edward, as he saw the door gradually closing against him.

"There is no such person," said the old man again, and shut the door in his face.

He crossed the road and turned into Kensington Gardens. The great walk, which is generally the favorite resort of nursemaids and their small charges, was nearly empty, and he wandered on in almost complete solitude among the trees until he came to the round pond. In the retirement of that lovely place he tried to collect his thoughts and calm the agitation of his mind. At last he had found her! He had no project, no plan, and he hardly felt any desire to make one. He knew where she lived; she could escape him no more! He had found her. All the harassing anxiety of the last weary months seemed to roll away in one deep sigh of relief. It was enough, and he sat down to enjoy the new, divine sense of rest in which his heart was steeped.

Edward Saville passed once more before the cottage on his way back to the nursery garden; no one was to be seen, but he heard the sound of a pianoforte, which was being played upon in a masterly manner. After executing Mrs. Brande's commission, he asked the shopkeeper who the ladies were whom he had seen there in the morning.

"Well, sir," said the man, "they're foreign ladies; they come down a'most every morning, between twelve and one o'clock, and buy as many lilies of the valley as I can cut for them. I have sent flowers down to the house once or twice; they live at Home Cottage; it's a long low house, sir, a good bit further down the road."

This he knew.

"Did you say they were foreign?" he inquired.

"Yes, sir; I've got the name down in my book." The man opened his book and pointed to a direction that was written in it. Mr. Saville read: "Mrs. Hausmann, Home Cottage, Bayswate Road."

The next morning, by twelve o'clock, he was at the garden, and made the gardener cut him all the lilies in the valley that were out. He had made up his mind to leave them at the cottage anonymously, and trust to the feminine instinct of the pale lady to guess from whom they came. He had just paid for the flowers when he saw the two well-known figures arrive. They passed through the shop and went up the broad pathway to speak to the gardener. Mr. Saville was in a side walk, and watched the conversation at some distance. He saw the man point to him and shake his head—they were evidently being told that there were no lilies for them this morning. He changed his mind at once, and decided that, instead of leaving the flowers at the house, he would offer them in person. He went into the shop and waited, the ladies took a little turn in the grounds and then came back. They entered the shop, and he was just preparing to speak to them, when the pale lady, who was passing close to him, suddenly snatched the flowers out of his hand, and, without a word, made for the carriage, followed by her companion, who was in fits of laughter. Encouraged by this extraordinary freedom of manner in both the women, Edward proceeded at once towards the cottage. He had not gone a hundred paces before the old man-servant met and passed him on the road. He hastened on and rung at the door. It was opened this time by a little maid-of-all-work.

"Is Madame Hausmann at home?" said he.

"No, she's out," answered the girl.

"But the other ladies, are they at home?"

"Yes, Miss Elizabeth came in about twenty minutes ago."

"Oh, that was Miss Elizabeth, was it? I have just met her, with her maid, at the nursery-garden. Will you take in my card, and ask if she will be kind enough to receive me?"

"There ain't no maid but me, and you've made a mistake," said the girl; "and it's no use my taking in the card, they never sees any one."

"But there were two ladies; if one was Miss Elizabeth, who was the other one?" said Edward. "Don't be in such a hurry, my dear," he continued, as he saw the door, which she held in her hand, preparing to close upon him as before, "you shan't lose by doing me a good turn." And he gave her half-a-crown.

"Well, there was only Miss Elizabeth and Countess Vander, but it's no use your asking to see them; I've been here nigh upon two years now, and never let any one in yet—two or three is come like you, but they never got in. I tell you they sees no one."

"Jane!" cried an angry voice from above, "who are you gossiping with all this time? Shut the door this minute, and go back to your work!"

She slammed the door to, and Edward Saville turned away. Madame Hausmann, Miss Elizabeth and Countess Vander, what an odd hash it all was! He was so deep in his brown study that he did not see where he was going, and ran right up against a handsome man, with a fair beard, who was coming along at a swinging pace in the opposite direction. By an unerring instinct of the heart, Edward Saville knew that he was going to the cottage, and turned to look after him. He was right enough; but the stranger was more fortunate than he, for, without asking a single question, when Jane opened the door, the young man entered the house.

Edward retraced his steps, and, as he walked slowly before the cottage, he could hear the man's voice and sounds of laughter from within. He went past, and looking up at the spruce villa that was next door (Europa Point it was called), he saw "To Let," in the windows of the first floor. He immediately asked to see the mistress of the house, inquired about terms, and was sa

liberal, and made himself so accommodating, that he not only settled everything then and there, but, by dint of a sovereign or two more judiciously thrown in, persuaded the landlady to allow him to instal himself in the mansion, which he had taken for three months certain, that very evening.

He arrived about eight o'clock, having given out to all his friends and at his club that he was going to leave town. Just as he had jumped out of the cab and he was paying the man, he glanced up at the next cottage. One of the top windows was open, and he saw the young companion of the pale lady looking steadily down at him. Their eyes met, she colored, and he saw that she had recognised him. She called to some one in the room, and a stern-visaged old woman came to the window. About half an hour afterwards his nosegay of lilies of the valley was returned to him.

The evening was excessively hot, and Edward Saville was in a fever. His little stuffy lodging, with its dingy drab moreen curtains, saturated with dust and smoke, seemed to stifle him. The front room was a tolerably pleasant apartment, of fair size, but the back drawing-room, which was about a quarter as large, entirely overlooked the neighboring garden, and of course it was here that he took up his residence. He threw open the narrow windows as wide as they would go and looked out. It was ten o'clock then, and a lovely moonlight night. From the next house he could hear the sound of music, the exquisite slow movement of Chopin's second sonata in B minor was wafted over the wall to him, and the young man, melted by the soft air and by the tenderness in his own soul, leaned his arms upon the window and listened with his eyes full of tears.

Suddenly a loud slam, as if the piano had been violently shut down, broke the silence, the door of the drawing-room, which gave upon the garden, was thrown wide open, and out rushed the pale lady with a sheet of music in her hand, followed by the man he had knocked up against in the morning. She flew round and round the garden in the moonlight, dodging in and out among the trees and bushes with the young man in full chase after her, while their peals of laughter echoed through the still air. Edward Saville stood motionless watching them, glued to the window and devoured by jealousy. At last the young man doubled adroitly round one of the bushes and caught her full in his arms. They had a sharp struggle for the music, during which her comb tumbled out, and all her hair came down, covering her to her very feet. She was beaten at last, and he got the music.

"*Ach lieber, Wilhelm,*" she sighed. "*Ich bin so müde, lass mich ruhen!*" ("Ah, dear William," she sighed, "I am so tired! Let me rest.")

Close by them was a bench, under one of the large trees on the lawn. They both sat down. Presently she fell asleep. How lovely she looked lying there cradled in his arms! The moonlight touched her pale face and the rose in her bosom, and fell upon the clouds of her fair hair, while little dark tremulous shadows of leaves, thrown by a swaying branch, flickered here and there across her white dress. Once or twice he softly moved back her hair from off her face, and once Edward saw him stoop his head and kiss her forehead.

"Come in! come in!" cried a harsh woman's voice from the house; "you'll catch your death of cold!"

She did not wake, and he carried her, all sleeping as she was, like a baby into the house. Soon after, Edward heard the front door shut, and saw the young man walk down the road, humming a contented little tune to himself.

NEW BOOKS.

As the Christmas holidays approach, books for the young become numerous on the shelves of the booksellers. Two of these have attracted our attention. The first is entitled *Frank's Campaign*, and is published by Mr. Loring, of Boston. Its writer is Mr. Horatio Alger, Jr., whose pen is familiar to the habitual readers of this paper. It is a well written story, full of unpretentious interest, and inspired by genial feeling and good moral motive. It is well printed, and we can conscientiously commend it to parents, as an agreeable present for their children. If favorably received, Mr. Alger proposes to publish other works of a similar character, adapted to the tastes of the young.

Another, and an excellent publication of the same class, is *The American Boys' Book*, published by Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald, of this city. It is comprehensive in details, and handsomely illustrated, and it far excels its English prototype. It is embellished with over 600 engravings, in a suitable style of art, and it is altogether a very attractive epitome of the sports and accomplishments of boys. It is well adapted to the young of from ten to twenty years of age, and we fancy it may yield instruction and pleasure to children of even maturer years. We cordially commend it to all parents, or good uncles, who wish to make the boys happy at Christmas time.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston, have published, in "blue and gold" style, Mrs. Jameson's *Legends of Monastic Orders*, as represented in the fine arts. The work has long been in circulation, and has acquired a permanent reputation among the best books of its class. Mrs. Jameson wrote in deep sympathy with art, and a fervent love and reverence for its grand achievements; and thus her works are elevating in spirit, as well as rich in culture, and extremely graceful in style. The present edition of the "Legends" is embellished with a portrait of Titian.

The same publishers have issued, in very neat dress, a third series of *Hymns of the Ages*. This volume, like its predecessors, consists of extracts from the sacred poetry of the best writers of different nations. The selections have been made with severe good taste, as well as deference to Christian sentiment; and the result is a collection of poems as satisfactory to critical literary judgment as it is comforting to pious minds.

An Anti-Slavery novel, called *Waifwood*, has been published, in plain but neat style, by Mr. W. V. Spencer, of Boston. We commend it to the attention of those for whom a hacknied subject still has interest. It is replete with incident, and is smoothly written.

REBEL PLOT TO BURN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

Attempt to Destroy $15,000,000 Worth of Hotel Property.

The most diabolical attempt at arson and murder of which there is any record in the history of our country was made in this city on the night of Friday, the 25th of November. By whom it was made has not yet been settled beyond question; but there is no doubt that the nefarious scheme originated with Southern rebels, who have gained access to our city from the shelter of neutral Canada. Several persons, suspected as perpetrators of this outrage, have been apprehended, and the properly severe measures adopted by Gen. Dix will, we doubt not, bring the guilty to punishment, and preserve us henceforth from any similar danger.

There was so much similarity in all the incendiary attempts of the 25th of November, that it would be monotonous and tedious to relate them at length. While we must admit the malignity of the intention, we cannot commend its ingenuity. The failure was at once conspicuous and complete. With one solitary exception, every Guy Fawkes of this memorable band of conspirators had a small black leather valise. The exception to this black leather rule was the Mr. Simpson who set fire to room 302 of the Metropolitan Hotel. He had a russet portmanteau, and his attempt was one of the most deliberate, he having secreted a bottle of phosphorus under the mattress, another in the bureau, and a third in his portmanteau. Next to the St. Nicholas, the Metropolitan was the most injured, the damage amounting to over $1,000. The conspirator, who disappeared about an hour before the fire was discovered, had taken his room three days before he made the attempt. A person has been arrested who called on him several times, but it would not be prudent to communicate his name.

At the St. Nicholas the alarm was given by Mr. Ward, the proprietor of the well-known shirt store in Broadway. Owing to the admirable management of the fire apparatus, the flames were speedily extinguished—indeed more damage was done by water than by fire; all the furniture and bedding were destroyed, so cleverly had the villain arranged the combustibles.

Similar arrangements, with similar ill-luck, attended the conspirator whose task it was to destroy the Astor House. The party, who went under the name of Harrison, had taken his room ten days before he made the attempt; and his lodging seems to have been the general rendezvous, since he had a fire made therein every day, and had several persons call to see him, who remained in consultation with him for hours. The same agents, phosphorus and turpentine, were employed, and the same disposition of the bedding and furniture was made here as at the other hotels.

It seems strange that all these attempts were partially neutralised by the ignorance of the villains as to the necessity of a draft of air to make the phosphorus efficacious.

The attempts to fire the International and the United States Hotels were both attended by singular circumstances. At the former, early in the day, an officer, in military uniform, accompanied by a fireman, demanded a room. The clerk, not liking their appearance, declined their request. They were so abusive that he had to call the employés of the house to turn them out. Later in the evening they went again, and, speaking in a more respectful manner, a room was given to them. In this room the fire was found. At the United States a man asked for a room, but the proprietor, for some reason or other, refused. He hung about the place for some time, till he obtained one. Late in the evening the proprietor, seeing him downstairs, suddenly conceived a suspicion about him, and ran up to his room, where he found all arranged for firing. When he came downstairs the man had disappeared. But as the cases are identical, we need not recapitulate each attempt. Suffice it to say, the combustibles were phosphorus and turpentine.

The total result of this nefarious attempt upon the lives and property of our citizens has been to render them more secure for the future. When it is borne in mind that the value of the property thus jeopardised was over $15,000,000, saying nothing of the thousands of lives which might have perished in the conflagration—for there were lodged that night in the twelve hotels thus fired by the incendiaries over 5,000 persons—it is truly gratifying to reflect that the damage was confined to the partial destruction of half a dozen rooms of furniture, the total loss by which will not exceed $5,000. That our country friends may know what magnificent palaces we have in New York, and to commemorate the American Fifth of November, we have given exact pictures of the hotels thus marked out for destruction by the rebel incendiaries, and to these we append descriptive remarks.

Thirty years ago, with the exception of Washington Hall, the fashionable hotels of New York were below Park place, where the principal theatre was situated. At Washington Hall—which stood on the site now occupied by Stewart's Chamber street store—all the fashionables of the day were accustomed to congregate, and here the present French Emperor made his headquarters in 1837; here also Martin Van Buren staid when he visited New York during his Presidential reign. Next to that in *prestige* was the City Hotel, corner of Thames and Broadway. This was the headquarters of Andrew Jackson, when he visited our great metropolis. These with the American Hotel, corner of Murray, the Globe, nearly opposite Trinity Church, and the National, corner of Barclay, the Carlton and Florence's, in Broadway, have passed away, giving place to the Metropolitan, St. Nicholas, and others of that class. In 1836 Mr. Astor built the

Astor House.

It was opened by Messrs. Boyden & Sons; it was proclaimed to be the largest hotel in the world, certainly on this continent, but now there are many which exceed it in size. In 1840 Boyden sold it to Coleman and Stetson, and under the management of the latter it still remains. It has long been a famous place for politicians, and there are few distinguished men in the history of the last 30 years who have not made it their temporary home. It was the favorite resort of Daniel Webster, Governor Floyd, George N. Sanders, and many others whose names are already historic. In its early days it contained a garden with a fountain in its centre, but this has given place to a splendid restaurant. The Astor House will easily accommodate from 350 to 400 guests, and the value of the building, furniture, &c., is estimated at nearly $700,000. Everything appertaining to it is of the most solid description.

Lovejoy's Hotel.

When the Lelands left the Clinton Hotel a great opening was offered for the establishment of another in the same locality, and Lovejoy's prosperity may be dated from that time. This establishment can easily house 250 persons. It has a very large transient custom, the principal visitors being those who come to our metropolis on business, or on their way to other parts of the Union.

St. Nicholas.

This magnificent hotel was opened for the reception of guests January, 1853, and cost, including the ground, buildings and fixtures, $1,200,000; to this must be added $450,000 for furniture, and $50,000 for stores and wines—making the total cost of the establishment, with all its sumptuary appliances, nearly $2,000,000. The number of rooms is about 600, all well lighted. There is excellent accommodation for about 700 guests, but as many as 1,000 have been accommodated, on an emergency.

United States Hotel.

This well-known hostelry, one of the oldest of the now existing hotels in New York, is situated in Fulton street, near the East river, and was opened in 1834. It has always been the resort of merchants and ship captains, more especially those engaged in the trade of Eastern States. When the terrible conflagration of the Boston steamer Lexington occurred, in Long Island Sound, in the winter of 1840, the only man who made his escape, upon reaching the city, went straight, with true Yankee instinct, to this his favorite hotel. It has ample accommodation for about 260 guests.

Belmont Hotel.

This establishment is situated in Fulton street, and has the good fortune of being next door to the New York *Herald* Office—a fact to which it most probably owed its escape from being burnt the other night. It is conducted on the European plan, and can accommodate nearly 200 guests. The aggregate value of this establishment is about $200,000.

Metropolitan Hotel.

This renowned hotel is one of the largest and most flourishing of these establishments. It is conducted by the Leland Brothers. It was opened in 1852, and has since then been always crowded with the *élite* of the political and fashionable world. It can easily accommodate from 600 to 700 guests, and the value of its building, furniture, etc., is estimated at nearly $2,000,000. One of the Lelands is always on the spot, and their admirable supervision is apparent throughout their mammoth establishment. The efficiency of its fire arrangements was triumphantly tested on the night of the 25th of Nov. The average number of domestics employed in the Metropolitan is 280, and a police force, with intelligent detectives, is always on the *qui vive* to preserve order and protect the property of the guests.

Lafarge Hotel.

This elegant resort of the floating population of the New World was opened to the public in 1853, and is built on the Lafarge estate, formerly the property of Louis Philippe, the late King of the French. It has accommodation for about 550 guests, and enjoys a good reputation for liberal management. Adjoining to it is the Winter Garden, now under the management of Mr. Mr. William Stuart, at once a scholar and a man of business. The gross value of the Lafarge Hotel and its accessories is over $1,000,000.

The International.

This commodious hotel is built over the famous Taylor restaurant, and has been in sucessful operation for about ten years. Its present proprietor is W. H. Gileon. It is valued at about $1,000,000.

The Fifth Avenue.

This is one of the most elegant structures in New York, and is furnished in a style worthy of its fashionable name. It contains accommodation for about 1,000 to 1,200 guests. The proprietors, Messrs. Hitchcock, Darling & Co., are very popular, and the whole of the immense machinery of a first-class hotel works with the greatest ease. The house is valued at $1,500,000.

St. James.

This is conducted on the European plan, and is one of the latest opened. It has accommodation for about 600 guests, and is worth about $750,000. Mr. James L. Harway is the proprietor.

Tammany Hotel.

The word Tammany is so entirely associated with the unterrified democracy as to convey to many only the idea of politics, but under the roof of the wigwam, where the voices of the sachems are so frequently raised to marshal the unterrified to battle, are over a hundred capital rooms, where travellers are entertained with great hospitality. This hotel is kept on the European plan, and is very convenient for business men. It has also long been the headquarters of the genuine Democratic party.

Howard Hotel.

One of the largest and best conducted of the down town establishments is the spacious building situated in Broadway and Maiden Lane. It contains about 160 rooms, and can accommodate over 800 guests. The politicians of the Second Ward here give excellent dinners, and altogether it is a great favorite with downtown merchants and the strangers who have business with them.

New England Hotel.

An attempt was also made to fire the hotel situated at the corner of Bayard street and Bowery. This establishment can accommodate about 120 guests. The incendiary here was very expeditious, engaging the room about 10 o'clock in the evening, and when shewn to it, only remaining about ten minutes. He then came down, saying he would return in half an hour. Soon after the room was found to be on fire, when it was discovered that he had piled the furniture on the bed and set fire to the pile. A bottle of phosphorus was discovered on the floor.

Barnum's Museum.

This world-famous institution, as dear to the American youth as the British Museum is to the Cosmopolitan *savans*, was built in 1831, and purchased by Mr. Barnum in 1841, since which time it has been the favorite resort of the curiosity-seekers of this continent. As it is unnecessary to describe a building so universally known and visited, we shall content ourselves by merely stating, that under the management of its present able and liberal proprietor, it has become the most amusing spot in the world. Here everything from an animalculæ to a hippopotamus can be found, while the curiosities alone have cost Barnum over $100,000. The Lecture-room will accommodate 2,800 persons. On holidays there are frequently from 8,000 to 10,000 persons in the building at the same time, without undue crowding, so well arranged are the various departments, and so judiciously distributed the myriad curiosities on view. As a place of amusement it is unrivalled for its multifarious attractions.

Scene on the Docks.

An attempt was also made to fire the hay barges anchored between Beach and North Moore streets. Upon examination a broken bottle, which had contained phosphorus, was found. The fire was promptly extinguished.

The Value of Property.

Some idea of the property thus attempted to be destroyed may be gathered from the fact that the gross value of the hotels is at least $15,000,000, and that the personal property of the guests is considerably over $10,000,000, the amount varying, of course, greatly with the occasion. Some four years ago a foreign gentleman, who put up at an uptown hotel, had diamonds with him, the cost of which was estimated at about $2,000,000.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A minister is like a locomotive, because we must look out for him when the bell rings.

"Have you seen my black-faced antelope!" inquired the keeper of a menagerie, slightly mispronouncing the name of the animal.

"No," said a visitor. "Who did your black-faced aunt elope with?"

"Raining pitchforks" is bad, but "hailing omnibusses" is worse, says a contemporary joker.

A lunatic in Paris defaced a statue, on the Place de la Concorde, by cutting off its nose, arms and feet. He said that the figure resembled his wife, whom he disliked.

A political meeting was recently held, in a Western town, to which "ladies without distinction of sex" were invited to attend.

Several new cannon were lately sent from Richmond to Gen. Early. A wag altered the direction, so as to make it read: "Major-Gen. Philip Sheridan, care of Lieut.-Gen. Early."

An enthusiastic Democratic orator commenced an address, to a rural assemblage, as follows: "My fellow-citizens, were I an angel from heaven, with wings dipped in sunbeams, I would fly from the cold North to the sunny South, from the wild shores of Maine to the golden regions of California, proclaiming Democracy! Democracy! Democracy!"

A police officer, accustomed to night duty, says he has observed that with many young men the most approved method of winding up the night is reeling it home.

A torchlight display was lately made at Middletown, Connecticut, on the occasion of the re-election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency. A sympathetic clergymen of the place, exhibited over his door a transparency, bearing this inscription: "The Angel of the Lord called unto Abraham out of Heaven a second time."—Genesis, 22: 15.

A traveller in Arkansas called at a house by the roadside, and in course of conversation with the presiding lady, asked if there were any Presbyterians in the neighborhood. She hesitated awhile, and then said she guessed not, as her husband hadn't killed any since they'd lived there.

Mr. Punch says that on the appointment of vivandieres to the Scottish regiments in the British army, the bands and bagpipes immediately struck up "the Camp-belles are coming."

A "side judge" in one of the country courts, in speaking of the important and honorable office he had held for several years, said the presiding judge never consulted with him except on one question, and that was after listening to three or four windy pleas of an hour's length each, when he turned and whispered, "Isn't this bench made of hard wood?" I told him "I thought it was."

"I say, boy, where does that right hand road go to?" inquired a pedestrian of a country rustic.

"I doan't know, sir," replied the boy, "'taint been nowhere since we lived here."

Cornelius O'Dowd, in the last *Blackwood*, tells a story of an Irishman bound over to keep the peace against all her Majesty's subjects, exclaiming, "Then heaven help the first foreigner I meet!"

Punch has a cartoon representing an Irishman who has got the worst of it in a street fight. His better half approaches the vanquished hero, when the following dialogue ensues:

Wife of his Bussum to Vanquished Hero.—"Terrance, yo great Umadawn, what do yer git into this Thrubble for?"

Vanquished Hero to Wife of his Bussum.—"D'ye call it Thrubble, now? Why, it is Engyement!"

Democrats, in certain sections of the country, claim to be the *élite* of American society. Whereupon a local wag suggests that Mr. Belmont, a prominent Democrat, is its Isra-*élite*.

A Portuguese shoemaker used to give his wife a severe flogging every month, just before he went to confession. On being asked the reason of this proceeding, he replied, that having a poor memory he took this method of refreshing it, as his wife, while under the castigation, was sure to remind him of all his sins.

A woman from the country wishing to engage the services of a cabman, addressed him as follows:

"Pray, sir, are you engaged?"

"Och, bless yer soul, ma'am! I have been married this seven years, and have eight children!"

The following lines express the evil consequences of bigamy:

If John marry Mary, and Mary alone,
It is a good match between Mary and John:
But if John marry more wives, what blows and
  what scratches!
'Tis no longer a match, but a bundle of matches!

The Bordeaux doctors decided that a woman of that place died from the effects of the perfume of a basket of quinces which had been placed in her bedroom while she slept. This, says the Louisville *Journal*, was a novel case of quincy.

The New Bedford *Mercury*, under the head of a "Fowl Joke," says if our soldiers are well fed on turkey, they will be better able to gobble up the enemy.

"Facts are very stubborn things," said a husband to his wife.

"Are they," she answered. "Then what a fact you must be!"

Theodore Hook once saw an exceedingly pompous man walking in the street, in London, whom he immediately accosted thus:

"Sir, may I inquire if you are anybody in particular?"

He then walked off, without waiting for a reply.

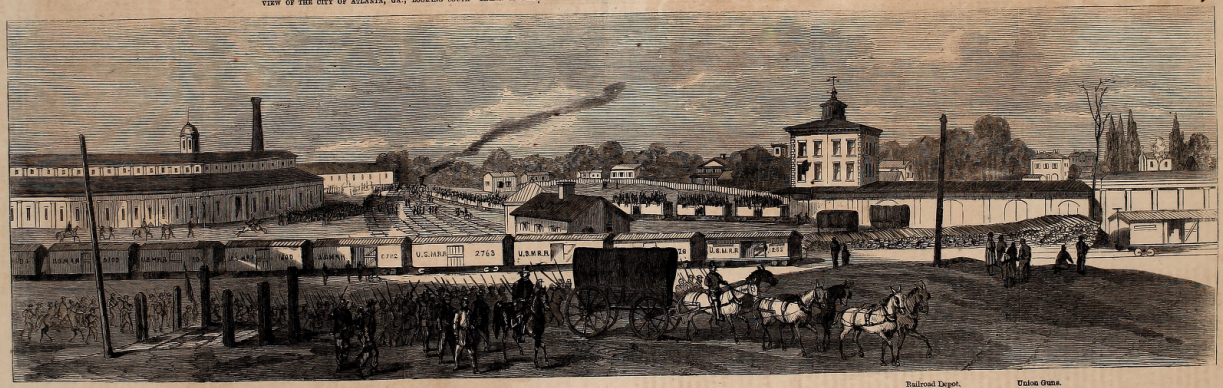
The November number of the *Art Journal* has been duly published here, by Messrs. Virtue, Yorston & Co. It contains three full page engravings; one is from Turner's picture of Cologne; another—very tender and graceful in sentiment—is from P. F. Poole's "Gleaner;" the third is from G. Fontana's expressive statue, "The Genius of Commerce." It also republishes several illustrations from Dalziel's Illustrated Goldsmith, and comprises the usual amount of varied and instructive art description and criticism.

Mr. Martel's picture of Central Park has been lithographed, and is meeting with a rapid and extensive sale, which it thoroughly deserves. It is a beautiful specimen of coloring, and it affords an accurate and comprehensive view of one of the largest and loveliest parks in the world.



Medical College. City Hall.

VIEW OF THE CITY OF ATLANTA, GA., LOOKING SOUTH—TAKEN ON THE EVE OF ITS EVACUATION BY GEN. SHERMAN, NOV. 12.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



Railroad Round House. Railroad Depot. Union Guns.

GEN. SHERMAN'S SOUTHERN CAMPAIGN—EVACUATION OF ATLANTA BY OUR FORCES, NOV. 12—COMMENCEMENT OF THE GRAND MARCH—VIEW AT THE RAILROAD DEPOT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

ATLANTA, GA.

We publish on page 264 two interesting sketches from our Special Artist, sent by him as he was on the point of starting with Gen Sherman's army, on the great Southern Expedition. Writing from Atlanta on the 11th of November, he says: "I send you a sketch of the last train that will run North, as I understand this place is to be destroyed to-morrow, on which day we leave Atlanta."

As we are now aware, on the 12th of November, Gen. Sherman, at the head of the 6th corps, first destroying every building in the town abandoned to aid the enemy, left Atlanta, and commenced his advance across the rebel territory.

Atlanta, or, as it is popularly called, the Gate City, is situated seven miles south east of the Chattahoochee river, and on the line of railroads leading from Savannah to Chattanooga and Nashville, and to Macon, Augusta, Milledgeville, Savannah, Charleston, in the south-east direction. It is 101 miles from Macon, 171 miles from Augusta, 307 miles from Charleston, and 293 miles from Savannah. Four of the principal railroads of the State terminate at this point. The Georgia railroad extends from Atlanta to Augusta; the Western railroad to Macon, the Atlantic and Western railroad to Chattanooga; and the Eagvage railroad to West Point, 72 miles distant. Atlanta was laid out in 1845, and has grown with great rapidity, its population being, in 1850, 2,570; in 1860, 4,240; and in 1860, 9,970. Its situation is elevated and healthy. With regard to the alleged Vandalism of Sherman, said to be shown in his expelling the inhabitants of the place, and destroying so much of the city, it was a timely military act, dictated by the most imperative prudential reasons.

STATUE OF HENRY CLAY,

At New Orleans.

An illustration on this page, from a sketch by one of our Special Artists, represents the statue of Henry Clay, which stands on the corner of St. Charles and Canal streets, in New Orleans, Louisiana. The statue is of bronze, and is colossal in size. It stands upon a granite pedestal, which is approached by granite steps. The entire structure is surrounded by an iron fence. This statue was erected in 1856. It was designed and cast by Messrs. Wood & Perot, of Philadelphia. Our picture is a perfectly accurate reproduction of the statue and its accessories. Looking up St. Charles street, one sees the well known St. Charles Hotel, with its Corinthian columns. The statue of Clay is a most appropriate ornament to New Orleans, but not more so than it would be to any other American city. The great Kentucky statesman and orator belonged, emphatically, to the nation, by which he was admired, loved and honored in life, and by which he has been lamented in death. When one considers the distress of our country and its sad lack of statesman, and turns to gaze upon this mute figure of departed greatness, one is tempted to exclaim, as Rufus Choate once did, apostrophising the portrait of Webster, in Faneuil Hall: "Oh, for one hour of such a life, and all might yet be well!"



RIGHT REV. JAMES F. WOOD, ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP OF PHILADELPHIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY F. GUTEKUNST, PHILA.

RT. REV. J. F. WOOD,

Roman Catholic Bishop of Philadelphia.

Bishop Wood, who has just, with so much pomp, opened, for the public worship of the Church, over which he presides, the magnificent Cathedral on Logan square, is a native of Philadelphia, and the first American born Bishop of the See. Like his suffragan prelate, the Bishop of Newark and Erie, he is too, one of those brought up outside of that denomination, but bringing to it in manhood their zeal, energy and devotedness.

On receiving orders in the Catholic Church he was attached to the diocese of Cincinnati, and, after a few year's service in the cathedral, was, till his selection as a Bishop, the popular and earnest pastor of St. Patrick's Church. When the late Bishop of Philadelphia, Dr. Neumann, required an assistant, Mr. Wood was appointed, on the 9th of January, 1857, Bishop of Antigonia, *in partibus infidelium*, and coadjutor to the Bishop of Philadelphia. He was consecrated, with the usual pomp, at Cincinnati, on the 26th of May, by Archbishop Purcell, assisted by many others of the Episcopal bench.

On the death of Dr. Neumann, on the 5th of January, 1860, Dr. Wood became titular Bishop of Philadel-



HENRY CLAY'S MONUMENT, CORNER OF ST. CHARLES AND CANAL STREETS, NEW ORLEANS, LA.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.

phia, and has presided with singular acceptance. He has not sought public notice, but displays signal ability in the management and direction of the affairs of the church committed to his care.

It may not be amiss to note, while speaking of one who was a Bishop *in partibus infidelium*, that the meaning in this title is rule of the Catholic Church: it thus is not should Love but one Bishop. When a chaplain is needed, he is created Bishop of some see now in the hands of Mahometans or Pagans, a see to which he cannot go, and his services are then used where he can go. It is like the knights of the English law.

WANTED.—A lady novelist who will promise never to mention curates or babies.

An examiner has recently declared that he will never be an examiner again.

A public school man who never brags about his school.

A magistrate who never remarked, "How painful it was to see a person in that position of life."

Lastly, more subscribers to our paper.

In the burial register of Lymington, Hants, here is the following entry:—"31st August, 1772. This Evening the body of Samuel Gribble, late inhabitant of Brockenhurst, was conveyed in a vessel off to sea, and when the corpse was in the deep Gribble rocks, near the Isle of Wight." The appearance of the rocks will save a Hampshire pepper, in accordance with the wish of the deceased, to prevent his ever dancing over his grave, which she had threatened to do.

FIRST PREMIUM
$5 SEWING $5
MACHINE!
A
BEAUTIFUL PRESENT
FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

Just Out. THE FAMILY GEM SEWING MACHINE, a most Wonderful and Exquisite Combination. Novelty in construction, beauty, and the STRAIGHT NEEDLE, is secured by the Family Gem Sewing Machine. Makes sewn with Double or Single Thread alike and regular than by hand. Running Machine very perfect and regular than by hand. Will *Gather, Hem, Tuck, Stitch, Fell, Run* and *Quilt* with ease. Needle *Reversed for Fabrication or Change of Stitch*—IS NOT HARDER TO GET OUT OF ORDER, and will last a Lifetime, and is the prettiest and most useful Christmas Gift you can buy. Read the following:

"For the Holidays, it is invaluable; for the Housekeeper, it supplies a vacant place."—*Godey's Ladies' Book*.

"At length the machine long sought has come, which is simple, elegant and cheapest, has been gazed, wished for, and at last obtained by the Family Gem. The simple working of which cannot but meet the speed, Machine will at once command attention, and the speed, certainty and ease with which the work is done will make it a FAVORITE with the ladies."—MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, in N. Y. *Weekly*.

"It runs as noiselessly, sews very rapidly, and is so easily understood that a child can use it."—N. Y. *Independent*.

This ingenious and useful little Machine is perfect in its construction, and is a source of the fruits of the High-Priced Sewing Machines. No one will pay from $50 to $100 for a Sewing Machine when this one can be bought for the small sum of $5.

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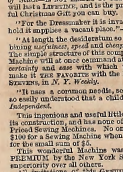


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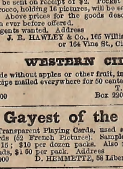
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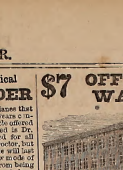
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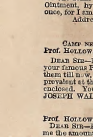
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THE GENERAL OFFICES of the AMERICAN EXPRESS COMPANY, including the offices of the Treasurer, Manager, Cashier, Superintendent, Cashier Cheque and the Express Delivery Department, will be removed from No. 61 Hudson Street to Nos. 122 and 124 Broadway, corner of Cedar St., on Thursday, Dec. 8th, inst.

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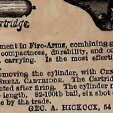
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NEWSPAPER

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No. 482—VOL. XIX.] NEW YORK, DECEMBER 24, 1864. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1 00.

The State of the Nation.

THE most extraordinary spectacle of prosperity exhibited in the annals of any nation of modern or ancient times is furnished in the late annual message of President Lincoln to Congress, and the accompanying reports from the Executive Departments of the Government. There is something almost marvellous in the positive proofs thus furnished that the great loyal section of the Union, in the fourth year of this stupendous civil war, is vastly more powerful in men, materials, resources, all the elements of strength, wealth and prosperity, than at the beginning of the struggle. In regard to men, notwithstanding the enormous drainages of the war, the returns of the late national election indicate, in the loyal States and Territories, an aggregate increase of over three hundred thousand above the age of twenty-one years, or a general increase of population exceeding three millions since 1860.

Mr. Lincoln may well declare, with something of exultation, in view of this increased strength in men, that "we are not exhausted, nor in process of exhaustion," but that, still gaining strength, as we are, "we may, if need be, continue the contest indefinitely." But there is another element essential to the prosecution of the war and the maintenance of the Government, which cannot be overlooked —the important element of money. How stands the national Treasury upon this question? We are gratified to say, from the exhibits of the department, that while the national debt and our annual expenditures are much less than has been generally supposed, the receipts of the Treasury for the last year have been much larger. Mr. Lincoln sums up the year's operations as follows:

Although sufficient time has not yet elapsed to experience the full effect of several of the provisions of the acts of Congress imposing increased taxation, the receipts during the year from all sources, upon the basis of warrants signed by the Secretary of the Treasury, including loans and the balance in the Treasury, on the 1st day of July, 1864, were $1,394,796,007 62, and the aggregate disbursements, upon the same basis, were $1,298,056,101 89; leaving a balance in the Treasury, as shown by warrants, of $96,739,905 73. Deduct from these amounts the amount of the principal of the



THE SINKING OF THE REBEL WAR STEAMER FLORIDA, NEAR FORTRESS MONROE, NOV. 2.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER



ARMY OF THE SHENANDOAH—RECEPTION OF THE GOVERNOR'S THANKSGIVING GIFT TO THE SOLDIERS—TURKEYS AND OTHER VIANDS IN CAMP.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

public debt redeemed, and the amount of issues in substitution therefor, the actual cash operations of the Treasury were: Receipts, $884,076,460 77, of which, loans, $865,354,067 56; which leaves a cash balance in the Treasury of $18,722,393 21. Of receipts there were derived from customs $102,316,152 99; from taxes, $558,032 09; from direct taxes, $475,646 09; from internal revenue, $109,741,194 10; from miscellaneous sources, $47,231,440 39; and from loans, applied to actual expenditures, including temporary loans, $623,445,629 19. There were disbursed for the civil service $27,522,766 46; for pensions and Indians, $7,517,930 97; for the War Department, $690,791,947 97; for the Navy Department, $85,733,269 79; for interest on the public debt, $45,285,-624 49—making an aggregate of $856,851,509 68; and leaving a balance in the Treasury of $18,945,950 71, as before stated.

The most gratifying feature in these figures is the substantial cash receipts of the Treasury, approaching in the aggregate, for the fiscal year, the magnificent sum of three hundred and sixty millions of dollars. At this rate, I assume that before the expiration of another year peace and the Union will be restored; we may further assume that the Government expenditures for the next year be reduced to not less than our present actual cash receipts; and that, with the restoration of the rebellious section of the Union, and the application of taxes of some sort to the mining districts of our new States and Territories, and from the new impulse that will be given to all branches of business throughout the country, the receipts of the Treasury shall, in the next ensuing year, afford a surplus of at least one hundred millions of dollars towards the payment of the principal of the national debt. Each successive year, with the continued development of the new sources of the whole country, we shall have an increase of receipts of many millions more for the same purpose. All these cheering speculations, however, rest upon the pronunciation that within the year before us there will be peace and reunion, and an uninterrupted reign of peace and prosperity succeeding for years to come, and the present taxations will not long stand. It is manifest, however, that, with the restoration of peace, our national debt will become a burden so comparatively easy to bear, that our present taxations may be materially diminished, instead of being increased or continued; and that "greenbacks" will be equal to gold, and that Government securities will become the favorite investments of all classes over everything else in the market.

We hold, too, from the prosperous state of the nation as exhibited in the Message and Reports of the Executive Departments, from the progress of the war, and the contraction, exhaustion and demoralization of the Davis Confederacy, that the year 1865 will be the year of jubilee in honor of a glorious peace.

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Sherman—The Military Situation.

In a little familiar speech, made by Mr. Lincoln some days ago at the White House, he pithily pointed out the difficulties Sherman went in at, but we don't know where he will come out." We are gratified that now all doubts and misgivings regarding the success of his expedition are dispelled, and that to "coming out" all right. The gold bulls of Wall street have been fairly flanked by Sherman. We conjecture, too, that they have packed their carpet-bags, and that the Rebel Hood's wildgoose chase into Tennessee than will be realised again. Contemplated from any point of view, the situation of Hood must be a long exceedingly uncomfortable, and suggestive of very short rations, very serious difficulties, and ugly rocks and breakers ahead.

The campaign nearer Richmond, however, appears to be taking a shape indicative of the greatest results. The movements of the expeditionary column under Gen. Warren down the Weldon railroad for the North Carolina border, may simply have for its object the widening of the gap between Lee's army and his Southern lines of communication; but Grant may have had, also, the purpose in view of cutting off reinforcements from Lee destined for Wilmington, Charleston or Savannah, and vice versa. As the great game of the war now stands, there must be some tremendous battles and decisive results in Virginia, North and South Carolina, and Georgia, and in Tennessee, before any one of our three principal armies goes into winter quarters. We have an idea that the spring will dawn upon the country with the armies of the rebellion broken up, its now remaining strongholds captured, and upon Jeff Davis as a fugitive for parts unknown. So manifest are the advantages now possessed by Gen. Grant in the line of the railroads to the south of Richmond, Nashville and Savannah, and so urgent are the exigencies of the enemy, that we guess the rains and rainy roads of a Southern winter will not intervene to mar the consummation of active military operations. We may, perhaps, be mistaken, but from all present appearances at the front, in Virginia, Georgia and Tennessee, we anticipate that this year will be marked by a vigorous and decisive campaign.

A Richmond Rebel on Phosphorus.

THE Richmond *Examiner* turns the cold shoulder on its unfortunate rebel confederates concerned in the late attempt to make a huge bonfire of New York city. Had the incendiaries succeeded in laying the city in ashes, they would, we doubt not, have been amply rewarded by Davis and his associate ruling conspirators at Richmond; but as the catastrophe failed, the wretched vagabonds involved in it are denounced by their master. Says the *Examiner*, "they must be a very paltry set of poor devils, who have abandoned the service of a powerful military duty, or to spend our money, which they have stolen in the Confederate service, or to invest in Northern stocks and greenbacks the profits of their speculations among citizens. Whether any of these be the smoking felons who tried to set fire to the hotels, we care not." Next, after denying that there was a rebel plot at the bottom of this bankrupting business, this Richmond rebel philosopher says: "Let Gen. Dix be strict in registering and keeping under surveillance all the skulking Southerners that are dwelling in New York. It will be well to know where they are. He is my enemy shown to those noisy and consequential rebel adventurers who have found their way to London and Paris. They, too, are denounced as skulkers, who have run out of the country, and by various underhand and underground ways, simply to avoid the service they owe that country. They are simply deserters, and the death penalty is the proper reward for them."

In addition to these denunciations, these deserting vagabonds are threatened with all the terrors of absolution and consecration; but we dare say that the object of these protestations and yet smoking, noisy, yet "skulking leaders," will deliberately prefer all these penalties threatened to the blessings of their "Confederacy," in the shape of a rope. But, if from Richmond they are to get "more kicks than coppers" for their efforts to serve him as volunteer incendiaries among "the Yankees," they may probably be inclined to give up the phosphorus business in disgust, and become reasonably honest to escape starvation. At all events, honest men may smile when baffled felons and traitors turn against each other.

Summary of the War.

VIRGINIA.

On the 7th of Dec. a reconnoissance was made from Fredericksburg to Guinea Station, in which the enemy was felt. The intention was to ascertain if any large body of troops had been sent to operate against Sherman. The conclusion our officers arrived at was that no material force had been taken from Gen. Lee's army.

On the 8th of Dec. another reconnoissance was made. The expeditionary force was composed of three brigades of infantry and detachments from several regiments of cavalry, and under Gen. Hiles, and travelled over the same route as that taken by the reconnoitring cavalry on the previous day, going about 20 miles from Fredericksburg. They were, after some skirmishing, it drove the rebels from their intrenchments on the west side of that stream and took possession of them. The object of this assembly made demonstrations indicating an intention to endeavor to retake the works, but finally fell back about a mile and a half to another position, and the Union soldiers retained their prize. Gen. Miles's loss in the skirmishing was only 17 wounded men. And the same day our troops returned to the camps on the Rapid Ann, driving away the sharpshooters who had been annoying our workmen on the canal, establishing some rifle pits to protect them, and their work was finished.

GEORGIA.

It is announced from rebel sources, that Gen. Sherman was within 25 miles of Savannah on the 7th inst. There had been some skirmishing on his recent march, but no important engagement. It was thought, however, that a battle would be fought before Savannah. By that time, probably, that city has been invested, if not captured. The National army, under Gen. Foster, had destroyed the Pocotaligo bridge and maintained their position.

TENNESSEE.

The situation remains unchanged. Gen. Thomas has concentrated our army within the defences of Nashville, around which Gen. Hood has drawn the rebel army. The general opinion is that Thomas purposes retreating to Nashville, leaving the rebel army after him, in order to prevent Hood from following in Sherman's rear.

MISSOURI.

The accounts are very satisfactory from this quarter. With the exception of a few guerilla, there are no rebel forces in the State. Gen. Rosecrans has superseded Gen. Rosecrans in the command of the West.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

From rebel sources we learn that a battle had been fought on the 30th of Nov., near Graham's, on the line between Columbia and Savannah, between a Union force under command of Gen. Beach, although Major-Gen. Foster accompanied the expedition. Our troops attacked Broad river on the 29th of Nov., and arrived at Boyd's creek at daylight next morning, about eight miles from Honeyhill, where the battle was fought. When our troops reached Honeyhill they found the enemy occupying a strong position, which they carried after a great gallantry, and after seven hours hard fighting, were compelled to fall back about three miles, where they took up a strong position, and awaited reinforcements, which arrived during the night. The rebels were commanded by Gustavus W. Smith. The Richmond papers claim a victory, and set their loss down as 200, and ours at 700, when the real state of the case is just the reverse.

CONGRESS.

The second session of the Thirty-eighth Congress commenced on Monday, the 5th of Dec., and the attendance was unusually full, all feeling the importance of the occasion.

On the following day the President transmitted to both Houses his customary annual Message. The reports of the Secretary of the Interior, the Secretary of the Navy, the Secretary of the Treasury and the Postmaster-General were also laid before Congress. There has been no business of special importance transacted as yet, the time having been principally occupied in preliminary measures.

TOWN GOSSIP.

FIRST SNOW! Beautiful Snow! has fallen upon New York. Upon the morning of the 16th it came down, and according to the prophecy of the almanac's weather-wise men, it was to continue one winter, or one for every day of the month that sees the first fall. Of course the prophecy is true, for what old almanac's weather is?

When New York awoke upon that morning a general thrill of delight ran over her to find a mantle and housetops all dressed in their raiment of snowy white. There was an odor of Christmas about it, a dreamy suggestion of weddings and bridal trains, and of exultant grouping at jingling bells, flying horses, gracious furs, squeezed hands, merry visions, hot whiskey punches, and toddies, a feeling of hyper by anticipation, a ghastly, grand drive home and pleasant dreams for a week. But, alas! the first snow, though like the first love, should not be followed by a thaw. At daylight, and for an hour or two after, there were jingling bells along our streets, but with the rising sun and cold, and before midday the sleighs were scattered, high boots and furs and merry optimism were in requisition, and New York looked blacker than the clouds, and blessed in one breath the streets and the clerk of the weather. Nothing but the memory of the snow storm we record as one of the most serious trials to temper, boots and patience that New York has been treated with. Sometimes we wish that the whole metropolis was under one great roof, and that beautiful snow could not even dream of visiting our chimbs. Then, on the days and sometimes weeks of slush, filth and dank puddles are a terrible penalty to pay for perhaps a single day of sleighing and jollity. There is another point to be considered, whether, that snowstorm of his years in New York city did not do more damage than the celebrated storms, and four feet of snow on a level, have gone by. If New York gets 18 inches and 24 hours of sleighing she does well, and that night all to waste and dirty, it is really accounted for, and the cause is this. New York never seems to cover a great deal of ground, and within her limits a great mass of feet is concerned. The result is that the city grows warmer every day. We keep our temperature at about 70 degrees, as it suits the comfort of the great factories and foundries belching forth hot smoke night and day, all to waste and dirty, and the snow runs over the town, and help melt the snow or warm the rain before it reaches the earth, and when it does reach the earth it is not a winter's snow; for could the fact be known, we would venture a fortune on the assertion that the ground and stones of New York city are always ten degrees warmer than they did in years ago. And this is, according to our theory, the reason why we do not have more and sustained snowstorm in New York, and why, if it does come, a heavy fall of snow will not lie.

We pity the poor devil of snow we may as well say a word about ice. In a few days the Frost King will be upon us, and we shall go mad again about skating. Central Park, 5th Avenue Pond and a hundred others will be in everybody's mouth, and he or she who does not take will be voted a nobody. At the present time preparations for the coming of his majesty have already been made. A new refreshment-house has been built on the 5th Avenue pond, and, as usual, everything will be served in a conglomerated way to eat and drink; except those who have their own private refreshments at their command. The same parties will have the charge as last year, and it is to be hoped that they will not disappear as they did on the 22d day of last month, a stretch which has been defended into bringing one or two lady friends of the writer to look at the ice at their own risk.

Another of the scenes which fair to be one of the mayor New York has seen for many years, and we intend to chronicle it in our record in guides, and for the purpose of assisting in this laudable undertaking we call upon every one who is posted in the duties of fashionable life to assist us in the task.

New York goes periodically mad about something, and that something, just now, is pickelloon. Everybody is in pickelloon and pickelloon is the rather wicked rage. Pickelloon is a game. There is no calling in pickelloon that recognized society. Beyond the mere fashionable battle of the ice and, or the tulip mania of Holland, which is that these less are not to be taken of as a game, but as a sport. One hour is not in an investment in a real pa-

troleum company, but in an unreal investment in an unreal company. The manner in which the thing is managed is this. A few bright fellows get together and by some means get money enough to lease some land somewhere in the oil districts. This done they soon make wondrous discoveries—in a horn—and on the strength of them post to New York and lay the apocryphal wealth before a few respectable and responsible men, soliciting them to become directors in a company they are about to organise, offering to set aside for them a certain quantity of stock which is not to be paid for till the cows came home. This done, they then organise a company and commence selling stock. Having pretty well feathered their own nests, it is suddenly discovered that some of their wells are too deep to be understood, and a break-up is the consequence, throwing the odium of the affair on those respectable and responsible parties who have consented to become directors, and leaving them to meet the humbugged shareholders.

This is the manner of doing up a company, and strange to say many of the bogus affairs get on positively better than those that have a real foundation, which fact we suppose is simply owing to business management, sharpers invariably being more active and wide-awake than honest men. There are at this moment not less than 500 petroleum companies under way and starting in this city, of which it is safe to say that not less than 80 per cent are hollow, and will go at the very first prick that shall let out the wind from their inflated interiors.

Last week we promised to say something more about the pictures of the Artists' Fund Society, and we proceed to the task, though in so doing, we cannot feel that the whole affair is calculated to add much to American art.

In the first gallery there is little to commend save great names. A picture by Merle, "The Sister Nurse," No. 86, deserves notice, though the whole force is comprised in the face of the sitting child. Homer has two pictures, "The Birch Swing," and "In the Hay Field," Nos. 96 and 97, both good in drawing, but having all the appearance of having been executed in half an hour, as Mr. Homer would do one of his drawings on wood for a cheap engraver. Forbes has a clever picture, No. 104, "Water from the Brook," lifelike and forcible, and giving promise for the artist's future when he shall handle better color. In the third gallery is another picture by the same artist, with the same merit and the same defect, No. 213, "A Little too Hot."

In the second gallery are some crayons deserving notice, the first of which is Darley's "Guerilla Attack," No. 136, and a beautiful flower piece, No. 144, by Pauline Girardin. In this room are three exquisite things, Nos. 155, 156 and 157, by Birket Foster, warm in color and worth lingering over for an hour.

In the third gallery we have Leutze's "Crossing the Ford," No. 81, which but for the name of the artist would be passed as among the clayey school, and as unattractive as so much canvas can well be made. No 188 is a little dash of pleasant color, by Nehlig, called "After the Wedding." No. 193, "The Letter Writer," by Muller, is good, well grouped and expressive, but heavy. No. 198, "A Lighthouse," by Poittevin, is alive and attractive. Thomas Nast has a picture here, No. 203, "The Yankee Decoy," which we look upon as one of the best pictures of the exhibition; another, No. 212, also by this artist, "The Halt," is worthy attention. Why is it that pictures with pretentious names are all marked sold, while such as these remain? Gifford has a good picture here, "The Camp of the 7th Regiment," No. 207.

In the fourth gallery there is a picture by Edwards, an old friend, but not less welcome, "Time to Go," No. 243; a charming one by Auker, No. 248, "The Knitting School;" and "The Coast of Labrador," No. 254, by Bradford—all more than good.

We hold the great fault of this exhibition to be that our artists have only exhibited their third-rate pictures. This applies in all cases except those of a few young men, who have reputations to gain, and have done the best that time allowed them to do. Haste in executive art, as in all things else, is part of American character, and the characteristic is here forcibly displayed. When our artists realise this, then we shall have better and more commendable exhibitions.

Our Amusements.

It is hard to turn the head in any direction and not see theatrical prosperity. Every house is crowded night after night, and every manager wearing a smiling face, that seems to say that he sets criticism at defiance. What cares a manager for criticism when his house is crowded nightly? Does Mr. Crummels care when he produces "The Massacred Milkmaid; or, the Red-Legged Pirate of the Southern Seas," with all the original effects, if the entire press denounce it as an immoral production, and calculated to teach the young idea to be naughty, if his house is only overcrowded every evening? Not a whit. He caters for the public, not for the press, and as long as the "Red-Legged Pirate" has a single leg to go upon he can afford to set the newspapers at defiance, and put up mammoth posters outside the box-office that say "The free list totally suspended!"

There has been no positive sensation this week in theatricals, the nearest approach to it being the legitimate and Edwin Booth as Hamlet. It is, perhaps, late in the day to say anything concerning Mr. Booth's Hamlet, but we can say something commending the management for the manner in which they have put it upon the stage, by declaring it one of the few attempts that have been successful in putting Shakespeare upon the boards in a way that is calculated to win the theatregoers of the present day. We flatter ourselves that we are sensible in our appreciation of the great bard, but we are also sensible enough to know that even with the superlative talent of Mr. Booth to sustain them, the plays of Shakespeare are not calculated, in the present age, to draw appreciative audiences, unless accompanied with all the scenic and costuming effects that can be brought to bear upon them. We do not think the New York stage has advanced in this point, and have no hesitation in declaring that nothing has been done as well since Charles Kean produced "Richard III." and "King John," at the old Park, twenty years ago. The burial scene, as given at Winter Garden, is good, and brought to our mind the night tent scene in Richard of the olden time, and in saying this we cannot conceive a higher compliment.

There is a great satisfaction in once more seeing this house crowded in every part, and we can only wonder, if they fill the house for "Hamlet," what will the public do when more popular plays are produced.

Wallack has given us during the past week "Masks and Faces," "Rural Felicity," and "To Marry or Not to Marry?" In the latter Miss Henriques has been obliged to take the part of Hester, that in which Miss Gannon made so decided a hit, the latter lady being taken suddenly ill. This week Boucicault's new play, "How She Loves Him!" will be presented.

At the Olympic this week we are also to have some Boucicault—is there no other dramatic writer in the world?—in the shape of a new spectacular drama, entitled "The Streets of New York," which we presume to be the same thing that was produced years ago under the title of "The Poor of New York." That the piece is will draw under the admirable producing of this house more than a fact, and if it has been rehashed and brought down to the requirements of the day, we see no reason why it should not be just as good as new.

Of the Broadway we have nothing to say. Mr. John Owens is going on nightly playing Solon Shingle, and the people are crowding the house to that uncomfortable degree that we feel sure the management must be disgusted to the highest degree. Through the week Buckstone's comedy of "The Happiest Day of My Life" has been given. We envy Owens the reputation he is making in New York almost as much as we envy the management the greenbacks that come in a steady stream through the box-office window.

Every American ought to go once, if no more, even though he does not understand a word of the language, to the Theatre Français, that he may know what lively acting is, and see a performance in which the very lowest performer seems to have and to show a positive interest in the business of the play.

One of the lucky ones of the day is Heller. His rooms are crowded every night, and, setting an example from which New York managers may copy, even while the old programme is drawing crowds, he changes it for something entirely new. The coming week he will present an entertainment of a perfectly novel character, being a combination of Hellerism and Ravelism, calculated somewhat to startle those who are not believers in the supernatural.

Artemus Ward is another instance of good fortune, though we can hardly call that luck which is based upon something exactly suiting the public taste. There is something about Artemus too ridiculous to speak of, and if it were only for the satisfaction of seeing his audiences laugh, we could not refrain from going, once a week, to Dodworth's Hall. On Thursday evening, the 15th inst., Artemus lectures for the benefit of Mr. E. F. Mullen, the well-known comic artist, who is very ill at St. Vincent's Hospital.

Barnum is counting everything by threes: three Giants, three Dwarfs, three Fat Girls, three performances daily, and triplets of all sorts.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A woman, at Wilton, Me., recently drowned herself in a half hogshead of water. She carefully put on her rubbers before, going to do the deed.

—— Gen. John Pope has gone to the Army of the Potomac.

—— The Gloucester (*Mass.*) fishery this year has resulted well. The catch of mackerel will pay a handsome profit. Nine vessels and 78 men were lost in the cod fisheries.

—— The Illinois State Sanitary Commission has arranged to meet Sherman's army, with the released Union prisoners, on the Atlantic coast, with a large cargo of potatoes, onions, pickles and dried fruit.

—— In a speech, in New Orleans, recently, Jacob Barker mentioned, incidentally, that when Robert Fulton's machinery, for the first steamboat, came from the manufactory, in England, to New York, it was consigned to him, and it actually remained in his commission warehouse six months before the money could be raised to pay the charges of importation.

—— Monticello, Thomas Jefferson's old homestead, has been sold, under the sequestration law, to B. F. Ficklin, for $80,500.

—— Hon. James Speed, of Kentucky, has been appointed to succeed Mr. Bates as Attorney-General.

—— Mr. G. W. Childs, the eminent publisher, of Philadelphia, has purchased the *Public Ledger* newspaper of that city.

—— Salem, Lynn, Springfield and New Bedford, all secondary cities of Massachusetts, are to be supplied with water, just as New York, Philadelphia and Boston are—from contiguous lakes.

—— The steamer Bay State, which used to run between New York and Fall River, has been condemned and broken up. She was the pioneer of the line, on which she has served for 17 years.

—— More than 79,000 trees, shrubs and herbaceous plants were planted in the Central Park last year. The carriage drive, now completed, is about 80 miles in length.

—— A single firm, of Pittsburg, Ohio, is obtaining 160 barrels of oil every day. It sells for $24 per barrel. This is one of the most remarkable "strikes" recorded in the history of the oil excitement.

—— There are, it is said, 50,000 Chinese in this country.

—— The widow of Joshua R. Giddings died at Jefferson, Ashtabula county, Ohio, on the 15th ult.

—— A dancer in one of the Cincinnati theatres come to a sad death lately. She had been dancing, and in passing from the greenroom to the stage, drank a tumblerfull of ice-water, from the effects of which she dropped dead in full view of the audience. She was swelled past identification, in a few minutes. Her professional name was Millie Francis.

—— A Boston paper publishes the following facts and correspondence: "Mrs. Bixby, a lady in the southern portion of this city, whose case has excited much sympathy, had six sons enlisted in the Union army, five of whom have been killed in battle, and the sixth is now at the U. S. Hospital at Readville. Being in indigent circumstances, she has received assistance from some of the churches and Christian women of Boston. Her lonely abode has been made cheerful by the receipt of the following letter from President Lincoln:

"Executive Mansion, Washington,
Nov. 21, 1864.

"Dear Madam—I have been shown, in the files of the War Department, a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts, that you are the mother of five sons, who have died gloriously on the field of battle.

"I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save.

"I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours, to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of Freedom.

"Yours, very sincerely and respectfully,
"Mrs. Bixby. A. Lincoln."

—— Coal has been discovered at Fort Rice, in Dacotah. One vein is six feet thick. The field trends southwestwardly, and is supposed to have its outcrop in the Black Hills. A few months since an immense basin of salt, five miles square, was found near Carson river, in Nevada, not far from the locality of the silver mines. It is 14 feet thick, of pure rock salt, as white as snow.

—— The last party from Virginia City, Idaho, were obliged to dig out the coach on one occasion, and the weather was extremely cold. At Fort Halleck there was a large quantity of snow, and the weather was intensely cold. Snow was four feet deep between Denver and Colorado City on election day, Nov. 8th, and two and a half feet at Denver.

—— Gen. Butler, in an order dismissing a member of the Colored Light Artillery, from the service, says: "He was in a state of intoxication, which is reported as beastly; but that is evidently a mistake, as beasts do not get drunk."

—— The *Scientific American* states that, owing to the heavy tax, there is an immense falling off in the consumption of tobacco.

—— The great breach in the Erie Canal, 12 miles west of Rochester, which has caused a premature suspension of navigation, was occasioned by the boring of a muskrat. In two hours after the small leak was discovered, 50,000 square yards of earth were washed out of the bank.

—— The commandant of Libey prison issued a stringent order that Union prisoners must limit their letters to six lines. The following is a specimen of the letters subsequently written:

"My Dear Wife—Yours received—no hope of exchange—send corn starch—want socks—no money—rheumatism in left shoulder—pickles very good—send sausages—God bless you—kiss the baby—Hail Columbia! Your devoted husband. ———."

—— Nearly 600 National banks have been organized, with capitals amounting to about $109,000,000. Isn't it time to stop?

—— An army correspondent of the New York *Commercial Advertiser* says of the Dutch Gap Canal: "It will be 500 feet in length, or, including dredging, in water, 550 feet. Its breadth at the top of the cut is 125, and at the bottom 65 feet, the sides having very steep slopes. It will have 15 feet of water at low tides (those being slightly felt here). This short cut will soon save a navigation of seven miles, the Southern shore beyond that point being high and precipitous." The canal is substantially finished.

—— In a recent speech at Cincinnati, Ex-Secretary and now Chief Justice Chase said: "Now, I take no particular pleasure in being called 'greenbacks.' I don't think it is a bad name. But then greenbacks was not the end of my design by a long ways. If I were carrying out this plan, as I hope and trust it will be carried out, and as our platform pledges the Administration to do, the time will not be remote when, supported properly by Congress and the people, every dollar in greenbacks will be made equivalent to a dollar in gold. We never should content ourselves until we have brought up every paper dollar issued by Congress to a gold value."

—— There are 5,000,000 native Germans in the United States, and this year's emigration will add 70,000 to that number.

—— An association has been organized at Alton, Ill., to raise a monument to the memory of Lovejoy, the Abolitionist, who was shot there, years ago.

—— The official majority of votes cast for Gen. McClellan in Mr. Lincoln's own county of Sangamon, Illinois, is 376.

—— The Arabia, of the Cunard line of steamers, has been sold.

—— It is stated that the Secretary of War has decided that colored recruits are entitled to the same bounty as white recruits, viz., $100 for one year, $200 for two years, and $300 for three years. Representative recruits are also entitled to this bounty, without regard to color.

—— A young lady in Richmond, N. H., recently shot a too presuming gallant, killing him instantly. A free use of this sort of discipline might be beneficial to male society.

—— The resignations of the following named officers have been accepted by the President: Major-Gen. John A. McClernand, Brig.-Gen. E. A. Payne, Brig.-Gen. Neal Dow.

—— Gen. Butler has issued an order mustering out of service several officers of colored troops, for incapacity and other more disgraceful causes.

—— New molasses is sold at $1.20 cents a gallon at New Orleans.

—— Up to the 30th of Nov. last, 175,352 immigrants had arrived at New York since Jan. 1st, from foreign parts. This exceeds the immigration of last year, in the same time, by 30,000.

—— It is stated that there are, at present, between 500 and 600 deserters from the Federal army, in the immediate vicinity of Niagara Falls, on the Canada side, most of whom have obtained bounties. They are in a wretched condition. Some of them are working on the Great Western Railroad, as laborers, for very small compensation.

—— A new dramatic and musical paper has been commenced in New York. It is called the *Figaro*. It is edited by Mr. Greathed, of London and Paris.

—— The *Musical Review* will be hereafter published under the name of the *Weekly Review*. It will be edited by Mr. C. B. Seymour, dramatic and musical critic of the New York *Times*.

—— The New York *Leader* is to be converted into an evening paper, under the name of the *Evening Leader*.

—— Lord Lyons has left Washington, and sails for London this week. It is doubtful whether he will return. His Secretary of Legation will transact the business of the mission in the meanwhile. His lordship will be much missed from a position he has filled with credit to himself and advantage to both countries. He is in feeble health, caused by overworking his mind.

—— Mr. Horatio Alger, Jr., an occasional contributor to this paper, has received and accepted a call to become the pastor of the Unitarian Church and Society in Brewster, Mass.

Foreign.—During a festive gathering in Venice, consisting of the officers of an Austrian regiment and a number of ladies, an Orsini bomb fell into their midst, through the skylight. Owing to the capsule falling off, the bomb did not explode. Had it done so the loss of life would have been great.

—— The waters of the Rhone have risen nearly 20 feet, and are still rising. They are within 18 inches of the height they attained in 1840, when so much damage was done. It is said that these inundations occur four times in a century.

—— Punjaub coal has been tried in the locomotives of the Punjaub railroad, in India, and found to answer admirably.

—— A writer in the English *Quarterly* says, that "the reason why the French are so ill-informed is that they read only newspapers!"

—— An English justice has refused to grant a warrant, which a person of the name of Ward applied for, against the Davenport Brothers, on the charge of getting money under false pretenses, alleging that the Davenport *seances* were such "silly exhibitions," that no one attending them could be said to have his money taken from his pockets "under false pretences," telling the applicant "that it was another instance of a fool and his money soon parted."

—— Another enormity has been committed in an English railway carriage, this time in a third-class one. A well-dressed young man undressed himself before a number of ladies, and then pitched his clothes on to the track. He was given in charge at the next station, in *puris naturalibus*. He was, of course, found to be insane.

—— The lawsuit between the Hungarian families of Wusyady and Broukay, which has been progressing for 180 years, has been settled at last in favor of the Broukay family, who retain their estate. There have been only two lawsuits equal to this in period of time; one in Florence, which was also recently adjudicated, and which had been progressing 331 years, and one in England between two branches of the Seymour family, which had been 274 years in litigation. This was settled when Lord Brougham was Lord Chancellor.

—— The Duke of Somerset, accompanied by five members of the English Admiralty, has arrived at Algiers, in the Government yacht Enchantress. These gentlemen are charged by her Majesty's Government with the duty of visiting the principal ports on the Mediterranean sea.

—— Seven nightingales have arrived safely at Melbourne from England.

—— M. Auber, the musical composer, is seriously ill, and as he has passed his 85th birthday, his friends naturally begin to be apprehensive that his vigor will not share the immortality of his works.

—— An early winter is reported in Russia. Sledging began in Olentz on the 28th of September.

—— A railway is to be constructed from Vera Cruz to some port on the Pacific coast. The task of making it has been committed to M. Escandon by imperial decree. He receives a bonus of $8,000,000.

—— Adelina Patti is to sing at the French capital in "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Neudin, Delle Sedie and Scalese.

—— London is now connected with Sidon and Jerusalem by telegraph. How strange to see the old Bible lands invaded by modern improvements and inventions!

—— The Madrid correspondent of a London paper writes: "The maritime force of Spain is at a very low ebb. They have about 27 steam vessels of not more than 7,500 horse power in the aggregate, the greater proportion of these vessels being of small tonnage."

—— An English paper announces the reappearance of M. Mirès upon the financial stage. It says: "That wonderful man, M. Mirès, who is never so little in difficulties as when he is ruined, and who jumps up, Antaeus-like, the fresher from a bad fall, is now about to start a 'Banque des Etats,' capital 200,000,000 francs, and already I learn that the shares are in great request."

—— The Ecclesiastic Convention at Paris have resolved to tax crinoline—all ladies, therefore, who occupy chairs at divine worship are to pay one franc for low mass and one-and-a-half francs for high mass. Their basis of calculation is that a modern lady takes up thrice the space of one of the ancient *régime*. This plan might be adopted here with advantage.

—— A Hungarian boy, aged 14, has been sentenced to five years imprisonment for having on his person a book in which were written some disrespectful words about the Emperor of Austria.

PEACE OR WAR.

BY ROSENBERG.

(*See pages* 216-217.)

From the Lake and from the Mountain,
From the Valley and the Plain,
We have thronged to save our Country;
Which shall not be rent in twain—
With true hearts and earnest hands
We have raised the Stripes and Stars,
Facing Cannon-shot and Sword-stroke,
Daring Grave and Prison-bars!

One, our purpose—One, our Prayer—
That the Land which is our own,
Shall be ours, and be our Brother's,
Ever his and ours, alone.
We love him—but, he must not tear
Apart the soil, our Fathers made
Free, by the red blood freely shed
To British Bayonet and Blade.

Gladly would we call him to us,
With a loyal, loving heart—
Bid him share with us our homestead—
Take an Elder Brother's part.
But he shall not trample down
The Banner that our Fathers reared—
By their troubles and their struggles,
Tenfold to our souls endeared.

Let him tell us, he repents him—
Let him raise their Flag, once more,
And with opened arms we take him
To the heart he shared before.
Wherefore holds he still away, then?
Will he not in patience hear?
Does he hate us with a deadly
Hatred?—for it is not Fear.

Southern blood is frank and fearless,
Even as our own may be—
Southern Hearts are strong yet tender,
As our own are quick and free.
Why, then, comes he not to bid us
To forget?—we know we will,
For we have loved him. In God's name,
Do we swear, we love him still!

Therefore, let him hear us crying
To him, with a yearning cry—
"Brother! Hearken to our prayer—
"Let not love and kinship die.
"Come! We ask thee with an eager
"Will, and with a burning word—
"By the passion and the trouble,
"To our inmost heart-strings stirred."

If he will not heed our outcry
He deserves nor hope nor friend,
But, willing the red scourge of warfare,
Dares it to the bitter end.
"In God's name! then—Brother, hear us!
"While Time is, we call thee. Come!
"Tread not out that love whose tender
"Accent calls thee to it—home!"

THE NOVELIST A PHYSICIAN.

Some ten years ago Alexandre Dumas published a large novel, serially, in a political journal. The heroine was represented as a person suffering from consumption, the first stage of which was already passed.

Her perspiration, cough, irritability and moodiness, by turns gay and melancholy, the poetic flights of her imagination; in short, the whole category of phthisis were portrayed with that golden pen which the celebrated novelist still so defiantly holds.

One morning, as he was about to conclude his work, a distinguished person from the court of Louis Philippe called to see the author.

The Marquis de ——— was announced:

"Sir," says the marquis, "is your novel finished?"

"Entirely," was the reply.

"And what becomes of the heroine in the end?"

"You are fond of rare things, Monsieur le Marquis," says the novelist, laughing; "or else you wish to read in Arabian style—beginning at the end."

"I have," replied the visitor, "a more serious motive to justify my curiosity."

"Well, then," says Dumas, "my poor sufferer dies in the last chapter."

"She must recover in that case," said his excellency.

"But the plan has been carried out."

"Then the conclusion must be altered."

"But the *dénouement* is exceedingly striking."

"Another must be found, however, and you may depend upon my gratitude."

Dumas stared with astonishment at the seigneur.

"Why require this of a fictitious person?" said

"Because my only daughter suffers the same malady and the same symptoms you have described, and the death of your heroine would be a mortal blow to the *morale* of my poor child, who follows her adventures anxiously in every morning's paper."

The far-famed writer pressed the father's hand. He revised the last part of his novel. The heroine was miraculously cured.

Five years afterwards Dumas met a beautiful lady, of transcendent charms, in the *salon* of M. de Montalivet; she was the marquis's daughter, married, and in the bloom of health.

"She has had four children," said her father, in introducing her.

"And my book four editions," answered the novelist.

Human Feet.—The French foot is meagre, narrow and bony; the Spanish is small and elegantly formed—thanks to its Moorish blood, corresponding with the Castilian pride—"high in the instep." The Arab is proverbial for its high arch; "a stream can run under the hollow of it." The foot of the Scotch is large and thick; that of the Irish flat and square; the English short and fleshy. The American foot is apt to be disproportionately small. A foot, for both beauty and speed, should be arched, fairly rounded, and its length proportioned to the height of the person. The ankle, especially of woman, should be rounded and firm, and not too small.

A woman, whose husband was wont to snore loudly at night, could not sleep in his absence, until she hit upon the expedient of having a servant come into her chamber, and grind coffee in a portable mill, by the sound of which she was speedily soothed to repose.



ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—SCENE AT WARREN STATION—OUR SOLDIERS RECEIVE THE PEOPLE'S GIFT—DISTRIBUTION OF THANKSGIVING VIANDS TO TROOPS OF THE 5TH AND 9TH CORPS—COMMISSARY SUTER WEIGHING OUT THE STORES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.



BOUNTY JUMPERS' PARADE, AT INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA: SUPERINTENDED BY COL. WARNER.

A NATIONAL SONG.

BY THOMAS POWELL.

WHEN driven by a despot's wrath,
Our Pilgrim Fathers, led by God,
Found o'er the billows' foaming path
A land which tyrants never trod—
On the bare deck this anthem rings,
"Life to the Freemen—Death to Kings!"



They passed the darkness of the night,
And rode through many a blinding storm,
Till sleeping in the snowdrimmed light,
A New World stretched its giant form—
Loud on the shore the anthem rings,
"Life to the Freemen—Death to Kings!"

Marshalled in battle's grim array,
A Power which shames the Roman might
Marked the young Nation for its prey,
And dared it to the unequal fight—
On victory's plain the pæan rings,
"Triumph to Freemen—Shame to Kings!"

Though Treason with its demon stride
Raged for awhile throughout the land,
Soon in calm Freedom's grasp it died,
And Peace now rules with placid hand—
On hill and plain the anthem rings,
"Traitors have shared the doom of Kings."

Hail, great Republic of the west,
Thou Homestead of the brave and free,
The ready friend of the opprest,
The chosen shrine of Liberty—
Taught by thy voice, each Freeman sings,
"The Pilgrims' sons have strangled Kings!"

Long may thy glorious flag, unfurled,
Float proudly on from shore to shore,
The hope and glory of the world,
When handed Despots are no more—
Thy Stars—to cheer the struggling Free,
Thy Stripes—the scourge of Tyranny."

WHAT ANTIETAM WAS TO ONE.

BY LAURA W. LAMOREUX.

"GIL!"

The thunder must have drowned the sound of my voice, for nothing answered me. Just then a vivid flash of lightning streamed in through the crevices of the gaunt window, lighting up the great dismal room for an instant, and revealing a form stretched at full length upon the bare floor.

"Gil!" I called in a loud whisper, speaking quickly, lest another peal of thunder should prevent my being heard. The boy moved slowly, and the rope that held him by the ankle creaked over the rafter to which it was confined.

"Is it you, Lot?"

"Yes."

"Go back!" he said, almost roughly.

"Not yet," I replied, catching the deep vibrations of pain underlying his sullen words. Crash followed crash, as if the heavens were rushing to conflict in wild dismay. The house shook under the reeling thunderbolts like one to be annihilated by the fury of the storm; but we were not frightened; we were not timid children. Gilbert, at least, was little more than a child yet. Another blinding flash filled the room. Gilbert was sitting as upright now as he could. The rope was too short to let his foot rest on the floor, so he had to sit carefully, or it would chafe his ankle.

"Have you had anything to eat, Gil?"

"No."

"For how long?"

"Since breakfast."

"Oh, Gil!" I said woefully. He laughed a low, bitter laugh, such as makes one shiver.

"How long have you been here?"

"Three days and two nights."

"What for?" I asked, in low tones, the terrors of a suffering childhood creeping over me.

"Because I went into the streets without his leave, and he found my boots worn from kicking ball with the boys—as he would have it. I play a great deal, you know," he added, sneeringly. It was the old story. A pang smote me, to think I had been spending happy days all the time away from home.

"I've brought you some nice supper," I said, lowering my voice as the storm began to abate.

"I don't want any of his cursed victuals," was the muttered reply.

"Oh, yes, you'll eat for mother and me, you know."

He asked in softer tones where mother was.

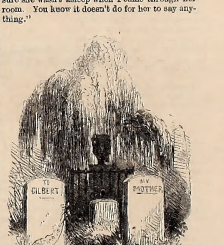
"Hasn't she been to see you?" I asked in surprise.

"No," he said sadly.

"You don't think she doesn't want to, Gil?"

He shook his head.

"I didn't get home until after dinner," I continued, "and she has been crying all the afternoon. She told me where you were; and I'm quite sure she wasn't asleep when I came through her room. You know it doesn't do for her to say anything."



THE GRAVES OF MOTHER AND SON.

He sat munching greedily at the food I brought him. The storm was going over, and snatches of moonlight struggling in at the broken window showed how pale and ghostlike he had grown since I went away, a month before. "Why did I leave him?" I asked myself reproachfully; "him I love better than anything in the wide world, even mother." I remember how proud and happy I was years before, when he was a large, beautiful baby, and I a little girl of five, trying almost vainly to hold his chubby, struggling form in my weak arms. The great trouble then was that I could not keep him quiet and happy in my arms. What was it now? He broke in on these thoughts.

"You'd better go back, Lot, it's getting lighter, you see."

"No, not yet. I wouldn't care, anyhow, only for you. Didn't you want me, Gil?"

"No!" he replied sullenly, "I didn't want anything, only to die. How I hate him!" he said, raising his great black eyes to mine, full of bitterness and ghastly murder. "Why, Lot," he went on, "I've prayed till I'm hoarse, here in this awful storm, before you came, for God to strike him dead with the lightning. I'm like a devil, ain't I?"

He had eaten the food, and lay back wearily on the floor.

"No, no, it isn't you that is so bad," I said, the hot tears splashing over my cheeks all the while I was looking about the dim room for something to make a pillow of. At last I found an old quilt in a barrel, and rolling it up, placed it under the unpruned head.

"Now Gil, lay your head on my lap and go to sleep." He did as I bade him, and soon fell into a heavy sleep. I sat watching him until the moon



THE DYING DRUMMER-BOY AND HIS SISTER IN THE SURGEON'S TENT.

went down, and the first faint beams of light began to penetrate the thick darkness that preceded the early dawn. They were laying his head carefully on the floor again, while I tore the quilt into parts, I placed a comparatively comfortable pillow under head and feet, and softly kissing him as he slept, stole quietly down the stairs, passed through my parent's apartment, and reached my own room unobserved.

The next morning Gil was released, but did not make his appearance at the breakfast table. As soon as father went out for the morning, however, he came in with a nervous air, and, walking straight up to where mother was sitting, put his arms about her neck, and kissed her passionately again and again. Then, after quick, hurried whispers, he said the good-bye we two had been dreading so long. We knew he would not bear it always. As soon as mother could speak, she said, oh, so wearily, so hopelessly:

"You are going, my child?"

"Yes, mother; I'm going where I will never see him again," he said, with slow, stinging emphasis. "And tell him for me, my good-by, mother, that he has made me hate him more than I love my own soul."

He looked fiercely beautiful, with the dark brown curls falling over his forehead, and the wild light gleaming in his eyes, as he stood for a moment facing mother and me. Then, with a low bosom again, and they held each other in a long, close embrace, and then he was gone. She covered her face with her hands, and cried aloud. I rushed out swiftly after him, and overtook him at the end of the lane. He reached out his arm without stopping, and thrust a letter at me as I came up.

"I know you would come, Lot."

"Yes. Where are you going?"

"I'm going into the new war, death, anything but this. Lot—anything but this crushing out of my life and my manhood. I've thought it all over—you know I've had time"—he added, in surcastic tone—"and I've made up my mind to go, and if I'm killed, Lot, it's a poor life that has gone perhaps in place of a better. Don't cry, child; don't reproach me; don't ask me to stay, and oh, how I'll love you," he said, looking at me with earnest, imploring eyes.

"No, no, Gil; I won't. I said, pressing the arm I held closer in my grasp.

He stopped suddenly, as if a new thought had struck him, and, with a troubled anxiety overspread his face, as he asked in low, hurried tones:

"But him! do you think he will send after me?"

I feared he would, I knew it would be terrible, and my face seemed to satisfy him as to what I thought.

"Dare you tell him what I say?"

"Indeed I dare."

He drew himself up proudly, as if in defiance of his words, and went on rapidly:

"Tell him I took money from his own drawer to take me from here, poor, and if he does not call me thief, I fling the words back in his teeth. Ask him what he has wrung from my meagre wants, that he has sapped from my cramped childhood?"

I remembered bitterly how he had taken mother's money that she was saving for Gilbert's schooling, and would not allow her to appropriate a cent of it for the purpose she desired, and my heart hardened like flint as he proceeded:

"Tell him he has robbed me of what can never be replaced, and that if he ever takes me, it will not be alive. No, Lot," he added in low, deep tones, "I will never look that man in the face again with those living eyes, for he knows how inhumanly he has wronged me."

"I will tell him, my child, Gilbert."

How could I, who knew all his sufferings, blame him? He stood a moment last in thought, his eyes resting on the house that held mother, then starting, he said:

"I must go?"

"You will see me, Gil?"

"Don't cry, Lot!"

He turned to me with a look full of that unhungry affection that for some weeks past had been a stranger to me. I felt that there came no intelligence from him after whom two hearts in that dreary household yearned so intensely. He remembered I ordered a separate box at the post office, to prevent any chance of a letter falling into my father's hands, who, I was quite certain, would destroy it unread. All of our anxiety was relieved. A worn, soiled letter, superscribed in Gil's handwriting, was placed in my hand. It was dated at Harrisburg. He said he was a drummer-boy in a Pennsylvania regiment, which was to leave their present camp as soon as their colonel—who was then on a visit—rejoined them. He was going out into the army of the Potomac. "Tell mother not to worry about me and Lot, if I am not scratched, don't put by more than to get to me, the way you did that night in the garret." How well he knew me, to divine the echoing fears that were in the solitary place that some of my barren life. Did he think to disarm me of my resolution to go to him in case of harm, when he made that weak proviso? Indeed it only served to place me more seriously on the lookout for his interest. I was reading the letter to mother, when father's step was heard at the door. She made one of her quick, frightened motions to clutch me, but I read on in the same determined voice with which I had been reading. He stood in the doorway until I was done, and was refolding the letter. I knew from the hardness of his silence that a storm was brewing, and the spirit within me rose to meet it.

"Girl!" he said sharply.

I rose to my feet, and turned towards him.

"Send that letter back, and tell the boy to mind no more such come to this house."

"I will go no such thing!" I answered, in a self, sullen tone, roused at this new evidence of his cruel tyranny. We stood facing each other, as parent and child seldom meet. If he saw in my face what I felt within me, it was no wonder that he turned pale, and left the room. Not that I was prone to be intemperate, but impulsive now as ever, and constantly to assert my own independence.

Mother, who sat quailing in her easy-chair, with a look of helpless distress on her countenance, during this little scene, recovered herself, and said, with a look of relief:

"I am glad your boy has you, Charlotte."

"Yes, mother, he has me. I have given myself to him."

"You can do better than me. You won't fail him?" she asked, in her weak way, sinking back wearily in her chair.

"No, mother, you may go easy for that."

It was settled between us now that she was dying; when we talked it was to the point. We suffered no more to appear each other by choosing feathery words.

"You'll remember all I say for him, Charlotte?" This, mother, said, with a pathetic, through weakness, say. I think your mother's heart will come to me when you are gone, and keep it all fresh."

She looked up in her feeble, confiding manner, catching the intent of my words, and a look of satisfaction and peace was driving comfort from them, overspread her face.

From that time a settled peace seemed to have rested upon our household. In spite of the unusual suffering, she died calmly in my arms.

I did not sink under this new trial, for I felt the necessity for action in my behalf more. Father started terribly when he looked at the ghastly truthfulness of death in mother's stricken form. Her cold face appalled him, and he fled as if he had been struck. It had been in its desolate life pleadings. And we stalked through the echoing rooms of the old house, two solitary, unblending existences.

Gil passed the Peninsular campaign unharmed. He spoke often in his letters of a surgeon who was very kind to him, and treated him with many privileges and favors that he could not otherwise have obtained. I perceived, and I gave me unutterable satisfaction, that he had formed a kind of appointment in a human friendship. It was one of my solitary pleasures to watch the growth and development of this friendship, and speculate on the possible good that might accrue to my brother from it.

I had never yet written to him of mother's death, dreading the effect I knew it would have on his impressible nature. I had full faith that we should meet again, and then I hoped to impart the pain. I had in a manner that would at least make the shock less abrupt. Whatever game of it in such a case, I might be, I felt sure, the bearer of his forgiveness to fear, unbearable sorrow. All the love that father's cold harshness had thrown back into the boy's bosom broke forth and overpowered me in my hour. I trembled to think how he would look at the world when he found she had gone from it. And so I let my brother him until I had time to pour out my sorrow more necessarily.

The stubborn fighting before Richmond was over, and battle after battle, in which the receding or retreating Union army had no cause to be engaged, was fought, and through them all my brother passed unscathed. I came to think he bore a charmed existence, and never for a moment slackened my diligent watch.

At last the battle of Antietam came. Those three terrible days of fierce fighting, shrieking battlefield, with its untold horrors of aggravated suffering and death, lay between two unreckoning armies, formed a scene of inexpressible anguish to me. I knew the regiment to which Gilbert belonged was in the engagement, but that was all. No word or paper had come from him since that. And could be gleaned by the most diligent search. Not name among the list of killed, wounded or missing bore the name of my brother. I felt sure that he never once was mistaken, as it seemed impossible for all to escape. My anxiety grew insupportable, and I was about to start out alone for myself if there were cause for the apprehension I could not thrust from me. Mother had passed away, and father, in his private grief, managed to reserve a portion of his usual cruelty for my return. Coming back, when it was converted into ready money, two hundred dollars of which was all that was left of the sum Gilbert had taken, gave me, charging me to keep it in readiness to use in Gilbert's behalf, in case he needed assistance. By this time, I was quite satisfied that I was in no danger, and independent of the help I would have felt justified in receiving for, had I known that he needed it, I was in a condition to go anywhere before the day on which I was to start, I told father, as a matter of justice due him, what my intentions were. He replied by asking, with a cool sneer, if I were mad, or only half-witted. Disregarding this unfeeling conduct, in my strong desire to do right in the matter, and what I felt I owed him, in case I should find Gilbert suffering or dying, he charge upon the day of my brother's departure?

I felt I had done all that the most stringent duty could require of me, and proceeded with my preparations, wondering if Gilbert and I were the only ones who would have to link bitter memories with these passing days. After dinner the next day, I walked three miles to meet the three o'clock train. My course had been so thoroughly mapped out at leisure, and every preparation that time and study could suggest was already made. I wore a dress of material that would not easily soil, and selected shoes with an eye more to strength than beauty. My other needs were all confined, with the strictest regard to economy of space, within the limits of a large-sized lady's travelling reticule. Besides the few articles of clothing indispensable to my own wants, I found room for soft woven bandages, lint, and bits of old linen, with a few small-sized towels, needlebook, scissors, twine, thread, and, indeed, all the other materials of the invalid's wardrobe, was stowed away in my pocket, in the smallest compass imaginable. Two worn skirts, suitable for small bandages and the like, I wore upon my person, without feeling encumbered. Then in a middling-sized paper-box I managed to pack a few delicacies for a sick man's appetite—a half dozen lemons, and a small bottle of brandy, all of which proved of great service and could be carried without inconvenience.

I felt satisfied, when I took my seat in the cars that I could traverse whole miles of country road in search of Gil, if necessary, and suffer but little inconvenience from my travelling accoutrements. A lady friend at home, who was well acquainted with the route I was to take, had given me the address and a note of introduction to an acquaintance in Chambersburg, who, she felt confident, would be able to assist me materially in my enterprise. To my great satisfaction I found her at home, and strongly inclined to interest herself in my behalf. She was a member of the Sanitary Association, who were sending men and supplies to the battlefield, at short intervals, and it so happened that the very morning after my arrival a wagon and attendant was ordered for my immediate departure.

As I sat waiting for the vehicle, which was a roomy one, and provided with cushions, I took my morning paper and glanced abstractedly over a portion of its contents. Suddenly my eye became conscious that there was a Gilbert on the page, for it often leaped into my vision. My gaze became fixed in eager search, and I soon found a list of heretofore unpublished casualties. Among them was a name that made my heart stop in—Pennsylvania regiment, wounded in the side, name—Gilbert Linthorne. I had only time to clasp my hands in utter grief, when the driver of the wagon, with the wagon drove up, and I sprang down the steps, impatient of delay. A lady, alone like me, going in search of a friend, who was badly wounded, formed one of the company.

Oh, these hurried journeys, when one goes prepared for the worst, only that they may reach the suffering loved ones before life or even consciousness are gone; pleading with inward fervency as they will, that they may be in time to get a word, a smile, a glance of recognition, a low, soft farewell, a tender parting pressure of the hand, something to assure the fainting heart of the fond, faithful dream, for ever starting with this sad one voice. I had said all the way, "I fear my brother is wounded or sick," but it was a shadowless fear. I had not sunset heart there lurked a secret joy, ready to spring into utterance, that I would find him living, blooming, bright and glad, and all my apprehensions a heavy hand on this delight, giving it small scope, lest it reared itself into a hope whose disappointed would leave me doubly desolate. But it was there, and there was darkness behind it. I wrung my hands in silent anguish as we drove over the undulating road, praying God that it might not all go out.

At last we were fairly within sight of our encampments. A little more delay and the first person I met was a sergeant despatched with my brother's name, regiment and other particulars requisite to ascertain his whereabouts. After what seemed to me an interminable length of time he returned, saying my brother was in Surgeon Winston's private tent, and I could see him there. I was conducted there hurriedly, until we came to a stiff tent, outside the door of which stood a man, apparently past the middle age, with a pen and writing for some one. As we came up he recognised me, and extended his hand with a few words of questioning sympathy. I thanked him courteously, that was not the surgeon whom Gilbert had spoken of as his friend so often. My forced composure gave way for the moment, as the sound of the firm hand that was holding to sustain me was withdrawn. It was very wise in him to meet me here, outside the tent, and prepare me to see my brother. Gathering my self-control, I drew me gently aside and waited for me to grow calm. I saw in this procedure, however, that there was danger in my self-control, and made every effort to recover my self-composure.

At last I was myself again, and looking at him with an imploring smile, he said I might go in, Gilbert was expecting me. He went a little in advance, saying I was there, and giving me a chance to give a longer support for the best. He did not move when our eyes met, but I would have faced dangers indescribable to read all that came and went in that sad, confiding, and clouded face, and lips, with streaming eyes. It was long before either spoke, but those deep, hungry eyes never once moved from my face. They thanked, they searched, they blessed me, and—oh, terrible!—they glimmered forth sure, swift foreshadowings of a coming separation.

At last he asked, in a vainly attempted tone of reproach:

"What made you come, Lot?"

I silenced his lips with the pressure of my own, and when I raised my head he smiled a sweet, sad smile, that said in its way:

"I know I won't ask again."

The surgeon came nearer now, and Gilbert said to him he had spoken of so often in his letters.

"He has been mother and sister to me, Lottie."

The face pale blanched whiter but it did not say father.

Did you suffer long before they brought you away, Gilbert?" I asked.

A shadow of unutterable pain passed over his face, as he said in a wild, vague way, looking up at the opening in the tent:

"Two days of burning thirst, and groans, and speechless agony. It was dreadful, dreadful," he said, murmuring in a lower tone, as if to himself and then turning suddenly to me, he went on rapidly, "And then to think they were so near, Lot, leaving us there shrieking our death cries in their accursed language, and couldn't come to us because they wouldn't ask favors of the enemy. Two armies," he continued, in a bitter tone, with a curling lip, "wouldn't ask favors of each other, for those of their own number, fighting in the same cause, who lay there dying long deaths of terrible agony. If I was a surgeon," he added, "I would think it a deeper disgrace to have my soldiers treated that way than I would to make ten thousand such accidental prisoners of defeat, as it would be to ask the privilege of relieving my suffering soldiers. But, Lot," he said, falling into the old way of his childhood, his head resting while a joyful smile, as he pointed to the surgeon, "He wasn't so. It was late who started with the first flag of truce Oh, Lot's good, Lot's kind."

The surgeon smiled at his warmth, and said warmingly, talking his white hand gently in his:

"We must be careful, you know."

We were not aware of his eyes at that, the muscles about the mouth and neck relaxed, and the uneasy head with its soft curling masses of brown hair lay upon his arm like a wounded child's, under the eye of the surgeon's calm eyes. Then he left him, and I sat by him, talking in a low, soothing voice, giving him what news I could speak, running over the incidents of my journey, and keeping up a sort of disinterested interest, until the eyelids began to droop and close slowly. When he was asleep, the surgeon was going down. He was slightly delirious, and began, as I feared, to worry about me; how and where I was going, and the like. The surgeon bade him be easy, saying he would see to all that, and assuring him he would see I had every attention, turned to the door, preparing for the first time to leave me. I could see by his countenance he could offer, and begged me to consider whatever the tent afforded as entirely at my disposal. It was just the opportunity I wanted to remain with them both, that I was capable of, and could make myself comfortable and serviceable, without infringing upon their few comforts. I went on to explain how I had my Gilbert's bedside, and there alone, I could take any rest. Even if I sat all night on the ground, I could do that as well as lie on his cot. He slept, I might need, it would be better, far better, than the weary suspense of waiting and fearing I had undergone and endure. I begged of the surgeon to let me have my way, and assured him if he wished to show me kindness, he would not place me in the position of refusing it. He left me, and I drove him from his limited accommodations. He looked somewhat surprised, but had the good sense to see that I would be satisfied and happy. If he persisted in his offers of kindness. Indeed I think, if women, always fertile in resources, would call the surgeons to their aid in ministering with them to their aid, and prove to those who love them that they can be strong in the hour of trial, as well as in the weakness of sorrow, there is many a wounded soldier, who might die in the arms of those whom he loves most, instead of breathing his last hour away alone.

We are all willing ourselves to be so weak and dependent, that they dare not send for us to come and comfort them in this terrible time? What a comfort it must be for a wife, a mother, a sister to think: "My husband wanted me before he died, but he thought I could not endure the sight of his suffering, and so let me with him." Let us teach them better.

As it began to grow dark, Gilbert spoke of the long day that had passed, and said he was sure it would be to have me where he could speak to me, now and then. He relished whatever was given him, and showed a pleasure in my care. For a moment I was overcome, and bent over him, kissing him fervently, and looked appealingly to the surgeon, who stood near by. He came at once to my relief, and begged me to be sure he might help the bedside, perplexed as he was by my sudden emotion. I tried to recover myself, and stammered out:

"She is well, dear. Don't talk now." And made my way out of the tent.

In a few moments the surgeon joined me.

"Mother is dead," I faltered by way of explanation. He looked surprised, but he said:

"I promised to give him her dying words. Will it kill him?" I asked anxiously.

He thought not, and said, questioning eyes, full of tender pity. I braced myself for the scrutiny, life dim truth. I had dreaded assuming terrible distinctness. I would know if it killed me, and he should tell me there. He read the conflict, and said in tones over which felt a death quiet:

"You must tell him soon, Charlotte."

I pressed my hands tightly over my heart. I would keep the life blood there till he died.

"He must live, sir."

In his fixed, earnest gaze I read the truth.

"How long?"

He saw I must have the worst. He said in the same voice of suppressed feeling:

"He will need all your strength, Charlotte. He cannot last more than three or four days at most."

"Oh, I must be strong. I will be strong," I said, wildly. "You will help me, sir?"

I caught at his arm for support, and he said, stroking my head soothingly, as if his hand were a mother's hand,

"Indeed, my poor child, I will do all I can for you."

There were tears in his eyes, but I could not weep.

The wounded side was dressed soon after. I sat by him, while it was being done. He seemed anxious to have the lint and cloths I had brought used in dressing it, and after it was over amused himself in pulling out from my satchel and box the things that came from home. He was very happy all day, and talked a great deal, but did not once revert to mother again. At night his side became more painful, but morphine was administered, and he rested well, calling my name now and then, or reaching his hand, to be assured I was near him. Oh, how glad I was that I came!

The next day and night passed very much in the same way.

The surgeon, Dr. Wheaton, spent as much of his time as he could with him, but duties of the same nature were pressing constantly upon him, and I realised what a long, weary succession of days and nights must be dragged through in loneliness by these sick and suffering men.

The morning of the fourth day, a coffin was carried by, and among those who followed it I recognised the lady who came into camp at the same time I did. It struck me as a sad premonitor of what was before me.

Dr. Wheaton left particular directions when he went out, on his morning duties, promising to return as soon as possible. There was a terrible meaning in his words, that the bright face on the couch seemed to belie. I hoped in spite of that thrilling undertone. The boy seemed more comfortable than he had any day since I had been with him, and when the doctor returned I looked at him with a feeling amounting almost to triumph, but he quickly averted his eyes, and sat down a little distance from the bed, with his medicine case in his hands, and his face partially concealed by the slouched hat he wore. Gilbert rallied him on this little omission of politeness, and he immediately removed the hat with a quiet smile. I began to think this dreaded fourth day would not leave me so desolate as I had feared. I noticed the feebleness of his voice, as he spoke from time to time, but did not realise what it meant. He seemed anxious to talk to his friends, who thronged about the tent, and came often as they had done, ever since my arrival, to see if anything could be done for the sufferer. These brave, good, suffering soldiers of ours! God bless them, every one! How the heart of the nation wraps them around with its holiest gratitude and love!

At last the doctor was compelled to close the door in the face of all this kindness. Gilbert was growing weaker. It was quiet for a while then. He lay, holding his emaciated hands up before his face, and looking at the light as it streamed through his thin white fingers.

"How old are you, Lot?" he asked, suddenly dropping his hand, and turning to me.

"Twenty, next month."

"How mad I used to get at you for being the oldest," he said, laughing merrily at the remembrance.

Other memories came over him. The smile went from his face, and a shadow of deep seriousness overspread it.

"You said mother was well. Didn't she send me any word, Lot?"

I saw death's sure track on his face now. I remembered the words:

"You must tell him soon," and I trembled, lest I had delayed too long.

Oh, the words she had left him; the tenderness she had breathed out with her dying, fleeting strength. I poured them in his eager ears, with the swift utterance of one who must crowd a life story into a few short moments. I forgot everything, save the one unexecuted charge, in the hurried intensity of the moment.

"Charlotte!"

The startled, rigid tones reminded me of what I had forgotten. I tried to turn away, but he caught my face between his two hands with greedy eagerness, and looking at me with great, glaring, earnest eyes, asked fixedly:

"Is mother dead?"

I could not evade that searching glance.

"Yes, Gilbert, mother is dead."

"Moth-er—de-ad!"

The hands fell helplessly on the coverlid, and the thin lips moved with a slow quivering motion, as if he were repeating the words to himself. His eyes, around which had settled dark, bluish rims, looked on—on—past the surgeon, who sprang to his bedside—past me, past all that savored of life, as if peering out through the dim vacancy of space, beyond whose boundary the living may not go. I looked in terror at the surgeon, but he did not move. I looked down at the upturned face again, but it was the same. I called his name, but he gazed on unheeding. Then there came a slowly spreading, softly stealing expression of returning consciousness. Happiness, almost unearthly, diffused itself over every lineament of his beautiful face. He raised his hands slowly, as if keeping pace with the gradually dawning joy, and clasping them together in quiet ecstacy, said in clear, thrilling tones, without moving his eyes:

"Darling, precious mother!"

Then turning to me with sudden energy, he exclaimed, a brilliant smile lighting up his face:

"Oh! Charlotte, I won't be a stranger there now, will I?"

"No, dear, no," I said, falling down on my knees before him.

"Look at me, Charlotte!"

I raised my head, and tried to look calmly in his dying face.

"It was lonely, to think of going alone."

"Yes, brother."

"You knew I would die, Lottie?"

"Yes, dear."

"You want to die for me?"

"Oh, Gilbert!"

"It's in her eyes, doctor," he said, turning quickly to him; "they're full of it. Oh, how she wants to die for me; but you can't, Lottie," he continued, childishly, looking back at me.

He was going surely, slowly. I nerved myself to be calm, that I might sustain him to the last.

"I wish I could lean on you, Lottie."

The surgeon turned the mattress carefully, till his head came against my shoulder, as I sat on a low seat by the bed. He nestled it close against me, until my cheek touched his forehead.

"There!" he said, with a look of sweet satisfaction.

I kissed his beautiful forehead, whitening under the chilly, relentless fingers.

"I'm sleepy, Charlotte."

"Go to sleep, darling."

He closed his eyes dreamily, and fell asleep.

Somebody took the heavy head from my shoulder and laid it back on the pillow, and with it went all the strength that had been given me for the time of my great need. I looked at the face where death lay stamped in lines of rigid beauty. I lifted the loose masses of rich brown hair, and let them fall heavily back. I moved my hands over the white forehead and the hueless cheek—I laid my ear down close to the colorless lips that would never smile or speak to me again, and took in the whole bitter truth. A hopeless, desolate chill went sweeping through my heart. Some one spoke my name in low, tender accents. I raised my eyes, and my brother's comforter stood looking at me with a glance of deep, unutterable pity. I reached out my hands to him in my helpless sorrow, and he gathered me into his strong arms as he would have taken a babe.

"Cry now, my poor stricken child," he said, in tones that went straight to the fountains of my heart, and for the first time since my early childhood I wept out my sorrow on a human breast.

I could not weep there always, so I drew back and looked on the couch again.

"He must be buried by mother," I said, wearily. My work was not done yet.

"Yes," he answered, gently. "We must start with him soon."

"We?"

My heart leaped into my mouth. I feared so much I had not heard aright.

"We," he replied, in his strange, comfort-inspiring way, supporting me with his arm again. "You must go no more on these weary errands alone."

How was it I could feel such joy springing up within me at this solemn hour?

A coffin was procured, the beloved form laid within it, and our sad journey begun. I tried in vain to shake off the weak, helpless stupor that was upon me. I felt impatient for constantly allowing myself to burthen one who had already taken my one great responsibility from me. I wondered at and reproached myself, and sought to rally my benumbed faculties, but the effort was useless. We both went our sad journey, dependent upon him—the dead one and I—and he said in a quiet way it was well, for he loved us both.

When we came in sight of the house I had left only ten days before, it was evident they were not expecting us. The blinds were closed, and no appearance of life visible about the premises. It must be the dispatch Doctor Wheaton had forwarded to father had never reached him. The front door was locked when we arrived, and the hearse was coming in sight down the street. I knocked loudly and repeatedly, that I might in a measure prepare my father for what was coming, before the hearse was fairly in sight. It was of no avail. When he at last came himself to open the door, a few of the neighbors, who had assembled at the gate, were already removing the coffin and preparing to bring it in. His eye took in all at a glance. A look of swift horror convulsed his face, and he shrank back cowering into the gloom of the inner hall. The bustle of removal was soon over, and the body lay in the dark parlor, in the very spot where mother's coffin had lain.

The lid of the coffin was turned back, and we stood around looking at the white, placid, reposeful face. A few of those who had known him from his babyhood mingled their tears with mine. Just then a bent form stole in past me, and gazed with shivering horror at the sight which held us all. It was my father.

Never had my heart yearned towards him as now. I would have given worlds could I have spoken a word of comfort, but I dared not approach him.

At last he lifted himself slowly, and turned to me. A look of severe agony was on his face as he grasped my shoulder convulsively.

"Charlotte!"

Oh! the tones in which that name had been shrieked in my ears.

"What, father," I answered, as best I could.

"Did he speak of me?"

I shook my head sadly.

"Am I a murderer? Speak, girl!" he said, looking at me closely, searching my face as if for condemnation.

"No, father, no!"

The past went from me in my strong pity. I looked in his blank, despairing face, and sought in vain for some word that might give him consolation. It was a dark record I went back to search. He saw it in my face, and when, hopeless of spoken comfort, I tried to put my arms about his neck, he drew them back drearily, and whispered in a hoarse voice:

"No, child, it's too late now," and went back and paced his desolate room. Why is it some homes have such chasms in them—such arctic winds for ever blowing out their lights and warmth?

At last the earth lay smoothly over Gilbert's head, and my mission of love seemed ended. I had little more to do, I felt, as I stood looking down at the two graves. It was a clear, starlight evening, and Doctor Wheaton had come with me, for his final leave-taking of the dead. He was to start at midnight for his camp duties again. He must have been thinking thoughts like mine, for he said, dreamily:

"How these graves rob life of its stimulus."

I asked him what he knew of death, and life without an aim.

It was light enough to see his sad smile as he said, softly:

"Have my sorrows schooled me to such calmness that you think I have not suffered? Child, few lives have had more joys snatched from them than mine."

"I should have known it," I said, meekly, "else you could not have given me such strange comfort."

"Have I comforted you?" he asked, looking down at me with sad, earnest eyes. "I would wade through years of pain if I might do that. Do you know I loved you in your brother, long before I saw you? that I prayed in my selfish eagerness when I saw you by his dying couch, that there might be no one else to comfort and sustain you?"

I did not speak. I laid my hand on his arm, and he drew it closely within his own, as he went on:

"Would you hate me, if you knew how that all this time you have been suffering so? I have been hugging the thought that perhaps our life discipline has been such as to fit us for each other, and that the great sorrows we have borne have been the means of bringing us together? And oh, Charlotte," he continued, without waiting for me to speak, "if I am wrong—if I have indulged a vain hope—if there is another to whom you lean—another who has a better right to dry your tears than I—I must go back, God only knows how desolate."

I clung closer to him, and said:

"In all the world I have none but you."

"Then you are mine," he whispered, in deep thrilling tones. "You say it by this new made grave we have both wept over, that you will be mine through all our lives, till we come down down here?"

He stooped over, and laid his hand on the newly turned earth.

"I say it here!" I answered, softly, kneeling down beside him.

We turned away and went towards my dreary home. He was to leave me at the garden gate. I did not try to keep back the tears as I paused to bid him adieu.

"Mine!" he repeated again, greedily, holding me tightly in his arms, and kissing me passionately. "I have a right to call you darling now, to kiss you, to press you to my heart, to weave my hopes around, to love, to bless, to live and to die for you. God will keep us for each other, precious. Good-bye—good-bye—good-bye."

In another moment he was gone, and I stood alone, looking down the street after his vanishing form, his kisses on my cheek, his words still lingering in my ears.

I am his wife now. Thus far we have been kept for each other, and I have faith to believe he will come back to me unharmed, when this dreary war is over. I wonder if it is heartless for me to be so happy when mother and Gilbert lie sleeping in the churchyard, and father walks the earth a bowed, broken-spirited man.

BOUNTY JUMPER'S PARADE.

Col. Warner, of Indianapolis, has adopted a peculiar and decidedly effective method of punishing bounty jumpers. It is illustrated in a sketch, on page 213. The offenders are lashed, two by two, to a long rope, and are thus made to march in procession, headed by a large negro, who rings a much sounding bell. Each of the rogues bears a placard upon his back, setting forth his profession and his place of origin. A line of friendly bayonets, on each side the procession, keeps back the crowds of spectators. The advance is made to the music of "The Rogue's March." A recent pageant, of this description, contained upwards of an hundred men, some of whom wore a most respectable appearance, aside from their unseemly decoration. After being thus publicly and disgracefully exhibited these swindlers are sent to the front, to take their chances under martial government.

THANKSGIVING DAY IN CAMP.

The munificent liberality of our people towards our soldiers and sailors—well deserved on the one hand, and no more than a duty on the other—resulted, on the recent Thanksgiving festival, in giving, not merely a good dinner, but a hearty token of sympathy and encouragement to our country's defenders on land and sea. "It isn't the turkey, but the idea, that we care for," said one of the soldiers in Gen. Sheridan's army to one of the agents from New York, who accompanied the poultry to its destination. This remark strikes the keynote of the sentiment with which our men have received and appreciated the gift from home, sent to them when we were all rejoicing, in order that they might rejoice with us. Every kind and patriotic heart, to which the cause of our country is dear, will be glad and grateful that such geniality exists between the people and the soldiers. It is by acts such as this that we are knit together in a common cause, superior to selfishness, and looking towards the good of the whole nation.

Elsewhere—on pages 209 and 212—we present two illustrations of Thanksgiving in the Army. The pictures almost entirely explain themselves. The first, on our front page, depicts a scene in the camp of Gen. Sheridan's army. The wagons, arriving at the Commissary's tent, are being unladen of their stores of poultry, and pies, and fruit. The inevitable guard is standing at his post, and the soldiers around are cheering the arrival of this substantial message of friendship. The second picture, on page 212, represents a scene at Warren Station, in the Army of the Potomac, the last station on the branch road from City Point. The Thanksgiving stores have arrived, and Mr. Commissary Suter is weighing them out for the troops of the 5th and 9th corps. Each of the soldiers in the background represents a detachment, large or small, and is empowered to receive the portion allotted to his constituents. It is said that very amusing incidents accompanied the distribution of the viands. On one occasion, in particular, not having enough pies and crullers, the Commissary allowed the men "a free grab," to get what they could. It is scarcely necessary to add that these delicacies vanished with astonishing rapidity.

THE SINKING OF THE FLORIDA

In the James River.

The New York daily papers, on the 29th ult., printed the following telegram, received at the Navy Department, from Admiral Porter:

Fortress Monroe, Nov. 28, 1864.

Hon. Gideon Welles, Secretary of the Navy:

I have just received a telegram from the commander of the prize steamer Florida, informing me that she had sunk in nine fathoms of water. She had been run into by an army steamer and badly damaged. I have not heard the particulars. I will inform the Department when I receive the written report.

DAVID D. PORTER, Rear Admiral.

Since this fact was made public, very little, if anything, has been heard in reference to the manner of the Florida's destruction. She was anchored about half a mile westward of the Rip Raps, off Fortress Monroe, and entirely out of the usual track of navigation, when she was run into by an army transport, stove near the water line, and set a leaking. The accident must have been the result of sheer carelessness—though there are not wanting those who assert that it was no accident at all. After the collision, the Florida was taken to an anchorage, a little way up the James river, where she presently sunk in nine fathoms of water. Her upper spars are visible to the passing mariner, and nobody is very sorry for her destruction. The only vexation connected with the affair is, that the singular loss of the vessel subjects our Government to misrepresentation on the part of its enemies at home and abroad. Of course, however, ample justice will be done in the settlement of the diplomatic question with Brazil.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

Speaking to Haydon, the painter, about sketching O'Connell, the Irish "agitator," Lord Plunkett said:

"If you could take his head entirely off you would do a great service to society."

Lord Plunkett, was, doubtless, one of those who considered that the best way to right "the wrongs of Ireland" would be to submerge the whole country for one hour under water.

That's a pretty bird, grandma," said a little boy.

"Yes," replied the old dame, "and he never cries."

"That's because he's never washed," rejoined the youngster.

"Who was David's grandmother?" asked a clergyman, of a Sunday school student of Scripture.

"A woman, sir," replied the student.

"I see the villain in your face," said a judge to a prisoner.

"May it please your worship," replied the latter, "that's a personal reflection."

"Parents," said a solemn lecturer, "you have children; or, if you have not, your daughters may have."

A negress, in Cincinnati, applying for a situation for her daughter, stated that she wished the latter to be instructed. "De gal," she said, "must be larned de piano and painting anyhow, and mebbe arter while readin' and writin'."

Woman's crowning glory is said to be her bonnet.

A lady, who was about to marry, was warned that her intended, although a good man, was very eccentric.

"Well," she said, "if he is very much unlike other men, he is more likely to be a good husband."

Artemus Ward confides the following "chunk of wisdom" to public keeping:

"You may differ as much as you pleaze about the style of a young lady's figger, but I tell you konfidentially, if she has $40,000 the figger is about as near rite as you will get it."

A physician, prescribing syrup of buckthorn for an old lady, wrote his prescription according to the usual abbreviation of *Ramus Catharticus*, "Syr. Ram. Cat." On asking her if she had taken the medicine, she replied in a great rage:

"No! I ain't going to take syrup of ram cats for anybody under heaven."

In Paris, Maine, in old times, there was a justice of the peace, who lived remote from any other magistrate. Having occasion to have certain business documents witnessed before another justice, and wishing to save himself inconvenience, he used to stand up before a mirror, and holding up his right hand repeat the oath and certify it under his own signature.

The captain of the Soldier's Rest, at Alexandria, was applied to by a colored man, who wanted employment. The captain asked him why he didn't enlist.

"Well, captain," he replied, "I jess as lif go an' fight as not if dey would treat us same as dey do white folks."

The captain assured him that Government was disposed to treat the colored troops with perfect fairness.

"Den why don't dey draff us?" exclaimed he. "Dey don't draff us in Alexandria. Dey oughter draff us same as white folks!"

The expression, so much in vogue just now, "a big thing," is said to be of classical origin, since it occurs in one of Terence's works, in these words, "*Res magna est*"—it is a big thing.

When you see a young man overwhelming pious,
Distressingly moral and morbidly good,
Who fervently groans for the gospelless heathan
And can't without table-grace swallow his food—
Whose prayers for his foes from the depths of his closet
Are audible clearly in basement and hall,
Who "bosses" a bible class, quotes from the sermon,
And says we're frail earthworms, corruptible all—
Consider that youth, oh, my friend unconverted,
The brightest and best of terrestrial boons,
But—while holding him up as a pattern to Tommy,
Look out for your daughter in teens, and the spoons.

A schoolmaster told one of the pupils to read the third chapter of Daniel. The boy began, but when he came to the names of Shadrack, Meshac and Abednego he stumbled. The master required him to proceed. He tried again and failed. Relenting, the master told the boy he might read the preceding chapter, and let the present one go. The boy brightened up and got on famously until he reached the last verse, when pausing, a look of consternation overcame his countenance, and he dropped the book, exclaiming in a doleful voice:

"Why, here are them three rascally fellows again."



PEACE OR WAR—THE CHOICE OFFERED BY THE NATION TO THE REBELS.—BY GEORGE G. WHITE.

THE SHAKER MAIDEN.

LIGHTLY falls the sunlight golden
On each building, quaint and olden;
And, as lightly, mantles over
All the meadows green, with clover;
Kissing now the meek-eyed daisies,
Now the kingcup as it raises
Its bright bosom, like a chalice
Fashioned for some fairy palace;
While, among them, fairer, whiter
Than the daisies, purer, brighter
Than the kingcup's cheery golden,
Stands the pretty Shaker maiden,
And each shaker brother going
Past her, onward to the morning,
Glances at her, but he dares not
Look again, lest love, which cares not
For their rigid laws, should claim him
In his wiles, and captive make him.
But the caution is most needless;
Love is reckless, love is heedless;
Broken fetters love no breaking—
Wakened love has no awaking—
And the eye that once has met her
Never, never can forget her.

THE FALL OF THE LION'S HEAD.

BY J. G. AUSTIN.

(Concluded from our last.)

BUT now! Paul had so loved her once. Could such love perish utterly out of such a heart? Would not her deep remorse, her cruel sufferings since that night, call to know them, unseal those frozen springs once brimming for her with the waters of life and hope? Could he fold remorse, which he heard the words of penitence and humility, how doubtingly he once had used for her love as a rich guerdon that no deed of his might merit, but that she might royally bestow upon him unworthily?

And this—was all this for ever gone?

She shuddered, thinking of her own heart day and night, and would have asked them of his also, but when she placed herself in his way and met his cold eyes, and looked his pale lips, that would not shed upon her tongue, her pulses grew numb and still, and she passed on without a murmur.

But at last came one desperate day, when, goaded past endurance by that remorseless Nemesis, she felt that she had come upon agony and unendured terror, when she must speak out, though she should die with the words upon her lips; and through the burning moonlight, when the blackbirds, over the crisp herbage, and in the breathless covert of the woods, she sought and found him at last lying beneath the pines, his pale arms, his dripping hair resting on his bent arm, his still eyes gazing far away into the ghostly shimmer that danced between the trees and her.

He had not heard as she rustled through the dried grass and paused beside him, but he neither moved or spoke or looked at her, until, with a wail of exceeding sadness, she sunk on her knees beside him, and, hiding her face in both her hands, cried:

"Oh, Paul, is there no pity in your heart, and shall anger endure for ever? God spared my life when I struggled with death, and will you make his mercy of no avail? Oh, you are more cruel than the grave, more pitiless than death, for to die is to be forgiven, and with you there is no forgiveness, no forgetfulness. Be merciful, and kill me, Paul! Strike me dead as I kneel here at your feet, for I can no longer endure such life as this!"

Her voice, broken with pain, ceased, died in a deep sob, that quivered upon the harsh air of the moontide, and disturbed the dim recesses of the wood with the melancholy echo of human woe.

And Paul, never starving, never moving his fixed gaze from the far horizon, slowly said:

"I forgive you, Clare. I never have felt now."

"And this!" she said, she, generous even then. "He is dead. I buried my cruelty in his grave upon this beach."

Then added silence, while Paul seemed buried again in gloomy reverie, and Clare sought vainly to satisfy her heart with the stone that had been given her for bread. And then even them still rose in the tropic moonlite a barrier of ice, impalpable to the grasp, indubitable to the instinct of love. Those words of his had not removed or lessened it, and Clare vainly tried to pass it.

With timid assurance she slipped her tiny fingers into his hand. It did not close upon them, or start, or quicken at the touch, but held them loosely, neither accepting or rejecting the caress.

Clare pushed away her hand and cried, in agony sorrow:

"Hard, pitiless, unkind! You forgive me with your lips, and your heart is like a stone toward me; you do not know what mercy or forgiveness means. You make yourself a judge over those weaker than yourself, and you forget that the Great Judge is pitiful as well as just. He has forgiven me and spared my life, and He has spared your also, that you may have hardened it. You have, in your man's pride of strength, cared for my comfort of body and you have starved my soul. You have condemned me to a daily death, to an existence whose very breath is a new torture. You know—for you are master of your cruel art—you know the mad horror and misery of a woman's heart longing for love, and you will not save it one pang, you will not vouchsafe one word or look. You condemn me to perpetual solitude even while in your daily presence; you show me that, though God's will has closed us within these narrow limits, your will is still potent to divide us—to divide us as land or sea, or Death itself could never do; for all these may be conquered by Love's might, but not your hard heart."

Again she ceased, speech wheimed in emotion too deep for utterance, and a sombre shade crept into Paul's fixed eyes. Awhile he mused, and then, with a sudden motion, he rose and looked down upon her, as she crouched, white and rigid, in the glowing sunlight. Long he gazed, and wistfully, as one who wails the coming of an angel who has forgotten him. At last he slowly said:

"No, Clare, it cannot be. I said that I forgave you, and I do, so far as it is possible in will, but I know not then, as I now know, the woeful wrong that you have wrought me. I can remember, Clare, that I was a man when to see you kneeling here, to hear such words as you have spoken, to mark the havoc of remorse and despair on your lovely face, would have crushed me to very heart with sorrow, when I should have gathered you to my heart, and lavished such tenderness upon you as a mother lavishes upon a penitent child. Yes, I remember how bright, how sweet a thing was love, and how in the olden time it filled my life with peaceful content, and glorified the very heavens with its splendor. But, Clare, that day is dead, and it is you, you in whose heart this light was quenched, who robbed it of love, and faith, and hope; and through the chambers where they should have dwelt your cruel words have sounded, and die, the answering voice. You say that you suffer, Clare, and I see that your words are true, but I have no pity left for you or even for myself, whose life you have thus smitten so sorely that it suffers, or hopes, or joys in nothing more."

And Clare, with a wail, rose slowly and went back through the sultry noon to hide herself in the lion's stony heart.

Night came, but brought no abatement of the torrid heat, until midnight, when with the rising tide came a faint pungent air. Then at last Clare slept heavily, but a wakening misery met her eyes as standing up from the northern horizon a great ball of sullen fire, red and rayless, while below him on the silent sea lay a broad wake, unbroken by any motion of the waters.

In the heavens was no fresh azure of the morning, no translucent light, but the low sky hung in clammy, thick sheet of sulphurous vapor without cloud or star.

Upon the beach great oily waves rolled heavily in and broke with a dreary moaning. In the woods the birds forgot their morning song, and timorously hiding in the thickest covert, questioned each other in sharp brief cries what might mean this portent in the air.

Trees and shrubs, surefreshed by coolness and moisture of the night, drooped and writhed now and faded flowers, and when Clare, creeping to the watercourse, would have bathed her burning eyes and lips, the water in the brook shrunk to a mere thread of turbid water.

But even so, she stooped and drank eagerly, for her very life demanded water, and the suffering in that fiery trance of earth, and sky, and sea.

After eating a few grapes, she strove to employ herself in the usual duties of the morning, but even the oppressive hangour that hung upon all her motions, she presently abandoned the attempt, and crept back to her cave, where she soon sunk into a heavy sleep.

At noon a faint breath stirred upon the waters, but it was such a breath as issues from the mouth of the mortal in the hour of fever, blasting whatever living thing it meets, and heralding a fiercer doom to such as dare the onward progress. And now toward the burnt dry rolled up great black clouds, masses of midnight rent and torn with the palpitating fires within.

The sun had left the sky, and in the west a white moon looked down affrighted upon waters that no longer obeyed her beat, then abandoning those horrible skies, the clouds, with a rushing, muttering at first, then pealing in sharp reverberations, tore through the heavy air, while tongues of lightning, like the blue sheen of swords, hissed in flaming bolts between the sea and sky.

Then with a sudden sweep fell the tempest, and before its fury, O God! what mortal could stand? Shrub, and lay cowering, long lines of foam upon his wrinkled front, and his turbulent waves crouched in a sullen despair.

And while all nature reeled about him, and the very foundations of the earth seemed shattered beneath his feet, Paul stood, with arms folded, undaunted, and raising his white face to heaven, cried aloud in the arrogance of his nature:

"Do your worst, O God! I defy you! Burn with, for it is Thine, but not the terror of Thy wrath, more than the pathos of her words, can move a son that is dead."

And even as the wild wind snatched the blasphemy from his lips and bore it into space, where a spoken word re-echoed through the universe, from heaven in anger of fire writing the answer of the Almighty, not upon the brow of the mad challenger but upon his heart.

As the fierce fire blinded his eyes, and the thunder wrapped him in bewildering chaos, Paul for the first time in all his life shrank with fear, the unbelief, the instant of his hardihood at his mood, crept cowering to his shelter, and by there silent, oppressed with dreary forebodings.

Then, marvelous, marvelous change. In that awful crash the tempest had reached its limit and now began slowly to sail over the horizon and be brought. The rain no longer lashed the trembling earth as the master's whip scourges the wild creature it has subdued, but fell in great tearful drops, solemn for some hours, and then ceased altogether.

The clouds exhausted of their lightnings began to congeal with the cold, and here and there allowed great wondering stars to peep between them, looking to see if earth and heaven still held their appointed places after this wild rebellion of nature.

Only the sea reasserting its forgotten power rose angrily as the wind died away, and called in great wails of clear green waters upon the island beach, where crashing thunderously they tossed their spray far inland, even to where the grim lion crouched warily, watching and waiting for the end as he had waited since the beginning.

The lion indeed, but the lion's head!

Morning came again in another guise from that of the former fearful dawn, and Paul Morgan, leaving his sodden shelter, stood bareheaded upon the beach and wondered at the new glory of Creation. But a dull fear was gnawing at his heart, not long to be soothed by the golden sunrise of the sunrise, the brilliant play of waves upon the shore or the fresh verdure of lawn and wood. He looked on all these things, but he scarcely turned, yet half reluctantly, to seek for Clare.

She was not in the lorn and disheveled bower, but this did not surprise him. She would be sleeping after the terrors of the night, and he climbed the hill with a rapid yet stealthy step, taking himself again and again that he should find her sleeping, yes, peacefully sleeping, safe from all harm but fright.

Reaching the cave, he raised his eager eyes and stood aghast, doubting his consciences, if this were indeed the place he sought.

The lion's form crouched before him, but the lion's head was gone, and as his eager eyes met the morning with uplifted gaze, looking sphynx-like over land and sea, waiting for the Edipus who should solve the problem of his doom, and slay him or set it free.

A blackened ruin, a splintered mass of fragments lay the lion's head, shivered by the force of the lightning that had descended upon the beast of prey that rebellious heart that not omnipotence itself had power to move him.

And then he stood as he gazed upon the ruin beneath which by hurried the past that he had hoped to reclaim, the future whose hope had that morning dawned upon him within his heart, and the present—the present lay before him, and pictured to his fancy Clare's mangled body crushed beneath those huge stones.

With a wild cry, with mad strength, Paul hurled himself upon the ruin, lifting, rolling, heaving with a power that was more than his human power until but one remained, one huge fragment imperfectly closing the mouth of the cave that had been Clare's prison enough for misery, or even a clear view of the interior of the cave.

Paul looked at it in despair, and yet with no change in his pale face, reaching his life against its inert resistance. One or the other should yield before he confessed himself vanquished or abandoned hope.

He was afraid to peer into the recesses of the cavern, afraid of the woful sight that those scattered rays might display, afraid that the strength he could might be shaken by horror. But in a voice whose hoarse tone jarred upon his own ear, he called dombingly:

"Clare!"

No answer, save the wild leap of waves upon the beach, and drawing his breath deeply, as one who has been stifled for days and shot, as in examining the position of the fragment, and considering what might be its most assailable point, he suddenly perceived a portion of a white hand gleaming in one of the slant rays that now penetrated the cave.

Hastily removing the earth at the base of the rock, until the crevice was sufficiently enlarged to admit his own hand, Paul grasped that other, and with a heart that for the first time was cold and pitiless, and lay as unresponsive in his warm grasp as his had lain upon it not a day before.

Dead! And Paul, in the heavy reaction of his hope, sank down, crushed and despairing, still holding that little hand in his, and idly toying with the fingers. There was a ring on one of them that he had given in exchange for the symbol of her ill-fated marriage. But when it was in his own hand, Paul saw that it was the antique signet, given with the words, "Love me, love me!" and in his grief had placed upon that finger on the night of their betrothal; and as he softly replaced it on the cold finger he heard a sound of that time came surging back upon his heart in a wild flood of forgotten hopes, and resolves, and longings; voices of the past, and the future, and he knew that here the innocent affection of the girl, the despairing love that the woman had laid at his feet but yesterday, and which he had spurned, the sudden deep broke up, and all the floodgates of his heart opened to that wild torrent of love and sorrow and penitence.

Bowing his head upon that little icy hand, Paul Morgan wept as only such men weep, and called upon her name.

"Clare! oh, my Clare! I love you! Do you hear me? I love you as I never loved you yet! Forgive me, Clare! Oh, my love, my love, my love, shall not leave me now! My God! my God! give me Clare, and take all the rest."

And Clare, with a long, low, loving woman, she would have stirred within her grave at the passion of that cry, the strong appeal of those words, for she heard him, and love is stronger than death, stronger than time or space.

But she was not dead, only swooning in the terror of her living entombment, as her lover's voice crept through the dulled senses and smote upon her heart, she stirred and smiled in her deep sleep.

And then, before she could even whisper his name, before she herself knew what had befallen her, Paul felt that the prayer was answered. He knew that she lived and would live, and springing to his feet, bent like a young Titan to his task, and though bone and sinew quailed and muscle gave way like superhuman effort, never paused to breathe, until the last fragment of the lion's head rolled crashing over, and Clare lay before him, pale, mangled, but with such love shining in her eyes as has served many a heart to wait and suffer, and forgive, and at the last crown itself with victory, as here had done.

* * * * * * *

"God made Himself an awful rose of dawn," whispered Clare Morgan, as she came softly behind her husband and leaned upon his arm to watch the glory of the morning broaden over the vast amphitheater at their feet. The mountain terrace on which they stood lay broad and level at either hand. Behind rose, summit upon summit, many colored hills, barren crags, and finally the solemn crest of an inaccessible mountain peak. In front the land, at the distance of the fourth of a mile, broke suddenly in a steep declivity, down whose rocky face plunged a broad torrent of sparkling waters. Hundreds of feet below lay the plain, with its sparse pine, its silk of scanty clearing and primeval forest, gemmed with lakelets and traversed by rapid rivers, until upon the opposite horizon arose another chain of bold hills, upon whose summit now rested the fringe of a gorgeous canopy of clouds, from within whose folds the sun was presently to appear.

At the broadest bend of the terrace stood a grove of gum trees and feathery mimosas, among whose branches screamed and clattered the gaudy and tuneless birds of an Australian forest. Beneath these trees rose the low walls of a primitive log-house, rudely constructed of the material of many of the appliances of civilization, but ample in its dimensions, and so buried in luxuriant grapevines, which, surmounting the roof, flaunted triumphant tendrils from the very chimney-top, that the eye of an observer would have failed to perceive many of the architectural deficiencies. At some little distance stood also a few primitive farm buildings, and eagerly nibbling the fresh herbage of their upland pasture, an immense flock of sheep sought their favorite feeding ground under charge of a stalwart shepherd and his dog.

"One should live a fuller and broader life here than in old New England with Aunt Clare," said Paul, passing his arm about his wife's waist, and drawing her close to him.

"It would be to the rather," said she doubtingly, "that such grand developments in nature dwarf the men who live among them. The Australian native is far inferior to the Aborigines of North America; and the new-comers, do you find these shepherds and gold diggers as noble as our Patriarch fathers?"

"What! faithful to your sterile hills and migrant plains, amid all the gorgeous growth, little Clare?" answered Paul, laughing. "But you are content? you do not pine for that far-off home?" asked he presently, as he searched her face for the answer.

It came from lip, and eye, and heart. "Where you are, Paul, there is my home; there am I content."

TREASURE IN HEAVEN.

FOUR doors its little baby hands—
This was a hope you had of old;
Fillet the brow with rosy bands,
And kiss its locks of shining gold.
Some where within the valley of years
Another hope may come like this;
But this poor babe is gone in tears,
With thin, white limbs, cold to your kiss.

In summer, a little harp of flowers,
In winter, a little drift of snow;
And this is all, through all the hours,
Of the promises perished long ago.
So every heart has some grave,
Close hidden under its joys and care,
Till o'er it cures of memory wave,
And leave the little headstone bare.

MEDUSA

CHATTER IV.

THE next morning, Gerald Neville watched the old serving-man out, he saw the two girls start in the direction of Kensington Gardens, and he determined once more to essay his fortune. Accordingly, he followed them, upon the little maid-of-all-work. He had not closed his eyes all night, and could not rest until he had acquired some definite information with regard to his neighbors.

He rang at the door, and Jane answered it.

"I am sure you're a goodnatured little puss," he said, giving her the halfcrown; "and you won't refuse to tell me who it was playing so beautifully on the piano-forte last night. Shadow open, and was listening all the evening; was it Miss Elizabeth?"

"Lor', no," said Jane, "that was Mr. William; he do play beautiful to be sure! I often listens myself."

"And was Mr. William, then, a visitor?"

"Why, to be sure is he," answered the girl; "he's Mr. Hannaman's own son, and he's here almost every evening."

"Oh, Mr. Hannaman's son, is he?" It was her brother, then, and he knew Jane's secret. "Must hurry over here having afterwards! Miss Elizabeth fell fast asleep in the moonlight."

"Yes, poor dear," said the girl, "that was Countess Vander, that wasn't Miss Elizabeth."

"No, no," said Edward Saville, impatiently, with a crowing of vexation. "I mean Miss Elizabeth, she fell lady in white."

"Jane!" interrupted the girl, "with all her hair down to her feet—well, that's Countess Vander's maid."

"Jane!" called a loud voice from within, and the consequence-striking tone vanished under the consequence-striking German woman, with a stern carework aspect, walked straight up to the street door, and shut it in his face.

Nothing daunted, he returned to the florist's, and having provided himself with another beautiful nosegay, left it at the house as he came back. He gave it to the old man-servant with a sovereign, and begged him to deliver it to Countess Vander, the lofty lady with the long fair hair. In about ten minutes his flowers were again returned to him, with the following note:

SIR—I must beg you to abandon a pursuit which is extremely annoying to me, and can only

be productive of disappointment and unhappiness to yourself. Your attentions are not welcome to the lady to whom they are offered, and, in your own interest, I warn you not to continue them.

MARGARET HAUSMANN.

He saw that no support was to be hoped for from the old lady; but, not deterred by this severe little missive, resolved to see whether the younger woman were not more assailable, and could not be enlisted in his favor. Since the strange scene which he had been a witness to in the garden, he had returned with some degree of bitterness, and scorn of himself for his romance, to his first misgivings about the mysterious woman who had so bewitched him. The certainty of her light conduct had at last cut itself with a sharp pang into his heart; but with that certainty had slid in a much more positive hope than he had ever before ventured to indulge, and one that, as we have seen, led him to more open measures of pursuit than he had yet hazarded.

For two days he watched incessantly for an occasion of speaking to her, but in vain. The third morning brought him better luck, and he saw Miss Hausmann, at last, leave the house alone; here was the opportunity ready made for him. He took his hat and followed her at some distance; she went along the Bayswater road, until she came to the top of Oxford street, and prepared to cross over into Hyde Park. Edward Saville was close behind her now, and had made up his mind, as soon as they were in the Park, to address her. There was a tremendous double line of carts, cabs and omnibusses, and they were obliged to wait some little time in order to let them pass. At last there was a momentary opening, and Miss Hausman went across. She had not, however, perceived an omnibus which was coming down full tilt upon her.

"Go back! go back!" shouted the terrified people from both sides, who saw her danger. Bewildered by their cries, instead of going rapidly either back or forward, she hesitated fatally, and the next instant was knocked down by the pole of the omnibus. The driver, who was looking another way, was quite unable to pull up his horses in time, and she must infallibly have been run over had not Edward Saville, rushing forward, seized the bridle and violently backed the horses at his own peril, saving her from the death that, to the alarmed bystanders, had appeared all but inevitable. As it was, she was more frightened than hurt, but her ankle was badly sprained. He carried her in his arms to the first shop at hand, where she had a glass of water, and sat for a few moments to recover the shock. He then called a cab for her, and saw her to her own house.

When they arrived her foot was much worse; it gave her great pain, and she could not put it to the ground. Edward Saville had explained what had happened to the old man, who went to fetch his mistress. Great was her tribulation at hearing of her daughter's accident, but great was also her gratitude. Edward, assisted by the old man, carried Miss Hausmann into the drawing-room and placed her on a sofa, after which, laden with the heartfelt thanks of mother and daughter, he withdrew. About two hours later he received a message from the next house; Madame Hausmann wished to speak to him, if he would be kind enough to come and see her. She met him in the hall, and, drawing him into the little sitting-room, closed the door.

"You have been kind to my child, and done me a service I can never repay. You are rich, I am poor. I can never serve you but in one way only, and that is by telling you what I had thought never to tell to any soul alive. You must come here no more," she said; "forget Wanda—she is an ill-fated creature, who can but darken your young days. I have tried to warn you, but youth is mad, and won't be warned. Now listen, and judge what hope there is for you." She made him sit down, and then spoke as follows:

"We are from Bohemia. My husband was a doctor in the small town of Altheim, and we lived there till he died. When I lost him we left the town (I and my three children), and came to live again in the country, not far from the little village of Wallendorf, where I was born, and had passed all my childhood.

"We lived in a lonely cottage in a very wild spot, on the borders of a forest. Elizabeth, Francis, little William and myself. Wanda is not my daughter, she is my foster-child only. We were tenants of Count Berchtold, a rich, powerful lord, who had property all over the country. About four miles from us he had a castle, and lands, and great woods, that stretched as far as our cottage. This castle was always empty; he would come there for a day or two once in three or four years, for the shooting; but it was never inhabited except at such times. When he was in the country he lived himself in another great castle which he had, about fourteen miles from our part of the world, and about seven from the town where my husband was established.

"The count was a proud man with a heart of stone; the only thing he cared about was the greatness of his name, and the despair of his life was, that though he had been married many years, there was no heir. The countess was barren, and his great name would die out, and the property would all go to a female cousin, and so pass away from the family. He hated his wife, poor lady, and never went near her. There was no insult he did not heap upon her for this sad misfortune of her childlessness.

"My husband knew her; he had been sent for once in a hurry to attend her; she had had a fall, and broken her arm. They did say, that in one of his mad rages the count had thrown her against a marble table, and that so her arm had got broken. I don't know how that may be; he had so ill a name, and was so feared and hated, that the worst case was always made out against him; there was no need of that; he was bad enough, anyhow. What perhaps gave a color of truth to the story was, that as soon as ever she got well, she sent for her brother, who took her straight away with him to Prague, where she remained, and always after lived separate from her husband. As for him, he used to spend most of his time at Vienna, leading an awful life with companions as wicked as himself; he delighted in being surrounded with wild young men, and never rested till he had made them as godless as he was. About seven years after I married and settled at Altheim; and while the count was away, travelling about in foreign parts, the countess died. She had not been in her grave four months, when a letter arrived for Mr. Hartmann, the count's agent, who lived in Altheim, announcing his speedy arrival; he had married again, and was going to bring his bride home, and the house was to be got ready without delay. We were astonished at the news, for the count was fifty-five years old, and no one had ever thought he would have married again.

"Shortly after this some of the servants began to arrive at the castle, and by-and-bye reports got spread abroad that it was a young lady of seventeen whom he was going to bring to that dreary home. There was a great deal of talk about it; some said that it was a good thing for the country that my lord should come back, and that the castle should be inhabited; others said that he and his profligate companions and loose servants did more harm than good in the place, spreading corruption; moreover, he had no bowels for the poor, and oppressed and ground down all who were dependent upon him. But we all were sorry for the poor young lady who had come so far away from her own land, and her own people, to live amongst us.

"When my lord's secretary, Johann Wild, arrived at last to see that all was straight, he told us more about it. The young countess was a Polish lady of great family, but without any fortune; and her parents had driven her into this marriage because the count, who had fallen in love with her for her beauty, had consented to take her without a dower. Mr. Wild told me they had had sad work to bring her to it, and that she looked more dead than alive on the wedding-day, which did not please the count.

"They arrived late one night in May, and the next morning my husband was sent for up to the castle. The countess was tired with her journey, and had a slight attack of fever. Count Berchtold met him on the stairs, and took him at once into her room; she was very lovely, and quite young, as they had said. The count took him up to the bedside; her arms were lying outside upon the coverlet; he took up one of them, and while he felt it all over, said to my husband: 'Look at her! There are arms! There are shoulders!' The poor little lady colored scarlet, and turned her head away, but the count only laughed, and went on: 'See to her, doctor, see to her, and tell me what it is that ails her; if it is the son she means to give, that shall be good news for you as well as me.'

"My husband had trouble to get him out of the room, but at last he went, and then the poor child burst into tears, and sobbed as if her heart would break. She was in a frightful state of excitement, and could not be persuaded to speak for a long while; but by degrees, seeing how patient and gentle my husband was, she quieted down at last. We afterwards heard that she had not known of the recent death of the former countess, and that, on arriving, she had received a great shock at finding all the servants, assembled in the hall to meet her, clad in the deepest mourning: she told my husband besides, that coming from a smiling country, and belonging to a large family, the loneliness and desolate look of the castle had frightened her: she was evidently terribly afraid, too, of her lord; this she did not say to him, but my husband saw it.

"They had already been married more than two months, and there seemed to be little doubt as to her condition: the count was wild for joy when my husband told him this; he sent for some rare Hungarian wine, and tossed down glass after glass, making my husband drink with him to the health of the heir. My husband had seen in this short visit how nervous and excitable the timid young wife was, and tried to impress upon the count's mind that gentleness and perfect quiet were absolutely necessary for her health and for that of her child; but teach a wild beast to be gentle! The house was soon filled again with the riotous guests, and my husband was repeatedly called in to see the countess, whose senses seemed actually to be leaving her, so great was her distress at finding herself helpless and alone in such strange company. She had been taken straight out of the convent to be married, and this wild life put her beside herself with terror. Her husband, who soon had got wearied of her, angered by her refusals to join in his godless revelry, used to jeer and mock at her before his servants, and often would force her, ill as she was, to come down and assist at his orgies. Her nerves were completely shaken, and my husband began seriously to fear for her reason.

"At last her hour of trouble came. My husband was sent for early in the evening, and finding her state alarming, remained with her all night. The count had been drinking very deep, and they tried in vain to keep him out of the apartment: he would be there—opposition only infuriated him, and increased his wife's danger. After many hours of dreadful suffering, towards five in the morning her baby was born. 'Show me my son!' shouted the count, springing from his chair to the bedside. It was a feeble, puny, wailing little girl. In a paroxysm of speechless rage, he rushed at his helpless wife, and shaking her violently, dashed her back upon the bed. My husband called for help, and they forced the count away from the room. The poor thing had fainted. No nurse had been provided, for she had meant to nurse her little one herself, and there it lay, hungry, and wailing piteously, by its mother's side. My husband took the baby in his arms, and going with it to the count, asked him if he would let me have the child to nurse. 'Have her!' he said, savagely, 'yes, and keep her too—take the little screaming wretch away, and never let me see its hated face again!' And so Wanda (she was named Wanda after her mother) was brought to me, and I nursed her at the same time with my own Wilhelm, who had been born just three weeks before.

"The countess never recovered that shock. Fainting-fit succeeded fainting-fit for days together, and when at last they left her, her wits were gone. She was very gentle and harmless, but rarely ever spoke, and seemed to have gone into a kind of hopeless melancholy. I saw her once, when she was still quite young; we had been staying with my mother at Wallendorf, and we drove through the grounds and past the castle on our road back to Altheim. My husband showed her to me; she was sitting at an open window on an upper floor of the house, looking out over the long avenue and the dreary flats beyond.

"She was dressed in black, and was leaning back, propped up in her chair. She looked very fearful, like an old blighted child, with a quantity of white hair hanging down, all uncombed and uncared for, about her face and neck. I did not sleep for many a night after seeing her, for thinking of that dreadful withered child's face, with its mad, miserable eyes, and the unnatural snow-white hair. As we went by she jumped, and danced, and screamed to us, and her women had trouble to hold her. She had never gone over the threshold of the door from the hour of her confinement, and passed her whole life at that window, looking out over the long avenue to the miles and miles of level plain that stretched beyond, as if she expected to see, as a speck, from far away, the carriage coming nearer and nearer with long lost friends, who would take her from this miserable place. But she had been for some years out of the world, and no one remembered her but death. My husband saw her die—no one else was near to help her; she was taken with some sort of fit one morning, and they sent for him. He saw there was no hope, and thought it was his duty to write and warn the count, who was at Vienna, that she could not last long.

"One dreary night in December, my husband was watching with her, and so was the good Liesel, the nurse he had brought for her from the town, for she had no proper attendants, only some of the peasants belonging to the estate, to wait upon her. The count had sent no answer, and they thought he might arrive at any moment. It was just about one in the morning, when a great gust of wind rattled down all the chimneys, and the dogs began suddenly to bark and clamor, and my husband fancied he heard the sound of wheels driving up to the door. He looked round at the countess, and saw that she had heard it too, and that in some strange way it troubled and distressed her, for he could hear her heart beat, and she turned her poor eyes upon him, full of an anguish that it went to his soul to look upon. He sent Liesel down to see if any one had arrived, and took hold of the poor lady's hand to comfort and quiet her, but she was getting more and more agitated, and gasped fearfully for breath, which she did not seem able to get.

"A quick, heavy tread came up the stairs, the door was thrown open, and Count Berchtold entered. She knew him at once, though she had not set eyes on him for all those years, and in her fright and agony she flung herself wildly out of bed before they could stop her, and fell upon the floor. My husband rushed to pick her up, but she just gave one struggle and a little sigh, and with with it her dismal life had passed away. The count gave orders for a magnificent funeral, but he did not stay to see them executed. All the carriages and horses from that castle and all the carriages and horses from the other castle, near Wallendorf, came out for the occasion, and there were torches and music to carry her to the family vault in the grounds. Numbers streamed out from the town to look at the sight. I went with my husband and my brother-in-law and his wife, but we were all of us strangers as it were, and it was sad to see the long procession of mourning-coaches and family coaches going along stately and slow, quite empty. I have often wondered if any of her family ever knew the sad end she had made, so far away from them all."

"HAMLET" AT THE WINTER GARDEN.

THE memorable dramatic event of the present season in New York is the production of "Hamlet," at the Winter Garden, with Mr. Edwin Booth in the principal character of that sublime tragedy. For several months prior to its first performance—on the night of the 26th of November—this magnificent pageant was in course of preparation. Mr. William Stuart, the manager of the Winter Garden—whose taste and experience in theatrical matters amply qualify him for the difficult and delicate task—has superintended the preliminary labors. Mr. J. G. Hanley, one of the few excellent stage managers in America, has rendered efficient aid in this fascinating enterprise. The scene painters, Messrs. Thorne and Witham, the carpenters, the costumers—all have labored with energy and skill, and their labors have not been in vain. On the night of its first representation, before a large, brilliant and singularly appreciative audience, the success of the enterprise was abundantly assured. Since then the tragedy has been performed every night, with still increasing popular success. It is not too much to say that its accessories are perfect. We doubt if "Hamlet" has, at any time, or in any country, been put upon the stage with such entirely appropriate and altogether beautiful scenery. No drama affords ampler scope for artistic as well as dramatic effect; and, in this instance, no opportunity for such effect has been overlooked or slighted. The architecture of ancient Denmark, the romantic castle of Elsinore, its lofty, serried battlements without, its gorgeous tapestries and ponderous furniture within—all these are faithfully reproduced, and adroitly blended, in scenery both correct and gorgeous, satisfying at once the intellect and the imagination. Of the fourteen scenes, which are entirely new, the most impressive are the view of the Battlements of Elsinore Castle, the Grand Hall, Staircase, and Theatre in the Palace, and the Churchyard, by Moonlight. The first of these is reproduced in a sketch on page 220. It does not, of course, preserve the felicity of color nor adequately realise the contrasts of light and shade, which make this scene so beautiful and thrilling upon the stage; but it preserves the form of the original, and partakes its weird and sombre atmosphere. The action included in this scene is the interview between Hamlet and his Father's Ghost. No situation in the whole wide extent of dramatic literature is so fraught with the elements of sublimity, awe and terror. The night is cloudy and chill. The Prince, forewarned of the appearance of his father's spirit, seeks the battlements, accompanied by his friend Horatio, and by Marcellus, to confront the dread figure of the disembodied king. It is close upon midnight when they reach the appointed place. A noise of revelry is heard afar off, within the palace, heightening, by contrast, the lonesome, thrilling suspense of the watchers on the walls. A moment more, and the spectre of the buried monarch, dreadful in shadowy armor, glides across the battlements, and beckons the Prince to follow it "to a more removed ground." We may imagine the horrible struggle of nature against the terror of the supernatural, in the soul of the man of genius, already wasted by grief, prone to insanity, and now crazed by this tremendous visitation. But Hamlet is strong, even in this ordeal. He breaks away from his friends, and follows the spirit of his murdered father, till presently, face to face, they stand together, and alone, upon a distant and lonely portion of the battlements. Then, when nature can endure no more, the Prince conjures the phantom:

"Whither wilt thou lead me? Speak! I'll go no further."

It is this climax which is illustrated in the scene that our Artist has reproduced.

The acting of Mr. Booth at this point is, beyond description, intense and affecting. All the terror of the situation, softened by filial love, and restrained by manly fortitude, is expressed in his countenance, and in his nerved yet nerveless body. The Ghost also, is personated with imaginative sympathy, by Mr. Charles Kemble Mason. We do not recall a finer passage in acting. It teaches us the truth of the poet's words, in their fullest signification, that

> "By the mighty actor brought
> Illusion's perfect triumphs come;
> Verse ceases to be airy thought,
> And sculpture to be dumb."

NOVEL APPARATUS

For Measuring the Speed of Projectiles.

SCIENCE, in this age, has systematized every department of war, and, for that matter, every department of peace, as well. Men no longer, as in those chivalric ages beloved of the disciples of Mr. Carlyle, go into battle, wielding the ponderous axe, and wearing iron pots upon their heads, and coats and trousers of the same unrelenting material. Nor do our warriors, like the ancient Britons, drive into the thick of the fight, in chariots, with scythe-armed wheels, to mow down their adversaries. The day of clumsy devices is past. Whatever we do now-a-days, in the way of war, is done cleanly and quickly—or, as tradesmen say, "with neatness and despatch." The evidence of this is seen in our terrible engines of war, whereby, though the immediate destruction of life is more extensive than of old, yet, in the long run, war is made less bloody, and much less continuous. In old times, when men began to fight, they seemed never to know when to leave off, but continued hacking one another to pieces, year after year, throughout a whole generation. Now they conclude their quarrels with scientific precision—and science never wastes time. One of her expedients, indeed, to economize it is the motive of these very remarks. The reader will find that expedient illustrated on page 220. The apparatus there depicted, for measuring the velocity of projectiles, is now in use at Woolwich and Shoeburyness, in England, and is found to work very successfully. It was invented by Major Naver, of the Belgian Artillery, and its special excellence consists in its power of accurate measurement of very small spaces of time. The scientific principle upon which the apparatus acts is simple and familiar, though the details of its construction are somewhat complex. The measurement is effected by means of a graduated arc, and a pendulum—the oscillations of the latter being marked upon the former. These implements are shown in our sketch. The pendulum, prior to an observation, is upheld, at the left end of the arc, by contact with a piece of soft iron, magnetised by an electric current, through an electric magnet, at the point of support. Two insulated wires are connected with this magnet, which extend to a distance of 200 yards, and join their ends, around an upright screen, 30 yards in front of a cannon, making the electric circuit complete. Another part of the apparatus, shown in our sketch a little to the left of the arc, is called the conjunctor. An electric magnet, at its top, holds a weight, suspended above a cup of mercury. This magnet is also connected, by insulated wires, with a second screen 120 feet in front of the first, or 150 feet from the cannon which is to be discharged. These wires, being insulated by gutta-percha, may be either buried in the ground, or hung on posts as in our picture.

Before explaining the operation of this apparatus, we should premise that the pendulum has a duplicate, or index, in its rear, so attached to it, by a light spring, that its motion must be simultaneous. Behind the arc, and connected with the conjunctor, is a large electro magnet, which has power to act upon this index, by attraction, when magnetised. The business of the conjunctor is to magnetise this at the proper moment.

When the cannon is fired, the shot, crashing through the first screen, severs the wires and destroys the electric current which has hitherto sustained the pendulum. This, therefore, immediately begins to fall, accompanied of course by its duplicate. The ball goes hurtling on, and crashes through the second screen, severing the wires that connect with the conjunctor. The disabled magnet, of course, drops its weight into the cup of mercury, wherein this is instantly pressed down, by a steel blade, completing an electric circuit which magnetises the large electro-magnet in the rear of the arc. The latter takes instantaneous effect upon the duplicate pendulum, and clamps it to the arc. The point thereby marked shows the time occupied by the projectile in passing through the screens, minus the time necessary for the fall of the weight in the conjunctor—which time is marked by still another part of the apparatus, called the disjunctor. The disjunctor appears in our picture at the extreme left of the operator's table. The time occupied by the projectile in passing through the screens being divided by the distance over which it travels, gives the velocity of its movement. The operation of this apparatus is almost instantaneous, and its precision is described as absolutely wonderful.



NOVEL ELECTRIC APPARATUS FOR MEASURING THE SPEED OF CANNON SHOT, OR OTHER PROJECTILES.



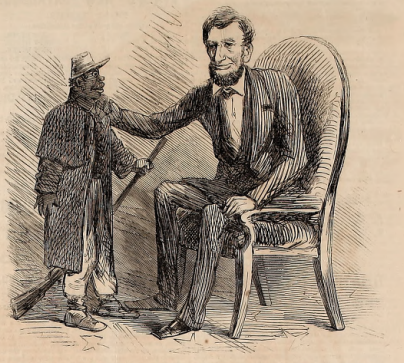
SCENE FROM "HAMLET," AS PERFORMED AT THE WINTER GARDEN, N. Y.—HAMLET ENCOUNTERING HIS FATHER'S GHOST, ACT I., SCENE 5.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, ALBERT BERGHAUS.

TOPICS OF THE HOUR.



NORTH AND SOUTH.

"*Now, Jeffy, when you think you have had enough of this, say so, and I'll leave off.*"—(*Vide* President's Message.)



UNCLE ABE—"*Sambo, you are not handsome, any more than myself, but as to sending you back to your old master, I'm not the man to do it—and what's more, I won't.*"—(*Vide* President's Message.)



AN EXPLANATION WITH BRAZIL.

UNCLE SAM (to Plenipotentiary)—"*See here, my sailor boys aren't posted on matters of etiquette, I'll tell 'em how bad they've been. As to the Florida, there she lies, many a fathom deep. If her owner, Jeff, wants her, let him come here and dive for her.*"



DOWN IN GEORGIA—SHERMAN'S MARCH

DARKEY—"*Oh, massa, dere's Sherman's army coming up to de front stoop.*"
MASTER—"*Well, Cæsar, take this gun and keep 'em off till I'm well away.*"



"*La, Pompey! see de way de New York white folks frizz dere hair. Fust is dey want to look like colored people.*"
POMP—"*Yah—dat so—bimeby dey stain dere faces black out o' compliment to us.*"



THE FUEL QUESTION—SCENE: A TENEMENT HOUSE, N. Y.
TERENCE—"*What for, Biddy, does ye want them balusters?*"
BRIDGET—"*Sure for making a foire. D'ye think I'd buy kindling wood while there's balusters?*"

THE GOOD OLD WINTERS.—In 401 the Black Sea was entirely frozen over. In 763 not only the Black Sea but the Straits of Dardanelles were frozen over; the snow in some places rose 50 feet high. In 822 the great rivers of Europe, the Danube, the Elbe, etc., were so hard frozen as to bear heavy wagons for a month. In 860 the Adriatic was frozen. In 991 everything was frozen, the crops totally failed, and famine and pestilence closed the year. In 1067 most of the travellers in Germany were frozen to death on the roads. In 1134 the Po was frozen from Cremona to the sea, the wine sacks were burst, and the trees split by the action of the frost, with immense noise. In 1236 the Danube was frozen to the bottom, and remained long in that state. In 1316 the crops wholly failed in Germany; wheat, which some years before sold in England at 6s. the quarter, rose to £2. In 1308 the crops failed in Scotland, and such a famine ensued that the poor were reduced to feed on grass, and many perished miserably in the fields. The successive winters of 1432-3-4 were uncommonly severe. In 1368 the wine distributed to the soldiers was cut with hatchets. In 1683 it was excessively cold. Most of the hollies were killed. Coaches drove along the Thames, the ice of which was 11 inches thick. In 1709 occurred the cold winter; the frost penetrated three yards into the ground. In 1715 booths were erected on the Thames. In 1744 and 1745 the strongest ale in England, exposed to the air, was covered, in less than 15 minutes, with ice an eighth of an inch thick. In 1809, and again in 1812, the winters were remarkably cold. In 1814 there was a fair on the frozen Thames.

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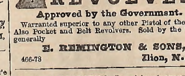
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My Golden Compound will force the Beard to grow on the smoothest face in 21 days. Satisfaction given or money refunded. Price 50 cents or three for $1.
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The Book of Wonders tells how to make CIDER without apples or any other fruit. It also contains the Hunter's Secret, how to catch Fish and all kinds of Game; how to make all kinds of Liquors; all kinds of Onguents and Curling Fluids; Gambling Exposed; Ventriloquism Made Easy; Information of Importance to Ladies; how to gain the Love of any one, &c., &c., &c. Sent, securely sealed, for 25 cents.
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FOR THE MILLION!

On receipt of the following sums, we will send, by mail, or as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens, selecting the same according to the description, namely:

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES,

For 50 cts. a No. 2 pen; for 75 cts. a No. 3 pen; for $1 a No. 4 pen; for $1 25 a No. 5 pen; for $1 50 a No. 6 pen.

The same Pens, in SILVER PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 No. 2 pen; for $1 25 No. 3 pen; for $1 50 No. 4 pen; for $2 No. 5 pen; for $2 25 No. 6 pen.

These pens are stamped THE IMPERIAL PEN, and are well finished and fine writing Gold Pens, with good iridium points, although they are unwarranted, and cannot be exchanged.

First quality 14 carat, Warranted Gold Pens.

Our name (*American Gold Pen Co.*, N. Y.), is stamped on all pens of this grade, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accidents.

Second quality Gold Pens.

These Pens are all stamped THE NATIONAL PEN, with the initials of our Firm, A. G. P. Co., and are carefully made, having the same points as our first quality Pens. The only great difference being in the quality of the gold.

Gold Pens without Cases.

For $1 00 a No. 1 pen 1st qual., or a No. 2 pen 2d qual.
For $1 25 a No. 2 pen 1st qual., or a No. 3 pen 2d qual.
For $1 75 a No. 3 pen 1st qual., or a No. 4 pen 2d qual.
For $2 00 a No. 4 pen 1st qual., or a No. 5 pen 2d qual.
For $2 50 a No. 5 pen 1st qual., or a No. 6 pen 2d qual.
For $3 25 a No. 6 pen 1st qual. For $4 50 No. 7 pen; $5 75 No. 8 pen; $10 00 No. 12 pen; all 1st quality.

The same Gold Pens, in Solid Silver Extension Cases, with Pencils.

For $2 00 a No. 1 pen 1st qual., or a No. 2 pen 2d qual.
For $2 25 a No. 2 pen 1st qual., or a No. 3 pen 2d qual.
For $2 75 a No. 3 pen 1st qual., or a No. 4 pen 2d qual.
For $3 50 a No. 4 pen 1st qual., or a No. 5 pen 2d qual.
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PINEAPPLE CIDER

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3,000	" " " "	4 " 6
3,000	Gold Oval Band Bracelets	4 " 8
5,000	Chased Gold Bracelets	5 " 10
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7,000	Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4 " 10
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5,000	Coral, Opal and Emerald Brooches	4 " 8
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Sir—Enclosed please find two dollars, for which send me one dollar's worth each of your celebrated Pills and Ointment, by return mail. Please attend to this at once, for I am much in need of the above remedies.

Address Lieut. A. W. FELLOWS, Q. M.,
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JOSEPH WALSH, Co. E, 5th Regt., Excelsior Brigade.

Pulaski, Tenn., Nov. 6, 1864.

Prof. Holloway:

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THOMAS F. TURNER, Co. I, 2d Iowa Infantry.

Morris Island, S. C., Nov. 1, 1864.

Prof. Holloway:

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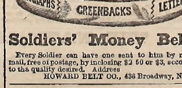
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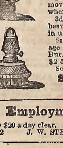
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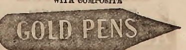
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No. 483—VOL. XIX.] NEW YORK, DECEMBER 31, 1864. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1 00.

The Circle of Victories—The Development of Gen. Grant's Combinations.

WITHIN the last ten days we have had a succession of brilliant military successes, in Tennessee, Mississippi, Georgia, South Carolina and Virginia, which may be fairly and justly regarded as the development of Gen. Grant's extensive network of combinations against Richmond. We think it can be easily made apparent to the intelligent reader that all these late operations, however widely separated from each other, were still intimately connected and all directed against the rebel capital. We believe that in this view enough has been accomplished to render inevitable, and in a short time, too, the capture by a general assault, or the surrender, or the stealthy evacuation of Richmond, if possible, by the rebels, Jeff Davis, his Cabinet and Congress, archives, army and all.

First, then, touching the unity and common purpose of these late successful operations. Beginning with the crushing defeats of Hood's army near Nashville, it needs no elaborate statement of facts and inferences to show that these successes of Thomas have immensely strengthened Canby in Mississippi and Louisiana, Granger and the navy below Mobile, our position at Chattanooga, Sherman at Savannah, and Grant in front of Petersburg and Richmond. So, too, while Thomas and his heroic soldiers are entitled to the immediate honors of their splendid achievements, they were assisted materially by Buckridge and Stoneman in East Tennessee, by Canby in Mississippi, by Sherman in Georgia, Foster in South Carolina, and by the supporting investment and side operations from Gen. Grant's main army at Richmond.

The demolition of Hood's army is equivalent to the reinforcement of the Union side to the full strength of the splendid veteran army of Gen. Thomas. The fatal mistakes committed by Jeff Davis, first, in superseding Gen.



ARRIVAL OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT IN NEW YORK HARBOR, DECEMBER 13TH—VIEW OF HIS FLAGSHIP, THE HARTFORD, COMING UP THE BAY.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. H. SCHELL.

Joe Johnston at Atlanta (who understood the weakness of his forces as opposed to ours in Georgia for offensive operations), next in giving Hood the command, and then in sending him on his feathery and disastrous adventure into Tennessee, have given us, in fact, two powerful armies, against neither of which can anything approaching an equal rebel force now be raised—the army of Thomas and the army of Sherman. The former is now at liberty, by land or water, to push southward to Mobile, or eastward to Richmond, as Gen. Grant may think best, while Richmond, no less than Charleston, after Savannah, is clearly within the grasp of Sherman, and cannot possibly escape. At the same time the combined land and naval expedition of Butler and Porter in the occupation of the harbor and the railroads centering at Wilmington, North Carolina, is completing a noble Gen. Lee from his last remaining lines of supply, reinforcement and retreat, excepting the roads and canal to that limited section of Virginia and North Carolina south and west of Richmond and Petersburg.

Such are the developments of Gen. Grant's comprehensive, harmonious and beautifully successful chain of combinations, east and west. It is not surprising that the Richmond journals are now more clamorous than ever before for peace upon the slave plantations; for "the experiment of negro emancipation itself as the last chance for European assistance and Southern independence." And well upon the black Herculean it comes too late. The game is up with "the Confederacy," and the sooner now the rebel chief at Richmond sets upon this "fixed fact," the sooner will his deluded followers be released from their sufferings, and the better will he his own chances of escape from the fearful doom that delay may bring upon him. We rejoice at the glorious prospects of early overthrow, and that the staggering blows which Sherman, Thomas, Foster and their co-operating associates of the army and navy, east and west, have given him, have also alarmed the peace party members of Wall Street. Like Jeff Davis himself, we guess they have received a set back from which they can never rally again. The dawn is already visible, and the full sunshine of the year of jubilee, the year 1865, is close at hand.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 31, 1864.

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An "old reader" is informed, in reply to his communication, that we have never made preparations to illustrate the subject commended to our notice, and shall do so as soon as possible.

Special Notice.

Our next number will contain the opening chapters of a new Serial story, of great interest and power, by one of the most popular and eminent novelists of the day.

The St. Albans Raiders—A Canadian Dogberry.

SOME few weeks ago a gang of rebel marauders from Canada made a dash into St. Albans, Vermont, where they robbed the banks, shot a citizen or two, stole a number of horses, and retreated with their plunder over the border. Some of the delectable gang were, however, subsequently captured, with the stolen money from the banks in their possession, and were handed over to one of the inferior courts of Montreal, presided over by a regular Canadian Dogberry, a Mr Justice Coursol. After a hearing of the evidence on both sides, and the law, Mr. Dogberry Coursol substantially decided that there was no law in Canada to meet the case, and so ordered the release of the prisoners—money and all—who were accordingly discharged.

In this notable decision the learned Coursol doubtless imagined he was reflecting the public sentiment of Canada. But he was soon undeceived. His decision was immediately followed by vehement denunciations and manifestations of public indignation against him at Montreal, Quebec, Toronto, and other places. The Canadian Attorney-General reported against Coursol. Steps were taken for the re-arrest and a new trial of the rebel bank robbers, and for the restitution of the stolen funds in their possession; and also for the repression of these rebel forays into the United States from the second asylum of Canada. The responsible authorities and citizens of Canada generally appear to have been reflecting upon their position and duties, and upon the main design of the rebel emissaries in their midst—a war between the United States and England—which does not at all strike the fancy of the Canadians, who are evidently hoping to believe that the so-called Southern Confederacy is rapidly going down; and that the day is not far distant when the Government of the United States will have two millions or more hundred thousand veteran soldiers at its disposal for the settlement of our Northern border troubles, to say nothing of volunteers in the form of militia enrolled. Reflections such as these are doubtless operating upon the Canadian public mind, and the good effects in clearing the mist from the eyes of our neighbors by the late decisions of a more honest neutrality are really gratifying.

Meantime, the recent orders of Gen. Dix authorizing the pursuit over the border by detachments of rebel marauders from Canada, although modified by subsequent instructions from Washington, have given the warning which has had the good effects intended. But, to lighten the labors of the Canadians in this business, the passport system directed in an order from the State Department, we have no doubt, will be found simply to annoy and delay the honest people coming over the border for the inconveniences which they may thus temporarily have to bear. The day is not far off when the latter border troubles will be ended in a substantial peace, and in a clear and satisfactory understanding between the United States on the one side and England and her North American colonies on the other.

Internal Revenue Report.

Mr. Lewis, Commissioner of Internal Revenue, has made a report to the public a very interesting report of the operations of his important bureau, past, present, and prospective. The receipts of the Treasury, from internal taxes of all kinds for the past three months, are set down at $61,892,200. It is estimated that, exclusive of the tax on spirits, and the five per cent. on incomes for 1865, the next year will yield $115,000,000; that the income tax, five per cent., $35,000,000, and the spirit tax, $40,000,000. According to this estimate, our revenue from excise will be about $285,000,000, for the fiscal year ending the 30th day of June next, under the existing laws. It is further estimated that from all sources the Internal revenue, with certain little modifications of the law, for the fiscal year ending the 30th of June, 1866, will be $300,000,000. In that year, other sources of revenue and the reduced expenses of peace considered, we shall be able to pay off at least one hundred and at least one hundred millions surplus in the Treasury, towards the payment of the principal of the national debt, although the Commissioner makes no estimates in this view of the subject.

The Commissioner offers many important suggestions and modifications in regard to tobacco, manufactured goods, gold and silver assayed, cradle oils, printed books, magazines, reviews, &c., railroad iron, taxes on sales, &c. In reference to spirits especially, he shows from the fairly computed data, that the rebel Indian corn over into Canada that the distilleries there must be working up immense amounts into whiskey for "Yankee" consumption—the Canadians have no clear of our liquor taxes, and privileged, under the reciprocity treaty, to exchange whiskey for corn. In relation to many other commodities this Canadian reciprocity treaty, with its tempting inducements for smuggling, can no longer be continued without serious detriment to the Treasury and honest men. We are grateful, therefore, that the notice has been given of the abrogation of said treaty at the expiration of the six months term of notice required. But there will also be needed hereafter a rigid cordon of tax collectors and detectives along our whole northern boundary; or little will be accomplished in the way of smuggling to avoid our import duties will grow into large and systematic operations, diverting into Canada much of our foreign trade. But we are passing from our subject, which is our Internal Revenue. We recommend to our readers a careful perusal of this aforesaid report, which has been generally published in the newspapers. In the conclusion above it with this gratifying sentiment to all internal revenue tax payers, that if the war is soon brought to a close, "the present rate of taxation will be largely reduced, and still yield enough to afford every possible guarantee to the creditors of the nation." This is the best evening feature of his report.

Summary of the War.

TENNESSEE.

On Monday, 19th Dec., the Union army under Gen. Thomas attacked the rebels under Gen. Hood, and, after a severe action of nine hours, drove them three miles back, capturing several miles of their earthworks, 800 prisoners, and seven guns. The next morning Gen. Thomas renewed the attack, and drove their left from the Cumberland river, leaving them back their six miles. At this point the gunboats came into play, and did excellent service. All Hood's earthworks throughout the extent of his lines, from three to four miles on his right wing, were captured. Thomas has captured over 1,000 prisoners and 16 guns. The whole army of 30,000 men was engaged, and is said to be utterly routed and cut to pieces.

The latest reports from Gen. Thomas state that the victory over Hood's rebel army was complete, and that the Union forces were pursuing it beyond Franklin. The effect now no doubt will be to retreat of Thomas to Nashville was a strategic one to draw Hood away from harassing the rear of Sherman's army.

It is reported that Gen. Forrest, one of the most bloodthirsty brigands that ever lived, has been killed, and Gen. Price badly wounded.

SOUTH-WESTERN VIRGINIA.

A union force under Gens. Stoneman and Burbridge had rapidly advanced into North-eastern Kentucky and South-western Virginia, and captured Bristol, Salt on county. Scarcely, then entering Virginia along the East Tennessee and Virginia railroad, they took Abingdon and Glade Springs. The rebel progress seems to be that the object is to turn the bridge over the Holston river, and thus break the railroad, so as to prevent reinforcements being sent to the rebels at Saltwater, Va.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The joint land and naval expedition which moved up the Roanoke river has accomplished its object. The only obstacle now encountered by the torpedoes, which destroyed the Otsego, the steamer Bagley and picket launch No. 5. One man and a boy were killed on board the latter, but the rest saved themselves by swimming. At Plich Landing, on the Roanoke river, our forces destroyed a large quantity of rebel commissary stores and captured 80 bales of cotton. The rebel torpedoes were being removed by our men.

THE NEW EXPEDITION.

On Tuesday, a combined naval and military expedition, under command of Admiral Porter and Gen. Butler, sailed from Fortress Monroe. Its destination has not yet been announced.

LOUISIANA.

It is said that Gen. Canby, who is rapidly recovering from his wound, will soon remove his headquarters from Vicksburg, from which place a force under Col. Osband started, on the 1st, and destroyed the bridge over the Big Black river, 30 miles of the track of the Mississippi Central Railroad, 2,500 bales of cotton, and numerous rebel stores intended for Gen. Hood's army.

GEORGIA.

The following despatch confesses the campaign in Georgia a success. Savannah is now also one of our land and sea forces, and our next will doubtless announce its capture:—

OSBORN SOUND, DEC. 17—9 P. M.	}
To-day at five P. M. Gen. Hazen's division of the 15th corps carried Fort McAllister by assault, capturing its entire garrison and armament. Our troops in Ossabaw Sound, and I pushed down to this gunboat to communicate with the fleet. Before opening communication we had completely destroyed all the railroad leading into Savannah, and invested the city. The left is on the Ogeechee, at Kingsbridge.	

The army is in splendid order and equal to anything. Provisions are abundant. We have utterly destroyed a dozen. Our march was most agreeable, and we were not molested by guerrillas.

We reached Savannah three days ago, but owing to Fort McAllister could not communicate; but now we have McAllister, we can go down. We have already captured five boats on the Savannah river, and prevented their gunboats from coming down.

We have not lost a wagon on the trip, but have gathered in a large supply of negroes, mules, horses, &c., and our teams are in far better condition than when we started.

We have utterly destroyed over 200 miles of rails, and numerous stores and provisions that were essential to Lee's and Hood's armies.

I regard Savannah as already gained.

Yours truly,

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-General.

TOWN GOSSIP.

NEW YORK must always have some one great excitement; not a nine days' wonder, for nothing of a wonder lasts so long among our excitable people

but a new sensation continually. The week before last it was fur, as applied by incendiaries to hotels and public places. This last week it was wax, as applied to snow and ice, and tending to best instead of coolness.

The week has been one of snow and ice, shrieking and spotting; and New York, as usual on such occasions, has gone stark staring mad over it. As long as snow was on the ground the genius and genial Pipeline, who is, as Anne Maria has repeatedly declared, "such a sweet talker and free of a dancer," dawn not after the shortest hour when he has a double X in his clothes to pay for a team or at least a jumper, and extra, to high Bridge. He may be forgiven for an omission to escort to "Don Sebastian," an omission to dash the finest of the fair, the superb Anne Maria through the avenues, and for the on the Moonlight road, would he even worn than falling to call on New Years Day, or enabling the record of the single creature's birthday.

And then one of the great luxuries of snow and ice, as consumed in New York city, and everywhere else, we believe, except the North Pole, is its uncertainty. It is captivating, and as long as it may, it will delight us. It is so delightful to contemplate the extreme probability that we may—after gigantic exertions in getting together a most respectable affair with which to delight the sweetest creature in the world, on the avenues or out on the Kosciuskoville road—be unable, suddenly in a realization of the positive feasibility of all things snowy, by finding that where a few hours before we were driving or sporting with team, or sleigh, or cutter, and that a best and pair of coils would be a much more appropriate means of navigating the streets.

And now for the fun, of which we have had but taste in life during the last week, and of which we have strong hopes of another month hats, just as soon as the cold weather comes.

Saturday, within the last few years, has become a pic-nic among the people, and it has become a necessary to do something, feel, hear, and, do it well, as it is to be able to dance. We have once never revived the sports of our grandsires, but we have been in the habit of doing well by and through at this moment we have advanced very far in the social accomplishments, for, as we said, without doubt, in the course of time, fully prevail our fair readers, who are quite capable of learning to have been the best chapters in the world.

This winter a rival revel in the means of skating about New York. To say nothing of Central Park and the Mill Rock Pond, both of which are delightful, but there is Beckman's pond, in that street, between 4th and 5th avenues, 79th street, and 100th street, and two others on the upper part of the island, all of which are free as air. Once across the East River, on Long Island side, we have the Capleton Lake, between Mercy and Gardner avenues, and easily reached by the Fulton avenue cars; the Union pond, in Bridge-street, accessible by the Jay Street cars; the Newtown pond, at Flushing, by the Flushing avenue cars; the Washington avenue pond, and the Gladstone pond, on Bushwick avenue, all of which are desirable skating places, while Jamaica, as a score of our readers remember, the same localities. Hoboken and Jersey city also have their favorite spots, of which the Crystal Lake on the first and the Hercules pond of the latter are especially worthy a visit.

At another time we shall—when the ice fairly concentrates and becomes, as to the measure, we can only say so still, get the best sun (and do not fail into the delusion that cold weather is not the most delightful sun and stand ready for Jack Frost to upon us, and at any moment we may be called to buckle on the skates and take a hand in the inevitable fray.

By the way, of skates, while speaking of Brooklyn, we are reminded of something we saw last week, which created quite a breaking forp-ical. A citizen, name we were told was Hefferly, living in Williamsburg, has applied for the candidate of a vacancy in the Board of Aldermen, which, we are told, is the best to succeed. He has, it is alleged, been in the habit of coming down to the Beekman street pier, and was there with ultimately rescued. We do not whether he would have done so much for a human being.

The arrival of Mr. Farragut has occasioned much public rejoicing; but we would throw out a hint to the citizens generally who have it in charge to the subscription "for the purpose of presenting something to the Admiral that shall bend themselves making the resident of New York," which means, if we are not mistaken, that we are called to take the form of a bond in which he can reside, the same as was given to Gen. McClellan. Now in the case of Gen. McClellan the bond consists one, as the General was comparatively a poor man, having just been unable to defend his pay, but if the subscribers to the admiral's fund will just look over the list of the favorites of the navy they will see that since the last year $7,500,000 of prize money has accrued to the officers of the navy, of this about half, or $3,250,000 will be divided between Admirals Lee, Dahlgren and Farragut. We are very desirous for believing that the share of the latter will come to the nice little sum of a million and a half, and that he can honorably compliment him on it, and wish it were double, we only hope that he may celebrate it by the same difference between the Admiral's position and that of many of our readers on the fields, and avoid the necessity of their dollars and compliments for those who need none.

Among the events worthy of chronicle was the opening of the most magnificent establishments of the kind, William Knabe & Co., at No. 544 Broadway. These gentlemen have, by long and persevering study and the instinctive belief in their instruments, determined to introduce to the public a piano-forte which has hitherto been monopolized by Baltimore. To this end they opened their new building above-mentioned, and upon one evening of last week called about them the leading pianists and musicians of the city, and submitted their manufactures.

Among the special were: Patterson, Harry Sanderson, Hoffer, Rosenthal, Mazzuca, and H. C. Watson, representing the press, and all the leading critics of the press, and under their hands and criticisms every known thing was given to the instruments to operate. After the experience of the evening and hearing the tests and critiques, we are satisfied in asserting that the finer instruments than those of Messrs. Knabe are to be found in the country. They only require a little time to become as well known and highly appreciated as those of any other maker in the country.

Our Amusements.

The week has been one perfectly free of theatrical excitement. All the houses seem at content with their successes—and why should they not?—and do not seem to be pressing for more.

The Olympic has given us "The Streets of New York," a local piece, in which, as it has little to say, and it may have and there a touch of good stage work and humor. It was as natural as it was funny.

Wallack has also given us Boucicault, another but play saved by good acting, splendid dressing and excellent stage work. It is rarely that a play having so little in it as "How She Loves Him" has so entirely depended on those who presented it. Had Boucicault always written such trash, his name would not be as familiar to us as it now is.

At the Winter Garden Booth is making a success with "Hamlet," and stamping himself on the critical public as the legitimate successor of Forrest. How York is fixed of this role—what?—he produces "Richelieu" in the course of the week.

At the Broadway that great artist, John Owens, is still doing Solon Shingle, and has given to his admirers its 100th representation in this house, proving, so far, our assertion that he is the best comedian of the day, and in so doing it so that our children and grandchildren may see him.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EARL RUSSELL has replied to the dispatch of the Confederate Commission in a letter which inmets to inquire if they have any thing to say to him, and reiterates the most determined neutrality.

David Roberts, the great English artist, is dead. He was born in Edinburgh in 1796, which was accompanied by Dr. Croly's descriptions.

Texas is in a flourishing condition. An exception, laud the thinned conduct of the American people during the recent Presidential election.

A French journal ridiculously asserts that the election, as the Confederate States, will be carried by the same hand which unscrewed, when Banks was elected Governor of Massachusetts, that a negro had been chosen for that responsible position.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—In Alexander co., Ill., there is a plantation of 200 acres, growing cotton, the average yield being a bale and a half to the acre.

—Col. J. W. Higginson, of the 1st South Carolina colored regiment, has been appointed to relinquish his command on account of physical disability.

—Mrs. Sarah Knowles, of Boston, has a remarkable parrot died in that city, lately, aged 39 years; it talked in the French and English, and recognized an old owner whom it had not seen for 24 years.

—Some idea of the state of Memphis may be gathered from the fact that a man was recently shot dead ing on a street corner in that city the other day while a fight was going on between two men. The unfortunate passenger was fired at by the brutal fellow—and killed. The soldier escaped.

—Dr. Scott, of Dublin, aged 70 years, declares that when he was a boy he went to the top of Mount Anthony from Hoosick, New York, over another hill, and from the top of that hill could see the waters that the Green Mountains are changing their level.

—Miss Sarah Jane Smith, of Arkansas, who was murdered some months since by Wm. Quantrell, a guerrilla, near Springfield, Miss., has had her sentence commuted to imprisonment for life in the State's prison. She is a bitter rebel. She is said to be insane.

—The following curious coincidence matches in four times as much as the article is worth.

—In the south-eastern part of Massachusetts there are 54 cotton factories, and 54 woolen factories.

—Miss Arvonia Jones, the popular actress, while on her way to Nashville, Tenn., to fulfill an engagement, was robbed by the bullets of the guerillas who infest the railroads of the Mississippi. She fortunately escaped personal hurt.

—Out of 10,000 prisoners confined at Florence, S.C., only 1,000 have died since May.

—A correspondent has discovered that war is "an antidote of outward and moral forces, each with each."

—The water in the western lakes is some four feet lower than it was at the same time last year, and the ports on Lake Huron, where there was formerly an depth of water, are now left high and dry by the receding of all.

—The population of Boston, by the new Corporation census, is 164,789—less than that of Chicago.

—In New York State there are 3,701 miles of railroad, which have cost $181,984,000, and in 1863 their receipts have an aggregate length of 1,620 miles, on which they have cost $181,984,000, and in 1863 their receipts were $5,418,501. The state debt is $6,566,584, and the canal debt $9,000,000.

—There are 1,609 persons on the naval pension roll. The pensions already paid, or to be paid during the last list of January next, will amount to $7,000,000, yielding a total annual charge of $2,000,000, sufficient for the payment of the entire pension roll.

—Abraham Lincoln is the first President from the State of Illinois, and the first born in the West.

—The assessed value of real estate in Philadelphia for the present year is $1,984,000, and in personal estate, $1,500,000, which is $3,312,549 more than the assessment of 1863.

—The amount of tonnage on the great lakes to transact the business of the States bordering upon them, during the year 1864, was more than double the entire commercial marine tonnage of the Atlantic States, and the commercial marine tonnage of the Pacific States, connecting the West with the seaboard are ordinarily used to transact the business.

—The Land Office has just issued a patent to Gen. Halleck for 35,000 acres of valuable land in California.

—Mr. Sargent of Southbro, Mass., has raised four pounds of cotton on an acre of land.

—A prisoner of war, just returned from the South, writes from Annapolis that, "out of 22 of my company captured with me, I am the only one alive."

—A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of Louisiana, permitting the marriage of white and colored persons.

—We see it stated that a National Convention of the Democracy will assemble in Chicago on the 4th of July next. The call for the convention alludes to "the present condition of our country, and the duty of the proper righting of those "centuries of wrong" under which the people have groaned, and which have culminated in the various Rebel "circles" to send money as well as men. And the gather from a paragraph now going the rounds of the press. And thereupon we are led to suppose that the Democratic Convention will appears to be unconstitutional association, which once unity, shrewd, and, we fear, dangerous, and trouble, and stem duties, could very well do without.

—Canadian papers discern a pronostication of war between the United States and Great Britain in the action in Secretary Welles's recent report, which reads as follows: "Instructions were given to the officers of the fleet which will attempt to direct upon our shores a course of hostile operations, to capture and destroy vessels of the Southern coast for the suppression of the rebellion." These papers also see in the recent Fenian Congress between the two countries will arise out of such judicial and international complications as will lead to a war on the St. Albans robbers and the Lake Erie pirates; but we think the Fenian Congress will have enough to attend to the conjectures of Mr. Welles.

—Mr. Wm. Cullen Bryant, whose works on Indian history, etc., are an honor to the Republic and a delight to the world, has been appointed Librarian of the Department of State at Washington. He was a good and an able man.

—Mr. W. P. Frost, an actor and a playwright, died lately, at Rochester, N. Y.

—Mr. J. W. Marshall, says an exchange, the person who first discovered gold in California, is still alive at Coloma, "a poor but respectable man." It is strange that the discoverer of so much wealth should himself possess none; but we would respectfully ask our contemporary if he be poor in necessarily to be unworthy of respect? "Poor but respectable" is as ludicrously significant a phrase as "poor but honest."

—Two new monitors, built at St. Louis, have arrived in Mobile Bay. Both are fine vessels, of light draught, and will do good service. They are named the Ajax and the Winnebago.

—The *Spitz Kopfe* (Mpile Ballé), a German paper, published in this city, contains the following contribution from Fort Lafayette:

"Southerners are charged with having attempted to burn down hotels. The only establishment in question is the old Gothamite. Several hundred of the Southerners lodge here, and there is no attempt to set the place on fire.

—Lafayette. 29th November."

—The library of the late Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, has been sold at auction in Baltimore. It contained several thousand valuable volumes. In one were the immortal names of Carroll who signed the Declaration of Independence, in 1776.

—Barker's famous establishment, 622 Broadway, is now open for the season. The display of fancy goods in The Cleanse with which it is filled to be remarkable, and in fact every article that can be named every article intended to ornament lovely woman here the most elegant and tasteful form. Those who choose to be little dear the world know, as it gazes with admiration at the beautiful and the tasteful, should call at once, particularly that great ornament, the Sash, is made, not only in any form or pattern, but in any length, and the art, requiring a master hand—little does the world know of the difficulties of perfection in this article. The ladies' dressing-room is a marvel for the choice arrangement of every thing that is known. From the ceiling, the whole is elegantly lined with gilt and carvings, and every article needful for a lady's toilet. The wigs for both ladies and gentlemen are really capable of a fine hair the closest observation, it being absolutely impossible to detect them from a natural head of hair.

—The statement, widely circulated of late, that Mr. Vanderbilt has been appointed President of the Harlem and Erie roads, has been stoutly denied by the Newark Advertiser, the editor of which paper has been informed by Mr. Vanderbilt that he is not a railroad company. It is a mere idle rumor.

—Mr. Wm. Kemble, of the Secretary of the command of the Department of the Susquehanah, and ordered to report to Major General Couch, Harrisburg.

—The tunnel under Lake Michigan, at Chicago, for the purpose of introducing pure lake water for the supply of the city, is progressing at the rate of 10 feet per day. One thousand two hundred and thirty feet are finished. The tunnel is the work to be present year, the miners have passed through many quarters of earth and rock, but as yet no water has been struck. The contractors have prepared a cabinet in which are displayed original specimens, affording a study for the curious. Petroleum has been found in large quantities, and several wells are now in process of boring. Sulphate of iron has also been discovered. At present the tunnel is two miles from the shore and 70 feet.

—The Penitentiary at Baton Rouge, La., was partially converted into a hospital, on account of the great increase on the part of negroes quartered in the building. Government property—horses, mules and harness—to the value of $1,000 were destroyed.

—A Western paper records an incident illustrative of the credulity and love of gambling. "A few days ago," says, a very prominent man was coming out of church, and in the street he overtakes a man who was in the act to stop progress, and it required some twenty minutes to get the former on his way. The following he resigned his office the next Sunday not a soul spoke to him as he left the church, and only a few of his former admirers had forgotten his existence."

—There is every prospect of a great skating season. Ice is already three inches thick in New Jersey. Sylvan Lake, Hoboken, was opened for the first time, on Friday, 16th inst., and was crowded with the beauty and fashion of that picturesque little place. Some of our performers are to be seen on the ice in the evening. It is the intention also of the proprietor to give a grand promenade concert and illumination.

—The 11th Col. Ellsworth relief, that attracted much attention at the Sanitary Fair, has again returned to this city, on its way to a fair, held by the ladies at All Saints Church, corner of Henry and Scammel streets. The fair is to be held on Tuesday next, 27th inst. The effigy, it will be remembered, was made by Mrs. Ellsworth, and it is to be kept before the public for charitable purposes. Photographs of it are sold at 25 cents.

—If there is any season of the year in which mutts and mattress are in high request, and of course, all the other times, it is the holiday season of Christmas and New Years, when the festivities of the time and the surroundings of life are then bright and joyous. To be in the position of selling, then, is, as a matter of course, a satisfaction of all remunerated, and we dare say that satisfaction will be all the more so, if you deal with Hilton. But in order to win enduring freshness and loveliness, we are fortunate and not fail to visit their warerooms, the various appliances for the toilet that are furnished at 214 Broadway. We visited them, and found that they keep good the best of time, and are thoroughly good. Dr. Gouraud's Italian Medicated Soap removes freckles, tan, sunburn, and every redness or roughness as soft as velvet, and gives the complexion the delicate beauty of youth. It is the best known in Europe, favored by his Oriental Cream, which prevents the skin from wrinkling, and imparts a healthy bloom to the cheek. Its effect may sometimes be judiciously heightened by a little Italian Rouge. We need not speak of the excellents of the doctor's preparations. The fame of their value is in every city of the civilized globe. One of the result's establishment, at No. 493 Broadway, is familiar to the ladies of this city, in addition to the sale of the toilette

Personal.—Says the New York *Herald*: "Among the passengers in the Ocean Queen, from the Isthmus, is Gen. S. B. Buckner, late Confederate commissioner to Peru, who has spent the last 14 months in a circuitous journey through the South Sea Islands, chiefly in connection with the aboriginal monuments in that region. He visited every island over a large area, miles—into Bolivia, through the great basin of Lake Titicaca to Cuzco, the ancient Inca capital, and across the Andes, to the frontiers of the savage tribes in the valley of the Amazon. We expect that Gen. Buckner's work on Peru equally extensive with works on Central America and Yucatan, which have made the present condition, the geography, resources and ancient history of that country. Gen. Buckner is no doubt well prepared for the task, and we have no doubt that the work will be written by an American observer and from an American standpoint, which will be a boon to the rest of the world that, although the United States are involved in a deadly struggle, civilization is by no means at a stand-still, and that the world has something else to occupy its attention than the affairs of the United States."

—Among the distinguished visitors whom political discussions in Spanish-America have forced to seek a temporary asylum in this country, we find the name of one who have so thoroughly won the esteem and respect of the people of the United States as the late Provisional Governor of the Republic of San Salvador, in Central America, Gen. Gerardo Barrios, who was driven from power a few months, on the 14th inst., accompanied by his beautiful and accomplished wife, with a view of taking up his residence in Costa Rica. He was driven out of San Salvador by the treachery of the Guatemalan troops, the treacherous party of his own State with the Francisco Carrera, who has succeeded him in the capacity of the usurpation of Central America to the fanciful empire of Maximilian. Gen. Barrios is a man of high character, of brave, and skill, as, indeed, also indicates have forced on him, in which case nothing is more certain than that Gen. Barrios will be enabled to organize a power for which he has no ambition, beyond the ability it may give him to benefit his countrymen. It is well understood that the Ex President has no political aspirations, and only seeks a life of repose and peace under the genial skies of Costa Rica, where his reputation and social qualities will secure him the highest recognition and welcome.

Foreign.—The *Journal d'Agriculture Pratique* states that the harvest in France consists of corn, 50,000,000 bushels; cattle, 40,000,000 bushels, and 3,125,000 bushels of wine. The sheep among the cattle are 30,000,000 bushels to be met with. Hemp produces 10,000,000 kilogrammes of raw wool, about a fourth of which is exported. She also produces 1,726,880 kilogrammes of honey, worth £90,000; and the sugar-beet produce of wax is from £540,000. The produce of cocoons on an average varies from 60,000,000 to 100,000,000 kilogrammes, which represent a value from £8,000,000 to £10,000,000.

—In England, in the month of Oct., 56 firms suspended, with liabilities to the extent of £10,000.

—Great Britain has paid an interest on her National debt every quarter for 200 years, which is two and a half times as much as she didn't itself.

—This anticipated that the Overland Telegraph line from Europe to America by Behring Strait will be opened in 1865.

—At the Paris theatres ladies are required to take off their bonnets, those latter structures being high, and thus to enjoy the play the whole from person who sit behind their wearers.

—Miss Mowatt, of Scotstown, Scotland, is dead, at the age of 97 years. She remembered "Harry Bradshaw," the pioneer of Lord Brougham, who was born and dear to father's knee to hear the story. He was a fine boy, and ceased to run about in petticoats.

—Gen. Sherman has appointed Brigadier-Gen. Stoneman, who is a gun carriage and a quantity of ammunition, and 1,000 rifles, to be sent to Gen. Canby at once, with orders, indicated, for rebel use against the United States.

Another Call for Troops.

The President of the United States has issued a call for 300,000 additional soldiers. We presume that a considerable time will be allowed to obey the requisition, and, if not recruited within such time, the requisite men will be drafted. We believe, in view of the circumstances, and of the patriotic spirit of National affairs, that these soldiers can easily be obtained without a draft. We approve the President in conscription and we hope that our countrymen throughout the North will spare no efforts to fill up the ranks of the National armies.

CHRISTMAS.

BY REV. E. H. SEARS.

It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold—
"Peace to the earth, good will to men,
From Heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lonely plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And men, at war with men, heed not
The love-song which they bring:
O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O, rest your weary hearts a day,
And hear the angels sing.

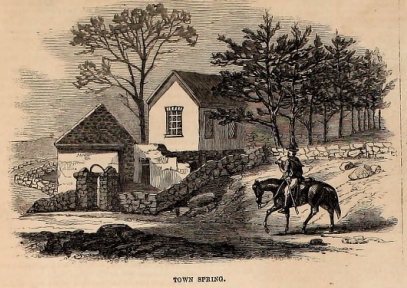
For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

MAJ.-GEN. GEORGE H. CROOK.

A PORTRAIT of Gen. Crook adorns our columns this week, appearing on page 226. Gen. Crook is a native of Ohio, and at the age of 33 years has already high in rank and honored in the estimation of his countrymen. He graduated at West Point in the old-fired graduate, and was a Captain in the regular army at the commencement of the rebellion. In the summer of 1861 he was commissioned Colonel of the 36th O. V. I. in September following he left that regiment to Western Virginia. Shortly afterwards he was assigned to the command of a brigade, though without the corresponding rank. After the battle of Antietam, however, in which his brigade suffered severely, he received a brigadier-General, his appointment being antedated to September. He subsequently routed the rebels in Western Virginia. He was then ordered to the Army of the Cumberland, in which he rendered signal service during the campaign of Chattanooga, and succeeded to the chief command of the cavalry department in Western Virginia, and was active and successful in a raid to Lewisburg. Gen. Crook is now on a visit to his home, and will soon be ordered to the front.

HINTS ON SMOKING.

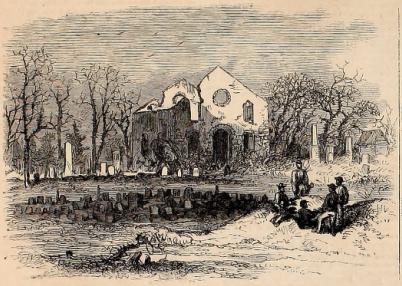
The mouth of smoking is a matter in the habit of those who use the clean, long pipes of clay full only the effect of the tobacco is not to be lost. Short, black, bowls pipes, and pipes with glass stems, are injurious. Cigars should never be smoked to the end; otherwise they are more injurious than all. They should be used aside as soon as one-half is smoked, and always smoked from a porous or absorbent tube. Pipes are much less harmful than a cigar. The best is a long clay pipe next to this, the mouthpiece is the most wholesome. The protection of a pipe will be found in a non-resinous bowl, as amber mouthpiece and a clay stem. All attempts at pipes to condense the oil have been for failed. Every smoker should be careful of the manner in which he smokes. A good pipe pipe is very anti-shrink.



TOWN SPRING.



SHAWNEE SPRING.



BURIAL GROUND FOR SOLDIERS—REMOVAL OF BODIES, BY FRIENDS, FOR INTERMENT AT HOME.



BAPTIST BURIAL GROUND.

VIEWS AT WINCHESTER, VA.

An entire page of our present paper is devoted to illustrations of scenery and incidents, in and about the camps of Union soldiers, near Winchester, in the valley of the Shenandoah. These illustrations are from sketches taken on the spot, by our Special Artist. The first and second of them represent two valuable springs in the vicinity of the city. The first is called "The Shawnee Spring," being named after a tribe of Indians that encamped near it on the occasion of an investment of Fort Loudon—which is near by—in Colonial times. The water of this spring, which bubbles up out of the solid rock, is remarkable for its purity and healthful qualities, and is, therefore, much used in the Sheridan hospital for sick and wounded soldiers, located at the spring. The wagons, which appear in our sketch, are employed for the purpose of conveying the water to the hospital. The "Town Spring," or reservoir, supplies the city of Winchester with water. Two pipes are laid down from the spring to the city. The large building in our sketch is the house erected by the Corporation of Winchester, to protect the spring. This has never yet been molested. The latter building, which is in ruins, was originally a spring-house, through which the surplus water passed away, and was the property of Col. McDonald, of the rebel army. It was destroyed by our forces under Gen. Milroy. All the property in this region belonged to the rebel Col. McDonald. The spring is described as jetting upwards in a powerful stream.

The third and fourth of our views are of a sad character, reminding one that the strands of life are twined in sombre as well as sunny colors. They represent the "Union Soldier's Burial Ground," and the "Baptist Burial Ground." In the former—a scene of common occurrence—friends of a dead soldier are represented in the act of removing his remains to be carried home for final interment. Sentinels are posted at various points in and around the cemetery. In the companion picture will be noticed portions of the ruins of a Baptist and a Catholic Church, as also the tomb of Gen. Daniel Morgan, of Revolutionary memory.

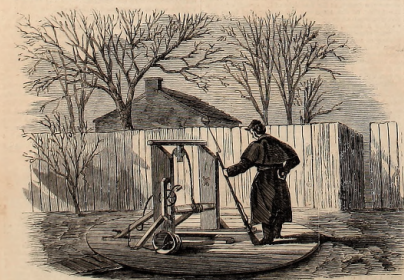
The fifth scene shows a portion of the Union line of fortifications near Bartonsville, occupied by the 1st Rhode Island artillery, of the 6th corps. A large oak tree, which ought to be, and doubtless is, the especial pet of the soldiers, appears in this scene. In the foreground are the band-quarters and the barber. Ingenuity is shown in the use of cedar limbs as a protection for artillery horses, while there is a flavor of mirth in the employment of cornstalks for the protection of the drum.

The last two scenes in this series represent the remains of Fort Loudon, and of an old well built therein, in early times, by the soldiers of Washington. This fort was constructed in the Colonial period of our country's history. Its flagstaff was planted by "Old" Washington, on the spot where now stands the arbor that is shown in our picture. The remains of this interesting antiquity are upon the estate of Mr. Wm. G. Kipey, whose residence is displayed in our sketch, next to the arbor. The old well was dug in the centre of the fortress, and cut through solid rock. It is about 100 feet deep.

It is said that the principal animal of the dairy is the ram, because he is in himself a good butter



UNION LINE OF FORTIFICATIONS NEAR BARTONSVILLE.



REMAINS OF WELL AT FORT LOUDON, DUG BY WASHINGTON'S SOLDIERS.



REMAINS OF FORT LOUDON, BUILT BY WASHINGTON.

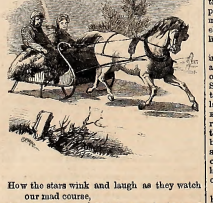
ARMY OF THE SHENANDOAH—SCENES IN AND ABOUT UNION CAMPS, AT WINCHESTER, VA.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

THE SLEIGHRIDE.

BY CLAIRE CROPTON.

Over the snow, over the snow,
Like a shaft let loose from an archer's bow,
Like a deer on the foot, when the hunters are nigh,
Like a bird on the wing, when the fowler is by,
Like the rush of a stream when its frost-fetters break,
Like the surging of billows when tempests awake,
Like the crash of the avalanche quitting its place,
Like a red-streaming meteor careering through space,
Like the sweep of the whirlwind when forests are bowed,
Like the flash when the thunderbolt leaps from its cloud,
Like the swoop of the eagle as he darts on his prey,
Like the message the lightning speeds forth on its way,
With a wild sense of freedom exulting we go,
Over the snow, over the snow.

Bear away! for our comrades are drawing too near;
Be alive, man and horse! lest we fall in the rear;
To your speed, Bucephalus! the van is our place!
Hurrah! we have won! and we lead in the race.
I knew that not one of their coursers in speed
Could match for a moment our mettlesome steed.
Clear the track! is the word, as we dart on our way,
And inanimate objects the mandate obey;
The farmhouses wheel to the left and the right,
And stupidly stare as we vanish from sight;
The fences fall back, and the trees stand aside,
And make way, with a will, for our hurricane ride,
As on like a band of wild huntsmen we go,
Over the snow, over the snow.



How the stars wink and laugh as they watch our mad course,
And the moon gravely quizzes each rider and horse;
Laugh away! in your orbits celestial you go,
Much faster than we, in our planet below.
Then the girls—bless their hearts—how their sweet voices ring,
Like the gushing of bird notes that welcome the spring;
Bright-eyed! cherry-lipped! Oh, 'tis glorious to ride
With the girl that you love nestled close to your side!
While you talk in low tones—for the others are near,
And the dear little head bends closer to hear
The whisper that sets the soft cheek all aglow,
Under the rose and over the snow.

What a volume of melody surges and swells
Abroad on the air from our musical bells!
The clash of the cymbals, the clarion's breath,
The trumpet that summons to glory and death,
The peal of the organ where censers are swinging,
The harp of the minstrel through lordly halls ringing,
The blast of the bugle when squadrons are wheeling,
The strain of a lute on the charmed air stealing,
Are less sweet to the ear than the paean that swells
In the rhyme and the chime of our musical bells.
And life seems more glorious, humanity dearer,
The heart, hand and brain, warmer, firmer and clearer,
And our pulses leap time with our bells as we go,
Over the snow, over the snow.



MAJOR-GEN. O. H. CROOK, U. S. A.

Three Christmas Eves.

A STORY FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

BY LIZZIE CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER I.

You may often have seen such girls as May. Ne Jarves, for she was not so indescribably pretty but that you may meet forms just as graceful, and faces quite as lovely, any afternoon you choose, to promenade Broadway; you may even meet Maylie herself, for she often takes her walks abroad about time, and sometimes in that direction. But whether you meet girls as pretty, or prettier, or not nearly so pretty, this you may take my word for, that never on Broadway or anywhere else can you meet anybody with a warmer, kindlier, gentler heart than beats in Maylie's bosom.

Maylie's father, who thought there never was, in any respect, such another girl in all the world allowed her to do just as she pleased in his house, of which she was the uncontrolled mistress. She kept his books, and kept them very neatly too; and she also kept a set of books of her own, labeled on the outside, "MAYLIE JARVES—HOUSEKEEPER'S BOOK." In this important ledger was a record of the use to which she each month put the liberal allowance her father made her for house and personal expenditure; and when she showed him this neat, unsoiled volume at the close of each month, it was noticeable that about the largest amount paid out during the thirty days came under the heading, "TO MY FRIENDS."

"May, my pet," said Mr. Jarves, the first time he examined the "HOUSEKEEPER'S BOOK," "who are these friends of yours that seem to have such a strong claim on your purse?"

May colored, just a little, but she answered with a sweet-toned, happy laugh:

"They are the poor people that I find around; and everybody I can do anything for I call my friend, you know."

"Do I know it, darling? I ought to, certainly, for it is like my little girl's kind heart," and Mr. Jarves kissed the glowing cheek that had blushed for its owner's goodness. "But why do you keep this account in a book devoted to housekeeping accounts, eh?"

"Oh, I don't know, papa; it's convenient, you know. Now don't say that's so like a woman. I just see the words on your lips. Give me my 'Housekeeper's Book'—there's a darling. I can't let you get critical over my little accounts and headings, and you shan't laugh at them. Now, you can't see my accounts again for a month; but you must allow that I keep your books in apple-pie order."

Mr. Jarves allowed this; and May, quite satisfied with that admission, disappeared with her account-book, and sat down to make out a list of all the "friends" she must visit that day, and make special provision for against the morrow, for it was the 24th of December, and the pretty housekeeper was not likely to forget that the next sunrise would usher in Christmas Day.

It was as yet quite early in the day, and May, having made out her little list, embracing some ten or a dozen names, dressed herself warmly and set forth on a ramble worthy of Santa Claus. She did not turn up her dainty nose, this young lady, when she found herself in localities seldom trodden by tiny feet in kid gaiters; nor did she hold aside her garments from contact with the wretched beings she met. No! Like a visitor from some better and holier, as well as lovelier world, she sought to revive, in all sad, or desperate, or bruised hearts, gentle and kindly feelings suitable to the anniversary of His birth who came into the world the bearer of glad tidings to all men. No wild eye, the mute appeal of some forlorn and haggard wretch who knew not where to look for a meal for the morrow, was turned on her in vain; no outstretched, shaking hand when bold towards her was drawn back empty; and the blessings that followed her trim little figure, and the silent thanks of quick tears that often met her glance seemed to throw a glory around her as she moved. While she stood in one dark doorway, hearing a remembrance of her visit with some special friend, a wretched, pallid, wild-eyed girl stopped a moment to look upon her, and gazing steadily on her radiant face, bent forward and laid a lean hand on May's.

"Are you an angel?" she asked in a low, awe-struck tone.

"No," said May, with a smile. "I am only a woman.

The other started back with a smothered cry.

"A woman!" she repeated, in an awful voice; "then, O God! what am I?" And bursting into tears, she turned and fled away so fast that May felt it would be useless to start in pursuit of her.

"Do you know who that is?" she asked of the woman to whom she had been speaking.

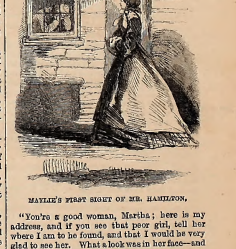
"She's not fit to be spoken to by a lady like you," the woman answered.

"I am the best judge of that, Martha," said May, with the first sound of sternness in her voice that her listener had ever heard from her.

"Perhaps you are, miss," said Martha, humbly," and indeed if a lady like you would do anything for Sally, perhaps it might be the way to rescue her from what she herself calls 'a life worse than hell.'"

"You know her, then?"

"Yes, miss; we all knows one another, more or less, in this place, and I've often given poor Sally a corner in my room when she had no place else to lay her head in."



MAYLIE'S FIRST SIGHT OF MR. HAMILTON.

"You're a good woman, Martha; here is my address, and if you see that poor girl, tell her where I am to be found, and that I would be very glad to see her. What a look was in her face—and the sound of her voice! I shall never forget it. Good-by, Martha, and don't forget what I have told you to do."

"No, miss; I'll forget the Blessed Virgin sooner," was the fervent reply, and Martha crossed herself devoutly, with a half-formed idea that the Blessed Virgin in person, but in modern costume, had just left her.

Maylie continued on her rounds, performing the character of Santa Claus everywhere she went; till late in the evening, wholesomely tired, and with a terrific appetite, she at length turned in a homeward direction.

In passing a tumbledown, miserable building, she observed at one of the lower windows the figure of a man that at once attracted more than a passing notice. His face she could not see, for his head was partly turned away; but his form, thin and bent, suggested in some indefinable way the idea of better days having been his portion in the past. Her slow walk ceased entirely; and standing on the sidewalk directly opposite the window, she observed him more distinctly.

"That man is a gentleman," thought Maylie, and with the quick observation peculiar to women, she took in at one glance the threadbare but scrupulously neat black coat, and the snowy whiteness of the collar that appeared above it, which was tied with a well-worn black silk scarf; nor did the slender fingers of the thin hand thrust among the long gray hair escape her.

"I wish he would turn this way!" she exclaimed aloud, and almost impatiently; but either the gentleman did not hear her, or did not heed her wish, for he maintained his former position, and with a sigh of disappointment, May felt herself obliged to move forward. Very reluctantly she moved, though; and before she had gone twenty yards she suddenly wheeled round again, and walked briskly back to the house whose inmate had so interested her. She approached the door, and pushing it gently, found it unlatched, and so entered without knocking. She did not pause to consider what she was about to do, or she never could have done it; but advancing quickly along the hall she knocked loudly at the first door she came



THE FATHER RELATING HIS STORY TO HIS DAUGHTER.

to, and being told to "Come in," she hastily entered.

A gentleman sitting by the window rose hurriedly at the sight of a stranger—and a lady, and came forward a few steps, then coming face to face with his visitor, he turned very pale, clutched at the chair behind him, and fell into it with a half audible moan.

May was considerably startled at the effect her appearance had caused, and blamed herself for a step prompted in part, at least, by curiosity.

"Pray, don't be angry, sir," she said, in a confused and hesitating manner, "I was very tired—I thought I should like to see you—to speak with you, and that you might not be offended with me."

"Sit down, young lady," spoke the gentleman, now recovered from his first agitation, and placing the only other chair the apartment contained for Maylie; "whoever you are, or what every our errand may be, you are welcome; for your face is that of an angel—an angel who has long been lost to me for ever."

Maylie saw at once that her appearance had awakened memories as sad as, under happier circumstances, they might have been pleasant. She hastened to say:

"Indeed, sir, I have no errand here; I merely entered because when I saw you sitting by the window I felt an interest in you, and—and—I thought I should like to know you;" and there she prudently paused, for this person whom she was desirous of putting in her list of friends was not an ordinary case; and she felt that it might be hazardous to say much.

The gentleman answered her with a sad smile.

"Yours is a harmless and not very lofty ambition, my child," and there was the faintest tinge of bitterness in his tone;" "my name is Hamilton—Rupert Hamilton. And now it is only fair that you should tell me yours."

"Maylie Jarves."

"Maylie!" exclaimed Mr. Hamilton, starting from his chair; and then slowly sinking into it again. "It seems, then, that everything about you is to amaze me, for the name of Maylie was—is—must always be a dear, a magical sound to me! Alas! dear child, what has tempted you to come here—what is it about you that revives all the dearest—all the bitterest memories in my life?"

"Oh, pray, sir, pardon me; what right, indeed, have I to intrude upon you. I have been very rude, and I never can forgive myself. I will go. Good-bye."

"No—don't go. It is like a glimpse of the heaven I have lost to look upon you. Yet you are right; it is growing dark; this is a bad neighborhood, and you are alone. Good-bye—God bless you for obeying the impulse that led you here. The sight of you has proved to me that the heart within this withered breast is not quite dead."

With strange and conflicting emotions Maylie felt her hand taken and pressed by this stranger whose acquaintance she had voluntarily sought; and in the next moment she was in the street, and hastening homeward, feeling strangely like one who had awakened from a dream.

All the way home the pale face and the brilliant eyes of the man she had left were before her; and never had she felt so keen a pang at the sight of poverty—for Mr. Hamilton was wretchedly, miserably poor; of that she had been assured by his meagre surroundings, and his attenuated, shrunken form.

"How can I serve him?" was the question she was constantly putting to herself. "He is very proud, I know; I saw that from the first; but then the proudest people must feel hungry and cold; and there was nothing on that pallet in the corner but a thin coverlid, and some old clothes, and to-morrow is Christmas Day, and I am so rich—oh, dear! What shall I do?"

All of which meant that Maylie would have given anything at that moment to the person who would have shown her the surest way to aid Mr. Hamilton without his knowledge, or without wounding his pride.

"Oh, that will do!" she suddenly exclaimed in the midst of her dinner, and without explaining to her astonished father she darted from the table, and violently rang the bell. As soon as it was answered she gave orders that the coachman was to go out, and bring in with him the first good-sized beggar boy he could find.

"Well, my darling, what is the meaning of this?" inquired Mr. Jarves.

Maylie hastily related her afternoon's adventure, and Mr. Jarves gravely shook his head.

"I have no objection to your doing any act of kindness for this man," he said, "if he really is in need of it. But I shall insist upon seeing him myself before I can allow an acquaintance so strangely begun to proceed any farther."

"Oh, thank you, papa; it will give me the greatest delight to have you see him; you will be interested, I know, and perhaps you can devise some way of materially benefitting him."

At this moment the coachman arrived, having succeeded in capturing a tolerably strong and intelligent boy of thirteen or thereabouts.

Maylie bade him take boy, who gave his name as Tom, to the kitchen, and promised to give him further orders as soon as he had eaten a good dinner.

By the time Tom had accomplished that welcome duty, and had accomplished it well, notwithstanding he had had but little practice for some time past, Maylie had made up a bundle consisting of two pairs of rose blankets, from her own well-stocked housekeeper's storeroom, and had filled a large basket with one whole turkey, a plumcake and half a dozen bottles of wine, and attached to the basket the simple message, written in pencil:

"A Christmas gift, from a friend."

With this bundle and basket Tom was dispatched, having received orders to answer all questions with but one reply:

"I don't know who sends the things; and I was told to deliver them to Mr. Hamilton."

"He also received a dollar for his trouble, Maylie being determined that every one should have a happy Christmas if she could help them to one. The coachman was then desired to follow in Tom's wake, and see that his young mistress's orders were faithfully executed. Maylie, now feeling convinced that Mr. Hamilton's Christmas dinner was provided, and that she had eluded the possibility of discovery by the above clever stratagem, for the third time seated herself at the table, and finished her dinner in peace and happiness.

CHAPTER II.

Christmas Eve again. Many were the changes that had taken place in the life of Maybe Jarves during the twelve months that had passed since she discovered Mr. Hamilton in a miserable house in one of the obscure streets of this over-peopled city. Mr. Jarves was no more; he was laid away in a quiet nook in Greenwood, and Maylie was left sole heir to all his wealth. His death had revealed a secret which filled Maylie with as much grief as astonishment; and which the reader will learn in its proper place. But none of the changes that had taken place had caused Maylie to forget her "friends." She was still mindful of their wants; and whenever occasion offered she added a new name to her list, and now that Christmas Day again approached she was out on her mission, and fulfilling the part of Santa Claus. Two, in particular, of the names she had added to her list interested her deeply; the first of these was Sarah Dalton; the girl whom Martha had called "Sally;" and whose appearance and words had so interested Maylie when she had first seen her. It was a long time before Maylie could discover Sally, and when she at length found her one day at the house of Martha, it was longer still before the poor unfortunate could be persuaded to abandon the terrible life she was leading, and return to the ways of honor and rectitude. Maylie's fine friends pronounced her mad when it came to be whispered about that she had undertaken the reformation of an abandoned woman, and had actually admitted her to her own roof, and not a few had completely dropped the acquaintance of the young heiress. Perhaps they were right—perhaps they were not; Maylie decided that she could bear the loss of their friendship, better than she could bear the sight of an immortal soul shipwrecked upon the dead sea of life, and drifting to destruction beneath her very eyes, while she perchance had but to hold out a hand to save it. Sarah Dalton was quite a young woman, but a few years older than Maylie herself, and had all the education and accomplishments of a lady; but in accordance with her own request she had entered the house of Mr. Jarves as a kind of upper housemaid, and performed her duties, of whatever kind, with the faithfulness of an attached dog. She seemed to have completely blotted from her memory all that portion of her life that had passed before the day on which she entered Maylie's service, and her sole desire, apparently, was, in every particular, to please her mistress. In time she had been promoted to the post of confidential maid to Maylie, who never had cause to regret having given her that position.

"It is very well to compassionate these unfortunates in words," Maylie had said to one of her friends, who had chosen to call in question the propriety of her conduct in the case of Sarah, "and then to hold up the hands in holy horror when it comes to putting all our fine words into action. If I had said to Sarah Dalton, 'Go mend your ways, and here is a very excellent tract that will show you how a very wicked person reformed, and afterwards became a shining light to guide her fellow-sinners out of darkness,' it is almost certain that I would have found her, a year later, more inextricably sunk in the mire than when I had first met her, for nothing can be more disheartening than the desire to do well meeting with constant discouragement. No! Let others say what they will—I prefer to do; and I am convinced that I am pursuing the true course."

And thus it came about that, when Maylie was dressing to go out on her round of Santa Claus visits, it was Sarah Dalton who buttoned her cloak and handed her the little gloves and sable furs from the dressing-table. Very different was Sarah Dalton from the girl Sally, whom Maylie had first seen while she stood talking in the dark doorway to Martha. She was a tall girl, bearing on her white face the marks of great personal beauty. Want and misery had robbed her form of the roundness and curves of beauty, but could not deprive her of the ease and grace peculiar to her. Already threads of gray were mingling with her dark hair, her eyes were unnaturally large and bright, and the hacking cough that often shook her slight frame like a tempest sent a deep hectic flush to her sunken cheek, which, fading away again, left her paler than before. Maylie sighed as she looked upon her, and then, addressing some few cheering words to her, hurried away. As she walked along her thoughts were much occupied with the second friend who interested her, and whose name was Hamilton. Mr. Jarves had kept his word, and had himself become acquainted with Mr. Hamilton; he had also been as much interested as Maylie had predicted, and had lived long enough to make himself of some substantial service to the poor gentleman. Mr. Hamilton was no longer so wretchedly poor as when Maylie had first discovered him, the position in which Mr. Jarves had placed him put him above want for the rest of his life, and he had become more attached to Maylie every time that he saw her, till at length, as the greatest mark of his esteem, he had voluntarily promised her his confidence, and had accepted her invitation to dinner on Christmas Eve.

If Maylie hurried a little through her visits that day she had neglected no one, and it was, after all, within half an hour of dinner-time when she at length arrived at home. Mr. Hamilton came n very shortly after, and she at once ordered dinner to be served, for she made no secret of her impatience to listen to her companion's story, which, she was assured, must be a remarkable one.

Mr. Hamilton did not long try her patience, his attention to the dessert was very trifling, and, pushing back his chair from the table, he remained for a few moments buried in thought, then rousing himself with a sudden effort, he spoke at once, and without preface:

MR. HAMILTON'S STORY.

At the age of thirty I was the happiest man in the world. I often said so to my wife—my dear, sweet wife!—and sometimes I said it with a feeling of dread, for I was half afraid of my own happiness, and felt the shadow of sorrow thrown forward from the dreary future. I was well-to-do in the world and engaged in a prosperous business, my wife was as lovely as she was good and gentle, and I was the father of the fairest, sweetest rosebud of a child that ever smiled and crowed beneath the glance of a delighted parent's eye. What could the heart of man desire more? Nothing; and I was content. But already the serpent was insidiously creeping into this Eden, already the canker-worm had penetrated to the heart of my perfect flower of happiness. I had a partner in my business, named Dalton——

Maylie started involuntarily when Mr. Hamilton pronounced this name, but he did not observe it, and continued:

This man, whom I had treated as a brother for years, affected to feel for me the same warm affection, and I would as soon have doubted my own truth and honor as suspected for one instant his perfect integrity. He had been married, but was now a widower, with one child, a girl of some five or six years, and he seemed to lead a very lonely and secluded life. I invited him to make my house his home, and with seeming reluctance, and after much entreaty, he at last agreed to my proposal. My wife did not approve of this addition to our family; but seeing how much I was set upon it, she did not oppose it. For the first few months of Dalton's residence under my roof everything went on smoothly and happily, and Mrs. Hamilton herself no longer expressed any dissatisfaction at the addition of Dalton and his little girl to our household. But very gradually I became conscious of a slight, almost imperceptible change in Dalton's bearing towards myself. There was a vague mingling of pity and sympathy in his manner; and sometimes, when we were alone in the counting-house together, on looking up suddenly, I would find his gaze fixed upon me with a expression of deep compassion, and not unfrequently the glitter of tears in his eyes. On such occasions he would become much confused and turn hastily away to some occupation, in which he seemed to become entirely absorbed. This went on till it affected me like a horrible nightmare, and then, from some words he dropped one day, I comprehended that this inexplicable change was caused by a suspicion on his part that my wife did not love me, and that all the affections of my heart were wasted upon a being who regarded me merely as a convenient banker, from whom she drew money whenever she required it.

Stung to fury, I turned upon Dalton like an infuriated tiger, and demanded the grounds on which he dared to form such a suspicion against my wife's honor and my own dignity.

"Mine is a thankless task," he said, with a sigh; "but I am grateful, at whatever cost, for the opportunity to unburden my mind of what has long lain upon it heavier than any words of mine can express. Let me, then, reveal to you a secret, Hamilton, the discovery of which wounded me only less deeply than it will now wound you. Your wife has a favored lover, whom she receives, on certain evenings in the week, in the little boudoir leading out of her own suite of apartments——"

"Liar!" I shouted, interrupting him, and seizing him, I yelled in his ear: "Confess that this is a base, unfounded calumny, or I swear I will choke the dastardly falsehood in your throat, and your life shall pay the penalty of this damnable invention."

He was quite as strong a man as I was, however, and exerting all his strength he shook off my grasp, and held me at bay.

"I say no more," he said, with a lofty and offended manner. "I have warned you. Take the warning, or continue to be made the dupe of an artful woman, either which you please; but you and I never exchange words again till you have apologised for your unjust language and your violent treatment of me," and so speaking, he haughtily left me.

This scene took place in our own private office; but I was no longer fit for business, and I, too, left the store and took my way home. The more I reflected upon Dalton's words, the more I was convinced either that he was the victim of a terrible mistake, or the inventor of a malicious, a diabolical slander. My wife was out when I got home, and I went to my room moody, discontented, and in no way improved in mind by meeting little Sarah Dalton, who sprang into my arms, calling me uncle Rupert, and asking for her father.

Not for one moment did I suspect my wife; but I could not but wish that she was home, and in despite of all my anger and rage against Dalton, his poisonous words were constantly repeating themselves in my memory.

In the course of the day he sent for his child and her nurse, and when my wife came in, late in the afternoon, her first words were:

"What has happened between you and Mr. Dalton, Rupert? Alice tells me that he has taken away Sarah and the nurse, and has sent for his trunks and books."

"Yes, dear, it is so," was my answer. "The fact is we have had a very serious quarrel, and it was about——"

I looked into her face as I spoke, and meeting the frank gaze of her innocent eyes, and seeing the tender, joyous smile that I so loved slumbering upon her truthful lips, I dared not repeat his gross words. I drew her towards me, and kissed the dear lips and eyes, and the sunny brow.

"Never mind what we quarrelled about," I continued, lightly; "a little girl like you has no need to know the quarrels of business men."

Dalton and myself met in the office, as usual, during business hours, but exchanged no words.

One evening, returning to my home a little earlier than usual, I ran up to my wife's boudoir, to give her some little trinkets I had bought for her, but on nearing the door, which was a trifle ajar, I was astonished to hear voices in low, apparently confidential tones; and to my horror I recognised the voice that was not my wife's as being that of a man. I was thunderstruck; every word that Dalton had spoken to me seemed to start out before me, written upon the air in letters of fire; and my blood congealed at this proof of his suspicion. I could scarcely support my weight, and involuntarily I retreated into a little niche formed by the peculiar shape of the room, and there leaned against the wall. While I remained thus concealed a man issued from the boudoir, and hurrying along the hall was soon lost to my observation. I had not the strength, even if I had had the will to pursue him; and a quarter of an hour then elapsed before I could summon up courage to confront Mrs. Hamilton. When I did enter my face must have given evidence of the conflict of emotions within me, for she exclaimed at the sight of me, and coming towards me asked if I was ill.

"No," I said; and she sank back into her seat, and seemed to relapse into a reverie from which my appearance had apparently roused her. I was stung to the quick by her preoccupied air; and swiftly sending my memory back to the past, I recalled two or three occasions when she had acted in a similar manner; but then I had thought her tired or ill—any trifling excuse had sufficed; and she had soon recovered her habitual serenity. But I now looked upon her with different eyes, and at the thought that she was deceiving—betraying me, I felt that I almost hated her—that I could have scorched up that childlike, fragile form with the fire of my indignation—and yet I could not believe it. Rather think my eyes, my ears, every sense bestowed on me by heaven had played me false, than that she had deceived me. I dismissed every evil thought with one effort of the will; and taking from my breast pocket the little casket of jewellery I had brought her I threw it into her lap, and waited for the exclamations of admiration that would follow its opening. Nor was I disappointed. She was quite as much delighted as I had expected, and overwhelmed me with caresses and pretty thanks. A dozen times I opened my lips to ask who was the man I had seen leaving her boudoir; and as often I closed them again, ashamed to own that I had even suspected her to be other than my own true wife. And so I had almost forgotten the whole thing, when one night—it was Christmas Eve, just nineteen years ago—God knows how indelibly that night is stamped upon my memory—my suspicions were again aroused and confirmed. The servants had told me that Mrs. Hamilton was in the parlor, and I stole softly upstairs to lay my Christmas gift upon a certain little stand in the boudoir, where I knew she would find it the first thing when she entered in the morning—devising expedients as I went to keep her away from that room for the remainder of the evening. My hand was just upon the door knob when, from the sound of voices within, I knew that the room was not unoccupied. Instinctively I concealed myself in the niche that had formerly served as a hiding-place, and in a few moments the door opened and my wife came out into the hall, and with him, his arm thrown familiarly about her and his hand holding hers, the same man I had before seen issue from that room.

"Remember, George," my wife spoke, "this is the last time I will consent to see you here. I can no longer take the risk of rousing my husband's suspicions. Here is money, and remember that all that I ever have is always at your service; but you must not come here again."

"Oh, Edith!" he exclaimed, "what will become of me if you forsake me?"

"But I never will forsake you, George," and the tender cadence of her voice stabbed me to the heart, "you know I have always loved you from the first; were you not my boyish lover?" and in my heart I cursed the lips that smiled on him as they had often smiled on me, "and since then, George, in the face of all your follies, crimes even, have I not been to you as a true——"

I could endure no more, and reaching her side at a single step I caught her by the shoulder and whirled her round in front of me.

"And to me, madam, what have you been?"

She shrieked, and fell forward fainting in my arms. With no gentle touch I caught her up, and carrying her into the boudoir, laid her on the sofa. But when I returned to the hall, on fire with my wrongs, burning to wreak my vengeance upon him, he was nowhere to be found. He had escaped in the single minute it had taken to carry Edith to the sofa.

I returned to her; she was partly recovered; and tottering toward me, she implored, with uplifted hands:

"Say nothing yet, Rupert; let me tell you all—I can explain everything."

But I was mad; I would neither listen nor heed. Explain! As if any explanation could satisfy me after what I had heard and seen—her words seemed a mere mockery in my ears. I will no shock you with a repetition of all that followed—torrents of blasting, scathing words poured from my lips; if she had not been so utterly overwhelmed I think I should have struck her; but sinking beneath my anger, hiding her crimson face from the blaze of my wrath, uttering hoarse, disjointed entreaties that I would but listen to her, she fell to the floor at last, and lay at my feet white and still as death, with pallid face and closed eyes, meekly begging for mercy.

There I left her. I pass over that night—it

maddens me to think of it. In the morning she and the child were gone. A slip of paper left for me with one of the servants said, simply, that after the words that had fallen from my lips she could never again call me husband, and to save her innocent child from a man so unjust and so ungovernable she had taken it with her.

I will not attempt to describe my feelings on reading these words. Notwithstanding my orders that she should leave me for ever, not until she was gone did I realise that my wife was indeed lost to me. "I can explain everything," she had said; and I had refused to listen, and now—oh! I dared not pursue that thought. It was maddening. In spite of all the degrading terms I applied to her, treacherous, heartless, deceitful betrayer, I could not hide from myself that I would have given all I possessed in the world to find her—to recall her again to the home and the heart left desolate without her.

No night passed that I did not pray heaven to restore her to me—no morning dawned that I did not say, "Perhaps I may hear of her to-day;" and so weary weeks made up the months, and dreary months told out a year; and I was roughly awakened to the fact that I had entirely neglected my business by finding myself declared bankrupt, and my partner, Dalton, absconded with half a million of dollars. But all this I could have borne, and still hoped that Edith might yet return, and once more offer me the explanation I had refused to listen to, and now lived only to hear, had not this letter from Dalton overflowed the cup of my misery. I have brought it that I may give it to you verbatim:

"At last I am avenged on you. I hated you from the hour in which you became the husband of Edith Maylie——"

"Maylie! interrupted Mr. Hamilton's listener, with a sharp, eager exclamation.

"Yes, that was my wife's name; and that is why I was so affected on first learning yours."

Maylie bent eagerly towards the speaker; and searched his face for some hidden meaning in the features she had often fancied strangely familiar.

"Go on—go on!" she said, breathlessly: and the flickering color flushing her cheek, and then dying quite away, betrayed her excessive agitation.

Mr. Hamilton resumed the reading of the letter:

"I was a rejected suitor, and you my successful rival; and I took an oath to be avenged. Judge how I have kept it. Your wife was as innocent of any wrong towards you as was your infant daughter whom she carried away with her. The man whom I represented to you as being her lover, and whom you were subsequently convinced was so, never had any claim upon her more than that of a brother. He was a cousin whom her father had adopted as a son; and turning out a reprobate when he grew to manhood, was at length sent to State Prison for life, having committed murder in a street affray. He contrived to escape; and I discovered him; and from dread of exposure and in return for a handsome sum of money which I paid him, he became my tool to rouse your jealousy. He so wrought upon Edith's goodness of heart and old time sisterly fondness for him, that she received him with suspicious secresy, and did not dare to tell you. How our plot succeeded, I need hardly remind you. Nor would I now explain it, but that I have received certain intelligence that Edith is no more! That item of news completes my vengeance. Henceforward your path in life and mine lie very far apart.
"James Dalton."

Mr. Hamilton folded up this letter and put it away; and wiped from his face the cold sweat of anguish and remorse called forth by its perusal.

"After reading this letter," he continued, "there was a blank of three years in my life. When I returned to the first glimmering of reason I found that for three years I had been the inmate of a lunatic asylum, given over as a hopeless case; but I gradually recovered, and was at last discharged, cured. To give even a brief summary of my life from that time till the night, one year ago, that I first saw you, Miss Jarves, would occupy a tediously long time. Suffice it to say that I maintained existence, partly by the miserable pittance I earned in copying law-papers—in writing from the dictation of others—in a thousand other humiliating ways—even in receiving presents of blankets, turkey and plumcake from kind-hearted young ladies—don't blush, my dear child. I was not humiliated at receiving your gift. But above all, the reason why my wretched soul and body clung together was this, that I never quite abandoned the hope of finding my child—my Edith's child."

"She is found!" exclaimed Maylie, bursting into passionate, hysterical tears and sobs; and drawing from its chain about her neck a small miniature, she held it with trembling fingers towards Mr. Hamilton. "Do you recognise that picture?" she asked.

"It is a likeness of myself, which I gave my wife on my thirtieth birthday—how came it in your possession?" and with the light of a wild hope flushing all his face he caught both of Maylie's hands, and devoured her face with his eager glance.

"It was found on me," she gasped, choking, "when Mr. Jarves received me, nineteen years ago, a Christmas gift left upon his doorstep—and you are my father, my own, own dear father, whom I never expected to find;" and with a glad cry of joy Mr. Hamilton folded his child close to his heart, and felt that heaven had rewarded all his sufferings in that one moment of sacred joy.

And then when Maylie was calm enough to speak, and Mr. Hamilton was calm enough to listen, she told him that the secret revealed by Mr. Jarves's death was that of her being a foundling; that a paper pinned to her dress when found desired that she might be called Maylie, and stated that the likeness upon her neck was that of her father, and then concluded with the prayer of a wretched mother, who felt herself to be dying, that they would deal gently by the little one left to their care.

Sweet were the dreams of Maylie Hamilton that Christmas Eve, pure her thoughts as the softly falling snow without, and so sound her slumber that she did not feel the good-night kiss her father stole in to leave upon her brow, although even sleeping her rosy lips smiled upon him.

CHAPTER III.

Christmas Eve once more!

Though a steady, feathery snowstorm had continued without intermission from the late dawn till the hour when Maylie seated herself opposite her father at the dinner table, it had not detained her from her customary round of visits; and in no former Christmas of her life had she earned more grateful thanks, more heartfelt blessings from her poor "friends."

Maylie had just finished the recital of her day's visits with: "It grew dark somewhat suddenly, you know, papa, on account of the falling snow, so that I was obliged to come home before I had quite completed my round; but I am more than half glad that it did happen so, for I am determined to go and see Mrs. Elser after dinner, and you must go with me."

"And that I shall, my dear, with great pleasure. Who is Mrs. Elser—a new friend?"

"Not entirely—I have known her for some months, and furnished her with all the sewing I had on hand; but notwithstanding I paid her the largest prices I could, without exciting her suspicion that I was trying to help her, I can plainly see that she is still in want of many comforts. It is very difficult to deal with her, for she is evidently a lady, and I am in constant dread of giving offence where I mean only to be kind. Now my heart is set upon her having a pleasant—if possible happy Christmas—and I am going to ask her to come and dine with us to-morrow—that is, if you have no objection?"

"I object? My dearest child, it would ill become me, even if your friend was a very different style of person from what you describe her to be. But I know my little girl's taste too well to doubt but we will have a pleasant addition to our Christmas dinner."

That subject being disposed of, Maylie's sweet face began to show signs of uneasiness, till then hidden by animation and interest in the welfare of others. Mr. Hamilton could not but notice the shadow.

"Something troubles my pet?" he said, in a tender, questioning tone, and touching the golden sheen of her hair as he spoke, with a look and gesture of indescribable love.

"You know what I have to dread to-morrow, papa?" was her answer.

"Mr. Dahlgren?" said her father.

"Yes," answered Maylie, with a sigh.

"Has it then come to dread, my dear?" questioned Mr. Hamilton, anxiously.

"I'm afraid I must acknowledge it, papa. You know, when I first promised to become formally engaged to Mr. Dahlgren, I supposed Mr. Jarves to be my own real father; and though I did not love the gentleman in question, I was so very anxious to comply with every desire of that kind, good man that I promised to do everything I could to regard Mr. Dahlgren as my future husband."

"And you have done so, Maylie?"

"Yes, father; I have received Mr. Dahlgren's letters for nearly two years, now; and I have answered them regularly. It was an understood thing before he went to South America that when he returned I was to name the day for our marriage. He returns to-morrow; and every day since I saw him last I have said to myself: 'Charles Dahlgren is to be your husband—never let your thoughts wander from that point.' But now, oh! dear father——"

"You have let your thoughts so wander," interrupted Mr. Hamilton, in pity for the blushing girl who bent her crimson face before him, and put up one slender little hand to shade it from his view.

"Yes, father," she answered, falteringly.

"You love Albert Sanford?" said Mr. Hamilton.

"Yes, dear father," said Maylie, very low, and not daring to meet his gaze.

"Well, my dear, don't blush for that which is neither wrong nor shame. You never loved Mr. Dahlgren; and you have tried to love him well enough to betroth yourself to him—you have done your duty, as far as it was in your power. It only remains now to tell him all, and ask him to release you. What sort of man is this half-betrothed lover of yours, to begin with?"

"Mr. Dahlgren has always been considered a gentleman of unblemished character, father."

"So much the better. He shall know the whole truth; and if he is the gentleman he is supposed to be, let him prove it by acting in as frank and upright a spirit as we shall act by him. Take no more trouble to your heart, my child—all will be well."

Maylie was much relieved by her father's decisive tone and manner, and said so; and after dinner the two hastily made ready, and through the beautiful snowstorm took their way towards Mrs. Elser's humble dwelling.

It was a long distance, and the way was not enlivening, but May kept up a continual conversation, to which her father was content to listen, at long intervals putting in a word or two as his share, so that they were before the low and somewhat battered door leading into Mrs. Elser's room almost before they knew it.

Mrs. Elser was, as Maylie had said, a lady evidently; and in the midst of all her poverty a certain air of delicate refinement was visible to any observing eye. At the entrance of her visitors she rose and greeted May warmly, and without the slightest embarrassment at seeing a stranger with her. May caught her father's hand and drew him forward.

"This is my papa, Mrs. Elser, whom you have so often heard me speak of, and we have both come to try if we cannot induce you to——"

Mrs. Elser looked towards Mr. Hamilton, while Maylie spoke, and as their eyes met both turned very pale, both bent eagerly forward, and on both faces was an eager, agonised expression. At this moment Maylie observed her two companions and her little speech came to an abrupt conclusion. At first it was with a feeling of unmixed astonishment that she regarded them; but that was swiftly followed by a wild hope, which in the next moment was realised.

"Edith—Rupert!" were the words that broke the silence, and the long parted wife and husband were folded in each other's arms; and then Mr. Hamilton, sinking to the floor at his wife's feet, bent his face upon her two thin hands and wept aloud in the joy and thankfulness of his heart.

"Rise, Rupert, dearest," she said.

"Never, till you forgive me, Edith, for all my harsh, cruel injustice to you."

"That was forgiven many long, sad years ago, my husband. Nor was I entirely blameless to leave you as I did, without any clue to my whereabouts, if you should change your unjust opinion of me."

And then, before further explanations, both remembered their child, and silently, with full, joyous hearts, that sang hymns of thankfulness, Maylie was gathered close in the embrace of both her parents.

It was a long story that had to be told by Mrs. Hamilton, and listened to by her husband and daughter, of all she had known and suffered since that night when, worn and weary, sinking beneath cold and exhaustion, and a crushed, sorrowing heart, she had believed herself dying, and had left her little one to the care of strangers—strangers who, mercifully, had been more tender to the child of their adoption than many parents are to their own—how, when she had recovered and found herself tended by gentle Sisters of Charity in one of the hospitals, she had made the first use of her restored strength to search for her child. But all she knew to guide her was the house at the door of which she had left it, and on inquiry she learned that the whole family had gone to Europe, and from that time she could get no trace of them; how, after years of fruitless search, and toil, and drudgery, her heart had turned longingly towards her husband, and she resolved to answer one of the many advertisements she had been at first too proud to take any notice of, but it was too late. Mr. Hamilton had failed completely, and all trace of him was swallowed up in the oblivion that had followed his insolvency.

To tell all this took a long, long time. And it was not in Mrs. Elser's poor little room that the story was given; no, in the cosiest of parlors and warmed by a glowing seacoal fire, Mr. Hamilton and Maylie listened to the recital of the new-found wife and mother. And Christmas Eve was gone, and the hour had come when, more than eighteen hundred years before, shepherds had watched their flocks, and, abiding in their fields all night, had sung hallelujahs as the Star of Bethlehem had arisen, ere the three happiest people in all the city said "Good-night!" and in the silence of their rooms blessed the Father who ever watches the footsteps of his sorrowing, erring children, that He may lead them by paths they know not of to a haven of peace and joy.

Maylie was so very happy that Christmas that she forgot the trouble that had gathered her fair brow into a frown only the evening before, but she was reminded of it in an abrupt and startling manner.

Early in the day she was seated by the couch of Sarah Dalton, who was rapidly sinking under the hand of the destroyer; and was telling her the story of her own father and mother, so strangely reunited—telling her all, save the name of the miscreant who had caused their separation; for Maylie had learned ere then that Sarah Dalton was indeed the daughter of Mr. Hamilton's foe; but with true Christian charity and forbearance, she had kept it from the dying girl. Sarah was a little better on that day, and it was a lounge and pillows in Maylie's own parlor that formed her couch, while she lay, deeply interested, and listening, with a vague sense of hearing sweet music, to May's voice. Both were roused by a step hastily approaching the door, and May had turned her head, when she was suddenly arrested in so doing and her gaze fixed, frozen on the face of Sarah Dalton. The invalid half-raised herself, and was bending forward with a face on which death seemed already to have set his seal, but that the great dark eyes burned with a lurid light, and remained steadily fixed on some object beyond. Slowly that burning light died away, and a livid pallor yet more dreadful than her former ghastly paleness overspread her face, and she fell backward. Maylie felt that she must turn and behold this horror that had caused so sudden, so inexplicable a scene; and she did so.

In the doorway stood nothing more frightful than her own half betrothed lover, Charles Dahlgren. Whatever his feelings on first beholding Sarah Dalton, they were now under complete control; he betrayed no more agitation than a meeting with his future bride might justly have warranted. With outstretched hand, and "My own dearest Maylie," he came forward; but Maylie glanced from him to the insensible girl before her; then back again at him, and drew away with a shudder from that outstretched hand. A sudden, blinding light swept in upon her, that, for a moment, quite bewildered her. Then hastily recovering she said:

"Please go away. I will see you in the drawing-room, by-and-bye."

Mr. Dahlgren obeyed with a bad grace; a dark frown hid his beauty of face as he turned away, and he only half suppressed the exclamations of rage and disappointment that would rise to his lips.

Maylie's first care was to restore Sarah to consciousness; and it was long before she succeeded. When at last the unhappy girl recovered, her first question, asked with a nervous shudder, was:

"Where is that man?"

"Do you know Mr. Dahlgren?" asked Maylie.

"Yes, I know Mr. Dahlgren," was the answer, with a hard, dry laugh.

"Mr. Dahlgren is the man who left my soul and body to perish in the mire from which you rescued me," and the unhappy woman burst into a sudden passion of tears that seemed to shake the very breath from her exhausted frame, succeeded by a long fit of coughing that left her gasping and breathless when at last it was over.

As soon as she could speak she begged to be left alone.

"Some day, when I am strong enough to bear it—if ever I am strong enough again," she said, "I will tell you the story, Miss Hamilton."

Maylie left her alone, according to her desire, and took her way directly to the drawing-room. She spoke immediately, without giving Mr. Dahlgren time to utter a word.

"There is no occasion for you to speak, sir," she said, with immeasurable contempt. "I know of the part you have acted towards the poor, dying girl upstairs. Our acquaintance ceases from this moment; henceforward during all our lives we are strangers. Good morning."

She waited for no reply; in truth the gentleman was too completely stunned, mentally, to take up any line of defence; and as she haughtily left the room, he rose also, and blindly, burning with impotent rage and mortification, stumbled along the passages, and out into the street.

But what an inconsistent thing is a woman. Now that Maylie was rid of every obstacle that stood between her and her own true love, she locked herself up in her room, and for one good hour enjoyed the luxury of fast flowing tears.

For the loss of her lover? Well, yes; because that loss had made her so very happy that the little over-charged heart would empty itself, and for the first time she felt how unutterable wretched would have been the fate that separated her from Albert Sanford. A sun-shower of the heart that flood of tears was to Maylie; and when she left her room it was to flit through all the house more like a sunbeam than ever.

And so it happened that when Albert called that evening Maylie no longer feared to leave her hand a moment in his warm, trembling clasp; no longer dreaded that he would read the secret in her eyes, and so tempt her to break the promise given to the dead. All was changed; and Albert might read what he pleased, and ask for that little tremulous hand as soon as he chose, with every chance of receiving leave to hold it in his for ever if he wished. And of all the happy Christmas Days that Maylie had ever known, surely that one on which Albert helped her to give out the gifts from the great Christmas tree in the front parlor was the happiest. And what a motley crowd of half-grown boys and girls it was that responded to those gifts, and the kind words accompanying them:

"Merry Christmas—merry Christmas," till all the air seemed alive, and our great Saxon tongue seemed capable of only one sound, "Merry Christmas; merry Christmas," till I cannot find one other word to say myself; and must also join the universal hub-bub, with "Merry Christmas; merry Christmas; merry Christmas!"

THE GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION UNDER ADMIRAL PORTER.

Our Fleet in Hampton Roads.

Our double page this week affords a complete and striking view of the Union fleet and army transports, constituting the great naval and military expedition under Admiral Porter and Gen. Butler, which left Hampton Roads on the 13th inst., destined to operate against an important point on the Southern coast. The army transports, which appear in our picture laden with U. S. troops, set sail from the Roads during the night of the 12th inst. The Admiral's flagship, the Malvern, and her commander, sailed early on the 13th inst. The ironclads were the first to move. Then the single turretted monitors started forth, in tow of steamers. Following these went the double-turretted monitors, which are self-propelling. Lastly the men-of-war. The wind was blowing off the shore when the fleet sailed, moving away in a southerly direction. The public will await with deepest interest the result of this mysterious movement.

ARRIVAL OF ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

The city of New York was gladdened, on the 13th inst., by the arrival, in this port, of that gallant and honored naval hero, Admiral Farragut. He came in his old flagship, the Hartford, which left Pensacola on the 30th of November, made Key West on the 4th inst., where she delayed one day, and thence has had a pleasant pas[illegible], but for a two days' gale of wind, on the 8th and 9th. We present, upon the first page of this paper, a picture of the Hartford, sketched by one of our Artists, as she appeared when coming up the bay of New York. She is, as will be observed, a particularly handsome ship, having been built in the most careful manner by Mr. W. S. Hanscom, well known also as the builder of the Wachusett, the Canandagua, and the ironclad Monadnock. Her fame is identical with that of her brave commander, whose companion she has been throughout his victorious career in the civil war. In her he led the way to victory at New Orleans and subsequently at Mobile, the banner of the Republic and the broad blue pennant of the Admiral floating over her in glory and in triumph. Her presence in our bay with the old Admiral upon her quarter deck, was naturally the signal for patriotic enthusiasm. At the harbor bar she was met by the revenue cutter Bronx, Capt. Constable, on board of which was a committee of gentlemen, headed by Collector Draper. On coming on board the Hartford the latter officer addressed the Admiral, extending to him, on the part of our citizens, a hearty welcome to New York. To this Admiral Farragut responded briefly and gracefully. The visitors then passed a little time in examining the ship, which, though in the neatest possible condition, bears traces of the ravages of battle and of storm to which she has been exposed. On coming on shore, in the afternoon, the Admiral was taken to the Custom House, where, in the Collector's Room, and before a large assembly of persons, he was welcomed by a delegation of New York merchants, and in a spirited versified eulogium by Mr. A. J. H. Duganne. After shaking hands all round, he then withdrew, and joined his wife at No. 5 London terrace, 23d street. His presence in our city is a source of great pleasure to all who honor the cause for which he has fought, or the manliness, energy and heroism of character which he has so signally displayed. The services which he has rendered to the Republic need not here be rehearsed. They have endeared him to the national heart, and made his name illustrious in American history.



THE PRINCIPAL SHIPS OF THE GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION UNDER ADMIRAL PORTER, LYING AT ANCHOR IN HAMPTON ROADS, DEC. 12.—FROM A SKETCH BY T. F. LAYCOCK.



GREAT NAVAL EXPEDITION UNDER ADMIRAL PORTER—SCENE IN HAMPTON ROADS, VA.—EMBARKATION OF UNION TROOPS ON BOARD U. S. ARMY TRANSPORTS, DEC. 13TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY T. F. LAYCOCK.

THE NEW TIMON.

[The subjoined verses, by Alfred Tennyson, originally appeared in the London *Punch*, many years ago. They are directed against Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, who had, in a poem called "The New Timon," indulged in malignant allusions to Tennyson. The verses, of course, appeared anonymously.]

We know him out of Shakespeare's art,
  And those fine curses which he spoke;
The old Timon, with his noble heart
  That, strongly loathing, greatly broke.

So died the Old; here comes the New.
  Regard him; a familiar face;
I thought we knew him; what, it's you,
  The padded man—that wears the stays?

Who killed the girls and thrilled the boys
  With dandy pathos when you wrote:
A Lion you, that made a noise,
  And shook a mane *en papillote*.

And once you tried the Muses too;
  You fail'd, sir; therefore now you turn;
You fall on those who are to you
  As captain is to subaltern.

But men of long-enduring hopes,
  And careless what this hour may bring,
Can pardon little would-be Popes
  And Brummels when they try to sting.

An artist, sir, should rest in Art,
  And waive a little of his claim;
To have the deep poetic heart
  Is more than all poetic fame.

But you, sir, you are hard to please;
  You never look but half content;
Nor like a gentleman at ease,
  With moral breadth of temperament.

And what with spites and what with fears,
  You cannot let a body be;
It's always ringing in your ears,
  "They call this man as good as me."

What profits now to understand
  The merits of a spotless shirt,
A dapper boot—a little hand,
  If half the little soul is dirt!

You talk of tinsel! why, we see
  The mark of rouge upon your cheeks;
You prate of Nature! you are he
  That spilt his life about the cliques.

A Timon you! Nay, nay, for shame;
  It looks too arrogant a jest—
The fierce old man—to take his name,
  You bandbox! Off, and let him rest!

MEDUSA.

CHAPTER IV.—CONTINUED.

"Soon after it pleased God to take my husband from me, and my means were much restricted in consequence; the children, too, were growing up and becoming a greater expense to me, and, as I told you, we gave up living in the town and came back to settle once more near my native village of Wallendorf. Wanda was eleven years old then, and William the same age, Elizabeth was thirteen, and my eldest boy, Francis, was fifteen. Wanda was a heavy charge to me, for the curse which had fallen upon the mother had descended to the child. She was insane from her birth. The count took no heed of her; he never came near the place, but he paid us handsomely for the care of her, and Mr. Hartmann, through whom the money passed, was exact with the remittances. She grew up to be even lovelier than her mother. There was nothing alarming about her want of reason, and only to look at her no one would have guessed that anything was much amiss with her. She did not look then as she does now; she had a brilliant color then. In her mind she remained always like a little child; she understood nothing except the simplest things, and was quite unteachable, generally docile; but if anything angered her she would take fits of silence that sometimes lasted long enough to make me uneasy, and occasionally she would have bouts of rage, in which she would beat herself against the walls, and be more like a wild animal than a human creature; but this was never often, and, with the years, grew of less and less frequent occurrence. She was afraid of me, and desired to please me, and she generally obeyed Elizabeth pretty readily too. Wilhelm she doted upon; they were always playing together, and he seemed to understand her, and to make her understand him, better than any one else. Francis was the only one she did not care at all for; she seemed positively to dislike him, and he was so devoted to her! He was not like William; he was grave and thoughtful, and did not play with her, but he worshipped the ground she trod on; I have seen his eyes fill with tears when she has said, 'Go, go, you ugly Francis!' Nothing that he could do for her ever seemed to touch her, and when he has gone long distances to get her the flowers that he knew she liked, she would take a malicious pleasure either in giving them to William or in picking them to pieces before his face. It was a very wild life while they all remained young; they passed all their days playing about in the woods, and when suddenly I felt they were all growing up and that something must be done, it seemed as if their childhood had slipped away in one single summer's day.

"Francis went back to Altheim; my husband had been an upright man, respected by his neighbors, and the boy found friends there. William had a great turn for music, and we placed him with the organist of a church at Prague, that he might study so as to make it a profession. Francis got a situation with Mr. Hartmann. Elizabeth remained with me to help me with the housekeeping. The only one of the family to whom time brought no change was Wanda; she led the same life as ever, wandering all day about the woods, making garlands, or taming the wild creatures by imitating their different cries. I have often seen her entice the owls down by hooting to them, and she had an odd way of singing in a soft low voice, that brought the lizards all round about her to listen. She ran quite wild, but we never felt anxious if she stepped out late; her deficient state was well known, the peasants were all fond of the poor child, and no one would have harmed a hair of her head. The boys came home occasionally to see us, and I began to look forward to those times with sorrow. Francis had grown into a man, and his devotion for Wanda had taken a more serious turn—he was becoming passionately in love with her. I was grieved to see my child suffer; and though I could not have thought for a moment of his marrying this poor senseless girl, I used almost to hate her when I saw how unfeeling, how wantonly unkind and cruel she was to him. He felt it so bitterly, that I was glad when his little holiday was over, and that he went back to his work at Altheim.

"One autumn time, somewhere about the beginning of September, we got a letter from Wilhelm, complaining of illness (fever and pain brought on by having sat in wet clothes), and expressing so strong a desire to see some of us, that I could not help feeling that he must be worse than he stated himself to be. It was always a matter of impossibility to leave Wanda, so, although I was full of apprehension, I determined upon sending Elizabeth to pass a week with her brother.

"The letter I got from her when there only confirmed my own forebodings: she had found him very ill, and he soon became desperately so. He had a severe attack of rheumatic fever, and Elizabeth, young and unused to sickness, wrote in alarm to implore me to go to her. I was at my wits' end to know what I could do with Wanda during my absence; at last I bethought me of an old schoolfellow of my own, who had lately come to settle in a village about ten miles distant, and on the direct road to Prague; and I made up my mind to leave Wanda there, and get my friend to take charge of her for a week or two, meaning to pick her up on my way home.

"Margaret Hentzel and I had not met alone since we were girls, but I had heard of her from time to time. She had not a happy fate; first, a bad husband, then a bad son—a handsome, worthless fellow, who had been an incessant anxiety and heartbreak to her. She was now, like myself, a widow, and her son a soldier in the Austrian service.

"It is a great shock to meet again—aged and broken with the trouble of life—those from whom one had parted in all the freshness and trust of youth. When I had last seen poor Margaret, she was a bright vigorous girl, full of hope and courage; now she was old and worn and feeble, all the bravery gone, and only thankful to be left alone to die in peace after all the misery caused by her husband and her good-for-nothing Karl, who never had anything to recommend him but his looks, and a voice of marvellous power and sweetness, but who, with those two gifts, had contrived to bring sorrow and trouble to many a poor girl's heart. He was at Vienna then, his mother told me, and little did I think, when I kissed Wanda at parting, that it would so soon be given to this man, on whom we had none of us set eyes, to work the terrible mischief that ruined us all. I was detained six weeks by the bed of my sick child, and when at last I hurried back full of anxiety—for I had had no news from Margaret for a considerable time—it was to find Wanda (then but barely sixteen) the wife of this miscreant. He had arrived suddenly soon after my departure, having gambled away every farthing that he possessed, and with the design of extorting what money he could from his poor frightened mother. He saw Wanda; he also saw some jewels which had belonged to her mother, and which I had left with Margaret Hentzel, as an earnest of payment, for her trouble; he found out that Wanda belonged in some mysterious way to great and powerful people, and from that moment he conceived the project of marrying her, and never rested until he had so bewildered the poor deficient creature with his beautiful evil face and wondrous voice, and so worked upon the terrors of his helpless old mother, that he induced them to go with him to another place some miles away, where they were totally unknown, and where, after a sojourn of a few days, they were married.

"After this he remained but two days with them, at the end of which time he disappeared, carrying the jewels with him, and leaving his hapless child-bride to her fate. I cannot describe my state of mind when I was made aware of all that had happened; indignation at the poor senseless creature's having been taken this base advantage of, and terror at the thought of her father's fury when he should learn what had befallen, alternately possessed me.

"It seems that Karl had taken leave of his wife by the brink of a lake in the woods near his mother's house, and every day the poor child went and wandered round and round the water like a reckless ghost, calling for him in the most piteous way until night set in, and we had to lure her home with lies, telling her that she would find him at the house, or by the way, or under a tree in the garden waiting for her, deluding the simple creature with hopes never to be fulfilled.

"Margaret Hentzel was too much paralysed by all that had occurred to advise or to oppose, and I got my darling Wanda home to Wallendorf as soon as possible; the change of scene and return to the old life seemed to sweep all latter events entirely out of her memory. She never mentioned Karl's name again, but she fell into a kind of melancholy stupor. She would not utter, she ate next to nothing, and was worn to a thread; the child looked bewitched; she then gave up going out altogether; she seemed too weak to move; she lost all her color, and would sit for hours playing with some dead forget-me-nots she had brought away with her from that lake of ill fortune, and which, no doubt, her wicked husband had given her.

"About this time my son Francis obtained a secretary's place with a nobleman at Prague; it was not a very great affair, but still an advance upon his former position. William was quite settled at Prague, so that the two brothers would be together again; and I was glad of that—but most of all I was glad of anything that would remove him entirely away from Wanda.

"The Sunday before he was to leave for Prague, Francis came out to Wallendorf to bid us goodbye. For some time before that last disastrous circumstance he had avoided Wanda as much as possible; her usual greeting had been, 'Go—go—I hate you—you ugly Francis!' and though he was half broken-hearted by it, he bore her no ill-will; he knew the poor half-witted creature could not help anything she did—the only misfortune was, that her lovely looks undid her unkind words, and he could no more help loving her than she could help hating him. This evening he came in, and kissed Elizabeth and me as usual; Wanda was sitting at the little table in the window, looking at her dead forget-me-nots. He did not go near her, but just said: 'Good evening, Wanda!' and, passing on, came and stood by the fire. The day had been cold and damp, and we had thrown on a few fagots to make a blaze. Wanda gave him no answer, but looked steadily at him in silence.

"At last she rose up, came slowly across the room to where he was standing, and putting both her arms round his neck, laid her little thin white face against his cheek, saying in her sweet childish way, 'Poor Francis! poor Francis!' It was almost more than he could bear—she had never kissed him in her life before. We were all ready to cry, or it seemed as if some dumb grief at her heart had made her know at last what he suffered; but this new tenderness was the worst thing that could happen for my poor boy, and I looked with impatience to the end of the evening. Early next day he left us.

"We had hardly been settled a month in our old home, when I got a letter from Margaret Hentzel acquainting me with the sudden and awful death of her son. One night, while in a fit of drunkenness, he had fallen from his horse, and struck his head violently against a stone, and had been taken up a corpse. I fell on my knees, and thanked God for what seemed to me an issue out of all our troubles. The count need never know—Wanda would forget—we would bury her terrible secret for ever in a sealed silence—and all might yet be well.

"By degrees Wanda recovered her health and strength, but an extraordinary change had come over her. A sort of soft splendor (I have no other word for it) seemed to rest upon her; there was something new and angelic about her that I had never seen before. Every day she grew more beautiful; her skin so much fairer, her eyes with such a soft tender haze over them! Elizabeth was as much struck with her appearance as I was, for one night she suddenly exclaimed, "Mother, what ails our Wanda? She has human eyes!' A remark which had its significance, sir, for until then Wanda's eyes had been like the bright, clear, piercing eyes of a bird, and entirely without any touch of human warmth in them. She hardly ever spoke; but though this might not seem to indicate a change much for the better, when she did say anything I was amazed to see how often now there was something that looked almost like a followed-out thought. She became very gentle and caressing, too, which she had never been before, and instead of running wild as she used, she would now try and imitate Elizabeth about the house. At first it was like a little child playing at housewife; but by degrees she got really to do things handily, and to help, and it was pretty to see the poor silly thing try so hard to do her best. When she succeeded, we patted her and praise her, and said, 'Good Wanda!' and she was so happy and so proud! One day at dinner, Elizabeth put a plum down beside me on the table, which a neighbor had left for me. There had been fruit of which the girls had eaten, and this was a small plum which could not be divided; so, while I was talking to Elizabeth about the friend who had sent it to me, I ate it up. I had just finished the last morsel, when Wanda suddenly made a savage spring at me, and struck me a violent blow. At first I thought she must be in play; but when I saw her face, I saw it was no play—it was in a state of convulsion. In the same instant, an awful, nameless fear flashed into my mind, and took possession of it. It was too well founded. In due time, my innocent child, my poor unconscious Wanda, became a mother. On a bright morning in May she brought a lovely boy into the world. Oh, her face of ecstacy when, after those hours of mortal agony, I laid her baby on her breast!

"Luckily, Count Berchtold was still abroad, and I did not know where to write to him. I do not think I should ever have found courage to do so. As for Wanda, heaven wrought a miracle upon her through her love for her little one. She nursed him with the most doting tenderness, and was never tired of rocking his cradle, and singing and cooing to him. As she nursed him, and as the baby grew, her senses seemed to come back to her, and by the time he was four months old she was hardly different from any other people. But, unfortunately for us, of course this state of things could not endure for ever. Count Berchtold returned to the castle at last, and Joseph Hartmann, to whom I had been obliged to confide our trouble, drove over from Altheim, had an interview with him, and told him what had befallen his hapless child. He was frenzied with rage! He flew to the stable, ordered his horse, and tore off to Wallendorf; Hartmann following at full speed in the carriage, to prevent mischief if possible. Wanda had just set her boy to sleep, and was rocking the cradle and singing. I was mending up one of the baby's nightshirts in the front room; Elizabeth was in the garden, and saw them coming. She ran in to tell me, but she had hardly got the words out, when the count entered, blaspheming with passion.

"'Infamous wretch!' he shouted, 'is this what I have paid you for? Is this the way you discharge your trust? Lowborn beggar! Do you know what the honor of a noble name means?'

"At this instant Wanda appeared at the door of the inner room. She came up to him, not knowing in the least who it was. 'Do not be angry,' she said to him, and put her hand upon his arm; 'do not speak so loud. Hush! hush! you will wake my child.'

"The count seized her by both wrists. 'Be silent!' he said, between his teeth, and quivering with rage; 'your child sleeps, does he? I wish both he and you were sleeping the sleep of death in your graves!' He flung her from him, and made for the inner room. Wanda flew like lightning into the room before him, and shut the door against him, while Hartmann, Elizabeth, and I, all stood before the door on the other side, and pushed him from it. It was a frightful scene! He suddenly turned sharp round upon Hartmann: "Take the accursed little creature away from that shameless idiot!' he said. 'She shall not glory in her degradation any longer! Bring it away with you this moment, as you value your position and my favor.' With that he left the cottage, and rode off again at full gallop.

"How shall I describe all that followed? Our having to break this terrible news to Wanda, and the poor unfortunate creature's agony when at last she understood that she was to lose her child! She lay down at Hartmann's feet, and begged for mercy. He was crying his eyes out, poor man, but he had a wife and a family of little children, and his place was all he had to depend upon. He waited a long while, but at last he said he could wait no more. I whispered to Elizabeth to get the poor thing out in the garden if possible, that he might take the child while she was away; but anguish seemed to have sharpened all her senses, and she heard me. She stood right up in the midst of us, shaking like a leaf, and said: 'I will fetch my child myself—I will give him my child myself—I will only nurse him once more—and then he shall go.' She went back into her room, and we all remained where we were, talking together in a low voice; we were very miserable!

"Hartmann was a kind man, and had a baby of his own—it went to his heart to take the child away—but he promised us to ask the count's leave to bring it up with his own, and we thought that, so, the poor mother would often have a chance of seeing it when the count was away. I got up, and went to look what the poor thing was doing; she had got her baby at her breast, and was singing to him as she always did. She looked up and smiled at me as I opened the door. Any amount of sorrow would have been less dreadful than that awful smile. We sat for about another quarter of an hour, and then Hartmann got into his gig, and desired me to fetch the child.

"I was just going for it, when Wanda came into the room with her baby in her arms; she had wrapped him up in a large shawl, and he was sound asleep. She looked so terrible that it made us speechless; she was as white as marble, and her lips as deathly pale; she walked straight out of the house, looking neither to right nor left, and down the little garden to Hartmann, who was waiting in his gig at the gate. She handed the child up to him, and he laid it carefully down on the seat by his side. 'Tell him not to wake my child,' she said, with a little laugh, that made my blood run cold. I was standing behind her, and I made a sign to Hartmann to drive off, for I wanted to end this horrible tragedy as fast as possible. He drove away, and Wanda stood as if she were made of stone; when he came to the turn in the road, and went out of sight, she dropped down as if she had been shot.

"We got her into the house, and put her into bed; before next morning, raging brain-fever had set in. We had sent for the doctor from the village, but he had been called up to attend some one already, and was out. At last I heard wheels, and ran to the door hoping it was he; it was Hartmann, with a face as white as ashes, and I knew something more dreadful was yet to come. My presentiment was unerring. When he had arrived at the castle the day before, and took the baby in his arms, it was cold and dead. The count had sent him now to hunt us out of our home, and out of the country, but we could not go then, for Wanda could not be moved. For weeks she lay between life and death, and, dearly as I loved her, I often prayed God to end her miserable days, and take her to himself; but it was not to be. She recovered her health at last, but she has always remained of the same ghastly hue that she was when she gave her dead baby into Hartmann's arms, and not one gleam of reason has ever since come to lighten the darkness in her soul. She is quite harmless, but it irritates her if she thinks we watch her; so when she wishes to walk alone, I pretend that I want a drive, and follow slowly in the carriage, so as just to keep her in sight without annoying her; and if she has a fancy to hear music—of which she has always been passionately fond—Elizabeth always takes a place some way off from her, but where she is able to command a view of her, and look after her from a distance. As soon as she was well enough to be moved, we came to England with William; he has got a very good situation as organist at the Catholic chapel close by, and has plenty of lessons besides. The count provided very amply for poor Wanda as long as he lived; and since he died, which is now about four years ago, his heirs have continued

the remittances, so I suppose he remembered to mention her in his will."

The old woman's dismal narrative was finished, and she got up to go and see after her daughter. Edward Saville sat like one petrified; the terrible history had stunned him. Presently Madame Haussmann returned, and taking Mr. Saville by the hand, led him into the next room. It was a very own sleeping apartment, and divided from another room beyond by a glass door, which had a certain green blind to it, to hide the sight, and to bring him close to it, drew aside a corner of the curtain. Elizabeth Haussmann was lying on a sofa with her head on a pillow, and not far from her, on a footstool, sat Wanda, crooning in a low, soft voice, and rocking a cradle in which lay a tiny frock. "Lullaby, baby, lullaby, my little son!" was the continual burden, repeated over and over again.

"She was much agitated when she saw Elizabeth carried in this morning," said Madame Haussmann, wiping her eyes; "but we can always quiet her by putting the baby's frock into the cradle, and setting her to rock it."

THE BOYS IN BLUE.

I crass my pen
To write of the men,
The valiant soldiers true!
A rousing cheer
For the heroes dear,
Our own brave boys in blue!

They leave their wives,
They leave their lives,
Stern duty's part to do.
To each man in the ranks
A million of thanks
We honor the boys in blue!

Great God above,
In infinite love,
Protect and lead them through!
From pain and grave
We pray thee save
Our gallant boys in blue!

THE STORY OF THE HOUSE IN CARDEN REACH.

LESLIE SUTHERLAND and I had gone out to India together, and became fast friends on the way. We were both going to the Bengal civil missariat. Leslie's abilities were not considered better than mine, neither was his connections, but the fellow had better luck. I cannot say whether it was owing to his appearance, for he was tall and handsome, or to his manner, which was thoroughly frank, the fact that he was born in Scotland, which, they say, helps a man; but certain it was that, before we had been two years in Calcutta, Leslie was a prize in matrimonial lottery—namely, the only daughter of a retired opium agent, with beauty, accomplishments and a thundering dowry—all sterling, besides further expectations at the old man's decease, including a splendid house he had at Garden Reach.

People in any degree acquainted with Calcutta will know this suburb as one of the noblest my town can boast; a continuation of mansion and villa stretching for miles along the banks of the Ganges, each surrounded by its own garden and pleasure-grounds, from which circumstance the place derives its name. Here reside the grandees of the Indian capital, the high officials of the Indian government, all in short, who have made their fortunes, and wish to enjoy or enhance them, prefer to spend them where they were gathered, build their stately places of retirement there. The house, or palace rather, which my friend Leslie looked forward, neither was one of the oldest nor one of the newest of these. Mr. Perdyce, the bride's father, had purchased it almost twenty years ago. He did the East India Company's opium business in times when fortunes were made more quickly than at present, and did therefore retire early. But his wife had died the year after he took possession; and there were floating tales to the effect that the latter lady's temper had not a little to do with his great house was not free from blot and blame, till his daughter, Miss Matilda, came home from finishing her education in England; when the old gentleman having about the same time met with an accident, and some said, heard a missionary's sermon, became proper reformed, and henceforth became an example of all the virtues to Garden Reach.

Those who thought Leslie Sutherland lucky in securing the heart and hand of Miss Matilda Perdyce, had still more occasion to envy or congratulate him on the subject of his father-in-law. Death stood Leslie's friend as well as Cupid. He had not been six months a Benedict, when the opium agent died, left a narrow house, and the sum master of the mansion he had built, and the rupees he had gathered. I must say Leslie sustained his character under the extreme weight of equanimity than his friends could have expected. The most critical could never discover that it had turned his head, or caused him to make himself too proud to acknowledge his old companion, though I was still but a clerk. He invited me to the wedding; I was one of the party who came down the bridal tour—by the way, it was made in palanquins to the hill country; and when he was established in Perdyce Lodge, I was among the first of his guests, and shown over the whole house by Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland. It was a fine specimen of the British suburban dwelling; its large rooms with their lofty ceilings and marble floors, their painted walls and windows of lattice work, looking into wide verandahs full of flowers; the surrounding garden rich with eastern bloom, lovely with shady walks and bowers, and cool with fountain and grotto—all were fitted for the Land of the Sun. But the furniture, plate and pictures—let me also add, the wine in the cellar—had been supplied from far-off Europe, and it is but justice to old Perdyce's memory to say, that they showed taste as well as wealth.

After seeing all, it was my conviction that Leslie ought to be a happy man. Mrs. Sutherland, however as her bed-room was not over-carbuilt, I have said she was a beauty. What rich man's only daughter is not, in Calcutta or anywhere else? Without compliment, my lady had a considerable share of what are called attractions; could play and sing, dance and talk, dressed well, for expense was not a consideration, and if she had been a thought beyond these matters, it was, that herself and Leslie were two of the greatest people alive. I believe Leslie learned from her to think so too, notwithstanding the sense he showed in not dropping me. But as the mighty calf would not sleep because of a crevice in his palace wall, so Leslie, Mrs. Sutherland told me, could not per mit her fortunate partner to enjoy that blessing, on account of an old quilt and a half-case of pale sherry, stored in a corner of their establishment. The old woman's name was Zulu, a regular Bengalee. She might have been darkly beautiful in her day, but that passed away from the Hindu woman. At what we call middle age, the face grows wrinkled, the figure scraggy, the black hair gray; and so it was with Zulu, when I saw her at Perdyce Lodge. She did not call the girl her mistress, but she served her as none but the most devoted of Indian ayahs would have done. There was no hour too late or early for Zulu to attend upon her, no wish too unreasonable for Zulu to gratify; and when Leslie came to be Mrs. Sulu's eyes, if not her feet, followed. The girl's name was May. She was allowed to be of half caste, and from the many of Indian race there, May was singularly beautiful—slender, but elegantly formed, with a clear brown complexion and luxuriant black hair reaching, when let out, to her soft and dark, and rich jetty hair, long enough to have served her as a mantle. Her great delight in the early days of her marriage was to attend to care for, was to dress herself before a large looking-glass, braiding her long hair, and putting on gowns of muslin and chintz, which she had a great numbers, although she always wanted new ones. Beyond this, the girl seemed to have neither pleasure nor pain. She was contented, her mind was simple and slow. Notwithstanding her European name and descent, she had the indolent habits and relishes of a native. Eating was sweet. May would lie for hours on a cushion in the corner of the back verandah, with old Zulu rubbing her feet, or combing out her hair. It was a strange character to meet her anywhere, in house or garden, the girl's first thought was to cover her face. The servants said their old master had employed two slaves for her, both Hindus and native, but none of them ever succeeded in teaching May to read. Indeed, the only thing she had ever learned, besides dressing her hair and painting her eyelids, was to play on the guitar.

Mrs. Sutherland's account of May was, that she had found her a present from a native, who was over arrival from England, and believed the girl was an orphan, whose papa had broken into the house for the Perdyce servants, and in which way she was retained in the young people's establishment, said nothing. But true Asiatics, till they were closely questioned, will tell a falsehood rather than one that extracting process, found out that the Sahib Perdyce had brought the woman and child with him on his return from one of his visits to the hill country which he made every summer; that Zulu was supposed to have been the wife of a muslim servant, who died on the road, and left the girl together with several children; and that, in the Sahib's time, she had ruled over the entire household from Europeans to grooms, and which was very popular among them. Indeed, the harmless and inactive life which both Zulu and her charge led in the house, and the latter's extraordinary beauty, tend to say, with any degree of certainty. Perhaps she was aware that her own Saxon face looked pale by the comparison, which deeply pained poor May. Perhaps her mistress thought the girl did not braid her hair and pin on her muslin gowns to her own fancy, and not according to the old man's suspicions. Her maid had come with Mrs. Sutherland from England, and was believed to be devoted to her mistress. Be that as it may, from the evil doings she detected in May and her ayah, furnished sufficient cause for Mrs. Sutherland's dismissing the girl immediately; and Leslie thought it all whims and fuss; but where is the man who can stand against a woman's resolution? Mrs. Sutherland made up her mind that the two should go up the country, into Calcutta; in short, anywhere they pleased, so long as they went out of the house, and from an allowance of ten rupees a month, on her first week's account; but as her house they should not stay; and Leslie, having the fear of his wife before his eyes, endorsed the arrangement like a dutiful husband.

The intended emigrants were not so easily managed. Especially could no objection to her own departure; but with an eastern woman, to announce to the four walls in which she had been used to rule, May absolutely refused to leave the house. Reasoning and remonstrance, threats and promises, were tried, without effect. Though some of the Hindu or other western thinking, the Asiatics can be most composedly obstinate, in every endeavor or arrangement for her removal. May listened quietly, covered her face, and replied, in the low, soft tone peculiar to herself, "I will not go."

Zulu was asked to persuade her; but whether the old woman could not or would not do so, May remained immovable, and nothing could induce the ayah to stir one step with—to leave her. Leslie had a terrible time of it. I don't know exactly what Mrs. Sutherland insinuated, because he would not have the refractory pair turned out of door or window, she did not care which; but at last he hit on an expedient for getting rid of his Indian difficulties. May and Zulu were one morning waited on in their accustomed corner of the back yard, and solemnly assured, on the faith and honor of the master of Perdyce Lodge, that if they did not make up their minds and packages to depart on the following day, they should be carried off, bound and hagging, to the hill palanquin, which happened to be a large one, and deposited in the most public street of Calcutta. Zulu felled her husband, and May made her usual answer. Leslie once more assured them he would keep his word, and probably, under the exhortations of his lady, it would have been kept; but either from fear of the threatened expulsion, or from natural cause, poor May fell sick the same evening. The sickness rapidly became a fever; the operations of that destroying sword are always swift in India; and before Mrs. Sutherland, her maid and her husband could be brought to believe that the whole was not a trick to delay the palanquin business, the poor girl died one sultry night, with her head resting on the lap of her faithful ayah.

They gave her a decent funeral, with shroud and coffin, hearse and mutes. The old woman mourned her as the Hindus do on the Ganges, where but Mrs. Sutherland would hear of no such heathenish doings, and Zulu made no further opposition to the Christian ceremonies. She disappeared, stood at a distance, and with veiled head, till the turf was laid above the child she had long tended; then she went back to the house, gathered the few garments and trifles belonging to herself, and departed without demanding or asking wages. She left the woman's west, or how she intended to live, nobody could tell. Mrs. Sutherland said she was sorry they had not been able to get rid of her; and there was all. Leslie published a manifesto to the effect that Zulu would get all her clothes and a hundred rupees on the day she left the house, and that if return to claim the peace-offering, the lady's-maid had some hopes of becoming sole heiress. She made inquiries, and found out, and quietly—particularly after the Hindu tailor (who does all manner of needlework wanted or worn in India) had brought home the gown she had ordered, he had taken to make for poor May some months before Perdyce Lodge got its new master. Many a Hindu woman, on the contrary, where the tailor lived, regarding that muslin dress. Its nonarrival had been one of the alleged reasons of her mistress's displeasure. Now it was put away among the rest of May's finery in the sandalwood chest, still kept in the corner of her room, which Mrs. Sutherland had not the heart or the moral might have come into possession but for an event, which was related to me by Leslie himself—and, it is more than probable, by no one else—in confidence.

One night, about a month after May's death, Mr. and Mrs. Sutherland suddenly awoke, neither could say why, out of a deep sleep. There chamber was a large and handsome one, fitted up with all manner of luxuries, and among them was even a large mirror opposite the foot of their bed, with a pair of wax lights burning on a marble table behind it. They had been awakened by a noise, when a rushing sound in the room made them both look up, and through the mosquito curtains of the splendid bed they saw, dimly reflected in the great looking-glass, the little figure and unmistakable face of the buried May! She was arrayed in the fine muslin dress which the tailor had brought home. They knew it at once, for the pattern was remarkable, and she seemed to be sitting in an easy chair, and combing her hair. Sutherland uttered a wild scream of terror and fainted. Leslie said he could not help covering his eyes with the bed-clothes, and when he looked up again there was nothing in the room but themselves.

The servants were roused, and the doctor was sent for. Mrs. Sutherland went out of one fit and into another for the rest of the night. The house was searched and the premises examined, but no sign of anybody had been playing a trick, but nothing could be discovered to throw light on the strange occurrence, or account for which deeply-grieving mystery—the Dacca muslin had been taken out of the chest, though May's room remained fast locked, and the key could not be found. Leslie and Mrs. Sutherland heard that news next morning, she positively refused to sleep another night in the house; and as her husband had by now grown as willing to leave it. The end of the matter was that they broke up their establishment, and left Perdyce Lodge for the interior of the East India Company, who, I have heard, did not like it much during the last years of his tenancy as at first. The Sutherlands went to Agra in Upper India, but left it within three weeks, they said, on account of seeing the muslin once more fitted on. Then they went up the country, and Mr. Perdyce's old opium quarters, and established themselves as a first-rate bungalow. But it appeared the muslin was the wearer like them there, and in less than a month they came back to town, put their affairs in the hands of an agent, and sailed for England.

The pair were so altered when I took leave of them on the quay, that one would have thought twenty years had passed since their marriage, yet they had not been three years. I never heard of them after their arrival in England, I heard they went about from one watering-place to another, sale, restless, and haunted by what never should be to be troubled by anything worse than their own humors. They had no children, looked after their time, and both died early, though Mrs. Sutherland survived her husband three years, and was speculated on to no purpose by the fortune-hunters of Bath.

The cause of their leaving India was never made public, but it became known to me a little before their departure. Business had taken me to what is called the Native Town of Calcutta; there is nothing quietly transacted in India, and a fire is no rarity. It happened to be the Hindu festival of Siva the Destroyer, which always begins at midnight, with a noise of drums and rattle-boxes sufficient to wake the Seven Sleepers, and numerous processions burrying at such headlong speed that they are said to transact business all in their way. I heard the crowd coming when fairly in the midst of one of the dark and narrow streets; my only refuge was the recess of a neighboring door. I squeezed myself in, and on they swept, a living flood of men, women and children, with a flare of torchlight and a fearful clamor. Then the decorations, of all ages, and in all manner of Indian costumes, appeared, but with frantic gestures and black faces, that looked terrible by the darkness. I caught sight of two that seemed wilder and blacker than the rest, and I have never forgotten them: one was the old ayah Zulu, and the other—I could have taken my oath to it—was May, dressed in the Dacca muslin. I saw them but for an instant, and confess that my blood ran cold with terror when I did so, but the next moment they were lost in the hurrying crowd. It swept past, and I got home without further accident, but no inquiry or investigation of mine could ever obtain any subsidence of the pair, or clear up the mystery which hung over that sight in the looking-glass.

Little did I expect at that time that this mysterious matter would ever have to be mentioned by me personally. When Sutherland died, however, I found that even at the last he had not forgotten poor old Perdyce, for he bequeathed the house, or sum of money at that time; and upon the death of his widow (who had no relations of her own), I, as old friend, and many other friends, were left the house in Garden Reach. Finding the then tenant very ready to give up the remainder of the lease, I went to live there myself, and chose for my own sleeping-apartment the room opening on the fire-door verandah, and formerly occupied by Mrs. Sutherland. It is unnecessary to enter here into details, which are distressing to me; but upon that first night, and every subsequent one that I slept in that room, I woke in the early morning to see poor May standing before the pier-glass and trying on her Dacca muslin. I never got a wink by there for the whole night. Perdyce Lodge is useless upon my hands; I cannot let it, even if it would be just to do so, and I would not sell it myself for ten times the sum which should represent its rental.

GEN. FESSENDEN'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

AN exceedingly picturesque sketch, by Lieut. S. S. DAVIS, A.D.C., 3d regt., 1st div., 19th army corps, accompanies the following representative portraits of Gen. J. D. Fessenden, at Camp Russell, near Newtown, Va. Gen. Fessenden, who is the son of the Secretary of the U. S. Treasury, and brother to gallant Gen. Frank Fessenden, who lost a leg at the battle of Cane river, has commanded a brigade in Gen. Dwight's division of the Army of the Shenandoah. This division occupied, early in December, and, we presume, still occupies, the extreme right of the army under Sheridan. Gen. Fessenden's brigade, we are told, occupied the left. The General's headquarters are not more sumptuous than his subordinate colleagues to some. The huts shown in our illustration are typical of the whole camp. The interior, however, would seem to be very pleasant, sheltered as they are in the edge of the woods. Gen. Fessenden is a young officer—only 28 years old—and his promotion has been rapid. Capt. T. F. Ogden, 152d N.Y., A.D.C.; Capt. Wm. Winthrop, 1st U.S. A.A.Q.M.; Capt. Randall, A.C.S.; Capt. E. Hoffman, 165th N.Y., Ins.-Gens.; Lieut. C. Hall, 50th Mass., Ordnance Officer; Lieut. S. S. Davis, A.D.C., and J. Fielding, Ambulance Officer. The regiments composing the brigade are the 152d, 165th, 162d, 165th (Zouaves) N. Y. Volunteers, and the 30th Maine.

INTERIOR OF A SLAVE SHANTY.

On page 236 will be found a sketch, representing the interior of a slave shanty, near Petersburg, Va., drawn by our artist, Mr. Andrew McCallum, and it affords a suggestive view of the domestic life of the blacks in Virginia. Its details are simple and explain themselves. One negress is making her pipe; another is cooking their dinner. The surroundings are of the most unpretentious. Yet, though it be packs poverty, this scene is not suggestive of a life entirely destitute of comforts. The popular sentiment, that "there's no place like home," and the maxim that "no place like home," and doubtless these poor creatures find much truth as deeply as those who "dwell in marble halls."

THE NEW YORK PILOT-BOAT H. CRINNELL.

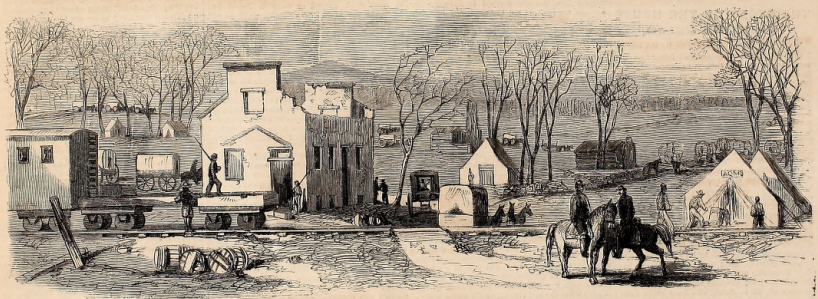
AMONG the appliances for the better security of commerce none, certainly, is more important than the pilot-boat, and the pilots who man them. In the highest sense, both utilitarian and romantic. He must be a skilful navigator, that is, channel and bay and the shoals of danger; and, in every weather, he must be ready to tempt the perils of the sea, either to lend assistance to those in distress, or to meet the harbor of destination, or to rescue the helpless survivors of shipwreck. Our city, whose commercial interests are world-wide, is famed for the bravery and speed and seaworthy qualities of her pilot-boats, and for the general energies of her pilot service. A sketch, on page 237 of this paper, depicts one of her most famous pilot-boats, the H. Crinnell, called, of course, after the honorable name of her owner, and not after his Christian name. This staunch and handsome little craft has often left veritable sea-wings behind unrivaled sources and passages, and has always reflected credit upon the guild to which she belongs.

In Oxford (N. H.), is a tombstone, with the following epitaph upon it:

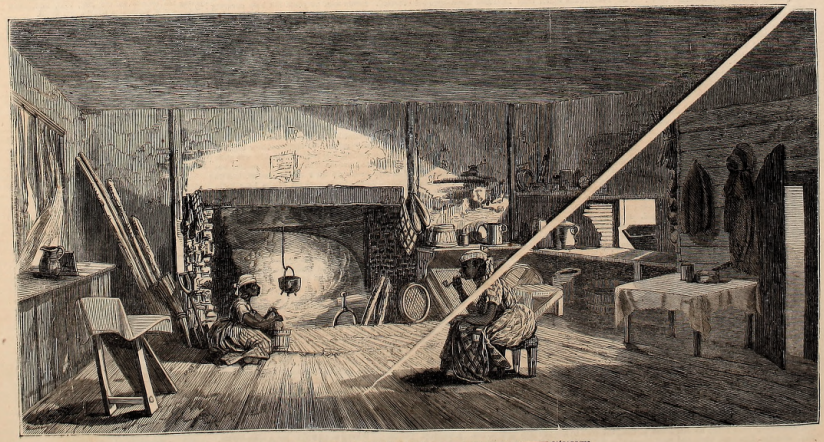
"To all my friends I bid adieu,
A grave-stone you can never know;
As I was leaking the old mare to drink,
She kicked, and killed me quickly's wink."



ARMY OF THE SHENANDOAH.—VIEW OF GEN. J. D. FESSENDEN'S HEADQUARTERS, CAMP RUSSELL, NEAR NEWTOWN, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUT. S. S. DAVIS.



ARMY OF THE SHENANDOAH.—VIEW OF THE RUINS OF STEPHENSON'S DEPOT, DESTROYED BY FIRE, IN FREDERICK CO., VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. E. TAYLOR.



INTERIOR OF SLAVE SHANTY, NEAR PETERSBURG, VA.—SKETCHED BY ANDREW M'CALLUM.



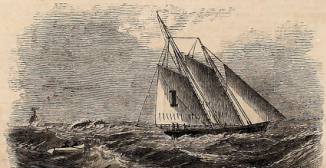
SCENE AT CALCUTTA, EAST INDIES—TERRIBLE EFFECTS OF THE HURRICANE OF OCTOBER 5TH.

RUINS OF STEPHENSON'S DEPOT.

THE RAVAGES of war in the valley of the Shenandoah are illustrated in our sketch, reproduced on page 236, representing the ruins of Stephenson's Depot. This is a post-office point, in Frederick county, Virginia, and not very far from Winchester. It is one of the places that have suffered under the severe but necessary discipline of Gen. Sheridan. Our Artist has depicted its remains, under guard of Union soldiers. In the distance, empty supply wagons are seen coming in. We present the scene, as calculated to bring directly to the minds of our readers a salutary realization of the havoc that is wrought by war, which should teach the more urgent necessity for sparing no efforts to conquer a speedy peace.

TERRIBLE HURRICANE AT CALCUTTA.

WE illustrate, on page 237, the effects of the terrible hurricane at Calcutta, on the 5th of October. It was one of the species of hurricanes which occur at certain specific intervals, and is therefore denominated the Cyclone. It extended over 120 miles of territory, and devastated the land and the sea. Not a house in Calcutta was left uninjured. Hundreds of lives were destroyed. In the open country the huts of the natives were swept away. Trees were uprooted, and all manner of vegetation was despoiled. Ships were wrecked in the river Hooghly, and over 100 vessels were driven ashore, in one tangled mass of confusion. Churches were blown down, and buildings unroofed. In short, the hurricane did all manner of mischief, enfolding ruin and sorrow upon a large and hitherto prosperous community. It is said that much heroism was displayed at the time of this disaster, in the efforts that were made to rescue imperilled seamen from foundering ships. One person, an English sailor, named Edward Cleary, especially distinguished himself in this heroic service. Our illustration, from a foreign source, reproduces, with graphic distinctness, the terrors of this unmerciful disaster.

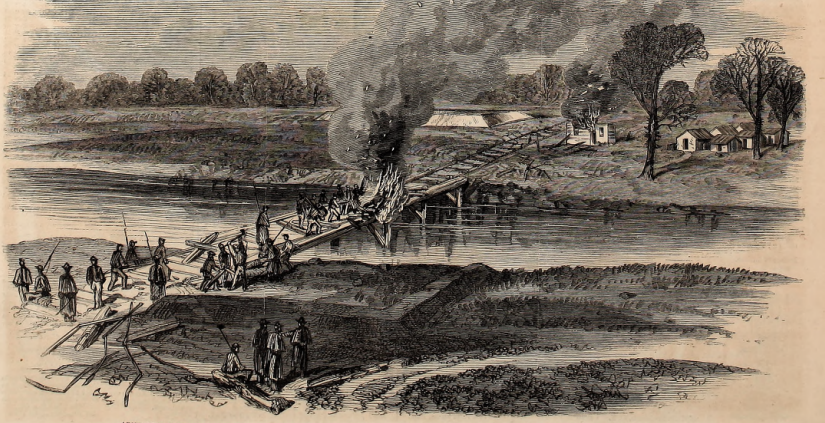


THE PILOT BOAT M. H. GRINNELL.

BURNING THE WELDON RAILROAD BRIDGE

Over the Nottaway River.

Despite Gen. Lee's dispatch, announcing the return of the Union expedition, under Gen. Warren,



ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—BURNING OF THE WELDON RAILROAD BRIDGE, OVER THE RIVER NOTTAWAY, DEC. 8—FROM A SKETCH BY O. F. WILLIAMS.

consisting of the 5th corps, with Gregg's cavalry, and the 2d division of the 2d corps, it has achieved its principal object. So at least says Gen. Grant—a principal object. So at least says Gen. Grant—a further authority than the rebel scarecrow their ranch Sir or Doc. the Union forces commenced their march along the Jerusalem road—reaching a point 10 miles from Petersburg, they diverged and struck the Weldon road still to the right, where they reached the Nottaway river, which they crossed, and, after encountering and Cornfuhlous, the enemy's cavalry entirely across the Union back to where the Weldon road crosses the Nottaway, and after a skirmish with the enemy, who Nottaway, in a skirmish with the destruction of the rebels.

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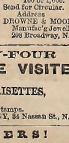
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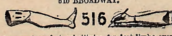
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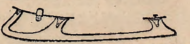
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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 7, 1865.

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Savannah.—The Christmas Gift of Gen. Sherman to the Nation.

ANOTHER of the most important of the strongholds of the rebellion has fallen. At eight o'clock on the evening of Sunday last (Christmas day), the inspiring news came flashing over the wires from Washington, including the following brief but comprehensive dispatch from Gen. Sherman:

SAVANNAH, Ga., Dec. 22, 1864.

His Excellency President LINCOLN:

I beg to present you as a Christmas gift the city of Savannah, with 150 heavy guns and plenty of ammunition, and also about 25,000 bales of cotton.

W. T. SHERMAN,
Major-General.

Accompanying this beautiful little report of one of the greatest events of the war, came a dispatch from Gen. Foster, who had been cooperating with Gen. Sherman on the South Carolina side of the river, giving us the additional details that the rohel Gen. Hardee, anticipating the contemplated assault, had "escaped with the main body of his infantry and light artillery, by crossing the river to Union Causeway," on the Carolina side; that the rebel ironclads had been blown up and the Navy Yard burned; but that the rest of the city was intact, with its twenty thousand citizens, quiet and well disposed; that our capture, with the city, "include one hundred and fifty cannon, thirteen locomotives in good order, one hundred and ninety cars, a large supply of ammunition and materials of war, three steamers (river transports we infer), and thirty-three thousand bales of cotton, safely stored in warehouses."

Savannah, therefore, as a Christmas-box to the President in behalf of the loyal States and people of the Union, is a present to be proud of. By a happy coincidence, too, this magnificent offering from the army and navy to the country came in on Christmas Day; so that hereafter, as the Fourth of July will be for ages associated with Gettysburg and the surrender of Vicksburg, so will the 25th of December recall the splendid "Christmas gift" of Gen. Sherman to "Old Abe" for many generations to come.

The value of this great success to the Government and the National cause, however, is not to be estimated by the capture of the ordnance, ammunition, warlike stores, cotton and other spoils secured; for, though in the aggregate they may reach the sum of twenty or thirty millions of dollars, the strategical advantages gained with Savannah are worth infinitely more. In securing the Savannah river, navigable to Augusta, and for some distance above, Sherman cuts off, in a military view, the States of Georgia, Florida, Alabama and Mississippi from Richmond as completely as the "trans-Mississippi Department" is cut off by our occupation of the whole line of the Mississippi river. All the railway lines running southward from Virginia, North and South Carolina, cross the Savannah river at Savannah or Augusta; so that in occupying those two points all those roads are cut off at the Georgia boundary. The only remaining railway line between Richmond and the cotton States is the great road which passes through south-western Virginia to Knoxville and Chattanooga; so that, in holding those two places, we have now reduced the vital forces and resources of the Confederacy to the southern half of Virginia and the interior portions of North and South Carolina.

We have no definite news of any operations of the Wilmington expedition; but, believing the capture of that last refuge of the blockade-runners to be inevitable, and that the event is close at hand, we can hardly entertain the shadow of a doubt that before the end of the winter we shall have the end of the rebellion. We shall probably next hear from Sherman in the neighborhood of Charleston.

The Last Trip of Jeff Davis to Georgia, and its Consequences.

THE most disastrous journey in the whole career of Jeff. Davis, as the chief of the so-called Southern Confederacy, was that last September trip of his to Georgia. The veteran army of Gen. Joe Johnston, from the north-western corner of the State, had been pushed out at the point of the bayonet, or flanked, from river to mountain, and from mountain to river, until driven across the Chattahoochee, and into tho fortifications of Atlanta. Then arose a "hue and cry" against the retreating policy of Johnston, a wise and masterly policy under the circumstances, but which, not being comprehended by Davis, had chafed him from the beginning. Believing in the clamor raised against Johnston, and that a "fighting man" would save Atlanta, the bravo and daring but shallow-brained Hood was appointed for this work, and Johnston, whose only superior among rebel Generals is Lee himself, in a spirit of undisguised contempt, was set aside. Hood, in command, instantly assumed the offensive, and persisted in assailing the heavy lines of Sherman, and in feeble attempts to cut off his communications, until Atlanta was lost, and the army left by Johnston was half destroyed.

These disastrous results of the "fighting" policy of Hood would have satisfied a cooler and clearer-headed man than Davis of the gravity of the mistake committed in Johnston's removal. But Davis, in his rage and disappointment, was incapable of cool reflection. He hurried down to Georgia, and giving vent to his wrath, his prejudices, his personal dislikes and his revenge, he boasted to the astonished people of Macon, of "the manly blows" struck by his foolish man Hood for Atlanta, and of his purpose forthwith to move Sherman "to the right about," and to make his return to Tennessee "another retreat from Moscow." The attempt to carry out this promise was promptly made. The army of Hood, though reduced to less than half the strength of Sherman, was moved around to Sherman's rear. The chase commenced. Hood was pushed out of Georgia into Northern Alabama; but still intent upon the grand design of "drawing back the Yankees into Tennessee," he still continued moving in that direction. This was a more disastrous mistake than his "manly blows" for Atlanta. Sherman saw his opportunity. He saw that he could leave a sufficient force to give employment to the doomed army of Hood, and still retain the larger division of his own forces for other enterprises. His plans were speedily adopted. Turning over to Gen. Thomas two army corps and a division of cavalry, Sherman left to him the important duty of taking care of Hood; and next was disclosed one of the most beautiful and successful strategical operations in the records of modern warfare. With an army of some fifty thousand men, Sherman turned his face again southward. Reaching Atlanta, his surplus stores and army materials, his railway rolling stock, &c., were sent back to Chattanooga. The railway then between that point and Atlanta was broken up. Atlanta itself, by fire, as a military base of operations, or railway centre, was next rendered useless and untenable. Next, with his preparations completed, and destroying all the railroads along his line of march, Sherman, with twenty days' subsistence in his wagons, for a journey of three hundred miles, struck out boldly for Savannah and the seaboard.

The country before him was rich in all the articles of subsistence required by a large army; there was no opposing army in his front to rob him of these supplies by removing or destroying them. Jeff Davis and Hood had given him a *carte blanche* to the whole State of Georgia; he was free to move west, south, or east, to take his own time, and appropriate everything in his progress, such as corn, horses, mules, wagons, cattle, pigs, sheep, poultry, and "contrabands." Thus this expedition of Sherman was to his sturdy veterans a holiday excursion; his army, men and horses, waxed fat upon the luxuries of their journey. The military results are—another division of the "Confederacy" by the line of the Savannah river, the certain and speedy capture of Savannah and Charleston, a new base for Sherman, from which, if called for, be may move at once to the support of Grant at Richmond; while, in the meantime, the destruction of Hood's army in Tennessee leaves Thomas at liberty also to strengthen the Army of the Potomac to the extent of twenty or thirty thousand veteran soldiers.

Such are the consequences, accomplished and clearly foreshadowed, of that memorable visit of Jeff Davis last September to Georgia. The capital blunders he committed on that occasion have resulted to him in the loss of Georgia, in the loss of Hood's army, and in liberating the army of Sherman and the army of Thomas for immediate service, if demanded at Richmond. In short, the results of that September journey of Davis have rendered it altogether probable that he will be utterly overthrown, and in captivity or in exile before the return of spring.

How to Bring Down Gold and High Prices.

FINANCIERS in Congress and out of Congress, and in every variety of remedial measures through the public press, continue their philanthropic labors in behalf of the Treasury, the national credit and the national currency. There is no end to the financial reforms presented, which if adopted would bring down gold to its legitimate value in "Greenbacks," and bring down the prices of provisions, coal, drygoods, &c., to reasonable and permanent rates. But the one thing needed to secure these most desirable results is still the suppression of the rebellion. The recent grandly successful accomplishment of Sherman's important expedition through the heart of Georgia to Savannah and the seacoast; the crushing defeats administered by Gen. Thomas to Hood's army in Tennessee, and the arrival at Beaufort, N. C., of the great expedition of land and naval forces under Gen. Butler and Admiral Porter destined for Wilmington, are events which have staggered the gold jobbers, and keep them staggering, in spite of all their powerful combinations to "bull the market." Let us have the final victory over Jeff Davis in the capture of Richmond, and there will be a fall in gold and a decline in the prices of all the essentials and luxuries of life, and in all the raw materials of manufacturers, and in labor, and in everything, which will astonish the wisest financiers in Wall street or Washington.

The overthrow of Jeff Davis and his toppling Confederacy, in reducing the expenditures of the Treasury from a thousand millions to less than five hundred millions a year, will so far simplify the duties enjoined upon the Department, and so far relieve the pressure upon the national credit, as to bring down gold, prices and taxes, and to widen the area of our national currency and the channels of trade, including Southern cotton, sugar, tobacco, &c., that men will wonder how it was that gold could have been carried or kept so long above

Summary of the War.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The expedition which sailed from Fortress Monroe on the 13th Dec. was in sight on the 21st at Fort Fisher, but the weather was then too rough to enable for any offensive demonstrations. The fleet had weathered a heavy storm, in which one of the monitors had a narrow escape of foundering.

TENNESSEE.

The retreat of Gen. Hood's defeated and shattered army continued, the rear being closely pressed by the victorious army of Gen. Thomas. The remnant of the army was said to be, on the morning of the 23d of Dec., at Pulaski, Tenn., 75 miles south of Nashville, with the National cavalry pursuing. Somewhat more than one-third of the men were without arms, everything which could impede their flight having been thrown away. The rest had just escaped the cavalry at the Boeing army. It is calculated that, since the battle of Franklin, Hood has lost over 20,000 men and three-fourths of his artillery—one account stating that he had captured 61 out of 64 pieces, and another 51.

VIRGINIA.

All is quiet before Richmond and Petersburg, with the exception of occasional artillery duels on the neighborhood of the Dutch Gap. The weather was very cold, and as many furloughs had been granted to the officers, it was supposed that no military operations would be attempted at present.

LOUISIANA.

Gen. Davidson and his division of Union cavalry had arrived safely at Pascagoula, from Baton Rouge, which place they left 27th Nov. They moved through the southern counties of Louisiana, Mississippi and Alabama, and also the western portions of Florida, meeting with little opposition, and doing all the damage they could to the enemy.

SOUTH-WESTERN VIRGINIA.

The rebel papers say that Gen. Breckinridge has defeated the Union forces at Glade Springs, and compelled them to retreat towards East Tennessee.

TEXAS.

A Matamoras paper says that the Union troops at Brazos Santiago, number 2,000, having been recently reinforced—1,500 of these are colored. Frequent skirmishes occur between the Union troops and the rebels. The neighborhood of Brownsville, with varying success.

GEORGIA.

Immediately after the storming of Fort McAllister, Dick Taylor had an interview with Gen. Foster on board the Flagship Nemsha—which is illustrated in another part of our paper.

Gen. Sherman reported his position, Dec. 21. His dispatch, communicating the news, is couched in terms of mingled terseness and pleasantry.

Special Notice.

Our next number will contain the opening chapters of a new Serial story, of great interest and power, by one of the most popular and eminent novelists of the day. This was promised last week, but is deferred to make room for another Christmas Tale.

TOWN GOSSIP.

Bayonne this sheet is in the hands of its half million of readers, Christmas will have come and gone, with all its merriments and bright renewals of our youth and our manhood.

We can all observe that, with each succeeding year, the festival of Christmas is better kept. Among our Puritan ancestors it was almost obliterated, and since the War of Independence has been loosed on as too much of a Romish custom to meet with favor in American eyes. But as we advance in education and enlightenment, we discard many of our prejudices, and we have gradually revived the keeping of Christmas, until it approaches somewhat the festival of the olden time, though much abbreviated, and stripped of its stern religious aspect. It has become the day for presents and gaiety, for jolly dinners and family meetings, and for the advent of glorious old Santa Claus, the mythical friend of our youth, who has free access to all chimneys, public and private places, and a supposable privilege over all stockings, from the humble creeper of a few years since to the well grown master or miss, who, while almost repudiating the merry Saint, are not a little wish to be gifts.

The great trouble with the great American people is that they have too few holidays, and what they do have are crowded too closely together. Christmas, July 4th, Christmas and New Year's Day, all within a month, is satiety, while all the rest of the monotonous year is broken only by the Fourth of July, which is really no holiday stuff. Who is there that would not give a large slice from his year to once more renew the happiness of eight years old; the waking on Christmas morn; the wild rush for the close stocking; the tumbling out of the remembrances of Santa Claus, and the open-mouthed wonder and delight over the contents, that made the day one grand round of happiness, such as every year makes less, and all the graspings of ambition cannot compensate for?

We have often thought how strange it is that with all the associations, charitable and practical, that this great city brings forth, not one has ever been thought of for the purpose of giving Christmas pleasure to poor children. Think of it! Think of the thousands in the great mass of matter, children of every age and size, who, from Christmas to Christmas, have no Santa, in the keeping of Christmas; who would look upon the mere fact of receiving a cooking-stove, and a holiday dinner as something that has fallen directly from above. Isn't there a single man in the whole range of our city has fallen only of late. The children of those who have fallen in the fiery ordeal of the past year spend from life within the pest-pen and left the little ones unprovided for. Why not this matter instituted, and especially hard, because the money is with them. Wealth flows into the hands of the few, and those who want to protect them from the cribs of want passed by. Can no War Relief Agency be found for such Christmas Association?

Here, then, is room for a benevolent movement made in New York but some demagogue arose to take advantage of the anti-rebellion feeling, and to turn it into a financial hoaxist. As a powerful one in view, we cite the great Sanitary Fair, which, by the ingenuity of a scoundrel, for supplying the poor with food and dress at a small cost, was made the vehicle for the most unblushing robbery of the individual and the state, who were excessively anxious to sell the poor at a high price, and to buy them at a low price. Only a few of those bogus associations respectable citizens have been allowed to put their names and money into their cash, in the hope of achieving some good, but have found to their sorrow that they were only the tools applied to start some enterprising rascal in business. Then, the wonderful success of the scheme, the bringing a low rate and sold, even though cheaply, so that large profits with the thousands of contributors, left the one who got up the affair, and by him is pocketed unblushingly.

If there is any one thing that delights the philanthropist, it is to see the poor helped by the rich with honesty, and going slowly towards the millenium. The Sanitary Fair simply proved a curse to the land. But we have wonderful inventors, worth millions, which they are willing to sell to the poor at a low price, and to start enterprising persons. They have situations which they will bestow on many worthy souls, who have no occupations a successor, and are willing to appoint him for the sake of the good he can do. They offer to publish, gratis to start some enterprising rascal in business. They have valuable business yielding $25,000 per annum, which they will let to any one who proves to be fresh from the country, free from city vices, and possessed of the virtues of honesty. They are willing to impart information that will secure a fortune to the recipient, for the ridiculous sum of three cents in postage stamps. The list of their benevolence is overwhelming, and whoever possesses the means to give to the bestowal of that best best gift to man, for only 10 per cent. on the capital invested, should not miss the advertisement of one good man, from a daily paper.

"MARYMOSSA.—To marriageable ladies and gentlemen—A gentleman of wealth, who is in union I will send "my proposed arrangement for mutual benefit" to any such lady or gentleman. Address, Box 1,000, Post-office."

Why should we suffer when we can enter upon a "proposed arrangement for mutual benefit," and that only "to Christian parties," for only 10 cents and a stamp?

Another strong man, who has the dawning and possibilities of the uptown parties in his own way, have become terribly exercised with a certain species of charity—Christmas dinners. Now, we are not up to the extent this winter. They are positively being fed by the family friends in a very large way. We have followed the spirit-stirring drum to the field. It has been no mean task for some of us to be called upon to league together in a charitable movement, the purpose of which was to empty the pockets of those dancing, shrieking young men. To the unmarried portion of the community, and, indeed, object of charity, not caring whether it be a person or an institution, such a dinner is a delightful affair, and then puts down her name for a certain sum, which is to be paid in a week or so, a period which, in the *belle danseuse*, or some other *fête*. These tickets, by the fascinating young men, are disposed in a manner to add to the nice young men or their acquaintance. There is no doubt but the tickets are sold, but they must be sold and they are. When this is achieved, the sum for which the tickets were purchased have subscribed is paid over, and of course they receive all the profits, which are generally quite enough to satisfy the poor bleeding victims of their duplicity. In addition to this, there is a large list of names of nice young men; but taken into consideration the fact that the subscription will be paid, and the turkey, leather boots and gloves, the matter really becomes quite a serious one, and we have not yet discovered an eligible parties to retirement.

Among the associations worthy of encouragement is the "Theatrical Workingmen's Union," a body of carpenters, scenemakers and other mechanics of the theatres. It embraces the workmen of all the theatres, and is chiefly beneficiary. It has a fund of nearly 6,000 acres of land in Pennsylvania, on which to make a home for aged members and widows. It has a library of 600 and they are about to have a benefit, from each member of which it will draw twenty dollars, and for a ball, on the 18th of January, to further the same end.

Our Amusements.

There has really been a most unusual recording during the week in the way of novelty. The theatres all seem to have struck a fortunate vein, and crowds are crowding their houses nightly with it.

Booth, at the Winter Garden, continues to make the most serious mark on public attention, and has been for two weeks remaining "Richard III." unapproached in New York. Any critique of his rendering would be superfluous, as the public have already formed a proper moment on its quality.

At the Academy we have had the long-promised production of "En Diavolo," to crowded and really brilliant audiences. The scenery and the stage-grouping are given as almost as new, being a revision by the author; and the costumes and appointments are pronounced to be the richest points of the opera. Miss Kellogg as Zerlina, and to the opera-goers, is always a host in herself, and only excepting her desire for too great embellishment, is delightful in the character. Her singing on this stage on we have ever heard. Lotti, Brienzi and Harrison also do justice to their parts, and with a full chorus and orchestra, the first only looking serious and the latter as though he were in a trance, the opera could as hardly to be worth mention as applied to an inside affair.

Heller has introduced his new programme, growing out of the success of his "Magic Clock" and other advances. His performing, though somewhat on ballet-ic, is very clever, and his "Drifting About" is quite new, and is astonished, and brings back our days of admiration for the wonderful and changeful modern wonder at their wondrous skill and changeful ways.

Wood's Minstrels are doing a rushing business, and become every such people, the first only looking serious and the latter as though he were in a trance, the opera could as hardly to be worth mention as applied to an inside affair.

Stephen Massett, Jessie Pipes, of Pipsville, according to the Chicago papers, is getting on to be one of the rather a summary manner, considering the cold weather, with his "Drifting About." Among his novelties is anything to eat, or any light place to get into, or get out of. Col. Pipes manages to get into it, to eat it, and we believe in the present case, get out again, the right place in the position being a convenient drifted about Connecticut, and so drifted around the Colonel, that of one Miss Mary was the child whether he would be found and extricated before spring. It is a long time since any lecturer has had the success that Mr. Massett is now reaping, over-crowded houses being his fortune wherever he goes.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The President has issued a proclamation pursuant to the new position of Vice-Admiral, recently created by act of Congress.

The *Tribune* says that the best understanding prevails between the Quebec and Washington Governments. Immediately after Gen. Dix issued his ultimatum, Lord Lyons sent by Mr. Secretary Seward a note of a confidential agent to Canada, who has returned, stating that the Canadian authorities have consulted with Judge Counsel and the Chief of Police Lamothe are both Fenians, and that they are getting up a quarrel between the British and American Governments.

—The last lot of exchanged prisoners were delivered to us at Annapolis on Monday. At once in less than four hours.

—Some Secession papers from the rebel States is disgust; he closed a very severe speech on Jeff. Davis with these words: "And now, gentlemen, set up your standard and rally around; now I wish to say to this audience that I am a Union man, here and everywhere, has been recently, such that I shall deem it a duty which I have to keep myself from any sympathies, which I have heretofore steadily maintained, to withdraw from the Union Government. I love the Union, and the preservation of freedom and I do not mean now to be misled by any party. The Emancipation Proclamation I have adopted in secret session of this body, which my whole soul shrinks from with an unbreathing confidence. This, as I have already said, is perhaps the last time that I shall address you, and I shall not be detained here under consideration. I shall withdraw to some place where I can enjoy a little longer the peace and freedom from taxation. I disturbed in my retreat by the hand of violence, I will seek in foreign climes that freedom and happiness which I consider are denied to me here."

The negroes, out of gratitude to the President for his emancipation proclamation, have named their new church edifice in Washington City, Lincoln Church, 18 little coatchmands were christened Abraham, 17 Lincoln, and 1 Abraham Lincoln Washington, and for baptism as "Abraham," the reverend gentleman refused to perform the ceremony.

The Wisconsin State prison is at present unoccupied, and the Governor has pardoned all its inmates.

—A Greenland and was shot last week, opposite Ottawa, Canada.

—Mrs. Sarah Vandegrift, who died, in Trenton, on the 30th November, was one of the young ladies who took the oath of allegiance to the United States, April 19.

—Dr. Winslow, the well-known American missionary, died at Cape of Good Hope on 22d Oct. aged 70. He was born in Boston, and was active worker in India.

—The new frame building in the Park, to be occupied for the accommodation of the soldiers of the Shot, New York, has accommodation for 1,000 darks. It was commenced on the 1st of May, and finished in June.

—Barnum lectured on the 3rd of Dec. at the Father Matthew Institute, Hartford, on Temperance, to a great effect. His hits at fresh-water were full of wit and force. A very fortune many of his audience seem disposed to the pledge.

—Congress has decreed to levy $2 a gallon on all distilled spirits after the 1st of January.

—The new 50 cent currency has been issued, although they will not be issued in much larger sum than the present, being four inches long, and nearly two inches deep.

—A Naval Court of Inquiry is now in session, on board the Colorado, at Fortress Monroe, having for its object the conduct of Capt. Craven, in the disaster connected with the sinking of the Florida.

—The "Confederate States Home," at the capital of South Carolina, announces to the members of the rebel Congress that board, lodging, fuel, lights, eggs, corn meal, molasses, beef, pork, chickens, etc., will be given in payment for board bills, at full market rates.

—A Catholic church, mostly completed, in Belville, Ill., fell, last week, with a terrific explosion, the crumbling dust of the explosion of a steam engine. Fortunately no persons were killed.

—A Western paper furnishes the following shocking account of a horrible feed consigned in that neighborhood. Two children, aged 3 and 11, respectively, died in consequence of eating poisoned food left for destruction. Deliberately said a drunken man's son of with an old rusty musket, and the children found the powder and shot, ate the liquor at the time, and it is reasonable to suppose that the food left for the rats. Terrible was the agony of the victims and the several days before her suffering. His thought he will recover.

"P. Kenedy" is the new London spy.

—The editor of the San Francisco *News Letter*, a young Irishman, has challenged Starke to fight a duel. Mr. Bulkeys, of New York, who went out to fill the pulpit of Rev. Mr. Scudder, while the latter was in Europe, is the latter says: "May you bow, Bulkeys until death ends your days, and may no curious eyes behold you after death, cut you open to see where it all came from."

—The U. S. Navy consumes 500,000 tons of coal annually.

—The National debt is stated at seventeen hundred and forty millions six hundred and ninety thousand, four hundred and twenty-four dollars, and forty-nine cents.

—The Newburyport, Mass., *Herald* states that two cases of spontaneous combustion have occurred in the same town, in the same week, within 36 hours, both of them women, given to constant indulgence in liquor. One of them was found burning on the kitchen floor, which proceeded from her mouth and nostrils; the other was found in bed, with the clothes burned off, walls of the room and the furniture were covered with a thick coat of soot. The whole house being pervaded with an intolerable stench.

—A Democratic editor in Iowa promptly says his party is the party of the people of A. D. 1865, and "Licked Like the Devil!"

—The Richmond *Whig* says that Congress is subject to two disorders—*Grab* and *Gab*.

—Kossuth, it is said, has three nephews, who are officers in the army of the United States.

—The potato rot is said to have appeared in Ohio.

—The Gloucester, Mass., *Telegraph* says that, in Georgetown, Essex County, in that State, there is a large society of Mormon believers, who adopt the full Mormon idea, and who have recently added to their membership by baptism, and have services every Sunday.

—A petition has been presented in the United States Senate, praying that it be the duty of one of the Governments, as well as the country, would be received by the Government of Foreign paper would free from tax or duty.

—The Gulf Stream of Nevada is so called from the old Castilian word "nieve," meaning snow. It is the snow-line.

—Gen. Burnside deposed, before the Congressional Committee now sitting to investigate the Fredericksburg disaster, that his command was defeated by Gen. Hooker, and before the assault, that he was unable to carry out the plan. Gen. Burnside is a New Yorker, and has been thoroughly neither of the two.

—The Richmond *Enquirer* says that one of the members of the 10th Connecticut regiment has just got back from Andersonville. His weight was formerly 160 pounds. He and captivity have reduced him to 66 pounds—he is almost a skeleton.

—The number of deaths in New York city for the week ending 24th Dec. is 451—being 8 less than the corresponding week of 1864.

—There were 2,453 emigrants landed here last week.

—Our navy consists of 671 vessels, built and building, carrying 4,610 guns.

—Fine cut tobacco, so popular with chewers, is made up 10 per cent. pastead for per cent tobacco. Peat is the name given whitestone lime, "slaked meal."

—A Society is now formed in Berlin having for its object the suppression of dueling scenes.

—The venerable manager and excellent actor, James W. Wallack, died at his residence in this city, on Sunday, Dec. 25th, at the age of 70 years. He departs in the fullness of years and honors.

Foreign.—Three small tribes had arrived at Cyprus with 1,000 Circassian refugees on board—they started from the Black Sea they numbered 3,700—but the hardships and the sickness on board 2,700 out of these 300 were more dead than alive.

—In Saxony the number of mortality caused by fevers has for a long time been calculated at one man a day.

—Mr. Dayton, our Minister at Paris, died suddenly in that city, on the 4th Dec., of apoplexy. He was 58 years of age.

—The London *Times* has an elaborate review of Earl Russell's translation of Horace, which is highly complimentary. The specimens presented indicate a very

—Prussia has given great offence to the rest of Germany, by M. Bismarck's overbearing conduct in the Danish question. There was some probability that a war might ensue.

—Belgium has made with Austria a treaty on finance.

—Garibaldi has accepted the yacht presented to him by the Duke of Sutherland.

—The question of the marriage of priests is beginning to agitate the French mind.

Miscellaneous.—Schiller was sold less than $150 each for "Mark Strait," the "Jungfrau von Orleans" for $100, and "Don Carlos" for $50. "Wilhelm Tell" William Tell" he appears to have received about $200 from Schengel, received $10 for translating and arranging "Hamlet" for the German stage, and $200 each for his writings for "Wallenstein" and "Juliet."

As the reward of villainy, some men are hung, some crapped and hounded, others elected to office.

A contemporary, criticising the style of writing in short sentences, says that it is all very well enough for the press, says that it is copied from Julius Cæsar. He was a great writer, and Julius Cæsar himself has written, chiefly in long paragraphs. The style is French, and not proper for the English press.

—There is a physiological reason for calling this a "fine day." It is that the human system is invigorated from seven to ten throbs in a minute, over that of "bad weather."

—"*Ich habe es gethan*" Were Müller's "reported" last words. He might have said (and been misunderstood) "*Ich habe es gethan*" (I have done it) for which would have meant the exact contrary.

—The pen we have, the law we say. At death a man arrives at immense knowledge, and doesn't open his mouth.

—A censorious man is a disagreeable companion. Nobody likes the society of one, who, like doomsday, is always finding fault with what is much good.

—The term "Brother Jonathan," which is applied to the people of America, originated many years since in the war. Connecticut possessed, during the Revolutionary war, a Governor named Jonathan Trumbull. Gen. Washington found him always prompt, and when difficulties arose in a difficult way, he was accustomed to say, "We must consult Brother Jonathan on the subject." In course of time the phrase became a popular one, and Brother Jonathan is now consulted by pretty nearly the whole world.

—The following persons are requested, by a country paper, to keep away from the next Lyceum lecture: the boy who is always hooking books, for he will read them; the boy who brings peanuts, the girl who giggles, the girl who whispers, the young man who "hems" and "haws" when he goes out before the lecture is ended, the boy and girl who "spark" in the front of age, and the man who always applauds in the wrong place.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A procession of one of the colleges of Montreal a few days since, was passing through the purpose of making. A little boy, ten years of age, not having learned that the grandstand was to be kept in the school-room all day, while his companions were out enjoying the fun. The patience of the child was intently studying his lesson, came to him and asked:

"If you can write me a sentence of four words, each word containing one letter, I will bet you go and play with your companions."

The teacher, after the little boy showed his master the following phrase:

"I see a cow in a small state."

The teacher was so much pleased at this presence of mind, that he immediately gave him his liberty.

At the recent McClellan meeting in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, some one in the crowd, recognizing Gen. Scott, exclaimed, "There is old Fuss-and-Feathers!" "Hurrah for little Mac!"

"Mother, I want a knife, in a much louder key, cried:

"Hurrah! for a jackass!"

"That's right," said the first speaker, "you call for the available, and I'll call for mine. It's a free country."

An old lady who imagined that the sea must be very deep, because so many got bathed in it, was consoled on being informed that it washed upon the shore very much.

A WESTERN paper chronicles as follows the recent explosion of a steamboat, on one of the great rivers:

"The captain swam ashore. So did the chambermaid. She was insured for $10,000, and landed with one."

There is a very prevalent belief—as erroneous as it is prevalent—that "seeing is believing," and to a person who the eyes are shut that when they are open.

The head of a turtle, for several days after after its separation from the body, retains and exhibits considerable vitality. Its eyes will wink, its tongue protrude one, and some days afterwards its mouth will open and shut when irritated. Not unlike the head of a lawyer.

A lady who saw the press-drug exclaimed:

"Why, gracious! that man's head is dead!"

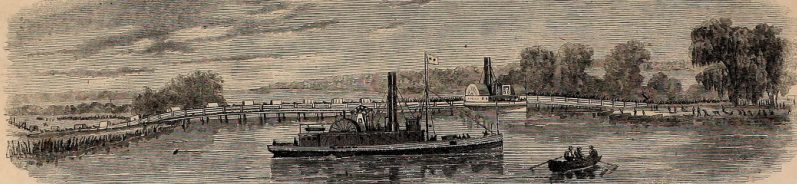
"So he is, indeed, but the captain's not a subtle of it."

A wise old gentleman, who knew all about it, on entering from business, gave the following sage advice to his son, who was about to enter upon the business of life, and is likely of business—except love-making.

The surgeon of an English ship of war used to prescribe salt water for his patients, in all cases requiring active medicine, even in a party of pleasure, he happened, by some misfortune, to be drowned. The captain, who had just learnt of the disaster, asked one of the crew that day if he had heard anything of the doctor.

"Yes," answered Jack; "he was drowned last night, in his own medicine chest."

At a festive meeting a married man proposed: "The ladies—the beings who divide our sorrows, double our joys and treble our expenses!" Upon which a lady proposed, "The gentlemen—the beautiful individuals who divide our time, double our cares and treble our troubles."



SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—KINGSBRIDGE, GA., HEAD OF NAVIGATION OF THE OGEECHEE RIVER, DESTROYED BY REBELS, BUT REBUILT BY GEN. SHERMAN'S FORCES, IN THIRTY-SIX HOURS.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

SHERMAN'S

Grand March Through Georgia.

We publish to-day some most interesting sketches illustrating the brilliant progress of Gen. Sherman's army through Georgia.

Fort McAllister.

This celebrated fort, which had resisted two previous attacks, fell on the 13th of Dec. before the assault of our troops; the correspondent of the New York *Herald* thus describes it: "The fort was constructed in the early part of the war by a rebel officer named McAllister. On the river front the fort mounted two 32-pounders; three 10 inch guns of 128-pounders; two 64-pounders; a mortar; and several 24-pounders, making in all 24 pieces. The garrison consisted of 200 men, under the command of Major Anderson. It has three half bastions, and two curtains. The howitzers were so placed that they swept the approach with deadly effect. The trenches were very deep, and filled with abattis and *chevaux de frize*. There was also a line of buried torpedoes—over which our gallant fellows had to charge, but the disastrous results were almost entirely avoided by compelling the captured rebel pickets to walk before the advancing column—and point out where the torpedoes were buried.'

After a desperate resistance the fort was stormed sword in hand—our loss was 23 killed and 42 wounded—the rebel loss was 14 killed and 21 wounded. The wreck of the rebel steamer Nashville, sunk by Capt. Worden, still lies in the Ogeechee, off the fort.

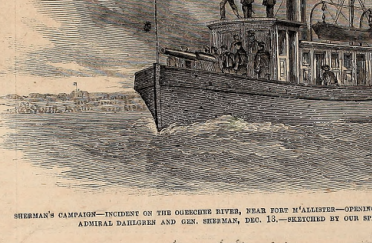
Meeting of Sherman and Foster.

The meeting of those two renowned warriors took place on board the U. S. revenue cutter Nemaha, Gen. Foster's flagship, and our Artist says was a most interesting event. Gen. Foster, who is still very lame, and compelled to use a crutch, was standing on the deck, when a a small boat was seen coming, with two officers in it. "What boat is that?" inquired the lookout. "Sherman!" was the welcome response. The great leader stepped on board accompanied by Gen. Howard, and the greeting between Foster and them was as may be imagined very cordial. Sherman remained on board till two o'clock in the morning, during which time he wrote several dispatches.

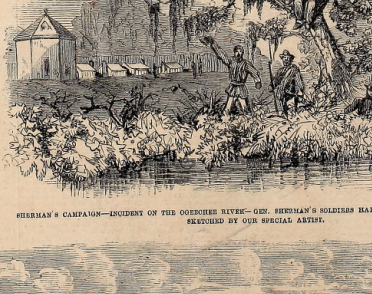
Kingsbridge.

This bridge, which crosses the Ogeechee, is on the Savannah and Gulf railroad, and was burnt by the rebels some few days before. It was 600 yards in length and is strongly constructed. It has been rebuilt by Capt. Reese, Chief Engineer o Howard's wing, in 36 hours—an unparalleled feat under the circumstances. We also publish sketches of Sherman's troops opening communication with Foster's army.

Our Artist, Mr Crane, requests us to thank Major-Gen. Foster and staff, as well as Capt. Warren of the Nemaha, for many facilities and attentions he received from them.



SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—INCIDENT ON THE OGEECHEE RIVER, NEAR FORT M'ALLISTER—OPENING OF COMMUNICATION BETWEEN ADMIRAL DAHLGREN AND GEN. SHERMAN, DEC. 13.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—INCIDENT ON THE OGEECHEE RIVER—GEN. SHERMAN'S SOLDIERS HAILING GEN. FOSTER'S FLAGSHIP. SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

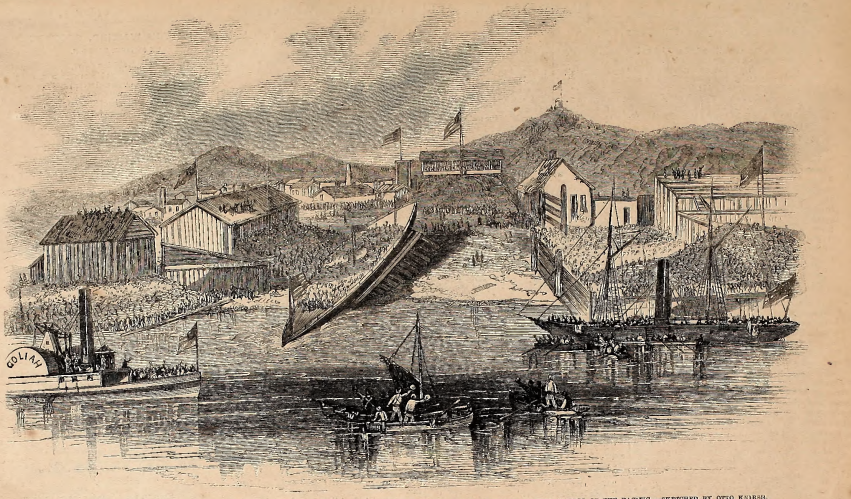
CITY POINT, VA.

WE present on this page a view of City Point, a place that often figures in military operations and war dispatches. It is situated on the James river, at the mouth of the Appomattox, in Prince George county, Va. It is 34 miles from Richmond, and 12 miles from Petersburg. The Army line railroad terminates here, by which, among other channels, communication is maintained between Washington city and the Army of the Potomac. Our sketch represents the terminus of this line, together with Government storehouses, and in the offing U. S. steamers and other craft. Steamers sail daily from City Point to Fortress Monroe. No place evinces greater warlike activity than this, through which troops and supplies are constantly passing to our armies besieging Petersburg and Richmond.

PETROLEUM WELLS.—The action of petroleum wells is ingeniously explained by Prof. Evans, of Marietta, Ohio. According to his observations, this oil is contained in cavities or fissures of rocks, in connection with both water and gas. These are arranged, of course, according to their weight, the water at the bottom, the oil floating thereon, and the gas (often strongly compressed) fills the upper part of the cavity. If such a cavity runs obliquely from above downward, a well, when bored, may strike either the water or the oil, or it may enter the gas chamber. In the first two cases, if the gas be compressed, as it usually is, there will be a spouting well, the water or oil, or both together, being thrown out of the mouth of the boring. When the tension of the gas is exhausted resort must be had to pumping, until the cavity is pumped out. But, in some cases, a series of cavities communicate by small openings or crevices, in which case a well may flow intermittently for a long time, as it is replenished by percolation of oil through these channels. It is not uncommon for intermittent wells to throw out as free 500 or 600 barrels a day, or 5 or 6 daily, in all, as much as 20,000 barrels. They sometimes run two or three years before exhaustion. The productiveness of the Phillips well, on the Little Kanawha, greatly exceeds these figures. Where there is little or no gas, or where, from the gas-chamber being tapped, the gas is lost, pumping has to be resorted to from the first. Oil wells commonly vary in depth from 100 to 400 feet. Oil coming to the surface in springs is not a reliable sign of oil cavities in the immediate neighborhood, for it often has carried a long distance by the current of the subterranean streamlets by which the springs are fed.



VIEW OF CITY POINT, VA., TERMINATION OF THE ARMY LINE RAILROAD.—SKETCHED BY HENRY BRYANSON.



LAUNCH OF THE U. S. MONITOR CAMANCHE, AT SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., NOV. 14TH—THE FIRST IRONCLAD EVER LAUNCHED IN THE WATERS OF THE PACIFIC.—SKETCHED BY OTTO REIMER.

OCEAN BRIDES.

BY HENRY GATES.

"I am lonely," saith the sea,
"Keeps the earth a bride for me,
Born my passion to control,
By the queenhood of her soul?



"Many brides my lips have kissed—
Ruby set on amethyst—
Loved, deserted, left my breast,
Heaving for a deeper rest.

"First Phœnicia's eastern art
Purpled through my azure heart,
Oh! beloved! he my wave
Silent by thy nameless grave!

"Carthage, child of southern skies,
Wooed me with her burning eyes,
Won, and passed for evermore,
Like the ripples of her oar.

"Genoa, fair, proud and free,
With a bride's love gifted me;
Centuries have passed away
Since she on my bosom lay.

"Then Venetia's form divine
Stirred the pulses of my brine;
But on memory is the sweet
Pressure of her flying feet.

"Scandinavia's stormy soul
Brought my wild heart love's control;
Bound her icy cage I moan
In my desertness alone.

"Lovely, passionate, cruel Spain
Filled me with sweet human pain;
From my soul her golden dream
Faded like a sunset gleam.

"Then Britannia's earnest look
All my crystal being shook;
Isles of empire! not to ye
Kneels again the queenless sea.

"Who shall share my mighty throne,
Rule by inborn right alone,
Bid my mystic moon-force be
Handmaid of her royalty?

"Ah! I feel my life-stream surge
By Columbia's eastern verge,
And a light is on her hair;
Can my crown be settling there?

"Yes! her spirit calms my breast,
Comes at last the deeper rest,
Comes the changeless bride to be
Queen for ever of the sea!"

MARRYING FOR HATE.

BY E. W.,

AUTHOR OF "THE SERPENT WOMAN?" "THE LAST HAZARD," &C.

CHAPTER I.

I was making my way through a crowd in r
by-street, which I supposed had collected for the



AN AGREEABLE SURPRISE.

contemplation and enjoyment of some trifling and contemptible disturbance, but into which at the time I was not in the mood to inquire, when my course was arrested by a pair of beautiful large black eyes under a lady's veil, which met mine with a mute appeal that I could not, for a moment, resist.



THE MYSTERIOUS FAIR ONE.

"What is the matter?" I demanded at once of the possessor of the bright black eyes.

A remarkably sweet voice replied.

"I have ventured to interfere in behalf of a child I saw the people abusing, but I am afraid that, without some assistance, my efforts will be unavailing."

"We wasn't abusing it," cried several rough voices together. "She was only fighting with little Mike, and she'd a got the best of him, too, if you'd let her alone."

"It is quite enough," said the lady with spirit, her splendid eyes flashing as she spoke, "that your sex should disgrace itself in this way. I shall not allow mine, especially such a little creature as this, to make a savage brute of itself, if I can help it."

"You are right, madam," I said. "The man who would see your sex dragged into the prize-ring must have little respect for his own mother. You are Quixotic, however, to assume the duties of the child's natural Protectors. Where are its parents?"

"Dead," cried three other little children in chorus.

"Where—how does this little girl live, then?"

"She lives with Miss Fanny Flink, and does errands for her."

"What sort of a person is she?" inquired the dark-eyed lady.

"She dresses finer than you do, ma'am," replied one of the female bystanders, "but she is not exactly the person to bring up a child in the way it should go, as she has strayed a long way out herself."

The pointed truthfulness of this remark raised

a laugh among the acquaintances of Miss Fanny Flink.

The lady, in the meantime, had not let go her hold on a half-shall, sturdy little girl, whose face was flushed with passion and discolored with blood, dirt and tears. She stooped down to her now, raising her evil, and said:

"Little one, if you will go with me, I will find you a good home. You shall have nice clothes, enough to eat, and be taught to read and write. What do you say?"

The sweetness and beauty of the lady's face surprised the child, and she seemed to be overpowered by her gentle influence, and replied:

"Yes, ma'am, I will go with you anywhere."

At this moment a policeman arrived on the spot, and the lady at once addressed herself to him, explaining the case, and shortly afterwards she walked away, leading her little charge, escorted by the guardian of the peace. Although much pressed for time, I lingered to look after her till she turned the corner, for never had I seen a face that seemed to me half so lovely as hers, and it haunted me ever after.

I had, however, at that time, too many troubles of my own to afford time to look after those of others. A very long and most expensive lawsuit had exhausted the once handsome fortune that had long kept my family in so enviable a position, and left me nothing but fallacious hopes and illusive expectations. My father died during the slow progress of the litigation; the lawyer, who had commenced and so long conducted it, also deceased; but the profession never resulted, and it appeared too probable that my mother, too, would pass away without the satisfaction of knowing that so many years, thought, anxiety and suspense had not been entirely thrown away. She was very ill, and I foresaw with certainty that the shock of a decision held her to this life she would snap, if the final decision in our cause, which it was believed would soon be rendered, should be against us, for it would necessitate the sale of all that remained to us, and leave us little better than beggars. It was our last stake, upon which all our means and credence had gradually concentrated, and if that were lost we had nothing more to lose—nothing but blank despair to encounter, and which to anticipate.

The lawyer who, at the time, conducted our suit was an old friend of my father's, successful, rich, independent man; and, as he had first undertaken the case more from friendly than pecuniary motives, did not attempt to disguise the truth; and proffered from me; but I could not, would not look forward to anything but triumph, and chose rather to regard his discouraging tone as a mere artful spell to enhance the value of his services in achieving success. He was a good man at heart, that old lawyer, and his pomposity was the result of habit he was not apt to spoil his medicine by oversweetening it, and my pampered palate rebelled not a little against the nauseous dose, but mistook me bitterness.

I had a long hunt after an important female witness, whom I found at last in a garret, dying of consumption, and unfriended I and, sitting like a ministering angel at her bedside, but the beautiful black-eyed lady whom I had lately met, the champion of the little abandoned orphan girl.

"It is in such places as this, where a good angel is most needed, and not in the circles of gaiety and fashion, that I must seek you, Lear," exclaimed I, gazing upon her with irrepressible admiration.

Her lady blushed deeply; and, as soon as she had recovered from her momentary confusion, observed, quickly, that she was simply performing a duty to which an old friend of her mother's was fully entitled.

While obtaining the deposition of her patient, I had several opportunities of conversing with the excellent beauty, and her modest elegance and graceful ease captivated my soul.

One evening, I entered, just to accompany her in her search for an omnibus, and, as I had resolved to express my sentiments freely to her on the first available occasion, I was, as is usual in such cases, much embarrassed when it presented itself.

"Your patient is dying, I fear."

"She is conscious of the approach of her deliverance; and as such she regards it."

"It is an angel's office you fill in smoothing her path to her grave."

"Do not flatter me, sir. It is but little I can do, and that very seems to me to make that little less than nothing."

"I assure you I express my admiration in most virtuous terms, and I hope you will not call I think and I might indeed surprise you."

"Then be content your forbearance."

"It is unkind, perhaps harsh, in you to forbid the utterance of a heart so sincere and full as mine."

"It is my kindness and my consideration for you that induce me to check this excessive laudation, because I know you will repent it."

"Impossible! I not only admire you more than any being I ever saw, but feel that you are worthy of my worship, and that I love you."

"Say no more, I entreat. If you knew who and what I am you would confess the folly of which you are guilty. You tell me you are unfortunate and unhappy; I pity you—but there is a gulf between us, and you would only render yourself more wretched by attempting, vainly, foolishly, to cross it."

"Are you married?"

"Do not ask. Here let our acquaintance cease. You have my permission to visit my patient, and you surely would not deprive her of the presence of her last remaining friend, as you will do, if you persist in intruding upon her. Here then let us part, and for ever."

She stopped a stage, allowed me to help her alight, and left me in search of a cab, gloom. She had crossed my dark path, like a heavenly apparition, and her disappearance rendered everything about me hopeless and dreary as despair.

CHAPTER II.

THE treacherous law, after having lured us on to ruin, decided against our claims, and extorted the last remnant of our property to pay its costs. To communicate the fact to my mother would have been like inflicting her deathblow, and, after meditating long upon the subject, I found myself unequal to the painful task, and went once more to our old lawyer, to ascertain whether there was no possibility of compromising the matter so as to postpone the evil day and leave my mother awhile in possession of her home and comforts. I met a lady descending the stairs, who had just come out of his office, whose physiognomy was of that unusually repulsive character which imprints itself indelibly on the memory, and never alters, in dreams and reveries, in sleep and in wakefulness, rises from time to time to our mental vision with horrible distinctness, shocking us with the fullest sense of the infernal ugliness of human malformation. I thought of the wonderful contrast between this unfortunate and the delicate beauty I loved in vain, and it seemed almost impossible that both could be the work of the same hands and emanate from the same Creator. Yet why so contrasted He that made them alone can tell.

The old lawyer was in, and grasped my hand with sympathetic cordiality. I stated the object of my visit.

"Well, my young friend," said he, "I have anticipated your wishes, and have just been talking with the successful party. She is by no means reasonable; but, to tell you the truth, there are no grounds for any further action left. You have lost all that the widow has won all. If she accords you anything, it will be simply a donation—nothing more nor less."

"Is there no resource left by which I can, for the time, ward off this fatal, and to my mother, a fear, fatal blow?"

"You do not know"

"In what then?"

"In yourself."

"How in myself?"

"In your person. You are young and handsome. I don't say so to flatter you, but to make my meaning clear."

"Well?"

"Well, marry the widow."

"Marry the creature!"

"Horrid! I see your taste and mine differ; but they say there is no disputing on such matters, and you must not let your heart's desires upon the subject. As I apprehend, you came to me for some possible resource in your extremity, and I've put the very cure of obtaining a matchless beauty."

"True, but——"

"Allow me. I mention this as the only resource left you. Be reasonable. If the lady be not perfection, so much the better, as it improves your chances. If you are not in love with her you can and beggary by no one but a Venus, you are much too nice a gentleman for me to counsel, and had better study yourself alone. If you will follow out the nine Muses, instead of a blunt, matter-of-fact old lawyer like myself."

"Marry her! I would rather hang myself at once."

"You should know best how fit you are to die. I am afraid your education and habits have totally unfitted you for suicide, and starving."

"But this marriage is absurd, impossible."

"I am not in the habit of proposing absurdities and impossibilities. If you will authorize me to act, you will find it no such thing. Will you do so?"

"Not for the world!"

"Understand that I have not urged this matter on you behalf, but for the sake of your mother whose happiness I have much at heart, and for whose life you pretended a moment ago to feel an amount of solicitude that would enable you to commit suicide."

"For the moment I did not think of them."

"It is time you did. Since my counsel is so very unpalatable, I no longer you will condescend to inform me what you propose to do."

"Anything else, but this is too horrible."

Then I left him. His chair swung round, and commenced writing at his desk as coolly, rapidly and correctly as if he had been an ingenious machine invented for the purpose of writing. I thought on his proposition till I grew sick and faint. The recollection of the consummate charms of her I loved added a horror to the aspect of hate, such as she wore whom I was invited to make my own, and I could not bring my heart or lips to say yes to such a destiny. I rose and approached him.

"I will call to-morrow and give you my decision."

"Very well," replied the old man, without turning his head or ceasing to write.

CHAPTER III.

IT WENT home and attempted to prepare my mother for the blow that had befallen us, but in approaching the subject found that it was more than she could endure, and relinquished the effort in despair. To my sister I ventured to tell the truth, and she wept bitterly, not for herself, but for our only parent, whom she assured me would not survive the change from affluence.

"Is there nothing on earth that you can do, Edward, to prevent this?"

"Yes."

"And won't you do it?"

"I cannot bring my mind to it."

"Is it dishonorable?"

"N—o; I don't know that it is, but very repugnant to my feelings."

"I am sure I would do anything for mother."

"Would you marry the man you abhor?"

"To save mother's life—yes."

"Then, Clara, I will not be outdone by you in filial affection."

"What do you mean, Edward?"

"I will tell you to-morrow. In the meantime, cheer up. I will save mother and you, but at great sacrifice—heaven only knows how great."

My sister flung her arms about my neck, kissed me affectionately, called me by many endearing names, and I felt as if I almost deserved them, exaggerated as they were.

I communicated my decision to my lawyer the next day, telling him that, since I could not marry for hate, he might for love. He uttered a sort of grunt, and replied:

"Few marriages begin in that way; but with too many love is merged in antipathy as soon as the honeymoon is over. Your prospect of connubial happiness is the brighter, as it cannot change but for the better. If you know the lady as well as I do, you would entertain no misgivings on the subject."

On the second day after this interview I received Mrs. Bagshawe's card, and a written request from my lawyer that I would call upon her without delay, as he had settled the preliminaries in the most satisfactory manner. I did not cry on the wings of love to the stately mansion of my bride elect, as there had been little choice in the matter, but strolled slither like a man who had voluntered to be hanged. On my arrival I was ushered into a handsome drawing-room, in which I was kept waiting for nearly a quarter of an hour, when, at last, the lady appeared. She did not look handsomer than when I met her on the stairs leading to my lawyer's office. On the contrary, the relation in which she now stood with respect to myself, and the flurry she had plied upon her person rendered her, in my eyes, more hideous than ever. I responded to her salutation, and remained silent for a few moments. She appeared desirous of manifesting a certain measure of modesty coyness, and I was not indisposed to allow her all the leisure she required for the performance of the part. When she had assumed the rôle to her satisfaction, and lest a little pâtisnee, she opened upon me with the voice of a dying screechowl, that made me shudder:

"Well, Mr. Ingleton, the object of your visit is, I presume——"

"Yes, madam, it is as you say, to propose for your hand and heart; they are conventionally supposed to go together——"

"My hand and heart!" she exclaimed, laughing.

Mamma, god of mirth, what a laugh it was! A hyena's cachinnation, a jackass's bray, and the serenade of a starving cat combined were music to it.

"Yes, madam; and does this appear so absurd to you?"

"Extravagantly so."

"My lawyer has been authorised by me to make a formal proposition, which he has given me to understand has been favorably received. Has no received you?"

"Not at all; but you have made a slight mistake in the person."

"This is very ridiculous. Shall I have the pleasure of seeing the right lady?"

"In a moment. She sent me to prepare you for her coming."

"I do not see the necessity."

"I presume not. I will explain, although the subject is a very delicate one to handle: a betterhearted girl than my niece Clara never lived, but she has some personal defects which, perhaps, only the eye of love can overlook. I mean to say, for instance, that she does not enjoy the same personal advantages as myself."

I looked at her face for a moment in amazement, and an involuntary groan escaped my lips.

"It cannot be possible! Is she deformed?"

"Oh, no; not deformed, but shaped as I am."

"Indeed! What is it, then?"

"A slight obliquity of vision, which adds a puzzling and peculiar charm to her eyes. Her hair is of that color against which there is a very unmerited prejudice, but, for myself, I think I never saw a more brilliant red. With these exceptions, there exists a strong family likeness between us, especially as respects the width of the mouth, the elevation and height of the shoulders and the size of the feet."

What an image of horror was conjured up before me.

"Say no more!" I exclaimed, wildly. "This suspense is too dreadful. Let me see the woman herself, though the sight of her kill me!"

"Then turn and look upon thy death!" cried a sweet voice behind me, in a mock tragic voice, followed by a silvery ring of laughter.

I turned, and, to my inexpressible delight, beheld my adored black-eyed beauty.

"And you—you are——"

"Not Miss Bagshawe, that was my maiden name, but Clara Barrington, widow."

I fell at her feet, half disposed to worship her, covered her with kisses and tears, and, finding no resistance offered, sprang to my feet and clasped her in my arms.

"Clara Barrington, will you become Clara Ingleton?"

"In what excellent practice you are! We shall have you proposing to the entire family. You have begun bravely, first to the aunt and then to the niece within five minutes. Aunt has fled, as well she might, from the dangerous a creature. What would have become of her had I not rushed to the rescue, heaven only knows! I promise you I shall be dreadfully jealous of her and the superior personal advantages she enjoys."

"Oh, you have been playing a rare game with me."

"A fair one. I won your love fairly, and learned at the same time that there was right on your side as well as on mine; and I will be my own agent hereafter, and play a more even-handed game than the law."

"May I not praise you now?"

"No, but you may——"

"Do what——"

"Love me just as much as you please."

ARE YOU WAITING, GEORGE?

BY ANNIE J. TARRICE.

On yon distant, shining shore,
Where bright flowers bloom evermore,
Just across the "fearful river,"
Where the golden sunbeams quiver
Through the boughs of the fair tree,
Are you waiting there for me?

Are you waiting at the portal
Of the beauteous gate immortal?
Waiting for the love I've enter
'Round whom all your hopes did centre?
Where all things are pure and free,
Are you waiting, George, for me?

Are you kneeling at the throne,
Asking God, to bless your own?
Guide her through this starless night
To a purer, holier light?
Lead her by your hand so fair?
Are you waiting for me there?

Does the glory of your sphere,
All undimmed by sorrow's tear,
Chase earth's low-light from your view
Like the sun at noonday dew?
No, too near akin to heaven
Is the love to true hearts given.

Can the spirit in its change,
From this world to heaven's broad range,
Far forget the love it bore
For its kin on earthly shore?
No, it cannot, cannot be,
George is waiting there for me.

Oh, what hope the thought inspires!
Blasted all earth's fond desires,
I will turn my thoughts to heaven,
Where love grows not riven,
Ever wait, dear George, for me,
I am coming unto thee.

MEDUSA.

CHAPTER V.

EDWARD SAVILLE woke from his dream another man. It was not that he loved Wanda less, he loved her more; but a strong feeling of humanity, the most devouring compassion, had been awakened in his heart, and now colored the selfishness of his passion; he loved her in another way, and the manifestations of his love were consequently quite different to what they had been before. He sought to win Madame Haussmann with nearly the same assiduity as he had formerly courted Wanda, and at last his disinterested zeal disarmed her. In answer to his anxious inquiries on the subject, she told him that her eldest child, who had already had a consultation of eminent physicians upon Wanda's state in Prague; but that her opinion was that the case was a hopeless one. Mr. Saville found, however, that no advice had yet been taken for her in England, and he persuaded Madame Haussmann to allow him to bring the best men in London to visit her. But to no purpose; they considered her mental condition as incurable.

When first he became admitted familiarly into the house, Wanda used to be afraid of him. She would not sit down in the room with him, and never would speak while he was there; she fretted about much as a frightened bird does, and his presence seemed to agitate and make her restless. Luckily, one day, he remembered the adventure of the lines of the valley, and brought some fir trees to the house, keeping him continually, and always receiving from him the flowers she was fondest of, tamed her, and she became accustomed and attached to his company.

One morning, Edward found Madame Haussmann busily engaged in reading a letter from Germany; it was from Francie Haussmann, and gave her the account of two wonderful cures that had lately occurred at Heidelberg, he is to pass the winter at Naples, and will not return to Berlin before next spring."

"Poor Francis!" said his mother, "he is never tired of hoping, and in his patient devotion he forgets that all these useless journeys and great doctors cost a fortune of money that we cannot well afford to waste."

"Why don't you sell Wanda's trinkets, mother? Her fairy diamond coronet alone would pay for all the expenses of the journey," said Elizabeth; "she, poor thing, neither knows its value, nor their existence, and would gladly put a common gilt one in its place, and she would probably like it all the better, for being something new.

"Sell Wanda's trinkets!" cried Wanda; "those trinkets belonged to her poor mother, and as long as there is a penny left in the house, they shan't be sold."

"But, good God!" exclaimed Edward Saville, "why don't you make use of my wretched money? Or what could be the use of it, except at the hands of a mother? Whom does it profit? And why wait for Doctor Wrangel's return to Germany? Whatever doctors can do for her at present, should be done with as little delay as possible. Why not go at once and seek the doctor at Naples?"

The women were quite bewildered by this sudden proposition, and seemed to consider this long immediate journey to a foreign land as a project attended by almost insuperable difficulties; the more so, that it was impossible for William Haussmann to throw up his situation and go with them. But when Edward told them that of course he intended to accompany them, the thought of having

him to manage and interpret for them smoothed away much of the difficulty; and he argued so long and so earnestly, that at last he argued successfully, and carried his point.

They got to Naples by the end of July, and upon inquiry found that Doctor Wrangel had left that town for Sorrento, where he had established himself for the summer; thither they followed him without loss of time.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Brande had gone on constantly writing to her cousin, and receiving answers that were but little satisfactory to her; she had an undefined apprehension that all was not going well with him, and at last determined upon coming to town for a month to look after him. As soon as she had settled this little plan with her husband, she wrote up to Edward to take a house for her, and was much surprised, after some days, at getting no answer; but she thought he had perhaps not yet found anything to suit, and that she should hear in a day or two, so she waited patiently. At the end of a week, however, she wrote again, and, still receiving no reply, sent off a line to a friend of his to inquire of his whereabouts. The friend informed her that Edward Saville was not in London. Judge of her astonisment when the post brought her the following letter from Italy:

Hotel de la Sirene, Sorrento.

Dear Harty—The date of this will surprise you. Don't be angry with me, dear. I was too well aware of your sisterly anxiety for me to confide to you a project which I felt sure could meet with but little sympathy or encouragement from you; and so, to avoid the pain which would have been caused to us both, by your unavailing efforts to prevent me from putting what you will consider my Quixotic plan into execution, I have been silent.

Harty, my sister, my dear friend, pity me! The woman to whom my life has been devoted for the last six months is insane, but not hopelessly so, I will trust. There is a famous man here at Sorrento, whom I have brought her to consult; we are to see him to-morrow, and I will let you know the result. Meanwhile, don't let your kind heart be troubled about me; remember how few interests there were in my disjointed homeless existence; even if this venture fails, I am sure you will agree with me, that my idleness and my money could not be better employed than in the service of a fellow-creature so grievously afflicted.

Yours ever affectionately, E. S.

Upon arriving at Sorrento, Edward Saville's first care had been to find out where Doctor Wrangel was domiciled. By a piece of great good luck, there was an apartment to let in the same house; he took it at once, and immediately established Wanda with the Hausmaims in it, remaining himself at the Hôtel de la Sirène, which was close by. Doctor Wrangel had an interview with Wanda the day after her arrival, but would give no opinion about her until he had seen more of her. She was very quiet, and seemed perfectly happy; her great delight was to sit the whole day long by the seaside, and in the evening they often went out in a boat; Wanda liked nothing so much. The monotony seemed to calm and soothe her, and the place altogether agreed well with her. Their boatmen on these excursions was a fisherman of the name of Benedetto; he had a wife and a child, for whom Wanda had conceived a violent affection.

One evening, soon after their arrival, on their return from one of these boating expeditions, they found Stella sitting on the shore playing with her child. When they landed, she got up to speak to Benedetto with the boy in her arms. He was a magnificent fellow, nearly two years old, and the whole party surrounded him, and began noticing and admiring him, to the great delight of the young mother. Madame Hausmaim and Elizabeth both offered to take him, but he would go to neither, and suddenly stretched out his arms to Wanda, who was still standing looking into the water, which seemed to have an eternal fascination for her, and not heeding him. Stella took him up to her, and put him into her arms; the weather was very warm, and she wore a low dress with a light shawl just thrown over her shoulders; in taking the child her shawl fell off, and the little fellow, whose mother had not yet weaned him, instantly pressed his tiny fat hands upon the fair uncovered breast, and, after patting it two or three times, put his little face down and kissed it. Some strange echo out of the past was suddenly awakened by the touch of those small fingers, and the poor thing fainted dead away. From that hour she was quite devoted to the little Aniello; she seemed unable to live out of his sight, and they passed whole days together playing on the shore, the kindhearted Stella never grudging her darling to the poor bereaved creature who had attached herself to him so passionately.

In about a fortnight after the receipt of the letter we have already mentioned, and which had thrown Mrs. Brande into a state of considerable anxiety, she received another epistle from her cousin, which caused her the deepest distress; it was as follows:

Dearest Harty—Doctor Wrangel has now seen my poor Wanda continually during a whole fortnight, and from his knowledge of her antecedents, and after the most patient and constant scrutiny, his opinion is that she might possibly recover if she were to marry and have children. It is the only chance, but it is one. Don't be frightened, dear. I am not married yet, and it is still quite uncertain if I ever shall be; at all events, I give you my word that I will do nothing precipitately, or without letting you know beforehand.

Yours ever affectionately, E. S.

Harty Brande carried this letter in floods of tears straight to her husband.

"William, is going to marry that mad woman; you must take me to Naples to-morrow," said she; and, though they did not go the next day, they did the next week, and the week after that saw them safely landed at Naples, from which place Mrs. Brande immediately dispatched a note to her cousin telling him of their arrival, and desiring him to be quite enchanted with this little surprise, and to show his delight by coming off early the next day to see them.

The first thing the next morning Edward Saville set out for Naples. On his way, he stopped at the Hausmaims' door, and saw Elizabeth.

"I shall be back by six o'clock at latest," he said, "so wait for me until then; but if by any impossible chance I should be delayed, don't balk Wanda of her boating. Isn't she up?"

"She is up," answered Elizabeth, laughing, "but not dressed yet. Yesterday, she saw you kiss the little gray stocking I work at, and we can't persuade her to put on her own this morning. When, after a thousand useless entreaties, I attempted to slip on the white one, she whisked it out of my hand so cleverly as she once did that nosegay of yours, and flung it right out of the window. I ran to pick it up, and when I came back again I found her trying hard to get her foot into my work in the midst of all the needles, and saying to herself all the time, 'Edward loves you, little stocking!'"

His color rose slightly.

"Do you believe that she really cares at all for me?" he asked.

"In her incomplete way she does," was the reply. "I am sure she will miss you more than once to-day, for instance; but she is so uncertain. I don't think she has what may be called a settled, dependable affection for anybody in the world except my mother and Stella's boy. She perfectly dotes upon Aniello; if anything were to happen to the child I think it would kill her. The doctor says that hers is the most remarkable and powerful development of maternal instinct that he has ever come across, and he is quite delighted at it; he declares that in things which concern the child he has already observed a decided reawakening of her intellect, and has desired that she may be with the boy as much as possible; he thinks it likely to have a very beneficial influence upon her mind."

"I am sorry not see her," said Edward; "I had thought just to bid her good-bye."

"And so you shall. Wait a minute, and she shall bid you good-bye out of the window."

She ran upstairs, and presently Wanda's fair head appeared at the casement.

"Say good-bye to him, dear, prettily, he is going away," said Elizabeth, who was just over her shoulder.

"Good-bye, dear Edward. Don't go away, dear Edward!" said Wanda.

"I shall be with you again before six," said Edward Saville from below. "Good-bye, my darling!"

"Good-bye, my darling! good-bye, my darling!" she repeated, in her child's voice.

As she leaned out to look at him, a full-blown rose that was in her bosom, bruised against the window-frame, fell in a shower of fresh leaves upon his face.

It had been a cloudless day, and was a heavenly evening. Towards half-past six o'clock a fresh breeze had sprung up, and Benedetto's boat might be seen dancing along upon the crisp sparkling wavelets. Edward Saville had not come back, and Stella, Wanda and the boy put out to sea, to enjoy the delicious change in the weather. Elizabeth Hausmaim declined accompanying them; she was always ill unless it was a dead calm, so they left her sitting on the shore under the shadow of a great rock, knitting away indefatigably at the gray stocking. Wanda had been fidgety and restless the whole day; they did not know if she missed Edward Saville, but something seemed wanting to her. When she got into the boat, she said "Good-bye, good-bye," once or twice to herself, and looked disturbed; to quiet and amuse her, Stella put the child into her arms, and she began her usual game of trying to hush him to sleep. "Lullaby, my little son!" she sang to him, and nestled him in her bosom, but the boy was full of life and spirits, and would not be put to sleep at any price. He got at her comb, and, pulling it out, let all her long hair loose. It was pretty to see them romping, and kissing, and struggling together, this dark, rosy Hercules of a boy and the gentle pale lady with all her fair hair streaming. Stella was trying in vain to imprison the little hands, which were making desperate clutches at Wanda's hair, while Benedetto lay on his oars and laughed to see them; and the boat danced gaily over the short wavelets that had become crimson under the crimsoning sky, and Capri loomed in the distance like an island of Paradise in the glory of that evening sunlight. Presently, Wanda lowered her hand into the water and sprinkled the boy to make him leave go; his mother held him by his frock, as, with a shout of delight, he hung over the side of the boat, and dipping his little, round, firm, brown arm into the sea, dashed a handful of sparkling water up into Wanda's face; it soon became a pitched battle. The little fellow was in a state of frantic excitement, laughing, shrieking, and splashing them all, when suddenly he made a violent, unexpected spring, the frock slipped from between his mother's fingers, and he fell into the water. Uttering one wild sharp cry, Wanda plunged in after him.

"My child! my child! Oh, holy mother of mercy, save my child!" screamed the agonised mother.

Benedetto made at once for the floating body, seized it just as it was sinking for the second time, and swam safely back with it to the boat.

The sun had gone down, when a dusty carriage drove up to the door of the Sirena, and a lady jumped out assisted by Edward Saville.

"How lovely it has been," said a pleasant-toned English voice, and how sorry I am William couldn't come. Just run in, Edward dear, will you, and arrange with the man for me; a bed-room and a small sitting-room is all I shall want, and I'll wait down here till you come back. I positively must see her to-night."

See her!

As Harty Brande stood looking up the street, a woman came wildly running past her, weeping bitterly, and followed by two or three half-naked urchins; some way further on, under the deep orange and purple of that solemn southern twilight, a crowd of people were hurrying along, vociferating loudly, with excited gestures, and pale, awe-struck faces.

"*Ah, povera signorina! Ah Madonna mia! Che disgrazia!*" cried the women.

Mrs. Brande saw that something dreadful must have happened; but she did not understand Italian, and waited impatiently for her cousin to come out to her. Suddenly, from the midst of the shuffling, irregular footsteps of the rabble, the rhythmical tramp of men walking in step together could be distinguished. She pressed forward—in the centre of the crowd, stretched on a litter borne by four men, lay a slender woman's body; the face was covered with a handkerchief, the body was swathed in long masses of dripping fair hair. One of the two men who passed nearest to her, bearing this sad burden, was a tall, brawny fisherman, who had evidently just come out of the water, and who was sobbing as if his heart would break. Hurrying after him came a little scared mother, holding a rosy boy pressed tight against her breast, from whose short, coal-black hair, soaked into points, large bright drops of water kept falling.

When, after saving his child, Benedetto had had time to think of Wanda, it was too late—life was extinct.

One evening, when Edward Saville was a little better, his cousin had his sofa wheeled out on the terrace overlooking the sea. He was still very weak, but all danger was over; he had now only to get strength, and as soon as he had managed this, they had all settled to go on to Malta and pay his sister a visit.

Mr. Brande was busy over his *Galignani*, Harty had got her sketchbook, and Edward was looking out upon that cloudless sky and waveless sea, and thinking of the strange storm that had passed over his life. The Hausmaims had gone back to Germany, the sea that had robbed him of his beloved was lying without a ripple at his feet—it was all gone like a dream. Waking up from the dead blank of his bed of sickness, he might almost have thought it one, but for two or three withered rose-leaves which hung in a tiny black case round his neck.

Harty saw where his thoughts were wandering, and brought her sketch for him to look at: he took it, and laid it down listlessly beside him.

"You must positively be shaved to-morrow, Edward," she said to him; "I think I have acquitted myself wonderfully in the arrangement of your hair" (she had washed his face and combed his hair for him, herself, before he had come out), "but shaving is more than I feel competent to undertake. There," she continued, unfastening a looking-glass from the lid of her workbox, and giving it to him, "what do you think you look like?"

He took the glass, and looked at himself in it.

"Almost like a man with a story," he said, with a sad smile, as he gave it back to her. "Harty, did it every occur to you that if I had not chanced to misread a word of four letters in one of your notes, none of this would have happened?"

From Malta they went on to Egypt, carrying with them young Mrs. Monckton, Edward Saville's sister: she was a true-hearted, affectionate little woman, and was very good for him to have her about him. By degrees his wounds healed, and life closed over his great grief as the waters had closed over the body of his beloved, covering the ruin with an untroubled surface. He is not perhaps so happy as Mrs. Brande—but few people are. On the whole, I dare say he is as contented as most of us.

THE END.

NAVAL ARCHITECTURE & NAVAL WARFARE—PAST AND PRESENT.

The progress that has been made in marine architecture, and in the method of conducting naval warfare, has enabled us, at last, to produce war vessels of peculiar strength and symmetry, and largely to economise in the use of human life. But sea-fighting is no longer the romantic business that it used to be. Cooped up in iron chambers, Jack has no longer the opportunity that he used to have for the display of gallantry in action. Yet our brave captains and sailors, in even this age of iron armor, have found means to show themselves worthy to rank with the old kings of the sea. Our Worden and Farragut and Foote and Cushing Porter and Dahlgren will be remembered with the naval heroes of history. Nor will it be forgotten that, whether fighting within wooden walls or walls of iron, the American sailor has always acquitted himself with honor to the service and to the Republic.

Our double page, this week, not only commemorates several of the most important naval exploits of the war, but illustrates with the aptness and strength of vivid contrast the difference between ancient and modern styles of naval architecture and warfare. Grouped around a central picture, in which is depicted that old style of sea-fighting, in which Nelson and Collingwood and Hull and Decatur, and other brave captains, won their fadeless laurels, appear ten smaller sketches, representing modern inventions and incidents of our war, which cannot fail to please and instruct the careful student.

The first of these lesser pictures recalls the attacks that were long ago made on Fort Moultrie, by the U. S. ironclad frigate, the New Ironsides. The fort is a relic of the Revolution of 1776, and was named after the gallant Gen. Moultrie, who fought for liberty, in that illustrious contest. Its evacuation, by Major, now General Anderson, when he removed his command to Fort Sumter, will be recalled by every reader. It proved troublesome, when Gilmore was attacking the defences of Charleston, and so the New Ironsides was deputed to silence it, which she did, after several severe conflicts. This vessel is built of wood, but iron plated on the sides, and, at the ends is protected by iron bulkheads. It is a remarkable and agreeable fact that no man was ever killed on board of her.

The second sketch depicts our wooden fleet, passing the forts in Mobile Bay. This was one of the achievements of stout old Admiral Farragut, who has demonstrated that wooden ships are still mighty, if guided and governed by an iron mind. His attack on the forts in Mobile bay, it will be remembered, was made August last, on the 23d of which month Fort Mor surrendered. He had previously, in the same fearless manner, led his wooden fleet past the forts below New Orleans, and the batteries before Port Hudson. Another of this series, the seventh, represents the attack made by his flagship, the Hartford, and her coadjutors, upon the rebel iron-clad Tennessee, in Mobile Bay. There was something comic as well as daring in this unprecedented victory of wood over iron. The Tennessee was one of the strongest rams in the rebel fleet, but she was on this occasion surrounded by wooden vessels, and so butted, first by one foe and then by another, that she could not hold a direct course towards anything—in which plight she was sorely battered by the Admiral's guns, and at last conquered.

Sketch No. 3 shows the style of mortar boats, used more extensively in the earlier part of the war than at present, to aid in reducing rebel batteries on the Western rivers. These mortar boats are large wooden rafts, the gunners on board which are protected by suitable walls of defance. They were, we remember, used with especial effect in the bombardment of Island No. 10.

Several other styles of Western war vessels are represented in the 4th sketch, which preserves the most popular models of Western ironclads, and shows how these "dogs of war" are "let slip" in combat. Such vessels are technically described as case-mated river gunboats.

In the early part of the war, or when the iron fever began to rage in naval architicture, two steamers, the Queen of the West and the Monarch, were straightway converted into rams, and were so handled, before Memphis, as to win great advantages to the Union cause. Our 5th illustration represents one of these improvised rams attacking rebel gunboats in the Mississippi river, off Memphis, Tenn. The rebel gunboats had advanced to protect that city, and were immediately attacked and beaten back by the U. S. fleet, under Admiral Foote. Our force subsequently occupied Memphis. This victory was one of many similar incidents which marked the victorious progress of our naval forces down the Mississippi, to meet and co-operate with Farragut.

A different and a sadder incident is commemorated in the next picture, which shows the fate of the U. S. frigate Cumberland and other vessels, which were destroyed in Hampton Roads, on March 8, 1862, by the rebel ram Merrimac, which came out from Norfolk to do her work of ruin, but which, when penned up at last, and liable to capture, was destroyed by her rebel owners. The victories achieved by this ironclad first demonstrated the superiority of iron over wooden walls.

The torpedo boat, depicted in sketch No. 8, is, we believe, a rebel invention, and is designed, not only for launching torpedoes, but for removing obstructions from channels. The practical working of the torpedo boat is illustrated in our 10th sketch, which shows the destruction of the Housatonic by a rebel torpedo. The incident is a memorable one in the history of the war. The Housatonic was employed on the blockade of Charleston, and occupied an inside position. Under cover of the darkness, three corageous rebels put forth in a little torpedo boat, and succeeded in launching a torpedo beneath her, which blew up and destroyed her. Two of the adventurers made their escape, and were duly fêted by their comrades in Charleston. The other was captured. Our readers will recognise, in this exploit a similarity to the recent daring achievement of Lieut. Cushing in blowing up the Albemarle.

A particularly interesting sketch, which points the contrast between the old and new styles of naval warfare, is that numbered 9, representing the combat between the U. S. monitor Weehawken and the rebel ram Atlanta, which took place, nearly two years ago, in the waters of Georgia. The Atlanta had sailed out, accompanied by two steamboat loads of ladies and gentlemen of the rebel persuasion, to witness the discomfiture of the Yankees. She was met by the Weehawken and another monitor, and so speedily disabled by the former that the latter had not time to join in the fray. The spectators carried back the news of her surrender to the rebels.

The completeness and accuracy of this series of illustrations will be recognised at once by the critical observer, who will herein be enabled to appreciate, at a glance, the condition, peculiarities and efficacy of the most perfect navy in the world.

LAUNCH OF THE U. S. MONITOR CAMANCHE.

We present, on page 245, a sketch of the launch of this vessel, the first ironclad, we believe, ever launched in the waters of the Pacific. It is possible, indeed, that Peru may have set afloat a gunboat; but we incline to the belief that California is first in the field—of ocean. The Camanche was launched on the 14th November, at the foot of 3d street, in San Francisco. An immense concourse of spectators, on the adjacent wharves, and on board yachts and other vessels in the stream, witnessed the exciting spectacle. Bands of music were, as usual, in attendance, and altogether the occasion was one of agreeable festivity. The Camanche was built at San Francisco, of materials shipped thither, in the Aquila, from Jersey City, which vessel sunk in the harbor of the Golden City, in a heavy gale of wind. The pieces of the Camanche, however, were, of course, recovered, and she now floats in stately beauty over what was once her watery grave.

A Wise Woman, and Timely Repentance.—In the life of Dr. Raffles, just published, the following story was told in connection with a preaching journey in 1814. On our way from Wem to Hawkestone we passed a house, of which Mr. Lee told me the following story:

"A young lady, the daughter of the owner of the house, was addressed by a man, who, though agreeable to her, was disliked by her father. Of course he would not consent to their union, and they determined to elope. The night was fixed, the hour came; he placed the ladder to the window, and in a few minutes she was in his arms. They mounted a double horse, and were seen at some distance from the house. After a while the lady broke silence by saying:

"Well, you see what a proof I have given you of my affection; I hope you will make a good husband."

He was a surly fellow, and gruffly answered:

"Perhaps I may, and perhaps not."

She made him no reply, but, after a silence of several minutes, she suddenly exclaimed:

"Oh, what shall we do? I have left my money behind me in my room."

"Then," said he, "we must go back and fetch it."

They were soon again at the house, the ladder was again placed, the lady remounted, while the ill-natured lover waited below. But she delayed to come, and so he gently called:

"Are you coming?" when she looked out of the window and said:

"Perhaps I may, and perhaps not;" then shut down the window, and left him to return upon the double horse alone.

In allusion to the appointment of Hon. James Speed, of Kentucky, to succeed Attorney-General Bates, an exchange asks if Speed in the cabinet will hasten the termination of the war.

1. New Ironsides attacking Fort Moultrie. 2. Wooden Fleet passing Forts at Mobile. 3. Mortar Boats. 4. Western River Ironclads. 5. Improvised Ram, made of a Western Steamboat. 6. The Merrimac Sinking the Cumberland, off Newport News. 7. The U. S. Hartford fighting the Rebel Ram Tennessee, at Mobile, Ala. 8. Torpedo Boat removing Obstructions. 9. Fight between U. S. Monitor Weehawken and Rebel Ram Atlanta, off Savannah. 10. Rebel Torpedo Boat blowing up U. S. Sloop-of-war Housatonic. 11. Old style of naval warfare. Wooden ships in action—yard-arm to yard-arm. Boarding.

NAVAL ARCHITECTURE AND NAVAL WARFARE, PAST AND PRESENT.—By F. H. SCHELL.

ON TRANSLATING THE DIVINA COMMEDIA.

BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

GET have I seen, at some cathedral-door,
A laborer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter, and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his prayer nor more nor less;
Far off the noise of the world without;
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.
So, as I entered here from the profane day,
And leave my burden at this minster-gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The turmoil of life dies dim and remote
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.

Atlantic Monthly.

THE PAINTED ROOM AT BLACKSTON MANOR.

IT was four years ago, during the Christmas of 1859, that I received my nephew's invitation to pass a month with him at Blackston Manor. Blackston Manor is in Gloucestershire; and the old house and he old estate had been long the property of my nephew's family. I was at Brighton when my nephew's note, enclosed in a much longer letter from his wife, Mrs. Berkeley, reached me; and I long hesitated as to what answer I should make. I had not long returned from a sojourn of two years on the continent, and I enjoyed the quiet comforts of my own house at Kemp Town too much to be very desirous to leave it. However, I felt a sincere affection for Arthur Berkeley, who had once been a fine high-spirited boy, and the torment of my existence, and he was, after all, my nearest living relation. Allie Chilworth, my own stock, were dead and gone, leaving me a lonely old maid—rich, but solitary. The nephew of whom I was now to pay a visit was a married man, and it was no secret that I had made my will in favor of his two daughters, my godchildren, Lucy and Jane, my own name losing the carriage of the estate nearer to my kin, and conveyed myself, my maid and my trunks to the Manor, which lies about eight miles off among the hills.

It was Christmas Eve—as well as I can recollect, about an hour before dinner—that I arrived at my nephew's home. I was pretty enough received; but it was an unpleasant surprise to find that the house was very full of company, that my room—the one in which we always spoken of as Aunt Chilworth's room—was occupied, and that the greatest perplexity prevailed as to where and how I should be lodged.

"It was all that unlucky letter of yours that went astray, which misled us, aunt," said my nephew, laughing. "The post office authorities or little was now-a-days, that I am certain they thought your big seal, with the Chilworth quarterings, covered something worth the taking. At any rate, we feared you had thrown us over; and it was lucky that, when your note arrived to-day, I chanced to be here to send off the carriage to meet you. All the rest were out, not returned yet from the dancing *déjeuner*, as they choose to call it, at Lord Hawkhurst's; and in fact, they have not been back above half an hour or so."

On her side, Mrs. Berkeley seemed really distressed at the *contretemps* that had occurred. "Dear Miss Chilworth," she said, as she pressed me down into the warmest seat by the fire, "how sorry I am, to be sure, that we should not have had your letter. What can he done? The Padmores have got your room; and old Lady Padmore is so dreadfully fidgety and chimney, and the room has a south aspect, and how to get her out of it now—G Lucy, do come to the rescue!"

And Maria called her eldest daughter, who is the cleverer of the two, and who was passing by that moment, to the help I had long since formulated conference, of which only one or two broken expressions reached me.

"The vinaigrette downstairs, too."—"Never heard of it."—"The very person of all others."—"The only thing I can think of."—"North-west; I can see the smoke from the keeper's house where I stand."

All these scraps of speech were uttered by my great niece and godchild, Lucy Berkeley, who was evidently urging something that her mother seemed to entertain with considerable repugnance. Presently Lucy, who was getting impatient, as I could tell by the quick tapping of her pretty foot on the floor, spoke again.

"Northwest, and on Tuesday the Padmores go, and you could move her. And for my part, I believe it's all a pack of nonsense; and there's the first dressing-bell."

And off went the active girl like a fawn. Mrs. Berkeley came back to me, and with a profusion of civil speeches and smiling regrets, rather awkwardly delivered, told me that she had thought of a room which I would, perhaps, kindly consent to occupy until Sir Joseph and Lady Padmore should depart. This room was a large and not uncomfortable one, but it lay in an out-of-the-way part of the house, and was not often used. It had a northerly aspect, but luckily the weather was warm for the time of year. Gray—that was the housekeeper—would be most careful that every article of bedding should be well aired, and so forth. In the midst of which excuses, Maria conducted me to the apartment of which she spoke. A housemaid running quickly up to light the fire, and my maid Jessop following.

The room was in the west wing, the oldest portion of the manor-house, and that which was surmounted by the clock turret. It was shut off by a great iron door from the rest of the house, so that I doubt if I had ever explored it. It contained only storerooms, and linen presses, and limestone, and had been boldly modernized as the new proposed that I should occupy. A large and handsome room, after all, with three deep, old-fashioned bay-windows, looking out over the park and the wild hills beyond. I was pleased with the appearance of the room, and could scarcely comprehend the necessity for the annoyance which we had been made for pleasing me in quarters so comfortable. It faced the north to be sure, but I was no consumptive lady, to dread a few northern exposure, and there was no other drawback that I could perceive.

"I ought to say—to mention," said my nephew's wife, speaking in a low voice and in a hesitating manner, "that—that the room has rarely been occupied since—since—that it has got a silly prejudice against it. But if you do not object"—

"Of course not," said I decisively. By this time the fire, piled with logs of wood, gave forth a great wood fire, with brass and irons terminating in heads of ovenes, the Berkeley crest; and Jessop had unpacked my dressing-case and the room I had chosen. Jessop knew my ways, and was well aware that I should stay where I was. I am one of those who hate change of countenance, and more than once it has been my fortune to occupy some room which the owners of the house considered as haunted, and which I was also like, nor had my slumbers ever been in the least disturbed in consequence of my temerity. Those apartments had been large, gloomy, cadaverous chambers, with huge fourpost beds, enclosed by a mass of funereal draperies, and heavy, gloomy furniture, suggestive of nothing but death. This was a pretty room, panelled with a shining foreign wood of a light color, and with a ceiling on which some allegory in fat Cupids and clouds was dimmed by time, had been painted. On the walls were two or three Venice mirrors, that would have fetched a high price at a London auction; and several family portraits, very carefully executed in the style of Loly, and perhaps by one of that courtly artist's own pupils. The bed was very roomy, and high off the floor, and rose so low, being rather small, claw-footed, and made of ebony, carved with much patience and toil; while the curtains were of a rich, dull, crimson silk, elaborately embroidered with embossed flowers and scroll-work in silk of many hues.

"What a pretty room!" I could not help saying; "and indeed the whole of the furniture shows marks of Parisian taste in the Louis XIV. style. But I wonder why it is that I have been about to be misled; and here is some gold-leaf still untarnished on the tester of the bed. I am certain this room was fitted for a lady, and for the same bride of former days. It bears the stamp of a lady's taste."

To my surprise, my harmless remark only seemed to increase Maria's nervousness.

"I believe so; I believe it was as you say," she answered, absently. "How can we think about lady Padmore! But it is only for a few nights. Here come the men with your luggage, and Jessop will not wait—and—and—Dear me, there is the second dinner-bell!"

Mrs. Berkeley really seemed glad of the excuse for getting away. She left me to my own reflections, and has been long in my service, and therefore knows that I do not approve of being entertained with the idle gossip and reports from the still-room and servants-hall. It is not often that I encourage her to talk; but on this occasion, as she was laying out my dress, and I sat before the dressing-me for dinner, I could see by her compressed lips that she was eager to communicate something, and that only my presence could leave. Just as I drew on my gloves, I happened to say:

"By-the-bye, Jessop, where are you to sleep? Near me?"

"Heaven forbid!" burst from the woman's lips (Jessop's against me, well, I am sure; but she begged my pardon most humbly the instant after; and as the dinner-bell was now clanging noisily on the third floor, I took no further notice of her singular remark, and hurried downstairs, where already most of the company had gathered in the great drawing-room of Blackston Manor, very brilliant of guests, and very different people they were to the steady old family friends whom I had left there on my visit to Brighton.

The Padmores, and one or two of the old set, came forward to greet me; but most of the visitors were perfect strangers—county families, clergians, London dandies, women of fashion, and high-spirited lively girls, whose very talk and laughter made quite a change in the rather dull old house.

It was a gay party indeed that my nephew had gathered about him; and the last Christmas that he had been to London for the last season, and to dorman balls and English bathing-places for his numerous circle of friends, and a number of fashionable friends, some of whom, with young Arthur's brother-officers, had consented to come down and celebrate Christmas.

For my part, I preferred old fashions and well-remembered faces, and I felt myself rather bewildered when suddenly launched into the midst of this frolicsome company. Arthur was attentive to his old aunt, and tried to make her feel at ease; but I could see that he was warned me of the change that had come over the old manor-house.

"You see, aunt Lucy," said Arthur to me, when he came into the drawing-room after dinner, and walked up to the little table where I was turning over the pages of an album, "you see, last time you were down here, the girls—Lucy and Jane—were children, and Arthur had not put on scarlet; but now we're bound to see more company, and knock about the world more. I'm the children's sake, than we did. Maria and I would never have cared for all those new dances, you know, but for them."

It could not help smiling as I told Arthur that in my opinion he enjoyed the merry-making quite as much as his son and daughters. My heart softened towards him as I remembered his bright and joyful face when I used to tease me, and how he came to me whenever my mood occurred, or was in a scrape, with, "Oh, aunt Lucy, do help me!" I loved him as my own baby sister's only child—very dearly; and his children should have had all I have to leave, but for what I am going to relate.

There were to be amateur theatricals, the next week, in the great library—a fine room that Arthur had built—and Lucy, the elder, had added to the house, and which was now in the possession of sundry carpenters and a few stage-manager from London. And on this particular evening, Christmas-eve, a "dress rehearsal," as they were pleased to call it, was to take place. Of these theatricals I had heard something from the actors retired to dress for the rehearsal. It was late before the rehearsal took place, and when it was over I was glad to go to bed.

The bedroom—the Painted Room they called it, on account of its ceiling—looked still prettier and more habitable than before, with a good fire of wood fire, and the gleam of the wax lights on dressing-table and chimney-piece. It was a relief to me to have escaped the Babel of chattering tongues below; from compliments to my niece Lucy on her performance, or to Jane on her dashing Spanish dress, and the flirtations going on, and, above all, from hearing half-a-dozen young ladies simperingly praise Captain Spurrier's capital acting. Upon the latter point I could not agree. I believe—was my aversion; a big, bold man, with a handsome ruby face, and no small opinion of himself. Jessop, by the by, had remarked, and said to be in league to spoil the captain, and to make him vaster in the way, by commending his riding, which displeased me, and was out of place. He was the star of the amateur stage at Blackston Manor; his acting was rewarded by rears of laughter and applause, and I had a fancy that he was not peculiarly attentive to my eldest niece, Lucy, who was the best of the lady performers, as he of the gentlemen. I had not been long downstairs before an instinctive dislike to that sort of man, whose free-and-easy manners contrast so forcibly with the shy and retiring gentleness of which I had led the fashion in my young days, or it may have been because I rather fancied the person in question was paying court to my favorite niece, but in any case I felt how disagreeable it would be to me if Lucy were to become Mrs. Spurrier.

I had placed the lamp at the side of this, and of much more, for although I had been one of the first to retire from the gay scene downstairs, I was not sorry for the party to go to bed. I am long in a great armchair, dressed in my night-cap, with its thick logs, glowing red and white, the fire at about one, its heaps of crimson embers, its dark rose of bitter coal, which the tongues of flame coiled like subtle serpents, and the fanshey hearthrug of white ashes that encircled all. My reflections made the most delightful kind of gold, and as the glare rose and fell, the wyverns' heads actually seemed to be alive.

My fancy was pleased to wander off to the odd behavior of Jessop, my maid. I had said nothing particular to her while she was brushing out my hair, and had left her, as usual, after I had had a good-night to those below. Nor had she—Jessop —volunteered any explanation of her very singular and impertinent remark, and never before, during when I had asked her if she was to sleep near me; but she had a contrite air, and was unusually attentive to my wishes, and to make amends for what had occurred. Nor did I demand the motive of her remark. I am not a hard mistress, though I am particular, and I expect obedience; and as Jessop was a good servant, and had carried my good opinion, so I preferred to pass over a little slip of the tongue than to scold her. But though Jessop was as mute as woman could be, I once or twice caught sight of her face in the mirror when she was not aware that I saw her, and was almost startled at the curious pitying looks with which she was eyeing me by stealth. As soon, however, as she perceived that the reflection of my eyes, all her pression faded out of her face, and she went about her duties with the silent regularity of an automaton. When my hair was done, Jessop hovered about the door, fidgeting in an odd way, and apparently anxious to speak, but not venturing to do so unless asked, in a subdued and modest manner, if that was all I wanted, her voice was broken and tremulous, and she lingered in an unusual way. I told her that I had no wish, and her slope go slowly, reluctantly, dragging along the passage, and then I heard the soft closing of the green baize door that shut off the west wing. Not another living creature slept there but myself.

Now, I am not a coward, though no braver than most women are. I have been one of those most timid women who are frightened, so to speak, at their own shadows, and I required to be face to face with a living danger before I could summon faith in its existence; and yet I confess, that when Jessop left me alone in that room, a sick fear of something unknown, before I could see or me, like the contact of some noisome reptile, and I half rose from my chair, and was on the point of calling for Jessop to come back. But shame restrained me. I was angry with my own weakness for being thus afraid, when no cause for fear had as yet existed. I would rather have had that than a sense of shrinking, a craving and need for human companionship, which I had never before felt so strongly, coupled with a repugnance to the Painted Room, such as I had never experienced towards any other chamber, however mean or incommodious. I was ashamed to call out, and vexed with myself for wishing to do so, and yet I listened regretfully to the sound of my maid's footfall as she passed down the short corridor, and started afresh as the heavy baize door shut with a muffled sound, cutting me off from the world, as it seemed.

What, after all, was amiss with the room? It was a pretty room, as I had said when first I saw it. It was warm, and there was wood enough within reach of my hand to keep the fire up almost until breakfast-time. The bed was certainly not damp; it had been most carefully aired under the personal supervision of the painstaking old housekeeper. And as for the solitary situation, what, after all, mattered it? I was but stranded beneath the same roof with sixty or seventy persons. I had but to ring the bell, either that at the bedhead, or one of those beside the fireplace, and some servant would quickly answer the summons. I was no worse off in the west wing of Blackston Manor, than at home at Brighton, as far as security went.

Then I picked up a candle, and made a fresh survey of the apartment. What elaborate work, in some forgotten stitch, the dainty embossed leaves and flowers of the hrocaded curtains presented! I pitied the eyes and fingers of the unfortunate lady who had wrought them, whose eyes, over which the lids were closed long ago—supple fingers, that had moulded to dust generations since. And as I held the candle to the pretty spoiled child of a bride, whatever were her name, or the date of her wedding, for whom this costly bower had been prepared, I heard a low moaning. I wondered, or had also lived to be old, and gray, and wrinkled, like myself; and I glanced aside at the mirror, and was at once struck by the ghost of my own young face; and I sighed again, and continued my inspection of the room. The pictures, I knew, were by Loly, and represented, as I had guessed dim like the sprawling allegory on the ceiling, but were fresh and distinct. One was the portrait of a young and handsome woman of eight or nine years of age, with a kitten in her arms; two represented handsome young women in white satin dresses, and with powdered heads. Was one of them the bride? I wonder. In any case, they were much alike, save in the color of the hair; and both in the full bare dress of the carmine lips, the peachy cheeks, the ringlets, the soft, soulless prettiness that pleased the taste of the ladies Elizabeth Priscilla, I could see much smaller picture, but one which I gazed upon with an interest that surprised myself.

It was a boy painting; what the French call a "pastel," set in an oval frame. I expressed a boy, a mere stripling, with a graceful face shadow of a fair, young beard, a Spanish hat, and a Spanish face, one would have said, to match, with its peculiar expression of pride and power; but the rest of the dress was English, the plain dress and gabled roof in the background were English too. It was, as I have said, a boy's likeness, and so the form was less developed, the arms of the hand less marked than would have been the case in after life; but there was plenty of individuality about it. The swarthy cheek, the dark eyes, the full lips, the proud and haughty curves of the mouth, told their own tale of strong passions and stern nature. So my surprise, this portrait seemed to be familiar to me. It was a face that I had never seen it before, and yet I knew the face, though not as one seems to know and recognize the countenance of a friend. After a thought and thought, cudgelling my brains with a pertinacity such as we more often display in trifles than in those of real moment, I at last remembered that the portrait resembled another and much larger picture, that hung in the yellow drawing-room at Kemp Town, and which I had frequently seen in my poor sister's lifetime, and more rarely during my subsequent visits. That, too, was a family portrait, and I had never known to which of the dead Berkeleys it belonged; and it represented a handsome, melancholy-looking boy, who had brought up as the ward of King Charles's or King James's lifeguards. It was just such a face as would have been that of the boy painted in the smaller picture. It was a skilful artist had limned it in a more conventional style. And once I had heard my brother-in-law Berkeley speak of the portrait of some old cavalier had once been high-sheriff of Gloucestershire, it seemed—but that was all I knew about the matter.

Why the identification of the stripling, whose likeness hung on my wall, with the remote ancestor of the Berkeleys, whose portrait hovered from the canvas below stairs, should have discomposed my unsteady nerves still more, I cannot tell. But I was so. I had a strange emotional process, connecting my strange dislike to the Painted Room with the smouldering coal picture. I had a fancy that I should follow my nerves, and, as the phrase is, "get out of myself," and if I could do so, the ghost of a good portrait are apt to do, and they appeared to convey a more than human expression of scorn and malignity to the large, dark face. Half angry with myself, I averted my own eyes, and tried to turn my thoughts into some other channel. I stepped from the fire, opened a trunk, took out my desk and a book; drew forth from the desk several letters, as yet unanswered, and, having dipped the pen in the ink to supersue and answer this budget of correspondence. An hour or two passed thus, but my efforts were not very successful. It is true that I succeeded in guiding my thoughts to scenes far, far away from the Manor-house, but of what I would, read or write, my meditations soon returned to the Painted Room. Why did I loathe it? as I now owned to myself that I did. And why had my first impression of entering the room been pleasurable, changing into vague dread and dislike when Jessop left me? At last the idea flashed upon me, that it was when I was

first left alone in the Painted Room, without human companionship, that the repugnance which I felt had fallen upon me like a shadow.

Alone! Was I a child, to shun solitude? I had never before felt what I felt then. The scratching of my pen on the paper, the ticking of my watch and that of the French clock on the chimneypiece annoyed me. The stillness and hush of the dead, deep night, at the hours when sleepers slumber the soundest, were upon Blackston Manor, and there was nothing to be heard but the low sobbing moan of the wind without, the rustle of the pages which I kept turning and folding, the tick of the timepiece, and the feeble crackling of the waning fire. I looked up often from my writing in a nervous, sudden manner; now peering at the mirror, as if I expected to see a ghastly face reflected in its blank surface; now glancing over my shoulder into dark corners, where the curtains fell in heavy folds. Always I looked reluctantly at the portrait, and always the menacing eyes seemed to watch me. I got up at last, and turned the picture round, face to the wall, and then I retired to rest, first locking my door, then—I am almost ashamed to own it—going round the room, tapping every square foot of wainscot for secret doors and sliding panels, and doing my best to discover if any means of ingress existed, unknown to me. But I found nothing; the old woodwork appeared guiltless of harboring any private device of the kind I half feared, half hoped to discover.

As I had expected, sleep did not come at once. I lay long, as it seemed to me, listening to the faint sound of the cooling embers, as they faded from scarlet to pink, from pink to yellow, and then fell tinkling into heaps of white ashes. As the firelight diminished to a mere flicker of pale radiance, I remember twice glancing at the tall Venice mirror, as if I more than expected to see on its black surface the reflection of the nameless fear that lay heavy on my heart. But I saw nothing. Presently sleep came, a light, perturbed sleep, full of uneasy, broken dreams, from which I awoke suddenly, and with a cry, or a struggling, gasping effort to cry aloud, such as we are all sometimes conscious of when suffering in the helpless torture of dream existence. I awoke—awoke to find the the fire, that had smouldered to the lowest pitch before I slept, burning brightly, so brightly as to fill the whole chamber with a blood-red light, that crimsoned the walls, and made the portraits quiver and stir, in appearance, as if the pictured forms were about to come down from the canvas and tread the floor, as the originals had done, centuries ago.

But it was not the firelight, ruddy and leaping, that made my heart bound up like some terrified thing in presence of a pitiless foe, and then stop its beating for an instant; it was that, as I looked out between the curtains that nearly closed at the foot of the bed, I saw a dark form between me and the blazing logs, seated before the hearth, watching the fire. The figure of a tall and powerful man, muffled, rather than wrapped, in something ample and dark, but bareheaded, and sitting in an attitude of moody carelessness, with his head resting on his hand, and his elbow on his knee, his face towards the fire; that was all I could see. No statue was ever stiller. He did not move in the least, but sat more like an effigy of a man carved out of stone than a creature of flesh and blood. And yet there was something in this immobility that alarmed me more than tongue could tell, for I felt that the Presence before me was the embodiment of the fear and hate which I felt towards the room in which such a midnight visitant appeared.

Gradually I rallied my courage and faculties, and with a silent prayer to heaven, in case the form before me should really belong to the powers of evil, I gazed long and steadily at the intruder. I closed my eyes, and reopened them, to test the fact whether I were still asleep or not. No, I was broad awake, and the room was bathed in lurid light, and there sat the creature, fiend or man, or shadow of what was once a man, before the fire. All I could see was the oak-backed chair, the loose blackness of the muffling garment, the outline of the figure, the head stooped forward and resting on one hand, in the attitude I have described before. How I trembled as I glanced at the Venice mirror, fancying that in it the averted face of the intruder might be visible. It was not so; and I could see nothing on the dark smoothness of the glass but a glow as of a carbuncle, where the firelight fell upon it. I should think an hour must have passed thus.

What my crowded hurrying thoughts and sensations were during that hour, I scarcely care to remember. Strange to say, I never for an instant apprehended personal harm from the swart, shadowy figure between me and the blazing fire. I felt sure that to inflict actual bodily injury upon a human being would be beyond the power of the most malignant thing that ever haunted human dwelling. But I dreaded the moment when the Figure should turn and show me features—who knew how terrible or hideous; perhaps a face of blasted beauty, scarred by the lightning, and writhing with baffled passions; perhaps a countenance monstrous and foul in lineament and expression. Or should I merely have to encounter the livid face and stony eyeballs of a dead man? The Figure sat like a stone.

As the fire sank and the light lessened, a new idea seized me. I might be the victim of a trick; a base, cowardly, heartless trick, no doubt, but one which some unscrupulous persons might have found a cruel sport in practising. Perhaps this dark form was merely that of some masquerading reveller of the merry party gathered in the house, and his confederates, for aught I knew, were laughing over the result of the wager in some distant room. I remembered that I had seen Lucy and Captain Spurrier, and two or three more, giggling and whispering together in a corner, as they looked towards me; and I began to suspect that a plot had been hatched to frighten the old maiden aunt by a mock apparition, and that I had been placed in that room on purpose that my nerves might be more easily shaken. Certainly the form before the fire bore no slight resemblance to the stalwart figure of Captain Spurrier himself; it had the same height and martial breadth of shoulder, the same careless grace; and the dark curled locks, dimly seen, might well have been the captain's.

The idea that Captain Spurrier, in some theatrical garb or other, had been encouraged to enter my room by some secret door that had escaped my research, but which was known to the household, to excite my terrors for the diversion of the jest-loving younger members of the company, and notably of my nieces, had the effect of changing my chilly dread into hot anger. I started at the notion, and was about to address him in no indulgent manner, when—when I suddenly remembered that a lady, under the circumstances of the case, could scarcely speak with dignity.

It was not alone the fact of wearing a nightcap which caused the indignant words to die away on my lips: it was not even the recollection that, though I do not dye my hair, a portion of it is—well, is due to the friendly aid of Mr. Truefitt, and that at night my appearance might differ from what it usually was by day—it was not, I say, these reflections that made me give up my purpose, though they certainly made me hesitate to speak, when suddenly all desire to upbraid passed away from my mind; for the Figure, motionless hitherto, stirred at last, and half rising, with a heavy sigh, began slowly to pile wood upon the sinking fire.

Horror! it was the original of the portrait; there was no mistaking the identity. Even the loose, heavy outer garment which he wore, and which seemed to be what, in the Stuart days, was called a horseman's coat, could not conceal the supple strength of the frame it covered. The proud, well-set head, with its dark curls, was now distinctly visible in the red glow of the firelight. My anger died away, a chill shiver ran through me, my brain reeled, yet I did not faint, but gazed steadily at the figure before me. There was no indication that the intruder knew or cared for my presence. Slowly, and in a moody way, he proceeded to replenish the fire. The strong, cruel-looking fingers of the white hand grasped the logs one by one, poised them for a moment, and then tossed them, like victims to a holocaust, upon the red-hot embers. There is much character in hands; they tell tales of their owner, when the face has been drilled into a mere mask; and those muscular white hands were just such as I could fancy closing, murderous, on the slender throat of a young wife—just such as I could imagine would gripe hard upon the hilt of a dagger—cruel, soft hands. The fire burned up, and the hands were beheld no more; there was nothing to be seen but the dark cloak and the dark curls of the stately head, bowed under a weight of thought. Hours passed thus. Once or twice the Figure stirred; and then it seemed to me that I could hear, with an ear sharpened to a painful intensity of sensation, twice repeated, the faint ring and clash of a spur-rowel, once the harsh clank of a sword. But I saw nothing more than the loose blackness of the mantling garment, and the red glimmer of the fire on the black curls of the bent down head.

What I suffered, while the fire crackled and hissed as if it mocked me, and while the red carbuncle glowed like a goblin eye in the midst of the smooth dark oval of the Venice glass, I scarcely like to think of, even now. There were times when I could have shrieked aloud, have called for aid; anything, anything to make that impassive form move again from its dreary attitude of sullen brooding patience; anything to cause the awful face, with all its pride, and gloom, and bitter anguish of remorse, to turn and front me, so that I might know the worst, the very worst, and die or go mad, if so it must be, of sheer terror, but not wait longer in the suspense that was worse than death. But the Figure never turned, never stirred, save slightly, and then I heard the low sounds of spur and sword clanking and rattling on the hearthstone—that accursed, mournful hearthstone, that had witnessed the evil deeds done in the dim past.

And then I slept. I had felt the drowsy stupor coming on; I had striven and fought against it; my very fear of being helpless in the room with the Thing before the fire had resisted, passionately resisted, the weight that pressed upon my weary eyelids. But the dull, blank force of sleep at length overpowered me.

Quickly after, I awoke with a start and a cry of blind fear; but in the next moment, I remembered all. Fearfully, my eyes sought the hearth. The cold gray morning light was stealing feebly in through the unshuttered windows. The chair was empty; the Figure was gone. Timidly, agony-stricken, I looked around, but there was nothing to be seen. I sprang from my pillow; but instantly afterwards, I fell back with a deathly thrill of faintness. Was he, was It lurking in some shadowy corner of that hateful room? and should I meet the face of my Fear, did I dare to trespass on its domain? I waited, and waited. How slowly did the sickly, pale winter's morning become day! The room was still half dark, when, by a great effort, I contrived to rise; and throwing on a wrapper that hung near the bed, lit a candle, and explored every yard of the room. But no grim vision confronted me. All the relics of my nocturnal terror were the displaced armchair, the pile of wood diminished to a few scattered logs, and the fire, a few faint red sparks of which gleamed among charred stumps and mountains of feathery white ashes. Yes, one thing more, a footprint, the print of a man's heavy boot, stamped among the white ashes that lay, powdery and delicate, on the hearth!

How I stared at that footprint, and with what quick alarm I glanced over my shoulder, as if I feared to see the dark haunter of the chamber at my elbow, I remember well. But fear soon gave place to anger, as I thought of Captain Spurrier, of my niece's mischievous laughter, of the polite ridicule of the suspected conspirators. A trick, a trick—cruel, selfish, inhospitable, but cunningly devised. Captain Spurrier! And I was to be their butt, then, the object of a jest, such as has cost life or reason to many. They were to enjoy my terrors, my confession of fear; to receive my story with mirth and derision, or perhaps hypocritically to condole with "dear aunt Chilworth." Yes, the traitors had contrived all very nicely; but—

A knock. Jessop with the hot water. She was surprised to find the door locked; and she almost screamed as she caught sight of my ghastly white and haggard eyes, when I admitted her. But my voice did not tremble much when I bade Jessop instantly go to the village, and hire a chaise, a fly, anything, to come as quickly as the horses could be harnessed to the manor-house, to take me away to the D—— Station.

"What! this morning, ma'am? Christmas Day!" faltered the woman.

"Instantly! Do you hear? Instantly!" was all I could say, as I sank down in a chair, and waved her away, as she sought to approach me with some common-place regrets and fears that I must be ill. Jessop saw that I would be obeyed, and she left the room; but I suppose a carriage was hard to find, for it was an hour or more before she came back. I was dressed, and came down at the first sound of wheels, with my wraps on, ready. But some rumor of my strange resolve had spread over the house, for Maria and the girls came running down while I was still in the hall. Mrs. Berkeley and her daughters had evidently hurried their toilet; but the fly-door was open, and my foot on the step, before Lucy bounded out and caught me by the hand. Her hair was loose; there was a look of wonder in her eyes, and she said quite breathlessly:

"Oh, aunt, aunt Lucy, what is all this?"

But I was not going to be duped again. I could not believe my niece innocent of gross cruelty and disrespect; and I did not, and could not forgive her that night of torture and terror. By this time Jane and her mother had come up, loud in inquiry and protest. I gave them no other answer than a cold reproachful look, and a few stiff words of thanks for the hospitality of Blackston Manor, of which I had experienced enough, and on which I would no longer trespass; and shaking off the hands which, with mock friendliness, strove to maintain me, I got into the fly, while Jossop mounted the box, and the driver made the best of his way to D—— Station. The last words that I heard were spoken by Jane:

"I told you how it would be, Lucy. Didn't I, mama? She's seen the ghost; and look! the wind has changed: it's due south, and—"

But the fly was in motion, and I heard no more. I went home to Brighton, and for many days was under the doctor's hands; for though I bore up bravely at the time, my nerves had been fearfully shaken, nor have I ever thoroughly recovered my repose of mind and body.

I sent for my lawyer, destroyed my old will, and made another, properly and formally executed in every detail. None of the Berkeleys will touch a sixpence of my property under that will, nor will I ever alter the present disposition of what I have to leave. My nephew Arthur was at Brighton eight hours after me; but I was much too ill to see him, nor did I choose to grant him an interview during the days he remained in the town, having neither strength nor wish for a painful scene. The squire, Mrs. Berkeley, and Lucy all wrote me long letters of explanation and affected regret. The burden of them all was the same—namely, that the Painted Room—that in which the wicked sheriff murdered his young wife, on a suspicion, just or unjust, that she was false to her vows—was reputed to be haunted; but the apparition was reported, traditionally, to be only visible when the wind was southerly. The wind, when I arrived, had been north, and likely to remain in that quarter. I was ignorant of the legend; the superstition was only half believed in; the house was crammed with guests; and hence—so they said—the unfortunate selection of that chamber for me. They should always regret and deplore, &c.—the rather that my distress and departure had thrown a gloom over the manor-house at what should have been a time of especial happiness, just when an engagement had been concluded between dear Lucy and Captain Spurrier, eldest son of Sir Percival Spurrier. I had no patience to read more. The dowries of Lucy and Jane Berkeley will never be derived from any bequest of her they have insulted and trifled with—their Aunt Chilworth.

Eastward from Atlanta.—From Atlanta to Augusta by railroad is 171 miles. From Augusta to Charleston, 137 miles. From Atlanta to Macon, 101 miles. From Macon to Savannah, 191 miles. From Augusta to Savannah, 120 miles. The country from Atlanta towards Augusta is quite rolling, and in places, rocky, with plenty of small streams and springs, and abundance of wood and forage for an army. It is a well settled farming country. There are but few swamps, and the roads generally are good. The country between Augusta and Charleston is not as good as towards Atlanta. Part of it is inhabited by poor "sandhillers," and part of it is very sparsely inhabited. From Branchville—the point where the railroads from Augusta and Columbia unite—to Charleston, 62 miles, the country is very flat, with a good deal of swamp, and in summer time is so miasmatic that settlements are sparse, though there are some large plantations, and when cotton was king there were a great many slaves kept at work upon all the dry spots of that swampy region. Immediately around Charleston the land is very flat, sandy or swampy. The road from Augusta to Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, is "across the ridges," which are generally low, sandhills, and over small streams, the borders of which are cultivated by small cotton planters and farmers, who keep a good deal of stock and have plenty of grain and sweet potatoes. The Congaree river, at Columbia, is a respectable sized mill stream, and so is the Wateree, eastward of it, and so are the two Pedees. The whole way is a good country for an army to march and subsist in. The distance from Augusta to Columbia is about 80 miles, and from Columbia to Wilmington, N. C., about 200 miles.

CAPT. SPEKE'S ADVENTURE WITH A BOA CONSTRICTOR.

At the earliest possible moment after our camp had been pitched a hunt was set afoot, and Capt. Grant, myself and some attendants were soon making our way to "the path." There were no animals there when we arrived, except a few hippopotami, and we were, therefore, obliged to wait the coming of some more palatable game. Our patience, however, was severely taxed; and after a long delay, we were about to "bag" a hippopotamus, when one of our attendants, perched in a tree about half a mile distant, began waving his blanket. This was a signal that game was approaching. We immediately drew into cover, and awaited the coming of the latter.

We were not delayed long, for presently a long column of animals, from the elephant to the hoo-doo, appeared in view, trotting at a good pace to the river. Their flanks were soon presented to us, and each selecting his object, fired. McColl shot a fine young buffalo cow, while Capt. Grant was equally successful with a hoo-doo, and several spears, cast by our attendants, stopped the career of one or two different animals of the herd.

At this juncture, however, occurred an unexpected adventure that finished our sport, at least for that day. I had sprung forward, immediately after firing, in order to obtain a fair shot at a huge elephant that I wanted to bring down on account of his immense tusks. I got the desired aim and pulled the trigger of my second barrel. At the moment of doing so a wild cry of alarm, uttered by one of the blacks, called my attention. Glancing round, my eye chanced to range up into the foliage of the tree beneath which Capt. Grant and myself had lain for several hours previous.

My feelings may possibly be imagined, as I beheld an enormous boa constrictor, whose hideous head and neck, projected some distance into view, showed that he was about to make a fatal spring. His direction was certainly towards me; and, as he flashed from his position like a thunderbolt, I gave myself up, for, ere aid could reach me, fold after fold of the monster would have crushed my strong frame into a quivering pulp. I fell, seemingly caught in a whirlwind of dust, and a strange indescribable scuffle ensued.

In the midst of this terrible strife, I suddenly became conscious of the presence of a second victim, and even after the time that has elapsed since then, I still recollect with what vividness the thought shot across my mind that this second victim was Capt. Grant, my noble companion. At last, after being thus whirled about for several seconds, each second seeming to be interminable, there ensued a lull, a stillness of death, and I opened my eyes, expecting to look upon those unexplored landscapes which are seen only in the country beyond the tomb. Instead of that, I saw Capt. Grant leveling his rifle towards me, while, standing beside and behind him, were the blacks, in every conceivable attitude of the most intense suspense.

In a moment I comprehended all. The huge serpent had struck a young buffalo cow, between which and him I had unluckily placed myself at the moment of firing upon the elephant. A most singular good fortune had attended me, however, for instead of being crushed into a mangled mass with the unfortunate cow, my left forearm had only been caught in between the buffalo's body and a single fold of the constrictor. The limb laid just in front of the shoulder at the root of the neck, and thus had a soft bed of flesh, into which it was jammed, as it were, by the immense pressure of the serpent's body, that was like iron in hardness. As I saw Grant about to shoot, a terror took possession of me, for, if he refrained, I might possibly escape after the boa released his folds from the dead cow; but should he fire and strike the reptile, it would, in its convulsions, crush or drag me to pieces.

Even as the idea came to me, I beheld Grant pause. He appeared to fully comprehend all. He could see how I was situated, that I was still living, and that my delivery depended on the will of the constrictor. We could see every line on each other's face, so close were we, and I would have shouted or spoken, or even whispered at him, had I dared. But the boa's head was reared within a few feet of mine, and the wink of an eyelid would perhaps settle my doom, so I stared, stared, stared like a dead man at Grant and at the blacks.

Presently the serpent began very gradually to relax his folds, and after retightening them several times as the crushed buffalo quivered, he unwound one fold entirely. Then he paused. The next iron-like band was the one which held me a prisoner; and as I felt it little by little, little by little, unclasping, my heart stood still with hope and fear. Perhaps, upon being freed, the benumbed arm, uncontrolled by my will, might fall from the cushion-like bed in which it lay. And such a mishap might bring the spare fold around my neck or chest, and than farewell to the sources of the Nile. Oh, how hardly, how desperately I struggled to command myself! I glanced at Grant and saw him handling his rifle anxiously. I glanced at the negroes and saw them still gazing, as though petrified with astonishment. I glanced at the serpent's loathsome head, and saw its bright, deadly eyes, watching for the least sign of life in its prey. Now, then, the reptile loosened its fold on my arm a hair's breadth, and now, a little more, until half an inch of space separated my arm and its mottled skin. I could have whipped out my hand, but dared not take the risk.

Atoms of time dragged themselves into ages, and a minute seemed eternity itself! The second fold was removed entirely, and the next one was easing. Should I dash away now, or wait a more favorable movement? I decided upon the former; and with lightning speed, I bounded away towards Grant, the crack of whose piece I heard at the same instant. For the first time in my life I was thoroughly overcome; and sinking down, I remained in a semi-unconscious state for several minutes.

When I fully recovered, Grant and the overjoyed negroes held me up, and pointed out the boa, who was still writhing in his death agonies. I shuddered as I looked upon the effects of his tremendous dying strength. For yards around where he lay, grass, and bushes, and saplings, and in fact everything except the more fully grown trees, were cut clean off, as though they had been trimmed by an immense scythe. This monster, when measured, was 51 feet 2½ inches in extreme length, while round the thickest portion of his body the girth was nearly three feet, thus proving, I believe, to be the largest serpent that was ever authentically heard of.

A TRIP TO THE OIL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The ride from Salamanca had seemed endless, the rain and fog through which we had travelled during the day had turned to a bitter wind, mixed with snow and sleet, the car had grown colder and colder, and the crowd, impatient of the distance, vented their spleen against the innocent proprietors of the Atlantic railroad in a way that was more amusing than reasonable. Another stopping-place. A man opened the door and shouted "Corry!"

Off we tumbled, a fresh shriek from the engine, the train shot away, and there we stood on the platform, with the wind and sleet cutting to the very bone, and a darkness overhead and around that was much more than Cimmerian, a lantern that had flashed in our eyes for an instant having vanished as suddenly as if its holder had disappeared in the earth, like one of Aladdin's unpleasant genii. Some mercifully-disposed creature called out: "This way to the hotel!" and we followed, more by the sense of feeling than sight, along a narrow plank walk, at the end of which gleamed a single lamp, winking, in a malignant sort of way, as if quite accustomed to luring reckless travellers on to their ruin, and thoroughly enjoying its mission.

SCENES IN THE OIL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA.—Sketched by our Special Artist, F. H. Schell.



ARRIVAL AT OIL CITY—ENTRANCE TO OIL REGIONS.



A PETROLEUM COOK.

We reached the hotel at last, and crowded into the little bar-room, which was already much fuller than the most exaggerated idea of its original capacity could have contemplated.

The sharp-eyed book-keeper, without a doubt born expressly for the post he held, and as insensible to any claims of sleep or fatigue as if he had been a human boring-machine, declared that everybody should be attended to and satisfied; so during the time that must elapse before we could reach the coveted beds we amused ourselves by taking a survey of the motley throng, whose very appearance would have been enough to prove the fact of our having at last reached the great field which gave entrance to the famed oil region.

Men in every imaginable style of dress, solitary or in groups, talking loudly, about him, and determined to stay with his wits perfectly about him, and determined to keep them so. A bench ran along one end of the room, on which reposed a group of men, evidently waiting for some train to take them beyond the limits of the new El Dorado, who more fully realized one's idea of the old story of the Seven Sleepers than anything I ever saw. They were plugged against each other in the most marvellous manner, the whole knot shaken each time any member of it stirred in his dreams, the old story of either end of the bench wearing, even in sleep, a look of care and resolution, as if painfully conscious that upon their solidity depended the safety of the entire mass, while the countenances of most of the others possessed a divine contentment by way of contrast. One man, in particular, so closely wedged into the centre of the group, that how he got there was a marvel, only to be surpassed by the possibility of his getting out, had his head comfortably pillowed on a neighbor's shoulder and a blandsmile on his parted lips, from which gushed a strain of unpremeditated melody, evidently keeping him with the comfortable conviction that his company were only desirous he should be quite at ease in every way, and determined, at all hazards, to gratify them.

There was a heavenly study of a man, shaved, occupying two chairs, regardless of expense and other people's comfort; a side bit of an Irishman with his head pillowed on a pickaxe, and a rear view of a fat party deliciously asleep all over in the most uncomfortable attitude, and no end of effects, amusing even to drowsy book-keeper.

At last our turn came; the sleepless book-keeper, with an odd look of the Ancient Mariner about his face, only with more reckless ferocity, expressive of a capability of shooting any number of albatrosses, indifferent to consequences, bowed us upstairs, flung open a door with an air of complete satisfaction, exposing a room about the size of a teatray, containing a window and two beds, one bed for my companion and myself, the other owned and possessed by a couple of men, who were a full orchestra in the way of snoring, an orchestra whose instruments were very wheezy and much out of tune.

A clear bright morning, with a temperature which had just returned from a visit to the North Pole, showed us Corry in the full glory of its forest surroundings, and the merriest breakfast was over we made our way towards the depot, under the supposition that the train was to start without loss of time.

The term is doubtful, and perhaps we did not lose any time, but we certainly waited two hours in the shanty, pushed, elbowed and trampled by a crowd who labored under a pleasant insanity that the locked-for cars had every moment come. There would be a rush towards the door—a new disappointment—then the throng swayed back towards the stove, each man apparently animated with the idea of getting closer to it and yet keeping near the door, and when the feat was attempted by at least a hundred at once—it is not difficult to imagine that a standing-place became about as unenviable a thing as a station on the tail end of an earthquake.

When the final rush did come all the human "light weights" were sent whizzing through the air like small meteoric stones thrown off from some eccentric planet suddenly shooting into space, neither regarded or missed by the body general.

We were wedged into the cars at last, and away we sped through the woods on our journey of 25 miles to Titusville, where the real operations of the oil region commence.



BAR-ROOM OF HOTEL AT TITUSVILLE—GRAND ARRAY OF CARPET BAGS.



STREET SCENE AT TITUSVILLE—CARTING OIL.

SCENES IN THE OIL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA.—Sketched by our Special Artist, F. H. Schell.



THE OIL SEEKER—HE SEEKS AND FINDS.



THE OIL SEEKER—HE SEEKS AND DON'T FIND.

At the depot of that town we found a fresh crowd waiting for a train to take them back towards Corry, and stood for an instant to enjoy their sufferings by way of a little revenge for our own.

The more impatient members of the party seemed to be a "lot o' fellows" inquiring their way to the lands and properties of the "New York and Liverpool Company," which seems to have sprung into vigorous existence, and to have special and extraordinary attractions. We did not stop to listen, but made our way into the town over frozen ruts which gave one an idea of what the earth might have looked like when it first began to harden.

We had dinner at a house where the landlord is celebrated for opening the window on the backs of guests who linger too long over their meals, but which was nevertheless crowded till the very window sills of the bar-room formed uneasy perches for all sorts of odd-looking birds.

Prominent among the throng was a burly mass of humanity, who had been accommodated with a chair close to the stove, where he sat tilted back in glorious ease, surrounded by an admiring throng, who hung upon his finger-pointed periods with breathless attention—one could have understood without being told that he had just made a "heavy thing," and was to be respected accordingly, as any man who seeks and finds ought to be. In a little nook by the window sat a man curled up in an impossible position, his hat pulled over his eyes, his whole attitude and attire, down to his very boots, expressing utter disgust of the universe in general and the mundane sphere in particular—a recent loser, somebody said, going back to civilization empty in pocket and with no hopes of retrieving his fortune, unless by starting a company out of the oil on his over-coat, and the crowd glanced at him with about as much sympathy as a party of jungle tigers might be expected to regard a sick relative.



STARTING FOR OIL CREEK—THE RUSH TO THE CARS.

In one corner of the room was an appalling array of black carpet bags, that looked as if a host of Southern incendiaries had come thither with the dire intention of exploding the whole Petroleum region—bags of every size and peculiarity possible—old, knowing-looking fellows that had seen life in every quarter from Nevada Territory to the mouth of Oil Creek—fresh, dainty chaps that shrunk from their neighbors in an exclusive way, and yet realising all that lay before them in their onward journey—indeed, one might have fancied he could have made a shrewd guess at the character of half the men in the room just from the looks of that legion of life-supporters.

Having been sufficiently edified by the discourse of the successful man, we made our way into the busy street once more.

On the flats below the town several wells are being sunk, though the lands have been regarded as a somewhat doubtful investment until lately, but as the Continental has begun pumping oil at the rate of 60 barrels per day, the lands all about the flats are beginning to go up in due proportion.

While we were crossing the fields the wind increased to a regular, or more properly a very irregular tornado, the snow began to fall in great flakes, and in a few moments became a blinding storm.

Tremendous windstorms appear to be no uncommon event in Titusville, for they told of a tornado last summer coming up in the most unexpected way at a time when one might have expected the elements to behave in a reputable and consistent manner, flattening several derricks, upsetting a brick house, and indulging in a variety of little eccentricities of that sort; and I can only say that after our experience we were prepared to believe that no account of it could be exaggerated.

Knowledge under such circumstances soon became as profitless as an empty well, and one could not have been induced to accept it on any terms, so



NIGHT SCENE IN TITUS HOUSE—THE SEVEN SLEEPERS OF CORRY.

we made the best time possible back into the town and sought shelter in a saloon that stood at the junction of two streets, thrusting its muzzle down the main avenue in the most delightfully impertinent manner imaginable.

The announcement of "shell oysters," which struck our eyes, caused us to explore the eating-room, where we found a darksy cook indulging in a siesta after his labors in the kitchen, who convinced me at once of the truth of the doctrine that souls have numberless lives to wear out in varied fleshly shackles.

His height was wonderful, but you forgot to wonder at it when you saw his breadth, and the best of it was, if he suddenly turned his face from you, there was only a slim man visible. I hope that is delicately and yet broadly expressed, in which case it covers both sides. His white apron and round paper cap finished up his costume in the most picturesque manner, and his conversation for half an hour would have made capital for one of Dickens's best chapters.

In answer to a question concerning oysters in the shell, he waved his hand magnificently, and replied:

"No, sir; ours belong to a superior family of oysters—they goes without their shells kase they can!"

On the whole, we decided that Titusville ought not to be missed, although, as far as actual working operations were concerned, there was very little to prove that we had reached the charmed territory of King Petroleum.

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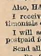
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Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute; and Physician for Diseases of the Heart, Throat and Lungs, No. 96 Fifth Street, Troy, N. Y. 462-74

GOLD PENS FOR THE MILLION!

On receipt of the following sums, we will send, by mail, or as directed, a Gold Pen or Pens, selecting the same according to the description, namely:

GOLD PENS WITHOUT CASES,

For 50 cts. a No. 2 pen; for 75 cts. a No. 3 pen; for $1 a No. 4 pen; for $1 25 a No. 5 pen; for $1 50 a No. 6 pen.

The same Pens, in SILVER PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 No. 2 pen; for $1 25 No. 3 pen; for $1 50 No. 4 pen; for $2 No. 5 pen; for $2 25 No. 6 pen.

These pens are stamped THE IMPERIAL PEN, and are well finished and fine writing Gold Pens, with good aridum points, although they are unwarranted, and cannot be exchanged.

First quality 14 carat, Warranted Gold Pens.

Our name (*American Gold Pen Co., N. Y.*), is stamped on all pens of this grade, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accidents.

Second quality Gold Pens.

These Pens are all stamped THE NATIONAL PEN, with the initials of our Firm, A. G. P. Co., and are carefully made, having the same points as our first quality Pens. The only great difference being in the quality of the gold.

Gold Pens without Cases.

For $1 00 a No. 1 pen 1st qual., or a No. 2 pen 2d qual.
For $1 25 a No. 2 pen 1st qual., or a No. 3 pen 2d qual.
For $1 75 a No. 3 pen 1st qual., or a No. 4 pen 2d qual.
For $2 00 a No. 4 pen 1st qual., or a No. 5 pen 2d qual.
For $2 50 a No. 5 pen 1st qual., or a No. 6 pen 2d qual.
For $3 25 a No. 6 pen 1st qual. For $4 50 No. 7 pen; $5 75 No. 8 pen; $10 00 No. 12 pen; all 1st quality.

The same Gold Pens, in Solid Silver Extension Cases, with Pencils.

For $2 00 a No. 1 pen 1st qual., or a No. 2 pen 2d qual.
For $2 25 a No. 2 pen 1st qual., or a No. 3 pen 2d qual.
For $2 75 a No. 3 pen 1st qual., or a No. 4 pen 2d qual.
For $3 50 a No. 4 pen 1st qual., or a No. 5 pen 2d qual.
For $4 50 a No. 5 pen 1st qual., or a No. 6 pen 2d qual.
For $5 50 a No. 8 pen 1st quality.

Gold Pens, 1st and 2d qual., in Solid Silver or Gold-Plated Ebony Desk Holders and Morocco Cases.

For $2 25 a No. 3 pen 1st qual., or a No. 4 pen 2d qual.
For $2 50 a No. 4 pen 1st qual., or a No. 5 pen 2d qual.
For $3 20 a No. 5 pen 1st qual., or a No. 6 pen 2d qual.
For $4 00 a No. 6 pen 1st quality. For $5 50 a No. 7 pen. For $6 75 a No. 8 pen. For $12 00 a No. 1 pen; all first quality.

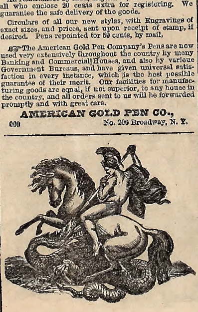
A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $15, if sent to one address, at one time; 15 per cent. on $25; 20 per cent. on $40.

All remittances by mail, *Registered*, are at our risk, to all who enclose 20 cents extra for registering. We guarantee the safe delivery of the goods.

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☞ The American Gold Pen Company's Pens are now used very extensively throughout the country by many Banking and Commercial Houses, and also by various Government Bureaus, and have given universal satisfaction in every instance, which is the best possible guarantee of their merit. Our facilities for manufacturing goods are equal, if not superior, to any house in the country, and all orders sent to us will be forwarded promptly and with great care.

AMERICAN GOLD PEN CO.,
000 No. 200 Broadway, N. Y.



HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS.

A TIMELY WARNING TO THE SICK.—It is especially important at this time, when the markets of the United States are flooded with the direst poisons, under the name of imported liquors, and when domestic compounds purporting to be medicinal, but not a whit less pernicious, are heralded to the world as "sovereign remedies," that the public should fully understand the facts. Be it known then, that while all the diffusive stimulants called *liquors* are impure, and all the *Tonics* containing alcohol are manufactured with a fiery article containing *amyl* or *fusel oil*, a *mortal poison*; HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS contain none of these things, but are a combination of pure Essence of Rye with the pure juices of the most valuable stomachic, anti-bilious and aperient herbs and plants, and that as a safe and rapid remedy for Dyspepsia and all its kindred complaints, this preparation stands before the world without a rival or competitor. Its sales to-day are equal to the combined sales of all the other Tonics advertised in the United States, and the certificates which authenticate its usefulness are signed by individuals of the highest standing in every professional calling and walk of life. Beware of imitations and impostures.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

PREPARED AND SOLD BY

HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURG, PA.
NEW YORK OFFICE, 59 CEDAR STREET.

Stereoscopic Pictures and Cartes de VISITE, latest importations. Also, New Books and Sporting Articles. Send for Circular.
000 PIERRE BIBON, 25 Ann St., N. Y.

J. TOWNSEND & CO.,

IMMENSE HOLIDAY SALE!

95,000 Watches, Chains, Gold Pens with Case, Sets of Jewellery, Lockets, Sleeve-Buttons, Gent's Pins, &c.,

to be sold for

$95,000,

and valued at

$750,000!!!

all to be sold at

ONE DOLLAR EACH,

without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive.

Read this list of articles to be sold at $1 each:

500	Ladies and Gents' Gold Watches,	$50 to	$100 each.
500	" "	25 to	50 "
1,000	Hunting Cased Silver Watches,	15 to	30 "
2,500	Neck Chains	8 to	20 "
3,000	Fob and Guard Chains	5 to	25 "
5,000	Sets Ladies' Jewellery	5 to	15 "
5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Buckles	5 to	15 "
5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Hair Bars and Balls	5 to	10 "
3,000	Ladies' Onyx Eardrops	5 to	10 "
3,000	Gold Band Bracelets	5 to	10 "
3,000	Enamelled, Coral and Opal Eardrops	5 to	10 "
8,000	Plain and Fancy Rings	4 to	8 "
4,000	Sets Sleeve Buttons	4 to	8 "
10,000	Pieces Silver Ware	5 to	15 "
10,000	Gold Pens, with Silver Mounted Holders	5 to	10 "
8,000	Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Holders	3 to	8 "
3,000	Gold Watch Keys	2 to	3 "

All to be sold at One Dollar each. Certificates of all the different articles, stating what each can have, are put into envelopes and mixed, and, when ordered, are taken out, without regard to choice, and sent by mail. On receiving the certificate you will see what you can have. Then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not. In all transactions by mail we charge for forwarding the certificate, paying the postage and doing the business, 20 cents each, which must be enclosed when the certificate is sent for. 6 Certificates sent for $1; 15 for $2; 40 for $5; 100 for $10. Agents will be allowed 10 cents on each certificate, when ordering to the amount of $1.

Agents wanted in every town in the United States or Canadas. Address

J. TOWNSEND & CO.,
484-8 15 John street, New York.

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE.

FORTY YEARS' EXPERIENCE has fully established the superiority of

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Over all other Healing Preparations.

It cures all kinds of Sores, Cuts, Scalds, Burns, Boils, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Sties, Piles, Corns, Sore Lips, Sore Eyes, etc., etc., Removing the Pain at Once, and reducing the most angry looking Swellings and Inflammation as if by Magic. Only 25 cents a Box; by Mail 37 cents. For Sale by J. P. DINSMORE,
474-84aw No. 491 Broadway, N. Y., and by all Druggists.

Shults's Onguent, warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent post-paid for 30 cents. Address C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.
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A Beautiful Christmas Toy!

The Magic Wheel, Price $1 50.

This is the cleverest optical delusion ever invented, and is equally attractive to youth and age.

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Valentine Price List:

144	Spicy Comic Valentines, postpaid	-	$1 00
1	Neat Sentimental Valentine "	-	1 00
1	Pretty " " "	-	1 50
1	Handsome " " "	-	2 00
1	Elegant " " "	-	3 00
1	Superb " " "	-	5 00
1	Lot (assorted for retailing) "	-	5 00
1	" " " "	-	10 00
1	" " " "	-	20 00

Any of the above sent in a box by mail nicely packed on receipt of the price.

Liberal discounts made to all persons buying to sell again. Send for Circular. Address all orders to

BENJ. W. HITCHCOCK,
Valentine Headquarters,
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Dr. Talbot's Concentrated Medical

PINEAPPLE CIDER

is a PREVENTIVE of SICKNESS. The experience that Dr. Talbot has had for the last Twenty-five years convinces him that it is time the public had an article offered that will prevent sickness. The article offered is Dr. Talbot's Medicated Pineapple Cider, designed for all classes, old and young. It is not new to the Doctor, but is entirely new to the public. One quart bottle will last a well person one year. This is rather a new mode of doctoring; nevertheless it will save millions from being sick. Is it not better to pay three dollars a year to keep from being sick, than to pay ten or twenty dollars in doctor's bills, and as much more for the loss of time and the inconvenience of being sick? To prevent sickness, use as follows: Add one teaspoonful of Medicated Pineapple Cider to a tumbler of cold water, and drink the first thing after you rise in the morning, and the same before you retire at night. It will increase the strength and give vigor and action to the system. A celebrated New York merchant, who has made a thorough trial of the Pineapple Cider, assures Dr. Talbot that he gained ten pounds of flesh in one month at the first trial. He continues its use as above directed, and finds it very beneficial; says it has proved an entire preventive to sickness in his case. Also, another well-known gentleman in New York has used the Medicated Cider constantly for ten years, and has not been sick one day during that time.

Price $3 per bottle (full quart); pints, $2; half-pints, $1. One quart bottle, two pint bottles, or four half-pint bottles, sent free by Express on receipt of price. All orders should be addressed to

B. T. BABBITT, Sole Agent,
64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72 and 74 Washington St., N. Y.
474-499

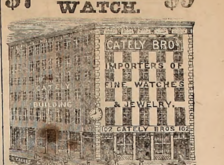
☞ **Asthma Cured.** ☜

Relief guaranteed in ten minutes, and a *permanent cure* effected by the use of "UPHAM'S ASTHMA CURE." Cases of from *ten to twenty years'* standing yield at once to its influence. Price $2. Sent postpaid to any address, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. Circulars sent free. 482-94

Sutlers, Agents and Soldiers, send 15 cents for the New Soldiers' Pocket Light.

E. P. CLARK, Sole Maker,
Inquire of Sutlers. Northampton, Mass.
483-4

$7 OFFICER'S WATCH. $9



Our Whole Stock of Imported Watches, suitable for CHRISTMAS and NEW YEAR'S PRESENTS, being of rich and novel designs, are now offered at reduced prices. Single Watches at Wholesale rates.

AN ELEGANT WATCH in Fine Gold Plated *Double Cases*, Richly Engraved, Turned Centre, Carved Balance Bridge, *English Full Plate Jewelled Movements*, adjusted Regulator, Spring Bolt, Spade Hands and Fine Enameled White Dial, *a serviceable article* in running order, with Key, Case, etc., complete, and a Gent's *Handsome Vest Chain* and beautiful

MINIATURE GOLD LOCKET!

to match, with Double Cases, Box and Glass for *Two Likenesses*. A Beautiful Holiday Present. Sent by mail to any address for only $9.

A NEAT SILVER WATCH, especially adapted for Army use, in Heavy Double Cases, Small Size, *same as the above*, with Key, Case, etc., complete, and Gent's *Vest Chain, Engraved Double Case Locket, etc.* Sent by mail to any address for only $7.

The Imperial Watch,

OR BRITISH ARMY OFFICERS' TIMEKEEPER, containing a Rare and *Wonderful Combination of Mechanical Effects*, combining within its cases and attached to its machinery a beautiful and *correct working* THERMOMETER, an accurately adjusted *Mariner's Compass* in miniature, sunk in Dial, and a *Reliable Calendar*, indicating day of month, week, etc., in Case, rendering this Watch a perfect STORM, HEAT and TIME INDICATOR. The beautiful machinery of this valuable Watch is encased in *Finely Finished* DOUBLE HUNTING, *Magic Spring 19 Line Cases* (the outer cases being of fine 18 Carat *Gold*, inner cases of *Solid Gold Composite*), Richly Engraved top and bottom, with *Panel for Name*, Turned Nerl, movable Pendant Bow, and Fancy Push Spring. *Genuine English Improved Jewelled Action*, M. J. Tobias *movements*, Polished Cap and Doome *Self-acting Click*, Equal Balance, Independent Actions, Fine White Dials, Polished Steel Cut Hands, and is an *Exact Imitation* of a $100 watch, and used by the ROYAL ENGINEERS and *Officers of* THE BRITISH ARMY. None Genuine unless bearing our private trade mark. Price per single one, all complete, by mail, $20.

CATELY BROTHERS, Sole Importers,
102 Nassau St., N. Y. Established 1855.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION!

250,000

Watches, Chains, Diamond Rings, Etc.

WORTH OVER

One Million Dollars!

All to be Sold for One Dollar Each!!

WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE! NOT TO BE PAID FOR UNTIL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO RECEIVE!

Splendid List of Articles! All to be Sold for $1 each!

		EACH.
250	Gents' Gold Hunting-case Watches	$50 to $150
250	Ladies' Gold and Enameled-case Watches	35 " 70
500	Gents' Hunting-case Silver Watches	35 " 70
200	Diamond Rings	50 " 100
2,000	Gold Vest and Neck Chains	15 " 30
3,000	" " " "	4 " 6
3,000	Gold Oval Band Bracelets	4 " 8
5,000	Chased Gold Bracelets	5 " 10
2,000	Chatelaine Chains & Guard Chains	5 " 20
7,000	Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4 " 10
2,000	Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 " 0
5,000	Coral, Opal and Emerald Brooches	4 " 8
5,000	Mosaic, Jet, Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 " 8
7,500	Coral, Opal & Emerald Ear Drops	4 " 6
4,000	California Diamond Breast Pins	2 50 " 10
3,000	Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys	2 50 " 8
4,000	Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides	3 " 10
5,000	Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, etc	3 " 8
3,000	Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc	4 " 7
10,000	Miniature Lockets	2 50 " 8
4,000	" " Magic Spring	3 " 20
3,000	Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc	2 " 8
5,000	Plain Gold Rings	4 " 11
5,000	Chased Gold Rings	4 " 11
10,000	Stone Set and Signet Rings	2 50 " 10
10,000	California Diamond Rings	2 " 10
7,500	Sets Ladies' Jewellery—Jet & Gold	5 " 15
6,000	Sets Ladies' Jewellery — Cameo, Pearl, etc	4 " 15
10,000	Gold Pens, Silver Extension-holders and Pencils	4 " 10
10,000	Gold Pens and Gold Mounted Holders	3 " 8
5,000	Gold Pens and Gold Extension Holders	6 " 10
5,000	Silver Goblets and Drinking Cups	5 " 50
3,000	Silver Castors	15 " 50
2,000	Silver Fruit and Cake Baskets	20 " 50
		PER DOZEN.
5,000	Dozen Silver Tea Spoons	$10 " 20
5,000	" " Table Spoons & Forks	20 " 10

In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, through the war having cut off the supply of cotton, a large quantity of Valuable Jewellery, originally intended for the English market, has been sent off for sale in this country, and MUST BE SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE!

Under these circumstances, ARRANDALE & CO., acting as Agents for the principal European Manufacturers, have resolved upon a *Great Gift Distribution*, subject to the following regulations:

CERTIFICATES, naming each article and its value, are placed in SEALED ENVELOPES and well mixed. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

ALL ARTICLES SOLD AT ONE DOLLAR EACH, WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE!!

On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you are going to have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewellery on our list for ONE DOLLAR, and in no case can they get less than One Dollar's worth, as there are no blanks. The price of Certificates is as follows:

One for .... 25 cents.
Five for $1
Eleven for 2
Thirty for 5
Sixty-five for 10
One hundred for 15

AGENTS will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage Stamps.

ARRANDALE & CO.,
167 Broadway, New York.

Holiday Presents.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.

THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED TO SECURE GOOD JEWELLERY AT LOW PRICES.

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELLERY, GOLD PENS, BRACELETS, LOCKETS, RINGS, GEMS, PINS, SILVER-WARE, TOILET SETS, STUDS, ETC.,

Worth $500,000!

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Not 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time give our Circular containing full list and particulars, also terms to Agents, which we want in every Regiment and Town in the Country.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
238 Broadway, New York.

Soldiers of the Union!

Read the following Letters received from your comrades as endorsements of the

WORLD KNOWN AND WORLD TRIED REMEDY, KNOWN AS PROF. HOLLOWAY'S

PILLS AND OINTMENT.

You will have find unsolicited testimonials received from all parts of the country where our army of defence is in force. SEE TO YOUR HEALTH! All of you have some one interested in your welfare, then you have some YOUR LIFE IS VALUABLE! Not only do not delay, but to your Fathers and Mothers, Sisters, Wives and Brothers. Then while you may, Purchase your Health.

35 cents, 88 cents, or $1 40,

will, when applied in these medicines, bring you down to the greenest and ripest old age.

The following are a few specimens of genuine letters on file for inspection at this office. Copies sent by mail to any inquirer.

80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT,
Third Illinois Volunteers,
FOLLY ISLAND, S. C., Nov. 2, 1864.

Prof. HOLLOWAY, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.:
SIR—Enclosed please find two dollars, for which send me one dollar's worth of your celebrated Pills and Ointment, by return mail. Please attend to this at once, for I am much in need of the above remedies.
Address Lieut. A. W. FELLOWS, Q. M.,
3rd Illinois Vol.

CAMP NEAR BRANDY STATION, VA., Nov. 7, 1864.
Prof. HOLLOWAY:
DEAR SIR—I have heard a great deal of talk about your wonderful Pills, and as I write I am in need of them till now, I want to try them, as diarrhœa is very prevalent in the regiment; send me the worth of one dollar enclosed. Yours, &c.,
JOSEPH WALSH, Co. E, 6th Regt., Excelsior Brigade.

PULASKI, TENN., Nov. 6, 1864.
Prof. HOLLOWAY:
DEAR SIR—Please find enclosed one dollar, and send me the amount in your famous Pills, as I am troubled with fever and ague. Yours, &c.,
THOMAS F. TURNER, Co. I, 2d Iowa Infantry.

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., Nov. 1, 1864.
Prof. HOLLOWAY:
Please find enclosed the sum of one dollar for Pills. I have Diarrhœa, and can't get it stopped, so I want to try your Pills. Yours, &c.,
WILLIAM CHRISTY,
Co. D, 104th Regt. Penn. Vols.
Morris Island, S. C.

000

Diaries for 1865,

From 25 cents to $3. All kinds BLANK BOOKS, PAPER and STATIONERY at moderate prices. Orders solicited. FRANCIS & LOUTTIT,
Stationers and Printers,
42 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

481-4

TWENTY-FOUR CARTES DE VISITE
OF
FRENCH CRISETTES,

In different attitudes of art.
Enclose $1 25 and four red stamps.
CELS. MANT, 84 Nassau St., N. Y.

$125 A MONTH!

WANTED.—SEWING MACHINE AGENTS! Everywhere, to sell the new *Lock-Stitch $16 Family Sewing Machine*, the only low price machine in the country which is licensed by Grover, Baker, Wheeler & Wilson, Howe, Singer & Co., and Bachelder. Silver and expenses or large commission allowed. All other Machines now sold for less than $40 each are infringements, and the seller and those who use them are liable. Illustrated Circulars sent free. Address SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

479-491

"Psychomancy."—How either sex may fascinate and gain the love, confidence, affection and good will of any person they choose, instantly. This simple mental acquirement all can possess, securing certain success in love, marriage, etc., free by mail, for 25 cents, together with a guide to the mesmerist of both sexes—the strangest book ever published. Third edition; over 100,000 copies already sold. Address T. WILLIAM & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

Six Dollars from Fifty Cents.

Agents, come and examine Invention, or Samples sent free by mail for 50 cents. Sells on sight. Address H. F. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, New York. 475-524

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The most perfect substitutes for lost limbs ever invented. ESTABLISHED 25 YEARS. Send for a Pamphlet. SOLDIERS SUPPLIED FREE by order of the SURGEON-GENERAL.

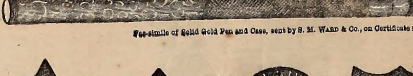
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Portraits, Characters and Biographies, in Jan. Boonke No. ILLUSTRATED PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.

An Article that Every Married Lady should possess will be sent securely sealed for 25 cents.
483-4 Address Box 5667, P. O., New York.

Stereoscopic Views and Cartes de Visite. Lists different kinds. Send stamp for a Catalogue.
000 VICTOR DELLAJO, 50 Nassau St., N. Y.

MANUFACTURER'S STOCK
OF
Watches, Lockets, Chains, Rings, Pins, Bracelets, Gold Pens and Cases,
And a full assortment of fine Jewellery, to be disposed of by distribution for the next 60 days.



Certificates of all the various articles are put in envelopes, sealed and mixed, and sent without regard to choice. One certificate telling you what you can have for $1 will be sent for 50 cents; five for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5. After seeing what you can have, it will be at your option to send or not the articles, or not, and after examining them, if you do not give perfect satisfaction, you can return them and get the money. We also manufacture pure Silver and Gold Badges for every Corps and Division in the Army. Also Infantry, Artillery and Cavalry, Engineer and Pontooner, Masonic, Base Ball and Society Badges of every kind. We will send a Sample Badge (pure Silver, for any Regiment in the Army, with your Name, Regiment and Company handsomely Engraved thereon, on receipt of $1 50.

Agents wanted everywhere, to whom great inducements are offered.

S. M. WARD & Co.,
238 Broadway, N. Y.

$27 Sent Everywhere by Mail, Postpaid. "A Extension Silver-Mounted Holders, WITH COMPOSITE

GOLD PENS

REVERSIBLE LEAD PENCILS,

In case of one dozen each; the boxes are finely finished and cloth lined, so that the contents can sustain no injury in transportation. Price same as before the War.

The Holders are of the most handsome and durable construction; are heavily silver-plated, with an extension of three lengths. All are engraved, chased or engine-turned, and for beauty are not surpassed by any others. Our prices for the holders and pens sold in dozens only, are as follows:

Size One—When open, 5½ inches in length; Price per dozen, by mail, postpaid, $10 50; retails at $2 each.

Size Two—When open, 8 inches in length; Price per dozen by mail, postpaid, $12; retails at $3 each.

Size Three—When open, 9½ inches in length; Price per dozen, by mail, postpaid, $15; retails at $3 each.

Size Four—When open, 11 inches in length; Price per dozen, by mail, postpaid, $20; retails at $5 each.

Sold by Agents and elsewhere, by mail, postpaid.

Gold WATCHES AND JEWELLERY in Great Variety and Low Prices. Send for Circular. Reliable investments from $5 to $500. Orders promptly filled. Letters to our risk. Orders respectfully solicited.
Address T. F. R. HOWARD, Manufacturer,
116 Broadway, N. Y.

Do You Want to get Married?

"Courtship Made Easy." A Book of 100 pages, illustrated. Treating on the art of fascination, by which any one can become fascinate, win the undying love, and marry whomever they choose, irrespective of age or color. Sent by mail for 60 cents and two red stamps. Address
DR. B. LOUGHER & CO., Box 1625, Portland, Me.
481-3

Shults' Curlique, for curling the hair. Price 50 cents. Sent sealed, postpaid. Address
C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.
477-483

The Brazilian Hair Curler. One application warranted to curl the most straight mustache or hair into wavy ringlets or lovy massive curls. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of $1. Address
E. S. CHASE, Cohoes, N. Y.

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The American Card Company's New Union Playing Cards, National Emblems.

They are the prettiest cards made, and suit the popular ideas. The suits are Eagles, Shields, Stars and Flags; Kings of Departments, Generals of Army, Queens, and Major for Jack.

In order that ALL dealers may have an opportunity to sell these cards, a sample box of twelve packs will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of $2. Address
AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
No. 14 Chambers Street, New York.

Old Eyes Made New!

A pamphlet directing how to speedily restore sight and give up spectacles, without aid of doctor or medicine. Sent by mail, free, on receipt of stamp. Address
E. B. FOOTE, M. D.,
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The Book of Wonders tells how to make GILDED without aplice of any kind; how to make SILVERED without acids; how to catch Fish and all kinds of Game; how to make all kinds of Incense; all kinds of Cements and Gluing Fluids; Gambling Exposed; Ventriloquism Made Easy; Explanation of Incantations; how to gain the Love of any one, &c., &c., &c. Sent, securely sealed, for 25 cents.
Address Box 5627,
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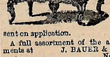
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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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No. 485—VOL. XIX.] NEW YORK, JANUARY 14, 1865. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 10 WEEKS $1 00.

The New Year.

To the numerous readers of this journal, in the four quarters of the globe, we extend the grateful salutation of "a happy New Year, and many returns of the day." As our estimates of the future are founded upon our experience of the past, so we are hopeful of wonderful and glorious things from the year before us, because of the great things which during the year that is gone have been achieved in behalf of the suppression of the rebellion, and the restoration of the Union, upon the broad basis of a solid, comprehensive and enduring peace.

If the reader who has a file of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER at hand, for the year 1864, will turn to the month of January, and, beginning there, pass over the leaves of only half a dozen numbers, his memory will be sufficiently refreshed to comprehend where we stood one year ago and where we stand to-day. Then, our victorious grand army in the West, firmly established at Chattanooga, was preparing for those important movements, which since, under Gen. Sherman's immediate direction, have carried "the old flag" from Lookout mountain down to Atlanta, from Atlanta to Milledgeville, and thence, as on a holi-



Six hundred and fifty dead in a trench.

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SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—THE PRISON PEN AT MILLEN, GA., IN WHICH OUR PRISONERS WERE CONFINED.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—VIEW OF THE CITY OF SAVANNAH, GA., LOOKING SOUTHWEST.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

day excursion, to Savannah, and the occupation of that pretty little Southern seaport city. Thus the great enterprises of the Georgia campaign, which to Grant and Sherman in January last were but dimly developed, and subject to a thousand contingencies, are now among the enduring records of history. This day last year, the rebel army of Virginia lay entrenched in fancied security on the line of the Rapidan river, midway between Washington and Richmond. Now, that army, shut up within the fortifications of Richmond and Petersburg, will be lucky, indeed, if it shall contrive to save itself by abandoning the so-called Confederate capital, which it was appointed to defend to the last extremity.

The reverses to the Union arms of the last twelve months, excepting the affair at Olustee, Florida, and the disastrous repulse of the Red river expedition, are trifling, compared with the long catalogue of our brilliant and substantial victories, under Grant's immediate command, under Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, Stoneman, Burbridge and others of the army; and Farragut, Porter, Lee, Dahlgren, Cushing and others of the navy. The rebel army of Georgia under Hood has been literally torn to pieces; the "Confederacy" has been cut in twain between Chattanooga and Savannah; and from the great advantages gained and positions secured by our enveloping armies, the "Confederacy" to which Jeff Davis, in a military view, is now actually reduced lies between Richmond and the Savannah river, and is bounded on the west by the Alleghany mountains, and on the east by "Lincoln's blockade." We are also reminded, in this connection, of the fact, that including the buccaneering Alabama and Florida, the rebel rams and gunboats captured or destroyed in Mobile bay, in the Savannah river, and in the waters of Albemarle Sound, there has been such destruction of the nondescript water craft of Davis, as to make his Navy Department a mockery and a useless incumbrance.

To sum up—such have been the successes and advances of the land and naval forces of the Union during the past year, from the Rapidan to the Rio del Norte, and from the Missouri in the North-west to the Ogeechee in the South-east, and such are now our military advantages, in men, means and facilities of all kinds, in positions, and in all the signs and assurances of complete success, that we feel safe in predicting that the year 1865 will mark that new national epoch of prosperity and power which the final triumph over Davis is destined to inaugurate. This is what we anticipate during the present year from the encouraging successes and advantages gained through the year that is past.

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 14, 1865.

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"True Love that did Run Smooth:" "Ennerslie Hall:" "Chronicles of Giggletown:" "Blue Monday:" "Poor Little Hepzibah:" "Our Bud's Temptation:" "Diamond Cut Diamond:" "An Appeal:" "Church Jokes:" "Three Thanksgivings:" "First Love:" "Oskeewan the Scout:" "May Somers:" "My Heroine:" "Lost and Found:" "Poverty, a Woman's Wail:" "Harry Clare's Revenge:" "Born to be Loved:" "Lulie Montague's Mischief:" "Seeing the Service:" "The Conspiracy:" "Oakdale Home:" "Fatally Wounded:" "Sketch from Real Life:" "Story of Lima:" "Old Heads vs. Young Hearts:" "The French Doctor's Story:" "Cruiser:" "Teacher and Pupil:" "Maude's Confession:" "Seven of Us:" "Angels Love of Devereux:" "Adeline—a Tale of Old Times:" "Love of Harry Brown:" "Knight of the Peerless Feet:" "Flora Parks:" "A Romance of the War:" "Old Dan." "The Peter—Homeward Bound:" "Wishing:" "Anita Summers:" "Demoulins—a Tale of Lyons:" "Voices of the Night:" "Ida Clifton's Recantation:" "Arithmetic:" "Jessy Merlin:" "The Maid at the Foot of the Hill:" "Ashford—or the Lady in Gray:" "The Actress:" "Kitty Ransom's Troubles:" "Central Park:" "Orphan Annie:" "My Confession:" "Will Not Mind:" "Shall We Love Again?" "Chit-Chat with Ladies:" "Missing Miniature:" "Address on the War, by Obadiah Sneezehard:" "A Novel Courtship:" "Maud Leonard's Heart:" "Zelobia the Maid of Algiers:" "Afloat:" "A True Story:" "Lucretia Sherwood's Story:" "The Blind Fawn:" "Hubert's Treasure:" "Aunt Wentworth:" "Lost and Found:" "Leclure, or the Royal Election:" "Gertrude—a Tale of the Lower Rhine:" "Zerelda:" "Autumn Winds:" "The Mystic Laundress:" "The Pendletons:" "Oakland:" "An Extraordinary Dissertation:" "Sam the Pirate—a Tale of the Rebellion:" "Claude Raymond's Second Love:" "Amy Leslie; or, the Serpent's Trail:" "The Fisherman:" "The Broken Marriage:" "The Crocus:" "The Wife's Devotion:" "The Governess:" "Don't Judge by Appearances:" "Squire Mayberry's Daughters:" "Stolen from the Grave:" "Leipsic and its Fair:" "The Recaptured Colors:" "War's Votaries:" "Married Life *vs.* Single Blessedness:" "Prophecies:" "Twice Loving:" "Beyond:" "Waiting:" "A Cure for Snoring:" "A Leap Year Proposal:" "Cousin John:" "Clara Mayne:" "Reminiscences of an Old Fogy:" "About the time of the Dispute:" "The Broken Fan:" "The Dead of Palo Alto:" "The Bracelet:" "Game to the Death:" "Blasted Hopes—a Tale of Blood:" "A Life's Value:" "Bertha Thompson:" "Three Twilights:" "A Slave:" "Clouds and Sunshine:" "All About a Purse:" "My Heroic Aunt:" "Bitter Sweet:" "The Brother's Sacrifice:" "Portagé des Sioux:" "The Night Alarm:" "The Price of a Country." "The Poetry of Nature:" "The Soldier's Parting:" "How I got Wived:" "Forgotten:" "In the Cool of the Fall:" "The Animals in Central Park:" "Lines on a Contraband:" "Canfield:" "Hail, Soothing Pipe:" "The Incendiary:" "Popping the Question:" "Bonnet Reflections:" "Lines to a Love-Lorn Friend:" "The Dance and the Jewel:" "Stanzas to A. M.:" "Wants:" "Come to Festal Boards To-night:" "Despair:" "The Heir's Sacrifice:" "A Tale of Love:" "The Laurel Tree:" "The Treasures of the Sea:" "Sketches of the Wilderness:" "The Polish Insurgent's Story:" "A Night of Fear and Trembling:" "The Highland Wife's Prayer:" "Shadrack Birch:" "A Vigil with the Dead:" "Lover's Leap:" "I'd Have Thee Mine:" "Together:" "Work:" "Greeting to the Stars."

The Wilmington Expedition.

THE public expectations in connection with the great Wilmington expedition have been somewhat roughly shaken. The copious details given in Admiral Porter's report of the operations of his squadron, and the co-operating land forces on the 24th and 25th of Dec., lead us, however, to the impression that if Fort Fisher (an extensive earthwork) was not taken on Christmas Day, it might have been, had Gen. Weitzel and Gen. Butler only been of the same mind as the Admiral. The fort was completely silenced and kept silent under his terrible bombardment, two of its magazines were blown up, two of its guns were dislodged, and yet under the withering fire of the fleet several of our soldiers penetrated into the fort, one of them bringing off the rebel flag from the parapet, and another a horse captured from a rebel orderly inside. We share in the regret of Admiral Porter that there were not more of our gallant soldiers concerned in this adventure; for we believe with him that the fort could have been easily captured, although, like him, we do not pretend to set up our opinion against that of so brave and experienced a soldier and engineer as Gen. Weitzel. He says that the fort was not seriously injured, and suggests that, with the suspension of the fire of the fleet to enable the land forces to make a charge, the enemy would have returned to their guns and raked to destruction the assaulting column with grape and canister. In reply to this, Admiral Porter says that he could protect the assaulting column till within twenty yards of the work, a distance which surely could have been passed by our men before the enemy could have returned from their bombproofs to their guns.

We leave, however, the conflicting opinions of Admiral Porter and Gen. Butler to be settled by wiser military heads than ours, though in the meantime we find it difficult to resist the matter-of-fact arguments of the gallant Admiral. Had Gen. Butler remained with his land forces another day or two, he would have been convinced, perhaps, of the soundness of the Admiral's judgment; but it appears that the General was required by positive orders from the General-in-Chief to lose no further time in returning with his troops to Fortress Monroe. It may be, therefore, that in this apparently premature abandonment of the operations against Fort Fisher by Gen. Butler, there was a greater design in view by Gen. Grant, and that its development will afford a satisfactory explanation of the proceedings below Wilmington, which have so sadly perplexed Admiral Porter and everybody else outside the councils of the army.

The Gold Question.

WE are beginning to be apprehensive that Mr. Secretary Fessenden is in a bad way, and that the two houses of Congress, instead of putting their shoulders to the wheel in order to extricate the Treasury from its embarrassments, are looking to Hercules for a rescue, or waiting, like that model confidence man, Micawber, for "something to turn up." It is a remarkable and suggestive fact, that while the decline in gold upon the heels of a great Union victory, or a succession of victories, is now sluggish, fluctuating, and of short duration, it rebounds upward ag[illegible]n ten, fifteen, or twenty per cent. in a day or t[illegible] upon mere presumptions of a Union defeat. [illegible] instance, the terrible chastisements adminis[illegible] to the rebel army under Hood in Tenness[illegible]ough followed by Sherman's magnificent "Ch[illegible]as gift" to the Government of the city [illegible]vannah, brought down the price of gold [illegible] to 214, where it touched bottom, while [illegible] failure from a two days' bombardment to ca[illegible]ture a powerful bombproof rebel earthwo[illegible] on the North Carolina coast is followed [illegible] rapid rise in gold to 226.

Now we cannot avoid the suspicio[illegible] Mr. Fessenden's various [illegible]shinni[illegible] pedients to raise money may be a[illegible] this manifest upward tendency of gold, in spite the encouraging successes and prospects of the war. He surely cannot expect anything else than a continuous decline in the national currency, when, in addition to a new loan of two hundred millions upon a new species of interest calculated to disturb the public confidence, he threatens another chilling shower of "greenbacks." This business, in order to rescue the Treasury and the country from the dangers of an incurable depression in the national currency and credit, demands the immediate intervention of Congress. It is only through the suppression of the rebellion, and in the restoration of peace, that permanent relief can be obtained; but, in the meantime, Congress may materially lighten the burden upon Mr. Fessenden's shoulders, and so materially relieve the people of this fearful pressure resulting from the upward tendency of gold and prices of all the necessaries of life, to the embarrassment of the Treasury, and all branches of trade and industry. We desire the permanent relief of an early peace; but Congress should not play meantime the part of Micawber, while Mr. Fessenden is vainly struggling to keep his head above water. The relief of the Treasury should be the first business in order with the re-assembling of the two Houses.

Summary of the Week.

THE EXPEDITION TO WILMINGTON.

THE grand expedition to capture Wilmington, under the command of Gen. Butler and Commodore Porter, has not fulfilled its mission; the land portion having, under Gen. Butler, returned to Fortress Monroe. Omitting unimportant details, the record is this: On Friday night, the 23d of Dec., the powder-boat Louisiana, upon which so much was depended, was towed as near as possible to Fort Fisher and exploded. The result appears to have been a total failure. It neither shook down the fortifications nor fired the magazines within the fort. Early on Saturday morning the fleet under Admiral Porter opened fire upon the fort, silenced some of its guns, and was thought to have done considerable damage to it inside. During the fire, six of our 100-pound Parrott guns, on as many vessels, burst, killing and wounding several. In the meantime Fort Fisher responded very feebly. At nightfall the fleet withdrew to a safe anchorage. During the darkness of the night a portion of the army, led by Gen. Weitzel, landed above the fort, and next morning—Sunday, Christmas Day—the attack was renewed, this time by both land and sea forces. During the attack a few of our men actually penetrated into the fort and carried off the rebel flag. It seems strange that what these could do the whole could not. The plan evidently had been to storm the fort, but upon a consultation between Gen. Butler and Gen. Weitzel, Gen. Butler ordered the troops to be re-embarked and return to Fortress Monroe. Admiral Porter's report betrays considerable dissatisfaction. By the last accounts he remained off Wilmington.

GEORGIA.

The city of Savannah has received its magnanimous foe with so much apparent good feeling, that the Richmond papers are very severe upon "the large number of Northern men in that place." Gen. Sherman had sent a powerful force in a southwestern direction, but that was all that was known about it. The supposition was that it was intended for Andersonville. It was also concluded that it was his intention to advance upon Richmond by way of Columbia and Raleigh, and join his army to Grant's in a grand attack upon the rebel capital.

TENNESSEE.

A dispatch from Columbia states that Hood had succeeded in getting the remnant of his army to the south side of the Tennessee river, at Florence, Alabama. Very little fighting had occurred between the two armies since the rebels had crossed Duck river, as they were in rapid retreat, and had never once made a stand. The result was that Hood's army, which numbered 45,000 when it fought the battle of Franklin, had been reduced to about 17,000.

Later accounts throw doubt upon Hood having crossed the Tennessee river, but all accounts agree in the utter rout of his army.

SOUTH-WESTERN VIRGINIA.

Gen. Burbridge in his official report gives a very interesting and satisfactory account of the recent expedition through North-eastern Tennessee and South-western Virginia by the forces under himself, Gen. Stoneman and Gen. Gillem. They started from Bean's-station, East Tennessee, on the 12th inst., defeated the rebels under Breckinridge, Duke and Vaughn in several engagements, scattering them in different directions, killing, wounding and capturing a large number of them, taking from them many pieces artillery. Bristol, in Tennessee, and Abingdon, Wytheville, Glade Springs, Saltville and other towns in Virginia, were taken. The lead mines near Wytheville and the salt works at Saltville were left in ruins, and Gen. Burbridge says the rebels cannot place them again in working order during the war. Several engines and trains of cars, immense quantities of rebel stores and [illegible]mmunition, and all the railroad bridges and [illegible]pots were captured and destroyed, and the [illegible]oad track for miles was tore up.

VIRGINIA.

[illegible]re has been a total lull in the military opera[illegible]s in the armies before Richmond and Peters[illegible]g. It seems certain that Lee sent about 10,000 [illegible]en from his army to reinforce Bragg at Wilmington. Whether this will lead to any attack upon the rebel lines a few days will decide.

From Fortress Monroe a force was sent last week, consisting of 500 cavalry and 300 colored infantry, to Lancaster, where they captured about 50 deserters and bounty-jumpers, and 30 rebel guerillas.

TOWN GOSSIP.

THE holidays are over, and once more New York settles into apathy for a year. By this we mean that it is only once in a twelvemonth that the city loses its balance, and dismissing business, only as far as it may be connected with the period, gives way to hilarity and mirth.

In lte enjoyment of the New Year holidays, New York le a singular city, differing from any other upon the face of the earth. It makes s pleasure of its business and a business of ito pleasure. Upon the recurrence of the New Year day, Young New York professes to exchange the compliments of the season with the lady part of the congregation. This is to be done by calling upon the fair ones, wishing them a "Happy New Year!" taking a bite, drinking a glass of wine, or other fluid, chatting generally and individually for awhile, and then repeating the same in another quarter. To do this properly, according to old time method, certainly not less than half an hour should be consumed, but modern intellectual advancement has entirely altered this programme. The matter has now become an affair of business and competition, and he who can make the most calls or she who can receive the most is essentially the smartest, and has something to boast of for the rest of the season. The result is that Mr. Smith Jones rehearses especially for terseness and positive effects in condensed limits. He improvises nothing, but before starting upon his round of New Year calls he argues with himself thus:

"Now, then, Jones, it is necessary that you should make exactly 225 calls this day, and you have exactly 12 hours to make them in, or from 10 A. M. till 10 P. M. This is a period of precisely 720 minutes, or a fraction over three minutes to each call. A good team and intelligent driver, with systematic arrangement of my list will somewhat simplify the affair, but tact and business dispatch on my part, stern virtue and reticence will accomplish the rest."

Under this idea Mr. Smith Jones practises diligently for the routine. He has exactly one minute and a quarter in each house for conversation, compliments, cream, casualties and coffee, for certainly nothing stronger in the drinking way will he do, and about two minutes for transportation from point to point. He must not allow himself a waste word. He rehearses e shibholeth, and it runs somewhat in this way: "Ah! Miss Petrolia. Happy New Year! Very happy to see you. Excuse my haste, have 384 calls yet to make, and" (looking at his watch) "it is now four o'clock. How beautiful you look. Really, could spend hours looking at you, but duty—duty, you know, calls. Not a drop, not a drop! Well! Well! with you, then." Here's the old sentiment: "A Happy New Year! There's nothing better. Next year hope to find you dispensing your smiles and loveliness under another name in another domicile. Farewell! Bless you!" and exit. And all this takes precisely 52 seconds to get over, leaving 23 seconds to the credit of an entrance and exit, which can, with proper care, be gracefully done in that time.

Then there is the lady's duty. One thing is certain she can never work well alone. The gentleman can dispatch more business in a given time by himself, because of the unreliability of human nature and the possibility that his travelling companion may yield to temptation and meeting a new face be desirous of making an impression, and by such weakness create delay; but with the lady it is different. "They come like shadows, so depart," and it is necessary to systematize the thing as would be done in any great commercial establishment. There must be talking ladies, helping ladies, an accountant, whose business it shall be to have perpetual tablets in her hand, to hook calls, and reckon them up, and a general superintendent with 40 eyes to see that every customer is satisfied—charmed, and carried through in a blaze of fireworks, that shall be sufficient to take up the whizz from the last call and carry it triumphantly to the next.

Between these opposing points there is perpetual feud. The old and well posted caller prefers to come alone, because he knows he can dispatch business better, but the ladies receiving prefer to have him bring all his friends, knowing that they can dispatch a dozen in as short a time and with as little fatigue as one, and have the glory of entering that number upon their inevitable list, instead of the unit.

With various interlineations and variations this is the history of New Year's Day in New York, and yet we have been positively assured by many, on whose truth we can rely, that they really enjoy it.

Running over the variety of topics worthy of discussion we select as that deserving precedence—petroleum, and announce the important fact that "ile has been struck" within three miles of New York. This Oil Dorado has been discovered upon the farm of a certain gentleman of German persuasion, by name of Shenklebaum, as the bee flies, three miles from Hoboken. How many barrels this vein has produced to date is kept a profound secret, but so far the excitement is unprecedented, and an individual of Milesian proclivities, who retails whiskey in the neighborhood, has declared his undying faith in the indications, and on the strength of his asseverations several companies are organising, and any one anxious to go into petroleum can have a chance of doing so without feeling that their investment lies as far away as Oil Creek or Western Virginia.

Setting all joking aside, there is wondrous wealth—more than we can yet realise—in this petroleum excitement. It has a solid foundation, and any enterprise got up honestly to work it out must succeed up to the most sanguine wishes of its projectors. The only thing to fear in the whole matter is the inducements and untruths of bogus companies, without the first acre of land to sustain them, who seek only to sell their stock. There are some recently instituted companies an investment in which we would regard with as much belief in its safety as though put down in Broadway real estate, and among the first we would mention the "New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company." Their capital is $1,000,000 at $10 per share, or $5 paid, and the name of their president, the Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, is a guarantee for the proper business conduct of the affair. They have over 2,000 acres of land in the richest districts, producing splendidly, and though an entirely new company they are already paying large dividends.

The daily press for some weeks past has been careful to inform us that our Government has, with a desire to ameliorate suffering as far as possible, entered into an agreement with the rebel Government to allow them to supply their prisoners in our hands with certain necessary articles. To achieve this we liberated one of their Generals from limbo that he may superintend the matter, and immediately, with characteristic belief in not hiding his light under a bushel, we find the said General opening a depot at No. 75 Murray street, near Broadway, and displaying a large sign, on which is displayed the gentleman's—we suppose a Confederate General must be a gentleman—name, and the further announcement that he is "Agent to Supply Prisoners of War." To our mind there is something especially odd in this, and a strong argument in favor of the European theory that we only view this war as a pastime, and that any change is a change, that, like child's play, is a change for the better.

In amusements there is absolutely nothing now, the last week's stock lasting through the holidays, rehashed and served up cold.

As connected with Wallack's, we give this item cut from the New York *Herald*, without commenting on its exquisite taste:

A meeting of the theatrical managers of New York was held at the Everett House, Dec. 30th, when it was Resolved: "That as a tribute of respect to the memory of James W. Wallack, who did more than any one of his time to advance and elevate the Drama, and who equally as a gentleman, a manager, and an artist, was for so many years the bright particular ornament of our profession, and also as a mark of sincere sympathy and regard for his son, John L. Wallack, the worthy inheritor of his cultivated taste and refined feeling, the managers of all the other theatres in New York will attend in a body at Wallack's Theatre, on Tuesday evening, Jan. 3d, being the occasion of the first appearance of Mr. John L. Wallack in a position in which we feel assured he will preserve the traditional honors that surround his name."

Oscanyan has opened his long promised Turkish Hall at 720 Broadway, and in giving New York an original entertainment, and one that if it does not succeed, will only argue that we lack taste and appreciation sadly. Mr. Oscanyan puts Turkish life before us in every phrase, and to the sound of good music, gives us Turkish song, and dance, prayer, siesta, shopping and domesticity. He has pretty women and gorgeous costumes, well painted scenery, and a pleasant delivery, and as a consequence fills his snug little hall nightly with a first-class discriminating audience.

NEW BOOKS.

THE "Country Parson"—the Rev. A. K. H. Boyd—has won a wide reputation in this country of late by his pleasant, thoughtful essays, which are published, in several handsome volumes, by Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of Boston. Another volume has recently been added to this edition, entitled *Autumn Holidays*. It comprises essays on familiar topics—the seaside, the garden, books and men—and is marked by the same sound common sense and the same simplicity of style that have commended its predecessors.

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, by the way, have successfully started their magazine for juvenile readers, called *Our Young Folks*, a handsome pamphlet, comprising many agreeable articles, by S. T. Trowbridge, Mrs. H. B. Stowe, Lucy Larcom, Capt. Mayne Reid, and other popular writers. In this periodical we discern the same spirit of enterprise which animates the famous Boston publishers in their conduct of the *North American Review* and the *Atlantic*. The January number of the latter magazine contains articles by Longfellow, Hawthorne, Whittier, Lowell, Bryant and other authors, and is one of the best specimens of periodical literature that we have ever chanced to examine.

WHIST is one of the natural recreations of a winter evening at the fireside in this holiday season, and hence Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald have opportunely chosen their time to publish a work that has long been needed, called *The American Hoyle*. It describes all the games with cards that are in use in this country, giving rules for playing, and useful illustrative diagrams. It is the first complete work on the popular games of America that has ever been published; and by its comprehensive thoughtfulness and fidelity to details, it cannot fail to win its way into general favor.

Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald have also published a neat pamphlet edition of Mr. W. H. Ainsworth's interesting historical novel, *The Constable of the Tower*.

FEW persons read new volumes of verse, which is a wise dispensation of nature. Critical readers, however, may possibly wish to make exception in favor of Mr. J. W. Montclair's *Real and Ideal*, a collection of poems, published, in very neat style, by Mr. F. Leypoldt, of Philadelphia. The real name of the author, we believe, is J. W. Weidemeyer. His poems evince scholarship, if not inspiration.

A VERY agreeable book for children is *The Young Crusoe*, by Dr. Harley, published in Boston by Messrs. Walker, Wise & Co. It is written in a style of clear and graceful simplicity such as we rarely meet with in works of this class, while the moral and indeed Christian tone of the work (which is by no means overdrawn) renders it an unexceptionable volume for the youthful reader. At the same time the adventures of Felix Francœur, the young Crusoe, are extremely interesting as well as sufficiently probable to justify belief. The woodcuts are also of a superior class, and merit being noticed from their general sufficiency and talent. They are from the establishment of John Andrews, of Boston, which alone might be considered a sufficient endorsement of their excellence. We cordially recommend this elegant volume as a suitable Christmas gift or purchase.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—We are much obliged to Purser W. D. Bempstead, of the S. S. George Cromwell, for late New Orleans papers.

—— A locomotive with steam up was left standing on a turn-table at Newport a few nights ago, when, by some accident, the machinery was set in motion, and the engine tore off swiftly into a neighboring field, whence it took four hours of hard labor to extricate it.

—— The Montreal *Witness* says there is not a single person in Montreal, except those who profited by it, who justifies the action of Justice Coursol and the Chief of Police in the case of the St. Albans raiders.

—— Gen. Butler has established a Savings Bank for Freedmen, which has received $24,000 already.

—— Mr. Shaw, of Poughkeepsie, auctioneer and appraiser, is the author of the humorous squibs signed Josh Billings. He is 50 years of age.

—— In the South Carolina Convention of 1860, Mr. Boyce, of South Carolina, uttered these prophetic words, to the verification of which events seem to be fast hurrying: "If secession shall take place, of which I have no idea—for I cannot conceive of such stupendous madness—I shall consider the institution of slavery as doomed, and that the great God, in our blindness, has made us the instruments of its destruction."

—— It is estimated that our pension list will soon amount to $50,000,000 a year.

—— The first free school for negroes in Washington was opened about one year ago. There are now in that city 20 day schools and 17 evening schools for colored persons.

—— An Ohio jury has lately awarded "one cent" damages to a man who sued the municipal authorities for being illegally deprived of his vote.

—— Longfellow, the poet, has returned his income as over $14,000, and what is more, paid the income tax upon it.

—— Judge Nye, who has been territorial Governor of Nevada since 1861, has been chosen U. S. Senator for that new State.

—— The Commissioner of Internal Revenue fixes the average consumption of ardent spirits in New York as 600 barrels a day.

—— The popular votes of all the rebel States in 1860 were 856,524—while that of New York and Massachusetts alone in 1864 was 896,210.

—— Sherman's "journey through Georgia" was on an average eight miles a day. He left Atlanta 12th Nov. and arrived before Savannah 13th Dec.

—— A company of gentlemen have fitted up a yacht and offered it to Gen. McClellan for one year's trip, paying all expenses. The General has wisely declined.

—— On Christmas Day Mrs. James G. Bennett sent sleighs in all directions, with orders to the drivers to pick up and bring to her residence, at Washington Heights, all the ragged little street children they could find. To the 150 poor boys and girls thus gathered together she gave a good Christmas dinner, and otherwise provided for their enjoyment of the day.

—— The Mississippi river, above St. Louis, is bridged by ice. At Dubuque, vehicles, as well as pedestrians, now cross on the ice.

—— The New England Society has passed resolutions eulogistic of its President, the late W. C. Noyes.

—— California has been visited by a great storm, which terminated on the 28th of November. It did considerable damage, but the good which it accomplished more than outweighed all the loss which it occasioned. Mining and agricultural operations, which had long lain stagnant on account of the drouth, were speedily renewed, with the most flattering promise of success.

—— Geo. E. Gordon, convicted of the murder of Owen Thompson several years ago at Albany, has been sentenced to be hung on the 16th of January.

—— Our Government needs all the surplus hay in the country, and has therefore forbidden its exportation. If necessary, hay and forage will be impressed.

—— A number of distinguished citizens of New York gave to Archbishop McCloskey, as a Christmas present, an excellent marble bust of the late Archbishop Hughes.

—— It is said that Sherman killed all the dogs on his line of march.

Foreign.—John Brougham and Dion Boucicault have produced their Irish play in Dublin, with great success. It is called "Arrah na Pogue."

—— Baron Marochetti has been chosen to execute the bust of Thackeray for Westminster Abbey.

—— The largest conflagration on record was that which recently occurred in Japan, when Miaco was burnt. The fire raged two entire days, laying waste 1,000 blocks, 78,000 houses and temples, and 3,700 warehouses. Five-sixths of the city were in ashes, and half a million of people were made homeless.

—— The national debt of England is about $4,000,000,000; of France, $2,000,000,000: and Italy, $1,000,000,000.

—— In Brazil there are 2,000,000 of square miles suited to cotton-growing, of which only 12,000 are cultivated.

—— A matrimonial paper is published in Paris. It is called the *Nuptial Echo*. Its intention is to promote the connubial habits of its subscribers. Here spinsters may hear of bachelors, etc.

—— Mr. Masseras, formerly of the *Courrier des Etats Unis*, and recently publisher of a newspaper in Mexico, has been appointed a Chevalier of the Order of Guadulupe, by the Emperor Maximilian.

—— Among Parisian novelties is a new ballet, with music by Prince Metternich.

—— Mr. Bunch, the new British Consul for Cuba, has arrived at Havana.

—— Sweden has officially recognised the new empire of Mexico.

—— The *Nouvelliste*, of Rouen, says that when the Emperor of Russia was at Hamburg this year he went into the gambling-rooms, and being tempted to try his luck at roulette, told his aide-de-camp to throw down a note of 100 roubles upon the red. But the ball had scarcely begun to roll when the croupier, with his rake, roughly pushed away the Russian paper, saying that the bank did not take that sort of money. The aide-de-camp took it up without remonstrance, and the Czar, who most assuredly was not recognised by the croupier, went away.

—— The *Mémorial d'Aix* announces that M. Mathieu de la Drôme's prediction of the commencement of wet weather on the 10th of November, in the greater part of France and Southern Europe, has been fully realised in that district. In Aix and its neighborhood, rain began to fall on the evening of the 9th, and continued, almost without ceasing, for three days, till the land became so thoroughly soaked as to render agricultural operations impossible.

—— A grandson of Louis Philippe lately married the eldest daughter of the Emperor of Brazil, who will be Empress of Brazil when Don Pedro dies. Another grandson of Louis is to marry another Brazilian princess.

—— The Paris papers state that a most important discovery has been made, which greatly interests agricultural interests in every country, by M. Augustin Favre, an old soldier of the Emperor and Chevalier of the Legion of Honor. He undertakes to cure the glanders and the farcy, so destructive to horses, in a few days by a new process, of which he is the inventor.

—— The great river Amazon has been found to be navigable from one end to the other; in fact, a new route has been opened between the Atlantic and the Pacific. The Morona, a Peruvian steamer which was sent to explore the Amazon, has arrived from Mayro, about 300 miles from Lima. The Morona navigated more than 2,000 miles of the Amazon proper, and 600 of the Yeayali and the Pachitea rivers, which, until then, had seen only Indian canoes. The country is, of course, inhabited by savages, but it is of wonderful fertility.

—— The various branches of the Rothschild family have sustained a severe loss in the death of Mrs. Hannah Mayer Fitzroy, widow of the late Right Hon. Henry Fitzroy, M. P. for Lewes, and for some time chairman of committees in the House of Commons. The deceased lady was the second daughter of the late Baron Nathan Mayer Rothschild, and therefore sister of Baron Rothschild, M. P. for the city of London, and Sir Anthony Rothschild.

Miscellaneous.—Elizabeth Washington, a great-grand-niece of the founder of the Republic, died in Washington last week, in her 92d year.

—— A man was arrested at St. Johnsbury under the vagrant act, the other day, and proved his identity by the editor of the *Caledonian*, who recognised him as one who formerly wrote poetry for that paper. The *Caledonian* says: "The man was at once pronounced insane and discharged."

—— The infant child of Gen. Sherman died on the 8th of Dec. at South Band, Indiana.

—— Although the rebels are within shelling distance of Nashville, there are, in that city, two theatres and a circus open every night.

—— Ezra Chappel, of New London, has recommenced his usual winter custom of supplying the poor with 3,000 loaves of bread per month.

—— A woman was burnt to death in Hartford, last week, owing to the bursting of a kerosene lamp.

—— Harding, who married Belle Boyd, was lately arrested in Western Virginia. His intention was to get his wife's sister from rebeldom to the North.

—— An exchange says that a gentleman of Wheeling recently fired at a flock of crows. The wounded one made piteous cries, whereupon his companions returned, and attacked the sportsman with such "vivacity" that he was compelled to retreat.

——Mrs. Penniman, of South Braintree, lately gathered her 13 children around her—their united ages were 879 years. She is 92, and her children range between 72 and 46. Her husband died 16 years ago, aged 77, having been married 56 years.

—— In Robert Browning's last book, "Dramatis Personæ," there is a poem called "Mr. Sludge, the Medium," which reflects very severely upon the interpreters of "spiritualism." The original of "Sludge" is said to be Mr. D. D. Hume, well known as a "medium," both here and in England.

—— A letter from one of Early's soldiers says: "We all think Gen. Early drinks too much. It is notorious that whenever he gains a victory, or meets with a reverse, he gets gloriously drunk, and often stays so for several days."

—— Count Horace de Viel-Castel, a grand-nephew of Mirabeau, and a well-known writer on art and archæology, died recently in Paris.

—— Bouquets of flowers, cut out of carrots, turnips and beets, are among the latest novelties. A rose, cut in a light tinted beet, and a dahlia cut in a turnip, are mentioned as especially pretty; but these ephemeral beauties quickly wither.

—— The French Government have a very summary method of dealing with offenders. Some time ago 29 pitmen were tried for forcing their fellow-workmen to join them in forcing up their rate of wages. They were found guilty, and sentenced to various terms of imprisonment.

A BUFFALO TIGER STORY.

A PAPER published in India tells the following story about an adventure there of an entomologist:

"One very hot day, shouldering his entomological net, and with his bottle of cyanide of potassium in his pocket, for the purpose of killing his specimens, he had succeeded in taking several species of moths and beetles, when, suddenly emerging on an open space, a gigantic female buffalo charged right down upon him. Quick as lightning the narrator sprang up a tree which fortunately happened to be near, and almost before he had comfortably settled down upon one of the branches a buffalo calf appeared upon the scene, and both mother and offspring sat down at the foot of the tree, directly under his position. In order to attract the attention of his friends, who were in the neighborhood, or of any native who might happen to be near, he shouted until he was hoarse. Ever and anon, by way of variation, with the vain hope of frightening away the buffalo, he awakened the extremest echoes of the jungle with his yells, and perpetrated the most hideous noises ever produced by the human voice. All was of no avail; no friendly hand came to aid him, and the brute still lay placidly licking and caressing its calf. He was about to assume a standing attitude in the tree, when suddenly his left hand, with which he had seized a branch above his head, was severely stung or bitten by some insect or animal. Starting with the acute pain, as the fear of whip or tree snakes flashed through his mind, he involuntarily loosed his hold of the bough, and, thus deprived of support, he lost his balance and fell from his place of refuge. He dropped on the buffalo's back, and in another instant was carried away at a tremendous pace through the long thick grass of the jungle. It was a difficult matter to keep his seat, when all at once the buffalo sprang into a large tank, and he was immersed up to his neck in water. Unable to swim, he was obliged to cling to the brute, which for a time swam round and round the pond at her pleasure. He only hoped his legs would not be seized by one of the alligators, of which he had seen several in the water during the day. Then, to his infinite horror, a stinging sensation in his leg made him feel sure he had again been bitten by another kind of serpent. And still the buffalo showed no signs of returning towards the land, when, just as he thought she was preparing to lie down, he dug his heels into her side and delivered random blows with his fists on her head and neck. Then striking out for the land, the brute speedily reached the shore, on gaining which she again commenced her mad gallop. A few minutes brought them to the spot from which the animal had started, where the calf was still standing. The buffalo was preparing to lie down, when seizing the branches of the tree from which he had fallen on the brute's neck, he swung himself up into his old position. He had not, however, been very long there when the smarting in his hand and legs caused him to remember that he had been bitten by snakes. The very idea of this, and the knowledge that one of those venomous reptiles was in the tree on which he was perched, caused a deadly faintness, from which it was some time before he rallied.

"Alternately fainting and reviving, hour after hour passed away, night darkened down upon the jungle, and the buffalo still kept watch and ward at the foot of the tree. At length, at an advanced hour of the night, he suddenly became conscious that a tremendous struggle was going on between the buffalo and some large wild animal, which he judged to be a tiger. 'The growling of the latter,' he continues, 'the groans of the buffalo, the noise of their struggles, and the incessant bleating of the calf, combined in producing a series of sounds which in the darkness of night appeared worthy of the inhabitants of Pandemonium. For full five minutes, which appeared hours to me, the dreadful struggle continued, until at length the groans of the buffalo subsided into a series of convulsive gasps and snorts, and the sounds of the struggling on the ground almost ceased. I could, however, hear the tiger growling, snarling and spitting like an immense cat. Of course the descent was now quite out of the question. I therefore determined to remain where I was until daylight, if I did not die from the effects of the snake bites before morning appeared. So strong was the interest with which I listened and strained my eyes for the purpose of learning what was going on below, that I even ceased to think of this contingency, and forgot the deathlike swoons I had previously experienced. After some time spent in listening to the noise made by the animal while enjoying his feast of buffalo flesh, the sounds ceased suddenly. I felt sure, however, that the beast had not departed, for I had kept my eyes fixed on the dark outlines, under the shadow of the tree, and the mass remained of the same appearance. I fancied I could trace the form of a tiger lying alongside the dead buffalo, and this was the shape the dark objects had assumed and retained since the termination of the conflict.'

"At length, however, succor was at hand. Seeing a light in the distance, he shouted as loud as he could, and this attracted the notice of a party who had set out in search of him. On coming up to the spot, both tiger and buffalo were found to be dead. On telling his friends he had been bitten by snakes they first examined his hand, and pronounced the wound he received whilst in the tree to have been caused by the sting of a hornet. On turning down his stocking they discovered several leeches gorged with blood, for numbers of these voracious animals had bitten him during his ride through the water on the buffalo's back. The faintings he had experienced were attributed to loss of blood from the leech-bites. They then turned their attention to the dead tiger. Not a wound was discovered about the carcase, but on slightly moving the body of the buffalo, they discovered the bottle of cyanide of potassium, which had been intended for entomological purposes, broken, and partially introduced into the wound in the neck from which the tiger had sucked the blood of his victim. While imbibing the life-blood of the buffalo the tiger had also received one of the most deadly poisons known, which in the course of a very short time had produced its usual fatal results. The position of the two animals and of the deadly bottle left no room for doubting that such had been the case. On ascending the tree in such hot haste the poison bottle and other little matters were dropped, and during the struggle between the animals the former was broken, and perhaps even cut its way into the jugular of the buffalo; thus probably assisting in the death of the latter, as well as proving so fatally destructive to the tiger. On the appearance of dawn they discovered a small wasp's nest hanging in the tree. Later in the day they had the satisfaction of superintending the skinning of the tiger, and distributing the meat to the villagers, some of whom regard it as particularly strengthening food. The absence of the bullet holes rendered the skin a valuable one."

ANTIDOTE FOR POISON.—Dr. J. Edmonds, a prominent London physician, writes as follows to the London *Times*: "I enclose a simple, safe and accessible prescription for the whole range of acid corrosive poisons, which, if promptly used, will almost invariably save life. Mix two ounces of powdered chalk or magnesia, or one ounce of washing soda, with a pint of milk, and swallow it at one draught, then tickle the back of the throat with a feather or finger so as to produce vomiting. Afterwards drink freely of milk and water, and repeat the vomiting so as to thoroughly wash out the stomach. Any quantity of chalk or magnesia may be taken with safety, but soda in large quantities is injurious. I may add that the narcotics are excepted. Milk is an antidote for almost all the poisons, and especially if followed by vomiting."

AN honest grazier, who had seen "Richard III." performed, in Cincinnati, waited upon the manager, next morning, to say, that if the gentleman who wanted a horse, on the previous evening, held his mind, he had got an abundance of nags, and should be happy to trade.

CHILDREN who are what is called "good," and who die young, are often held up as models, by teachers and others, but are not, as a general thing, favorite studies for the genuine boys and girls. A boy once said to a clergyman, who had described the death of a good child:

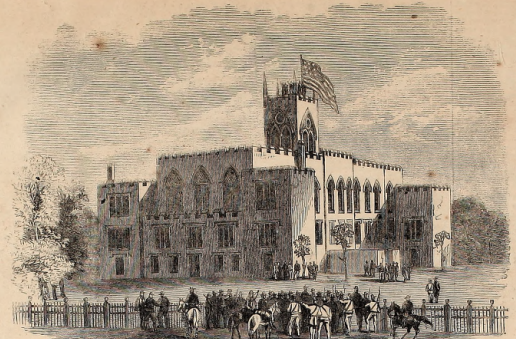
"I do hate those dead babies! I like to hear about children that don't want to die."

SHERMAN'S
Grand March through Georgia.

THE present number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER contains several interesting sketches from two of our Artists, who accompanied the National armies in their triumphant march from Atlanta to Savannah.

Our troops commenced their "audacious expedition," as the London *Times* phrases it, on the 13th and 14th of November, on which latter day Gen. Sherman gave orders for the last army corps to leave. On their march they destroyed the famous foundry and machine manufactory on the Georgia State road, a little distance out of the doomed city.

Our Artist says when the final explosion took place the spectacle was very grand, the shock making all things tremble for miles around, and, although the fragments went flying here and there, fortunately nobody was hurt. On the 23d of November our forces reached Milledgeville, which they entered without resistance —being met at the entrance by the Mayor and a deputation of citizens, who informed Gen. Slocum that Gov. Brown had fled to Macon three days previously, having in vain attempted to rally the "valiant Legislature" to defend their homes. Gen. Slocum informed the Mayor, in response to his appeal for protection, that private property should be respected, and that no violence would be permitted on the well-disposed. When this was noised abroad the excitement ceased,



SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.—VIEW OF THE CAPITOL AT MILLEDGEVILLE.—OUR SOLDIERS HOISTING THE STARS AND STRIPES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

and the "hateful Yanks" became the "magnanimous foe."

The Arsenal at Milledgeville.

This is a very unpretending building, as our readers may perceive, and its contents were scarcely worth capture, there being only some 2,500 muskets and a few cannon. The most important items, perhaps, were a ton of powder, and a considerable quantity of *accoutrements*.

Burning the R. R. Bridge.

In accordance with Gen. Sherman's plan Col. Jones, who commanded the 2d brigade, 20th army corps, ordered the destruction of the Georgia Central railroad bridge on the Ogeechee river. It was a well constructed building, but our men are too great adepts at destruction to suffer it to give them much trouble, and in less than hour it was in flames.

Penitentiary at Milledgeville.

This terror to evil doers was destroyed by fire, although it is not quite certain whether it was done by the orders of Gen. Sherman or the result of accident. Some curious stories are current about this, but our space precludes further particulars.

View of Savannah.

This beautiful, and, judging from the conduct of its inhabitants, only half rebel city, contains about 27,000 inhabitants, and is one of the most charming places on the continent—

The view we engrave is taken from a point some four miles above Hutchinson.

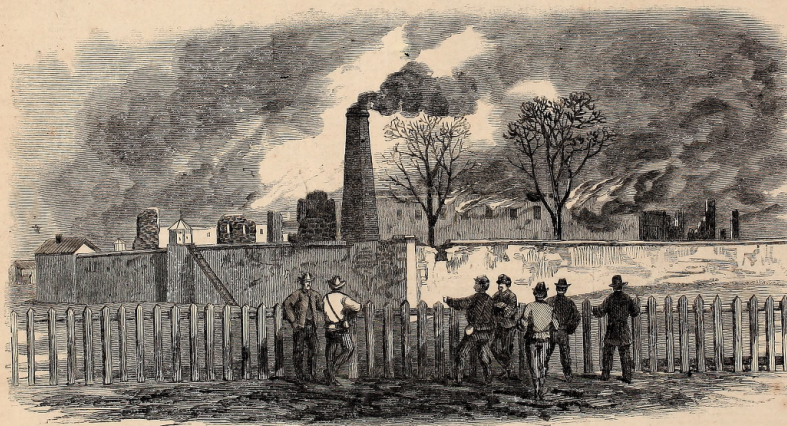
The Pen at Millen.

Unwilling as every Christian must be to unnecessarily inflame the Northern mind, it is impossible not to read our Artist's account of the dismal place where our brave soldiers were slowly tortured to death without an indignation too deep for words. Our Artist says: "The stockade was a square of 500 feet, or an area of nearly 15 acres. It was among pines, on dry rolling ground, although in a swampy region. The stockade was of pine logs, rising from 12 to 15 feet above the ground. Sentry boxes were placed along the top of the stockade, 20 feet apart, and reached from the outside by ladders On the eastern part extended a ravine, through which ran a small stream of good water. About 3,000 prisoners had been confined here. In this space were their huts, without regularity in arrangement, roofed with loose earth, supported by sticks. Several wells had been dug in the prison ground. Through the centre of the huts was a line of brick ovens which were not entirely finished. The "dead line" extended entirely around the inside at a distance of 30 feet from the stockade. It was made of narrow scantling supported on small posts about three feet from the ground. The atmosphere in the prison camp was like that of a charnel house. Three corpses of prisoners were found in the huts, and were buried by us. A short distance outside was a trench-grave, in which our dead heroes were buried. A board at the head of the trench bore the inscription, "650 buried here"—a frightful record of mortality among 3,000 prisoners, who had been penned up there but a few weeks. On rising ground, a short distance south-west of the stockade, were two forts, not yet completed, and showing no trace of having been occupied by artillery. About 200 yards distant in another direction was a smaller stockade, about half constructed.

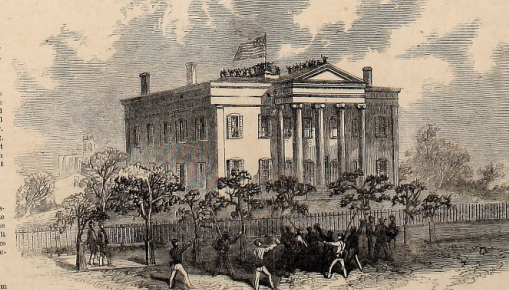
Such are the lazar-houses into which Southern chivalry herds our gallant men, to die. If anything could add distance to treason it is inhumanity like that shown towards unhappy captives.

Milledgeville.

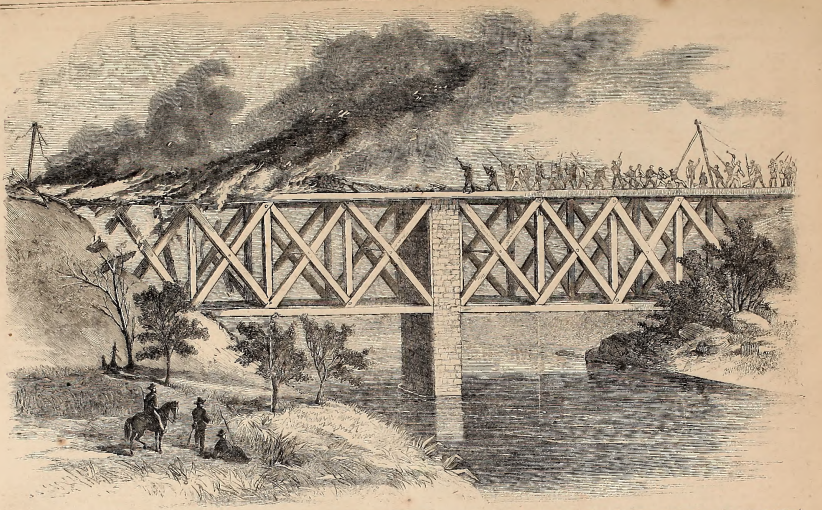
This beautiful city is the State capital of Georgia, and is situated on the west bank of the Oconee river, 126 miles south-west of Savannah, and 659 south-west of Washington. It contains a large number of handsome residences, and many fine public buildings. The State house, of which we present a view, is a remarkable building in the Gothic style, more resembling a cathedral in England than a city hall—there are also six churches, three of them really handsome edifices. These were of course respected by our troops. The arsenal, which we also give a sketch of, is a poor affair—but solidly constructed. When the war broke out there were six newspapers published here—pretty well for a place numbering only 4,000 inhabitants.



SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—BURNING OF THE PENITENTIARY AT MILLEDGEVILLE, GA., NOV. 23.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



GOVERNOR'S HOUSE AT MILLEDGEVILLE, GA.—OUR SOLDIERS HOISTING THE STARS AND STRIPES.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—BURNING OF THE GEORGIA CENTRAL RAILROAD BRIDGE, OVER THE OCMULGEE RIVER, NOV. 20TH, BY UNION FORCES UNDER COL. P. H. JONES.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

GONE HOME.

BY HANNAH MULLER.

Oh, go and call my darling, wherever she doth hide,
For I am weary waiting, watching for her every day;



You'll find her gathering wild flowers upon the mountain side,
Or wandering, singing to herself in valleys far away.

Go stand out on the hillside, beneath the hawthorn bloom—
If you hear a wild bird singing, 'tis my darling coming home.

Oh, go and call my darling, for the days are dark and sad,
And all the world seems lonely—to me so long alone—
I'm longing! oh, I'm longing for the voice that made me glad;
My heart keeps beating, out of tune, for all its music's gone.

Go, stand down in the meadow, amidst the flowering broom—
If you see the day grow brighter, then my darling's coming home.

Alas! I am forgetting, an evening calm and still,
I watched within a quiet room, and all I loved was there;
The sun was setting far away behind the western hill,
When suddenly the light was gone, which made my life so dear.
You need not go to seek her, she never more will come,
For I heard the angels singing for my darling going home.

THE ROSE OF THE GALTEES;

OR,

PAT AND THE GAUGERS.

BY LOUISA SULLIVAN.

BENEATH the deep shadow of the Galtees, its roof resting against a boulder of the dark brown rock, whose summit seemed hurled in the blue and vapory sky, stood a comfortable publichouse—yes, comfortable is the only word that can properly designate the careless *dishevelled tousled* air of prosperity that characterised Phil Purcell's half-farm-half-tavern-looking abode. It was a substantial building, of red sandstone, flanked on each side with a goodly row of thatched stables and out-houses, with patches of wheat and a long strip of potato ground in the rear. It is true the courtyard was rather wastefully littered with hay, which would have been better bestowed in the adjoining barn; that the ample supply of winter fuel, in the shape of several loads of turf which lay scattered around, would have looked better neatly stacked in the haggard; that a few stones from the quarry at a little distance from the house would have repaired the broken fence and mendanished the pools and sloughs in which sundry pigs, ducks and chickens were most amicably disporting. Yet the ample windows, stocked with rows of bottles and glasses, with here and there a stout pile of homemade crackers, a huge cheese, a keg of "first quality butter," strings of red herrings, flitches of bacon, &c., fully atoned to the hungry traveller for all other discrepancies.

There was a stirring, bustling air about the place, too, that was pleasant to see. Bare-legged, cherry-cheeked damsels jerked hither and thither, now helping a stray customer, now exchanging merry glances or sharp repartees with the crowd of sturdy, athletic youths, who, with the lazy nonchalance of the Irish peasant, lounged about the doorway in expectation of the arrival of the stage from Cork, Mallow or Youghal (for those were the days when railroads had not yet swept through the green lanes and mountain solitudes sacred to poetry and romance), when half-a-dozen would start forward and assist in doing the work of one.

Phil's hospitable invitation of "entertainment for man and beast," was not without imitation. A similar establishment, but on a less imposing scale, was situated a little higher up the road. But Phil's tavern was *par excellence* the favored one, and hardly required the huge sign painted a stormy red, which swung at the gable end of the house, to make it the general resort of the farmers, traders, grooms, huntsmen and others who might require refreshment.

Two powerful reasons may be assigned for the popularity of the "Traveller's Rest," either of which would have been sufficient. First, Phil's



PAT AND HIS COUSIN.

kept better potheen than his rival, old Lanty, whose greed for gain made him largely dilute that delectable beverage; second, he had a beautiful daughter; Ellen Purcell, or the Rose of the Galtees, as she was termed by her more ardent admirers, was indeed as fair a flower as ever blossomed in the wilderness. If eyes, soft and bright as the gazelle's, a rose-tinted cheek and a light and graceful form constitute beauty, hers might have been envied by many a highborn lady. And doubtless so thought many a rustic squire and young farmer round, whom one glance of Ellen's beautiful eyes, gazing from door or window, was enough to make him forego his homeward ride from fair or market, to linger for an hour or so at the little bar and quaff a glass of Beamish and Crawford's porter, or maybe, if the day was cold, a drop of the real stuff, mixed by the fair hands of Ellen herself.

But though the Rose of the Galtees had many lovers, one only had caught her young heart. This favored individual was a poor but respectable young man, the youngest son of a widow who rented a small farm a short distance from the Traveller's Rest.

Frank Lacy and Ellen had gone to the village school together, and had conned their lessons from the same book. When poor Ellen's little head had become involved in inextricable arithmetical problems, Frank had shed a ray of light on the benighted subject. They had rambled on nutting and blackberry excursions, had romped and played too long together not to fall in love, or rather to have been always in that delightful



PAT INFORMS THE GAUGER OF AN ILLICIT STILL.

state, for from childhood to youth the transition in their sentiments had seemed almost imperceptible to themselves.

But Frank was poor, and consequently little favored by Ellen's father, his salary as assistant in the widow O'Reilly's shop, in the village of Arthmore, being hardly enough to keep body and soul together; besides, his duties were as multifarious as the goods he had daily to select and display. Ellen's being pestmistress as well as dealer in drygoods and groceries, he had to work early and late to fulfil the incessant demands upon his time and attention. But a lover can accomplish what is almost impossible to ordinary mortals, and though, in his mind, Frank favor in Ellen's eyes, evening after evening saw Frank Leey strolling down the *boreen* at the back of the tavern. A gentle tap at the back door or window of Ellen's servant was followed or overwhelmed with the number of gossip's meet welcome response. Then a whistled chorus, a song about the green cherry fields or the mountain glen, repaid poor Frank for all the discomforts of his situation, and seat him away to his humble garret blessed with visions an emperor might envy.

But as this love matters did not progress to Phil Purcell's entire satisfaction. He was said that his tavern owed much of its celebrity to the finest potheen in the country. Those who knew anything of Ireland are aware that illegal distillation is reckoned there a very venial transgression, indeed after a very short sojourn in the country strangers become equally indulgent, particularly sportsmen, who, after hunting over mile, of mountain and bog, carry an unbridled appetite for drink, and, well-soused with hog wash, are apt to imagine a glass of poteen, pure and unadulterated, the most genial potion they ever swallowed in their lives.

Great was then the excitement when a strong pot boiling, recently erected in the back premises of Phil's dwelling and called the New Barracks, was suddenly occupied, not by "sogers," but, honor of hornets, gaugers; the government, having, it was said, got a hint of the vicinity of the illicit still. So, after eating a hearty dinner at Squire Rooney's, seize every hog in the collar and after breaking open Miss Biddy M'Dun's homemade cake and gooseberry wine, didn't he coolly kick his huge legs against the window-sill, and in spite of the quiet squatter's remonstrance, and theatrical laughter pull up the trapdoor leading down into the garden and fish up half a dozen jars containing the precious liquid, in the which he raised spirits enough to frighten the whole country.

But all as a sudden, when things were at the worst, the gaugers relaxed his vigilance, particularly towards Phil Purcell, who had almost begun to despair. The fact was Captain William, as he was called, had got the chairing Ellen, and, though somewhat on the shady side of forty, contemplated matrimony. Drawing after evening found him a guest at the Traveller's Rest, not publicly, but in Phil's confidential bar, where it said he occasionally indulged in a hot tumbler of the choicest pothreen, drank probably with the view of ingratiating himself into Phil's good graces. But still no seizures, accident even to the meanest subservience of the crafty Phil, who was not indisposed to secure so powerful a son-in-law, were of little avail with the obdurate fair one. However, after a remonstrance of the father's polite advice to give the collector time to think of it, he did not prosecute his suit with such vehemence and manner as to make him gone on very quietly, but for the unlucky pothreen. One evening, having indulged in a second potation, he abruptly rose to depart, and with an unqualified refusal. The exasperated gauger complained at once to Phil. He could not have chosen a less auspicious moment. That day two of Phil's best cows had brought next to nothing at the fair, and his rival Lasty had succeeded in securing the patronage of the Squire. Besides, it was a sore subject, Ellen always meeting it with tears. He answered pettishly. William muttered a threat, this provoked an oath, which was followed by the gauger starting up and lattoring his cosh, swearing, while his fat purple face became livid with rage, he could make him and his daughter repent before they were many days older. After this threat he beat a retreat, and in time so reconciled the new hostile which the infuriated Phil allied at his head.

Ellen did not know until say for her results had followed her father's and the gauger's rein, and her father was too ill-tempered to tell her; so that evening, when she stole out as usual to meet Frank Lacy at the trysting meadow that skirted the high road, she told him, while the tears coursed down her rosy cheeks, that she feared it would be all her father would let her marry that horrid Williams. Now, Frank Lacy was a young man whose character, in one respect, was somewhat of an anomaly among his countrymen; he was gentle and inoffensive almost to a fault. But though fallen hereditary neglect had caused him to possess more of what is technically termed pluck, there was not a boy in the barony a more general favorite. To this, perhaps, his bookishness might have contributed not a little, the schoolmaster being a character held in high estimation by the peasantry.

We think it necessary to mention these facts, that we may be able to state, in the veritable history, why Frank did not either run off with his mistress or take summary vengeance upon his rival. He did neither, but having walked and talked with Ellen until it was nearly dark, he bade her adieu, nearly heartbroken, but still swearing eternal constancy. Walking slowly along the *boreen* or lane that led by a short cut to the tavern, Frank was startled from a rather melancholy reverie by a tremendous slap on the back; the next moment a stout young fellow of Herculean proportions sprang over the low hedge beside him.

"Ah then, Frank, what's the matter at all? Is Ellen dead or married, or what's come over ye, we didn't see you these two weeks?"

Frank pointed out the absence of his troubles.

"And what are ye going to do, Frank dhin?"

"What can I do, Dan?" was the rueful answer.

"Well, blood's thicker than water anyhow," continued the newcomer, lighting up a pair of loose breeches, "an' I knew more for you, Frank, for having that sort of Irish way with you, that always, wive say good at takin' their own part. But it'ere wornt sister's affair at all, at all, barrin' you get her. It's the father of Ellen; shure she shall always be sweet kind true wid her, an' a smart bachelor as betther than the married man, Frank."

"What are you on, Dan?" said Frank, anxiously.

"Oh, don't be afeard," said the other, with a kind of good-hearted chuckling in his manner. "I'll take a gaff in 'till the murdering gauger, though many a poor boy would have died decently in their bed last Christmas if it hadn't been for him. Purcell sowld in that way. Live it all to me."

Pat was Frank's cousin, and his sworn champion. He was apt to speak rather disrespectfully to his face, but woe to any one else who attempted a similar freedom. Dan was, in spite of natural shrewdness, his tenderness for fighting and love and brought him to the end of a song that he "could not sing," or, as he said, *screenes* for Dan, his reader services among the farmers and peasantry procuring him at least a plenty of victory and whiskey. "Now, Frank, you're all present, he was able to bestow his undivided attention to his cousin's affairs.

It was a cold dismal morning in the month of January, that Patrick, or Pat O'Neill, as he was more familiarly called, had a secret conference with Dan Lacy. The gauger had just finished breakfast, and was seated in a huge easy chair before a comfortable fire of English coal, a luxury he was fond of indulging in when Pat was announced. We will not detail all the particulars of the interview. Suffice it that Pat promised, for a consideration, to bring Captain Williams and his men right to the spot where a certain Larry Heffernan had a mountain still in full blast.

Dan Lacy, as the reader will know ere he had been often duped by pretended information, and had very little faith in the good peasantry around him. He communicated his plan to the authority who declared, but for a slight grudge he owed the squireen, he'd scorn to be an informer. Morgan pricked up his ears, and, like a sagacious hound, put only channels through which any really valuable information had ever reached him, and the same night Pat Lacy was one of his black sheep; so after a few minutes' deliberation, he called for his greatcoat, and proceeded to give orders to his men.

"Och, captain dear," says Pat, seeing the party in readiness to move, "shure it's not forgetting the throuble ye are to be at, and sure if anything happens to Pat, my feet are almost dead with these cold cavalry boots."

"Hover on, sir," said Williams, "it's time enough to pay when you earn it."

"Musha, true for you, captain, but faith my heart id be lighter when I'd have the wallet boys laughin at me purse."

Williams pulled out his purse and threw him five shillings.

"Another, captain, this nd niver buy them," said Pat, reckoning the money, "do the thing dacently, captain dear, and toss us over the other crown piece for boots."

Another crown was thrown at his head, and the captain and his men moved to the door. But the prospect of a long march on foot, particularly in the present rain, formed a clough of near a foot deep on the ground, a drizzling shower, and a blast of cutting wind from the north-east, the party unanimously backed into the hall, considerably cooled their ardor. Two or three of the men even hinted to the captain that it was too desperate a day to venture out.

"Oh, by the powers!" said Pat, indignantly, "but that bates all. Why, sir, it's only a step, and a sheltered at that little sprakling yez see. Praise be to glory but it's illegant weather intirely for the same sort of work, and it's the very day for the dirty taste of some that's nursbin the crops and driving the cowld out of the air, the poor—God help the creatures!—that will be starved by it."

Morgan led the way, followed closely by Pat and the scowling gaugers. As long as the lads appeared fresh, Pat moved rather heartily, which he soon proceeded to account for by the cavalry boots, but the moment he saw them get tired, he stretched out his legs and pushed forward at a pace that baffled even the fastest of the men. He seemed bagged Boots.

Still the short winter's day was nearly spent in the tangled and almost impassable wilderness of bog and moor, and the shades of evening were gathering round when the party reached the shieling of Larry Heffernan, a small cottage built by exercise chain of rocks. Even in summer its stern and savage character was little improved, but in the furze bushes and a small crop of blue heather, which was all that found subsistence on its sterile soil. But now its appearance was singularly dark and gloomy. Immense bonkiers of brown rock towered to meet the sullen sky above, and almost shut out every glimpse of lingering twilight; below a stream of inky hue ran through the glen, and dashed against the rocks with the roar of a cataract. So artificially had nature framed the savage spot for the purpose of concealment, that the only entrance to it was by a small chasm in the cliff, so narrow and rugged as only to permit a single person to pass at a time.

The discontent of the gaugers now broke into open murmurs, as Pat, pointing triumphantly to the aperture, said:

"There's the end of yer journey, boys."

All declared that the glen was too dark and lonely to enter at that hour, and that night would be on them before they could attack Heffernan. Some of them even took the captain aside and expressed their doubts of the faith of the guide. But Williams, dazzled by the hopes of the prize, still persevered, alleging that it was now too late to retreat.

"But by the blessed light of heaven," said he, clenching a pistol from his breast, and turning to O'Neill, "if I find you've led us into a pathway of death, I'll send the contents of this through your brains."

"Musha, and I don't begrudge yez, captain dear, if you catch me at it," says Pat; "shure I'm here to the fore of yees all."

One by one the party entered the glen and pressed their way through it, as well as the darkness and ruggedness of the path would admit. About midnight they reached the hut.

"Do you see, captain sensible," said he, "that brown shoulder of a wall over agen the rocks at the other side, and that dawny wrath of the smoke curlin up beyant it?"

Williams raised his glass. "You're right," said he, after a moment's survey. "I see the smoke, and I think the walls of a cabin."

"Shure enough yer honour does," said Pat, approvingly; "it's the property of Heffernan's, and bedad they have the still hard at work now."

"But how are we to get at them, my good fellow?" exclaimed the gauger, angrily. "For I see at the other side of the glen, and I am really so tired and rumbled I'll never be able to climb these infernal rocks, and I see no other way of getting out of this place."

"Och, be asy now, captain, and don't ye be blamin' the rocks that the blessed Lord made them, glory be to his holy name! shure there's not a mate steps cut out in them for bringin' up the whiskey."

But these mate steps proved to be small jagged projections of rock, rendered obscure by the sea, that the benumbed and bewildered gaugers were often known to slip up the task in despair.

"Be gar! I'll tell you what we'll do, boys," said Pat, blowing his fingers; "I'm more used to the cowld than you, and shure, just give me a hitt, and while I'm at the top I'll drag yees all up after me."

"No, you rascal," said Williams, sternly, "you shan't stir a step without us."

"*Mona sin dhoul!* Is it afeard of one man yees are? Faith and I think I was a *fuchoch* (giant)" exclaimed Pat, indignantly. "Oh, very well, plase yerselves and ye'll plase me." And he placed his foot on the projection of the rock against the rocks. "But," continued he, with a significant nod, "I'd be after advising ye to spake asey, for if ye wouldn't wait the boys down on yees in no time."

This information was somewhat softened their obstinacy, the captain after a gentle hint of shooting him dead if he played them false, lent their assistance in shoving Pat up the slippery projection.

The last nail of the cavalry boots had hardly disappeared when a loud laugh of derision told the unfortunate dupes of the trap he had fallen into. The baffled party fired simultaneously, but the sharp echo of their pieces yet rang among the rocks when the gauger was dashing Pat, waving his cudgeon triumph over their heads. Before they had time to load and fire again he sprang down and moved off with his prisoner, leaving by the time of "The Wind that shakes the Barley."

Night coming on, in a wild, gloomy glen, far from home, and in the power of those he had given just cause to hate, for a lone in his body, it may be supposed the feelings of Captain Williams were by no means enviable. Nursbed, however, Lacy acted as a generative, and straight showers of snowballs as big as church steeples came thundering down. The fun waxed fast and furious, and the boys, now more than devils threw themselves on a heap of snow, and pulling the cases of their great coats over their heads, sat quietly awaiting the issue of their luckless enterprise.

A strong party of the "boys" now got down into the glen, and Williams and his men were dragged up like so many snowdrifts. When they recovered the use of their perspective powers, they found the still-house, shy proof, had thrown itself in Larry Heffernan's cabin. A large turf fire burned in the centre, over which was suspended the shining apparatus, namely, a large iron pot, over which Larry presided. In an old arbow chair beside him sat Pat O'Neill, comfortably supping after the fatigues of the day, and occasionally indulging in a sup, from a wooden measure of the liquor which stood on the hob at his elbow. Surrounding the dense smoke, at the upper extremity, stood a table filled with potatoes and dried fish, round which a considerable share party of both sexes were assembled. A dancing torch of bogwood, stuck in a tin sconce against the wall, cast a strong red glare over their faces.

The rites of hospitality were duly impressed to the miserable party, for in Ireland the bitterest enemy is never refused the victuals. After that each got a stomp out of the pot, while, we are bound to say, was drank without asking whether it had payed the king's duty. The "boys" piled them with plenty of the same stuff, until they got, as Pat termed it, "roaring drunk; and then they were the drollest fellows he ever saw." They laughed, sang, told stories, fought their battles over again. At last they grew maudlin, blubbered like hungry children for their bread and butter, and actually embraced each other's enemies.

But neither Pat nor Larry Heffernan were disposed to follow them off so easily. Boiling water was brought forward, and the whole party's heads and chins were shaved as smooth as glass. After this operation, Pat "axed" as they said, "that the deeths might be after catching cowld," they put on every stick and stone a warm jubilee of pitch, that covered them down to the neck.

The following morning considerable excitement prevailed in the village. Groups might be seen here and there conversing in low, grave tones, and an air of ill-concealed exultation was discernible on every face.

Presently a confused assemblage of men, women and children were seen marching up the main street of the village. In front came Pat, waving his old hat and shouting like a madman; then came a party of strapping fellows, bearing, on doors and pieces of wood, the bodies of several men, their faces covered with bits of rags and old rags. On they came, greeted with many a cheer and merthful *slogorn* from the crowd. They moved before the Traveller's Rest, and three vigorous cheers are given for the Rose of the Gutters. The burgers-on of the inn rush out, the cherry-cheeked servant-maids flutter, and the bewildered Phil at their head, but the crowd dash on until they reach the new barracks, and there, before the astonished eyes of their comrades, they deposited the gaugers.

All inquiry into the matter would have been needless in any part of the country where the law was rather loosely administered. But the Board of Excise got some inkling of the affair, and William's friends contrived to keep his place; however, he was so thoroughly disgusted with the good people of Arthmore, that he contrived, shortly after, to exchange for another station. Ellen, somewhat ere by no means of so active and enterprising a disposition, and therefore soon became a prime favorite with the ladies. Paul Purcell made no further opposition to Frank Lacy's addresses, and to his unspeakable delight, a few weeks after his return from Dublin, he rose of the Rose became his, and on the wedding-day Phil presented the happy pair with a well-stocked farm.

With a supply of potheen at Ellison, the Traveller's Rest recovered its pristine popularity, and its proprietor, secretly grateful for Pat's exertions, promoted the latter's cheeks, to the office of barkeeper, caretaker and general factotum, in which capacity he acquitted himself to his complete satisfaction. His jokes and witticisms, if possible, a larger share of customers than ever to that renowned establishment.

LONGING.

BY MATTHEW ARNOLD.

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again;
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

Come as the sun can't a thousand times,
A messenger from summer climes,
And make us day new world, and be
As kind to others as to me.

Or, as thou never can'st, in south,
Come now, and let me dream it truth,
And part my hair, and kiss my brow,
And say: "My love, why sufferest thou?"

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again!
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

The Executioner.

The clock of the little town of Medida had just struck midnight. At that moment a young French officer was leaning over the parapet of a terrace which bordered the gardens of the castle of Medida, engaged in a profound depth of abstraction than seemed habitual to the thoughtlessness of military life—but never were hour, site and circumstances more propitious for meditation.

Above his head the beautiful sky of Spain stretched its dome of dark azure. The twinkling of the stars and the soft radiance of the moon cast a capricious light over an extensive valley, which lay in all its wealth of loveliness at his feet. Beside the spot on which stood the officer, the young *chef-de-bataillon* could see, a hundred feet below, the town of Medida, which seemed to have nestled itself for shelter from the storms which at the foot of the cliff on which the castle was built. Turning his head, he could behold the sea, whose waters flowed in tranquil and huge masses like a broad belt of silver. The castle itself was illuminated. The joyous confusion of sounds from a festive scene—the clinking of glasses, the laughter of some of the officers and their partners in the dance, reached his ear, softened into harmony by the distance, and blended with the far-off murmur of the waves. The fresh coolness of the night infused a new energy into his frame exhausted by the heat of the day, while the gentle breeze played with trees so odoriferous and flowers of such exquisite sweetness that the young man fancied himself, as it were, plunged in a bath of very delicious perfume.

The castle of Medida belonged to a grandee of Spain, who at that period was residing in it with his whole family. During the whole of this evening the gloom of his daughters had directed her looks towards the officer with an intensity, blended

with so deep a sadness, that the sentiment of pity expressed by the beautiful Spanish girl might well have given rise to the young Frenchman's reverie. Yet how dare to imagine the possibility that the daughter of the most haughty and fastidious noble in Spain could ever be bestowed on the son of a Parisian shop-keeper!

The French were held in detestation. The marvels having been suspected by General G——, the governor of the province, of being engaged in plotting an insurrection in favor of Ferdinand VII., the battalion commanded by Victor Marchand had been placed in cantonments in the little town of Mendo, to hold in check the surrounding country, which belonged to the Marquis de Léganès. A recent despatch from Marshal Ney gave reason to apprehend that the English would shortly land in the west, and pointed out the marquis as a man engaged in correspondence with the cabinet of London. So that, notwithstanding all the hospitable welcome with which the latter had received Victor Marchand and his soldiers, the young officer kept himself vigilantly on his guard.

While directing his steps towards that terrace, to which he went for the purpose of observing the state of the town and country entrusted to his supervision, he had meditated on the problem how he ought to interpret the friendship which the marquis had never ceased to manifest towards him, and how to reconcile the tranquility of the country with the anxieties of his government. On the last few minutes all these thoughts had been driven from the mind of the young commandant by a feeling of prudential caution and by a very legitimate curiosity.

He had just observed a considerable number of lights in the town. Now, notwithstanding it was the festival of St. James, he had that very morning commanded that every fire should be extinguished at the usual hour previous to the hymn of general silence. The castle alone had been exempted from that order. He could perceive, indeed, here and there the gleam of his sentries' bayonets at their accustomed posts; but where was that deep solemn in the silence that prevailed, and noising announced that the Spaniards were plunged in the intoxication of a festival.

After seeking in vain to explain this general violation of his orders on the part of the inhabitants, Victor Marchand came to the conclusion that mysterious as he had intrusted to some officer the charge of the police and the rounds of the night. After the imprudence of revolt, he was about to leap down by a breach in the terrace to effect more rapidly the descent of the rocks, and the sound of a little pool of the ocean, which was stationed at the entrance of the town, on the side next the castle, when he was arrested by the sound of a large mass. He fancied he saw in the gravel of the alleys grate beneath the light tread of a woman. He turned his head back but saw nothing; eyes were struck, however, by the extraordinary whiteness of the ocean. He suddenly perceived there so fatal a spectacle that he stood motionless by surprise, accusing even the senses of deception. The glancing rays of the moon enabled him to distinguish a crowd of sails at a considerable distance. A third shot through his frame, and he tried to convince himself that this terrible vision was only some optical illusion produced by the capricious play of the waves and the moonlight.

At that moment a hoarse voice uttered his name. The officer looked towards the breach, and he threw on the head of the soldier who called he had been attended to the castle, raised slowly and cautiously in the air.

"Is that you, *mon commandant?*"

"Yes. Well—what?" answered the young man, warned by a sort of presentiment to act with mystery.

"Those scamps down there are twisting about like worms, and I have hastened to communicate to you, if you will permit me, the little observations I have made."

"Speak," replied Victor Marchand.

"I have just been following one of the people of the castle, who directed his steps this way, with a lantern in his hand. Now a lantern is a devilish suspicious thing, for if I have not lost the good Christian there has any occasion to light pipes tapers at this hour of the night. They want to torment us, said I to myself, at first, about eyeing him pretty closely. And so, *mon commandant*, I discovered, hardly three paces from here, on a platform of rock, a certain pile of fagots."

A terrible cry echoed through the town and interrupted the soldier. A sudden glare flashed over the face of the commandant, the poor grenadier at the same instant received a bullet in his head and fell dead. A fire of straw and dry wood blazed within ten steps of the young man. The musical instruments and the laughing voices were hushed in the saloon of the ball. The festal gaiety had suddenly given place to a silence as of death, interrupted only by groans. The report of a cannon burst over the ocean's placid and still bay. A cold sweat started to the young officer's forehead. He was unarmed. He understood at once that all the soldiers had perished, and that the English were about to land. He saw himself dishonored if he survived, he saw himself dragged before a council of war, and there he stood, and with his eye the depth of the valley. He was in the act of plunging off, when his hand was seized by that of Clara.

"Fly!" she said, "my brothers are behind me. At the foot of the rock, down there, you will find Juanito's swift Andalusian. Fly!"

She pushed him forward. The young man, half stupified, looked at her for a moment, but presently, yielding to the instinct of self-preservation, which never abandons even the strongest man, he plunged among the trees in the direction indicated, and sprang across the wall, before trodden by no other feet than those of the wild goats. He heard Clara crying to her brothers to pursue him, he heard the steps of his assassins, he heard the bullets of several shots whizzing by his ears, but he succeeded in reaching the valley, found the horse, leaped upon him, and disappeared with the rapidity of lightning.

In a few hours the young officer arrived at the headquarters of General G——. The latter was at table with his staff.

"I bring you my head!" cried the *chef-de-bataillon*, as he made his appearance, pale and exhausted.

He sat down, and related the horrible adventure. His narrative was received with a fearful exclamation.

"You have been more unfortunate than criminal," at last replied the terrible general. "You are not responsible for the English and the Spaniards; and unless the marshal shall decide differently, I acquit you of blame."

Three weeks elapsed but feeble consolation to to the wretched officer.

"When the emperor shall come to know this," he exclaimed.

"He will want to have you shot," said the general; "but we shall see. However, no more of this." he added, in a low tone, "except to draw from it a vengeance which shall strike a salutary terror upon this country of treachery."

An hour after the whole regiment, a detachment of cavalry, and a train of artillery, were on their march. The general and Victor marched at the head of this column. Before the commencement of the massacre of their comrades, were filled with an unexampled fury. The distance that separated the town of Mendo from the Spanish frontier was traversed with a miraculous rapidity. On the route the general found whole villages in arms. Every one of these rebellious hamlets was reduced to ashes, and their inhabitants decimated. By some inexplicable fatality, the English vessels had remained lying to, without advancing—all was afterwards ascertained—when these vessels carried only artillery, and that they had outsailed the rest of the transports—so that the town of Mendo was surrounded by the French troops with scarcely a blow struck. The inhabitants, seized with consternation, and seeing themselves destitute of that aid which the appearance of the English sails had seemed to promise them, offered to surrender at discretion. By one of those acts of clemency which, during the wars in the Peninsula, those concerned in the assassination of the French, foreseeing, from the well-known character of the victors, that no mercy would probably be given to flames, and its whole population be put to the sword, proposed to the general to give hostages against themselves. He accepted their offer, adding to it the condition that all the inhabitants of the castle, from the lowest valet to the highest, should be delivered into his hands. The capitulation being agreed upon, the general promised to pardon the rest of the people of the town, and to withdraw his soldiers from sacking or setting it on fire. An enormous contribution was imposed on it, and the richest inhabitants were obliged to remain as prisoners to guarantee its payment, which was to be consummated within twenty-four hours.

The general, in order to secure the execution necessary for the safety of his troops, and provided for the defence of the country, refused to admit his soldiers in their billets. He encamped them, and then ascended to the castle, of which he took military possession. All the members of the family of Léganès were assembled, the two daughters and three sons, together with the servants, were placed under careful guard, and planned. The general had given orders formerly to be shut up in the saloon in which the ball had taken place. The windows of that apartment embraced a view of the whole of the surrounding town. The staff was established in a neighboring gallery, where the general first held a council of war on the measures to be taken to oppose the landing of the English.

After having dispatched an aide-de-camp to Marshal Ney, and given orders for the erection of batteries on the coast, the general and his staff turned their attention to the prisoners. Two hundred Spaniards whom the inhabitants had delivered up were immediately shot on the terrace. After the military execution, the general commanded as many scaffolds to be planted on the terrace as there were persons in the saloon, and the executioner of the town to be brought to the spot.

Taking advantage of the interval to elapse before the service of dinner for the staff in the gallery of the castle, Victor Marchand went to see the prisoners. Presently he returned to the general.

"I come," he said, in a low voice of strong emotion, "to ask a favor."

"You?" answered the general, with a tone of bitter irony.

"Alas!" replied Victor, "they are melancholy favors. The marquis, seeing the scaffolds planted there, has indulged the hope that you would for his family grant the favor of death. He entreats you that the nobles may be decapitated."

"Be it so," said the general.

"They ask also that the consolations of religion be afforded them, and that they may be released from their bonds. They promise to make an attempt at escape."

"I consent," said the general, "but you will be answerable for them."

"The old man, moreover, offers you the whole of his fortune if you will pardon his young son."

"Indeed!" replied the chief; "but his fortune already belongs to King Joseph."

He paused. A scornful smile wrinkled his brow, and he added:

"I will even go beyond their wishes. I guess the importance of the last request. Very well—let him purchase the perpetuation of his name, and let Spain preserve for ever the memory both of their treachery and their punishment. I grant a pardon, and the whole of that fortune, to whichever of his sons shall perform the office of the executioner. Begone—and not a word more on the subject."

Victor remained thunderstruck.

Dinner was served. All the officers, seated at table, satisfied the demands of a hunger sharpened by fatigue. One only of their number was missing from the circle; it was Victor Marchand. After a long hesitation he proceeded to the apartment in which were mourning the proud family of Léganès. He entered. He cast a mournful glance over the spectacle now presented by that saloon, where the evening before he had seen the gay and brilliant heads of the young girls and the three youths shining in the stream of light which fell from a star. He thought that they were soon to roll to the ground, severed by the sword of the headsman. The father and the mother, the grandfather, and two daughters, plighted to the gift sofas, remained in a state of perfect motionlessness. Eight servants were standing in silence, with their hands bound behind their backs. These fifteen persons were gravely contemplating each other, and their eyes, sometimes, by the avarice of horror, also were harrowed. A profound resignation, mingled with regret for the failure of their enterprise, seemed to be painted in their countenances. Motionless, and respecting the grief of these cruel enemies. A movement of curiosity animated the whole assembly at the entrance of Victor. He gave orders to unfasten the condemned captives, and happened himself to loosen the cords which fastened the hands of the two girls. They smiled mournfully. The officer could not help lightly touching in the process the elegant and delicate wrists of the young ladies. He looked with admiration on the dark wealthof her hair, and her lithe form—for indeed she was all Spanish in her style of beauty—somewhat slightly dark; and Spanish eyes, with long curved lashes and a pupil blacker than a raven's wing.

"Oh, my brothers!" said a girl, in the accent of those funereal smiles in which there is still something of the young girl.

Victor turned his eyes with a groan. He looked in turns at the three brothers and Clara. The one, the eldest, was thirty years old. Small, but well made, with haughty and dauntless air, he still was pale without a certain nobleness of manner, and did not seem entirely a stranger to that delicacy of sentiment which once made the Spanish nobility so celebrated. He was called Juanito. The second, Felipe, was about twenty years old. He resembled Clara. The third was a child of fifteen. Victor would have found in all the features of Raphael something of that Roman constancy which David has given to the children of Brutus. Clara, the old servant who had so head covered with white hairs, which seemed to have escaped from some picture of Murillo's.

The eyes of the old woman and of the child, despairing of seeing the general's bargain accepted by either of these persons. However, they remained mute without a sigh, a tear. She shuddered at first, but quickly resumed her calmness of countenance, and went to throw herself on her mistress's neck. He stopped.

"Oh!" she said to him, "make Juanito swear that he will faithfully obey the commands you will give him. He must not be outcome!"

A sensation of hope thrilled through the aged mother; but as soon as, leaning over towards Victor, she heard the horrible disclosure of Clara, she fainted.

Juanito understood the whole, and his sprang like a lion in the cage.

Victor took it upon himself to send away the soldiers, after having obtained from the marquis his solemn word of commission. Accordingly the latter were led away and delivered to the executioner, who hanged them all.

Victor had had no other spectator that Victor, the old father arose.

"Juanito!" said he.

Juanito, understanding his father's command, made no other reply to it, than by an inclination of the head expressive of refusal. He sank back upon his chair, and looked at his parents with a cold and cruel eye.

Clara came and sat upon his knees, and with a cheerful air:

"Juanito," she said, passing her arms around his neck, and kissing his eyelids, "if you know how much sweeter the death would be to those whom you love, than a life willing to see to the odious touch of the executioner's hand. You will rescue me from the cris that await me, and—perhaps—you will not have to submit to the same thing."

"General," said an officer, half intimated, "Marchand has just been telling me about that execution. I bet that you did not command it."

"Do you forget, gentlemen," exclaimed General G——, "that in a country where haughty French families will be in tears, and that we are in Spain? Do you want to leave our bones here?"

After this speech not a single word was found, not even a sous-lieutenant, who dared to empty his glass.

Notwithstanding all the respect with which he is surrounded; notwithstanding the title of Hi Verdugo (the executioner) with which the King of Spain is said to have enriched the name of the Marquis de Léganès, he remains a prey to grief, living in solitude, and rarely allowing himself to be seen. Every time that he appears in the midst of his sublime crime, he seems to await with impatience the time when the birth of a second son will give him the right to reject the abalone by whom he walks for ever surrounded.

THE late H. D. Thoreau, the eccentric New England philosopher, wrote as follows: "If one fancy that it would be a luxury to camp in one's city, to some retired swamp a-wide summer day, soothing the wall honeysuckle and hideous shows, and lulled by the minstrelsy of gnats and mosquitoes. Surely one may appreciate the delights in the juices of a swamp for one day as pick his way dryshod over it. Cold and camp—are they such an rich experience as warmth and dryness?"



VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE NEW CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL AT PHILADELPHIA, PENN., CONSECRATED NOV. 20.—SKETCHED BY F. H. & F. B. SCHELL.

A GREETING FOR A NEW YEAR.

BY "HOWARD GLYNDON."

(LAURA C. REDDEN.)

Come in! come in!
Thou shining messenger of God!
Untroubled yet by grief or sin,
Thy weary pilgrimage untrod.
Thy unsunned brow is beautified,
And crowned with glory by His grace;
He breathes the blessing of His love
Upon thy young, unwritten face.

Come in! come in!
For millions of impatient hands
Are stretched to draw the stranger in,
From sunrise unto sunset lands.
The dusky children of the South,
With fair-haired Northmen, wait to press
Upon thy rich unsullied mouth
The greeting of their happiness!

Come in! come in!
And let thy brows be olive bound,
A hazel wand thy hand within,
And time thy footsteps to the sound
Of breathing lyre, in measure sweet;
So shall these notes of ruffian war
Die out abashed, in silence meet;
And Love become our guiding star.

Come in! come in!
And let thy song be sweet and mild;
So, happily, hearing thou shalt win,
And calm this storm of passion wild,
And bid this jarring discord cease,
To the grand chorus of our song
Restore the missing voice of Peace,
And crush the many-headed Wrong!

Come in! come in!
We crown thee with our holiest prayers,
Almost to suffering akin,
For they are breathed through suppliant tears.
We crown thee with a reverent hand,
That gives its nearest, dearest gift,
A wish—that from our troubled land
Thy coming may the shadows lift!

Come in! come in!
We'll pledge thee in a draught divine—
A rarer, costlier ne'er hath been—
And Hope shall bear the blushing wine.
It mantles with the high resolve
Of many a noble patriot heart,
No matter who may traitor prove,
We trust in God and do our part!

ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "ELEANOR'S VICTORY," "AURORA FLOYD," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.—THE MASTER.

Ensign Harcourt Lowther, of her Majesty's 51st Light Infantry, sat staring out into his garden at Port Arthur, watching a couple of convict gardeners—who were going about their work with a monotonous and exasperating deliberation of movement—and lamenting the evil fortune that had stationed him in his present quarters. He had a great many troubles, this elegant young ensign, who was for the time being destined to bloom unseen, and waste the graces that ought to have adorned Belgravia upon the desert air of the Tasmanian peninsula. He had, as he himself elegantly expressed it, no end of troubles. First and foremost, his cigar would not draw, and as it was the last of a case of choice cabanas, the calamity was not a small one. Secondly, there had been a drought in Van Diemen's land for the last month or so. The verdure was growing brown and leathery; the feathery masses of the tall fern shrivelled at the edges like scorched paper; the stiff foliage of the cedars seemed to rattle as it shook in the dry, dust-laden wind; and the thermometer stood at a hundred and ten in the shade—true, it might drop forty degrees or so at any moment, with the uprising of a moist breeze from the sea, but, pending the arrival of that auspicious moment, Mr. Lowther was in a very bad temper. What bad be done that he should be stationed in a convict settlement, with no chance of any gain or glory as compensation for his trials; with no one to speak to except a prosy old police magistrate or a puritanical chaplain; with nothing better to look at than the eternal blue of the ocean, or a whaling-vessel anchored in the bay; with nothing to listen to except the clanking of hammers, and hanging of timber, and jingling of iron in the busy dockyard; with no better enjoyment to hope for than a couple of days' quail shooting or kangaroo hunting in the interior?

"If I'd been Desperate Bill, the burglar, or Slippery Steeve, the smasher, I couldn't be much worse off," he muttered, as he gave up the unmanageable cigar and went across the room to a table, upon which there were some tobacco jars and meerschaum pipes. "Now, then, Tredethlyn, are those boots ready?"

This question was addressed to an invisible some one, whose low whistling of a jovial Irish air was audible from the adjoining room.

"Yes, captain," answered a cheery voice—the whistler had broken off in the middle of the "Wild Sweet Briary Fence that Around the Flowers of Erin Dwells"—"yes, captain, quite ready."

"That's another aggravation!" exclaimed Mr. Lowther. "The fellow will call me captain, as if it wasn't an underhand way of reminding me that for a poor devil like me there's no chance of promotion."

"But you see you are captain here, Mr. Lowther," said the whistler, emerging from the adjoining chamber with a pair of newly blacked Wellingtons in his hand; "you're captain, major, colonel, general and field-marshal, all in one, here, with seventy men under your control, and any amount of convicts to look after."

"If there's one thing in the world more excruciating than another, it's that fellow's cheerfulness," cried Mr. Lowther. "I can fancy the feelings of an elegant young French marquis of the *vieille roche*, a scion of the Mortemars or Birons, buried alive in an underground cell in the Bastile, with a lively commoner for his companion—a cheerful *bourgeoise*, who pretended to make light of his situation, and eat his mouldy bread with a relish. Now, then, Tredethlyn, where are the boothooks? That fellow always forgets something."

"That fellow," otherwise Francis Tredethlyn, was a tall, stalwart private soldier, of some seven-and-twenty years of age, who had been honored by an appointment to the post of valet and butler to Ensign Harcourt Lowther.

If the stalwart soldier had not been blest with one of those imperturbable Mark Tapley-like tempers, which resemble the patent elliptic springs of a crack coachbuilder's carriage, and can convey the traveller unjolted and uninjured over the roughest roads in the journey of life, he might have found his position as valet, *major-domo* and occasional confidant to Harcourt Lowther far from the pleasantest berth to be had in this great tempest-tossed vessel which we call the world. But Francis Tredethlyn's serenity of disposition was proof against the most wearisome burden a man is ever called upon to bear, the companionship of a discontented fellow-creature, and all the variable moods, from a feverish, cynical kind of gaiety to a dreary and ill-tempered gravity, which were engendered out of that perpetual discontent.

But Frank Tredethlyn bore it all cheerfully; with a manly, open-hearted cheerfulness that had no taint of sycophancy. If the young ensign wanted to talk to him, well and good; he was ready and willing to talk about anything or everything; but he had his own sentiments upon most subjects, which sentiments were of a very fast color, and did not take any reflected hue from Mr. Lowther's aristocratic opinions.

It is not to be supposed that Francis Tredethlyn, private soldier and valet, had any claims to intellectual equality with his master. The private wrote a fair commercial hand, very bold, and big, and resolute-looking; could read aloud without stumbling ignominiously over the big words; could cast up accounts; and looking back at the history of the universal past, saw glimmering faintly over a sea of darkness and oblivion such beacon lights as a Norman invasion; a solemn meeting on the flat turf of Runnymede; a Reformation, with a good deal of martyr-burning and head-chopping attendant thereupon; a fiery hook-nosed Dutch liberator, a Jacobite rebellion and a Reform Bill. Beyond these limits the attainments of Mr. Tredethlyn did not extend; and the ensign, when grumbling at the general discomfort of his life, was apt to say that it was a hard thing to be flung for companionship on a fellow who was nothing but a boor and a clod.

Mr. Lowther treated his valet very much as a spoiled child treats her doll; sometimes it pleased him to be monstrously cordial and familiar with his attendant, while at another time he held Francis aloof by a haughty reserve of manner, beyond which barrier the other made no effort to penetrate.

"The fellow does possess that merit," Harcourt Lowther said sometimes—"he knows how to keep his place."

The fact of the matter is, that the valet was infinitely less dependent upon his master's companionship than his master upon his. There were a hundred ways in which Francis Tredethlyn could amuse himself; and there was not a cloud in the sky, a wave of the sea, a leaf in the garden, out of which he could not take some scrap of pleasure, and which had not a deeper and truer meaning for him than for the idle young officer, who lay yawning upon his narrow couch with his feet in the air, and with nothing better to do than to admire the cut of his boots, obtained on credit from a confiding West End tradesman. Francis had that wide sympathy with his fellow-creatures which is a special attribute of some men, and he was on the friendliest possible terms with the two convicts, both of whom had achieved some renown as the most incorrigible and execrable specimens of the criminal class. Every dog in the little settlement fawned upon Frank Tredethlyn, and ran to rub its head against his knees and slaver his hand with its flapping tongue. He had made kennel for two or three of these canine acquaintances in a shady corner of the big garden, much to the disgust and annoyance of the ensign, who only cared for such dogs as are calculated to assist the sports of their lord and master. Staghounds and beagles, foxhounds and harriers, setters, pointers and retrievers, clever ratting Scotch terriers, well-bred and savage bulls, even little short-eared toy terriers, or fawn-colored and black-muzzled pugs were all very well placed in the scheme of creation; but Mr. Lowther could find no explanation for the existence of those mongrel creatures, who seem to have nothing to do in the world but to attach themselves with slavish devotion to some brutal master, or to lie in the most disreputable courts and alleys of a city in hot weather and catch flies.

But somehow or other Francis Tredethlyn seemed generally to do pretty much as he liked, in spite of military despotism and Mr. Harcourt Lowther. The dogs were unmolested in their shady corner; and the ensign was so good as to say that a little aviary of wickerwork and wire, which Tredethlyn constructed in his leisure hours and duly filled with tiny feathered inhabitants, that kept up a faint twittering in the sunshine, was an improvement to the cottage. Francis was very handy, and could do wonders with a hammer and a handful of tin tacks, and was, indeed, altogether a great acquisition to his master, as Mr. Corbett, the police magistrate, sometimes remarked to Harcourt Lowther.

"Yes," Harcourt answered, indifferently; "the fellow is a cut above most of his class. He is a Cornishman, it seems, and the son of a small farmer in that land of Tre, Pol and Pen; and he tells me that he has an old miser of an uncle, who is supposed to be preternaturally rich. Egad! I wish I had such an uncle! All my uncles are misers for the matter of that; but then, unluckily, the poor devils are misers because they are preternaturally poor!"

Mr. Lowther stood before the little looking-glass, in the sunny window, admiring himself, while Francis Tredethlyn helped him on with his coat. He was going to dine with Mr. Corbett, the magistrate, and to spend the evening in the society of Miss Corbett, who had come out to the colony with the idea that general officers and wealthy judges would be waiting on the shore ready to conduct her straight from the place of debarcation to the hymeneal altar, and had been a little soured by the disenchantment which had too surely followed her arrival. She was a gushing damsel of thirty-five, very tall and square, and of a prevailing drab color, and she played tremendous variations of shrill Scottish melodies on a piano, which had been warranted to preserve its purity of tone in any climate, but upon which the nearest thing to an harmonious octave was a wild stretch of thirteen notes. Mr. Lowther must have been very low in the world when he had nothing better to do than to sit by Miss Corbett's piano while she banged and rattled at the numerous disguises under which "Kinloch of Kinloch" appeared in a fantasia of twelve pages, now prancing jauntily in triplets, now rushing up and down the piano in chromatic scales, now scampering wildly in double arpeggios, now banging himself out of all knowledge of common chords, or wailing dismally in a hideous minor. Fate had done its worst for Ensign Lowther when he had no better amusement than to lounge by the side of that ill-used old instrument, staring reflectively at the thin places on the top of Miss Corbett's drab-colored head.

Harcourt Lowther stood before the glass admiring his handsome face, while his valet brushed the collar of his coat. Well, he had a right to admire himself! If Providence bad treated him badly, capricious Mother Nature, who, like any other frivolous-minded parent, elects her prime favorites without rhyme or reason, had been very bountiful to him in the matter of an aquiline nose, a finely modelled mouth and chin, and deep, womanish blue eyes, with a shimmer of gold on their lashes. No one could deny Mr. Lowther's claim to be considered a remarkably handsome man, an elegant young man, a very agreeable and accomplished gentleman. The world, of course, had nothing to do with that rougher edge of the ensign's character which he turned to his valet, Francis Tredethlyn, in his cottage at Port Arthur.

He went out presently, swinging his thin cane, and whistling all the triplets and cadences of an elaborate *scena*; he was an amateur musician and an amateur artist, playing more or less upon two or three different instruments, and painting more or less in half a dozen different styles. He could ride across country to the astonishment of burly Leicestershire squires, who were inclined to think contemptuously of his small waist and pretty blue eyes, his amber-tinted, jockey-club-perfumed whiskers, trim tops and unstained "pink." He was a good shot, and long ago at Harrow had been renowned as a cricketer. He spoke three or four modern languages, and had that dim recollection of his classic studies which is sufficient for a man of the world who knows how to make much out of little. He was altogether a very accomplished gentleman; but with him intellectual pursuits were a means rather than an end, and he took very little pleasure in the society of books or bookmen. He wanted to be in the world, foremost in the perpetual strife, amid the crash of drums and trumpets, the roaring of cannon and glitter of emblazoned standards, flaunting gallantly in the wind. He wanted to be one of the conquerors in the universal tournament, and to ride up to the Queen of Beauty flushed and triumphant after the strife, to be admired and caressed. This is why the inaction of his present existence was so utterly intolerable to him. He had a supreme belief in himself, and in the indisputable nature of his right to the best and brightest amongst earth's prizes. The time must be, indeed, out of joint in which there was nothing better for such as he than a dreary convict settlement in the Tasmanian peninsula.

Unluckily the time was out of joint. Robert Lowther, of Lowther Hall, Hampshire, had given his younger son an aristocratic name and a gentlemanly education, and then, having nothing more to bestow upon him, had been forced to leave the lad to fish for himself in the troubled waters of life. Under these circumstances the young man had elected to become a barrister, but after a three years' course of reading, in which the cultivation of light literature and modern languages was diversified by a slight sprinkling of legal study, he had grown heartily sick of his comfortably furnished third floor in Hare Court, Temple, and had gladly accepted the price of a commission in one of her Majesty's light infantry regiments from an affectionate maiden aunt, believing that the regiment would be speedily under orders for India, where glory and loot no doubt awaited a dashing young soldier with a very high opinion of his own merits.

Unhappily for Mr. Lowther, the regiment did not go to India; but he and his captain, with a detachment of seventy rank and file, embarked at Deptford, on a misty morning in October, in charge of four hundred and fifty convicts bound for Hobart Town. At the time of which I write the ensign had been nearly a twelvemonth in Van Diemen's Land, and before him lay the prospect of another dreary year which must elapse before there was much chance of his seeing a change of quarters. There are some people who take their troubles with a cheerful countenance, and make the best of a bad bargain, but Mr. Lowther was not one of them. He had begun to grumble before the convict ship left Deptford, and he had gone on complaining, with very little intermission, until to-day, and was likely so to continue until the end of the chapter. Napoleon at St. Helena could scarcely have felt his exile more keenly; nor could that fallen hero have more bitterly resented the injustice of his fate than Harcourt Osborne Lowther, who believed that there must be something radically wrong in a universe in which there was no provision of £40,000 or so a year for an elegant young man, with a perfect aquiline nose, a clear, ringing touch upon the piano, a trumpet tone on the flute, a talent for taking pen-and-ink portraits that were equal to anything of Count D'Orsay's, and an irreproachable taste in waistcoats.

He went out now in very tolerable spirits, first, because he had worked himself into a good temper by grumbling to himself and Tredethlyn all day; secondly, because he was going to have a good dinner and some rare old tawny port, which was the boast of Mr. Corbett, the magistrate; and thirdly, because he was going to be admired—and in a Tasmanian settlement even the worship of a young lady with bony fingers and drab-colored eyes and hair is not altogether a despicable tribute.

"When I hear 'Kinloch of Kinloch' tortured out of all semblance of himself upon that wretched piano, I let myself go somehow or other," thought the ensign, "and I fancy myself standing behind Maude Hillary's Broadwood in the long drawing-room at Twickenham. Twickenham! Shall I ever see Twickenham again, and Maude Hillary, and the twinkling light upon the river, and the low branches of the chestnuts, the sedgy banks, the lazy boats, the lights up at the 'Star and Garter' glimmering across the dusky valley? Shall I ever see that fair civilized land again, or shall I die in this condemned and accursed hole?—die, forgotten and unlamented before I have made any mark in the world!"

CHAPTER II.—THE MAN.

While Mr. Lowther went to eat his dinner with the hospitable magistrate, Francis Tredethlyn did his work briskly; folding his master's coats and waistcoats, brushing boots, clearing away little heaps of cigar ash, and picking up torn scraps of paper and open books cast recklessly upon the floor by a reader who was too badly disposed towards a world that had ill-treated him to find the opinions of any author entirely to his taste.

The soldier whistled that lively melody in praise of Erin's daughters all the time, and achieved his task with the rapid neatness of a male Cinderella specially endowed by some fairy godmother; and when Mr. Lowther's humble sitting-room and bedroom were restored to perfect order, his valet retired to his own little apartment, which was a shedlike chamber at the back of the cottage, and a kind of compromise between a dressing-room and a washhouse. Here Mr. Tredethlyn made his toilet, which consisted of a rapid plunge of his head and throat into a tub of cold water, some brisk operations with a cake of yellow soap, accompanied by sputtering and whizzing noises of an alarming character, a little fierce rubbing down with a coarse towel, and the smart application of a stiff and implacable-looking hairbrush. When this was done Francis Tredethlyn put on his jacket, and went out into the garden to smoke his pipe and converse with the convicts.

Now that the gifts of nature had been enhanced by the adornments of art, the ensign's valet was by no means a bad-looking fellow. He was tall, broad-shouldered, and muscular in build as a modern Hercules. His closely cut black hair revealed the outline of a well shaped head well placed upon his shoulders. Under his dark, almost gipsy-brown skin was a rich crimson glow, which deepened or faded under the influence of any powerful emotion. His nose was straight, but rather short, and of no particular type; but a sculptor would have told you there was a special beauty about the curve of his full open nostrils, and Honoré de Balzac would have informed you that a man with that kind of nostril is generally good for something in this world. His forehead was low, stronger in the perceptive than in the reflective organs; his eyes were of a clear gray, darkened by the shadow of thick black lashes. He was a handsome soldier; he would have made a handsome gladiator in the old Roman days; a noble-looking brigand, in the days when brigands were chivalrous; a dashing highwayman, in the age when Claude Duval rode gaily to his death on Tyburn tree; a glorious sporting farmer down in Leicestershire to-day; but no power upon this earth could have transformed him into an elegant West-end lounger, an accomplished dawdler in fashionable drawing-rooms, or a "gentleman" in the modern acceptation of the word.

He went out into the garden now, to smoke his pipe of bird's-eye and talk to the convict gardeners, who brightened at his approach, and deliberately planted themselves in a convenient position upon their spades, in order to converse with him. I am sorry to say that he was as much at home in their society as if they had been the most estimable of mankind, and that he encouraged them to talk freely of their burglarious experiences in the old world. Was there not a smack of brigandage and adventure in those experiences, and even a dash of chivalry, according to the two men's own showing? for they told stories of encounters in which they shone out quite with heroic lustre from their rooted objection to cut an elderly lady's throat, and their gallant bearing towards a high-minded young damsel who had led them from room to room in her father's mansion, and had pointed with her own fair hands to the whereabouts of the family valuables.

Francis Tredethlyn sat upon the trunk of a fallen acacia, watching the hazy clouds in the early evening sky, and smoking his pipe, long after the two convicts had struck work and retired to their own quarters. He sat smoking and musing; thinking, as I suppose a man so blinded must think, of that other far-away world which he had left behind him; and which it seemed at his sometimes, in such still moments as these, that he should never see again.

"So far away, so very far away!" he mused. "I wonder how the little village street looks now? still is looking now? It's winter-time now there, or getting towards winter-time, anyhow. I can fancy it of an evening, with the lights twinkling in the low shop windows, the big cassie gate frowning down upon the poor little cemetery that churchyard, where Lucy and I have played, all dark and lonesome in the winter night; and Susy herself—pretty little dark-eyed Susy—sitting by the hearth in the old parlor at Tredethlyn, stitch, stitch, stitch, while the old man nods and snores over his newspaper. Poor little Susy, what could he do if he died now, and the old man as rich as that king of somewhere—Cressa, don't they call him? of his neighbors are to be believed. Poor little Susy! is she fond of me, I wonder! and will she be pleased to marry me, if ever I'm able to go back, and say, 'Susy, the hard time I needs, afore running out to the cold world, was to save up money enough to buy my discharge, so that I might come home again to claim the old promise—for fear, you know, you should change your mind.' We couldn't well be poorer than we should be at present, for of course, the old chap would turn nasty, and tell Susy of the will, and the cash he had taken for that?" thought Francis Tredethlyn, snapping his fingers in the independence of his spirit. "If Susy loves me, and I love Susy, and we are both young and strong, and industrious, what's to prevent us getting on in the world, without anybody's money to help us?"

The soldier smoked another pipe in a dreamy reverie, in which his thoughts still hovered about one fondly-remembered little country cottage-home, stone-built farmhouse, standing alone upon a broad plateau of bare moorland, very dreary of aspect in the autumn evening, with dark-body-colored cloud, in which the ornamental had been sacrificed for the useful—a gaunt, naked-looking dwellingplace, upon which neither decoration or improvement in ten-pound note had not been expended within the memory of man—a home which had gone down through three generations, and which had grown grimer and dreamier under the rule of every generation.

The vast, bare, habitation which stood so clearly out against the vague background of Francis Tredethlyn's dreams as if it had been palpably present upon the broad moorland on the other side of the bay. This was the house, and in the low narrow doorway, framing the desolate expanse of stunted heather, the soldier saw also the slender young figure of a girl—a girl with dark, gentle eyes, and a quaker-like dress of coarse brown stuff—a girl, who stood with her hand shading her eyes, looking at the distant figure of an old man plodding homeward in the winter twilight. He had so often seen that old man, that he was only natural and inclined to be especially civil to his valet.

"Yes, Sir, I suppose I may as well say one word more—whether she loves me still? I wasn't like some of your fine fellows—I wasn't one of your corporate fellows. I had no hot, fits or cold fits, or jealous fits, or such like, and there are some folks that can't believe in love unless it's in them. But I was very fond of Susy—poor little tender-hearted Susy! I used to think of her somehow, as if she had been my little sister. I think of her like that now."

CHAPTER III.—LOVERS OF A FEATHER.

It was late in the evening when Lowther came home from his friend the magistrate's. The faint flush that lighted up his face, and the unwonted lustre of his eyes, bore testimony to the merits of Mr. Corbett's hospitality. All Sandemann's choicest vintages would have not tempted Harcourt Lowther to sit listening to a prosy old magistrate's civil reminiscences of Europe; but to the side of the world a bottle of good wine and a tolerably civil-spoken companion were not entirely to be despised. The cause might be a very good temper when he came into the little parlor, where a scraping fire burned brightly, and where a schoolgirl, a mercenary, a case knife or Schiedam, a tumbler, a jug of water, were set upon the table in front of the master of the domain. Mr. Lowther was in excellent temper, and inclined to be especially civil to his valet.

"Mr. Sandeman, so-night, Tredethlyn," he said, throwing himself into the wicker easy chair, and stretching his feet upon a smaller chair that stood opposite to him; "I've had a little bit of much of that old fellow's port. Devilish good stuff it is too, if it hadn't a tendency to spoil a man's complexion, and accumulate itself in his nose. I'll take a pipe, though. Just give me a light, will you, Tredethlyn."

He sat pulling, with his head thrown back against the rail of the chair, and dainthy arranged the stray shreds of tobacco in the bowl of his pipe with the delicate tip of his finger, while the private lighted a long strip of folded paper and handed it to his master.

"Oh, by-the-bye," muttered Mr. Lowther, speaking with his teeth shut upon the amber mouthpiece of his pipe, "I've got some news for you, Tredethlyn. Just put your hand in my coat pocket, and take out the paper you'll find there. Goodness knows what it means—a gacy of fifty pounds or so, I suppose. Anyhow, you're a lucky dog, and I'm a fool enough to get over-much a windfall as that; but I never hear of anything to my advantage."

Francis Tredethlyn had taken the paper from his master's pocket by this time; it was an old copy of the *Times*, and he presented it to the consign, but the other pushed it away impatiently.

"I don't want it," he said; "I think I remember like of it while old Corbett was smiling over the thing. It's a fond advertisement in the second column of the supplement."

The soldier did as he was directed, and read the advertisement aloud very slowly, and in a tone of unmitigated wonder:

"Francis Tredethlyn, nephew of the late Oliver Tredethlyn, of Tredethlyn and Lanyon, Cornwall, Esquire. If the above-mentioned will apply to Messrs. Rusedale and Scrivelon, solicitors, 24, Verulam Buildings, Gray's Inn, he will hear of something to his advantage."

"The late Oliver Trethelyn!" cried Francis, staring blankly at the paper; "my uncle is dead then!"

"Was he alive when you left England?" asked the consign.

"He was alive when I left Cornwall. Dead! my uncle Oliver!" the young man said, in a thinny voice, as if speaking of some one whom in my fancy, plodding home from the outlying lands, as hale, and stern, and sturdy as ever. Dead! and he may have left me his money, for all they tell me," added Francis Tredethlyn, pointing to the advertisement.

"You were uncommonly fond of your uncle, I suppose, from the way you talk of him," Mr. Lowther remarked, carelessly.

He was in a very good humor to-night, and ready to talk about anything—inclined to take almost an interest in the affairs of another man, and that other man his valet.

"Fond of him!" exclaimed Francis Tredethlyn, "fond of my uncle Oliver! I don't think the greatest event that could befall me in this world would leave he'd have cared to have. He liked folks to obey him, and cut things as close as he wanted 'em cut; but I suppose that he took care what they thought or what they did. I suppose that he did love his daughter, though, after a fashion, but it was as a useful piece of property. So, sir, I wasn't particularly fond of my uncle, Oliver Tredethlyn, but I'm struck all of a heap by the news of his death coming upon me so sudden; and I'm thinking of the effect that it will have upon two people—one she's all alone in the world, now—poor little Susy!"

The consign looked up quickly.

"Susy," he said; "who the deuce is your cousin Susy?"

"She's my uncle Oliver's only daughter, sir; his only child, too, for the matter of that. We were engaged to be married, sir, but things went wrong with me at home, and I ran away and enlisted."

"Ah! How long ago did all that happen?"

"Nearly two years, sir."

"And you've kept up some sort of a correspondence with your cousin since then, I suppose?"

"Not I, sir; for after what I'd done to her I'd her write a letter that would cost a heap of money for postage, or to write any letter to such a scamp as me. I wrote to her, and her letter was closely watched, and too obedient into the bargain, to write without its leave. I've written to her now and then, but I've never known how long ago was the day I left it, except this that you've brought me to-night."

"And I suppose your uncle has left you a legacy?"

"I suppose so, sir; it isn't likely he much, seeing that he never was any great favorite of his."

"You'd better write to these lawyers, though, There's a mail to-morrow: bring out your deed and write at once."

"Here, sir?"

"Yes, here, sir."

Francis Tredethlyn hesitated a moment, but seeing that his master was resolute, he brought a tapsey, old-fashioned bureau desk from his chamber, at the back of the cabin, and seated himself at the corner of the table with the desk before him, while the light burned on a very respectful distance from Mr. Harcourt Lowther, but that gentleman, having finished his pipe, got up and began to walk slowly up and down the room, while the valet opened his desk and began to write.

"Tell them that you are Francis Tredethlyn, nephew of Oliver Tredethlyn, and that you are hiring forward plenty of witnesses to prove your identity, and so on, so soon as you get back to England, if you require them; they'll let you have your legacy till they see you. Ask them to tell you what the amount is, at any rate."

Mr. Lowther did not condescend to offer any his valet these hints upon the composition of his letter; he was good enough to stand behind the young man's chair, and look over his shoulder as he wrote. But as Francis Tredethlyn's penmanship was not of a very rapid order, the consign's eyes soon wandered from the paper, and straying to an open division of the desk, lighted on some thing that looked like a water-colored sketch, covered with silver paper.

"Why, you sly dog," he cried, with a laugh, "you've got a woman's picture in your desk."

Francis Tredethlyn blushed and looked very sheepish as he took the little water-colored sketch out of its silver paper envelope and handed it submissively to his master.

"It's my cousin Susan's portrait, sir," he said. "It was taken by a travelling artist, who came down our way one summer. It isn't much of a likeness, but it pleases me to look at it sometimes, for I can tell by all that's wanting in the face out of my own mind, and see my cousin smiling at me, as if I was at home again."

Mr. Lowther stood behind his servant's chair, looking at the portrait, while the soldier went on writing. He was not the work of a very brilliant artist; there were none of those deliciously careless touches, none of that transparent lightness, which a clever painter's manipulation would have displayed. It was a stiff, laborious little portrait of a girl with hard brown eyes and smooth-banded brown hair, and an uncouth childish mouth, red and fresh, and smiling as summer's morning in the country. It was only the picture of a country girl, who could not have looked stilly at the smile as he painted her.

"So that's your cousin Susy," said Mr. Lowther, laying the sketch down on the table by Francis Tredethlyn's elbow. "I don't stop while you address your letter, and I don't want anything more, so you can go to bed at once if you like. Good night."

The consign took a candle from a little side table as he spoke, and lighted it at the lamp above Tredethlyn's head, and went out of the room. Francis finished his letter, and placed it on the mantelpiece, where it would be ready for the early bag for the next day's mail. He did not go to bed at once, though it was late, and he was free to do so; he sat for some time with his head resting upon Tredethlyn's portrait in his hand, looking at the girlish face, and thinking of the changes that had come to pass in his old home.

The old cheap was hard and stern with her, and her life was a dull one, poor little girl," thought the soldier; "and if I'm to be left a fine fortune, I suppose, now he's gone; but somehow I don't like to think of her left lonely in the world, she's too young, and too much like a child to be innocent for that. Innocent! why, bless her poor tender little heart, I don't think she knows there's such a thing as wickness upon this earth."

THE DEMON OF MUSIC.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

THERE'S a demon in Music,
Whatever its tone:
He dwells in the crowd
Of the noisiest throng;
He moans when they laugh,
He laughs when they moan.

This demon of Music
Hath somehow been crossed;
He longs for a bride,
Or was, and is lost:
That life is a torture
He knows to his cost.

O demon of Music,
I pity your woes,
I have felt it myself,
And shall feel it again:
I'm the victim of love,
This living in vain.

THE NEW CATHOLIC CATHEDRAL AT PHILADELPHIA.

WHEN WILLIAM PENN mapped out in memorial vision the City of Brotherly Love, he saw before him the fair green country, the broad rivers, the fine harbors and in the solids there was a Square or Park, shadowed by noble trees. For only he could have painted his imaginings! If only he could have given us opportunity of comparing the probable of his day with the actual of ours! We have to say that, where the picture might have been, the dull monotony of the roads would seem to have been laid out by means of many caunchers that, certainly, the bird-eye view of the city would not have been surmounted, as now, by the grave country-house that was taken by the first dome of the cathedral. Never upon the founder of the Quaker city would have dawned the thought that the most beautiful, perhaps, of its future pleasaunces and one day, serve as a plaza to a cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul—cathedral, that is to say, which, when the most possible advantage, a grand culmination into works of a faith so completely the reverse, in ritual and architectural expression, of that which he professed and labored to establish, on "the green banks of the Delaware."

The cathedral stands in the northwestern section of the city of Philadelphia, on the eastern front of Logan Square. The site is a noble one, even widely so, for a laverite, for the past few years, in our Atlantic cities. There is here no high and restricted boundary, as there is somme hue affords scarce enough relief of light and shade and—in this case—some hardly suited to the architectural display of that which by its very conformation of the building is that of a cross. It is designed, indeed, after the manner of the Italian Borromeo in Rome, and is not far inferior to that Italian structure in symmetry and beauty. Seen from the street, it presents the appearance of a Greek cross, with the appearance of a large square edifice, dark almost to gloominess, surmounted by a dome and upholding a golden cross. Whether designedly or not, the effect is both well brought out—that each is the object of the structure—that the dome and roof and cross are not there just to uplift that cross. And the splendid pedestal that they combine to form looms up, so large and massive, as to overwhelm the building—indeed, to make the statelest mansions in the city—dwindle into nothingness. Even the Girard College, though it was designed for entering, pause a moment between the two mighty colums that guard its portal, that you receive your first impression of its size. Then, indeed, as you enter, and how far above your their bases rest upon their pedestals, you are somewhat prepared for the feeling that will upon you, when you stand beneath the dome, and look up, up, up to the great picture of the Assumption, in the painting of which the artist would realize by means of the building is, do not stand still and gaze about you for that the interior of which perpetually endless, but walk up and down the aisles, in and out of the chapels, and note how many minutes you have occupied in so doing. Speak, and listen to your own voice. Send your companion towards the door under the organ gallery, and mark how he realizes his pathos as he recedes. Call to him, and find how much you must raise your voice to make him hear. And then, looking up into the dome again, think, if you can, without turning giddy and faint, "What if the painter of the Assumption had made a misstep upon his scaffolding, and had fallen from the Virgin's foot above down upon that marble floor!"

Of course, you have said that, after the vastness, the chief thing remarkable about the interior is its severe simplicity. Of course, also, you have been grievously in error. Within, as without, the cathedral is loaded with ornament. Yet the decorations are so blended and harmonized that they no more obtrude themselves upon the view, apart from the columns and vaultings, the roofs and arches which they render rich, than do the carvings, and tracerie, and panellings, of some mature cathedrals for own cathedral-lovers. Also tastefully to nature's own designings. To hum has built up a grand pile for his worship, and to him has sworn, sought to display its adoration of the God in whom it trusts by the admirable taste it has shown in its detail praise. But beside Le Brun, one other man has made himself immortal upon the walls of the cathedral: Constantine Brumidi, the painter of the frescoes. For three years he toiled at his work, not for gain, but for the love of it, for the love of God, and, as we cannot doubt, for love of the great Giver.

One can't help trying to imagine how he may have felt, during those years, according, as the people of Philadelphia, throughout with that noble hurrying, to and fro, in the streets below, or, as they sat in the pews or the peculiarities of the day, and went, alone, to the unfinished house of the cathedral, to behold the form of the city could not follow him, to his toil upon those many-colored walls and roofs. Then, at last, he consumes, after he is under the sod.

It stands here upon the highest point of the present into the future: out of the dim and turmoil of achievement. Its towers and spires rise, and detail of progress.

Few knew him while he labored; but now that he is gone are crowded out his friends and those who claim-like in their mutual relief, his memorial. Peace be to the soul he wrought so much for the glory of God lovingly, for God.

But after all, the real grandeur of the cathedral, not apparent to the eye or sense, is its moral grandeur as a consecrated temple, and already it have been so. The shutter round it assails long surpassing in sublimity those of the grandest cathedrals of the Old World. It is a memorial: not only of the talent that reared and the genius that adorned it, but of the faith that built it up and the devotion of Brumidi; but of the Christian faith, of those who undertook it, and by their munificence and self-denial, achieved it. To toil patiently through it by years, and to bring it home to a free, abode by stone, such a structure devoted to such a purpose is a thing to ponder upon that encouragement most favorable, but been enough to challenge attention. Still to have seen the rise of the Roman Catholic churches had been laid in ashes, by the violence of popular excitement, have appeared, even to the most evidently, through all the churchings of political preacquisitions of bringing no single Protestant national convulsion—all that is, surely, a great and glorious thing. And that here, in the very city which has laid those stones one upon another—no slate upon which only, or chiefly, the Catholic faith was fostered the undertaking, and, amid contending factions, civil discords, religious outbreaks, war, poverty and embarrassments of every name, this—that secret, as nobody knows, and as nobody cares, the fitful structure of its kind in Northern America, has, through all, been steadily reared and come complete, by the voluntary offerings of the Catholic poor, the orphans's gifts and the clergyman's—that is the most sacred and reliable at the sixties of their equal faith.

"Oh, Protestant!" we can say for you, and you may little into the treasury. And its saw, also, a certain poor widow coming in indeed to give. And its saw, of a truth I say unto you that this poor widow hath cast in more than they all.

In closing these remarks upon the New Catholic cathedral—a further view of which will be found on page 264-265—we take occasion to render our thanks to Peter McConomy, the artist employed, at Brumidi's decease, to complete, or conclude, his work.

We have had the pleasure of meeting Mr. McConomy with those which appeared in our paper of Dec. 17th, and which gave a full view of one of the most magnificent pieces of modern architecture.

SHROUDLESS IN OLD TIMES.—A Washington lady wrote recently to a friend in Boston to send her, at once time, in regard to the President's Message: "Time is here." By mistake a shirt and a cravat were put in the paper-man costs, by a little stodgy familiar to the cash, and a clerical error in the address sent the "Time" to himself, and publish the message, or its contents, before it was laid on the table. But all is well that ends well, and have been exhausted, and they are of such a character that they will be read with interest by all. Some of them not newspaper men, on the other day, left a longhair copy of Prince Albert's New Year's papers which we got this interesting document mentions. The message was printed in the silver-gilt paper which would have had been loaned to the printers against contemplating the information to the Democratic majority in the Senate. The message was searched before leaving the typo-room, to see that no "Time" was left in the pockets of any of his person. Journalistic ingenuity was put to the test, but it was found impossible to get the "Time" to the correspondent behind one of the types to wear a pair of gloves, and to obtain a copy of the message was a very favorable opportunity, to his the type, and then put a number of the copies. In all the 500 or 600 pages of the message, the "Time" was left for a few moments and appeared in no other page to be found. The "Time" was left for a few moments and appeared in no other page to be found. The "Time" was left for a few moments and appeared in no other page to be found. The "Time" was left for a few moments and appeared in no other page to be found.

WAR—ITS LIMITS AND MORAL LAWS.—War is an agency which can be lawfully invoked only for the attainment of certain objects, which are few and simple of civil government. A defensive war, waged for the preservation of the State, is necessary and right. It is righteful and expedient. And in a war so waged it is not only a part of the essential conditions of existing, it that moral ends shall be subserved and secured. The very equilibrium of the universe is disturbed, and iniquity and avowedly stage outside of the province and sphere of law, and making a clear and strong pronunciation towards the commons of Heaven by added force. This should be thoroughly understood by those who think that he is grossly ignorant of the laws which regulate the moral world who does not know the limits of war in the universe. He then transcends his authority, and by so doing becomes a flagrant offender on his well-meant schemes and overleaps at the bounds of right.

A Boston paper tells the following story: The city bookseller keep what is called a "subscription book," in which are entered the titles of books ordered, and the names of those who order them, and who agree to collect the books so ordered. One of these youths, new to the business, received an order for a certain book, and read from his book an order for "The Heathen Chinee," recommended. "Another Chinee" for the book; recommended. "Another Chinee" and "One Chinee" for the book. The young man was mistaken in the office asked to look at the order, and on doing so, read "The Heathen Chinee" twice over! "Come, now, that's the last, your sir?"

"Herald, sir," said Jemmy, "to do for his what you cannot do for your self."

"Eh! oh! How's that—how's that?"

To which Jemmy, with a burst of genuine feeling, said:

"I intend to make him a better man than his father!"

"I'm torpedo heat Stromboli, on her passage from New Brunswick, N. J., to Baltimore, caused much excitement at towns along the route. Some said, 'There comes the devil, sure!' others called out, 'What do you call that thing?' One old man, screaming at the top of his voice, cried, 'Come here, Bessy, and see this relic of the Revolution!'



THE LATE JAMES WILLIAM WALLACK, AS BENEDICT, IN SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY OF "MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING."—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

JAMES WILLIAM WALLACK, SEN.

THE most accomplished of actors, and one of the most polished gentleman on the stage, passed away on Christmas Day, when James W. Wallack, the elder of a family renowned for histrionic talent, died at his house in Fourteenth street, New York. With the exception of the Kemble family, there has been none so remarkable for talent in their profession as the Wallacks.

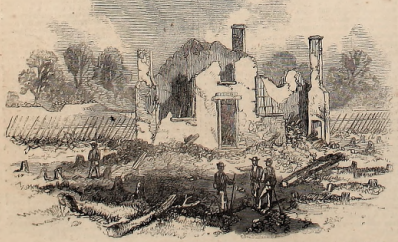
J. W. Wallack was born in London, 50th Aug., 1795, and had consequently entered upon the threshold of the scriptural three score and ten. Commencing his theatrical career in his seventh year, he may almost be said to have become a naturalised actor, and seldom has one so steadily progressed in his art; for if there were occasional evidences of some decline in physical vigor in his later personations, it was amply atoned for by those artistic touches which gave force and finish to such splendid creations as Shylock, Benedict and Iago, of all which characters Mr. Wallack was the most living exponent. It must be confessed that his early youth was spent with those great actors, Kemble, Elliston and Booth in tragedy—King, Munden and Jones in comedy—with Liston and Reeve in farce. The competition of such *critics* necessarily leads to more careful study, and the result is an actor whom the requirements and emulations of our modern stage neither demand nor deserve, either in professional pride or careful training.

In September, 1818, Mr. Wallack made his first appearance in America, at the Park Theatre, New York, and achieved a great success. The grace of his person, the intellectual beauty of his face, the ease of his manner, and the excellence of his elocution had so seldom been embodied in the same person, that the public was charmed.

In 1819 he went to Savannah, where his reception was even more enthusiastic than in New York. For the next 18 years he divided his time between England and America.

In 1836 he opened the National Theatre in this city with considerable success. Upon its destruction by fire in 1839 he took to starring. During one of his tours he was thrown from a stage coach, and broke his leg—the marks of which accident were visible to the last, in the slight limp with which he walked.

In 1841 he resolved to make New York his home, and leased Brougham's Lyceum—here he remained till 1861, when he built a theatre at the corner of Thirteenth street and Broadway. As a manager he preferred the old school and legitimate drama, and demonstrated that



SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—VIEW OF THE BATTLEFIELD, NEAR ATLANTA, WHERE GEN. M'PHERSON WAS KILLED, JULY 22.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—VIEW OF THE JAIL AT DECATUR, GA., IN WHICH UNION PRISONERS WERE CONFINED.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—BURNING OF THE RAILROAD ROUND-HOUSE AT ATLANTA, GA., NOV. 14—OUR SOLDIERS AT WORK ALONG THE RAILROAD TRACK.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

here as a great play-going public here who prefer that staple to these sensation melodramas which startle but do not satisfy. In this view alone the name of the elder Wallack will always be entitled to the respectful memory of every New Yorker. To recapitulate the merits of an actor so well known would be a waste of space. He was excellent in all he undertook, and in such parts as Shylock, Don Cæsar de Bazan, Benedick, Julian St. Pierre, De Brijsard, Jaques, Strahlel and Reuben Glenroy he was unsurpassed.

It is pleasant to add that in his private life he was equally deserving of regard. He was an honest, upright man, a kind and liberal employer, and a courteous gentleman. He was much beloved by his family, and died surrounded by his grandchildren, full of years, and crowned with every honor which one of his profession can aspire to.

GOV. REUBEN E. FENTON.

THE new Governor of the Empire State was born in Carroll, Chautauqua county, in this State, July 14, 1819. His father was one of the earliest settlers in Western New York, and one of the number of enterprising men who, by their labor and capital, transformed the almost pathless wilderness of "Holland Purchase" into the valuable agricultural tract now lying west of Genesee river. Upon his father's farm in this district did the youthful Reuben work till he was 15 years old, his only learning being what he could pick up in the log schoolhouse of the primitive place. Afterwards he spent some time in an academy at College Hill, near Cincinnati, and also at Fredonia Academy, New York. His father wishing him to be a lawyer, he commenced the study of that refuge for one-half our young men. It soon, however, grew distasteful to him, and before he was 21 he turned his attention to mercantile pursuits. He then engaged in the manufacture and transportation of lumber at the head waters of the Allegheny—in this he made a large fortune. In 1852 he was nominated for Congress on the Democratic ticket, and elected. In 1854 he was defeated by the Know-Nothings. In 1856 he regained his position, and was re-elected in 1860 and 1862. Mr. Fenton has served with great distinction and ability on many important committees in Congress, and is much esteemed by both parties. Last year the Republicans, requiring some man capable of neutralizing the great personal popularity of the Democratic Governor, Horatio Seymour, very wisely chose the subject of this biography, who, despite the Democratic tendency of New York city, was elected by a large majority. Gov. Fenton has the rare merit of never suffering political rancor to tempt him to those personal controversies which too frequently degrade our public men. He is consequently one of the fittest men that could be selected to occupy the Gubernatorial chair.



REUBEN FENTON, GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

THUS once prosperous city, the entry port of Georgia, contains about 19,000 inhabitants, and is built on a sandy plain, 40 feet above low water mark. It is the centre of a very extensive system of railroads, which constitute greatly to her commercial importance. As a harbor for blockade-runners it has not been of much account since Fort Pulaski fell into our hands. Savannah was founded by Gen. Oglethorpe in 1733. The river is navigable for steamers up to Augusta, 230 miles from its mouth, Savannah itself being 18 miles from the sea. Our view is taken about six miles from the city, with South Carolina on the left hand—the immediate land on the left being Hutchinson's Island—farming for its rice plantation, situated on Savannah river. The steamer in the centre is a rebel gunboat firing on our advance to cover the retreat of Hardee's rebel army, which crossed over about two miles below the city, and escaped by the road known as the Union Causeway.

THE JAIL AT DECATUR, GEORGIA.

DECATUR is a handsome and thriving post village, capital of De Kalb county, Georgia, on the Georgia railroad, 163 miles west of Augusta, and about six miles from the famous Stone mountain. Decatur will hereafter be infamous as the prison and grave of many of our brave soldiers, who were confined in the town jail, which our Artist says "is a dirty, filthy place—not fit for a hog to live in." Side by side with our view of this gloomy den we present a view of a yet gloomier scene—the battlefield on which the gallant Gen. McPherson was slain, in one of the earliest attacks on Atlanta.

LOCKJAW CURED.—The following remarkable cure of lockjaw is related by the Italian *Medical Gazette of Milan*: "A hairdresser of that city accidentally received a cut with a scythe on the palm of his left hand, near his wrist. This occurred about the middle of March, 1861; the wound healed in six days, and it was not until the 30th following that on arising from his bed, he felt some difficulty in opening his mouth, besides contraction in his left hand, which he could not stretch out, and pain in his right hip and thigh. During the first days the phenomena disappeared on going to bed, but commencing again as soon as he arose and exposed himself to the open air. On the 15th day of April, the symptoms becoming more intense, he was taken to the hospital. On his following day a spasmodic contraction of the lower jaw, and rigidity of the muscles of the neck were observed; the left hand experienced a contraction every time it was taken from under the bedclothes, and the pain on the right side continued; the pulse was very slightly agitated. Sixteen ounces of chloride of baskus, dissolved in a pound of distilled water, were prescribed, to be taken in the course of twenty-four hours. This treatment was continued until the 31st, when the symptoms of lockjaw having nearly or entirely disappeared, the doses were reduced to eight



SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—ARSENAL AT MILLEDGEVILLE, GA., DESTROYED BY UNION FORCES, NOV. 24. SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN—DESTRUCTION OF MACHINE SHOP ON THE GEORGIA STATE ROAD, AT ATLANTA, GA., NOV. 14TH.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

grains a day, and the remedy was entirely left off on the 26th; two days later, the patient left the hospital in perfect health.

A PREVALENT METHOD OF SUICIDE.—A merchant, in "lending a hand" on board of one of his ships on a windy day, found himself at the end of an hour and a half pretty well exhausted, and perspiring freely. He sat down to rest. The cool wind from the sea was delightful, and engaging in conversation, time passed faster than he was aware of. In attempting to rise he found he was unable to do so without assistance. He was taken home and put to bed, where he remained for two years, and for a long time afterwards could only hobble about with the aid of a crutch. Less exposure than this have, in constitutions not so vigorous, resulted in inflammation of the lungs, pneumonia, ending in death in less than a week, or causing tedious rheumatisms, to be a source of torture for a lifetime. Multitudes of lives would be saved every year, and an incalculable amount of human suffering would be prevented, if parents would begin to explain to their children, at the age of three or four, the danger which attends cooling off too quickly after exercise, and the importance of not standing still after exercise or work or play, or of remaining exposed to a window or door, or of pulling off any garment, even the hat or bonnet, while in a heat. It should be remembered by all that a cold never comes without a cause, and that, in four times out of five, it is the result of leaving off exercise too suddenly, or of remaining still in the wind or in a cooler atmosphere than that in which the exercise has been taken.

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8,000	Plain and Fancy Rings - -	4 to	8 "
4,000	Sets Sleeve Buttons - -	4 to	8 "
10,000	Pieces Silver Ware - -	5 to	15 "
10,000	Gold Pens, with Silver Mounted Holders - - - -	5 to	10 "
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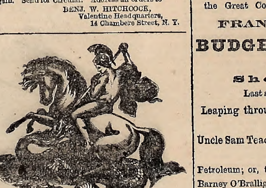
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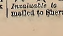
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FULASKI, Tenn., Nov. 6, 1864.
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DEAR SIR—Please find enclosed one dollar, and send me the Ointment and Pills, as I am troubled with Dyspepsia, and seek cure. Yours, &c.,
THOMAS P. CHRISTIAN, Co. G, 1d Iowa Infantry.

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2,000 Gold Lockets	5 " 15
3,500 Gold Oval Bead Bracelets	5 " 10
2,000 Gold Band Bracelets, Engraved	5 " 10
2,000 Gentlemen Chains & Guard Chains	4 " 10
2,000 Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4 " 10
2,000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 " 8
3,500 Coral, Opal and Florentine Brooches	4 " 8
5,000 Mosaic, Set, Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 " 8
7,000 Coral, Opal & Emerald Ear Drops	2.50 " 10
4,000 Diamond Breast Pins	2.50 " 8
3,000 Gold, Fob and Vest Watch Keys	2 " 10
4,000 Fob and Vest Chain Slides	2 " 10
5,000 Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, etc.	3 " 8
3,000 Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc	2 " 8
3,000 Sets Lockets, Chains and Charms	2.50 " 8
4,000 " " " Maple Sprigs	2 " 8
4,000 Gold Toothpicks, Pencils, etc	2 " 8
4,500 Plain Gold Rings	2 " 5
3,000 Chased Gold Rings	2.50 " 10
10,000 Sleeve Set and Shirt Studs	2 " 15
10,000 Gold Engraved Lockets	2 " 15
7,500 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jet & Gold	3 " 10
10,000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Extension-bold-ers and Pencils	4 " 12
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9,000 Dozen Silver Tea Spoons	$10 " 20
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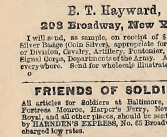
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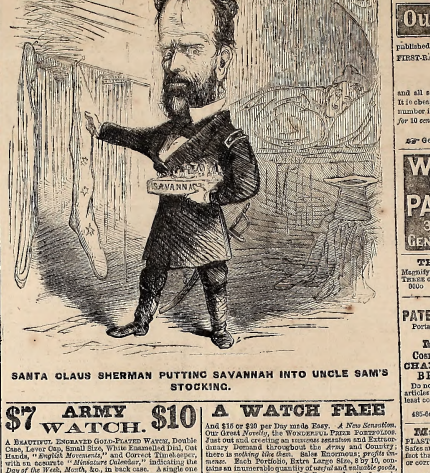
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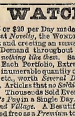
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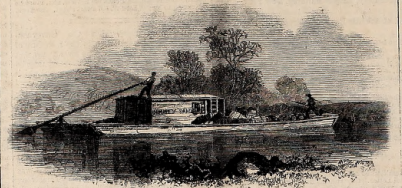
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No. 486—VOL. XIX.] NEW YORK, JANUARY 21, 1865. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1 00.

Suicide of the Rebellion.

IF anything can reconcile a patriotic mind to the horrors of war, it is the reflection that almost every grand stride in human progress has been made through convulsion, and has been consecrated by blood. As storm and tempest purify the polluted atmosphere and herald a brighter day, so it would seem civil commotion and the shock of arms can alone clear the moral atmosphere of its noxious elements, and give to the nation a better life. War often anticipates the slow advances of peace, and crowds into a decade the ordinary results of a century. Its sword cuts, at a blow, those Gordian knots which had defied and promised to defy for ever the unravelling fingers of the statesman. Its clouds and blackness envelope the land and oppress all hearts, yet from out its gloom there often emerges a spirit of Brightness, even as did the radiance of Deity from out the thick darkness of Sinai.

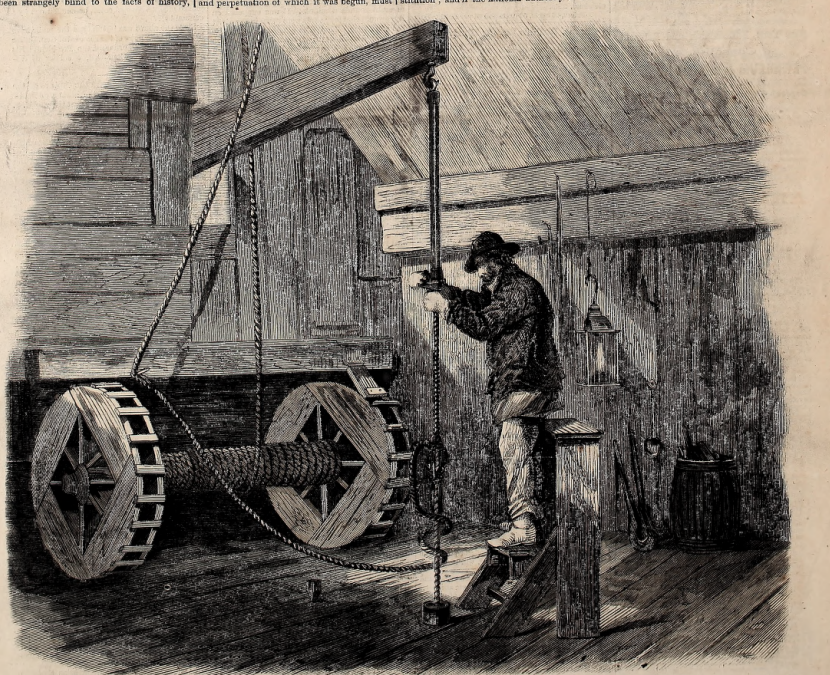
If any one ever supposed that the great conflict in which we are engaged would end without some compensating result, he must have been strangely blind to the facts of history,



FLATBOAT WITH CARGO OF OIL FOR PITTSBURG, PA.

and strangely distrustful of the wisdom of Heaven. However the war may terminate, we see already that the system of human slavery, out of which it sprung, and for the extension and perpetuation of which it was begun, must terminate with it. If the national authority be re-established, it is no longer doubtful that, whatever may remain of slavery will be swept away through the forms provided by the Constitution; and if the national authority be not re-established, the struggle will, nevertheless be so far prolonged that the exigences of the insurgents will force them to sacrifice the system as a necessity to their existence. Already, notwithstanding it was unblushingly proclaimed at the outset of the war, that slavery was the "corner-stone" of the proposed great oligarchical organization, and that it was the only admissible condition of the black man, yet, at the end of four years, we find the apostles of the rebellion openly advocating the employment of the negro in the army, and advising his liberation as the only means of securing the practical sympathy of Christendom, and of securing what they are pleased to call their "independence!"

Such propositions as these are not only made but advocated in the Southern capital, and in portions of the press believed to reflect the opinions and feelings of Mr. DAVIS. It is true they are talked of as contingent on an emergency not unlikely to happen, the continued success of the national armies, and as an alternative to submission to "Yankee rule." Rather than thus submit, says the Richmond



THE OIL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA—BORING FOR OIL ON THE SAUNDERS' FARM FOR THE "NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA & BALTIMORE CONSOLIDATED PETROLEUM AND MINING COMPANY."—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHELL.

Sentinel, and the sentiment is echoed by the *Enquirer*, the "Confederate States would surrender their independence into the hands of those from whom we [they] wrested it, Britain, France or Spain." But none of these would take them, they are candid enough to admit, with slavery, hence its abolition is a necessity towards securing even the melancholy result for their long and bloody struggle! We quote literally from the *Enquirer*:

"If France and England will enter into a treaty with these Confederate States, recognizing our nationality and guaranteeing our independence upon the abolition of slavery in all these States, rather than continue the war, we should be prepared to urge the measure upon our people. We believe such a proposition would be favorably received and acted upon by these nations, and it ought to be considered."

So, then, it is no longer slavery, nor even "independence" that the leaders of the insurgents are struggling for, but to get rid of a Government under which they were rich and enjoyment of its blessings, with or without slavery, on the other, and their decision would be swift and final.

What our sympathy the insurgents might score for themselves abroad, by the abolition of slavery, they may be certain they will obtain no practical intervention through that or any other consequence or sacrifice. The United States have exhibited a strength and an ability for offence and defence which no power on earth will put to a second test, except under circumstances absolutely of no other alternative. Intervention, on any grounds, means war, nothing more and nothing less, and neither "Britain, France nor Spain" is ready to accept the responsibility of six millions of free-eaters, and the responsibility of fixing the new relations of three millions of emancipated negroes, at the cost of a long and bloody war with a nation three and a-half million and a-half of trained soldiers in the field, and turn loose a navy of six hundred effective war vessels on the ocean.

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Articles that have appeared in other publications are sometimes copied and sent to this office as original contributions. This detestable species of fraud and imposition will be exposed in these columns, whenever detected, and, if possible, will be punished and published by it.

Barnum's American Museum.

Glorious triumph! Third week of the gorgeous spectacle, every afternoon at three, Evening at half past seven, THE RING OF FATE; or, PIZIR, AIR, EARTH AND WATER. Previous to which the Afternoon, the TRAILOR OF YARROWDEN. And in the Evening, the Local Drama, THE VERMONT WOOL DEALER. CLOG DANCE BY TOM RYAS. Morning and Afternoon, THE LITTLE BEAUTIFUL GIANT AND FAT WOMAN, weighing nearly 700 pounds, and her husband, A LITTLE MAN, weighing 67 pounds. Also, Just added, a curious animal, the Prehensile Tailed Porcupine, Gentle Boy, Learned Seal, Living Others, &c. Admission, 50 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents.

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S. THALBERG.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JAN. 21, 1865.

All Communications, Remittances, and Orders, must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl Street, New York.

THE President who is the Governor-General of Canada, refused to the request of the assassins and burglars, who recently invaded our soil from that hyperborean region, may be inferred from the indignation of the reward which he offers for their apprehension—*two hundred dollars!* This is about half as much as is generally offered "in the States" for the capture of a horse thief.

On experimenting with artillery there seems to be, as with the rifle, no limits, no end. Among the objects (of doubtful utility), sought to be obtained, rapidity of firing is one, and in this respect, at the late trial, the firing of what was falsely done at Shoeburyness by the "Armstrong and Whitworth Committee." A hundred rounds were fired from the Armstrong 12-pounder breech-loader field gun. There was an interval of 10 minutes after the first 50 rounds. The time, as taken by the chronometer, for the first 50, 6m. 58s., and for the second 50, 6m. 35s.; 13m. 33s., in all. Thus the gun was fired throughout the 100 rounds at the rate of seven rounds and a half a minute; and for the second 50 rounds at the rate of eight rounds a minute. It was supressed on the ground that the shot were often in the air at the same time. This, it is alleged, is by far the most rapid artillery fire on record, and it is more than twice as rapid as has been accomplished by any muzzle-loading gun. No water was used, nor any sponging, nor did any hitch of any sort occur.

THE English-speaking traveller on the Continent has a source of infinite amusement, in the polyglot notices to their guests which the hotel-keepers post up in every passage and dormitory of their establishments. The subjoined is a specimen of these, outside of *Mandevilles Hotel*, from the walls of the "Three Moors" in Augsburg:

"TO MY GUEST.

"In the interest of the Visitors who will honor my hotel with their presence, I don't fail to inform them that the proprietor is not responsible for the people employed in my house, and that also he charge to bring their Luggage to the Diligence and Steamers in a reasonable time. Those have to Pay and therefore nobody can request somewhat to a Traveller by what Pretext it would be."

We call attention to the prospectuses, which we publish in our advertising columns, of the "New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore" and "New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore Consolidated" Petroleum Companies. Both of these are established, honorable concerns, and both offer special advantages for investment. The "New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore" Company has organized a powerful corporation, able to make investments proportionate with their means. The names of the president and directors of the "New York and Liverpool" Company are a solid guarantee that the affairs of the company will be well managed and its business actively prosecuted.

A MR. O'CONNOR MORRIS, who, it seems, once filled the office of Postmaster-General of Jamaica, has published a book in London, in which he recounts his "hairbreadth 'scapes" and other experiences in a trip from New York to Canada. In the usual vulgarisms about the Yankees' ambition "to lick all creation," and especially the "Britishers," for whom he seems to have a holy horror; yet the author is constrained to admit that American pretensions, in one thing at least, are not unfounded, viz.: the perfection they display in speaking and writing the English language. He says: "On the whole, I think that, man for man and woman for woman, the Americans speak better English than themselves, though, I believe, our highest standard to be above theirs."

THE new Governor of the State pays a graceful and merited compliment, in his initial message, to the condition and management of the Central Park. Public parks are common in the country, of equal magnitude and in the construction and support of which so much money has been expended, has ever been kept so free from partisan meddling and corruption, or been administered so faithfully in the public interest. And if the citizens of New York and the people of the Union who visit the metropolis have our spirit soared to decency, good order and good taste, they owe no little of the credit to the Commissioners who have kept one of the bands of the corrupt and vulgar horde of needy and irresponsible politicians who control the affairs of this city. Their efforts to get the Park into their hands, and fill it with shoulder-hitters and "bed-bolsters," have been persistent, and are unceasing. Let the Legislature continue to protect us from them. Good citizens will watch jealously every measure of legislation, emanating from the city, which may come up in Albany, to see that nothing shall be smuggled into it whereby the Park shall, either so entirely, come within the administration of our local authorities.

THERE is something in the Book of Proverbs as enlarged and amended by Abraham, a wise man of the West, about the impolicy of trying to drive seniors, even from round holes, and the thought the importance of keeping "the right man in the right place" has been so often impressed on the Government by precept and example, as to need no further illustration. When it was proposed to make Gen. Grant President, because he had proved himself one of the most successful of the leaders of the rebellion, because he had never evinced the remotest desire for office for an hour, and for this magnitude, [illegible] a he failed to remonstrate when we learned this, Gen. Butler was sent to command the land forces against Wilmington, it was for the reason, we fear too much respected by a patriotic people, that the thing was done, and we did not wish to drive a man out of the Army of the Government by adverse criticism on its conduct. Does any one doubt if Sheridan, or Hooker, or a hundred others we might name of our soldiers, who never failed "to keep a hotel," and who would pretty certainly fail as Governors of New Orleans, had been in command of Fort Fisher, at the time? Gen. Butler would now be floating over its walls? Gen. But ler, every one knows, is not the man to be associated with any enterprise requiring the powers of adaptation are by no means wonderful. Besides, we think the life of the Governor prospective of Richmond, chief of the people, should not be put in peril by doing the work of a soldier. How is Charleston to be "conciliated" were he to be shot dead or by a sharpshooter, or smoked out by a cannon ball?

SINCE the above was put in type the mails have brought us the news of the removal of Gen. Butler from command, by order of the President. His successor is Major-Gen. Ord, a soldier of distinction.

THE facts connected with the capture of the pirate steamer *Florida*, in the harbor of Bahia Brazil, on the 7th of October last, by the U. S. gunboat Wachusett, Capt. Collins, are familiar to the public. As soon as the capture was known there has been made the subject of remonstrance on the part of Brazil. A letter from the Brazilian Chargé d'Affaires at Washington, of the date of the 12th ult., with the reply of Mr. Seward of the date of the 20th, have found the light. The Brazilian representative gives it as the grand error of the Florida the character of belligerents, and after recapitulating the circumstance of the capture, accuses the officers of the Wachusett of "having gravely offended the territorial immunities of Brazil by passing beyond the laws of war in seizing treacherously and by surprise the pirate a defenceless ship," and concludes by expressing the belief that the United States will disavow the act and make reparation for the violation of neutrality.

MR. Seward assures the Brazilian Minister that he is right in supposing that "the President will not approve of the proceedings at Bahia," and adds that he will "suspend Capt. Collins and order him before a court-martial." The consul at Bahia will be ordered to leave that port. Mr. Seward wishes it to be understood that the Government does not admit or credit "the charges of falsehood, treachery and bad faith brought forth against the captain and consul." He wishes it to be understood, also, that the action of the President "rests entirely upon the proof that Bahia the capture of the Florida was an unauthorized, unlawful and indefensible exercise of the naval force of the United States within the neutral waters of Brazil, in defiance of its established and duly recognized Government."

STILL Mr. Seward insists that the Florida and its crew were not lawful belligerents, and that the ascription of that character to them by Brazil is but a form of conversation, "used by United States, and in derogation of the law of nations, and that the harboring and supplying of ships of the Confederate States by Brazil are acts of wrongs and injuries for which the latter owes reparation to the United States." As for the proof of the Florida's piratical character, not having been brought lawfully under the authority of the United States, they cannot be subjected to the consideration of a court. Therefore, it is consequently be turned loose—subject, however to recapture if found beyond the jurisdiction of the country. Finally, Mr. Seward seems to think that the Florida itself would be given up on the same grounds, only she happens to have been taken by the United States, which casts no responsibility on the United States.

IT is somewhat difficult to reconcile the positions assumed by Mr. Seward with the action of the Government in respect to Capt. Collins, the Consul at Bahia and the crew of the Florida. Perhaps future correspondence will make things clear.

IN this connection, we may mention that the New York Chamber of Commerce, while disavowing any intent to indicate what should be the conduct of the Government in the Florida affair,

or to criticise it in any way, nevertheless "does not forbear to express the gratification that prevailed throughout our community when the capture of the Florida was announced—more especially as they believe that by violating the neutral waters of Brazil, that vessel had forfeited every claim to protection." The Chamber has unanimously thanked Capt. Collins "for his courage and conduct in generously subjecting himself to the risk of censure, and to the possible loss of his commission, in order to rid the seas of a scourge, and our commerce of an incendiary foe."

THE occupation of Savannah by Gen. Sherman has developed a great change in the temper of the Southern people involved in the rebellion, as compared with their fierce and implacable hostility, when brought under the military rule of "the Yankees," in the earlier stages of the war. For example, with the occupation of New Orleans by Gen. Butler, in 1862, he found the mass of the whites of both sexes restless, ferocious, defiant and dangerous in their implacable spirit of hatred and vengeance. It was only after a long course of the most stringent military measures, including executions, imprisonments, expulsions and confiscations, that they were brought to an unresisting submission to his authority. Such, too, at that time was the prevailing spirit among the people throughout the rebellious States. They were confident, imperious, swaggering, cruel and defiant, and in entering one of their towns or cities, the soldiers of the Union were received with jeers and insults, and vindictively refused all social communications, except under a military warrant admitting of no refusal. Now compare New Orleans with Savannah, and mark the change.

In the fourth year of Jeff. Davis and the blessings of his Southern Confederacy, the Union army, under Gen. Sherman, enters the city of Savannah. How is that army received? Not by sneers, jeers, and insults from scurvy loafers or beautiful women; but with those manifestations of respect and decorum which severe experience seldom fails to teach. Instead of studied seclusion and dark conspiracies, Gen. Sherman is met by a sensible submission; and a public meeting of the citizens is called to provide for the recognition of the supreme authority of the United States, and for such social and commercial reciprocities as will secure harmony between the citizens and the army. Prominent among the citizens concerned in these proceedings stands the name of G. B. Lamar, the importer, if we are not mistaken, of that famous cargo of slaves into Georgia, from Africa, in the bark Wanderer, some six or seven years ago; and a most active speculator and financier during this war, in English contracts for rebel vessels of war and blockade-runners, and in all sorts of financial operations in London, Liverpool and New York calculated to assist Mr. Davis and damage the national treasury. Now had not a great change come over the mind of Mr. G. B. Lamar, he would have left Savannah with Hardee. He preferred to remain like thousands of others, because he had discovered that [illegible]vis and his Confederacy, to use a familiar expre[illegible]n, were "played out."

From these s[illegible]estive peace proceedings in Savannah, it is but a step to a general movement among the people of Georgia for a return to the "old Union," and the next lesson of Sherman, we expect, will be apt to "set the ball in motion."

THE London *Daily Star* of the 24th of December publishes a long and interesting letter from a British field officer in active service, describing his visit to Gen. Grant's army before Richmond. He speaks of Gen. Grant as bearing a most striking likeness to the late Lord Charles Wellesley, second son of the Duke of Wellington, and as "showing no signs of wear, notwithstanding his manifold occupations and responsibilities." He spent several days with the General, and visited the various works, as well as that somewhat disagreeable place known as "the front." He visited "Dutch Gap," and in describing the canal there, pays incidentally the following compliment to the accuracy of the sketches made by our Artists in field:

"As we approached the working party engaged in this huge excavation, we found that they were being shelled by the enemy's batteries. We therefore left our orderlies and horses at a safe distance, and Captain —— and I crept along the river's bank, and a shell burst in the river, throwing up a column of water. Curiously enough *Frank Leslie* (the *Illustrated News* of the States) has, in his paper of the 19th November and the 26th of November, given two sketches, which I enclose, as affording a far better elucidation of what I witnessed than is possible by any description with the pen."

It is not a little remarkable, that this officer, alluding to the design of blowing out the head of the canal, predicts precisely what has happened, viz.: that the earth would be blown into the canal, so as to prevent its early use.

Summary of the War.

SAVANNAH.

On the 31st December the 3d division of the 20th corps moved across the Savannah river into South Carolina, and defeated a regiment of Wheeler's cavalry.

The rebel Gen. Hardee, with the troops that evacuated Savannah, had reached Charleston. In a telegram, dated 2d Jan., Hardee says that large bodies of Union troops were landing on the South Carolina side of the Savannah river, and had driven the rebel pickets before them. It is also reported that Gen. Kilpatrick's cavalry had occupied Hardeeville, 22 miles from Savannah, on the Savannah and Charleston railroad.

VIRGINIA.

The attempt to open the Dutch Gap has resulted in a failure, the explosion forcing all the earth back and refilling the canal. It has also, by destroying the screen, which protected our men while laboring in the excavation, left them open to the rebel batteries, which command that spot. The armies before Richmond and Petersburg remain quiet.

TENNESSEE.

The reported escape of the scattered fragments of Hood's army over the Tennessee river proves to be truth. This was occasioned by some blunder in the orders given to the commander of the pontoon train, who was ordered to proceed by the Murfreesboro road, instead of the Franklin. This delayed the Union pontoon train for two days, which enabled the rebels to cross the river and get safe beyond the reach of our cavalry. The pursuit was vigorous as far as Duck river, 40 miles from Nashville, but when it arrived there it was compelled to halt for want of pontoons.

MISSISSIPPI.

Gen. Grierson's raid on the Mobile and Ohio railroad has been successful, so far as heard from, without the loss of a man. He started from Memphis on the 21st Dec., and struck the road just below Corinth, Miss., and on the 27th had completely destroyed it to beyond Okalona, a distance of over 70 miles, together with 29 bridges, a great deal of trestle work, a number of cars, 300 army wagons, 4,000 rebel carbines, and much other property. He had dispersed Forrest's dismounted camp, and was pushing on with the intention of rendering the line utterly useless as far as Meridian, 100 miles further, and, if possible, releasing the Union prisoners at Catawba, Miss.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—It has been satisfactorily proved that damaged hard bread and hay mixed together, and subjected to steam pressure, to remove mould and sourness, constitute the best food for fattening cattle.

——A Rhode Island paper records the most contemptible instance of counterfeiting which can well be imagined. A man, with the talent for such business, cuts out the cyphers of the ten cent fractional currency and pastes them on the five cent notes in such a manner as to make them pass for fifties. Several such ingenious petty forgeries have been found in circulation.

—— In boring for oil, near Chicago, recently, they struck, at the depth of 720 feet, a subterranean lake. The water has since been running at the rate of 400 gallons per minute.

—— An Adrian (Mich.) paper says that Miss Augusta Chapin was ordained a minister of the Universalist denomination last week.

—— The inauguration of Reuben E. Fenton as Governor of New York, in place of Horatio Seymour, whose official term has expired, took place in Albany on the 2d of January. Gov. Seymour, in receiving Gov. Fenton, made a brief address, setting forth the important and responsible character of the office, to which Gov. Fenton replied, expressing his determination to strive to advance the interests of our great State, to promote the welfare and honor of the people, and also, to the extent of his executive authority and influence, faithfully maintain the national freedom and unity, and perpetuate the liberties of the people.

—— The habitans of Canada resist the draft very energetically. Lord Monck has sent four companies to enforce the law.

—— One thousand dollars are now paid to all persons enlisting for three years or the war. This will, undoubtedly, avert the necessity of a draft, as New York now only requires about 5,000 to make up her quota on the last call.

—— The Police made 54,751 arrests in New York city last year, and 14,820 in Brooklyn. A larger number of policemen have been killed and wounded during 1864 than any preceding year. There were 16,855 arrests for intoxication, and 56,959 persons applied for a night's lodging in the Station-houses. There are 173 slaughter-houses and 84 fat-boiling houses in the city. The deaths were about 25,000—of which 14,000 were children under five years. In August alone 1,700 children died from causes which might be prevented with better sanitary arrangements; 683 deserters were arrested; there were 10,000 lost children found in the streets by the police.

—— The California vote for President is before us. The highest Presidential Lincoln elector, including Soldiers' votes, was 62,134; McClellan, 43,843—showing over 18,000 Union majority.

—— The San Francisco *Bulletin* says: "During the last three years, which have been the most trying of the transition period, the assessed valuation of this city has increased from $147,000,000, in round numbers, to $177,000,000. showing an average gain of $10,000,000 per annum, in spite of Washoe and drought. The increase in one year alone, from 1862 to 1863, was about $14,000,000."

—— The public debt of Pennsylvania has been reduced $117,000, leaving it on the 1st of December $39,379,000.

—— The quota of Pennsylvania under the new call for volunteers is nearly 67,000. Gov. Curtin attributes the deficiency to frauds on the people.

—— Mr. Hecker, of Pearl street, has filed an injunction to the city authorities, commanding them to pay no more money for street cleaning. He says in his petition "that by an unlawful agreement between Boole, Brennan and Guther, about $652,000 has already been paid out, and $108,500 more is about to be taken, when the law allows only $300,000 per year in all. The defendants are to show cause on the first Monday in February why the injunction should not be made perpetual." There is consequently every prospect of the streets being soon impassable.

—— A very pleasant festival was held on the 22d Dec. at Poughkeepsie—it was the annual parade and banquet of the Eastman National Business College. The banquet was quite a mammoth affair, covers being laid for over 2,000 guests. The music was excellent. Mr. W. Ross Wallace recited an ode written expressly for the occasion, and the whole was a great success.

—— The Starlight Coterie commenced their Sociables on the 22d Dec, which was a very pleasant event. It was held at their rooms, 59 West 14th street. The next takes place on the 12th Jan.

—— During the past year the enormous sum of $28,522,000 was lost by fires in the loyal States, without counting losses under $20,000 or losses by the war, as at Chambersburg.

—— During the year 1864, 4,800 vessels arrived at the port of New York from foreign ports—a decrease of 273 from 1863; 198,342 passengers arrived, the most of them emigrants, who have settled in this country.

Southern.—The Richmond *Sentinel* has an article declaring that "rather than again enter the old Union they would much prefer to put themselves under the protection of England, France or even Spain!" The protection of the last named power would certainly be an amusing fact. The Charleston papers say this is Mr. Jeff Davis's idea, and is not shared in by the people. The openness with which the Richmond press speaks of making Gen. Lee Commander-in-Chief of the armies is a decided attack on the President, for in a military condition, to take from the Executive the control of the armies would be to reduce him to a cipher.

—— Despite their boasting that the fall of Savannah would strengthen their cause by concentrating their troops, the rebel papers now admit, by their attacks upon the lukewarmness of the Georgians in opposing Sherman's march, that the moral effect is damaging to the Confederacy, more especially in the eyes of Europe.

—— The Richmond *Whig* says: "When ill luck sets in, it is apt to flow on until it exhausts itself. The tide then sets in the opposite direction, and continues until another reflex occurs. Fortune has been setting steadily against us for some months. It may be hoped that the turning point has now been reached—that we have suffered all that we are doomed to suffer on this occasion—that we have sufficiently expiated our faults or our follies, or whatever has brought misfortune upon our arms—and that henceforth, for some time to come at least, we may look forward to a reasonable share of good fortune."

—— Gen. Dick Taylor has been lecturing the Alabamians for their indifference to the Southern cause, as evinced in their refusing to allow their militia to leave the State. Strange to add, he quotes the praiseworthy example of Georgia as a reproach to them.

—— On the 28th Dec. a meeting of nearly 400 of the prominent citizens of Savannah was held, over which the Mayor presided, when it was resolved to seek to have peace, "in the language of the President of the United States," "by laying down our arms and submitting to the national authority and a strict obedience to the laws of the United States;" and the Governor of Georgia was requested to call a State convention to make arrangements for allowing the people to vote on the question whether they will have a continuance of the war or give in their adhesion at once to the national authorities of the United States. Many of the inhabitants have taken the oath of allegiance.

Personal.—The Hon. Gerritt Smith lectured at Cooper Institute on "Amending the Constitution and Laws," on the 4th of Jan. His argument on the main topic of amendment was to the effect that Slavery could be effectually abolished by Congress as a war measure, without an amendment of the Constitution, which, however, he was not averse to.

—— Simeon Draper, the Collector of New York, sailed for Savannah on the 4th, to superintend the shipment of the cotton captured in Savannah.

—— Fitzhugh Ludlow gave his first lecture on the Rocky Mountains, at Dodworth Hall, on the 7th Jan.

—— John K. Porter, of Albany, has been appointed Justice of the Court of Appeals, by the Governor, in lieu of Mr. Seldon, who declined to serve.

—— John Johnston, of Summit county, has been elected Speaker of the Ohio House of Representatives. The Governor represents the finances of the State to be in a sound condition.

—— Mr. S. R. Fiske, one of the editors of the *Herald*, has been appointed editor of the *Leader*, Mr. Clapp having resigned that position.

—— Some of the leading managers of New York paid Mr. Lester Wallack the compliment of being present on the occasion of his first appearance after his father's death.

—— Col. Julian Allen has arrived from Savannah as agent of the Mayor and Corporation of Savannah, to purchase food for the destitute inhabitants of that city. He of course came with Gen. Sherman's sanction.

—— The two Blairs, Silver Spring and the late ex-Postmaster-General, were not allowed by Gen. Grant to carry out their intention of visiting Richmond on their peace mission. It was not, of course, authorised by the President. It is said by some that Mr. Blair, Sen., went merely to reclaim his stolen correspondence.

—— Mr. Stanton, Secretary of War, has gone to Savannah, to consult with Gens. Sherman and Foster. On his way he called at Fortress Monroe, where he had an interview with Gen. Grant.

—— The Hon. Wm. Pitt Fessenden has been unanimously nominated for United States Senator for six years from the 4th of March next, by both the Senate and House Union caucuses.

—— Mr. Benjamin Wood, editor of the *Daily News*, has invited Mr. Greeley to take a tour North, for the purpose of inspecting the condition of the rebel prisoners now in our hands.

—— Alexandre Dumas, author of "Monte Christo," with several secretaries, is about to make a tour through the United States. It is his intention of writing a book on the occasion.

—— Herman, the celebrated prestidigitateur, has been astonishing the Sultan. One of his tricks was so marvellous, that Reschid Pacha declared it was equal to anything Mahomet had ever done.

—— Brignoli, the ladies' pet of New York, but the rejected of Madrid, has made a brilliant success in Paris, the most eminent critics declaring him equal to Mario.

—— John Brougham is writing a play for Adah Isaac Jenkins Menkins. It is to be a "horse play.".

—— The Hon. Jacob M. Howard has been re-elected Senator for Michigan.

—— Out of the 12 Revolutionary patriots living on the 1st of January, 1863, but five survive to welcome this New Year. Lemuel Cook resides at Clarendon, N. Y., and does not know his age; Samuel Downing resides at Edinburg, Saratoga county, N. Y., and is 98 years old; William Hutchins resides at Penobscot, Me., and is 100 years old; Alexander Maroney resides at Yates, Orleans county, N. Y., and is 94 years old; James Barham lives in Missouri, and is 100 years of age.

Obituary.—S. H. Gardner, U. S. Collector of Revenues for the First District of Missouri, died in St. Louis on Christmas day. He was a leading member of the Western bar.

—— John C. Brane, of Baltimore, one of the leading merchants of that city, died recently on his passage from England to Havana, aged 49.

—— The Hon. Jacob M. Merseles, a well-known New Jersey politician, died of paralysis on the 2d of Jan., at his house in South Bergen.

—— Hon. G. M. Dallas, ex-Vice-President, and formerly Minister to London, died in Philadelphia, Dec. 31, aged 72.

Accidents and Offences.—Darney Frierly, proprietor of the low saloon No. 12 East Houston street, accompanied by a party of ruffians, early on Tuesday morning, the 3d Jan., entered the adjoining saloon, No. 14, kept by Harry Lazarus, and after a few words with the proprietor, stabbed him in the neck, killing him almost instantly. Later in the day the murderer and his friends were arrested by the 12th Precinct Police.

—— The office of the *Daily Traveller*, Boston, was burnt on the 1st Jan. Everything was destroyed except the press in the basement. It was the work of an incendiary.

—— The number of offences against the person, such as stabbing, shooting, &c., have so greatly increased lately, that it is proposed to alter the law for these crimes, considerably increasing the penalty.

—— A locomotive exploded in Jersey City on the evening of the 3d Jan., killing and wounding several, besides damaging some houses in the neighborhood.

—— Mr. D. F. Osbon, a naval reporter of this city, and correspondent of the London *Army and Navy Gazette*, has been arrested, and sent to the Old Capitol Prison, for publishing an account of the Wilmington fleet, so that reinforcements were sent to meet the attack at Federal Point.

—— The preliminary hearing in the case of C. Milton Allen, cashier at the Philadelphia Custom House, charged with being concerned in the recent robbery of $90,000 in that department of the Treasury, has resulted in his remand for a further hearing, in default of $20,000 bail.

—— A collision occurred on the 5th inst. in the Bergen Tunnel between a train of the Morris and Essex line and one of the Erie, in which one was killed and several severely injured. It was occasioned by part of the Morris and Essex 4 o'clock train becoming disengaged, and blocking up the way was run into by the Erie train.

—— There were more people killed and wounded by railroad accidents last year than in any preceding year since 1854—140 accidents occurred, 404 lives were lost, and 1,846 persons were wounded.

Chit-Chat.—At a recent sale in London, the copyright of the music of "Over the Sea," a ballad, was sold for $620; and that of "The May Queen" for $2,770.

—— Chapman & Hall received $500 for the advertisement which appeared on the last page of Chas. Dickens's Christmas Story, "Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy." It is only octavo size.

—— The King of the Sandwich Islands has determined upon an established religion for his kingdom, and chosen the Episcopal.

—— A French paper says Paris is becoming religious. There are no less than six churches building at the present minute. What would this writer say of Brooklyn?

—— The fashionable world of Berlin is much shocked at the Count of Westphalia, one of the oldest titles in Germany, marrying Catharine Friedburg, a beautiful ballet dancer. He is enormously rich, and intends winning over the *beau monde* by a series of splendid *fêtes*.

—— Byron's "Sardanapalus" has been translated into Swedish, and performed in Stockholm with great success.

—— Stays were quite unknown in Russia until Peter the Great danced with some of the Hanoverian ladies on his journey to Pomerania. Quite astounded, the monarch exclaimed to his *suite* after the ball, "What confounded hard bones the German women have!"

—— How completely the English mind is enthralled by its veneration for royalty is amusingly developed in the following dedication by Earl Derby, one of the most illustrious of British noblemen: "To His Royal Highness Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, K. G., this translation of the Iliad of Homer is, by his Royal Highness's gracious permission, with profound respect and dutiful attachment, humbly dedicated."

—— A saw-filer in New Bedford has put this over his door: "James Nokes, Saw Dentist!"

—— Earl Carlisle, better known here as Lord Morpeth, died of paralysis, caused by softening of the brain.

—— King Leopold was 74 on the 15th Dec.

—— Servantgalism is rampant in New Orleans. A fair Hibernian, who had been discharged for toddying a little too much and too often, when the hour of her departure came positively refused to leave, saying, "that if she didn't suit the missis, the place suited her." The result was that the services of a policeman were required to eject the fair creature.

—— Dan Rice, the Circus proprietor, has had to pay $991 damages for causing a spectator to be ejected from his booth during the performance. Cause—he hissed!

Foreign.—A farmer at Colesburg, Cape of Good Hope, at a recent meeting of the Agricultural Society of that place, indicated a new source of wealth to farmers. He had found that 35 ostriches could be reared on about 300 acres of pasture land, and feathers fully grown can be obtained from them every six months. The value of each plucking is about £12 10s. per bird. The original cost of the young bird was £5 apiece.

—— The substitution of iron for wood in the construction of ships is going forward with such rapid strides in the United Kingdom, that in some of the old shipyards a timber ship is scarcely ever seen. It is a fact worthy of observation, that on the Clyde only two wooden ships have been built within the past year, out of an aggregate of 319 vessels launched there, or still in process of construction.

—— The nurse of one of the wealthiest families in Paris has been detected exposing her master's child in the Champs Elysée, begging for charity.

OIL-BORING ON THE SAUNDERS' FARM.

ON our first page will be seen a striking and spirited sketch of boring for oil, as daily practised in the principal (Venango county) oil region in Central Pennsylvania. The drawing was made on the spot a month since, by our Special Artist, Mr. Schell, and represents the interior of a derrick, with so much of the machinery as is seen inside. A length of iron pipe, six inches interior diameter, and one inch thick of metal, has been previously driven down to the solid rock by means of a ram; the edge of the tube is seen protruding. The boring gear, connected with an engine outside by means of the walking-beam seen in the upper part of the picture, works a centre-bit, the sand and debris being removed at intervals by a sand pump. The workman is represented bending over his monotonous task, waiting for the relief of the night-hand; the lamp, covered to prevent danger from explosive gases, hangs behind him. The floor is bored to drain off an accidental overflow.

The expenses of boring are necessarily heavy. The engine alone, when delivered on the location, will cost over $2,000; the derrick $150 more. The engineer, working probably for from 60 to 100 days, receives $3 per diem for his superintendence. The contract for drilling is at the rate of about $2 25 per foot. The cost *in toto* of putting down a well 600 feet deep is estimated at over $6,000 in the most favorable circumstances. The work is done under many disadvantages in a wild region, where transport of material is unusually difficult, and nothing but the invincible Yankee pluck would have given the whole region its present thoroughly riddled appearance, and its immense financial importance.

The personal adventures of our Special Artist and his companion are described in a pleasant article on another page. To that narrative we refer the reader for an account of the investigations, of which our engraving represents an episode.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE London *Times* has made another call upon the Queen to throw aside her private sorrows, and fulfil her public duties. It adds, that no recluse can fill the British Throne without weakening the monarchy.

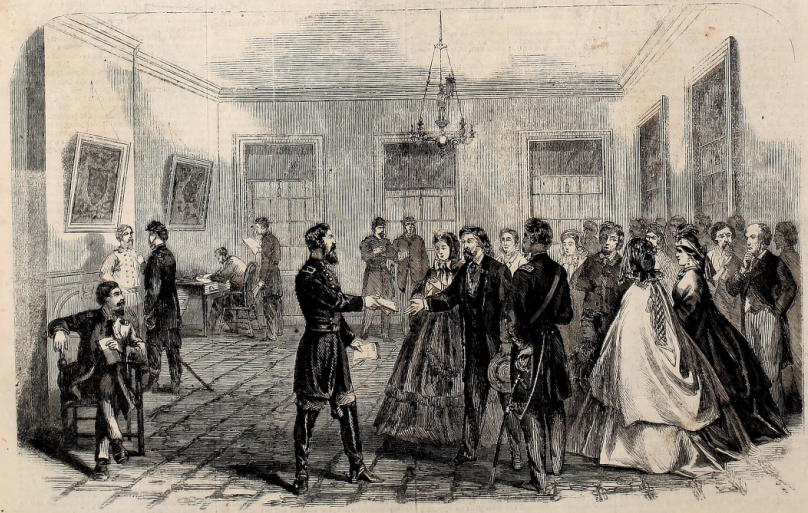
The Papal Government has replied to the recent manifesto of the Commissioners and Congress of the Southern Confederacy. Cardinal Antonelli states that the sentiments expressed in the manifesto are entirely in accordance with the disposition and the character of the Pope, and that the Pope will not fail to avail himself of any favorable occasion that may present itself for bringing about peace.

The Spanish Cortes was opened on the 22d of December. The Queen's speech says that Spain has no ambitious projects upon the South American Republics. It is silent about San Domingo, but the announcement that a bill of great importance will soon be laid before the Cortes to remedy the unsatisfactory condition of Spain is supposed to have reference to the San Domingo question.

The Italian Government has issued an address to the prefects in North Italy, warning them of the probability of a new outbreak in favor of Venetia next spring, and declaring that the Government is determined to discountenance all such foolish attempts. This settles the question for the present as to the probabilities of a war between Austria and Italy this year. The coolness between the British Cabinet and Victor Emmanuel springs from the assurance Lord Palmerston gave the latter that he would not see the power of Austria crippled, considering her as a more reliable ally to England than even Prussia.



REBEL PRISONERS, UNDER ORDERS OF GEN. SHERMAN, TAKING UP THE TORPEDOES IN FRONT OF FORT M'ALLISTER, CAPTURED BY THE UNION FORCES, DEC. 13.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.



CAPTURE OF SAVANNAH—GEN. GRARY ISSUING PASSES TO CITIZENS.



EXHUMING THE BODIES OF UNION SOLDIERS KILLED IN THE ATTACK ON THE WELDON RAILWAY, VA., TO BE SENT TO THEIR FRIENDS.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

DAY AND NIGHT.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

ONE eve my Margery and I
Sat watching—blissfully alone—
The splendor creeping down the sky,
The darkness climbing to its throne.

The sun was somewhere in the west:
We knew it by the jets of light
That leaped against the evening's breast:
But he was sunken out of sight.

And as we marked the gleams that gave
To twilight transient hues of dawn,
The Night, that painter pale and grave,
Brushed out the lines that Day had drawn.

On lake and landscape, cloud and sky,
With violet shades, blurred all the parts:
Until we felt—my love and I—
An evening in our very hearts.

And so I said—her hand in mine,
Her head against my shoulder laid—
"Wise nature oft inscribes some sign,
Which, to interpret, makes afraid.

"While sunlight, Margery, always fair,
Is symbol, sweet, of what thou art,
This hour, that darkens all the air,
Portrays my own sad counterpart.

"Day dies with the approach of Night:
Thus do I read the fateful sign—
Thy life, with its transcendant light,
Will perish, if 'tis linked with mine."

Straightway she answered, while a glance
Of radiant meaning lit her eye,
"The shades of life its lights enhance,
And I, for love of thee, would die.

"Yet Day dies not; but being drawn
Beyond itself (so love is given),
Makes for the Night a silver dawn,
And gains a twilight glimpse of Heaven!"

It is said that a joint expedition to the North Pole over the ice is being organized by the French and English Governments.

THE MISER'S BRIDE;

OR,

WHICH STARVES FIRST?

BY Z. W.,

AUTHOR OF THE "THE SERPENT WOMAN," ETC.

ALTHOUGH I was the possessor of one of the handsomest new fowling-pieces that ever delighted the eye of a sportsman, I had not obtained a shot at anything the whole morning, and was sitting on a bank, eating some cakes with which my grandmother had considerately stuffed my pockets, when I heard a rustling in the thicket before me. My piece was in my hands in a moment, and I was about to take a deadly aim at the moving object, when I discovered it to be a pale, thin young woman, whose eyes glared with avidity at my luncheon. Notwithstanding her almost ghastly emaciation, she was beautiful, and it must [illegible]





DYING FOR WANT OF FOOD.



THE MISER'S DEATH.

heart ached to gaze upon her handsome but famine-pinched features. As soon as I recovered from the confusion I felt, in consequence of mistaking her for lawful game, I was so much moved by her famished look that I could not refrain from offering her a portion of the bountiful provision my resourceful relative had made for my matutinal appetite. She made an effort to refuse, but it was faint, and I easily prevailed upon her to accept what she so evidently craved. It gave me more satisfaction to see her eat than the richest feast a monarch ever enjoyed could have afforded me. In spite of the restraint she put upon herself, she devoured, rather than ate; and I was filled with curiosity to learn how so lovely a creature could, in a land of plenty, be brought so near the verge of starvation.

"You need not be afraid of my grandmother's cakes," I observed, as I forced her to take the last one; "she was always a famous hand at pastry, and what she makes is just as wholesome as it is nice."

"They are indeed delicious," she replied. "I wish I could make such."

"My grandmother would take great pleasure in teaching you how; she does not live far from here."

"She could teach me all but the most essential particular."

"What is that?"

"How to obtain the materials."

"Are you so destitute?"

"No.

"I cannot understand you."

"Nor I explain."

My curiosity was now, of course, much increased, but my diffidence and politeness prevented me at the time from questioning her closer. While looking round at this moment, puzzling my brains with the enigma, I espied a pair of pigeons settling upon a tree that I had been watching, and I fired at them, making so good a shot that both came tumbling, fluttering from limb to limb, to the ground. I cast a glance of triumph at my new acquaintance, which she met with a look of immense horror. I ran to fetch the birds, but when I returned, with the view of presenting them to her, she was gone, and I could discover no trace of her.

In the evening I related my little adventure to my grandmother, in the hope that her extensive knowledge of her neighbors would enable her to gratify my curiosity. I was not disappointed. She informed me that the young woman I had met was the wife of a notorious old miser, Jacob Skimpin, who almost starved her and himself, because he loved money so much that he held it extravagant to buy more food than was barely sufficient to maintain life. She added:

"The poor thing was doubtless seeking her aries."

"But how on earth did the old money-grubber get so handsome a girl for his wife?"

"In a manner that reminds me of the romances I used to read when I was young: Her father, Mr. Swilton, had mortgaged his property very heavily to old Skimpin, who was about to foreclose, when a sudden illness struck down the precious pair that Skimpin should have Miss Rosina, and that her father should retain his property and his decency. Rosina refused to receive the offer, and to benefit immensely by the arrangement. Swilton hoped that Skimpin would soon starve himself, and Skimpin that Swilton would soon drink himself to death. It was a race between them. Swilton won—that is to say, he drank himself to death before Skimpin starved, and Skimpin's hopes were realized, and he is now the possessor not only of the Swilton property but of the fair girl who could not be induced to marry him. She ought to have something besides, inherited from another source, but he withholds it from her, and the chances are that he will forbear, accustomed as he is to starvation, will yet survive her, and, perhaps, prove her heir."

"Why, this is monstrous!" I exclaimed, after a pause.

"Frightful!" echoed my grandmother. "But such is the fruit of drunkenness and avarice. It is hard to decide which is the worst vice; but, if they be not equally bad, I think it must be drunkenness."

"No, avarice—by far," I replied. "Drunkenness has some excuse, if not reason in it. It is frequently but the thoughtless indulgence of pleasure, conviviality and wit; but avarice has its source in selfishness and meanness of soul."

"I beg your pardon," resumed my grandmother. "Drunkenness is the offspring of caress, and engenders every crime in the calendar, from pilfering to murder; but avarice is merely the extreme of economy, and means only providence."

We continued the argument for some time, without altering one another's conviction in the slightest, as we kindly compelled, with a deepened consciousness of my aged relative's superior theory of speech and tenacity of purpose, to relinquish the dispute in despair.

The next day I revisited the spot where I had met the miser's wife, but she did not appear. I afterwards reconnoitred the dwelling, a dilapidated, forlorn pile of wood, but the gates and doors were all closed, locked, bolted and barred. Not a sign of animation was visible, and I knocked at the door of the neighborhood reconciled, but hollow echoes were the only answer I received. The wall was high, and fortified on the top with a thick chevaux de frise array of broken glass bottles. Though almost a match for a monkey at climbing, I hesitated to scale the wall, till I espied a bough of a tree hanging over it and the yard it inclosed. It was sport for me to climb this tree, to run along the limb and let myself down into the yard, but when I was safely landed there, it struck me that my egress might not be effected with the same facility. I went round to the front door and hammered away at it with the same observance of diligence by which I had endeavored to gain admission at the gate. At last one of the upper windows was opened, and a voice I recognised as that of the miser's wife demanded:

"Who's there?"

"Pardi! Sylvan."

"What do you want?"

"I merely wish to speak with you a few moments. I thought, perhaps, you might like to see me again. I have brought delicious specimens of my grandmother's skill in pastry."

"I understand you, sir. I am very much obliged, but must decline your intended favor. My husband is absent, and I dare not open the door while he is away—indeed I cannot, for he has the key with him. I am a prisoner here. If he should return and find you in the yard, heaven only knows what would be the result. He himself would have no peace, and he would certainly give me none for the rest of my life."

"Surely he shall not find me: I will take good care of that."

"He comes so stealthily, that even I am not sensible of his approach. Pray begone! Your intended kindness will only increase my misery, by rendering me an object of suspicion and, perhaps, persecution, as long as I live."

"Can I do nothing for you?"

"Nothing—only leave me."

"How can I leave you in such a prison as this? Your husband may possibly never return, and then you must starve. He has no right to lock you up in this manner. You will, at least, accept this little provision I have brought you."

"No, no, no! Sorry am I that I ever accepted anything at your hands. To what degradation it exposes me! How wretched I am! Pity me—leave me—for mercy's sake!"

"I am not sure that I can."

"How did you get over the wall?"

I explained my mode of ingress, but how I was going to get out was a puzzle to myself, and, consequently, something I could not make clear to her.

Suddenly she called in a voice of alarm:

"I see him! he is coming! he is crossing the road! Go, quick, or you will be too late!"

She shut the window and disappeared. I heard the key turn in the lock of the gate, and had barely time to hide behind the old pump before Mr. Skimpin himself entered. To my dismay, he fastened the gate carefully on the inside, locking, bolting and barring it. His eyes were everywhere, especially on every side, and it was a very sly peep at his person that I ventured to allow myself. One glance was sufficient to show that he was long, cunning face and slim figure on the memory as something strange, grotesque and impossible to forget.

As soon as he had disappeared inside, I stole round the yard to ascertain the most convenient method of escape, but finding no better shelter than observation that had afforded by the pump, deemed it advisable to conceal myself there till dusk, when I trusted to be able to exercise my ingenuity and retrace my steps homeward. Shortly afterwards the miser's wife came out with a pitcher in her hand, and approached the pump. I told her that I was still there, as she demanded:

"How do you purpose to escape?"

"As I came in. I see a clothes line in the rear of the house. I shall climb over, secure the limb of the tree, climb up the double cord to the branch, and there bid you good evening."

"It is a dangerous experiment, especially as Mr. Skimpin has a loaded gun, and, having been lately warned that burglars meditate an attack upon his long cherished property, he has sworn to shoot the first who attempts to enter clandestinely. You are not safe a moment where you are. You had better go into the house, and I will hide you in the library, where he never goes, and, as soon as I can get the key of the gate, will let you out in a more convenient manner."

Her proposal was too reasonable to refuse, and I followed her at once into the house with as quiet a tread as I could command. She led me to a small but cosy dingy little room, furnished with an oaken bookcase, a table and a couple of chairs.

"Here he never comes," she said that his former wife died in this room, in that great armchair—of starvation, I presume, and that is sufficient reason why he should never enter it."

She spoke in a low sad tone, as if anticipating the same frightful fate for herself. I pressed the provisions I had brought with me upon her; she accepted a quantity, and placed the most of the table, telling me that I m gutuced it myself. The miser's squeaking voice calling "Rosina!" now became audible, and she left me alone hastily.

I waited patiently for half an hour, when, becoming enwined, I opened the old bookcase, which I found, to my surprise, to be well supplied with valuable works of ancient and modern languages, and took out a volume to beguile the time with, till the return of my unwanted hostess. I felt in the pocket of the book, and when I awoke it was quite dark. A few seconds elapsed before I could collect my thoughts and realize where I was. At last I grew tired of waiting, and had just resolved to effect my own deliverance and clamp my footing-piece across my shoulder, when I heard a light footstep approaching. The door opened and a voice whispered:

"Are you awake?"

"Yes."

"I durst not come before. My husband has been to-day again informed of the danger that threatens him, and determined to watch all night. I am now going the round that he has taken many times to-night, and which he will yet repeat before he goes to sleep. If you will peep at the hall door, break. Follow me as well as you can in the dark. Light is a luxury I am not allowed."

By my own instinct I was assured to the obscurity, and I followed my guide to the gate without stumbling. Just as she was about to lift the bar, she stopped suddenly, and said:

"Don't you hear voices outside?"

"I do—Gliniely."

She stooped down and listened at the keyhole for a few seconds, and then whispered to me in a frightened way:

"Heaven have mercy on us! it is they—the burglars, at last! They have a ladder, and are about to mount the wall. There must be four of them, at least. We shall be murdered!"

I thought a moment, and then replied:

"How fortunate it is I am here to-night! We had better go round to your husband, and do you let me tell the story."

She hesitated.

"There is no alternative and not a moment to be lost."

"Perhaps you are right. Quick! I think I hear them climbing the wall. Come!"

She hurried into the house, locking and fastening the door carefully. She prudently suggested that I should leave my shoes in the passage, as the slightest of it might frighten her husband and excite his suspicions. I complied, and was immediately afterwards ushered into the presence of the old miser, who was nearly startled out of his senses at the unexpected introduction, and I did not keep him time to recover from the shock before I broke at once into the subject, informing him that I had accidentally, or rather, providentially, overheard a conspiracy to rob his house and murder its master, and that I had hurried hither, fortunately reaching the gate just in time to gain admission, through my earnest representations of the danger to his wife.

The old man, during my hasty relation, regarded me with great suspicion, cast a look of wrathful upbraiding at his spouse, and moved towards the gun which stood in the corner. With an air of indignation, I told him that he had better, if he doubted my statements, verify them at once, by looking from his upper front window, as the robbers had probably followed closely at my heels. At this intimation, he seized his gun, hurried out of the room, still keeping a wary eye on me, and proceeded up the stairs to the second storey and through a passage, at the head of which was a window that afforded a view of the gate and the front yard. The moon was just bright enough to enable us to discern the burglars who were getting over the wall, and the old man exclaimed in terror:

"They are coming! Good heavens! what can I do against so many? Rosina, are you sure you fastened the back door?"

"I locked, bolted and barred it with my own hands."

"Yes, I remember—I heard. See, they are unfastening the gate—they have unlocked it. Shall I fire now?"

"By no means; wait till you are sure not to miss."

"Sure not to miss! how can I be that? I am no marksman."

"I am; shall I fire for you?"

"No, no!" said he, shrinking from me at the proposal with suspicion. "I shall fire myself."

"Just as you please, only hold steady, and don't fire in a hurry."

The burglars had succeeded in opening the gate, and now advanced towards the house, and planted the ladder against the library window. The miser exclaimed in trembling accents that he could not tell whether that window was secure or not. I told him that it made little difference, as they would make for the door in search of the plunder, however strong it might be, unless he aimed straight and shot the foremost. It was impossible for him to comply with my suggestion, as he trembled from head to foot in an ague fit. He opened the window, however, and aimed at the man who had mounted the ladder, but the muzzle of his gun described a circle in the air, and when he fired his tremulousness was so great that the piece fell from his hands into the yard below.

The robbers were not to retreat. For a moment I imagined that the leader was wounded, as, in his descent from the ladder, he fell, but the next instant he had scrambled to his feet and ran to the gate dispated that illusion. One of their number, who had been placed on guard at the gate, opened it to receive the going outcle of his, and boldly advancing to the house, picked up the gun, laughing hoarsely, and went back with it to his companions. After a brief consultation, they all returned to the ladder.

"Have you no other weapon?" I demanded of the miser.

"Have I none!" he exclaimed, and broke out into the most awful lamentations that fear and avarice could inspire and express. The extremity of his wife, even as to courage, was made manifest at that moment. As I turned, with the intention of descending by the footing-piece, I heard her say, as she handed it to me, saying calmly and sadly:

"If you can shoot little doves so far away from you what danger is there that you will miss a man?"

"None, madame; yet believe me I am not cruel."

"I do not think you so; the brave seldom are."

I took a steady aim at the first who ventured to ascend the ladder, and my shot brought him head first from the top to the bottom. The man who had first acted as watch for the rest, was at the door, and, terrified at seeing two of the others, attempted to hear off his wounded comrade. I admired his fidelity too much to punish it, and let him go unscathed, more for the benefit of the contents of the extra barrel, which accelerated their flight, if it did not punish their crime. The burglars fled precipitately, and I reloaded my piece, although I was under little apprehension of their return, and spent the remainder of the night in the most pleasant manner, in the society of an old wretch it was impossible not to despise and of his victim I pitied from my very soul.

She was like a flower growing on a rock, the sterile surface of which refused it sufficient nourishment to sustain existence. She was pining and withering away, and sinking into the grave under the tomb. As he continued to gabble to me with a sort of idiotic cunning, I turned from him with loathing, and gazed upon her with a sweet but pitiful smile of suffering face, and wondered at the monstrosity of a union of existence, of the very antipodes.

Mr. Skimpin regained some confidence in me, but it was mingled with dread, if not with suspicion. He afterwards received my visits without hesitation, and seemed to regard my presence as a protection to his house. He believed that burglars would have a dread of my prowess, after the repulse they had received at my hands, and he doubtless hoped that they would entertain the conviction that I was a constant resident of his more than occasional guest.

It seemed to be my fate to save his wretched life, although I must confess I had no zeal in the task. One day he attacked his little servant girl in chopping a branch which the storm of the preceding day had severed from a tree on his property, and which lay on the ground. He filled an old wheelbarrow with the wood and trundled it along with great effort. He was about to cross a narrow bridge, for many years had required repairing, and which spanned a stream that the recent rains had swollen to a rapid flood. Through it had borne his light weight a hundred times within the year, it now gave way, beneath him and his wheelbarrow, and precipitated both into the torrent below. I had been watching him, and now, for a moment, debated with myself whether I ought to risk my life in attempting to produce an impossibility and useless existence, or leave him to his fate. The instinct of mercy, however, prevailed, and I rushed to the spot, plunged in, disputed with the waters for their prey, and succeeded at last in dragging the old man up the bank, and in saving the remnant of his life.

His lamentations were characteristic and farcical, being devoted to the lost wood and wheelbarrow. I should have been more disgusted, had I not been so much amused. A sweet smile from Rosina repaid me for the trouble and risk I had undergone, but, at the same time, made me almost curse my folly in hazarding so much to save a life that appreciated and undervalued love.

I afterwards felt at liberty to remonstrate with Mr. Skimpin concerning his treatment of his wife. When I told him that she was half starved, he assured me that I was altogether mistaken; that I had no idea how much she ate, and, finally, that she had the most convention that ever lived. I would he the death of her, as drunkenness had been the ruin of her father.

"I am sometimes ashamed to see her eat," he continued; "she never has enough, and I verily believe that she would, if left to do as she pleased, continue to eat till she dropped down dead."

I found that my reasoning had about as much effect upon the heart of the old miser as tapping against a rock with a fan would prove towards its demolition. So long as I remained in the neighborhood, I was enabled, under various excuses, to supply poor Rosina with sustenance for her young life, but my holiday soon passed away, and I was compelled to return to the metropolis. I bade her farewell with mingled misgivings of the head, and I felt as if I was leaving one I had learned to esteem, if not to love, to a cruel fate, perhaps an early and violent death.

In the November following, in reply to my anxious inquiries, I received a letter from my grandmother, in which she referred to Mrs. Skimpin as follows:

"I saw her last Sunday, as I passed Skimpin House. She looked more like a ghost than a human. I called at the house the next day, but could not obtain admission. I cannot learn that anybody has seen her since, except her husband, who, I am told, has made it so ill that she has ceased to clamor for food; at the same time he expressed the hope that, on her recovery, she will be cured of her appetite. I am sorry, and cannot but condemn the notion which has enstamed him in health to his present advanced stage of life."

The communication haunted me. It forced the conviction upon my mind that a woman, whom I might possibly save, was being slowly murdered. The more I reasoned upon the circumstance, the more that they would admit of my departure for a few weeks, but I felt that I must go, and the inevitable delay that I was forced to endure enhanced my impatience and anxiety to spainful degree.

I arrived at my grandmother's farm rather late on a Saturday afternoon, but ignorant of stopping on a journey straight on to Skimpin's. The old miser answered my noisy and impatient summons with unusual alacrity, and the sight of me seemed to afford him pleasure.

"I am glad you are come," said he. "Rosina is very low; she does not eat nearly so much as she used to, and indeed her appetite is quite moderate. This of itself is a favorable symptom, but the misfortune is, that at the same time she has become very weak. She has lost her strength. She has not lately helped me in the slightest. She does nothing now, not even eat, and hardly takes a bodkin to her mouth."

He continued to chatter in this strain, while leading me to the room she occupied. When I entered, I was deeply impressed, and grieved for the sight, I was startled with horror. Her form, scantily clothed, lay upon an old settee, and her head was thrown back, where so little could be seen to resemble a skeleton more than a living human being. She exhibited no signs of life, and I exclaimed in terror:

"Heavens! she is dead! Wretch, you have murdered her!"

"Don't say that," whined the miser, frightened by my vehemence. "I don't think she is dead, and, if she is, I did not poison her; I gave her nothing—"

"You gave her nothing, I know; that is what killed her. You have starved her to death."

This accusation threw the old fellow into a state of the most acute excitement, but I would not listen to his clamor.

"Silence!" I cried. "If the woman is dead, it will be your province to make your defence when you stand at the bar of justice. Have you no wine, no liquor in the house?"

He equivocated, and this drove me almost to madness.

"Dog!" exclaimed I, fiercely. "Will you force me to ransack your house in search of wine? Fetch instantly what I ask for, or I swear before just heaven not to rest till I see you hung for this diabolical deed!"

He brought a bottle of brandy, which had doubtless been in the house for an age, and I poured a little of it down the throat of the poor wretch, which had the effect of animating the little life that remained in her attenuated frame.

"Thank heaven!" I cried, "she lives!" I added, "but it will soon expire if more skilful hands than mine are not employed to keep it alive. I will send instantly for a doctor and a nurse. As for you, down on your knees, and thank God that you have yet a chance to escape the gallows! If, however, she dies while I am away, that chance is gone!"

In half an hour I returned with a doctor and a very efficient nurse. The doctor pronounced without hesitation upon Rosina's case, declaring that he had never seen a human being so nearly starved without perishing, and that nothing but the most careful nursing could possibly save her. Mr. Skimpin's horror at the prospective expense of the diet and attendance the physician prescribed for her exceeded that the miserable creature manifested when accused of her murder.

He was, however, notwithstanding his ingenious protests, borne down by our united denunciations, and looked the picture of despair. I took special care that the doctor's directions were followed to the letter, and met every attempt at evasion on the part of the miser with an iron resolution that he could not move a jot. He grew quite wild, and seemed to consider himself a ruined man. As his constant presence appeared to retard the recovery of the patient, she was, as soon as her strength admitted of her removal, taken to a neighbor's house, where her health, the bloom of her youth and beauty revived with a rapidity and perfection almost magical. After the lapse of a few weeks, it was almost impossible to identify her as the same person I had so recently found a pallid "anatomy," almost inside of the portals of the tomb.

In the meantime Mrs. Skimpin had been persuaded to institute a suit against her husband with the view of obtaining separate maintenance, and of gaining possession of the little property which he withheld without rights; but he heard of these proceedings, and fortified himself in his house, so that no one could serve papers upon him, or obtain a glimpse of his person. At last so long a period elapsed without his being seen, that it was thought advisable to enter his residence without ceremony and by force, to ascertain whether he had been murdered or was still actually inhabiting the premises. After a diligent search of his dwelling, his skeleton-like form was found in its cellar, lying dead across a heavy box filled with old gold and silver-plate and coin. It was evident that he had been starving himself more rigorously than ever, and that he had exhausted his remaining strength and life in the effort he made to lift the chest out of its hiding-place. Its key had fallen from his hand before he could unlock it, and he died without the pleasure of gloating, even in death, upon the treasure dearer to him than life—ay, then heaven itself.

His widow inherited all his property, for he had no other heir. Unhappy as she had been in her first matrimonial experience, she did not long remain single. It would not become me to pronounce upon the judiciousness of her choice, but I believe she has never had occasion to repent it. I should be more explicit, if it were not disparaging the penetration of the reader to consider a more explicit and detailed *éclaircissement* necessary.

TRIP TO THE OIL REGIONS.

The railroad is in running order to Shaffer's farm, seven miles below Titusville, and we took advantage of the morning train to pursue our journey.

The cars, of course, were crowded beyond the possibility of breathing; by the time a man got out he only asked to take with him the necessary accompaniment of legs and arms, whether they were his own or another person's was a matter of supreme indifference.

The conversations were all upon the same theme, even politics were unmentioned, and you might almost have forgotten there was any struggle going on except the one to obtain a fortune out of petroleum.

An honest old Dutchman, who had lately made a comfortable fortune by the sale of his land, and was on his way out of the territory to select a new home, was, perhaps, the happiest creature I saw during the whole time I was gone; although probably the thousands he had pocketed would be only a drop compared to the sum the purchasers realised a few weeks or, maybe, days later.

There were stray women scattered here and there, and I absolutely saw one baby, alive, too, and likely to remain so—the most disreputable-looking baby, with its knitted cap cocked over its left eye in a rakish way, its fists clenched as if ready for a set-to with life at any moment, never smiling or crying, not receiving any more attention from the woman who carried it than if it had been a bundle of old clothes, and apparently not desiring it—a baby whose whole appearance said more plainly than ever that of a baby did before, that it never had any father in particular and no mother to speak of, but didn't intend to succumb on that account—in short, a baby so wonderfully adapted to the region, and so very, very greasy, that one might have fancied it King Petroleum's proper offspring.

Shaffer's was the first halt, and the rush for the car doors can only be conceived by those who happen to have been in a crowded theatre or lecture-room when an alarm of fire roused each man to the consciousness that his own life was more valuable than the lives of the united throng.

Everybody was good-natured, however, with the exception of an elderly female descendant of the monarchs of Ireland, travelling with her worldly possessions packed in a wooden pail, the crowning ornament a battered tin oil can, which evidently held something as refreshing as Sarah Gamp's teapot, from the frequency with which she tested its contents. She attracted a good deal of attention by the piquancy of her remarks, and an odd determination neither to get out of the "gangway" or let anybody pass her, assuring the crowd, in the most frank and engaging manner, that there was not "a gintleman in the whole country; and she believed they'd squaze a lady to death as quick as look at her—only jist let them try it, it was all she axed."

Shaffer's consists of a little knot of houses, of course either hotels or drinking-places, set down in the midst of the woods, but doing a thriving business, and as crowded as a world's fair on its opening day.

It was about noon when we reached there, and, although very cold, the sun shone so brightly that the day seemed fresh from Paradise compared with the diabolical malignity of the preceding one.

We walked along the bank of the creek to visit the Noble well and a few other marvels within easy reach. A large gang of men were at work on the railroad, which is perched in the air, between the stream and the cliffs, in the most graceful way possible.

I had heard so much of the dreary aspect of the scenery that I was agreeably surprised to find pretty little views peeping out at every bend of the capricious creek, the hills upon the right bank, as we trudged along, standing up sombre and precipitous, crowned with stately pines and hemlocks; here and there a summer waterfall, arrested in its headlong descent, and scattered in icy embroidery over the gray rocks; while the city of derricks, which began to rise on either side, with the billows of smoke and steam curling up into the sunshine, lent a life and animation to the scene, which only enhanced its wildness and singularity.

A little below the once famous Sherman well we crossed the creek, and came upon the Noble, with its group of immense tanks, into which on one day 3,400 barrels of oil are said to have flowed. This well has been in operation about a year and a half, and has realised for its owners a cool little $5,000,000, and is still flowing at the rate of 300 barrels daily.

The centre tank, into which the oil streams directly from the well, was of a goodly height, and covered with a board roof, so that the only means of getting a look within was by climbing an uncertain ladder, covered with a yellowish green slime, that was not pleasant either to sight or smell, and rendered mounting somewhat insecure.

But up we got, and peered over the top of the tank, and saw the tireless stream boiling and hissing from the pipes, the surface of the slimy pool broken into waves by the rapid flow, looking and smelling more like some little corner in hell than anything else I can imagine.

This well is situated just on the bank of the creek, so that, by means of a hose attached to the tanks, the oil is conveyed to the barges without the slightest trouble or loss.

The Sherman well, which we passed before crossing the ferry, is, I believe, the second great flowing well struck on the creek. This was somewhere in the spring of 1862. The operation was begun and carried out under great difficulties. Mr. Sherman, the original owner, was a poor man, and began boring with exceedingly limited means. It is said that his wife, true to her sex in having faith in her husband's endeavors, furnished pecuniary means as long as it was in her power; but after a time an engine became a necessary purchase, and there was no money left wherewith to make it. A couple of men who were the happy owners of the coveted assistant were given shares for the engine, but at the time when it was believed that only a few days more labor were required to strike oil the funds gave out entirely. Somebody was offered a sixteenth interest for $100, and refused with scorn; at last the share was sold for $60 and an old shot-gun. Then a horse was needed, and another share was given for the animal—blind in one eye at that. Another season of anxiety, and at length, without warning, oil was reached and flowed at the rate of 1,500 barrels per day, and continued to do so for several months, then declining to 700 barrels.

The well flowed for twenty-three months, and though during the first year the owners made little money, owing to the low price of oil and the difficulty of getting it to market, before the stream ceased a colossal fortune was realised, and even now over 30 barrels are gained daily from the pumps which have been introduced.

We went on to the McElhenny or Funk farm, to look at the now silent Funk well, the first flowing well struck on Oil Creek. Early in the summer of 1861 this well began to flow at the rate of 250 barrels per day, to the wonder of all beholders and the unbelief of all who heard the tale.

Of course even those who were forced to believe the thing could not be classed among the humbugs of our strange century, at least predicted the speedy cessation of the supply, but in spite of the greatest wiseacres of them all, the well continued flowing for some 15 months, and having made its owner a richer man than reason could have desired, saw fit to stop operations almost as suddenly as it began.

By this time several wells below were astonishing all who saw or heard; but the McElhenny tract evidently had no intention of giving up, for the Empire burst forth with nearly 4,000 barrels daily, reaching, it is said, an amount that has never been equalled.

The very owners were stupified; the demand for oil had gone down, so that the price fell to a few cents per barrel, and the coopers of the region could not furnish barrels enough to hold the fluid. The owners actually tried to choke off their well, and then built a dam about it, but the oil refused to be dammed, and poured into the creek until its waters were even more greasy than when we watched their turbid flow.

Before we got back to Shaffer's the snow began to fall rapidly again, and there was no longer any mistaking the fact that winter intended to show us how she looked on Oil Creek.

The Persons House that night was crowded to its extremest capacity, but for the first time we found comfortable meals and warm rooms, and no man with the slightest perception of humor could have failed to enjoy the evening immensely.

At dinner the young woman who waited on the table was apparently smitten with my friend's blonde beard, for she actually brought us cream for our tea, and came up once to inquire "if either of those other ladies made any mistake in our desert."

At supper there was a somewhat dilapidated boy playing waiter in a jolly young Bailey fashion, and as he good-naturedly hunted me up some hot biscuits, I slipped what I thought a reasonable expression of gratitude—even considering the region—into his widely open palm. He looked at the postage currency, and he looked at me with an expression which "words are weakness" to paint, then he turned to a somewhat smaller, more dilapidated youth than himself, and exclaimed in a tone of mingled patronage towards his satellite and withering contempt for me:

"Here, Jim, he's offered me a twenty-five center—you kin have that!"

Everybody within hearing exploded of course, and I retired very meekly from the dining-room, covered with confusion as with a garment.

The bar and reading-rooms were crowded with noisy groups; a late train from Titusville was just in, bringing a new supply of amiable lunatics, hungry and tired, and determined to have food and beds, even if they eat their nearest able-bodied relations and took their coffins for sleeping-places.

We met here that evening Mr. J. S. Clark, the President of the New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore Mining Company, and had to thank him for more real, solid information concerning the operations of the region than we had found anybody able to give before. As the head of a company which has the reputation of having begun business on the surest basis, and with the most extensive possessions of any association in the region, his thorough knowledge of everything connected with the subject, and his agreeable manner of imparting information, really made us, for the first time, feel there was something tangible and real in the vast scene of confusion upon which we had entered.

A good night's sleep made us greet the next morning with the feeling of giants refreshed, and we stood looking out on the snow which had fallen to the depth of several inches during the night, and discussing ways and means for pursuing our journey down the creek.

A flatboat was going down in a few hours all the way to Oil City, a distance of 11 miles, but setting aside the fact that we wished to stop at Rouseville and make an exploration up Cherry Run, the idea of a slow death by freezing on that melancholy barge was worse than the prospect of a walk through the snow—horses were out of the question, earlier arrivals had engaged everything in the shape of Bucephalus flesh, even to a venerable old mule, on the preceding day.

The Cherry Run region is becoming Petroleo-Metropolitan. This we knew; and to reach that crater, or focus, or geyser, or vertex—whichever you choose—of oil, was a prospect not to be foregone. There are the newest and the "spoutingist" wells. There are gathered the widest-awake of the oil land men. There are the shrewdest and most prosperous of the Petroleum Companies establishing themselves. There, for instance, is one of the chief estates of Hon. D. S. Dickinson's Company, the New York and Liverpool; the Henderson farm, a wide tract of 100 acres, all paid for, deeded and warranted, and capable of being instantly leased out in lots at $1,000 an acre a year and half the oil besides.

In truth, this energetically managed Company is one whose success is both rapid and real in a degree very uncommon in these days of bogus speculation. The ten dollar shares of its million dollars of capital are rapidly absorbed. Its funds are in hand, and its real estate, instead of being unsalable mountain lots put in by managers to sell, is selected carefully for its real value, as worth paying the cash for. Its trustees, instead of being only general business men, include men of the very oiliest wisdom, gained by actual experience. Such are J. H. Anger, Esq., of the great millionaire firm of Brewer, Watson & Co., of Titusville; L. W. Myers, one of the largest shippers of Titusville, and a well owner besides; Dr. W. M. Jennings, of Titusville, whose varied excellences as a skilful physician and surgeon, a wise and shrewd man of business, and as a social and delightful companion, entitle him to many praises; and Wm. F. Newton, Esq., well known as a safe and careful investor. Then again; they have already sliding up and down this very Cherry Run valley, and other places where oil or the hope of it make sliding easy, a mining superintendent who knows his business, Mr. H. J. Burtis, long experienced in all sorts of tubes, pipes, engines, shafts, holes in the ground and other real mining matters.

I looked at my friend, an old campaigner, ready and able to endure anything that came along, and he looked at me somewhat quizzically. I saw that he had very little faith in my courage or sinews, so I was goaded into saying with reckless determination:

"I go in for a walk, if you think you can stand it."

He only smiled a little and left the decision entirely to me, adding somewhat to my irritation by taking a survey of a carpetbag I had been weak enough to bring into the oil regions in spite of his expostulations, and coolly whistling Dixie as he tossed it from one hand to the other, as if making a mental calculation in regard to its weight.

That diabolical carpetbag had already proved a perfect Nemesis to me for every small sin I might have been deluded into during the last year, but just then I wouldn't have given up if the infernal thing had been twice as heavy, which certainly was not necessary, for it weighed a good 20 pounds.

I picked up the fiendish instrument, returned my companion's look with a stare that might have become a Southern incendiary, and hinted that if he was going to Oil City with me he had better step out, for I was off without delay.

At least four miles to Petroleum Centre, and considering the weather and the road equal to 10; but we started, my carpetbag and I leading the way in what I thought at the time, and still think, a very gallant manner.

The railroad is graded several miles farther down the creek, but we lost the benefit of the improvement, crossing the stream at a little ferry near the Noble well, in order to visit several important wells in the vicinity.

Indeed the passage of the creek became a necessity, at least three or four times during the walk, and we were highly amused with a small boy who owned one of the ferries, and gravely told us he thought of selling his lease, for business was getting dull—he was only making $80 per week, and did not feel that would pay.

With the crossing of the ferry we found ourselves in the very midst of the great wells which have made the grand flow for the excitement upon which half the world has gone mad.

It is not possible in a newspaper article to do more than give a brief mention of a few of the most famous wells on the route.

At the Egbert farm we reached the Maple Shade well, until lately flowing at a dizzy rate, but just at present almost, if not quite, silent; however, as its owners are interested in the Coquette well, at present pouring out 600 barrels, and making itself the great attraction of the region, they certainly have no need to complain. The Coquette was only struck a short time since, flowing at first at the rate of 1,500 barrels daily, and is now variously estimated at from 600 to 800.

The Jersey well is near at hand, and until recently has been credited at 500 barrels per day; and on the same farm three Keystone wells are keeping up the reputation of the district.

On we trudged, crossing and recrossing the creek, the day gray and chill, snow falling at intervals, the road or path in places frozen hard and very passable, in others covered with a treacherous crust that without any warning let you comfortably through to the knees; the artistic campaigner pointing out effects in the way of pine groves feathery with snow, ice-barred cliffs, like immense organs for the wind to play on, graceful bends in the creek, sudden glimpses of flatboats being towed up stream by four horses abreast, distant derricks, like the towers of some Rhine castle, Ruskinish description of clouds, and other airy nothings; all of which may have been well in their way, but the road grew worse, the Nemesis, in the shape of a carpet-bag, heavier, and, except that we found occasionally a private well, which discoursed honest old Bourbon, I doubt if either my energy or enthusiasm would have stood the test.

Past Petroleum Centre, where hotels in their wisdom grant no man a bed unless he pays for at least two meals into the bargain; down within sight of the Tarr farm and the great Phillips well, which claims a history equal to any we have mentioned, with new derricks rising on every side, to note where the New York and Philadelphia commence their vast operations—on we toiled and struggled, sorely buffetted by the wind, laughed at and laughing in turn at the mishaps of travellers whom we met, more cheered than anything by the sight of a passenger barge, which left Shaffer's before we did, and was last seen near the Tarr farm, with its half score of passengers huddled together, like a group of misshapen icecream moulds.

The afternoon grew grayer, the snow fell heavily, and when the shanty roofs of Rouseville did loom in sight, they were pleasanter to our eyes than the first glimpse of St. Peter's dome to the gaze of the most poetical traveller that ever suffered from enthusiasm and discomfort on the plains of Italy.

TOWN GOSSIP.

New York has so many and such continual subjects of excitement that it becomes a matter of infinite thought for the gossiper to know to which he shall give prominence. That which would throw a small city into a fever of commotion is utterly lost in the vortex of the great metropolis, and the citizens feel the meaning of the word *blasé* to that extent that nothing having less significance than a glaring conflagration, or an earthquake, can arouse them to a fair degree of excitability.

A fire occurs and several hundred thousand dollars of property are sent flying in hot cinders and smoke upon the midnight air, and the matter is dismissed the next day in a daily paper paragraph. A difficulty occurs relative to the payment of the sweepers of the streets, and a thousand needy, reckless men march through the streets ready for mischief of any kind, and by good luck rather than management do not riot or murder, and perhaps one in a score of our citizens knows of the event, and one in a thousand has any realization of it. A man is shot dead in the streets, or, by a knife, sent to his long account in some well-known drinking-house, and on it goes in the mass of events, all but those immediately interested forgetting it within the hour. Once in a while something floats to the surface and the attention of the community is interested in what simply creates astonishment, not at the fact itself, but at the reason why it should have attracted that attention.

The city at this moment has a new element infused in it in the shape of a large influx of soldiers and officers, from our armies, especially those from Sherman's. Furloughs have been granted to the extent of 20 per cent., or one in five, and with money to spend, our streets are full of the bronzed and hardy-looking men who have borne our country's flag on many a victorious field.

Speaking of this, and of Sherman, brings to our mind one of the few pleasant incidents of the war as connected with the taking of Savannah and its commercial position with New York. No sooner was the city under Federal rule and communication opened than its merchants, or the honest portion of them, instantly began to think of settling up the old standing accounts previous to the rebellion; and we know of several business houses here who have been astonished out of their equanimity the past week by the remittance of debts, the record of which was almost forgotten, and the hope of collecting become almost an absurdity. In this respect Savannah has shown herself an honorable exception, and, unlike New Orleans, Memphis and many other Southern cities, that her heart was in the right place, notwithstanding the difficulties of her position. As part and parcel of this subject we may mention that her authorities have appealed for food for her starving poor, and though we have plenty of want in our own midst, yet we trust the call will not go unheeded, and the suffering loyalists of Savannah will be fed from Northern bounty.

We have taken occasion several times to speak in this column of the practicability of associations for the purpose of supplying coal and provision to persons of limited means at cost or near it, and we are glad to see that one move has been made in that way on a business basis. It is in the shape of an association, calling itself "The Consumers Mutual Coal Company," with a capital of $500,000. Each stockholder is entitled to a certain quantity of coal at cost, and a share in such profit as may accrue from business with outsiders. The calculation is that by doing the affair on so extensive a plan, the coal will not cost the consumer over $4 per ton. If this is honestly carried out, it will be an enterprise worthy all commendation.

Among the fashions which we hoped to have seen long since die out is that of surprise parties. Our hope has been without realization, for this season they are as rife as ever. We will put away in our condemnation of them all the impertinence and grossness of a party, many of whom are perhaps strangers, forcing its way into a gentleman's house when he is entirely unprepared to receive them, or when it may be a positive pain, and simply take the thing up on a financial ground. This year it is customary for a few snobs, who possibly never have money enough to pay their washerwoman, to get together and making a list of some gentleman's friends, send to each of them a notification that a surprise party is about to be given him, and he—the gentleman's friend—is invited, and as his share of the expenses is taxed $20. It is a social tax, he hardly feels as though he could refuse, and consequently, whether he approves of the thing or not, sends his double X. We have known these parties to reach as many as a couple of hundred, and where, if each was taxed alike, the collection would amount to several thousand dollars, but we never yet saw one of them where we believed that the money collected was honestly spent. Protect us from all such social swindles!

In a letter written from London to a friend of ours, we find a paragraph that is suggestive of a reform for a most absurd custom prevailing in our churches. It is the mention that, in the British metropolis, persons arriving at church, whether male or female, take their seats in the pews according to the order of their arrival, and the ridiculous custom of gentlemen rising and marching out into the aisle that a newly arrived lady may take the seat in the pew farthest from the door, is utterly unknown. The custom originated in this country when a worshipping congregation was liable at any moment to a surprise from Indians, and it was requisite that the men should be seated where they could be available at a moment's notice. As the day of this danger is past, we cannot exactly see why the custom is still kept up, unless it be to create trouble and annoyance both to ladies and gentlemen.

Most of our readers will remember Dr. Colton, the exhibitor of laughing gas, one who without being much given to the comic himself, has perhaps made more people laugh than any other man living. The doctor has given up exhibiting, and has struck a vein worthy the attention of every sightseer. He has established himself at Cooper Institute; where he administers the gas to all comers, and whips out grumbling teeth in a manner that small as it may seem is really wonderful. To many of us the dread of the dentist is worse than to a soldier would be the facing of a battery, but under this wondrous treatment the operation of tooth-pulling becomes an absolute pleasure. A letter we held in our hand, written by a gentleman close on to 80, will tell the story better than we can:

My Dear Tom—Some 60 odd years ago, we, then lads, were at times much amused by the vocal music of the barn, where our happy fellows were wont to indulge in singing ballads of a very primitive character, and among them was one that pleased us more than all the others, which jingled off somewhat after this manner:

"Adam was laid in a slumber,
While a rib was removed from his side;
And when he awoke in wonder,
He beheld a most beautiful bride."

I know you must remember it, for we have laughed at it scores of times since we became men. We were most tickled by what we deemed the extreme hyperbolic character of the whole song. But, Tom! I now think that there was no hyperbole, exaggeration, or any manner of fiction in it, and that it was a true, simple recital of facts. A little while ago, you know, there was a fellow they called "Anderson, the Wizard of the North," who kept the world "agape" by his necromancy. We have a greater wizard than he, and, I think, more useful, and not less wonderful, who makes people gape indeed, and gape to some purpose. Yesterday I went to this wizard, and asked him if he were the magician, who took teeth out by legerdemain or witchcraft? "Yes, sir." Then, please go on with your hocus-pocus, and out with these six teeth of mine, that have of late become a nuisance to me. Then I was bidden to open my mouth (gape), I did, and it was propped open by a cork; a bag of wind was handed to me, out of which I filled my lungs, and then was "laid in a slumber." And, when the doctor, or magician, or whatever he be, gave me a gentle shake to rouse me up, I awoke, and was kindly assured that my teeth were out, and but for such assurance I should not presently have known it. I was at no time conscious of anything being done in a mechanical way, or indeed in any way, during the time I lay in a "slumber," and, I, as Adam did, awoke in "wonder," under the belief, to which believe I still adhere, that no resort at all was had to [illegible] of the appliances usual in extracting teeth, and that the doctor is, in reality, in league with the evil one.

Our Amusements.

What can we say of the theatres? From week to week we can only record no change, and a success of a kind beyond managerial hope or memory. Every theatre full every night, and yet no novelty.

"Hamlet" at the Winter Garden for an untold number of weeks, and likely to run for an untellable number more. New York must believe in Edwin Booth, or full houses for the fourth week of a Shakespearean play is no jest.

"The Streets of New York" at the Olympic is crowding the house nightly, and as long as such is the case the management must be satisfied, and so must the public.

The Irish drama at Niblo's sends hundreds away every night unable to get seats. We confess to a non-admiration for that department of the drama, but our opinion cannot be shared by the public, or else the public is trying to deceive us.

At the Broadway, John Owens is running into his fourth month of Solon Shingle. We recognise there nightly old playgoers, who admit to having seen it done almost twenty times during his engagement, and yet come some more, and laugh as heartily as on the first seeing. The success of Mr. Owens has raised this house to a prosperity and fashion quite equal to what it enjoyed under the old Brougham and Wallack *régime*.

Wallack's rings the changes on the sterling comedies, always to full houses. The people seem to have so pinned their faith to this house, that we doubt much whether they ever read a bill, but march blindly in, content to take such fare as may be set before them.

We are glad to see that Oscanyan's Turkish entertainment is a success. He has endeavored to give it without the fulsome puffery generally descended to on offering anything new to the public, and its success is therefore a true test of its merit.

This is the last week of Heller's pantomime. He withdraws it for other novelties now in preparation.

Exhuming Bodies of Union Soldiers.

We present to our readers a sketch of melancholy interest to all, but more especially to some whose relatives have fallen in this fearful war. It represents the exhuming of the bodies of our slain soldiers, for the purpose of sending them to their friends. The person who undertakes this solemn duty, having ascertained the soldier's name, writes to his friends, and for a certain sum has the body exhumed, and forwarded to them, for the purpose of family sepulture. It is a feeble consolation at the best, but still it soothes the mourners to feel that the relics of those we love rest in their native place, and where they themselves will one day repose.

CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA.

We continue our illustrations of Sherman's last achievement.

Rebel Prisoners taking up Torpedoes.

From deserters, and the infidicious boasting of their newspapers, our men were aware that the approaches to Fort McAllister were crowded with torpedoes. To prevent so far as possible the evil results of their explosion, when our troops made their advance upon the fort, some of the rebel pickets, who had just been captured, were made to march before our advancing column, and take up these cowardly and concealed instruments of destruction, as our officers suspected many of the men employed in thus "applying the accolade had planted the bane." Our Artist has given a graphic sketch of them engaged in this useful but somewhat dangerous occupation.

Gen. Geary giving Passes.

With that courtesy and consideration which has distinguished our commanders in all their transactions with the vanquished, Gen. Sherman announced that all who wished to leave Savannah might do so, upon receiving a proper pass from Gen. Geary, who took up his headquarters at the office of the railroad depot. Our Artist says it was a curious study to observe the different manners of the applicants—the ladies being, as usual, the most defiant; generally speaking, however, there was less bitterness than he had seen in other captured places. Many who applied for passes were those who had fled from their plantations to Savannah, to get out of the way of the Union army. For, misled by



BURNING OF THE NAVY YARD OF SAVANNAH BY THE REBELS, ON THE 21ST OF DECEMBER.—DESTRUCTION OF AN IRONCLAD, NEARLY FINISHED



PONTOON BRIDGE ON SAVANNAH RIVER, ON WHICH THE REBELS CROSSED ON THE EVACUATION OF SAVANNAH, ON THE MORNING OF THE 21ST DEC.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

the Richmond press, they never believed for a moment that Savannah could be taken.

View of Savannah.

In our last we gave a description of this restored city to accompany our Artist's sketch of it taken about six miles distant, on the right or Georgian side of the river. We now publish another picture of Savannah taken from the cupola of the Exchange, looking west, with Fort Jackson on the left.

Burning of the Navy Yard.

When the rebel Gen. Hardee resolved to evacuate the city he ordered the Navy Yard to be set on fire, but the destruction was not as complete as he had expected—and it will be soon restored to its usual efficiency.

HORRIBLE DEATH OF A BRIDE.—A fatal accident, caused by a chemical match, has just taken place at Marseilles. A young girl of 18, residing in the Rue Longue-des-Capucins, who had been married in the morning at the church of St. Theodore, proceeded with her husband and friends into the country to pass the day. The bride, who was walking about in high spirits, was suddenly seen with her dress in a flame, and heard to utter piercing cries. She had trod on a chemical match, which had ignited and set fire to her muslin dress, and in spite of every exertion on the part of those near her the flames could not be extinguished until she had been so dreadfully burnt that she expired on the following morning.

A TRAGIC ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.—From Breslaw, on the Wolga, there reaches us one of those strange tales, these tragical social dramas, which seem to belong more properly to the middle ages than to our more civilised epoch. M. R., one of the richest landholders in the Government of Tiflid, was waiting with a friend, when suddenly, without apparent provocation, Count R. sprang upon him, and struck him violently in the face. They fought next day, and the count fell mortally wounded with a ball in his breast. He had lived in great retirement with his wife and two lovely daughters in a castle adjacent to an estate of M. R.'s. The latter, a very handsome man, applied himself to the seduction of the count's eldest daughter, and having succeeded, abandoned her after a time in order to seduce her sister. The elder girl, furious with her lover, confessed all to her father, and hence the duel. Mdlle. De R., in despair of her father's death, of which she accused herself as the cause, in her turn challenged her faithless lover, and when he refused to fight a woman, she put on man's clothes and struck him in the public cafe. To avoid scandal M. R. thought it advisable to fly from the woman he had injured, and he set out on a journey. It is said that Mdlle. De R. has sworn to partake and overtake him, and, judging from her previous conduct, she may well have the courage and energy to keep her word.



SAVANNAH, GA., LOOKING EAST TOWARDS FORT JACKSON.—SKETCHED FROM THE TOWER OF THE EXCHANGE, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE

"ARMA PETROLEUMQUE CANO."

Virgil.

The oils I sing! the oils I sing!
(And so do joint stock companies too).
No matter where you bore they'll spring—
If what lot sellers say be true—
But luck, methinks, counts more than toil,
In boring for Petroleum oil.

Were shoddy merchants all combined
To put their greenbacks in a pile,
And with it buy Petroleum land,
They might not catch Dame Fortune's smile;
Now here, now there, they'd pierce the soil,
But perhaps ne'er strike Petroleum oil.

A Dutchman from his "faderland,"
An Irish pauper from his isle,
Are lured by fortune's glittering hand
To regions where she deigns to smile;
"Mein Gott!" "Och hone!" one week they toil,
Bore deep and strike Petroleum oil.

And now a princely team Pat drives,
While Hans up in the "Fifth" doth dwell;
Like Lazarus once, they're now like Dives,
That is, before he went to—Well!
No more they need to sweat and toil,
Since they have struck Petroleum oil.

When half a million greenbacks flow
Into the hands of men like these,
Smith, Brown and Jones excited grow,
And sniff Petroleum in the breeze,
What hitherto they've sought through toil,
They'll now seek through Petroleum oil.

"Place me on Pennsylvania's strand"
('Tis thus, methinks, I hear them cry),
"And give me ten square yards of land—
But pray be careful where it lie—
It matters not how poor the soil,
So it o'ertop Petroleum oil!

"If Pennsylvania lots be scarce,
Then West Virginia perhaps will do,
Provided blood no more *se verse*
(That's French for pour, farfetched 'tis true),
If Mosby's gang still curse her soil,
I'll seek elsewhere Petroleum oil.

"Then railroad stocks farewell, farewell,
And you, ye copper mines adieu,
These latter oft are but a sell,
Such mines exist, but—"how are you?"
There's nothing now beneath the soil
Compares with thee, Petroleum oil!"

And thus the goddess they pursue,
Forgetful of the battle's shock,
As though they'd nothing else to do
But dabble in Petroleum stock;
Smith, Brown and Jones thou canst not foil,
Spring up, spring up, Petroleum oil!

Five thousand years thou perhaps hast cours'd
Thy dark and silent caverns through;
But now to upper realms thou'rt forced—
No, not exactly forced, 'tis true,
Thou spring'st impetuous through the soil,
As though in joy, Petroleum oil!

Oh, earth! it needs must be confessed,
Thou dost with lavish hand bestow
Upon us children of the West
The treasures that within thee grow;
But what we shed upon thy soil
Outvalues far Petroleum oil.

What canst thou give us for the blood,
The precious blood we've given to thee?
A never-ending golden flood
Compared with that would worthless be.
Well may'st thou spout from 'neath thy soil,
This latest gift, Petroleum oil.

Keep, keep thy riches, mother earth,
And give us back the glorious dead;
One patriot heart alone were worth
Thy richest glistening treasure bed.
Yes, let the dead rise from thy soil,
Then perish thy Petroleum oil.

Alas! alas! they slumber on,
No more they'll hear the battle cry,
But what these dead so well begun
We'll finish or we'll glorious die.
When treason's band divides our soil
Spout, spout no more, Petroleum oil.

No more I'll sing Petroleum mines,
Let Wall Street brokers look to these;
Till treason's head in death reclines,
The flashing sword let patriots seize,
And fly to battle and turmoil,
And say, adieu, Petroleum oil!

ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "ELEANOR'S VICTORY," "AURORA FLOYD," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—TREDETHLYN'S LUCK.

Francis Tredethlyn had to wait a very long time before there could be any possibility of a letter from the Gray's Inn solicitors, but he endured the delay with perfect tranquillity of mind, and if either of the two men seemed anxious for the letter, that man was Harcourt Lowther, and not Francis Tredethlyn. The ensign had a trick of alluding to his servant's good fortune whenever things went especially ill with himself.

"Here am I without a friend in the world to lend me a five pound note," he would remark, impatiently; "and there are you with the chance of a nice little legacy from that old uncle of yours. I shouldn't wonder if you stand in for four or five hundred at the least."

"I don't think it, sir," the valet always answered, coolly. "I've heard our neighbors say that what with farming, what with mining, and dabbling a good bit with funds and railway shares, and such like, my uncle must be as rich as a Jew; but for all that I don't look to be much better off for anything that he'll have left me. I suppose he's left everything to my cousin Susan, seeing that he had neither kith nor kin except her and me. But somehow or other I can't imagine his parting with his money to any one, even after his death. I almost fancy that he'd rather have tied it up, if he could, so that the interest upon it might go on accumulating for ever and ever, thinking, as be might, perhaps, being old and eccentric, that he'd have a kind of satisfaction, even in his grave, from knowing that the money was going on getting more and more, instead of being spent or squandered."

Francis Tredethlyn did not make this remark in any spirit of ill-nature; he spoke like a man who states a plain fact.

"I dare say he was a regular old curmudgeon," Mr. Lowther answered; "but he must leave his money to some one, and the fact of these lawyers advertising for you is ample proof that he must have left some of it to you."

Such a conversation as this occurred pretty frequently during the long interval in which Francis Tredethlyn waited for the answer to his letter. Sometimes, when Harcourt Lowther was in a very bad temper, he would accuse his attendant of having grown proud, and insolent, and lazy, since the advent of that *Times* newspaper, which the ensign had borrowed from Mr. Corbett; but every one of the accusations was as groundless as many other of the officer's complaints against people and things in general. There was no change in Francis Tredethlyn; he did his work cheerfully and well, obeyed orders in a frank, manly spirit, and behaved himself altogether in a most exemplary manner.

The time when a letter from England might be expected came round at last, but Francis Tredethlyn evinced no anxiety for the arrival of the solicitors' epistle. A long season of drought had given way before a sudden downfall of rain, and Harcourt Lowther, who had planned a couple of days' kangaroo hunting, and had made all necessary arrangements for the performance of his duties by a good-natured and efficient color-sergeant, found himself a prisoner in his cottage at Port Arthur, with nothing to do but wait for a change in the weather.

It was very tiresome. The accomplished, light-hearted Harcourt Lowther, who could take life so pleasantly in the drawing-rooms of Tyburnia or Belgravia, to whom a summer afternoon amongst a group of fashionable gossips in the smoking-room of his favorite club was only too short, found this terrible Tasmania day intolerably long. He had tried every available way of getting rid of his time. He had sketched a little, and read a little, and played the flute a little, and smoked a great deal, and had relieved the oppression of his spirits by an incalculable number of yawns, and a little occasional bad language. And now, having exhausted all these resources, he stood with his head leaning listlessly against the roughly-finished sash of the window, watching the convict laborers at work under the heavy rain. He derived some faint ray of comfort from the sight of these two men. At any rate, there were some people in the world worse off than himself, unlucky wretches who were obliged to work in wet weather, and wear a hideous dress, and eat coarse, unpalatable food, or food that appeared abominably coarse and unpalatable in the eyes of Mr. Harcourt Lowther, who had been known, upon occasions, to turn up his nose at the culinary masterpieces of Soyer and Francatelli.

"Why don't they kill themselves?" muttered the ensign. "They could drive rusty nails into their veins, and make an end of themselves somehow. There are plenty of poisonous things in my garden that they might eat, and make a finish of their lives that way; but they don't. They go on day after day, drudging and toiling, and enduring their lives somehow or other. I suppose they hope to get away some day. However should I bear my life if I didn't hope to get away—if I did'nt hope it would come to an end pretty soon?"

Mr. Lowther, having exhausted the pleasure to be derived from a contemplation of the convicts, took to pacing up and down the two rooms, in the the inner of which Francis Tredethlyn was busy cleaning his master's guns.

Walking backwards and forwards, and backwards and forwards, and passing the valet every time, Harcourt Lowther was fain to talk to him, rather for the pleasure of hearing his own voice than from any desire to be friendly towards his vassal.

"No letter yet, Tredethlyn?" he said.

"No, sir; but it may come any day."

"And you wait for it as quietly as if a legacy, more or less, was nothing to you. I suppose if they send you a remittance you'll be wanting to buy your discharge and leave this place, and I shall have to get another servant—some awkward, ignorant boor, perhaps?"

"I don't know about that, sir. There's plenty as good as me, I dare say, among our fellows. Other folks may have been brought up respectably, and taken to soldiering, like me. And as for buying my discharge, I don't say but I should be glad to do that, if these lawyer people gave me the chance. I should be glad to get back to England and see my little cousin Susy. I always call her little Susy, because I can't help thinking of her as she was when I remember her first, when she and I were boy and girl sweethearts together. I've thought of her a deal since I got the news of her father's death, and I feel anxious about her, somehow or other, when I fancy her left alone among strangers."

Harcourt Lowther, always walking backwards and forwards between the two rooms, was in the sitting-room when his servant said this. He stopped to look out of the window again, and there seemed to be a kind of dismal fascination for him in the convicts, towards whom his eyes wandered in a moody, absent-minded stare.

"And where do you expect to find her—your cousin, I mean—when you do go back to England?" he asked presently.

"At the old farm, sir, to be sure. Where should I find her but there? Poor little soul! she's never known any other home but that, and isn't likely to leave it in a hurry, of her own free will."

"Humph!" muttered the officer, "there's no calculating upon the changes that take place in this world. I never expect to find anything as I left it when I return to a place or people that I've been absent from for any length of time. I expect to find plenty of changes when I get back to the civilised world again. Do you suppose the people there can afford to waste their time thinking of wretched exiles here? Life with them is utterly different from what it is with us. When I left England I was engaged to a beautiful girl with fifty thousand pounds or so for her fortune—a girl who would have married me, and given me a grand start in life, if it hadn't been for her father; but do you think I expect to find her in the same mind when I go back? Do you think two years' absence won't act as a sponge, and wipe my image out of her thoughts? What has a beautiful, frivolous creature like that to do with constancy? Every man who looks at her falls over head and ears in love with her. She is fed upon flattery and adulation. Is it probable, or natural, or even possible that she will remember me?"

It was not likely that Mr. Lowther would ask this question of his valet. He asked it of himself, rather in a peevish and complaining spirit, and seemed to find a dismal comfort in harping on his wrongs and his miseries.

"I was a fool to think that Maude Hillary could be constant to me," he muttered, angrily. In his anger against a world that had treated him so badly, he was angry with himself for having been so much a fool as to expect better treatment. He walked to a little looking-glass hanging over the mantelpiece, and looked at his handsome face. Was it the face of a man who was to have no place in the world? Were his many graces of person, his charm of manner, his versatility of mind to serve for nothing after all?

"When I think of the fellows who get on in the world, I feel inclined to make an end of all this by cutting my throat," he said, as he frowned at the image in the glass.

He felt the region of the jugular vein softly with the ends of his fingers as he spoke, and wondered whether death by the severance of that important artery was a very painful finish for a man to make. He thought of how he might look if Francis Tredethlyn, finding him late to rise one morning, broke into his room and saw him lying in the sunny little chamber, deluged with blood, and stone dead. He had been very religiously brought up, amongst gentle, true-hearted women; but there was no more pious compunction in his mind as he thought of suicide, than there might have been in the mind of an aboriginal inhabitant of the Solomon Islands. He had a mother at home—a mother who believed in him, and idolized him, to the disparagement of all other creatures; but no image of her grief and despair arose between him and the scheme of a desperate death. His thoughts travelled in a narrow circle, of which self was the unchanging centre.

"I have heard of men making away with themselves on the very eve of some event which would have made a complete change in their fortunes," he thought presently. "I never read the story of a suicide that did not seem more or less the story of a fool. No, my death shall never make a paragraph for a newspaper. I must be very hard pushed when I come to that. This place gives me the blue devils, and everything looks black to me out here. I wish Abel Janz Tasman and Captain Cook had perished before ever they sighted this dismal land. I wish all the lot of petty Dutch traders and navigators had come to an untimely end before ever they discovered any one of these miserable islands, which have been a paradise for convicts and scoundrels, and a hell for gentlemen during the last half century. How was I to know, when I bought a commission in her Majesty's service, that the first stage on the road to martial glory was to be the post of head jailor at a settlement in the antipodes? The papers talk of a change in the transportation system, a change that will rid Van Diemen's Land of its present delightful inhabitants; but no change is likely to come about in my time. I shall have to drag my chain out to the last link, I dare say. It's better to be born lucky than rich, says the proverb; but how about the poor devils who are neither rich nor lucky?"

A rap on the little door that opened out of the sitting-room on to a patch of garden which lay between the house and the high road, startled Mr. Lowther out his long reverie.

"It's the fellow with the letters," he cried, and before Francis Tredethlyn could emerge from the inner room, his master had opened the door and had taken a little packet of letters, newspapers and magazines from the man who brought them. "One from my mother, one from—yes—from Maude, at last; the *Times*, *Punch*, *Blackwood*, *United Service*, and the lawyer's letter!—Francis Tredethlyn, Esq.! eh? The legacy must be something more than five hundred, my man, or they'd hardly dub you Esquire."

He tossed the letter over to his servant as he spoke, and looked at the Cornishman furtively, with something like envy expressed in his look. Francis Tredethlyn received the lawyer's epistle very coolly, and retired into the adjoining room to read it, while his master sat at the table in the parlor, tearing off the flimsy envelope of a letter with a hasty nervous hand.

"From Maude!" he muttered. "At last, my lady; at last, at last!"

The letter was a very long one, written in a clear and bold yet sufficiently feminine hand, on slippery pink paper, scented with a perfume that had survived an Australian voyage. The contents of the letter must have been tolerably pleasing to Harcourt Lowther, for he smiled as he read, and seemed to forget all about Francis Tredethlyn's legacy:

"I miss you very much, though papa surrounds us with gaiety—indeed, I think we have been gayer than ever lately, and he never seems so happy as when our dear old lawn is crowded by visitors. But I miss you, Harcourt, in spite of all the cruel insinuations in your last letter. The summer evenings seem long and dreary when I think of you, so far away, so unhappy, as your letters tell me you are, Harcourt, though you are too unselfish to admit the truth in plain words. I scarcely open the piano once in a month now that I have no one to play concertante duets. I scarcely care for a new opera, for the men who come into our box bore me to death with their vapid talk, and I know that not one of them understands what he talks about. I am not happy, Harcourt, though you taunt me with my wealth, and my position, and the difference between our lives. I am not happy, for our future seems to grow darker and darker every day. I have mentioned you to my father several times, and every time he seems more angry than the last; so now I feel that your name is tacitly tabooed, and any chance allusion to you from the lips of strangers makes me tremble and turn cold. I have tried in vain to comprehend the reason of my father's aversion to any thought of a marriage between you and me. I have been so much a spoiled child, that to be thwarted or opposed on any subject seems strange to me, most of all when that subject is so near my heart. I can scarcely think that my dear father would allow any consideration of fortune to stand in the way of my happiness, and yet that is the only consideration that can influence him, for I know that he always liked and admired you. You must awhile be patient; what I can do I will. And you must trust me, dear Harcourt, and not pain me again as you have pained me by those unkind doubts of my constancy. You know that money has never been any consideration with me; and you ought to know that I would willingly lose every penny of my fortune rather than sacrifice my promise to you."

"Oh, yes, that's all very well!" muttered Mr. Lowther, peevishly, after having read this part of Miss Hillary's epistle twice over; "but Lionel Hillary's daughter with fifty thousand pounds or so, and without a penny, are two very different people. Not but what she's always a beautiful girl, and a charming girl; but a man can have his pick of charming and beautiful girls, if that's all he wants to set him up in life. I love her, heaven knows; and the sight of her writing sends a thrill through my veins like the touch of her hand, or the fluttering of her breath upon my cheek. But poverty makes a man practical, and I think I never read a letter that had less of the practical in it than this letter. It's a woman's epistle all over. We must be patient, and wait till we're worn out by waiting, and the engagement between us becomes a chain that binds us both from better things, and the sound of each other's name becomes a nuisance to us from its associations of trouble and responsibility. That's what a long engagement generally comes to. If I'd distinguished myself in India, led a desperate charge against orders, or taken the gate of an Affghan fortress, or done something reckless and mad-headed and lucky, and could have gone back with a captaincy, and a dash of newspaper celebrity about my name, I might have hoped that old Hillary, in a moment of maudlin after-dinner generosity, would have given his consent to my marriage with Maude; but how am I to present myself at Twickenham, and say: 'I have been taking care of convicts for the last two years, not particularly well, for more convicts have escaped into the bush in my time than in any other man's time, according to reports; and I have come back to England with the same rank that I had when I left, and with less money than I took away with me?' Can I go to Lionel Hillary and say that? Is that the sort of argument which will induce a man to give me his daughter and her fortune?"

He went back to Miss Hillary's letter. It was only a frivolous letter, after all; and it contained more intelligence about a morning concert in Hanover Square, a regatta at Ryde, and a preternaturally sagacious Skye terrier, than was likely to be gratifying to a discontented exile at Port Arthur. But Mr. Lowther was fain to content himself as he might with the pretty girlish gossip. It was something, after all his grumbling, to receive the assurance that he was not entirely forgotten by the only daughter and sole heiress of one of the richest merchants in the city of London.

He looked up presently from his letter, to see Francis Tredethlyn standing in the doorway between the two rooms, pale to the lips, and clutching at his throat as if he had some difficulty in breathing.

"What's the matter, man?" asked the ensign; "hasn't the old chap left you any money, after all?"

"It isn't that, sir," gasped the soldier; "there's money enough, and to spare. It's my cousin Susy, that poor little innocent creature, that was as pure as the blossoms on the gnarled old trees in the orchard when I left home. She's done something, sir, something that turned her father against her. She's gone away, sir, and no one knows where's she's gone, or what's come of her, or whether she's dead or alive. And her father disinherited her, poor lost lamb; and—and that'll tell you all about the fortune, sir, if you want to know about it."

Francis Tredethlyn threw the lawyer's letter upon the table before his master, and walked away to the window, the same window at which the ensign had stood looking out at the convicts half an hour before.

Harcourt Lowther read the lawyer's letter, at first with a listless, indifferent air, and then as eagerly as if he had been reading his own death-

warrant. It was a long letter, worded in a very formal manner, but it set forth the fact that his fortune left by Oliver Tredethyn to his nephew Francis amounted to something over thirty thousand a year.

For some minutes after this fact had been made clear to him Harcourt Lowther sat with the open letter before him, staring at the lines. Then suddenly he let it slip upon his face gave way to a look of despair. The cesign flung his head and arms upon the table, and burst into tears.

"I have been eating my own heart in this place for nearly two years," he sobbed, "and for one day of light—for the heaven above me! not one—has dawned upon my life; and a valet, a private soldier, the fellow who cleans my boots and blacks my boots, has thirty thousand a year left him."

There was something so terrible in this hysterical outburst of rage and envy, something so utterly piteous in this unmanly revolt against another man's good fortune, that Francis Trededthyn forgot his own trouble before the aspect of his master's degradation.

"Don't, sir," he cried, "for God's sake don't do that. All the riches in the world wouldn't pay a man for taking on like that. If you want money, you're welcome to borrow some of mine as soon as ever I get the power to lend it. There's more than I care to have, or could ever spend. You'll be welcome to what you want, Mr. Lowther. I don't say much account upon money, and I don't think I ever shall; and the thoughts of this fortune don't give me half the pleasure I've had in the gift of a seven piece long ago, when I was a little lad. I suppose it was because I thought then there was nothing in all the world worth the shillings—which I buy, and because I'm wiser now, and know there are some things a million of money can't purchase. The man at this minute has bought all the thoughts of my father and mother back to me, Mr. Lowther. I'd give every sixpence of it if it could bring back the past, and pay out the last man that was sitting by our kitchen fire at home when my mother lay ill upstairs. But it can't do that. My father and mother have gone, and all this money can't buy back one of the sorrowful days they spent in the old farm, when things went from bad to worse, and the old ruin came down upon us. I don't seem to care for the money, Mr. Lowther; I am dazed and bewildered, somehow, by the greatness of the news, but I don't seem to care."

The cesign had calmed himself by this time. He got up and brushed the tears from his eyes in a real town of envy, mortification and despair. There was a faint blush upon his face, the one evidence of his shame which he could not suppress in his emotion, but all other evidences of feeling had passed away.

"You're a good fellow Tredethyn," he said, "an excellent simple fellow; as simple-hearted as a baby, for who but a baby ever talked as you talk about this money? and I congratulate you upon your good luck. I see these lawyer fellows send you a bill for a couple of hundred; that'll buy you off here pleasantly, and get you back to England. My advice to you is to get back as fast as ever you can, and enter into possession of your property. It seems a complicated kind of estate from what I can make out—consisting property, in agricultural property, and shares in half the speculations of modern times—but it's a great estate, and shall give you what you know. Go back and as soon as ever I can get away from this accursed hole I'll look you up in London; and I—I will borrow of you if I want any pecuniary assistance, and I'll turn bear leader, and show you what life is in the upper circles, to which thirty thousand a year has universal l'open session."

The cesign slapped his hand upon his servant's shoulder with a jovial air, and spoke almost as gaily as if the unlooked-for fortune was to be in some way or other a stroke of good luck for himself.

"Thank you, sir," Francis answered, thoughtfully, "you're very good; but I don't care to force myself in among grand folks because I'm rich enough to buy the way. I've got a task before me, and it may be a long one."

"A task!"

"Yes; I've got to look for my cousin."

"Your cousin, Susan Tredethyn?—the girl whose portrait you showed me?"

"Yes, sir. No money would have been been, most likely, if she hadn't done something to turn my uncle against her. I can't forget that, you see, sir, when the first use I make of the money will be to spend some of it in looking after her."

"Susan Tredethyn," muttered Harcourt Lowther—Susan Tredethyn. The portrait you showed me was a very bad one, for I haven't the least notion of what your cousin is like."

CHAPTER V.—COMING HOME.

When the jolted horses of the Electric coach drew up at the inn placed below the Crown Inn, at Landredale, in the county of Cornwall, on the 13th of July, 1852, the landlord of the little hostelry was somewhat startled by an event which was of very rare occurrence in those parts. A passenger alighted from the back of the coach, and demanded his accommodation from the guard—a passenger who, carrying this portmanteau as easily as if it had been a parcel of flimsy milliner's ware, walked straight to the little private parlor opposite the bar, and ensconced himself therein.

"I shall want my dinner, and a bed, Joseph Penruffin," he said to the proprietor of the Crown. "You'd better see the coach off, and then you can come and talk to me."

Mr. Penruffin retired, aghast and staring.

"I don't know who he is, Sarah," he remarked to a comely-looking woman, who was sitting amongst a noble array of shelves and bottles in a shady little bar that seemed a good deal too small for such a portly presence. "His name's as clean gone out of my mind as if I'd never set eyes upon him; but I know him, and he knows me, Sarah, for he called me by my name as glib as you please, and like face—Lord bless us and save us!—his face is as familiar to me as yours."

The passenger who had surprised the Crown Inn from its lazy tranquility stood at the little window looking out at the coach. The passenger was Francis Tredethyn, heir to a foot soldier in her Majesty's service, now a gentleman of landed estate and funded property; the bottle holder succeeded by the change in his fortune. As he had been independent and fearless in the days when he ruled his life by the orders of other men, so he was simple and unpretending now in the hour of his sudden prosperity. What he had said to his master in the cottage at Port Adelaide—the first flush of his good fortunes appeared to be equally true of him now. He did not seem to care about his wealth. It was to him as the story of a change of fortune which would have sent some men into a madhouse.

"It seems to me, somehow, as if there was a kind of blindness here in this world between good and evil, like the debtor and creditor sides of a ledger. I sat down my uncle Oliver's one side, and I sat down me as if I was the luckiest fellow in Christendom. But there's the loss of poor little Susy must go down on the other side, and then the balance don't look quite right. There's the loss of her—yes, the loss—that's the word! If the earth had opened and swallowed her up, she couldn't be more lost to me than she is."

The passengers of the Electric had refreshed themselves by this time, and a fresh pair of horses had replaced the old, and were waiting in the road steaming in the great stable-yard. The coach rolled slowly off, along a road that lay straight before it for more than a mile, and was then swept under the steep slope of a thickly-wooded hill, defended by an old crumbling wall, which, even in the decay of time and neglect, showed that my modern wall that ever girdled a modern gentleman's estate. The dark red brick wall, and all the sombre woods that rose behind it, were the ruins of Landredale, upon whose mansion or estate the little town or village of Landredale was a kind of dependency, and whose people were almost all of them supported indirectly or directly by the patronage of the great man and his numerous family. Landredale people the Carlyle nobleman was spoken of with awe and reverence as the "Marquis;" and that the world held any other nobleman was a fact which would have been utterly ignored—it may be, even discredited—by the ratepayers of Landredale. Under the shadow of Landredale Castle, and in the shadow of the old ruin church which was only a kind of mausoleum for the departed nobles and dames of the House of Landredale, the Landredale people lived and died, until, in the minds of some heroworshippers, the figure of the Marquis grew into a giant shape that blotted out all the world but the Landredales.

"How familiar the old place seems to me, and yet how strange!" thought Francis Tredethyn, as he looked at the old ruin. "Standing on the scott, the cobbler over the way, sitting in the very same attitude he was in when I stopped at the window and looked at him, and yet how changed! But the street seems as if it had dwindled and shrunk away into half the size it used to be; and that as! Surely that was not the house I resided and buried, and had come to life again after folks had forgotten all about me; even the very seasons are all wrong, and the time of the year as they might seem to a man that had been lying dead ever so long."

Francis Tredethyn rubbed his broad palm across his forehead, as if to clear some kind of cloud away from his intellect. It was scarcely strange that he should be somewhat bewildered by the seasons. He had left autumnal clouds and winds in the antipodes, and after a hundred days of sunshine, found himself in the very shores his native land, and he felt as if he had, somehow or other, been cheated out of a winter. He looked at the trees, expecting to see them bare, while some names and addresses, and other memoranda, and in which the initials "S. T." occurred very often. These memoranda, with a few pencil sketches, and the memoranda in the pocketbook chiefly related to inquiries which Francis had made about his lost cousin.

Those inquiries had resulted in very little information. The lawyers had only been able to trace Susan Tredethyn from her uncle Oliver's death; how one day, when they least expected to see the old man, he had suddenly presented himself at their office, and given Susan a check for seven hundred pounds on his haggard features; how he had seated himself quietly in his accustomed place, and had dictated to them, deliberately and unflinchingly, the terms of a will, by which he bequeathed every shilling he possessed to his nephew, Francis Tredethyn; how, when they, as in duty bound, remonstrated with him about this injustice that was a will under which his only daughter, a hideous frown had distorted his face, and he had struck his clenched fist upon the office table, and told them that if they used the expression ever uttered in that place, that no penny of his gotting should ever go to save his daughter from starvation, they were starving to death on the king's highway—he had said this, and in such a manner as to most effectually put an end to all remonstrance on the part of the lawyers. This was all that the lawyers could tell Francis Tredethyn about his cousin Susan; but they had gone on to tell him how she had vanished on leaving the office alone, and on foot; how he had walked the best part of the way from Gray's Inn to an old-fashioned commercial inn in the Borough, and how he had broken down at last, only a hundred yards from his destination, and had fainted away on the threshold of a chemist's shop, whence he had been carried to his deathbed. This had happened on the 20th of Jun—as the preceding year; and this was all that the lawyers had to tell Francis Tredethyn, over and above such intelligence as related only to the extent and nature of the property, bequeathed to him by his late uncle.

But in Landredale the name of Oliver Tredethyn was almost as well known as that of the Marquis himself, and in Landredale Francis hoped to learn the true story of his cousin's fate. He stood now looking out of the window into the main street, and saw on the opposite evening gain an old man, a stout, portly man, with a face that was somewhat purple in its drowsy aspect as if no palpitating human heart had ever carried its daily burden of care and sorrow along the narrow footways, beneath the shadow of the peaked roofs and overhanging gables. He stood there looking out, and remembering himself a boy in that old hillside street; he stood there now, remembering all the past and present, which by contrast seemed both equally strange and unnatural; he stood there in all the flush and vigor of his youth, a tall, broad-shouldered, simple-hearted sailor, with a fortune far exceeding the narrow limits of his aristocratical powers, as ignorant of all the world that lay before him as a little country lad who rides to town upon the top of a load of hay and expects to find the streets paved with gold, and the very men dressed in fine livery and crowns and sitting on her throne with the ball and sceptre in her hands for ever and ever.

The landlord of the Crown came bustling in presently with a wooden tray of knives, and forks, and glasses, and cruets, that would have amply served for a dozen people at half-a-dozen. He had the cloth with great ceremony, although with a certain air of briskness inseparable from intercourse with the world at large and cultured village in all England; and he kept a furtive watch upon his guest throughout all his operations, from the preparatory spreading of the cloth on the mahogany table to the final flourish with which he removed a very large cover from a very small pan steak.

"I'll wait upon you, sir," he said, at last, confectously, as Francis Tredethyn seated himself at the table.

"I think you ought, Joseph Penruffin; I think you ought to remember Francis Tredethyn, son of your old friend John Tredethyn, of Pen Gordal, who used to be very kind to you in the house, perhaps, for his own property."

"Francis Tredethyn!" cried the landlord, clapping his hands together, "Francis Tredethyn, yes! To be sure it is! To think that I should forget a face that was once as familiar to me as my own sons! Francis Tredethyn! Why, I remember you a lad playing cricket on the green yonder with my own boys. And you've come into a very fine fortune, sir, I understand; and I hope you will continue to Liberty, if I make so bold as to wish you every happiness with it, Francis Tredethyn. Lord bless us and save us! if it was twenty! I ask your pardon, sir, for so bold and freelike, but the sight of your face takes me back to old times, and I'm apt to forget myself."

Francis Tredethyn replied graciously divided between the memories of the past and his desire to be duly reverential to Francis Tredethyn's new fortunes, which latter circumstance he considered the influence of his newly-acquired wealth at war with the associations of his boyhood. He had seen gentlemen of fortune dining in the office of Messrs. Krusdale & Scardon. He was beginning already to perceive that an income of thirty thousand a year was a kind of barrier between himself and poorer men, and that they regarded him with the same feeling of mingled reverence and hatred with which they would have looked upon a very ordinary satire seated across a wonderful screen of virgin gold.

"And so you're all of your face taken me back to old times, Mr. Penruffin," he said, with rather a mournful accent, "and I'd freely give half this great fortune to be a boy again, and kneel beside one of those summer Sunday mornings in the old church, and see myself a little fellow again, sitting by my mother, with a great big prayer-book bag of prayer-books on my arm. I'd give five thousand pounds for a silk dress I saw in a shop-window in Penzance the other day, which was too poor to do anything but wish for it, if my mother were alive to wear it. I used to think, when I was a little lad, that my mother possessed out of the first five pound note I ever earned, and now I've got thirty thousand a year, and there's nothing I can buy that will give me such a gratification as to snatch the spot where she lies."

"Thirty thousand a year!" muttered the landlord, in an undertone, which had just a tinge of disappointment in it. The Landredale people had given their imaginations free play since the death of Oliver Tredethyn, and the old man's fortune had assumed almost fabulous proportions with the lapse of time; and thirty thousand a year is scarcely worth paying attention to, after all. There had been an idea in Landredale that Francis Tredethyn would most likely marry the Marquis's favorite child—Lady Adela, or Lady Blanche, if practicable, and make a handsome offer for the purchase of the title.

"I'm sure, sir, your feelings do you credit," said Mr. Penruffin, after that brief sense of disappointment; "I may say very great credit," he added, with emphasis—as if any display of feeling on the part of Francis Tredethyn, thousand a year were specially meritorious. "I suppose you have come down this way to survey your property, sir, and look about you a little, eh?" inquired the landlord of the Crown, when Francis had finished his frugal dinner.

"Not I," the young man answered; "I sincerely know what my property is, except that the lawyers told me a big figuratick about it. No, I've come on a very different errand," he added, gravely. "You remember my cousin, Susan Tredethyn, I daresay? I have come to look for her."

Joseph Penruffin shook his head solemnly, and breathed a long sigh that was almost a groan.

"If that's your errand here, sir, I'm afraid it most likely to be a very fortunate one. Folks in Landredale never expect to see Susan Tredethyn again; she went away from the farm four years ago; no one knows exactly where she went; no one knows why she went. There's your uncle's old servants, Mr. Tredethyn, of course they might be able to tell something, if they'd a mind to. But you may as well go and question the tombstones in Landredale Churchyard as question them. Mr. and Mrs. Tredethyn all applied to in this place is, that your cousin Susan went away and never came back again, and it stands to reason that she must have done something very bad indeed, and made her father very desperate against her, before the old man would have gone and driven his daughter away from her own home to disrespect to you, sir, but only looking at it in the light of human nature in general," added the landlord, accordingly.

"I'll never believe that Susan Tredethyn did anything wicked or unreasonably ill her own lips tell me so," said Francis, bringing his hand heavily down on the table. "She may have made my uncle desperate against her, that's likely enough, for he was always hard and bad to deal with when I think of his having hoarded all this money, and remember the life my cousin Susan used to lead, I'm not seriously bring myself to believe that she was his own flesh and blood. I'll never believe that she did anything wrong. I'll never believe that she should grow to be anything different from what she was when I left home—a gentle, modest little creature, who was almost frightened at even a pretty looks when she caught a sight of herself in a glass. But I'm going to the old house, and if Mark's Drysdell or her husband know anything of my lost cousin, I'll get the truth out of them, though I have to wring it out of their wizen old throats."

The young man rose as he said this, and took up his hat, and walked to the door in a cloud of shadow. Joseph Penruffin watched him with something like alarm upon his countenance.

"You're not going to-night, sir?" he asked.

"Yes; I'm going straight up to the Grange, and I don't know be long I may be gone: but I'll come back to you to sleep. I'm not absolutely fancy lying down in one of those dreary old rooms; I should expect to see the wandering spirit of my uncle appear and look at me from the dark darkness outside my window. No; however late I may be, I'll come back here to sleep."

"Then you would like some little trifle for supper, sir, having made such an uncommon poor dinner," suggested the landlord.—"a chicken or a brace of grass, or a tender young duck and a dish of peas?"

But Francis Tredethyn was walking up the street, unconscious of a single one of the savory suggestions before the landlord had finished his sentence.

"I don't call that manners," muttered Mr. Penruffin; "but I shall cook the chicken for ten o'clock, and chance it; he can afford to pay for it, whether he eats it or not. And I think, taking into consideration old acquaintance and thirty thousand a year, it would only have been friendly in Francis Tredethyn if he had ordered a bottle of wine with his dinner."

A NEW PIANO.—The new instrument made by Lindeman & Sons, called the Cyclod piano is exciting much attention among professional and amateurs. It is virtually a square piano, but the back corners being rounded off, it takes the shape of a Cyclod, which is the name given to a segment of a circle, or an ellipse which cuts off a straight line. The curve is very elegant, the beauty of form was not the chief idea of the design. Its construction was the main one, and it has been gained by the arch shape, which is recognized by all to be the strongest form. The inventor of the piano has fastened the instrument from all the useless timber which keeps up the square piano, and the Cyclod is simply an arched-shaped case, of such great strength as to require no iron plate, and to necessitate no bar to the strain of the strings, excepting the iron plate. The result is a magnificent sounding piano, with solid tone, and, as a consequence, a noble and sonorous tone never found in a square piano. The tone is rich and full, rich and clear, full and ringing, with a power of sustenance, or prolongation of sound, which is unknown in other pianofortes. It is capable of the softest inflections, and can be played with the smallest exertion or without losing any of the purity of its tone. The action is admirable in every respect, equally responsive to the slightest touch, and can be regulated so to suit the style of player. The touch is elastic, and is so modified that the slightest movement of the finger produces the most delicate effect. The whole instrument is a triumph of mechanical skill, and is hardly more young than once a year. This fault, as it is called, is remedied by the use of the Cyclod and power of its tone, and its excellent touch, will render it a favorite piano, while it is the most sterling the most sought after piano of the day.

The manager of a Berlin theatre got up a drama in which a human skull was to be offered to a tyrant. In order to produce as much effect as possible, he ordered from a London toad. The stage was placed a table covered with a cloth, on the table was a dish, and in the middle of the dish was placed the skull. He had brought a hole in the table, so as to seem to be placed in the dish. When the time arrived for the audience applauded and trembled. Unluckily a wag, who had been behind the scenes, had seen the trick of the piece, and just as the tyrant finished his address to the skull, he cried out from the gallery, "Sir, you have a little bit of sausage, sticking the audience. "From grave to gay there is only a step."

One of Artemus Ward's jokes is going the rounds of the press in the following guise:

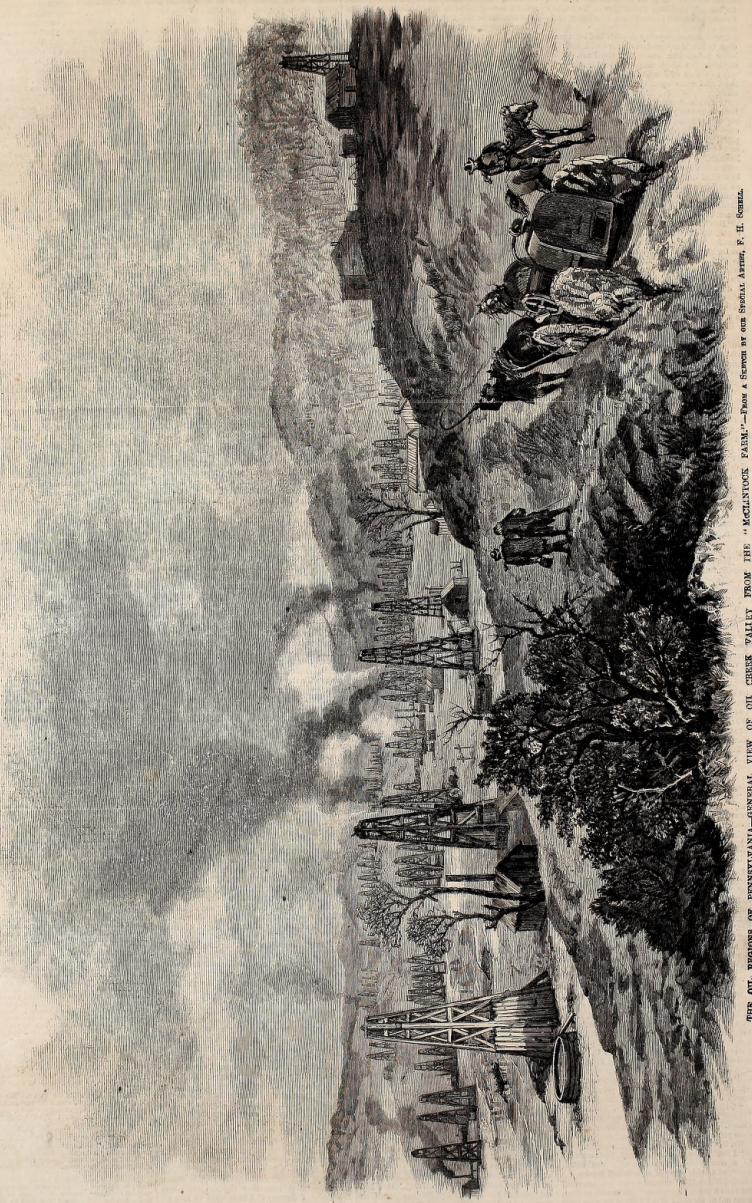
"Now, gentlemen," he says you was all in battle of Bull Run! when I seen you at 5th Ave. York on the same night!"

"Yes, Joshua, you did for certain. Yer see, Colonel, says he, 'I'm sorry for our country and yer brave fellers, but some strategy for our defeat, and die child he struck for home! But spease de master, yer see!"

"I want you wouldn't give such short weight for my money," said a customer to a grocer, who had an outstanding bill against him.

"And I wish you wouldn't give me such long wait for mine," replied the grocer.

"CONSCIENCE," cried an indignant female, "do you suppose nobody has got any conscience but you? My conscience is as good as yours—and better too, for it has never been used in the course of my life, while yours must be nearly worn out."



THE OIL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA—GENERAL VIEW OF OIL CREEK VALLEY FROM THE "McCLINTOCK FARM."—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. SCHELL.

SCENES IN THE OIL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA.—From Sketches by our Special Artist, F. H. Schell.



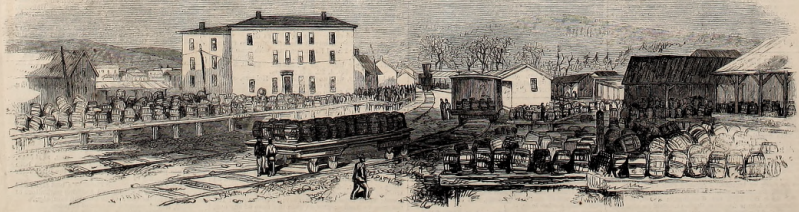
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In which the *Campus Chief* earnestly responds:

"Then shall blockheadism—the jackassical dome of decisive proclamation—above the sublimed great feather fancies of Peter Nipsinipsy, the great gooseberry prelate, rise into the dense darkness of mind—complex-extensive and conglomerated humanes into one great comprehensive mass, shall assimilate into one thing, and revolve like a bob-tailed pussy cat after the space where her tail was."

A GENTLEMAN went into a tore in Manchester (N. H.), the other day, and inquired for cigars supposed to be Cubans. The shopman immediately ordered him off, saying that that was no time or place to talk politics.

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32 cents, 88 cents, or $1 40,

Will, when expended in these medicines, bring you down to the freshest and ripest old age.

The following are a few specimens of genuine letters on file for inspection at this office. Copies sent by mail to any inquirer.

80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT, }
39th Illinois Volunteers, }
FORT HALLECK, S. C., Nov. 2, 1864.

PROF. HOLLOWAY, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.:

SIR—Enclosed please find two dollars, for which send me one dollar's worth each of your celebrated Pills and Ointment, by return mail. Please attend to this at once, for I am about to send of the above amount to

Address Lieut. A. W. FELLOWS, Q. M.,
39th Illinois Vols.

CAMP NEAR BRANDY STATION, VA., Nov. 7, 1864.

PROF. HOLLOWAY:

DEAR SIR—I have heard a great deal of talk about your Ointment, and as I never was in the habit of using it, I went to try them, as diarrhœa is very prevalent in the army at present time; send the value of the inclosed. YOURS, &c.,

JOSEPH WALSH, Co. B, 5th Regt., Excelsior Brigade.

PULASKI, TENN., Nov. 6, 1864.

PROF. HOLLOWAY:

DEAR SIR—Please find inclosed one dollar, and send me the amount in your famous Pills, as I am troubled with Dysentery. Send me a box. YOURS, &c.,

THOMAS F. TURNER, Co. 1, 2d Iowa Infantry.

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., Nov. 1, 1864.

PROF. HOLLOWAY:

Please find enclosed the sum of one dollar, for Pills. I have Diarrhœa, and can't get it stopped, so I want to try your Pills. Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM CHRISTY,
Co. D, 104th Regt. Penn. Vols.,
Morris Island, S. C.

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AND
FRECKLE LOTION.

CHLOASMA, or MOTH PATCHES, LENTIGO, or FRECKLES, Blemishes on the face, called Moth, are very annoying, particularly to ladies of a fair complexion, as the discolored spots on the skin show more strongly on a delicate than on brunettes, but it is unjustifiable greatly in marring the beauty of either; and anything that will remove them without injuring the skin in texture or color, would be considered a great achievement in medical science. DR. B. C. PERRY, of ——, devotes all his time to diseases of the skin, and discovered an infallible remedy for the removal of Moth, Freckles and other discolorations, without injury to its color or texture. Prepared only by DR. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. WILLIAM A. HALL, 177 Washington street, Boston, Sole Wholesale Agent for New England. Sold by all Druggists. Call for Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. Price $2 per bottle.

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The same Pens, on SILVER PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 No. 2 pen; for $1 25 No. 3 pen; for $1 60 No. 4 pen; for $2 No. 5 pen; for $2 50 No. 6 pen.

These pens are stamped FINE IMPERIAL PEN, and are well finished and fine writing Gold Pens with good serviceable points, although they are unwarranted, and cannot be exchanged.

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The numbers indicate the size only: No. 1 being the smallest and No. 6 the largest adapted for the pocket; and No. 2 the smallest, and No. 12 the largest mammoth Pen for the Desk.

Gold Pens without Cases.

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For $2 a No. 2 pen 1st qual., or a No. 3 pen 2d qual.
For $2 75 a No. 3 pen 1st qual., or a No. 4 pen 2d qual.
For $3 50 a No. 4 pen 1st qual., or a No. 5 pen 2d qual.
For $5 50 a No. 5 pen 1st qual., or a No. 6 pen 2d qual.
For $8 25 a No. 6 pen 1st qual., or a No. 7 pen 2d qual.
$6 75 No. 8 pen; $10 00 No. 12 pen; all 1st quality.

The same Gold Pens, in Solid Silver Extension Cases, with Pencils.

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For $3 50 a No. 4 pen 1st qual., or a No. 5 pen 2d qual.
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For $6 00 a No. 6 pen 1st qual., or a No. 7 pen 2d qual.

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500	20 to	50	"
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5,000 Ladies' Gilt and Jet Hair Pins and Balls	3 to	10	"
5,000 Ladies' Gilt and Jet Hair Barrettes	3 to	10	"
3,000 Ladies' Gilt, Coral and Opal Earrings	5 to	10	"
3,000 Pairs and Fancy Rings	4 to	8	"
4,000 Sets Sleeve Buttons	4 to	8	"
10,000 Pieces Sheet Music	5 to	10	"
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4,000 Gold and Pearl Bracelets	5 " 10
6,000 Chased Gold Bracelets	5 " 10
5,000 Imitation Hunting & Chased Watches	4 " 10
7,000 Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4 " 10
5,000 Garnet and Jet Brooches	4 " 8
5,000 Coral, Opal and Emerald Brooches	4 " 8
4,000 Ladies' Gold and Enamel-Case Ear Drops	4 " 8
7,500 Coral, Opal & Pearl Ear Drops	3 " 6
4,000 California Diamond Breast Pins	2 50 " 10
5,000 Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys	2 50 " 6
4,000 Fob and Vest Ribbon Sliders	2 50 " 6
4,000 Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, etc.	3 " 8
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10,000 Miniature Lockets	2 50 " 8
5,000 Gold Rings	2 " 10
3,000 Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc.	2 " 6
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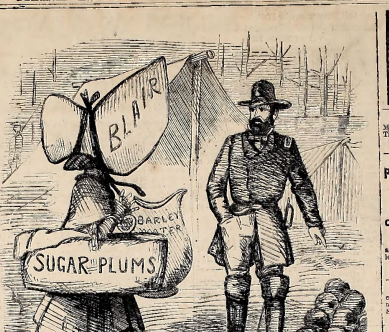
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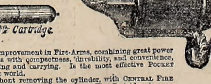
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No. 487—VOL. XIX.] NEW YORK, JANUARY 28, 1865. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1 00.

Wanted—A Foreign War.

THE great American civil war gives unmistakable signs of drawing to a close, and men are beginning to think, none too early, of what lies beyond. There will be many and difficult questions, connected with the civil reorganization of the country, which the statesmen of the day will be called on to solve, and which may safely be left to their experience and judgment. It is not with these that the public mind is most concerned; but with the reflection that the war will leave us, North and South, with two millions of men inured to arms, with a million of veteran soldiers in the field, and with an experienced navy, more powerful and effective, if not larger, than any which floats on the ocean. It is this reflection which excites our people with mingled curiosity and alarm. Are all historical precedents to be reversed in our case? Are we so different from the peoples that have gone before us, and is our system so new and peculiar as to justify the belief that this great army of trained soldiers will be quickly absorbed in the civil body, and the nation resume its old career of thrift and prosperity, without a jar? Is the bright, beardless boy, who unyoked his father's oxen four years ago, and took up the musket as a soldier in the ranks, but who now wears the chevron on his arm, or the bar, or, it may be, the star on his shoulder, the bronzed and bearded veteran of to-day—is it to be supposed that he will be content to resume his former lowly occupations, in a day, or a year, or ever? There are hundreds of thousands of stalwart men, now lying in hostile camps, familiar with danger almost to recklessness, who are impatient of quiet and eager for excitement, even though it come to them in the flame and thunder of battle—is it consonant with what we know of human nature to suppose that they, too, will resume cheerfully the routine of humdrum civil life?

That we will have in the future a large army and navy is undoubted, in which will be absorbed the large and perhaps the better part of our existing forces on land and sea. But there will remain the bulk of our armies, loyal and rebel, eager for whatever enterprise of daring and danger that may present itself, and ready to fraternise on all questions, and in all objects, not connected with our domestic affairs. In what direction will this great mass of restless energy, valor, daring and military skill find scope and exercise?

That is the pregnant question, not for us alone, but for Europe—that Europe which blindly, and for sinister objects, lent its aid to convert an unaggressive nation of Work into a formidable nation of War. When England and France, through troublesome interventions, belligerent recognitions, openly expressed sympathies, and by the more overt acts of furnishing ships, sailors, supplies and munitions of war, encouraged the slave States to insurrection, and enabled them to sustain it



ESCAPE OF LIEUT.-COL. FOBY, 40TH INDIANA VOLS., AND CAPT. LORING, U.S.N., FROM CAPTIVITY IN TEXAS.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LILIENTHAL, N. O.

until the nation was constrained to gird itself in full armor and put forth its latent powers, did they then consider what manner of work they were doing? They were before called, and perhaps we were, arrogant and blustering, but we were harmless; our petty navy and holiday soldiers were little dangerous. What it was to learn experience that it was strong, or to give to bluster the ability to execute its wantes!

It was openly declared, not long ago, by British statesmen and publicists that the United States must be broken upand crippled, because it had grown too strong, and was a menace to the world. And so the governing classes gave themselves to lying, and directed the policy of the nation to this genial work. We wish them joy of the result. The dreaded but impotent monster has been taught its strength, and that selfish, criminal and short-sighted policy of Europe has hastened, if not created, the very danger which it sought to avert, through the subjugation, shifts and medieval trickery of Old World statesmanship.

There was a time, and that not long ago, when a foreign war would have been depreciated by the entire country. It was a thing which the nation would have avoided at almost any sacrifice. The flippant talk about such an event, in those days, was confined to small newspapers of the lurid cast, to frowsy foreign refugees, and to spasmodic young gentlemen just from school.

But things are bravely changed. We contemplate foreign war, not only without alarm, but with real complacency. In fact, we look upon it not only as inevitable but desirable. We are not alone in believing that such a war offers the easiest escape from the difficulties which now attend the termination of our present struggle. In such a war, we care not with whom or for what cause, the soldiers of the North and South will fraternize in amicable sisterly compliment. If, indeed, Gens. Grant and Lee were to agree upon a truce, and permit the roll to sound "Volunteers for Mexico" in the two camps, who does not know that fifty thousand men from each fifty thousand men South, would file out, shake hands, and start harmoniously on their way to eject the foreign usurper, and reinstate the Republican Government in Mexico? Who doubts if half a million of men were needed for this enterprise, to punish the insolence of Spain in Santo Domingo and Peru, or to sustain "belligerent rights" in Ireland, they could be had, in unequal quotas, North and South? It may be that the arch-traitors who have staked all, and lost all in this rebellion, are willing to sell themselves and their followers to escape the latter, and are ready to become the vassals of kings again, cringing at the feet of viceroys, but the Southern people have no such wish or purpose. Disenchanted on the subject of "Southern independence," they are yet far from accepting the humiliations of a satrapy. They are equally with the people of the North devoted to that great continental idea formulated by Monroe, and which, even in the presence of this great struggle, has neither been forgotten or abandoned. European intervention in the war has not been of a kind to win the love or confidence of either section. The South has been deceived with unsubstantial promises and inefficient aid, and the North has been outraged by hostile intervention and International Law, or open violations of its provisions. Both sections have seen how Europe has sought to hedge them round, and overshadow them at a time when they were powerless to prevent it; and the South has seen also that the sympathy expressed in their favor, and the aid extended to them, were only directed to building them upa counterpoise to the United States, so that European designs could be safely carried out elsewhere.

Hence we claim, now that the war approaches its end, that both North and South have a common interest in a foreign war—a war that shall bridge over the gulf which a four years' struggle has dug between them, and which shall, at the same time, vindicate the great and ever-vital principle that "America belongs to Americans, and is sacred to Republican institutions."

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 28, 1865.

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It may not be known to all of our readers that the poem, "Barbara Frietchie, on the burial of Sir John Moore, commencing:

"Not a drum was heard nor a funeral note,
As his corpse to the rampart we hurried,"

was written by the Rev. Charles White, of Clonmel, Ireland—a parish parson of moderate pretensions. Some recent investigations have shown that he was the poet of a single poem, even as there have been orators of a single oration. These investigations have also shown that he was not a good poet, preaching to a peasant people, and adapting himself to their comprehension. An extract from a sermon of his, on the text, "My yoke is easy and my burden is light," conveys a good sentiment:

"Such is our yoke and burden. Let him who thinks it too hard and too heavy, be prepared to state it boldly when he shall appear side by side with the poor miserable Indian, before the throne of the Judge of judgment. The poor heathen may come forward with his wretched life, and say, 'Lord, I always thought, as others thought, that an abstract matter, debarking in the nonentities of a creation, and a love longing for the term romance of a body which I have terminated in my conviction. And the Christian will come forward and say, 'I know that thou didst save me from such notions, and that I had no right to them, for only commissed me to keep my body in temperance, soberness and chastity; but I thought at the time that it was evil. What will be the answer of the Judge to the poor heathen, and to the Christian? Why, that he was sadly mistaken, in the means of salvation is beyond a doubt; but the judge may say, 'Come in one and all.' Come in, and I will give thee rest which thee couldst not purchase for thyself. Rest to the Christian—Rest who hadst to carry yoke and light burden; thou for whom all was already purchased; begone and pay for me with."

The Albany *Atlas and Argus*, the accredited organ of the Democratic party in New York, has an article on the war and its probable speedy close, from which we cut the following significant paragraph:

"Point out the vision of a Federation embracing all of North America and the West Indies, and the Republican party will gladly drop the present struggle, which is now without hope or honor, and take their place at the ballot box to declare a cyclone of a result not seen with the most President or his Congress, but which will be hailed with delight by the loyal and devoted both the denizens of the South in their hiums. Accept the terms above indicated, and the Union will at once by the banner of Stars and Stripes which they have not entirely ceased to wave over the whole interior portion of a continent. Let them prove their loyalty at Quebec as at Mexico, and the Union will soon extend from Canada on Mexico, and expel the Austrian pretender!"

A correspondent of the London *Army and Navy Gazette*, at the close of the year, renews the expression of his faith that the Northern States will succeed in establishing a military supremacy in the South, and that a war with Great Britain, to be fought in Canada, is not an improbable issue for a reinvigorated North and South, united, for purposes of aggression against a common enemy. The writer argues that though military supremacy does not mean the re-conquest of the Union, it may prove something more than argue and offensive to England.

Gen. Butler, in his farewell order to the troops lately under his command, makes use of the following language, which indicates clearly the reason why he was removed from command. It was his failure to assault Fort Fisher. The Government evidently agrees with the publicand Admiral Porter in the belief that the fort could have been carried in fifteen minutes by a *coup de main*. The General says: "Knowing your willing obedience to orders, and seeing your ready devotion of your blood in your country's cause, I have been chary of the precious charge confided to me: I have refrained from useless sacrifice of the lives of such gallant soldiers, and I am relieved from your command. The wasted blood of my men does not stain my garments: For my action I am responsible to God and my country."

A correspondent of *The Citizen*, the organ of the Citizens' Association of New York, who subscribes himself "Incognito, once else an Inmate of a Felon's Cell," writes to the Mayor, rebuking it for having opposed one of the candidates before the people in the late charter election, on the ground of his having served two years in the State Prison. "Incognito," insists that criminals may reform and become good citizens, and adds: "I am proud to say that, although I served in State Prison birds—hardly known as such, however—occupy, one a seat in our House of Representatives, another is the occupant of a seat among the most important European courts, another commands a gunboat, a fifth is a brigade surgeon of the army, and many for a long time past, who, though they once wore the striped jacket, now occupy honorable position of trust." People will naturally inquire, "who is the Ambassador to one of the most important European courts," here referred to.

Great efforts are making by the managers of the New York Central and other great railways to procure the repeal of that section of the tax bill which limits the rate of passenger fare to two cents per mile. They allege that two cents are not now equal to what they were when the limitation was imposed, and that, at present rates, their dividends are greatly cut down. The *Tribune* speaks of their complaints in homely style, but effectually. It says: "But suppose the change had been in the opposite direction—that our currency had somehow appreciated in value, so that corn was but 50 cents per bushel, oats 25, wheat $1, coal $3 per ton, wood $2 per cord, and so on, etc. Does any one imagine that the railroad would have consented to a legal reduction of its passenger fare to one cent per mile? We think not. They have made their bargain, and insisted that the State should keep its plighted faith? The question answers itself. And, as the Legislature would have had to take it as it was, so the State should do the same by the railroad." As for the profits of the roads of the Central road, it is notorious that the rents and stock represents nearly double the actual cost, and it is certain that the revenues of the road are sufficient to pay handsome dividends on both. Let the people see to it that their direct representatives in the Legislature be neither bribed nor bribed into a compliance with the demands of these great monopolists. Let them once get their fare up to three or four cents per mile, and they will be kept there for fun generation.

If we may credit the reports which reach us from Richmond, through the press of that city, the rebel Congress has appointed a committee of fifteen of its members, to confer with an equal number to be named by Washington, on the subject of peace. The names of some of the gentle-

men composing the committee are given, and there seems to be no reason to doubt that steps will soon be taken by them to carry out the objects of their appointment. How they will proceed remains to be seen, and it remains also to be seen what action, if any, will be taken by the National Congress in the premises.

The committee appears to be purely a creation of the Congress, and to be entirely independent of the rebel executive, if not, indeed, created in hostility to it. Discontent with the Davis Government is deep and almost universal, and there is an evident disposition to deprive it of authority. We are told, by the Southern papers, that a call is out for a Convention of the States, for the avowed purpose of changing the existing order of things, and, if necessary, superseding the present Government by a dictatorship. The appointment of Commissioners looks to be a part of this movement, and may be designed rather to gain time than to subserve any purpose of peace.

We cannot conceive how Congress can appoint Commissioners to meet those said to have been named in Richmond. If these mean peace, their advance must be made to the Executive; there is no other power that they can approach. And to him they can bring no proposition except that of absolute submission to the national authority. The President can listen to no other, and can accede to nothing less. His powers are well defined, and in a matter of this kind he can exercise no discretion.

It is too much to suppose that the Commissioners are prepared, even if they were authorised, to propose peace on these terms. We therefore attach no importance to the proceedings of the rebel Congress. Peace will never come through Richmond, or any fiction of a Government established there. It will come when the military power of the rebellion is effectually broken, and then only through the separate action of the States. The principle upon which the so-called Southern Confederation is founded is that of independent State action—on "the sacred right of Secession." Any state weary of war, or desirous of reversing the illegal action through which it was forced out of the Union, has the "sacred right" of cutting loose from its rebellious neighbors, without hindrance or reproach. Our efforts, outside of the operations of war, should be directed to the States separately. We have nothing to do with the so-called Confederate authorities; we cannot treat with them except on the terms of unconditional surrender; they have no rights of a political nature which we are bound to respect.

Let us not delude ourselves with dreams of speedy peace; above all, let us not for a moment relax our efforts in the field. The "Confederacy" cracks under the pressure of our arms, and this should be a motive for a sterner compression. When Lee flies a fugitive from Richmond, and Davis is threading the swamps beyond the Mississippi, on his way to Mexico, then we may think and talk of peace as a practicable thing, but not until then.

When the Civil and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill came up a few days ago in the Senate, the clause which makes an appropriation "for salary of Minister to Mexico," was so amended, on motion of Mr. Wade, of Ohio, as to read, "for salary of Minister to the Republic of Mexico." Mr. Wade observed that there were two governments in Mexico, and we could not recognise any except the Republic. "We can have nothing to do with the 'Empire.'"

The Pope of Rome has issued a bull, in which are denounced sundry "errors and heresies." Among the things which are declared to be "very hurtful," is the propagation of the opinion (we quote literally), that:

> "Liberty of conscience and of worship is the right of every man, a right which ought to be proclaimed and established by law in every well-constituted State; and that citizens are entitled to make known and declare, with a liberty which neither the ecclesiastical nor the civil authority can limit, their convictions, of whatever kind, either by word of mouth, or through the press, or by other means."

The judicial Dogberrys of Canada are greatly exercised with the questions started by the legal pundits who are defending the St. Albans thieves and assassins. At last accounts they were in solemn deliberation as to whether St. Albans was or was not within the United States. They have also decided to give time for the prisoners to get evidence from Richmond, as to whether Jeff Davis had authorised the thieves and robbers aforesaid to make their raid on St. Albans—just as though Davis had the right to send his minions to make war from a neutral territory! Suppose Davis avows that he sent the raiders to Canada, to invade the United States from it as a base of operations, what then? He will only confess to a violation of the Law of Nations, and to an outrage on the municipal laws of Canada. How the confession of additional crimes are to palliate these with which the raiders are charged is to better their case, is not clear.

Summary of the War.

VIRGINIA.

With the exception of an occasional foraging party perfect quiet is maintained by both armies before Petersburg and Richmond. The freshets on the James river had forced their way through the Dutch gap, but not of sufficient depth to be of any practical use.

On the 13th of Jan., as a foraging party, consisting of four companies of the 5th corps, under the command of Capt. Rice, were on a foraging expedition about two miles from our lines, they were attacked by a party of rebels, upon which our men fled in a most shameful manner, leaving Capt. Rice in the hands of the enemy. A stronger force having been sent in pursuit, the dead body of Capt. Rice was discovered, entirely stripped of everything, and with two bullet holes through his head—he having evidently been murdered by his brutal captors after surrender.

ALABAMA.

A recent number of the Mobile *Advertiser* reports about 4,000 Union troops at Franklin Mills, on Dog river, near Mobile city, "without transportation," their supplies being received by way of the river. The rebels had had a skirmish with them; but their position is described as "unassailable."

ARKANSAS.

A St. Louis correspondent says that Forts Smith and Van Buren have been abandoned, and that Fort Gibson, in the Indian Territory, no doubt, soon will be.

It is said that the President has ordered the reoccupation of these places.

TEXAS AND LOUISIANA.

Ensign Blume and a boat's crew of Union sailors had performed the gallant exploit, on the 3d, of cutting out, within 500 yards of the rebel guard-ship, a schooner laden with 120 bales of cotton, waiting a chance of running the blockade, and took her safely past the rebel batteries to the Union fleet.

The rebel guerillas, who for a time were very quiet along the Louisiana shores of the Mississippi, have again become active and troublesome, and a number of Union expeditions have been sent out from Baton Rouge and other posts.

Gens. Baldy Smith, Gilmore and Steele were in New Orleans on the 7th inst.

Gen. Bailey, of Red river engineering fame, has been appointed to the command of the Baton Rouge district.

MISSOURI.

Recently a party of the Home Guards and the 9th Missouri cavalry pursued, through several of the interior counties, the noted chief Jim Jackson, whom, with 17 of his men, they succeeded in overtaking and killing.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Rebel papers assert that a large portion of Gen. Sherman's army has crossed Savannah river, and are marching towards Branchville.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The Opdyke-Weed libel suit has come to an end, and has resulted in the jury being discharged, having been unable to agree on a verdict. Seven were for a verdict of 6¼ cents, and five for a higher sum. It may therefore be considered as ended. The New York *Herald* facetiously suggests that Mr. Rufus Andrews should commence an action against Mr. Weed, or Mr. Weed against Mr. Andrews.

—— A meeting of clergymen was recently held in Philadelphia, to consider the propriety of increasing the clerical staff for the benefit of the sick and wounded soldiers. Dr. Kennard, as Chairman, made an eloquent appeal to the meeting.

—— The culture of the grape is increasing in California. The vintage of 1864 exceeded 5,000,000 gallons.

—— By the bark Rechabite, Capt. Leeman, news has been received of the total loss of the steamship Melville, bound from this port to Hilton Head. Albert L. Baydon, one of the passengers on the steamer, was picked up at sea by Capt. Hilton, on the 8th inst. Baydon had saved himself by clinging to a portion of the wreck. It appears from his statement that the vessel foundered on the 7th inst., with 65 passengers on board, and a crew numbering 16. The brig Hornet also arrived with three of the ship's crew on board. All the rest are supposed to have perished. Vessel and cargo together were valued at $110,000.

—— About 15 miles above St. Joseph, near the Missouri river, an extensive body of very peculiar clay has been discovered. When first taken out it can be easily cut into any shape desired, and a surface made as smooth as glass. In a few hours it hardens, becomes firm as a rock, and has a whiteness equal to snow. In Texas and Utah this kind of clay is used for building purposes, and is exceedingly beautiful.

—— The Starlight Coterie held their second *soirée dansante* on the 12th inst. It was a very pleasant affair, and fashionably attended. The music was excellent, and the company did not separate till a late hour.

—— Cooper Institute was well filled on the 13th inst. to hear the lecture to be delivered by Frederick Douglass before the Ladies' Bazaar Association. He argued strongly in favor of giving negroes the right to vote, and putting them on an equality as citizens. He asked the people to give them a trial, and if they failed then to do well, let them go. His lecture was quite interesting, and was listened to attentively to the end.

—— The contributions of our citizens for the relief of the destitute people of Savannah are most liberal. The steam transports Rebecca Clyde and Daniel Webster, the former generously placed at the disposal of the Relief Fund Committee by the New York and Washington Transportation Company, the latter under the control of Col. Allen, last sailed on the 13th.

—— On January 14th Gov. Fletcher issued a proclamation declaring Missouri a free State, in accordance with the emancipation ordinance passed by the State Convention. This event was celebrated in St. Louis by brilliant illuminations and every sign of popular rejoicing.

—— The Tennessee State Convention has unanimously adopted resolutions abolishing and for ever prohibiting slavery within that State, abrogating the secession ordinance, and all the laws passed in pursuance thereof. These are to be voted upon by the people on the 22d of Feb., and if they are adopted an election for Governor and members of the Legislature will be held on the 4th March next. The Convention also unanimously nominated Parson Brownlow for Governor. In accepting the nomination he said "that he would put an end to all guerilla fighting in Tennessee if he had to hang every man concerned in it." A few such Governors would soon extinguish the most disgraceful feature of the present age.

—— The power one man possesses of regenerating a newspaper has been strikingly exhibited in the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, which since the first of the year has been conducted by G. W. Childs, the well-known publisher. Mr. Childs is one of those few men whose literary tastes, intellectual endowments, and varied knowledge have not impaired their practical ability. In every department of the *Public Ledger* his vigorous and able hand is seen. As a proof the appreciation we may mention that although he has doubled the price it has not interfered with the circulation.

Western.—The Overland Mail to California has been suspended for the present, or until Gen. Curtis can disperse the hostile Indians of the Plains, who recently captured and robbed an Overland coach near Julesburg, and murdered two of the Overland Mail Company's employés, and who at present threaten the route from Fort Kearney to Denver City. A severe skirmish is reported as having occurred between our troops and the Indians. The Mail Overland has been thrice interrupted within three years. During the winter of 1862-3 the coaches went through on time, distancing the steamers; but in the winter of 1863-4 the roads were blocked with snow in February, and in August last the Cheyennes and Sioux made an attack like that near Julesburg lately. The service is to be resumed as soon as the route can be rendered safe. The telegraph is intact, dispatches from San Francisco having come through.

Southern.—The Augusta *Chronicle and Sentinel* of Jan 4 contains a very interesting and apparently truthful account of Gen. Sherman's rule in Savannah, as seen through rebel eyes. It says the most perfect order is maintained; no soldier is allowed to interfere with the citizens; two insurance companies propose to open a National bank; the custom-house and post-office are being cleaned and repaired, preparatory to being reopened. The soldiers are not allowed, under any circumstances whatever, to enter private residences. The negroes, in most cases, are orderly and quiet, remaining with their owners, and performing their customary duties. Nothing but "greenbacks" are in circulation. The churches on Sundays are well filled with ladies. On week days, however, but few of them are seen on the streets. A majority of the male population have remained in the city. A majority of the citizens have provisions for some time to come, but there is a scarcity of wood; but Gen. Sherman has announced that he will soon remedy this last difficulty, by getting wood via the Gulf railway and hauling it to the citizens. No pass is allowed to any male person to go towards the city. The soldiers of Sherman's army had contributed 1,100 loaves of bread for the poor of the city.

—— Richmond papers say that Mosby is being nursed at his father's house in Amherst, and that he is rapidly recovering from his wounds.

—— Semmes, the pirate of Alabama notoriety, has been in Mobile lately. While there, he received the compliment of a serenade, after which he made a speech, stating that he had come to that port via Mexico. He said that we ought to be thankful that this war had occurred in our generation; that the eyes of all Europe were admiring the heroism with which our forces on land and sea were battling for our rights and liberties, and that we should live in after ages on the pages of a history such as the world has never before produced. He remarked that he had brought good news from across the water; that he had never commanded large armies or navies, but had under him only one or two small ships, which he had made efficient in wiping Yankee commerce from the sea, and that it was very rare that the Yankee flag was now found floating in foreign waters, and in bearing triumphantly through three-fourths of the globe the Confederate flag, which he had shown for the first time to foreign nations.

—— It is said that the clergy of Savannah omit from the usual formula the prayer for the President of the United States and Gen. Sherman is reported to have said, when one of these rebel Episcopal divines called upon him to ascertain if he would be allowed to pray for Jeff Davis. "Pray for Jeff Davis, why certainly! You ought to pray for him every day, for Jeff Davis and the d—l need praying for very much."

—— A dispatch from Nashville to the Philadelphia *Ledger* states, that "there is said to be great excitement at Mobile, owing to the fact that the city was being threatened on all sides, while the garrison for its defence was believed to be largely inefficient. If the fleet had a dozen light draft boats the city would soon be in our possession; but as it is, the work will have to devolve upon the land forces. There is a rumor that a part of Hood's forces are *en route* for the city."

Military.—It is stated by the Washington papers that the removal of Gen. Butler was made at the express demand of Gen. Grant; Gen. Ord has been appointed his successor.

—— The Washington correspondent of the New York *Express* says that the pressure upon the Administration to bring about the release of 60 odd thousand men now held in Southern prisons, has become sufficiently potential to institute measures to that end. Col. Mulford is about to proceed South, clothed with ample powers to arrange the matter.

—— It is not quite certain that New York has escaped the draft, as Gen. Fry has refused to abide by his former decision on naval enlistments. A deputation has proceeded to Washington to consult with him.

—— Gen. Thomas, in a dispatch dated Dec. 29, says: "From the best information I have at this time, Hood's losses, since he invaded the State of Tennessee, sum up as follows:- Six general officers killed, six wounded and one taken prisoner at Franklin—thirteen in all; and about 6,000 men killed, wounded and taken prisoners at the same battle. On the 8th inst., at Murfreesboro', he had one general officer wounded, about 1,000 men killed and wounded, and 207 taken prisoners, and losing two pieces of artillery. In the two battles of the 15th and 16th inst., before Nashville, he had one lieutenant-general severely wounded, one major-general and three brigadier-generals, with 4,462 officers and men made prisoners, besides losing 53 pieces of artillery and over 3,000 stand of small arms. During his retreat we have captured 15 more guns, and from 1,500 to 2,000 prisoners, and a large number of small arms have been picked up by the way."

Naval.—From affidavits taken in Liverpool, and published in the *Post* of that city, it appears that the Shenandoah, late the Sea King, of London, is now a regular Confederate cruiser, and that her outfit was obtained in the way described in the newspapers at the time. The steamer Laurel cleared from Liverpool with guns, powder, stores, men and officers on board. The Sea King at the same time cleared from London for Bombay, in ballast. Both, of course, were under the British flag. The vessels rendezvoused off Madeira, the armaments from the Laurel were transferred to the Sea King, the latter was rechristened the Shenandoah, hoisting at the same time the Confederate flag, and setting forth on her mission to prey on the commerce of the United States. Such is the history as told by two men who were offered an engagement on board the Shenandoah, but who declined it, and came home to tell the story of the transformation. They say that a bucketful of sovereigns was brought on the deck of the cruiser to tempt the men.

—— A Halifax, N. S., dispatch states that the late rebel pirate Tallahassee, now changed to a blockade-runner, and called the Chameleon, is under arrest at Bermuda. The blockade-runners Owl, Stagg, Charlotte Maria Campbell, Whisper, Susan Bierne and Dieppe are also at Bermuda, and the Col. Lamb is at Nassau. Forty-three blockade-runners have been lost out of 71 which have visited Bermuda during the past year.

Personal.—Theodore Tilton, editor of the *Independent*, during his recent visit to Chicago was entertained at a magnificent banquet by a fugitive slave—but now a wealthy merchant of that city.

—— The Louisville press is very enthusiastic in favor of Miss Emily Shaw, who has been reading Shakespeare in that city.

—— Major-Gen. Hancock has been in New York city, on business of his new division.

—— Gen. Howard has been called by the press the American "Havelock." It is somewhat singular that we are still so provincial in our epithets.

—— George H. Yeaman, the Democratic Congressman from Kentucky, who advocated the passage of the Constitutional amendment for the abolition of slavery, was born in Hudson county, Ky., in 1829; studied law and came to the bar in 1852. In 1854 he was elected Judge Advocate of Davies county, and in 1861 was elected to the State Legislature. In 1862 he was elected to Congress, and re-elected in 1863.

—— Richard Yates, the new United States Senator from Illinois, is a native of Kentucky, where he was born in 1818. He served in Congress from 1851 to 1855, as a representative from Illinois, and was chosen Governor of that State in 1861, for the term of four years, which has just expired. His Senatorial term will close March 4th, 1871.

—— Aaron H. Gragin, the new elected United States Senator from New Hampshire, for the term of six years from the 4th of March next, was born in Vermont, in 1821. He is a lawyer by profession, was a member of the Legislature of New Hampshire from 1852 to 1855, and was a member of Congress from 1857 to 1859.

—— Gen. George B. McClellan and his family are now on a visit to his relatives in Philadelphia, previous to their departure for Europe.

—— Hon. Henry S. Foote, member of the rebel Senate from the State of Tennessee, who recently declared his intention of leaving the Confederacy, has been endeavoring to carry out his purpose. He left Richmond a few days ago, in company with his wife, and succeeded in reaching a place about 15 miles south east of Alexandria. Here he was overtaken by rebel cavalry, and compelled to return to the rebel capital. His wife was allowed to come within our lines.

Obituary.—Mrs. Carmichael Smyth, the mother of Thackeray, died lately in London, aged 80. The great novelist's father died in 1815; his mother then married again Major C. Smyth, who died in 1855.

—— Serjeant A. J. Stephen died recently in England, in his 78th year. His commentaries on the Laws of England and the Pleadings in Civil Actions are much esteemed by the profession.

—— Andreas Edward Kozman, the Polish translator of Shakespeare, died recently in Gallicia.

—— Jules Gerard, the famous lion killer, was drowned recently in Africa, aged 48.

—— Hon. Alexander Stuart, Judge of the Vice-Admiralty of Nova Scotia, died in Halifax last week.

Accidents and Offences.—Michael Carrigan, a boilermaker, was suffocated on the 18th inst., by entering a still filled with noxious gases, at the tar factory at Hunter's Point. Three of the fellow workmen of the deceased, who went into the still at the same time, narrowly escaped a similar fate, and their condition is still precarious.

—— A brutal and bloody affray occurred on the 13th inst., at No. 31 Mercer-street, between Edward Brennan, the landlord, and David Sullivan, a soldier, and both combatants were seriously wounded by bottles and slungshots, the weapons employed. Brennan's skull was fractured. An inmate of the house summoned Officer Glynn, of the Eighth Precinct, and the men were taken to the police station of the Eighth, where their wounds were dressed by Surgeon Blivin.

—— Quite an exciting scene came off in the Park on the morning of the 12th January. It being the day appointed for hearing Mr. Hecker's injunction against paying the street cleaners, about 500 of the unpaid laborers, whose families are suffering greatly for want of their money, mobbed Mr. Hecker, as he was on his way to the court. By rare good luck he escaped with a few bruises, and the loss of his hat, which served as a foot ball to his turbulent persecutors. An attempt was made by the rioters to take Mr. Hecker from the court-room, but the officers barricaded the doors, and kept them at bay till the police arrived.

—— There is another dodge now practised—a young man, who is called by the reporters good-looking and fashionably drest, has been arrested, charged by two ladies with robbing them, while in their company, by administering chloroform to them. In both cases he disappeared with his plunder while his victims were under the influence of the chloroform.

—— Green, the Malden murderer, who was to have been hung on the 13th January, has been respited for a short time.

Foreign.—Great excitement was recently caused at Paris by a young man, who ran along the street scattering gold coins from a small wooden bowl, which he carried in his hand, at the same time crying out, "Here is money for those who want it!" People at first thought he was mad, but cries of "Stop thief!" being heard in the distance, he was arrested by two sergens de ville. It was soon ascertained that he had broken, with a blow of his fist, the plateglass window of M. Gourdault, money-changer, Carrefour de l'Odeon, and stolen a bowl containing about 200 napoleons. The thief, who was ascertained to be a workman, 19 years of age, was taken to the prefecture of police.

—— The Palace of Industry, destined for the Universal Exhibition of 1867, in Paris, will be erected on the outside of the triumphal arch of the Etoile, on ground between the Avenue de Neuilly and the Avenue of the Grande Armée. An American passenger railway from the Champs Elysées to the bridge of Neuilly will be made for the convenience of visitors.

—— About 10,000 pieces of Roman money, principally of the reigns of Augustus, Tiberius, Claudius and Nero, have just been discovered in the bed of the Mayenne, at St. Leonard. Their presence is explained by the fact of a dangerous ford having formerly existed at this spot, and the custom of travellers to throw in the river a piece of money *ex voto*.

—— It is said that the revenue derived from French newspaper stamps has been lately falling off at the rate of £100 a day, owing to the *Moniteur du Soir*, the *Petit Journal* and other prints issued at the small cost of one sou.

—— European papers state that the peninsula of Lenkoran (Asiatic Russia) contains numerous springs of petroleum. No fewer than 109 are now worked, and yield annually about 4,000 tons of petroleum, similar to that brought from America. There are also many springs of the kind in the Isle of Taman.

—— The Leipsic University in the present term contains 982 students, of whom 664 are natives of Saxony, and 318 foreigners.

Chit-Chat.—A French theatrical manager has addressed Dickens! in regard to his poem of "Mazeppa," which the Menken is playing in London. The manager's idea of English literature is rather confused.

—— The famous Swiss Demme-Trumpy case still occupies the European world, and, indeed, the American world. Dr. Demme was tried for poisoning his father-in-law, that was to be; his mother-in-law, to be, swore in court to criminal complicity in the poisoning, but he was acquitted. He then eloped with the daughter, Flora Trumpy. The bride and groom were then heard of by committing suicide by drowning in the Lake Geneva. The supposed dead parties next were heard of at Milan, and arrangements were made to arrest them, when a despatch from the Consul announced that they had committed suicide by poison.

—— The London *Shipping Gazette* says England last year received from all sources about 600,000 bales more cotton than in 1863. The consumption has increased about 270,000 bales, and there is a total stock on hand equal to 532,000 bales.

—— Cincinnati is exercised upon the gas question. It can easily be settled by the highest legal authorities —Black-stone and Coke.

—— Gen. Butler, in replying to an officer, who wished to know how he was to act in the cases of those who had conscientious scruples about taking the oath of allegiance, says: "I do not understand their reasoning. If they are well-disposed and loyal to the United States Government, it is no matter what their relatives are. If they are not well-disposed towards the United States Government, then they have no business to live under that Government, and should go to some country to whose Government they are well-disposed. There is neither conscience nor honesty in living under a Government to which they are hostile, receiving the benefit of its protection and laws, and returning no equivalent."

A Beautiful Magazine.—We have just received Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine, the handsomest publication of the kind in the country, containing six pages of handsome colored fashions for January, and filled with choice reading for the month. No family should be without it. It would make a complete and appropriate holiday present for anybody, and we suggest that this is just the time to make up clubs. The terms are liberal in comparison to what you get for the money; $3 50 a year for single subscriptions, four copies to one Post-office $14, and one copy of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, weekly, and the Lady's Magazine for $7. The Illustrated Newspaper itself is an old established periodical, and combined with the Magazine makes a subscription worth at least $10. There are no American periodicals more worthy the patronage of the people than these.—*DeKalb (Ill.) Republican and Sentinel.*



DIVING OUT OF THE BULKHEAD OF THE DUTCH GAP CANAL, JAMES RIVER, VA., JAN. 1.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.



VIEW UP THE JAMES RIVER, VA., SHOWING OUTLET OF DUTCH GAP CANAL, THE SCENE OF THE RECENT EXPLOSION.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

PARTING.

Oh, sing to me some gentle song;
Some tender and melodious air,
That through my brain shall glide along,
And start low echoes there.
Care, like Eurocldon,
Has chilled me through with driving sleet;
Oh, let thy voice, subdued and sweet,
Like summer waves on loitering feet,
Against my throbbing temples beat,
Till all the pain is gone;



Forgetful of all dire mishap,
Beneath the kindness of thy face,
I lay my head upon thy lap,
And claim thy last embrace.
While thou art o'er me bowed,
I watch thy gentle loves arise,
And flout and kindle in thine eyes,
As some May morning's shifting dyes,
That tremble through the shadowy skies
And flush from cloud to cloud.

We part—and it may be for aye—
None know the number of their years—
Ah! at that thought thine eyes' soft day
Is lost in twilight tears.
Nay! be not grieving thus—
I did not mean *for aye*, sweet love;
Only, as life's swift shuttles move,
Like silken threads apart we shove;
But surely He who rules above
Most kindly watches us.

And when our parted lives are done,
What heavenly rapture it will be
To know them woven into one,
By careful Deity.
Call back thy vanished smile,
Let us, with sacred, reverent trust—
Sure that the ways of God are just,
And our bright love-links cannot rust—
Be severed, darling, if we must;
'Tis but a little while.

Then sing to me some gentle song,
And round my neck thy white arms wind,
While tender thoughts—a holy throng—
Float over thy pure mind.
And flower within thine eyes,
As lilies in smooth waters grow;
And, lovingly entwined so,
It may be we shall feel the glow
Of angel loves, and sweetly know
The strength of angel ties!

THE KOBOLDS OF THE VLEIGHTBURGH.

BY R. L. ABBEY.

I AM not one of those materialistic chemists who hold to the theory that the intellect is nothing but iodine, phosphorus and other elements in a highly electric state, however much the dogma may seem to favor the Baron Von Reichenbach's philosophy of odyle. I have insurmountable reasons for believing the latter, while my moral sense, aside from any other consideration, revolts at the other.

Odyle is a property perceptible in highly sensitive persons of both sexes, by which a peculiar influence is produced on such persons whenever they approach a magnet or anything in the material universe. I think the theory to a certain degree is illustrated by the case of Casper Hauser. The phenomenon of ghosts is but the excitement of odyle; the picture in the mind impressed upon the retina of the eye. Boswell relates instances in the life of Doctor Johnson which prove that author possessed that faculty. "He was observed upon innumerable occasions to suddenly stop, and seem to count his steps with deep earnestness; and when he had gone wrong in this magical movement, he would go back again, put himself in the proper posture to begin the ceremony, and having gone through it, break from his abstraction, walk briskly on and join his companions." This propensity I acknowledge to possess myself, and have observed it in others. It is odyle in its latent form. Its possessors are sure to contain a great amount of electricity, and in many instances are clairvoyant.

I have a friend who, by sliding her feet across the carpet, and touching iron or steel, will cause sparks of electricity to be emitted from her fingers. Other odylic persons dream dreams that are often verified, and are cognizant of the presence of others, though they may not have seen them. I have frequently been intuitively advised, when entirely alone, that some one was near me, and have heard clearly articulate whispers calling my name, though no person beside myself was in the room.

It was at the close of a warm and beautiful summer's day some years since that I nonchalantly wandered about the Vleightburgh, a high hill that from the suburbs overlooks a thriving village on the Hudson. The sun was sinking slowly to his emerald couch among the distant mountains. At my feet lay a town and a river. The roofs that sloped towards the sunset had caught the delaying light, and reflected it like mirrors, while their eastern sides, like everything which faced the darkness, seemed to welcome the night with shadowy hands. The masts of the shipping loomed up gaily pennoned, an arbor of wicker-work decked with flowers for a holiday. The dusk began to deepen down over the quiet landscape, and the shadows were lengthening in the water. The trees that reminded the banks grew gradually of a more sombre hue. Far away rolled the river, bearing on its dusky bosom the solemn barks, white robed, like ghosts. As the darkness grew denser they seemed more and more unreal. They took fantastic shapes, and groping among shadows, stalked about the waters. But the river passed on, and its breast with the breath of the tide imperceptibly rose. The tide was coming in with the night.

Walking leisurely I came to the entrance of a quarry, within which I was surprised to hear a chorus of voices. The music was most exquisite,



FALL OF THE ROCKS.

and the harmony might have been such as one as Beethoven could have imagined but never composed. It was lovelier than the hymns of the Abencerrages. The tone became the time and place, weird as both were; being low and sweet and dreamy like twilight, and there were echoes that were vague as shade.

The entrance led the way to a deep cut that had been made in the hill for the purpose of a quarry; indeed, the whole Vleightburgh is tunnelled and mined for this use. The cut was upwards of three hundred feet in length. On either side it was walled by smooth and almost perpendicular rock, extending to the summit of the hill, a distance of perhaps one hundred feet. The rock against the hill leaned above the cut like a second tower of Pisa, and appeared ready to fall at any moment, though it was possible it might stand for ages. I had passed this same spot, and entered the quarry a hundred times before, in the daylight, and experienced no peculiar emotions; but at dusk, with the night brooding over, with no human being nearer than the valley, and with sweet, sad music floating from the gloom between the gaunt rocks, the feeling was different.

I tried to fancy what I heard was unreal, and that the sounds were the conjurations of imagination, but the music still lingered. The voices were too pure for those of mortals, and the words were of a language unknown.

While listening I was conscious a hand had taken mine, though on turning to behold its owner, I could see no one. I then placed my other hand on the wrist and arm above the mysterious stranger's, and was perfectly aware I grasped a substantial though curiously shaped arm, yet nothing was visible. I would have thought my sense of seeing failed me, had I not distinctly beheld the evening landscape as before. I began to doubt my own identity, and wondered



LISTENING TO THE SUPERNATURAL MUSIC.

if I was not laboring under some hallucination, until a voice said, close in my ear,

"I am Bluejay, an orator of the Kobolds who inhabit this hill."

With this introduction, he shook my hand so warmly that it ached.

You will say, no doubt, this was very strange, and indeed I thought so myself. The report that had gained credit among the Indians who used to live hereabouts, that against the cliffs of the Vleighthurgh the spirits of the dead braves were wont to whet their arrows, ere they started on their celestial excursions to reshoot defunct buffaloes, immediately recurred to me at the mention of Bluejay; and I was almost certain the invisible individual by whom I was addressed was none other than one of the tribe who used to drive such a thriving trade in arrowheads, down in the valley. The suspicion was not weakened by the knowledge of the fact, that near the shore, and but just below me, there was an Indian burying-ground, which, I trembled to remember, had not been treated with much respect of late, as the sand of the hill was required for building purposes, and the dust of the savage sleepers had contributed its share, no doubt.

"What makes you hesitate?" inquired Bluejay, "you know the Kobolds were always the friends of man, and I have a secret to tell you of vast importance. There, here we are inside, with the precipice leaning over us like the vengeance of some of my declared foes. Those jets of blue flame just distinguishable over yonder are well known to you. You have read Goethe and Uhland. Perhaps the lights may account for the symphonies. But before I tell you my story or relate my secret, suppose you satisfy your curiosity as to what species of creature I am, by passing your hands over me. Your sight avails you nothing. Eyes that cannot see so apparent an element as the air, nor the swarms of life in a drop of rain-water, cannot be expected to behold as fine bodies as we are. Your sense of feeling is made acute by the extreme tension of the nerves. The blue flames are the crowns, the aureolas we wear. You never see the Kobolds themselves."

I now passed my hands over my companion as he had directed, and found him another Puck, and a very quaint person indeed. Like the Cynocephali and Acephali that Herodotus tells us inhabited Libya, the Kobolds have but one eye, and unlike them, it is in their foreheads; the eyes of the Libyans being in their breasts. Bluejay's hair was very fine, and fell about his shoulders in silky profusion. He could not have been more than three feet tall. His arms and legs were hairy, his beard unshorn, and as I immediately fell to liking him, I could not help being reminded of capillary attraction. While I had my hands upon his face I felt the dimples, and when I touched his neck he laughed outright as though I tickled him. His feet were like a lion's paws, and his limbs were shaped more like a deer's than a man's. As far as I could judge, he must have been a descendant of the Satyrs or Fauns, though this is pure surmise on my part, as he never related one word to me concerning his ancestry. This fact is almost wonderful, as in old time, when Bluejay was in the prime of life, it was necessary to trace one's pedigree back to Adam. I guessed from this and another noticeable circumstance, that my friend was innocent of the fashions of the world.

"Sit down on this stone," said Bluejay, "I will take the one opposite you. The stars are coming out finely. You observe my friends have ceased singing. There is music in the stars, that is far above all other music. Some men have heard it, but it is impossible to describe. The voices of the morning stars are not hushed yet.

"I am called Bluejay because I once cured a member of the feathered family of that name which had been accidentally wounded. My patient is one of the few birds that have been given to fame.

"It was in the year nine billion nine million nine hundred and nine, after the demise of her husband Dodo, that Queen Enib ascended the throne of the Kobolds in this hill. We measured time from the year in which the world began to revolve round the sun, immediately following its formation by the fusion of the three great comets, Reisende, Schatz and Blitzen. Queen Enib was beloved by her subjects. At her instigation I was made the representative of the people, and received an annuity. It was my duty in every event to explain important cases to her majesty, and see that redress was given if any party had been aggrieved. We allow ideas to rule the nation. Our code of laws was established on a series of fundamental truths, and jurisprudence was always in harmony with these. Under such rule the people prospered, and the treasure was augmented. Our caverns were enlarged, and population increased. New drifts were opened, and new lodes discovered. An extension was built to the royal palace. This palace is, in fact, the greatest treasure we possess. It is wrought entirely of diamonds, with the exception of the lintels and doors, which are of fine gold. Music with us is an indispensable adjunct, and strains of the most intense passion and splendor constantly echo in the lofty halls. Sensuous perfumes, divorced from the hearts of flowers, seem to mingle with the melodies, and every sense is satiated with enjoyment. The lower rooms contain vast deposits of precious gems. Here deep-hidden lies Eldorado, nearer than the valley of Avilion. The palace is the gateway of that land. The upper apartments are devoted to the royal household. Here dwelt the good queen, and her only daughter the Princess Louise. The latter is one of the most beautiful of all the Kobolds. A poet who saw her surrounded with harpists, said her life was an ark that floated on a deluge of music; and for the compliment, however equivocal it may have been, received a handsome compensation. Queen Enib was the friend of man. With that large liberality which characterised all her actions, she informed me some years since, she had resolved to share the national treasure with the people of the outer world, and wished me to publish her resolve. I did as directed, and the citizens as a mass favored the project, though there were some who were dissatisfied. For, my dear friend, never was a generous and noble deed accomplished by a ruler but that some found fault. There are always extremists and enthusiasts in advance of their age, but there are also old fogies and narrow-minded people enough to balance them. After a while, however, finding themselves in the minority, the dissenters gradually changed their views, and came round like rudderless barks into the current of popular opinion.

"Agreeable to the decision of the queen, a deputy was instructed to cause your people to open a quarry at a point on the outside of the hill nearest our cavern. Soon after this portion of the Vleightburgh was broken with pick and drill, and the great blasts shook the earth with their thunder, causing the Gnomes, who sometimes passed through the hill, to crouch and huddle together in corners of the rock, half dead with fright. The sound of the blasts kept coming nearer and nearer, though it troubled the queen some to hear the workmen had not attempted to pass the second perpendicular ledge of rocks, but were excavating along its side. This ledge stands in such a position, you observe, that to take away its natural props, as your people have done, leaves it in imminent danger of falling. For some time our own soldiers were assigned the duty of supporting this vast leaning layer, in the hope the workmen would soon attempt to penetrate it. The army held out as long as it could, and I was then sent to the Gnomes to negotiate for assistance. It was stipulated we should award the King of Nomia three diamonds a day for the services of three thousand troops.

"On my return to my native cavern, I brought with me the Prince Yebha, with whom I was at first very much impressed. All that he had not acquired he knew by intuition. The theory my old human friend Plato advanced, that men by nature know all things, but that through the darkness of the body the mind is cramped to its mortal condition, is illustrated by the Kobolds. For we, being a higher order of creatures, are more ethereal, and the mind in our persons is freer, so that the knowledge of each individual is almost universal. The Prince Yebha was highly delighted with the sight of our treasures, but still more with the Princess Louise. He gave her a necklace of alternate blue and yellow diamonds, with which she seemed to be very much pleased, though I mistrusted the good Queen Enib demurred at its acceptance, and regretted the visit of the young scion. On what ground she based her dislike it never was my fortune to ascertain, though I suspected it was nothing more than the chronic aversion the royal family of the Kobolds have always entertained for the Gnomes, on account of their duskier complexion. The queen subsequently intimated to me her displeasure at the turn of affairs, leaving it with me to devise some means to post the prince home at the earliest possible season. To accomplish this, I bribed a Gnome in the army to appear before him, saying his father, the king, desired his immediate presence to assist in concocting a plan for the overthrow of the Ghouls, who were already marshalling for invasion. This banished the prince and myself also, for the queen, hearing a falsehood had been employed, was very angry, and denuded me of office, commanding me not to appear before her again until I had perused, word for word, five folios on ethics, and as many on international law. My selfishness was so unrestrained, that I at first meditated inciting the people against the government, but remembering it was the best we had ever possessed, and the only legal one we could secure until the death of the queen, I incontinently resolved to sustain it. What transpired at the palace during my absence, I only know by hearsay.

"I incarcerated myself in a cavern, and became a hermit for the time. I read works on sorcery and alchemy, in addition to the imposed task. At the termination of my labors I went before the queen and was reinstated in all my honors. Benjamin, the chief butler, who had always been my friend, related to me the result of his watchfulness during my absence. He said he had observed the princess frequented a particular apartment, and by keeping his eyes and ears open one day as he very accidentally passed the door, apprehended two voices engaged in earnest conversation, though in a subdued tone. He at once recognised the coarser tones to be those of the prince, and the finer those of the princess. For fear of the displeasure of the latter, he had not revealed the secret, thinking it advisable to reserve it for me. Ben had no idea how the prince could have entered the room, as there was never so much as a keyhole or crevice for him to come in at. I afterwards cleared up the mystery. The prince had been secreted in a closet. The naughty princess was severely reprimanded by the queen, but every attempt to dissuade the former from her intimacy with Yebha was unavailing. As a last resort, and at the risk of displeasing the King of the Gnomes, the prince was requested to leave our cavern city. When so informed, he taunted us with the deception we had previously practised upon him, and said he would go, threatening to take his army and the princess also. His cooler judgment predominated however, and he departed, much to our relief, though we were not without some anxiety as to the result. Days passed, and there came news from Nomia that the prince had arrived in safety at his father's palace. His people were exasperated at the indignity to which their ruler had been subjected, were clamorous for war, and eager to avenge the insult. But the prince had appeared on the golden steps of the palace, and quelled the disturbance.

"He said when a being allowed deceit in the place of self-control to rule his actions, it would not be long before all the moral faculties would become perverted, for in permitting deceit to take the sceptre, the being acknowledges himself unequal to the moment, and thereby degrades himself. The Kobolds, in the employment of deceit, had degraded themselves, and would reap their own harvest. That he loved the Princess Louise he admitted, and believed he was beloved in return, but they could wait for the fruition of their affection. War should be only the channel in which great truths rush down to beautify the valleys of the world. War at this time could only make wider divergence between the two nations, and lessen the possibilities of his happy marriage. Moreover, a war for such a trite cause would be unjust.

"For this generous speech the prince was warmly applauded, and frequently interrupted with cries of 'Hear, hear!' The princess read the oration in the morning paper, the *Kobollonian*, and Benjamin informed me he afterwards saw her crying over it and kissing it, when she was quite alone. Whether it was the continual excitement wearing upon a fragile and esthetic nature, or whether it was really the unhappy result of her love for the prince that affected her, at first perplexed me to determine. She seemed to lose all spirit, scarcely spoke a word, and failed rapidly. Her cheeks grew pale, and when she smiled it was so sadly that we all pitied her. I met her in the hall of Chalcedony, and took both hands in mine.

"'Oh, Bluejay,' said she, 'perhaps you may be guiltless; surely you cannot know what you have done. When I die carry me out into the sunshine, and bury me near a lake where the water-lilies grow, because I am as pale as they. My friends have all become my enemies.'

"The princess passed on weeping, and I, deeply musing, and willing to forgive these bursts of sentiment in young people, though I own I have never experienced them, being an old bachelor, and not in love with anybody but myself.

"But now Queen Enib died, and all the people mourned her. At her deathbed, seeing the wan features of her daughter, she said she regretted her treatment of the prince, and hoped the princess, in due time, would accept his hand in marriage. Uttering these words the queen died, and the people fasted for her sake a year, and in the night, when the wind blew, would sit upon the Vleightburgh and mourn for her, under the calm stars. And she was called Enib the Good.

"The succeeding year Queen Louise married the Prince Yebha. It would be impossible for me to detail an account of the wedding. Suffice to say it was worthy the royal couple. The queen had fully regained her health, and looked more beautiful than ever. The viands at the banquet embraced every delicacy. The bill of fare was in French, and consequently not understood by anybody.

"After a little while the prince began to inquire into the affairs of the city. I give him credit for being diligent. He wondered for what reason his father's three thousand troops, and as many of the queen's, were employed outside the Vleighthurgh, with no ostensible purpose but to support a great flatsided rock, that was too indolent to stand of itself. On being informed of a fact I think he already partly understood, and having no particular desire to dispose of his newly acquired treasure, he issued a decree, signed by the queen, that at a certain date the forces employed are to be relieved of their laborious duty for the more cheering work of the battle, difficulty with the Ghouls being now really anticipated. There are conflicting opinions respecting this proclamation. I have considered the matter carefully, and have come to the conclusion that the original intention of Queen Enib should be carried out. The people are divided upon the subject. With a portion of my constituents I have come to you, therefore, the better to facilitate the event, and place mankind at once in possession of the hidden wealth, or a share of it at least. It will never do us any real good, and it may confer much happiness upon men."

With this conclusion of his story, Bluejay put his hands on my shoulders, and whispered his great secret in my ear. He told me the exact place where, with the assistance of a pick, I would find a fissure in the rock that would lead me down to the caves of the Kobolds. By repeating an incantation, not unlike some of the Delphic verses, no harm could come to me in penetrating into the hidden labyrinths. He described subterranean growths and estuaries to guide me. After this I was conscious of his departure. The music rose again, but grew fainter and fainter, as if sinking in the earth, and finally ceased. I do not think anything could have induced me to reveal that secret.

The next day a terrific crash was heard, and the great ledge fell. The residents of the town will tell you the statement is a fact, and, perhaps, some who read this will remember the occurrence. Vast pieces of rock came tumbling down into the valley, crushing fences and blockading the roads. A child was playing on a plot of grass in the rear of a building, its hand was scratched by a huge boulder, weighing a ton, but no one was injured. The fall of the ledge shook the country for miles around. Never was such a fall of rocks known. Giant pieces were rolled within a few feet of the dwellings, and there lodged, as though the Kobolds themselves kept them from doing any harm. The hillside is still covered with them, and some lie close by the roadside. Trees were uprooted and broken like straws.

From the foregoing circumstance I am led to suppose the prince discovered the plot of Bluejay, and foiled it by a sudden withdrawal of his troops. This at once precipitated the great ledge into the deep cut above which it leaned, and buried for ever all possibility of discovering the secret recess leading to the caverns. Whether or no Bluejay suffered for his opinions and boldness I never knew; I have no doubt he was pardoned, however, as the prince would not be likely to abuse power.

If any argue that this is a very unlikely story, I have only to point them to a thousand more unlikely. If one may see ghosts, there is no reason why I may not with another sense detect Kobolds. The accepted theory of odyle might so etherealize my touch that an atom could be recognized; and if so, why not Bluejay? Whether I really conversed with that worthy, whether I merely sat down on the Vleightburgh and dreamed the occurrence, or whether it never transpired, does not affect the main point of the case that I can see. The rocks fell; that is the settled fact. If any one can give a better reason for their so doing than I have given, let them do so.

WAR!

BY JOEL BATES SWETT.

War! war! war!
Blood-red stained is its fiery car,
A Juggernaut of a ponderous weight,
Crushing beneath it the life of state;
Onward it goes, with thundering tone,
While up to heaven ascends the moan
Of many a victim, and nations groan
Beneath its burden of sin and wrong,
As the cry of conflict is borne along—
War!

War! war! war!
Shrieks go up from the plain afar;
And shouts of triumph are mingled, too,
While gaudy banners, of gold and blue,
And crimson colors are brought in sight,
With ceremonies of pomp and might,
Which partially serve to mask the blight
That's caused by sinning—by heinous wrong,
While the cry of conflict is borne along—
War!

War! war! war!
Laying a track for its funeral car,
Leading it on with an armed tread,
Loading it down with the mangled dead!
Flooding the nation with bitter tears,
Wasting the hoardings of peaceful years,
Withering beauty by doubts and fears:
'Tis all the fruit of some wicked wrong,
And the cry of conflict goes borne along—
War!

War! war! war!
'Tis a locust plague, as it spreads afar—
A lava flame, but a recompense
For outraged men; and it drives from hence
The knotted scourge and the clanking chain,
And many a fearful cry of pain,
That long hath swelled in the fertile plain,
Is silenced, and in its place the song
Of Freedom's triumph is borne along—
War!

EDITH AND MAY HOWARD:

A Chapter from Everyday Life.

BY MARY CAMPBELL.

If any one wants to know why I present them with a story bearing the above title, it is because the life we see around us every day is oftentimes of the most thrilling description. Not that I mean to say that I am going to lay before the reader anything at all likely to chill his blood, or bring on that creeping sensation in the flesh so well known to all readers in the horrible. Far from it. This is a very simple, very ordinary, very everyday story indeed; and my strongest reason for writing it is—that virtue is actually its own reward in this instance, not a fictitious virtue and reward, for the tale is genuine.

My acquaintance with Edith and May Howard came to pass in the following manner:

One golden afternoon, in the early part of September, not many years ago, I visited a seminary for young ladies, in company with some friends, along with whom I had been spending the summer holidays, which had lengthened out into the first week in the fall before I knew it. For some reason that I never inquired into, and therefore cannot explain, the seminary was generally known as The College; and on all future occasions, when I have any need to refer to it, I will call it by the name it was best known by. As we entered the grounds, which were remarkably fine, and enclosed a handsome building every way worthy of them, my attention was attracted to the figure of a very sweet and ladylike girl, who was seated on the grass, beneath an oak tree, reading. By-and-bye, when I neared her, and could see the book, I found it to be a volume of Tennyson; and I was at once interested in the character of a schoolgirl who could make such a choice, for I judged that if she could procure the reading of Tennyson, she might also have procured that of less worthy authors, had she been so disposed. I recall that young girl's appearance very vividly, and as I do so it makes a pretty picture in my memory. The tree cast the long shadow drawn on the ground by the afternoon sun, the figure of the reader was slight and graceful, and drooped a little forward over her book. She was dressed in black, of some thin, gauzy material, for the day had been warm, and her skirts fell around her in folds, in those artistic, waving lines so seldom seen, and which some women—very few though—seem to have a knack of casting their drapery into, by even the simplest movement. Her naturally fair complexion seemed more snowily white and clear by contrast with her black dress, her hair rippled over her shoulders in shining curls, as yellow as the sunshine that glistened on it, and when she looked up at our approach I met the half-shy, smiling gaze of a pair of great bright blue eyes, that seemed to throw out light all over her lovely face.

This was Edith Howard.

"Are visitors allowed to enter the College this afternoon?" I asked.

"Certainly. Shall I go with you to the professor's room?"

I was slightly acquainted with the professor, and I at once agreed to her proposal.

We were soon in the professor's room, and he, having received us with as much courtesy as professors generally can, formally introduced us to his pupil, who seemed to be a favorite with him.

"Would you like to walk through the building and grounds?" he then asked, anxious to do the honors of his establishment.

Some one said "Yes," and we set out on our voyage of observation. I lingered behind the rest, and soon found myself quite alone with Edith.

We readily entered into conversation, which soon travelled far out of the College, and everything thereunto appertaining.

"Have you been a pupil here long?" I asked, together with a great many other questions which I had no right to put to a stranger.

"Only six weeks," she replied; "but it seems like six years. It is the first time I have ever been from home, and I could not stay even the short time I have mentioned if my dear mama was alive."

The unaffected earnestness of her tone, and the quick tears that sprang to her eyes at once won my sympathies, and I was encouraged by her confiding manner to pursue my inquiries.

"Have you any other relatives?" I continued.

"Oh, yes," she returned, with much animation. "I have the best and dearest father in the world, and one sister."

The eagerness of her manner, and the affection in her tone visibly diminished when she referred to her sister, and I could not help asking:

"Do you see your sister often—she is probably away from your home—married, perhaps?"

"Oh, dear, no! May is only two years older than I am, and still a schoolgirl. We room together here; so you see I have a good deal of her company. Perhaps we will see her while you are here."

She seemed rather anxious to change the conversation, and I seconded her efforts, though I felt curious to know the cause of her evident dislike to talk about her sister. It could not be her fault I felt assured, she was too sweet, too amiable to be the cause of any unpleasantness—if any such existed between her sister and herself. At that moment a tall, haughty-looking, dark-eyed and dark-haired girl crossed the corridor in which we had been walking while we conversed.

"Oh, it's here you are, Edith!" she exclaimed, in no very amiable tones. "I have been looking all over the grounds for you, having first searched the building."

Edith paled visibly, and answered with an effort:

"I am sorry if I have put you to any inconvenience, May; I have been engaged with this lady—we were just going into the grounds—will you accompany us?"

"No, thank you, I am engaged just now. I would like to see you when you can spare me a few minutes," she added, with an indescribable look, which had the effect of making Edith even paler than before, and then, with a slight, almost impertinent bow to me, Miss Howard turned away.

Edith gave a sigh of relief, and continuing our way, we soon found ourselves in the pretty, fragrant garden.

We had walked but a short distance when the outer gate opened, and a gentleman entered, who proceeded along one of the many winding paths, without apparently noticing us. I observed that Edith looked after him till he was hidden from our view by the end of the building. Again an unconscious sigh escaped my companion, but this time it was not one of satisfaction. Taken together with the sad expression of her face, it constituted a sign of bitter disappointment. I became rapidly interested in Edith Howard, and to me there seemed something very like a mystery gathering about her.

I had always a keen scent for a mystery; but before I could take the first step towards ferreting out this one, we were joined by the rest of my party, and very shortly afterwards we took our leave of the College and the acquaintances we had made there. The next day I left Daneville and returned to my home, many hundreds of miles distant. After the first day or two I naturally forgot all about the Howard sisters and the apparent mystery attending them, and would probably never have thought of them again but for the following letter which I received some months later from my friend Mrs. Gilbert, to whom I had confided the observations I had made during our visit to Daneville College:

MY DEAR KATE—You have no idea how lonesome we were after you went away—myself especially. Among other recollections I had of you, I often thought of your sudden interest in that pretty, fair-haired girl we saw at the College; and so, just for something to occupy my mind with, I thought I would keep a diary and put down in it whatever items of information chance might throw in my way about the Misses Howard. I make the extracts, leaving out everything in my diary not connected with them, and give you the story in the little manuscript enclosed. How I come to have such accurate information has nothing to do with the matter. But if you are curious on that point, I will tell you all about it when you come to Daneville again. If I thought it would bring you any sooner, I would keep the story; but there, don't be disappointed—don't you see it is enclosed. After all the trouble I have taken to make it properly dramatic, interesting, and so forth, I am not going to have merely my labor for my pains, and knowing how anxious you are to peruse it, I hasten to subscribe myself ever yours, MINNIE.

I give the MS. verbatim:

September 30—Kate was right about Edith Howard and the mystery. I have found out something about it to-day. The gentleman who seemed to be the hero in the romance is only one of the heroes; his name is Ernest Godville, French teacher in the College, supposed to be in love with Edith Howard, who is well known to be in love with him. Hero No. 2 is a Mr. Alfred Slighe, friend of the family, and rejected suitor of Edith's. Mr. Slighe is rich, and quite a desirable catch, much sought after by the managing mamas of Daneville. This young man, who turns out to be of a persevering turn of mind, is determined to marry into the Howard family; and failing Edith, has now turned his attention to May. May smiles and encourages him—rich, you know!—while at the same time I have had it dimly hinted to me that the elder daughter of the house of Howard is in reality smitten with the charms of her French teacher, and, jealous of her sister, has continued to make mischief, and sadly interrupt the course of true love. So much for to-day's notes. I wonder when these little clouds will be cleared up, and how soon I will know the rest.

October 5—Chance favored me, to-day, with a somewhat remarkable insight to the affairs of the parties above named. In one of the shady walks with which Daneville abounds there is a little natural arbor, so overgrown with vines that persons seated on one side of it are entirely concealed from the view of any one on the opposite side. There I happened to be sitting to-day, beguiling my leisure moments with an interesting novel I had picked up somewhere, when quite suddenly I became conscious of voices. Whose voices or what subject was under discussion I was not at first aware, for I was quite wrapt up in my book, till I was startled by the words:

"No, Mr. Godville, I cannot listen to you—I must not—I dare not hear anything that you have to say."

I then knew in a moment that it was Edith Howard who was speaking—at least if I had thought and put my thoughts into words I would have known; but I did not think, and like a spy, an eavesdropper, I continued to listen, but unconsciously I can consistently declare.

For some moments there was perfect silence, and then Mr. Godville spoke.

"Edith," he said, "this is torturing—cruelty on your part. I have a right to speak to you—it is your duty to listen to me, for I feel assured there is some painful mistake between us."

"What do you mean?" she asked, in a tremulous tone.

"Are you, indeed, engaged to marry Mr. Slighe?"

"Engaged to marry Mr. Slighe? I——" she exclaimed, in tones of the utmost astonishment and which might have served as sufficient contradiction for any man. "Rather, sir, let me ask, do you not love my——"

At this instant steps approached hurriedly, and the next moment I heard Miss Howard exclaim, with a more gracious manner than she generally adopted towards her sister:

"So we have found you at last, Edith. We have been walking about the village for an hour in search of you. I would have given up long ago, but Mr. Slighe insisted that we must soon overtake you. There, Mr. Slighe, take the reward of merit," and with the coolness of a practised coquette she passed Mr. Slighe over to Edith, and fastened her own company on Ernest Godville.

I could have shaken her well for interrupting the course of conversation that would soon have been a revelation to the parties engaged in it, though I easily guessed all that was to come. I could also have soundly shaken Miss Edith for her dread of and tame submission to the tyranical rule of a lying sister. But I was compelled to remain quiet, and watch the ill-assorted pairs walk off, which they did presently, in the manner Miss Howard had arranged them.

October 15—Quite a sensation for our quiet little town of Danville. The College took fire, and while enveloped in flames, Mr. Godville rescued Edith Howard from her chamber at the imminent risk of his life. Nobody was hurt, or I could not speak thus lightly—the College, however, was burnt to the ground. And now, it seems, the explanation so long sought for by the young French teacher was at length effected between himself and Edith, and it turned out to have been just as I suspected—May, who hated her younger and lovelier sister, determined to separate her from Mr. Godville, and finding that she could not fascinate the young Frenchman herself continued to be in the most adroit manner, so that while she encouraged the attentions of Mr. Slighe and determined to marry him, she was still successful in separating Edith and her lover. When she discovered that all was settled between them, and, despite her strategy and falsehood, they were formally engaged, her rage knew no bounds; and having expended it at first furiously and loudly, she finally attacked Edith with sarcasm, and made a strong effort to sneer her out of her choice. But that scheme failed too; and the brilliant Miss Howard has at length been obliged to settle down with her Slighe, and complacently observe the happiness she cannot experience. Both young ladies have left school entirely; and it is well understood in this neighborhood that a double marriage will shortly take place—of which May and Edith will be the brides, and Messrs. Slighe and Godville the bridegrooms.

Here my friend Minnie's MS. terminated; and it was fully a year before I learned the last chapter of this little romance. After repeated delays in starting I again found myself in Dansville.

After tea, when Minnie and I were left alone, and had exhausted our little budget of questions and answers, I suddenly remembered Edith Howard.

"By the way, Minnie, you haven't told me about the Howard girls yet?"

"Ah—thereby hangs a tale," she answered mysteriously.

"Why, what in the world do you mean? The marriages were not broken off?"

"No; the marriages took place, with the coupling I told you of; but just a week ago Mr. Slighe was arrested on a charge of murder."

"Murder!" I exclaimed, almost with a shriek, for I was inexpressibly shocked. "Not his wife, surely—bad as she seems to have been, she scarcely deserved that fate."

"No, not his wife; though that would doubtless have followed had he been allowed time enough, for he evidently married her for the money she was heiress to. His victim was the poor old gentleman himself."

"The father—Mr. Howard! This is very horrible. Is there anything like proof against him on this terrible charge?"

"You shall hear. After Mr. Slighe's marriage with May Howard it was observed that he obtained great influence over Mr. Howard. So much so that the poor old gentleman seemed to stand in absolute dread of him, and everybody that knew them remarked upon it. Mr. Howard's health became delicate, then there was trouble about his business, and health and business failed rapidly. A very short time after Mr. Howard had been declared bankrupt he was one morning found dead in his bed; and after the funeral, when his will was read—notwithstanding his bankruptcy—it was found that May had been left heiress, sole heiress too, to everything he had owned, which turned out to be a great deal more than any one had anticipated.

Edith's name was not even mentioned. Here was more mystery; and knowing his excessive fondness for his younger daughter, people were not slow in making remarks in no way complimentary either to May or her husband. Mr. Godville, it appeared, doubted the validity of the will from the first, and once having his suspicions aroused he determined to probe the matter. He took possession of the deceased gentleman's room and papers, in the face of all Slighe's opposition; and it was noticeable that Slighe did not appeal for the protection of the law, which confirmed suspicion that he did not feel secure in his position. In the course of his searches in Mr. Howard's room, among his papers, and under the carpets—for he left nothing unexamined—Mr Godville found sufficient to confirm his first impression of Slighe's character, and on information furnished by him the authorities were induced to arrest the intriguing villain on suspicion of forgery and murder.

I had listened to my friend with absorbed attention, and it was several minutes after she had ceased speaking before I found my voice; then made inquiries about when the trial was expected, and learned that it was to come off within the week. Both Mrs. Gilbert and myself attended the trial; to give anything like a detailed account of it would spin my little story out interminably. Suffice it to say, that after a lengthened trial a story of the cruelest description was elicited from the atoms, collected at various periods, of evidence against the prisoner; the will was proved a forgery; the true will was discovered, the murder of Mr. Howard by his son-in-law Slighe was proved, and the miserable villain expiated his crimes upon the scaffold.

Edith proved the genuineness of her true and tender heart, by offering her sister and her infant an asylum in her home; and has never by word or act reproached her for the many shameless artifices to which she resorted to blast her peace and happiness; but with every kindness and gentleness tries to make her forget that her evil efforts have redounded upon her own head.

A CHILD'S GARDEN.

SEEK in the hill, and seek in the vale
 For foxglove, and broom, and heather;
Seek in the woods for the primrose pale,
Seek for the hyacinths, dim and frail,
 And plant them all close together.
Flowers that are bold, and flowers that are shy;
The drooping bell, and the starry eye
 That looks bright in the cloudiest weather,
And fling in all seeds that twine and that trail,
 To bind them safe together;
Then plant the sunflower and lily tall,
 Tulip and crown-imperial;
With a blossomed rose for the heart of June
 Set in the midst of all, and say
A charm to make them come up as soon
As the mustard and cress that were sown last May
 And be all in bloom together!
Emblem of youth's warm heart, thick sown
 With blooms that need fear no weather;
With winged dreams, and hopes half-blown,
With flowers that love to bloom alone,
 And flowers that bloom together!

TOWN GOSSIP.

WHAT a multiplicity of subjects a great city presents to gossip about, and yet how few. Many when considering them merely as subjects of gossip, but few when the industry of those daily pickers-up of unconsidered trifles are taken into estimation. If we could but put the reporters out of existence what a spicy column might we make; what delicate bits of scandal; what thrilling accidents and adventures; what surmises, hints and sarcasms on passing events; what elegant *feuilletons* of the day, could we offer as a weekly repast. But as the case now stands, even though we may be possessed of some special information which we know the public would delight in devouring, before we could lay it before them with only our weekly facilities the *Daily Blunderer*, or the *Milk and Water Gazette*, with a full corps of wide awake reporters, and a capacity of serving up a daily dish for all appetites, has seized the morsel and handed it over the next morning as a breakfast relish for a hundred thousand readers. We make no complaint of this, it being part of the natural order of things, but it simply places the weekly gossipper in the position of the young lady, who having studied up severely on some new and popular song in the hope of being able to sing it at a party, to which she has been invited, finds to her horror and consternation, on the evening of the festival, that the young lady who is asked to sing just before her gets off the identical song, perhaps just a little better than she could do it. With this premise we will go on and discuss our gathered ideas.

As a matter of little consequence to those of rural localities, but of great to New Yorkers, and to show that we are but human, we shall discuss the subject of coal ashes; upon which subject for the last week or two nearly a million of people have been agitated. It shows how small a thing may throw a great community off its base, when we relate that this agitation was caused simply by the non-removal of the *debris* of our stoves and grates, and its accumulation for a period of about 15 days in back yards and cellars, on sidewalks and in areas, because there was a difficulty between the men upon whom we are dependent for its removal and somebody else, by which the men did not get their pay, and consequently refused their labor. The story is this. A certain set of taxpayers, terming themselves "The Citizens Association," believed that the half million annually taken from the city treasury for cleaning the streets went about one-half into the pockets of the officials—which without doubt it does—sought to remedy it, and find out where the fraud was by getting an injunction preventing the payment of any more money. In doing this they perhaps put the officials to little trouble, but succeeded in shutting off some thousands of poor street cleaners from receiving the pittance due them, and urgently needed. The result has been that for the last week these sweepers and carters had been on the verge of a riot, meeting daily in the City Hall Park, and marching through the streets in mad and melancholy procession, or swearing doughty oaths under the windows of the Mayor's office or the courts until one day the mover of the injunction, Mr. John Hecker, better known as Hecker's Self-Raising Flour—for which puff we charge him nothing—had the temerity to venture, single-handed into the Park, and was in an instant set upon by a thousand infuriated Irishmen; and a run for life with a broken head, a siege of the court-room, and a drawn battle between Paddy and the police, was the consequence. In due time, however, the injunction was dissolved, the men were paid, the ashes are in a fair way of removal, and all promises to go merry as a marriage bell, except Mr. Hecker's head which must naturally go the other way, but which he must set down to the account of his being a reformer, who always have been martyrs ever since the world began.

Among the moves now before the Legislature at Albany, and likely to be carried this session are, firstly, an underground railway through Broadway, the entire length; and secondly, a paid Fire Department. The first has been in agitation for some years, but not in a way of approaching a consummation until this winter. The fact of a subterranean railway is no longer to be doubted. It has been successfully done in London, and can be done here, and it is the only way in which it can be done on Broadway. It is to be hoped that if the company gets its bill passed, they will make a proviso in it for the abolition of omnibuses, for the reason, that if an underground railway is brought into competition with the "bus," the latter will surely be the winner, a large majority of the passengers preferring to stay above ground, where they could see the street sights, than glide ever so much more swiftly and cheaply below.

And now for the paid Fire Department, which is also a thing that has been under discussion for years, but which has, by the political strength of the fire laddies, been staved off till now. It is one of those moves which even those who oppose it know to be good. The firemen always oppose, tooth and nail, any alteration or improvement in the department, and yet when improvements are introduced accept them vigorously. Thus it was with steam fire engines, the first offer to introduce them having almost created a rupture in the department. They were received with derision and scorn, and prediction made that a few months would see their utter failure, but a few months found those who had been strongest in opposition petitioners to the Common Council that their old hand engines might be changed for steamers. And thus it will be with the new move that shall turn out the present system and give us something more approaching to the London Fire Brigade, who do not lose as much by fire in one year as the New York Department does in a month.

Among the odd exposés of the week is that of the Collectors of Internal Revenue, letting us into the secret of how much our rich men are worth. In the 8th district, which takes in a goodly part of 5th avenue, Madison square and like aristocratic localities, and a comfortable lot of the upper ten, the return foots up wonderfully. Only to think of Stewart, the drygoods man, owning up to an income of $1,843,637 per annum, and paying the Government a tax upon it of $92,181, while incomes rising $200,000 are plenty, and those of $100,000 and over as thick as blackberries. The lowest income noticed in that district runs over $20,000 per annum, and though only three Wards, the 18th, 20th and 21st, have paid as its war tax $2,196,582. In the 6th District the highest income assessed is that of Mr. William B. Astor, who is put down at $838,525 per annum. Heretofore Mr. Astor has always been quoted the richest man in America, but if this exposition be true, he cannot hold a candle to A. T. Stewart, the drygoods man. We fear this income tax publication will make some sore heartburning among the shoddies.

Speaking of rich men reminds us that the United States Senate, on Tuesday last, appropriated $3,000 to get up a gold medal for Commodore Vanderbilt, in acknowledgment of patriotic services. We presume this is to pay for the steamer he presented, and for those he bought for Government without charging brokerage.

Our Amusements.

What shall we say about the theatres when there is really nothing to say? No novelty has been produced within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, and yet when we stroll into the various houses we find them always full, sometimes uncomfortably so.

The only thing for weeks in the way of novelty is the Irish drama of "The Shamrock" at Niblo's, and though we have sworn perpetual enmity to that style of Irish drama, yet in self-defence we are obliged to say something about it, therefore will we acquit our conscience by giving its plot and so letting it go.

There is, in the first place, a small family by the name of O'Hara living upon the estate of Sir Richard Mountjoy in the far-famed county of Galway, and who are deeply in debt to the said landlord. The said landlord has a son, Ernest Mountjoy, who ruins Eveleen O'Hara, and afterwards speaks of her slightingly, in which he is overheard by her brother Charlie, who straightway gives him a thrashing which is supposed at the time to have killed him. He is carried unconscious to O'Hara's house, and Sir Richard attempts the arrest of Charlie, but is frustrated by one Pat Molloy, who conceals him in the Fairy Dell. To this same place comes Eveleen, with her child, for concealment lest her father shall discover her shame. There also comes Lord Calfton, an English nobleman, attracted by the sound of her voice singing to the baby, and flying from whom, Eveleen leaves her youngster to the cold charities of the rocks. At this moment Eveleen's younger sister Kate, enters the dell, meets Lord Calfton, who attempts to kiss her, but is overhauled by Charlie and forcibly rebuked. The next person on the scene is Maggie McGuire, who comes to bring food for Charlie. She hears the cry of the baby, finds, and is surprised by Pat Molloy while caressing it, and accused by Pat with being its mother. A pleasant little row here arises, which is all made right by Maggie, and the two agree to adopt the child and call it Shamrock. Charlie soon makes his escape to America, and Eveleen recovers her child and is afterwards induced by Lord Calfton to go to London, where she—of course in a virtuous way—resides at his mansion in St. James's square. Here she meet Ernest Mountjoy, who comes to dine with Lord Calfton when she has been a year in London.

At this juncture Charlie returns from America to bring out his family and finds his pursuer, Sir Richard, dead, his father a lunatic, and his sister living with Calfton. Next scene in London at Calfton's, where he meets Ernest and proposes to shoot him according to the code, but before the matter can be arranged he finds out that Eveleen is about to be married to Ernest, who having become convinced that she is living with Lord Calfton all in a virtuous way, still loves her and makes a square offer, which naturally winds up the whole thing according to Gunter, under which circumstances we really cannot say anything more in a dramatic way this week.



THE PRISON PEN AT MILLEN, GA., AS IT APPEARED PREVIOUS TO THE ARRIVAL OF GEN. SHERMAN'S ARMY.—FROM A SKETCH BY LIEUT. T. A. PRIME.

IN MEMORIAM.

[Lieut. John S. Hyer, of Utica, had served with distinction, for nearly three years, in the United States Artillery, and had passed through many battles unharmed. On the night of May 20th, while engaged in transporting the battery under his command from Memphis Landing to the White River, he was fatally wounded in the stomach, and was drowned. His remains were afterwards recovered, and were interred in his native city.—Ed.]

We wrapped him in the flag he loved,
The flag he died to save,
And gave him to his peaceful rest,
The chamber of the grave;
And tears, from eyes unused to weep,
Upon the bier were shed,
Where fallen in his martial shroud,
Lay the young hero dead.

On fields of honor oft he stood
Amid the battle's din,
And fought as only heroes fight,
A nation's pride to win—
As patriots fight, with heart and hand,
Who hold a sacred trust,
To keep that country's heathenish bright,
Her banner from the dust.

But oh, he died not in the van,
As soldiers love to die!
The cannon's breath upon his brow,
Their smoke his canopy—
With the glad sounds of victory
The last he saw in life,
A vision of the starry flag,
His dying eye to cheer;

But in the darkness, on his soul
The final order fell,
From that fatal captain over all,
Who "ordereth all things well."
"No more through blood, and storm, and fire,
Thy way, my son, shall be,
But through the surging waves," he said,
"Arise and follow me."

And oh, in faith, believe that He
Who o'er the waters trod
Is still the same Almighty friend,
The same Omniscient God,
That in the heroic mortal stirs,
With high and holy thought,
The love of country, and of peace,
The loving voice of Galilee
Spoke all the storm to peace;

That though alone in solemn might,
Your darling sank to doom,
And received eternal glory's gate
By path of silent gloom,
His seraph soldier, taking him
Upon the farther shore,
Folded the soldier in her arms,
His toils for ever o'er.

Long shall his memory live to be
By loving hearts cherished,
And long his tomb with freshest flowers
By loving hands be twined;
Long shall his valiant deeds be told,
By loving lips be told,
His name on glory's deathless page
In triumph be enrolled.

ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "ELEANOR'S VICTORY," "ASPHODEL," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—THE END OF THE WORLD.

THE sun was low when Francis Tredethlyn left the Crown Inn, and walked slowly up the village street. The sun was burning, and only a cool grey glory flickered here and there upon the quaint old casements. The young man walked slowly, looking about him with a half doubtful, half bewildered gaze, like a man who sees his native village in a dream. And indeed no village in the vision of a sleeper could be more tranquil in its quiet repose than this Cornish street, steep and stony, mounting to the summit of a hill, upon whose top the great gaunt church loomed grim and gigantic, stately, like the entrance to an ogre's castle in fairyland. You climbed the steep little street; and you came to the top of a hill, and behold, there and that was all. The village ended here; and there was nothing for you to do but to go back again. It was the centre of the world, the hub, and finding a great Elizabethan door of ponderous oak and iron barred against any chaotic realm that might lie beyond our everyday earth.

There may have been occasions—indeed, the inhabitants of Landredashe would have testified to many occasions which those ponderous doors swung open on their mighty hinges; but the ignorant traveller, looking at them shut, found it difficult to realise the possibility of their ever being opened. They looked like the doors of a mausoleum which may open once in half a century to admit the embalmed dead, but can never be unclosed for any meaner purpose. Grim towers flanked the stony arch on either side, and two old rusty cannon pointed their iron noses within the shadow of the towers, ready to fire a volley down the hilly street whenever the simple folks of Landredashe should evince any sedititionary tendencies.

To the right of the great gates there was a handsome wing of solid masonry, whose Tudor windows opened upon a square courtyard, where there were more cannon, and upon a prim, old-fashioned garden, shut in by a high wall, and only visible to the wanderer through the iron rails and arabesques of a lofty gate, amidst whose scrollwork the arms of the Landredashe and Trevorbyns, the Courtenays and Polwhiles, were interlaced and entangled.

The garden wall bounded the estate of Rashleigh Vyvyan Trevaunence, Marquis of Landredashe, and beneath the shelter of that old, ivy-covered, red brick wall lay the churchyard, quiet and shadowy, dark with the dense foliage of great yew trees, thick with long tangled grass, that grew high amongst the sharing headstones. Francis Tredethlyn stopped by the low wooded gate, and leaning against the monumental pillar that supported it, looked up at the square towers which seemed like stony sentinels for ever keeping guard over the entrance to Landredashe. The light was red upon the tower window that faced the western sky, but all the other casements stared blankly and dark; and upon the arch of the great doorway, and the empty village street, in which one woman, toiling slowly upwards with a pitcher of water that slopped and trickled at intervals upon the pavement, was the only living presence.

"The great gates look just the same as they used to look," thought Francis Tredethlyn. "When I was a boy, and read fairy tales, I always fancied that the enchanted castle the wandering prince came to in the middle of a wood, or on the summit of a precipice, was like Landredashe, with its seaside standing all alone in the middle of the way, with no road to the right nor the left, so that the prince must go in and ask shelter, though he knew that harm would come of it, or else go back and lose all the trouble of his journey. How I used to feel as I read that bell when I was a lad!" thought Francis, looking at the iron ring which swung from a massive chain on one side of the archway.

"But I've no need to dawdle here," he thought, as he pushed the gate open and went into the churchyard. "It seems as if the sooner I get to the place where I am certain to hear the truth about Susan, the more I dread hearing it."

The general traveller who ought to turn away from the great gates of Landredashe to descend the hill under the impression that the scenery of Cornwall came to an abrupt conclusion on the threshold of the marquis's domain, would have been mistaken. There were other and higher lands, broad stretches of hill and meadow land beyond the churchyard, to the right of the quaint old garden and the gothic towers and casements; and it was thitherward that Francis Tredethlyn directed his steps. He crossed the churchyard, only pausing briefly before one tombstone, upon which the sunbeam shed a brilliant light. Rashleigh Lyn were cut, low down on the stone, at the bottom of a long list of Tredethlyns, who lay buried in this churchyard. The young man had been told that of the solemn precinct by a little rusty iron gate that opened on a broad expanse of common land sloping upwards to the sea, the sweeper's gift, and broken here and there by a quarry or a patch of water.

"It looks bleak and barren enough," thought Francis, with a shudder; "but it's hereabouts that my uncle Oliver picked up a spot of his money. I'm not sure that one of those pools of stone quarry in the hollow there brought him in plenty, if folks tell the truth."

Francis Tredethlyn had often been echoed the boast of Helen Macgregor had been chosen, and with stronger justification than that lady, for the earth upon which she trod not only lay over her head, but his own peculiar property, by virtue of certain yellow-looking parchments under the sign-manual of an Earl and Baroness of Landredashe, bestowed in the reign of James I., and by payment of an eccentric annual tribute in the shape of a young lamb and a hundredweight of potatoes. It was on his own, this bleak waste land which Francis Tredethlyn, like private soldier in her Majesty's service, late and early, was accustomed to see stretched under his feet. Nor was it the less to be considered for its barrenness of aspect: for rich metals lay deep beneath its hundreds of acres of unprofitable surface, and the wretched tenants of the land were amongst the oldest and most valuable in Cornwall.

But Francis Tredethlyn was in no wise elated or disturbed by the importance of his possession. He had never felt any ardent desire for wealth, and was quite content to live upon his small but solid advantages. He saw the effect of his fortune upon other men, and smiled at their weakness; and he saw the loneliness of it, and sighed at it; but his altered position was true of him now—he had no power either to realise or rejoice in the extent of his riches.

He walked slowly across the barren moorland, always upward, always mounting towards a long ridge of land, on the other side of which he knew that the light stretched low against the darkening sky—a bleak, bare-looking hill, that seemed the very last place in the world where it could be fancied that Tredethlyn Grange had been built four centuries ago, in the days when men built their houses with a view to defence—and yet stood there still, a long gray tenement of moss-grown stone, with narrow casement windows, looking dark, blind, and unpenetrable. The larger portion of the old manor had been uninhabited during the tenantship of the Tredethlyns, who, in spirit of economy, had located themselves in the inferior wing that lay at one end of the rambling mansion. It was in one of these rooms that a light now twinkled faintly, and it was towards the end of the long house that Francis Tredethlyn directed his steps. There had been a garden once before the Grange, and an old stone sundial still marked the spot; but the flower-beds were choked up and gravel paths there remained no vestige now. A field of turfed, bounded by a low stone wall, lay between two tumbledown pillars that had once supported a pair of handsome gates, and the sheep browsed close beneath the dim latticed windows.

"It seems like the end of the world to me to-night," thought Mr. Tredethlyn; "and yet once it was comfortable and homelike enough, when I ran with Susy of a night by the fire in the kitchen, while she darned the old man's gray worsted stockings. And to think that he had such oceans of money all that time, and yet seemed almost to grudge his only child every gown she wore and every bit of bread she put into her mouth."

The young man was close to the familiar threshold by this time. He knocked at a low, narrow door in the neighborhood of the one dimly-lighted window, and then drew back a few paces, looking up at the old-fashioned casements.

"There is the window of Susy's room," he thought. "How black and dark it looks to-night! I remember coming up here the night before I ran away from Landredashe to enlist. I remember standing by the low wall yonder, in the cold autumn night, looking up at that very window, and wondering if I were turning then, and I thought of how I should see it burning just the same when I came back, and how I'd throw a handful of gravel at the pane of window, and Susy would look out, startled and wondering, to find her faithful sweetheart come back to her from the end of the world. And here's this place that we know like the end of the world, somehow, and I'm every bit as far from Susy now as ever I was out yonder."

The door was open only a very little way, and a woman's face, so hard and angular that it seemed almost to cut into the dusky atmosphere, peered out at the traveller.

"What do you please to want, sir?" she asked, suspiciously.

"I want to ask you a few questions, Martha Dryscoll. I've come from the antipodes to ask them."

"Mr. Tredethlyn!" cried the woman, opening the door to its widest extent; "Mr. Francis Tredethlyn—come back to us like a ghost in the night! I make so bold as to bid you welcome, sir. Your uncle's empty chair stands ready for you. The house seems strange and lonesome without him."

It was not everybody who would have searched for a kindly welcome in the harsh voice or ominous bone with the smallest ray of cheerfulness, or brighten any fireside with so much as the faintest reflection of light. But Martha Dryscoll spoke in all good faith. She had believed in her master, and had worked for him, and pinched for him, and hid articles of food and other people's property, throughout five-and-thirty-years of the dreariest and hardest life that woman ever endured. She had starved, and slaved, and scrubbed, dying upon a high road near one of his outlying farms, and had taken her from cold labor and all its attendant pains to be his housekeeper and house-slave; and she had repaid this favor a thousandfold by a devotion that knew no weariness, and a rigid economy that extended itself to the smallest of a group of salt in the old spindle-legged leaden saltcellars.

Oliver Tredethlyn had not been actuated by any qualities so fine in this eccentric choice of a servant. He took his housekeeper from the wayside because he saw in her a slyness that would suit his own, and a face and figure, which would have been sufficiently alarming on one of King Frederick William's chosen grenadiers. He had been selected still more for the cruel answers to his art questions, in which she told him that she had walked thirty miles that day before lying down, and she believed, for one; that she had walked twenty miles the day before, and five-and-twenty the day before that; that she had contested food for the dogs and cats and horses, and that she had worked in the fields and lived upon an average of twopence a day ever since she remembered anything.

It was upon this that a bargain was struck between Oliver Tredethlyn, of Tredethlyn Grange, on the one part, and Martha Blank, Martha Anybody, of the other part, for the poor creature had no knowledge of any special surname to which she might lay claim, and had been called Carpenty Jane in one place, because her hair was red and her name was not Jane. She had been called twenty Mrs. Jones in as many places, on account of her abnormal height; but the name she had received in the Union Where her earlier years had been passed was Martha, and it was this name which she herself recognised as her legitimate appellation. She went home with Oliver Tredethlyn as one of his empty wagons, and ate her first spare meal in the Grange kitchen before nightfall; and from that hour until the old man's death she served him well and faithfully, she lived with him all the days of his bachelorhood, and resignedly united herself to his fallen when he committed the folly of marriage. Faithful remained Mr. Tredethlyn's wife when he took it into his head to bring home a small female servant from the workhouse, and she had been faithful into a marriage with a man whom she detested; and, faithful and untiring to the last, this rough, hard-handed woman had watched by the young wife's sick-bed during those dull years in which she slowly withered, and faded, from a fresh, blooming girl into a prematurely old woman, and so sank by lingering stages into an early grave, leaving behind her one only child, whose birth had been the cause of her baptism. If no softer light than such as might be shed from the grim, grenadier-like affection of Martha Dryscoll

Jonathan Dryscoll, the farm bailiff whom Oliver Tredethlyn had desired his housekeeper to marry, was twenty years younger than his wife, and was a poor and weak a creature morally and physically in her hands that he seemed at least half a century her junior. As a child he was overlooked, he said it. If she told him to think anything, he thought it, or would have done so, if the mental exercise had not been generally beyond the scope of his faculties. He was ashamed and faithful as Martha herself; but if Martha had told him to go and fire all the ricks on Oliver Tredethlyn's property, he would have done it with the blind trustfulness of a princess in a child's story-book, who obeys the eccentric behests of a fairy godmother. That Martha could do anything wrong, or think anything wrong, was an hypothesis which Jonathan her husband had never comprehended. Perhaps the pleasantest thing about this couple was that there was no discreasable evidence of Martha's authority. Indeed, that worthy woman was most punctilious in respect to her liege lord and husband, whom she always spoke of as "the master." Jonathan obeyed and trembled, but the secret which his wife wielded was an invisible one, and the chains that bound her slave were as imperishable as if they had been fashioned of cobwebs.

Martha Dryscoll was not ashamed on the her capacity of expressing any species of emotion; but some faint ray of pleasure kindled in her grim face as she considered Francis Tredethlyn through the lattice of an apartment that had served as a kind of state chamber for three generations of his race. She set the candle on the polished mahogany table, and, folding her arms, contemplated the new master of the Grange at her leisure. In that dim light, in her quaint, scanty dress, with a brown background of oaken panel behind her, she looked like a homely figure in one of Jan Steen's pictures, a hard-faced, angular housewife, honest, laborious and economical, with her arm perpendicular upon to the leaking of beer-barrels or the baling over of soap-bubbles, her eye ever on the alert to perceive waste or extravagance.

"I wish you welcome, Mr. Tredethlyn," she said; and then, with something like sadness in her tone: "If the master was to go away from here, better that it should go to you than to strangers. I don't think you'll turn your back upon her if she was to need your help, would you, now, Mr. Francis?"

"Turn my back upon her!" cried the young man. "I turn my back upon my cousin Susan! Do you think that I want the money that ought to have been hers? With Gods blessing, I will go the end of the world to find her and bring her back. But tell me—tell me all about it, Martha. I know you are a good creature. I know you were fond of Susan, though you seemed hard with her during the old man. Tell me all you know about my lost cousin, and don't fear but I'll make good use of my knowledge."

"It isn't much I have to tell, sir," answered the housekeeper, very gravely. "You remember old Mr. Restwick, of Cornhill, sir? He was a friend to the master almost as rich as our master was. However it is, he and master was always fast friends; and when Mrs. Restwick died, and her little one was only a month, he and master seemed to get friendlier than ever, and was always having their heads together about something or other, and talking about this place, and sitting in our kitchen and in the very room—for master made quite a free with the old man—and would sit in the parlor on his account—all the summer time. Miss Susan used to like the old man, but she durstn't say as much, seeing as he was her father's friend. Restwick looks down upon me knows, Mr. Francis, that the real reason of old Restwick pottering about our premises was to get a chance of seeing my friend, no more than if it had been so much Greek or Latin. But one night, one quiet summer evening, after such a long spell of fine weather as could set at once, and it came upon Susan Tredethlyn, as it came upon me—like a thunderbolt. Can you guess what it was, Mr. Francis?"

"No!" exclaimed the young man, staring at Martha Dryscoll with a bewildered expression on his face.

"Nor any one else, Mr. Francis, that wasn't so wrapped up in the love of his money that the very heart inside him had turned to stuff as hard as the golden guineas, or harder; for there's some kind of harness as will melt them, isn't there, Mr. Francis? It's the night I am telling you of, my master told Susan the meaning of old Restwick's visits. She was to marry him, poor, pretty young thing. He'd promise to make over all and each settlements to Susan, master called 'em, and she'd be mistress of Fen Gorbold farm, and one of the richest women in this part of the country. The poor dear never opened her eyes, Mr. Francis, and fell down upon the floor at her father's feet as white and as quiet as a corpse."

"Oh! what villains!" cried Francis, pacing up and down the room. "The infernal villains!"

She didn't lie there long; she wasn't let to do that. Mr. Tredethlyn lifted her up by the arm, and set her on her feet, fierce and savage-like; and when she opened her eyes, and looked about her, all stupified and bewildered, he began to talk to her. It was cruel talk to hear from a father to his daughter, and cruel right he was to be angry and shaving, and only held from falling by his hard hand clenched upon her arm. I tried to interfere myself, Mr. Francis, but your master let his daughter drop into a chair, and pushed me out of the room. Me and Jonathan was sleeping in the loft over the stables then, and Miss Tredethlyn took me by the shoulders, and put me out of the door that opens from the kitchen into the yard at the back. I heard her lock and bolt it against me, and I knew I could be no help or comfort to that poor child all night. The door's thick, and I knew master was strong and savage when now and then, like as if they had been blown towards me on the winds, and her father's voice speaking to her in a way that I listened till all seemed quiet, and I was in hopes his heart was softened towards her. But when I got up at four o'clock next morning—for I always knew that was the very busy—Susan Tredethlyn's room was empty, and the front door was unlocked and unbolted. She's run away, Mr. Francis; she'd left her own home time in the night, and run away. There was a little scrap of a shawl she used to wear hanging to the latch of the door. That was bad news for me to tell my master, Mr. Francis, but I had to tell it. He turned white, and glared at me for a minute just like a wild beast, and there was a choking, gurgling kind of noise in his throat as if he was as quiet after that one minute as if he'd been made of iron. So much the better

Mrs. Drysc oll," he said; "an undutiful daughter isn't worth the mead she'll have."

"But he went after her," said Francis, "surely he made some attempt to bring her back? He didn't let a poor ignorant girl go out into the world without a friend—without a sixpence?"

"She had a little money, Mr. Francis. Her father had given her a sovereign on her birthday every year for the last ten years, making her promise to save the money. She had saved the money, for she had not the heart to spend it, poor child; at the stock that money with her, for when I looked about her room, I missed the little box she used to keep it in, and I'm sure sorry for her. Mr. Tredethlyn never stirred hand or foot to do it, though I went on my bended knees to him, begging and praying for a sovereign or two for me. So to me, Mr. Francis, I'm but a poor ignorant country-woman, that never learned to read and write till I was grown up, but I'm sure that I got my husband to go to Falmouth with an advertisement for the county paper, saying as 'S. T. was to remember my child's true friend in M. D., and was to be sure and write to her whenever she wanted help. I daresn't say more, sir, and I think when master saw that advertisement he knew that it meant, for he glared at me across the paper, just as he glared at me when I told him his daughter was gone."

"And he never relented—he never softened towards that poor unhappy girl?"

For three years and more I never mentioned her name. Night after night he'd sit and write, and make out his accounts, and calculate his profits, and rub his hands, and talk to me fast enough about the business of the farm; but he never spoke his daughter's name. One day he got a letter, directed in her hand. I took it from the postman at Landredale myself, one afternoon when I was down there marketing, and I wrote down the paper and the letter, but that was all I ever knew of the letter. When my master saw the hand, he came over all of a tremble like, and there was something in the sight of that poor stern old man trembling and shivering like as if he'd been stricken with the palsy, but he got over it in a minute, and read the letter, me standing by him all the time. If his face had been stone it couldn't have told less. He crumpled up the letter and put it in his pocket, for the three months he never spoke of that, nor of his daughter. Yet I knew somehow that he thought of her, for a kind of change came over him, and he seemed always brooding, brooding, brooding; and he'd start up all of a sudden when we was all sitting of a night quiet in the parlour—just as if he'd say as if he was going right away, and then heave a long sigh and sit down again. But he never said anything about what was in his thoughts, till one morning I came to him, and said very quietly, 'Pack me some clothes in a carpet-bag, Mrs. Drysc oll. I'm going to London, to look for my daughter.' My husband and him went to the town on Landredale, to catch the Falmouth coach, but our master never came back. The next news as we heard of him, Mr. Francis, came to us a fortnight after he'd left. It was a letter from the lawyers to say as Mr. Oliver Tredethlyn was dead."

"And is that all?"

"Yes, Mr. Francis, I can tell you no more. My master was a good master to me, and I grieved him dutifully when I went to leave his service. But things have all seemed to come before me in a new light since that night when I saw Susan Tredethlyn's face white and cold in her father's arms, and him without pity for her. It seems as if I'd been stone blind up to that time, Mr. Francis; my eyes was opened all of a sudden, and I see that we'd been all wicked heathens, making an idol out of money that had never brought happiness or comfort to us, and never can, least of all to ourselves. I saw it all at once that night, Mr. Francis, and I knew that our lives had been wrong somehow."

Martha Drycoll spoke very earnestly. She was a good woman, after her own manner, eager to do her duty to her neighbor, and yet for many years, faithful and affectionate. A noble heart beat in that greasible-like form, a gentle spirit looked out of those dull eyes. She was told the story of her young mistress's flight with a sorrowful solemnity, undisturbed by tears. Perhaps her hard childhood, her long years of toiling, her joyless life had dried up the source of that tender womanly emotion—for Martha Drycoll had never been seen to shed a tear, even when she had a terrible cold in the head, and had pocketed a grim-looking workbox, and took from it a little pocketbook, out of which she tore a leaf.

"There's the name of the lawyer on the paper, Mr. Francis," she said, handing the paper to Mr. Tredethlyn.

The young man read the word Coltonslough.

"Coltonslough," he repeated, "I never heard of a place of that name. But I'll find it, if it's the most obscure spot on the earth. Good-bye, Martha Drycoff, for I hohope you're a good woman."

He laid out his hand, and grasped the housekeeper's bony fingers as he spoke.

"We've been a waiting—me and the mare—for orders from you this hour and more, sir, but as we're ready to serve you faithful, if you want our service; but we're ready to leave the old place, if we're not going on upon you. You'll be coming to settle here, maybe?"

"No," answered Francis Tredethlyn, with something of a sigh, "I'll leave it to my cousin Russel here, who thought to find her, I should have been glad enough to settle somewhere in these parts. As it is, I shortly purchase a commission in the army, and see the heartache, and I doubt if I shall ever come near it again. Whatever wages you and your husband had in my uncle's time shall be doubled from to-night, Mrs. Drycoll; and if my cousin Susan is still alive, and should ever find her way back to this place, I should like her to see a light burning in the old window, and to find a faithful friend ready to bid her welcome home."

Francis Tredethlyn did not linger very long in the house where a great part of his boyhood had been spent. Martha's abundance in provisions, resulting very strongly of perfumes and stable, and the two would fain have given Mr. Tredethlyn a detailed account of their stewardship; but the young man had no heart to listen to them. What did it matter to him that he was the poorer by the death of an Alderney cow on the pasture farm down in the valley, or the failure by a crop of barley-shearing season on the hill? He came home to find no creature of his life on him. He stood as a stranger in the house where Eve was born, and created to hear him company; and he felt very lonely and desolate in spite of his thirty thousand a year.

He walked back to Landredale across the bleak moorland under the still summer night. Away in the distance the dim lights of Coltonslough seemed melting imperceptibly into purple sky; and vague and dim as that shadowy distance seemed to the mistress of the Grange. Eve was there, she slept at the Crown, and left Landredale early the next morning by the Falmouth coach, journeying London-ward; but of her own means abandoned his search for Susan Tredethlyn.

CHAPTER VII.—MADE HILLARY'S ADDRESS.

From the bleak moorland on the Cornish hills, where no tree can flourish, and where the sweeping breadth of the autumn winds makes a music of its own, and makes the quick sheep walk again as they look occasward, from the hilly district beyond Landredale, the richest and the poorest in the world, and is at any rate the finishing-point of this British Isle, to the valley of the Thames, the shepherd and shepherdess must travel over the broad heights about the Star and Garter is about as great a change of scene as all England can afford. It is like the transition from the wild grandeur of some which has done duty for the blasted heath near Forres, whereon Macbeth met the witches, to the fine days when Mr. Charles Kean played the ambitious Thane, to reveal a glimpse of fairyland fresh from the pencil of Mr. Beverley, with distant castles overlooking the valleys of the country, the verdant valleys, and forest trees reflected in the calm bosom of a lake.

Mr. Hillary was living in a sheltered bend of the river, near to Isleworth than to Twickenham, a spot where the trees grew thicker and the shadows fell darker as the river flowed on. Here the scenery was less often heard than higher up the river. Mr. Hillary's house and Mr. Hillary's garden seemed to belong to the river, and to the broad verdant nook along the river bank. It was called the Cedars, and it was a very old place, as any house so called must be, and it was full of cedars by virtue of the great trees whose spreading branches made patches of dense shadow on the lawn; and also by virtue of the cedar-pencils, who christens his shelterless houses indifferently after the noblest trees of the forest. The house was an old-fashioned mansion, long and low and irregular; and there was a kind of window devoted for the admission of the light of heaven, and there was a species of cobbled devised by ingenious workmen for the exhibition of daylight when it become obnoxious, which did not adorn and diversify the glowing crimson of the façade, and which was known as bow-windows. Broad windows of violet-stained glass, tiny diamond-paned casements and noble jutting-out bays, "oriel" in architectural phraseology, with their dais; striped linen blinds of crimson and white, and Venetian shutters of dazzling green; windows looking into conservatories, and windows looking into aviaries—all combined to bewilder the eye of the stranger who stood upon the lawn by the river looking up at the cedar-shaded house.

Perhaps there never had been anywhere else so many flowers, and birds, and goldfish, and pet dogs collected together in one spot as in the old half acree. Banks of parti-colored blossoms blazed in the sunshine of the lawn, fir shone like blue lightning in the gentle air, and the sun shone on a cap day; marble busts of insipid water, and airy trickling fountains twinkled and glittered in the grey distance. A fragile aviary of delicate ironwork, overlaying with jessamine and clematis, honeysuckle and myrtle blossom, led away to flowery nooks and shady terrace in the grove; and what with the perfume of a million flowers, the gurgling of blackbirds and thrushes, the sounding of fairy harps, the soft murmur of a grove of canaries, the cooing of tropical lovebirds, the screaming of parroquets and the barking of pet-lap-dogs carefully kept, the stranger who suddenly let loose in Mr. Hillary's riverside Eden, was apt to yield himself up for the moment to a state of confusion and bewilderment.

The place was in itself bewildering enough for the ordinary mind; without Miss Hillary—without Miss Hillary! But when Miss Hillary appeared, standing out of a drawing-room window with diamonds dragons of white and blue fluttering and spreading round her, and with all manner of yellow gold, and purple enamel absurdities dangling at her wrists and depending from the embroidered breast of her cambric pinafore, then the stranger who was not provided with forty thousand a year and a coronet, the which to lay at the feet of the adorable young creature who weakest of fools if he did not take to his boots, there and then, and fly from the Cedars, never to return thither, but to wander about Middlesex and Kent. If, looking at Maude Hillary, and knowing that he could never hope to win her for his own, he did not straightway flee from that dowery paradise beside the sunlit river, all after agonies endured by his luckless heart were only the natural consequence of his unmanly pusillanimity, but, unhappily, there are so many mad men in the world. Hounbury and Baden-Baden are dangerous places, but there are crowds of dolorful creatures who will haunt the dazzling halls of the Kursaal, and the elegant saloons of M. Benazet, so long as the fatal wheel revolves and the croupier cries:

"Make your game, gentlemen, the game is made."

What can be a more absurd spectacle than a big blundering noodle whistling and fluttering about the flame of a candle? Yet the incarnation of moth A will not be accepted as a warning by moth B, though he may be a witness of the exercise. Younger men, and fairer features, coming a fluctuating income by the exercise of their talents in light literature; artists; curates, with hopes of rich preferment, come and saw, and were conquered. The man who, being a bachelor and under thirty years of age, beheld Maude Hillary and was not in love with her, was made of stercor stuff than the rest of his race, and must have had in him the material for a Cromwell or a Napoleon. Maude Hillary was a perfectly incorruptible, libless creature, intended to hold iron sway over his fellow-men; and had no business in the paradise between Isleworth and Twickenham.

Shall I describe Maude Hillary as she sate across the lawn on the morning I'm sure she would say, as applied to this young lady's movements, advisedly, for there was a swimming, undulating motion in her walk, which was apt to remind one of a lovely white-sailed yacht gliding far out across an expanse of serene blue water on a summer's day. "Shall I describe her? No; if I do, stern critics will tell me that she is a very commonplace young person after all, when it is only by description of the most commonplace. Her complexion was specially fair and bright; but it was not because of her fair skin that she was beautiful. Her features were delicate and harmonious, but those who admired her most could scarcely have told you whether her nose was Grecian or Roman, or whether the Bourbon type—whether her forehead was low or high, her chin round or pointed. She was bewitching, rather than beautiful. Men of people saw her, and in spite of purely technical grounds, a thousand lovely English women might have disputed the prize with her, and would not. I think Paris would have wished to give her the apple, if only for the pleasure of seeing her bright face light up into one of her sunny smiles, or of her tuneful voice, though in strict justice he might feel himself obliged to bestow the fruit elsewhere. Miss Hillary was a favorite with people saw her, and fell in love with her, and bowed themselves down at her feet, long before they had time to find out that she was also a most beautiful artist.

She came winking in about amongst the flowerbeds now, and bobsok herself towards an open French window in the basement of the house, a temple of slender marble columns, entwined with ivy and beautiful ephemeral parasites, whose blossoms were remarkable for color rather than fragrance. Two gentlemen, who were disporting themselves with lawn billiards, deserted that amusement and advanced to meet the goddess. They were slowly enough, because they held it vulgar to be in a hurry, and they were very young, very much dressed, and very much encumbered with ornaments of this earth; but they were over head and ears in love with Miss Hillary notwithstanding.

One of the gentlemen was Lionel Hillary. He had for her constant associates from four to half a dozen pet dogs, and Miss Julia Desmond, her friend and companion, who was by no means the despised companion so popular in three-volume novels. She was a very dignified young lady, very handsome, very much colored in eye so many different strikes. She was one of the Desmonds of Castle Desmond, near Limerick, and there was something about her family in say nothing of one extinct earldom, forfeited by reason of high treason on the part of its possessor, the attainder of which, after the fact, had been the lifelong dream of Patrick Macmanara Ryan O'Brien Desmond, until death let fall a curtain over the unfinished page of delusions which had survived unchanged and changeless to the last in the eternal boyhood of an Irishman's nature.

Julia was a very dignified young lady, and had a fine Irish brogue, and a Parisian accent, which whence she had returned to the south of Ireland, to find the impress of decay upon every object around her. The grand old mansion of the Desmonds, the cottages in the lane below the castle boundary to the shattered figure of the brave old colonel, who had fought under the banner of his father's dethroned, to which Lionel Hillary, his oldest friend and largest creditor, was summoned by an impassioned letter from the old colonel. To Mr. Hillary the old man confided his penniless daughter. He had nothing to leave her but a set of old-fashioned ornaments which had belonged to her mother, and to which he fondly alluded as the "family jocks" he had nothing to leave her but the title and the tumpery; and he would have given upon all the money lent him by his friend, had he ever lived to return the principal. Mr. Hillary was under a kind of obligation to him. However it was, the London merchant promised to be a friend and protector to Julia Desmond, and when she was the colonel's funeral was over carried her back to London with him, and established her in his own house, as the companion of his daughter. A young lady more or less was of little consequence in such an establishment as the Cedars, so the merchant thought when he made the offer; but Miss Desmond, and Maude Hillary was delighted to have a friend who was fo be her perpetual companion; a friend and companion who was prepared for the third in that delicious glee. The two girls drove together, and walked together, and rode together; and played duets on one piano and on two pianos, or a harp and piano; and went out together to make waterecker sketches of their favorite nooks in the river, with very blue water and very green willows, and a man in a scarlet jacket lazily pushing a ferryboat away from the shore, and a Newfoundland dog, very black and white and spotty, lying on the bank.

NEW BOOKS.

The Atlantic Monthly. This periodical still holds on its course of its old American monthly publications, and we question if not English ones also. The articles contained in every number are by the most eminent authors of the day—Agassiz, Holmes, Longfellow, Whittier, Mrs. Stowe, Bayard Taylor, etc. The February number has a spicy paper by Louis M. Goldsmith, "Doctor of a Pianist;" "Dr. John," necessarily, by H. Marvel (Donald Mitchell), and a second "Chimney Corner," by Mr. Stowe.

A Tribute to Thomas Starr King. Tichnor & Fields. A tasteful and discriminating eulogy of this already celebrated clergyman, who, dying at forty, had already achieved a fame which any octogenarian might desire. His quiet and unobtrusive life from its commencement in this city through its beneficent career in its early grave in San Francisco. King's was one of those sinless lives seemingly made for the purpose of its close and perfume the age in which they live; and his character has been delineated by Mrs. Fostringham, the widow of the author in question. The typography and binding of the volume are what are to be expected from Messrs. Tichnor & Fields.

The American News Company, 121 Nassau street, have brought out a very neat and cheap reprint of the great work on the resources of the great West. It is a compilation of the most remarkable trial, and cannot fail to be in the hands of all who take an interest in politics, saying nothing of the millions who like to know all the exact ideal of our prominent citizens. Without giving any opinion concerning the merits of Senator Douglas, we can say that every page contains most startling developments. It also lets the spectators behind the scenes, and they get a pretty good idea of how the city is governed, and where the money goes to.

The Musical Heat. J.W. Fortune, 122 Centre street, New York. This is the largest single volume of music we have seen, and is at once the best and the cheapest publication of the kind we have numbers. As the articles are no doubt aware, the *Musical Heat* is a monthly publication. The present volume contains over fifty pieces of music, original and selected, choice and popular, sentiment and taste, forming a complete though limited musical library. The pieces are comprehensive and select. It also contains many original articles, by the publisher for the first time. One great merit in this collection is, that it is within the capacities. We recently purchased for a Gottschalk or the purest type in the divine art, for a piece of no earthly use to us, and we may add that to purchase separately the pieces in this book in the $3 50 volume would cost no less than forty dollars. The work is beautifully printed on excellently fine paper, far superior to that of ordinary sheet music, and the manner in which it is bound makes it most desirable for convenient. In a word, in the words of Mr. Perkins's high reputation as a publisher, and cannot fail to command a large sale. We must not forget that it is embellished with a splendid portrait of Carl Formes, the celebrated German basso.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

KING JAMES, once listening to a Presbyterian preacher who was thundering fearfully against him and his policy, cried out:

"I say I have some down, man, or else speak more."

"I tell thee, C ling!" was the reply, "I will not some down, neither will I speak sense."

REGENTRY while the Americans at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, were anxiously looking out for news from the United States, a large slipper arrived from Sandwich Islands, and a Yankee landed. He was then the only reply of the captain was:

"That there's nobody at war in the United States, but he didn't learn the particulars."

The Salem *Gazette* tells the following goose story:

"A young spring goose was exhibited in Salem market by a boy yesterday, which weighed, Mr. Tuesday, weighing 14 pounds! This was one of four, hatched by an old goose 79 years old! The average weight of the four was 18 pounds."

A LADY, once favored with fortune than education, a scribe which she lately gave, desired her daughter to play "the fashionable new melody she got from Covent Garden." The girl sat down to it and it was very catching.

At another scene occurred lately at an Australian theatre, in a representation of Hamlet. By a preconcerted arrangement the actors changed their clothed places with the ghost—the ghost receiving Hamlet's dresses the spirit of his murdered father. When the ghost appeared on the stage and the latter told his tale of woe, the tragedy upon which Hamlet was standing up and down, and at the ghost threw the dresses the footlights with the word "Adieu!" on his lips, while the ghost replied "Adieu, adieu!" to the calling, "I am from the gone of the excited and amused audience. The joke was complete because the manager forgot to inform the was not made aware of the change in the position of the actors.

RIGHTS OF AMERICANS.—A wag has made the following summary of what he calls the inalienable rights of Americans, and which are enumerated in the Declaration of Independence:

To marry without regard to fortune, state of health, condition, or opinion of parents.

To enter into any business without apprenticeship or experience.

To travel without regard to fortune, state of health, condition, or opinion of parents.

To be elected to any office dependent on contingencies of business, and in case of sudden death to leave no widow to mourn his loss.

To teach our children a good trade, hoping they will not have whereon to sup, sit enough to make the industry of other people.

To receive pity and sympathy when made bankrupt by reckless speculation.

To claim the Government if possible.

To hold offices without being competent to discharge the duties.

To build houses with nine and six inch walls, go to the funeral of a male, firemen and others killed by the fall, weeping over the "mysterious dispensation of Providence."

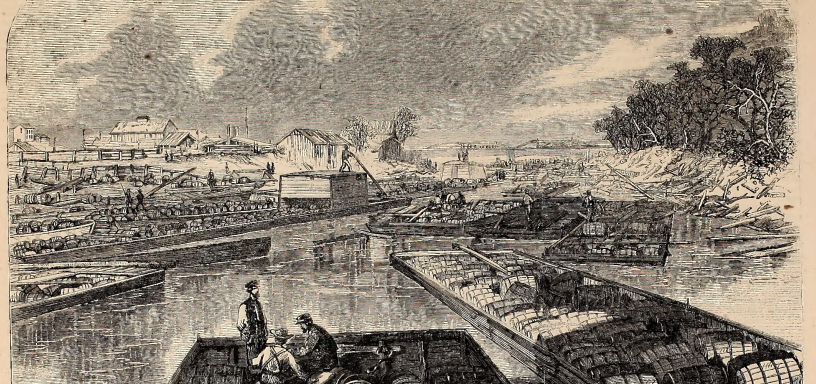
To build car cattles and towns without any parks, public squares or places of recreation and salubrity, and all pestilence a visitation of God.

An Irish hackman, who carried Gen. Grant to his hotel in New York, agreed himself as follows:

"Sure, myself, Dennis Connolly, the biggest man in America by the size of his body, is driving Gineral Ulysses Grant, and it's more than Bobby Lee ever did."

CLARK'S PHOTOGRAPHIC GALLERY.—Some of the finest specimens of the photographic art in New York are to be found at Clark's Gallery, 644 Broadway, corner of Bleecker street. His portraits of those in the dramatic profession are especially excellent, more particularly those of De Waldon, Mrs. John Wood and Miss Bateman. Mr. Clark is very happy in the case of his sitters, showing great skill in selecting the most favorable point of view, for all know that very few looks best in some peculiar aspect. We advise all who desire to obtain good likenesses of themselves and friends to pay a visit to Mr. Clark.

SCENES IN THE OIL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA.—From Sketches by our Special Artist, F. H. Schell.



VIEW OF THE MOUTH OF OIL CREEK.—ACCUMULATION OF OIL BARGES BOUND FOR PITTSBURG

SCENES IN THE OIL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Accumulation of Boats at Mouth of Oil Creek.

THE scene depicted usually occurs after a "pond freshet," in artificial size of the waters of Oil Creek, produced by an outflow of the "dams" erected for the purpose, some distance above the principal oil-producing territory. These artificial freshets are a necessity, as during dry seasons the depth of water is insufficient to float the loaded barges over the flats and shoals. The scene during the passage of the boats is described as novel and exhilarating in the extreme. Hundreds of boats are driving over the rushing current, requiring the nicest management by the two "bold navigators" at the oars to prevent collisions. Serious disasters have sometimes occurred, one of which, caused by a jam of the boats at the mouth of the creek, resulted in a loss of thousands of barrels of oil, besides the destruction of the barges.

Teaming on Oil Creek.

Much has been said about the depth, richness and tenacity of the mud of Petrolia, but language cannot do the subject justice. By referring to our picture it will be seen that the tenacious of the oil region have a due appreciation of its qualities. They take to the bed of the creek at every available opportunity, which being tolerably level, hard rock and covered with a uniform depth of water, affords a good though rather damp road for heavy hauling.

Getting Barges Up Stream.

The facilities for travel down the creek are rather limited. The swarms of fortune-hunters flocking to its banks are sadly puzzled to find transportation for body or baggage. Accordingly every means of conveyance finds profitable patronage. Among others the passenger barges are somewhat popular, as the five mile current of the creek soon "puts them out of their pains," at bound down to Oil City. But the current not being sufficiently obliging to reverse its course for returning, recourse is had to horse power, two two-horse teams being hitched to the front of an empty boat, they are driven, racking and tolling on the return voyage, furnishing a decidedly novel and picturesque scene to the observer.

PROGRESS

Of the Dutch Gap Canal.

WE present this week two illustrations of the excavations at Dutch Gap, the larger of our engravings showing the explosion which was expected to dispose of the remaining barrier of earth, and open a path for the massive current of the James. This scheme, although not crowned with the precise effect intended, yet performed a useful function in disintegrating and loosening the opposing bulkhead of "sacred soil," effectually preparing a way for the river-freshet which 11 days afterwards carried off no large a part of the disturbed and (if we may so speak) demoralized barrier.

The work, in its progress since midsummer, has been fully illustrated in these pages. With unflagging courage the sappers quickly pursued their task under an irritating rebel fire, and about the close of the year prepared to pass over the balance of the work to the swift handicraft of gunpowder.

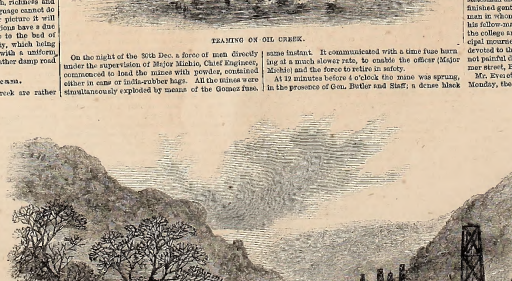
This fuse is made of a composition which burns with the unerring velocity of a mile in four seconds. The different mines being at different distances from the point of ignition, this instantaneous Gomez fuse was necessary in order to ignite the different mines at the same instant. It communicated with a time fuse burning at a much slower rate, to enable the officer (Major Michie) and the force to retire in safety.

At 12 minutes before 4 o'clock the mine was sprung, in the presence of Gen. Butler and Staff; a dense black smoke at first immediately following the upheaval o the earth, was succeeded by a ponderous cloud of white smoke, which entirely filled the Gap and concealed the result of the scheme. On rolling away it revealed the bank settled again into nearly its former position, but indented with a species of canal, into which the water ran slowly from the canal below. No connection between the canal and the river was immediately established, although, as we intimated above, the disturbance of the embankment disposed it suitably for the gradual action of the current, and lightened the subsequent labors of the gang.

We have been thus particular in detailing a novel experiment in American engineering, since the present interesting position of Gen. Butler before the public renders his attempt in an unsectionized science a matter of importance to every one.



TEAMING ON OIL CREEK.



GETTING FLATBOATS UP STREAM.

THE DEATH OF HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

AT 4 o'clock on Sunday morning, Jan. 15, 1865, America lost her principal orator, her great scholar, statesman and patriot, and one of her most beloved and finished gentlemen, in the person of Edward Everett, a man in whom love of country, love of letters and love of his fellow-man were so finely blended, that the State, the college and the public each claim the place of principal mourner at his grave. After a life most usefully devoted to these several interests, he met a sudden but not painful death by a paralytic, at his residence on Somerset street, Boston, in the 71st year of his age.

Mr. Everett addressed his friends at Faneuil Hall on Monday, the 16th, in aid of sending provisions to Savannah, and, during the afternoon of that day, was present in court in reference to a claim for damages against the city of Charlestown, for the widening a portion of his estate in Medford by constructing a dam on Mystic river. On Tuesday he commenced a severe cold, but neither his friends nor himself deemed it serious. During Saturday evening he appeared much as usual, and retired to bed without abundance. About 3 o'clock next morning his housekeeper entered the chamber, and found him sleeping naturally. An hour later she was alarmed by hearing a heavy fall in his room, and found him lying on the floor, breathing heavily. A physician was promptly summoned, but before his arrival Mr. Everett died.

We are unable to give more than a rapid outline of his career. Edward Everett was born in Dorchester, Mass., of a distinguished family, April 11, 1794. The first letter of the promising intellect was Daniel Webster, under whose auspicious guidance he was prepared for his admission to Harvard at the early age of 13. He graduated brilliantly in 1811. Selecting divinity as a profession, he studied theology for two years later, when he entered upon his duties as pastor in the Brattle street church, Boston. In 1814 he published a defence of Christianity in challenge of a famous infidel tract of the day. The chair of Greek literature at Harvard College, becoming vacant about this time, Mr. Everett received and accepted the position, but be-

fore resuming its responsibilities fortified his body and brain by a four years course of travel and study abroad. In Europe he gathered the friendship of the prominent literary people in the countries he visited, and returning home began his career of professor with magnificent enthusiasm and energy, lending a noble impulse to classical study by the fire and scholarship of his lectures.

About this time began his oratorical fame. His connection with the public press had commenced years before, with his able management of the *North American Review*. He entered Congress in 1824: was elected in 1834 Governor of Massachusetts by a large majority. In 1840, by the influence of Mr. Webster, he was appointed Minister to England, and on his return to America in 1845 he accepted the office of President at Harvard. In 1852 he entered the cabinet of Mr. Fillmore as Secretary of State, on the death of Webster, and while yet in office, he received from his native State the compliment of an election as Senator. His late career of usefulness and charity still lives in the minds of all; by his labors he realised about $90,000 for the fund towards purchasing Mount Vernon, only last year he exerted himself for the East Tennessee Relief Fund, the success of which was principally due to his spirited and intelligent aid. His last public words were uttered on last Monday week in aid of the hapless poor of Savannah, and on the succeeding Sabbath he died.



THE LATE HON. EDWARD EVERETT.

ESCAPE OF TWO UNION OFFICERS FROM A STOCKADE IN TEXAS.

Terrible Hardship.

On the 13th of November, 1864, two of our officers belonging to the land and naval services respectively escaped from Camp Groce in Texas, and arrived in New Orleans on the 8th of December, after the most incredible sufferings endured throughout a journey of 450 miles.

Lieut.-Col. Florey, of the 46th Indiana Vols., and Capt. Benjamin Loring, commanding U. S. gunboat Wave, were captured by the rebels at Calcasieu Pass, La.

Escaping together from the prison at Camp Groce, they commenced their fearful march through a hostile country, the path being through canebrakes, over marshes and across rivers and bayous. Their means of transport on the water would be sometimes a stolen boat, sometimes an extemporaneous raft supporting their clothes, while the fugitives swam and pushed behind. The almost impassible thickets of briers were either bridged or picked at and crawled through. During 20 days they waded across an overflowed country, from ankle to outstanding depth; crossing across bayous, and cautiously making their way upon the charred remains of railroad bridges near Brashear City, living on parched corn and acorns 10 days; travelling five successive nights from sunset till daybreak (sleeping but three hours within that time), in beds where beds were under the hollow of the foot, and, for the last three nights, in utmost nakedness. They were completely exhausted on arriving at New Orleans.

We are indebted for these particulars to an interesting letter from Mr. Lilienthal, the eminent New Orleans photographer. We should be glad to publish it in full, but want of space compels us to substitute this brief abstract.

THE PRISON PEN AT MILLEN, GA.

IN a former number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER we gave a sketch representing the wall side of the Prison Pen at Millen, which is a little town about midway between Savannah and Milledgeville, and on the banks of the Ogeechee river. When Gen. Sherman commenced his mysterious march from Atlanta, the rebel authorities, bubbling upon the expression in one of his letters, that "he should most probably take relief to the Union prisoners at Andersonville himself," came to the same conclusion that many of the Northern papers did, that he had gone to release them from the barbarous grip of the Southern jailers. Acting upon this idea, the rebels scattered the great prison camp at Andersonville, and dispatched their unhappy victims to various other places less liable to interfere. One of these selected spots was Millen, which was entered by our army on the 8th Dec., but, alas! the enemy had removed our brave men from the Pen, and nothing remained but a sight of woe, such as the eye seldom covers.

Our Special Artist has sketched this Golgotha, and we doubt not it will create in the bosoms of our readers the same sentiments of horror which it did in those of the gallant soldiers who viewed with silent rage the scene of their brother soldiers' persecution and sufferings.

Our illustration will prove more eloquent than any description—here were our brave and starved men compelled to burrow like wild beasts, contrary to all the pangs of hunger and the insults of their brutal jailors. We have no wish to render the feeling which the Northern breast cannot fail to entertain towards our common foe more bitter than it is, and we shall therefore say no little as possible about the atrocities perpetrated upon our brave and utterly defenceless men, but historical truth compels us to give an extract from a letter of one of the officers who escaped from the fangs of these merciless wretches. He says:—

"Having escaped from these horrors I do not like to revert to them—there are certain sorrows the recollection of which is not altogether painful, but when I think of what I endured, and what I saw thousands of my brave compatriots suffer, the horrors crowd so fast upon me that all sense of my own fortunate escape is lost in a profound hole and a desire for vengeance, which I did think at one time I never could feel. One brutal fellow, Capt. Wirtz, post-captain in the rebel service, but at near being a counter as it is possible for the most devilish ingenuity to achieve. When the poor half-famished fellows came to the camp they were kept standing in the hot sun, and if they attempted to sit down, or recline, he ordered them to be shot, a command which was frequently obeyed with alacrity by the scarce less brutal sentries. His language to us is too horrible and obscene for publication. Death refused many of our gallant fellows from the oppression of this miscreant. Oh! that he may one day come in my path —one of us never shall live beyond that meeting. We had really no clothing—except rags—our money, clothes, and even our shirts were taken off our backs. When I crawled out of my hole of a morning and looked about it was the common sight to see many lying dead whom the night before I had taken a sad farewell of—the great wonder is that life can be so tenacious under such terrible privations!"

DESCRIPTION OF THE RIO BRAVO.—"Imagine four of the crookedest things in the world, then imagine four more twice as crooked, and then fancy to yourself a large river three times as crooked as all these put together, and you have a faint idea of the crooked disposition of this almighty crooked river. There is no drift in it, from the fact that it is so crooked that timber can't find its way far enough down to lodge two sticks together—but few snakes, because it is not straight enough to swim in, and the fish are all in the whirlpool from the bends, because they can't find their way out. Birds frequently attempt to fly across the river, and light on the same side they

shrieked from, being deceived by the different smoke. Indeed, you may be deceived when you think you see across it, and some of the Khoys say it is so dark—I twisting there isn't but one side to it."

SUN PICTURES.

Suggested by the Stereoscopicon.

BY BOOTHROYD FARCLOUGH.

WHERE Moscow's gilded minarets glare amid her sunny domes,
Where London spreads her vastness forth and sheds a yellow glow,
Where gaudy Paris courts the day, and silent Venice smiles,
And suns in splendor rise and set amid the Ægean isles;

Where Egypt's ancient glories rise and rolls her mighty stream,
Where Freedom in her grandeur still and awful as a dream;
Where wondrous Luxor rose and fell at dread Jehovah's word,
And nations covered in the dust and trembled as they heard;

Where fair Damascus shines afar, beneath the Asian sky,
The glory of the Orient, imperial as old Rome;
Where Rome herself, the queen of earth, looks down upon her shrunken still,
In ancient and undying pride from seven hills to Sorrento's hill;

From sweet Killarney's placid lakes to Seville's Moorish towers,
From Jungfrau's everlasting snows to Mariposa's bowers,
Through every scene that earth can show to fascinate the heart,
I passed as one enchanted by the magic touch of art.

In all their lifelike splendor, too, my startled vision caught
The sculptured wonders of the world by Phidean chisels wrought;
And gazing on those forms divine, forgot the artist's skill,
And could not learn the hand that shaped was but a mortal's still.

A FRENCHMAN, writing a letter in English to a friend, and hoping to the dictionary for the words "preserve" and "pickle," and making it resort to pickle, wrote as follows:

"May you and your family be pickled to all eternity."

Soldiers of the Union!

Read the following Letters received from your Commander as enlightenment of the

WORLD KNOWN AND WORLD TRIED REMEDIES, KNOWN AS PROF. HOLLOWAY'S

PILLS AND OINTMENT.

You will here find unsolicited testimonials received from all parts of the country where our army of occupation is in force. SEE TO YOUR HEALTH! All of you have some one interested in your welfare, then do not delay. YOUR LIFE IS VALUABLE! Not only to yourselves, but to your Fathers and Mothers, Sisters, Wives and Brothers. Then while you may, purchase your Health!

25 cents, 88 cents, or $1 40,

will, when expended in these medicines, bring you down a new person, and report old you.

The following are a few specimens of genuine letters on file for inspection at this office. Copies sent by mail to any inquirer.

80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT, }
20th Illinois Volunteers.
FORT ISLAND, S. C., Nov. 2, 1864.

Prof. HOLLOWAY, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.:
SIR—Enclosed please find two ORDERS, for which send me one dollar's worth each of your celebrated Pills and Ointment, by return mail. Please attend to this at once, for I am much in need of the above remedies.
Address Lieut. A. W. FELLOWS, Q. M.,
20th Illinois Vole.

CAMP NEAR BRANDY STATION, VA., Nov. 7, 1864.
Prof. HOLLOWAY:
DEAR SIR—I have heard a great deal of talk about your famous Pills, and as I never was in the need of them till I got a wound in my thigh, I attribute it very prevalent at the present time; send me the worth of the enclosed. Yours, &c.,
JOSEPH WALSH, Co. F, 5th Regt., Excelsior Brigade.
FLUSHG, Tenn., Nov. 6, 1864.

Prof. HOLLOWAY:
DEAR SIR—Please find enclosed one dollar, and send me one box of your Ointment. Mrs. J. has been troubled with Erysipelas, and such cure. Yours, &c.,
THOMAS P. TURNER, Co. I, 3d Iowa Infantry.
MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., Nov. 1, 1864.

Prof. HOLLOWAY:
Please send me the sum of one dollar or Pills. I have Diarrhœa, and can't get it stopped, so I want to try your Pills. Yours, &c.,
WILLIAM CHESLEY,
Co. D, 104th Regt. N. Y. Vols.,
Morr is Island, S. C.

PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION.

CHLOASMA, or MOTH PATCHES, LENTIGO, or FRECKLES. Blemishes on the face, called Moth, are very annoying, particularly to ladies of high complexion, as the discolored spots on the skin show more clearly in contrast. Freckles on brunettes, but they contribute greatly in marring the beauty of either; and anything that will remove them without injuring the skin in texture or color, would be considered a great achievement in medical science. DR. B. C. PERRY, of Boston, has for some time to diseases of the skin, has discovered an infallible remedy for the removal of Moth, Freckles and other discolorations, without injury to the skin in any manner. Prepared only by DR. B. C. PERRY, Dermatologist, 49 Bond Street, New York. WEEKS & POTTER, 170 Washington Street, Boston, Wholesale Agents for New England. Sold by all Druggists. Call for Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion. Price $2 per bottle.

GOLD PENS
FOR THE MILLION!
AND
PENS TO SUIT THE HAND
AND
PRICES TO SUIT THE POCKET.
The Best Gold Pens in the World!

On receipt of the following name, we will send, by mail, or as otherwise directed, a Gold Pen or Pens, selected to the same according to the description, namely:

GOLD PENS, IN SILVER PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 No. 2 pen; for $1 25 No. 3 pen; for $1 50 No. 4 pen; for $2 50 No. 5 pen; for $3 50 No. 6 pen.

These pens are stamped THE IMPERIAL PEN, and are well finished and fine writing Gold pens, with good iridium points, although they are unwarranted, and cannot be exchanged.

Our name, *Gold Pen Co.*, N. Y., is stamped on all our fine quality Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident. Our second QUALITY Pens are all stamped THE NATIONAL PEN, and the name of Gold Pen Co., N. Y., is not generally made, having the same points as our first quality Pens, but only gives a discount being the quality of the gold.

GOLD PENS, 1st AND 2D QUALITY, IN SOLID SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $2 20 a No. 1 pen 1st qual., or a No. 3 pen 2d qual.
For $2 75 a No. 2 pen 1st qual., or a No. 4 pen 2d qual.
For $3 75 a No. 3 pen 1st qual., or a No. 5 pen 2d qual.
For $4 50 a No. 4 pen 1st qual., or a No. 6 pen 2d qual.
For $6 50 a No. 5 pen 1st qual., or a No. 6 pen 2d qual.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SOLID SILVER OR GOLD PLATED EBONY DESK HOLDERS AND NOZZLE CASES.

For $2 25 a No. 3 pen 1st qual., or a No. 4 pen 2d qual.
For $3 50 a No. 4 pen 1st qual., or a No. 5 pen 2d qual.
For $4 50 a No. 5 pen 1st qual., or a No. 6 pen 2d qual.
For $4 00 a No. 6 pen 1st qual., or a No. 7 pen 2d qual.
For $5 50 a No. 7 pen 1st qual., or a No. 8 pen.
For $12 00 a No. 13 pen; all first quality.

Our Pens each throughout are guaranteed as equal—if not superior—to any Gold Pens manufactured, not only by their writing qualities, but by their general elegant finish. The greatest care is taken in their manufacture, and none are sold with the slightest imperfection which shall can detect.

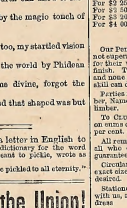
Parties in ordering must invariably specify the Number, Name and Quality, whether coarse or fine, stiff or limber.

TO CLUBS.—A discount of 12 per cent. will be allowed on sums of $15, if sent to one address, at one time; 15 per cent. on $25; 20 per cent. on $50.

All remittances by mail, *Registered*, are at our risk, to $1 00; when sums of 50 cents, have the registered stamp affixed.

Satisfaction or refunding of money, to correspond with us, as we can offer them great inducements. ✦Address

AMERICAN GOLD PEN CO.,
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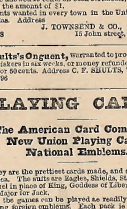
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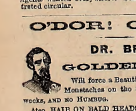
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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 488—VOL. XIX.] NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 4, 1865. [PRICE 10 CENTS $4 00 YEARLY, 13 WEEKS $1 00.

Fall of Fort Fisher and its Results.

THE details of the second and successful attempt on Fort Fisher have been for some time before the public, and are familiar to our readers. They justify the concurrent opinion of the Government and people, that the first attempt should not have failed. The garrison of the work in December was relatively weak, and the defences in January, after the experience gained by the rebels during the first bombardment, were considerably stronger than before. As a consequence, the cost of the capture in blood was greatly enhanced. Gen. Butler may boast that he did not expose the lives of his soldiers; but his unpardonable failure to attack imposed on others the necessity of making fearful sacrifices of life. The course of the war had made it necessary to shut up the great blockade-running port of Wilmington, through which the rebels drew the larger part of their munitions of war, and without which they could not hope to prosecute the struggle efficiently. The reduction of Fort Fisher was, furthermore, an essential part of that grand plan of operations formed by Gen. Grant, for the destruction of the only remaining effective rebel army, and the capture of Richmond. It was something, therefore, worth taking risks for; it was a result necessary to be accomplished. Gen. Butler, it is feared, through waywardness and in a spirit of hostility to the commander of the co-operating naval forces, refused to take the risks, and did not accomplish the result. It was fit and proper, consequently, that he should be set aside, especially as it now appears that the command was not assigned to to him, but assumed by him in virtue of his ranking the officer designated by the Lieut.-General. We have always maintained that the nation must not fail, and that the men who fail must give place to the men who can succeed. Success is the only standard of judgment as regards military men. If they fail through no fault of their own, history will probably set them right; we cannot now stop to weigh evidence; the nation's life is of vastly more consequence than a general's reputation. This country has but one behest—*Do thou succeed!* Gen Butler did not succeed, and was replaced by Gen. Terry, who did. "All's well that ends well," however. We have got Fort Fisher, albeit at heavy cost. It was gallantly taken, and is the trophy equally of the army and navy. The co-operation of the two arms was essential to success. Impregnable to an attack from the sea, it was also unassailable from the land, unless subjected to such a naval bombardment as should silence its guns, until a land force could establish itself sufficiently near to make an assault practicable. This is precisely what was done, and the fort fell, after an obstinate hand to hand struggle in its trenches and among its traverses, unparalleled for severity by any similar action of this century. The storming of the Malakoff by the French, during the war in the Crimea, is the only action of modern times that can compare with the storming of Fort Fisher. It was defended by 76 heavy guns and a garrison of 2,600 men, under the command of able and experienced officers.



FINAL AND TRIUMPHANT ASSAULT ON FORT FISHER, NEAR WILMINGTON, N. C., 9 P.M., JAN. 15.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER.

With its capture, Fort Caswell, of 83 guns, is cut off from Wilmington, and rendered useless, as well as the numerous other forts and batteries on the Cape Fear river. These have either been abandoned or destroyed, and it is reported that Fort Caswell has been blown up. The capture of Wilmington is, therefore, easy, and only a question of time and convenience.

From Wilmington as a base, the whole line of communication between Richmond and the further South may be commanded. Charleston will be cut off, and its defenders so isolated as to fall an easy prey to Sherman, unless they evacuate the place and retreat on Lee, as they most likely will do. The course of the war seems to tend towards cooping up the whole rebel force in and around Richmond, with the implacable Grant on one side and the impetuous Sherman on the other. Unless Mr. Davis leaves his capital soon, he and his cabinet, his generals and his army will have to surrender themselves there. The avenues of escape are closing fast.

The stopping up of Wilmington will carry dismay into Nassau, and the other outlying ports of England. The blockade-running business is at an end. Woe to the Lairds and the Lindsays! Let Trenholm and Spence heap their heads with ashes. The glory of Nassau has departed, and the sand crabs will again invade its lately busy streets. Let the Governor of the Bahamas proclaim a day of humiliation and prayer.

With the fall of Fisher, gold has toppled from its proud eminence. Two weeks ago it stood at 235—to-day it is below 200, with nobody to do it reverence. The men who have been speculating on the prospect of national ruin, and deluded themselves with the notion that the nation was moribund, now slouch their hats over their eyes, thrust deep their hands in their empty pockets, and thread our streets gloomily, wiser if not better men.

In a word, Secession and its sympathisers are sullen and sad, with the exception of the sublime optimists of the Richmond press, who discern "good in everything." They were greatly relieved when Atlanta fell; the capture of Savannah was a positive good, and left the "Confederacy all the stronger." And now that Forts Fisher and Caswell are gone, their only avenue to Europe closed, and Wilmington as good as taken, they pronounce the whole thing "a blessing in disguise!" We must say the disguise is perfect; and we can now conceive of nothing less than the capture of Charleston and Richmond to make their happiness complete. They will not have to wait long for the ecstasy which those two events will be sure to occasion. In the meantime, let them rejoice in the certainty that both are close at hand.

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537 Pearl Street, New York.

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The commencement of the 16th volume of Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine affords the public an opportunity for subscribing to this unequalled periodical, and enables the publisher to call attention to the great improvements made from time to time in this complete manual for the fair sex. These have been so well appreciated by the public that it has more than doubled its circulation.

Independent of its being the first authority in the world of fashion, its literature is of the most varied and entertaining character; consisting of a continued romance, with tales, novellettes, adventures, poetry and other articles of general interest. These are embellished with original illustrations, by the first artists.

Every number contains a double page colored steel fashion plate, besides splendid patterns of every article of ladies' dress. These alone would cost at least $100 were they obtained from European capitals.

Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine has also a recommendation which no other publication of the kind can boast; for, by a special arrangement with its Agents in Paris, London, Berlin and Vienna, the advance sheets of their fashion publications are transmitted to it, while its facilities for copying them are so complete that they can be republished here in a few hours after they are received.

The following are the terms for 1865: One copy, $3 50; four copies to one Post-office, $14, with the additional advantage of one copy gratis to the person sending that amount. Subscriptions should be addressed to Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl street, near Broadway, New York.

From an immense number of notices, which, if we were to them publish entire, would fill our paper, we select the salient points of a few of them. They will indicate better than anything we can say, the opinion of the public in regard to Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine:

The Bridgetown *Chronicle* says: "Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine is the most valuable and interesting work of the kind ever published. Every number contains on an average over a hundred patterns of every description of ladies' attire. The patterns are of the full size, thus making every lady her own dressmaker. The colored steel fashion-plate alone is worth the price of the magazine. We notice, also, that these fashions are in advance of similar publications."

The Napa *Reporter* says: "If the ladies want a good magazine, one got up especially for them, they should subscribe for Leslie's. Besides the fashion-plates, patterns, etc., it contains a large amount of excellent reading matter."

The *Weekly Delaware Journal and Statesman* says: "This magazine may be looked upon as being the first authority in all matters relating to dress. The literature consists of a continued romance by one of the most eminent authors of the age, as well as interesting tales, novelettes and adventures, all of which are embellished by original illustrations by the first artists."

The Dubuque *Chronicle* says: "The fact that it has now reached its sixteenth volume speaks for the character of the work. It will be favored during the coming year with constant contributions from its regular staff of writers, whose names are familiar to the reading public as those of the first and best American authors. Its fashions alone are worth to the ladies twice its cost, and its illustrations are unexcelled."

The New Hampshire *Chronicle* says: "Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine is the most brilliant fashion magazine published. In addition to numerous engravings illustrating the romances and literature, it contains more fashion-plates than any other two magazines. It is indeed an elegant work."

The *Muskegon*, Michigan, says: "As a specimen of American printing, for beautiful colored fashion-plates and engravings, we know of no magazine approaching an equality with this one. It devotes on an average twenty pages to fashion-plates and their explanations; so fully, indeed, that any lady can use these plates in making her own dresses. In addition, there are fifty large pages devoted to general reading and illustrations."

The Chicago *Tribune* says: "The fashions in Leslie's are the earliest published in the country, and more reliable, as the publisher employs agents in Paris, Berlin and London to transmit the styles at the earliest moment. Mr. Leslie is deserving of the thanks of every lady in the country for the labor he bestows upon this magazine."

M. Alexandre Dumas, *père* we presume, is coming to America—having, probably found out that the savages of the United States, instead of scalping foreigners, have taken to killing each other. We know of no reason why M. Alexandre Dumas *père*, or M. Alexandre Dumas *fils*, or why the whole family of the Dumases with their friends should not come to the United States, so they behave themselves and pay their way. We have had some hundreds of thousands of people come over to us from Europe during the year past, and we presume not over a tenth of them are in our almshouses and penitentiaries. Very few of them, however, have been heralded, except one Muller, since hung; and still fewer have avowed that their object in coming was to straighten our public affairs, or to set us right before Christendom.

M. Alexandre Dumas has written a letter to an eminent resident (we came near writing citizen, but the name rather staggered us), who subscribes himself "Eug. Von Nordhausen, A. M., LL. B., Attorney and Counsellor, No., etc., etc., apparently in response to a suggestion or invitation from the latter, in which he says he is coming over to the United States, with a secretary, as soon as he gets certain plays off his hands, sometime about the close of January. He proposes to do several things; first, to bring out a novel which the English publishers declined because it told the truth about the British sea-god Nelson; second, to lecture on his bloody campaign in Italy with Garibaldi; and finally, to write a history of the first four years of Mr. Lincoln's Presidency, as "picturesque as possible." He did once think, it seems, of writing his travels in "four volumes of eight hundred thousand letters, for instance," but he finally "insists" on a history—which, with genuine Gallic modesty, he asserts, if published "in English, French, etc., would throw a great light upon those whose egotistical interests are pushing them in the shade"—if anybody knows what that means. He suggests a subscription as the best way of making the book go, and after telling the conspicuous person aforesaid (we again came near writing citizen), to "present the President with my [his] respects and admiration;" he winds up with another characteristic observation, that "this history by me would be read throughout the whole of Europe." Mr. Von Nordhausen himself volunteers to tell us that the prospective grand historian is to bring with him a wonderful cantatrice, who is to witch us with her voice, while Dumas *père* glorifies us with his quill and—bleeds us for his book.

As we said at the outset, there can be no possible objection to M. Dumas or anybody else coming over here, so he behaves himself, and pays his bills. But M. Dumas must know the people of the United States are no longer to be exploited by *litterateurs* big or little. Mr. Lincoln may possibly have heard of M. Dumas as a writer of French novels of lurid exterior and doubtful morals, and probably has about the same notion that heads of families in the United States generally entertain, that French novels are not good to have in the house. The impertinence of asking an obscure person, albeit an "LL. B.," to give the President his "respects and admiration," is delightfully French and Dumas-y. The object of setting us right before Europe, if we cared any longer a fig for what Europe thinks of us, might be taken as some sort of a claim on our attentions and pockets; but, on the whole, we prefer to leave the business to Grant, Sherman, Thomas, Farragut and Porter. Or, if we could not record our history after making it, and were compelled to look abroad for a chronicler, we might, perhaps, prefer a Smith, or a Cochin, to a Dumas.

We hope M. Dumas will not accuse us of levity, but we would really suggest that he no longer "insist" on a history, but put the first four years of Mr. Lincoln's administration in a melo-drama of four acts, to be tailed off with a grand tableau, representing Von Nordhausen presenting the "respects and admiration" of M. Alexandre Dumas to the American President!

The collections on account of the internal revenue tax, in the city of New York, for the year 1864, amounted to $18,243,000. It is estimated, for the year 1865, at $30,000,000. The largest taxpayer in New York is the great drygoods man, Mr. A. T. Stewart, whose income for 1863 is registered at $1,843,000, on which he paid an *extra* income-tax of $92,181. The *Tribune* sympathises with any man who has to take care of so much property for nothing but his victuals and clothes!

The peninsula of Lenkoran (Asiatic Russia) contains numerous springs of naphtha, or petroleum. There are one hundred now worked, which yield annually about 4,000 tons of naphtha, similar to that of Pennsylvania. There are also many springs of the kind in the isle of Taman. Petroleum has also been discovered near Piura, in Peru, and a company is organized for working wells in California, where its existence is vouched for by the sufficient authority of Prof. Benj. Silliman. It is supposed large reservoirs exist near the poles, else how are the axles of the earth lubricated?

The *Tribune* publishes a statement of its business for the past year, 1864, which amounted to: Receipts, $747,501; expenditures, $735,751; leaving a profit of but $11,750. This comparatively small profit on so large a business is due to the enhanced price of paper. Had that remained at the same price as in 1863, the difference would have been $126,000.

Few persons, even those living in the great centres where newspapers are mostly manufactured, have any adequate idea of the extent of the business. Ten years ago the whole amount of business done by the wholesale news-agents did not probably exceed in amount the sum of $750,000 yearly. At present the cash receipts of the American News Company, in this city, for the sale of newspapers, magazines, books and stationery, for the eleven months ending with the 31st of December last, have reached the sum of $2,226,372 83. We learn from the office of that company that probably 40,000,000 of newspapers were handled within that time by persons in the employ of the company, of whom seventy were constantly occupied in getting them in, charging, distributing and shipping them. For wrapping paper and

twine with which to pack this enormous mass, the company *paid twelve thousand dollars!* This is the business of one news agency alone.

IN the whirl and excitement of such a war as ours, it is not surprising that many good and great men may pass away without so much as "a funeral note" to mark their exit and burial. But their names are such as men will not willingly let die, and in the calm which must succeed this storm, these will be recalled and receive the homage which they merit, and which, for the moment, would seem to have been denied. Living genius must bide its time, and patiently wait through the years of toil which precedes recognition. It is easy for the dead to wait for the time when men shall turn to gather up the jewels which they flung aside when they stripped themselves to mortal combat, and which, in the hurly-hurly of the strife, were forgotten. On the 21st of December, in the island of Santa Cruz, whither he had gone in the vain hope of staying the ravages of consumption, died Wm. H. Fry, of this city—a man of genius and accomplishments, a spirited writer, a brilliant composer, an unselfish politician and an ardent friend. He was, we believe, the only successful musical composer that our country has produced, and his "Leonora" and "Notre Dame de Paris" live to attest his ability in this most difficult line of art. As a writer for the press he was equally caustic and discriminating, and his criticisms on music and the drama in this metropolis must stand as models in that department. Mr. Fry threw himself into the great struggle in which we are engaged with all the ardor and enthusiasm of his nature, and if circumstances prevented his personal participation in the ranks, his voice, nevertheless, was "worth a thousand men." Over-exertion in the forum is often as fatal as exposure in the field; on a constitution and organization like his it reacted with fearful force, and he died as truly a hero of the war as did the gallant Winthrop when he leaped into the throat of the rebel cannon.

Mr. Fry was a native of Philadelphia, son of a prominent journalist of that city, proprietor of the old *National Gazette*, and at the time of his death was about fifty years of age. To the last he was cheerful, manly, brilliant and self-sustaining. He was no whining invalid, even when racked by disease, and met his death as became a man knowing the "common lot" of humanity, carrying down his flag gallantly at the fore.

AN effort has been again made in Congress to repeal the duty on paper, a matter in which the publishers of books and newspapers are not alone interested, but which is of special importance to the public. Books and newspapers have nearly or quite doubled in price during the past two years, owing in part to the enhanced price of labor, but principally to the greatly augmented cost of paper, which is nearly or quite three times what is was three years ago. Many newspapers, in consequence of this enhanced cost, have been obliged to carry out their contracts with their subscribers at a heavy loss, absolutely receiving for their printed newspaper less than the cost of the white paper itself. Of course newspapers must bear their proper burthens, and we know of none that are unwilling to do so. But when we talk of taxing paper so heavily, and "protecting" it by a duty, we must remember that publishers are obliged to pay three per cent. on the paper used, three per cent. on their advertisements, five per cent. on their job printing. They are taxed on the light and fuel consumed, taxed on the ink, oil and glue used, taxed on their types and presses; they must pay a publisher's licence and a job printer's licence; and if they have any profit remaining, they pay an income-tax thereon. Except the latter, none of these taxes are imposed on publishers in Great Britain. There, after many years of experience in the "art and science of taxation," it has been decided that there should be no taxes on knowledge, or on its diffusion. Hence the removal of the stamp duty on newspapers, and hence also, the reduction of postage, so as to facilitate their circulation and encourage correspondence. A "tax on knowledge" is the most injurious one that can be devised. It makes dear newspapers, dear schoolbooks, dear copybooks, dear Bibles, dear prayer and hymnbooks, and tends to shut out the light of knowledge from the toiling masses of the people.

The Government has no interest in continuing the duty, as it derives no income therefrom, because no printing paper is imported. The manufacturers are enabled to fix their prices just at that figure which excludes importation, and yet gobbles the 20 per cent. gold duty. The Government is an immense consumer of paper. During the past eight months it has lost more than a million of dollars in consequence of the duty, which it has been obliged to pay. The present law actually taxes the Government 20 per cent. in gold on the paper it consumes. There is therefore no good reason why the duty on paper should be continued, while there are many why it should be abolished—a matter that concerns the public quite as much as the publishers.

Summary of the War.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The great military achievement of the week is the capture of Fort Fisher, which we have described and illustrated in another part of our paper. As far as can be ascertained the number of rebel prisoners was 2,100, and 72 guns, including one Armstrong, and as this is the exclusive property of the British Government considerable curiosity is felt to learn how it got there.

One of our correspondents, Acting-Ensign Laycock, of U. S steamer Susquehanna, to whom we are indebted for several sketches of the bombardment and assault, says, in his letter: "On the night of the 16th of Jan. the rebels blew up Fort Caswell, and burned Smithville, so that now all the forts at the mouth of Cape Fear river are in our hands."

On the night of the 18th Jan. five blockade-runners, not aware that the place was in our possession, ran into Cape Fear river, and fell into our hands, to their great astonishment and chagrin.

On the morning after the fall of Fort Fisher the magazine exploded, and it is said that nearly 200 of our gallant fellows were destroyed, thus making our casualties in killed and wounded about 1,200 men. It is rumored that Wilmington is also in our possession. The rebels have destroyed their gunboats the Tallahassee and Chicamanga.

LOUISIANA.

New Orleans papers give the particulars of Gen. Grierson's last grand raid in Mississippi. Gen. Grierson left Memphis on the 21st Dec., with about 3,000 cavalry, and arrived at Vicksburg on the 5th Jan., having in the meantime destroyed about 70 miles of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, and 30 miles of the Mississippi Central Railroad, with all their bridges and vast amounts of rebel military stores and railroad running stock, factories, etc., defeated and scattered the rebels who opposed him at different points, cut their communications, and played general havoc with them. During the expedition, General Grierson's men marched 400 miles, and met with a loss of less than 100 in killed, wounded and missing, reaching Vicksburg with nearly 600 prisoners, about 1,000 contrabands and the same number of horses and mules.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Gen. Sherman is advancing towards Charleston. His forces had occupied Pocotaligo, a small town on the Charleston and Savannah Railroad, 55 miles from Charleston, and 45 from Savannah. The rebel Gen. Laws evacuated it on the 14th of January.

VIRGINIA.

There have been no military moves since our last. Exchanged and escaped prisoners relate the most harrowing stories of the sufferings of the Union prisoners in the Libey prison, 36 dying from starvation and exposure in one day. There are now confined therein 3,000 men and about 70 officers.

COLD COUNTRY GRAIN.

The Peruvian Quinua.

MR. E. G. SQUIER, one of our late Commissioners to Peru, delivered an address before the Farmers' Club of the American Institute, a few days ago, on the Ancient and Modern Agriculture of Peru. He stated, among other things of interest, that in the higher regions of the Andes, or what is called the Punos, where all the cereals of Europe refuse to grow, the only grain is that of a plant, called by the natives *quinua*. Very little is known of this hardy and valuable plant, which, there is good reason for believing, might be introduced in the colder districts of North America with great advantage. We subjoin what Mr. Squier said about it:

The only grain grown in these high, barren regions is the *quinua* or *quinoa* (*Chenopodium Quinoa* of the botanists). It belongs to the same same class of plants with the beet, spinach and sweet dock, and the grain is a wholesome, nutritive and not unpleasant article of food. Its leaves, while green, are used like spinach, and are quite equal to the spinach in flavor. The grain is cooked in a variety of ways, but more particularly in the *chupe* or soup (the universal dish of the Sierra), which it thickens, and to which it gives a slightly pungent flavor. It is sometimes boiled into a thick paste, and eaten with salt, or salt and butter, and with sugar. Sometimes, also, it is cooked with cheese and the *aji* pepper. Its light, dried stems are used for fuel, giving a quick, bright but fleeting flame—something of value, however, in a country where the dried dung of the llama and vicuña constitute about all there is of fuel.

The people of the Puna distinguish four varieties of the *quinua*, viz., *Q. blanca*, or white *quinua*, which has the largest grain; *Q. real*, which is very like the *Q. blanca*; the *Q. ccoito* or gray *quinua*; and the *Q. cañagua*, smallest of the varieties, but most hardy, and grows at the highest altitudes. I found the *Q. cañagua* at the apechita of Tiahuanaco, overlooking Lake Titicaca, 16,500 feet above the sea. It was not over five or six inches high on the average, but well spread out and loaded with seed or grain. Lower down it was larger, and on the islands in Lake Titicaca I found the *Q. blanca* four feet high, with stalks as thick as one's thumb.

The *quinua* produces largely, but I am unable to give even an approximate estimate of its yield per acre. It is a grain which, I am sure, might be introduced successfully in the colder, sandy and more arid regions of our own country, where the better grains will not flourish, among the Adirondacks and around Lake Superior, as well as in many parts of Canada, even into Labrador and around Hudson's Bay. The attempts to introduce it in Europe do not appear, from what I can learn, to have been very successful, principally, I believe, because it is not well liked as food; but there seems to have been no difficulty in its acclimatization. I know that it is grown in the vicinity of Marseilles, in France, where it reaches the height of six feet and upwards, and where its leaves are sought as an improvement on spinach.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—It costs $5 for a passport at the Niagara bridge to get into and out of Canada.

—— The heads of departments in Washington have given notice that henceforth clerkships will only be given to those who have served honorably in the Union armies.

—— A correspondent of the Montreal *Gazette* says that the ports of Canada are in a state of blockade. Windsor, Toronto, Hamilton, Kingston and Montreal are as effectually blockaded by the passport system of President Lincoln as they possibly could be by his gunboat system, should those gunboats ever be built.

—— The amount received for licences and fines by the Mayor's Marshal during the year ending 31st Dec., 1864, was $22,590, an increase of $4,500 over the previous year. The amount received by the Clerk of the Common Council for pawnbrokers', drivers, and other licences was $30,724 25. This is a falling off from previous years, which is accounted for by the fact that many of the principal lines of stages have been superseded by railroads.

—— The expenditure for school purposes last year exceeded the appropriation by $203,596, the greater part of which was expended in the erection of schoolhouses in the 4th, 7th and 8th Wards. The school property which has been acquired since 1842 is valued at $5,000,000.

—— From the report of the city dispensaries for the month ending Dec. 31, 1864, it appears that medical and surgical services, vaccination and medicine were afforded gratuitously to 8,697 persons. Of these there were visited and treated at their dwellings 1,821, at the dispensaries 6,878, and 905 were vaccinated; 15,037 prescriptions were gratuitously dispensed at the several offices, being an average of more than two to each patient. The principal causes of death were consumption and marasmus. The prevailing diseases chiefly affected the respiratory system. Among the most important were typhus fever, smallpox, pneumonia and diphtheria.

—— Sweden has made her mission a full one, having withdrawn Count Piper, her *Charge d'Affaires*, and appointed Count Audenfried, Minister Plenipotentiary.

—— There have been 379 marine disasters on the Lakes the past year.

—— It is proposed in Philadelphia to extinguish the fires in that city by contract; $75,000 a year is the sum named.

—— The Philadelphia *Commercial List* says a fortunate individual in that city owns $22,000 shares of oil stock, which cost $146,740, and is now worth $836,000, on which he has received, in nine months, 44 per cent., amounting to $96,800!

—— The plan is now generally adopted, in Grant's army, when burying the dead, to place in the grave with the body a sealed bottle, containing a paper on which is written the name and other particulars respecting the deceased.

—— Memphis papers say the British Agent from Liverpool at Corinth was paying 40 cents for cotton, part in gold and part in supplies. It is also stated that considerable cotton, failing to get within our lines, has been taken to Corinth.

—— The President has approved the joint resolution charging the President with the communication of a notice to the Government of Great Britain of the wish of the United States to terminate the Reciprocity of 1854.

—— Twenty-five years ago the United States produced only six thousand (6,000) bales of hops. Ten years later—in 1849—the production had increased to seventeen thousand (17,000) bales. The next decade shows a larger increase than in any other agricultural product, the growth of 1859 reaching fifty-five thousand (55,000) bales. These figures are official, derived from the United States census returns. The crop of 1862 has been estimated at eighty thousand (80,000) bales; a maximum which has not since been attained, and which may perhaps remain as a sort of "high-water mark," not very soon to be reached again. The yield of 1863 was estimated at sixty-five thousand (65,000) bales, much of it inferior; while that of 1864 is estimated at forty-five thousand (45,000) bales, with a larger proportion of inferior quality than disfigured the crop of 1863.

—— A propeller has arrived at Hilton Head from New York, with provisions for the destitute population of Savannah. The colored people there are receiving rations from the authorities, for which they give an equivalent in labor at the barracks, military offices and wharves. The white citizens are also well attended to by the commissary department and Major Arnold.

Western.—The Louisville *Weekly Journal* says: "The recent conduct of Col. Chivingston, commanding United States forces in Colorado, attacking a defenceless Indian village and perpetrating wholesale massacre of men, women and children, should excite for those poor creatures the generous pity of the nation, and we are gratified that it is to be subjected to Congressional investigation. The massacre is pronounced by Judge Harding, of Colorado, the most cruel that history records. He says that the 'Indians had previously given up their arms; they molested no travellers; they claimed to be quiet and peaceable; yet they were surprised by a military force coming some 200 miles for the purpose, at dead of night, and the victims included were men, women and children. Geo. Dent, son of Col. Dent, was killed, with a number of other half-breeds that were stopping at the lodges. Not a soul was spared—man, woman or papoose—that fell into the hands of the soldiers. The Indians no more expected an attack from the troops than they did from those at Fort Lyon, whom they visited every day.'" The decrease of this doomed race of red men is very rapid. In 1850 there were 400,000; in 1855 not quite 350,000; in 1860 the census returns 295,470. According to this ratio they will be an extinct race towards the end of the present century.

—— The prevalence of snowstorms in the North and West has been very remarkable. The Chicago papers say there has not been so much snow for many years. They consider it as the harbinger of a good harvest year.

—— The change of opinion in Missouri is most remarkable. In 1861 the State gave 152,345 votes for Proslavery candidate for Governor to 6,135 for the Republican candidate; last fall the Republican candidate polled 71,532 to 30,406 for the slavery one.

—— The Commissioner of the General Land Office has received intelligence of the discovery of rich and extensive silver mines in Washington Territory, along the western slope of the Cascade Mountains. The ore is represented as exceedingly rich, yielding about $700 to the ton. The lead, which has already been traced for more than four miles, is from seven to 14 feet thick. It is located about 50 miles north of Olympia. Miners are flocking in large numbers to this new El Dorado.

Southern.—The proceedings in the rebel Congress on the 16th January were very remarkable. They clearly reveal the rapid progress of disaffection and disorganization throughout the Southern Confederacy. The rebel President was severely handled. Mr. Orr, of Mississippi, cast bold defiance in his teeth, and Mr. Smith, of Alabama, withdrew from his seat, in disgust, at the management which, he avers, has brought ruin on the Confederacy. The confessions of Mr. Orr establish the fact that the Committee on Foreign Relations, to which was referred the peace propositions of the rebel Congress, reported unanimously in favor of sending Commissioners to sue for peace, and that this issue is rapidly disrupting the whole framework of the Confederacy.

—— The fall of Fort Fisher has deeply annoyed and surprised the Richmond press. The *Enquirer* calls it rather a misfortune than a disaster, which is drawing a very fine distinction. The *Examiner* boldly acknowledges its regret, and confesses that it closes the only great mouth of the Confederacy to Europe. The *Whig* vaunts that they can receive supplies through Mobile and Charleston.

—— The Richmond *Dispatch* is particularly angry with their Congress, saying: "Our armies have suffered disaster and defeat. A mighty host is encompassed within a few miles of the city. The thunder of his batteries shakes the walls of the Capitol. He does not hesitate to proclaim that it is his intention to enslave, to extirpate the whole race of which we are part and parcel. Our Congress is in session; bills of most urgent necessity are before it; bills vital to our Constitution and our country; bills upon the passage of which depend our status as freemen or slaves, probably for centuries to come. We are in the eighth week of the session; the enemy is prosecuting his enterprises throughout the winter. He allows our armies no rest day or night, and yet not one single step has been taken by our Legislatures for the renovating of our armies; for the amelioration of our currency; for the restoration of confidence to our people; for any object whatever that can have the remotest bearing upon our defence against the vengeance of our implacable enemies. They spend their time in talking, just as if the old days of log cabins and hard cider were here again."

—— The Congress at Richmond has ordered Mr. Foote, who was arrested while endeavoring to escape from rebeldom into the Northern lines, to be set at liberty.

Naval.—A letter from the Bahamas, dated at Nassau, N. P., the 16th of January, informs us that the utmost activity prevailed in the Anglo-rebel blockade running fleet plying between Wilmington and Charleston and Nassau. Cotton valued at $3,500,000 had been landed at Nassau from the above named Southern ports within 10 days. A large number of British trading vessels had sailed from Liverpool, London and the Clyde laden with supplies for the rebels. Their names and days of sailing are published in the *Herald*, so that our gallant sailors off Wilmington may have a fair chance of rewarding themselves liberally with the spoils of the common enemy. Two blockade runners cleared for that port at Nassau on the 14th inst. They have probably discovered before now, on arriving in New Inlet, that a change has taken place in the position of affairs there, and that they were just in time to fall into the hands of the National forces.

—— The monitor Patapsco was sunk off Charleston by a rebel torpedo at 2 o'clock one morning last week, and seven officers and about 60 of her crew were drowned.

—— The sloop-of-war Constellation, now riding at anchor in Hampton roads, having but lately arrived from a three years cruise in the Mediterranean, is one of the few relics left us of the days of sailing war vessels. The Constellation was launched in 1798. She is a sister ship of the Constitution, the "Old Ironsides," and is still seaworthy. She is commended by Capt. Stellwagen, of Philadelphia. The cruise from which the Constellation has just returned will, in all probability, be her last one, as she is likely now to be converted into an ordnance or practice ship.

Personal.—Capt. Robert Small, who surrendered the steamer Planter to our forces, and who is now in command of a United States gunboat, was turned out of the cars in Philadelphia, a few days ago, on account of his color.

—— The Louisiana Legislature has elected Governor Michael Hahn U. S. Senator from the 4th of March next.

—— Lieut. Davis, of the rebel army, was arrested at Newark, Ohio, a few days since. He was on his way from Canada to the South, via Washington. The importance of his capture consists in the fact, that he was for some time in charge of the prison at Andersonville where our brave soldiers suffered such torture.

—— Mr. Sumner has declined the invitation of the Massachusetts Legislature to deliver a eulogy before that assembly on the late Mr. Everett.

—— The Missouri *Democrat* denies that Gen. Singleton has gone to Richmond on a peace mission—he has merely gone to bring North two orphan nieces of his who are in destitute circumstances in that city.

—— For the satisfaction of the curious we reprint what the Newark *Advertiser*, of Monday, says: "George B. McClellan, Esq., of Orange, N. J., late Major-General of the army and Democratic candidate for the Presidency, was in Newark on Monday, and procured at the United States Collector's Office a passport to go to Europe in the steamer China. He also paid $195 75 war tax on an income of $3,915 during 1863. His pay as a Major-General last year was $4,173, and from other sources $342, amounting in all to $4,515, from which $600 deduction was made."

—— The Senate has confirmed the President's nomination of Gen. Alfred Terry as Major-General of Volunteers, and Brigadier-General of the U. S. Army.

—— Mocquard, the Emperor's late Secretary, has died worth nearly $4,000,000. A nice little sum to commence the new world on.

—— Admiral Romanoff, the once famous Russian sailor, is dead.

—— Madame Ristori is playing in Constantinople. The Sultan was so much charmed with her acting that he sent her an autograph letter and a diamond bracelet.

—— John Leech, the English Artist, left the whole of his property, amounting to £6,000, real and personal, to his wife, for her use absolutely.

—— The Boston *Journal* states that a statue to Edward Everett is already talked of, and the proposition will meet with general favor. The area in front of the State House, opposite to the Webster statue, would be an appropriate site for such a memorial of the orator, statesman and patriot.

—— Mr. George B. Lamar has at length taken the oath of allegiance to the Government. He is said to be much depressed in spirits, and more venerable in appearance than if a score of years had been added to his age since, in 1860, he left New York city.

—— It is not generally known that Gen. Sherman was entertained at dinner by the leading citizens of Savannah, among them Mr. Green. It is stated that the table was set in a princely manner. Not having plate enough to accommodate all the officers and guests, some of the more wealthy citizens provided additional silver pieces—a fact which indicates the popularity of Gen. Sherman.

Obituary.—Gen. Sterling Price, Ex-Governor of Missouri, died in Arkansas, about the beginning of December, of marsh fever. He was 63 years old, and a Virginian by birth.

—— Mr. Melvin S. Whitney, one of the most opulent and respectable merchants in New York, committed suicide on the morning of the 18th of Jan. Business troubles the cause.

—— Wm. H. Fry, the celebrated composer and journalist, died at Santa Cruz, on the 21st of Dec., aged 50.

—— Mrs. Tolman, of Richmond, New Hampshire, committed suicide last week, in consequence of her husband's death, to whom she was so much attached that she could not live without him.

Accidents and Offences.—A court-martial has been convened on board the steamboat Henry Burden, at Fort Lafayette, to try the Lake Erie pirate Capt. Bell and others, who were recently apprehended by our detective policemen. The hearing stands adjourned until the court-martial can secure instructions from the Secretary of War.

—— Charles H. Coon, a former citizen of Troy, New York, was killed at Chicago recently, by stepping into a vat of boiling hot lard in a pork-packing establishment. He was a steam-fitter by occupation, and was fitting pipes in that establishment when he met his death.

—— Mr. Gray, of New York, was killed on the 19th of Jan., by being caught in the machinery of a grain elevator in Brooklyn.

—— Mrs. Carr, of Eighth street, was run over by a First avenue car, and fatally injured, on the evening of the 19th of Jan.

Foreign.—The Provincial Legislature of Canada assembled on the 19th of January at Quebec. In Lord Monck's opening speech, he promises a Government bill to provide more effectually for the prevention of robberies committed by rebel refugees; and he also announces that the Federation scheme is designed to make British America an independent nationality.

—— The steamship Matanzas, from Havana, brings word that news had been received from Peru, via St. Thomas, leading to the belief that the Hispano-Peruvian question would be settled without any further difficulty. The news from St. Domingo was meagre. The Dominicans were still in force, and making vigorous hostile demonstrations.

Chit-Chat.—A coal-oil millionaire has named his little heiress Petrolia Ann. We suppose the next little heiress will be named Carrie Sene.

—— Gen. Weitzel has gone to Cincinnati to get married. "This additional proof of his courage was not needed," says the *Express*.

—— The Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post* says: "One of the most significant features in modern society in Paris is the ever augmenting number of persons afflicted with mental derangement."

—— The following report is from our friend Charles Green, of the Boston *Post*: "Fanny Brown has arrived at San Francisco, and her beauty seems to eclipse the merits of her acting."

—— A lady we know was startled the other day by being told that some one was waiting below for her "body." Dressmakers should be careful.

—— In Paris, an enterprising woman, Madame Robert, furnishes a dinner daily to 6,000 workmen for five sous each. Her bill of fare being cabbage soup, a slice of boiled beef, a piece of bread and a glass of wine.

—— James Street is 100 years old, and the oldest man in Wisconsin. He was married lately to a young widow of 88 summers.



STORMING FORT FISHER—TROOPS LANDING FROM THE TRANSPORTS, COVERED BY THE NAVAL VESSELS.



STORMING FORT FISHER—ADVANCE OF SKIRMISHERS ON THE FORT.



ADMIRAL DAVID D. PORTER, U.S.N., COMMANDING THE U. S. NAVAL FORCES AT THE CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER.



MAJOR-GEN ALFRED H. TERRY, COMMANDING THE U. S. FORCES AT THE CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER.

OUR PATRIOT DEAD

BY EDWARD C. RIGGS

SLOWLY, and silently, tread round the graves,
Where now reposes the dust of our braves;
Nevermore heeding the cannon's loud roar,
Peacefully sleeping, their battles are o'er.



Side by side nobly, each one at his post,
Fearlessly facing the traitorous host;
Loving their country, they joined in the fight,
Gave their lives freely for Union and Right.

Thousands now mourn for their patriot dead—
Sweet, he their slumber and soft he their bed.

Gone from the battlefield to their long home,
Here their brave comrades who loved them will come,
Waving their battle-torn banner on high,
Vowing that Slavery and Treason shall die.
Thousands are mourning for noble ones slain;
Thousands have fallen, but fell not in vain;
Priceless the Union for which we contend—
Union where Justice and Liberty blend.

Thousands now mourn for their patriot dead—
Sweet be their slumber and soft be their bed.

While our dead heroes lie low in the tomb,
Slavery and Treason are meeting their doom;
Saved shall our country be—great though the cost—
Never forgotten the braves we have lost.
Gone from their victories calmly to rest;
Loved by their countrymen, honor'd and blest;
Sacred the sod o'er each patriot's grave—
God bless the country they struggled to save!
Fame a bright halo of glory shall shed
Over our sainted—our patriot dead.

THE HEIRESS OF BEACH COTTAGE.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER I.

My earliest associations are with a small fishing hamlet, on what is known as the south shore of Cape Cod. Left an orphan at three years of age, I was adopted by my father's sister, an elderly spinster of thirty-five, who lived by herself in a small cottage built upon a slight eminence overlooking a sandy beach. What determined Aunt Mehitable to isolate herself from her relatives and set up her solitary household in such an out-of-the-way place I never clearly understood. I have heard vaguely that in early life her affections were fixed upon one who proved unworthy, and returned to her only to close up the fountains of her heart and implant in her embittered life a deep distrust of all her kind.

After purchasing this miniature cottage by the seashore a few hundred dollars remained to her, the interest of which, eking out her personal exertions, for her industry was untiring, enabled her not only to live without privation, but as comfortably as she could have desired. When my father's death threw me upon the world a penniless orphan, at the tender age of three, my aunt opened her doors to me. I can remember the childish awe, not unmingled with fear, with which I regarded my newly-discovered relative. She was tall and gaunt, and her face wore that uncompromising expression which warned me at the first glance that she would exact of me strict and unquestioning obedience. Yet she was kind in her way. Unfortunately, she lacked that sympathy with children which is needed to attract them.

I soon became accustomed to my life at Beach Cottage, for so in after years I designated my aunt's residence. The sea was to me a perpetual resource. I would sit for hours together upon the bank of pebbles, which it had required perhaps thousands of years for the sea to throw up and form into a natural rampart, picking out curious shells or stones which attracted my fancy from those massive debris. These at first I used to carry to the house in my apron till my aunt exclaimed impatiently:

"Prissy, child, what's the use of all this trumpery? It only litters up the room. You'd better fling it away."

There was a small plot of land attached to Beach Cottage. My aunt allotted to me use a small bed, which I bordered with the white stand smoothest pebbles I could find. These produced a very pretty effect. My aunt, whose esthetic nature had been little cultivated, contented herself with producing a few garden vegetables, and did not think it worth while to devote any time or space to flowers. I, who had all a child's love of the beautiful, obtained from a neighbor a few flower seeds of different varieties, and planted them as well as I knew how. Some of them struggled up through the arid and sandy soil, and in due time a few marigolds and other common flowers lifted their heads modestly from amidst their plebeian neighbors. Aunt Mehitable had not exchanged a word with me in regard to this innovation, and I hardly knew whether it met her approval or not. But one day she handed me a little parcel of seeds wrapped in a paper, with the remark:

"There, child, I've bought some new kind of flower seeds for you."

"Oh, aunt, where did you get them?" I exclaimed in delight.

"I bought 'em up to the store," she answered.

This I regarded with justice as a remarkable degree of encouragement on the part of my aunt. That she should actually spend money for what was not actually useful was a noteworthy deviation from her usual habits, and impressed me accordingly.

My life passed uneventfully enough till I was fifteen. Doubly isolated from the world through my aunt's unsociable temper, and solitary mode of life, and the quiet little village in which we made our home, I grew up to know little of the great outside world of busy and bustling activity and manifold interests which lay so near, and yet so far off from me. My educational advantages had been limited to twenty weeks' attendance each year at the humble district school, where the most advanced scholars seldom went beyond the rule of three. My aunt could teach me a little, having learned nothing that was not strictly utilitarian. I have no doubt that she regarded me, who had exhausted the narrow advantages of the district school, as possessing all the knowledge which I was likely to require.



THE REBELLIOUS PUPIL.

Until fifteen I was very much of my aunt's opinion. Greatness is relative, and I was in advance of the fishermen's daughters who were my school acquaintances. But about this time the Prudential Committee succeeded in obtaining as teacher of the winter school a student from Cambridge. I soon recognised the difference between him and the teachers to which I had



THE HEIRESS OF BEACH COTTAGE.

been accustomed. Without intending it, he gave me a powerful sense of my own deficiencies, and opened to me glimpses of a great world of knowledge, of which I had hitherto had no conception. Then first I became inspired with an earnest desire to rise above the low level which had hitherto limited my aspirations. Yet there seemed little prospect of my gratifying my newly-acquired taste. For ten weeks our young instructor stopped with us, and then he was compelled to return again to his college duties. A brief time, but it was to alter the course of my future life.

Yet for the next three years there was no material change in my prospects. From the school I could hope to obtain nothing more. From the summer I obtained a few books, but he was an exception to his class, and though a good man was not much better educated than the people around him. I would have bought books, but had no money. My aunt, on whom I was dependent, owned but four books, viz: the Bible, Baxter's Saint's Rest, Pollok's Course of Time and the Almanac. These, which were sufficient for her intellectual needs, she judged sufficient for me also. I once timidly proffered a request that instead of a new dress, which she designed buying for me, she would get me a copy of Shakespeare's plays.

"Shakespeare!" exclaimed my aunt in amazement. "So you'd rather have a book written by a strolling actor than a new dress. I'm not going to throw away my money on such trash."

When I was eighteen my aunt was suddenly stricken down by a fever. Nature struggled obstinately against the disease, but the latter prevailed. A morning came when in unspeakable sorrow, and with a strange sense of loneliness, I stood beside the rigid form of my protectress, and knew that I was once more alone. It comforted me to think that I had never done anything knowingly to give her pain or uneasiness—that I had been dutiful to one who had been father, mother and all to me.

A will duly executed was found in my aunt's trunk, which left me sole heiress to whatever she might die possessed of. This comprised Beach Cottage with its furniture, and seven hundred dollars drawing interest in a savings bank.

After the funeral was over I sat down to consider what I should do—I could not with propriety continue to live alone in my aunt's cottage. My

plane were soon determined upon. Providence had thrown in my way the means of gratifying the long and cherished wish which I had so long and vainly felt. I estimated that seven hundred dollars, with the accruing interest, would pay my expenses at a boarding-school for three years, at the end of that time I should be qualified to take a position as teacher or governess, and at the worst I should have Beech Cottage to fall back upon, where, if a higher vocation were denied me, I could settle down and gain my living as my aunt had done before me.

My determination excited some surprise among my village friends. They thought it a sinful waste to spend so much money on the mere acquisition of knowledge. I might marry within a year, and array myself like a princess. But I was not to be moved from my purpose. A month after Beech Cottage was closed, and I had committed myself with a boarding-school which had been recommended to me as combining superior advantages with very reasonable terms.

Over the next three years I pass rapidly. Some of them were a season of unalloyed happiness. A new world was opened to me wherein I wandered at will with all the enthusiasm of a first discoverer. Day by day I felt my intellect expanding and my faculties strengthening. At the outset, far behind those who were much my juniors, the distance between me continually diminished, until I found myself regarded as one of the intellectual leaders of the school. Pre-eminence in this department was the more readily accorded to me that I cared little for it. I sought knowledge for itself, not for any chance distinction it could bring me. Fortunately for me, my early life upon the seashore had confirmed a naturally strong constitution. Otherwise it could hardly have sustained the extraordinary drain I now made upon it.

When with the three months of graduating I imparted to Madame Lacour my desire to obtain a position as teacher or governess—could her influence help me?—she offered cordially into my plans. She told me that she had frequent applications for suitable teachers, and kindly assured me that she could recommend me with the utmost confidence.

Two months later I was summoned to her private room, and the following letter was placed in my hands. It bore a Virginia postmark:

"MY DEAR MADAME:—I am desirous of obtaining a governess for the children of ——. It is decided that she should be qualified to instruct in French, German and Italian, as well as the ordinary English branches. If you have any pupil in your institution whom you can recommend, you may offer her a salary of six hundred dollars per year.

"Will you confer an additional favor by apprising me when I may expect her?

"Yours respectfully, "PHILIP GRESHAM."

"Well?" asked Madame Lacour, when I had finished reading this epistle.

"I consider the offer a good one," I answered, promptly, "better than I had any right to expect. If you think me qualified I will accept it."

"I admire you for so do," said madame, kindly. "Had not this proposal come I intended to offer you a position here, but I could not offer you so favorable a one."

"Do not let that stand in the way, my dear teacher. If you really want me I will decline this proposal."

"No, my dear child, you must not sacrifice your interests. I should not feel it right to require it of you. It will be a more eligible position for you. When shall you be ready to start?"

"I will be guided by your advice."

"Let it be four weeks from to-day, then. You will require to make some additions to your wardrobe, so you will probably have little opportunity to do so on a Virginia plantation."

The next four weeks were devoted to supplying myself with a plain but abundant wardrobe. My employment left me happy and thoughts so busy that I had little time to speculate upon the new circumstances in which I was to be placed. Only when I finally started on my journey did a feeling of curiosity enter my mind as to my unknown employer. Speculation seemed idle, however, while I was to hold it upon. The character and disposition of my new pupil were of much more importance to me. Would she prove docile and tractable? If not here again I had without a guide me to 'a judgment. Soon I desisted from these fruitless speculations and began to look with interest from the car windows upon the landscape, of which my rapid transit had given me fleeting glimpses.

This was my first journey, and therefore had for me a charm which can never be afforded in an equal degree when the freshness and novelty of inexperience are passed. Under the present circumstance it was perhaps rash in me to journey alone, but there seemed to be no other way. Besides, I had a measure share of self-reliance, and was not in the least daunted by the difficulties that might be in store for me.

CHAPTER II.

The journey at length came to an end.

The cars stopped before a rude unpainted depot consisting of one room only.

I descended and my trunk was taken from the baggage-car and deposited on the ground. Again the cars started, and I found myself alone. Alone, for there was no one in or near the depot, and no house visible from it. It was drawing near nightfall, and I felt somewhat disturbed at my solitary position.

But I was not left long alone.

There was a clattering of wheels, and a waggon rapidly approached driven by a stout negro. He looked at me inquiringly.

"Be you Miss Laura Greyson?" he asked, doubtfully.

"Yes; I suppose you come from Mr. Gresham," I returned, much relieved.

"Yes, massa, I'm Massa Gresham's Pomp. I'm to tote you up to de house."

"Very well. Here's my trunk. You may put it into your waggon."

"All right, massa."

The trunk, though a heavy one, seemed but a trifle to him. While he was putting it in the waggon I climbed in and took my seat.

"Is the house far from here," I inquired.

"Bout three miles, massa. Massa Gresham come to Richmond yes'day."

"Will he be back soon?"

"Bout a week, massa."

"I'm glad of that. I shall not see my employer," I thought. "Perhaps it is as well. When he returns I shall be wonted to my place, and feel more at ease."

A mile farther on we came to a gate. Pomp descended and opened it. At his request I drove through. He shut the gate and resumed his place.

"Were on Maess Gresham's plantation now," he said.

"Is it a large plantation, Pomp?"

"Yes, massa."

"And how do he employ many——" I hesitated. "Many niggers, missus? Nigh on to two hundred."

After awhile we came in sight of the house. It was of two storeys, large upon the ground, with an ample verandah in front, after the fashion of the Virginia country houses.

As the wagon drove up in front of the house the door opened, and an elderly mulatto woman, stout and comely, made her appearance.

"Glad to see you, Miss Greyson," she said, in a phraseology free from the peculiarities of her race. "Massa Gresham yesterday some. My master was sorry he could not be here to welcome you."

"He has gone to Richmond, Pomp tells me."

"Yes; he was obliged to go up there for a few days on business. But you must be tired and hungry, Miss Greyson, supper is all ready if you will eat it."

I was very hungry, having had no regular dinner, and gratefully accepted the invitation. The eggs and bacon and hoe cake, which constituted the principal part of my meal, seemed to me delicious. Although this was but a housekeeper's repast, it seemed very much pleased with my evident appetite, appearing to consider it a special compliment to herself.

"Jist a little more, miss, it'll do you good," she urged.

I refused her pressing solicitations, and soon after asked to be shown to my room. It was a large square room in the front of the house, very neatly furnished, and looking into the old fashioned with a sigh of satisfaction. Though the unaccustomed surroundings might wall have kept me awake, fatigue overpowered every other consideration, and I was soon in a dreamless sleep.

When I awoke the bright sunshine irradiated my apartment. I looked upon it as a pleasant augury of success, and dressed myself cheerfully. After breakfast I expressed a desire to see my pupil.

Aunt Dolores, as I had learned her name was, entered the room, and I followed her.

"Here's your new missus," she said, addressing the occupant of the room.

"Is she going to have my own way now," said Helen, resolutely.

"Don't want any governess," was the angry reply, "and I won't have one. How dare you take hold of me!"

"Hush, Miss Helen, your governess will hear you."

"I don't care if she does."

Again there was a scuffle, but Chloe proved the strongest, and a minute afterwards, appeared, drawing a reluctant child of ten, who scowled at me by way of welcome.

"This is Miss Greyson, your governess," said Chloe. "Can't you tell her you are glad to see her?"

"But I'm not glad to see her," said the child determinedly.

"I hope you'll excuse her, Miss Greyson," said Chloe. "She's always had her own way."

"And I'm going to have my own way now," said Helen, resolutely.

"Then I hope it will be the right way," I said, with a smile.

Helen looked at me scrutinizingly.

"I don't like you," she said.

"Why not?"

"Because you have come here to plague me."

"Who told you so, Helen?"

"You'll make me study when I want to play."

"I must get acquainted with her before I can do her any good," I thought. So I said aloud:

"At any rate, I won't make you study to-day. Won't you?" I also asked, half suspiciously.

"No; I will help you play. Come and tell me how you amuse yourself."

After a little more, Helen concluded that I was in earnest, and approached me cautiously. I carelessly exposed my watch.

"Will you let me see your watch?" she asked.

"Yes, if you will be very careful of it. Come here, and I will show you how to open it."

In a very few minutes Helen was chatting merrily with me. She seemed to have forgotten that I was a governess. She told me confidentially about a beautiful bird's nest with three eggs in it, which she promised to show me.

"Have you a bird better than I expected," she said at length.

"I am glad of that. I think we shall be very good friends."

"Yes, it it wasn't for study. I hate books."

"You like better to play."

"A great deal."

"I don't wonder at it."

"You don't!" she said, in evident surprise.

"No. When I was of your age, I liked to play better than to study."

"Did you? Then what made you study?"

"Because I didn't want to grow up in ignorance."

"I reckon I'm very ignorant," said Helen, frankly.

"Did you never study?"

"Yes, a little."

"Can you read?"

"Yes—if the words are easy."

"Don't you want to know more?"

"It's too hard work, I reckon."

"Then we will make it easy. I wont expect much of you at first."

"Will you let me play some of the time?"

"Yes; and I'll show you some new plays."

"You will!" said Helen, in surprise and delight. I wondered you would be a hateful old thing, and plague me."

"I hope not," I answered, smiling. "Do you like me now?"

"Can you sing?"

"Yes, and play. Have you a piano?"

"Yes," said Helen, "but only there isn't anybody to make music on it. It's in the next room."

I followed Helen, and seating myself at the instrument, played and sang a few lively airs. The child leaned her chin on her hands, evidently deeply interested.

"That's jolly!" she said she. "I wish I could make music."

"So you can if you like."

"But it will take a long time."

"To play finely, yes. But it will not be long before you can play a little. Wouldn't you like to have such power?"

"I—I don't know. I'd rather hear you play. Will you play to me often?"

"Every day if you have got your lessons."

"Well, I guess I'll study. Do you know what I meant to do?"

"What was it?"

"I meant to plague you all I could, and not to study a bit."

"That was before you knew me."

"Yes; I'm glad you've come now. We'll have a good time together, I reckon."

Chloe, who had been in time to hear a part of this conversation, surveyed me with greatly increased respect, not unmixed with wonder. She could not understand how I had been able to acquire such a sudden influence over her wayward young minxes. I clearly understood, however, that I had gained much in Helen's affection, and that she would require peculiar management and a firm hand. Still, I never doubted my own success. Let me once win the confidence in my way invested my task with new interest. I thought I understood now why Mr. Gresham had offered me so liberal a salary. I determined that my services should be duly appreciated.

The next day I set my pupil to work. Several times she attempted rebellion, but failed. She never quietly ignored or overcame by a firmness greater than her own will. Within a week she was under very fair subjection.

One afternoon, her tasks having been satisfactorily performed, I was playing a few airs to Helen, when, happening to look up, I saw a gentleman standing in the doorway, listening to my performance. Helen noticed him at the same time.

"Papa!" she exclaimed, bounding towards him with delight.

He quietly kissed her, and then advanced to me.

"Miss Greyson, I presume."

I bowed.

"I regret not to have been here to welcome you to your new home. Let me make up for the involuntary omission now. I hope Chloe has made you comfortable."

"Entirely so, I thank you —I feel quite at home."

"I am very glad of that. How do you find your young pupil? Very ignorant, I'm afraid."

"Yes, she is backward for her age. But I see no lack of capacity. Ignorance is fortunately not an incurable disease."

"I hope," he continued, with a little anxiety, "you do not find her very intractable. I trust she has not given you very much trouble."

"On the contrary, we are already on excellent terms. She likes play better than study, which is not surprising, but I think she already begins to see that study is necessary."

He looked surprised and gratified.

"Helen, my child, congratulate his daughter, "I am glad to hear so good an account of you. I hope Miss Greyson will never have cause of complaint against you."

"I would not study with anybody else," said Helen; "that I like her. She tells me new plays and sings to me."

Mr. Gresham gave me a glance which gratified me, because it expressed appreciation of my services. I felt more drawn to him. He was rather above the middle height, easy and elegant in his manners, of dark complexion, and of considerable hair. I am not sure whether he would have been called a handsome man, but to me there was something very attractive in his face. He looked like a man of intelligence and unswerving fidelity. I should have accounted myself fortunate in having such a man for a friend. To be in his employ established me upon which I could not help thinking sprang not alone from politeness towards a dependent member of his household, but from a friendly interest in me.

There were so few of us that we were naturally brought into intimate relations. I soon discovered the fact that the distance between my employer and myself, and unconsciously acted with the entire sense of freedom, as if they were indeed my home. Mr. Gresham took it for granted that in so doing I were acting properly. But when I attempted to put on a more ceremonious air, it elicited from Mr. Gresham a look of surprise, which effectually dissipated my resolve.

Meanwhile, Helen made rapid progress. I succeeded in interesting her in her studies, and, being naturally quick, this was sufficient to insure rapid improvement. She had, besides, acquired an affection for me, which gave me great power over her.

So a year passed, a year of quiet happiness on my part, of frequently expressed satisfaction on the part of my employer.

One day, as I sat at the piano, playing a favorite air from "Favorita," Mr. Gresham entered the room.

"Helen is out with Chloe," I said, supposing him to be in search of his daughter.

"I know it," he said, quietly; "but it is not Helen I wish to see now."

There was something in his tone which made me look up suddenly. There was a smile upon his face and something in it which took me back. I hardly knew why, made my heart beat quicker.

"No," he repeated, "it was not to see Helen that I entered just now; it was to see you."

"Yes, sir."

"I hope you are happy here?" he said, abruptly.

"Very much so, sir," I replied.

"I am glad of that. We have tried to make you happy here."

"You are very kind."

"Do you think you could be happy here for—for a long time to come?"

"I am willing to remain here till Helen's education is completed."

"And then?"

"Then, I suppose, I shall return to the North.'

"Are you quite resolved upon that?"

"I have no intention of changing, Mr. Gresham," I answered, feeling more and more embarrassed.

"No, I suppose not. I will make my meaning clear at once. Do you like me any better?"

"Always? Helen will not need me."

"Not Helen, perhaps; but Helen's father will not deem your services, Miss Greyson, it is as my wife that I wish you to stay."

I was beginning to suspect this. Still it came upon me with a shock.

"I—I don't know what to say," I stammered.

"Take time, then," he said, kindly, "time to consider and decide. And I hope you will not decide that I ask you to become my wife because I love you as well as I should wish to love one who is to be my wife when exposed to me."

He lifted my hand to his lips respectfully, and in a tumult of feelings I left the room and sought my own apartment.

When the tumult of my feelings had somewhat subsided, I began to question my own heart. Did I love Mr. Gresham? I looked upon Mr. Gresham in the light of a lover. Our different stations would have prevented him, if nothing else. Yet when he exposed to me, the discovery of his feelings revealed to me the state of my own heart. I began to feel that I did love him. I felt instinctively that he was a man to whom I might safely confide my earthly happiness. I began to realise that if suddenly called to leave my new home, my sorrow at leaving my young would not be more poignant that I should feel.

When I descended the next morning, Mr. Gresham came forward and bent a look of earnest inquiry into my face.

"Yes."

I shall never forget the radiant look which illumined his face as he impetuously folded me in his arms and pressed a kiss on my brow.

"Papa!" was the surprised exclamation of Helen, who that moment entering the room surveyed the scene with open-eyed astonishment.

"Helen," said her father, "would you like to have Miss Greyson with you always?"

"Yes, indeed, papa, I would."

"So should I; and so I have asked her to become your mother."

"And will you, Miss Greyson?" asked Helen, eagerly.

"If you would like to have me," said I, smiling and blushing slightly.

"Then it's all right!" said Helen, joyously. "When are you going to be married? Will you give me a new dress for the wedding?"

"You shall have all you want," said her father, evidently gratified by Helen's approval.

"And I suppose we have a jolly time! I am going to tell Chloe."

I was about to interpose, but Mr. Gresham said, in a low voice:

"As it must be announced, perhaps Helen may as well do it."

In five minutes Chloe and all the house-servants were electrified by the information that Masse Gresham was going to marry Miss Greyson. Aunt Dolores was greatly pleased, and Chloe, in particular, could not contain her joy.

"It's the best news I've heard for a long time," she said. "You'll be a good mistress to us, and a good mother to young missus."

There were no lessons that day. Instead, I took a drive with Mr. Gresham. Another week or three of the neighboring planters, who bowed with an air of surprise at seeing me in the carriage.

"They will soon understand," said Mr. Gresham, turning to me with a smile.

CHAPTER III.

For many reasons it was decided that the marriage should take place almost immediately. I should have three months' holiday during which I should visit the North, but Mr. Gresham urged so strongly his and Helen's immediate need of me, that I could see no objections to be overruled.

It was arranged that the wedding should take place in a fortnight. During that time I made many purchases with a view to my new power. Mr. Gresham wished to furnish the bridal outfit, but on that point I was firm. I had more than enough saved from my salary, and I wished to come to him independent.

I was very happy; I felt that I had never before known what happiness was. There was a quiet feeling of rest and repose in the thought that henceforth I should have one to lean upon in all times of trial, one in every misfortune a strong arm to support me through life. There were no forebodings of evil, no fears that I should awake from

my present bliss to find it but a dream. Yet clouds were gathering in my sky, and ere long they broke.

One afternoon I sat alone in the music-room, at work upon some portion of my bridal outfit. Mr. Gresham was absent for a day or two, and Helen was making a week's visit at the house of a cousin, chiefly to relieve me temporarily from her care.

Raising my eyes by chance, I started at seeing in the doorway the figure of a woman, gazing fixedly at me, with a pair of flashing black eyes.

The work dropped from my hands, and I started to my feet.

"Who are you?" I exclaimed, in surprise.

She slowly advanced, and seated herself.

"You have never heard of me?" she said, inquiringly.

"Never."

"No!" she returned, with a mocking laugh. "He has taken good care not to mention me."

"He! I don't understand you."

"The man you are about to marry."

"Mr. Gresham?"

"Yes. I repeat he has taken good care not to mention me."

"Why should he have done so? What are you to him?"

"Only his wife!" she said, looking at me with scornful triumph.

"His wife!" I ejaculated, in dismay.

"Yes; I am the wife of the man you are about to marry."

This declaration stunned me for a moment. Then my trust and confidence in Mr. Gresham returned. I would not believe it.

"You are seeking to impose a falsehood upon me," said I, sternly. "What is your object?"

"It is no falsehood. My object is to save you in time. If you neglect my warning, it is your own affair."

She spoke in such a semblance of sincerity that I knew not what to think. Finally, I said:

"What proof can you give me of your truth? You cannot expect me to credit your bare word against the knowledge that I have of Mr. Gresham's honor."

"You want proof. You shall have it. What do you say to this?"

She drew from the bosom of her dress a paper, which she placed in my hands. With a sinking heart I read the marriage certificate of Philip Gresham and Clara Holden. The document was dated eleven years back, and duly attested.

"Are you Clara Holden?" I asked faintly.

"I am Clara Gresham," she answered, significantly.

"How does it happen that you have lived apart from—from Mr. Gresham?" I could not call him her husband.

"I suppose we were incompatible," she said, laughing scornfully. "At least he said so. He conceived a hatred for me, and as the readiest way to rid himself of me, imprisoned me in a lunatic asylum. You shudder; well you may. Perhaps the same fate may be in store for you when he tires of you. I eluded the vigilance of my keepers, and here I am in time to give you warning. You had best heed it."

She rose and left me.

I remained stupified. I did not wish to believe, yet how could I help it. There was the marriage certificate, there was, besides, a resemblance between this woman and Helen. There seemed no chance for doubt.

What should I do? There was but one way. I must go away, and that at once, before Mr. Gresham returned.

In feverish haste I packed my trunk, and then wrote a few lines to Mr. Gresham, in which I calmly mentioned the discovery I had made. I added no comment. I felt that none was needed. This I sealed and proposed to hand to Chloe for her master. I sent for her and Pomp, and saying briefly that I was compelled to go away suddenly, asked Pomp to drive me to the railway station.

Chloe's astonishment was unbounded.

"What will master say?" she ejaculated.

"Here is a note which I wish you to give him when he returns."

"Will you be long gone, Miss Greyson?" she asked.

"I—I don't know. The letter will tell," I answered, evasively.

"You will be back in time for the wedding?" persisted Chloe, still far from satisfied.

"I think the wedding will have to be postponed," said I, as calmly as I could, for I did not wish Chloe to suspect the truth. It would have been well if I had confided in her.

She looked at me as if she did not quite understand, but aided me in my preparations, while Pomp harnessed the horse to the carriage.

Within half an hour I was on my way from the house where I had spent many happy hours to the railway station. An hour later, and I was hurrying North as fast as steam could carry me.

CHAPTER IV.

I WISHED to go somewhere where I could be quiet. The sudden revelation of Mr. Gresham's baseness had startled and shocked me to such an extent, that I felt the absolute need of time to recover from it. It was natural that I should think of the humble home which I had shared with my aunt.

It was at the close of a dull November day that I descended from the stage at my own door. The house was dumb and silent, and wore the solitary look which an unoccupied house soon gets. But inside all was as I had left it, even to a basket of wood which stood beside the kitchen stove.

I soon built a fire, and the cottage rapidly assumed a more cheerful look.

"And this," thought I, "is to be my home. Here I am to lead a solitary, unloved existence. Well, since Providence has so ordained, I will try to bear it."

The next day I received visits from my neighbors. In spite of their kindness, they could not help betraying some curiosity about my past life and my motives for returning. My replies were vague, and I have no doubt unsatisfactory. However, their questions ceased, and I was left to myself.

I soon found that I had mistaken my needs. I required not rest but a change. This I could not find in the aimless life I was leading. Occupation was necessary to me.

I learned that the village school, about to open for the winter, was without a teacher. I presented myself to the Prudential Committee, or school agent, and offered my services. My offer was thankfully accepted. I fancy the agent drove a hard bargain with me as regards compensation, but as I wanted work not money, I paid little heed to that. Within a week I found myself in charge of fifty scholars of all ages and sizes. I could no longer complain that I had nothing to occupy me. I soon became interested in the advancement of my little flock, and during six hours daily at least I had no chance to think of Mr. Gresham. My mind became less morbid and more healthy. There is no panacea for grief like a definite aim and a fixed employment.

So two months passed. The quarterly examination was approaching, and this gave me even more than usual to think of. One day, as I was hearing a class in geography, there was a knock at the door. I sent one of the older girls to ascertain the business of the visitor.

"A gentleman wishes to see you, Miss Greyson," she announced.

Book in hand, I advanced to the door. The visitor had withdrawn a little to one side, so that I had to go out into the entry to see him.

A faint feeling came over me as I recognised Mr. Gresham.

He advanced to meet me eagerly, with hands outstretched, but I motioned him back. I had not forgotten, even in the joy of meeting him, the obstacle that parted us.

"Shut the door," he said, in a low voice. "I wish to speak to you."

Mechanically I complied.

"Laura," he said, "I have been long in finding you. How could you leave me?"

"How could I do otherwise? Surely you read my letter?"

"Yes. And you believed that woman's story?"

"I did not wish to. I doubted till I saw the marriage certificate."

"Yet, Laura, that woman was never my wife."

"But the resemblance to Helen," I said, in bewilderment.

"Is easily explained. She is Helen's aunt—her mother's sister. The marriage certificate was genuine, but she had taken it from her sister's desk after her death."

"What could have been her object?"

"To prevent our marriage."

"Why should she wish to prevent that?"

"I will soon explain. You will not charge me with vanity when I say that, even at the time I married my first wife, Helen—for that is her name—manifested a partiality for me, and I have reason to believe would gladly have married me in her sister's place. When Clara died, Helen's hopes revived. She went so far as to make advances to me which I could not misunderstand. This obliged me to treat her with a cold formality which should discourage her in any hopes she might have cherished. You will easily understand how a jealous woman should have been impelled to step in between me and another as soon as she became convinced that that other had succeeded where she had failed."

"Can this be true?" I asked in surprise and relief.

"You need not fear that I am deceiving you, Laura. You might have known before, had you questioned Chloe, that this woman could have no claim upon me."

"I never thought to ask her; I was so overwhelmed by the sudden revelation, that I only wanted to hide myself somewhere."

"So you came here. When will you be ready to go back? Shall it be to-morrow?"

"But my school."

"Confound the school!"

"I must stay till the term closes. That is next week."

He tried to dissuade me, but on that point I was firm.

When the examination was over I closed Beach Cottage once more and returned to Virginia, this time as Mrs. Gresham. The marriage ceremony was performed in Boston.

"I must make sure of you this time," said Mr. Gresham. "Till you become my wife I shall be uneasy lest you suddenly vanish, leaving behind merely a brief note to account for your departure."

"I will stay with you till you get tired of me," I answered, smiling.

Three years later the rebellion broke out. My husband, espousing the Northern side, was compelled to abandon his property and flee to the North. Fortunately he had a few thousands deposited with a banker in New York. Again we are established at Beach Cottage, considerably enlarged from what it was in my aunt's day. How long we shall live there I do not know. Whether my husband will ever regain his former large possessions I cannot tell. Despite the sacrifice, I am glad that he has espoused the side of truth and loyalty, and that while these civil commotions last my aunt's bequest provides us a comfortable home in Beach Cottage.

A MISSOURI postmaster thus expresses his opinion that his official returns are correct: "I hereby certify that the four goin A Counte is as neer Rite as I now how to maik it if there is eny mistake it is not Dun a purpers."

THE natives of Australia are a simple race; their superstitions are curious. They believe that after death they return as white men. One of them, hanged at Melbourne, said, "Never mind, I jump up white fellow, with plenty of sixpence."

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE news of the fall of Savannah had reached London, and produced a great sensation. The London *Times* had an article praising Gen. Sherman in the highest terms. The effect upon the rebel cotton loan had been very great, immediately resulting in a decline of 10 per cent. Altogether the feeling in favor of the North was becoming more and more friendly—this had been enhanced by the President's revocation of Gen. Dix's order relative to raids from Canada. Nevertheless, Gen. Dix's order had produced the desired effect. The British Government see that the North will not be trifled with, and hence the changed aspect of the Canadian Governmental countenance.

At the usual New Year's reception of the diplomatic corps by the Emperor, the Papal Nuncio offered the good wishes and felicitations of that body for the coming year. The Emperor replied as follows:

"The felicitations of the diplomatic corps, of which you are good enough to be the mouthpiece, touch me sensibly. I trust that that concord may continue to reign among us of which your presence around me is a sure guarantee. Be convinced that I will make every effort that my relations with foreign powers be ever animated with respect for right and love of peace and justice."

A frightful accident had occurred at a musical entertainment in Dundee, and 19 persons were killed.

The British Government has began to show more alacrity in carrying out their neutral duties, having caused the arrest of Capt. Corbett, who took the rebel pirate Shenandoah to Madeira. The arrest was made under the Foreign Enlistment act.

The main portion of the Pope's Encyclical, with the whole of its appendix, has been condemned by the French Government. The prelates of France were about to warn Pius the Ninth of the dangerous feeling evoked by the document.

The Italian press declares it to be a gross attack upon the civilization of the age.

Marsden and Wormwald were interrupted by the police when about to fight for the championship of England on the 3d inst. The battle came off next day, and Wormwald was declared the victor after 10 rounds. Marsden was dreadfully punished.

TOWN GOSSIP.

IF we were to commence our gossip of each week with that topic which seems to sit nearest the hearts and nearest the pockets of a majority of New Yorkers, we should be on a perpetual song of petroleum. In certain circles petroleum is eaten, drank and slept with. The lucky speculator who, a few months since, found it something of a task to keep up with the demands of his landlady and washerwoman, to-day luxuriates in a brown stone front and drives the neatest team in town. We can cite an instance of a lucky friend of ours who, having faith, said unto himself, "Here have I been in business eleven years, working day and night, and at this moment my capital is no larger than when I began, and I have realised nothing but the support of my family. I will sell out and invest in petroleum." And straightway he did sell out, and $28,000, all that he was worth in the world, did he put in petroleum stock with a certain company—which shall be nameless, because we are not owners of stock in it—at the nominal sum of $3 per share. Within one month after the investment was completed the said company "struck ile" on Pitt Hole Creek, and one well sent forth an average of nearly 300 barrels per day. Under these circumstances our friend, dazzled with various offers, sold out his 9,350 shares, and pocketed the neat little sum of $412,050 as the result at $43 per share, at which price, or above it, the stock still stands, all of which is a true story, and capable of proof.

There is one satisfactory point in this oil fever, which is that it has a solid foundation. That the strong probability is success for every company that is managed honestly and fairly. There are at this moment seven or eight hundred wells being bored in Pennsylvania alone, the majority of which will be finished in a month from this time. It is very unlikely that all of these will produce, but the production will be immense; and there will be one satisfactory point connected with it, which is, that the material will hold its price, even in the face of this wondrous production, for the simple fact that every day adds to its uses, and, consequently, to its demands. Should it come fast enough, another year or two will see petroleum used for heating our houses, cooking our dinners, running our steamboats, and, in fact, performing all the work that fuel now does.

In this city we can hear little of the excitement of the oil regions. One day a man is a bankrupt; he has spent all his pile in securing a lot of ground or a lease of one, and sinking a well, which is, so far, unproductive. The next day he is a millionaire, his well is flowing, perhaps two or three hundred barrels a day, and he is, consequently, in receipt of an income of, say, $3,000 per diem, or a million a-year. Some of these things seem like castle-building, but, fortunately for those concerned, they are hard, solid facts.

There is but one point for those who have a little money to invest in petroleum stock to look warily at, which is—that they do not fall into the hands of mere speculators or, perhaps, swindlers. Any company organised on straightforward business principles, and having oil territory, cannot fail to pay. It has been under this belief that we have heretofore spoken of the New York and Liverpool Company, and recommended it to those about making investments, no matter how small or how large the amount. It is an honest, well-conducted company, and is on the threshold of great successes, with some of its wells already in splendid flow. Its President, the Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson, is too well known to require a word from us, and is a surety that every transaction of the company will be conducted on the highest business principles. They own over 2,000 acres of land in the very heart of the oil districts, and when the wells now sinking are finished, which will be in about a month or six weeks, it is a reasonable supposition that its stock will be unattainable in the market at less than five or six times its regular price, which is now $10 per share, $5 paid cash.

Having said which, with the benevolent idea that if our readers will seek lucre and get rich by striking oil, we cannot do a more wholesome act than to point out the proper road, we will now shut down on petroleum for the week, promising that whatever turns up that is new and interesting on the subject to record it.

Last week we gossiped a little about the records of the income tax, and gave one or two of its revelations, and this week, as the matter is still fearfully exciting all upper-tendom, we think we cannot do better than give a little more of it. We all have a curiosity to know something about our neighbor's prosperity, and are certain to over-estimate it. We mentioned that Stewart, the drygoods man, was estimated at nearly two millions per annum, but we should have explained that this was not an income from tangible property, but from a successful business done within the year, strongly increased by the rise of goods held by him. Our present Mayor, C. Godfrey Gunther, shows an income of only $13,400, while Opdyke, ex-Mayor, ex-gun contractor, foots up to the comfortable sum of $112,800. The man who has been monarch of the Stock Exchange for the past year, Leonard W. Jerome, makes a showing of $100,000, a small sum it seems to us to support the magnificence of the autocrat's living, his splendid teams, his private theatre, and various similar luxuries. August Belmont, who, by his successful banking operations, and his connection with the Rothschilds, has always been considered *very* rich, foots up only at the insignificant sum of $100,900 per annum—scarce enough to pay for gloves and cigars. Peter Cooper owns to $106,879, and Gen. John A. Dix puts in an admission for the princely income of $4,250, which we suppose must be independent of his pay as a Major-General, from which Government collects tax on its payment. If this is not so, and so useful a man has only this sum to live on in these days, it simply argues that honesty is bad policy, and that while the citizens of New York are presenting U. S. 10-40's and fine houses to Generals in the field, they will do well to look nearer home, to those who are performing most arduous and thankless service at their very doors. Robert Bonner, of *Ledger* fame, declares himself only the possessor of an income of $25,000 per annum; while another man in the literary line—W. H. Appleton—puts his at $65,147, which proves that something tangible has come out from authors' brains.

The highest income reported for a physician is about $16,000, the highest lawyer's at $28,000, less than that of one of our fashionable tailors, who reports for a fraction over $30,000. The mercantile community, of course, report the highest, but the incomes made purely from business rarely go above $100,000, those larger than this coming from tangible property, real estate, stocks, etc.

The week has been one of skating and sleighing, such as New York has not seen for many a long year. So much of the last has there been that the highly marketable commodity a sleigh and team, which in the beginning could not be looked at less than $100 a day, has come down to the highly reasonable price of about $50. The roads about the city and even the streets of the city have been alive with them, and New Yorkers have for once had a surfeit of snow. We may say the same of ice if we may judge by the falling off at Central Park, or perhaps this falling off may be attributable to the infamous swindling and annoyances perpetrated on all visitors there. It is worse than Niagara or Saratoga, where one cannot move three steps without being swindled or annoyed. At Central Park everything one gets to eat or drink is of the very worst description, and charged at prices exceeding the most extravagant city restaurants by 33 per cent. Thirty cents is the price of a couple of oysters swimming in dirty liquor and called a stew; 10 cents for a bit of cake that can be bought in any bakers for two; 10 cents for a quarter of what is undoubtedly a six cents pie; 10 cents for a sandwich of a size that would allow any person to starve to death while eating. In fact, the whole thing and everything connected with it is an imposition, and should be corrected by the authorities. To do this we see no better plan than throw the matter open to competition, under restrictions, and then we are convinced the visitors to Central Park will be able to get something decent and "warm to take," as Solon Shingle says, without being mulcted in a sum beyond the ability of any honest man to pay.

Among the items connected with that most important subject to the whole community, recruiting, is one about which we feel constrained to say a word. We know of course that all the sympathies of the people are on the side of the recruit, as they ought to be, and not upon that of the broker and speculator in men; but there are so many phases of the matter that while it is hardly worth while to cite individual instances, we will say that the fault is not always on the side of the man who attempts to speculate in the bounty value of flesh and blood for the army. Laws have been made, not to protect the recruit, but to put a market value on him, and as a consequence to throw him into the hands of whoever will pay the highest price. The instance we would cite is that of a man named Shaw, who brought over in the ship Great Western a large number of Englishmen. These men were ostensibly shipped as glassblowers, though none of them were of that occupation, and all of them well understood the errand they were coming on, which was to enlist in the army of the United States, for a certain stipulated bounty which Shaw had promised them. On arriving in this country the men soon found out, through the runners and harpies that continually prowl around Castle Garden, that they could obtain more than the sum promised by Shaw, and repudiating the fact that for several weeks he had supported them and paid their passages, stood ready to sell themselves to the highest bidder. The bidder was not long wanting, and appeared in the shape of a New York County Supervisor, who offered the men $650 cash each to enlist as substitutes. The men, of course, as nine men out of ten will do when money is in question, and no legal restriction is upon them, left Shaw and enlisted for the larger sum, while Shaw, who had spent the last cent he had in the world upon them, was entirely disregarded in the transaction, and as a resource against poverty enlisted himself. Now we fail to see the honesty of this transaction, and declare that though Shaw may not have been engaged in what the world looks on as a perfectly reputable transaction, yet he was justly entitled to remuneration for his expenses in bringing these men, and it was a shame and a disgrace, as long as we have made laws and advertised them creating man a merchantable commodity, to repudiate the contract when it is undertaken to be carried out. If Shaw was entitled to nothing more, he certainly was to the $50 hand money so freely promised by our recruiting supervisors.

For the week there is positively nothing to record in theatricals. The same pieces we have chronicled for weeks past are still on the carpet, and as far as we are able to judge are likely to remain there. It seems strange to us that if we are to keep open a half dozen theatres for the benefit of country people, who are perpetually content with old things because they have just arrived in town that day, why we cannot have one for the benefit of New Yorkers, who want some change and object to seeing the same thing more than 12 times.

There has been no change for a week, and not even a new sensation outside the theatres on which we can bestow a word. Such a state of things is to the utter disgust of dramatic critics, who, feeling that their occupation is gone, are dreadfully afraid that their salaries will be in the same condition. Will the managers please mark this fact and act according?

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

"MARRIAGE," said a fretful husband, "is the graveyard of love."

"Yes," replied his wife, "and you men are the gravediggers."

THE poet Whittier wrote, in "Maud Muller"—

> Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
> The saddest are these, "It might have been."

A later writer, mindful of the many good things that people think of saying when it is too late to say them, writes:

> Oh, of all sad thoughts when the moment is fled,
> The saddest is this, "What I might have said!"

THE fierce temper of Lord Brougham is well known. Sydney Smith one day observing his lordship's carriage, on the panel of which appeared a "B" surmounted by a coronet, said to a friend, "There goes a carriage with a bee outside, and a wasp within!"

MCARONE, of the *Leader* (Mr. Geo. Arnold), is often pungent in his hits at passing events. Commenting recently on the conflicting and uncertain newspaper accounts of the whereabouts of Gen. Sherman, he reported the "spirit of the press" as follows:

"The Richmond papers evidently know all about Sherman's movements, and a good deal more.
The *Enquirer* says he is near Milledgeville.
The *Examiner* says he is near Millen.
The *Whig* says he is near Augusta.
The *Dispatch* says he is near Savannah.
The *Sentinel* says he is near-sighted."

A LAD wishing to turn sailor, applied to the captain of a vessel for a berth. The captain wishing to intimidate him, handed him a piece of rope end said:

"If you want to be a good sailor, you must be able to make three ends to that rope."

"I can do it," readily responded the boy; "here is one, and here is another—and that makes two. Now, here's a third"—and he threw it overboard.



FIRST ASSAULT UPON FORT FISHER, SUNDAY, JAN. 15—THE 117TH NEW YORK TROOPS, FOLLOWED BY THE 3RD, PLANTING THE FLAG ON THE NORTHERN TRAVERSE OF THE FORT.

AFTER LONG YEARS.

BY W. T. LEE.

I HAVE come back again to my dear native village,
Where father and mother and sister reside;
I've been wandering away, oh, so many long years,
While friends have grown old and loved ones died.

Let me think—'twas in March, dark, weird and gloomy,
When in anger I turned from the comforts of home—
Twenty years to a day—a chair by the fireside
Seems so far away to this who's no longer alone!

Yes, they welcomed me back to my place in the circle,
And spoke loving words—words far sweeter to me
Than the low mellow music of zephyrs that flutter
The leaves of the forest or ripple the sea.

I almost forget, in this fresh gush of gladness,
That I've ever been unhappy—that the great world is cold;
I feel not the weight of the years' noiseless fleeting,
Nor can believe for a moment I've grown so old.

I'm so happy to-day that each dim recollection
Seems to roll from my brow a marked furrow of care;
Each memory's a star in the pure sky of fancy,
So bright as to dazzle each grief in its glare.

Father and mother and sisters, forgive me—
No'er again will I leave you in anger to roam,
Two decades of long years the lesson have taught me
That contentment's a virtue found only at home.

ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "ELEANOR'S VICTORY," "AURORA FLOYD," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

JULIA DESMOND led a very pleasant life, and there were people who said that the colonel's daughter was the most fortunate person; but the Julia herself there was just one drop in the cup which was bitter enough to change the flavor of the entire draught. This was that Maude Hilary. That was Miss Desmond's grand grievance. She brooded over it sometimes when she brushed her hair of a night before the big mock-gorgeous in her pretty chintz-curtained-chamber at the Cedars. Maude had two shovel glasses that swung upon hinges at each side of her dressing-table, and Maude had her own maid to brush her hair, but Julia was fain to smooth her own dark tresses.

Miss Desmond thought of her grievance very often of a morning, when she contemplated her face by the light of a pair of wax candles, and pondered upon the events of the day. She was not Maude Hilary. She was not sole heiress to one of the largest fortunes—so ran the common rumor—ever won by city merchant. She had not received half the settlement that had been bestowed upon Miss Hilary during that day. And if not, why not? Was it because she was less good-looking? Certainly not. Miss Desmond was a handsome girl, with bold, striking features, and her black eyes flashed indignation upon the other eyes that the glass of the most fastidious of any personal expericrity on the part of Maude Hilary. Was it because she was less accomplished? Not that. Where Maude was the strongest and did most execution in a fantasia by Thalberg? Whose right little finger was cleared and steadied in a prolonged shake? Whose figure in a water-colored sketch stood firmest on their legs? Miss Desmond's, of course.

But Maude was rich and Julia was poor, and the meanness of mankind was testified by the absurd devotion which they all exhibited for the heiress. Julia was truly fond of Maude, and thought her tolerably pretty; but she did not comprehend the grand fact that Miss Hilary was one of the most fascinating of women, and that she herself was not. She was handsome and stylish, and accomplished and well-bred, but she was not bewitching. When Maude spoke in a friendly manner to any masculine acquaintance, he was apt to be seized with a mad impulse that prompted him to kiss her there and then in the eternal banishment of all her divine presence would be his immediate doom. Even women had something of the same feeling when Miss Hilary used to them; and perhaps this may be attributed to the fact that her mouth was the best and most expressive feature in her face. Such heavenly smiles, such innocently and unconsciously bewitching variations of expression played perpetually about those lovely rosy lips, that the hardest woman-hater might have been betrayed into the admission that amongst nature's numerous mistakes Maude Hilary's creation was an inexcusable one. Fortune-hunters who came with mercenary aspirations, remained to be sincere. Rich young stock-brokers who speculated amongst themselves upon the value of Lionel Hilary's wealth, would have gladly taken Maude to wife, "ex everything." But Julia Desmond could not understand all this, and she regarded her benefactor's daughter as a feminine image of the golden calf, before which mercenary mankind bowed down in servile worship.

The two girls seated themselves in the little temple, and the worshippers came round and performed their homage. But Miss Hilary had assumed lower with considerable resignation. Was she not Miss Hilary—bright and hopeful creature? and had she not from babyhood inhabited a kind of fairy circle, separated from all the common order world by a golden boundary, sheltered from every rude breath of heaven by a limitless canopy of banknotes?

CHAPTER VIII.—AT THE CHATEAU DE BOURBON.

THE château in which some of the banished descendants of Louis the Great had set up their household gods in the shape of a most expensive collection of artistic treasures, was only a mile or so distant from Mr. Hilary's house. It was an old red-brick mansion like the Cedars; and indeed, the banks of the Thames seem specially rich in red brick mansions of the early Georgian period. It was a roomy old house, and has extended itself of late years on either side, until it was almost painful of aspect. It was a very pretty house, and looked glowing with art treasures, about almost every one of which there hung a history as interesting as the object itself. Royalty, the banished royalty of France, inhabited that simple suburban mansion, and on the smooth lawn where the pennants were flying and the band playing, a quiet-looking gentleman moved about among the visitors, whose grave and noble face was the exact reproduction of another face, to be seen in stained marble under a glass case within the mansion. The face of a gentleman who, in the course of an adventurous career, won some little distinction under the style and title of Henry IV., King of France and Navarre.

It was almost like going back into the past for an hour or so to lounge on that sunny lawn of Frederickstone, and to see so familiar were some of the names that were heard on the lips of the crowd. There was a mournful kind of interest in the Bourbon blood. In the sprout of the pretty flower-festooned marquees, where elegant women were charging fabulous prices for an ice, and where every one in a way of duchin were recalled the image of tented plains and fields of cloth of gold, in the days when the sons of St. Louis had clear and undisputed high-swearing business in this world than such gentle works of charity as occupied them pleasantly enough to-day.

Maude Hilary was in her glory in the gardens of the Château de Bourbon. She had plenty of every one's money for once in her way; a certain bundle of five-pound notes, which her father had brought from the city on the previous evening; and she distributed her wealth freely among the inhabitants of the stalls, keeping herself and her attendant cavaliers with wax dolls and Berlin wool work, stereoscopes, antimacassars, painted flowerpots, bottled cowslip wine, and feather flowers. She knew a great many people, and she was so bright, and animated, and happy-looking, that a great many more strangers came to her watched her with a feeling of interest, and asked one another who she was. She was standing upon a piece of smooth sward in the extreme open the terrace overlooking the river, when she cried out that her papa had arrived, and ran away to meet him, leaving Julia Desmond and the two young men behind her.

"An hour after your time, papa," she said, putting both her arms round his neck and I've spent all my money, and I've bought these for you." She flourished a pair of gorgeously embroidered slippers before her father's face, and put her arm through his with an air of proprietorship that was as charming as—everything else she did.

Lionel Hilary, Australian merchant, of Moorgate street, was a man of a handsome looking man, tall, and stout, and dark, with iron-gray hair and whiskers, and very unlike his daughter in every respect but that of brightness. This was the chief element of her beauty found no reflection in his face. He looked very grave and a little anxious; and Maude, watching him closely, said presently:

"I'm afraid you have one of your headaches again to-day, papa."

"Yes, my dear; I've been working rather hard this morning. Let me introduce you to this gentleman, Julia. He has promised to come and spend a little of his money for the benefit of the duchess's poor people."

This gentleman was Mr. Francis Tredethlyn, who had been loitering a little in the rear of Lionel Hilary while the merchant talked to his daughter. He had been introduced and acquainted with each other in the simplest possible manner. Amongst the property Francis Tredethlyn had inherited from his mother were shares in a very large and Australian insurance company of which Mr. Hilary was a director. Francis, wanting to make some money, had written to the latter, who was up to him, and had done so. He found the merchant very cordial and friendly—he had found him so from the first—and the disposition prepossessed him lately—and with the frankness natural to him had told a good deal of his story to that gentleman, who had listened to it with the utmost attention. Lionel Hilary, being very much pleased with his manner, and being generally very kind and hospitable to any young gentleman who came in his way, had offered to drive his new acquaintance down to Twickenham.

Francis Tredethlyn was a London miserably dull at this time of the year," he said. "There's a fête, or a fancy fair, or something of that kind, our way. I'll run you down, and you shall dine at my place afterwards."

Thus it was that Francis Tredethlyn found himself standing by Maude Hilary's side in the garden, making what he felt to be a very awkward bow, and most heartily wishing that some convulsion of nature might open a ready-made grave in the smooth turf on which he stood, wherein he might hide himself from the bright eyes of Miss Hilary.

She spoke to him in the easiest, friendliest manner; asked him if he had ever been at the château before; if he liked a fancy fair; hoped he meant to spend ever so much money. She opened her eyes very wide as she said this, and he saw how blue they were, and then felt an actual blush kindling under his brown skin. Such a woman as he had never before walked his side, talking to him and smiling at him. He answered her animated inquiries as best he might, and found himself thinking of all manner of incongruous things—of Maude Hilary's handsome face and lace parasol, of his own awkwardness and ignorance, of the narrow points of her glove-stitched boots, as they peeped from under her dress and then, like anything in the world you like except Sir John Suckling's mice, of the old farmhouse on the Cornish moorland, of little Susy in a white dimity sunbonnet.

He had never been in such a place before, misplaced as he undoubtedly was with well-dressed men and women, about most of whom even he, in despite of his ignorance, recognised a nameless something that placed them infinitely above the pretensions of well-dressed people. That in itself was enough to bewilder him. He had never before seen such a woman as Maude Hilary; and even experienced young men from Government offices found Maude Hilary bewildering. He felt terribly embarrassed and out of place, and after undergoing a sharp ordeal on the terrace, where he was introduced to Miss Desmond and to the two young men staying in the house, he felt as if he must escape from himself free for a few minutes, while Mr. Hilary and his daughter talked to a group of new arrivals. He strolled away to the edge of the terrace, and lounged upon the marble balustrade, looking down at a lace helow, a kind of gorge cut through the sloping grass-plot, in which a band of common folks of the neighborhood were gathered, listening to the music of the band, and staring at the fine people, and at the carriages waiting for the guests in the garden above.

"I didn't think I was such a fool as to let my brains be muddled like this by a few fine dresses, and parasols, and flowerbeds, and the playing of a brass band," he thought; "they're dead and buried, and the smell of sea-weed is in my nose. She's fresh and blood, just as much as my mother that's dead and gone, or poor little Susy. But then I looked at her just now, I suppose as if there was a light shining all about her somewhere, that almost blinded me. She spoke to me as kindly as she spoke to her father or Julia Desmond, and yet I felt more afraid of her than if she'd been my uncle Oliver, and I'a little boy again tumbling down the hill-side in the Valley Farm."

He moved a little way from the balustrade, and stood looking rather sheepishly towards the group he had left, doubtful whether he was expected to rejoin them, or to stroll about by himself, amusing himself as he pleased. He would have given a great deal of money for the poorest treatise on social etiquette that could have been written in a single day. Lingering thus, doubtful of himself, and painfully conscious of being very much out of keeping with the place, he found himself in a confused jumble of all manner of incongruous things; and among other fancies one special thought which gault hold of his wandering consciousness with the events of the day, kept surging up towards the troubled sea of his reflections.

"I never saw her at my cousin Susan," he thought; "I know now that I never really loved my cousin Susan."

CHAPTER IX.—JULIA DESMOND MAKES HERSELF AGREEABLE.

CAPTAIN MASTERS drove Lionel Hilary's phaeton to the Cedars, and left the world a little more agreeable before the Chateau de Bourbon had dispersed, and only a few scattered groups still lingered about in the pleasant haze of early twilight. Amongst which loiterers might be observed some lively gentlemen of the occasional reporter species, who wanted to ascertain whether there would not be something in the champagne and lobster salad way before the fête was finished. Captain Masters drove his friend to Somerset House in the dusty, the mail phaeton, while Lionel Hilary and Francis Tredethlyn went home with the ladies in the landau.

The man who had been a private soldier only a few months before that day, and who had not yet been able to realise the altered position in which he found himself, was overwhelmed by a sense of humiliation. The feeling which oppressed him was rather a sense of unreality. He was like a child in a pantomime, who sees a magic wand for the first time, and cannot believe that the resplendent creature is only flesh and blood. He looked at Maude Hilary, and thought of her cousin Susan, in her cotton and brown hair, shaded by the familiar dimity sunbonnet. There were men in the world who might think that such a creature as Maude was Miss Hilary. He tried to imagine the sort of man who might lift his eyes to that divinity, and there was in his mind a vague picture of a middle-aged gentleman with yellow whiskers and a geranium in his button-hole. The aesthetic element in Mr. Tredethlyn's mind was as yet very imperfectly developed; and his idea of a lover befitting Maude Hilary leaned rather to the gaudy king's pattern order of mankind.

The Australian merchant sat with his head leaning back against the cushions of the carriage, and his eyes closed. His headache was, if any

thing, worse, he confessed, in answer to Maude's anxious inquiries. He did not speak three times during the homeward drive, and his daughter rarely took her eyes from his face. She was very fond of him, and displayed her affection for him now as frankly as she had done when she had been a little girl in a white frock, sitting on his knee after dinner, and eating unwholesome fruits and confections out of his plate. She watched him now with a tender anxiety in her face, and seemed almost unconscious of the big soldierlike individual, with a bronzed countenance and close-cropped black hair.

But Francis Tredethlyn was not entirely neglected, for Miss Desmond appeared determined to atone for Maude's want of courtesy. She had heard the Cornishman's story from Mr. Somerset, who had heard it from a gentleman whom he described as "a fellow in the 11th Hussars," and the handsome Julia felt some interest in the hero of the narrative. An ignorant young man, a farmer's son, who has suddenly come into a fortune of thirty thousand a-year is not the sort of person to be met with every day. Julia remembered that dreary ruin, that tall stone jail on the hill beyond Limerick, which sounded so well when casually alluded to as Castle Desmond, but whose image chilled her as it rose, dismal and stony, before her mind's eye. She remembered the muddy roads, the murderous ruts, the broad acres of irredeemable bog, the long rank grass waving on the roofs of tumble-down stone cabins, the gaunt pigs, and gaunter peasantry, and a feeling that was not altogether ignoble kindled a sudden flush upon her handsome face. What could not be done for Castle Desmond and those ill-used peasantry by a chieftainess who should have thirty thousand a year at her command! She fancied herself a kind of fairy queen, beneath whose wand pleasant homesteads might arise on those desolate hills, and yellow cornfields spread a golden mantle over the valleys now so bare and empty.

Miss Desmond's lot in life was altogether exceptional, and the sentimental dreams which come to some young women had no lodgment in her brain. She looked her fate straight in the face, and was eager to make the best of any opportunity that might fall in her way. For the present she was very well off where she was, though the worship of the golden calf, as represented by Maude Hillary, was a perpetual abomination to her. But she was tolerably resigned to her present position at the Cedars. It was only in the future that her life looked dark and threatening. She must marry before Miss Hillary, that was essential, or else she must resign herself to the miserable position of a companion on sufferance—necessary to Maude, perhaps, but very disagreeable to Maude's husband.

Under these circumstances a chance visitor at the Cedars, with thirty thousand a year for his fortune, was not a person to be disdainfully entreated even by the daughter of all the Desmonds: so Julia was very kind to Francis Tredethlyn during that brief homeward drive, asked him all manner of questions respecting his sentiments upon things in general and the charity *fête* in particular, and flashed her handsome eyes and white teeth upon him until he was almost dazzled by their brightness. Miss Desmond had very dark eyes, eyes that seemed of a greenish hazel when you saw them in repose, but which looked almost black when they sparkled athwart a fringe of dusky lashes. She had dark eyes and very white teeth, and the distinguishing characteristic of her face was the contrast between the darkness of one and the white glitter of the other. Mr. Tredethlyn knew that the young lady was very handsome, and that there was some condescension involved in her friendly notice of him; but his eyes wandered away to Maude's fair face and earnest blue eyes, and there was a suspicion of irrelevance in some of his replies to Miss Desmond's animated questions. If he had been less absent-minded, he might have seen that young lady's white teeth close vengefully upon her lower lip as she turned from him after one of those doubtful answers.

The dinner at the Cedars went off very quietly. Mr. Hillary was silent but hospitable, or at least as much so as a man can be in these days of Russian dinners and vicarious hospitality. Francis had lodged at a comfortable hotel in the regions of Covent Garden since his return from Cornwall, and had in no way altered his simple habits of life, so he was not a little puzzled by the array of glasses by the side of his plate, the lumps of ice which an obsequious attendant dropped ever and anon into his Moselle, the mysterious compounds in silver dishes which he discovered suddenly at his elbow whenever he was most abstracted by the novelty of the scene about him, and the vision of Maude Hillary, sitting on the other side of the round table in a cloud of white and blue. The dishes at that wonderful feast seemed so many culinary conundrums to Mr. Tredethlyn, and I fear that he made some very obvious mistakes in the management of the spoons and forks perpetually thrust upon him by the stealthy-footed retainers. But the dinner was over at last, and Captain Masters opened the dining-room door for the departure of the ladies, while poor Francis could only sit blankly staring like a countryman at a play. Lionel Hillary did not linger long over his wine; he had some papers to look at in his study, he said, and excused himself on that ground, as well as on account of that obstinate headache of his. The young men seemed very glad to be released from the atmosphere of hothouse flowers and pine-apple, faintly mingled with that odor of the bygone dinner which will hang round the most elegant dining-room, ventilate it as you will. Was not Maude Hillary in the drawing-room, whence already might be heard the sparkling ripple of arpeggio passages upon the piano? The two young loungers followed Mr. Hillary out into the hall, and Francis went with them, uncomfortably conscious of disadvantages not to be outbalanced by the possession of half a million or so in all manner of seven-per-cent.-paying investments. The young soldier, blacking his master's boots, had been the easiest mannered of mankind; but Oliver Tredethlyn's heir felt terribly embarrassed in Maude Hillary's presence—only in her presence; he was not at all abashed by Miss Desmond's eyes and teeth, though all their contrastive brightness was brought to bear upon him. Maude was at the piano, and Julia was bending over a stand of engravings. It may be that she had not very long fallen into that graceful attitude. When the three young men entered the room she looked up, and Mr. Tredethlyn meeting her friendly glance, and being considerably at a loss what to do with himself, went over to her, and found a comfortable haven in a low easy chair near the couch on which she was sitting.

"Do you care much for Leech, Mr. Tredethlyn?" she asked, as she turned over the leaves of a portfolio reprinted from *Punch*.

The young man looked rather puzzled by this question.

"I don't care much for them," he answered, frankly. "I never had any but once, and that was in Van Diemen's Land, when I had the fever, fifteen of them on my temples, and that was no joke, you know, Miss Desmond."

He was quite at his ease with Julia, but he would not for the world have been so confidential to Maude Hillary. Miss Desmond laughed good-naturedly.

"I don't mean those horrible creatures that they put on one's temples," she exclaimed, "but Mr. John Leech, the caricaturist. You must have seen *Punch*, even in Van Diemen's Land."

"Oh, yes! my mas——superior officer used to get it from his mother every mail."

He took the portfolio from Miss Desmond and turned over the leaves; but he only stared absently at Mr. Leech's most brilliant performances, and his eyes wandered away every now and then to the piano, where Maude Hillary was skimming through the gems of a new opera and dallying with her two adorers, deliciously unconscious of their adoration. Had she not inhabited an atmosphere of universal admiration and affection ever since she had exhibited her pink cheeks and infantile ringlets in company with the seven shilling March peaches and five guinea pine-apples, after her father's pompous dinners, to be admired by ponderous old city magnates in the pauses of solemn discussions upon the rate of discount and the last grand crash on the Stock Exchange?

Julia Desmond, always observant—cursed perhaps with an especial faculty for penetrating all unpleasant secrets lying hidden under the many masks which society has invented for the convenience of mankind—Miss Desmond, I say, was not slow to perceive the Cornishman's pre-occupation, nor slow to credit Miss Hillary another item in that heavy account so long standing between them.

"Even this country boor, with a great fortune of his own, must pay his meed of homage to the millionaire's daughter," thought Julia. "Is there some magical power in the possession of money, which imparts a kind of fascination to the possessor?"

Colonel Desmond's daughter had felt some of the keenest stings of poverty, and it may be that she had grown to entertain an exaggerated estimation of that golden dross which is so paltry a thing when considered in a philosophical spirit. She looked at the young man sitting by her side, and as she looked a mystic golden halo seemed to arise about him and surround him, until he appeared almost like an old picture of a saint, painted upon a shadowless background of gold. Thirty thousand a-year! and he was young, handsome, manly, good-tempered-looking, or even something more than this; for there was a dash of nobility in his simple bearing which scarcely seemed to belong to the runaway son of a small farmer. The good old blood of the Tredethlyns, once squires and landowners of some degree, was not dishonored by the young man who had blacked Harcourt Lowther's boots in Van Diemen's Land. He was not a gentleman after the manner of the nineteenth century; he seemed rather like a stalwart soldier of the past, simple and daring, frank and generous. Julia, contemplating him always enframed in the golden halo, saw that, with the advantage of a clever woman's training, he might be made a very presentable creature, in spite of that private soldier story, which, after all, was spiced with a certain flavor of romance.

"People would say I married him for his money," thought Miss Desmond; "but then they would say that if I married a provincial banker with fifteen hundred a-year! Thirty thousand—thirty thousand a-year! And he is not a man who would act meanly in the matter of settlement, and he could buy the Irish estate for a mere song, and he might call himself Tredethlyn Desmond."

Maude Hillary's companion and friend had employed herself for a very long time in the consideration of one grand subject—her own destiny. For a long time she had estimated every creature who came in her way by one unvarying gauge. Had he, or had he not, any bearing on that supreme question? If the answer were in the negative, Miss Desmond wasted no further thought upon the useless creature. But if she saw in the shadowy distance some possible combination of circumstances in which the individual might become a thread, however slightly interwoven, in the fabric of her destiny, Julia expended her brightest smiles and sweetest words for his gratification.

It was in no way strange, therefore, that the young lady who had given a good deal of attention to hare-brained young ensigns and penniless young curates, with nothing better than remote expectations, should consider Mr. Tredethlyn worthy of her most serious deliberation. The present, however, was no time for thought, for were not the young man's eyes perpetually wandering towards the slender figure under the light of the moderator lamp? Miss Desmond felt there was no time to be lost. Already the rich man had made his election—already he had enrolled himself in the list of Maude Hillary's victims. Another woman, perceiving the state of affairs, might have resigned herself to the loss of this grand chance of winning a rich husband; but Julia's courage was not so easily dashed. It rose, rather, with the thought of contest. Had not her father been a grand old freebooter, boasting of kingly blood in his battered old body, and spilling it under the colors of every rebel army in modern Europe? The Desmond spirit rose in Julia's breast as she saw Francis Tredethlyn's wandering glances, half sheepish, half unconscious.

"I can set myself against her this time," she thought; "and the battle between us will be a fair one. This man cannot be a fortune-hunter. We meet on tolerably equal terms for once in a way, Miss Hillary, and let us see who will win."

Julia's dark eyes flashed their brightest as she looked across all the width of the room to the radiant-looking girl at the piano; and then she turned them suddenly upon Francis Tredethlyn, and began to talk to him. She began to talk to him, and, more than this, she made him listen to her. Miss Desmond was a brilliant talker. She possessed that wondrous faculty vulgarly called the gift of the gab—the power of talking about everything and anything, or even about nothing, for the matter of that—the power of enchaining a listener in spite of himself, holding him prisoner when he had rather be away, and yet not detaining him an altogether unwilling prisoner—the power of talking ignorantly, without seeming to be ignorant; speculating ideas and allusions at a venture, and never betraying the shallowness of their nature; assuming an interest in the most uninteresting subject, and never revealing the hollowness of the assumption—a power, in short, which, in its fascination, seems like a modern form of those classic philtres which Roman maidens were wont to administer to eligible bachelors in the days when Rome was young. It may be that Miss Desmond owed this faculty in some degree to her Hibernian ancestry, but no suspicion of their native accent vulgarised her discourse. Only a softer and richer depth in her low voice betrayed her Celtic origin.

Julia began to talk to Francis Tredethlyn, and, in spite of himself, he listened, and was fain to withdraw his gaze from the distant figure at the piano. She talked to him of a soldier's life, jumping recklessly at conclusions, and taking it for granted that he must needs possess some latent spark of military ardor which would blaze up into a flame under the fire of her enthusiasm. She talked to him of her father, and all those guerilla warfares in which he had won distinction. She talked of Don Carlos, and Abd-el-Kader, and Garibaldi, whose name had not then the glorious significance which it carries with it to-day. She talked to him like a young Joan of Arc or an embryo maid of Saragossa, and all that was brightest in Mr. Tredethlyn's nature kindled beneath her influence. Had Francis been a stockbroker, Miss Desmond would have discoursed to him of Lionel Rothschild, or Lafitte, or Mirès, and she would have glowed with just the same enthusiasm though her theme had been the Stock Exchange or the Bourse.

But in spite of himself Mr. Tredethlyn was pleased and interested. His boyish yearning for a military career had been very nearly trampled out of him during dreary years of marchings and counter-marchings, and sword exercise, and barrack tyranny, with never the glimpse of a battle-field, or so much as a brief skirmish with some chance enemy. But those fresh young feelings all came back to him when Julia discoursed in low, eloquent accents of her father's foreign experiences.

"Ah, that was something like a military career!" thought the young man. "It was such a life that I hoped to lead when I ran away from Landresdale, and I thought I should come back a general, with a cocked-hat and a great plume of feathers, as the gardener's son does in the play I saw once at Falmouth."

And then Francis Tredethlyn, being by nature candid as a schoolboy newly come home for his holidays, opened his heart to Miss Desmond, and told her a good deal about his life. That dark chamber of his memory in which Susan's image loomed through the sombre shadows he kept religiously sealed from every curious eye. But on all other subjects he was very communicative. He did not tell Julia that he had been Mr. Lowther's body-servant, for there was something in that estate of servitude which had never been entirely pleasant to him, gallantly as he had borne himself under its serious ordeals. He had known poverty, he told Miss Desmond, in all its worst bitterness, and had seen his mother and father die broken-hearted, borne down by a load of petty debt and difficulty, when the loan of a couple of hundred pounds would have saved them.

"I felt altogether desperate one night, Miss Desmond," he said, "when my poor mother was at her worst, and my father sitting in the kitchen as helpless as a child—almost daft, as they say in the north. I felt desperate somehow, and I went out of the house and ran all the way to Tredethlyn Grange, and asked my uncle Oliver to lend me the money. He laughed in my face, Miss Desmond, and told me he hadn't a five-pound note in the house, and I dare say he spoke the truth, for I think he'd have gone half crazy at the thought of a sovereign lying idle. I went back to the farm, and—my mother died the next day."

He stopped, and sat for some minutes looking at Mr. Hillary's Axminster carpet. Julia did not say anything. She was too perfect a tactician not to know that anything she could say must appear commonplace at such a moment. She only drew a long breath, a kind of fluttering sigh, expressive of the deepest sympathy.

"My mother died, Miss Desmond," the young man went on, "and my father was not slow to follow her. So, having no one in the world to care for except—except a cousin, who had been like a sister to me, I ran away to Falmouth, and enlisted in a foot regiment, thinking that I had but to pin a bunch of colors in my hat and march straight off to some field of battle. I left Cornwall, Miss Desmond, but I never forgot that night before my mother's death. I've tried to feel grateful to my uncle Oliver for leaving me this fortune, but I can't. I ought to feel grateful, I suppose, but I can't. The memory of that night sours me somehow. Money seems such paltry stuff after all, when you think that all the golden coin in this world can't bring back one human creature from the grave."

"Ah, yes, indeed," Miss Desmond murmured, in her tenderest voice.

And then, being blest with a very lively imagination, she found herself wondering whether, if wealth had been potent to restore the dead, and she had been possessed of wealth, she would have very much cared to awaken Patrick Macnamara Ryan O'Bryan Desmond from his quiet slumber in a little churchyard beside the winding Shannon. The old soldier of fortune was better in his grave perhaps, Julia thought, philosophically. She had begun to fight the battle of life on her own tactics, and had no very great opinion of her late father's strategy.

"He was very clever," she thought, with a tender remembrance of the Major's best manœuvres, "but then one so often saw through him. He always started with wrong premises, and fancied every one but himself was a fool, as if there could be any merit in deceiving only stupid people."

Miss Desmond was always wise enough to remember that the larger art of talking well comprehends the smaller art of listening gracefully. She was not one of those obnoxious people who talk for the sake of talking; and who, after rattling on without a full stop for half an hour at a stretch, will stare vacantly at you while you recite to them some interesting adventure, evidently thinking of what they mean to say next, and waiting for the chance of cutting in. Julia Desmond talked with a purpose—not because she wanted to talk, but because she wished to please—and now she listened to Francis Tredethlyn with an unfailing show of sympathy and interest that beguiled him on to tell her more and more. She wound and insinuated herself into his confidence as a beautiful serpentine creature winds itself into the heart of an apparently impenetrable forest; and before the evening was finished, Mr. Tredethlyn found himself almost as intimate with this splendid southern Irishwoman as if she had been his sister. She had set him completely at his ease, so that he no longer felt out of place in Mr. Hillary's gorgeous rooms; and when the merchant, coming into the drawing-room at eleven o'clock, very pale and worn-looking, asked him to dine at the Cedars on the following Sunday, Francis unhesitatingly accepted the invitation. He stole just one glance at Maude as he did so, but she was in the act of exhibiting one of the newest accomplishments of a mouse-colored Skye terrier for the edification of the two young loungers, and she was quite unconscious of that shy look from Mr. Tredethlyn's eyes. He went to her presently to wish her good-night, and the spell of her gracious presence dazed and bewildered him, to the cost of the mouse-colored terrier, upon whose silky paws he trampled in his embarrassment; and then, essaying to shake hands in a gentlemanly manner, he forgot what a stalwart giant he was, and squeezed the little hand that rested so lightly in his, until Maude's fingers were wounded by the hoops, and clusters, and hearts, and crescents of diamonds and opals which twinkled and flashed upon them—for Miss Hillary had seen the Marchioness of Londonderry's famous rings, and never wore any vulgar mixture of many-colored jewels upon her pretty white hands. Francis lingered a little after saying good-night, helpless under the spell of the enchantress, and then made his way somehow or other out of the room. Ah! surely uncle Oliver's money was not such sordid dross after all, when it was the golden key which admitted him to that paradise on the banks of the Thames.

GEN. SHERMAN'S CAPTURE OF SAVANNAH.

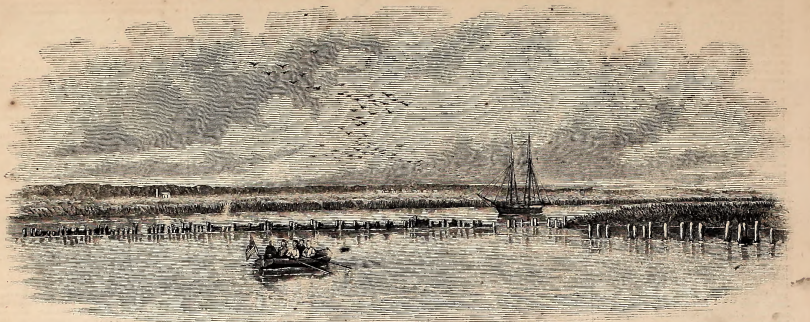
Batteries and Obstructions at the Mouth of the River.

WE exhibit from sketches taken on the spot by our Special Artist the fortifications and obstructions at the mouth of the Savannah. The obstructions, in both the north and south channels, were found to be of a very formidable character, consisting of heavy piles and deep cribs filled with large stones in close contiguity. Around these were placed innumerable torpedoes; these last have been taken up, at least from the south channel. A portion of the obstructions also, sufficient to admit the passage of our light draft vessels at half-tide and high water, were extracted and removed. When the channel is effectually cleared of these impediments, a cause of great embarrassment and annoyance will cease to exist. They are about a mile below Fort Jackson, and were exposed to the fire of heavy rebel guns on both sides of the river.

The sketches of Fort Jackson and Battery Lee were also taken directly on the spot by Mr. Crane, the Artist from our establishment, and sufficiently explain themselves. In one of them are indicated the 28th Pennsylvania Volunteers and 29th Ohio, of Gen. Geary's division, marching in and taken possession of Fort Jackson, while under fire of the retreating rebel ram Savannah, which was subsequently destroyed by the rebels. In the various batteries in this vicinity Gen. Geary's 2d division 20th army corps captured no less than 96 pieces of ordnance.

A STORY is told of an officer in the army, during the war of 1812-14, who was, and is still, more accustomed to the use of the sword than the pen. While stationed on the lake frontier, two of his soldiers, brothers, by the name of Kennedy, and usually called Kannada, had deserted. The officer wrote an order, and issued it to a subaltern, to take a file of men and proceed to a place named, and take the two Canadas. The order was peremptory, and not to be trifled with. The officer looked at his instructions and prepared to obey them, but he remarked that he did not believe he could take more than one of the provinces without a reinforcement!

SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN IN GEORGIA.—From Sketches by our Special Artist, W. T. Crane.



REBEL OBSTRUCTIONS IN THE NORTH CHANNEL OF THE SAVANNAH RIVER, GA., A MILE BELOW FORT JACKSON.

THE CAPTURE OF FORT FISHER.

THE capture of Fort Fisher, one of the strongest fortresses on this continent, and, with the exception of Fortress Monroe, the most extensive, will ever be one of the most brilliant passages in the military history of the world, equalling, if not surpassing, the famous storming of the Malakoff by the French in the Crimean war, and that of Badajos by the British in the Peninsular. Indeed, in many respects it undoubtedly exceeds both those celebrated stormings, since it was done in a brief space, and with numbers which very little exceeded the strength of the garrison.

Among the singular circumstances connected with the event was the secrecy with which the second expedition was conducted. On the 13th of January the fleet commenced the bombardment. This was continued with unabated vigor throughout the next day; on the 15th it was resolved to take the place by storm. The strength and extent of this work the following description will demonstrate.

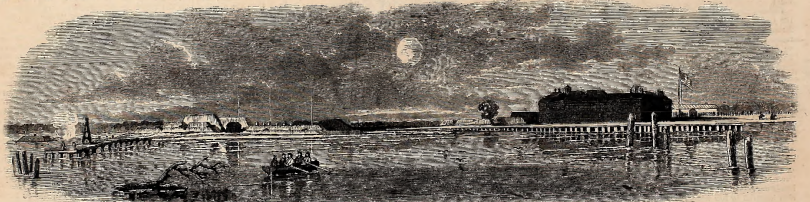
Fort Fisher.

Fort Fisher consists of one inclosed fort or bastion, from the opposite angles of which spread out, at right angles to each other, high parapets or curtains of earth-work, the sea face to a distance of 1,600 yards, and the north face about a third of this distance. At regular intervals these curtains are crossed by high traverses, which, at the same time, serve as bombproofs, and between which are mounted sometimes one, and at others two heavy guns. On the north face were 15 of these traverses, and when our men succeeded in capturing the first of these, the second was an earthwork, behind which the rebels could retreat, and so on successively, until our men reached the bastion, which was inclosed on all sides, and here the rebels would evidently huddle for their final struggle.

The Sailors Land.

The boats containing the naval force intended to cooperate effected a landing on a shelving piece of beach, about a mile and a half from the fort. They amounted to about 1,800, and were led by the Fleet-Captain Randolph Breese. Under him were Lieuts. Cushman, Parker and Selfridge. They were assisted by Cushing, Preston and Porter. The marines were commanded by Capt. Dowson, and to them was assigned the duty of firing at the rebel sharpshooters, while the sailors advanced on the run to board the sea face of the fort. The naval brigade advanced very carefully, for the rebels soon discovered them, and trained their guns upon them, both from Fort Fisher and the Mound, the Mound gunners having down their flagstaff to enable them to turn and train their guns on the advancing marines. To avoid losing men thus needlessly, a bat talion of sharpshoo ers was forward under the direction o Lieut. Samuel W. Preston. Lieut. Preston had shallow ditches dug, through which the men advanced, and were in a great measure protected from the rebel shell. As Lieut. Preston was walking from his diggers towards the main body, a fragment of an exploding shell struck him in the side, tearing its way through the abdomen, and then fell dead one of the most gallant and promising young officers in our navy. Still rapidly our sailors continued digging their way.

At two o'clock, and within about 800 yards of the fort Capt. Breese ordered the men to charge—the fire from the fort was terrific, and although our gallant man



BATTERY LEE AND FORT JACKSON, SAVANNAH RIVER, G...



FORT JACKSON, LOOKING WEST.



INTERIOR OF FORT JACKSON.



INTERIOR OF BATTERY LEE.

reached the fort they were compelled to retire, after experiencing considerable loss.

The Soldiers' Charge.

But the Naval Brigade had not fought in vain; while they were threatening the sea face of the fort and engaging the attention of the greater part of the rebel garrison, the 1st brigade of the 2d division of the 24th corps, headed by Gen. Curtis, scaled the north-east salient of the fort, and forced a rapid entrance, the rebs labering under the impression that the sailors and marines were the main assaulting column. The entire 2d division of the 24th corps forced its way into the fort. The assault of the sea face was now repulsed, and the rebels found a foe within their works. The garrison of the fort was a very strong one, and they were massed chiefly to drive back our soldiers. Our men fought desperately to gain ground.

Inch by inch they fought their way along the north-east face, the gallant 1st brigade in the entrance, the tall form of the brave Gen. Curtis, ever conspicuous, leading, encouraging, cheering on, his strong right arm clearing the way. Nobly he fought and well, till struck in the head by a rebel bullet he fell senseless and helpless. He was borne off by his devoted soldiers, and the fight waged fiercer than ever. Mound by mound the northern face was carried. Every traverse mound was a rallying and fighting point by the rebels. The enemy fought with the courage of desperation; our gallant men were animated by the good cause we maintained, for "thrice is he armed who has his quarrel just." It was a hand to hand struggle; bayonets were in general use, muskets were clubbed, and man stood up to man in deadly conflict. The guns of the Mound were trained on the north-east face of Fort Fisher after it had been carried by our men, and Gilsecre's division reopened fire on the Mound. The sun sank, twilight deepened, night fell, and yet the fierce struggle raged unremittingly within the fort. But the rebels were driven back, back from every mound and traverse, back into a corner, and gathered together for the final struggle.

The Final Struggle.

About 10 o'clock the final struggle took place, and after a short but desperate hand-to-hand encounter our gallant soldiers remained masters of the hitherto impregnable Fort Fisher.

Surrender of Fort Buchanan.

Gen. Whiting and Col. Lamb, the rebel commanders, had both been wounded in the early part of the fight, and had been carried into Fort Buchanan, upon which now Abbott's brigade was ordered to advance. Fort Buchanan is the strong rectangular earthwork fort a mile to the eastward of the Mound battery and a mile and a half from Fort Fisher. Here also some 700 or 800 of the garrison had retreated. Col. Abbott's forces moved up the Cape Fear shore, and on arriving before the fort found that two officers had been dispatched with a flag of truce to ob- the capitulation of Fort Buchanan, and soon afterwards they came in accompanied by Capt. Graves, of Gen. Terry's staff, and at 12 o'clock the fort was formally surrendered.

MR. JAMES COOKE, GYMNAST.

MR. COOKE, whose portrait appears in our current number, was born in Dublin, in 1836. He commenced his career as a high-grade performer in 1846, when only 10 years of age. Having great aptitude for comic humor, he directed his attention to professional jesting, and first appeared in public as a ring clown in connection with Pablo Fanque's celebrated circus, by whom he was engaged for six years, and speedily he became a great public favorite.

After exercising his comic powers professionally for several years in Europe, at the same time perfecting himself in gymnastics (he is perhaps the only man living who has thrown a quadruple somersault), he determined on visiting the United States, where he arrived on the 19th of May, 1863.

On the conclusion of a tour through the country he returned to New York, and conceived the design of the Hippotheatron—the first permanent circus ever erected in America, of which he remains one of the shining lights as courtly jester—in which capacity he stands long, being a master of repartee and the ability to seize on the incident of the moment and turn it to mirthful account. Never stooping to vulgarity, he relies on his native humor alone for the success he achieves, and he may be fairly regarded as the model clown and ter of his day.



JAMES COOKE, THE CELEBRATED SHAKESPEAREAN JESTER AT THE HIPPOTHEATRON, N. Y.

ADMIRAL D. D. PORTER.

THE gallant sailor, whose portrait we publish to-day, is the son of the famous Commodore David Porter, of the Essex, and was born in 1814. In 1829 he entered as midshipman, and passed in 1835. Under Commodore Tatnall he served with distinction in the Mexican War.

In 1849 he took command of one of the Pacific Mail Steamers, and remained in the service of that Company for several years.

In 1861 he was placed in command of the Powhatan, a steam sloop of 2,000 tons and 11 guns. He left that to take charge of the mortar expedition, and was present at the capture of the forts below New Orleans; after which he ascended the Mississippi, and assisted at the reduction of Vicksburg. Since then he has been operating on the Atlantic coast and the James river.

When the expedition against Wilmington was contemplated, Admiral Porter was appointed to the command, and how nobly he has fulfilled the expectations of the country our present illustrations will show.

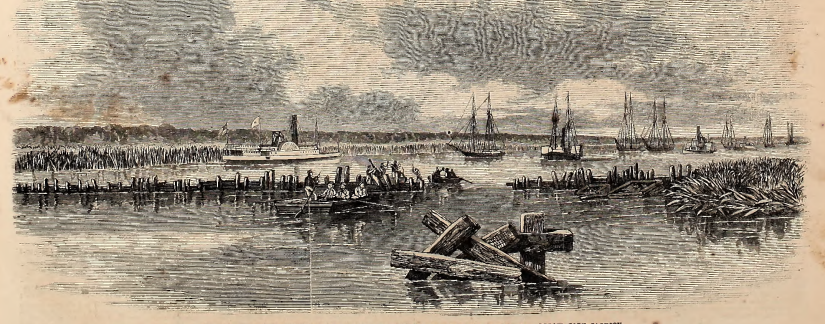
MAJ.-GEN. ALFRED H. TERRY.

MAJ.-GEN. ALFRED H. TERRY was born in Hartford, Conn., Nov. 10th, 1827. He was educated in New Haven, where he was admitted to the bar in 1848. He became clerk of the county courts, but resigned in 1850, and made a short visit to Europe. He had long inclined to military studies, and took an active part in the militia of his State. He was Colonel of the 2d or New Haven county regiment when Fort Sumter was fired on, and immediately offered his services to the Governor, and was commissioned to command the 2d Connecticut regiment of three-months men, which was one of the few that behaved well at Bull run. He afterwards raised another regiment, the 7th Connecticut, which did excellent service in Gen. T. W. Sherman's (afterwards Gillmore's) command, at Hilton Head, and at the capture of Port Pulaski, for which it had the honor of being selected as the garrison. In March, 1862, Terry was promoted to be a Brigadier-General of volunteers, and for his subsequent services in Florida, Virginia and North Carolina, which we have no time to particularize, he was made a brevet Major-General. For the splendid service of capturing a fort which, 20 days before, Gen. Butler had declared impregnable, he deserves still higher honors, and, of course, he will receive them.

HOW LONG WILL THE SUN LAST?

ANOTHER essential question as regards the future of our planetary system has reference to its future temperature and illumination. As the internal heat of the earth has but little influence on the temperature of the surface, the heat of the sun is the only thing which essentially affects the question. The quantity of heat falling from the sun during a given time, upon a given portion of the earth's surface, may be measured, and from this it can be calculated how much heat in a given time is sent out from the entire sun. Such measurements have been made by the French physicist Pouillet, and it has been found that the sun gives out a quantity of heat per hour equal to which a layer of the densest coal, ten feet thick, would give out by its combustion; and hence, in a year, a quantity equal to the combustion of a layer of seventeen miles. If this heat were drawn uniformly from the entire mass of the sun, its temperature would only be diminished thereby one and one-third of a degree centigrade per year, assuming its capacity for heat to be equal to that of water. These results can give us an idea of the enormitude of the question, in relation to the surface and mass of the sun; but they cannot inform us whether the sun radiates heat as a glowing body, which since its formation has its heat accumulated within it, or whether a new generation of heat, by chemical processes, takes place at the sun's surface.

At all events, the law of the conservation of force



REMOVING THE OBSTRUCTIONS IN THE SOUTH CHANNEL OF THE SAVANNAH RIVER, GA., BELOW FORT JACKSON.

esches us that no process analogous to those known at the surface of the earth can supply for eternity an inexhaustible amount of heat and light to the sun. But the same law also teaches that the store of force at present existing, as heat, is not what may become heat, as sufficient for an inconceivable time. With regard to the stores of chemical force in the sun, we can form no conjecture, and the forms of heat lower existing can only be determined by very uncertain estimations. If, however, we adopt the very probable view, that the remarkably small density of the sun's body is caused by its high temperature, and may become greater in time, it may be calculated that if the diameter of the sun were diminished only the ten-thousandth part of its present length, by this set a sufficient quantity of heat would be generated to serve the total emission for 2,000 years. Such a small change, besides, it would be difficult to detect, even by the finest astronomical observations.

Indeed, from the commencement of the period during which we possess historic accounts, that is, for a period of about 4,000 years, the temperature of the earth has not sensibly diminished. From these old age we have certainly no thermometric observations, but the information regarding the distribution of certain cultivated plants, the vine, the olive tree, which are very sensible to changes of the mean annual temperature, and we find that these plants at the present moment have the same limits of distribution that they had in the times of Abraham and Homer, from which we may infer backwards the constancy of the climate.

Ohio has furnished 211,500 men to the army and navy, of whom 16,500 have died in service, and about 8,500 have been disabled.

Soldiers of the Union!

Read the following Letters received from your comrades as abbreviaments of the

WORLD KNOWN AND WORLD TRIED REMEDIES, KNOWN AS PROF. HOLLOWAY'S

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The following are a few specimens of genuine letters on file for inspection at this office. Copies sent by mail to any inquirer.

80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

QUARTERMASTER'S DEPARTMENT,
99th Illinois Volunteers,
FORT LEARN, S. C., Nov. 7, 1864.

PROF. HOLLOWAY, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.:

SIR—Enclosed please find two dollars, for which send me one more box each each of your celebrated Pills and Ointment, by return mail. Please attend to this at once, for I am with in need of the above remedies.

Address Lieut. A. W. PELLOWS, A. Q. M.,
39th Illinois Vols.

CAMP NEAR BRANDY STATION, VA., Nov. 7, 1864.

PROF. HOLLOWAY:

DEAR SIR—I have heard a great deal of talk about your famous Pills, and as I never was in the need of them as I am now by them, as incidents are daily prevalent at the present time; send me the worth of the enclosed, in stamps.

JOSEPH WALSH, Co E, 5th Regt., Excelsior Brigade.

PULASKI, TENN., Nov. 6, 1864.

PROF. HOLLOWAY:

DEAR SIR—Please find enclosed one dollar, and send me the amount in your Famous Pills, as I am troubled with Dysentery and sore eyes. Yours, &c.,

THOMAS F. TURNER, Co. I, 3d Iowa Infantry.

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., Nov. 1, 1864.

PROF. HOLLOWAY:

Please find enclosed the sum of one dollar for Pills. I have Diarrhœa, and can't get it stopped, so I want to try your Pills. Yours truly,

WILLIAM CHRISTY,
Co. D, 104th Regt. Penn. Vols.,
Morris Island, S. C.

CAMP NEAR BRANDY STATION, VA., Nov. 7, 1864.

PROF. HOLLOWAY:

DEAR SIR—Please find enclosed one dollar, for Pills. I have Diarrhœa, and can't get it stopped, so I want to try your Pills. Yours truly,

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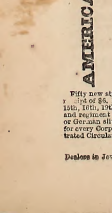
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For $4 00 a No. 6 pen 1st quality.
pen. For $6 75 a No. 8 pen. For $12 00 a No. 9 pen 1st quality.

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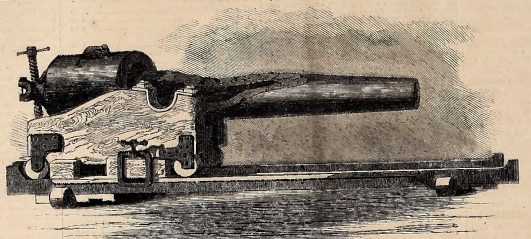
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 480—Vol. XIX.] NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 11, 1865. [PRICE 10 CENTS, $4 00 YEARLY, 13 WEEKS $1 00

Re-establishment of the Republic of Santo Domingo.

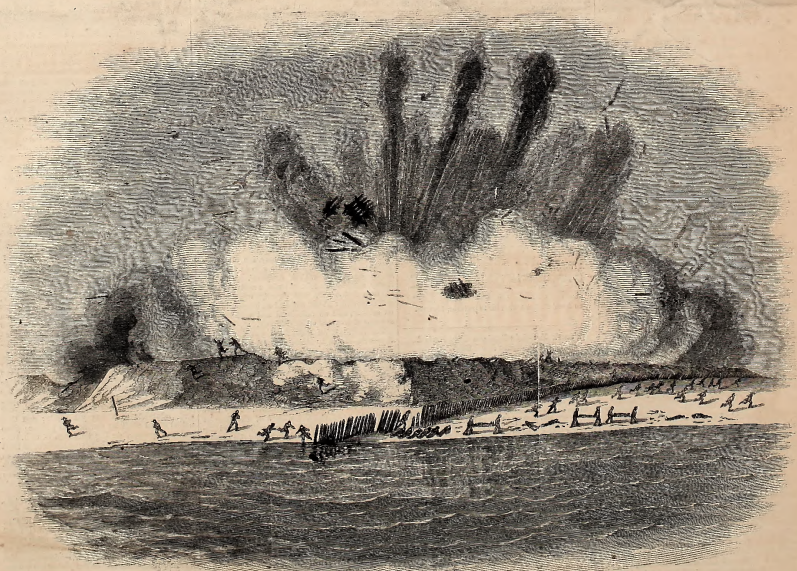
SPAIN, after an inglorious struggle of three years, during which the whole power of the Peninsula was brought to bear upon a petty State of little over 200,000 souls, has been forced to abandon its pretensions in Santo Domingo, and to retire from a contest, which she wantonly provoked, in shame and confusion. It will be remembered that, immediately on the outbreak of our great civil war, when all Europe supposed that our power was completely broken, Spain hastened to reassert her authority over her ancient possessions, and, availing herself of the aid of a few traitors in Santo Domingo, declared the extinction of that little Republic, and its reannexation to the crown. The royal decree to that effect was dated May 19, 1861, and a pompous occupation of the territory was made, under the most mendacious pretensions that it was in consonance with the popular wish. The apparent ease with which the change was effected inflamed the imagination and excited the cupidity of every European cabinet, and the notion of a partition of the American continent among the "princes and powers" of the Old World took form and body. France, always jealous of the colonial greatness of England, and believing that her vast wealth was mainly derived from her dependencies, pounced eagerly on Mexico, in the expectation of obtaining there that India which she had sought for in vain in Africa, while elated Spain began to dream of again spreading her Vice-Royalties over South America.



PARROTT GUN ON THE U. S. S. SUSQUEHANNA, BURST DURING THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT FISHER.—FROM A SKETCH BY ESSON LAYCOCK.

All these assumptions and hopes were based on the probable disruption and extinction of the American Union, and upon the supposed incapacity of the Hispano-American Republics to resist any assault on their independence. Four years of war have, however, only served to develop the power of the United States, and the struggle in Santo Domingo has shown the utter impotence of any European power to hold even the weakest of the American States in opposition to the will of its people. It is roughly computed that Spain has lost 40,000 men and forty millions of dollars in her cruel assault on the independance of Santo Domingo, and the last mail from Europe brings us the news that the Spanish Government has finally resolved to abandon the contest. This decision was reached at the cost of what was called a "cabinet crisis," and in opposition to the wishes of the crown—which, with true Bourbon obstinacy, would have continued the costly, bloody and futile struggle.

The NARVAEZ ministry, which has taken the responsibility of the present step, has had the wisdom to act on the advice of Hamlet to his wanton mother, and "affect a virtue" though



EXPLOSION OF POWDER MAGAZINE IN FORT FISHER, NEAR WILMINGTON, N. C., AFTER ITS CAPTURE BY THE FEDERAL FORCES, JAN. 15.—FROM A SKETCH BY ESSON LAYCOCK.

it have it not. It has certainly covered its humiliating retreat with a rhetorical and very well affected show of reason and generosity. After setting forth how events have proved that the annexation of Santo Domingo was *not*, as had been represented, "the spontaneous and unanimous" act of the people, the Ministers declare that "it was a delusion to believe that the Dominican people, as a whole, or, in the great majority, desired, and, above all, demanded their annexation to Spain. That the struggle having become general, it does not now bear the character of a measure taken to subject a few discontented rebels, but of a war of conquest, completely foreign to the spirit of Spanish policy. That even by concentrating our efforts and sacrifices, in order to obtain a triumph, we should place ourselves in the sad position of holding the island entirely by military occupation, full of difficulties, and not exempt from dangerous complications; that even under the most favorable hypothesis that a portion of the population may show themselves devoted to us after victory, the governmental system that would have to be established in those dominions must either be little suitable to the usages and customs of the inhabitants, or very dissimilar to that of the other colonial provinces."

Hence they recommend a repeal of the decree of annexation, as a measure sanctioned by their own judgment, and meeting the approval of the Crown. We may, therefore, speedily expect the concurrence of the Cortes, and the restoration of heroic Santo Domingo to the ranks of the American Republics.

In this *denouement* we may read that of the equally wicked and absurd attempt to subvert the Republic in Mexico. It is utterly idle to represent that there is any concurrence of the Mexicans in the order of things at present partially imposed by French bayonets. No one is deceived by the falsehoods of the French press in this respect, and no one mistakes the echo raised by the miserable *claque* that Maximilian has taken out with him, for the voice of the Mexican people. The man who set up this gilded puppet knows how utterly baseless is his throne, and how soon it must topple over; and, if report speaks truly, he has made indecent haste to indemnify himself for his outlay, in the now obviously impracticable attempt to create a monarchy on this continent, by requiring his automaton to cede to him a portion of his mythical realm. It is alleged that the silver region of Sonora, the States of Durango, Chihuahua—in fact, that the whole northern part of Mexico has been made over to Louis Napoleon as an indemnity for debts pretended to be due from the old Republic and for expenses incurred in the establishment (?) of the so-called Empire. It is further said, that a late Senator of the United States from California, the mercenary Dr. Gwinn, whose principal use of his former high position was to levy a tax on legislation, is to administer the territory in behalf of the French Emperor. We are not inclined to put much confidence in these reports, not that they are not perfectly consonant with the policy and practice of the hero of Boulogne and Strasbourg, but because the scheme of building up a power in the deserts of northern Mexico to oppose the extension of the United States, or to act in any way as a counterpoise to it, is too preposterous to be entertained by any human being outside of a lunatic asylum. In a military sense the region referred to is indefensible. Its people can never be brought to a concurrence in the radical change which a French Government must impose. French emigrants never identify themselves with the soil to which adventure or interest may carry them, and neither assimilate others or are themselves assimilated. And, finally, it must be obvious that the United States, whatever may appear to be its present phlegm in matters of this kind, is pervaded with the purpose, and silently but firmly determined, to permit no extension of foreign power on this continent. Above all it can never tolerate any attempt to circumscribe or limit either its territory or influence, through concessions made by sceptreless monarchs, acting in the interests whether it be of a master or a confederate.

Summary of the War.

VIRGINIA.

The only event of the week in this department has been the raid of the rebel rams, as the Richmond press terms it—this we have illustrated and described in another part of our paper. With this exception there has been a perfect quiet in the armies before Richmond and Petersburg.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

A portion of Sherman's army has taken possession of some of the main points on the railroad between Savannah and Charleston, but it is not known where Gen. Sherman intends to strike. The rebel papers recommend the destruction of the powder mills and other Government works at Augusta. The unsatisfactory condition of the rebel forces has resulted in the Congress creating the office of Commander-in-Chief, which Davis has, in obedience to the unmistakable public sentiment, bestowed upon Gen. Lee.

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PART of the Smithsonian Institution building in Washington was destroyed by fire on the night of the 25th of January. Were it not that the complete destruction of the building would have entailed greater loss in the way of collections, pictures, books and instruments than actually occurred, it might be a matter of regret that the entire building was not consumed. As it was, the valuable collection of philosophical instruments, presented by Professor Hare of Philadelphia, was lost, together with the cabinet and other relics of Smithson, the founder of the institution. The so-called "Stanley Gallery" of paintings of the Indians, designed to preserve their features and characteristics—a fine idea miserably carried out—was also burnt. The Library of Bishop Johns, of Virginia, and the Beaufort (S. C.) Library, deposited here for safe keeping, shared the same fate, besides a number of fine paintings, pieces of statuary, etc. These are great and irreparable losses. But, as we said at the outset, it is a matter of regret that the building was not entirely destroyed; a still greater matter of regret that it was ever built. It was designed and erected under the supervision of that brilliant architectural genius who will be remembered as the author of that atrocity in the way of a fountain in the Bowling Green Park, which we believe was indicted as a nuisance and an outrage on public taste, and summarily removed in consequence. Human ingenuity could not have devised a more incongruous structure than was the Smithsonian Institution, and there seems to have been an almost fiendish desire as well as ability on the part of the architect to render it the most inappropriate and inconvenient possible, for the purposes to which it was to be dedicated. Among other wonderful adaptations was the putting of a large oriel window, with stained glass, in the gable of the saloon set apart as the "picture gallery"—a pretty and characteristic device, by means of which a portrait, for instance, when hung on the walls, would present violet hair, a yellow nose and lips of brilliant blue, as if the face had been rudely pushed through an undried rainbow!

It is to be hoped that the damage to the building is so great as to render its entire demolition necessary, in which case we may see an appropriate and convenient structure rise in its place, which shall be, withal, fireproof. The late flimsy, rambling, incoherent pile, a sort of modern Cretan Labyrinth, was equally unsubstantial and defective, and has entailed an irreparable loss on science, and an additional and well-deserved amount of disgrace on its designer.

The Smithsonian Institution was founded by James Smithson, a natural son of the late Duke of Northumberland, who bequeathed a sum of upwards of $500,000 to the United States, for the purpose of creating "an institution for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." How knowledge is to be "increased and diffused" has been a question which the Government wisely devolved on the Board of Regents. They have sought to carry out the wishes of the founder by encouraging original investigations and researches, publishing and distributing the results, by means of a free public library of scientific books, and by open lectures on scientific subjects. In all these respects the institution has been as successful, considering its relatively limited means and the wide demands made on it, as could be expected; and it is safe to say that its publications have added more to the sum of knowledge, since they were commenced, than those of any other society or institution whatever. A daily contemporary, noticing the accident to the building, takes occasion to reflect on the management of the institution for refusing to permit the prostitution of its lecture-room for partisan purposes—because, in fact, some anti-slavery propagandists were denied its use. Hence it is stigmatized as "Secesh" in its tendencies; an allegation equally unfounded and malicious. The Regents of the institution are the President and heads of departments, and four members of the House of Representatives and the Senate, elected by those bodies respectively. Its Secretary and Assistant-Secretary are men of eminence in science, whose duty it is to see that the institution shall not be made the convenience of strolling lecturers on politics or religion, or on any other subject or matter not strictly scientific. All public institutions are apt to get to be conservative, or, in common phrase, "old-fogyish," and it is not to be expected that the Smithsonian will reverse the rule. The time may, nevertheless, come, when it will so far unbend as to elect men under three score years as corresponding members. As the Spaniards say, "*Ojala!*"

AMONG the evidences of patriotism on the part of the people, there are none that have been more marked than the patience with which they have borne the many, we had almost said the constant, encroachments that have been made on individual and guaranteed rights during the years of war through which we have passed. Intelligent as patriotic, our citizens have felt the necessity of strengthening the Executive arm, even at the risk of abuses inseparable from the irresponsible exercise of power. They have cheerfully sacrificed their Anglo-Saxon jealousy of personal freedom to the exigencies of the times, and have said to those in authority, "Do as you please, but save the nation. We lay our lives, our fortunes, and our most cherished rights on the altar, a willing if a necessary sacrifice for our country's salvation." This noble abnegation has been often misunderstood by those in authority, and they have practised on the people's patience to the very limits of endurance. Were it not that there is an abiding faith, that, with the return of peace, the extraordinary powers with which the Government has been invested, or which it has assumed, would be retracted or quietly given up, there would be a manifestation of feeling, and a rebellion against the existing order of things, that would make every occupant of office, from the President downwards, tremble in his seat. Now that the late election has destroyed every organization in the interests of the rebellion that existed in the North, now that our armies in the field have driven their bayonets into the very heart of the insurrection, now that the integrity of the Union is assured, it becomes us to see that the things, without which even nationality loses its significance and value, are restored to us intact, and that the sacred heritages of our fathers come back to us in all their amplitude and purity. Assumption must not be allowed to take warrant from too long or too patient endurance.

The conviction is gaining ground, in fact it is universal, that the whole system of arrests and imprisonments, as practised by the heads of departments, must cease, or its exercise be greatly limited, on the ground that the occasion no longer calls for extraordinary measures. This conviction is fairly expressed in the late emphatic action of the House of Representatives, directing the Military Committee of that body, by a vote of 136 to 5, to inquire into the cases of persons in the military prisons of Washington, alleged to be confined there without just warrant, and held, without trial, beyond the time fixed by law, and in ignorance of the grounds of their detention. In the debate on the resolution directing this inquiry, it was stated, on the personal responsibility of members, that there are men who have been confined in these prisons for many months without a knowledge of the allegations, if any, against them, and to whose repeated petitions and demands for trial or discharge no response had been given. Should these allegations prove true, we hope the officers, high or low, on whose authority such outrages have been committed, will be held up unsparingly to public reprobation. Such acts can no longer be excused or palliated on the ground of public necessity.

IN another part of this issue we present a picture of the 150-pound Parrott gun burst, on board the Susquehanna, during the second bombardment of Fort Fisher. During the first bombardment nearly our entire loss in killed and wounded was occasioned by the bursting of the 100-pound Parrotts, no less than six of them having failed in this manner. A commission, we believe, has been formed to inquire into these casualties, and it is to be hoped that it will be able to detect their occasion and suggest a remedy. Gen. Gillmore, probably our most accomplished artillerist, tells us that we have no guns of large calibre which will endure "with certainty 800 or even 500 rounds." The siege of Charleston was not abandoned until after 23 of the Parrott 100 and 200-pounders had burst. The famous "Swamp Angel" battery, composed of one eight-inch rifle gun, exploded at the 36th fire, blowing out the entire breech at the rear of the vent, disheartening the men, and causing a suspension of the fire on the city. For purposes of offensive war, then, we must have rifled ordnance of greater power and endurance than any yet made; and that nation which shall be the first to produce guns "strong enough," in the language of Gen. Gillmore, "to sustain the repeated shock of at least 1,000 charges of powder, in as large quantities as can be burned with useful effect behind the projectile, and at any required elevation," must have a decided advantage over all others.

THE Richmond newspapers compare their city to a "gigantic frogpond." They tell us that the men croak, the women croak and the children croak. The negroes are also making a general stampede, in view of a possible conscription of the negroes for service in the army. Croaking on the part of the whites, and a tendency towards "taking themselves off" on the part of the blacks, have come to be "a nuisance." No doubt of it.

THERE is something of the old Puritan ex-

altation of expression and earnestness in the brief proclamation of Gov. Fletcher, of Missouri, in officially promulgating the ordinance for the abolition of slavery in that State, recently adopted by the Constitutional Convention. He says:

"Now, therefore, by authority of the supreme executive power vested in me by the constitution of Missouri, I, Thomas C. Fletcher, Governor of the State of Missouri, do proclaim that henceforth and for ever no person within the jurisdiction of this State shall be subject to any abridgment of liberty, except such as the law shall prescribe for the common good, or know any master but God."

"INTERVENTION," with which we were so constantly threatened, during the first year of the war, seems to have disappeared from the European vocabulary. We hear no more about "inefficient blockades.' But we would not, fo the world, connect this moderation of tone, in the British and French press, with the statistics of our army and navy. We prefer to ascribe it to a returning appreciation of justice and national decorum. The possibility of a quarrel with either of the two great nations here named seems, therefore, at an end. We certainly have no notion of interfering with them; and we can conceive of no advantage to them which could accrue from interference with us. It is, of course, to be presumed that Canada will not permit itself to be used any more as a base for rebel operations; and it is equally expected that Louis Napoleon will make all reasonable haste in getting out of Mexico. The monarchy in Mexico will probably come to an end before we shall be ready to clap an extinguisher on it; but it behoves all parties interested, and especially the "nephew of his uncle," to abandon the tottering fabric in time, so as not to feel themselves called on to prop it up at the cost of a collision with the United States. It is clear that the scheme of again placing this continent under European rule is impracticable. The attempt to carry it out has developed the very power necessary to defeat it; and the best and wisest thing that the parties to the hopeless enterprise can do is to withdraw from it as gracefully and as speedily as possible. At present we are ready to accept the disclaimer of any such purpose with well-affected credulity; but later—well, then it will be a question for Grant and Farragut.

TOWN GOSSIP.

OUR customary January thaw has been followed by even severer consequences than usual, for without the slightest warning we rushed from days of dreary, disagreeable drizzle to an extreme of cold which no living creature could consider endurable, unless it may have been the Polar bear down at Van Amburgh's.

Somebody once wrote—

"When north winds blow and hailstorms pour,
The chief of virtues is—to shut the door!"

The man who was delivered of that couplet deserves, in spite of its bad measure, to have a monument erected to his memory. Probably each person who has read the lines has felt that it touched his own particular case as closely as if it had been written for his especial benefit, for the fiendish carelessness that half the people who open the doors of one's sanctum show, in regard to shutting them, is a theme to which no human tongue could do justice.

Hard enough to attempt being brilliant when the ink is stagnant in the bottle, and poetry and wit are congealed in the brain; but, in addition to these woes, to have the door swing wide open and see the poor little idea there seemed a possibility of warming into life drift out upon the Arctic draught, is sufficient to reduce one to a state of hopeless imbecility in the flower of one's age.

Into the bargain, how is a man to write pleasant, chatty paragraphs when the world refuses to do anything extraordinary, and only the petty pleasures and vices that are as old as the flood thrust themselves forward in place of the startling events which ought constantly to happen?

The persistent lack of novelty in the theatrical and musical line is such hardheartedness towards those bound to chronicle the events of the hour, and forced to be amusing whether or no, that really it ought to be made punishable under a statute for ill-treatment of innocent animals.

Booth still at Winter Garden, charming all listeners with his rendition of the immortal's greatest character; the Williamses triumphant at Niblo's; Mrs. Wood cruelly absenting herself from public gaze, and making everybody absolutely hungry for the laugh which she and the imps of mischief that animate her alone can produce; a round of standard comedies at Wallack's; and so on through the list, which has been praised and criticised so often that human ingenuity and language must fail to twist the old story into a shape even approaching passable novelty.

Heller, it is true, has varied his diabolical programme occasionally, growing always more wonderful, and making one feel, while witnessing his performances, that it is highly probable the old gentleman himself may arise and grant one here the honor of a personal interview, which ought, by rights, to be reserved for another and a warmer sphere.

Owens has exchanged Solon Shingle in the full tide of its success for Paul Pry, and for a Paul so amusing that if it had been brought out first it would doubtless have rivalled Solon in popularity; but the truth is, when a man has made so decided a hit we are apt to grow fault-finding, and compare any later effort disparagingly with the one which first compelled our admiration.

We have at least the promise of an event in the theatrical world—the return of Mrs. Jean Davenport Lander to the stage. She will make her appearance at Niblo's on the 6th of February, in a play called "The Mésalliance," and a mingling of circumstances conspire to surround it with universal interest.

It is not only that the public will be delighted to welcome anew the gifted actress whose triumphs are yet fresh in every mind, but the ovation offered her will have a still higher basis—a tribute of respect to the woman who, for the past year, in the midst of the terrible grief which desolated her life and in which a nation mourned with her, has given money, energies and earnest and incessant labor among the sick and suffering at Port Royal.

Pleasant as may be the renewal of the old histrionic triumphs to the artiste, pleasanter far will be the tokens of sympathy and appreciation that are not to be flung aside like stage trappings at the fall of the curtain, but which the woman takes home with her to be a solace in hours of loneliness, and a ray of sunshine amid the arduous duties of the profession to which she again devotes herself.

The round of gaiety goes on with increased energy as Lent with its spiritual sackcloth and ashes threatens a speedy approach, and balls and parties are hurried more closely together for fear that something in the way of excitement should be missed.

"Happy are those whose genius lodges in their throats or settles in their heels" is so true of men and women in a professional sense that it might be a proverb—they shall attain to villas in Italian climes and palaces by the sea, and be idolized even to the utmost requirements of exacting human nature. It is equally true that those who excel in the vocal or saltatory arts in an amateur way shall be petted and caressed, and made much of by that portion of the world which we are accustomed to call by the delightfully vague and doubtful term "society."

Certainly this is a thing to be remembered by all who have the training of youthful intellects, and every mother with a daughter to "bring out" should recollect that the highest state of cultivation is indispensable when the larynx and toes are concerned, whatever may become of the mental or that seldom exhibited and still less believed in commodity, the soul, which even the bards of the latter half of the nineteenth century have given up, making their poetic ravings as thoroughly materialistic as the rest of the life which sweeps us on towards the gap over yonder.

This frightful cold must moderate enough soon to give a return of the sleighing which we enjoyed a few weeks since, of which, by the way, we have a spirited illustration in our paper.

The skating, of course, remains magnificent in our present Siberian state of climate, and every stage and car going Central Parkwards is crowded with young people, who act decidedly on the "beauty before age" maxim in the way of making themselves comfortable. The overflowing interiors of all these vehicles reminds one of Lamb's joke when seated in a crowded omnibus, and a woman put her head in, crying: "All full inside?" "I c-can't s-speak for the r-rest," returned the inveterate punster, "but that l-last bit of p-pudding at Gilman's did the b-business for me."

The Park ponds are crowded at all hours of the day and evening with merry parties, among which one shall find an array of youthful female beauty that is perfectly dazzling. Whether or not it be owing to the faith in exercise and thick shoes which has grown up of late years, certain it is that the reproach in regard to the unhealthy, fragile appearance of American women will speedily die out, for among the galaxy of young beauties which New York can boast now England itself could not produce more healthful, buoyant-looking specimens.

The sudden increase in the way of pretty and buxom girls is almost as much of a marvel as the influx of blondes since the rage for that peculiar style of loveliness came up. Where were all the blondes before that time? Did a family that possessed one keep her in retirement? and if so, what a state of mind the brunette sister must be in who is obliged to resign her position as the pet of the domestic circle.

The bare idea suggests scenes which Thackeray ought to be alive to depict. Imagine a chamber sketch between the dethroned and the new crowned queens. Good gracious! how lucky that the greater part of the curls and cataracts are so easily unpinned, so that the blonde could enter the arena already shorn of the golden locks which have unexpectedly proved such a treasure to herself and the hairdresser.

Talking of crowds, reminds one of a fair source of complaint, and that is in regard to the shameful way in which the ferryboats are overcrowded, and we may mention the Hoboken line in particular, where the boats go so crammed that even standing room is out of the question, the trip utter torture, and the getting on or off an undertaking so perilous that one needs to be a professional gymnast to attempt it with any sort of safety. Certainly some remedy could be devised, and we think the proprietors of the line would do well to heed this murmur from the united lamentations of the river-crossing public.

The mention of the ferries naturally gives one a mental trip to Brooklyn, which has been treated to "Pocahontas" by Mrs. Wood, whom we first reproached for deserting her proper sphere. The houses have been full to overflowing, and it is easy to fancy what a treat the Brooklynites had, for Davidge played Powhatan in that inimitable manner of his, which, like some few other excellent things, improves with every season, and would dissipate the most obstinate attack of blue devils that ever a nervous man had to contend against. If Davidge would only be as genial off the stage as he is jolly on it, he would soon be at the head of our comedians.

The draft creates great excitement in all circles, and the best way of settling that difficulty and ending our troubles generally seems to be found in a mission some funny man ascribes to Alexandre Dumas.

The Illustrious is to begin a novel in a Federal newspaper, which Mr. Lincoln will dispatch beyond the lines in unlimited quantities; just when the whole South is in a state of intense excitement, the journal will cease its visits. Of course great consternation must follow—a deputation will be sent to Lincoln—back will go the crushing answer, "Dumas can't write for slaveowners." Davis refuses to give up his rights—the army revolt—put him utterly aside, and the South comes back into the Union. Then Dumas will finish the *feuilleton*, restore peace, and the end will be a grand tableau of the Illustrious on the Washington Monument, draped in the American flag and receiving the homage of a grateful people.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Although the lower House of the Kentucky Legislature has, on a test vote, declared against the anti-slavery constitutional amendment, the vote showed a gain of 12 members in its favor since last winter, and half a dozen more votes would secure a majority.

—— Boston is to have a new City Armory at the "South End."

—— The Pennsylvania Historical Society has 8,625 volumes in its library.

—— The Internal Revenue receipts in Cincinnati amount to an aggregate of $7,600,000 since 1862.

—— In Pennsylvania there are 13,000 public schools, with 16,000 teachers, and 700,000 pupils.

—— The Boston Public Library numbers 116,934 volumes and 31,800 pamphlets. Its accessions last year were 6,226 books, 2,939 pamphlets, 367 maps and charts, 887 separate papers, 29 engravings, and a lithographic stone containing designs relating to the life of Franklin.

—— The sum of $865,043 has been received at the marble quarries at Lee, Mass., for material for the extension of the Capitol at Washington.

—— Sorghum is now cultivated to a considerable extent in Orange county, N. Y. The best cultivated plots yielded about 300 gallons of syrup per acre, worth now $1 25 per gallon.

—— Gov. Smith, of Rhode Island, has officially announced that the quota of that little State has been filled by voluntary enlistments.

—— The Eastern mails close now at six instead of 15 minutes past that hour.

—— Intelligence has been received here that the cotton captured by Sherman's army in Savannah is being shipped to this port as fast as practicable. Four cargoes are now on the way, and the balance will be sent forward within a very short period.

Western.—The Senate has ratified treaties with the Shoshonie Indians, who bind themselves that all hostile acts against us shall cease. The boundaries of their countries as claimed and occupied by them are as follows: On the north by the middle of the Great Desert, on the west by the Steptue valley, on the south by the Green mountains, and on the east by the Great Salt Lake, Toullu and Rush valleys. The Indians agree to remove to their reservations whenever the President shall deem it expedient, and become herdsmen or agriculturists, the Government paying them certain annuities in money, provisions and goods. The Indians also agree that the Pacific railroad shall not be molested, that military posts, &c., may be constructed, gold and silver mines worked, and agricultural settlements formed and rancheros established wherever they may be required.

Southern.—The Charleston *Mercury*, in an article, compares Mr. Lincoln and Jeff Davis. After abusing the former, and calling him a buffoon, he praises the energy and singlemindedness with which he has prosecuted the war, concluding thus: "He has called around him, in counsel, the ablest and most earnest men of his country. Where he has lacked in individual ability, learning, experience or statesmanship, he has sought it, and has found it in the able men about him, whose assistance he unhesitatingly accepts, whose powers he applies to the advancement of the cause he has undertaken. In the Cabinet and in the field he has consistently and fearlessly pressed on the search for men who could advance his cause, and has as unhesitatingly cut off all those who clogged it with weakness, timidity, imbecility or failure. Force, energy, brains, earnestness, he has collected around him in every department. Blackguard and buffoon as he is, he has pursued his end with an energy as untiring as an Indian, and a singleness of purpose that might almost be called patriotic. If he were not an unscrupulous knave in his end, and a fanatic in his political views, he would undoubtedly command our respect as a ruler, so far as we are concerned. Abroad and at home he has exercised alike the same ceaseless energy and circumspection. We turn our eyes to Richmond, and the contrast is appalling, sickening to the heart."

—— In his late address before the Tennessee Convention Andy Johnson said: "If Mr. Lincoln and Jeff Davis were to unite their powers, they could not prevent the universal emancipation of the negro. It is like a huge avalanche, half on its course; its destiny is certain and irresistible."

—— The Richmond papers are beginning to cultivate a wedge to the return of the Southern States to the Union, by inveighing against the perfidious conduct of England in enticing them into a rebellion and then leaving them in the lurch. John Mitchel, the distinguished and heroic vitriol thrower, says, that "all along the C. S. A. has been fighting the battles of England, but now, should peace between the two sections be restored, the only consolation the South can receive will be to join the North in a war with that arch enemy of the human race, England." The N. Y. *Herald* takes the same view, so there is unanimity in the two presses.

—— The Savannah *Republican* says that the Theatre there and St. Andrews Hall are crowded every night. Private letters from officers confirm the previous report that the citizens are gradually throwing off their reserve and becoming more and more cordial.

—— A turkey was exposed for sale in the Petersburg market, on the 8th ult., at the small figure of $112. Several years ago this sum would have bought three or four fine hogs, two or three barrels of meal, a quarter or two of beef, a barrel of molasses, a quantity of coffee and sugar, with a large turkey added.

—— During the recent rebel occupation of Huntsville, Ala., Rev. Mr. Bannister prayed for the "President of the Confederate States," but has since refused to offer up any supplication in behalf of Mr. Lincoln. Col. Horney, of the 18th Michigan, who is now Provost-Marshal of Huntsville, sent for him and demanded an explanation of his conduct. He said that the canons of his church required him to pray for the President of the Confederate States. "Very well," said the Colonel, "the cannon of our army require you to pray for the President of the United States, and if you refuse to do it you will leave our lines." He has got 10 days to pack up.

Military.—There is to be an investigation into the surrender of Beverley, since the number of Union troops which surrendered amounted to more than the capturing force of rebels.

—— A deserter from Forrest's rebel cavalry, who had lately arrived at Paducah, says that what is left of Hood's army is in a wretched condition. All the Kentucky and Tennessee men deserted before they crossed the border into Mississippi. Hood is now in Corinth, endeavoring to reorganize his broken columns.

Personal.—The widow of Gen. Lander, formerly Miss Davenport, is about to resume her profession as an actress. Since the death of her gallant husband she has been at Port Royal, engaged in nursing the wounded soldiers.

—— Gen. Terry, whom Fort Fisher has made famous, has a sister who is a hospital nurse in the Department of the South, and is highly esteemed by all who have known her in that capacity. His cousin, Miss Rose Terry, is well known to the reading public as the author of many popular magazine stories and verses.

—— A family named Upright, in Rockford, Illinois, has furnished ten men for the army. Three of the number have died in the field.

—— Gen. Terry, who commanded the land forces at the taking of Fort Fisher, although a lawyer by education and profession, had devoted much time to the study of war. He went to Europe in 1858, visiting the defences of the Crimea, and spending much of his time either among the fortifications of Europe or in investigating the principles of military science. His tastes led him into that field, and before the rebellion he was a thoroughly read soldier, familiar with all the principles of the art of war.

—— Gen. J. E. Wool is busy in finishing his memoirs; he is in very feeble health. Dr. Eliphalet Nott, who has been president of Union College for 63 years, is also in a very precarious state.

—— Col. Julian Allen, the agent sent from Savannah to arrange for supplies to that half-destitute city, has returned there, after having dispatched three ships laden with good things to the repentant rebels.

—— Capt. Warlow, of the 1st Precinct Police, has been presented with a handsome watch, etc., by the merchants of that ward.

—— A number of the citizens of Philadelphia have purchased Gen. Grant a residence in that city. In his letter, acknowledging the gift, he says: "It is with feelings of gratitude and pride that I accept this substantial testimonial of the esteem of your loyal citizens; gratitude, because it is evidence of a deep-set determination on the part of a large number of citizens that this war shall go on until this Union is restored; pride, that my humble efforts in so great a cause should attract such a token from a city of strangers to me. I will not predict a day when we will have peace again, with the Union restored. But that that day will come is as sure as the rising of to-morrow's sun. I have never doubted this in the darkest days of this dark and terrible rebellion. Until this happy day of peace does come, my family will occupy and enjoy your magnificent present. But until then I do not expect nor desire to see much of the enjoyments of a home fireside." The house selected is a new one, No. 2009 Chestnut street, and it is now being furnished.

—— Gen. McClellan, accompanied by his wife and child, sailed in the China on the 25th of January. After a passing visit to England and France, he will proceed to Rome, where he will remain for some time. His wife's health is the cause.

—— Regarding the authorship of the famous Hulsemann letter, which has been attributed to Mr. Everett, the Boston *Traveller* says that, before his death, John Taylor, Mr. Webster's farm-steward, stated that he sat with Mr. Webster in his room at Franklin, N. H., from about eight o'clock one evening until half-past four next morning, while the great statesman was drafting the celebrated Hulsemann letter, part or most of which letter was read piecemeal to Mr. Taylor as it was composed.

—— Gen. Butler arrived in New York on his way to Lowell on the 26th Jan. While he remained he was visited by many of our leading citizens.

—— The New York *Daily Times* rebukes Admiral Porter for inserting in his naval report a threat against England and France, recommending all commanders to follow the example of Admiral Farragut's simple report of his brilliant victories.

Naval.—Admiral Porter has sent an official report of his proceedings since the fall of Fort Fisher. The results are:

Reeves point—Two ten-inch guns.
Above Smithville—Two ten-inch guns.
Smithville—Four ten-inch guns.
Fort Caswell—Ten ten-inch guns, two nine-inch, one Armstrong, and four thirty-twos (rifled), two thirty-twos (smooth), three eight-inch, one Parrott (twenty-pounder), three rifled field pieces, three guns buried. Twenty-nine guns.
Forts Campbell and Shaw—Six ten-inch, six thirty-twos (smooth), one thirty-two (rifled), one eight-inch, six field pieces, two mortars. Twenty-two guns.
Smith's island—Three ten-inch, six thirty-twos (smooth), two thirty-twos (rifled), four field pieces, and two mortars—seventeen guns. Reported at the end of Smith's island, six guns.
Total captured, eighty-three guns.

Accidents and Offences.—Mr. William Branch, a well-known stock broker of Wall street, was killed on the 23d of January, while standing in Broad street, New York, by a brick falling on his head.

—— The Smithsonian Institute at Washington was partially destroyed by fire on the 24th of January; all the pictures except five or six were burnt; the lecture-room and philosophical department were likewise destroyed—as were the archives. As the Government are the trustees it will have to be rebuilt at the national expense, should there have been no fire insurance on the property.

Art, Science and Literature.—The whole of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytten's works, in 110 volumes, translated into German, have been published in Stuttgart.

—— Among the London announcements we find "The History of the Present American War, from its Commencement to the Conclusion of the Campaign of 1863," by Lieut.-Col. Fletcher, of the Fusileer Guards.

—— The second series of "The Biglow Papers" has been republished in London. *The Reader* praises these poems highly, saying: "The old quaint humor sparkles in their utterances—the old shrewd wisdom is to be found in their New England colloquialisms—the old deep satire and quiet pathos lie hid beneath the wonted garb of motley which they wear as in the days gone by; but yet, somehow or other, we cannot avoid the conviction that times 'are out of joint.' Beneath Biglow's scepticism and Sawin's rampant rowdyism a sense of the greatness of the issues with which they have to deal peeps out unconsciously. Grim earnest is hard to reconcile with satire; and any one who reads these later 'Biglow Papers' feels that the author is in earnest—that the laughing sceptic has become a preacher."

—— The game of Croquet, which has become fashionable in England, within the last two or three years, has given rise to a Chancery suit in London. The case is Captain Mayne Reid *vs.* the Earl of Essex and Emily Faithful. The latter is a printer, who published a book called "The Rules of Croquet, revised and corrected, by an Old Hand," and the Earl of Essex, a gay young gentleman of 62, was generally accredited as the author. It appeared, however, that he paid some person to write or compile the book, which person bodily "conveyed" the whole of it from a work entitled "Croquet," of which Captain Reid is author. The Vice-Chancellor decided that Captain Reid is the author and proprietor of the book called "Croquet," that the other book was a plagiarism and infringement, that the Earl of Essex and Miss Faithful must pay $625 to Captain Reid by way of compensation, and also full costs of suit, and that all unsold copies of their book be delivered up to be destroyed.

—— Ticknor & Fields's forthcoming publications include "Alexander Hamilton and his Contemporaries; or, the Rise of the American Constitution," by C. J. Riethmüller.

—— Carleton will issue soon a handsomely illustrated edition of Drake's "Culprit Fay," a poem which offers unusual facilities for an imaginative artist.

—— Mr. Disturnell's "Blue Book" for 1865 is just published by the American News Company, 121 Nassau street. It contains lists of the officers of the Government, census returns, and a variety of political and statistical information. It is a convenient and useful publication.

Foreign.—A lady of Lyons, France, having been beaten by her husband, took the advantage when he was asleep of tying him securely to his bed, and then, when he could not move hand or foot, belabored him with a good thick stick. She then bade him good-bye, informing him that she was going to elope with another man. The husband has naturally sued for a divorce.

—— Dumas *fils* is about to marry a very rich and noble widow called Madame Naraschine. One paper says that she is actually related to the Emperor of Russia.

—— The Canadian Parliament is becoming at last alive to the importance of keeping on good terms with the United States, for in a recent debate the conduct of the Southern refugees in Canada was severely denounced, and a determination was expressed to stop the abuse of asylum, and a commission was appointed to inquire into the cause of the failure of justice in reference to the release of the St. Albans raiders and the misappropriation of the money restored them; also, to inquire into the conduct of Justice Coursol and the Chief of Police. Meantime the Government has suspended the judge.

—— The municipality of Florence have taken measures for extending the new capital of Italy. The walls which surround the present city will be demolished, and their site occupied with public walks or boulevards.

—— Seven Protestant places of worship were open in Paris on Christmas last. They were the English church, the Episcopal church, the Wesleyan church, the Congressional church, the church of Scotland, a second English church and the American chapel.

Chit-Chat.—A Paris paper says, in consequence of the scarcity of ratskins, the best French kid gloves will be very expensive this year.

—— The Philadelphia *Enquirer* doubts the truth of the story that Mr. Colfax is going to marry Mrs. Douglas, and gravely gives its reason "that they have not met for four years."

—— Enoch Arden has been brought out at the Arch Theatre, Philadelphia. The popularity of this pretty poem is not complimentary to the age, for there is no heroism in a man suffering his wife to live with another man, and then, with his dying breath, blast her reputation and happiness by revealing who he was to a village gossip.

—— The manner of advertising for a husband in Java is to place an empty flowerpot on the portico roof. This means, in that language, "Here is a young lady within who wishes to find a husband!"

—— Michelet, in his new book, called "Humanity," makes an appeal in favor of the brute creation, which, he says, has fallen like man. Among other strange things, he says: "This battle of good animals for man is an historical fact. * * Give the first place to the cow. * * She alone, during the long journey from Bactriana to India, kept the primitive people alive. * * We must not judge the ourang-outang by the animal with which we are familiar. No creature more than the baboon has been frightened, embittered and perverted by man's harshness."

—— The most fashionable ladies' head-dresses in Paris now are made of peacock's feathers, raven's wings and magpie's tails. A brutal French writer says the peacock represents her pride, the raven her discontent, and the magpie her volubility.

—— The pay of over 800 officers of the Commissary Bureau at Washington has been stopped, in consequence of their failure to render prompt and correct accounts.

—— The *Home Journal* says that "Mr. C. G. Rosenberg is an artist of no mean talent." Does it mean that what he writes has no meaning in it? If not, what does it mean?

—— Gibson, the sculptor, intends to leave "£20,000 to the British Royal Academy, on condition that three rooms shall be therein devoted exclusively to the exhibition of casts of his works." He certainly understands the art of posthumous advertising.

—— The divorce laws in Indiana have been altered; a year's residence is indispensable.

SCENES IN THE OIL REGIONS OF PENNSYLVANIA.—From Sketches by our Special Artist, F. H. Schell.



THE MAN WHO LOST HIS BROTHER.



AN OIL ARISTOCRAT.



OIL CITY BELLE.



"PUT OUT YOUR PIPES!"



BOAT-RACE ON OIL CREEK.



"WAITING FOR A CHINAMAN."



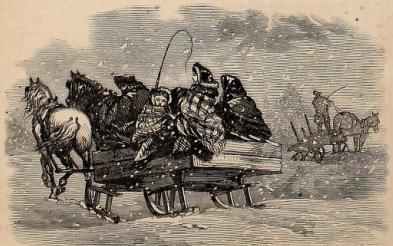
WHAT IS IT? IT MIGHT BE CAPT. CLARK OR HIS SUPERINTENDENT—AND IT MIGHT NOT.



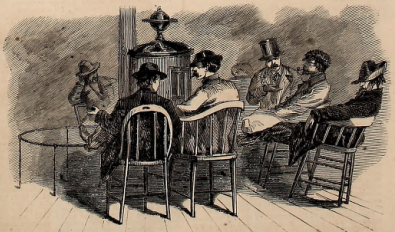
PROSPECTING FOR OIL.



OIL PILGRIMS.



SLEIGHING NEAR OIL CITY.



PETROLEUM ARISTOCRATS IN COUNCIL.—"SO THE NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND BALTIMORE COMPANY HAS STRUCK A NEW WELL?" "HOW MUCH DOES IT RUN?"



ATTEMPTED NAVAL RAID UPON U. S. SHIPPING, ETC., AT CITY POINT, VA., JAN. 23.—REBEL IRONCLADS RUNNING PAST FORT BRADY ON THE JAMES RIVER.—RETURNED FROM DUTCH GAP.

AT THE OUTPOST.

BY C. D. GARDETTE.

"THERE is no moon, but the night is clear—
Clear and cold, and the stars are few—
In the shadow of Death I am walking here:
In the shadow of Death, at twenty-two!



"A year ago, on a night like this—
One brief year!—from a maid I knew,
In the shadow of Love I asked a kiss:
In the shadow of Love she gave me two.

"Two; and a third, and another yet—
One more yet, and she whispered, 'Go!
On the hazard of strife my love I bet:
On the hazard of strife, for weal or woe!

"'My country first!' Oh, the peerless maid!
Not a poor bath this maid, I know!
'My country first,' in that kiss she said,
'My country first!' and she bade me go.

"Say you a drink? Good comrade, no!
Ah! the love of a maid like mine
Flushes the heart with a godlike glow:
Flushes the heart like Olympian wine!

"A cypher of gold, with a braid of hair,
Clasps my wrist, and, if I should fall,
This to my maid I pray you bear—
This to my maid, comrade—that is all!"

* * * * * * *

There is no moon, but the sky is fair—
The sky is fair, though the stars be few;
In the shadow of Death he is lying there;
In the shadow of Death, at twenty-two!

His pulse is still, and his wrist is bare.
Clasp of gold, with its sunny braid,
The slender wrist of a maid shall wear—
The slender wrist of his peerless maid!

The Fate of the Forrests.

PART I.

A GROUP of four, two ladies and two gentlemen, leaned or lounged together in the soft brilliance of mingled moonlight and lamplight, that filled the luxurious room. Through the open windows came balmy gusts of ocean air, up from below rose the murmurous plash of waves, breaking on a quiet shore, and frequent bursts of music lent another charm to place and hour. A pause in the gay conversation was broken by the younger lady's vivacious voice:

"Now if the day of witches and wizards, astrologers and fortune-tellers was not over, how I should enjoy looking into a magic mirror, having my horoscope cast, or hearing my fate read by a charming black-eyed gipsy."

"The age of enchantment is not yet past, as all who are permitted to enter this magic circle can testify; and one need not go far for 'a charming black-eyed gipsy' to decide one's destiny."

And with a half-serious, half-playful gesture the gentleman offered his hand to the fair-faced girl, who shook her head and answered, smilingly:

"No, I'll not tell your fortune, Captain Hay; and all your compliments cannot comfort me for the loss of the delightful *diablerie* I love to read about and long to experience. Modern gipsies are commonplace. I want a genuine Cagliostro, supernaturally elegant, gifted and mysterious. I wish the fable of his eternal youth were true, so that he might visit us, for where would he find a fitter company? You gentlemen are perfect sceptics, and I am a firm believer, while Ursula would inspire the dullest wizard, because she looks like one born to live a romance."

She did indeed. The beautiful woman, sitting where the light showered down upon her, till every charm seemed doubled. The freshest bloom of early womanhood glowed in a face both sweet and spirited, eloquent eyes above lustrous and large, the lips smiled as if blissful visions fed the fancy, and above the white forehead dark, abundant hair made a graceful crown for a head which bore itself with a certain gentle pride, as if the power of beauty, grace and intellect lent an unconscious queenliness to their possessor. In the personal atmosphere of strength, brilliancy and tenderness that surrounded her, an acute observer would detect the presence of a daring spirit, a rich nature, a deep heart; and, looking closer, might also discover, in the curves of that sensitive mouth, the depths of those thoughtful eyes, traces of some hidden care, some haunting memory, or, perhaps, only that vaguely melancholy prescience which often marks those fore-doomed to tragic lives. As her companions chatted this fleeting expression touched her face like a passing shadow, and the gentleman who had not yet spoken leaned nearer, as if eager to catch that evanescent gloom. She met his wistful glance with one of perfect serenity, saying, as an enchanting smile broke over her whole face:

"Yes, my life has been a romance thus far; may it have a happy ending. Evan, you were born in a land of charms and spells, can you not play the part of a Hindoo conjuror, and satisfy Kate's longing?"

"I can only play the part of a Hindoo devotee, and exhaust myself with strivings after the unattainable, like this poor little fire-worshipper," replied the young man, watching, with suspicious interest, a moth circling round the globe of light above his head, as if he dared not look at the fair speaker, lest his traitorous eyes should say too much.

"You are both sadly unromantic and ungallant men not to make an effort in our favor," exclaimed the lively lady. "I am in just the mood for a ghostly tale, a scene of mystery, a startling revelation, and where shall I look for an obliging magician to gratify me?"

"Here!"

The voice, though scarcely lifted above a whisper, startled the group as much as if a spirit spoke, and all eyes were turned towards the window, where white drapories were swaying in the wind. No uncanny apparition appeared behind the tenthike spériuro, but the composed figure of a small, fragile-looking man, reclining in a lounging-chair. Nothing could have been more unimpressive at a first glance, but at a second the eye was arrested, the attention roused, for an indefinable influence held one captive against one's will. Beardless, thin lipped, sharply featured and colorless as ivory was the face. A few locks of blonde hair streaked the forehead, and underneath it shone the controlling feature of this singular countenance. The eyes, that should have been a steely blue to match the fair surroundings, were of the intensest black, varying in expression with a startling rapidity, unless mastered by an art stronger than nature; by turns stealthily soft, keenly piercing, fiercely fiery or utterly expressionless, these mysterious eyes both attracted and repelled, with a subtle magnetism which few wills could resist, and which gave to this otherwise insignificant man a weird charm, which native grace and the possession of rare accomplishments made alluring, even to those who understood the fateful laws of temperament and race.

Languidly leaning in his luxurious chair, while one pale hand gathered back the curtain from before him, the newcomer eyed the group with a swift glance, which in an instant had caught the meaning of each face and transferred it to the keeping of a memory which nothing could escape. Annoyance was the record set down against Ursula Forrest's name; mingled joy and shame against the other lady's; for, with the perfect breeding which was one of the male's chief attractions, he gave the precedence to women even in this rapid mental process. Aversion was emphatically marked against Evan Forrest's name, simple amusement fell to his companion's share. Captain Hay was the first to break the sudden silence which followed that one softly spoken word:

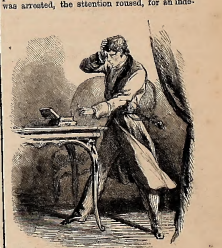
"Beg pardon, but upon my life I forgot you, Stahl. I thought you went half an hour ago, in your usual noiseless style, for who would dream of your choosing to lounge in the strong draught of a seabreeze?"

"It is I who should beg pardon for forgetting myself in such society, and indulging in the reveries that will come unbidden to such poor shadows as I."

The voice that answered, though low-toned, was singularly persuasive, and the words were uttered with an expression more engaging than a smile.



"GOOD-NIGHT, MY HUSBAND; SLEEP IN PEACE."



RECOVERY OF THE POISON.

"Magician, you bade me look to you. I take you at your word. I dare you to show your skill, and prove that yours is no empty boast," said Kate Heath, with evident satisfaction at the offer and interest in its maker.

Rising slowly, Felix Stahl advanced toward her, and, despite his want of stature and vigor, which are the smallest attributes of manhood, no one felt the lack of them, because an instantaneous impression of vitality and power was made on defiance of external seeming. With both hands loosely folded behind him, he paused before Miss Heath, saying, quietly:

"Which wish shall I grant? Will you permit me to read your palm? Shall I show you the image of your lover in yonder glass? Or shall I umpire in your car the most secret hope, fear or regret, which you cherish? Name me by choosing, and I will do one of these feats I will perform."

Kate stole a covert glance at the tall mirror, saw that it reflected no figure but that of the speaker, and with an irrepressible smile she snatched her eyes away, coldly, saying hastily:

"As the hardest task of the three, you shall tell me what I most ardently desire, if the rest will submit to a like test. Can you read their hearts as well as mine?"

His eye went slowly round the little circle, and from each face the smile faded, as that searching gaze captured it. Constrained by its fascination, more than by curiosity or inclination, each person bowed their acquiescence to Kate's decision, and as Stahl's eye came back to her, he answered briefly, like one well assured of his own power:

"I can read their hearts. Shall I begin with you?"

For a moment she fluttered like a bird caught in a fowler's net, then with an effort composed both self-control and aspect, and looked up fullproudly, half-pleadingly, into the colorless countenance that bent till the lips met her own ear. Only Kate saw, and the observers saw the unconscious blood flush scarlet to her forehead, burning hither and thither as eye after eye followed the direction of her own. Rising slowly, Stahl lifted his head aside from her, leaving a shame-stricken culprit where but an instant ago a bright, happyhearted woman sat.

Before Kate could reach her friend, or either gentleman exclaim, Stahl's uplifted hand imposed passive silence and obtained it, for strength of magnetism or presence always itself felt, filling the room with a supernatural atmosphere, which touched the commonplaces with mystery, and, while fantastic in form or theme like a spell. Without a look, a word for the weeping girl before him, he turned sharply round on Evan Forrest, startled by an impression that he should bend his tall head scarce, and when he did so, seemed to stab him with a breath. Pale with indignation and repulsion, he sprang back sprang erect, demanding in a smothered voice:

"Who will prevent me?"

"I will."

As the words left Stahl's lips, Evan stirred as if to take him by the throat, but that thin, resolute left hand and like a steel spring round his wrist and held the strong arm powerless, as, with a disdainful smile, and warning "Another word—now you are!" the other moved on undisturbed. Evan flung himself into a seat, vainly attempting self-control, while Stahl passed to Captain Hall, who sat regarding him with undisguised interest and amazement, which latter sentiment reached its climax as the magic whisper came:

"How dare you? who named did you know that?" he cried, staring like one surprised; then overturning his chair in his haste, he rushed out of the room with every mark of uncontrollable excitement and alarm.

"Dare you let me try my power on you, Miss Forrest?" asked Stahl, pausing at her side, with the first trace of emotion visible in his inscrutable face.

"I dare everything!" and she spoke, Ursula's proud head rose erect, Ursula's dauntless eyes looked full into his own.

"In truth you do dare everything," he murmured below his breath, with a glance of passionate admiration, as the cold ardor that made her seem wonderfully lovely for an instant flamed as suddenly into a flash of anger, for there was a perceptible change in the white features as his breath touched it in bending, and when he breathed a single word into her ear, his face wore the steadily frowning look of a soldier just ordered to some unsuspecting prey. Had she been actually confronted with the veritable heart, it could scarcely have required a swifter pause than she now gave. Fixed in the same half-shrinking, half-haughty attitude, she sat as if changed suddenly to stone. Her eyes, not yet dilated with unconquerable horror, never left his face while light, color, life itself seemed to ebb slowly from her own, leaving it as beautiful yet woful to look upon as some marble Medusa's countenance. So sudden, so entire was the change in that blooming face, that Kate forgot her own misery, and cried:

"Ursula, what is it?" while Evan, turning on the worker of the miracle, demanded hotly:

"What right have you so terribly women and insult men by looking in their ears secret information dishonorably obtained?"

Neither question received an answer, for Ursula and Stahl seemed unconscious of any presence but their own, as each silently regarded the other with a gaze full of mutual intelligence, yet opposing emotions of triumph and despair. At the sound of Evan's voice, a shudder shook Ursula from head to foot, but her eye never wavered, and the icy pallor of her features remained unchanged as she asked in a sharp, chill whisper—

"Is it true?"

"Behold the sign!" and with a gesture, too swift and unexpected for any but herself to see or understand the revelation made, Stahl bared his left arm, held it before her eyes, and dropped it in the drawing of a breath. Whatever Ursula saw confirmed her dread; she uttered neither cry nor exclamation, but wrung her hands together in dumb anguish, while her lips moved without uttering a sound.

Kate Heath's over-wrought nerves gave way, and weeping hysterically, she clung to Evan, imploring him to take her home. Instantly assuming his usual languid courtesy of men and manners, Stahl murmured regretful apologies, rang the bell for Miss Heath's carriage, and bringing her hat and mantle from the ante-room, implored the privilege of shawling her with a penitent devotion wonderfully touching, which did not prevent her shrinking from him and accepting no services but such as Evan half-unconsciously bestowed.

"You are coming with me? You promised mama to bring me safely back. Mr. Forrest, take me with you. Do not leave me alone."

She spoke tearfully, still agitated by the scene round inflicted by a whisper.

"Stay with poor Ursula, you, Kate; I cannot leave Ursula," began Evan, but a smooth, imperious voice took the word from his lips.

"If my guest, Miss Heath wish Ursula, and you, Forrest, will not desert Miss Heath in the distress which I have unhappily caused by granting her wish. Forgive me, and good-night."

As Stahl spoke, he blessed the hand that trembled in his own, with a glance that lingered long in poor Kate's memory, and left behind it a benediction. But Evan's dark face kindled with the passion he had vainly striven to suppress, and though he bowed his head in assent, it was evident defiance as he placed himself beside his cousin, saying doggedly:

"I shall leave Ursula to the tender mercies of a charitan unless she bids me go. Kate stay with us and lend your carriage to this gentleman, as his own is not yet ordered."

Drawing with the face of imperturbable composure, Stahl answered in his softest tones, bending an inquiring glance on Ursula:

"Many thanks, but I prefer to receive my dismissal from the mistress of the house, not from its would-be master. Miss Forrest, shall I leave you to forgive me for what I have done, or shall I remain to unfold certain matters which nearly concern yourself, and which, if neglected, may result in misfortune to you and yours?"

As if not only the words but the emphasis with which they were pronounced recalled some forgotten fact, woke some new fear, Ursula started from her reverie in surprise and mental suffering into sudden action. All that had passed while she sat dumb seemed to return to her, and a single glance she took to her appeared to decide her in the course she must pursue.

Rising she went to Kate, touched her wet cheek with lips that had not kissed it since a few companions regarded them with an eye that seemed to pierce to the heart's core of each. What she said there none knew, but some gift, some strong strength to steady and support her with a marvellous composure seemed born of that long scrutiny, for motioning her cousin from her she said:

"Go, Evan, I desire it."

"Go! and leave you with that man? I cannot, Ursula!"

"You must, you will, if I command, not wish to be alone with me. Evan, I implore, not even this magician, who in an instant has changed my life by a single word. See! I trust myself to his protection; I ask you to put his mercy, and implore you to have faith in me."

With an air of almost pathetic dignity, a penetrating appeal in her eyes, she looked at each in either man, and as each grasped the soft prize a defiant glance was exchanged between them, a glance that told plainly that each was determined upon the same end, though with widely varying aims for whom, like spirits of good and ill, they were henceforth to contend.

"I shall obey you, but may I come to-morrow?" Evan whispered, as he pressed the hand that in his own was tremulous and warm.

"Yes, come to me early, I shall need you then and ever."

And as the words left her lips that other hand in Felix Stahl's firm hold grew white and cold as if carved in marble.

With Kate still trembling on his arm, Evan left them; his last glance showing him his rival regarding his departure with an air of tranquil triumph, and Ursula, his proud, high-hearted cousin, sinking slowly on her knee before this man, who in a few hours was to have won the right to make or mar her happiness for ever.

How the night passed Evan Forrest never knew. He took Kate home, and then, with that lonely mountain and cliff like a restless ghost, thinking only of Ursula, remembering only that she had left him to meet her fate alone, he vainly sum mnit it rose upon a day that darkened all his life. As the city bells chimed seven from the steeples that surrounded it, Felix Stahl once more entered his cousin's door; but before he could pronounce her name the lady who for years had filled a queenly place in his household grief girl came hurrying to meet him, with every mark of sleepless agitation in her weary yet restless face and form.

"Thank heaven, you are come!" she ejaculated, flowing him aside into the ante-room. "Oh, Mr. Forrest, such a night! what have you said, or strange, so unaccountable, I am half distracted."

"Where is Ursula?" demanded Evan.

"In that room!" and her cry, as she has not uttered since that dreadful Mr. Stahl went away."

"Where was that?"

"Part midnight. At eleven I went down to give him a hint, but the door was fast, and for another hour the same steady sound of voices came up to me as had been going on since you left. When he did go at last it was so quietly I only knew it by the glimpse I caught of him gliding down the walk, and vanishing like a spirit in the shadow of the great gate."

"Then you went to Ursula?"

"I did, sir; I did, and found her sitting as I saw her when I left the room in the evening."

"What did she say? what did she do?"

"She said nothing, and she looked like death itself, so white, so cold, so still; not a sigh, a tear, a motion; and when I implored her to speak she only broke my heart with the look she gave me, as she whispered, 'Leave me in peace till Evan comes.'"

With one stride he stood before the closed door, but when he tapped no voice bade him enter, and when he opened it no one spoke. She was there, sitting as Mrs. Yorke described her, and looking more like a pale ghost than a living woman. Evan's eyes wandered round the room, hungry to discover some clue to the mystery, but nothing was changed. The lamp burned dimly in the place of early sunshine streaming through the room; the curtains were still wafted to and fro by balmy breeze; the vests still stood scattered here and there as they were quitted; Captain Hage's chair still lay overthrown; Kate's gloves had been trodden under foot, and round the deep chair in the window still glowed the scattered petals of the rose with which Felix Stahl had regaled himself while lying there.

"Ursula!"

No answer came to his low call, and drawing nearer, Evan whispered tenderly:

"My darling, speak to me! It breaks my heart to see you so, and have no power to help you."

Like one long dead, the weary relaxed in their strained gaze, the cold hands locked together in her lap loosened their painful pressure, and with a sigh that seemed to rend her from him, saying, like one wakened from a heavy dream:

"I am glad you are come; then self some fear from me, Evan," she whispered, standing erect.

"Evan! what did he whisper in your ear last night?"

Amazed at such a question, yet not ill pleased to answer it even then, for his full heart was yearning to unburden itself, the young man answered with eagerness, and the proud white hope, and his voice grew tender with the untold love that had long hovered on his lips:

"He said, 'Can you love me with your cousin's' but, Ursula, he lied, for I will win you even if he bring the powers of darkness to confound me. He read it in my eyes, for I must have read them long ago, and did not rebuke by one cold look, one forbidding word. Let me tell my love now; let me give you the shelter of my heart if you need it, and whatever grief or shame or fear has come to you let me help you hear it if I cannot share it."

She did not speak, till kneeling before her he said imploringly:

"Ursula, you bade me trust you; I do entirely. Can you not place a like confidence in me?"

"No, Evan."

Then if we do not love as I love," he cried, with a foreboding fear heavy at his heart.

"No, I do not love as you love." The answer came like a knell, and the whole frame trembled for an instant as if some captive emotion struggled for escape and an iron hand restrained it. Her round arms fell resting on Evan's hands, looked deep into her eyes, demanding, sternly:

"Do you love this man?"

"I shall marry him."

Evan stared aghast at the hard, white resolution that usurped every feature, as she looked straight before her with a blank yet steady gaze, seeming to see and own allegiance to a master invisible to him. A moment more and Ursula with a chase of conflicting passions, then fought his way to a brief calmness, intent on fathoming the mystery that had wrought such a sudden change in both their lives.

"Ursula, as the one living relative whom you have chosen, I have a right to question you. Answer me truly, I conjure you, and deal honestly with the heart that is entirely your own. I can forget myself, can put all my own love and longing, can devote my whole time, strength, life to your service, if you need me. Something has happened since last night that has changed you. No one whom event would move you so, for lovers do not woo in this strange fashion, nor betrothed brides put their happiness with such a face as you now wear."

"For women have such lovers as mine, or such as you describe, I do not believe, Evan, I have told you all I may; go now, and let me rest, if my rest remains for me."

"No, sir," she answered, with an indomitable a purpose in his face as that which seemed to have fixed and frozen hers. "I must know more of this man before I give you up. Who and what is he?"

"Study, question, watch and analyse him. You have my full permission, my full consent, and then I leave you free to do what you will, and claim an equal liberty for myself," she said.

Evan looked as if about to yield to you or to me and others. You must have known him elsewhere, Ursula."

"I have never seen or knew him till a month ago."

Evan struck his hands together with a gesture of despair, as he sprang up, saying:

"All I ask now, Ursula, is what Ago I left you, and in that little time you learned to love."

"Yes, in that little time I did learn to love."

Again the low, sad words seemed to fall like a leaden remove chook her, but she neither smiled, nor wept, nor turned her steady eye away from the questioning face that pleaded for her shelter and comfort.

Evan Forrest was no blind lover, and despite his own bitter loss he was keen-eyed enough to see that some emotion deeper than caprice, stronger than pity, sharper than regret, now held possession of his cousin's heart. He felt that some tie less tender than that which bound him to her bound her to this man, who exercised such power over her proud spirit and strong will. Bent on reading the riddle, he rapidly glanced through the happy past, so shared with Ursula that he believed no event in the life of either was unknown to the other; yet here was a secret lying dark between them, and only one little month of absence had sowed the seed that brought such a harvest of distress and pain. Stahl should be spoke:

"Ursula, has this man acquired power over you through any weakness of your own?"

A haughty flash kindled in her eyes, and for an instant her white face glowed with womanly humiliation at the doubt implied.

"I am as innocent of any wrong or shame, any weakness or error, as when I lay a baby in my mother's arms. Would to God I lay there now as tranquilly asleep as she!"

The voice broke from her with a fearless sob, and spreading her hands before her face he heard her murmur like a broken-hearted child:

"Oh, mamma! mamma!" and then she found me with a thought like that?"

"I will not I do not! Hear me, Ursula, and forgive me, if I cannot submit to you leave you for a man like this without one effort to fathom the inexplicable change I find in you. Only tell me that he is not master of you, that you love him and are happy, and I will be dumb. Can you do this to ease my heart and conscience, Ursula?"

"Yes, I can do more than that. Best tranquil, dearest Evan. I know what I do; I do it freely, and in time you will acknowledge that I did well in marrying Felix Stahl."

"You are betrothed to him?"

"I am; his kiss is on my cheek, the ring is on my hand, I am his affianced."

With a look and gesture which he never could forget she touched the cheek where one deep crimson flower bloomed as if handled there, and held up the hand whose only ornament beside its beauty was a slender ring formed of two twisted serpents, whose diamond eyes glittered with an uncanny resemblance of life.

"And you will marry him?" repeated Evan, finding the hard fact impossible to accept.

"I will."

"Soon, Ursula?"

"Very soon."

"You wish it so?"

"I wish what he wishes."

"You will go away with him?"

"To the end of the earth if he desires it."

"My God! is this witchcraft or infatuation?"

"Neither, it is respect, love, reliance, gratitude strong to dare and suffer all things for those who are dearer to her than her life."

Evan looked down on her face, for she had turned it from him, but in her voice trembled a fervor which could not be mistaken, and with a pang of unspeakable pain his heart acknowledged all hope, and bade farewell to love, believing that no mystery existed but that which is inexplicable, the working of a woman's heart.

"I am going, Ursula," he said; "you no longer have any need of me, and I must fight out my battle alone. Bless you, and remember, whatever befalls, while life lasts you have one unalterable friend and lover in me."

He left her still cold, still broken voice and face eloquent with love, regret and pity, Ursula rose suddenly and fell upon his bosom, clinging there with a passionate despair that deepened his ever growing wonder.

"God help you, Evan! love me, trust me, pity me, and I shall not be utterly lost. Only in that strange paroxysm of emotion, so tearless, breathless, trembling and wearied, yet still selfcontrolled, Evan Forrest understood all him to the door. No pause upon the threshold; as he lingered she put him from her, closed and bolted the door, and Evan Forrest, remembering that in her darkened life departed, she fell down upon the spot where he had stood, and lay there, breathless and still as one of some fair image of eternal sleep.

THE DOCTRINES OF SPONTANEOUS GENERATION, so far as the time of Redi (1668), were that living substances become converted during their decomposition into living matter, and that living matter lives them in the animal sense. This was opposed by Spallanzani, Needham, Bonnet and philosophic inductors. He stated that if the air be excluded no animalcules make their appearance, and consequently belief in spontaneous generation give way. As our readers know, it is now very much revived. In the last number of the *Quarterly Journal of Science* Mr. Samuelson has commented on Mr. Bastian's paper on the subject, which he sets forth fairly the present state of the controversy. Mr. Bastian and other spontaneous generationists have asserted that germs of living bodies do not exist in the atmosphere. Professor Pasteur, of the Normal School, in France; Dr. Jeffreys Wyman, of Boston, U. S.; Schaffhausen, of Zurich, and Mackenzie, in Belfast, and by those who maintain that the atmosphere is the cradle of living germs, have consequently held that Spallanzani, Needham, Bonnet, and Schultze, Schwann and Helmholtz were in error. Mr. Samuelson's paper is illustrated with engravings. He expresses his opinion that the question is not settled, and that "I am evidently a believer; and I have little doubt that the time is not far distant when we shall be very types, even known as protozoa, will be turned in their earliest stages to the animal-like forms, and that the latter, when placed in favorable circumstances, will develop the characteristics of their presence; for what is more natural than that along with the air, and in the rain and dew, the wind should waft about the light acospores of those minute forms of life which are known to be the habitat? And it is the solution strictly in accordance with scientific experience, that when these germs, or the germs accompanying the invisible through, the whole organic realm, we have the explanation of the origin of life and its propagation the more widely are their reproductive principles diffused in the inorganic."

PRINTING PAPER.—The consumption of paper in this country equals that of Great Britain and France together. In 1851 it was estimated that 300,000,000 were made here, valued at $25,000,000. About 462,000,000 of rags were used, at an average cost of four cents per pound. In New England, the Middle and Western States, the value of book, job and newspaper printing was returned by the last census (1860) as $39,458,883, of which $15,000,000 worth consisted of books, the value of the latter being nearly equal to the whole product of the same branch in 1850, which was returned at $11,250,000. The manufacture of paper has increased in an equal ratio, the state of Massachusetts alone producing paper of the value of $8,963,469, being over 22 per cent. of the product of the United States.

TO A MEMORY.

And art thou far, and art thou wide,
And ever wroth with me,
Though full of sorrow, day and night,
My life dwells all with thee.
I think I hear thy bosom heave
And see thy black eyes shine—
Oh! never—never, shall I find
Again a love like thine.

The world in roses blossomed round
While I was by thee yet,
And on the green and swelling ground
The laughing sunbeams met.
I kissed thee as I brake the rose,
And sang to that dear kiss—
Oh! never—never, shall I find
Again a love like this.

Free am I as the falcon now
That o'er the hilltop flies,
To whom the mighty world below
Sun-clear and open lies—
Yet hath the hawk a nest and home—
What home and nest are mine?
Oh! never—never, shall I find
Again a love like thine.

Oh! bitter day—Oh! bitter hour
That tore us twain apart;
The perished joy and peace no more
May warm this lonely heart—
In vain I search through land and sea,
As roams a restless wind—
Oh! never—never, love like thine
Again on earth I find.

TOM-TOM.

You buyee? Good! 'good! Eh!"

I was looking over the side of the brig, into a shore boat, manned by two Kroomen, hard samples of the boatmen along the coast. It was just off Porto Nuevas, on the west coast of Africa, and these men were only specimens of the hundreds that board every vessel that will give them even the shadow of a chance. They had nothing on board their boat but this one article of merchandise, which they were offering for sale so eagerly, and that was a chimpanzee. I was looking lazily over the side of the brig when they addressed me, with the thermometer at 137 degrees, and felt little inclination to enter into any bargaining, especially for a monkey, but just as the man spoke, and I cast my glance towards the miserable looking animal sitting in the stern, and curled up in a disconsolate way, it raised its eyes and met mine with a look so entirely human that I was instantly interested. It was the expression of a beseeching slave, soliciting some one whose face they had fancied to buy them.

"How much?"

"Dollar!" was the response of both the negroes, holding up one finger, and the chimpanzee became my property for the munificent sum of one Spanish dollar, and was transferred to the deck of the brig.

From the first moment of becoming a passenger on board the brig Maria, Tom-Tom—for so he was christened by the crew, though from whence the name was derived I could not discover—attached himself to me, not as a slave to a master, but as one gentleman would seek the society of another, for Tom-Tom was a gentleman every inch of him.

On first acquaintance I was disposed to treat Tom-Tom as I would have treated any pet, driving him away when I had become tired of playing with him, but I soon found out that I had much too grave a personage to deal with in this way. Tom-Tom was not often of a playful disposition, being rather given to study and meditation. He would sit sometimes for hours studying out some problem in seamanship, which he had not at first understood, but when he had once got the mystery through his head, be lent it his whole assistance, until finally Tom-Tom deserved to rate as a first-class seaman, for there never was a rope pulled that he was not doing his best upon the end of it, nor a bit of work done aloft that he was not a prominent worker. Many a time did he save a dangerous stretch by seizing some flying line, and bringing it to the hand from which it had slipped, and many a trip did he save aloft, sometimes on the darkest and stormiest nights, to perform actual seaman's duty.

I soon found out that Tom-Tom was totally uneducated when he came under my charge, though he had a mind that was continually grasping for knowledge. He lacked even the essentials of etiquette, though I found him much more ready to notice and accept instruction on that point than many who profess humanity and knowledge. I gave him a seat at table—for I always eat alone—from his arrival, and I had little reason, after the first week, to complain that Tom-Tom violated any of the rules of cleanliness or propriety. In the beginning he repudiated the knife and fork, and even for months would take the food from his plate with his left hand, and stick it upon the fork, before he conveyed it to his mouth, but I can truly assert that he never gave way to thrusting his fingers in the dishes, nor yet that extremely natural idea of snatching. He had his especial tastes, which he always managed to signify by a concentrated gaze upon that particular dish, and a lachrymose expression of countenance which could not be withstood.

One thing I will say for Tom-Tom, which is that during the six months in which I was intimately acquainted with him, he never once gave way to any butter-fingered carelessness, but that every piece of crockery or glass with which he was entrusted came from his hands unbroken and uninjured. Once I did think this character would be forfeited when I saw an antic of his performance. It was in this way. Tom-Tom had just got through dinner, and we were sitting over our wine, a little claret and water, of which I always gave him half a goblet when I took it myself, and of which he was extravagantly fond, sitting opposite and sipping it precisely as he saw me do. On this day we were running down near San Felipe, when the report came down to me that a norther was coming. These northers come with such sudden and fearful violence, that oftentimes there is not a chance even to get in sail, let alone secure the deck. I sprang suddenly out of the cabin, followed by Tom-Tom, who, as I saw at a glance, came on deck with his goblet of claret fast grasped in his left hand. In a moment all was confusion; men rushing every way, trying to secure whatever wanted lashing on deck, and aloft taking in sail. Tom-Tom was among them all, much more active than the quickest of them, but still grasping the goblet in his left hand. At one minute he was out with the men reefing topsails, at another flying around the deck, and finally when the hurricane broke upon us, he quartered himself on the lee side of a well secured water butt, and in the very worst howling of the storm, with his right hand grasping the lashings of the butt, he enjoyed his claret, and when the blow was over, returned the goblet, safe and sound, to the cabin table.

As I am determined that Tom-Tom shall have all the character he deserves, not only as a staid and quiet but as a moral chimpanzee, I must tell that, in spite of every temptation, he could not be led into bad habits. As a matter of course he was a great favorite among the men, and there was not one of them that would not have shared his ration with Tom-Tom, but would have given him the largest part of his scanty cup of grog if he had shown an appetite that way. But Tom-Tom was a gentleman, and would never drink anything but in the cabin, all the efforts of the sailors to lead him into taking a sip of their New England rum or a chew of tobacco having met with ignominious failure.

Like all great intellects, Tom-Tom was occasionally subject to eccentricities and bad powerful prejudices, which no time, persuasion or argument would remove. One of these eccentricities was that of following in my footsteps, speaking literally. Whenever I was on deck, either night or day, he was with me, and every step I took Tom-Tom was behind me, with the steadiness and gravity of a detective policeman. It was only when I stood still or seated myself that he could be induced to wander away, and then the instant my walk began, even though he was in the maintop, down he came by the run and took up his post.

Now for one of his prejudices, which was against the blacks. Whether it was that Tom-Tom's former masters, being of that color, had used him badly or not, I cannot say, as he never, even in confidence, communicated anything of it to me, but he would never make friendship with one of them on any temptation. Even further than this, Tom-Tom never missed the chance of doing the ebonies an ill turn. Many a time, when we were at anchor, and he would be swinging carelessly about the rigging, he would drop, with a lightning plunge, to the end of his line, and fasten upon the wool of some luckless wretch in one of the canoes alongside, and then, before the frightened negro could recover the hair-pulling, Tom-Tom was back, far out of reach. The rigging was his favorite lounge, and his method was this: It is customary, on the west African coast, to have the hammocks on deck and there swing away the greater part of the day. When Tom-Tom first came on board, he took it into his head that he must share my hammock, an idea I soon dispelled by driving him out, there being scarce room for one. At first he took this bitterly to heart, and then, as though considering the matter, he caught up a piece of loose ratline and transferred himself and it aloft. With this ratline, which was always after this respected as Tom-Tom's property, he constructed, during his career, not less than a hundred available hammocks and swings, in every part of the vessel, in each of which be seemed to enjoy himself in most enviable comfort.

Not to make myself tiresome in talking of Tom-Tom, I can only repeat that it has been my lot in life to meet with some thousands of humans who were far behind Tom-Tom in intellect, in inventive faculty, in expressive pantomime, and in all those qualities that go towards making the genial companion and the gentleman. For seven months we were daily and hourly associates, and I am certain that during that time he never for one instant trenched upon my sovereignty or made me feel that he was one too many.

I had been warned by my friends at the Cape of Good Hope that it was a dangerous experiment to attempt the bringing of Tom-Tom across the Atlantic to New York, but I could not reconcile it to myself to leave him behind. I had a conversation with him in the cabin, the day before I sailed, in which I did all the talking and he all the listening, and the result was that Tom-Tom agreed to take the chances on the voyage. I had a suit of clothes made for him from a blanket, which I put on as soon as we were off the coast, in cold weather, for it was the month of December, but it seemed as though the first chill blast struck through poor Tom-Tom. He moped and lost his liveliness, and though occasionally he would rally and admire himself before a looking-glass, in his white suit, trimmed with red, yet he refused to go on deck, and the day when the brig made Montauk light, off the eastern end of Long Island, Tom-Tom's spirit took flight, as I hope, to the happy land of chimpanzees, where there is no more unsuitable climate.

"He was nothing but a monkey," as one of the sailors said, with whom he had been friendly; "but, oh, such a monkey!" And that night, a clear, frosty one, between Christmas and New Year, when we consigned poor Tom-Tom to the blue waters, I am tolerably certain in saying that as much real sorrow went with him as does with many of our own kind.

TRIP TO THE OIL REGIONS.

The extraordinary developments of the internal resources of America within the past 15 years is a subject of wonder, not to ourselves alone but to the whole world. The gold mines, scattered over the whole of the Pacific slope, silver, lead, copper and other products of the earth, found in such abundance in this favored country, no longer excite surprise, for they are accustomed and recognised facts, which the millions of wealth that have poured in upon us fully attest; but our new and seemingly exhaustless mine of commercial prosperity, Petroleum oil, has not only excited the wonder of all, but it has attracted to its development millions upon millions of capital, and absorbs the attention of all who have means to invest.

The fever which exists on the subject of petroleum can hardly be called a new disease. It has been going on for several years. It was at first confined to a few, who, knowing the facts, secured certain interests, quietly developed them, and drew from them profits which, even now, seem to us, fabulous. At the first, these interests were absorbed by private companies of five or six individuals, who, securing good flowing wells, speedily found avenues for disposing of their almost invaluable commodity of trade. The sudden amassing of great fortunes in our various communities could not fail to attract attention to the source from whence this vast wealth was derived, and soon the oil lands of Pennsylvania became thronged by eager searchers after the rich and exhaustless treasure of the earth.

From every quarter of the country came the shrewd business man and the needy adventurer, but nature had enough and to spare for all; every hour the industry of man revealed some new mine of wealth, and the fortunate discoverers who had not the means to develop their treasures naturally sought out the great centre for sufficient means to do so.

To accomplish this great companies were formed, and what had hitherto been absorbed by individual monopolies was now thrown open for general investment, and the public, eager to share in the almost limitless profits which were certain to accrue to each successful enterprise, rushed eagerly to make the venture. So company after company was filled up, and each day new ones arose, based upon developments which every day brought forth in the various oil districts. The incomes derived from these full working companies exceed those derived from any other source of investment, and new companies are now in the field, based upon property which there is no reason to doubt will yield as magnificent returns as any which has yet been offered in the market.

There are croakers who point with doleful faces to the fact that some of the wells which originally flowed several hundreds of barrels per day are now reduced to one or two hundred. They cite this fact to prove that the supply of oil is giving out. They forget to state, however, that these wells, located on small property, have been tapped, by sinking other wells on the line, on adjacent property on either side, which striking the same vein, have drawn off a portion of the supply. To this misfortune many of the finest wells are liable, the owners not having been shrewd enough, or not having means sufficient to secure the nearest surrounding land. Companies such as the "New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore Consolidated Petroleum and Mining Company," and the "New York and Liverpool Company," which own plots of many acres together, in the best oil region, are, unquestionably, the safest to invest in, from the fact that when they strike a good flowing well, they can preserve it in its integrity by not boring or permitting to be bored another well within a distance likely to tap it.

The facts about the oil region are so curious, so interesting, and so valuable, that we shall recur to them again for the information of our readers. They are by far too voluminous to be disposed of in a single article.

Below we continue the graphic narrative of personal adventures in the heart of the petroleum regions of Pennsylvania.

On we toiled, past McClintock farm, through an evil-disposed snowstorm, hoping always that Oil City was near, and always disappointed as a matter of course. We felt it our duty to stop and inquire the distance of every man we met, and were able to judge of the state of mind the person was in, or the length of the journey before him by the sort of answer we received.

Just on the summit of a steep hill we saw a long, lank, cadaverous creature, who might have sat for a portrait of Don Quixote mounted on Rosinante, riding towards us at a furious rate. He drew rein when in speaking distance, and called out, in an agitated voice:

"I say, strangers, have you seen anything of a man on horseback, in a brown overcoat, with black kid gloves and fur on the top?"

We set down the carpet-bag and considered, debated, disputed, and finally were of the opinion that we had, somewhere on the route, seen a man who answered the description.

"That man is my brother!" cried the horseman, growing more excited. "I've chased him all the way from Meadville, and hain't overhauled him yet."

The wicked campaigner immediately remembered the lost brother distinctly, and described him so accurately that Don Quixote was bouncing up and down in his saddle like an India-rubber ball, when the campaigner ended by adding that we had seen the man he spoke of the day before, at Shaffer's.

Away spurred the Don, and on we trudged, feeling lighter at heart, as men always do after perpetrating a virtuous action.

A turn in the road brought us in sight of a little crowd gathered about a wagon, that had broken through the ice-crust into the sea of mud below, with both poor horses floundering and plunging, and sinking deeper with every struggle they made. Some of the men were trying to disentangle the poor beasts from the wagon, while one fellow, apparently the driver, was hopping up and down at a little distance, never lending the slightest assistance, with his whip sticking up under his arm, like a signal of distress.

"Is that your team?" we asked.

"Yes, —— 'em!" howled he, executing a war-dance that a Camanche would have delighted in, "they're mine; and I'm a waitin' fur a Chinyman to strike a bargain with, again they git through to his side!"

Farther along, in the desert, we saw a party out prospecting for oil, looking as wise as though their eyes were capable of discovering oil at once, however deep it might be embowled in the earth.

We were entering now upon what looked like a city of deserted derricks, but in the midst of the desolation, showing where so many companies had possessed a brief existence, we saw two or three works in full blast, belonging to the New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore Company. We stepped to visit one well, and in a thoughtless manner approached the tanks with our meerschaums between our teeth. The way the men shouted "Put out your pipes!" and the campaigner bounced up in the air were very funny things to hear and see. Capt. J. S. Clark, the President of the New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore Company, located in your city, afterwards warned us of the danger we had run in approaching so close to the tanks with our pipes lighted, the subtle gas which escapes being of the most inflammable character.

We stepped to warm at a little shanty drinking-house near by, where a group of open-mouthed listeners were gathered around a hairy, fur-capped man, with a long pipe in his mouth, and a general look of Robinson Crusoe about him. But when they told us he was an oil aristocrat, and counted the hours of each day by thousands—or counted thousands each hour—we looked at him with an involuntary respect, as the human embodiment of one's idea of the god of riches!

About the stove were gathered a group of oil aristocrats, holding earnest council, and vouchsafing no attention whatever to ordinary mortals from the height of their Olympus—not so much as standing-room near the fire, about which they were perched so luxuriously. In a corner of the room, tilted back in a chair, with his feet on the table, was the most singular specimen of an animal that I ever beheld, whether man or beast no one could decide; the face hidden in a slouched hat, a loose coat pulled over the ears, and my companion at once christened the thing "The What is It?" But I left the place without discovering what it was after all.

Everything showed that we were nearing the famous city—the roads grew worse—the travellers increased—we passed a party of oil pilgrims among whom was a man with a wooden leg—impromptu sleighs rigged in marvellous fashions and crowded with merry groups—and on we walked with renewed energy.

A turn in the road—we stopped to look at a barge loaded with oil and a skiff, breaking their way through the ice and apparently running a race, when behold! just below lay the goal of our journey, that bourne from which so many travellers return "sadder if not better men!"

We gave a shout—drank a libation to the gods in our last draught of Bourbon, and on we pushed towards the rocky entrance of the Aladdin city.

Just as the campaigner flung down the bottle upon the ice, a young woman in skirts short enough to have suited a ballet dancer, with a pair of boots an Esquimaux might have envied, swept past us as if borne on the wind—a fine specimen of an Oil City belle—out for exercise. She vouchsafed us one glance of scorn and swept on, leaving us to enter the town extremely crestfallen, the campaigner in particular wearing a generally drooping look, that made a delightful contrast to the buoyancy his face had worn just before that unlucky encounter.

THE INDIAN CORN OF PERU.

We last week gave an extract from the address of Mr. E. G. Squier, before the Farmers' Club of this city, referring to the Peruvian grain called *Quinua*. We now submit another extract on the Maize or Indian Corn of that country, with the single observation that the specimens presented by Mr. Squier excited equally the wonder and admiration of all who saw them.

Maize, or Indian Corn, is found everywhere in Peru, except in the high Punos, and presents itself in numerous varieties. I shall not enter into a discussion of the question whether it is indigenous in Peru, but am able to assert that it existed there at a very early period. I found it, in making excavations among the ruins of Pachacamac and elsewhere, buried with the dead in places where these were three layers deep, and where the walls of structures, ruined centuries ago, had been built over the forgotten graves.

On the coast, the maize flourishes very well, but ripens slowly, and is liable to mildew. The ears are generally short, but with a small cob, set round with more rows than ours. The ordinary variety is yellow, but there is also the white, and a stumpy variety of red and dark blue. The latter is most frequently found in the ancient graves, with the dessicated bodies of the dead.

In the Punos it will not grow at all, except in the immediate vicinity of Lake Titicaca, and on the islands in the lake. Here the stalk attains from two to two and a half feet in height, and the ear—which is seldom more than three inches long—starts from the ground close to the foot. The production is therefore very small, and the grain is almost wholly used for parching, for which purpose it is unsurpassed. The "parched corn" of the Puno would make the fortune of the old woman with the apple-stand on the corner, or the lame man who supplies the offices "down-town."

This maize, or rather that produced on the sacred islands of Lake Titicaca, and on the Peninsula of Copacabana, was dedicated to the Inca, and made into bread for him by the Virgins of the Sun. It was also used in the rites of the ancient religion.

But the maize *par excellence* of Peru is that produced in the deep valleys of the snowy Andes, through which the head waters of the Amazon have their course. These valleys are relatively warm, even at the latitude of from 9,000 to 11,000 feet above the sea. They are very narrow, often nothing more than gigantic chasms, where the rivers flow between almost precipitous walls of rock, but sometimes they widen out and give strips of interval land which the Incas widen by terracing up the sides of the adjacent mountains.

In these places the soil is usually rich, and is pressed up to its full measure of production by careful irrigation. The valley most famous for its maize is that of Yucay, or Urabamba, about 18 miles N. E. of Cuzco, the old Inca capital, through which flows the river Vilcanota, one of the principal sources of the Amazon. This, though small, is perhaps the finest and richest valley in Peru. It was here that the Incas had their royal gardens, their baths, in short, what might be called their country seat. These lands are all beautifully levelled, and nowhere in the world is there so fine and symmetrical a system of terraces, or so complete a system of irrigation.

Flanked by mountains of disintegrated limestone, the soil of the valley is wonderfully rich; and here is found the celebrated *maize real*, or royal maize of Yucay. The stalk of the maize is rather thick and stout, the leaves rather broad than long, and very fleshy. It grows no higher than good corn in New York and Pennsylvania.

The ear, as will be seen, is short but very thick, and the grain twice or three times as large as those of our largest varieties of maize. Five or six ears of nearly equal size on each stalk is a common product, and makes this maize probably the most productive in the world. The pellicle or skin of the grain is thin, and the interior farinaceous to an unequalled degree. The same varieties of color exist here as on the coast, viz.: white, yellow, dark red, and black or blue black. The black variety is sweetest, and hence is most sought for purposes of fermenting in making chicha. The white is merely boiled, the pellicle peeled off, and then eaten with pepper and salt or with sugar. I may mention that the maize in the Sierra of Peru is planted in rows, and not, as with us, in hills.

Mound Battery. Ticonderoga, Capt. Stedman. Shenandoah, Capt. Ridgely. Tuscarora, Capt. Fralley. Juniata, Com. Phelps. Mahopac, Com. Parrott. Powhattan, Commodore Schenck. Susquehanna Commodore Godon. Cannonicus, Lieut.-Com. Belknap. Wabash, Capt. Smith. Colorado, Commodore Thatcher. Minnesota, Commodore Lanmann. Brooklyn, Capt. Alden. New Ironsides, Commodore Radford.

BOMBARDMENT OF FORT FISHER, NEAR WILMINGTON, N. C., JAN. 15—SHOWING THE SECOND LINE OF BATTLE OF ADMIRAL PORTER'S FLEET.—FROM A SKETCH BY ENSIGN LAYCOCK, OF THE SUSQUEHANNA.



RECEPTION OF SECRETARY STANTON BY SHERMAN'S ARMY, SAVANNAH, GA., JAN. 12.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.



REVIEW OF KILPATRICK'S CAVALRY BY GEN. SHERMAN, AT SAVANNAH, GA., JAN. 12.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

SUNBEAMS.

BY WILLIAM ADRIAN HUNTLEY.

A BABY sat on his mother's knee,
On the golden morn of a summer's day,
Clapping his tiny hands in glee,
As he watched the shifting sunbeams play.

A sunbeam glanced through the open door,
With its shimmering web of atoms fine,
And crept along on the sanded floor
In a glittering, glimmering, golden line.

The baby laughed in his wild delight,
And clutched at the quivering, golden band;
But the sunbeam fled from his eager sight,
And nought remained in his dimpled hand.

For a cloud had swept o'er the summer sky,
And gathered the beam to its bosom gray,
And wrapped, in a mantle of sombre dye,
The glory and pride of the summer's day.

Thus cheated sore in his eager quest,
With a puzzled look that was sad to see,
He laid his head on his mother's breast,
And gazed in the dear face wistfully.

The cloud swept by and the beam returned;
But the weary child was slumbering now,
And heeded it not, though it glowed and burned
Like a crown of flame on his baby brow.

And I thought: Ah, babe! thou art not alone
In thy bootless quest for a fleeting toy;
For we all are babes, little wiser grown,
In our chase for some idle and transient joy.

We are grasping at sunbeams, day by day,
And get but our toil for our weary pains,
For ever some cloudlet obscures the ray,
And nought in the sordid grasp remains.

But when the lures of our youth depart,
And our empty strivings are all forgot,
Then down in some nook of the peaceful heart
The sunbeam glows when we seek it not.

ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "ELEANOR'S VICTORY," "AURORA FLOYD," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.—COLTONSLOUGH.

FRANCIS TREDETHLYN went back to his hotel in Covent Garden after that quiet dinner at the Cedars, and his mind was full of the new images suggested by that brief glimpse of a life that was strange to him. He had been very much interested by Miss Desmond, and he tried to believe that he preferred her to Maude Hillary. Had she not been kinder to him, more friendly and familiar? and was it not reasonable that he should like her the better of the two? He was naturally of a grateful disposition, disposed to think meanly of his own merits, and he attributed all Miss Desmond's kindness to the purest promptings of a benevolent disposition. The idea that the young lady had regarded him from a speculative point of view, that she had entertained any notion of possible marriage contracts and settlements, by which she might acquire the use of his thirty thousand per annum, never for a moment entered Mr. Tredethlyn's mind. He knew, in a general way, that he was admitted to Mr. Hillary's drawing-room because his money gave him a kind of right to such society as that of the merchant's household; but he never for a moment imagined that any one of these delightful and high-bred creatures could contemplate any contingency by which his money might become of service to them. Wealth and beauty, elegance and refinement, seemed to find their natural home at the Cedars. Miss Desmond of course was rich, like Miss Hillary.

Francis counted the days which must elapse before that delightful Sabbath to be spent by him at the Cedars. Only three days, and during those three days stern duty called him away from London. Had he not declared himself ready to go to the end of the world in search of his cousin Susan Tredethlyn? He felt ashamed even of that one wasted day on the banks of the Thames. He had left his hotel in the morning, intending to dispatch his city business with all possible speed, and start immediately afterwards for Coltonslough. He had found out all about Coltonslough by means of all manner of inquiries, for it seemed rather an out-of-the-way place, known to very few people as yet. Indeed, Coltonslough turned out to be a recently discovered watering-place on the Essex coast, a place whose shores were supposed to be washed by the salt waves of the ocean; but the waste of waters that rolled along the muddy shores of Coltonslough was only an ocean in its hobbledehoyhood, and savored too much of the Thames and Medway to be considered a full-grown sea.

To the traveller who has grown familiar with the centre of Africa, to that bold explorer who has spent lonely days and nights amidst those darksome forests in which the forgotten cities of America lie buried, to the prisoner newly released from solitary confinement in the great prison-house of New York, so pleasantly entitled the Tombs, to one of these a newly-discovered watering-place may not appear dull. He who has been used to hear no more familiar voice than the distant cry of the bittern, far away amongst the swampy wilderness, may endure Herne Bay and live. The criminal who has undergone a decade of solitary confinement in the Tombs may possibly survive a month at Southend; but to the ordinary mind there is a modern abomination of desolation lurking in the unfinished terraces of a budding watering-place, or in a watering-place which has put forth its tender blossoms in the way of bow-windowed receptacles for the concentrated bleakness of perpetual east winds, and has been blighted in the bud.

Coltonslough was very young; it was in the most infantine stage of watering-place existence. Speculative builders had bought half a dozen plots of swamp and mud, and had erected dismal rows of houses, which turned their backs upon one another, and started off at right angles from one another, in utter contempt for all uniformity. If the melancholy sojourner at Coltonslough was of an active turn of mind, he was apt to be tormented by a wild desire to pull down and rearrange those straggling terraces, between which stretched hideous deserts of waste ground, with here and there a lurking pitfall, whence gravel, or sand, or clay, or chalk had been dug by unknown persons, who seemed always digging something or other out of Coltonslough, whereby an appearance of volcanic disruption was imparted to a place whose chief merit had been its agreeable flatness.

It was very young. A few straggling excursionists came on the blazing summer Sundays, and prowled about the shore with countenances expressive of supreme disappointment and disgust. Half a dozen families of cockney children were wont to congregate by the dismal waters every summer, provided with baskets for the collection of shells—and there were no shells at Coltonslough—and further provided with wooden spades for the undermining of sand—and there was no sand at that baby watering-place. Families did certainly come, beguiled by representations of impossibly cheap provisions, though the place was in reality very expensive, for every tradesman was a monopolist on a small scale. Families came, but no family ever came a second time to Coltonslough, and it may be that in the wonderful scheme of the universe, this new-born watering-place was not without its special use; inasmuch as it made people contented with London. The inhabitant of Bermondsey, returning to that locality after a sojourn at Coltonslough, found beauties in some dismal street which until that hour had appeared to his prosaic mind a street, and nothing more. The denizen of Ratcliff Highway sat down amongst his household gods, well pleased with a neighborhood which, although not unobjectionable, was a paradise as compared with Coltonslough.

It was to this place of desolation that a newly finished offshoot of the railway then known as the Eastern Counties conveyed Francis Tredethlyn. He went to look for his cousin, with no better clue to help him in his search than that one word, "Coltonslough," copied from the postmark of Susan's letter.

"But I won't be baffled," the young man thought, as he sat in the railway carriage thinking of the task that lay before him; "Coltonslough may be a big place, but I'll question every living creature in it before I'll give up the chance of finding out something about my cousin."

Luckily for Mr. Tredethlyn's chances, Coltonslough was a very small place, and after walking backwards and forwards for some quarter of an hour before the emporium of the one butcher, the solitary baker, who dabbled a little in the fruit and confectionery line, and the single grocer—who was also a linendraper, and beyond that a stationer, who had a side of bacon hanging on one side of his door, and a piece of showy cotton stuff upon the other, and who, moreover, was sole master of the Coltonslough post-office—Francis determined upon his plan of action. He had thought of his cousin very constantly in the few days before his visit to Mr. Hillary's mansion; he had thought of her a great deal since then, though he had not found it quite so easy to concentrate his ideas, by reason of a certain bright face and slender figure, all in a flutter of white and blue, that would sometimes intrude themselves upon his meditations.

Francis knew that his uncle's daughter had left Tredethlyn Grange with only a few sovereigns in her pocket, perhaps not much more than enough to defray her journey to London. Without money, without friends, she had fled from her home, and had not perished; but had lived to write to her father from this dismal watering-place of Coltonslough, some years after her flight. It was clear, therefore, that in the interim she must have either been supported by the benevolence of strangers, or she must have earned her own living. The last hypothesis was the more likely to be correct. Susan Tredethlyn had been educated to habits of industry, and had no doubt confronted the battle of life as fearlessly as any Tredethlyn should confront any battle.

"Poor little girl! she went out as a servant, I dare say," thought the young man. "She drudged and slaved for some hard mistress, perhaps, while her father was adding every day to the money that has come to me—to me—and he refused me a couple of hundred pounds the night my mother was dying."

Mr. Tredethlyn went in at the grocer's doorway. There was scarcely room enough for him to pass between the bacon and the cotton stuff, which some aboriginal of Coltonslough would some day transform into wearing apparel. The postmaster was chopping some very sallow-hued lump sugar in the dusky inner regions of the shop; but he left off chopping, and advanced to meet the stranger.

Francis Tredethlyn was no diplomatist. He was quite unskilled in that peculiar science known as beating about the bush, so he began to make inquiries respecting his cousin with as little preface as he would have employed had he been asking for a pound of sugar.

"I'm a stranger in this place," he said, "and I want to ask a few questions; and I fancy as you're postmaster, you must be about the likeliest person to answer them."

The grocer rubbed his hands and smirked, in a manner that was expressive of a general desire to do anything obliging—of course with an eye to ultimate profit.

"A young woman—a relation of mine—left her home four years ago this month. For three years no one belonging to her could discover where she was. At the end of that time a letter was received from her, bearing the postmark of this place. I want to find out whether she is still here; or, if not, when she left. I have only just come back from Van Diemen's Land, to find things changed in the place that was once my home. So I'm groping in the dark, you see, and shall be very thankful to any one that'll lend me a helping hand."

Something in the frankness of his manner, the earnestness of his face, went straight home to the heart of the Coltonslough postmaster, who became less a tradesman, and more a man.

"It is rather puzzling, you see, in the way you put it," he said, scratching his nose meditatively. "You want a young woman who wrote a letter—or, leastways, had a letter posted at this place. But, lor bless you, not being under Government y'rself, you see, you have no notion of the dodges they're up to when they want to throw any one off the scent like with a postmark. You mustn't fancy a person's in this place or in that place, because you happen to get a letter from them with such and such a postmark. Why, I dessay I could get a letter posted from Jericho to-morrow morning, if I only gave my mind to it. What might be the name of the young woman as you are anxious to find?"

"Her name is Tredethlyn," Francis answered, hopelessly; "but as she ran away from home, and most likely wanted to hide herself from her relations, she may have changed her name."

The postmaster mused for a few moments, and then shook his head gravely.

"I never heard of no Tredevillings in Coltonslough," he said. "The young person was independent in her circumstances, I suppose?"

"Oh no, indeed! she had very little money when she left home. She must have worked for her living. I should think it likely she went out as a servant, for she was a country-bred girl, and had been used to a hard life, though her father was a very rich man."

A very rich man! That part of the business sounded interesting, and the grocer pricked up his ears.

"A country-bred young person," he repeated, "by the name of Tredevillane. And what might be the date of the letter with the Coltonslough postmark?"

Francis did not know the exact date. He could only inform the postmaster that the letter must have reached Cornwall about eighteen months, or it might be rather less than eighteen months, before the present time.

"Cornwall!" cried the postmaster; "then the country-bred young woman was a Cornwall young woman?"

"Yes; my cousin, Susan Tredethlyn, was a Cornish woman."

"A Cornish woman, and by the name of Susan! Why, if you'd put the date of the letter a good three years back, instead of a year and a half, I should have been able to lay my hand upon y'r cousin, there and then, in a manner of speaking."

"How so?"

"Because I did know a young person that lived with Mrs. Burfield in Trafalgar Terrace. But that young person left Coltonslough full three years ago, and I've never set eyes on her since."

"But tell me all you know about her!" exclaimed Francis, almost breathless in his eagerness. "What was she like? Why do you fancy that she was the girl I am looking for?"

"Because, in the first place, she was Cornish. I'd noticed that her talk was different, somehow, from that of the folks about here—though she was as soft spoken as any lady bred and born; but one day she was standing in my shop, with the children as she had care of, taking shelter from a storm, and a regular pelter it was too, and she stood looking out to sea through yonder half-glass door, which it were shut for the time being, and I made some remark about the unpleasantness of the weather, out of politeness like—for the young woman came very often to my shop for groceries and with lodgers' letters—Mrs. Burfield takes lodgers, and so forth—but she looked at me in a kind of absent way, and said, 'Oh, I like it! I like it!' 'You like the storm, miss?' I exclaimed, and then she answered all of a sudden, 'Yes, I like to see it. This place doesn't seem so strange to me to-day as it generally does. I've seen just such a storm as this from the moor on which my father's house stands, and I could almost fancy I was at home in Cornwall.'"

"And that's how you found out she was a Cornish woman. I think you've about hit it, Mr. Sanders. I think the girl who talked to you about the storm must have been my cousin, Susan Tredethlyn."

"Her name was Susan," answered Mr. Sanders, "I've heard Mrs. Burfield's children call her so in this very shop. She came to Coltonslough as governess to Mrs. Burfield's young family."

"A governess!" said Francis, with some slight sense of relief. "She was a governess, then, and not a servant?"

"Oh dear, no! Though Coltonslough being a very small place, you see, sir, and most of the inhabitants being a good deal dependent upon lodgers, which gives a kind of fluctuating character to life, as you may say, sir, a governess in Coltonslough might not be looked upon exactly in the same light as elsewhere. Or, to put it plainer, sir, a governess in Coltonslough would not be expected to be proud."

"Oh, I understand," Mr. Tredethlyn answered, rather bitterly. "Yes, my cousin was a genteel drudge—not so well paid, perhaps, as vulgar drudges, and rather harder worked."

"The young person was always genteel, sir, even to the extent of wearing gloves, which is not looked upon as indispensable in Coltonslough; but in the matter of going errands and opening the door, or carrying in a lodger's teatray at a push, she would not be expected to be proud."

"And she left three years ago?"

"She did, sir."

The postmaster looked very grave as he said this—so grave that Francis Tredethlyn could not fail to perceive that something worse than he had yet heard remained to be told. He was not a man to diplomatise, nor yet to make any display of his emotion, but his breath came a little faster for a few moments, and then he asked, abruptly—

"How did she leave?"

Mr. Sanders hesitated a little, and then said, with some embarrassment—

"Why, Coltonslough bein' a gossiping kind of a place, sir, you're apt to hear ever so many different versions of the same thing, and it isn't for me to say which is right and which is wrong. I think as it's a long story, sir, you'd better hear the rights of it from Mrs. Burfield."

"A long story!" repeated Francis Tredethlyn, in an undertone, "a long story! Ah, my poor little cousin—my poor ill-used girl! And it seems only a little while ago when we played together in the churchyard at Landresdale, in the sunny hour when they let us out of school."

It did seem to him but a very little while since he and his cousin had sat side by side under one of the big yew trees in Landresdale churchyard, dining upon some simple repast of home-made bread and fat bacon, with a dessert of unripe apples, in the drowsy sultriness of a summer noontide. He sat for some few minutes, silently thinking of that departed time. The memory of it seemed almost like a sharp physical pain, now that he knew that some great sorrow, some bitter woman's trial, had come to his cousin. A story about her—a long story! What story should gossiping tongues have to tell of any woman, except a history of suffering and wrong?

He did not press the postmaster to tell him anything further, but he said presently, in an altered voice, a voice that had lost something of its power and ringing vibration:

"I can get to see this Mrs. Burfield, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; I make no doubt you can. She is a very genteel person, is Mrs. Burfield, which she have known better days, and finds herself often a little drove like with her lodgers. Her house is No. 2, sir, in the Terrace, Trafalgar Square, fronting sideways, and rather slantin' like, to the sea. You can see it, sir, from where you stand."

Following the direction of the postmaster's extended forefinger, Francis Tredethlyn did see a row of unfinished-looking houses, with the inevitable seaside bow-windows, staring out on a patch of waste ground. Why these houses, and almost all the other houses of Coltonslough should have slanted away from the sea, obliging the occupants to look out upon the expanse of waters in a sideways and sinister manner, when they might have been built directly facing that single feature of attraction, was a problem far beyond the comprehension of any visitor to the infantine watering-place.

CHAPTER XI.—A VERY OLD STORY.

MRS. BURFIELD was a pale-faced and pinched-looking person, hollow-cheeked and spare figure, who in these latter days would have inspired a stranger with the idea that she was a rigid disciplinarian of the school founded by Mr. Banting. She looked as if all saccharine and fatty elements had been carefully excluded from her food; and yet, on the other hand, she had none of the muscular energy which might be supposed to result from a carnivorous habit. She was a depressing kind of woman, with thin locks of whity-brown hair dangling upon each side of her thin face, and thin garments hanging limply upon her scant figure, and a thin voice. There was something in Mrs. Burfield's appearance which called up vague images of drizzly days, and pattens, and washing done at home, and a man in the passage clamorous for a water rate, and all the most unpleasant associations of poverty.

She was a woman who prefaced every sentence she uttered with a sigh. She sighed as she admitted to Mr. Tredethlyn that her name was Burfield, as if even that fact were in some manner an affliction. She sighed as she told him, apologetically, that the house was full of lodgers, so she must ask him to step down into the little sitting-room below stairs. And yet, as she subsisted by the letting of lodgings, the crowded state of her house should have been a cause for rejoicing.

Francis had some slight difficulty in conveying his long legs down the narrow little staircase, in which there was a breakneck corner, whence awkward maidservants were wont to precipitate themselves headlong, in company with an avalanche of teathings; but he managed to find his way down somehow or other, and was ushered into a little faded-looking underground parlor, where all the furniture seemed to have undergone a prolonged course of Banting, and where the evidence of children's habitation was untidily visible in every direction. The children were all at school, however, Mrs. Burfield told Francis, with another sigh; though, as she added directly afterwards that they drove her next door to raving madness when they were at home, that fact need scarcely have depressed her.

"I had a governess for them some time back," she said, unconsciously approaching the subject of Mr. Tredethlyn's business with her, "and the young person was very useful to me in many ways but things have been so dull, and lodgers so uncertain, and so close as to rent and kitchen fire, and such like, that I couldn't afford to engage another young person, if I could have found any one as reasonable and as willing as her, which wasn't likely."

Here Mrs. Burfield sighed again, and to her surprise found herself echoed by her visitor.

"It is about that person, the governess, that I have come to inquire," said Francis. "I have reason to believe—I may say that I am almost sure—she is my cousin, very near and very dear to me. Pray tell me all you can about her. I am a rich man, and am looking for my cousin, who has a better claim than I have to the money that has lately come to me. Pray tell me everything—you shall not find me ungrateful. I will make it well worth your while to help me in this matter."

It might be supposed that Mrs. Burfield, being

ground into the very dust by the iron heel of poverty, would brighten a little on hearing this promising speech; but she did nothing of the kind, she only sighed rather more plaintively than usual, and remarked, somewhat irrelevantly, that her boys were beginning to grow up now, and the boots they brought out, and the way they wore their things at the knees and elbows, were something awful.

"Tell me all you can about my cousin," urged Mr. Tredethlyn. "Ah, you don't know how long I have been away from England, and how eager I am to find that poor desolate girl. Pray tell me all you know, and quickly."

"It's a long story," said Mrs. Burfield, in the very weakest voice of the grocer, "it's a long story, and goodness knows the rights or the wrongs of it; but if you are her cousin—and you are, I suppose——"

"I do not think there can be any doubt of it," Francis Tredethlyn answered, eagerly. "I do not think there can be any doubt that the person of whom I have heard this morning was my cousin, Susan Tredethlyn."

"The young person to whom I almded called herself Susan Turner."

"Yes, yes. It is only natural she should change her name. She left her home because she had been very much persecuted there. She was no doubt afraid of being taken back, and was anxious to hide herself under a false name."

"If I had known that she had come to me under a false name, never would she have slept a night in this house, I can assure you," returned Mrs. Burfield, with something between a sigh and a shudder.

"She was a good and honest girl, under whatever name she went by, you," surveyed Francis Tredethlyn, "but pray tell me the story."

But Mrs. Burfield could not immediately comply with their request; she had to go into the shop first, to see that "the girl" was hasting some mixture that was being roasted for a very fastidious "lady" who had a body-servant in addition to naked meats; and then she had to go out into a little area, in which the window looked out, and to see that the same person was busy, who dropped her down divers loaves, and dispatched with her as to a certain "tuppenny German," which had been left at the door not long before the previous Tuesday. At last, however, she was able to seat herself opposite poor Francis, and to begin her story, from the bottom of which she seemed to derive a dismal kind of enjoyment.

"It's close upon seven years since my poor dear husband died," Mrs. Burfield began, "and at that little time Francis Tredethlyn was afraid that she was going to favor him with a sketch of her own personal history, rather than of any other which he was so eager to know. "It's close upon seven years, seven years of toil and trouble for me, and up to that time I had not known what it was to want for anything, in a moderate way. He was managing clerk in an insurance office, sir, and was as fine looking a man as you need wish to see; but he was taken—sudden—and I was left alone to provide for four young children. Well, sir, I paid the funeral expenses handsome, and genteely brought up, things seemed to go harder with me than they go with some people; and at last an uncle, on my father's side, who was very wealthy, and lately retired from the patent chinacrepot business, gave me enough to buy a little furniture, and start from Bloomsbury."

"It's been a hard life, sir, but I shouldn't have so much minded that if it hadn't been for the children; I couldn't bear to see them running wild upon the shore, or playing with vulgar, dirty children on the waste ground; so, a little better than four years ago, I came to this place, and got a person to take care of them, who'd be a kind of governess to them, and would give me a helping hand in the shop, whose wife and children were full, and wouldn't want above a few pounds a year, just to get herself a new gown once in a way, and so on.

"Well, sir, I inquired for such a person, but for you might just as well inquire for anything you wanted on Holborn Hill, where a shade at a farthing, though, unless it's Queen's taxes and poor rates, and you can have plenty of them without asking, to at last come to the poor-house. Then in she Saunders at the post-office—Why don't you address in the Times, Mrs. Burfield? I'll cost you a trifle, but you're sure to get what you want. So she long and the short of it was, I did advertise for a genteel person who would undertake to teach young children, and make herself generally useful, in consideration of a comfortable home and a honorarium of ten pounds per annum. Mr. Saunders advised me to put it in the light of a honorarium, as he said it looked more that way. A young person from the country preferred, I stated in the advertisement, for the reason that lodgers from London bring down with their luggage, and then turn round upon you and object to the bedding, had quite a mortal age against Loomers.

"Well, sir, I got a good many answers, but the best were the letter we signed Susan Turner, so I wrote to Miss Turner—the address was at a little coffee-house near the Great Western terminus —and I had a line in reply, that she'd come down to Coltonslough for an interview, I would be here or perhaps one way. Well, she came, and I found her a very pleasant-spoken, genteelish-looking young person, and I took to her at first sight to that degree, that I allowed her to come to me without reference, she was so prepossessing, as she told me with her relations in the country."

"She came to you at once, then?"

"Yes, she stayed with me there and then, not saying to go back to London, the strangeness of which frightened her, she said; and she had no luggage, except a little bit of a carpetbag, full of things, which she sent for next day; and then by-and-bye the trunk came out, that she'd run away from home. But she had a couple of sovereigns, and she went out and bought herself a few more things, and made herself as neat and somedevisable as she could. She didn't make much secret of how she'd left her home, poor girl. Her father had wanted her to marry against her own wishes, she said, and in her fear of him she had run away."

"Poor girl! poor girl!"

"Well, sir," sighed Mrs. Burfield, "we got on very comfortable for some months. I never had a young person more kind or more willing. The children took to her as if she'd been their own sister, and as to the shop—for it was a good, industrious young person. Things had gone pretty comfortable with me that season, and in the autumn, quite busy, going on for November, when people don't expect to see a single lodger in all Coltonslough, what should I hear, one afternoon, but a double knock at my door; and who should I see when I opened it but a tall, handsome-looking gentleman in a blue military cloak, a grand coat, and took the rooms, off-hand, and without so much as inquiring what the terms would be, which, considering the lodging and boarding down I'd been accustomed to in the very best part of the season, seemed almost like a dream."

Mrs. Burfield had warmed with her subject, and had refreshed for some time from the relief of a sigh; but she paused now to indulge herself in a very much deeper one, as she proceeded to the question upon the sorrows of a lodging-house keeper, went on:

"He came in at one of the handsomest, easiest-spoken gentlemen I ever met with, and he seemed to take away one's breath almost, he had such a dashing kind of way with him. He was tall about your eyes, you'd almost have fancied him on horseback, galloping away for dear life. He seemed all the better for being lame, if I may use the observation. 'Now I dare say you'll want references,' he said, 'and if so, I can't give you any better than Lord Ellesmere, for I don't know I ever absent. But you can have some rent in advance, if that'll do, and I've no end of luggage, that's all.' And then he flung himself into one of the arm chairs, and burst out laughing when it creaked and groaned, as it were, under him; for I'm sorry to say, sir, that one of the well-seasoned, female's furniture than if they was so many Ojibbeway Indians—and I can't deny that the gentleman was rather inquiring, but I didn't like the strange gentleman making game of them, somehow, for he had such a pleasant way with him, and was such a fine, handsome man, and so handsome, that he seemed quite to brighten up the place.

"He said, he said, presently, 'can you guess why I came to Coltonslough in the month of November?' And of course I told him no, I couldn't, as he hadn't mentioned his business when he took them. Upon which he burst out laughing again. 'I came here,' he said, 'because I was told Coltonslough was the most dismal place upon the surface of the earth, and I meant to stay here till after Christmas. So you may tell the man you're going to bring a fresh lock and key about it.' Upon which the flyman brought in a couple of big portmanteaus, and a gunnace, and a hatbox, and two or three other things, that I ever came into my passage. 'Books, ma'am, books, every one of them, and all as heavy as bricks,' said the perspiring gentleman, as some of the boxes went scratching and humping upon the paper—and the way lodgers' boxes do scratch and bump is—and then he paid me a week's rent quite awful. But for all that I wasn't sorry to see plenty of luggage, though the hooks might have nearly broken down with the weight, for I always know to happen in this very terrace. 'Well, ma'am,' says the gentleman, when his luggage was all brought in, and the flyman had driven off, 'now I can settle down comfortably. Do I look as if I'd been phleged, do you think, ma'am?' he asked, looking at me with a look that made my hands deep down in his pockets, which was one of those ways of his that I certainly call prancing. I didn't quite catch his meaning at first, though, he had alluded to something unpleasant, so I said 'No, indeed, I should think not.' 'But I have, ma'am,' he said, 'and very bad, too. I was measuring sort of a way, as if I'd been a fivebarred gate, and he was just going to fly clean over me—I and his horse, I mean, sir—to get to another of his galloping ways. 'But I have been phleged, ma'am,' he said, 'as clean as any fowl that ever was trussed and stuffed from the poulterer's. I'm a featherless biped, ma'am. So I've come down to Coltonslough, being as I understand, the dullest hole upon the face of the earth, I mean to go in a perisher.' 'A perisher,' was his expression. 'And I mean to read like old boots, so you may let your servant light my fire, for I'm going to read some chops; for I suppose I must resign myself to an existence sustained upon chops so long as I'm at Coltonslough.'"

REBEL IRONCLAD ATTACK ON CITY POINT, VA.

At two o'clock on the morning of Jan. 24th a rebel fleet, consisting of the ironclads Virginia, Richmond and Fredericksburg, two steam gunboats and a number wooden vessels, came down the James river, apparently intending to fire City Point, where the depots and supplies offered a rich bait. A freshet in the river lifted them safely over the obstructions which we had constructed below Dutch Gap Canal, with the exception of the heavy ironclads Virginia and Richmond, which grounded, when the Fredericksburg turned to rejoin them.

A furious engagement between all the vessels of the rebel fleet and the batteries on shore, as well as with the Union batteries, on the other, was then commenced, and was continued from early on Tuesday morning till between 12 and 1 o'clock in the afternoon. About daybreak a shell from one of the Union guns exploded in the magazine of the rebel iron Brooklyn, and blew her up.

After suffering this disaster they returned dismantled towards Richmond. Some rebel troops which were landed on Farrar's island, in the chance for the purpose of co-operating with the fleet, were driven off by a Union force. Their forces plan resulted in failure. The Union casualties in the whole affair were very slight.

REVIEW OF KILPATRICK'S CAVALRY,

And Enthusiastic Reception of Secretary Stanton, at Savannah, Ga.

On the 12th of January a grand review was had of Kilpatrick's cavalry in front of the blockhouse in Bay street, by Gen. Sherman, in the presence of Secretary Stanton and a brilliant group of Major and Brigadier Generals, besides a numerous staff corps. The day was auspicious, and thousands of soldiers and civilians witnessed the pageant.

After the review Col. Barnum proposed to the crowd to give cheers for Gen. Sherman, Gen. Sherman, and his army. Secretary Stanton gracefully acknowledged the compliment by bowing from his carriage, and immediately after a fine gray mare presented him three cheers and a tiger for President Lincoln. The salute commences parrallel with Mr. Stanton, and arrives anon, after unsuccessful calls from the crowd for a speech.

THE SLEICHRIDE.

THE hardest of all things to describe is that which everybody is familiar with. An English author has said, that everybody thinks that he can edit a paper, keep an hotel, practice physic, manage a theatre, play the violin and drive a sleigh. If the reader knows anything about sleigh driving, he knows that it is a very difficult matter, requiring the nicest nerve, steadiness of wrist, and a general indifference to results. It sometimes happens that a man is considered a coarse horse fancier; modern winters are not what they used to be. Snow no longer rests upon the ground from November to March, it is up sometimes in the afternoon. The effect is, that sleighing has ceased to be the fine artit was in the days of our fathers.

"Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells.
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme
To the tinkling of the bells, bells, bells."

A sleighride, however, depends very much upon whom you have for company. Ladies always prefer sweet bells to jingling bells.

On the road to Harlem there was a bridge called the "kissing bridge," the toll for passing which we leave to the imagination of young ladies. It is only those who have had the excitement of a race on sleighs, who can appreciate the fun that purposes by the rebels, for there are several miles of the road where it is impossible to turn out, so that if any one explodes it will fall them and not our own men."

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

THE late King of Prussia once sent to an aide-de-camp, Col. Malachowski, who was busy in court, a small packet of letters, marked like a bank-note, as it contained 100 crowns; some time afterwards he met the colonel, and said to him:

"Ah, well, how did you like the new work which I gave you?"

"Excessively, sire," replied the Colonel, "I found it a most delightful occupation, and I enjoyed it with great impatience."

He had smiled, and when the officer's birthday arrived, he presented him with another portfolio, similar to the first, in which, on the back, these words encreased upon it:

"The last is complete in two volumes."

EVERYBODY has laughed at the way in which Washington Irving relates the famous oak hewitt, which Hendrick Hudson had to give the Indians for fish, the constable to pay the costs. We have seen nothing better than it.

A jury in Cohoes, N. Y., rendered the following curious verdict:

"The jury find for the defendant, against the plaintiff, $31, and each man add that McC——the plaintiff's wife witness) pay the costs."

THE last wicked story of Paris is, that there is a matrimonial agency in that city, where the advertising herself on her youth and beauty, she has had the misfortune to marry a man who is old and rich, to be examined on oath. They both had to state their age in the court of justice.

"Your age, madame?" asks courteous judge.

"I am not yet thirty-nine, monsieur."

A little later the son is in the box.

"Your age, sir?" asks the judge.

"Why," answers ingenuous youth, "I find, to my astonishment, that I am a year older than my mother."

JUDGE GRIFFITH, on the bench in B——, appointed a crier whose want of sense was more than made up by the size of his voice. He was seated at the bar, with more fun than legal lore in him, was fond of playing off on the unwary. One day Judge ordered the crier to call Jesse Logue.

The crier, standing at the door of the court, whispered to Jesse:

"Pro-log-ue!"

Prologue looked around the crier.

"Mon-o-logue," said the lawyer.

Monologue looked at the crier.

"Pro-log-ue!"

And the crier still cried "Prologue!"

"Dia-logue."

Some portentious crier shouted "Dialogue!" at the top of his voice.

Despairing of hearing no response from the Logue family, the crier turned and said to the Court, stating in the usual manner of criers, what had occurred:

"I've called all the logs in town, and never one of them will come to the court-house."

A CASE OF LEANNESS.—A remarkable case of leanness is mentioned by Lorry, in a priest, who became so thin and dry that his articulation was little less unable to go through the celebration of mass, as the wine would not reach the throat; and to so strange a manner at every genuflexion, that the faithful were terrified, and left the church in a body. In these remarkable little once undertook a long journey to consult a famous physician on the wall condition, and having begged to know, in a most piteous tone, the cause of his disease, was favored with the following pleasantry:

"Sir, there is a predisposition in your constitution to make you lean, and a disposition in your constitution to keep so."

Another master priest being told that the celebrated Harry Hotspur had died of a big pear eaten, exclaimed, with a deep sigh,

"Ah, well, Mr. Hunter had mine."

HOUSE SURGEON—"Ah, by the way, there's Biggins's case; there has been a slight mistake—it was the good leg I cut off."

Visiting Surgeon—"It's of no consequence, we can cure rather."

HORACE WATERS, the well-known musicseller and pianoforte maker of Broadway, has a large assortment of music and musical instruments at No. 481 Broadway. Our readers should call on him, and inspect them.



SLEIGHING SCENE IN THE COUNTRY—"BLOOD WILL TELL."

WARREN LELAND'S OVERLAND TRIP

Through the Gold and Silver Regions of North America.

WARREN LELAND has hitherto been celebrated as the pioneer of the California press, and as one of the most successful hotel-keepers on this continent. He has also gained considerable distinction as a farmer; his vegetable and animal specimens fully entitling him to the gold medals of the most exacting horticultural and cattle societies. He must now rank among the most adventurous and extensive travellers of modern times; since, within the space of four months, he has travelled across the whole American continent at its broadest parts; visited all the principal points on the route; explored a subterranean city of silver; examined the standing woods; of the regions he traversed; conversed with most of the leading men of the different States through which he passed; had his buffalo, deer, grizzly bear and Indian hunts; hobnobbed with Brigham Young; danced and flirted with his wives, and, to use his own words, fully satisfied himself that this is a great country, and that New York is the biggest and best place in it.

There is something very typical of the American race, that a man of competence, free hand, surrounded by all the luxuries of modern civilization, and engaged in a most extensive business, should voluntarily dress himself up in a bonanza, travel from New York to Atchison, a pleasant little jaunt of 1,200 miles, from Atchison to Fort Kearney, a mere step of 250 miles, from Fort Kearney to Denver city, a trifle under 400 miles, from Denver city to Salt Lake city, a trifle over 600 miles, from Salt Lake city to Fort Hall, 300 miles, thence to Virginia city, thence to Boise city, 300 miles, to Walla-walla, 300, to Portland, 325, Victoria, Vancouver's Island, 150 miles, thence to San Francisco by steamer, 1,000 miles; but here we must pause, entirely out of breath with these magnificent distances.

The reader must remember, however, that we have only taken Mr. Leland one half of his journey, since, of course, he has got to come back. We have to those who are profoundly skilled in arithmetic the task to of adding up the sum total. Having given some idea of the distance travelled, let us state the time in which it was done, exactly four months. For our land, Columbus left New York on the 18th of September and returned on the 18th of January. From Atchison, Mr. Leland journeyed in one of the light but comfortable and substantial coaches of the Overland stage line to Guideville.

We cannot help noticing the newfangled manner with which Mr. Leland treats himself. He is evidently an admirer of Cesare's Commentaries, a work remarkable for the total absence of that fascinating little word, *Ego*.

Our space will only permit us to include in a few extracts from Mr. Leland's most interesting journal, with part of which the public are doubtless familiar, since a portion of it was recently published in the N. Y. *Herald*. Our readers will enjoy the entry dated October 24:

"Corcoran. 24.—Left for Virginia City, Montana Territory, West on a grizzly hear hunt with Paul Cebrario, stage agent, and John Haley, an old mountaineer. After a day's search, encountered an awful grizzly at the head of the cañon. The brute showed fight. After using a degree of strategy that would have exorted admiration from Gen. Grant, we finally brought old grizzly down, but not until half a dozen balls had penetrated his carcase. Extracted one of his tusks, four inches long, which was awarded to me as a trophy for making the death shot. Found the city flourishing in a high degree, with plenty of gold dust, which was the only circulating medium. The city is well supplied with liquors and dence saloons and the usual accompaniments of rich mining towns. Beverages are purchased by each—that is, a person wanting a glass of whiskey drops a certain quantity of his precious dust, which is weighed out by the saloon proprietor, and any overplus returned to the imbiber. Notwithstanding this slow process the number of the drinking population in Virginia City does not seem to be less in proportion than where postage currency is the medium of exchange for the nectar."

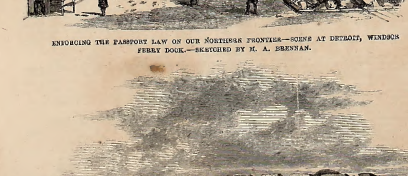


MR. WARREN LELAND, IN THE COSTUME WORN DURING HIS LATE TRIP AMONG THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

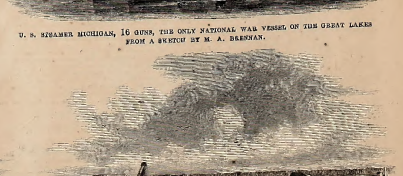
Of a very different description is the chief hunt, which our traveller joins in. We can imagine the look of mild horror which must have come over the genial connoisseur's features as the savory morsel was handed to him. We question if he will ever look over his simple bill of fare with out seeing printed in imaginary type, "Roast Horse, *Sauvage*, with baked Indian, of the Snake persuasion." It is a refinement on the Chinese Ethel Pappy Regent, and the Bird Nest Epicures. Mr. Leland, who is one of the proprietors of the Metropolitan Hotel of this city, and of the Union Hotel, Saratoga, knows what a *cuisine* should be.

"NOVEMBER 4.—Arrived at Raft River Station. Here I met a chief of the Snake tribe of Indians, named Yam-Patch, with his two sons, White Ox and Elk Horn. Horse stealers had been committing depredations, and one horse was stolen from this stage station. Yam-Patch and his tribe being friendly to the whites were anxious to have the horse restored, and wanted me to accompany him and his sons to hunt up the thief. Went out about 15 miles to the foot of the mountains, and just inside of the cañon came in sight of the Indian in the act of skinning the horse which he had killed for the purpose of eating the meat. The moment Yam-Patch saw that the chief had killed the horse, he drew up his rifle and fired at the Indian, but missed him. The horse thief returned the compliment by firing at Yam-Patch, the bullet passing through his left arm and into the fleshy part of his side. At this instant White Ox rushed close up to the thief, and fired two charges of shot into his body, killing him instantly, and taking his scalp the next second. I thought the hunt was over, but Yam-Patch insisted on my remaining to eat the meat. The subsequent scenes were interesting, but shocking to a Christian. Yam-Patch sent the scalp off to notify others of the tribe—and had purposely started towards night a party of Snakes, with their squaws and papooses, arrived on the ground. Each one then set to work gathering sage brush, and after having accumulated a huge pile upon the body of the dead Indian, set the mass on fire, consuming the body and roasting the horse at the same time. The hereditah was then distributed in chunks and strips to the fascinating Snakes, and a regular savage hullabaloo and hereid war dance was kept up the entire night. I was several times offered a roasted piece of the delicious carcase, but respectfully declined, not so much on account of any superstitions I had to good horseflesh well cooked, but from a decided objection to having the dish flavored with 'baked Indian,' a Snake delicacy. This performance lasted all night. It was the wildest scene I ever witnessed, or expect to, on or off any stage. Was presented by Yam-Patch's son, White Ox, with the dead Indian's scalp, which pretty toy I intend to carry home with me."

We cannot resist quoting the complimentary greeting he gave to his young nephews, upon the admirable manner in which they were conducting business, and the popularity they enjoyed among the traveling public and the leading citizens of the Pacific States. Bode out to the Cliff House, went to the opera, theater and minstrels, attended a wedding, visited all the public buildings, saw the big piles of silver bricks and gold bars in the mint and great banking-houses, saw Ruggles and his celebrated rock of four, visited the vineyards and wine-growing localities, spent a day with Marsh examining his herd of Durhams, his flock of horses, visited the Agricultural Society's exhibition, witnessed the launching of the first Pacific-built steamship the Pioneer, and finally left for Puget Sound, Bid Norte. Tried to find the city of Puget Sound, but couldn't succeed. The entire city Pacific coast—but couldn't succeed. The entire city having been rebuilt and remodelled during the past few years."



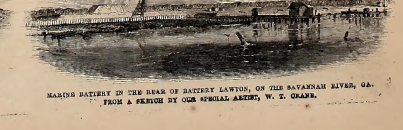
ENFORCING THE PASSPORT LAW ON OUR NORTHERN FRONTIER—SCENE AT DETROIT, WINDSOR FERRY DOCK.—SKETCHED BY M. A. BRENNAN.



U. S. STEAMER MICHIGAN, 16 GUNS, THE ONLY NATIONAL WAR VESSEL ON THE GREAT LAKES FROM A SKETCH BY M. A. BRENNAN.



BATTERY LAWTON OPPOSITE FORT JACKSON, ON THE SAVANNAH RIVER, GA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.



MARINE BATTERY IN THE REAR OF BATTERY LAWTON, ON THE SAVANNAH RIVER, GA. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

The next extract will doubtless lead the numerous fair friends of our traveller to breathe either for Brigham Young or for Mr. L. Ha! we are happy to say, Mr. Leland gazed, with unmoveable eye, upon the fair of the saints before him, and like a second Queen Elizabeth, "passed on in maiden meditation, fancy free!" Whether any of the twenty-three Mrs. Brigham Youngs ever dream of Mr. Leland is more than we can tell:

"DECEMBER 23.—In Salt Lake City attended the annual ball given by Brigham Young to the members of the city council, city officials, the church officers, including the twelve apostles, bishops, chief church officers, and their families, being the only families besides the officials, invited couples were present. About two hundred couples were present. The hall was well supplied with refreshments, and the ball dressed, and everything arranged according to the highest taste of the fashionable code regulating such entertainments. The ballroom was spacious, and also well lighted and ventilated. Prayers were uttered previous to partaking of the bountiful repast, which was commenced at 10 o'clock, and continued until 2 o'clock. The music by the band was of the most delightful character, and performed in a manner that many years ago and a long line of prosy still before him!"

One more extract and we have done. It reads more like a passage in a fairy tale than a sober letter of the 19th century:

"DECEMBER 12.—In Virginia city stopped at the International Hotel: met a number of prominent bankers, lawyers, merchants and capitalists, and took an entire day in the Opera House in the Comstock lode. Descended 300 feet into the mine; the appearance being very much that of a river city under ground, with 'adits,' 'drifts,' and 'crosscuts' resembling the streets and lanes of a city—the sparkling ore on all sides reflecting our lights, and presenting, in the aggregate, a magnificent sight. Also a number of fact and scene of enchantment. Travelled four or five miles in the wonderful subterranean region in company with Mr. A. E. Davis, President of the Opera Company. Mr. Davis' manners and appearances here were but the counterpart of those in several other large cities in the Comstock lode."

Our picture of Mr. Leland represents him in his travelling suit—a dress every one must envy him during this cold weather.

Soldiers of the Union!

Read the following Letters received from your comrades as endorsements of the

WORLD RENOWNED AND WORLD TRIED REMEDIES, KNOWN AS PROF. HOLLOWAY'S

PILLS AND OINTMENT.

You will here find unsolicited testimonials received from all parts of the country where our army of occupation is now stationed. SEE TO YOUR HEALTH! And if you have some one interested in your welfare, then do not delay. THEY ARE INVALUABLE. Send quickly to yourselves, but to your Fathers and Mothers, Sisters, Wives and Brothers. Then while you may purchase your Health.

25 cents, 88 cents, or $1 40,

Will, when expended in these medicines, bring you down to the greenest and ripest old age.

The following are specimens of genuine letters on file for inspection at this office. Copies sent by mail to any inquirer.

80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

Prof. HOLLOWAY: GENTLEMEN—I, SERGEANT, 39th Illinois Volunteers, FOUR INCHES, Co. K, Nov. 5, 1864.

Prof. HOLLOWAY, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

SIR—Enclosed please find two dollars, for which send me one box of your Pills for each of your regular soldiers in Centreport, by return mail. Please attend to this at once, for I am much afraid of the above proclaim.

Address Lieut. A. W. FELLOWS, G. M., 59th Illinois Vols.

CAMP NEAR BRANDY STATION, Va., Nov. 7, 1864.

Prof. HOLLOWAY:

DEAR SIR—I have heard a great deal of talk about your pills, and as I never was in the need of them till now, I want to try them, as I hurted my every day in the service, and am under the worth of the medicine. Yours, &c.,

JOSEPH WALSH, Co. E, 5th Regt., Excelsior Brigade.

PULASKI, Tenn., Nov. 6, 1864.

Prof. HOLLOWAY:

DEAR SIR—Please find enclosed one dollar, and send me the amount in your famous Pills, as I am troubled with Piles very much. Yours, &c.,

THOMAS F. TURNER, Co. I, 2d Iowa Infantry.

MORRIS ISLAND, S. C., Nov. 1, 1864.

Prof. HOLLOWAY:

Please find enclosed the sum of one dollar for Pills. I have formerly used your Pills and found them to be very good. Yours, &c.,

WILLIAM CHRISTY, Co. D, 157th Regt. Penn. Vols., Morris Island, S. C.

000

Albums for the Army and Navy,



For Twenty Pictures, and sold at

ONE DOLLAR,

The cheapest, best book ever offered to the people. Sent by Mail to any address, postpaid, on receipt of price.

Agent's Outfit, 25 cents.

Address

CHAS. ZIEBER, GARDS,

Album Manufacturer, 169 Centre street, N. Y.

Agents Wanted at Military Rendezvous with the NEW PATENT PORTABLE INK and CHECKERBOARD. It combined, carried in the Knapsack, weighs only 12 oz., contains 20 writing and viewing articles for Soldiers, Sailors, Misers, etc. Sample free by mail for 25 00. A. J. BUTLER, Rahway, N. J.

FREE READING!

Soldiers, Sailors, Marines, Everybody—send us your address. Will, in return, send you a large family newspaper, replete with good miscellaneous reading matter, &c. Sent free.

CHAS. E. MACKEY, 61 Nassau St., N. Y.

BEAUTY—A JOY FOR EVER.

Pimples and Blotches on the Face, Sallowness and all Roughness of the Skin removed at once by the use of "DERBY'S FACIAL TONIC." Price 50 cents. Mailed to any address for 75 cents, by A. O. UPHAM, 28 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 485-490

GOLD PENS

FOR THE MILLION!

AND

PENS TO SUIT THE HAND

AND

PRICES TO SUIT THE POCKET.

The Best Gold Pens in the World!

On receipt of the following sums, we will send, by mail, or as otherwise directed, a Gold Pen or Pens, selecting the same according to the description, namely:

GOLD PENS, IN SILVER PLATED EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $1 No. 2 Pen; or $1 40 No. 3 Pen; for $1 60 No. 4 Pen; for $2 No. 5 Pen; for $2 50 No. 6 Pen.

These pens are stamped THE IMPERIAL PEN, and are well finished and tested, Gold Pens, with good artificial points, although they are unwarranted, and cannot be exchanged.

Our name *American Gold Pen Co.*, N. Y.), is stamped on all the Gilt Pens, and the points are warranted for six months, except against accident. Our new quality Pens are all stamped THE NATIONAL PEN, the initials of our Firm (A. G. P. Co.), and are carefully made, having the same Iridium Point and Quality Pens, the only great difference being in the quality of the gold.

GOLD PENS, 1st and 2D QUALITY, IN SOLID SILVER EXTENSION CASES, WITH PENCILS.

For $2 00 No. 1 pen 1st quality, or No. 2 pen 2d quality.
For $2 25 " No. 2 pen 1st quality, or " No. 3 pen 2d quality.
For $2 75 " No. 3 pen 1st quality, or " No. 4 pen 2d quality.
For $3 50 " No. 4 pen 1st quality, or " No. 5 pen 2d quality.
For $4 50 " No. 5 pen 1st quality, or " No. 6 pen 2d quality.
For $5 50 " No. 6 pen 1st quality.

THE SAME GOLD PENS, IN SOLID SILVER OR GOLD PLATED SPECTACLE HOLDERS AND MOROCCO CASES.

For $2 25 No. 2 pen 1st quality, or No. 4 pen 2d quality.
For $2 50 " No. 3 pen 1st quality, or No. 5 pen 2d quality.
For $3 00 " No. 4 pen 1st quality, or No. 6 pen 2d quality.
For $3 50 " No. 5 pen 1st quality. For $5 50 " No. 7 pen 2d quality.
For $4 50 " No. 6 pen 1st quality. For $12 00 " No. 8 pen 1st quality.

Our Pens rank throughout the country as equal—if not superior—to any Gold Pens manufactured, not only for their writing qualities, but durability and elegant finish. The greatest care is taken in packing our pens, and none are sold with the slightest imperfection which shall not be exchanged.

Parties in ordering must invariably specify the Number, Name and Quality, whether coarse or fine, stiff or limber.

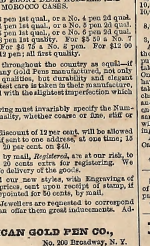
To CLERGY.—A discount of 12 per cent. will be allowed to Clergymen on all orders for Pens (Silver Case Pens), 15 per cent. on $25; 20 per cent. on $40.

All remittances by mail, Post-Office, at our risk, to all who enclose 10 cents extra for registering. We guarantee the safe delivery of the goods.

Circulars of all our new styles, with Engravings of exact sizes, and prices, sent on receipt of stamp, if desired. Pens polished for 50 cents, by mail.

Stationers and Jewellers are requested to correspond with us, as we can offer them great inducements. Address

AMERICAN GOLD PEN CO.,
No. 209 Broadway, N. Y.



HOSTETTER'S

CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS.

A TIMELY WARNING TO THE SICK.—It is especially important at this time, when the markets of the United States are flooded with the counterfeits, spurious imitations and base frauds, upon which unscrupulous men are reaping a golden harvest, that every person requiring a medicine should be careful to procure the genuine article. HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS contain none of these frauds, but are a combination of pure Roots—the only true juices of the most valuable herbs—with pure spirits and spiceral barks and plants; stomachic, anti-bilious and aperient herbs and plants, and that as a medicine, this preparation stands before all its kindred compounds, a rival or competitor. Its sales today are equal to the combined sales of the six other bitters advertised in the United States, and the certificates which annually accompany them are signed by individuals of the highest standing in every professional calling and walk of life. Beware of imitations and impostors.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

PREPARED AND SOLD BY

HOSTETTER & SMITH, PITTSBURG, PA.
NEW YORK OFFICE, 59 CEDAR STREET.

RICH! RICH!

French fancy VALENTINES for Gentlemen, sent by mail, postpaid, for $1; or twelve for $5. Address

O. BIRGE,
P. O. Drawer 6586, Chicago, Ill.

487-92

ATTENTION!

100 COLORED PHOTOGRAPHS of female Beauties for 50 cents. Send all orders to O. BIRGE, P. O. Drawer 6586, Chicago, Ill. 487-92

Valentines for 1865.

Soldiers' Valentine Packet, 10 cents and $1 00 each Friendly Comics, and entirely new style of Valentines, 50 cents per Dozen. Extra Comic Valentines, new designs, 30 cents per Dozen. Perfumed French Sachets, 50 cents to $3 00 each. Sentimental Valentines, over 400 styles, ranging from 5 cents to $2 each. Valentine Envelopes, Valentine Cards, etc. Valentine Box, $2, $10 and $20 each, containing a full assortment of Novelties, etc., from 5 cents to $100. Any of the above goods sent by mail on receipt of price. Dealers supplied on liberal terms. Address G. HAWLEY & CO.,
162 William Street, New York.

J. TOWNSEND & CO.,
IMMENSE HOLIDAY SALE!

95,000 Watches, Chains, Gold Pens with Case, Sets of Jewellery, Lockets, Sleeve-Buttons, Silver Pens, &c.,

to be sold for

$95,000,

and valued at

$375,000!!!

all to be sold at

ONE DOLLAR EACH,

without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you have seen the goods to receive.

Read this list of articles to be sold at $1 each:

50 Ladies and Gents' Gold Watches, $50 to $100 each.
1,000 Hunting Case Silver Watches, 15 to 30 "
1,000 Patent Lever Watches, 15 to 30 "
2,000 Rich and Costly Chains, 5 to 25 "
5,000 Gold Pens with Pencils, 5 to 15 "
5,000 Ladies' Gold and Gilt Bracelets, 5 to 15 "
5,000 Ladies' Gilt and Jet Hair Bracelets, 5 to 10 "
5,000 Sets Gold Sleeve Buttons, 5 to 10 "
5,000 Gold Band Bracelets, 5 to 10 "
5,000 Enamelled, Coral and Opal Earrings, 5 to 10 "
5,000 Rich and Costly Rings, 5 to 10 "
5,000 Solid Silver Butter Knives, 5 to 8 "
10,000 Solid Silver Forks, 5 to 8 "
10,000 Solid Silver Never Mounted Thimbles, 5 to 10 "
8,000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils, 5 to 8 "
3,000 Gold Watch Keys, 2 to 8 "
5,000 Ladies' Gilt Collar Sets, Consisting of Pin and Ear Drops, 5 to 10 "

In the above articles, which must be sold at once, the different articles, stating what each one have, are put in to confuse and puzzle the buyers, and not to be taken into account with regard to choice, and sent by mail. Each person who remits $1 will see what you can have. Then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or articles named, or remit $3 for the charge for forwarding the certificate, paying the postage on it. These Sets are given only with which must be enclosed when the certificate is sent for. 6 Certificates sent for $1; 13 for $2; 35 for $5; 75 for $10. Agents wanted to all parts of the country. Liberal terms will be allowed 10 cents on each certificate, when ordered bearing our private stamp.

Agents wanted in every town in the United States or Canada. Address

J. TOWNSEND & CO.,
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Shults's Ongnent, warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent post paid for 50 cents. Address O. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y. 484-96

PLAYING CARDS!

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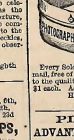


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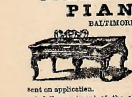
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No. 490—Vol. XIX.] NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 18, 1865. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4.00 YEARLY. 10 WEEKS $1.00.

Amendment of the Constitution.

"NEITHER SLAVERY NOR INVOLUNTARY SERVITUDE, EXCEPT AS A PUNISHMENT FOR CRIME, WHEREOF THE PARTY SHALL HAVE BEEN DULY CONVICTED, SHALL EXIST WITHIN THE UNITED STATES OR ANY PLACE SUBJECT TO THEIR JURISDICTION."

Such are the momentous words of the proposed amendment of the Constitution of the United States, which, after having passed the Senate by the requisite vote, also passed the House of Representatives, by a vote of two-thirds, on the 31st of January—a day from which will date a new and brighter era in American History. To become a part of the Constitution, however, this amendment must be accepted and approved by three-fourths of all the States of the Union, through their Legislatures. That is to say it must be accepted by twenty-seven of the thirty-six States now composing the Union. It has already received the sanction of eight States, the Legislatures of which are now in session, viz.: Massachusetts, Rhode Island, New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, West Virginia, Michigan and Illinois. Action will be speedily had in most of the remaining States not in rebellion, and in such of those as are now in process of reorganization. It is apprehended that Delaware, New Jersey and Kentucky will reject the amendment, and possibly prevent its adoption by the requisite three-fourths of all the States, for the present—we say, for the present, inasmuch as the Constitution does not limit the time within which action may be taken, and any subsequent Legislature in these States may affirm the amendment, and complete the act. Such is the course and force of public sentiment, that it will be hard for the Legislatures of these States long to resist it—and that public sentiment is for the extirpation of slavery, "the evil cause of all our woes."

This is not the first attempt to amend the Constitution. Amendments were made, in the mode prescribed by the instrument itself, through votes of two-thirds of both Houses of Congress, and by the affirmative action of three-fourths of the States, in 1791, 1798 and 1804. None of these, however, proposed any great or radical changes.

The passage of the amendment now before this country, by Congress, was hardly expected by the public. No longer ago than in July last, precisely the present proposition was rejected by the House of Representatives, or rather failed to receive the requisite two-thirds vote. The advance which has taken place since then, in public sentiment, and the strength of that sentiment itself, as evinced in the November election, have not, however, been without their effect in Washington. They have reacted powerfully on the people's representatives, who only anticipated the inevitable action of the next Congress by their own somewhat tardy motion.

It is impossible to overestimate the importance of the great measure now before the country. It proposes a short, direct and effective mode of disposing of a question, and settling an issue, which we have sought to evade, or to achieve by partial, doubtful and round-about means—"gradual Emancipation," "compensated Emancipation," and Executive Proclamations. All preceding measures, it is true, only marked the advance in public sentiment, and it was through them that the nation was gradually brought face to face with the monster which we now propose to struggle outright, and without farther grace. Once achieved, this great national act will stand unparalleled in history for grandeur. To strike the fetters from four millions of men, at a single blow, and to strike out of rateable existence two billions of property, is no ordinary act of justice and of sacrifice. For this, posterity will give us award; but from the nations of Europe, who measure our great and bloody struggle by their own mean and selfish standards, we must expect neither praise nor appreciation.

The proposed amendment, if adopted, will give to the rebellious States, on their return into the Union, an increase of political power—a power, however, from which we have nothing to fear, as it will be no longer directed by the malignant influences of slavery. Under the Constitution as it was and is, *three-fifths* of the slaves are counted in the representative enumeration; that is to say, in apportioning representatives every five slaves count as



TRAGEDY IN THE TREASURY DEPARTMENT AT WASHINGTON, D. C., JAN. 30—MR. BURROUGHS, A CLERK IN THE CURRENCY BUREAU, SHOT DEAD BY MISS MARY HARRIS.

three whites. This enabled the South to send into Congress a much greater number of representatives than they would have been entitled to, if their representation were based on a voting population. Of this the Northern and Free States rightly complained. Slaves being accounted property, and having no privilege of exercising political rights, it was justly claimed that Northern property should equally enter into the basis of Northern representation. Why should five slaves, worth $500 each, have, practically, three votes—or enable their master to cast that number—while the Northern farmer's ten horses, worth $250 each, gave him no accession of political power?

But, the slaves once free, they will, under the Constitution, be entitled to count their full number in Congressional apportionment—that is, the Southern States, which segregate the slaves to remain where they are, will have an addition, equal to two-thirds of the whole number of emancipated slaves, to their basis of representation. This, therefore, as we said before, will give a considerable accession to the political power of the South; for, as the qualification of voters is fixed by each State, while the basis of representation is fixed by the Constitution, the States may disfranchise those whom the pending amendment will make free.

This effect of the amendment, if carried, has probably not occurred to many minds; and it is one which will bring up the question of negro suffrage at an early day and with powerful force. The question must come up, shall the present masters of slaves receive an accession of political power, on the fact that their slaves have become freemen, under the operations of an amended Constitution? On the other hand, it may be asked, by those who object to give this right of suffrage to the newly emancipated slave, steeped in the ignorance entailed by slavery: "is such an accession of power dangerous, when the motive for its illegitimate exercise shall no longer exist?"

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NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 18, 1865.

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Rumors of Peace.

THE air is hurtling with rumors of peace, which, however, have as yet had no effect except to no longer fix Rock Enough as a stop estimente—the latter, probably, being the principal object sought to be accomplished by the authorities in Richmond. While we pant about peace, the land is trod broken up by Sherman are repairing; the rebel army of the south-west, under Taylor (lately Hood), is taking breath and binding up its wounds, and the united diabolism of the country and negroes are redoubling the defences of Richmond, while the so-called Southern Confederacy generally is recovering from the stunning blow inflicted by Terry and Porter at Fort Fisher. The Blairs have been to Richmond, "The hury Fs," of whom Dr. Watts or somebody wrote:

"How do the little busy Blairs
Improve the shining hours,
And find out ways to keep themselves cares
To close this war of ours?"

And on return for the Blairs, there have been peace platforms constructed—some, such as Stephens, the inglorious Vice-President of Dixie, the eminent F. F. V. Hunter, of Virginia, and Judge Campbell, of Alabama.

That the Blairs and the Confederates did not come in; on the contrary, Mr. Seward went, and afterwards Mr. Lincoln went—all went to Fortress Monroe, where each and everybody had a steamer of his own. And there was what our colored brethren in Africa call a *palaver*, and what our "wild salvages" term a *pow-wow*, and then each and everybody went to his own—as the Irishman said of the war—"in the end on't." Except that it has afforded large latitude to able correspondents hard up for

wherewithal to write about, and an opening for operations to Exchange brokers eager for a "movement" in the market; and except, particularly, to the rehels who hereby gain time to raise men, reorganise, and offer a more obstinate and protracted resistance.

There is no peace to be had except on the basis of complete submission to the authority of the nation; none to be had which does not involve the entire destruction of the only real world knows this; the people at home and the armies in the field know it, and will listen to nothing less. Then the rebel assents to the two prime conditions, the insignificant matters of confiscation and the penalties of treason can readily be waived, while all parties and sections unite in conveying "the old flag" to the topmost peaks of national power and greatness. But short of this there can be no peace. Five hundred thousand patriot dead would spring from their unmarked graves, and lift their bony hands in menace against the cravens who would sacrifice the cause for which they poured out the willing sacrifice of their blood.

The President of the United States cannot make peace without the full concurrence of the nation. He is only the exponent of the national will, as ratified by the declaration of the people. Abraham Lincoln, rail-splitter and late country lawyer of Illinois, is absolutely nobody, per se—nobody, except in so far as he is the President, in personality of the sentiment of the people. To the people he will doubtless, and right speedily, explain what the so-called Southern commissioners had to propose. Until then the President of the United States, *he* has nothing to propose. When the Prodigal Son came home, the benignant father killed the fatted calf and choped the prodigal's head off. Whether Mr. Davis or Vice-President Stephens comes to tell us that he, and those who act with him, are anxious and willing to return under (to use his language) "the best Government the world ever saw," and to submit to the restrictions that their own conduct has rendered necessary to secure peace and permanence, then we may accept their return in the spirit as did the father of the wayward son. Nothing more—nothing less.

A LONDON journal hitherly denounces the Davenport brothers as impudent and profane impostors, and is specially indignant with the people who "allow themselves to become the service of the conjurors by getting up committees of investigation. "Investigate," it exclaims, "Investigate what? Whoever went to Robert Houdin's performances to investigate? whoever investigates the machinery by which Professor Anderson changes a rabbit into a gold watch? There is no more reason why we should not, a month, if he were to give his attention to it, produce all the illusions which the Davenport pass off as supernatural agency. Only think of it, supernatural beings engaged in tying knots, carrying guitars about, and playing a few bars of nigger melody. What is the music of the spheres, if 20 bars of 'Buffalo Gals, won't you come out to-night,' is the best production of which the angels are capable? The men who tell us that they are waited upon by celestial beings for these purposes would cause laughter, did they not rouse contempt and stir up indignation."

M. LEMOINE, one of the ablest writers for the French press, has published an able and caustic article in the *Journal des Debats*, in Paris, on the fats, etc., lately held in England, for the aid of the so-called Southern Confederacy. Some of these, it will be remembered, were managed by English women, of whom M. Lemoinne says:

"At the moment when the whole trading in bales and selling goods for charitable purposes in America, but which are destined for the benefit of the rebels of Southern House, Uncle Tom. The good Cotton now rules the day. Oh, Mr. Secretary, you will pay your grand scale, I thought, if, unhappily for itself, it could see the England which you had raised from the abyss of the slave trade to a humanity falling back into the empire of calico? Is it that the Christian Associations of England are responsible partiality for the rebellion still bring about their blind, bloody trade? Is it that the Anti-Slavery Society has emerged from this terrible trial, without its slavery, but, alas! with a great number of its members and its officers who has submitted to during the conflict; and that this day come cotton will be dearer than ever."

Among the *Ephemera* of 1848 was M. Louis Blanc—a member of the Provisional Government of France after the *beyira* of Louis Philippe, and before the Empire—who, with Ledru Rollin and peror, and the ruler of France, was enabled to rise to power, as "the nephew of his uncle." The republic governed by the "Prince President," was not large enough for M. Louis Blanc, who has since resided in London, where he has done a little literary hack work, and a great historical line. A correspondent of the Boston *Tyrannical* says of him:

"He is now, apparently, supporting himself mainly by his contributions to certain French journals which still maintain the cause of the banished Republic. Indeed, M. Louis Blanc is very short, and has almost the appearance of a boy. He is very nervous, very strong and earnest one, his eyes keen and full of power. He speaks in a quick, sharp voice, having almost a common accent, and for removal from the usual fancy which characterizes the French gentleman. The French Government has granted him permission to return, but he prefers London to Paris, and is so well versed in our literature and understands the genius of our language so well, that he feels himself at home among Englishmen. He writes English better than most who inherit its use, retaining the point and sharpness of expression of the usual French style, without its formal stiffness."

THERE has been published in Richmond a series of what may be called Historical Annals of the War, characterised by considerable ability—from the pen of a gentleman named Pollard, who had the good or bad fortune of being caught, some time ago, in a blockade-runner, and thus obtained free lodgings in one of our great national hotels in Boston or New York harbors, whence he fruitlessly appealed to Lord Lyons to relieve him. In due time, however, he was released "because," for some Yankee knight of the pen "in durance vile" in Dixie, or was let loose on his parole, to write better historical fictures. And why not, had a week of freedom in New York, where he stopped, of course, at the New York Hotel, and where he had the "run" of all kinds of liquors by way of the security from conscription afforded in the North, while they support the cause of the rebellion, like the Antipodes of a church, from the outside. Mr. Pollard was here during the election, and graphically describes affairs as follows:

"Seven days before the election New York was in accordant with revolution. Processions flaunted banner-and-pike-adorned through the streets, mustered such what was in the Washington definition downright treason. The hoists and barricades were clothed with Secesh—vociferous, defiant, and generally half drunk. Yet there was a singular silence and sheep-like awe about them as suddenly as one of Hicks's spectacles, if not like it in a flock of turnkeys, and in the whole town those whose mouths had been filled with the fumes of revolution, and who had been breathing fire and slaughter, were as quiet as whipped curs, and not a whit more courageous."

Of the Southern refugees who crowd our hotels, specimine in gold, "d—n Lincoln," and are ready to "go" "the whole length of good fellowship" in the varying fortunes of the war, Mr. Pollard has a profound and merited contempt. He says of them:

"There are hundreds and thousands of those sympathetic Americans, who, in the spirit of observant philosophy, have made a deliberate point that Southern patriotism in the garish hotels of New York, and are now basking in the genial fellowship among the generous contorts of Yankeedom, while the beloved people of the South are left to fight for themselves all of the privation and risk of the war. Many of them live extravagantly on the gold brought by impoverished and ruined refugees, dough-faced sojourners, fugitives from conscription, and all that every rebel, who, while boasting and pampering themselves in Yankeedom, talk 'Secesh' and 'Southern rights,' in the New York Hotel is but the spotswood House at Richmond."

Mr. Pollard writes well and so pungently, that we are half inclined to think that he writes under an assumed name, and that we have really "a Daniel come to judgment."

A YOUNG girl from lowe, poor and pretty, has been for a long time looked stirred to madness by the fancy (or reality) of neglect and the mischief of busy tongues, and chasing half-way across the continent the man whom she loves, and who had shudled her in childhood on his knees, she steals near and sees him seated at his desk in the quiet transaction of his daily affairs. The contrast between him so calm, and herself in the toils of her devouring jealousy, is more than she can bear; the pistol is in her hand, and the man falls dead among his brother clerks, who are swarming through the hall in the pleasant hustle of departure.

The highest civilization cannot prevent such instances of unregulated revenge from happening exceptionally, even in the very centre of its legislative and executive of its spiritual. Mesrs. Lyons, Lyons, Nuna, Draco, Justinian, Alfred, Napoleon, may expend the riches of their vast intellects in building a machinery of justice, but the poor can hope for is dividing and isolating the sure percentage of crime, leaving the home to confine the rest in private ways. Their combinations can only not prevent the occasional outbreak of deadly passion. What amelioration can be applied to the unregulated tragedies is a question that belongs to the education of public opinion and the press.

THE object to the attitude in which the erring girl is exposed among the people. What should be felt when a creature so childish exhibits the wild weakness of love will in a fearful and American revenge, is a sensitive shrinking from the whole loathsome, indelicate subject. It is a woman who has been betrayed—that, too, under circumstance and gentle temper can forget; that the pity should be secret, reserved, ashamed—the divine compassion of the sons of Noah. He first recorded *gentlemen* of history. Instead of this, the world, with its prurient eye expanded, is looking at the shuddering creature writhing and moaning in the shame from the Haman's gibbet of the press. Our legislators publicly visit the poor, weak criminal; Socia Science and the world gossip and sensationise; the victim of their assiduity tries to believe herself somehow a heroine; and all the while the busy tongues of the ladies, having made sure to her confidence "by earnest expressions of sympathy," are pouring out the low undercurse of drivel, which is the only revenge that ever has been shortland curly, that she wore a sabe and a veil, and that at the critical moment she "felt suddenly afraid of her." The eye which has wisely determined that the operatic of an execution is immoral, is feasting upon the hapless homicide, pulleried between the two millstones, with the veil and the cloud all torn from her throbbing womanhood.

THE largest collection of photographic pictures, as well as materials of the photographic art in America, is no doubt that of Messrs. E. H. T. Anthony, 501 Broadway. The stereoscopic gallery of Messrs. Anthony is a marvel of completeness, embracing views of remarkable scenes and places from almost every country of the globe, as well as portraits of leading authors, statesmen, philanthropists and generals of both continents. The extensive collection of negatives will soon be augmented by the addition of an entirely unique series of views from Peru, of remarkable extent and beauty.

Summary of the War.

LOUISIANA.

There have been no military operations in this State since our last. The abolition of slavery in Louisiana, Maryland, Tennessee, and Missouri, was commemorated by a holiday on the 16th of

January, in accordance with a proclamation of Governor Hahn. It is reported that Gen. Gordon Granger was advancing on Mobile from Pascagoula with a force of 25,000 men.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Gen. Sherman has commenced his new campaign. The left wing of the army, under Gen. Slocum, had arrived at Sister's ferry, on the Savannah river, 50 miles above the city of Savannah, without meeting any opposition whatever from the enemy. Two divisions of the 20th corps, which struck out for that point through the State of South Carolina, had considerable difficulty in getting through the swamps. The other troops, who marched directly up the Georgia bank of the river, had no such embarrassment to contend with. On the 30th ult. all of Slocum's men were at Sister's ferry, and supplies were being rapidly received. The right wing of the army is operating in a better country for marching than the left, and at some distance from it; but communication between the two is kept uninterrupted. Rebel dispatches say that the left wing is marching on Augusta, Ga., and the right on Branchville, S. C. They report some fighting on the 30th ult. near White's point, on the Combahee river. They also say there is a rumor that the Union troops burned McPhersonville, S. C., five miles north-west of Pocotaligo.

CHARLESTON.

The Patapsco was sunk in the harbor of Charleston, on the night of the 15th of last month, by one of the rebel torpedoes. She went down in 20 seconds after she was struck, and 60 of the persons on board of her were drowned, 43 being saved. The Dai Ching got aground in the Combahee river, S. C., on the 26th ult., and after maintaining a severe fight with a rebel fort for some hours, and it becoming apparent to her officers that she could not get off, they set fire to her, and she was burned to the water's edge. All her officers and crew, excepting four, succeeded in escaping. A few hours previous to the catastrophe which befell her, the Dai Ching captured the blockade-runner Coquette, from Charleston for Nassau, with a cargo of cotton.

ACTIVITY IN THE PETROLEUM REGION.

Capt. J. S. Clark, President of the New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore Petroleum and Mining Company, who has just returned from the oil region, informs us that the greatest activity prevails in every quarter of the region. Much of the district is of course frozen over, but wherever the wells can be worked a busy hive of oil-seekers are sure to be found. The rush of capitalists and small adventurers continues so great that it is utterly impossible to find quarters to accommodate the half of them. Companies of any standing are erecting houses for their superintendents, and to secure a shelter for their officers when they visit their property for the purpose of inspection. Several hotels are going up, and one of colossal proportions is already designed, and will be commenced as soon as the ground is unfrozen. This hotel will be controlled by one of our popular New York hotelkeepers. A general feeling of confidence prevails; prospecting parties are to be met with everywhere, and even the most unpromising property commands a fabulous price. But fabulous as the prices may seem, one little hole drilled down a few hundred feet in the earth may make it appear as nothing when compared with the financial results. The reliable companies are prospering; every day some new source of wealth, in the shape of a flowing well, is discovered. The day after Capt. Clark left he received a telegram from his superintendent stating that he had that day reached oil in another well, and that, in the language of the district, it promised to be a "bully" well. This is good news to the holders of the stock of the New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore Petroleum and Mining Company.

NEW BOOKS, &c.

The latest and most popular production of the musical press is "Sunset," a ballad, for one or two voices, words by Thomas Morse (a rising young Irish poet), and the music by Stephen Massett, one of the "old masters." It is dedicated to Mrs. James Gordon Bennett, the accomplished wife of the "Napoleon of the American press." The words will be remembered as commencing:

"How dear to me the hour when daylight dies,
And sunbeams melt upon the silent sea;
For then sweet dreams of other days arise,
And mem'ry breathes its vesper sigh to thee."

Musical authorities pronounce the harmonies of this production complete; the composer does justice to the melody and sentiment of the poet, and both only fair devoir to the lady "for whom the song is sung."

Among the manifold shapes that the latest production of the Laureate of England reaches us, namely, "Enoch Arden," none is more pleasantly convenient and readable than the edition of J. E. Tilton & Co., of Boston, which, furthermore, contains various other of Tennyson's more popular poems, such as "Aylmer's Field," "Sea Dreams," "The Grandmother," and a dozen more, including "A Welcome to Alexandra."

We have been shown an amusing version of the Opdyke Libel Suit, or, as the funny author has it, Opdyke "*verses*" Weed—the whole testimony, pleading and final charge being paraphrased in comic poetry. The fun is very good fun. For sale by the various booksellers for the mere joke of 25 cents. The American News company are the agents.

The Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* was sold at public auction on the 1st inst., causing a spirited and exciting scene in 3d street. It was bought for the price of $89,000 by Mr. Peacock, in the interest of part of the old *Bulletin* Association, Messrs. Cummings and Chambers retiring. We may take the present opportunity to mention that this paper, being the principal afternoon sheet, is the favorite advertising vehicle in the city. In Philadelphia everybody gets a *Bulletin* to see the evening news.

There is room for anything and everything if it be good. Newspapers and periodicals are said to be increasing twenty-fold; but, on the other hand, the number of readers is increasing five hundredfold—

Those now are readers who ne'er read before,
And those who used to read now read the more.

So there is room for the *New York Weekly Review*, a handsome large quarto, dedicated to art, literature, music and the drama, issued at 7 Mercer street; terms, $4 per annum. It is quite a master in *persiflage*, a style of writing which is becoming more and more popular with us, as New York comes more and more to resemble Paris. The *Review* is strong in the departments of music and the drama, and altogether the best publication of its kind in the country, where it worthily fills a space before vacant.

John Bradburn, successor to M. Doolady, New York, has lately published a novel, by Mrs. Hosmer, entitled "The Morrisons." We are somewhat late in noticing this most popular work, which is equally admirable in style, plot and execution. One of our finest critics, in speaking of it, says: "It is refreshing, in these days of sensational trash, to come upon a work which enchains the reader's attention without outraging his critical taste. The characters in this novel are at once interesting and natural. There are no stage villains and trapdoors, no spectral melodramatic effects, but all is natural and full of incident." We must not omit to add that the publisher has issued this volume in a style of unusual elegance both in binding and type.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The four years of continued suffering which the people of Savannah have endured have left an expression of pain upon their faces. Men have remained in their houses for months, without ever going into the streets, for fear of being conscripted; and an instance is mentioned of one man who had not gone outside of his doors for three years.

—— Everybody knows by this time what an epistolary people we are and what epistolary armies we have in the field. Still the wonder at the amount of correspondence will never cease. On the 18th ult., by one mail, over half of million of letters were received at Savannah.

—— A soldier's widow by marrying again forfeits all her pensions from the date of her marriage, and if she again becomes a widow she cannot resume them.

—— The first *soirée* of the Artists' Association was held in Dodworth's Building on the 24th of January. It was well attended, and the whole affair passed off with great spirit.

—— The new public Petroleum Exchange was formally opened on the 1st of February, in the Empire Buildings, corner of Broadway and Rector.

—— The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has decided that dead man cannot be taxed. The case in point is that of one Mr. George Thompson, who died July 29, 1864. Before his death a return was made by him of his income for the year 1863. A tax of five per cent. was afterwards levied and paid upon it. Mr. Blake, the Collector of the Seventh New York District, now claims the right to impose and collect another tax of five per cent. upon the same income, now in the hands of the executors of the deceased for distribution. The Commissioner decides that this cannot lawfully be done.

—— The *Tribune* thus queerly announces a most interesting fact: A negro, black as the enemy of mankind, was yesterday admitted to practise as a lawyer in the United States Supreme Court.

—— The Commissioner of Internal Revenue has decided that any one who chooses has the right to copy out and publish the list of assessments, or amount of returns made and taxes paid, by taxpayers.

—— Mayor Gunther has addressed a letter to Corporation Counsel Develin in regard to the proposal of D. D. Badger, for the New York Sanitary and Chemical Compost Company, to clean the streets of this city for $300,000. The Mayor asks if the commission which was appointed in 1864 has any right to act this year, and what are the legal objections, if any, to the proposed contract. Mr. Develin says the powers of commission still exist, but that by giving Mr. Badger the use of the Croton water and the dumping grounds a greater amount would in reality be paid for the work than the Legislature authorised to be given.

—— The Buffalo *Express* of the 30th Jan. states that there was a smart shock of an earthquake—for to that cause alone it can lay the fact that a little before four o'clock persons were startled from their sleep by a heavy dull explosion, succeeded by a shock, which made the most solid brick houses tremble, and the window frames rattle.

—— The House passed a bill on the 2d of February giving a gratuity of $300 a year to each of the five surviving revolutionary pensions in addition to the pension of $100 which they now receive. In January, 1864, there were only 12 remaining, seven of whom have since died. The names of the only survivors are as follows: Lemuel Cook, enlisted in Hatfield, Mass., 98 years of age, now residing at Clarendon, Orleans co., N. Y.; William Hutchins, enlisted in Newcastle, Me., 100 years of age, residing at Penobscot, Me.; Alexander Maroney, enlisted at Lake George, N. Y., as a drummer boy, 94 years of age, residing at Yates, Orleans co., N. Y.; James Beartham, a substitute for a drafted man in Southampton co., Va., living in Missouri, in his 101st year.

—— The constitutional amendment for the abolition and prohibition of slavery throughout the country has been received by the people with enthusiasm, and is acted upon the Legislature of some of the States with promptness. Already it has been fully ratified by the Legislatures of Illinois, Michigan and Rhode Island, and by one house in that of Maryland, while in those of New York, Massachusetts and other States the ratification measures have been introduced. In a speech which President Lincoln made on Wednesday night, in response to a serenade in honor of the success of the amendment in the House of Representatives, he said that, while some might entertain doubts about the legal validity of the abolition of slavery by his proclamations, none could cavil when it was decreed by the concurrence of three-fourths of the States in the resolution adopted by Congress. In Massachusetts the people manifested their enthusiasm by the ringing of bells and firing of salutes throughout the State. In the West Virginia House of Delegates the bill to abolish slavery in that State was ordered to its third reading.

Southern.—A Southern belle, more malignant than prudent, stepped off the sidewalk the other day in Savannah to avoid going under the national flag. Gen. Geary ordered her in consequence to parade up and down under the "hated symbol" for an hour, and thus pay toll for her disloyalty.

—— The Philadelphia *Press* gives on the authority of a gentleman who has lived in that State for the last four years, that Georgia is completely tired of the war.

—— Jeff Davis and Alex. H. Stephens are reconciled, so the Richmond *Enquirer* says.

—— The Richmond *Examiner* has a severe article on the delay in paying the rebel soldiers. It says: "Where does all the money go? Why, the members of the administration and all their clerks are regularly paid; the State Department absorbs a great deal, that it may buy gold to pay Jews and Gentiles who are supposed to be doing something in Europe. If a private of company X is constantly told by the Quartermaster that there is no money to pay him, let him be consoled by the thought that the President draws regularly. Congress takes care to be paid 'on the nail.' Mr. Foote has his share to pay his expenses into the enemy's country. Everybody is paid on sight except the soldiers; whatever comes short is put to their account."

—— The Montgomery *Appeal* accused Gen. Kirby Smith of flat rebellion to the rebel President's authority, he having positively refused to transfer his army from the west side of the Mississpi to the east. Some boldly accuse him of intending to march his troops into the service of the Mexican Emperor.

—— On the evening of the 27th a disastrous fire occurred at Savannah, destroying considerable property, but without loss of life. On the morning of the 28th another broke out destroying two squares in the Third District. Several buildings were torn down to prevent the spreading of the flames, as the wind was blowing strong from the east. Lieut. T. J. Spencer, Depot Ordnance Officer, reports that some fiend had placed a keg of powder at the side of the Arsenal, corner of York and Walker streets, undoubtedly to blow up the city, as the place contained over 30 tons of powder. The keg was placed in the shadow of a tree, with the top taken out. A single spark would have carried out this wicked design. It is thought to have been the work of rebels, who are in anything but an amiable mood in view of their present condition.

—— Nearly all the Southern theatres are under the management of ladies. The Richmond theatre is managed by Ida Vernon; that at Wilmington by Eloise Bridges: that at Macon by Miss Virginia Kemble; and that at Mobile by Miss Ella Wren.

Western.—Col. Wolford, of Kentucky, was arrested in compliance with a telegram from Lieut.-Gen. Grant, for making speeches, charged to be of an insurrectionary character and discouraging enlistments. Subsequently he pledged himself to refrain from opposition to the Government, and thereupon was released. In Nov. last Lieut.-Gov. Jacobs was arrested by order of Gen. Burbridge, and banished South for making public speeches, calculated, and apparently intended to weaken the efforts of the Government.

Military.—Col. G. R. Latham, 6th West Virginia Cavalry, has been dismissed the service for not putting the post of New Creek, West Virginia, in a proper state of defence; in consequence of which it was captured with the entire garrison by the enemy.

—— The military authorities in Missouri have ordered that the wives and children of all rebels shall be compelled to leave the State.

—— The Secretary of War has communicated to the Senate a list of officers of the regular army. The general officers are given in the following order: Lieut.-Gen. Grant; Maj.-Gens. H. W. Halleck, Wm. T. Sherman, George G. Meade, Philip H. Sheridan, George H. Thomas; Brig.-Gens. Irvin McDowell, William S. Rosecrans, Philip St. George Cooke, John Pope, Joseph Hooker, and Whitfield S. Hancock.

—— Gen. Meade has been confirmed as Major-General in the Regular Army, his commission dating from the 18th of August last.

Personal.—James Wadsworth, youngest son of the late Gen. Wadsworth, has accepted a position on Major-Gen. Warren's staff.

—— John Steel died the other day, in Philadelphia, from the kick of a horse. He was the wealthiest man in Pennsylvania. Income, $3,000 a day from oil.

—— Frezzolini is singing at the Italian Opera in Paris.

—— That popular favorite Madame La Grange is about to revisit this country.

—— Mr. Charles, of Pittsfield, lately celebrated his silver wedding at an expense of $20,000.

—— Mr. Barnum has paid Miss Laura Keene the sum of $1,000 for a new drama, which she has written for him. It will be soon brought out at the Museum, and will be the dramatic sensation of the season.

—— A son of Dr. Livingstone, the African traveller, who enlisted in the Federal service when the war broke out, was, in the latter part of last year, taken prisoner by the Confederates.

—— Dr. Baikie, whose name is so intimately associated with the efforts which have been made to explore the Niger, died of fever and dysentery, at Sierre Leone, on the 30th of November last.

—— Mr. Elihu Burritt (generally known as the "learned blacksmith,") has been appointed United States Consul at Birmingham.

—— Seth Adams, against whom Mr. Millspaugh recently obtained a verdict for $10,000, for running away with his wife, has declared himself unable to satisfy a judgment of $427, his only property being a few articles of jewellery.

Obituary.—Henry L. Bowen, Postmaster of Providence, R. I., during the administration of Taylor and Fillmore, and author of a biography of Tristram Burgess, died recently.

—— Robert A. West, for many years one of the editors of the *Commercial Advertiser* of this city, and lately connected with Forney's *Washington Chronicle*, died in that city on the 1st February.

—— Hon. Joseph Cunard died in Liverpool lately. He was one of the proprietors of the famous line of Cunard steamers. He was in his 67th year.

—— In Paris lately died the well-known writer, Pierre Joseph Proudhon, the author of the notorious saying, "All property is theft!" He was born in Besançon, July 15, 1809. He has spent his life in writing paradoxical pamphlets and editing ephemeral newspapers. In 1849 he was condemned to three years' imprisonment for illegal publications. He was an industrious, able man, either very much in advance of his age or else very mad. These two opinions are held by his friends and opponents.

Accidents and Offences.—Mary Harris, a native of Iowa, shot Burroughs, a clerk in the Treasury, at Washington, on the 30th Jan., for breach of promise of marriage, and was lodged in jail.

—— A gang of burglars, who have for the past two years been committing depredations in Westchester county, has been lately broken up, and the most of the party arrested by Detective Thomas Slowey of the Metropolitan Police and Officer Montgomery of the above county.

—— Peter J. Brown, of Lynn, Mass., was shot, a few days ago, by a young lady, who had received attentions from him, and had afterwards been cast off. He was severely but probably not fatally injured.

Foreign.—The Royal Geographical Society of London has voted $500 towards the $1,000 required by Sir Henry James for the settlement of the level of the Dead Sea.

—— The manufacture of the great Atlantic telegraph cable is progressing very satisfactorily. The length made now averages 80 miles per week. As it is necessary that the cable should be kept constantly immersed in water, eight large tanks have been constructed to contain it, from which it will be coiled into the Great Eastern. The entire cable will be ready by June next.

—— There had been a great snowstorm in Madrid, much to the dismay of the superstitious people of that city.

—— On the 15th of December Donna Leopoldina, the second Princess of Brazil, was married to the Prince August de Saxe Coburg Gotha, son of Prince August Louis Victor of Saxe Coburg Gotha and of Clementine d'Orleans, daughter of the late Louis Philippe, ex-King of the French. The young princess is the second daughter of the Emperor of Brazil, who has now two grandsons of Louis Philippe sons-in-law. The Count d'Eu, son of the Duke de Nemours, married the elder, or imperial princess, on the 14th of last October.

—— At Compeigne, where the French Court is now residing, great efforts are made by a few of the guests to have something startlingly novel, something quite different from what everybody else wears. The last toilet which produced this much-desired sensation deserves a description: It was made of two skirts of white tulle; the upper one was draped, and both were elaborately ornamented with puffings of tulle and satin, trimmed with an infinite quantity of small larks' heads, the beaks of which were used for fastening down the tulle and satin puffings. The head-dress consisted of a spray of diamonds and a lark. We have heard of lark pies, but never before of dresses trimmed with larks. But birds of all descriptions are fashionable; the most tasteful head-dresses are made in Paris of peacocks' feathers, ravens' wings and magpies' tails.

—— The Pope's encyclical letter has only pleased one power, Austria, for even Spain and Bavaria regret it. In France and Italy it has been denounced with great spirit. In Russia it has met with the most bitter spirit, for even that barbarous power says that it is an attack upon truth and right.

—— The scientific world of Paris are much occupied by the experiments which M. Graof intends making, of flying from the towers of Notre Dame by his new machine. He undertakes to remain suspended in the air with as much ease as a bird.

—— Such is the demand for Lord Derby's translation of Homer that the publisher has the greatest trouble to supply the booksellers.

—— A young woman of London has been transported for hocussing and then robbing young men. She had trapped a young midshipman into marrying her, while he was under the influence of drugged liquor.

—— Prince Napoleon has been designated by the Emperor, with the consent of the Empress, to be Regent of France, should he die during the minority of the Prince Imperial. This has given great offence to the Catholics, as the prince is known to be a bitter enemy of the Papal party.

—— Capt. Corbett, who commanded the pirate ship Sea King, now the Shenandoah, has been admitted to bail to take his trial for enlisting sailors to war against the United States.

—— The official *Globe* denies the report that either gunboats or troops will be sent to Canada.

Art, Science and Literature.—At a recent meeting of the Academy of Sciences, at Paris, a note was read from Mdme. Lapeyrouse communicating the remarkable fact that silkworms which have been fed with leaves of an ungrafted mulberry tree produce finer silk in larger quantity than those which have been reared with leaves of a grafted tree.

—— The model of a new electro-magnetic locomotive is now exhibiting at Versailles, France. Its inventors, MM. Bellet and Rouvre, assert that locomotives constructed on their principle could travel on ordinary railroads at the rate of 124 miles an hour! The power is obtained by magnetising and demagnetising by means of a current supplied by a fixed battery, and, it is said, utilises only a small part of the force developed.

—— A pneumatic loom is at work in London. It is driven by the action of compressed air. We are informed that in the old loom the average rate of speed is 180 strokes (representing the passage of the shuttle across the weft of the fabric on the loom) per minute; and that, by the new process, 60 more strokes may be attained. This invention promises to be of national importance.

—— M. Cauderay, an engineer of Lausanne, Switzerland, has applied the galvanic battery to the sharpening of needles and pins, by connecting a bundle of wires with the negative pole in a most ingenious manner. The process is said to be cheaper than the present method, which is also very injurious to the health of the work-people, in consequence of the fine metallic dust disengaged.

—— A new comet was discovered on the 29th ult. by Prof. Respigbi, of Bologna, Italy, in the constellation of Aquila.

—— The Imperial Library at Paris contains 2,000,000 printed works, 200,000 manuscripts, 3,000,000 engravings, and above 500,000 maps, plans and views.

—— A fisherman recently hauled up a silver fork, marked "Atlantic," near the spot in Long Island Sound where the steamer Atlantic was wrecked on Nov. 27, 1846. It is described as a very heavy, old-fashioned silver fork, bearing marks of long immersion in water.

Chit-Chat.—An innocent old lady, who never before had "rid on a railroad," was passenger on one of the Vermont railroads at the time of a recent collision, when a freight train collided with a passenger train, smashing one of the cars, killing several passengers, and upsetting things generally. As soon as he could recover his scattered senses, the conductor went in search of the venerable dame, whom he found sitting solitary and alone in the car (the other passengers having sought terra firma) with a very placid expression upon her countenance, notwithstanding she had made a complete somersault over the seat in front, and her bandbox and bundle had gone unceremoniously down the passage way. "Are you hurt?" inquired the conductor. "Hurt, why?" said the old lady. "We have just been run into by a freight train, two or three passengers have been killed, and several others severely injured." "La me! I didn't know but that was the way you always stopped."

—— A person who signs himself "Jones" asks the New York *Evening Post* whether, if Admiral Porter makes many more reports about the Fort Fisher business, he might not be called Admiral Reporter?

—— An "intelligent Frenchman" is about to open a cooking academy in New York, where a course of 20 lessons will turn out professional cooks armed with diplomas, to bake, boil, roast and stew. The exercises of this culinary academy are so arranged that mistresses and servants come on alternate days—provided the former are ambitious to learn the secrets of the kitchen.

—— In an article in the *United States Service Magazine* the following hard-tack story is told: "It appears the boxes in which the 'tack' is packed always bear the brand of the baker or maker, and a lot which arrived in the camp of the 5th New York Excelsiors, with the mark 'B. C., 603,' caused much speculation among the 'boys' as to what it meant. It was finally agreed unanimously that it must be the date when the crackers were made—603 years before Christ."

—— A young lady was recently cured of palpitation of the heart, by a young doctor, in the most natural way imaginable. He held one of her hands in his, put his arm round her waist, and whispered something in her left ear.

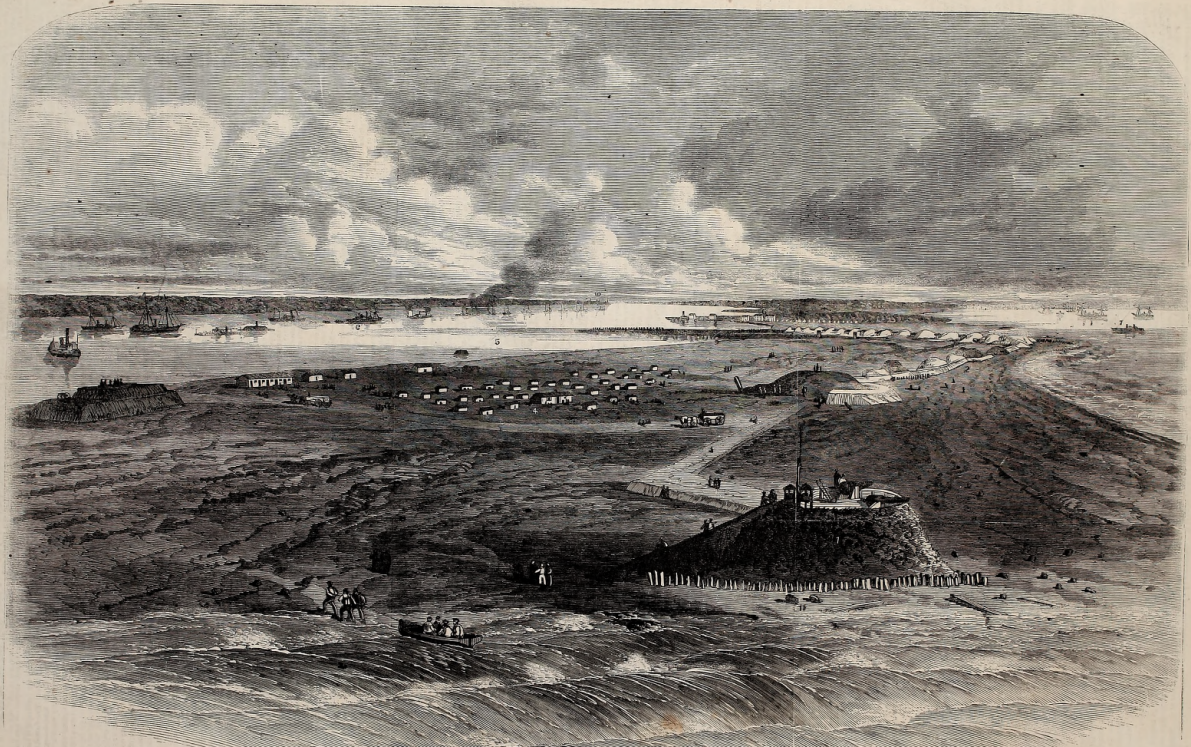
—— An Austrian officer has lately died who has left his estate to his nephew on condition that he shall never read a newspaper. To secure compliance with this wish he left large legacies to three of his friends, whom he charges to keep strict watch over his nephew by turns. In the event of his infringing the prohibition he will be immediately deprived of his estates.

Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine for February is fully equal to any former number of that standard monthly. The fashions department, familiarly known as the "Gazette of Fashion," is the most complete and elegant compendium of information on that subject ever offered to the ladies.—*Bridgeport (Ct.) Daily Farmer.*

The Human Hair.—The ordinary length of the hair of the head in woman varies from 20 to 36 inches, in some instances longer even than that, but they are of unusual occurrence; its weight from five to eight ounces. A contemporary relates an instance where the hair on a lady's head attained the measurement of six feet in length; and quotes, as an admirable simile, the hair of the lady to which the poet refers when he relates how:

"Like her, to whom at dead of night,
The bridegroom, with his locks of light
Came in the flush of love and pride,
And scaled the terrace of his bride.
When, as she saw him rashly spring,
And midway up in danger cling,
She threw him down her long black hair,
Exclaiming, breathless, 'There, love, there.'"

But its proper length for texture and strength should not exceed 24 inches, and its value as long hair is much depreciated in price when it falls shorter. It has been calculated by Withof that the beard grows at the rate of a line and a half per week, which gives a length of six inches and a half in the course of the year, while for a man 80 years of age 27 feet would have fallen before the razor. We are informed that the beard of Burgomaster Hans Steinengen was so long that upon one occasion, having forgotten to fold up the same, he trod upon it as he ascended to the Council Chamber of Brunn, and was thereby thrown down and killed. And still further we may cite from Eble, that at the Prince's Court at Eidam there is a full-length painting of a carpenter whose beard was nine feet long, so that when engaged at work he was obliged to carry it in a bag. In the British Industrial Exhibition of 1862 there were exhibited specimens of human hair taken from the heads of English, French and Italian ladies; the longest specimen having been cut from an Englishwoman. It was a lock of jet black hair, and measured 74 inches in length!



1. Mound Battery or Battery Lamb. 2. Fort Fisher. 3. Battery Buchanan. 4. Camp of Union Troops. 5. Cape Fear River. 6. Gen. Terry's Headquarters. 7. Condor, Blockade-runner. 8. Fleet Gunboats protecting Union Entrenchments. 9. Flagship Malvern. 10 Wilmington, N. C. 11. Torpedoes.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF FORT FISHER, N. C., WITH THE MOUND BATTERY, FORT BUCHANAN AND A PART OF THE U. S. FLEET.—FROM A SKETCH TAKEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE CAPTURE BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. BECKER.



EXTERIOR LINE OF REBEL WORKS, THREE MILES AND A HALF WEST OF SAVANNAH, GA., ABANDONED BY THE CONFEDERATE TROOPS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

CLOSE UP.

BY CHARLES GATES

"Close up!" it was the sole command
The leader uttered then;
"Close up!" the sword dropped from his hand,
"Close up!—oh, God!—my men;
Close up!" he waved them off, and on,
And never spoke again.



The two words won; they were the sign
By which each living force
Bears down on every rampart-line
That stands before its course,
And conquers; words are very strong
When Death is at their source.

"Close up!" the growths of Nature press
To each in close embrace,
Does blighting chance make one the less
Another fills its place,
And Nature keeps the triumph-smile
For ever on her face.

"Close up!" no gap the stricken veer
Leaves in the front of Time—
The ages close for ever near
Along their march sublime,
And failure on Time's pages is
A yet unwritten crime.

"Close up!" the conquering mandate by
Humanity is given;
Right's battle fails not though men die,
The hosts of Wrong are driven;
And earth shall yet with victor souls
Be populous as heaven.

Nature and Time, Humanity
Unto that leader gave
The two words of their hate's cry
That never have failed to save—
And fitly shaped his closing lips
For victory and the grave.

The Fate of the Forrests.

PART II.

Ten nine days' wonder at the sudden wedding which followed that strange betrothal had died away, the honeymoon was over, and the bridal pair were alone together in their new home. Ursula stood at the window looking out, with eyes as wistful as a caged bird's, upon the fading leaves that fluttered in the autumn wind. Her husband lay on his couch, apparently absorbed in a vellum-covered volume, the cabalistic characters of which were far easier to decipher than the sweet, wan face he was studying covertly. The silence which filled the room was broken by a long sigh of pain as the book fell from Stahts's hand, and his head peaned wearily upon the pillow. Ursula heard the sigh, and, like a softly moving shadow, glided to his side, poured wine from an antique flask, and kneeling, held it to his lips. He drank thirstily, but the cordial seemed to impart neither strength nor comfort, for he drew his wife's head down beside him, saying:

"Kiss me, Ursula; I am so faint and cold, nothing seems to warm my blood, and my body freezes, while my heart burns with a never-dying fire."

With a meek obedience that robbed the act of all tenderness, she touched her ruddy lips to the paler ones that ardently returned the pressure, yet found no satisfaction there. Leaning upon his arm, he held her to him with a fierce fondness, in strange contrast to his feeble frame, saying earnestly:



THE MYSTERY REVEALED.

"Ursula, before I married you I found such strength and solace, such warmth and happiness in your presence, that I coveted you as a precious healing for my broken health. Then I loved you, forgetful of self—loved you as you never will be loved again, and thanked heaven that my fate was so interwoven with your own, that the utterance of a word secured my life's desire. But now, when I have made you wholly mine, and hope to bask



URSULA IN PRISON.

in the sunshine of your beauty, youth and womanhood, I find a cold, still creature in my arms, and no spark of the fire that consumes me ever warms the image of my love. Must it be so? Can I never see you what you were again?"

"Never!" she answered, leaning there as pale and passive as if she were in truth a marble woman. "I vowed obedience at the altar, nothing more. I did not love you; I could not honor you, but I felt that I might learn to obey. I have done so, be content."

"No! I! Colder women have been taught love as well as obedience; you, too, shall be a docile pupil, and one day give freely what I sue for now. Other men who before them wed, my wooing and my winning will come later—if I live long enough."

He turned her face towards him as he spoke and scanned it closely; but no grateful sign of softness, pity or regret appeared, and, with a broken exclamation, he put her from him, locked both hands across his eyes and lay silent, till some uncontrollable paroxysm of emotion had passed by. Presently he spoke, and the words betrayed what the pain had been.

"My mother—heaven bless her for her tenderness—used to pray that her boy's life might be a long and happy one; it is a bitter thing to feel that the only woman now left me to love prays for the shortening of that same life, and can bestow no look or word to make its failing hours happy."

The mournful tone of filial affection, the keen sorrow and the mournful acknowledgment of an inevitable doom touched Ursula as no anger or

monstration or passionate reproach had ever done. She softly lifted up the folded hands, saw that those deep eyes were wet with tears, and in that pallid countenance read the melancholy record of a life burdened with a sad heritage of pain, thwarted by unhappy love and darkened by allegiance to a superstitious vow. Great as her sacrifice had been, deep as the wound still was, and heavily as her captivity weighed on her proud heart, it was still womanly, generous and gentle; and, despite all wrongs, all blemishes, all bitter memories, she felt the fascination of this wild and wayward nature, as she had never done before, and yielded to its persuasive potency. Laying her cool hand on his hot forehead, she leaned over him, saying, with an accent of compassion sweeter to his ear than her most perfect song:

"No, Felix, I pray no prayers that heaven would refuse to grant. I only ask patience for myself, a serener spirit for you, and God's blessing upon Evan, wherever he may be."

Before the words of tender satisfaction which rose to Stähl's lips could be uttered, a noiseless servant brought a black-edged card. Ursula read and handed it to her husband.

"Mrs. Heath. Shall we see her, love?" he asked.

"As you please," was the docile answer, though an expression of mingled pain and sorrow passed across her face in speaking.

He half frowned at her meekness, then smiled and bade the man deny them, adding, as he left the room,

"I am too well content with this first glimpse of the coming happiness to be saddened by the lamentations of that poor lady over her wilful daughter, who had the bad taste to drown herself upon our wedding-day."

"Felix, may I ask you a question?"

"Anything of me, Ursula."

"Tell me what you whispered in Kate's ear on the evening which both of us remember well."

Questions were so rare, and proving a sign of interest, that Stähl made haste to answer, with a curious blending of disdain and pity,

"She bade me tell her the most ardent desire of her life, and I dared to answer truly, 'To win my heart.'"

"A true answer, but a cruel one," Ursula said.

"That cruel truthfulness is one of the savage attributes which two generations of civilization cannot entirely subdue in my race. Those who tamely submit to me I despise, but those who oppose me I first conquer and then faithfully love."

"Had you made poor Kate happy, you would not now regret the possession of a cold, untender wife."

"Who would gather a gay tulip when they can reach a royal rose, though thorns tear the hand that seizes it? For even when it fades its perfume lingers, gifting it with an enduring charm. Love, I have found my rose, so let the tulip fade——"

There he paused abruptly in his flowery speech, for with the swift instinct of a temperament like his, he was instantly conscious of the fact when her thoughts wandered, and a glance showed him that, though her attitude was unaltered, she was listening intently. A far-off bell had rung, the tones of a man's voice sounded from below, and the footsteps of an approaching servant grew audible. Stähl recognised the voice, fancied that Ursula did also, and assured himself of it by an unsuspected test that took the form of a caress. Passing his arm about her waist, his hand lay lightly above her heart, and as her cousin's name was announced he felt the sudden bound that glad heart gave, and counted the rapid throbs that sent the color to her cheeks and made her lips tremble. A black frown lowered on his forehead, and his eyes glittered ominously for an instant, but both betrayals were unseen, and nothing marred the gracious sweetness of his voice.

"Of course you will see your cousin, Ursula. I shall greet him in passing, and return when you have enjoyed each other alone."

"Alone!" she echoed, with a distrustful look at him, an anxious one about the room, as if no place seemed safe or sacred in that house where she was both mistress and slave.

He understood the glance, and answered with one so reproachful that she blushed for the ungenerous suspicion, as he said, with haughty emphasis:

"Yes, Ursula, alone. Whatever evil names I may deserve, those of spy and eavesdropper cannot be applied to me; and though my wife can neither love nor honor me, I will prove that she may trust me."

With that he left her, and meeting Evan just without, offered his hand frankly, and gave his welcome with a cordial grace that was irresistible. Evan could not refuse the hand, for on it shone a little ring which Ursula once wore, and yielding to the impulse awakened by that mute reminder of her, he betrayed exactly what his host desired to know, for instantaneous as was both recognition and submission, Stähl's quick eye divined the cause.

"Come often to us, Evan; forget the past, and remember only that through Ursula we are kindred now. She is waiting for you; go to her and remain as long as you incline, sure of a hearty welcome from both host and hostess."

Then he passed on, and Evan hurried to his cousin, eager, yet reluctant to meet her, lest in her face he should read some deeper mystery or greater change than he last saw there. She came to meet him smiling and serene, for whatever gust of joy or sorrow had swept over her, no trace of it remained; yet, when he took her in his arms there broke from him the involuntary exclamation:

"Is this my cousin Ursula?"

"Yes, truly. Am I then so altered?"

"This is a reflection of what you were; that of what you are. Look, and tell me if I have not cause for wonder."

She did look as he drew a miniature from his bosom and led her to the mirror. The contrast was startling even to herself, for the painted face glowed with rosy bloom, hope shone in the eyes, happiness smiled from the lips, while youthful purity and peace crowned the fair forehead with enchanting grace. The living face was already wan and thin, many tears had robbed the cheeks of color, sleepless nights had dimmed the lustre of the eyes, much secret suffering and strife had hardened the soft curves of the mouth and deepened the lines upon the brow. Even among the dark waves of her hair silver threads shone here and there, unhidden, perhaps unknown; and over the whole woman a subtle blight had fallen, more tragical than death. Silently she compared the two reflections, for the first time realising all that she had lost, yet as she returned the miniature she only said, with pathetic patience:

"I am not what I was, but my heart remains unchanged, believe that, Evan."

"I do. Tell me, Ursula, are you happy now?"

Her eyes rose to his, and over her whole face there shone the sudden magic of a glow warmer and brighter than a smile.

"I am supremely happy now."

It was impossible to doubt her truth, however past facts or present appearances might seem to belie it, and Evan was forced to believe, despite his disappointment.

"He is kind to you, Ursula? You suffer no neglect, no tyranny nor wrong from this strange man?" he asked, still haunted by vague doubts.

She waved her hand about the lovely room, delicately dainty as a bride's bower should be, and answered, with real feeling:

"Does this look as if I suffered any neglect or wrong? Every want and whim is seen and gratified before expressed; I go and come unwatched, unquestioned; the winds of heaven are not allowed to visit me too roughly, and as for kindness, look there and see a proof of it."

She pointed to the garden where her husband walked alone, never quitting the wide terrace just below her window, though the sunshine that he loved had faded from the spot, and the autumn winds he dreaded blew gustily about him. He never lifted up his eyes, nor paused, nor changed his thoughtful attitude, but patiently paced to and fro, a mute reproach for Ursula's unjust suspicion.

"How frail he looks; if life with you cannot revive him he must be past hope."

Evan spoke involuntarily, and Ursula's hand half checked the words upon his lips; but neither looked the other in the face, and neither owned, even to themselves, how strong a hidden wish had grown.

"He will live because he resolves to live, for that frail body holds the most indomitable spirit I have ever known. But let me tell you why he lingers where every breath brings pain," said Ursula, and having told him, she added:

"Is not that both a generous and a gentle rebuke for an unkind doubt?"

"It is either a most exquisite piece of loverlike devotion or of consummate art. I think it is the latter, for he knows you well, and repays great sacrifices by graceful small ones, which touch and charm your woman's heart."

"You wrong him, Evan, and aversion blinds you to the better traits I have learned to see. An all absorbing love ennobles the most sinful man, and makes it possible for some woman to forgive and cling to him."

"I have no right to ask, but the strange spirit that has taken possession of you baffles and disquiets me past endurance. Tell me, Ursula, what you would not tell before, do you truly, tenderly love this man whom you have married?"

The question was uttered with an earnestness so solemn that it forced a truthful answer, and she looked up at him with the old frankness unobscured by any cloud, as she replied:

"But for one thing I should long ago have learned to love him. I know this, because even now I cannot wholly close my heart against the ardent affection that patiently appeals to it."

"And that one thing, that cursed mystery which has wrecked two lives, when am I to know it, Ursula?"

"Never till I lie on my deathbed, and not even then, unless——"

She caught back the words hovering on her lips, but her eye glanced furtively upon the solitary figure pacing there below, and Evan impetuously finished the broken sentence:

"Unless he is already dead—let it be so; I shall wait and yet prove his prophecy a false one by winning and wearing you when his baleful love is powerless."

"He is my husband, Evan, remember that. Now come with me, I am going to him, for he must not shiver there when I can give him the warmth his tropical nature loves."

But Evan would not go, and soon left her plunged in a new sea of anxious conjectures, doubts and dreads. Stähl awaited his wife's approach, saying within himself as he watched her coming under the gold and scarlet arches of the leafy walk, with unwonted elasticity in her step, color on her cheeks and smiles upon her lips:

"Good! I have found the spell that turns my snow image into flesh and blood; I will use it and enjoy the summer of her presence while I may."

He did use it, but so warily and well that though Ursula and Evan were dimly conscious of some unseen yet controlling hand that ruled their intercourse and shaped events, they found it hard to believe that studious invalid possessed and used such power. Evan came daily, and daily Ursula regained some of her lost energy and bloom, till an almost preternatural beauty replaced the pale loveliness her face had worn, and she seemed to glow and brighten with an inward fire, like some brilliant flower that held the fervor of a summer in its heart and gave it out again in one fair, fragrant hour.

Like a watchful shadow Evan haunted his cousin, conscious that they were drifting down a troubled stream without a pilot, yet feeling powerless to guide or govern his own life, so inextricably was it bound up in Ursula's. He saw that the vigor and vitality his presence gave her was absorbed by her husband, to whom she was a more potent stimulant than rare winds, balmy airs or costly drugs. He knew that the stronger nature subdued the weaker, and the failing life sustained itself by draining the essence of that other life, which, but for some sinister cross of fate, would have been an ever springing fountain of joy to a more generous and healthful heart.

The blind world applauded Felix Stähl's success, and envied him the splendid wife in whose affluent gifts of fortune, mind and person he seemed to revel with luxurious delight. It could not see the secret bitterness that poisoned peace; could not guess the unavailing effort, unappeased desire and fading hope that each day brought him; nor fathom the despair that filled his soul as he saw and felt the unmistakable tokens of his coming fate in hollow temples, wasting flesh and a mortal weariness that knew no rest; a despair rendered doubly bitter by the knowledge of his impotence to prevent another from reaping what he had sown with painful care.

Ursula's hard won submission deserted her when Evan came, for in reanimating the statue Stähl soon felt that he had lost his slave and found a master. The heart which had seemed slowly yielding to his efforts closed against him in the very hour of fancied conquest. No more meek services, no more pity shown in spite of pride, no more docile obedience to commands that wore the guise of entreaties. The captive spirit woke and beat against its bars, passionately striving to be free, though not a cry escaped its lips. Very soon her recovered gaiety departed, and her life became a vain effort to forget, for like all impetuous natures she sought oblivion in excitement and hurried from one scene of pleasure to another, finding rest and happiness in none. Her husband went with her everywhere, recklessly squandering the strength she gave him in a like fruitless quest, till sharply checked by warnings which could no longer be neglected.

One night in early spring when winter gaieties were drawing to a close, Ursula came down to him shining in festival array, with the evening fever already burning in her cheeks, the expectant glitter already kindling in her eyes, and every charm heightened with that skill which in womanly women is second nature. Not for his pride or pleasure had she made herself so fair, he knew that well, and the thought lent its melancholy to the tone in which he said:

"Ursula, I am ready, but so unutterably weak and weary that I cannot go."

"I can go without you. Be so good," and quite unmoved by the suffering that rarely found expression, she held her hand to him that he might clasp her glove. He rose to perform the little service with that courtesy which never failed him, asking, as he bent above the hand with trembling fingers and painful breath,

"Does Evan go with you?"

"Yes, he never fails me, he has neither weakness nor weariness to mar my pleasure or to thwart my will."

"Truly a tender and a wifely answer."

"I am not tender nor wifely; why assume the virtues which I never shall possess? They were not set down in the bond; that I fulfilled to the letter when I married you, and beyond the wearing of your name and ring I owe you nothing. Do I?"

"Yes, a little gratitude for the sincerity that placed a doomed life in your keeping; a little respect for the faith I have kept unbroken through all temptations; a little compassion for a malady that but for you would make my life a burden I would gladly lay down."

Time was when words like these would have touched and softened her, but not now, for she had reached the climax of her suffering, the extent of her endurance, and turning on him she gave vent to the passionate emotion which could no longer be restrained:

"I should have given you much gratitude if in helping me to save one life you had not doomed another. I should honestly respect the faith you boast of if such costly sacrifices were not demanded for its keeping. I should deeply pity that mortal malady if you had bravely borne it alone instead of seeking a selfish solace in bequeathing it to another. I tell you, Felix, you are killing me swiftly and surely by this dreadful life. Better end me at once than drive me mad, or leave me a strong soul prisoned in a feeble body like yourself."

For the first time in his life Stahl felt the touch of fear, not for himself but for her, lest that terrible affliction which so baffles human skill and science should fall upon the woman whom he loved with a selfish intensity which had tangled two lives and brought them to this pass.

"Hush, Ursula," he said, soothingly, "have patience, I shall soon be gone, and then—what will you do then?"

The question leaped to his lips, for at the word "gone" he saw the gloom lift from her face, leaving an expression of relief that unmistakably betrayed how heavily her burden had oppressed her. Undaunted by the almost fierce inquiry she fixed her eyes upon him, and answered steadily:

"I shall put off my bridal white, wear widow's weeds for a single year, and then"—there she, too, paused abruptly; but words were needless, for as Evan's step sounded on the stair she turned and hurried towards him, as if love, liberty and life all lay waiting for her there. Stähl watched them with a jealous pang that pierced the deeper as, remembering Ursula's taunt, he compared the young man with himself; the one rich in the stature, vigor, comeliness that make a manly man; the other, in sad truth, a strong spirit imprisoned in a ruined body. As he looked he clenched his pale hand hard, and muttered low between his set teeth:

"He shall not have her, if I sell my soul to thwart him!"

To Ursula's intense surprise and Evan's annoyance Stähl followed them into the carriage, with a brief apology for his seeming caprice. No one spoke during the short drive, but as they came into the brilliant rooms Ursula's surprise deepened to alarm, for in the utter change of mien and manner which had befallen her husband she divined the presence of some newborn purpose, and trembled for the issue. Usually he played the distasteful part of invalid with a grace and skill which made the undisguisable fact a passport to the sympathy and admiration of both men and women. But that night no vigorous young man bore himself more debonnairly, danced more indefatigably, or devoted himself more charmingly to the service of matron, maid and grateful hostess. Lost in amazement, Ursula and Evan watched him, gliding to and fro, vivacious, blithe and bland, leaving a trail of witty, wise or honied words behind him, and causing many glances of approval to follow that singular countenance, for now its accustomed pallor was replaced by a color no art could counterfeit, and the mysterious eyes burned with a fire that fixed and fascinated other eyes.

"What does it mean, Evan?" whispered Ursula, standing apart with her faithful shadow.

"Mischief, if I read it rightly," was the anxious answer, and at that moment, just before them, the object of their thoughts was accosted by a jovial gentleman, who exclaimed:

"God bless me, Stähl! Rumor said you were dying, like a liar as she is, and here I find you looking more like a bridegroom than when I left you at the altar six months ago."

"For once rumor tells the truth, Coventry. I am dying, but one may make their exit gracefully and end their tragedy or comedy with a grateful bow! I have had a generous share of pleasure; I thank the world for it; I make my adieu to-night, and tranquilly go home to rest."

Spoken with an untroubled smile the words were both touching and impressive, and the friendly Coventry was obliged to clear his voice before he could answer with an assumption of cheery unbelief:

"Not yet, my dear fellow, not yet; we cannot spare you this forty years, and with such a wife what right have you to talk of ending the happy drama which all predict your life will be?" then glad to change the subject, he added: "Apropos of predictions, do take pity on my curiosity and tell me if it is true that you entertained a party with some very remarkable prophecies, or something of that sort, just before your marriage with Miss Forrest. Hay once spoke mysteriously of it, but he went to the bad so soon after that I never made him satisfy me."

"I did comply with a lady's wish, but entertainment was not the result. I told Hay, what all the world knew, the next day, that certain dishonorable transactions of his were discovered, and warrants out for his arrest, and they hurried home to find my warning true."

"Yes, no one dreamed of such an end for the gay captain. I don't ask how your discovery was made, but I do venture to inquire if Miss Heath's tragical death was foretold that night?"

"That which indirectly caused her death was made known to her that night, but for her sake you will pardon me that I keep the secret."

"A thousand pardons for asking, and yet I am tempted to put one more question. You look propitious, so pray tell me if your other predictions were fulfilled with equal success?"

"Yes; sooner or later they always are."

"Upon my life, that's very singular! Just for the amusement of the thing make one now, and let me see if your skill remains undiminished. Nothing personal, you know, but some general prediction that any one may know and verify."

Stähl paused a moment, bending his eyes on Ursula, who stood unseen by his companion, then answered slowly with a memorable tone and aspect:

"I prophesy that before the month is out the city will be startled by a murder, and the culprit will elude justice by death."

Coventry's florid countenance paled visibly, and hastily returning thanks for the undesirable favor so complacently granted, he took himself away to whisper the evil portent in the ears of all he met. As he disappeared Stähl advanced to his wife, asking with an air of soft solicitude:

"Are you weary, love? or will you dance? Your cousin is negligent to-night."

"Oh, no, I have not wished to dance. Let us go now, and Evan, come to me to-morrow evening, when you will find a few friends and much music," she answered, with an unquiet glance at her husband, a significant one at her cousin, who obeyed it by leaving them with a silent bow.

The homeward drive was as quiet as the other had been, and when they alighted Stähl followed his wife into the drawing-room; there, dropping wearily into a seat, he removed the handkerchief which had been pressed to his lips, and she saw that it was steeped in blood.

"Pardon me—it was unavoidable. Please ring for Marjory," he said, feebly.

Ursula neither spoke nor stirred, but stood regarding him with an expression which alarmed him, it was so full of a strange, stern triumph. It gave him strength to touch the bell, and when the faithful old woman who had nursed him from his babyhood came hurrying in, to say quietly:

"Take that ugly thing away, and bring my drops; also your mistress's vinaigrette, she needs it."

"Not she, the icicle," muttered Marjory, who adored her master, and heartily disliked her mistress because she did not do likewise.

When the momentary faintness had cleared away Stähl's quick eye at once took in the scene before him. Marjory was carefully preparing the draught, and Ursula stood watching her with curious intentness.

"What is that?" she asked, as the old woman put down the tiny vial, containing a colorless and scentless liquid.

"Poison, madam, one drop of which will restore

life, while a dozen will bring a sure and sudden death.'

Ursula took up the little vial, read the label containing both the medicine and its maker's name, and said it back again with a slight motion of head and lips, as if she gave a mute assent to some secret suggestion. Majory's lamentations as she moved about him drew the wife's eyes to her husband, and meeting his she asked coldly:

"Can I help you?"

"Thanks, Majory will tend me. Good-night, you'll not be troubled with me long."

"No, I shall not; I have borne enough."

She spoke low to herself, but both listener heard her; and she so keenly smarted under it.

"May the Lord forgive you for that speech, madam."

"He will, for He sees me in my penitence and the guilty, and He knows my sore temptation."

Then without another look or word she left them with the aspect of one rushing in an evil dream.

All night Majory hovered about her master, and early in the morning his physician came. A few words answered Stahl that his hour was drawing very near, and that whatever work remained to be done must be accomplished speedily. He listened calmly to the truth which he had forced from the reluctant doctor, and when he paused made no lament, but said, with more than his accustomed gentleness:

"You will oblige me by concealing this fact from my wife. It is best to let it break upon her by merciful degrees."

"I understand, sir, I will be dumb; but I must caution you to be on the alert or agitate yourself in heat, for any undue exertion or excitement would be fatal in your weak state."

The worthy doctor spoke earnestly, but to his infinite amazement and alarm his patient rose suddenly from the couch on which he lay half dressed, and standing erect before him, said forcibly, while his hollow cheeks burned crimson, and his commanding eye almost enforced belief in his assertion:

"You are mistaken; I am not weak, for I have done with fear as well as hope, and if I choose to batter my mouth of ills for one hour, one moment of exertion or excitement, I have the right to do it."

He paused, took breath and added:

"My mind intended to receive her friends tonight; she must not be disappointed, therefore you will not only tell her I am in no danger, but add that an unexpected pause in my malady has come, and that with care and a season at the South I shall yet be a hale and hearty man. Grant me this favor, I shall ask forget it."

The doctor was both a poor and a timid man; his generous but eccentric patient was a fortune to him; his threatened removal a loss, and a hint of a rich remembrance was irresistible, and bowing his acquiescence, he departed to obey directions to the letter.

All that day Ursula sat in her room writing steadily, and all that day her husband watched and waited for her coming, but was not summoned and received no message. At dusk she went out alone. Her departure was unheard and unseen by any but the invalid, whose every sense was alert; his quick ear caught the soft rustle of her dress as she passed his door, and dragging himself to the window he saw her glide away, veiled in a shrouding cloak. At that sight Stahl's hand was lifted to the bell, but he dropped it, saying to himself:

"No, if she did not mean to return she would have taken care to tell me she was coming back; women and Majory themselves by long use lie art. I have it! she has been writing, Majory says; the letter is to Evan; she fears he may not come to-night, and cannot so one but herself to post it. I must assure myself of this."

Nerved with new strength, he went down into the dusky room so happily prepared with all suited to Ursula's sole use. It was empty, but the charm of her presence lingered there, and every graceful object spoke of her. Lights burned on all the writing-table; the ink was still wet in the pen, and scattered papers confirmed the report of her day's employment, but no certain words could he see, no note or packet anywhere appeared. A brief survey satisfied her husband, and ensured him of the truth of his suspicions.

"Oh, for an hour of my old strength to end this entanglement like a man, instead of being forced to wait for the usual chances to aid the like a censorious woman," he sighed, looking out into the wild March night, tormented by an impotent desire to follow his truant wife, yet consoling himself it was impossible unless he left a greater work undone, for hourly he felt his power decline, and one dark purpose grew him tenacious of the life fast slipping from his hold.

For many moments he stood thinking deeply, so deeply that the approach of a light, rapid step roused him too late for escape. It was his wife's step; why was she returning so soon? had her heart failed her, had some unforeseen circumstance thwarted her? She had not been absent long enough to post a letter to reach Evan's lodgings, or the home of any friend, then where had she been? An uncontrollable impulse caused Stahl to step noiselessly into the shadow of a curtained recess as these thoughts flashed through his mind, and hardly had he done so when Ursula hurried in, wet, wild-eyed and breathless, but wearing a look of pale determination which gave place to an expression of keen anxiety as she glanced about the room in search of something. Presently she murmured aloud, "He shall never see it again that I do not trust his honor. Lie there in safety till I need you, little friend," and lifting the cover of a carved ivory casket that ornamented the low chimneypiece, she gave some treasure to its keeping, saying, as she turned away with an air of feverish excitement, "Now for Evan and—my liberty!"

Nothing stirred in the room but the flicker of the fire and the softly moving pendulum of the clock that pointed to the hour of seven, till the door of Ursula's distant dressing-room closed behind her and a bell had summoned her maid. Then, from the recess, Stahl went straight to the ivory ornament and laid his hand upon its lid, yet paused long before he lifted it. The simple fact of her entire trust in him at any other time would have been the earnest safeguard of her secret; even now it restrained him by appealing to that inconsistent code of honor which governs many a man who would shoot his dearest friend for a hot word, and yet shrink with punctilious pride from breaking the seal of any letter that did not bear his name. Stahl hesitated till her last words rang through his memory, making his own perfidy seem slight compared to hers. "I have a right to know," he said, "for when she forgets her honor I must preserve mine at any cost." A rapid glance uncovered the contents, and showed him nothing but a small, sealed bottle, lying alone upon the velvet lining. A harmless little thing it looked, yet Stahl's face whitened terribly, and he staggered to a seat, as if the glance he gave had shown him his own death-warrant. He believed it was, for a size, shape, label and colorless contents the little vial was the counterpart of another last seen in Ursula's hand, one reference only in the terms that had been nearly empty, the wife fell to the lip.

In an instant her look, tone, gesture of the preceding night returned to him, and with the vivid recollection came the firm conviction that Ursula had yielded to a black temptation, and in her own hands was laid poison, the means of her death. Till now no feeling but the intensest love had filled his heart towards her; Evan he had learned to hate, himself to despise, but his wife he had made an idol and worshipped her with a blind passion that would not see defects, even disloyalty or suspect deceit.

From any other human being the treachery would not have been so base, but from her it was doubly heinous, for she was the keeper of his knowledge of his exceeding love. "Am I not dying fast enough for her impatience? Could she not wait a little, and let me go hence as I had appeared?" he cried within himself, forgetting in the anguish of that moment the falsehood told her at his bedside, for the deception for a pure purpose as sinful but less sense than her own. How time passed he no longer knew nor cared, as leaning his head upon his hands, he sat like one with his own unquiet heart, for all the evil passions, the savage impulses of his nature were aroused, and married rebellion against the fate of the feeble prison that confined them. Like all strong, yet selfish souls, the wrongs he had committed looked to him very trivial compared with this, and seeing only his own devotion, faith and patience, no vengeance seemed too heavy for a crime that would darken and destroy the purpose of his life. Suddenly he lifted up his head, and on his face was stamped a ruthless, reckless purpose, which no earthly power could turn or stay. An awesome smile touched his white lips, and the ominous fierceness glittered in his eye—for he was betaking to a devil that sat whispering in his heart.

"I shall have my hour of excitement sooner than I thought," he muttered, as he rose; he left the room, carrying the vial with him. "My last prediction will be verified, although the veiling and the subject are changed. I wish I could live to wish that Ursula had died before me."

An hour later Ursula came to him as he sat solemnly leaning on the mantel, and Majory stood tempting him to taste the cordial she had brought. As if more impossible and unseen abyss already opened between them, he saw him his mother wifely caress nor evening greeting, but passing opposite, said, with an inclination of her handsome head, which seemed a mockery of haughty courtesy but for the gentle coldness of her tone:

"I have obeyed the request you sent me, and made ready to receive the friends whose coming would else have been delayed. Is it your pleasure that I excuse you at any hour you will join us, or have you leave often seen other invalids would fain to leave their beds?"

Her husband looked at her as she spoke, wondering what woman's whim had led her to assume a dress rich in itself, but tasteless and sombre as a mourning garb, and whether darkness relieved only by the gleam of fair arms through folds of costly lace, and a knot of roses, scarcely whiter than the bosom they adorned.

"Thanks for your compliance, Ursula. I will come down later in the evening for a moment to receive your friends, and then you can excuse me."

"No, now, for now I can wish you a long and happy life, and leave her lips, that would fain learn a truer faith, and ask you to forgive me if in thought, or word, or deed I have wronged or offended you."

Strangely sweet and solemn was her voice, and for the first time in many months her old smile parted her lips, and sent a softer light into her eyes; it with a meeker beauty than that which it had lost. Her husband shot one glance at her as the words left her lips, then veiled the eyes that blazed with sudden scorn and detestation. His voice was always under his control, and tranquilly he answered her, while his heart cried out within him:

"I forgive as I would be forgiven, and trust that the coming years may prove to you that I desire to save them. Go to your pleasures, Ursula, and let me hear you singing, whether I am there or no."

"Can I do nothing else for you, Felix, before I go?" she asked, pausing, as she turned away, as if some involuntary impulse ruled her.

Stahl smiled a strange smile as he said, pointing to the goblet and the minute bottle Majory had just placed on the table at his side:

"You shall sweeten a bitter draught for me by mixing it, and I will drink to you when I take it by-and-by."

His eye was on her now, keen, cold and steadfast, as she drew near to serve him. He saw the trouble look she fixed upon the cup, he saw her hand tremble as she poured one soft drop, and heard a double meaning in her words:

"This is the first. I hope it may be the last time that I shall need to pour this dangerous draught for you."

She laid down the nearly emptied vial, replaced the cup and bowed over it to go. But as if about to trying her to the utmost, though each test tortured him, Stahl arrested her by saying, with the same sweetness in his voice, a rebellious tenderness in his eyes:

"Stay, Ursula, I may fall asleep and so not see you until—morning. Bid me good-night, my wife."

She went to him, as if even against her will, and for a moment they stood face to face, looking their last on one another in this life. Then Stahl clasped her to him with an embrace almost savage in its passionate fervor, and Ursula kissed him once with the cold lips, that said, without a smile, "Good-night, my husband, sleep in peace!"

"May I ask you to remember, sir?"

"Concerning what or whom, my old gossip?" he answered, tartlessly, yet with even more than usual fickleness, for in his humble, faithful creature seemed his only friend.

"My mistress, sir," she said, nodding significantly.

His face woke then, he set erect, and with an eager gesture bade her speak.

"I've been thinking that her for ever since her cousin came she has not been the women or the wife she was at first. It's not for me to meddle, but it's a pity to see that if you were gone there'd be a wedding soon."

Stahl frowned, eyed her keenly, seemed to catch some lingering hope in the honest countenance, and answered, with a pensive smile:

"I know it, I forgive it; and am sure that, for my sake, you will be kind and true to others. In this what you wished to tell me, Majory?"

"Bless your unsuspecting heart, I wish it was, but it's a deal more than that if you were gone there'd be a wedding soon."

Stahl frowned, eyed her keenly, seemed to catch some lingering hope in the honest countenance, and answered, with a pensive smile:

"I know it, I forgive it; and am sure that, for my sake, you will be kind and true to others. In this what you wished to tell me, Majory?"

"Bless your unsuspecting heart, I wish it was, but it's a deal more than that if you were gone there'd be a wedding soon."

Stahl answered, but refused to give vent to some sudden passion, but repressed it, and with a look of well-feigned wonder, asked:

"Why should she?"

Majory pointed silently to the table, upon which lay three objects, the cup, the little vial and a note that had fallen from the latter as she was bent to render her husband the small service he had asked of her. There was no time to feign horror, grief or dismay, for the paroxysm of pain seized him in its grips, and served him better than any counterfeit of mental suffering could have done. Majory saw in the power of an unforgivable spirit that would not yield yet, and laying his thin hand on Majory's arm, he whispered, hastily:

"Hush! Never hint that again, I charge you. I bade her get it, my store was nearly gone, and I needed it almost as much as I do now."

The old woman read his answer as he meant she should, and laid her withered cheek down on his hand, saying, with a sob in her voice:

"Always so loving, generous and faithful! You may forgive her, but I never can."

Neither spoke for several minutes, then Stahl said:

"I will lie down and try to rest a little before I go."

The sentence remained unfinished, as, with a weary yet wistful air, he glanced about the shadowy room, and then added, "Let me be alone for hour off the sudden influence of some deeper sentiment than fear that for an instant thrilled and startled him.

"Leave me, Majory, set the door ajar, and let me be alone until I ring."

Side by side, hour by hour he lay listening to the steps of gathering guests, the sound of music, the soft murmur of conversation, and the pleasant hum of life in the house that was his home, but of which he was a stranger. There in the very splendor of his power, with its sinless lids, its damp forehead and its pale lips, scorned parted by the faithful breath, he lay in the shadow, divided from the room again, unconscious that its closed eyes flashed wide to watch her go.

Presently the door of the garden hush, and borne on the wings of an entrancing air Ursula's voice came floating up to him, like the sweet, soft whisper of some invisible spirit, an enchanter him to a sad life noble by one just and generous action ere it close. No look, no tone, no deed of patience, fondness or devotion was forgotten by a heart bent him now, and pleaded for her with the magic of that unconscious lay. No ardent hope, no fair ambition, no happy vow of his youth, but rose again to show the utter failure of his manhood, and in the hour darkened by a last temptation and brooding over the fruitless past, he felt a firmer faith than that which superstition had defrauded of its virtue. Like many another man, for one short hour Felix Stahl contended for a heaven and evil, and like so many a man in whom passion ordinary principle, evil won. As the magical music ceased, a man's voice took up the strain, a voice mellow, strong and clear, singing as if the exultant song were but the outpouring of a hopeful happy heart. Like some wild creature wounded suddenly, Stahl leaped from his couch and stood listening with an aspect which would have appalled the fair musician had she seen the singer during.

"She might have spared me that!" he panted, as through the heavy beating of his heart he heard the voice he hated lending music to the song he loved, a song of lovers parting; in the summer night, whose dawn would break upon their wedding-day. Whatever hope of merciful relenting might have been kindled by one redeeming prayer was for ever quenched by that ill-timed air, for with a gesture of defiant daring, Stahl drew the cup to his hand, heard its contents into the cup, and drained it to the dregs.

A long shudder crept over him as he set it down, then a pale, serene, almost beautiful look, as, laying his weary head upon the pillow it would never rind sleepless any more, he pressed the rose against his lips, and with a bitter smile that never left his face again:

"I won my rose, and her thorns have pierced me to the heart. I will not lay blighted as her, and no other man will wear her in his bosom when I am gone."

THE POTATO IN PERU.

We conclude our extracts from Mr. E. G. Squier's instructive address before the Farmers' Club of the American Institute, the following, concerning the potatoes of Peru, and the mode of preserving them:

The potato is more neat than any other article of food in Peru, where, as it is well known, it is indigenous. It is not extensively cultivated on the coast but on the first range of ridges inland it grows in great perfection. Here, however, in the Lake country, a yellow potato, which is unsurpassed for richness and delicacy, is found. It is grown in the *Lomas* at 10 degrees of Lima, and does not appear to bear transportation to the coast well. It requires, in fact, the full degree of moisture into the ordinary potato if planted on the coast or has a higher up the mountains.

High up in the Cordilleras of the Andes, the potato is found, with the exception, the chief crop of the people. Here however it is small, and presents several rather remarkable varieties, which I have described from the *Mesa*. The *Urbeo* is small, seldom larger than a hickory nut, and of a dark watery color, and of a sweet taste. Its leaf is like that of the potato, but smaller and finer. The stem is also shaped somewhat differently and subject to ferment. The *Oca* (*oxalis tuberosa*) is also cultivated extensively. It resembles somewhat a fleshy Finger," potato, seldom more than four inches long, and little if any larger than the middle finger. Its is generally a beautiful clear pink, darker in the eyes and sometimes nearly white. It is of a sweetish juicy taste. Like the others just mentioned, it is sweeter when exposed to the sun when boiled or roasted. The *Ulluco*, *Mesa* and *Oca* are almost always subjected to the process of exposure to the sun at night and sun by day, before eaten. The *Oca* by the time it becomes ready, and the *Ulluco* and *Mesa* slightly so, thus which it possesses when freshly taken from the ground. The *Mesa* is the largest of the three, is round and cried, and the sun in a cool place for years. The *Ulluco* is long, and may be preserved for years.

The common form in which the potato is used or offered for sale in the elevated departments of Peru, is that of *Chuno*. This, as well as the *Moraya* in high Bolivia, is that of *Chuno*. The *Cuzco* sayes, or *Indian Corn*, is made of the ordinary white potato, boiled, the skin thence, or white, chalky, of a larger size than the ordinary potato, and somewhat lighter. The potatoes are exposed on a smooth place to the night frosts, and during the day are generally covered on clothe spread on the ground, and allowed to freeze at night and thaw by day, for a week or more, being frequently turned, until they become perfectly dry. They are then packed in sacks, and are ready for use or exportation. Many reach the towns and cities of Peru in this form, and are used in soups and in a mountainside drench or stew called *chupe*. In taste the *chuno*, when well prepared, is like the boiled Spanish chestnut. To the teeth its feel is like what I suppose that of the dried salted codfish to be. The *chuno* and *moraya* are sometimes soaked in water for some days before being used, in order to remove the bitterness, and making the potato the preservation is to boil it, peel it, and lay it out in the sun to dry. The *chuno* is found to be the longer preserve form of the potato, for as long as the flour of the potato is preserved and kept for use of transportation, a matter of importance in thousand mountain regions. The *moraya* is made the vegetable mealy and more easy of use. Foreigners generally prefer especially the latter form, and prefer it to the potato in its other forms. Perhaps the *moraya* is the most delicious form known to fresh, may take a hint from the Peruvian practice, and learn how to preserve the potato crop. They will, however, hardly find the clear frosty nights of the Andes and the rarefied atmosphere of the Altos of Peru to assist them in the process.

HOW THE LADIES OF SAVANNAH DRESS.—A correspondent writes from Savannah: "The Southern people have been greatly pinched of late by the war; but the ingenuity of the people of Savannah defies the truth of the assertion. 'What is the news North?' I was asked by an officer to whom I had just been introduced. 'How do you like Savannah?' I replied, 'But I am not a citizen of Savannah?' 'Looked at your boots,' was the response. 'Look at the ladies' dresses.' And in a cash myself glancing at the footgear of citizens I met, I found the remark to believe the definition. In the sense of the children this speculation is useless, for they are generally barefooted, with the exception of the ladies have gone far back into classical wardrobes for their costumes. They affect black dresses. Your wear bids write folded ribbons, or bonnets of the antique Grecian design. Some of the girls go to high by their own hair and everybody else's they can lay hands on. The Southern spirited manufacturers say they should ask a lady of Savannah if she were 'under and if she would not reply that she was in mourning, she not demanded. It's insinuated that it has become necessary for the ladies to dress in order to be known apart by them the Yankees as nameless as the Southern gentlemen are known to them as Secessionists. Dressing in the plainness of their dress, suggestive here and there by a little ribbon turned, and, in fact, by almost whatever touch of coquetry their reduced circumstances will allow, they manage to look as pretty as ever. Their air is marred by extreme dejection—not defiance. Evidently, regarding the Yankees as the victors, and being beside our private enemies in their own power, and their own country, they have not the slightest notion of pride of resignation. Absit that American woman should ever come to be in such a drop so fraught with assessment and self-accusation."

COLORS.—Colors have emblems as well as flowers. In ancient days each color was a symbol of mystic sense. White was the emblem of light, religious purity, innocence, virginity, faith, hope and life; a dove a bright radiant white was in his rich man, humility; in the woman, chastity. Red, the fiery, active color, signifies love, joy, life, power, and royalty. White and red roses expressed love and virtue, or love and wisdom. Red is in garments with which the angels crowned St. Cecilia. In a bad sense, red signifies blood, war, hatred and punishment. Red and black combined were the colors of purgatory and the devil. Blue, or the sapphire, expressed heaven, the firmament, truth, constancy, fidelity. Yellow, or gold, was the symbol of the sun, or intuition, of marriage faith, of fruitfulness. In a bad sense, yellow signifies inconstancy, jealousy, deceit. Green, the emerald, is the color of spring; of virtue, of hope. Purple, or hyacinthine, is the color of victory, as the color of the palm and the laurel. Violet, the amethyst, signified love and wrath, or passion and suffering.



EXCITING SCENE IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, JAN. 31, 1865, ON THE ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE PASSAGE OF THE AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION ABOLISHING SLAVERY FOR EVER.

FAULTLESS VERSES.

MR. RUSKIN, in his recent "Readings" in London, gave specimens of almost every style of writing, but as a contrast to what he called "sensation writing," gave the following inimitably exquisite verses of Tom Hood's:

"We watched her breathing through the night,
Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
Went heaving to and fro.

"Our hopes belied us as we wept,
Our fears our hopes belied;
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.

"But when the morn came dim and sad,
And soft with airy showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours."

If we were called upon to supply a *pendant* to poetry so perfect, we would instance the following, lately written by Tennyson in a similar vein:

"Fair is her cottage in its place,
Where yon broad water sweetly slowly glides,
It sees itself from thatch to base,
Dream in the sliding tides.

"And fairer she—but ah! how soon to die!
Her quiet dream of life this hour may cease,
Her peaceful being slowly passes by
To some more perfect peace."

ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "ELEANOR'S VICTORY," "AURORA FLOYD," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—CONTINUED.

Once more Mrs. Burfield stopped to take breath. Francis Tredethlyn listened in silence, with a moody frown upon his face. Already he hated this man, of whose share in his cousin's history he was yet ignorant. He felt as we feel sometimes at a play, when we see the villain first appear upon the stage, and know he is a villain, yet do not know what his special crime is to be.

"Well, sir, of all the pleasant lodgers that ever darkened a widow's doors, the plucked young gentleman was the pleasantest. He got up early, and went to his books and papers as soon as he was dressed, and had chops and strong green tea for breakfast; and he sat at his books all day, till it was too dark for him to sit any longer, and then he went and strolled up and down the esplanade, smoking for an hour or so, and then he came in and had more chops, and cold brandy and water, for his dinner, except when I took the liberty of roasting him a fowl, or getting some other little nicety, just by way of variety; and then after dinner, he went to his books and papers again, and sat up till very late, reading and writing and drinking strong green tea."

"But my cousin Susan," cried Francis. He was getting impatient under this minute description of the lodger's habits. "What has all this to do with my cousin?"

"I'm coming to that," Mrs. Burfield answered, with a sigh that was more profound than usual. "You see, sir, it happened at this time, being the end of the season, and Coltonslough as empty as it could be, it happened that we were without a servant, so myself and Susan Turner took it in turns to wait upon the young gentleman. Not that I ever asked her to do anything that you can call menial, but she'd take him up his tea, and clear away his dinner-things, and light his candles for him, and such like; and knowing her to be a respectable young woman, I didn't keep that sharp watch over her that some folks might have done. If she stopped ten minutes or so in his room, talking to him, I usen't to think anything about it—you can hear almost every sound in these houses, and it was quite pleasant to hear her soft voice and his laugh ringing out every now and then. He wasn't the sort of gentleman you could suspect of any harm, he had such a happy kind of way with him, as if he was good friends with himself and all the world. He lent Susan books—books of poetry, with all sorts of pencil-writing upon the edges of them; and I used sometimes to fancy Susan cared more for the pencil-writing than she did for the poetry itself, she'd sit and pore over it so when the children were gone to bed, and we were alone in this room. Sometimes the plucked young gentleman would come down here of an evening to fetch himself another candle, or to tell us that he'd let his fire out, or something of that kind, for he wasn't a bit proud; and then, instead of going back directly, he'd sit down, and make himself as much at home as if he had lived among us all his life; and, oh dear me, sir, how he would talk!—all about books and poetry, and the foreign places he'd seen, and plays, and music, and writers, and actors, and singers. He seemed to know everything in the world. So you see, one way and another, he saw good deal of Susan, for I found out afterwards, from the children, that he when went out in the dusk to smoke his cigar he generally contrived to meet Susan, and then he'd walk with her and the children till it was time for them to go indoors. She was a good girl, and she wasn't the girl to throw herself in his way. If they were much together it was because he followed her. I might have known the meaning of his sitting in this room for hours together of a night, but he had such a natural way of doing everything that it threw one off one's guard, somehow."

"The scoundrel!" muttered Francis Tredethlyn, between his clenched teeth. "But you haven't told me his name. I want to know his name."

"He'd been with us more than a fortnight before ever I asked him what his name was, and then somehow or other the question came up, and he said his name was Lesley—Robert Lesley; but somehow, looking back upon it afterwards, it seemed to me as if he hesitated a little before he said the name. Well, things went on as comfortable as possible for more than two months, and then he went away, taking all his luggage with him, and paying me very liberal for everything he'd had, besides half a crown apiece to the children, which at that time of year came very welcome, and of course I took it from them immediately to go towards their new boots. He went away; and as I thought, somehow, he'd had a kind of a liking for Susan, and Susan for him, I half expected the poor girl would fret a little when he was gone; but she didn't, and looking at her sometimes as she sat at work opposite to me, I used to fancy there was a kind of happy smile like upon her face. She'd been with me six months by this time, and I paid her the little trifle that was due, and what did she do next day but go out and spend ever so much in toys and such like for the children, which, as I told her, was very wrong, considering how badly off she was for clothes. But she made no answer, except to look at me with the same smile I'd seen so often on her face since Mr. Lesley had gone."

"Poor girl—poor, helpless, innocent girl!"

The dark frown melted into a softer expression as Francis Tredethlyn muttered these few broken words. He was no longer thinking of the stranger—the nameless villain of this common story. He was thinking of his cousin Susy's innocent face, with the smile of girlish trustfulness upon it.

"One day, when Mr. Lesley had been gone a little better than three weeks, a letter came for Susan—I'd need to notice it, for it was the first she'd had since she'd been with me. She ran upstairs directly she heard the postman's knock, and took the letter from him with her own hands, and stopped to read it in the passage. She was putting it in her pocket as she came back into this room, and her cheeks were flushed as bright as two red roses, but she didn't say a word about the letter. All that afternoon she seemed in a kind of flutter, and every now and then she would come all over in a tremble, and drop her work in her lap. She was making some pinafores for the boys, and I said to her, 'Susan, what ever is the matter?' But she turned it off somehow, and nothing more was said until after tea, when the children were safe out of the way, and we were sitting alone together. Then I never did see anybody so restless as she was, laying her work down and taking it up again, and fetching a book—one of the books he'd left with her—and opening and shutting it, and then pretending to read, but all in the same restless way, till at last she came suddenly behind my chair and flung her arms round my neck, and began to sob fit to break her poor loving heart. And it was ever so long before she could get calm enough to say anything; but at last she cried out, 'Oh, Mrs. Burfield, I'm afraid I'm very ungrateful; you've been so good to me, and we've been so happy together.' And so we had, though I do think, poor tender-hearted dear, she'd gone through as much on account of the taxes as if she'd been the householder instead of me. 'I'm going to leave you, Mrs. Burfield,' she said; 'I'm going to leave you and the children that love me so dearly. I'm going away to be married to Mr. Lesley. I'm to go by the first train to-morrow morning, and he's to meet me at the station, and at eleven o'clock we're to be married.'

"You may guess how she took my breath away when she told me this. But I said, 'Oh, my dear, you can't mean to do anything so mad as to go alone to meet Mr. Lesley, which is little better than a stranger to you?' 'A stranger!' she cried out, 'my darling Robert a stranger! Oh, if you only knew how noble he is, and how much he is going to give up to marry a poor girl like me.' And then she went on about him as if he'd been something better than a human creature; and having always found him so much the gentleman myself, and so open-hearted and frank in all his ways, I could scarcely do otherwise than believe her. But still I urged her all I could against trusting him. 'Don't go, my dear,' I said, 'or if you must go, let me go with you.' But she blushed very red, and said, 'Oh, Mrs. Burfield, the marriage is to be a secret, and I promised Robert again and again that I wouldn't say a word about it to you or any living creature. Only you've been so good to me, and I couldn't bear to go away without telling you the whole truth.' And upon this I begged her still harder not to go away; I told her no good ever came out of secret marriages, and that there was generally something underhand and false at the bottom of them that brought about all kinds of trouble and suffering afterwards. And I told her how my Burfield married me publicly in St. Pancras' church, and would have his two sisters—one in pink and one in blue—besides the Miss Parkinses, his first cousins, who were sweetly dressed in green and salmon, to walk after me to the altar. But it was no more use talking to Susan than if she'd been a stone statue, though she sat herself on the little hassock at my feet, and kept crying one minute and smiling the next, and talking about her darling Robert, and kissing me, till I almost thought her brain was turned. It was no use talking. 'I love him so dearly,' she said, 'and I know how noble and generous he is.' And that was her only argument; and long before daylight the next morning she went away by the early train; and though my heart seemed bleeding for her, I couldn't kiss her when she said good-bye, and I couldn't go to the station to see her off. 'No, Susan,' I said, 'if you must go, you must, and I've no power to keep you back, but I'll be neither act nor part in your going.' But I stood at my window to see her go away, and I shall never forget the dark, drizzly morning, with streaks of gray like on one side of the sky, and white, sickly-looking stars on the other, and Susan walking across the waste ground all alone, with the rain driving at her, and the wind beating at her, and a bit of a shabby carpet-bag in her hand. It seemed so dreadful to think she was going to be married like that."

"But she did go away?" cried Francis. "She must have come back to you then, for the letter with the Coltonslough postmark reached her father less than eighteen months ago."

"I'm coming to that," answered Mrs. Burfield. "It's about eighteen months ago that she came back to me, looking, oh! so changed, so broken down, that I hadn't the heart to ask her any questions. I could see that all had gone wrong, and I could guess pretty well what kind of wrong it was. She never mentioned Mr. Lesley's name; and there was something in her face which seemed to make me afraid to mention it myself. She wanted to lodge with me, she said, and would pay me for her lodgings. I could see that she wore a wedding ring on her finger, but she had no other jewellery whatever. She was dressed in black—black silk that had once been very handsome, but which was rusty and shabby then. The first night she came to me she sat up very late writing, and in the morning she went out with a letter in her hand. She was with me more than two months, but that was the last time I ever saw her write. She used to be fond of reading; but now she never took up a book, though Mr. Lesley had left a good many of his books in the little chiffonier in the parlor, thinking to come back, as he told me. She used to be fond of the children; but now she never noticed them, and after a little while they seemed to shrink away from her, as if she was strange to them somehow. For hours and days together she used to sit in the bow-window, watching the road from the station, as if she expected some one. At dusk she would go out and walk upon the esplanade, just at the time that he used to walk with his cigar. It was the dull season, and there was no one to notice her. At last, about the middle of May, when the visitors began to come to Coltonslough, she told me one day that she must leave me. I said, 'Was it on account of the lodgings?' because she knew I used to raise the rent at that time of year, and I thought that might be the cause of her wanting to go. But she said, 'Oh, no, no.' She had only had one purpose in stopping so long, and that was in the hope of seeing some one, or getting an answer to a letter she had written, and now there was no longer any hope of that. So I couldn't persuade her to stay any longer, do what I would, and she went away. She had friends in London, she told me, who had promised to put her in the way of getting her own living some how or other. I kissed her this time, willing enough, poor child, and I went with her to the station, and I thought her pale face looked almost like a ghost's as she waved her hand to me from the carriage window."

"You're a good woman!" cried Mr. Tredethlyn, half crushing Mrs. Burfield's skinny hand in his strong fingers. "You're a good woman, and you did your best to befriend that poor girl."

Mrs. Burfield sighed, and wiped her eyes with the corner of a rusty black silk apron. The world had been very hard for her; but there was a gentle, womanly haven somewhere in her breast, and Susan Tredethlyn had taken shelter there.

"She'd been gone a little over six weeks, when an old gentleman came one morning, and asked to see a girl called Susan. That's how he put it. He was very stern-looking, and he threw me all in a tremble, somehow, with his ways; but I asked him down here, and then, little by little, he made me tell him pretty nearly all I've told you. I couldn't keep anything back from him; he put his questions so fierce and sudden; and every time I hesitated ever so little, he accused me of prevaricating with him, and trying to deceive him. I could see his eyes glaring at me like coals of fire, and his face turned of a bluish white, so that I was almost frightened he'd drop down in a fit. But when he'd got all the story out of me, he stood up as straight and stern as if he'd been only twenty years old, and said, 'No man of my name ever knew what disgrace was until to-day, and may the heaviest curse that ever fell upon a woman's head come down upon my shameful daughter.' He stretched up his two hands—and I shall never forget him as he stood there with his white hair, and the bluish white of his face, and the dreadful glare in his eyes. Then he put on his hat and walked out of the house, taking no more notice of me than if I'd been a stock or a stone. I heard the front door bang to after him, and I ran upstairs to the parlor window, and saw him walking away towards the station; and that's the last I saw of him."

"Can you remember upon what day this occurred?"

"Yes, I can; for I'd had the parlor lodgers leave me the day before. It was the 29th of June."

The 29th of June! and on the 30th Oliver Tredethlyn had executed that will which made Francis master of thirty thousand a year. The young man knew now why his uncle had left him a great fortune, and found it still more difficult to feel very grateful to his benefactor.

There was a long pause, during which vengeful thoughts had their full way in the breast of Francis Tredethlyn.

"Can you tell me nothing more of this man," he said presently—"this scoundrel, who called himself Robert Lesley?"

Mrs. Burfield only answered by a hopeless shake of her head.

"He left some books, you say. Was there none among them that would give any clue to who or what he was?"

Again Mrs. Burfield shook her head.

"You're welcome to look at the books," she said; "there's plenty of pencil writing in them, but no name or address—only initials."

She knelt down before a little chiffonier, in a corner by the fireplace, and took out a few volumes, some handsomely, some shabbily bound, and placed them before Francis Tredethlyn.

Upon the handsomely-bound books the initials "R. L." appeared in a gilded monogram. Four of the volumes were German translations of some recondite classics; but there was a fifth upon which Mr. Tredethlyn fastened eagerly. It was a small flat volume, bound in sheepskin, and fastened with a brass lock—a very superior kind of lock. On the cover was written the one word—"Journal."

"Let me have this book," he said, "I'll give you a hundred pounds for it."

Mrs. Burfield's mouth opened with a spasmodic action, and for once in her life she forgot to sigh.

"A hundred pounds!"

"A hundred—two, if you like. Haven't I told you that I'm a rich man? and you've been kind to my cousin. I'll give you the money as a free gift, for the matter of that; but I must have this book. It's a journal, a book in which a man writes a history of his own life. An officer I knew in Van Diemen's Land used to write such a history by fits and starts. How do I know what this may tell me about my cousin? Let me have it. I know the book isn't yours; but there can be no such thing as honor or faith to be kept with such a man as that. Let me have the book."

There was a good deal more said upon the matter, but the end of it was that Francis Tredethlyn went back to London with the sheepskin-covered volume in his pocket; and Mrs. Burfield, retiring to rest, after a heavy supper of cold meat and cucumber, dreamt that she had inherited a million of money from one of the Coltonslough tax-collectors.

THE MURDER OF AUNT DEB.

BY THADDEUS B. GLOVER.

AMONG the many peculiar and startling incidents which occurred during my long sojourn in Kentucky, the following is not the most uninteresting.

One evening, while quietly seated under the porch of a friend's house, enjoying the sweets of my corncob pipe, and endeavoring to penetrate through the curls of its smoke when this "cruel war" would be over, we were suddenly startled by the piercing shrieks of female voices. We all jumped to our feet in an instant, and looking up the pike a short distance, we beheld in the soft moonlight several ladies gesticulating and screaming for help in the utmost frenzy. Being probably the most active of the party, I was out the gate and in the midst of the ladies at once. I found that the affrighted party were Mrs. H——, a wealthy widow lady, and her four pretty daughters, who were the next neighbors on the opposite side to my friend.

As soon as I came up they all screamed, as it were with one voice, "Somebody's murdering Aunt Deb!" I knew Aunt Deb was the old colored slave cook of the family, and without further questioning flew towards the house as fast as my legs could carry me, followed by the ladies—my male companions were at this moment far in the rear. As I dashed along the pike I drew my bowieknife—which self-protection bid me carry—and soon reached the mansion. Here I was met by a host of darkeys, big and little, all having terror in its most aggravated shape depicted in their countenances, and in my hurry I thought I saw one darkey look a little pale.

As with the ladies, the blacks cried out with one voice, "Somewun's chokin' Auntie Deb!"

"Where is she?" I eagerly inquired.

"Down dar in de back kitchen," they replied.

"Get a light," said I, and started for the rear of the house.

As I reached the stairway and began to descend, I heard the old wench groaning most agonizingly. I thrust open the door and shouted, "You villain! what are you about here?" at the same time stepping inside; but it was so dark I could not distinguish anything in the room. The old woman kept on her hard breathing, groans, and a sort of gurgling in the throat, and I thought she would be murdered sure enough before they brought the light. So guarding my head as best I could with my left arm, I commenced "sawing the air" with my trusty bowie, and making fearful plunges at immaterial space.

Presently the light came. I nervously clutched it and cast my eyes around the room. There was no one there, but the door was open leading into the front cellar. My friends had by this time arrived—one with a cocked pistol in his hand. I did not hesitate—I made a rush in the cellar. It was filled with piles of wood and coals. An axe lay there. I thought of the strategy of disarming the foe; I seized it. We all then made a general search throughout the premises, but the miscreant was no where to be seen. I was disappointed. Going up to the old woman's bed, which lay in one corner of the room, and she in the middle of it, with her knees drawn up to her chin, and covered up head and ears, I rather abruptly said—

"What the d——l's the matter with you, aunty? Who hurt you?"

She merely groaned out, in a shivering voice—"Under de bed!"

In an instant we were all on our knees hunting among the rubbish for the assassin, but were again disappointed in finding him. Getting up quite out of all patience, I pulled the covering off the old woman's head and said—

"Have you been drinking, Deb, that you have been making all this disturbance?"

The old wench turned over, and rolling up the whites of her great shiny eyes, said—

"No, massa, no, I ain't been a drinkin'; but I 'specks I'se heen doin' a heap o' dreamin'!"

There was a dead silence for about three seconds, when there was one general shout. The gentlemen roared and the ladies screamed, amid which I sheathed my bowieknife and rather unceremoniously sought the fresh air.

A HIBERNIAN Senator, speaking of Suicide, said: "The only way to stop it is to make it a capital offence, punishable by death."

AN OLD STORY.

BY FITZJAMES O'BRIEN.

THE snow falls fast in the silent street,
And the wind is laden with cutting sleet;
And there is a pitiless glare in the sky,
As a fainting woman goes wandering by.

The rags that wrap her wasted form
Are frozen stiff in the perishing storm;
And she is so cold, that the snowflakes rest
Unmelted, upon her marble breast!

Ah! who could believe that those rayless eyes
Were once as sunny as April skies;
And the flowers she plucked in the early spring
Loved to be touched by so pure a thing!

'Tis past—and the fierce wind shrieking by
Drowns the faint gasp of her parting sigh;
And lifeless she falls at the outer gate
Of him who has made her desolate.

Silently falls the snow on her face,
Garbing her form in its stainless grace,
As tho' God, in his mercy, willed that she
Should die in a garment of purity!

The Ordeal by Touch.

IN these days, when any man who has a large mouth, and strong legs which he can hurl about in utter independence of each other, and without reference to the parent trunk, and who can ask the very dreariest of riddles, sets up as a negro dancer and singer, with the title of "delineator of the eccentricities of the sable race," there is something unsatisfactory to the few who may be personally acquainted with the habits and idiosyncrasies of the negroes, in seeing so little justice done to our dark brethren, who are usually represented as a nation of black Calibans and Trinculos. Very few of the music hall audiences or of the multitudes who daily and nightly witness what are called "Delineations of Negro Life" are aware to what extent the caricature is pushed, and how considerably they are imposed upon. The negro, *pur sang*, is strongly romantic and imaginative, and excels even the wild imaginings and picturesque superstitions of the Irish, who are, if we may use the phrase, romantic from the more common and sentimental point of view. The race of negroes is imbued with something of the Arimanic philosophy; they are controlled by a dread of the evil agency of Obeah, and there is a gloominess and cloud of fatalism upon their superstitions (grovelling as they may at first sight appear), which denote minds of a stronger stamp than those of a nation which peoples the hillsides with fairies and "good people." It is not our intention to give undue elevation to the intelligence of the negroes; and perhaps so high a term as "fatalism" may seem out of analogy to the acknowledged ignorance and heavy dulness of the blacks—but the simple type of "fatalism" is precisely the doctrine which would recommend itself to minds which, unable to extend the sphere of thought, are glad to refer events to one ruling agency, and so dispense with the exercise of free-will, in the various developments of which are exhibited the characteristics of nations and individuals. A singular instance of negro romance, from a fatalistic point of view, occurred some years ago in the island of Barbados; and the conduct of the principal performer in the narrative, though founded upon superstition, is not without dignity. When my father purchased the Hope estate in Barbados, he bought, with the stock, fixtures and appertainings of the land, certain slaves attached to the soil, the residue of the late proprietor's establishment, amongst whom was a black of the true African race, who went by the name of Sammy. This man soon became an object of notice, from his exceptional indolence and carelessness of what befell him—he seemed to be so offended in his soul at being degraded first as a slave and then by a transfer which levelled him with the beasts of the field, which were included with him in the purchase of the estate. Be that as it might, work he would not. My father, ever considerate and merciful to his servants, having failed to induce him to join the cropwork with the other gangs, as they are called, proposed, by way of easy labor, that Sammy should "graze a cow" for him; no great risk certainly, but Sammy objected to the responsibility, and declared that he was tired of life, and wanted "to go home." No notice was taken of these expressions at the time, but their solution was to come.

One day, at dawn, a messenger came to my father to apprise him that Sammy was sitting by the Hope well, and that he had declared his intention of jumping down the same as soon as the day was ended. My father immediately rose and went to the well, which, at this time, was dry, but of immense depth, nearly one hundred and fifty feet, and paved at the bottom, in order to hold the rains. Arrived at the spot, he found the negro sitting, as had been described, on the coping of the well, which had been built high, in consideration of the children on the estate. My father spoke to Sammy, and attempted first to laugh and then to reason him out of his projected suicide, but to no purpose, and, worn out, my father was compelled at last to leave him. After breakfast my mother also went to the well. There was now a circle of his friends and acquaintances all adding their requests to his poor wife's lamentations. None, however, durst approach him, for he had arranged a circle of stones at a radius of about six feet from the edge of the well, and with one hand on the coping, and the other extended in warning, he assured them that if they ventured beyond a certain distance, or within this belt, he would at once leap down. When my mother approached, Sammy seemed moved, and said:

"Missy—don't come farther—don't let them say you made me jump down."

After a long and vain effort at persuasion, my mother retired in tears. Others of us, members of the family, now visited him, but all failed to turn him from his purpose.

"No!" said he, decisively, "I am tired of my life—my sun is nearly set"—(I give his very words)—"I am going home!"

Our butler Robert, a mulatto, tried to argue with him, but vainly; finally, the rector of the parish came to use his influence. Sammy listened respectfully, but shook his head at the conclusion of the clergyman's monitions. The sun was now past the meridian, and Sammy's time was drawing nigh. Once more my mother came to him, this time being accompanied by the wretched man's only child. She prayed and besought him to come away.

"No! missy," he said, sorrowfully, "I have lived enough—I am going home."

Large numbers had now encircled the well, awaiting anxiously the setting of the sun. Slowly, and in tears, did the members of our family depart and leave the fated man. With a smile of patient endurance, but with determination unfaltering, he sat watching the descending fire into the sea. Just as the sun in all its tropical splendor sank beneath the horizon, the suicide raised himself, and, pointing towards the west, said:

"And now I'll go and sup with the French King!" and having said this he leaped down.

Here was fatalism combined with romance, and dignified by sternness and composure—a scene never to be forgotten by those who witnessed it. What allusion was intended in the last words of this man, there is no chance of discovering; and perhaps the expression appears at this distance of time rather an anti-climax to the gravity of the scene, which should have been in its catastrophe almost sublime. Truth, however, demands that I should give the very words used.

Another instance which also occurred in the Island of Barbados (a spot replete with legends and anecdotes of the rarest description) exhibits a different phase of the negro mind working in superstition.

Some years ago a gentleman of the name of Elcock resided in Barbados. His gentleness and kindness to his slaves were proverbial, and they were all in appearance deeply attached to him. One negro in particular, who had been selected for his intelligence and readiness as Mr. Elcock's body-servant or valet, was admitted into much of his master's confidence and intimacy, and the pleasant relations between them were well known to all the neighborhood.

On one occasion Mr. Elcock, reflecting that the diligence and affection of his servant might be enhanced by granting his freedom, made out an instrument of manumission by which the man was to be liberated from slavery as soon as he (Mr. Elcock) deceased. He acquainted his valet with his intention, who expressed his joy and gratitude profusely, but seemed a little disappointed at not receiving an immediate freedom. Mr. Elcock explained that the only reason for this postponement of his release was to avoid making an invidious distinction between one of his servants and the rest of the establishment, who were, not unnaturally, a little jealous of the favorite. Matters were thus arranged, and all seemed to go on as before.

One morning, however, one of the servants, coming to Mr. Elcock's room with his early cup of coffee, discovered his master lying across the bed with his throat barbarously cut from ear to ear. Alarm was given, and soon the news spread far and wide that Mr. Elcock had been robbed and murdered by some enemy. The valet, who slept in the next room, and had to be awakened in the morning by the discoverer of the murder, was distracted with grief; he tore his hair, and gave way to extravagant grief, calling on his "his dear master," "his poor, loved master," &c., and vowing vengeance on the assassins. No suspicion of course attached to him, as every one was aware of the intimacy and affection which existed between Mr. Elcock and himself. Unfortunately for him, however, he exaggerated his complaints so transparently, that a gentleman of the inquest, who was well acquainted with the superstitions of the African, determined on a public trial of the servants of the establishment. One by one the slaves were summoned into the room where the murdered man lay blanched, and with all traces of his wounds concealed by the grave-clothes. One of his hands, however, which had suffered in the struggle for life, was left bare, and composed decently on his chest. The slaves passed through the dead man's chamber, some with dread, some in tears, none with indifference. At length came the confidential servant, wringing his hands, and exhibiting excessive grief. The inquisitor bade him go to the corpse and touch his hand. The man smiled and made a ghastly effort to speak, but his lips were white and his face twitching with fear. The juror, with a laughing expression of confidence in his innocence, now seized his hand and approached the body. With a face bedabbled with sweat, and with knees knocking together, the valet neared the corpse; his hand almost touched his master's inanimate fingers, when, with a shriek, he fell on the floor with the horrible confession pouring from his lips. He had been discovered by his fear that the murdered man's blood would flow when the guilty hand touched its victim.

So his superstition convicted him, and by the side of his murdered benefactor he told the hideous story of murder and ingratitude.

A CORRESPONDENT in Michigan, speaking of the late dry summer season, tells us that it was so dry that the farmers on the oak openings were obliged to resort to some other business besides farming for a living. Some two or three have experimented in rosin from the common white pine. The white turpentine is saved and simply boiled down, thereby losing all the oil and spirits of turpentine, but saving the rosin, a sample of which I send. Our farmers think that they can make money at it at one-half present prices ($40 to $50 per barrel). The sample is light colored, clear and free from specks, a very nice article.

TOWN GOSSIP.

RUMORS of peace and opera a reality once more—could anything else be necessary in order to make us happy, excitable Gothamites that we are?

The troupe arrived unharmed from their Boston exile and opened on Thursday evening to a house that in the way of numbers and brilliancy could not easily be surpassed. They gave "Don Sebastiano," and probably from their delight at once more finding themselves in habitable regions, the performers one and all appeared to unusual advantage.

Zucchi continued the triumphs of last season, if possible improving upon her former rendition of the part of Zaida, and Massimiliani has certainly made a very marked progress both in the way of voice and acting. Friday evening they gave us "Fra Diavolo," with charming Miss Kellogg as charming and graceful as ever, in the rôle of Zerlina, which suits her voice so admirably. Since then we have had Il Poliuto, Ernani, Faust, and are promised Le Prophète.

The houses have been crammed nightly—the dress-circle and boxes look like the most gorgeous flower parterres, and in the way of costly and elegant attire New York women seem to have surpassed even the lavish expenditure which long since grew into a proverb.

Some man wrote a pitiful letter to the *Evening Post* last week begging the editor to give Zucchi a word of advice in regard to her dress in Zaida. He is dreadfully shocked at her oh-no-we-never-mention-thems, and desires that as we do not know the difference between the attire of a Moorish and Turkish female, that she will, for decorum's sake, adopt the loose trowsers supposed to make part of the costume of the latter. Can he be a relative of the Boston lady who thought that a tin petticoat, painted to resemble marble, would render the Venus de Medicis more presentable to eyes refined?

But the most insane thing in the way of a letter that we have encountered for ages, was one written not long since to a daily paper by a man who complains of the inconvenience and risk he runs from riding in public vehicles, because other people will insist on letting down windows and having a little air as fresh as it can be obtained, instead of being content to stay shut up like prisoners in the Black Hole of Calcutta.

Now we never expected to live to hear a complaint of this sort uttered—we had supposed that nothing could ever again make us guilty of the vulgar sensation of astonishment; but we confess that to find a living animal, either biped or quadruped, to whom it is natural to breathe carbonic gas instead of moderately pure oxygen, does somewhat upset our equanimity.

This must be the man whom everybody has been so unfortunate as to meet times enough to peril one's immortal soul, by the objurgations his proceedings force one to utter with frantic energy. He is the man who always has a cold in his head and snuffles incessantly from Bowling Green to Madison Square. He is the man who always finds fault fiercely because children are allowed to beautify cars and omnibuses, like knots of flowers brightening a dusky office. He is the man who always takes more than a double allowance of seat and whom we saw a lady serve very rightly the other day by putting the point of her umbrella so that he dove comfortably against it when he attempted to give her a vicious push. He is the man who forced us out into a pelting rainstorm not long since, because he made the stage a miniature purgatory by howling till everybody was glad to close a window in order to make him quiet.

Why, a wretch like that is worse than a Southern incendiary—what is being burned alive compared to a slow death by suffocation in a self-sealing can? He would probably be perfectly comfortable in a room like the one where an unfortunate Brooklyn family smothered themselves the other night by shutting doors and windows, building a huge fire in one of those contrivances of the fiend called a stove, and leaving the covers off so that the noxious gas could fill the place without the least difficulty. They were seven, like the family in Wordsworth's poem, but at least one or two of the little ones died, and the others had such a feeble hold of life left that it was hardly worth mentioning.

It would be just the place for the detestable creature of whom we write, and if he won't go there let him at once seek out any such as share his monomania and let them all be laid in rows like sardines, in a box hermetically closed, where they shall cease to annoy the human species and may enjoy to the utmost their inglorious affinity.

All sorts of extraordinary things have happened to people this winter who were in search of apartments, but the pleasantest adventure we have heard of occurred to a young friend of ours. The man and woman of the house showed the rooms—first requesting the visitor not to dim the shine of the banisters by touching them as he mounted the stairs. Then they asked his business—told him they objected to their lodgers receiving visits—said the gentleman who occupied the second floor front always took his boots off in the lower hall and carried them up in his hand—that night keys were prohibited—that the smell of smoke made the female faint at once—that a youth who had the third floor back had actually been guilty of the enormity of whistling a few evenings previous, but had apologised properly, saying that it was "purely accidental"—that

But by this time young New York had gained the foot of the staircase, and fled without casting a glance behind. You may laugh and disbelieve, but the thing actually happened without one word of exaggeration.

There is a shoemaker in Broadway who exhibits in his window a diabolical bundle of bones labeled "the human foot;" we never go by without being forced to look at it, and never without new wonder as to why the man should turn his window into an anatomical museum on a small scale.

Does he think that by showing what an unpleasant object the human foot is people will be inclined to rush in and purchase an extra supply of boots, in order to keep the very inhuman thing covered, or has he a fiendish pleasure in making men uneasy when they regard the number and slenderness of the bones, so that for two blocks after they walk as if treading on eggshells, for fear of disturbing in any way the marvelous arrangement—which is it? Now it is a very different thing when that *arbiter elegantiarum* of fashion, Barker, puts a model lady's head-dress in his window. We have puzzled ourselves with reasons and all in vain, but we do protest against having such a waking nightmare presented to our eyes every time we walk out—why, the effect on nervous people must be equal to that produced by the cook in the wonderful English story. There was a shop renowned for its meat pies, and one fine day, when four and twenty clerks were greedily devouring the tempting circles, up flew the dumb waiter, and instead of a fresh supply of patée out jumped an excited man, crying: "I am Mrs. Burbridge's cook! Gentlemen, these pies you are eating are made of—well, just ask the butcher!" Instantly four and twenty pallid clerks disappear round the corner; lamp-posts and every other available support are in great demand, and the shop is forced to put up its shutters; just what we should like to see the bootmaker obliged to do.

Another thing—when a poor, tired omnibus horse slips and falls upon the icy pavement, could there be no way devised of helping him except for several men to beat and kick him until what strength and breath he had left are tortured out of his wretched carcase? Only yesterday we saw a brute—the name is weak to express his nature—pommeling an unfortunate dray horse that had fallen, hopelessly entangled in the harness, while a crowd, among whom were two policemen, stood evidently admiring the performance of the drunken fiend.

Murdering a man might be pardonable under certain circumstances, but flaying alive here and the torments of an orthodox hot place hereafter would be slight punishment for a biped capable of striking a child or ill-treating a dumb animal.

A lady recently wrote to a prominent bookseller, telling him that she had heard a great deal about a new poem, called "In a Garden," and desired him to send her a copy if he had it; by way of particularizing she added in a postscript: "I believe it is written by one Trembleson."

Whose ingenuity would make out of the above that she meant Enoch Arden? The "one Trembleson" is perfectly delicious, and how jolly it would be to repeat the thing to the immortal Alfred himself.

An article we saw lately, seeming inclined to class in the same category the new sources of fortune, shoddy and petroleum, which have sprung up since the commencement of the war, set us thinking, and it seems to us that nothing can be more unjust than to draw a comparison between the two aristocracies, as they are called in the vulgar cant phrase of the day.

It is true that fortunes are sometimes realised by both with a rapidity which rivals Heller's most wonderful conjuring feat, that both come under the head of speculation, but there all resemblance ceases.

Petroleum is the free gift of prodigal nature—in a company established upon a solid basis there is no possibility of wrong to any—the poor man who embarks his funds is certain of reaping his harvest in a proportion as honest as that of the greatest capitalist concerned.

Petroleum is a trade in the products of nature; shoddy, a traffic in blood—the term sounds harsh, but it is none the less true and well-deserved. The shoddyite must of necessity be a swindler, the very name shows that his is an undertaking based on the grossest fraud and rascality. Every dollar that such a man gains is stolen from the hard earnings of others, from those who deserve the sympathy and respect of their countrymen, the soldiers who are risking their lives for their native land, the men whose blood is red on Southern savannahs, whose brothers lie buried at Ball's Bluff and Fair Oaks—the men who for four years have endured privation and danger, and endured them cheerfully, who gave up quiet, the associations of home, everything that makes life dear, to guard the Union which we all love and venerate.

It is from men like these that the shoddy millionaire has torn his accursed gains. Does it ever occur to him that the costly raiment with which he decorates his wife is a badge of infamy, that ought to wear her down like a traitor's pall? Does he ever think that the pearls which gleam on his daughter's neck are stained with blood, that the choice wines he drinks at his table are the tears of the widows and the orphans whom he has wronged, that the day must come when the soul of a condemned criminal shall show pure and white beside his guilt-stained spirit?

Let us have no more comparisons of this sort let us be thankful that, at the very moment when so much needed, a source of wealth like petroleum has flowed upon our land; and if we cannot check the son of shoddy in his inhuman career, let us at least be silent for very shame, remembering that even a jest upon its workings is like a scoff over the graves of the brave warriors whom we profess to lament.

Among the pleasant things of the future is the second annual ball of the Italian Benevolent Society, ticketed for Irving Hall, Friday evening, February 10th, the proceeds of which will be devoted to the Italian Evening School, under the patronage of the municipality, and the orphans of volunteers in the army. The Italian school, although organised no longer ago than November, numbers upwards of 40 pupils, under the general direction of Prof. A. Magni. The English class is taught by Prof. Simona, the common branches by Mr. Peretti, and drawing by Mr. D. Gandie. The advancement of this school, in which instruction is gratuitously offered to Italian youth, is an object of public interest, and we hope the proposed ball will turn out to be the great success it deserves to be, if only for the sake of the good and laudable objects to which its proceeds will be devoted. It will be remembered that the Italian Benevolent Society last summer gave a concert for the benefit of the Sanitary Commission, under the direction of the able and distinguished Signor Barili, well known as the *maestro* under whose instruction no less than two prima donnas were fitted for their profession, Morensi and Mrs. Van Zandt. Signor Barili is ever ready to dedicate his talents and services to the promotion of worthy objects. The Italians have thus formed a direct claim on American sympathies, which we doubt not will be reciprocated now that an opportunity is offered.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A SAW-FILER in New Bedford, whose practice is quite extensive in doctoring dull saws, puts out a sign in the form of a handsaw with the words "saw-dentist" painted on it.

A GOOD guess at a tailor's name—Mr. So-and-so.

A GENTLEMAN, unluckily the victim of intoxication, came home late, and was reproached by his wife.

"A pretty time this, sir," she said, "for a father to come home to his family—three o'clock in the morning."

"Three!" replied the injured inebriate, "it's only one; I heard it strike one, two or three times, as I came round the corner."

JUDGE RICHARDSON once said that "everything was foreknown by the Almighty, except what would be the verdict of a petit jury."

AH! sighed Waifer, what a sublime and petrolemic study is ciphering—when he learned that the compound interest of one cent from the beginning of the world to this day would equal in value 4,840,000,000 globes of solid gold, each as big as the earth. Save your pennies, little boys."

DR. MEAD was once assailed in a pamphlet by Dr. Woodward. The Doctors met—a fight ensued with swords. Mead disarming his adversary, ordered him to beg for his life.

"Never!" said Woodward—"never till I am your patient."

SOMEBODY, describing the awkward appearance of a man dancing the polka, says that "he looks as though he had a hole in his pocket, and was trying to shake a shilling down the leg of his trowsers."

STRIKES have been numerous in all branches of business during the past year; but the only successful ones have been among those who have "struck ile."

MISS EDGEWORTH wrote a witty essay on Irish bulls, in which she defends the Irish from the charge of being prone to bull-making. She herself, however, appears to have fallen into the practice, which is very contagious, in the following passage in the life of her father:

"The last letter poor Johnson ever wrote, or, I should rather say, dictated, was to my father; it was in his nephew's handwriting."

A TEACHER in a western county in Canada, while making his first visit to his "constituents," got into conversation with an ancient "Varmount" lady, who had taken up her residence in the "backwoods." Of course, the school and former teacher came in for criticism; and the old lady, in speaking of his predecessor, asked:

"Wa'al, master, what do you think he larnt the schollards?"

"Couldn't say, ma'am. Pray what did he teach?"

"Wa'al, he told 'em that this 'ere airth was round, and went around; and all that sort o' thing. Now, master, what do you think about sich stuff? Don't you think he was an ignorant feller?"

Unwilling to come under the category of the ignorami, the teacher evasively remarked:

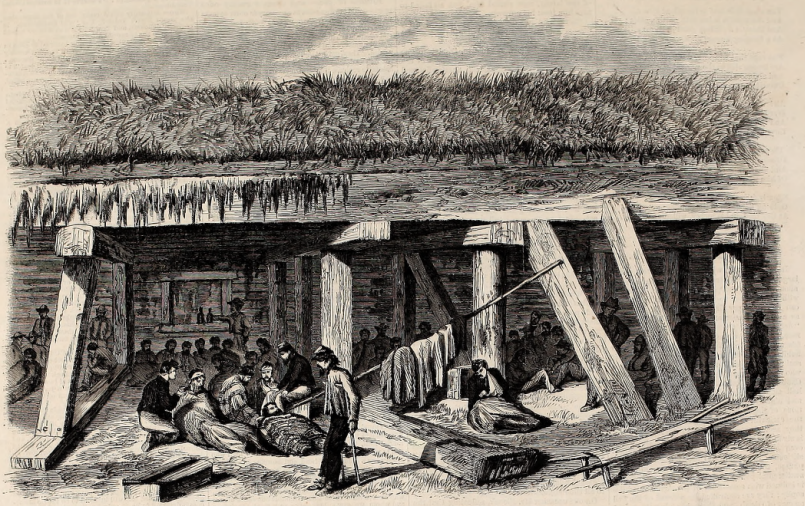
"It really did seem strange; but still there are many learned men who teach these things?"

"Wa'al," said she, "if the airth is round, and goes round, what holds it up?"

"Oh, these learned men say it goes around the sun, and that the sun holds it up by virtue of the law of attraction," he replied.

The old lady lowered her "specs," and by way of climax responded:

"Wa'al, if these high larn't men sez the sun holds up the airth, I should like tu know what holds the airth up when the sun goes down!"



INTERIOR OF THE BOMBPROOF AT FORT FISHER, N. C., USED AS A HOSPITAL FOR REBEL WOUNDED.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

FORT FISHER, N. C.

We continue our most interesting illustrations of the last great event of the war. Our readers cannot fail to admire more and more the gallant conduct of our troops, when they contemplate the strength of the rebel fortress, and how admirably the outlying defences of Fort Buchanan and the Mound Battery are situated to render the principal one of Fort Fisher all but impregnable. In our last two papers we have so fully described the bombardment and capture of this famous stronghold, that we have merely on the present occasion to call attention to our Artist's graphic and comprehensive sketch, which shows, at a glance, how utterly impossible it is now for any supplies to reach the Confederacy through this, the last mouth of a dying body. It is to be regretted that the rebel pirate ship Tallahassee managed to escape, after running completely into the lion jaws of Admiral Porter.

Our Artist says that there is no doubt that the explosion of the magazine, which took place on the morning after the formal surrender of Fort Fisher, was the deliberate act of the rebel authorities—an act so treacherous and barbarous, as to fully justify the severest retaliatory measures on our part. It is, however, perhaps as well that we should show as much superiority in our humanity as we do in our achievements; but we venture to say that no such magnanimity would be shown by one European power to another. It will be remembered in the Crimean war, that, when the Russian soldiers murdered some wounded French soldiers who were left on the field of battle, Marshal Pelissier sent word to the Russian General that if such an outrage occurred again he would hang the Grand Dukes if they should ever fall into his hands. What retaliation could be too severe for such an atrocity as to attach a wire to the magazine of a fort before its surrender, and then fire it ten hours after it had been in our possession?

It was to Fort Buchanan that the rebels conveyed their wounded commanders, Gen. Whiting and Col. Lamb, and to which about 700 of their troops retreated during the last struggle in Fort Fisher. The correspondent of the New York *Times* says that the scene which presented itself in the fort when it fell into our hands showed the desperate courage with which the enemy had defended their stronghold.

GREAT FIRE IN BUFFALO, N. Y.

MR. H. L. BLISS, a photographer in Buffalo, has obliged us with several views of the late conflagration in that city, from which we have selected one for engraving. Our illustration represents the view from Eagle street, extending to and including one-half of the American Hotel.

The fire was first discovered in the premises of Mr. Peter Diehl, No. 266 Main street, about 4½ o'clock on the morning of Jan. 26, and is supposed to have originated in the cooking range of his restaurant. The alarm was promptly given, and the fire department was as promptly on hand; but the fierceness of the gale, the intense cold and the blinding snow conspired against them, and rendered the handling of the hose exceedingly difficult. Many of the lines were frozen up and rendered comparatively useless, by being cemented solidly to the streets. These embarrassments to contend with, the best efforts of the gallant firemen were impotent. The flames spread with considerable rapidity, and soon



VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF A PART OF FORT FISHER, N. C., AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT—SKETCHED JAN. 20, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.



BURNING OF THE AMERICAN HOTEL, AND ADJACENT BUILDINGS, AT BUFFALO, N. Y., JAN. 25.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY H. L. BINN.

had communicated to other buildings, till the building known as the Republican Block, containing the clothing store of Conrad Sippel, Mr. Dodd's restaurant, Richard Jensen's drug store, and Van Velzer's bakery, were utterly destroyed.

Attention was then directed to the American Hotel, but up to nearly eight o'clock it was confidently thought the building could be saved. The high wind blowing from the southwest pressed the flames towards that building, and soon after the hour indicated the hotel was on fire, and the flames swept through the structure with a fury that could not be managed. It was a war in which the misdirected elements were arrayed against a few men whose weapons lay useless on the ground, and although the latter fought with desperate energy, they were overpowered at every point.

It was disheartened to arrest the progress of the flames by blowing up the Eagle Hotel, which was done by the explosion of 120 pounds of powder, several adjacent stores falling with the ruins. Three brave youths belonging to the fire department, named respectively Sidney, Gillet and Judd, lost their lives in the heroic discharge of their duty. They were buried by a falling wall, in the rear of the American Hotel.

The damage has been estimated as high as $750,000. The American was worth about $200,000, against which Mr. Stevens and the heirs to the Tracy estate, part owners, have an insurance of $50,000, and Mr. Michaels, the principal owner, an insurance of $75,000. The furniture was valued at $30,000; insured for $12,000.

HEADQUARTERS AT WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA.

THE headquarters of Gen. Sheridan, at Winchester, Va., are in the late residence of Lloyd Logan, a wealthy tobacco-grower, now in Richmond. Gen. Milroy, upon his arrival, found the house occupied by the ladies and family of Mr. Logan. These were immediately forwarded to the rebel capital, to enjoy the society of their precious secessionists, and the mansion being cleansed of the taint of treason by ventilation and soapsuds, became the residence of our brave cavalier.

THE WESTERN DEFENCES OF SAVANNAH, GA.

ALTHOUGH Savannah must finally have fallen before the invincible army of Sherman, it is certain the enemy might have made an obstinate defence, and compelled a heavy sacrifice of life. Fortunately the scarcity of provisions and the lukewarmness of the inhabitants hastened Gen. Hardee to evacuate, rather than fight it out with the same obstinacy that Pemberton disputed inch by inch at Vicksburg.

Our Artist has sent us a sketch of the rebel defences on the west side of Savannah, which, as our readers can see for themselves, are well constructed, and capable of offering considerable resistance. The level nature, however, of the country around the city is not adapted to that obstinate fighting which more hilly ground presents, and consequently our superior artillery would soon have compelled their abandonment by the enemy.

THE WASHINGTON TRAGEDY.

SINCE the affair of Mr. Key and Gen. Sickles, no social event has caused so much excitement in Washington as the shooting of Mr. Andrew J. Burroughs, a clerk in the Treasury Department, by Mary Harris, a young woman who claims that he violated a marriage promise with her. The victim of the unwarrantable act is the brother of Dr. Burroughs, President of the Douglas College, Chicago, and formerly a clerk in the Currency Bureau Treasury. It appears that during his residence in Burlington, Iowa, he had become acquainted with Miss Harris—but we will give the unhappy girl's own words:

I am the daughter of William Harris of Burlington, Iowa; my parents are Irish, and are poor; am 19 years old; about seven years ago I became acquainted with Mr. Burroughs; he came frequently to see me at my father's house until he left Burlington; and for a long time I frequently sat in his lap in the presence of my parents; he always manifested great interest in me; he never odor, and his attentions became more of the character of a suitor, my parents opposed them, and told me that his family was too high for me; that he would never marry me, and that I should not keep company with him.

I disregarded them, persisted in seeing him, and became more and more attached to him. When he left Burlington, I did not ask him to write to me, but he had not been long gone when I received a letter from him, which I answered, and a correspondence was continued, which was sometimes interrupted by my refraining from writing to him. But he would persevere in renewing it, until I would be persuaded to write to him. Before he left Burlington he asked me to marry him; I refused because I felt that I was too young to disobey my parents in such a matter.

A few days before starting from Chicago (two weeks ago), I was walking along the street and saw some pistols in a shop window. Having learned that many of the ladies of Chicago carried pistols, especially when travelling, I determined to buy one, and at once bought the one.

After my arrival here I became almost frantic with a desire to see him, and put on a "muslin" (which I was not wont to wear) and a veil, and so disguised, went to the Treasury.

When I went into the Treasury building, yesterday morning, I inquired for the room in which Mr. Burroughs was, and having learned that walked up and down the hall for some time. Once I went to the door of the room, opened it a few inches, and saw him at his desk. The second I looked at him, sitting there so comfortably, the thought of all I had suffered, and of his being the cause, enraged me, and my hand involuntarily pulled back the trigger of the pistol in my pocket. I closed the door, and stepping away, moved about again, I know not how or where, except that I kept my eye on his room until the men began to come out of their rooms. Then I placed myself where I knew he would have to come near me in going to the stairway. When he appeared I felt suddenly lifted up; my arm was extended as cold as iron, and I saw him fall. I know nothing more until I was called back when leaving the building. They say, what will they do with me? If it was not for my poor father and mother, I would not care.

She repeatedly reiterated her assevveration that there had been nothing improper between her and Mr. Burroughs.

REVOLUTIONS IN COSTUME.

THE changes of fashion, considered in the light of their relation to social usage, touch us the future, by reviewing philosophically the conduct of the past.

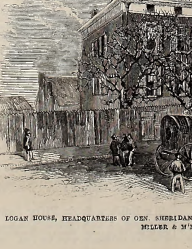
Revolutions in costume are periodical, as in almost everything else in this world. From the beginning of this century, when dresses were reduced to classic waterfall proportions, they have gradually increased in size till they have become so uncomfy and unmanageably distended that it is neither safe nor possible to wear them. Of course this applies more to feminine than to masculine costume, but both are progressing in a parallel line on the racing ground of fashion. Singularly enough, the tendency towards elaboration regularly coincides with the progress of the century. When a century, for instance, is in its first years, civilized humanity seems to feel young, and in no way easier to conceal under a pile of garments the beautiful forms granted to the hero of creation. As the century advances in years, fashion assumes naturally ideas and stately notions quite unknown to the preceding generations of beaux. And when the century approaches towards its completion, then all the resources, all the craft of millinery, tailoring and perfumery are brought to bear on the means of disdistinguishing old age and decrepitude. In the beginning of a century man is not ashamed of himself. With the same confidence of youth he walks in the streets and appears in assemblies dressed as nearly as possible as the man of nature. In the latter part of the century youth itself seems to delight in assuming the appearance of old age. The examination of any book of costume affords numberless illustrations of this inscrutable law of revolutions in dress, from the middle ages down to our own time.

Man's costume is naturally less exaggerated in form than the dresses of the fair sex. It is also slower in its modern development. Hats, for instance, although from time to time slightly modified in type, keep during a century the same general form. The eighteenth century was condemned to the ridiculous three-cornered hat; the nineteenth is doomed to the still uglier chimney-pot hat. Pity, writing on military costume, considered it an immense boon for the soldier the superseding of the hairpowder by the queue. He held that the suppression of the garter gave much more messiness to the movements of the leg. But the opinion of Pity is no longer that of any of the French military authorities, since, irresistibly drawn in the circle of revolving fashion, they have come back to breeches and leggings for French infantry. A similar attempt made by the volunteers in England is very likely to lead her soon, in a given time, back to the costume of their fathers.

As it is, we may fairly expect that the prevailing fashion of enormously distended dresses is to prevail during the rest of the century, in spite of all its perils and its ugliness. Our grandmothers had the doors of their houses raised and enlarged to allow the introduction of their hoop-dresses and their hoops. Similar alterations have been largely practised in our constructions, carriages, theatres, ball-rooms, etc., there is no chance of seeing the taste for the present bell-shaped dresses diminish or begin to disappear.

HOW TO DRESS FOR A PHOTOGRAPH.

ORANGE color, for certain optical reasons, is photographically black. Blue is white; other shades or tones of color are proportionally darker or lighter as they contain more or less of these colors. The progressive scale of photographic color commences with the lightest. The order stands thus: White, light blue, violet, pink, mauve, dark blue, lemon, blue green, bouble-brown, purple, red, amber, maroon, orange, dead black. Complexion has to be more considered in connection with dress. Blondes can wear much lighter colors than brunettes; the latter always present better pictures in dark dresses, but neither look well in



LOGAN HOUSE, HEADQUARTERS OF GEN. SHERIDAN, AT WINCHESTER, VA.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY MILLER & M'MURRAY.

positive white. Violent contrast of color should be especially guarded against. In photography, brunettes possess a great advantage over their fairer sisters. The lovely golden tresses lose all their transparent brilliancy, and are represented black; whilst the "bonnie blue e's," theme of rapture to the poet, is misery to the photographer; for it is put entirely out. The simplest and most effective way of removing the yellow color from the hair is to powder it of course; write it is thus brought to about the same photographic tint as in nature. The same thing with the sapphire complexions. A freckle, quite invisible at a short distance, is, on account of its yellow color, rendered most painfully distinct when photographed. The effect is not to be called in to do the assistance of art. Here to me is truth one word of general advice—false, as we have seen, is the most readily affected by the light, and the yellow the least; if, therefore, you would keep your complexion clear and free from sun freckles whilst taking your delightful rambles at the seaside, disport by all means in blue, and substitute a dark green or yellow one in its stead. Blue tulle offers no more obstruction to the actinic rays of the sun than blue silk. Half a yard of yellow will, though perhaps not very becoming, will be more efficacious and considerably cheaper than a quart of kalydor.

PETROLEUM AND "INSPIRIT."—We take an opportunity to call attention to a successful company, and give information to our readers at the same time. The New York and Liverpool Petroleum Co. had on the first day of 1865 prospered so well that they ceased to sell stock at $5 per share, and have since sold none at less than their full par of $25. At that price the remainder of the stock is rapidly going off. An overnight has caused some misunderstanding in this matter, which is of considerable importance to a corporation so largely patronized.

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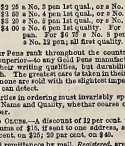
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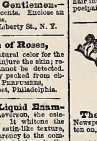
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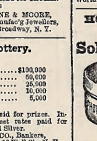


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No. 491—Vol. XIX.] NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 25, 1865. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 13 Weeks $1 00.

Abraham Lincoln.

On the 8th inst. the two Houses of Congress met in convention to count the votes of electors of President and Vice-President of the United States, and they declared that Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson had received two hundred and twelve votes, and George B. McClellan and George H. Pendleton twenty-one votes, respectively, for the offices of President and Vice-President of the United States. There were no votes from the States of Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Texas; and although there were votes presented purporting to come from Tennessee and Louisiana, they were not admitted. Had, however, all the votes from the States in rebellion been counted, together with those from Tennessee and Louisiana, and presuming they had been cast with those of New Jersey, Delaware and Kentucky, as they would doubtless have gone, still the result would have been the same—and Abraham Lincoln, in all cases, been elected our next President.

Under ordinary circumstances Mr. Lincoln would neither have been nominated or elected. It was not belief in his abilities that induced his nomination, nor was he elected from faith in his capacities or consistency. It was because the rebellion had made him the impersonation of the National cause by its vilification of his character, its slanders on his life and habits, and its thorough identification of him with the war and its objects. He was represented—and falsehood could no further go—as a sot, a debauchee, and a reckless and bloodthirsty tyrant, but little better than the King of Dahomey in instinct and conduct, whereas he was and is almost womanly in his sympathies, more than womanly weak in his concessions to treason and in his forgiveness of crime, and, in the plenitude of his kindly nature, mingled with a Spartan devotion to justice, more likely to sacrifice a friend than punish an enemy. It is better that the nation's heart should be represented in the executive chair than its head—the latter often erre, the former seldom. Mr. Lincoln is far from representing the National intellect; but his pulses keep tune with the National heart. He does not lead, but rather follows public convictions. His greatest errors have been an obstinacy which he has mistaken for consistency, more especially in all matters relating to individuals. His pigheadedness in retaining McClellan after events had demonstrated his incapacity, and when he of all men knew best the necessity of a change, and his present folly of retaining men in his cabinet whose worthlessness none know so well as himself, in defiance of the strongly expressed contempt of Congress and the country, are all proofs that he does not clearly appreciate his own position, nor always reflect the popular will. *Per se*, there is no man of less consequence in these United States than Abraham Lincoln of Illinois. A schoolboy would deserve flogging for sending out documents of such prodigious moment as come from his pen in phrase so mean and unbecoming. The dignity of this war has been sadly marred by the so-called State papers which it has called out on both sides—and by none more than by Mr. Lincoln's.

What we are driving at is this, that Mr. Lincoln owes his re-election, an event over which all good and true men devoutly rejoice, to no personal ability, or character, or distinction of his own. Nine-tenths of the men who voted for him—outside of Illinois, where every male of puberty is an office-holder—did so from no high appreciation of him as a man or a statesman, but because, by so doing, they conceived they were best promoting the welfare of the country. To use one of the President's favorite similes, "we could not *swop* horses while swimming the river."

Since the fact of his re-election became known Mr. Lincoln has done well. Men less pure in their purposes than he, in a similar position, would never have stepped from their pedestal to meet the informal Commissioners of a needless rebellion at Fortress Monroe; wiser men, perhaps, and more thorough statesmen by education, would never have so far derogated from their real or supposed dignity; few Presidents could have done the thing without a real derogation. But with the impulsive, honest and full-hearted Hoosier the act was thoroughly in keeping, and an evidence of honest and kindly purpose, to which the whole world must yield a secret "Amen!"

Dropping these somewhat rambling comments, and coming back to the events wherewith we started, there is a great lesson in the fact that Abraham Lincoln is declared President with acclaim, and



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with a material force at his command which this country has not seen rivalled, in that very capitol to which, only four years ago, he was obliged to steal at night and in disguise. The writer of this intends to witness his re-inauguration on the 4th of March, on the very spot where he stood, four years ago, sworn, with five hundred others, "doubly armed," to see that the President elect of the United States should mount, unimpeded and unimperilled, to that high eminence to which his countrymen had chosen him, notwithstanding Washington seethed with treason, and its streets were full of boasts that he should never take the oath prescribed by the Constitution! The unwilling witness of war will be the humble and grateful witness of peace; he who rang the war-bell on the capitol, and sent its alarum on the tremulous air, will sound the glad chimes of peace and the pæan of a regenerate country. Such has been the solemn duty, such we cannot but believe will be the happy duty of Abraham Lincoln, President-elect of the United States. God save the Union!

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This has been selected with great care during the last three years by those of the Directors who have been constantly operating on Oil Creek, and throughout the entire oil region of Pennsylvania, as well as Western Virginia, and was not selected to sell, but for the purpose of development and producing oil, having now some ten wells under contract, and being bored with vigor. Every acre of this Company's property is bottom, and the best of boring land, much of it on Oil Creek, Cherry Run, Cherry Tree Creek, Walnut Bend, Alleghany River, and other streams, where the lands are being developed with good success. The shares of the Company are nearly all taken up, and application must be made soon, in order to secure shares. Address the Company direct, at either of their Offices, No. 71 Broadway, New York; Nos. 612 and 614 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.; and Baltimore, Md.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Almanac for 1865.

The last edition of this valuable work of reference is now ready. Dealers and others who desire a supply should make immediate application. It is useless at this date to bring before the public the manifold features of interest in this publication, their appreciation is fully indicated by the popular demand. The book is a complete compendium of all sorts of information of universal value. There are about two hundred distinct articles mostly illustrated, besides lithographic portraits of Grant and Ferragut, executed in a high style of art. Information for the people has rarely been condensed in such an admirable form. It is undoubtedly superior to its prototype, the London Illustrated Almanac, while the price, 50 cents, is lower.

Frank Leslie's Lady's Illustrated Almanac for 1865.

This annual contains a greater amount of useful and entertaining information than any publication of the kind ever issued. It is indeed the only Lady's Illustrated Almanac published. It is embellished with over 70 beautiful engravings, by the finest Artists of the day, executed in the highest style of art. It contains directions for the parlor, ball-room, boudoir, store-room, kitchen, garden, nursery and sick-room. In a word, it is the matron's *vade mecum*, as well as the young lady's companion, and it should be found in every household. In addition to general illustrations, it contains splendid portraits of Mrs. Lincoln and Mrs. McClellan, exquisitely engraved on steel, and a graphic Bathing-Scene at Long Branch, printed on fine paper. This complete Lady's Manual—which contains more reading matter than an octavo volume—costs only 50 cents. It will be sent, postage free, on receipt of the price, either in currency or postage stamps. Address

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Frank Leslie's Comic Almanac.

A solid mass of information for general reference, half smothered in a perfect hailstorm of fun. Matters historical, transient, domestic, political, are here relieved of their gloom or dulness by the pointed laughter of the caricaturist and satirist. Whoever wants to contemplate the lapse of the year in a cheerful frame of mind may spread the comic sheets of this calendar before him and grow fat for 15 cents.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.

One copy, three months	$1 00
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Two copies, one year, to one address, in one wrapper	7 50
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One copy of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper and one copy of Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine (the most complete Lady's Book published) for one year	7 00

Address FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl Street, N. Y.

The introduction of silk plush for hats, as substitute for beaver, has brought about some curious changes in the fur market; for example, in 1827, 1828 and 1829 mink skins were worth in New York from 37 to 40 cents each. Now these skins are worth from $8 to $9. Muskrat skins were then worth 50 cents each and are now worth about the same.

Barnum's American Museum.

Grand Gala Week. Walter's collection of life-size figures of the Japanese Nobility, richly attired in appropriate costumes of the highest Dignitaries of the Empire, may be seen by visitors at all hours. Afternoon at 3, the Romantic Domestic Moral Drama of JESSIE VERE; or, THE WANDERER'S RETURN. Tony Denier in Extravaganza Dance. Previous to the Play, the Laughable Farce, of THE STAGE-STRUCK YANKEE. Evening at 7½, the very successful Drama of AZUCENA; or, THE GIPSY'S VENGEANCE. Morning at 11, PUNCH AND JUDY, Comic Songs, Elegant Dances, etc. Professor Hutchings, Lightning Calculator; Two Fat Women, Living Skeleton; Giant Boy, 8 Feet; Mammoth Monkey; Woodroffe's Bohemian Glass Blowers; Two Glass Steam Engines in Motion; Life-size Wax Figures of Mrs. Gen. Tom Thumb and Baby; Circassian Girl, Dwarf, Albino Boy, Living Otters, French Moving Figures, Aquaria, Menagerie, etc. Admission 30 cents; Children under 10, 15 cents.

The great Local Drama by MISS LAURA KEENE will shortly be produced.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 25, 1865.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl street, New York.

The Peace Palaver and its Result.

We have not the space necessary for the reproduction of the reports of the various parties to the late Peace Conference at Fortress Monroe. That of the Rebel Commissioners is clear, straightforward, precise and compact. That of the President muddled, voluminous, technical, and full of that astounding (not to say characteristic) style of composition which has made most of the State papers that have come from the same source a disgrace even to the imperfect common school education of the country. One fairly writhes with mingled pain, laughter and pity when he finds the concluding paragraph of what we are bound to suppose was a serious executive document, on a subject of vital national importance, commencing with small-country lawyer rigmarole, as follows:

"On our part, the whole substance of the instructions to the Secretary of State hereinbefore recited, stated, and insisted upon, and nothing was said inconsistently therewith, while by the other party, etc., etc."

Shades of John Doe and Richard Roe! Peace, perturbed spirits!

The report of Mr. Seward comes in the form of a dispatch to Mr. Adams, has the usual turgidity, mixed with elaborate utterances of commonplaces and platitudes. We are told that "the advocates of war, after an agitation, longer or shorter, generally gain their fearful end, though the war declared is not unfrequently unnecessary and unwise." We are *not* told, however, "that two and two are numbers that have not unfrequently, it may be perhaps affirmed that they have always, by persons not incompetent to make the calculation, been understood to make up a sum total not much exceeding, nor materially falling short of, precisely four!"

The State papers elicited by this war, and the military reports generally, will give posterity a very low estimate of the taste and intelligence of the age and people. From the time that McClellan wrote from South Mountain, not that "God has mercifully vouchsafed us a victory," or "We have met the enemy and they are ours," but "Gen. Lee publicly admits that he was shockingly whipped!" down to Porter's rambling and undignified narration of the capture of Fort Fisher, we have had little indeed to be proud of in the way of army reports. Gen. Grant's concise, modest and direct recital of his Vicksburg campaign stands almost alone among the documents emanating from our military commanders that will not disfigure the page of history.

To return, however, from this digression. The various reports of the parties to the Peace interview all concur in their essential points. The President tells us that the Southern Commissioners abstained from saying positively that they *never* would consent to re-union "in any event or any condition," but "seemed to desire a postponement of that question, and the adoption of some other course first, which, as some of them seemed to argue, might or might not lead to re-union." Mr. Seward informs us that nothing was written or read on either side, and that the "Richmond party" at no time made "categorical demands nor tendered formal stipulations or absolute refusals." What they "seemed chiefly to favor was a postponement of the question of separation, upon which the war is waged, and a mutual direction of the efforts of the Government, as well as those of the insurgents, to some extrinsic policy or scheme, for a season, during which passions might be expected to subside, and the armies be reduced, and trade and intercourse between the people of both sections be resumed. It was suggested by them that through such postponement we might now have immediate peace, with some not very certain prospect of an ultimate satisfactory adjustment of the political relations between the Government and the States, section, or people, now engaged in conflict with it."

This suggestion was not accepted by the President, inasmuch as it could be regarded as signifying an armistice, and he announced that—

"The United States can agree to no cessation or suspension of hostilities, except on the basis of the disbandment of the insurgent forces, and the restoration of the national authority throughout all the States in the Union collaterally; and in subordination to the proposition which was thus announced, the anti-slavery policy of the United States was reviewed in all its bearings, and the President announced that he must not be expected to depart from the positions he had heretofore assumed in his proclamation of emancipation, and other documents, as these positions were reiterated in his annual message. It was further declared by the President that the complete restoration of the national authority everywhere was an indispensable condition of any assent on our part to whatever form of peace might be proposed. The President assured the other party that while he must adhere to these positions, he would be prepared, so far as power is lodged with the Executive, to exercise liberality."

Messrs. Stephens, Hunter and Campbell, or as Mr. Seward styles them, the "Richmond party," report substantially the same result. They say:

"We understood from him [President Lincoln] that no terms or proposals of any treaty or agreement looking to an ultimate settlement would be entertained or made by him with the authorities of the Confederate States, because that would be a recognition of their existence as a separate power, which, under no circumstances, would be done; and, for like reasons, that no such terms would be entertained by him from the States separately; that no extended truce or armistice (as at present advised) would be granted or allowed without a satisfactory assurance, in advance, of a complete restoration of the authority of the Constitution and laws of the United States over all places within the States of the Confederacy.

"That whatever consequences may follow from the re-establishment of that authority must be accepted. But that individuals subject to pains and penalties under the laws of the United States might rely upon a very liberal use of the power confided to him to remit those pains and penalties if peace be restored."

Mr. Jefferson Davis, in communicating this report to the Rebel Congress, states that he understands the position of the United States to be this: "that it will not enter into negotiations with the Confederate States, or any one of them separately, or to give to our people any other terms or guarantees than those which the conqueror may grant, or to permit us to have peace on any other basis than our unconditional submission to their rule, coupled with the acceptance of their recent legislation, including an amendment to the Constitution for the emancipation of all the negro slaves, and with the right on the part of the Federal Congress to legislate on the subject of the relations between the white and black population of each State."

This appears to be the end of all efforts at adjustment between the Government and the rebels for the present. After the capture of Richmond and Charleston it is not unlikely peace overtures may again be made. Not until then.

In these times of war, when hundreds die in a day for that which we all deem most precious, the national life, it is not amazing that those who have contributed to make us what we are, whether in art, mechanics, or science, should "pass away," with scarce a word of eulogy. We have already briefly noticed, in a paragraph which in its proportions might not exceed that devoted to the record of a fire or a murder, the death of a man who has done more for the organization of science in America, than any man who ever lived—we allude to Prof. Benjamin Silliman, senior, of Yale College, New Haven. He died on the 24th of Nov. last, at the ripe age of 85 years—of which more than 40 were dedicated to what we have already designated as the "organization" of American science, mainly through "Silliman's American Journal of Arts and Sciences," which, although published in the essentially non-metropolitan town of New Haven, has attained a deserved world-renown. Prof. Silliman was not a great discoverer, nor did he aspire to personal aggrandisement. A thorough student, every co-worker had an appeal to his heart and sympathies, and he shared in none of those petty jealousies and contemptible bickerings which disgrace the *parvenus* and charlatans of science. Truth to him was, of all things, great and good, and he valued men mainly as they contributed to its establishment. He cared not if a bug was named after Silliman or Smith, but wished only to have its family and relations well defined; nor did he care by whom the greatest problems of natural science were solved—whether by the young student or the sinecured professor. "Is it not true?" was the sole question which he propounded, and the promulgator of a single truth was, to him, a claim to respect and a title more precious than that of knighthood. Prof. Silliman was the Washington of American science. It is not given to all men to triumph in the same field, but in every department of life and in its pursuits men may achieve their respective victories—the great future of mankind will award the meed of honor to him who is most deserving.

A correspondent of the London *Athenæum* gives us an account of Prof. Silliman's death on that "Thanksgiving Day" with which so many of our happiest and holiest recollections are associated:

"On the night previous to his death he retired to rest as well as usual. In the morning he awoke cheerful, and happy in the thought of beholding a bright, clear morning on the return of another Thanksgiving Day, with his numerous family. He breathed a short prayer in bed, telling his wife that he should, on this morning, make his family prayer rather longer than usual. Very soon after saying this, he asked his wife to put her hand under his head. In the act of doing this, to Mrs. Silliman's amazement, a sudden change came over his face; he closed his eyes, and without saying a word or moving a muscle of his body, passed away! It was, indeed, a translation from earth to heaven. I never saw so beautiful a countenance in death. I gazed on it with wonder, and could not realise the fact of death; it seemed that he might at any moment awake. I was much impressed with the remark of one of his grandchildren—a girl of six years. She 'did not like it, because it looked so young.' Prof. Silliman was 85. He was a noble, generous-hearted Christian gentleman; with him science and religion went hand in hand. Ever cheerful and happy himself, he tried to make others the same and died, as he had lived, one of the best of men."

Our dead soldiers are now buried with great care, and in a way to facilitate the efforts of their friends to recover their bodies, should it be wished to transfer them to the quiet country churchyard, where all would like to lie by the side of the friends and relations who have gone before. A correspondent in the Army of the Potomac tells us that:

"A plain coffin is procured, and the deceased placed in it, prepared as decently for his eternal sleep as his habiliments will allow. In the coffin with him is put a bottle tightly corked, and within it is a scrap of paper telling his name, rank, company and regiment, and date and cause of death. Every division hospital has its plat of ground for burial purposes, and in this the worn-out soldier is put to rest. In addition to this precaution, a headboard is always placed at the grave, giving the same facts, and a recent excellent order from Gen. Meade has prescribed the minutiæ of burial, all the provisions tending to inculcate respect for the dead and consideration for the survivors, by giving the latter every possible facility for future identification."

A General may be great out of the field as well as in it, in private as well as public life. We have no officer who stands higher as a soldier and a man than Gen. Thomas, the victor of Nashville, and he has written a letter in reply to a proposition made by some of his friends and admirers, to raise him a sum of money as a testimonial, which will further elevate his reputation before the world. He says:

"Whilst I am duly and profoundly sensible of the high compliment thus proposed to be paid me, I would greatly prefer, and, if not premature, request, that any sum which may be raised for that purpose may be devoted to the founding of a fund for the relief of disabled soldiers, and of the indigent widows and orphans of officers and soldiers who have lost their lives during this war. I am amply rewarded when assured that my humble services have met with the approbation of the Government and the people."

The *Temps* of Paris, of Jan. 3d, reviews the situation of affairs in the United States, but "only for form's sake," and adds:

"Europe can do nothing in the matter, and the most chimerical minds have ceased to speak of intervention. For the old world, this unprecedented struggle is a spectacle rich in lessons, at the same time formidable and consolatory. By the cost now imposed on the United States to extirpate slavery, it displays the terrible justice of history, and shows by what fearful sacrifices nations expiate the prolonged tolerance of wrong. It also exhibits, by the incredible facility of those sacrifices, that abundance of material and moral resources of which no idea existed, and above all, shows, by the little loss of liberty they have involved, that liberty is not fatally destined to perish in the tempests of civil wars. On this point all European ideas, including our own, are completely bewildered. The re-election of Mr. Lincoln, and the manner in which it was accomplished, are the pledge of an indestructible liberty, and will remain in history as an imperishable pledge of political and moral greatness. Those are great lessons of which Europe has besides contributed to pay the costs by the reaction of the cotton crisis; but those are precisely only lessons. The facts, whether they please or not, are quite out of reach of European action, and this is now a truth generally admitted."

Summary of the War.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Through the rebel papers we learn that Branchville was occupied by a portion of Gen. Sherman's forces on the 9th inst.—thus isolating Charleston, and rendering the surrender of that city almost a foregone conclusion—indeed, the Richmond papers of the 11th spread the rumor of its being already evacuated. The probability is that the rebel army therein will make their escape as Gen. Hardee's forces did from Savannah, and scatter in all directions.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Gen. Terry has commenced operations against Wilmington, whose fall is now a matter of a few days more. Fort Anderson has been bombarded by some U. S. gunboats, preparatory to a final attack upon it.

MISSISSIPPI.

The rebel papers announce that Gen. Thomas has commenced a new campaign, which seems to threaten Mobile.

VIRGINIA.

The quiet which has for some time reigned in the armies before Richmond and Petersburg was broken on Sunday, the 5th, when the 2d and 5th corps made an advance on the rebels' right line in the direction of Hatcher's run and Dabney's mill, to the south of Petersburg. After considerable fighting on the 5th and 6th inst. our troops retained their advanced position, having extended their lines more than five miles. This position has been so strongly fortified as to assure us it is another step towards the complete beleaguring of Richmond. Our loss in the above movement has been about 1,300 men, killed, wounded and missing.

Gen. Grant was in Washington, Saturday, the 11th, and testified before the Committee on the Conduct of the War concerning the exchange of prisoners, in regard to which he said that the matter was now entirely in his hands; that he had made an arrangement for the exchange to go on man for man, until the entire number held by one side or the other should be exhausted; and that the delivery of our men would now go on at the rate of 3,000 or more per week, the Salisbury and Danville prisoners coming first. Gen. Grant afterward visited both Houses of Congress in session, and was received with marked distinction.

THE OIL REGION.

The New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore Consolidated Petroleum and Mining Company.

There are Bulls and Bears in all stock operations, and they are to be found elsewhere than on the street or the 'change. In our newspapers we can trace these rival operators, one party advertising this great article of commerce, the other crying it down and

denouncing it in the most unmeasured terms. Where such enormous and constantly increasing interests are concerned, we must expect this, and we view it as an evidence of the absorbing interest felt in it by the public, and as a confirmation of the almost fabulous wealth and resources of the oil country.

As we have before stated, the operations throughout the whole oil regions have been partially suspended for five or six weeks, in consequence of the continued cold weather. It is impossible to convey water to the engines, and Oil creek, itself, is frozen solid. But if operations are suspended, the work of preparation is going on with extraordinary activity, and when the frost breaks up, there will be three wells going down for every one now in existence.

The newest excitement in the oil region is directed to the land around Elk creek, in Erie county, Penn., the development of which was commenced in the fall of last year. Here the "New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore Consolidated Petroleum and Mining Company" has some of its most valuable property. The value of land has advanced enormously; the Company, within a few days, was offered for a very small parcel of its property on the Wilcox farm Thirty-five thousand dollars ($35,000) cash.

On Sugar creek, which has also been recently developed, this Company also holds valuable property. On the land immediately adjoining theirs, the Saunders' farm, there is one well which is producing 25 barrels per day of the finest lubricating oil. They also have a well down some 300 feet, which gives strong indication of the same valuable product. So valuable do they consider this property, that they have erected on it a hotel, for their superintendent and their laborers. The spring will develope this property in its resources of inestimable value.

The "New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore Consolidated Petroleum and Mining Company," has only been before the public four or five weeks, and yet $200,000 of the $300,000 of stock have been subscribed for here—a success altogether unprecedented in the history of oil speculations. Reports from the Baltimore and Philadelphia offices will, in all probability, enable the Company to close its books before the 1st of March.

This success was not altogether unexpected, for the intrinsic value of the property it owns is well known to those who have the largest investments in oil, and the judgment of Capt. J. S. Clark, who has explored every acre of the region from the commencement of the excitement, and who is a President not only in name but in activity and supervision, has imparted a confidence as to the stability of the Company which has resulted in this remarkably rapid sale of the stock.

It is acknowledged by those conversant with the districts in which the property of the "New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore Consolidated Petroleum and Mining Company" is situated, that their land in fee simple and in lease, if thrown on the market to-day, would realise between five and six hundred thousand dollars ($600,000). The value of judgment, founded upon personal experience and actual survey, in the choice of oil lands, cannot be over-estimated. It is the very best security that holders of stock can have, as to the sterling value of their investments.

NEW MUSIC.

WE take with pleasure this opportunity to direct the attention of our musical readers to two new songs by our celebrated composer and pianist, Franz Schlotter; the one a charming ballad to the words of Rev. G. Wolf, "Go, forget me!" &c.; the other adapted to a translation from the German of Uhland, with English and German texts. The latter composition is treated by the composer with true poetic spirit and feeling, and must, we think, become a favorite song. We may also add neither of these pieces are difficult of execution, but, nevertheless, are very effective in style.

TOWN GOSSIP.

WE have had so many and such absurd changes of weather during the last week, that one could only account for them by supposing that the agent who has charge of that department was determined for once to gratify everybody, and stop, if possible, the faultfinding that has gone on ever since human beings had a tongue in which they could carp and say disagreeable things.

But we doubt if it has had the desired effect, and we must confess that in our case natural depravity is so strong that the most we could say in favor of the plan would be that some of the changes were less disagreeable than others.

The skating most of the time has been excellent; during a day or two the ice was so rough from continuous use that the devotees of that amusement were forced to rest on their irons, but they made up for the pause at the first opportunity by more insane energy than before.

We have had balls without stint or cessation by nearly all the ball-giving associations in the city, and the annual one of the Arion Society came off at the Academy of Music last Thursday with unusual brilliancy.

The truth is, there never was such sport to be had anywhere as at a masquerade; one has an opportunity to do and say such delightfully impertinent and outrageous things, and really it is very jolly to find just how impudent one is capable of being.

The opera season has waxed more and more brilliant as the nights go on, though we are not sure that it did not reach its culminating point in the way of brilliancy and hearty satisfaction in last Friday's evening of "Traviata," with Zucchi perfectly delightful in the rôle of Violetta.

Mr. Gonzalez has commenced at Clinton Hall a series of Sunday Sacred Concerts, which promise to be very successful. The selections so far have been made with much taste, comprising some of the most delightful *morceaux* from the works of the greatest masters of the Italian and German schools.

The theatres generally are doing nothing remarkably new, but night after night every place of amusement is crowded to overflowing. It really seems as if our citizens never felt the need of relaxation and distraction so much as now.

Is it because everybody is growing rich, and all sorts of pleasures that money can purchase may be freely indulged in; or is it only to keep as far away as possible from the sober thoughts which, during hours of solitude, must intrude after the mad whirl of speculation and business in which the day is consumed?

Somewhat ungracious questions to ask, and not a pleasant subject to pursue—let us leave it and be content, as the managers probably are, to know that, whatever may be the reason, gaily dressed crowds fill the theatres, and enjoy to the utmost such novelties as those autocrats are pleased to offer.

Last week, Monday, Mrs. Lander commenced her engagement at Niblo's. As might have been expected, from her former great reputation as an actress, and the new interest thrown about her by the devotion she has shown our wounded soldiers, a crowded and appreciative audience greeted her return to the stage, and received her with that enthusiasm which New Yorkers can display when they see fit.

"Mésalliance" has been several times performed here under different names, and was, if we do not mistake, originally translated by Mrs. Lander herself. We cannot say that we like the play particularly; it is dreadfully Frenchy, the plot exceedingly wiredrawn, and the whole thing would be so obviously improved by judicious cutting that we wonder it has not been done.

During the opening scenes Mrs. Lander was scarcely herself, nor was there much opportunity for her to display her powers; but in the second act she recovered her self-possession, her beautiful voice took its clearest, richest tones, and from that time till the close of the piece not a point was lost, not a speech slurred.

The scene in the prison gave, perhaps, an opportunity for the finest acting; there Mrs. Lander was truly magnificent. She is undoubtedly the most finished actress upon the stage; she never rants nor raves, nor does she constantly strike attitudes by way of being always picturesque or statuesque, but every movement is so graceful and ladylike, her acting so intense and impassioned, yet so true to nature, that she gives one that rare pleasure of seeing genius, which has been willing, by earnest study and devotion to art, to bring its highest qualities under perfect control.

As a general thing she is well supported. Miss Wells and Mr. Burnett are especially good in their respective parts, a thing one can always say of these two conscientious, painstaking and very agreeable artists.

Barnum, who always contrives to have something novel to amuse his patrons, whose name is legion, whatever may be the case with other managers, is having a great run with "Azucena; or, the Gipsy's Vengeance." Besides this, he gives a charming spectacular piece, called "The Ring of Fate," and between the two the Lecture-room is jammed every afternoon and evening beyond the possibility even of standing-room.

Every week new curiosities are added to the countless hosts that already crowd the Museum, and, as usual, whatever triumph he may reach, Barnum's motto is still "Excelsior!"

It is said that Tennyson is to be made a baronet. Certainly her Majesty of England will show her own good taste and appreciation of genius by tacking this handle to the minstrel's name, and, into the bargain, "Sir Alfred" will sound rather prettily. But, after all, when a man has made his name a household word at home and abroad by his glorious creations, when his songs are on the lips of every young girl, and his poems find a place in every library and every heart, no sovereign on earth can add to his dignity, either by titles or lands. Whoever cares about his being poet laureate?—only if the traditional pipe of Madeira accompanies the position, it is pleasant to think of the bard quaffing the golden elixir—and if they made a duke of him to-morrow, it wouldn't be half as grand a title as that of "Author of the Idyls of the King."

Florence has lately been interesting itself in a subject which some years since made a brief sensation in this country—the very curious idea of making photography a detective agent.

Enlarged photographs were taken of the eye of a murdered woman, in which could be discovered the outlines of a human face, which really did, or was fancied by many, to resemble the men who had been arrested for the crime.

The question is still a disputed point, but we are so accustomed to marvels that if it should prove to be a new discovery in the world of science, we should receive it very quietly, only taking good care to have a mask ready when we wanted to do a little amateur business in the way of assassinating somebody.

They have discovered a quicksilver mine in the streets of Valparaiso, and as several houses are built over the vein, probably they will do as was proposed in regard to sundry oil derricks that grace Oil City—make the entrance in the parlors, and instead of treating visitors to music or boring them with cards or conversation, exhibit the quicksilver mine.

Some man has brought a variety of libel suits against different parties in which the united damages that he claims will amount to $59,000,000. Now that is going to law on a grand scale—we admire the man's genius—why, it is like reading the Arabian Nights or Monte Christo just to think of it. Even to have got up such a suit, without a probability of realising anything, ought to make a man happy for life from the glow that one such golden dream, however baseless, would fling over all coming time.

Nothing could be a pleasanter sight or a surer proof of a growing taste among our citizens to cultivate the beautiful than the increase of flower-shops along Broadway during the past year or two.

Somebody says that "flowers are like children, always opening their pure hearts to heaven, and inviting us to look there also;" and there is a world of truth in the beautiful simile. If people did but understand more generally how a tithe of the money spent in decorating a dinner-table with plate would be better expended in a daily ornament of flowers for the board, it does seem as if they would prefer showing that they possessed some claim to refined and æsthetic tastes to advertising the amount of their fortunes by the number of silver dishes they owned.

Certainly more happiness could be obtained from a conservatory than by wasting vast sums in crowding rooms with costly furniture in the most incongruous taste, till in walking through them one passes every style of furniture, from the heavy medieval down to the modern, as if everybody had turned spiritualist, and wanted to have a chair suited to the ideas of each ghost, from the times of Charlemagne down to the rich uncle who died last year, who might chance to drop in for a friendly call. The benefit it would be to children, the daily and hourly pleasure to all concerned are things to be taken into consideration by those who have brains enough to know that the happiness we win from life is in proportion to the extent to which we cultivate each pure and refined taste of our natures.

Even with moderate means it is so easy to beautify one's dwelling in that manner. A stand of plants in a window, an ivy-vine trained over an arch, shall give an apartment an air of elegance and grace which no amount of gilded ornaments or silken curtains could do.

We always want to adore a woman who wears flowers instead of jewels with a ball toilette. After one has waded through an evening's Pontine Marsh of parties and pomposities, the sight of a woman thus decorated is a positive relief from the glitter of jewels and the sight of the marvelous beasts with which our modern Eves at present overload their heads and necks. She absolutely brings to mind the fresh, honest feelings which every man is supposed to possess somewhere among his household deities, however much they be neglected. Indeed, if a woman like that has not often been a direct ministering angel, by reminding some mother, by the sight of those pure flowers, of the household blossoms, the little children left at home to the care of a menial, and the means of making many a man seek his family treasures, instead of finishing his night at a supper or a faro table, we are more mistaken in our knowledge of human nature than our natural vanity will permit us to believe.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The town of Hadley, Mass., raised 530 tons of tobacco last year, and 40 or 50 tons of the weed have been sold there within a few days. A man in Easthampton raised 4,400 pounds on two acres of land last year, and sold it for 28 cents per pound throughout. It is estimated that the tobacco crop of Easthampton is worth $40,000 to that town.

—— A correspondent of the Albany *Evening Journal* relates the following: "As I was standing in the Capitol Park, Wednesday morning, watching the firing of the cannon, a lady, draped in deep black, stopped and asked 'if they were firing on account of the Constitutional amendment?' She was told 'yes.' 'Oh!' said she, 'let me fire one gun for Free America!' She pulled the string without flinching, and walked quietly away. It struck me that she might be wearing black for some dear one who had given his life for his country, and if so, she would enjoy the satisfaction that it had not been given in vain.

—— A bill has been introduced in the New York Assembly, providing that the Governor, Lieutenant-Governor and Secretary of State shall be a commission to locate the Capitol at such city as shall offer the strongest inducements and prove the most available site outside the city of Albany.

—— Seventy-two degrees of Doctor of Divinity have been conferred by American colleges upon clergymen in the United States, and 29 degrees of Doctor of Laws upon various individuals, during the past year.

—— The Toronto *Leader* has an indignant article, denouncing the surrender of the rebel raider Burley to the United States authorities. It is specially angry that he should have been delivered up at midnight.

—— In accordance with the agreement with Brazil, the crew of the rebel pirate Florida has been sent out on board a steamer to England.

—— The Boston *Transcript* says that since 1844 there has been a snowstorm in the first four days of February, with only the exception of 1857.

—— An enterprising man in Dryden, N. Y., had the misfortune to lose his wife on a Sunday; on Monday he married his servant girl; on Tuesday they attended the funeral of the deceased together, the new wife wearing the old one's clothes.

—— The port of Fernandina, Florida, has been opened to trade in cotton and other products of the Southern States, on Government account, and Mr. Kilbourne has been appointed agent there.

—— The vote in the House of Representatives carrying the Constitutional amendment on the 31st of Jan. was 119 to 56. As it passed the Senate last year, it has now only to be submitted to the people.

Western.—Gov. Lewis, of Wisconsin, has issued a proclamation, warning the people against countenancing any outbreak, which there are some fears may take place, in consequence of the sale of farm lands mortgaged in aid of railroads.

—— A company of 43 women recently attempted to flee from the bonds of Mormonism in Utah, but they were overtaken and carried back to their lords and masters.

—— The Ohio House of Representatives is discussing the question of electing a young lady as clerk of that body. It has been referred to the Judiciary Committee to ascertain whether such an election would be constitutional.

Southern.—The seal of the rebel States of America is described in the English newspapers. It is designed by Foley, the celebrated Irish sculptor, and contains in the centre a representation of Crawford's statue of Washington. This is surrounded by a wreath, composed of the most valuable vegetable products of the Southern soil—tobacco, rice, Indian corn, cotton, wheat and sugar-cane. The rim bears the legend: "The Confederate States of America, 22d of February, 1862, Deo vindice." The seal is of silver and its diameter is four inches.

—— The scarcity of arms in rebeldom may be gathered from the fact that Gen. Lee has issued a proclamation, appealing to all citizens to give up to the Government every description of gun, pistol, revolver, etc. He says that a receipt will be given for such arms as may be delivered, and a fair remuneration paid their owners.

Military.—The Committee on the Conduct of the War have made their report on the mine explosion failure, 26th July, before Petersburg. It seems to throw the onus of the failure on Gen. Meade.

—— The army appropriations for this year are $511,000,000, against $620,000,000 last year.

Naval.—The steamship Queen, the first American vessel bearing the flag of a Vice-Admiral in our navy, arrived at City Point, James river, on Friday of last week, with Vice-Admiral Farragut on board.

—— The navy appropriations for this year are about $8,000,000, against $10,000,000 last year.

Personal.—An exchange paper says that Gottschalk's agent recently ran away with $20,000 belonging to that eminent pianist.

—— Hon. Gustovus A. Koerner, of Illinois, U. S. Minister to Spain, has resigned his position.

—— Chief Justice Chase read his first opinion on the 6th inst., in the case of the Circassian, to the effect that the capture of New Orleans by Butler and Farragut did not terminate the blockade.

—— A number of citizens residing in Philadelphia have recently made Mrs. Grant, the wife of our Lieutenant-General, the present of a superb piano, valued at $1,200.

Obituary.—Marie, Countess de Tocqueville, widow of the well-known writer on the United States, died in France recently, in her 60th year. She was almost as famous as her husband in the literary world.

—— Baron Achard, a distinguished French General, died on the 7th Jan. aged 87. A soldier of the first Republic of 1793, he received 27 wounds, some of them very severe. He was the oldest General in Europe, having received his commission as General in 1823. He was the General who had the courage to tell the great Napoleon on the morning of Waterloo that he did not think he would gain the battle, in consequence of his depending so much upon strategy.

—— Major W. W. Anderson, of the 20th Pennsylvania cavalry, was recently killed by falling from his horse in an apoplectic fit in Pleasant Valley.

Accidents and Offences.—A man named Bivins last week shot his father, mother and wife, at Woodstock, Mich., in order to marry a young woman with whom he had become enamored. After the triple murders he set the house on fire. After his arrest he made a full confession.

—— A respectable German, August Herkerman, recently committed suicide in Philadelphia by drinking strychnine, the reason being that he had not succeeded so well in this country as he had expected.

—— A lady skater, in Philadelphia, lately fell upon the ice, with hands extended to break the fall, just as a swift skater was gliding past. He could not check his speed, and one of his sharp skates cut off three of her fingers.

—— On the night of the 8th inst. a most destructive fire broke out in Philadelphia, owing to the burning of some coal oil—47 houses were destroyed and several lives lost, the unhappy persons being literally roasted alive.

—— Col. Baker, of the War Department, after three weeks incessant labor, has succeeded in ferreting out the most astounding plot for cheating the Government out of men and the State of money, by a complicated system of bounty jumping and forgery. Twenty-seven of the principal criminals have been arrested, some of them Government officials.

—— There is reason to believe that the death of Mr. Branch, the broker, who was killed by a brick falling on him, was not attributable to accident, but design.

Foreign.—A violent shock of an earthquake was felt about eight o'clock in the evening on the 15th ult., in Bavaria. In Partenkirchen and Garmisch the log houses trembled, and all their furniture began to stagger; mirrors and pictures on the walls swung to and fro, and the poultry, domestic animals and cage birds were roused from their sleep. The terrified population rushed into the streets, many of them believing the world was coming to an end.

—— It has recently been determined by the Prussian authorities that marriages concluded simply by Dissenting clergymen, and not by ministers of the Evangelical or Catholic church, have no official validity. All the children of such marriages are declared illegitimate.

—— A geographical discovery far more important than the source of the Nile has just been made in South America. The river Amazon has been found to be navigable from one end to the other, so that a new route has been opened between the Atlantic and the Pacific. The Morona, a Peruvian steamer, which was sent to explore the Amazon, has arrived at Mayro, about 300 miles from Lima. The Morona navigated more than 2,500 miles of the Amazon proper, and 600 of the Yeayali and the Pachitea rivers, which, until then, had been only Indian canoes. The country is, of course, inhabited only by savages, but it is of wonderful fertility.

—— The sympathisers with secesh held a meeting at Toronto on the 3d Feb. to pass a vote of censure on the Canadian Government for delivering up Burley to the United States; but the result was that upon somebody proposing a vote of thanks it was carried, to the great confusion of the rebel sympathisers.

—— A correspondent in Japan gives a curious picture of the progress of European ideas in that once exclusive land—among other items it gives this: "There is a strong body of British troops in Japan. On the 20th of October some 1,600 men were publicly reviewed, to the great delight and astonishment of the Japanese. As a singular coincidence the national Japanese troops were also reviewed on the same parade by the side of the British soldiers. Their war dresses were very picturesque and were much admired."

—— The correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* says: "Things are rapidly approaching their normal state in Lancashire. The supply of cotton from various parts of the world soon set all the cotton mills again in motion, and, except on the score of price, it matters little when the civil strife across the Atlantic may cease. The events that are occurring there give confidence to those who regard a comparatively high price of cotton for years to come as inevitable. A long time must necessarily elapse before the Southern States can produce the article in anything approaching the quantities which existed before the war." It would thus seem that the South has very effectually dethroned, as far as they could, their idol—Cotton!

—— The number of houses pulled down in Paris during 1864 has been 256, and the number built 2,781; since 1852, 12,696 have been removed, and 03,925 new ones erected.

Chit-Chat.—The Cleveland *Plaindealer* mentions the case of a well-dressed young man of good manners, who gave in his income to the assessor at several thousand dollars, paid the tax, and had the pleasure of seeing his name in the lists among the nabobs of the country. On the strength of this he courted a wealthy man's daughter and married her. Then it was found out that he had no money, and had sold his mother's watch to pay the income-tax. The Government made a good thing out of it, and so did the young man.

—— A lady living in Woonsocket, Conn., aged 34 years, has father, mother, and four grandparents now living. Her father is aged 65 years, and her mother 60. The respective ages of her grandparents are as follows: 93, 91, 85, 82. No death has occurred in the family for 30 or 40 years.

—— FRANK LESLIE'S COMIC ALMANAC says there will be six eclipses this year—two of the sun, two of the moon—one of Jeff. Davis, and one of the rebellion.

—— That very learned man, Ernest de Bunsen, has written a book to prove that Adam and Zoroaster were one and the same man. This is about equal to Lamb saying it was easy to make the Chinese Fo into Noah. It was only putting N for F, and adding ah, and the thing was done.

—— A heavy sell was perpetrated in San Francisco recently. An extra, purporting to be issued from the office of the *Alta*, was hawked about and shouted through the streets. According to the slip, Grant had driven Lee into Richmond, and our troops were fighting their way through the streets, which were barricaded and defended by women, as well as men. Every house was a fortress, and hundreds of women and thousands of men were killed. Gen. Butler was mortally wounded by a shot fired from a window by a woman. There were some demonstrations of rejoicing, but they soon ceased, the police arresting the scamps for obtaining money under false pretences. The canard was printed at a job office.

—— Friday's New York *Tribune* says: "It is understood that Henry Ward Beecher asked and received from the Secretary of War permission to preach the Gospel in Charleston, in the ripeness of time. He expressed a particular desire to preach an election sermon in the cradle of the rebellion, on the occasion of Ben. Butler's assumption of the Governorship of South Carolina."

—— Mrs. Lincoln wore at her reception on Friday, Feb. 3d, a purple velvet dress, trimmed with white cord and buttons, an elegant white point lace shawl, head-dress of flowers and white lace, white kid gloves and fan.

—— The London aristocracy intend building a theatre for Sothern. This distinguished comedian is the author of the world-renowned conundrum, "Why does a dog waggle its tail?" The reply is, "Because the dog is larger than the tail, for if the tail were larger than the animal, the tail would waggle the dog," which is self-evident.

—— The Northampton *Press* says a business man in that town exercises his benevolence in distributing turkeys to his employees without much detriment to himself. If they can take the oath he will give each a turkey. But the oath is that they have not cheated him on time to an extent twice the value of the fowl. The oath is said to prove a regular ironclad, and thus he has kept his birds on the strength of it.

—— "Mary," asked Charles, "what animal dropped from the clouds?" "The rain, dear," was the whispered reply.

—— Carleton is about to issue a volume of poems by Mrs. Bolton—report speaks highly of them.

—— The 600th anniversary of Dante's birth will be celebrated in Florence next May.

—— It is stated that, while only five revolutionary pensioners are alive, there are 1,418 widows of such pensioners alive and drawing pensions.

—— Mr. Frank Lawler's letters from Richmond are so frequently intercepted that they cost the proprietors of the London *Times* on an average over £150, equal to $750 (gold) per letter. Rather expensive trash.

—— The *Tribune* now divides "the elbows of the Mincio" with the New York *Daily Times*, since in their issue of the 6th of Feb. they so ingeniously miscegenated the King of Prussia with Mr. Lincoln, that it required considerable sagacity to tell one from the other—like Dundreary the *Tribune* propounded a conundrum, "Why did Mr. Lincoln meet the rebel commissioners?"

—— The *Daily News* says, in reference to Mr. Wood's speech on the peace proposition, "We cannot disguise the fact that Mr. Wood stands to-day in antagonism with his own previous record, and has pronounced himself a coercionist to all intents and purposes."

PETROLEUM.—Responsible companies alone are to be found advertising in *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*. We call attention to the First National Petroleum Company of New York and Pennsylvania, whose claims are set forth in another column. The officers of the concern are gentlemen of character, whose names would not be lent to a doubtful undertaking.

THE wealthy and the noble, when they expend large sums in decorating their houses with the rare and costly efforts of genius, with busts from the chisel of a Canova, and with cartoons from the pencil of a Raphael, are to be commended, if they do not stand still here, but to go on to bestow some pains and cost, that the master himself be not inferior to the mansion, and that the owner be not the only thing that is little, amidst everything else that is great.

IN the Norwegian mines a singular custom is observed in paying the weekly wages of the men. The latter present themselves on Saturday evening to the inspector, who, having settled accounts with each, bids him turn round, and writes, in white chalk, upon his black back the sum due to him. Thus numbered, the man goes to the cashier, who also turns him round to look at the figures, and pays him, without saying a word.



SHIPPING THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE AT GREENWICH.

SKETCHES IN SAVANNAH, GA.

The recent afflictions endured by Savannah are striking illustrations that the way of the transgressor is hard. In 1861 there was not a more beautiful, prosperous, or a prouder city in the South than the great seaport of Georgia. She has now thrice bowed her head in the dust—first to capture, then to want, and last of all to fire. Uncle Sam, whom she so foolishly forsook, has mercifully lightened two of the dispensations,



TRANSVERSE SECTION OF CABLE. LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF CABLE.

and supplied her with food, and tempered his conquest with mercy. He will, doubtless, do all he can to assist her in the loss she has sustained in the recent conflagration. It is somewhat remarkable that both Charleston and Savannah have been scourged with the firebrand.

The Great Fire.

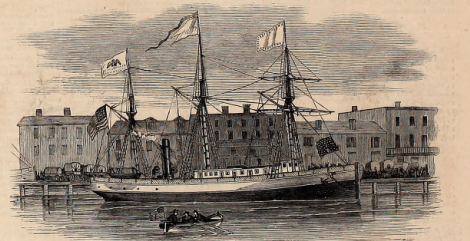
This commenced on the night of the 27th January, and raged for 18 hours—more or less—destroying over 200 houses, and causing the death of several persons, the exact number of which is not known at present, and perhaps never will be. That this fire was the result of incendiaries there can be no doubt, since a keg of powder was placed in close approximation to a magazine where nearly 60 tons were stored. Had this terrific mine exploded the once proud and rebellious city would have become a mere heap of ruins.

Among the chief features was the bursting of the shells, which flew through the air like unquiet spirits, scattering terror and frequently death in every direction.

The Savannah *Republican* says: "Pieces of shell were hurled through the air 200 feet, hissing in fearful tones. To form some idea of the danger it is only necessary to state that the streets and squares for a quarter of a mile around it e fire were filled with pieces of shell, many of which went tearing through the houses in a most horrible manner. The flashes upon the reddened sky were followed with awful explosions, the report of which must have been heard at least 15 or 20 miles. The suspense of our people was beyond all description, as the poor panic-stricken women and children huddled together behind huge trees and buildings for protection, some in an almost nude condition, shivering with the intense cold. The loud wails of terrified mothers who had missed their children in the dire confusion—the screams of children for their parents—the defiant roar of the flames that licked the sky—the ringing of the bells—the rushing of soldiers to and fro with crowds of citizens white with consternation—the spectral appearance of the entire city, whose doors seemed to rest in the fiery clouds that swept to and fro through the firmament—illuminating the city until each building stood out in brilliant grandeur like a vast panorama—all blended, formed a thrilling picture whose colors can never fade from the memory of those who beheld the remarkable spectacle. Several sturdy oak trees caught fire, and blazed away in a most singular manner. The large tank in the tower of the water reservoir was struck and pierced with a piece of shell, and poured down a cataract from the dizzy height, forming a picture of unequaled beauty as the silvery stream dashed over the iron railing that encircles the round stone tower. Nothing could be more beautiful than the long icicles which hung from the reservoir, resembling delicately tinged pink stalactites, while the trees were draped with boards of ice. The manner in which the fire brigade, all colored men, tried to do their duty was worthy of praise, but the rush of the water and the bursting of shells was too much for them, and they finally fled, abandoning their machines to the tender mercies of fire and water."

A spectator says: "Passing along West Broad street, we beheld a most revolting spectacle. On the sidewalk, in front of the smoking walls of a block of fine houses which were in ruins, lay the charred remains of a colored man, whom it is reported was first mortally wounded by a fragment of shell, and being unable to move, the flames devoured him, and left the sickening picture to tell his dreadful fate. Peering inside the walls we beheld the trunk of a human body and a few bones half buried in the hot ashes, while a crowd of insatiate curiosity-hunters stood with morbid satisfaction gazing at the nauseating sight.

(Continued on page 361.)



ARRIVAL AT SAVANNAH OF THE TRANSPORT REBECCA CLYDE, EMPLOYED TO CARRY THE PROVISIONS, &C., CONTRIBUTED BY NEW YORK.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.



LADIES OF SAVANNAH SELLING CORN CAKES TO U. S. TROOPS, FROM THE BASEMENTS OF THEIR HOUSES.—SKETCHED BY W. T. CRANE.



SHIPMENT OF COTTON CAPTURED AT SAVANNAH, FOR NEW YORK, ON ACCOUNT OF THE U. S. GOVERNMENT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

A MOTHER'S PRAYER FOR HER SOLDIER BOY.

BY ADA YROOMAN.

FATHER! I kneel,
Not for myself, but for my boy, I pray!
Oh, nerve his soul upon the battle day,
And guide his steel.



My spirit bled,
'Twas almost death to say: "Go forth, my son!
And battle for the right. God's will be done."
But it *was* said!

Oh, God of Love!
To whom I nightly bend my knee in prayer,
To whom I bring my every woe and care—
Father, above!

Was it for this
I led his infant steps? for this I caught
Each gentle dawning of his baby thought—
And with a kiss

Of pride and joy
Stilled his childish prattlings?—oh! it seems
Like a bright glimpse of long-forgotten dreams
—My boy!—my boy!

All Gracious Power!
Oh, let me see him ere I die! Once more
To this fond breast my darling child restore,
But for one hour!

And should he fall,
May guardian angels soothe his parting breath,
Whispering this comfort in the hour of death,
"'Twas duty's call!"

Such priceless blood
Must win thy smile—for if no sparrow dies
Unheeded by Thine ever pitying eyes,
Shall one so good?

E'en while I pray
My prayer is heard. The jubilant voice of bells
Upon my ear, my heart, my spirit swells—
It heralds day!

Thus says the voice:
"Freedom to all, from Florida to Maine;"
My gallant boy, you have not fought in vain!
Rejoice! rejoice!

O'er earth and sea!
Soldier of God! I'm proud to call thee son.
Father! I thank thee—now the victory's won!
My native land is free!

THE PHYSICIAN OF MONTPELIER.

BY GEORGE PERRY.

THE 9th of March, 1749, a postchaise, and three horses, all adust, descended, at a slow pace, the last slopes of the road from Lunel to Montpelier. When they had reached the foot of Mount Regret, where the city first becomes visible, the postilion, with a long cracking of his whip, crossed the Saladon, and stopped short before the hotel near the end of the bridge. Scarcely had the tinkling of the bells ceased when a gray-haired traveller put his head out the door of the coach, and demanded, in French, if that was the last relay-house.

"We passed it at Colombier," replied the postilion, gravely.

"Why does he stop, then?" murmured a sweet voice within the coach.

"Madame, it is to mend one of the traces and let the horses breathe a moment," replied the postilion.

He did not add that the accident occurred every day at the same place, and in accordance with secret understanding with the landlord of the Golden Cross, who had now already made his appearance, like a falcon for his prey. The traveller, a man with tawny wrinkled face, sinister expression, and dressed all in black, from his peruke even to his heavier shoes, with silver buckles, had alighted from the coach. The landlord obsequiously offered his services, but got in return only cross looks and abusive words. Nothing daunted, however, he went straight to the coach, and began again to extol the delights of his inn.

There were in the coach only a young lady in deep mourning and a servant. The lady was holding on her knees a child three or four years old, puny, feeble, pale and like a little wax figure beneath her long fair tresses. Awakened by the landlord's voice, the child opened its eyes, and a faint smile flitted across its features at sight of the peach boughs hanging, full of white and red blossoms, against the wall of the house. God has placed the most delicate divination in the mother's heart. She perceives the wants of the hopless little beings consigned to her charge before the latter even know them. Happy in being able to gratify the child's desire, the lady at once alighted from the coach, and went and sat down on the bench under the blooming trees, and near a stand loaded with refreshments, dried fruits, grapes, wines, cakes and Narbonne honey. While appearing full of business, hurtling about, cleaning his glasses, uncorking his bottles of Lunel wine, and arranging in proper order the various products of Languedoc, the old fox of the Golden Cross started a conversation in this wise:

"Eat, madame, and take courage. You are a the end now of all your troubles."

"What do you mean, my friend?" asked the mother, surprised.

"I mean, madame, that you will be happier when you pass this way again, turning your back on Montpelier."

"The Lord only knows what you mean. But are you aware, then, of my object in coming?"

"As well as if madame had put it down in black



THE DOCTOR AND THE MILLER.

and white," replied the landlord, confidently, glancing towards the child. "You are come to consult M. Fizan."

"It seems, then, that this physician is in great esteem here."

"Oh, you may he certain of that, madame. If these horses could speak they would tell something, for he makes them run enough."

"It is said that no one is a prophet in his own country; what do they think of him here, in Montpelier?"

"Here, madame, he is looked up to as a god. Ask any one you like, everybody will tell you that, since the memory of man, no physician has ever equalled him."

"I should hope his knowledge were half as great as his reputation."

"Oh, his fame is nothing, madame, in comparison with his knowledge. He divines the malady sometimes without even seeing the patient."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. Not three weeks ago he was passing, in the evening, along the Faubourg Fils-Saint-Cely, up where you are going, he heard some one singing in an inn, he entered and asked who was the singer. They pointed him out, the doctor examined him an instant, and then said to the poor fellow, 'Go, put yourself at once in bed.' When he had gone, the doctor shook his head and said, 'He is a dead man.' The day after——"

"Well, what then?"

"They buried him."

"Did he not cure him?" asked a blunt, rough voice behind the landlord.

It was the traveller in black.

"No, monsieur, because it was impossible. When once anything is broken in the body no one can mend it. But he has saved thousands of others, as he will save, I am sure, this charming little child of yours."

The traveller shrugged his shoulders, drank off two glasses of Muscat in succession, and paying for them with an ill grace, took his place in the coach without another word. The lady had already



THE SELF-CONVICTED POISONER.

preceded him, and with mingled joy and impatience was clasping the child to her bosom. An hour later she was installed in one of the grand apartments of the Cheval-Blanc, and the landlady herself announced M. Fizes. As she heard this name, as famous then in Paris as in Montpelier, she turned pale and trembled. But her surprise was greater than her emotion. Instead of the *savant* which her imagination had pictured to her, with the antique masque of Hippocrates, or with the imposing gravity, the peruke and robe of the colleague of Guy Patin, she saw before her a simple, easy man of fifty, short, stout, with loose flowing hair, and whom, with his great shoes adorned with silver buckles, and his gray coat, she would sooner taken for the steward than for the oracle of the faculty of medicine. His features, ordinary as a peasant's, had an expression of bluntness which was far from being prepossessing. But if one caught his first glance and observed him closely, he could not fail to be struck with the character expressed in his rustic physiognomy, and especially with the depth and penetration of his glance.

Smiling good-naturedly at the lady's astonishment, he took the child and laid it on his knees, and after a few minutes' examination, interspersed with affectionate caressings, like those of a bear playing with a squirrel, he gave it back calmly to its mother.

It was for her a moment of silence and heart-rending anxiety. With eager eye she questioned that impassive countenance. Unable to contain herself any longer, her hand on her heart to repress its beating, she cried, with a gasp:

"Oh, monsieur, I conjure you, leave me no longer in this terrible suspense."

M. Fizes looked at her, and spoke a few words in patois to the landlady.

"Well?" asked the mother, almost breathless.

The landlady replied with a smile of joy, and threw herself into the lady's arms.

"Two mothers!" muttered M. Fizes, pulling out a great blue figured handkerchief.

The mother interrupted his soliloquy, flinging herself down at his knees, overcome with joy, and saying, while he awkwardly lifted her up:

"Is it true? Is it true, monsieur, that you will save my child? Oh, repeat it to me, I beg you; let me hear it—let me hear it again—lest I fall back into despair!"

"Madame," stammered M. Fizes, not without difficulty, "you have performed a double miracle t o-day. You have, in the first place, made me shed tears, contrary to my custom; and now," added he, in a half-vexed tone, "you make me murder French, a thing which I do not do once in ten years; for at present I speak but two languages, patois with my patients and Latin with students and *savants*."

"Speak to me in whatever you please; but in your answer just now was I mistaken in what I thought I understood?"

"No."

"You think, then, you can cure my little boy?"

"Yes."

At this word the mother's strength gave way, and she would have fallen had not the doctor caught her with his great hand. After having intrusted her to the care of the landlady, he abruptly seized his cane and rushed forth, crying out on the stairway, in one of the roughest of voices:

"Have the child sat! I shall be back in the evening."

One of his brother physicians, who wished to take him to see a patient, endeavored to stop him at the door, but M. Fizes, with his usual refrain, "No time! no time!" pushed by, and quickening his steps, was soon out of the city, wandering along on the banks of the Lez.

It was not a prudent thing, at that day especially, to ramble along the right bank. The mall players held the ground by a right of possession, dating back several centuries. The balls, hurled with force a distance of fifty or sixty paces, crossed in the air in every direction, and in spite of the constant cries of "Look out!" it required a vigilant eye, a watchful ear and light foot to avoid an accident. Had it not been for the respect in which he was held, M. Fizes, plunging, with his head down, into the midst of the games, like a bull into a circus, would have risked losing his life; but the players all knew him by heart, and as they were well aware that he would listen to nobody, and would go wherever he pleased, they suspended their games till he had got past into the meadows of the Laine. Never had he appeared more absent-minded or pre-occupied. Straying carelessly across the meadows, where even in spring rocks are more abundant than flowers, he turned towards the river and began slowly to reascend, looking at the green waters of the Lez, the rushes and the young willows gleaming in the sun, with all the minute attention of a frogcatcher. He had almost reached Juvenal Bridge, whose gray arches already appeared through the foliage, when he stopped and stood fixed like a column before a little cottage hidden in the olive foliage, close beside the road. Spring had hung the modest dwelling from base to ridge with its tapestries of flowers and verdure; the stones of the wall had disappeared under convolvulus and honeysuckle; the tiles, overgrown with moss and grass, were scarcely visible through the silvery borders of Easter daisies and pellitory. From this nest, lighted up with the streaming sunbeams, came a fresh youthful voice, which seemed to fascinate M. Fizes. By the sweet emotion expressed on his countenance, one could see that he was not detecting an aneurism, as in the Faubourg Pila-Saint-Gely. Motionless, with both hands resting on his cane, he listened, all absorbed, to the linnet who was singing close by him, yet unconscious of his presence, a translation of the triolet of Jacques:

> "Le premier jour du mois de Mai
> Fut le plus heureux de ma vie,
> Je vous vis et je vois aimai
> Le premier jour du mois de Mai."

"That odd Jacques Rancliert!" muttered M. Fizes, when the singer paused, "he would not be a physician like his grandfather, but what he did was worth something after all. However, the songster makes more than half the song. I would give my Flauquerques vineyard to hear it once more."

The doctor's hope was disappointed; he listened, but heard only the noise of the mill, which was occasionally quashing some hard substance. Taking a bold resolution, he went direct to the door of the little shop, and found himself face to face with a young girl polishing jet. She recognised him at once, and leaving her wheel hastened to offer him a chair. M. Fizes seated himself, and she resumed her work and turning her wheel with a nimble foot and polishing her jet, started at once into a conversation. Our *savant* let her talk, and listened apparently with lively interest, but in reality without catching a word of what she said. While she was asking if there were many sick in Montpelier, if he had come to visit some one in the neighborhood, if he thought the fevers would prevail that year, he, with his chin resting on his cane, looked at her eagerly, and said to himself with a pleased, naive surprise, that he had never seen a whiter arm, a more slender hand, a more finely shaped figure, an eye more black, a prettier mouth, a face more charming.

The girl, disquieted by his silence, and perhaps also by his fixed look, asked him if he felt ill.

"Hum! why that question, my little dear?" said he, abruptly straightening himself up.

"Because I had heard said that M. Fizes has the measles."

"Is my face red then?"

"Like the rhododendron, that great flower in the Jardin des Plantes."

"That is because I am warm, my darling. In faith, I never felt better in my life."

"How glad I am! It is fortunate, especially for the poor; what should we do without you?"

"You love me then, you folks?"

"Oh, you may well believe it. After the good God."

"What is your name, my daughter?"

"Rosette, at your service, monsieur."

"What does your father do?"

"Alas! he is dead, and can but pray for his poor widow and child."

"Rosette," said the doctor, rising, and resuming instinctively the gruff tone which he affected on occasions of performing a good deed, "if you ever need anything at home, you know where to find me."

"How kind you are!" cried she, with tears in her eyes, and seizing both his hands and kissing them in spite of his resistance. "Thanks, Monsieur Fizes, thanks a thousand times! But, provided God continues my health, with this trade I am rich."

"How much do you earn a day?"

"Twenty-five sous."

"And are you contented?"

"As a queen, Monsieur Fizes, especially when there are violets."

"Good-bye, good-bye," said the doctor, hurrying away with his Basque strides and without turning his head to the right or left.

Arriving at the Juvenal Bridge, M. Fizes had to take breath. He would probably have launched off into the region of dreams in continuing his course, had not an unexpected encounter detained him on the banks of the Lez. As he was passing the mill, he heard a voice calling to him unceremoniously and in a most familiar tone.

"Who calls me?" cried he, with vexation.

"Who? A friend, Antoine, your best friend!" answered a gay voice, and almost simultaneously the doctor espied a sort of rustic Falstaff issuing from the mill, white from head to foot, with the exception of his face, which shone like a firebrand.

"Good day, Nicholas, what do you want?"

"A grip of your hand, holy faith! and to tell you a bit of good fortune. Oh! you wished to slip off without being seen! I was peering on you, and I have got you in my net, my good fellow!"

"How? You saw me?"

"Yes, down there with Rosette. Beautiful girl, is she not, Antoine?"

"I shall not deny it."

"Holy faith! I believe it. However the whole faculty might hold the contrary, and the deuce take them, if the beadle would only listen to reason."

"Oh, oh, I see there is a dangerous rivalry! You wish to marry the girl?"

"Yes, at the grand altar of Saint Peter's."

"But, unfortunate man, you are crazy; at your age?"

"My dear sir, I shall be only sixty, in midsummer, and she is now going on nineteen."

"What a slight difference! But then you have nothing, or next to nothing."

"No! nothing but my mule, which, by the way, is now a little ailing."

"Then, I tell you again, that you would better get a physician than a wife."

"There is a remedy for everything, Antoine, except death, and could I call on you when things come to the worst, I am sure you would save me?"

"Eh! Who knows, if you cried loud and long enough. But I should like to know what means you are going to employ to marry Rosette."

"Means which always succeed. How do you do when you wish to go on the left bank of the Lez?"

"I take the bridge."

"Well, that is precisely the means I employ. Only, my friend, I pass on a golden bridge."

"Bah! as you have not a cent!"

"Now, but before three months I shall be richer than you or the collector of excise."

"You expect, then, an inheritance from Peru?"

"Let us sit down," said Nicholas, settling himself on an old mill stone, half embedded in the sand under an old oak. M. Fizes, who was credulous as a boy, had always an open ear for histories of marvels, and he took a seat eagerly beside the miller. The latter, looking neither to the right or left, began in a mysterious voice:

"It is a great secret, my friend, which I am about to confide to you; but swear to me that you will never disclose it."

"I swear, Nicholas, by the mantle of Rabelais!"

"Good! you are acquainted with Castelnau?"

"As well as with my Flauquerques vineyard."

"Have you observed the rock which lifts its nose out of the water near the bank of the Lez?"

"Certainly, it is very plain in times of drouth."

"That, at any rate, is a rock!"

"I can find a score as black as that in less than a league."

"I mean that is a rock of virtue and value. In short, if I could, holy faith, I would put it in my pocket. Knowing it as I do, I should be very careful not to pass it, without taking off my hat."

"Hem! you are very civil!"

"You have noticed how swollen it is? Would to God, my friend, that my pockets contained a quarter of what there is in it."

"What would you do with so many precious stones?"

"Just look at it then! You imagine that is a mere rock like the others!"

"Hem! It appears so."

"There is where you are deceived, Antoine. If the outside has nothing extraordinary, the inside is crammed with gold and silver."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, that rock is the rock Substantium, the old city. Every year, the 23d of June, at midnight, the river opens and there is to be seen a good street leading out to the rock. A spirit then issues out of the rock all clothed in black. He comes and stations himself before the gate, and cries out in French, with a terrible voice, 'By command of the great hunter.' You reply to him in the same tongue: 'Here am I.' He says: 'Who wishes money?' 'Give it me!' you reply. The spirit then says: 'Enter!' Thereupon you take the path opened through the water and you enter the rock."

"And once inside?" asked the doctor, delighted with the legend.

"You find first a huge pile of farthings, but silly is he who stops for them! farther on are pennies, and then heaps of all sorts of money. If you continue, you find also new crowns and gold sovereigns. There is where a sensible man stops!"

"So then the 23d of June you will go to Castelnau?"

"Yes," said the old miller; "but there is one thing worries me."

"What is it, Nicholas?"

"It is that there is only just one hour to remain down there. If I miscalculate the time, if I mistake the exact minute, I cannot go out till the end of the year, and then with empty hands. It is a quarter of a league to the sovereigns, and over a very tortuous road, and if in groping back with my load I should happen to stumble and stray a little from the path, I remain a year there without eating or drinking. That is the reason why all those who come away are nothing but skin and bone."

"Love will give you courage. But I greatly fear, friend Nicholas, that you will not espouse Rosette, if the rock of Substantium has to furnish the dowry."

Thereupon they separated, the miller, full of faith, returned to the mill, and M. Fizes took the route of the gate of Lattes to Montpelier.

Walking along in the wind, fragrant with the odors of olive trees, oaks and plantains, the doctor, drawing in deep breaths, fell to analysing like a mathematician or physologist his new sentiments.

"Strange power," said he, "of that nature which, not to shock my curé, I call the vital principle. It brings to my mind that passage in Genesis with a family scene which thrills every fibre of my heart. And now, when I seek the cause of this sudden perturbation, it shows me also a remedy on the banks of the Lez. But I had a serious misgiving there, and by means of Nicholas, nature—excellent mother—relieves me of both. Evidently, if a man of sixty dares think of marrying a girl of twenty, it would not be wholly absurd in me who am only fifty."

Charmed with this reasoning, the doctor commenced his round of professional calls, ending them at the Cheval-Blanc before sunset—for he always retired, at least from the public, with the setting of that luminary—and his door once closed would not open to the importunity of the greatest dignitaries of the city. He found his little patient asleep, and the mother watching at the bedside. After examining the child, he reassured the lady of the favorable symptoms, and urged her strongly, for the sake of her health, to profit by this opportunity to obtain a few hours rest for herself. But raising her head, and fixing her eyes upon him:

"While my child lives," said she, "I will not quit his chamber."

"But you may do so, madame, without any danger."

"No, monsieur, I cannot."

"Hem! Then there must be something that I am not aware of?"

The lady, walking on tiptoe, listened at every door, then seizing the doctor's hand, she drew him into the farthest recess of the window, and said, in a suppressed tone:

"Physicians are the confessors of families. If I confide to you a secret?"

"It will be kept conscientiously sacred, madame."

"Know then the horror of my situation. Monsieur De Montolieu, my husband, was of my age, and we loved each other. Everything seemed to smile on us. Alas! happiness is like fortune. His brother—you saw him here—snatched by his kindness from penury, entered our household a year ago. A few days afterwards I was a widow."

"And you suspect this brother?"

"He poisoned him."

"Devil! I comprehend, then, your fears for the child."

"I watch night and day to protect him, for the wretch has already made one attempt. But for that the dear little angel would still resemble this portrait."

The doctor took a miniature representing the child with bright eyes and rosy cheeks, and was contemplating it pensively, when the person of whom they were speaking entered the room without rapping. Fixing upon him at once his penetrating eye, the doctor disconcerted him in spite of his audacity.

"You are in consultation here," stammered the man, with embarrassment, "I will retire."

"Please remain, monsieur," replied the doctor coldly; "you are the head of the family, and as such it is my duty to state what I have to say in your presence."

"What is the subject you are considering?" asked the brother-in-law, more and more agitated.

"It is a matter which closely concerns you. When you entered, I was saying to madame that some poisonous substance must have been administered to this child."

"And on what supposition?"

"Science does not suppose, it ascertains and affirms. You would comprehend me, moreover, if I told you my reasons, for you are not destitute, I believe, of chemical knowledge."

"And on what do you base your conjecture, monsieur?"

"On your connection with Montet, demonstrator of the faculty, in whose company I have sometimes met you."

Monsieur De Montolieu was so confounded by this home thrust, that he tottered and was forced to steady himself on a chair. The lady and Monsieur Fizes exchanged glances, and the latter continued:

"I have assured madame of the child's recovery, and if he dies in Montpelier medical science will open the eyes of justice."

Leaving him under the effect of these menacing words, he took leave of the widow, and returned home on foot to his house in the Place de la Canourgue, where he found awaiting him in his dining-hall some friends of an education and position inferior to his own—for by nature he was of the people from head to foot—and sought and enjoyed only the society of such plain men. The table was the sole pleasure and relaxation of his sad laborious life. He took his place light-heartedly with the rest, and remained till the hammer of the great clock struck ten times moaningly. When the last vibration died away, the doctor was already in his vast, high-post bed, enclosed with curtains of blue serge, and in less than an hour was dreaming that the child of Madame De Montolieu was again bright-eyed and rosy-cheeked as in the minature, and that Rosette, quitting her cottage embowered under the olive trees on the banks of the Lez, came to gladden with her youth and beauty the old mansion in the Place de la Canourgue.

Nearly two months, the happiest of the worthy doctor's life, flew by like almond flowers in the breath of these illusions. But happiness never lasts; it is like those landscapes of the Pyrenees that change beneath the spectator's gaze before he has time scarcely to turn away.

One evening, when with a joyous heart he was walking along the banks of the Lez, with the resolution formed and deferred a hundred times to take his fortune and name in both hands and lay them at the feet of Rosette, he perceived her signaling to him impatiently to hasten his coming. Nothing was lacking to dissipate in an instant all vacillation. But more timid than a boy, this lover of fifty soon began to slacken his pace, and the hesitations returned and throttled him so vigorously, that when he reached the cottage he was more agitated and less courageous than ever. His embarrassment was manifest, but preoccupied with other thoughts doubtless, Rosette did not notice it. Scarcely giving him time to breathe:

"Monsieur Fizes," said she, with a silvery voice, and tapping the ground with her little foot, "you who are so learned, could you not read a letter for me written in French, and tell me what it contains?"

"Hum! yes, my little dear, I could do that."

"Here is the letter."

The doctor took a big packet of bluish, ridgy paper, bearing the postmark of Brest, and opened it with a somewhat unsteady hand, and scarcely had he glanced over the first lines when he changed color, and supported himself like a drunken man against one of the posts of the shop.

"Ah! monsieur," cried Rosette, with lively anxiety, "it is bad news."

"No! no! little dear, far from that, it is very good for you!"

"Then you are unwell?"

"Nothing, a simple dizziness! Go fetch me some water!"

Monsieur Fizes drank slowly, and returned the glass.

"Who is this Marcel?" asked he in a low voice.

"A very worthy, kind lad, Monsieur Fizes. If the king did not need him on the ships, as they say, we should be married, established in Cabanas, and instead of coursing the seas he would be supporting his family as before with his nets."

The doctor felt an oppression, and unbuttoned his waistcoat of ribbed velvet.

"You are in pain, Monsieur Fizes?"

"Yes, Rosette, I need air. Good-bye till to-morrow, or some other day."

"You are going without telling me what is in my letter!"

"True! I am so absent-minded! He writes that he has obtained a temporary leave of absence, and that you will see him soon."

"Is it possible!" cried Rosette, clapping her hands for joy.

Monsieur Fizes wished to hear no more; he made good his escape across the fields and meadows of the Laine, and such was the rapidity of his course, that the messenger from the Cheval-Blanc, a lightfooted lad of twenty years, who had come in quest of him, was barely able to overtake him by the canal. The doctor, wearied and vexed with the cries of his pursuer, turned back on him like a wild boar, his cane aloft in the air.

"Oh, quick! Monsieur Fizes, quick to the hotel!" cried the lad, with Southern familiarity.

"The deuce take you and that too! I have not time."

"It is for the lady's child!"

"Hey! what is it you say?"

"I say the child will be lucky if you find it alive!"

"What has happened? It was better this morning."

"I don't know; but I saw it in its last agonies."

"That must be so; yes, he must have succeeded," muttered Monsieur Fizes. "Misfortunes never come alone. There are days in life fatally unlucky. But if the man has been worsted, the doctor knows how to be avenged."

Muttering these words between his teeth, he turned back, and proceeded in great haste to the Cheval-Blanc. Madame De Montolieu was awaiting him impatiently. Seeing him, she gave vent to her sorrow:

"He has succeeded this time, the scoundrel!" cried she, sobbing. "My child, my child is dead!"

"We will see as to that," said Monsieur Fizes.

He went to the child, gave it, little by little, some spoonfulls of a potion which he had provided himself with at an apothecary's, and after an hour's attentions, drawing gently the curtains, and taking up his three-cornered hat:

"Let the child sleep," said he, "there is no further danger."

Madame de Montolien wept and covered his hands with kisses.

"It is not the time for that," said he, as blunt as he was kind. "How did the man do it?"

"He took advantage of a moment's absence. I had just stepped into the parlor, the door remained open. What he threw into the glass I know not. As quick as I came back I snatched it from the child's hands; but too late! he had already begun to suffer."

"Hem! There must be a stop to this," said M. Fizes to himself, with a stamp of the foot.

"Believe me, I should have written before this to the public prosecutor, were I not in this horrible dilemma of seeing my son murdered before my eyes, or bringing eternal disgrace on my husband's name."

"Be assured, madame, that can all be properly arranged. But it is necessary to act with decision and vigor. Have you kept the glass which contained the poisonous substance?"

Madame de Montolien ran to her bureau and brought a glass, still about two-thirds full. The doctor giving a glance at it, put a drop on his tongue.

"Yes, I am right," said he, "it is verdigris."

"Put it away quick, monsieur, he is coming!"

"Oh! it is he returning!"

"He comes to lunch."

"That table in the parlor is, then, for him?"

"Yes; what will you do?"

"Prevent a crime, madame, and save your child."

Madame de Montolien turned pale, her strength gave way, she sank almost unconscious into a chair, while the doctor carrying the glass, passed into the parlor, where M. Montolieu found him standing in his usual posture, with his hands resting on his cane.

Feigning at once alarm:

"Is the child worse?" asked the guilty man in a hypocritical tone.

"I was wanting to speak to you about this very thing!"

"Proceed, doctor."

"Well," said M. Fizes, seating himself, "as you must have foreseen for a long time what has just happened, the blow will be less grievous to you."

"Yes, I must avow I have been prepared for it a year at least. The child was too frail. It could not live. Alas!" added he, sitting down at the table, and pouring out a generous glass of muscatel, "the child is not the one to be most pitied!"

"I agree with you, monsieur."

"I am very anxious for my unfortunate sister-in-law."

"You, then, entertain a project," uttered M. Fizes, with his bluntest tone, "of giving her also verdigris."

"What do you mean?" stammered the guilty man, livid and overwhelmed.

"I mean that you poisoned your nephew! with filings of the copper plates which Montet sold you last evening."

"Monsieur!"

"We know all about it! Was it not you who gave my patient drink just now?"

"It was only sweetened water!"

"Will you swear to that, before God?"

"Yes," said the poisoner, averting his looks.

"So much the better! if that is so, you relieve me from a terrible remorse."

"A terrible remorse!" repeated De Montolieu, with a real anxiety.

"Yes, indeed! Why should I not confess it? I wished to try an experiment; in order to assure myself that the conjecture was correct, I put the remainder of the sweetened water in your muscatel!"

"Heaven help me!"

"Oh, you would not swear before God, now?"

The prisoner was a hideous sight to behold. The features livid and distorted, his bristling hair, everything about him bore the triple imprint of crime, terror and retribution. Helpless, incapable of speech, he shivered in his chair, his glassy eyes fixed on M. Fizes.

This terror and cowardice moved the doctor's pity.

"I might save you," said he, shrugging his shoulders, "but you deserve neither pardon nor commiseration."

The guilty man summoned up all his strength, and threw himself at the doctor's feet.

"Listen, and decide quickly, for there is not an instant to lose," continued the doctor, solemnly "I can save you, I repeat, but it will be on two conditions: first, that you write and sign for me an avowal of your crime; second, that by eight o'clock this night you set out for Spain, and that an exile, which shall end only with your life, shall expiate the murder you have committed and the murder you have premeditated."

Notwithstanding his terror and his love of life, the wretch seemed to hesitate. M. Fizes, who had already placed the ink and paper on the table, put on his three-cornered hat, and started to go away. He had reached the door, and his hand was on the latch, when the despairing man called him back:

"I consent to the exile," whispered he.

"That is not enough; I must have the rest."

"But why!"

"To deliver you up to justice, should you ever return to France."

"No! no! I will die rather!"

"Then you may order your coffin at once, for in an hour you will be stretched out stiff!"

De Montolieu sprang to his feet at these words:

"And if I write this," said he, "will you swear on your honor that it shall never pass out of your keeping?"

"Yes, on the honor of a man of honor, as long as you keep your oath."

"And can you save me?"

"Yes, it is still possible, but, zounds! there is not another minute to wait!"

De Montolieu seized the pen and wrote for dear life. At the same time the doctor poured out a whitish powder into a cup of water; when both had finished, he took the paper, and gave De Montelieu the potion.

"Have no fear!" said the doctor, putting the paper in his pocket; "set out instantly, but never set foot again in France, else beware the gibbet!"

De Montolieu set out that evening as he agreed. M. Fizes explained to Madame de Montolieu how this sudden riddance had been effected, acknowledging confidentially that he had put nothing in the muscatel.

"The threats would suffice if he was guilty," said he, "for I was certain that imagination would do the rest."

If the consciousness of having done a beneficent deed, and the gratitude of true hearts are the best reward, the most precious recompense of a good man, M. Fizes was paid a hundred fold. That mother afterwards so happy, thanks to him alone, in quitting Montpelier with her child fresh and rosy as a cherub, bathed his hand with grateful tears, and would have given him her whole fortune. More scrupulous this time than was his wont with rich patrons, he consented to accept only a little casket of ebony, which he judged of sufficient value to pay his regular fees.

Just at the time he was receiving, not without emotion, this souvenir in his study, together with the last adieus of the widow and her child, his old housekeeper announced an arrival which caused him a far more serious perturbation. It was Rosette and her mother, dressed out in Sunday attire, and arrayed as if going to the fête of Pignan.

Astonished as well as delighted by their unexpected appearance, he made them sit down in the midst of his folios, and asked in a gay tone what good wind had brought them to the Place de la Canourgue.

"I have come to ask of you a favor," said Rosette, casting her eyes downward, and blushing deeply.

"Hem! a favor of me?"

"Yes, I hope you will grant it me."

"If I can, certainly; you have a good chance."

Rosette then informed him, that Marcel, on the day he was expecting to profit by his leave of absence, had received an order to embark on the frigate La Gloire, to convey troops to India. He would have to go unless he could obtain a thousand francs, the sum demanded for his discharge.

"Now," added Rosette, with tears in her eyes, I have only six hundred francs in my purse."

"And you wish, do you not, to borrow the surplus?"

"Oh! M. Fizes, how kind you are! I will work night and day to repay you!"

"Hem! Speak to me now sincerely, as if at the confessional; do you really love this fisherman of Cabanas much?"

"Oh! yes; ask my mother!"

"Perhaps I could offer you a better match, a man who has a true heart and chests full of money, a great physician, like myself, one whom everybody esteems, and who loves you to distraction without your knowing it."

"Who is it?" asked the mother, excited.

"Antoine Fizes!"

"You!" cried Rosette, starting back with surprise, while the mother raised her eyes gratefully to heaven, and wept for joy.

"Yes, myself."

"Oh! I am very sorry, Monsieur Fizes, for I love you also, but in an another manner. It is not your fortune or your name that would influence me, if my heart were not already another's; it is your sincere character and your kind heartedness. You, who are so good to the poor, know better than I am able to express why our love is to us the greatest of treasures. We have no other riches. If I took back my heart from Marcel, what would he have left? That is all he has in the world."

"Then remain faithful to him, Rosette," said M. Fizes, sobbing like a child, "and may he bring you as great a happiness as I, old fool, desire for you."

Putting into her hand the ebony casket with a hundred gold louis in it, which he had just received from M. de Montolien, he drove the mother and daughter off, as it were, with his accustomed bluntness, refusing to hear a word about reimbursement.

Thereafter he occasionally extended his solitary promenades to Cabanas, where Rosette and her sailor were settled, contenting himself with a distant view, and quickly disappearing as soon as he perceived he was recognised.

His love for Rosette was, it was said, the only weak spot in his philosophical armor, still he was more to be envied than his poor friend, Nicholas, who did not fail to watch, on the 23d of June, at midnight on the banks of the Lez, but without seeing the spirit of the rock Substantium.

FEBRUARY 2, 1865.

Ay, ring out joyously, ye bells!
And peal it from the cannon's mouth—
Free as God's Heaven from North to South—
No slave in our Republic dwells!

Look upward, eyes, through happy tears!
Blessed indeed are we who see
The day that makes a nation free!
God's kingdom comes, though slow our years.

Beat fast, exultingly, oh heart!—
Thy every throb a grateful prayer—
Banish each selfish grief and care,
And in thy country's joy bear part!

Oh soul rejoice, as ne'er before!
Forsaken by him "a little while,"
God gathers with a gracious smile,
And mercies great, this land once more!

Oh People! to His love restor'd!
Let every living tongue awake—
The words the adoring Mary spake:
"My soul doth magnify the Lord!"

GRAND MASQUERADE BALL OF THE ARION SINGING SOCIETY.

This annual festival was held for the present year at the Academy of Music, and if a company of 7,000 persons can insure the success of a ball, this may be allowed to have been brilliant beyond all precedent.

The Arion was started in the winter of 1853 by a number of the younger members of the famous Liederkranz Society, most of whom came from the borders of the Rhine, from among a people widely celebrated for the joviality and sociability. Popular favor has been showered upon the Arion Society in an almost unprecedented manner, so much so that a charter of incorporation has just been granted to it, which places it in a very favorable financial position.

The present officers of the society are the following: C. Triscca, President; F. Kamm, Vice-President; C. Baeder, Albert Strathmann and J. D. A. Mensing, Secretaries; F. Waibel, Treasurer, and W. Edler, Librarian.

Immediately after New Year's a club is annually formed within the society, in which, after the fashion in vogue in Cologne and Mayence, the most unbounded fun is indulged in. This year Mr. C. Buchheister presided over this club, and from that body all the fun of the evening is got up.

The carnival, after a number of rehearsals, culminated finally at the Academy, on the night of Feb. 9.

The decorations were not so profuse as at the ball held last winter, although the tasteful distribution of vari-colored flags and banners around the several balconies and over the heads of the masqueraders presented a very striking picture, which glowed with great brilliance in the stream of light which flowed from thousands of gas jets. At the extreme end of the room there was a transparency as follows:

Star. ARION. Star.
Lute.
Wreath of Laurel.

There were also various pictured banners hung in front of the upper balcony, prominent among which was a veritable portrait of Arion himself, which attracted much attention. Suspended from the centre of the dome and down to within five or six feet of the heads of the fantastic multitude was a large balloon, radiant with all the gorgeousness of the red, white and blue. Festoons of flowers were strung in front of the balconies, and added much to the beauty of the decorative display.

Around the proscenium boxes were placed six straw-stuffed figures, attired in every possible fancy dress, and giving the place a very odd appearance, looking altogether incompatible with the usual ceremonial appearance of the house.

About half-past nine o'clock the promenade band, led by M. E. Dietz, commenced playing a march, to the step of which the promenade was formed, headed by the Floor Committee in charge of Capt. Caudedus, and composed of Messrs. Olchenbach, Winkhaus, Reichelt, Herder, Marquardt, Steinway, Landmann, Kuendahl, Poppe and Hook, who were dressed as musketeers of the queen, of the time of Louis XIII., of France; the procession then moved around the large hall.

As soon as the grand *entrée* of masquerading had taken place, the terpsichorean exercises of the evening were inaugurated. The scene now presented was one of magnificent ludicrousness, if we may use such a paradoxical phrase. The Devil led off with Columbine, while a huge and savage-looking North American Indian accompanied a lively Spanish senorite through the whirling waltz. A number of impudent harlequins kept themselves busy by slapping everybody they came in contact with, with their industrious weapon of magic steel.

The press was fully represented, not only in an army of editors and reporters, but in dress, one lady, Mrs. Newcombe, appearing costumed in the New York *Herald*, made up in a dress, jockey hat and feather composed of *Heralds*. She attracted universal attention, and was attended by Mrs. Parker, in Highland costume. Walking demijohns, negro minstrels, Irish bootblacks, Punch and Judy, peasant girls, troubadours, military men, civilians, walking dolls and dancing jacks, abounded on every side. During the festivities the immense audience were astonished by the appearance of eight Arions, costumed as frogs, who performed a quadrille to the intense delight of all parties.

Our Artist has sketched them as they emerged from their habitation in the so-called United States Treasury.

At 12 o'clock, the clatter of the tin pots announced the *entrée* of the Knights of the Oval Circle, 12 knights dressed in blouses, with silver helmets, who, preceded by a martial band playing on tin kettles, and headed by a standard-bearer with their standard, marched around the hall singing a song, of which we give the following few stanzas:

The standard bearer, lion heart,
A palladium of the right knight,
He came with his oval legs
Directly from the Custom-House.

Even Napoleon the Little is here.
He has but one fault,
He is, notwithstanding the Empire is peace,
A great fighter and brawler.

THE KNIGHTS OF THE OVAL CIRCLE.

The men who at the last year's ball
As sulphur band were active
To-night appear before you gay,
Virtuous, purified and good.

A little later a large balloon, which was suspended all evening from the ceiling, exploded, showering down a liberal supply of shinplasters from the Confederacy, and exhibiting a big female head funnily painted up in gaudy colors, much to the merriment of the crowd.

This affair was arranged by Mr. Buchheister, and reflects much credit upon its inventor.

A Commus or student's gathering was afterwards arranged by the committee. This consisted of a drinking scene, varied, for the time, by the appearance of Salamanders on the table.

The social pleasures of the evening were marred by nothing, unless the vast and confusing crowd of happy folks may be considered as in itself a drawback; the pecuniary success of the enterprise is understood to have been very fair. Two thousand tickets were sold, netting $10,000.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

"Put money in thy purse," as the pick-pocket said when he robbed a man of an empty one.

The failure of the Dutch Gap canal has proved "a blessing in disguise." If the rebel fleet had found it open they would have been able to commit great devastation.

"Stranger, I want to leave my dog in this 'ere office till the boat starts: but I'm afraid somebody will steal him."

"You can't do it," said the clerk; "take him out."

"Well, stranger, that is cruel; but you are dispositioned alike, and he is kinder company for you."

"Take him out!" roared the clerk.

"Well, stranger, I don't think you're honest, and you want watching. Here, Dragon!" he said to the dog, "sit down here and watch that fellow sharp!" And turning on his heel, said, "Put him out, stranger, if he's troublesome."

The dog lay there till the boat started, watching and growling at every movement of the clerk, who gave him the better part of the office.

A rich petroleum operator, gaunt as a skeleton and ignorant as a hodman, went to an artist the other day to have his portrait taken.

"Will you have it taken in oil or water-colors?" inquired the artist.

"Ile, of course," replied he. "It comes to me more natural; and, besides, it makes me look fatter."

Why is the rebel General in Tennessee like a winter article of ladies' wear? Because he's a worsted Hood.

"Jim, I believe Samho's got no truth in him."

"You don't know; dere's more truth in dat nigger dan all the rest on de plantation."

"How do you make dat?"

"Why, he nebber lets any out."

A clergyman at Cambridge preached a sermon, which one of his auditors commended.

"Yes," said the gentleman to whom it was mentioned, "it was a good sermon, but he stole it."

This was repeated to the preacher. He resented it, and called on the gentleman to retract.

"I am not," replied the aggressor, "very apt to retract my words; but in this instance I will. I said you had stolen the sermon. I find I was wrong; for, on returning home and referring to the book whence I thought it was taken, I found it was there."

The siege of Nashville was the occasion of some laughable incidents, as the following paragraph from a correspondence written in that city shows:

During the skirmish in the little reconnoissance made by Gen. Steedman on our left, a couple of soldiers of the colored brigade came upon three rebels, whose guns were unloaded, and demanded their surrender. One of the Johnnies indignantly refused to surrender to a "d—d nigger."

"Berry sorry, massa," said Sambo, bringing his piece to a "ready;" "but we's in a great hurry, and hain't got no time to send for a white man."

The ominous click that accompanied this remark brought the scion of chivalry to time, and he was brought in, crying and swearing all the way that his father would kill him if he ever heard that he had surrendered to a nigger.

"If you go on in that way, sir," said the prisoner in the dock to his counsel who was defending him with force and fury, and abusing judge and jury in good set terms, "if you go on in that way, sir, they'll hang me, I know they will."

"Never mind, my boy," replied the counsel, an Irish gentleman, carried away by his own eloquence, "never mind, my boy; let them hang you, and I'll make them repent it."

One Sunday, as a little girl was on the way home from church, with her father, they passed a boy splitting wood, when the father said:

"Mary, do you see that boy breaking the Sabbath?"

She made no reply, but appeared to be very thoughtful as she walked homeward. When, however, her mother asked her what she had seen she replied:

"I saw a boy breaking the Sabbath with a big axe!"

Conciliating an Audience.—I remember a story of a certain comedian, by the name of Walsh, at the Theatre Royal, Dublin. The gentleman never rose higher in his profession than to enact those useful but humble individuals in livery who announce the arrival of visitors to the principal personages in the drama. One evening a great tragedian being on the stage, it was Mr. Walsh's duty to come on, attired in plush, and say:

"My lord, the coach is at the door."

This being all that was laid down for him, he said; but, directly afterwards, advancing to the footlights, and addressing the gallery, he continued with much animation:

"And allow me to add that the man who lifts his hand against a woman, save in the way of kindness, is unworthy the name of a Briton."

This sentiment brought down a tornado of applause, but on retiring from the stage the actor was pounced upon by the great tragedian and asked how he had dared to overstep the limits assigned to him.

"I'm very sorry," quoth Mr. Walsh, "but it's my benefit next Monday, and I've got to conciliate the audience as well as you, Mr. Macready."

Rev. Mr. Burnham, of Manchester, recently enlisted in the army as a private, and was sent to the rendezvous at New Haven. Next morning after his arrival, he was summoned before the commanding officer of the post, and addressed: "Mr. Burnham, I see by your name here" (referring to the list), "that you are a reverend. About a dozen reverends have enlisted and come here; and you are the first one who has staid over night without asking for a chaplaincy; I guess we'll make you chaplain!" So they made him chaplain of the post.

The play of "Julius Cæsar" was going on at one of the New York theatres, and the alarm of fire at the Lafarge House took place at that time in the play when Cæsar's wife is entreating him not to go to the Senate that day. One frightened old gentleman exclaimed:

"Why does not somebody come out and tell us what is the matter?"

A voice from the gallery answered:

"Sit down, dad; go on, Mrs. Cæsar."

This speech caused a laugh, and did more than anything else to restore composure.



GRAND BALL OF THE ARION SINGING SOCIETY, AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, FEBRUARY 9, 1865.



GREAT FIRE AT SAVANNAH, GA., JAN. 27TH.—SOLDIERS OF THE 19TH CORPS REMOVING AMMUNITION AMONG THE BURNING BUILDINGS UNDER HEAVY FIRE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

SKETCHES IN SAVANNAH, GA.

(*Continued from page 356.*)

The Bazaars of Cake.

It is painful to witness the humiliation of any, more especially those who were once our sisters, and whom we hope soon will be so once more, but if ever God chastened a rebellious people, he has visited our erring brethren. Our sketch represents one of these signal rebukes. It is tantamount to our Astors, Belmonts, Haights, Stevenses, Stewarts and Lorillards turning cake-venders here to gain a little Confederate scrip. Our Artist says: "I have sent you a sketch of painful but most righteous retribution. It represents a scene of daily occurrence in Savannah. In front of some of the finest residences in the city, whose upper storeys are closed entirely, you will find in the basements elegantly dressed ladies and servants disposing of cakes and other delicacies to our brave boys, who invariably give postal currency and greenbacks for these luxuries, prepared under the superintendence of the fair daughters of chivalry. I could not help saying as I gazed on this curious change in the whirligig of time, 'How are the mighty fallen!' I need not add, that some of these fair cake-venders are very charming women—also, let me say, they are treated by our gallant boys with the most scrupulous respect."

"To the Victors belong the Spoils!"

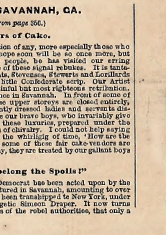
This celebrated saying of an arch-Democrat has been acted upon by the U. S. Government, for the cotton captured in Savannah, amounting to over 30,000 bales, equal to $30,000,000, has been transferred to New York, under the *surveillance* of the keen and energetic Simeon Draper. It now turns out, despite the imperative commands of the rebel authorities, that only a small proportion of the cotton belonging to private owners was discovered, and that, after a considerable delay, and a great deal of red-tape, the whole, as a Yankee chronicler says, "got blind in mind of the good old days, are *Jeff* Davis had become the Lucifer of his country."

As a companion picture we give a sketch of the

Arrival of the Rebecca Clyde,

laden with good things from New York for the destitute citizens of Savannah—a noble, a spontaneous and a social gift from a forgiving brother to his prodigal junior. Having already dwelt upon this in a previous number, we have only to remark, that the value of the provisions and other supplies sent to our Savannah brothers and sisters in the three steamers amounted to considerably over $100,000. There is every reason to believe that the gift was gratefully received. Such acts light up the stern face of war, and stand in direct contrast to the prison horrors of Andersonville and Millen.

We must not forget to add that the soldiers of the 19th corps greatly distinguished themselves in removing the ammunition during the conflagration of the 17th, and under a heavy fire of bursting shells. The men detailed for this dangerous duty were under the command of Col. York, Provost-Marshal; Capt. Weston and Lieut. Spencer of Gen. Brown's Staff. The shells were taken from a storehouse opposite the main one, filled with ammunition, just across the street, in an old wagon drawn by hand.



FIRE AT SAVANNAH—POWDER KEG PLACED NEAR THE MAGAZINE AT SAVANNAH.

The Citizens of Savannah Supplied by the North.

The picture on page 356 is very significant, although it is merely a companion to that of the arrival of the Rebecca Clyde. It represents the systematic distribution of the supplies contributed by the citizens of New York and Boston, whose advent we have already recorded in another sketch. The correspondent of the N. Y. Times thus describes the scene:

"A store on the corner of Bay and Barnard streets, near the old stone market, has been taken as the depot. Here presided the committee who are witnessing the distribution. Small tents or screens in imagination, and behold the scene: The air is keen, but the sun forms a golden picture, and some of the jolly young fogeys who have been there for days enjoying the mountain pasture-like scenery. There are two orders of people on the sunny side of the buildings. There is a motley crowd on the street. Here, as on the arrival, can exhibit no such spectacle. There are two doors to the store, one on Bay and the other on Barnard street, affording entrance and exit. Several hundred persons of both sexes, all ages, sizes, complexions, costumes—gray-haired old men, with canes, crutches, bottles and baskets; old 'Uncle Neds,' who, just before death gives them liberty from hardship and suffering, are made freemen by the mighty march of events; well-dressed women wearing crape for their husbands and sons, who have fallen while fighting against the old flag; with pale and sunken cheeks, stand there patiently waiting their turn. There are women with tattered dresses—old silks and satins, which years ago were in fashion, which were laid aside as useless, but which have become valuable through destitution. There are women in illy-washery, semi-white women wearing negro cloth, negro women dressed in gummy cloth; men with Confederate uniforms, men with butternut clothes. There is a boy in a crimson plush jacket, made from what was once the upholstering of a sofa.

"There are old men in short jackets, little boys in long coats—the cast-off overcoats of soldiers, the rags which have been picked up from garrets—wearing the boots and shoes which have been kicked off and thrown aside, down at the heel, out at the toes, open on the instep. There are old bonnets of every description; some with white and crimson flowers, some with ribbons once bright and flaming, but faded now and worn. There are Shaker bonnets, 'sangwiscopes,' 'coal-scuttles,' hats of every description, size and shape worn by both sexes—women wearing men's hats of palm-leaf or felt, men wearing battered stove-pipes, full, sleeked and torn, ventilated by accident and not by patent ventilators. There is one which had a crown, worn by a man who has red hair, reminding one of a chimney on fire and flaming out at the top. It is the ragman's fate—then the ragman's jubilee and day of rejoicing, for Charity, like a kind angel, has suddenly stepped in the world of the wolf which is howling at their doors.

"They come with large baskets and bottles, each with a ticket. Thus reads one: 'City of Boston. Mary Morrell, 19 lbs. flour, 7 lbs. bacon, 2 qts. vinegar, 2 lbs. salt.'"



GREAT FIRE AT SAVANNAH, GA., JAN. 27TH.—RESERVOIR BURST BY THE SHELLS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

LOUIS NAPOLEON is so opposed to the principles propounded in the Pope's encyclical letter, that he has caused the Archbishop of Bordeaux and the Bishop of Montines to be censured by the Council of State for publishing it in their dioceses.

THE LIVING AND THE DEAD.

How great unto the living seem the dead!
How sacred, solemn; how heroic grown?
How vast and vague, as they obscurely tread
The shadowy confines of the dim unknown—
For they have met the monster that we dread,
Have learned the secret not to mortal shown.
E'en as gigantic shadows on the wall
The spirit of the daunted child amaze,
So on us thoughts of the departed fall,
And with phantasma fill our gloomy gaze.
Awe and deep wonder land the living lines,
And hope and ecstacy the borrowed beams;
While fitful fancy the full form divines,
And all is what imagination dreams.

The Fate of the Forrests.

PART III.

"Stay, Evan, when the others go; I have much to say to you, and a packet of valuable papers to entrust to you. Do not forget."

"You regard me with a strange look, Ursula, you speak in a strange tone. What has happened?"

"They tell me that Felix will live, with care and a journey to the South."

"I catch your meaning now. You will go with him."

"No, my journey will be made alone."

She looked beyond him as she spoke, with a rapt yet tranquil glance, and such a sudden brightness shone upon her face that her cousin watched her half bewildered for a moment; then caught at a hope that filled him with a troubled joy, and whispered with beating heart and lowered voice:

"Shall I not follow you, Ursula?"

Her eye came back to him, clear and calm, yet very tender in its wistfulness, and though her words sounded propitious his hope died suddenly.

"I think you will follow soon, and I shall wait for you in the safe refuge I am seeking."

They stood silent for many minutes, thinking thoughts for which they had no words, then as a pause fell after music, Ursula said:

"Now I must sing again. Give me a draught of water, my throat is parched."

Her cousin served her, but before the water touched her lips the glass fell shattered at her feet, for a wild, shrill cry rang through the house silencing the gay sounds below, and rudely breaking the long hush that had reigned above. For one breathless instant all stood like living images of wonder, fear and fright, all waited for what should follow that dread cry. An agitated servant appeared upon the threshold seeking his mistress. She saw him, yet stood as if incapable of motion, as he made his way to her through a crowd of pale, expectant faces.

"What is it?" she asked, with lips that could hardly syllable the words.

"My master, madam—dead in his bed—old Marjory has just found him. I've sent for Doctor Keen," began the man, but Ursula only seemed to hear and understand one word:

"Dead!" she echoed—"so suddenly, so soon—it cannot be true. Evan, take me to him."

She stretched out her hands as if she had gone blind, and led by her cousin, left the room, followed by several guests, in whom curiosity or sympathy was stronger than etiquette or fear. Up they went, a strange procession, and entering the dusky room, lighted only by a single shaded lamp, found Marjory lamenting over her dead master in a paroxysm of the wildest grief. Evan passed in before his cousin, bent hastily and listened at the breathless lips, touched the chill forehead, and bared the wrist to feel if any flutter lingered in the pulse. But as he pushed back the loose sleeve of the wrapper, upon the wasted arm appeared a strange device. Two slender serpents twined together like the ring, and in the circle several Hindoo characters traced in the same deep red lines. At that sight the arm dropped from his hold, and he fell back daunted by a nameless fear which he could neither master nor divine.

As Ursula appeared the old woman's grief changed to an almost fierce excitement, for rising she pointed from the dead husband to the living wife, crying shrilly:

"Come; come and see your work, fair-faced devil that you are! Here he lies, safe in the deadly sleep you gave him. Look at him and deny it if you dare!"

Ursula did look, and through the horror that blanched her face many eyes saw the shadow of remorse, the semblance of guilt. Stähl lay as she left him, his head pillowed on his arm with the easy grace habitual to him, but the pallor of that sleeping face was now changed to the awful grayness that living countenances never wear. A bitter smile still lingered on the white lips, and those mysterious eyes were wide open, full of a gloomy intelligence that appalled the beholder with the scornful triumph which still lurked there unconquered even by death. These defiant eyes appeared fixed on Ursula alone; she could not look away, nor break the spell that held her own, and through the hurried scene that followed she seemed to address her dead husband, not her living accuser.

"My work? the sleep I gave? what dare I not deny?" she said, below her breath, like one bewildered.

"See her feign innocence with guilt stamped on her face!" cried Marjory, in a passion of indignant sorrow. "You killed him, that is your work. You drugged that cup with the poison I saw you buy to-day—that is the sleep you gave him—and you dare not deny that you hated him, wished him dead, and said last night you'd not be troubled long, for you had borne enough."

"I did not kill him! You saw me prepare his evening draught, and what proof have you that he did not pass away in sleep?" demanded Ursula, more firmly, yet with an awestruck gaze still fixed upon her husband's face.

"This is my proof!" and Marjory held up the empty counterpart of the little vial that lay on the table.

"That here! I left it in my—"

A hand at Ursula's lips cut short the perilous admission, as Evan whispered:

"Hush! for God's sake, own nothing yet."

"Too late for that," screamed Marjory, more and more excited by each word. "I found it in the ashes where she flung it in her haste, believing it was destroyed. I saw it glitter when I went to mend the fire before I woke my master. I knew it by the freshness of the label, and in a moment felt that my poor master was past all waking of mine, and found it so. I saw her buy it, I told him of it, but he loved her still and tried to deceive me with the kind lie that he bade her do it. I showed him that I knew the truth, and he only said, 'I know it, I forgive her, keep the secret for my sake,' and trusting her to the last, paid for his blind faith with his life."

"No, no, I never murdered him! I found him sleeping like a child an hour ago, and in that sleep he died," said Ursula, wringing her hands like one well nigh distraught.

"An hour ago! hear that and mark it all of you," cried Marjory. "Two hours ago she bade him good night before me, and he called her 'Judas,' as she kissed him and went. Now she owns that she returned and found him safely sleeping—God forgive me that I ever left him! for then she must have remixed the draught in which he drank his death. Oh, madam! could you have no pity, could you not remember how he loved you? see your rose fast shut in his poor dead hand—could you not leave him the one little month of life he had to live before you were set free?"

"One month!" said Ursula, with a startled look. "They told me he would live to be a hale, old man. Why was I so deceived?"

"Because he would not mar your pleasure even for a single night. He meant to tell you the sad truth gently, for he thought you had a woman's heart, and would mourn him a little though you could not love."

Paler Ursula could not become, but as mesh after mesh of the net in which she had unconsciously helped to snare herself appeared, her husband's purpose flashed upon her, yet seemed too horrible for belief, till the discovery of that last deceit was made; then like one crushed by an overwhelming blow, she covered up her face and sunk down at Evan's feet. He did not raise her up, and though a gust of eager, agitated voices went whispering through the room, no one spoke to her, no one offered comfort to the widow, counsel to the woman, pity to the culprit. They listened only to old Marjory, who poured forth her story with such genuine grief, such perfect sincerity, that all felt its pathos and few doubted its entire truth. Evan alone believed in Ursula's denial, even while to himself he owned that she had borne enough to make any means of liberation tempting. He saw more clearly than the rest how every act, look and word of hers condemned her; and felt with a bitter pang that such an accusation, even if proved false, must cast a shadow on her name and darken all her life.

Suddenly, when the stir was at its height, Ursula rose, calm, cold and steady; yet few who saw her then ever forgot the desolate despair which made that beautiful face a far more piteous sight than the dead one. Turning with all her wonted dignity, she confronted the excited group, and without a tear in her eye, a falter in her voice, a trace of shame, guilt or fear in mien or manner, she said clearly, solemnly,

"I am guilty of murder in my heart, for I did wish that man dead; but I did not kill him. The words I spoke last night were the expression of a resolve made in a moment of despair, a resolve to end my own life, when I could bear no more. To-day I was told that he would live; then my time seemed come, and believing this to be my last night on earth, I bade my husband farewell as we parted, and in a few hours hoped to lay down the burden he had made heavier than I could bear. That poison was purchased for myself, not him; he discovered it, believed I meant his death, and with a black art, which none can fathom but myself, so distorted my acts and words, before a witness, that the deed committed by himself should doom me to ignominy and avenge his wrong. I have no hope that any one will credit so wild a tale, and therein his safety lies; but God knows I speak the truth, and He will judge between us at a more righteous bar than any I can stand at here. Now do with me as you will, I am done."

Through all the bitter scenes of public accusation, trial and condemnation Ursula preserved the same mournful composure, as if having relinquished both hope and fear, no emotion remained to disturb the spirit of entire self-abnegation which had taken possession of her. All her cousin's entreaties, commands and prayers failed to draw from her the key to the mystery of her strange marriage; even when, after many merciful delays, sentence was at length pronounced upon her, and captivity for life was known to be her doom, she still refused to confess, saying:

"This fate is worse than death; but till I lie on my deathbed I will prove faithful to the promise made that man, traitorous as he was to me. I have done with the world, so leave me to such peace as I can know, and go your way, dear Evan, to forget that such a mournful creature lives."

But when all others fell away, when so-called friends proved timid, when enemies grew insolent and the whole world seemed to cast her off, one man was true to her, one man still loved, believed and honored her, still labored to save her when all others gave her up as lost, still stood between her and the curious, sharp-tongued, heavy-handed world, earning a great compassion for himself, and, in time, a juster, gentler sentiment in favor of the woman whose sin and shame he had so nobly helped to bear.

Weeks and months went heavily by, the city wearied itself with excited conjectures, conflicting rumors, varying opinions, and slowly came to look with more lenient eyes upon the beautiful culprit, whose tragic fate, with its unexplained mystery, began to plead for her more eloquently than the most gifted advocate. Few doubted her guilt, and, as she feared, few believed the accusations she brought against her dead husband; but the plea of temporary insanity had been made by her counsel, and though she strenuously denied its truth, there were daily growing hopes of pardon for an offence which, thanks to Evan's tireless appeals, now wore a far less heinous aspect than at first.

All the long summer days Ursula sat alone in her guarded room, tranquilly enjoying the sunshine that flickered through the leaves with which Evan had tried to mask the bars that shut out liberty but not heaven's light. All the balmy summer nights she lay on her narrow bed, haunted by dreams that made sleep a penance and not a pleasure, or watched, with wakeful eyes, the black shadow of a cross the moon cast upon her breast as it peered through the barred window like a ghostly face. To no one did she reveal the thoughts that burdened her, whitening her hair, furrowing her face and leaving on her forehead the impress of a great grief which no human joy ever could efface.

One autumn day Evan came hastening in full of a glad excitement, which for the moment seemed to give him back the cheery youthfulness he was fast losing. He found his cousin lying on the couch he had provided for her, for even the prison officers respected that faithful love, and granted every favor in their power. She, too, seemed to be blessed with a happy mood, for the gloom had left her eyes, a peaceful smile sat on her lips, and when she spoke her voice was musical, with an undertone of deep emotion.

"Bless your tranquil face, Ursula! One would think you guessed my tidings without telling. Yes, it is almost certain that the pardon will be granted, in answer to my prayers. One more touch will win the men who hold your fate in their hands, and that touch you can give by clearing up the mystery of Stähl's strange power over you. For your own sake and for mine do not deny me now."

"I will not."

The joy, surprise and satisfaction of the moment caused Evan to forget the sad condition upon which this confidence could be accorded. He thought only of all they had suffered, all they might yet enjoy if the pardon could be gained, and holding that thin hand fast in both his own, he listened, with absorbing interest, to the beloved voice that unfolded to him the romance within a romance, which had made a tragedy of three lives.

"I must take you far back into the past, Evan, for my secret is but the sequel of one begun long before our birth. Our grandfather, as you know, was made governor of an Indian province while still a young and comely man. One of the native princes, though a conquered subject, remained his friend, and the sole daughter of this prince loved the handsome Englishman with the despotic fervor of her race. The prince offered the hand of the fair Naya to his friend, but being already betrothed to an English girl, he courteously declined the alliance. That insult, as she thought it, never was forgiven or forgotten by the haughty princess; but, with the subtle craft of her half-savage nature, she devised a vengeance which should not only fall upon the offender, but pursue his descendants to the very last. No apparent breach was made in the friendship of the prince and governor, even when the latter brought his young wife to the residence. But from that hour Naya's curse was on his house, unsuspected and unsleeping, and as years went by the Fate of the Forrests became a tragical story throughout British India, for the brothers, nephews and sons of Roger Forrest all died violent or sudden deaths, and the old man himself was found murdered in the jungle when at the height of fame and favor.

"Two twin lads alone remained of all who had borne the name, and for a time the fatal doom seemed averted, as they grew to manhood, married and seemed born to know all the blessings which virtue and valor could deserve. But though the princess and her father were dead, the curse was still relentlessly executed by some of her kindred, for in the year of your birth your father vanished suddenly, utterly, in broad day, yet left no trace behind, and from that hour to this no clue to the lost man was ever found beyond a strong suspicion, which was never confirmed. In that same year a horrible discovery was made, which shocked and dismayed all Christian India, and was found hard of belief across the sea. Among the tribes that infested certain provinces, intent on mischief and difficult to subdue, was one class of assassins unknown even to the native governments of the country, and entirely unsuspected by the English. This society was as widely spread and carefully organised as it was secret, powerful and fanatical. Its members worshipped a gloomy divinity called Bohwanie, who, according to their heathen belief, was best propitiated by human sacrifices. The name of these devotees was Phansagare, or Brothers of the Good Work; and he who offered up the greatest number of victims was most favored by the goddess, and received a high place in the Hindoo heaven. All India was filled with amazement and affright at this discovery, and mysteries, till then deemed unfathomable, became as clear as day. Among others the Fate of the Forrests was revealed; for by the confession of the one traitor who betrayed the society, it appeared that the old prince and his sons had been members of the brotherhood, which had its higher and its lower grades, and when the young governor drew down upon himself the wrath of Naya, her kindred avenged her by propitiating Bohwanie with victim after victim from our fated family, always working so secretly that no trace of their art remained but the seal of death.

"This terrible discovery so dismayed my father that, taking you, an orphan then, and my mother, he fled to England, hoping to banish the dreadful past from his mind. But he never could, and it preyed upon him night and day. No male Forrest had escaped the doom since the curse was spoken, and an unconquerable foreboding haunted him that sooner or later he too should be sacrificed, though continents and oceans lay between him and the avengers. The fact that the black brotherhood was discovered and destroyed weighed little with him, for still a fear pursued him that Naya's kindred would hand down the curse from generation to generation, and execute it with that tenacity of purpose which in that climate of the passions makes the humblest foe worthy of fear. He doubted all men, confided his secret to none, not even to his wife, and led a wandering life with us until my mother died. You remember, Evan, that the same malady that destroyed her fell likewise upon you, and that my father was forced to leave us in Paris, that he might comply with my mother's last desire and lay her in English ground. Before he went he took me apart and told me the dark history of our unfortunate family, that I might be duly impressed with the necessity of guarding you with a sleepless vigilance; for even then he could not free himself from that ominous foreboding, soon, alas! to be confirmed. It was a strange confidence to place in a girl of seventeen, but he had no friend at hand, and knowing how wholly I loved you, how safe I was from the Fate of the Forrests, he gave you to my charge and left us for a week. You know he never came again, but found his ghostly fear a sad reality in England, and on the day that was to give my mother's body to the earth he was discovered dead in his bed, with the marks of fingers at his throat, yet no other trace of his murderer ever appeared, and another dark secret was buried in the grave. You remember the horror and the grief that nearly killed me when the tidings came, and how from that hour there was a little cloud between us, a cloud I could not lift because I had solemnly promised my father that I would watch over you, yet conceal the fate that menaced you, lest it should mar your peace as it had done his own. Evan, I have kept my word till the danger is for ever past."

She paused there, but for a moment her cousin could only gaze at her, bewildered by the sudden light let in by the gloomy past. Presently he said, impetuously:

"You have, my faithful Ursula, and I will prove that I am grateful by watching over you with a vigilance as sleepless and devoted as your own. But tell me, was there nowhere in the world justice, power or wit enough to stay that savage curse? Why did not my father, or yours, appeal to the laws of either country and obtain redress?"

"They did, and, like others, appealed in vain; for, till the Phansegars were discovered, they knew not whom to accuse. After that, as Naya's kindred were all gone but a few newly-converted women and harmless children, no magistrate in India would condemn the innocent for the crimes of their race, and my father had no proofs to bring against them. Few in England believed the seemingly incredible story when it was related to them in the Indian reports. No, Evan, the wily princess entrusted her revenge to able hands, and well they did the work to the very last, as we have bitter cause to know. Every member of the brotherhood, and every helper of the curse, bore on his left arm the word 'Bohwanie!' in Hindoo characters. You saw the sign on that dead arm. Do you understand the secret now?"

"Great heavens, Ursula! Do you mean that Stähl, a Christian man, belonged to this heathen league? Surely you wrong him there."

"You will not think so when I have told all. It seemed as horrible, as incredible to me as now to you, when I first saw and comprehended on the night that changed both our lives. Stähl suspected, from many unconscious betrayals of mine (my dislike of India, my anxiety for you, then absent, and a hundred indications unseen by other eyes) that I knew the secret of the curse; he proved it by whispering the hated name of Bohwanie in my ear, and showing me the fatal sign—I knew it, for my father had told me that also. Need I tell you what recollections rushed upon me when I saw it, what visions of blood rose red before my panic-stricken eyes, how instantly I felt the truth of my instinctive aversion to him, despite his charms of mind and manner, and, above all, how utterly I was overpowered by a sense of your peril in the presence of your unknown enemy? A single thought, hope, purpose ruled me, to save you at any cost, and guard the secret still; for I felt that I possessed some power over that dread man, and resolved to use it to the uttermost. You left us, and then I learned at what a costly price I could purchase the life so dear to me. Stähl briefly told me that his mother and one old woman were the last of Naya's race, and when his grandfather, who belonged to the brotherhood, suffered death with them, he charged her to perpetuate the curse, as all the members of the family had pledged themselves to do. She promised, and when my father left India she followed, but could not discover his hiding-place, and with a blind faith in destiny, as native to her as her superstition, she left time to bring her victim to her. While resting from her quest in Germany she met and married Felix Stähl, the elder, a learned man, fond of the mysticism and wisdom of the East, who found an irresistible charm in the dark-eyed woman, who, for his sake, became a Christian in name, though she still clung to her Pagan gods in secret. With such parents what wonder that the son was the man we found him? for his father bequeathed him his features, feeble health, rare learning and accomplishments; his mother those Indian eyes that I never can forget, his fiery yet subtle nature, the superstitious temperament and the fatal vow.

"While the father lived she kept her secret hidden; when he died, Felix, then a man, was told it, and having been carefully prepared by every art, every appeal to the pride and passion of his race, every shadow years of hatred could

bring to blacken the memory of the first Forrest and the wrong he was believed to have done their ancestors, Felix was induced to take upon himself the fulfilment of the family vow. Yet living in a Christian community, and having been bred up by a virtuous father, it was a hard task to assume, and only the commands of the mother whom he adored would have won compliance. He was told that but two Forrests now remained, one a girl who was to go scatheless, the other a boy, who, sooner or later, was to fall by his hand, for he was now the last male of his race as you of ours. How his mother discovered these facts he never knew, unless from the old woman who came to them from England to die near her kin. I suspect that she was the cause of my poor father's death, though Stähl swore that he never knew of it until I told him.

"After much urging, many commands, he gave the promise, asking only freedom to do the work as he would, for though the savage spirit of his Hindoo ancestors lived again in him, the influence of civilization made the savage modes of vengeance abhorrent to him. His mother soon followed the good professor, then leaving our meeting still to chance, Felix went roaming up and down the world a solitary, studious man, for ever haunted by the sinful deed he had promised to perform, and which grew ever more and more repugnant to him.

"In an evil hour we met; my name first arrested him; my beauty (I may speak of it now for it is gone) attracted him; my evident aversion piqued his pride and roused his will to overcome it; and then the knowledge of my love for you fanned his smouldering passion to a blaze and confirmed his wavering purpose. You asked on that sad night if I had learned to love while you were gone? I spoke truly when I answered yes, for absence proved how dear you had become to me, and I only waited your return to gratefully accept the love with which I knew your heart was overflowing. You came, and seeing Stähl's devotion, doubted the affection I never had confessed. He saw it plainly, he divined your passion, and in an hour decided upon gratifying his own desire, keeping the promise he made his mother, yet sparing himself the crime of murder, well knowing that for you life without me would be a fate more dark than any death he could devise. I pleaded, prayed and wept, but he was inexorable. To tell you was to destroy you, for he feared nothing; to keep the secret was to forfeit your love and sacrifice myself. One hope alone remained to me, a sinful yet a pardonable one in such a strait as mine; Felix could not live long; I might support life for a time by the thought that I had saved you, by the hope that I might soon undeceive and recompense you for the loss you had sustained. Evan, it was a natural yet unrighteous act, for I did evil that good might come of it, and such deeds never prosper. Better have left you in God's hand, better even have seen you dead and at peace than have condemned you to the life you have led and still must lead for years perhaps. I was a weak, loving, terror-stricken woman, and in that dreadful hour one fear overwhelmed all other passions, principles and thoughts. I could save you, and to accomplish that I would so gladly have suffered death in any shape. Believe that, dearest Evan, and forgive me for the fate to which I have condemned the man I love, truly, tenderly even to the end."

Her voice died in a broken sob as Evan gathered her close to his sore heart, and she clung there spent and speechless, as if the pain of parting were for ever over and her refuge found at last. Evan spoke first, happily and hopefully for, the future opened clearly, and the long twilight seemed about to break into a blissful dawn.

"You shall be repaid for your exceeding love, Ursula, with a devotion such as man never gave to woman until now. There is no longer any cloud between us, nor shall there be between you and the world. Justice shall be done, and then we will leave this city of bitter memories behind us, and go away together to begin the new life that lies before us."

"We shall begin a new life, but not together, Evan," was the low answer, as she tenderly laid her pale cheek to his, as if to soften the hard truth.

"But, love, you will be free at once; there can be no doubt of the pardon now."

"Yes, I shall soon be free, but human hands will not open my prison doors, and I humbly trust that I may receive pardon, but not from human lips. Evan, I told you I would never tell my secret till I lay on my deathbed; I lie there now."

If she had stabbed him with the hand folded about his neck, the act would not have shocked and startled him like those last words. They pierced him to the heart, and as if in truth he had received a mortal wound, he could only gaze at her in dumb dismay, with eyes full of anguish, incredulity and grief.

"Let me seem cruel that I may be merciful, and end both suspense and fear by telling all at once. There is no hope for me. I have prayed to live, but it cannot be, for slowly yet surely Felix has killed me. I said I would gladly die for you, God takes me at my word, and now I am content. Let me make my sacrifice cheerfully, and let the suffering I have known be my atonement for the wrong I did myself and you."

As she spoke so tranquilly, so tenderly, a veil seemed to fall from before her cousin's eyes. He looked into the face that smiled at him, saw there the shadow which no human love can banish, read perfect peace in its pale serenity, felt that life was a poor boon to ask for her, and with a pang that rent that faithful heart of his, silently relinquished the one sustaining hope which had upheld him through that gloomy year. Calm with a grief too deep for tears, he drew the wan and wasted creature who had given herself for him closer to the shelter of his arms, and changed her last fear to loving pride by saying, with a manful courage, a meek resignation that ennobled him by its sincerity:

"Rest here in peace, my Ursula. No selfish grief shall cloud your sunset or rob you of one hour of happy love. I can bear the parting, for I shall follow soon; and thank God that after the long bewilderment of this sad world we may enjoy together the new life which has no end."

THE END.

INSTINCTS.

Heaven gave the bee desire for sweets,
And spreads the meads with flowers,
The thirsty earth for moisture waits,
And, lo! the gentle showers.

Nor are the instincts of the heart
Less God's peculiar care,
Nor would He sympathies impart
Merely to perish there.

The heart that craves a kindred mind
To share its woe or pain,
Be sure of this, will always find
A heart to love again.

ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "ELEANOR'S VICTORY," "AURORA FLOYD," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—A MODERN GENTLEMAN'S DIARY.

Francis Tredethlyn went back to the hotel in Covent Garden, with the little sheepskin-covered volume appertaining to the gentleman who called himself Robert Lesley safely bestowed in his pocket. He went straight back to the hotel, ate his simple dinner, drew the candles near him, and then, taking up a poker from the hearth, made short work of the lock under which the stranger had kept his secrets. All thought of those sunny gardens and drawing-rooms at Twickenham, the glancing river, the woody background, faded out of his mind for a time, and gave place to one settled purpose—the discovery of his missing cousin's destroyer.

Yes, her destroyer! He had only been able to read Mrs. Burfield's story in one fashion. The solitary departure in the chill light of a winter's morning, the haste and secrecy, the lonely return long afterwards—these things seemed to the young man to point only to one conclusion. The simple Cornish girl's faith had been betrayed by the man she had so implicitly trusted.

In the little volume before him Francis Tredethlyn hoped to find some further clue to that sad history. He seemed to take a savage pleasure in punishing the neat brazen lock, which he shattered with a couple of vigorous blows from the handle of the poker.

"I wonder whether, when a man's a villain, he writes that down?" thought Mr. Tredethlyn. "I can't fancy a scoundrel putting the truth about himself even on paper; and if the truth isn't here, I can't see how the book will help me. And yet there must be secrets in it too, or he'd never have had such a lock as this. Mr. Lowther used to throw his journal about anywhere, and I don't think he ever did anything that was particularly worth writing down."

The Cornishman began to turn over the volume very slowly, looking at the pages cautiously, almost as if he expected to see some venomous creature crawl out from between the leaves. The first twenty pages of the book were filled with the records of a college life, in which brief memoranda of study were interspersed with boating slang and turf calculations. The name of a certain Rosa, of the King's Head, appeared very often in these earlier pages; and there were little epigrams about Rosa, bespeaking the easy-going morality of a Rochester or a Sedley, rather than the pure sentiments of a Tennyson or a Longfellow. Altogether there was a reckless, swaggering manner about the book, which very well corresponded with Mrs. Burfield's description of the prancing stranger.

But the volume had no interest for Francis Tredethlyn until he came to the twentieth page, where the name of Coltonslough figured for the first time:

"*November* 8.—The abomination of desolation, and just the place for a fellow that wants to read hard and be delivered from the society of his fellow-creatures! Arrived yesterday afternoon; found civil landlady, stereotyped seaside accommodation; decrepit easy-chair, slippery horsehair cushions; no window curtains to speak of, and a great deal of unnecessary drapery festooned about a rickety tent bedstead; wash-handstand one size too large for a doll, and fifty sizes too small for any civilised being; shells and shepherdesses on the mantelpieces, and any amount of blown glass decanters on the sideboard. Dined on chops, which were fried, soddened in their own grease. Must speak to the landlady to-morrow, and insist on gridiron. The woman who would fry chops would think nothing of human sacrifices. A girl waited on me, a good deal younger than Rosa, and I think prettier—but we have changed all that, so I didn't take particular notice of her. Read hard till after one, and write this before retiring to my couch—flock, and lumpy—for I dug my knuckles into the counterpane while examining the apartment.

"*November* 9.—The girl, who is infinitely superior to Rosa, brought me my breakfast. More chops, not fried, but soddened in relic of the dark ages entitled Dutch oven, for I inquired; and underdone French rolls. Why, O provincial baker, always underdone? What grudge dost thou bear against thy fellow-man that thou seekest insidiously to undermine his constitution with thy clammy breadstuffs? Girl, infinitely prettier than Rosa, cleared away breakfast. Very shy, and only answers polite inquiries in monosyllables. Asked if she was relation of woman of house. No, no relation, nursery governess to children. Comes from some remote district in the west of England; evidently objects to be precise as to locality. Heard her go down kitchen stairs with teathings, and did not hear her reascend them. Conclude that the nursery is somewhere in the cellarage. Read hard all day. Smoke and stroll in the evening. Landlady waited on me at dinner. Dismal change, after monosyllabic girl, recalling Death's head at Egyptian banquets, but not crowned with flowers. More reading after dinner, brandy-and-water—cold, and now to bed. Have ordered mattress to be put over flock. Sleeping on knobby surface all very well now and then, but not for a permanence. Mem.:—To keep my eye upon Lord Paisley's 'Blazing Tom,' for the Craven meeting.

"*November* 12.—No diary yesterday or the day before. Read with German crib—wonderful fellows those Germans for first-class translations of classic fogies. Wrote to H. C. to put a pony on 'Blazing Tom.' Walked on the esplanade in the afternoon, and made the acquaintance of monosyllabic Cornish girl, infinitely prettier than Rosa. Yes, I succeeded in breaking the ice, with considerable trouble, for I never did see anything feminine so shy and frightened as this brown-eyed Cornish girl. 'Her eye's dark charm,' &c. Well, there is something of the gazelle in her eyes, something shrinking and fawnlike. I could fancy the white doe of what's-its-name looking as she looked at me yesterday.

"I went out for my smoke and stroll rather earlier than I had intended. I saw the Cornish girl and three uncouth children in rusty leather boots, wending their way across the piece of waste ground which forms the delicious prospect before my window. A nice, cool, gray afternoon, with a low yellow streak on the western horizon; a gray sea, melting into a gray sky, with only just that one golden streak glimmering along the edge of the waters; the sort of afternoon that reminds one of the Tennyson's poetry. So I lighted my cigar and went out for a stroll. Perhaps I followed the monosyllabic girl. What do I know? as that amiable French nuisance, who is perpetually quoted in newspaper leaders, remarked. Enough that I went, found the Cornish girl, very shabbily dressed, but unutterably pretty, strolling listlessly up and down the paved walk beside the sea. They call it the sea, but oh for the roaring breakers of the Atlantic, or the long hoarse roar of the waves, as the German Ocean surges on broad yellow sands yonder, far away in the north!

"And so, having lighted my cigar, I strolled up and down the esplanade. Of course I began to talk to the children. If children have any use in this world, which I have been frequently inclined to doubt, surely it must be in this matter of serving as a means of introduction to pretty nursemaids. The children and I were intimate in no time; the presuming little imps became, of course, obnoxiously familiar; and, like all go-betweens, were very difficult to shake off when done with. But I got the Cornish girl to talk at last. She is not stupid, only shy; and she told me a good deal, in a pretty, simple, girlish way, about her native county, always keeping clear of all precise allusion to locality, by-the-bye. She is very pretty—I had almost written lovely, but that adjective can only be applied to a highbred beauty. She is extremely pretty, and that white doe of Rhylston (isn't it?) look in her eyes haunted me all last night while I was reading. Yes, it was very pleasant, that stroll upon the esplanade. I threw away my first cigar, and forgot to light another, though she would have allowed me to smoke, I dare say. It was very pleasant, that cool gray sea, and the yellow streak fading in the west, and the flat gray shore, and the generally Tennysonian aspect of everything. It was very much better than the King's Arms, and a lot of fellows drinking no end of Bass, and chaffing Rosa. I don't suppose this Cornish girl knows what chaff means. I almost shudder when I think of Rosa, with her big, round black eyes, and the sticky little curls upon her forehead, and the tartan neck ribbons, and great yellow ear-rings. And Oxonians have married Rosas before my time, and have deservedly gone to the dogs thereupon. But fifty thousand is your figure, my dear Robert, fifty thousand, well sounded, and no separate use and maintenance humbug either. Something in the commercial widow line, I suppose you will have to put up with, my poor Bob, but no greedy old parent to interfere with the disposal of the money. The widow, or the orphan, if a fifty thousand pounder, is the sort of article for you, dear child.

"*November* 13.—She brought me my breakfast this morning—(what, is she *she* already? Alas, poor Rosa!)—and I got her to pour out my tea. I couldn't detain her long: she was so very busy, she said, and seemed painfully anxious to get away. I made her talk a little. She has a nice low voice—'an excellent thing,' &c.! Now Rosa had a vixenish way of speaking that always jarred upon me, even when I was deepest down that pit into which the fair barmaid's admirers cast themselves. She—the Cornish girl—is what people call a genteel young person, with white hands and a slim waist, and a nice way of doing her hair and putting on her collars and cuffs. Her name is Susan Turner, by-the-bye, and the children call her Susie. Could anything sound more pastoral? Susie. The name of Rosa was always so painfully suggestive of nigger melodies. Another cool gray afternoon, and another low yellow line across the sky, so I went out for my smoke at the same time as yesterday. She was on the esplanade with the children. She instructs them in arithmetic, writing, and elementary smatterings of history, geography, and grammar, after dinner, and then brings them out for a walk till tea-time, after which they 'retire to rest,' as the novelists have it, not without considerable rebellious scuffing in the passage and on the stairs. That is the order of the day. In the morning, I suspect she is a housemaid, parlormaid, needlewoman, or anything else that my landlady's necessities oblige her to be. But she is always equally neat and pretty, and if she were only provided with that trifling little matter of fifty thousand or so in the elegant simplicity of the three per cents., I should be decidedly inclined to fall in love with her. Does one ever fall in love with the fifty thousand pounder, by-the-bye? I rather think not. She, Susie, was was not quite so shy this afternoon, and we talked a good deal. I offered to lend her some books. offered to lend Rosa books once, when I was in the lowest depths of spooneyism, and was unhappy about her grammar—those dreadful, superflous 'whiches,' and intolerable 'as hows!'—but Rosa rejected my literature as dry rubbish that gave her the horrors. I had lent her the 'Bride of Lammermoor.' My little Susie won't turn up that innocent nose of hers at any sentimental story, I'll be bound. I've found an odd volume of Byron, containing 'Parisina' and the 'Prisoner of Chillon,' and a lot of the 'To Thyrza,' business.

"N.B.—I find that I've called her my little Susie! Pretty well, as I've been only a week in the place. Am I going down into another pit, I wonder—a deeper abyss than that into which Rosa casts her victims? Poor, pretty, fawn-eyed little darling! Take care of yourself, my dear Robert. Poor, friendless Susie! She couldn't well be worse off under any circumstances than she is in this place, that's one blessing; the drudge of a mistress who is herself a slave in the bondage of poverty. I went down to the kitchen yesterday to get a fresh supply of coals—these people are ready to fall down and worship me because I'm not proud, as they put it, but there are numerous orders of pride, I think—and I saw their dinner. Such a poor bone of mutton. Poor little Susie! how she would open her eyes at sight of the Richmond and Greenwich banquets that I have seen given to persons as inferior to herself as—Hyperion to the other person; what a frightful hindrance to original composition is that abominable habit of hackneyed quotation! the great newspaper mill going round three hundred and thirteen times a year, and only one little limited stock of quotations for all the leader writers.

"*November* 16.—Sunday, and a wet day; saw Susan start for church in the morning with prayer-books and children. Strolled out with umbrella a little after twelve; found church; unpleasant new building, smelling of damp stucco, and looking like an edifice of soddened brown paper; waited in the porch, patient as that young idiot in Arthur Pendennis's poem, until my lady came out, and conducted her home in triumph under my umbrella, while the awkward squad of children brought up the rear, under cover of the maternal gingham. She was obliged to take my arm, and as the walk from church is rather a long one, we got alarmingly intimate—when I say alarmingly intimate, I mean that she has taking to blushing when I speak to her. That's the worst of these fawnlike girls, they will blush! And when they are pretty the blushes are so bewitching. And when they don't happen to have fifty thousand or so what is a fellow to do? Take to his heels, replies the stern moralist, who has sown his own wild oats twenty years ago, and is envious of the young scatterers of to-day. I came to Coltonslough to read, and come what may I shall stay there till it's time to go back to St. B. In the meantime, Susie is a brown-eyed angel, an angel who leads the life of a lowbred drudge, and for whom any possible change of circumstances must be a change for the better.

"Of course I questioned her about the sermon as we walked home. Take an interest in sermons, and women will believe in you though you were the veriest scoundrel that ever admired Voltaire and considered the 'Pucelle' his *chef d'œuvre*. What a little Puritan she is! She has been to church twice every Sunday ever since she can remember, she told me, and to Sunday school, and to all kinds of examinations and cross-examinations in the vicar's parlor. I don't suppose she would have floundered as I did, and come to grief over some of the questions those old fogies at Oxford asked me about Biblical history. She knows all about Saul, and David, and Jonathan, and those everlasting wars with the Philistines, I dare say. She is very pretty, lovely—yes, lovely, although not highbred. I sometimes fancy, though, that she must have decent blood in her veins. I never saw a prettier little hand upon my arm than that which rested there to-day, as I brought her home from church. If I were—something utterly different from what I am, I would get my degree, go in for a country curacy, and little Susie should be my wife. But *noblesse oblige;* which very elastic aphorism means, in my case, that I must marry a rich woman, and hold my own in my native county whenever the reigning potentate is polite enough to retire to the dusky shades whither all earthly sovereigns must go.

"Poor little Susan! pretty little Susan! When I am a county magnate, laying down the law at the head of my table in the great dining-room at the hall, shall I look back and think of these days, and smile at myself, remembering that I could be so foolish as to go out on a wet Sunday to escort a little nursemaid along a damp clay road?

"Read hard all the afternoon; dined on an elderly fowl flavored with Dutch oven, a bird that must have known Coltonslough when the first bow-windowed house was a damp brickwork skeleton, grim and open to the howling of the winds. Read for some time after dinner, and let my fire out. Went downstairs to hunt up matches and firewood, and found my landlady and Susan sitting opposite to each other at a little table, with one tallow candle, reading pious compositions of an evangelical tendency. They both seemed glad to see me, so I stopped and talked to them. Susan had read the 'Prisoner of Chillon;' she read it last night, and cried over it 'fearful,' my landlady informed me; so we were able to talk about the poem, and I read two or three of the fugitive pieces aloud. I used to be rather great at the debating club at O——, and I gave them the 'Thyrzas' and 'Day of My Destiny' very strong. I could see the tears shining in Susan's eyes before I'd finished. I used to recite poetry to Rosa sometimes, when I'd been taking too much Bass, and we stood in the moonlit porch at the King's Arms, with the river, and the willows, and the towing-path all of a shimmer in the silvery light; but one is apt to get tired of reciting sentimental poetry to a young person who cries, 'Lor, how funny!' at the close of some passionate verse. I remember thundering out that grand anathema of Tom Moore's against the Prince Regent, 'Go, deceiver, go!' and my Rosa asked me, naïvely, what the gentleman had done that the other gentleman should use such bad language to him. No, Rosa, your strong point was not intellect. In the matter of sticky curls and large black eyes you are unsurpassed, but the sentimental element in your nature may be represented by zero."



THE WIVES, DAUGHTERS AND SERVANTS OF THE CHIVALRY OF SAVANNAH ACCEPTING AID FROM THE U. S. COMMISSARY—SIDEBET SCENE.—Sketched by our Special Artist, W. T. Crane.

HON. D. S. DICKINSON.

THIS able and honest lawyer, politician and statesman, of whom a capital portrait accompanies this article, was born in Goshen, Conn., A.D. 1800. His father was a farmer of the sturdy, sensible Yankee breed, and Mr. Dickinson legitimately inherits from his New England ancestry his practical sense, his uncompromising uprightness and unyielding devotion to principle, and his love of character.

Mr. Dickinson's education was nothing but a scanty allowance of district school-training. He had, however, the iron resolution, strong conviction of the worth of knowledge, and fortunate power of will, which have lifted other self-made men. His father had moved out to Western New York when he was we only six years old, and the youth, in spite of all the disadvantages of his remote location, pursued his own plans of education, and mastered the Latin language, and taught it himself, whenever he was studying, became very successful in the justice business of his section of the country, rapidly rose to professional standing, and became known and respected as a practitioner in the higher courts of the State. He entered upon the higher grades of political life by becoming State Senator in 1836. From that time to the present Mr. Dickinson's career has been an elevated, influential and honorable one before the eyes of the whole people of the United States. His own great State has repeatedly testified its value for his services, by choosing him, at different times, Lieut.-Gov., Presidential Elector at Large, Attorney-General, and United States Senator for the term from 1844 to 1851, and he has also held various minor but responsible and honorable offices of public trust.

Mr. Dickinson is an able lawyer and a shrewd and strong politician. He is more than that, he is a true patriot and a real statesman. He is still more—he is an upright and spotlessly moral Christian man and citizen. In truth, he is, perhaps, as well-known for refusing to sacrifice principle to party or political success as for any other quality. Though always a thorough and enthusiastic Democratic principle and by instinct, when in his honest judgment his party drifted from its just support of its policy, he adhered to that line and calmly suffered his party to leave him, remaining at last a steadfast supporter of the Union, and of all the measures and persons whose success he believed identified with the perfectness of the rebellion. We scarcely need to add many of our readers know, that he is a powerful and successful *stump* lawyer, and a ready, able, and influential political speaker.

Up to the year 1864 Mr. Dickinson had invariably refused to be personally interested with the affairs of any financial or corporate concern. At that time, however, one of the petroleum companies, of which so many hundreds have been set in operation within a few years, succeeded in convincing him that its enterprise was legitimate, sound and safe, and that he would scarcely risk his own interests, without endangering his good name, by becoming identified with it.

This was the Tarr Farm and Liverpool Petroleum Company, of which Mr. Dickinson is President. This company commenced its active operations about the beginning of November, 1864. One chief principle upon which its managers proceeded has been to carefully avoid secret sales. Every one of our individual readers might have lands or other oil property to sell, at the expense of one dollar advertising. On the other hand, they have uniformly considered the best interests of the stockholders as the only rule for conducting the concerns of the company, and have acted in good faith upon this rule.

The inducements offered in the original prospectuses and advertisements of the company, and the high and unexpected character of the gentlemen immediately identified and in the Board of Trustees, rapidly supplied it with the funds necessary for a working capital; and with $100,000 in its treasury, operations were soon set out in the beginning of the present year, who passed a considerable time in the oil regions, in selecting from the numerous oil lands and leases offered to the company such as would afford the soundest and safest sites for its mining works. This was successfully accomplished, and the company now owns interests in lands and other properties, conveyed to it in fee, by undisputed and certain titles, and paid for, for a total which constitutes an admirable real estate basis for its actual operations to mining and selling petroleum.

A corporation like the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company needs, in order to attract and justify the confidence of the public, managers of proper character, sufficient capital, a practical working organization, sound business rules, and, lastly, the actual success which those preliminaries are sure to bring. In all these particulars, it is believed that the company stands in a remarkably high position. A few words will suffice, out of place on some of these heads:

MANAGERS.—Of Mr. Dickinson we have spoken. The remaining executive officers of the company are gentlemen of experience and good repute in the business world.

The Board of Trustees includes, not merely these gentlemen and others of good character and standing, but several whose circumstances constitute a special and peculiar guarantee for careful and judicious management. Such, for instance, are—

J. H. Angier, Esq., who is a member of the very rich and strong firm of Brewer, Watson & Co.

L. W. Myers, Esq., one of the most prominent oil shippers of the petroleum mart of Titusville, and a gentleman of recognized ability and means.

Dr. W. M. Jennings, of Zanesville, whose shrewdness and success as a business man have already secured him a considerable fortune.

W. F. Newton, Esq., a well-known and cautious oil operator, and others. The gentleman just specified lives in the oil region, where the interests of the company are situated, and in the immediate neighborhood. Their own means have been to a great extent acquired in the oil business. They understand the general principles of business, and the special characteristics of the oil business in particular. And they own stock in this company, which stock they hold for the sake of the dividends which they believe it will hereafter yield. These circumstances together give as much certainty as human affairs permit, that the transactions of the company will be carefully watched, conducted in the best manner, and with that kind of economy which only an owner's eye can enforce.

CAPITAL.—The capital of the company already actually paid in is ample to carry its mining concerns into full operation, having, as has been stated, reached $100,000 within the first two months of its existence, and being steadily on the increase by sales of stock now constantly made at the par value of $10 per share.

WORKING ORGANIZATION.—For the practical nature of the working organization of the company, the character of those who have thus far formed and conducted it, must, for the present, be its guarantee. But it may be mentioned that the Company's Mining Superintendent, Mr. R. J. Dutis, is a practical mining engineer of large experience, decided skill, and high local reputation. Indeed his employment as mining superintendent was instantly recognized in the oil regions to the vicinity of the Company's lands, as a material enhancement of the value of the stock, and a proof of the sagacity of its management.

BUSINESS RULES.—The principle of operating for the interests of the stockholders is obvious enough of course. But the New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company exemplifies this plain in a manner which is believed worthy of stating particularly. This is the rule of selling stock. It is a fixed principle of the company to seek to place its shares rather in the hands of many small than of a few large ones. It thus avoids the danger of falling helplessly within the control of any one or two rich men, who might then proceed to make the company a mere speculating machine for their private gain, and might sell it out bodily, or ruin it, when or as they might choose. The managers of the company have, in fact, once or twice already actually declined large offers made to them for buying their stock in great quantities, from an apprehension of the probability of such consequences. It has also adopted another beneficial rule, namely, not to hold any property or interest whatever, which is not under its own exclusive control and management. This avoids depending (for instance) for the oil from a well on the good faith and skill of other parties operating it.

The present possessions of the company are as follows: A half interest in the Borough well, at Titusville, now producing from six to ten barrels of oil a day, and increasing. This oil is obtained close to the railroad, and is worth more accordingly; the working interest in the Kelly lease, near the Borough well, on which lease a well is now going down; the working interest in the Morrison and Alvin wells, which are close together, near the celebrated Noble well and Sherman well, and both of which have already yielded largely; the Parker farm lease, in Oil Creek, with a well just being pumped, room for ten or fifteen more, and close to the Continental well (75 barrels), and the Hoyt, Bartis, Fitch, Stewart and Palmer wells, all steadily yielding; the Hart farm of 93 acres, on Cherry Run, in the same neighborhood as the Noble well; the Egbert farm, the Coquet well (600 barrels), the Jersey well (400 barrels), the Maple Shade well (300 barrels), and the United States Company's new 300 barrel well; the Whitney farm, of 200 acres or more, on Oil Creek, first-class oil land; and the Mowbray Refinery, now to be known as the New York and Liverpool Refinery.

Thus this company has all already coming in, several wells in actual operation, room for sinking several hundred wells if desirable, and means for refining and marketing its own produce in an economical manner.

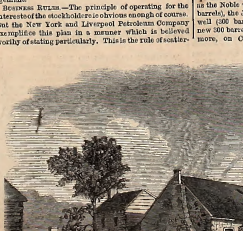
Subject to the natural chances of human affairs, the prospects of this company are very sure and very brilliant, and we sincerely hope, as we fully expect, that Mr. Dickinson, as well as his officers and stockholders, will find their participation in this undertaking largely and permanently profitable.

We know that a quarterly dividend is already talked of and fully expected, though the managers have preferred to wait until they were beyond all uncertainties before publicly committing themselves on this point. Stock subscribed for within a few weeks will of course be entitled to this dividend. It is also another and a very satisfactory proof of the real success of this company, that it has discontinued the sale of stock at the subscription price of $5 per share. This price was fixed at first, and was retained until an ample working capital was secured. As soon as this was done, however, the full value of the stock was very properly demanded, and it is now readily selling at par, or $10 a share. While on this point, we may suggest that subscriptions for stock to any amount may be sent, addressed to the company, Post Office Box 2358, New York city, either in greenbacks, drafts or Government bonds and securities at market prices; or they may be sent for the company, addressed thus: "Atlantic Bank, Treasury New York and Liverpool Petroleum Company, 142 Broadway, New York City."

Mr. Dickinson is now precisely at the time of life when his wisdom and practical experience render him capable of the maximum of service to the public, and we accordingly expect, to consolidation, our stormy hope that his future public career may be as in the past, bright, lofty and always upward to higher honors.



HON. DANIEL S. DICKINSON.—FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.



A REVOLUTIONARY RELIC—HOUSE OF GEN. CHARLES LEE, IN THE SHENANDOAH VALLEY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

HOUSE OF GEN. C. LEE.

OUR ARTIST who accompanied Gen. Sheridan's forces to the Shenandoah valley sent us a sketch of this curious old house, which we have engraved for this week's paper.

Gen. Lee spent the latter part of his life in an abstracted and solitary manner, aloof from the awakening energy and stir of the young Republic. There was no other being in the house he occupied. His companions were his books and dogs; the latter sharing the same bill, and eating the same food, from wooden dishes, as their eccentric master. His will is a curious relic and expression of his character, and, like everything among other original sentiments, which we have not space to quote, the novel assertion that man is no more responsible for the nature of his religious opinions than for the color of his skin. The building in which Shenandoah Furnace was first put in blast is very ancient, and is an interesting monument of the olden time.

SHIPPING THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

THE process of shipping a portion of the submarine cable which has been made for this great undertaking from the works at Greenwich on board the Hulk Iris, for transference to the Main cable, now lying on the tanks of the Great Eastern, was commenced on Thursday, the 16th ult. The shipment was necessarily to be a long one, and will continue without intermission now until nearly the end of May, by which time it is hoped all will be completed and the vessel ready for steamship. The total quantity of rope required to connect Valentia with Bull's bay, Newfoundland, following for the 'clear' which must run out to prevent too great a strain on the cable, is about 2,300 nautical or geographical miles. When the length of a Liverpool margin is given of nearly 600 statute miles of rope or slack caused by currents, possible rough weather, and other evolutions of the ship, will be stored aboard on the cable in the deepest water. Over one part of the route the depth of water is greater than 2,000 fathoms, or nearly three statute miles—a depth, however, which is only considered of moment in case of breakage, as the great weight and tension of the cable being sufficient to bear its own weight in 11 miles of still water. In this case, indeed, the strength of the new cable has an enormous superiority over the old and ill-used rope, which was first laid, and which, in the estimation of all those who know its real condition, deserves remaining in fair working order for a few or twenty days.

Our engraving, on page 366, shows the process of running off the cable from the works into the receptacle prepared for it on board the Iris. We also give examples and longitudinal sections of the cable.

LIEUT.-GEN. GRANT'S HOUSE in Philadelphia.

ON our fourth page we exhibit a view of the mansion recently presented to Gen. Grant by some prominent citizens of Philadelphia, one of our Artists having been sent to that spot for the purpose. The edifice is in Chestnut street, west of 20th, and is of a plain, substantial and comfortable character, in a brief style of a home where a valorous soldier might happily repose with his family between the blasts of the trumpet. The donors of this testimonial souvenir have doubtless desired to fix the residence of the great commander permanently near themselves, a most natural inclination, and one that is admirably furthered by the present universal mania for making presents of residences.

SOMETHING FOR THE LADIES.—The Paris correspondent of the London *Court Journal*, in a letter dated January 13th, describes the latest fashion in wearing hair at the Tuileries ball on the 11th. He says: "The hair no longer hangs *à Greque* on the

neck behind, butts bromide forward, and threatens all offenders, in helmet fashion on the command of the head. "The promissory organs," as the scientists of phrenology denominate those low foreheads, towards the nape of the neck, are found to be hitherto been concealed by the hair, now wind revealed in all its hairy indiscretion. It is a fearful thing for all along the top of the head, told. The parting rifle in front, and the short frizzy which our ancestors have replaced the tabletkeeping curls round the back from the forehead, and showing luminous forward for its best advantage. In that way the good looking that the fashion has been imposed by selection of Nature's favorites, for we search in vain for the hairdresser's connected with its introduction? The hair revealed to vote, or we understand, at the last election of officers, held at Salt Meadow—the assembly at which—that takes place twice a year, for the election of officers. Twelve young ladies are submitted to the inspection of the public of the newest thing of the great Paris hairdressers, and this year, almost by unanimity, the exposition was awarded to Leopold's coiffure Empire, and thus has ugliness proclaimed her supremacy over taste and elegance for the year."

How to cure dogs of sheep-killing? One way is to tie him on his neck in a gateway and drive a flock of sheep over him! The other way is to tie him between two sound rams—the thrusts thereof will teach him about his bad habits. An application of either of these modes of punishment will make him afraid ever to lose a sheep in the face afterwards.

PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

A NEW MERCURY STORY—NO. 51.

SIBYLLA JOY;

OR,

The Mystery of the Brown Stone House.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

ELEGANTLY ILLUSTRATED BY BARLEY.

Price Twenty-Five Cents.

Mailed free of postage on receipt of price.

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BEAUTY—A JOY FOR EVER.

Pimples and Blotches on the Face, Sallowness and all Roughness of the Skin removed, at once by the use of "URHAM'S PURIFIED RASBERRY." Price 50 cents. Mailed to any part of the country, by S. O. UPHAM, 36 North Eighth Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 482-496

"Album Gems."—Something New, Gay and Fancy. The most desirable Cards ever published—including the Floral Dancing Girl; Verse beginning with Love; Bedtime; Bombarding Charleston; Sonnet on the Rose, etc., etc. Only 8 cents each, or $1 for the set of 13 choice cards.

W. TOMLINSON, Publisher,
23 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

6,000 Agents wanted to sell Five new inventions—two very recent, and of great value. Any good man can make. Send and get 30 pages particulars, gratis. EPHRAIM BROWN, Lowell, Mass. 480-94

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three-tenths per cent. interest, or annum, known as the

SEVEN-THIRTY LOAN.

These Notes are issued under date of August 15th, 1864, and are payable three years from that time, in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 Six per Cent.

GOLD BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are now worth a premium of nine per cent., including gold interest from November, which make the interest on the 7-30 loan at current rates, including interest, about ten per cent. per annum. Besides its exemption from State and Municipal taxation, which adds from three to five per cent. more, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker. The interest amounts to:

One Cent per day on a $50 Note.		
Two " " "	"	$100 "
Ten " " "	"	$500 "
Twenty " " "	"	$1000 "
$1 " " "	"	$5000 "

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the

Great Popular Loan of the People.

Less than $200,000,00 remain unsold, which will probably be disposed of within the next 60 or 90 days, when the sales will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the loan, the National State Banks, and Bankers in all parts throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and will only arr to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

JAY COOKE,
Subscription Agent, Philadelphia.

Full Instructions how either sex may gain the love of any person they choose instantly. Sent on receipt of stamp. Address W. NORTH & CO., Box 67, L. O., Albany, N. Y.

Whiskers! Moustaches!!—The celebrated RUSSILATA FLUID is warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in two weeks. An English patent article, which does no injury to the skin. Sent, postpaid, for $1. Address Dr. H. DE FORREST, Troy, N. Y.

NO LIABILITIES TO STOCKHOLDERS.

FIRST NATIONAL PETROLEUM CO.

Of New York and Pennsylvania.

ORGANIZED UNDER THE LAWS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK, JANUARY, 1865.

Capital Stock, $1,000,000, in 200,000 Shares of $5 Each. A Limited Amount of Stock Reserved at $3 a Share.

Two New Wells on Company's Property, now yielding Seventy Barrels daily. Five Wells now going down. Derrick and Engine Houses Erected.

OFFICE, NO. 160 BROADWAY.

OFFICERS:

President—CHAS. H. APPLEGATE,
Of G. H. Applegate & Brother, No. 354 Broadway.

Vice-President—JOHN L. DOUGLASS,
Secretary of Merchants' Fire Insurance Co.

Treasurer—HIRAM G. BOND,
Banker, No. 11 Pine Street.

Secretary—JOHN O. HOYT,
Commission Merchant, No. 4 Cedar Street.

General Superintendent—MAHLON S. FROST,
Holding 1,000 Shares.

Bankers—DUNCAN, SHERMAN & CO.,
Corner of Nassau and Pine Streets.

PROPERTY NO. 1.—SEVENTY BARRELS OF OIL DAILY.

A perpetual lease of two and a half acres on the celebrated Buchanan Farm, at the junction of Oil Creek and Cherry Run, in Venango County, Pennsylvania, adjoining the 70 barrels daily, of which one-half goes to the First National Petroleum Company. The royalty required for the oil is equivalent to the payment of at least two per cent. upon the investment, and the remainder goes into the investments. First dividend of two per cent. for February, payable on the fifteenth of March, will be made by the Company. Engines, tools and tubing now on the leased land.

PROPERTY NO. 2.—FORTY ACRES OF THE HATCH FARM.

This property, owned in fee, lies just north of Plumer, on both sides of Cherry Run, and is the scene of the two great New Wells which have yielded 2,000 barrels daily and the new 320 barrel well on the Company's property, now being drilled by the same Company, and but a little distance from each. One hundred and forty acres lie on the south side of the Hatch Farm and Oil Creek. A large flow of oil has just been struck in the Company's verge of the property, and new wells will be sunk on the property during the Spring and Summer. Derricks will be erected and wells sunk without striking oil.

PROPERTY NO. 3.—FIVE WELLS NOW GOING DOWN.

A parcel of land on the well-known McFate Farm, on Cherry Run. Five wells are now going down, varying in depth from the depth of over 300 feet. The First National Petroleum Company has a large interest in all the oil territory, without spending a penny or doing a day's work. The Company will sink wells immediately. The interest of the barrels each, and other great wells are near by.

PROPERTY NO. 4.—117 ACRES OF THE EIGHTLIN FARM.

All on Oil Creek, just above Titusville, and owned by fee. Regarded by experienced oil operators as one of the best oil properties in Pennsylvania. Lease of the land daily examined by oil discoveries and strikes on all sides of it. Room for prospecting over 500 wells. Several will be sunk immediately.

PROPERTY NO. 5.—200 ACRES IN WEST VIRGINIA.

The lease of about 200 acres of rich oil-bearing lands on the Little Kanawha and Duckard Creek, in West Virginia, giving to the First National Petroleum Company seven-eighths of all the oil. The property is near the noted Burning Springs Well, and in the great upheaval range, which has always been found to contain oil in huge quantities. Wells will be sunk immediately.

PROPERTY NO. 6.

A lease 50 acres of first-class oil-bearing lands, also on Little Kanawha River and Duckard Creek, in the vicinity of property No. 5.

THE RESERVED SHARES—ALL STOCKHOLDERS ON AN EQUAL FOOTING.

Subscriptions will be received, until further notice, for a limited amount of reserved stock, at the lowest cash price of $3 per share, par value $5, the same being full 40 per cent. less than the present and future prices at which respect the original subscribers, and those who may purchase from them under names, stand on precisely the same footing.

THE COMPANY'S WORKING OPERATIONS.

The working operations of the company have been placed under the personal supervision of Mahlon S. Frost, Esq., of Titusville. Mr. Frost is a pioneer in the oil development of Pennsylvania, and one of the largest and most experienced oil operators in the country. All the new wells will be sunk under his immediate direction. Subscription Books now open at the COMPANY'S OFFICE, NO. 160 BROADWAY.

ORDERS FROM THE COUNTRY PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

Dr. Talbot's Concentrated Medical

PINEAPPLE CIDER

is a PREVENTIVE of SICKNESS. The experience that it is a CURE for sickness, during the past two years, convinces him that it is time the public had its choice exclusively for health sickness. Dr. Talbot's Pineapple Cider is Dr. Talbot's Medicated Pineapple Cider, designed to purify the blood and young. It is not only looking but is entirely new to the public. Dr. Talbot has been a long time in perfecting it. This is now a new mode of introducing it, nevertheless it is the same Cider that has been in use for years, to pay three dollars a year to any one desiring it, and is now offered to the public at one dollar per bottle, and as much more for the loss of time and expense of sending it, as the purchaser may choose to give. Also the compound of Medicated Pineapple Cider is a cure for dyspepsia, and a child will not first thing after you rise in the morning, and the same after each meal. It will relieve the worst cases of dyspepsia and give vigor and action to the system. A celebrated New York physician says it has proved a heavenly trial of the Pineapple Cider, assures Dr. Talbot that he gained a pound of flesh in one month on the Medicated, and confirms its use as above directed, and finds it very beneficial says it has proved a perfect preventive of sickness in his case. Also, another well-known gentleman of New York has used the Pineapple Cider constantly for ten years, and has not been sick one day during that time.

Price $3 per bottle (full quart); pints, $2; half-pints, $1. One quart bottle, two pint bottles, or four half-pint bottles, sent free by Express on receipt of price. All orders should be addressed to

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64, 66, 66, 67, 68, 70, 72 and 74 Washington St., N. Y.
474-499

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100 COLORED PHOTOGRAPHS of Female Beauties for 50 cents. Send all orders to C. BRIGGS, P. O. Drawer 6938, Chicago, Ill. 487-98

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95,000 Watches, Chains, Gold Pens with Case, Setts of Jewellery, Lockets, Sleeve-Buttons, Gent's Pins, &c.,

to be sold for

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$75 TO $100!!!

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ONE DOLLAR EACH,

without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive.

Read this list of Articles to be sold at $1 each:

500 Ladies and Gents' Gold Watches, $50 to $100 each.
500 " " " " 25 to 50 "
1,000 Hunting Cased Silver Watches, 15 to 20 "
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5,000 Ladies' Gilt and Jet Bracelets, 2 to 15 "
3,000 Ladies' Gilt and Jet Hair Pins and Balls, 2 to 10 "
3,000 Ladies' Fine Enrings, 2 to 10 "
5,000 Gold Band Bracelets, 2 to 10 "
5,000 Extended Coral and Opal Ear-drops, 2 to 15 "
3,000 Plain and Fancy Rings, 2 to 10 "
5,000 Sets Sleeve Buttons, 2 to 5 "
10,000 Pieces Silver Ware, 2 to 15 "
10,000 Gold Pens, with Silver Mounted Holders, 5 to 15 "
3,000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Holders, 2 to 8 "
5,000 Gold Watch Keys, 1 to 3 "

All to be sold at One Dollar each. Certificates of all the different articles, stating what each one have, are put into envelopes and mixed, and, when ordered, are taken out, without regard to choice, and sent by mail. On receiving the certificate you will see what you can have. Then it is at your option to send one dollar and take the article or not. All Certificates Free. A charge for forwarding the certificate, paying the postage and other incidental expenses, 20 cents each, which must be enclosed when the certificate is sent for. 6 Certificates for $1; 13 for $2; 40 for $5, and 100 for $10. Agents wanted to whom liberal inducements will be offered. Address

J. TOWNSEND & CO.,
No. 5 John street, New York.

484-8

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The American Card Company's New Union Playing Cards, National Emblems.

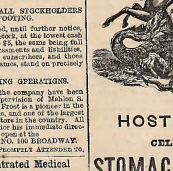
They are the prettiest cards made, and suit the popular ideas. The suits are Eagles, Shields, Stars and Flags; Colonial in place of King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Major for Knave.

All the games can be played as readily as with cards of the present foreign emblems. Each pack is put up in an elegant carmine case, and done in Russia Board for the trade.

In order that a fair trial may be had, and an opportunity to test their quality, we will send a sample box of twelve packs will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of $1 00 in Bank Bills.

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HOSTETTER'S

CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS.

A TIMELY WARNING TO THE SICK.—It is expectedly and confidently asserted at this time, when the markets of the United States are flooded with the direst poisons, under the name of medicines, and when the sick are importuned by pseudo purporting to be medicinal, but not a whit behind pernicious heralded to the worst in "secret nostrums of the day," that the public should fully understand the facts. Be it known, that while all the above named stimulants called liquors are impure, and while every article containing alcohol are deleterious, a fiery article containing most of it, and of a morbid character, HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS contains none of these things, but are a combination of pure vegetable juices of the most valuable medicinal properties, with the purest spirits and choicest aromatics, and is offered as a remedy for Dyspepsia and all the diseases originating in a disordered stomach, to the world with a firm, not boastful confidence, that it will not have its equal or competitor. Its sales to-day are equal to the combined sales of all the other articles advertised in the United States, and the certificates which subscribers to the press are signed by gentlemen of the highest standing in every professional calling, and walk of life. Beware of malicious and impudent.

Sold by all Druggists and Family Grocers.

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters,

PREPARED AND SOLD BY

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NEW YORK OFFICE, 69 CEDAR STREET.

RICH! RICH!

French fancy VALENTINES for Gentlemen, sent by mail, postpaid, for $1, or twelve for $5. Address

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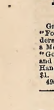
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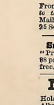
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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWS-PAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 492—Vol. XIX.] NEW YORK, MARCH 4, 1865. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 15 WEEKS $1 00.

Spain and Peru.

THE war which impended between Spain and Peru, and which threatened to involve the other South American republics, has been averted by negotiations, and the Chincha islands are to be restored to Peru, under conditions, however, somewhat humiliating to the latter. Spain it is true, gives up the arrogant pretension with which she started, viz: the right of *revindication*, or of reassuming at pleasure her dominion over such of her revolted colonies as had not been formally recognized by her as independent States, notwithstanding the *fact* of their independence, and in face of the fact that they have exercised all the functions of Sovereign States for more than forty years. She sacrifices but little by this surrender, since the pretension was so absurd as hardly to be accepted by the world as having been seriously made.

On the other hand, Peru is to send a Minister to Madrid, to negotiate there a treaty similar to those which Spain now has with most of the other Spanish-American States, and in which their independence is admitted. She is also to receive from Spain a Commissioner, having the same title and powers with the one which Peru refused to accept, and which refusal was the proximate pretext for the seizure of the guano islands. She is also to disavow certain alleged insults or attempted insults on Spanish officers of low rank, which she has insisted were never committed or attempted. And finally, and this is the most grievous of all, Peru is to admit the fact of a debt due to Spain, the extent to be determined hereafter, and pay the sum of $3,000,000 towards the cost of the expedition through which these demands have been enforced.

Such is the "lame and impotent conclusion" to which Peruvian preparation and bluster has come at last—a result perhaps not surprising in view of the Peruvian character, but sadly contrasting with that achieved by heroic Santo Domingo, with less than one-tenth of the population of Peru, and one-fiftieth part of its resources. And that, too, without an "American Congress" to inspire hope, encourage resistance, and promise—not furnish—aid.

It is not for us to quarrel with Peru for conducting her own affairs as she pleases, nor is it for us to object to her taste in wearing the sackcloth of humiliation, or bearing a heap of ashes rather than a crown of laurels on her head. But as a member of the guild of American republics, she had a certain duty to perform towards them. If cowardly and without shame herself, she should not confess those weaknesses in a manner to reflect on their manhood or honor. Still, the work is done, and Spain, who could not have maintained a war in the Pacific for ninety days, will sail back to the Peninsula laden with the extorted tribute of Peru—a tribute extorted by menace and not by superior power. But Peru will get back her precious guano, a treasure for which she has sacrificed her honor, and which she wastes like a spendthrift, and again resume her career of reckless extravagance. Better far that her islands had been sunk to the bottom of the sea, better even that they should have been seized and held by



REPELLING A BLOCKADE-RUNNER—SIGNAL LIGHT ON THE SUMMIT OF THE MOUND BATTERY, NEAR FORT FISHER, N. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

foreign power, than that a be should have sunk, unresistingly, into her present abasement.

We have used the terms "reckless extravagance," and accord them fully justified by the facts. Perhaps a population of about 2,500,000, of whom more than 2,000,000 are Indians, carrying nothing about public affairs, not participating in them, and eager only to keep out of the army. And yet the expenses of the Government fell but little short of $30,000,000 per annum! It is easy to perceive what corruption must exist in the administration of this sum, so disproportionate to any legitimate needs of the country. Perhaps we may discover in this extravagance the secret of the weakness of purpose and debility of principle which has placed the neck of Peru under the foot of Spain, and brought discredit on the American character.

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Le Moniteur des Interets Materiels says that the waste that comes from cutting furs as is found to be an excellent material for paving streets. It is run into moulds so as to form brick blocks, and allowed to cool thereby. It has been tried in Paris, and says the fashion establishment have commenced the manufacture of it. Our great avenue "Stone pavement" will soon be of fur also.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, MARCH 4, 1865.

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All manuscripts should be plainly written, on good paper, and on only one side of the sheets. Manuscripts written on both sides will be declined without examination.

The Beginning of the End.

"Now, by Saint Paul, the work goes bravely on."

GENERAL GRIERSON long ago proclaimed the Southern Confederacy a "mere shell," offering no resistance except its combustibles. He proved his opinion by traversing Mississippi from one end to the other, at the head of a mere handful of cavalry. Sherman has proved the same thing over a broader area in Georgia and South Carolina. The capital of the first fell into his hands without a struggle, and now we have the start of the 17th of February be occupied Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, where the first act of Secession was promulgated, and had severed every line of railway communication with the outside world, with Georgia and the South-West. This act reaches us through rebel sources, and is coupled with the humiliating admission that "this is the first time since the fall of Charleston, which has probably already commenced."

Let us now see how stand the hostile forces: Lee is entrenched in Richmond, with the bulk and flower of the rebel army; Hood is held back by Grant, in the words of the Raleigh *Progress*, "as in a vice." He cannot send off any considerable portion of his men southward for the reason that to do so would be to abandon Georgia without exposing himself to be overwhelmed by the vigilant and powerful enemy in his front. The forces operating against Sherman consist of two armies, Schofield's and Terry's. As regard, with perhaps a portion of Hood's dispirited army, and a detachment from Lee. These have been pushing northward in the gaps of Charleston and Wilmington, in one these points shall be evacuated." It will require a combination of all these forces to make Broad against Sherman's march, with any probability of checking his advance. It must be done, too, in order to prevent his cutting off, as he can readily do, the garrisons of Wilmington and Charleston, and thus compel their surrender in detail. In order to save their focus on the seaboard, therefore, the rebels are compelled to give up all their positions, and fall back on Richmond. Sherman is in fact driving the whole rebel herd before him, and penning them up in Virginia. He march has operated like a gigantic dragnet, sweeping up towards Richmond the restless organized rebel soldiery of the South and scout-ess. If the rebels want concentration they are certainly getting it; and, if Sherman's operations are unimpeded, they will all speedily find themselves huddled together on the edge of that "last ditch," in which, in default of victory, they have declared their intention to die.

It may be asked if Beauregard, strengthened by the garrisons of Charleston and Wilmington, may not be able to check or, perhaps, defeat Sherman? War has its contingencies, and such an event is not impossible; but, on the other hand, the abandonment of the positions named frees for Sherman's use quite as many, probably more men than will be added to Beauregard's force. Considerable bodies of cavalry from Charleston, and so have Schofield and Terry at Wilmington; no strong garrisons will be necessary to hold those places, once in our possession. The fleet will take care of them. Sherman will therefore be strengthened quite as rapidly as his antagonist, and his relative superiority sustained as he moves northward.

The result of this comprehension must be the concentration of all the rebel armies in Richmond, where, their supplies cut off by the destruction of the roads running southward, their ultimate dissolution will be only a question of time; or else Lee must abandon Richmond, and, joining Beauregard, but the combined force on Sherman, in which case the result will depend upon the celerity of Grant's movements in pursuit. A battle fought under such circumstances would be putting the life of the rebellion on a single cast, a risk which neither Lee nor Jeff Davis can be supposed undertake, but which is not in keeping with his character. There is still an alternative, namely, that Lee, evacuating Richmond and consolidating his army with Sherman, should rapidly along the eastern foot of the Alleghanies, and make a push for Georgia, where supplies are most abundant, and where he may hope to re-organize his forces, so as to prolong the struggle through another campaign, and whence he may "demonstrate" against Tennessee and Kentucky. Some such movement would, of course, involve the surrender of Virginia and North Carolina, and change materially the field of military operations, not disadvantageously for the rebels. Supposing the national armies would be compelled to operate at longer distances from their sources of supply, and in the heart of a hostile country. Our possession of Nashville and Tennessee, however, gives us a position so commanding, that the movement we are contemplating as possible could, at the worst, be only a prolongation of the conflict for a few days, and would be the same complete reindication of the national authority.

Since the above was put in type, we have the following telegraphic news: "The City of Sin," Charleston, has fallen! *Laus Deo!*

We stated in our last issue, that the territory of Sugar Creek promised to open up to its owners a source of wealth far exceeding in value the same amount of acres, whether gold-producing or whatever else, to be found in any part of the world. Since then we have had a opportunity to prove the truth of our assertions. Immediately adjoining the Saunders Farm, which is the property of the New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore Consolidated Petroleum and Mining Company, a well was struck that took which yielded at once fifty barrels per day, which for the first quality, was will probably, when the pumping and other necessary arrangements are completed, yield from 100 to 200 barrels per day. But with its present yield that well would bring to-day in the New York market three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Now, what other land in the world can produce an equal this? A square yard of soil worth a third of a million of dollars to purchase outright, while the land around it is worth the original amount of over $500,000. This discovery has exhausted the value of the above company's property on Sugar Creek, at least several hundred thousands of dollars.

EVERYMORE remarks the wonderful beauty of the generation of the present now blossoming into young womanhood. They are not only finer in physique and features than the last crop of girls, but in the delicate refinement of color, tint of health and animation. There is more young beauty of the striking kind called exceptional to be met with in one day on a afternoon's walk in Broadway, than can be found in a year's diligent search in any European city. Whence this new beauty comes?

"Ah," exclaimed the peripatetic philosopher to whom we propounded the question, "ah, sir, that is Shoddy!"

"What do you mean? Is it not real—real flesh that is full and sound, and red blood that glows like the cheek of a healthy Dutch frau—"

"Tut, tut, man! You are dull of comprehension. I mean to say that this new irruption of healthful beauty is the result of shoddy. They are merchant' gers, sir, are the daughters of the new race of rich men created by the war, and who were formerly confined to the Five Points Bowery and the Fifth Ward, incognito to the eastward thereof, and scattered in country villages and hamlets. Our cobblandes, sir, if the truth be told, are exiles. They have married in and in, with the hope of keeping their blood and money in the same channel, until their wives have become ugly and their men weak and spindle-legged. Ask an old resident the name of any one of the radical creatures of to-day, at sight of whom the half-extinguished embers in our hearts flame up, albeit feebly, and he will shake his head dolefully. He doesn't know. That young fellow with shoulder-straps, however, who has just joined her, can tell you. Ten to one she is daughter of the man who contracts for the hoofs and horns of the slaughtered cattle of the army of the Potomac, or who has had a "trading permit" in the Southwest, or a Post Commissary, or something of the sort. It is wonderful, sir, how much a year or two in a well-kept seminary for young ladies, and the acquaintance of a couple of thousands, even though it be in threadbare, will do for a young girl, with any natural pretensions of beauty."

But these girls are healthful as well as handsome, and promise to make the nation rich in its career of manhood, which the war has opened for us so gloriously. They are to be the mothers of many men, and—

"That's so, provided they will only stick to the thick soles and heavy cloth surtouts which they now wear. Fashion is really becoming a little rational."

Here the philosopher lit his cigar, and relapsed into silence.

The newspapers have revived a poem by the late Edward Everett Hewitt, first published in 1841, on the great church of Santa Croce, in which are erected the monuments of "painter, sculptor, builder, lord," of Michael Angelo, Galileo and Machiavelli, and of others whose great names fill the scroll of fame. It is a poem singularly beautiful and classical. The objection of the writer to rest for ever in "Auburn's quiet shade" is realized at last:

"Rests yet unnamed—the obscure, the known—I leave; Where in one wreath are cypress and the laurel bow! But we who raise above the silent dead Shall send to after days the fame they've left behind. But not for me when I shall fall asleep Shall Santa Croce's lamps their light keep. Beyond the main, in Auburn's quiet shade, With these I'll rest—for there my bed be made; Sprays gentler branches over the hillock wave, And in sweet whispers gladness give, or grief; While flowers's great arch shall rise above my bed, Than Santa Croce cruciata's lay dead; Unknown to erring or to suffering fame, By my Lares' pagan Gentile name."

A LETTER has just been received at the Navy Department from Sir William Armstrong, the well-known English gunmaker, in which he urges this Government to imitate the example of France and Russia in strengthening his guns. Capt. Wise, of the Ordnance Bureau, has written a caustic reply, in which he tells Sir William that the Armstrong guns have been tested at Fort Pulaski to the means of testing their supposed deficiency. Upon these guns were found an inscription setting forth that they were a present from Sir William Armstrong to Jeff Davis.

ENGLAND, during her great Continental war, accumulated a debt as yet unprecedented in history. With every step of its growth, the air was filled with the wails of financial prophets, the burthen of whose predictions was approaching if not immediate bankruptcy and national ruin. Yet, in the days of Lord Macaulay, "that hoary-bearded and bankrupt society not only proved able to meet all its obligations, but while meeting them, grew richer and richer so fast, that its growth could almost be discerned by the eye." What was true of Great Britain is now true, and likely to continue to be true in the future, of the United States. The error of the alarmists of England was that into which the corresponding class in our own country, both North and South, is thus clearly defined by the author to whom we have referred:

"They erroneously imagined that there was an exact analogy between the case of an individual who is in debt to another individual, and the case of society which is in debt to a part of itself. They forgot that the error not less serious, touching its resources of the country. They forgot that the true test for the solvency is the incessant presence of every experimental science, and by the industry which is at every point to get on in life. They saw that the debt grew, and they forgot that other things grew as well as the debt."

Summary of the War.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

COLUMBIA, the capital of South Carolina, was captured without resistance by Gen. Sherman's army on the 17th of Feb., the rebel forces under Beauregard retiring the previous day, to what part is unknown.

From Gen. Beauregard's dispatch it appears that the rebels were burning cotton and preparing the south bank of the Congaree, and three a number of shells into the city. During the night they moved up to Granby, and on the 18th, fired the Saluda and Broad rivers. Whilst they were crossing these rivers the troops, under Gen. Beauregard, evacuated Columbia, everything soon after took possession.

The Richmond papers acknowledge that the capture of Columbia necessitates the fall of Charleston. The Charleston *Mercury* of the 18th of February announces the evacuation of that paper, and the Richmond papers indicates contemplated removal to another locality.

Our readers will perceive by the illustrations on our present paper that operations have been recommenced against Charleston, our troops having landed on James Island, where they are concentrating.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The Union troops under Gens. Terry and Schofield are those of the army between Wilmington, whose fall we may expect to hear at any moment.

VIRGINIA.

The only military operations were a continuous picket firing for three hours in front of Petersburg, and some artillery firing for a short time on the Rich mst. A sudden and apparently an impulsive attack was made on Friday morning by the rebels on the pickets of Gen. Ferrero's division, 24th corps, in front of the Burnsides defences, but they were driven back by the colored troops with considerable loss.

Gen. Lee has issued an order on assuming command of all the rebel armies. He still retains personal supervision of the army of Northern Virginia, and his headquarters are with that organization.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE British Parliament met on the 7th Feb. The Lord Chancellor read the Queen's Speech. The only paragraph interesting to us was this:

"The civil war in North America still unhappily continues. Her Majesty remains steadfastly neutral between the contending parties, and would rejoice at a friendly reconciliation between them."

In the debates that followed a far greater view was taken of the present war. Earl Russell frankly acknowledged that he thought the United States were justified in increasing their armed force upon the lakes, and that we had great grounds of complaint against England for the privateers that had been fitted out in British ports to prey upon American commerce. He also thought the rebel raids organized in Canada were gross outrages, and ought to be prevented and their perpetrators punished. The fall of Fort Fisher had been much commented on. In relating the attack by Admiral Porter's fleet, the London *Times* says:

"The most important fact brought out by the last American experience is, without doubt, the possibility of making turret-ships which shall be seagoing. The Monadnock has proved this. A well-built ironclad ought to be able to beat a turret-ship in sailing, whatever may be her deficiencies in other respects. But if a turret-ship be proved to be seagoing, she must, under ordinary circumstances, and, setting speed aside, be superior to a more ironclad. A turret-ship is, in fact, a movable fort, capable of mounting any weight of guns."

There had been an important meeting of the French Privy Council to take into consideration the affairs of North America and their intimate connection with the Mexican Empire. The recent resolutions of the Washington Senate must have assisted in increasing this uneasiness. Nevertheless, according to the correspondent, the discussion in which the Privy Council was engaged ended in this resolution—that for the moment it would be wrong to give way to exaggerated fears; and that, in the face of the pacific and conciliatory assurances which American diplomacy continues to give, the best course to adopt is to abstain provisionally from all movement, without, however, indulging in a false security.

The *Moniteur* says: "All reports which have been circulated in reference to a cession made to France by Mexico of Sonora and other provinces are absolutely fabrications."

It appears certain that one of the Franco-Danish rams had escaped to sea—under the rebel flag.

TOWN GOSSIP.

MRS. LANDER has been delighting her audiences with "Adrienne, the Actress," a play in which some years since she created a great sensation. Certainly she has succeeded in reviving her former triumph in the part, and we think, even, that the pathetic scenes have a deeper pathos—she shows, if possible, a still keener appreciation of every point of the difficult character, and a more irresistible strength in the tragic passages. In short, she gives a more conclusive proof than the play in which she first appeared allowed, that her season of retirement has only quickened her perceptions of the beautiful and true, and increased her powers of developing the conceptions which her imagination seizes so vividly.

Since "Adrienne," Mrs. Lander has appeared in Knowles's play of "Love" and the "Belle's Stratagem," in both of which, it is needless to say, her success has been complete.

It is said that "Hamlet" is to go into retirement, and Booth to have an opportunity to add to his laurels by the production of some fresh piece.

We have had all manner of excellent things at Wallack's. John Brougham's best comedy, the "Game of Life," among them, and a new drama is promised as soon as the season of benefits shall be over.

At Barnum's "Azucena" is still as popular as ever, and this week a new piece, written by Miss Laura Keene, will be produced, which the manager prophesies, and no doubt correctly, will create a great sensation among his patrons.

A large crowd was gathered at the Cooper Institute last Friday evening, on the occasion of the Junior Exhibition of the Free Academy. The exercises were of a varied character, and exceedingly interesting, the young gentlemen doing themselves and their instructors the utmost credit.

At the opera we have had "Ernani" at last, after one or two vexatious delays, with Zucchi more brilliant than ever after her brief illness. Between the disappointments Miss Kellogg sang in "Faust," and the debutante, Mrs. Van Zandt, appeared as Lucia.

We had several days last week when the sky would not have disgraced May, and the air was so balmy and soft that one was tempted to discard overcoat and mufflers, and be overtaken by a cold in the head in consequence. But under foot—language can find no comparison to describe the horrible state of the streets. Every crossing was worse than the passage of the river Styx, and instead of one Charon there were forty, in the shape of youthful sweepers, clamorous for coppers and splashing the mud in your face from the energy with which they dashed their brooms right and left to earn their pennies.

Club windows were crowded with moustached elegants on the watch for pretty feet, and one or two elderly dandies, in particular, certainly did not give themselves time even to eat their luncheon. Verily, they had their reward; for the turn out in the way of stunning little boots was a sight only to be met with in Gotham.

We saw, the other day, at Clarke's Photographic Gallery, a most admirable collection of pictures of celebrities of all sorts, and we advise those who have a weakness for collecting portraits of famous people, to pay a visit to the same place. The photographs are taken in that charming manner for which Clarke has made himself so well known, and the collection is probably the most complete in this country.

Among other things that everybody is talking about, is the new novel "The Morrisons," and a book so entirely different from the ordinary run of American novels, that it is really a pleasure to meet it. Does any one know who wrote it? We confess our ignorance, and though usually it is a great bore to have people tell you things, and be forced to know things, in this particular case we should like to break over our own rule of never asking questions, and never listening to volunteered information.

Last Thursday the annual ball of the German Liederkranz took place at the Academy of Music, with all sorts of fun and jollity and an immense crowd, in spite of the efforts of the managers to keep the number of tickets issued within reasonable bounds. The building was decorated with beautiful taste, and we never saw so many droll objects in the way of masks and fancy dresses.

Saint Valentine's day evidently was not supposed to pass unnoticed, judging from the display of wonderful missives in the shop windows, covered with the most astounding devices in all the hues of the rainbow. The ancient custom has been less and less generally observed on each succeeding of the anniversary for years, but after all, it seems a pity to see the old fashion given up. Very foolish and absurd it was, no doubt; our grandfathers might have thought it a pretty way to send a love token, and our grandmothers have taken pleasure in guessing which among the captive swains had forwarded the bleeding heart and Cupid's arrows, but naturally our modern beaux and belles are far beyond such paltry amusements. Instead of valentines, if we only grow a little more refined and ridiculous, we shall discard the king's English altogether, write notes of invitation in bad French and utter insane sounding Italian exclamations at the opera, like the "noblest Roman of them all." Nothing can be more amusing than that habit of interlarding conversation with ejaculations in foreign tongues, breaking up letters with spasms of Tuscan and German groans, and nothing more vulgar. There is only one other thing that provokes us still farther beyond endurance, and that is the habit of twisting female names into some fanciful abbreviation.

The idea seems to have started among the literary ranks—for years past if a writer essayed the romantic line she must style herself Floy Flowervale or Lilly Lillyford, or some other equally euphonious and impossible cognomen, and if she wished to indite letters from the country, unfolding her attachment to every thing picturesque, nothing would answer but to give herself a name as pastoral as if she were a shepherdess with a crook and as redolent of rural associations as a clover field.

Frankly, all this is sheer nonsense, and the worst of it is the contagion has spread like the measles, and every young girl feels it her duty to twist her baptismal appellation into something as romantic and unchristian as possible.

We no longer recognise the daughters of our best friends—Eunice has budded into Lulie—Margaret lapsed into Maggie, and so on through the whole catalogue. If a girl is born Sophronia Jenkins let her stay plain Sophronia until some sensible man changes it to something else, a thing he will be much more likely to do than if she had given it a spasmodic contraction into Ina.

Any other folly is more endurable—let girls never relate the simplest fact without embroidering it highly—let them work pugnosed monsters in Berlin wool; after all, puppies are but puppies, and those worked in fancy stitch are more endurable than the shirt-collared ones—let them dance the galop for five mortal hours and be called on by their mothers next day—flirt—eat ices—stand in a draught of air when heated with waltzing—wear out youth as fast as possible and rush into jaded and hollow-cheeked maturity—but for their own sakes and everybody's sake concerned let them retain one spark of good sense and hold fast to the name given by the dear old grandparents when they bent over the cradle and asked God's blessing on the innocent, little dreaming that in 10 years baby would know so much more than they ever did.

Is there no way of preventing the use of that horrible word "smart," which one would really think the groundwork upon which our American vocabulary is built? If a man robs a bank and goes off to Colorado it is pronounced a "smart thing," and the same term is applied to every species of fraud and swindle. Are we really so blunted in our moral sensibilities that we see the criminal's "smartness" so much more plainly than the enormity of the offence? It certainly could do us no harm to call things occasionally by their right names, and if by so doing we could get rid of the detestable word which haunts us at every turn, it would be almost equal to some new and wonderful principle of moral reform.

"An educated literary man" in Philadelphia is out with an advertisement which is the most remarkable affair in its nature and composition that we have seen in an age. He offers to write anything, from a sensation preacher's sermon down to an acrostic, in every known tongue—from plain English to the choicest Arabic, and all on the most moderate terms, provided he sees the greenbacks in advance. So henceforth there is no reason why everything in a literary way should not be well done by those who have more money than ability to spare.

If the wonderful man only succeeds in his undertaking there will be an end of stupid addresses in public—literature will be worth treasuring, and best of all, a great deal of trouble saved those who can afford to be idle—one's idea of perfect bliss, by the way.

How shall we escape, who groan under the tyranny of button-secreting and clothes-mangling washerwomen—those harpies who keep our collars and give us in exchange socks from some giant's wardrobe! Our champions charge upon the scene, bearing faultless collars that never have to be washed, but bloom like lilies, only longer, and then close their spotless lives in the dustpan. The names of these knights are Tainter and Jackson, of 536 Pearl street, and what we mean is that they get up the most wonderful paper collars that ever were invented, and when they die—may their shadows not grow less for a thousand years—will deserve a monument at the hands of the countless hosts of bachelors whom they have preserved from despair.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The snow is from four to five feet deep in the northern part of Maine, Vermont and New York. Along the seacoast of Maine it is about two feet deep. In the White Mountain region snow has fallen to a great depth. Some of the drifts in the roads are from 12 to 15 feet deep, and the snow is so dry that the wind blows it into the most fantastic shapes.

—— At a recent Sunday meeting of the Mormons, at their tabernacle, in Salt Lake City, one G. Q. Cannon, who was afterwards seconded by Brother Brigham Young himself, denounced the "Gentiles," or unbelievers, in their midst in unmeasured terms, and declared that in "nine months Utah would be as free of Gentiles as the President's message is of reference to Utah."

—— The votes of Maine and California were nearly equal at the late Presidential election. Maine polled 106,140 votes; California, 105,973, excluding several precincts for informality in the returns. In Maine the majority for Lincoln was 17,314; in California, 18,530.

—— The late Joseph Noble, of New York, bequeathed $1,000 to each of the following associations in Boston, viz.: Baptist Missionary Union, American Baptist Publication Society, American Baptist Foreign Bible Society, American Tract Society, and the Fatherless and Widows' Society.

—— The Governor of Iowa has called an extra session of the Legislature of that State, for the purpose of ratifying the Constitutional amendment abolishing slavery.

—— Ignatz Ratzky, who has been in prison since 1862, under sentence of death for murdering Sigismund Fellner, is to be resentenced under the law of 1860, which in effect respites his life for another year; in the interim, he is to be kept at hard labor till the day of his execution.

—— Butter is falling rapidly in price in Boston. A heavy decline will soon take place in other cities.

—— The estate of the late Col. Colt, of Hartford, of revolver fame, has an income of $155,018, the largest in the State.

—— The new tax bill which is now before the House exempts from taxation schoolbooks and "all books printed by religious societies exclusively for the use of Sunday schools."

—— The Illinois Legislature has passed a bill appropriating $25,000 for the purchase of the burial place of the late Stephen A. Douglas.

—— A bill taxing foreign insurance companies 7 per cent. on the business done by them in the State has passed the Illinois Senate.

—— The Rev. Mr. Garnett, a colored minister, preached, on the 12th inst., in the hall of the House of Representatives, to a large audience, attracted to hear the first negro preacher that had ever raised his voice in the hall.

—— The libel suit Count Joannes v. Horace Greeley, after three days' trial, resulted in a verdict for the defendant.

—— A correspondent of the Newburg *Journal*, of the 11th inst., says that he saw in that village, on that day, the widow and two children of a soldier, who had died while bravely battling for his country, turned into the street by her landlord for want of a month's rent on the day it was due! and one of the children too sick to raise its head from the pillow. Why does not the Newburg *Journal* give the landlord's name?

—— Recruiting is going on at the rate of 100 a day. The military authorities are much more exacting now than they have been.

—— The shrewdest men are opinion that house-rent will come down very rapidly in the course of a few months. It is only the rebellion that keeps it up.

—— Both houses of Congress have passed the bill providing for the establishment of a steamship line across the north Pacific Ocean from San Francisco to to China.

Western.—Of the 25 members of the Illinois Senate not one is a native of that State, while five are natives of Ohio and two of Indiana. And yet southern Illinois was considerably settled before the wilderness was broken in Ohio. Of the 85 members of the House, 11 are natives of that State and 10 of Ohio.

Southern.—Gen. W. P. Wofford is on his way to North Georgia, with orders from the war department to take command of that department, for the purpose of breaking up all unauthorised military organizations, etc.

—— A committee of the rebel House of Representatives report a list of "persons who charged the government the unexampled price of $40 and $30 a bushel for their wheat." The first name on the list is that of Hon. James Seddon, who sold 230 bushels at $40 per bushel.

—— The Mobile *Tribune* gives the following as some of the prices in that market: "Flour has advanced to $250 to $300 per barrel; sugar, $8 and $10 per pound; corn, $6 to $7 per bushel; lard, $3 50 to $3 75; butter (very scarce), $8 to $8 50 per pound; fresh beef $1 to $1 50; pork, $1 50 to $1 75; and other articles in like proportion."

—— The Southern press has recently commenced a series of such bitter attacks upon Jeff Davis and his cabinet that there can be no doubt as to freedom of speech and publication in Secessia.

Military.—Major-Gen. Gilmore has been appointed to the command of the Department of the South, *vice* Major-Gen. Foster, who comes North on a furlough.

—— Col. Baker has returned from Washington to New York, armed with ample powers to try the men he has lately arrested for enlistment frauds; he also intends to make the bounty brokers restore as far as possible the money they have robbed the recruits of.

—— It is calculated that the enlistment frauds amount to over 270,000 men. It seems incredible; but when it is borne in mind that the drafts amount together to nearly 2,000,000 of men, it is just probable. This will account for enormous fortunes made by some of our most disreputable citizens. To these bounty-jumpers and recruiting offices may be attributed the continuance of the war.

—— The following table shows the distances from each other of the places which are now the chief points of interest in the military field:

From.	*Miles.*
Branchville to Charleston	62
Branchville to Kingville	45
Branchville to Florence	108
Branchville to Columbia	68
Branchville to Augusta	75
Branchville to Wilmington	216
Branchville to Charlotte	174
Charleston to Florence	102
Wilmington to Florence	107

Personal.—Andrew Jackson Donelson, candidate for Vice-President on the Fillmore ticket, in 1856, has returned to Nashville, from rebeldom, and taken the oath of allegiance.

—— Samuel Warren, the author of "Ten Thousand a Year," is lying very sick in London, and not expected to recover.

—— the editor of the Raleigh *Recorder* says: "The editor of the *Recorder* is now absent, looking up supplies for his family, and in his absence he would call attention to a much neglected duty of our people, that of praying for the editor of their religious journal. Brethren, pray for him; you pray for your pastors, your Sabbath school superintendents, your deacons, and other officers of the church—why not pray for him? He needs your prayers, and feels the need of them."

—— Hood is in Richmond. It is reported that he will go to Paris, where his *fiancé*, Miss Preston, is at present.

—— Gen. Joe Johnstone, whom Jeff Davis has a great antipathy to, is cultivating a small farm he has near Montgomery, Alabama. It is said that he openly pronounces the rebellion a failure.

—— Mr. Memminger has coolly announced that with regard to the 400,000,000 not placed in the schedule, it was a mere omission.

—— Mr. John Harrington, formerly of the New York *Atlas*, and a well-known writer, has been appointed editor of the Philadelphia *Mercury*, a paper of considerable liveliness and circulation.

—— Mr. Vincent Wallace is recovering rapidly from his serious illness.

—— John Brougham, the dramatist, actor and manager, has been starring in Ireland with great success. His horse-play, called "The Daughter of the Sun," written for Miss Menkins, has been a great success. The life of that actress, recently published in London, has called forth very severe criticisms. John Bull will not make any allowance for theatrical exaggeration.

Obituary.—Mr. Leitch Ritchie died lately at Greenwich, near London. He was well-known in literary circles, and was for some time the literary editor of *Chambers's Journal*.

—— Archdeacon Hoare of Winchester, is dead. In his youth he was rather a precocious poet. In his later years he wrote profusely in prose, and among his numerous other works on religious subjects his "Infant Baptism Spiritually Explained," published in 1848, and his "Lectures on Divine Judgments," in 1852, are perhaps the best known. At the time of his death the Archdeacon was in his 84th year.

—— The last advices from Europe announce the death of possibly the oldest person in Europe, Signora Maddalena Annunciata, who died in Rome, aged 122 years.

—— The Baron de Bazancourt, the historian of the wars in the Crimea and Italy, died recently in Paris, after a brief illness.

—— The Paris correspondent of the London *News* says: "Monsieur J. Boniface, whose literary name, X. B. Saintine, is well known as the author of 'Picciola,' died here on the 22d of January. Few readers can have forgotten his charming novel of 'Picciola,' which has become almost a household book. M. Saintine was honorary president of the Société des Gens de Lettres."

—— Mr. Charles R. Rode, formerly publisher of the New York City Directory, died in New York on the 12th inst. Mr. Rode was also publisher of the *Criterion*, a short-lived literary journal, and subsequently he took charge of the *Publisher's Circular*. He was also actively engaged on "Appleton's American Encyclopædia," and contributed to *Harper's* and other magazines. A few years ago Mr. Rode's health failed, and a number of his friends among the publishers of New York, Boston and Philadelphia presented him with the means of travelling in Europe.

—— On the 17th inst., at Cambridge, Mass., George P. Bond, Director of the Observatory of Harvard College. He was a graduate of the institution in 1845, and was one of the most eminent astronomers of the time. On the death of his father he was placed at the head of the observatory.

—— The Marchioness of Londonderry, once the leader of London fashion, and the most imperious of the British nobility, died recently in England, aged 65.

—— The mother of Mrs. Admiral Farragut died at Norfolk, Va., on the 16th inst.

—— Col. W. A. Bartlett died recently in New York, aged 49. He was the father of the bride of the diamond wedding, so much talked of some five or six years ago.

—— Gov. Bennett, of South Carolina, died in Columbia last week. He was one of those who soon beheld the folly of the rebellion.

Accidents and Offences.—A gang of youthful burglars, the eldest only 17, and which has been committing numerous depredations for the last three months, was captured last week.

—— Theodore Yates, who was to have been hanged on the 17th March, for the murder of Policeman Curran, in Brooklyn, has received a respite for a week, the day formerly named being St. Patrick's day.

—— Bernard Friery has been found guilty of murdering Harry Lazarus. The verdict was murder in the first degree.

—— A young man, who represented himself as the son of the millionaire A. T. Stewart, has been making love to the ladies of Albany, and depleting the purses of the gentlemen of that city.

Foreign.—The French papers, official and semi-official, give it up at last that the condition of the Confederacy is desperate, and they have got over calling Sherman's march through Georgia a "forced retreat." On the contrary, they admit his march to be one of the most extraordinary feats in military history, and put him down in the list of the great Generals of the world.

—— There is every prospect of more trouble with the Japanese, in consequence of the murder of two more British officers. For the murder of the former two an indemnity of $3,000,000 was demanded, which has lately been paid. The correspondent of the New York *Tribune* very properly observes, that as long as money is considered an equivalent for human life there will be no end to these cowardly assassinations.

—— The Liverpool *Times* says the merchants and traders of Bombay have reaped a golden harvest in consequence of the civil war in this country, through the impetus it has given to the cotton trade of India. Immense fortunes have been made by all largely engaged in the work of producing and stimulating the growing of cotton. Millionaires abound. Clerks with small salaries have had their fortunes swelled out to gigantic proportions.

—— A recent traveller in "la belle France," makes the damaging observation that the country French are as degraded a race as he ever saw. They are small and weak, and statistics show that the drain on the male population by the conscription is continually diminishing their height and strength.

—— It being necessary to excavate near a nunnery in Charenton, France, the fragments of nearly 800 infant skeletons were found. It has caused a great scandal, as the order of the nuns was of the strictest.

—— An English lady, Mrs. Lloyd, at the last ball of the Tuileries carried off the palm of beauty

—— The Surrey Theatre was burnt to the ground on the night of the 30th of January. It was situated about a mile on the southern side of the river Thames, and was principally renowned for having been the Elba to which the famous comedian Elliston retired after he had lost Drury Lane.

—— An extraordinary and fatal explosion of gas occurred on the 25th ult., at the Bridge of Austerlitz, opposite the Jardin des Plantes, Paris. Half a dozen people were killed on the spot, their heads and limbs being scattered about in a frightful manner. Several yards of foot pavement in the neighborhood of the bridge were blown up.

Art, Science and Literature.—Renan's Life of Jesus has called forth over two hundred replies, some of them ponderous volumes.

—— Fitzhugh Ludlow, in his Overland route to California, found between Utah and the Humboldt Mountains a large desert composed, as he says, "of sand of snowy alkali," and what is more remarkable, he informs us that "in its crudest state the alkaline earth of the Desert is sufficiently pure to make violent effervescence with acids. No elaborate process is required to turn it into commercial soda and potash."

—— A letter in the London *Times*, from a distinguished English metallurgist, gives some interesting particulars respecting the new gun metal lately invented in Austria by Baron von Rosthorn. He says: "The new alloy which has received the name of "sterrometal," from a Greek word signifying tough or firm, is composed of copper, spelter, iron and tin, in proportions that may be slightly varied without much affecting the result. In color it resembles brass rather than gun metal; it is very close in its grain, and free from porosity. It is possessed of considerable hardness, and will take a very fine polish. Several eminent Vienna engineers have tried it for the cylinders of hydraulic presses with great success. The writer gives it as his opinion that the days of wrought iron are numbered, and that its place will be soon supplied by steel in some form or other.

—— The model of the new electro-magnetic locomotive is now exhibited at Versailles. Its inventors MM. Bellet and Rouve, assert that locomotives constructed on their principle could travel on ordinary railroads at the rate of 124 miles an hour! The power is obtained by magnetizing and demagnetizing, by means of a current supplied by a fixed battery, and, it is said, utilizes only a small part of the force developed.

—— According to a French provisional paper, the Emperor has just completed a book, which will be read with even more curiosity than his Life of Julius Cæsar; it bears the title of "Henri Quatre et sa Politique."

—— In 1864 there were published in England 3,553 new works and new editions, including pamphlets. Of these there were of religious, 715; biography and history, 233; geography, topography, and books of travel, 151; fiction, including juvenile works, 842; poetry and general literature, 565; annuals and new serials, 166; law and parliamentary, 79; medical and surgical, 124; European and classical philology, including translations, 132; English philology and education, 177: naval, military and engineering, 62; politics and questions of the day, 56; agriculture, horticulture, field sports, 46; art, architecture, &c., 52; commercial, 41; science and natural history, 122.

Chit-Chat.—A friend observed to Judge Kelly, the day after Field, of Louisiana, stabbed him, that he regarded the assault as an earnest desire to restore the Union as it was.

—— Since the death of Leech, *Punch* has fallen very much off. It is now reduced to illustrate puns and plays upon words. In a recent number it had an illustration on this: "I say, boy, where does this road go to?" "I don't know, sir," replied the boy, "'taint been nowhere since I've been here!"

—— A Cincinnati paper, speaking of the overthrow of the rebels at Atlanta, says that just before the Federal troops entered the town, an Indiana company, almost worn out with the march, were straggling along with very little regard to order. Hurrying up to his men, the captain shouted, "Close up! close up! If the enemy were to fire when you're straggling along this way, they couldn't hit a cussed one of you." And the boys closed up immediately.

—— The meaning of the number on spools of thread is the number of hanks to the pound; each hank measures 840 yards.

—— A clergyman was lately depicting, before a deeply interested audience, the alarming increase of intemperance, when he astonished his hearers by exclaiming: "A young man in my neighborhood died very suddenly last Sunday, while I was preaching the Gospel in a beastly state of intoxication!"

—— A French paper reports a special meeting of French *gourmets*, whose aim and object in life is to produce some new dish. The latest novelty their combined wisdom has been able to devise is lobster boiled in champagne.

—— The *Independence* states that a man was killed recently, in the Hotel Dieu, Paris, by an overdose of chloroform. A celebrated professor amputated his arm without perceiving that the patient was dead, and the spectators were equally mistaken.

SCENES IN AND AROUND FORT FISHER, N. C.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.



VIEW IN FRONT OF FORT FISHER—SCENE OF THE CHARGE BY THE U. S. MARINES, JAN. 15, SHOWING THE TORPEDOES DUG UP BY REBEL PRISONERS.



SCENE AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT FISHER—LAYING OUT DEAD U. S. SOLDIERS FOR BURIAL.



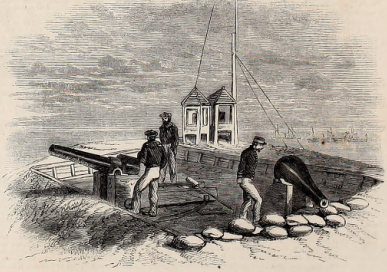
INTERIOR OF FORT FISHER—VIEW NEAR ONE OF THE EMBRASURES, SHOWING THE EFFECT OF THE FIRING BY THE FLEET.



ENTRANCE TO ONE OF THE BOMBPROOFS AT FORT FISHER—SOLDIER GUARDING CAPTURED ARMS.



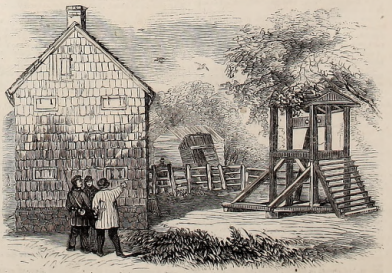
UNION SOLDIERS DIGGING UP COTTON FROM THE EARTHWORKS AT FORT FISHER.



SUMMIT OF MOUND BATTERY, NEAR FORT FISHER.



HEADQUARTERS OF GEN. TERRY, NEAR FORT FISHER.



JAIL AND PILLORY AT SMITHVILLE, NEAR FORT FISHER.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. D. HALL.



SEACOAST OPERATIONS AGAINST CHARLESTON—BRILLIANT DASH AND CAPTURE OF REBEL RIFLE-PITS AND PRISONERS BY THE U. S. TROOPS ON JAMES ISLAND, S. C., FEB. 9.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

THE TREASURY COURT.

BY HENRY A. BLOOD.

Six trees there stand in the Treasury Court,
And the leaves of five are green;
But the leaves of one are yellow as gold,
While the fountain flies between.



Under the trees in the high-walled court
The Treasury genii sleep;
But they watch in their sleep with itdless eyes
O'er many a vault and keep.

I wish you might stand in the Treasury Court,
Where the fountain speaks and shines,
And gaze at the lofty four square walls,
And the windows all in lines.

I wish you might stand where the large green tree,
Or the golden-leaved tree, now stands,
And catch at the windows above a glance
Or a gleam of snowy hands.

For so you might fairly think you stood
In the inner courts of a king—
An Arabian king, who had for slaves
The genii of the ring.

Ah, but there is a monarch within,
And a very stern monarch is he;
And the genii that sleep in the high-walled court
Are wars of his wrathful c'e.

The stern king's dangerous wrath they fear,
They fear, if they do not hold
Safe for the soldier in every keep
The soldier's well-earned gold.

Gold for the braves with Sheridan!
Gold for the braves with Grant!
Gold for the Union braves where'er
Their martial feet they plant.

For ever thus in the Treasury Court,
Mid the green leaves or the dry,
With ruthless orbs on the watch and ward
The Treasury watchdogs lie.

King Fesenden, he is the king so stern;
But so long as the stern king reigns
The soldier may sleep, while the genii watch,
For the soldier will get his gains.

WHY I MARRIED A REJECTED SUITOR.

BY CLAIRE CROFTON.

THE dull November day was drawing to a close. During the last half hour, as I had flitted to and fro between kitchen and pantry, making ready for the evening meal, I had paused repeatedly by the window, and sent my glance across the broad fields that intervened between the home and the public road, expecting momentarily to see the glistening horns of cattle rising the brow of the hill, the forerunner of my father's approach. But no living thing met my view. So, having moaked my biscuit and set them to rise, I ran out into the yard, and leaning on the gate, peered earnestly through the gathering shades of twilight, hoping to catch a glimpse of the expected one. A dense fog was rolling slowly inland. Already the low meadow lands lying to the east were whelmed beneath the advancing tide, while here and there a solitary tree lifted its tall head above the white impalpable billows, looking like the huge mast of some giant mun-of-war beathed on that silent spectral ocean. A light breeze just lifted the slender needles of the two great pines that stood like grim sentinels on either side of the gate, and made mournful music amid their branches, sounding like the low wash of waves on some far-off shore. Our house, a large, old-fashioned, gable-roofed farmhouse, surrounded by half a score of outbuildings, was situated in the most central part of my father's farm, a full quarter of a mile from the highway, and more than half a mile from any neighbors. It was a lonesome situation, but accustomed to it from childhood, I seldom felt its isolation. My father was a drover, and he had left home early that morning for the purpose of purchasing cattle in a neighboring town, intending to return before nightfall. This arrangement was the more necessary, as my two brothers were away from home, and in my father's absence, I was left alone with my invalid mother, and charged to have the care of things indoor and out. As I stood there leaning over the



HOSPITALITY ASKED AND GIVEN.

gate, and carelessly humming an air got to be found in any modern opera, the figure of a man emerged from the fog and came slowly up the long lane that served as a thoroughfare to all in the neighborhood who, in going to and from the village, preferred a short cut across the fields to the longer route by the public road. As the man drew nearer I recognised our neighbor Dutton.

"Good evenin', Miss Em'ly," he said, halting as he came within speaking distance. "Watchin' for your father, I take it."

I answered in the affirmative.

"Wall, I'm sarcumspectly of the 'pinion that the squire won't reach home to-night. It's the talk at the village that the bridge over the little Dogscot has bin harrid off by the freshet, and if so be that it's a fact your father will have to go round by Sunkhaze, a matter of some six or seven miles furder, an' he'll skersely tempt gittin' thro' with his critters to-night. It's skeary work drivin' cattle after nightfall, 'pecually in sich travellin' as 'tis now."

"Nevertheless I am confident that he will come. He is not one to be daunted by trifles, you know, and he will be very unwilling to remain away from home all night."

"She is more comforbible, thank you. Any news at the village, Mr. Dutton?"

"Not's I knows on. Stay—I did hear tell that Nat Thorndyck got back to his old ha'nts once more."



THE ROBBER THROWS OFF HIS DISGUISE.

Thorndyck! what, has he broken out of prison?"

"Not jest. He's sarved his time out. Warn't sentenced for only five year, you know. Just at the time the judge had utter made it ten year it's day, 'twas sich an aggervated case of wholesale fruit an' hurtry. I'm sorry he's loose again. He's a dang'rous feller, an' I suspicion we shall hear of somebody's bein' robbed, or hav'in' their throats cut, of he's towed to provil round the country."

"Not so bad as that, I trust," I said, smiling; "he may have reformed."

"Wall, I never did put much faith of a wolf's reforming, or a panther's gittin' much like an'lowin' his taste for blood, not as I knows on," said the old man drily. "But howsomever I must be jogging, or my old woman 'll think sumthin's happened me, though, bless Emily!" And he prodded along homeward.

I half turned to re-enter the house, but paused and lingered by the gate, though I would scarcely confess to myself my motive in doing so. I had ceased to expect my father's return until a late hour. He had been obliged to go so much out of his way, I knew that he could not arrive before ten or eleven at night. But I will own that the fact of Wilfrid Stacy would take the path across the fields on his return from his day's work in the village, and I had no objection to encounter him during young georgie, albeit, it must be confessed, we had not been on the best of terms of late. Some romance are born dirts, and I think he was one of them. Having the misfortune to be the acknowledged belle of our little village, my natural propensity to coquetry had been fostered and strengthened by the homage paid to my charms by my rural admirers. After all, it was perhaps as much their fault as mine that I allowed them so many privileges, capable only of affording me amusement. Were there no slaves, the race of tyrants would soon become extinct, and when girls refuse to retain their common sense in affairs of the heart, and refuse to be led blindfolded at the will of some fair syren, when they would set the example of doing openly and honestly in love as in other affairs, then, and only then, will women discard coquetry and learn to practice frankness and candor in turn.

For my own part, I coquetted unmercifully with my would-be lovers, and was secretly of opinion that I possessed a fair field of my own whereon to trust himself within the sphere of my attractions. But with Wilfrid Stacy I found this altogether an unprincipled game. Try as I would, I could not wind him around my finger. I think he loved me sincerely; but he had too much manliness of character to become the slave of my whims. And when, after having encouraged him by sweet smiles and gentle words, and I believed myself sure of his affection, I proceeded to test my power over him by an assumption of coldness and indifference, I found, to my surprise, that instead of the tender uneasiness or regret at my altered manner, and suing for a return of favor as others had done, he chose to meet me on my own ground, and by the use of weapons, which in wicked so skilfully, that I was obliged to confess myself foiled. This piqued me, and I called to my aid all the resources of a woman's ingenuity to provoke him to some display of jealousy. The result was a downright quarrel, and for weeks we had only exchanged a cold bow when we chanced to meet in the coldest and most formal manner. Now a secret intuition warned me of his approach. I did not even turn my head as I heard all his well-known footsteps in the path, but kept on singing in a low tone the words of a song that I knew to be a favorite of his. I had thrown a light scarf over my head, not so much to shield me from the mist, as because I knew that the bright sunlet imparted a becoming ray to my rich, brunette complexion, and set off to advantage the glossy blackness of my hair. Precisely the steps grew slower as the music ceased, but I threw my whole soul, my luring him to my side, as I had hoped it would. I ceased singing and he stepped directly in front of me.

"Good evening, Emily," he said, in a gentler tone than I had heard from his lips for a long while.

"Ah! is it you, Mr. Stacy?" I said with a start and affected surprise. "You come upon one so suddenly, that I have been waiting for my father, you did not pass him, did you?"

"No; I supposed that he had preceded me.

"He has not, and I fear he will be late, for Mr. Dutton informs me that the bridge over the Pelgreen has been carried away."

"And you are alone with your mother? It seems hardly safe, and you will be lonely sitting up for him."

"Oh, I am not one of the timid sort, you know, and I don't mind being alone."

"Perhaps you expect company," he said, eyeing me heavily as he spoke. "I will leave Frank Jefferys would be only too happy to enliven your vesper by his presence, did he know you to be alone."

"I think it very likely that he will come," I answered coolly, "and it must be confessed one could scarcely devise a more interesting and agreeable companion than Frank."

"Oh, I am willing to concede all his good qualities," said Stacy, a little scornfully. "And I suppose not the least of them, in your estimation, is his spaniel-like submission to all your caprices."

"Very considerate," I replied, laughing, and affecting him a glance, half arch, half artless, from under my long mukes. "But if Frank resembles a spaniel, as you say, you must allow that you are sometimes very, very like a bear, Wilfrid."

The look, the tone disarmed him, as I meant it should. I saw the momentary struggle with his pride. Then he drew closer, and laid both his hands on mine, which rested on the topmost bar of the gate. His brown cheek glowed, and there was a new and tender light in his loud, blue eyes. "Milly," he said, giving me the pet name by which I was always called in my own family, "I verily believe that you are a witch, for you draw me to you whether I will or not; but you cannot keep me without my own consent. And now, Milly, you must decide, once and for all, what shall be our future relations to each other. I offer you a true and honest heart; it is yours if you will accept it and value it aright, but I will not have it made a plaything of. You shall not trifle with me now and flout me the next, as you do with the rest of your suitors. I must be all to you or nothing. I must be loved for love, and expect from your part in return for devotion on mine. I am too proud to let any woman, however dear to me, set her foot on my neck. I am a better friend for master than slave. Can you love me as I am? I await your answer. It will not break my heart if you refuse me."

Why need he have said that? Why not have trusted to my better nature, which was already fast melting in his bold, manly tones, and showed so imperious even in his gentleness, so much confidence mingled with his love, that it angered me. My spirit rose up in arms at such presumptuous wooing, and I answered haughtily:

"I suppose I ought to feel highly honored by your generous offer, Mr. Stacy," I said, "but I expected gratefully that you are willing to take me on any terms, but I don't seem to appreciate your condescension as it deserves. I prefer the position with regard to my conduct towards you or any other person, and as for the love you profess, it is surrounded on all sides by reserve which will render it utterly valueless in my eyes. I decline your offer decidedly, and am happy to know that in so doing I shall not occasion you any unpleasant feelings."

The flush and glow all faded out of his face when I was speaking, and were succeeded by a hard and stern expression.

"Emily," he said, "I believe you are utterly heartless. I will not trouble you with my words as to love you. But the spell is broken now. Henceforth you have no power to wound me, and you may regret when too late that you have so lightly cast aside."

He held my wrist in his strong grasp while he spoke, unconscious of the pain which the fierce pressure was almost crushing, till an involuntary gesture of pain on my part made him relinquish his hold.

I shall certainly feel the loss of so gentle a wooer," I said, sarcastically, pointing to the bruise, as it already began to show itself on my white wrist. He gazed at it a moment in silence. There was no anger in his face now, only sadness and sometimes during the day I was struck with which he regarded me, as he said, gravely:

"Pardon my unconscious violence, Emily. I am very sorry for it. You can afford to forgive me, as it is the last time I shall trouble you. Farewell. I will try to think of you as kindly as I may."

He turned and walked swiftly away. A very few paces carried him out of sight, but I stood where I had no heart to exult over my triumph—if triumph it could be called, and it was with a slow and heavy step that I re-entered the house.

I found my mother uneasy at my father's nonarrival, and when I repeated neighbor Dutton's message, she looked grave, but was not much inclined to alarm. Naturally of a firm, beautiful and courageous disposition, long illness had weakened her naturally strong nerves, and I found her fitful, nervous, timid and desponding, and it required all our loving care to keep her from sinking into a state bordering on imbecility.

"It is so unsafe," she kept repeating, "for us to be left alone with such a sum of money in the house."

"But father will certainly return," I said, "even if he has to leave his cattle behind. You know he said, when he went away, that he hoped he should be back to-night, and he always keeps his word."

By excellent tone reassured her a little, and while busying myself with her tea and toast I continued to talk in so lively a strain that she was soon won into some degree of cheer.

The hours wore on, the night had set in dark and rainy, but as yet no sign of the absent one. My mother's room adjoined the kitchen, and had long settled to rest, and I had made all necessary arrangements for her comfort through the night. I had the supper table and completed the preparations for the morning meal, when I sat down by the hearth, and gazing into the glowing depths of the open fire, fell into a reverie.

My thoughts were busy with my recent interview with Wilfred Stacy, and the pang I felt as I recalled his parting words was sufficient proof of what I had suspected, that I had in my heart of hearts I loved him well and truly. But he was lost to me for ever, for I knew him too well to hope that he could ever forget, much less forgive, and would allow of my making advances for that purpose. Well, it was through my own fault that I had lost him, and if I suffered for my folly, I could not say I was undeserving of it. I was not one to "wear my heart on my sleeve for daws to peck at." The struggle was a pleasant one to contemplate, so I tried to think of something else.

Suddenly the item of news that I had learned from Mr. Dutton with regard to the escape of the convict, Nat Thorndyck, to his native village, came into my mind, and I felt a sudden chill as I thought of it. What if he should take it into his head to visit the house in my father's absence? It truly terrified me at the idea.

I was very young, scarcely more than thirteen, when he received his sentence, five years before, but I could well remember the bold, ind man who had been the terror of the neighborhood, till his career of crime was checked by his incarceration in the State prison. I thought of the misery to which my mother had allnded, and wished that my father had taken it with him, instead of leaving it home for safe keeping.

It was the proceeds of his last sale of cattle, and he had that morning taken from it the amount necessary for the payment of his rent, which was due on the following day, and which he intended to deposit in the bank of the county town, which was about seven miles distant from our village.

I was constitutionally fearless, and had never before felt the slightest uneasiness when my father was away, and now I was almost angry with myself as I felt these first symptoms of timidity.

"Pshaw!" I exclaimed, impatiently, "I must be growing nervous. If there is any gratitude in human nature, we, at least, are safe from harm at the hands of Nat Thorndyck, for my father was very kind to him at a time when he needed kindness sorely. And if the worst comes to the worst, Bruno, who is growing to be the finest dog of the great, shaggy dog who lay stretched out on the rug at my feet. "I think, old fellow, that you and I could offer a pretty effectual resistance to any attack that might be made upon us."

The brave half raised himself, and gave me a look that said, as plainly as dog-language could express it:

"All right, mistress mine, I am here, and you know well that no harm can reach you while I have life to defend you."

Bruno had been a powerful fellow in his time, a very Goliah of the canine race, able at one spring to bring down a refractory bullock, or to pull a heavily laden cart, if occasion required. But he was superannuated now, and unable to accompany my father in his travels, he remained at home with me. That constituted his sole claim to pensioner. The only active duties that he felt called upon to perform were a vigilant guarding of the premises, and the infusion of my self-made duck or chicken, and a close attendance upon me in all my rambles.

He growled monotonously against the windows, and the wind howled dismally around the corner of the house. I had just risen to replenish the fire, when I was startled by a loud knock at the outer door. Supposing it to be a neighbor, stopping on his return from the village, I took up my lamp to answer the summons, and Bruno started up, with a low growl, and was about to accompany me, but I ordered him to remain, and he unwillingly obeyed. He stood with his head and mane still almost undistiguished my light. I stepped back, shading it with my hand, and then perceived that a stranger stood without the shed. It was a venerable looking old man, apparently quite infirm, for he leaned heavily on his cane, while in a feeble voice he craved permission to enter. I paused irresolute. Our house was literally the home of hospitality—the wayfarer was never turned from its doors. But I had been especially enjoined by my relations to admit a stranger in my father's absence. The old man saw my hesitation, and said, plaintively:

"I am weary, and hungry, and footsore; it is very dark, and if I am forced to go further I shall not reach another house for miles. I am old and in the cold ground, exposed to this chilling rain. Surely Squire Western will not refuse me a night's shelter under his roof."

"You know my father then?" I said, a little surprised.

"I used to know him, and your brother Edward, too."

Ah, that name was a talisman to open both doors and hearts in our house. Edward was in his grave, and his memory was a sacred thing in the family circle. With the wife of Mariner I could not hesitate longer.

"And, fer he names the best one's name,
Se that he list to stay,
He will be ranked in safe refuge be,
A twelvemonth and a day."

I was ashamed of my momentary hesitation; still, I was communicative enough to said:

"Please wait one moment while I speak with my mother."

Going to her room, and finding her awake, I briefly laid the case before her:

"He seems very old and feeble, and is sadly drenched with the storm," I added.

"Admit him," said my mother. "It can surely do no harm. No blessing enters the door that is denied against the wayfarer, and we have only the Apostle's injunction: 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.'"

"Well, mama," I said, smiling, "if an angel should go stumping round the country in disguise, I hardly think he is likely to excite so strong a sense of tobacco smoke as this man does. But I will admit him at once. I only hesitated on account of Bruno's growls."

Returning to the door I invited the stranger to enter. But scarcely had he crossed the threshold when Bruno, with a loud, savage howl, sprang, and would have precipitated himself upon the old man but for my prompt interference.

"Down, Bruno! down, sir! Lie down!" I exclaimed in my shrill voice, for I was terrified by the fierceness of my usually gentle dog.

He dared not disobey my peremptory command, but retreated slowly, growling a remonstrance at every step. I apologized to my guest, who had retreated before the dog's attack, for the indescribable reception he had encountered, and drawing an armchair to the fire begged him to be seated. As I drew forward it suddenly struck me that he stooped a good deal and appeared to walk with some difficulty. He sank into the seat, and stretched out his hands, trembling with age and weakness, towards the cheerful blaze. His thin, white hair flowed down over his neck, and his silvery beard descending to his breast gave him a truly patriarchal appearance, but beneath his shaggy eyebrows gleamed a pair of keen grey eyes that age had not yet robbed of their fire. His garments were old and threadbare, and seemed scarcely sufficient to protect him from the inclemency of the weather. I felt sincere compassion for this poor old wayfarer, who seemed so lonely and feeble, and after he was warmed I invited him to sit up to the table and partake of food. While pouring his tea I inquired how far he had travelled.

"Ten miles since morning," he said, naming the place from which he came and telling to what part of the country he was going. But he did not seem inclined to talk much, which I imputed to his weariness. He asked, however, several questions about my father, where he was, when I expected him back, and so forth.

Meanwhile Bruno, who had taken up his station on the hearthrug again, lay with his head drooped on his forepaws and his watchful eye following every motion of the stranger, occasionally showing his white teeth in a subdued snarl. He was never cordial with strangers, but I had seldom seen him manifest so much animosity as he displayed towards the forlorn old man.

"Bruno, old fellow, aren't you ashamed of yourself?" I said, wishing to curb him. "I will bring discredit on the house by your churlish conduct. I thought you had a more charitable disposition."

He answered my remonstrance by rubbing his head fondly against my arm, but continued his watch of the stranger.

After the old man had satisfied his hunger he asked permission to lie down on the lounge and rest himself. I was loth to show him into one room, but to this he objected. He wanted to see my father, on his return, and talk with him about matters of law, he said. So he stretched on the indicated sofa, and I returned to my seat and my netting.

Some time wore on; the storm increased in violence, but I listened vainly in the pauses of the wind to hear my father's cheery voice ring out:

"Hilloa, the house!" as was his custom on his return at night.

Twice in the course of the evening I went into my mother's room, and found her still sleeping sweetly. The last time, impelled by an impulse that I could neither account for nor resist, I ascended to the garret that contained the hay, and taking out the pocketbook put it in the bosom of my dress. My stranger guest seemed sleeping soundly, and even began to sink into a doze, but as for myself I was possessed by an unaccountable restlessness. A vague premonition of evil thwarted me, and I started nervously at every unusual sound. Between nine and ten o'clock I went once more to the outer door, and opening it, looked out into the night. It was pitchy dark, a darkness that might almost be felt, and the storm raged furiously. I glanced in the direction of the road that conducted to my home, and taking out the pocketbook put it in the bosom of my dress. My stranger guest seemed sleeping soundly, and even began to sink into a doze, but as for myself I was possessed by an unaccountable restlessness. A vague premonition of evil thwarted me, and I started nervously at every unusual sound. Between nine and ten o'clock I went once more to the outer door, and opening it, looked out into the night. It was pitchy dark, a darkness that might almost be felt, and the storm raged furiously. I glanced in the direction of the road that conducted to my home, my could I discern to relieve my sense of loneliness; I seemed shut out from all the world, and a sense of utter desolation suddenly came over me. Bruno, who had followed me to the door, seemed to partake of my feelings, for after gazing earnestly into the darkness, and whining into my troubled face, he gave utterance to a long howl that fairly made me shiver.

"Hush, Bruno!" I said, "I think we are both losing our common sense. You master would call us cowards, and not come wide of the mark either."

Closing and bolting the door, I returned to the kitchen, and rousing my guest told him he had better retire, as it was getting late. Then I heaped more wood on the fire, retrimmed my lamp and resolved to watch till midnight. If my father did not arrive by that time, I would go to bed. I would then lie down beside my mother. Throwing a shawl over my shoulders, I sat down near the door of my mother's room, which was ajar, and leaning my head against the cushioned back of the chair, fell into a brown study. Gradually my thoughts grew confused, and before I was aware of being drowsy I had lapsed into the land of dreams. I could not have slept long when I started up with a wide, and a vague sense impending danger, which was not lessened on opening my eyes. Before me stood my stranger guest; but how changed! Erect, decrepitude erect, and stalwart. He had laid one hand on my shoulder; not with the palsied grasp of age, it was the iron hand of a man in the prime of life, while in the power of a hideous nightmare. I strove to speak—to cry out, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I tried to rise, but my limbs were too weak, too strugging, or it will be worse for you. Attend to what I say. I want the money that your father received for the sale of cattle, the last sum left behind him this morning; also the gold watch which your brother Tom left in your hands when he went away, or as sure as there is a God above me, no sorcerer or hysterics; I have a very decided way of dealing with such things."

I had no intention of indulging in either. By an almost superhuman effort of the will I had succeeded in conquering my terror, and summoning all my self-control, I now felt as cool and calm as ever I did in my life.

"You must be a cowardly fellow," I said, scornfully. "You assume the disguise of a beggar in order to obtain admittance into a house that contains only two defenceless women, and after being warmed and fed you would repay their hospitality by robbing them. Why, any decent villain would be ashamed of such conduct!"

He regarded me for a moment in silence, apparently too much surprised to speak.

"You are a brave girl," he said, at length, "and I admire your spirit. But I cannot stop to

parley. I have delayed my purpose until the latest moment, to make sure that no straggler from the village should take the alarm in passing. I must put miles between me and this place before morning. If you will get me the money peaceably, well and good, I will leave without harming you. But if you refuse, and I have to spend precious time in searching for it myself, I will first murder the old woman before your eyes, and then cut your own throat. Now, choose which you will do?"

There was no help for it.

"Take your hand from my arm," I said, "and I will get you the money."

"Not so fast, girl; I shall not loose my hold on you till the money is placed in my hands. I want no devil's trick played on me, and you look as though you were equal to anything of the kind."

"But," I remonstrated, "to get the watch I must go into my mother's room, and I will not have you enter there. She is so feeble that the fright would kill her."

"Oh, we shan't wake her. I'll step like a cat treading on velvet; but where you go, I go too."

Remonstrances were useless. I shrank with loathing from the ruffian's touch, and my blood boiled with indignation at his determination to enter my mother's room.

That even the shadow of wrong or violence should be allowed to approach that dear one, who was the object of constant solicitude in her family, seemed something monstrous and unnatural to me. Setting my teeth hard, to keep down the unavailing expression of my feelings, I rose to lead the way. But the sound of our voices had awakened Bruno. The faithful animal seemed to comprehend at a glance the position of affairs. He saw the hand of the hated stranger laid on the person of his mistress, and, unmindful of his own age and feebleness, with a fierce, vindictive growl, he sprang full at the throat of his enemy. There was a moment's desperate struggle. Scarce knowing what I did, I sprang to the hearth, and seizing the fire-shovel, turned, with the intention, I believe, of dealing the robber a blow with it. But at that instant he shook himself free of the dog, who dropped at my feet and rolled over and over in the death agony. The ruffian's knife had done its work. Another moment, and he had pinioned my arms in his strong grasp, and wrenched the iron from my hand.

"So, girl, you thought to show fight, did you? Had you hit me with that you would never have struck another blow."

I stared at him in astonishment. It was no longer an old man, even in appearance, that stood before me. In his struggle with the dog the patriarchal, false beard had been dragged away, revealing a smoothly shaven chin and a massive lower jaw, strikingly resembling that of a bulldog in formation. His wig, too, had fallen back, displaying a crop of coarse, red hair beneath. Five years had effected so little change in that evil-looking face that I recognised it at once.

"So, Nat Thorndyck, it is you then who have come back to rob your benefactor? Had there been one spark of honor or gratitude in your composition, you would have died rather than have lifted your hand against one of this household."

"You know me, then?" he said, grimly.

"Know you! your face is not one to be easily forgotten."

"Well, the knowledge is like to cost you dear. I would have spared you if I could, for I have not forgotten that your father befriended me once. But that goes for nothing now. You have recognised me, and my own safety requires that I take your life."

"You will not murder me, surely," I said, seeing too late the folly of which I had been guilty.

"I certainly shall do that very thing, and your mother shall keep you company," he said, speaking as coolly as though it were a mere matter of business. "Your evidence would send me to prison once more, and I've had enough of that place to last me a lifetime. I'd sooner commit a dozen murders than risk being sent back."

"But if I promise not to betray you."

"Bah!" he interrupted, contemptuously; "catch me trusting to such a promise. No, dead men tell no tales, and this knife is keen enough to stop even a woman's tongue from blabbing."

A deep groan in the bedroom made us both turn in that direction. My mother had been aroused by the noise of the struggle, and had heard all that followed. She had risen in bed, and her white terror-stricken face looked out from the darkness, ghastly as that of a corpse. How could I comfort her?

"Pray to God, mother," I cried. "Pray to Him! He can help us, even in this strait."

"He'd best be quick about it then," sneered the blasphemous wretch, "for I assure you he's got no time to lose. But get me this money at once, girl, and then I'll settle affairs with you."

"You must be a born simpleton," I answered, contemptuously, "to think that I will give you the money when I know you will take my life as soon as it is in your hands. Find it yourself, if you can, and I wish you joy of the search, for I promise you it will be a long one."

This staggered him, and after a moment's pause, he said, with an appearance of yielding:

"Well, give me the money and the watch, so that I can be off, and I promise not to harm you."

I looked in his face, and was convinced that he would not keep his word. Falsehood was written in every line of it. There was a murderous fire in his eyes, and I knew that the fiend in his heart was thirsting for blood. But my plan was formed on the instant. I affected to believe him, and taking up the lamp, said:

"Come, then."

Still with his grasp on my arm I led him to the opposite side of the room, where a small, movable cupboard stood against the wall. Pushing this a little aside, I slid back a panel of the wall, disclosing a small closet filled with newspapers. From the midst of these I drew forth a pocketbook, and gave it into his hands. Of course it was not the one containing the money, that was safe on my person. This one was filled with old receipts, loose notes and memorandums.

"Well," he remarked, "I should never have thought of looking there for it, that's so. Now, stand still, and mind that you don't move from your tracks while I open it."

To do this he was obliged to relinquish his hold of me. Taking the handle of his knife betwixt his teeth he proceeded to undo the straps of the pocketbook. This was the opportunity on which I had counted. Drawing slowly back by an adroit movement, I suddenly raised my right arm, and, with all the force that I could command, hurled the lamp full in his face. He staggered backward with the blow, and before he could recover himself, I sprang past him with the quickness of thought, gained my mother's room almost at a bound, closed the door, and shot the bolt into its socket.

There were matches and a candle on the table by her bed. I hastily struck a light, then, without pausing, I ran to a large chest that stood in a corner of the room. It was so heavy that on ordinary occasions I could not have moved it. Now I swung it around as easily as though it had been my work-bag, and planted it against the door to serve as a barricade. Then I turned to my mother, who, pale and trembling, had watched my movements in silence.

"Mother, dear mother, if you love me—if you would save your own life—summon up all your courage. We must escape by the window."

She could not speak, but assented by a motion of the head, and tried to assist me as I hurriedly proceeded to invest her with some portion of her clothing.

The robber had been silent for a few moments; probably he had been partially stunned by the force of the blow. Now we heard him venting his rage in a torrent of oaths and blasphemies that fairly chilled my blood. These were accompanied by thundering blows on the door. Had it been of pine it must have yielded, but the heavy maplewood panels and stout hinges stood firm. But I knew it could not hold out long against that fierce assault. I had succeeded in getting my mother partially dressed, speaking words of hope and courage, to which my heart did not respond. She had not risen from her bed without assistance for months, now she got up and walked with a firm step to the window. I threw it wide open. A furious gust of wind and rain drove inward, drenching, blinding and half-suffocating us. My mother would have fallen had I not supported her.

"It is useless," she said, faintly; "my strength is all gone—I can get no farther. Leave me, Milly—save yourself."

"I will be cut into inch pieces before I will leave you, mother," I said, firmly. "Courage, dearest; a little effort will carry us through the window, and then we can secrete ourselves in one of the outhouses."

I placed a chair by the window and almost lifted her into it, designing to help her out first, but she shrank back, saying, in a tone of terror:

"The waterbutt, Milly! We shall be drowned."

Oh, heavens! I had forgotten it. The rain-waterbutt was directly beneath the window and occupied the whole space across. It must be nearly full now, and, in the darkness, how could we escape drowning? I uttered a groan of agony, and stood for a moment motionless. A thousand thoughts flashed through my brain, foremost was that of Wilford Stacy. What would I not have given for the aid of his strong arm, clear brain and fearless heart in that hour of peril! And but for my own folly I might have had it. I was bitterly punished for my sins. "Save, Lord, or we perish!" was the agonizing cry that went up from my heart. Still that heavy shower of blows raining against the door, which bent, and quivered, and threatened every moment to give way; still these horrid oaths, mingled with savage threats of an outrage to which death itself were a mercy. My momentary stupor was over.

"We must risk all," I said. "Better a thousand times to die by drowning than to fall alive into the hands of that wretch."

Seizing a blanket from the bed, I tied one end around my mother's waist, and holding the other in my hand, directed her how to proceed so as to grasp the edge of the waterbutt, and, if possible, swing herself over the side. But while I was yet speaking she uttered a deep groan and fell back into my arms rigid and convulsed. I lowered her gently to the floor, and, leaning from the window, rent the air with my piercing cries for help. I shouted until exhausted, and then sat down by my mother's side, and praying God to strike me dead ere that man could reach me.

Crash! crash! The door was giving way. I rose to my feet and mechanically looked around for some means of defence. There was nothing that would serve as a weapon. The shattered door fell in. The chest served for a moment to impede the robber's entrance, but only for a moment. As he leaped over it I seized a stool, and in sheer desperation hurled it at his head. He darted on one side in time to avoid the blow, and the next moment I was struggling in his arms. With a burst of fierce exultation he drew me through the door into the kitchen. My only hope now was in instant death, that might save me from a worse fate. His hand was within my reach, and, seizing it with my teeth, I bit it until the blood came. The pain seemed to madden him. With a fearful imprecation he clutched my throat, and grasping his knife, which he had thrown on the table, he raised his arm to strike. I saw the uplifted blade gleam in the firelight, and, closing my eyes with a shudder, committed my soul to God. But before the blow could descend I heard the sharp click of a pistol behind me, a bullet whizzed past, and the uplifted arm of the ruffian fell powerless at his side. The next moment his grip on my throat relaxed, and he fell senseless at my feet, prostrated by a blow that might almost have felled an ox.

While faint, dizzy, bewildered, scarce conscious of my deliverance, I reeled forward and fell into the outstretched arms of Wilford Stacy. I did not faint—I never fainted in my life—but I lay in his arms helpless as an infant, with no power to move or speak. My white face and closed eyes frightened him. He thought me dying, and called my name, coupled with words of passionate tenderness that thrilled me even at that moment. A burst of tears came to my relief, and throwing my arms around his neck, I sobbed out:

"Oh, Will, you have saved my life, and if you will only forgive me, I will never, never flirt again, but love you as long as I live."

Reader, his answer is not for your care. The next moment I broke away from him, exclaiming:

"My mother! Oh, Wilford, she is dead or dying. Help me to attend to her."

"Let me first secure this wretch," he said, stooping over the prostrate robber. "He seems quiet enough now, but may revive and do further mischief."

He bound Thorndyck's hands securely, and then came to my assistance. My mother was no longer convulsed, but she lay without sense or motion. Wilford lifted her in his arms and laid her on the bed.

"She lives!" he said, cheerfully, as he laid his finger on her wrist, "and we will soon restore her to consciousness."

He applied proper restoratives, and before long had the pleasure of seeing her open her eyes and look around her. Familiar faces were bending over her, and at first she seemed to retain no consciousness of what had reduced her to such a state. But as memory returned she started up in bed, trembling in every limb. We soothed her with assurances of safety, and while we were still trying to allay her fears there came a loud rapping at the outer door, and my father's voice demanded admittance. Wilford hastened to open the door.

"What, Stacy! You here? Did my little girl get lonesome in my absence, and invite you to keep her company?" said my father in his pleasant, cheery tones.

But as he crossed the threshold he paused and gazed appalled at the ghastly spectacle that met his eyes. There lay his faithful dog in a pool of blood, and near him the apparently lifeless form of the robber. The floor was strewn with fragments of the broken lamp, and mingled with them lay Wilford's pistol and Thorndyck's bloody knife. Farther on was the battered and broken door that led into his wife's room.

"My wife! my child!" he gasped, in a tone of agony, as he sprang forward.

"Both safe, thank God!" said Wilford.

The next moment my father, with one arm clasped tightly around my waist, was bending over to kiss my mother and assure himself that she was indeed uninjured.

Then came explanations on all sides. I had to relate all the events of the evening, interrupted occasionally by the vehement exclamations of my auditors. Then Wilford took up the tale, and we learned the cause of his providential arrival at the moment of my greatest extremity. After returning home that evening he went up to his room and sat trying to read, but really thinking over his interview with me, and, as he afterwards acknowledged, blaming himself for the precipitancy with which he had acted. Nor could he quite divest himself of a feeling of anxiety as he thought of the possibility of my remaining alone in the house all night, in case my father should fail to return. About ten o'clock a younger brother came up to bed, and casually mentioned the fact of Nat Thorndyck's return to his home, and added a report that he had been seen lurking in the vicinity of Squire Western's house the day before. Wilford was on his feet in an instant, and without stopping to reply to his brother's exclamation of astonishment, he seized his revolver and sallied forth into the rain and darkness, determined to assure himself of my safety by keeping guard at our door until my father's return. He was still at at some distance from the house when the sound of my cries reached him; they added wings to his feet. When he reached the house he found the door bolted, but there was a window in the porch that was unfastened, and by this he gained admittance. He entered the kitchen just as the door of my mother's room gave way beneath the blows showered upon it by Thorndyck, who, deafened by his own noise, heard not the sound of approaching footsteps. Wilford took in the whole scene at a glance, and when he saw me in the robber's grasp he raised his pistol to fire. Twice he took deliberate aim and twice paused, fearing that the bullet intended for the assassin might reach my heart. But when he saw Thorndyck's arm uplifted for the fatal blow he hesitated no longer. Dropping his pistol as soon as he had discharged it, he seized a stick of wood and inflicted the blow that laid the ruffian at my feet.

"And for the sake of that paltry sum the wretch would have committed murder! I would the money had been given to the flames ere it had subjected my loved ones to such danger," said my father, as he drew me close to him.

"Nevertheless it is safe, father," I said, drawing forth the pocketbook and placing it in his hands.

"It is yours, my child, every cent of it. You have dearly earned it, and it shall serve for your wedding-dowry, provided you marry your preserver."

Wilford smiled and I turned away my head.

"And now," said my father, "we must attend to this wretch, who has done his best to render my home desolate in return for the benefits I once heaped upon him. I think I could have forgiven any other man more readily."

"The more merit, then, in forgiving him, father. We must not let his guilt make us forget our Christianity."

Upon examination, it was found that the robber's right arm was shattered, and there was a serious but not fatal wound on his head. When restored to consciousness by the application of proper remedies, he glowered savagely upon us all, but refused to speak, and bore his sufferings in sullen silence.

He was removed to another room, and my father, who had considerable skill in surgery, dressed his wounds. In the morning a surgeon was summoned to attend him. What more remains to be written of this bad man I will relate in a few words. He remained with us until his wounds were so far healed as to render it safe to remove him to the county jail, there to await his trial at the next term of the Supreme Court. While beneath our roof, although the object of the most unremitting kindness from every member of the family, he never manifested the slightest symptom of repentance, but retained his dogged sullenness of demeanor to the last, seeming only to regret that he had failed in accomplishing his nefarious purpose. Of course his trial resulted in his being sent to his old quarters in the State Prison, and this time his sentence was for life.

Poor Bruno! Dear, gallant fellow, faithful unto death! Some may curl the lip at the idea of shedding tears at the loss of a dog, but I am not ashamed to confess that I wept bitterly over the body of the noble brute who had given his life in defence of mine.

I have read of those whose hair, through grief or mortal terror, has grown white in a single night; my curls retained their sheeny darkness undimmed, but my face, in its almost deathly pallor, bore evident traces of what I had undergone, and it was weeks before it regained its usual rosy bloom. Strange to say, my mother was not permanently injured by the events of that fearful night. The excitement through which she had passed seemed to act as a tonic to her debilitated system, she began to grow better at once, and in a few months was completely restored to health.

And did I marry my preserver? Of course I did. And if you wish for any further particulars of this veracious history, you can have them by addressing Mrs. Wilford Stacy, P——, State of M——. And did I keep my promise about flirting? Most faithfully. If you doubt it, ask my husband.

GRAND MASQUERADE FESTIVAL OF THE LIEDERKRANZ.

Last week we gave a complete account and illustration of the Arion Fancy Ball, which seemed to cap the very climax of festive success and gaiety. If we had any new terms of appreciation left, we would try to intimate that the carnival of the Liederkranz, on the 17th, was as true a success in a different line, and that without even suggesting the various original devices and masks of the Arion, it was fully as ingenious in an entirely new series of grotesque contrivances.

The Liederkranz (or "Wreath of Songs") is an older organization than the Arion, dating in this city as far back as 1847, and consequently can claim the very respectable age of 18 years, as well as the greater honor of sending into the world the gay Arion, a splendid "chip of the old block," or, more properly speaking, a huge limb of the parental trunk.

It started with an organization of 15 or 20 gentlemen, and has kept on increasing in numbers until now it has a roll of members more than 800 strong, among whom are many of the most respectable German residents of the city. In 1860 it was chartered by the Legislature, and two or three years ago the society was able to build a fine club house at Nos. 31 and 33 Fourth street.

The present board of officers are Charles Lellmann, President; Max Goep and L. Kammerer, Vice-Presidents; George Nembach and W. Rasmus, Secretaries; L. A. Grasse, Treasurer; Director, A. Paur.

The ball of Thursday night presented a vast and brilliant spectacle of constantly changing color and movement, under the blaze of gas and among the perfumes of flowers. The decorations of the hall were lavish and in rich taste, giving the appearance of a grand carnival scene. The second and third tiers were festooned with entirely new draperies in carnival colors, surrounding a number of amusing oil paintings, representing a variety of subjects, well calculated to excite the merriment of the spectator. In one place the spectator beheld a painting of "Punch and Judy" teaching two cockroaches to dance. In another appeared the bust of a well-known actress, with little imps playing sad frolics with her cranium. In another an astronomer was seen taking observations through a glass, before which stands a clown intercepting the view.

The stage was so arranged as to present the view of a magnificent tent, with a beautiful garden scene on the rear wall, in front of which was the name "Liederkranz," in letters of fire, and the representation of a harp, formed of hundreds of gas lights ingeniously arranged. Besides the flood of light thus concentrated on the stage, six large chandeliers, festooned with baskets of artificial flowers, illuminated the vast tent, and added to the brilliancy of the grand scene.

The strange features of the night were many, too numerous in fact to admit of description. But we may glance at a few of the more prominent novelties that were introduced. First of all came the Grand Procession of Prince Carnival, which made its appearance about 11 o'clock, emerging from behind the tent at the back of the stage, and making two or three circuits of the floor in the following order:

1. A drum-major 10 feet high, with cocked hat and Roman nose.
2. Fifteen pantaloons, in white and spangled dresses.
3. The Saucepan Brigade, composed of 15 kitchen Amazons, with pots, kettles and pans on their heads, and brooms, knives, forks, &c., in their hands.
4. A huge fork, piercing a mammoth Bologna sausage.
5. Prince Carnival in his grand chariot.
6. Newspaperdom, represented by the *Herald*, *Tribune*, *Times*, *World*, *Staats Zeitung*, *Sun* and other journals.

Our Artist has been so explicit in illustrating these capital jokes upon the newspapers that description is superfluous; the cut will bear study.

The Schnantz quadrille, or card quadrille, was another feature worthy of mention. Sixteen men, dressed as cards, danced a regular quadrille, and occasioned much merriment.

Early in the morning a series of acrobatic feats were performed, and about five o'clock the dancers separated and the ball dissolved.



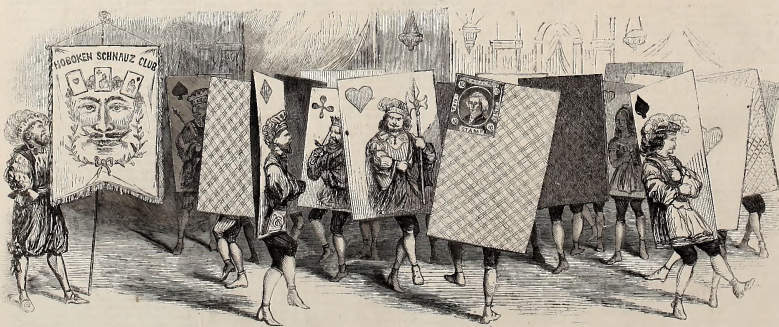
BLACK BEAUTY, OR KNIGHT OF BRASS. COSTUME LOUIS XVI. BELL RINGER. DOG DOMINO. FLOOR COMMITTEE. TYROLESE.



GRAND PROCESSION AT HALF-PAST ELEVEN.



THE "SALTO MORTALE."



QUADRILLE OF PLAYING CARDS, BY THE HOBOKEN SCHNAUZ CLUB.

LIEDERKRANZ BALL AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, N. Y., FEB. 16.—INCIDENTS AND COSTUMES.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. BERGHAUS.



Rebel Gunboat in Cape Fear River. Line of Ridgepits thrown up by our Troops. Union Gunboats Shelling the Rebel Lines. Flag Pond Battery.

VIEW SHOWING THE EARTHWORKS AND POSITION OF GEN. TERRY'S ARMY ON THE EAST BANK OF CAPE FEAR RIVER, ABOUT THREE MILES ABOVE FORT FISHER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

OUR MAY.

BY JENNIE K. GRIFFITH.

We rename her Juney, for our Mays are chill,
And the roses, May roses we say,
Are only May buds that won't blossom until
Kissed out by June's sweeter day.

No matter for names, for the lush June skies
Have no softer or sunnier hue,
Than the tender light prisoned in May's blue eyes,
Making summer our whole year through.

And no matter for roses, the touch of her hand
Falls soft as their pink petals may,
And her fragrant breath sweet is, as summer's breath bland,
With red clover blossoms and hay.

The notes of glad birds carol out in her glee,
And the sharp chirp of dear little things
That live you can't guess if in air or in tree,
A voice with impalpable wings.

Oh! baby, all ways that are your ways charm,
All wilfulness pretty you do,
In the hollow of God's hand kept from harm,
He loves our wee darling too.

THE PAYMASTER'S STORY.

I HAD been commissioned a paymaster in the army.

It was a small step towards the great end, but I accepted the position thankfully. The wealth, which I now for the first time in my life really coveted, would be in my possession, even though it was not mine, and perhaps the world, which always will bow to the god, no matter in whose hands or how obtained, would show me some way by which some of the thousands passing through my charge would become my own honestly; for though I had heard much of paymasters and quartermasters growing rich upon the legal robberies of our soldiers, I had not reached that point in my greed for gold that I could consent to make it in that way.

I was haunted by this great desire; for had not the fiat gone forth that I was too poor to be the husband of her whom of all the world I loved best. Then it was that for the first time in my life the thirst came upon me to become rich. It was no consolation to me that Josephine bade me be of good cheer and strive. It was no comfort that she assured me that we could wait, and that if our love was of the pure metal it would not lose its weight or worth by lying still for years. Philosophy was no friend to me, and the struggle was sore in despite of all its teachings.

In a few words I can explain my meaning. Josephine, she whom I loved so dearly, and who so dearly loved me, was an orphan, under the charge of an aunt, the stern executor of the instructions of her nephew, the brother of Josephine, who by the will of her father was left sole trustee of her fortune, a large one, but tied with this uncontrollable trusteeship.

This brother I had never seen, and knew nothing of him, but such description as could be given by his sister from a memory dating five years back, at which time Jarvis Witherstone, who was twenty years the senior of Josephine, had gone for the tour of Europe, a tour so prolonged that he still remained by turns in different cities of the Mediterranean.

It was this brother who had lain down this inexorable programme of wealth. Upon it I thought in the day, and dreamed at night. Of those few who have really loved, I would ask: is there wonder I should build up schemes; that I should plot and plan; that I should lose the present and see only the future; that I should justify the end in the means?

I, who handled and possessed hundreds of thousands, while I could only call the miserable pittance of a couple of hundred per month my own, saw countless thousands within my grasp, honestly mine, could I but use that which was entrusted to me to obtain it. I who loved so much, with a price set upon the object of my love, and that price within my very reach, should I refuse to grasp it?

"Let him who is without sin cast the first stone." I saw about me those who had known poverty from birth grow suddenly rich! I heard whispers of contracts, of speculation, of the rise and fall of stock, of brilliant schemes, and of wonderful wealth, gained within a day, and I rushed blindly on into the grand gulf that awaited me.

What wonder that I fell! There is more drunkenness than that arising from liquor. There is the drunkenness of success, wild and exhilarant, and the drunkenness of failure, fierce and desponding; both of these I knew in every phase.

One night I had played very high. Thousand after thousand went from me over the faro table. The wines were grand, and I drank. The lights were brilliant, the carpets were soft, the banker was courteous, but the cards were bad. It was the old story, with no variation save one, and that one a variation that, had I been questioned of it at the time, I would have ignored and laughed at, as a mere irritation caused by my losses, or by the disturbed state of my brain from what I had drunk. It was this.

Opposite me, at the table, stood a small, light-built man, whose age, as near as I could guess it, was about forty. His dress was quaint, something that showed him to be no servile follower of fashion, and yet compensating by its taste and richness for any departure from established rules. There was something in this man's face that would have attracted, perhaps painfully, at any time. His features were sharp and well cut, his teeth were perfect and white, and his eye, a dark hazel, had that snap and yet power of steady gaze not often found together. Added to all this a great profusion of very dark hair hung down upon his coat collar, and straggled in small irregular curls over his forehead, from which, as a large stake would be swept away from the table, he would throw them with a toss, that had in it a volume of exclamation.

There was something about the man especially unpleasant to me. His gaze and attention interfered with my playing and drew upon me the notice of those in the room. I could not make a movement that his eyes did not follow me; even when I sought diversion by swallowing goblets of wine from the sideboard, a movement of his lips seemed to signify that in imagination he was drinking with me.

At last I was annoyed beyond bearing. I could scarcely follow the play for watching this strange man, and I lost fearfully. In another moment I should have spoken to him had he not at the very instant reversed the matter by speaking to me. He said, as I placed a large amount upon the table:

"Ah, you are wrong. This is the card you should have covered."

I was about to burst into an angry exclamation, when I was silenced by a glance at the card the dealer had that instant turned. It was the identical card that would have made me whole on the losses of the evening had I covered the one designated by the stranger. A cold shudder ran over me, half at the strange guess, for guess it only could be, and half at my madness in not instantly changing my stake on the suggestion of the stranger. The banker looked grimly at him as he swept my money away. Once more I placed a large amount upon the table. "Let me entreat you to change your play to one of these three cards!" said the stranger, without raising his eyes from my stake.

"Permit me to ask," I said, fiercely, "whether it is you or I that is playing? If it is you, I will instantly take my departure. If it is I, courtesy should teach you to do the same."

I thought his eyes flashed and snapped with an ill-concealed rage as he bowed stiffly and said:

"Pardon me, sir. I have allowed myself, in the excitement of the play, to forget that I should not have become interested," and he turned away from the table and walked to the upper end of the rooms.

The dealer had been going on like a machine, with the game, during this episode, but as the stranger went away, and the very card he had advised me to cover turned up, there was a visible start and stare of the cold-blooded card handler, that convinced me he was not so perfectly machine-like that he had not been an attentive listener to every word that passed.

Now I was completely unsettled; I stood at the table staring helplessly from the dealer to the stranger, who was with his back towards us, watching the play that was proceeding at another table. That night I could play no more. The man had destroyed my faith in chance, he had spoken infallibly, reading the cards as I would read a paragraph, and yet he did not play. He must be the devil!

As I passed through the hall, on my way out, I saw the stranger come from the main room and make his way towards the stairs, with a gesture to myself as though he would stop me and speak; I was in no mood for this, and with a quick step I sprang into an omnibus that was passing, from the windows of which I saw my would-be friend gazing each way upon the street, as though in search of me. It was an hour before I could sufficiently calm the irritation of this adventure to permit me, after I had reached my rooms, to read. That night my fortune had been particularly bad. Thousand after thousand had gone, but still I should not have left the spot of terrible fascination until every dollar I had carried there was lost, only for this strange interruption of him who had sought to instruct my play.

At last I had composed myself over my supper, and, with the removal of the cloth, was counting up, mentally, all my experiences of the past few days. I had played heavily, and each time been heavily the loser. I had been also in Wall street, and in my pocket held evidence of scores of thousands risked upon the turn of a stock, as I had risked upon the turn of a card. Some change must come soon, or the remaining thousands would melt like snow before the sun, and I should be lost without hope. Even in my villainies I had had not forgotten those business habits in which I was educated, but had kept a faithful record of every item, and a concise account of each dollar that had passed from my hands over the gambling table or at the stock board. It would serve, I thought bitterly, as a guide to those who would be interested in my crime, when, after the last turn of the wrench had come, I sent myself suddenly out of the world by my own hand. And then, as I thought, I slipped my hand towards the inside pocket, where rested the case that contained not only my record, but all my secret and private letters and my money.

It was a terrible shock, that sliding of my hand into the pocket. It was not there. Gone! Dropped, most likely, in the gambling-house, among those desperate men, who would use the information they would find there for my ruin unless they were heavily bribed. And there, too, were Josephine's letters, the few she had sent me, breathing the pure passion of her nature. Oh, that another eye should see those precious lines, see them, perhaps, but to laugh or make them a jibe among his associates. The money! Pshaw! what was the loss of a few paltry thousands to the loss of such letters and documents. For an instant I was paralysed, but only for an instant, and I sprang to my feet, mad with excitement, and gave the bell a continued ring. At the moment of my act the door of the room opened, and a servant, staring in a broad fright, ushered in, without a word, the identical stranger who had offered his advice at the faro-table. Something there was said, as the man stepped into the room, but my ears were deaf to everything at that instant but the whirring of my own brain, and yet his appearance checked my hand upon the bell-rope, and transfixed me for the minute with astonishment. What did he want?

"You will excuse my intrusion. Are you Mr. ——?"

I was annoyed at the man's coming, and scarcely summoned enough politeness for the single word "yes."

"It is necessary for me to be exact in my asking. My business with you is of importance, and I must make sure that I do not address the wrong person. Is your name Major George ——, Paymaster in the U. S. Army?"

Was the man a detective that had been set to watch me, and at last arrest me at a moment when I could not save myself? The blood chilled in my veins, and it was only with difficulty that I could gasp out from my parched throat an answer that I was the one of whom he inquired.

"My business is of a private nature," he continued, dismissing the frightened and inquisitive servant with a wave of the hand, and examining the door after his exit to see that it was closed. "Pray be seated."

I stood still. There was a suavity about the man that I would have resented, but for the cowardice of my conscience. Once more he pointed to a seat with an air of authority, and I dropped guiltily into it, like a criminal about to hear his sentence.

"You are acquainted with, and love, I believe, Miss Josephine Witherstone. Is it not so?"

Heavens! how quick I was upon my feet. Must I submit, even though this man was an instrument of the law, in whose clutches I was so soon to be, to hear her name upon his lips in questions that could have nothing to do with his duty? No! I would brave the worst at once.

"How dare you come to me, sir, with such questions? By what right do you assume to question me at all?" was my fierce response.

"By the very best right in the world, my dear sir. Sit down again, and in good time you shall hear all I have to say."

"Ask me no questions, sir," I answered, "but do your duty. The questioning will be done by another than yourself."

I fancied that for a moment I had checked the man, for a strange expression came upon his face, but vanished again immediately.

"You will find it necessary, major, to answer my questions, no matter by whom you may be questioned hereafter. It is my right, and until by your own action you withdraw that right I shall use it."

"By your own action!" What did the man mean? "Withdraw that right!" Was he to be bought off, and intended this as a hint. With such fellows, delicacy, I thought, is a poor material to deal in. Therefore, I would speak plainly.

"Why do you not at once enter upon your business?" I said. "You are, without doubt, aware of everything, and have a duty to perform, or intend to waive its performance on certain considerations! If the first, sir, perform it once, and ask no questions; I am ready to go with you instantly. If the last, speak boldly, and name your price. I am in your power, and if the sum is within mine, I will comply."

The man looked puzzled, I thought. He had, no doubt, been unaccustomed to such plain speakers in the line of his profession, and was taken aback. He did not not wear the expression long, but returned to the attack, with, as I fancied, a slight smile upon his face.

"I cannot attempt to follow you. Major, your line of defence is certainly too deep for me. I seek only from you an answer to a few questions upon points of which I feel it necessary to become informed. I would do you service, and ask from you no reward. You have been playing heavily and have lost, to this time, over sixty thousand dollars. Sixty-three thousand, I believe."

"You understand your business, and have watched me to good purpose!" I said, the moment he paused.

He raised his eyes for a moment, as though in inquiry, and then went on:

"Now then, I would ask you plainly, major, what is to be the end of this? Can you believe that there is anything short of utter ruin in it? Do you think it calculated to win her whom you so profess to love? Sit down, sir! sit down! I have much more to say. You said something a moment ago about my watching you. Do not labor, sir, under this delusion. I have not watched you, nor did I ever, to my knowledge, see you before this evening."

"What!" I said, starting once more to my feet, "are you then not a detective, placed upon my track to ferret out all this of which you have been talking?"

A grim smile passed over his features as he uttered the single word "Nonsense."

"In heaven's name, then, what are you," I shouted, "and what do you want of me that you intrude yourself upon me, not only in public, but thrust yourself into my presence and into my affairs in private."

The man was imperturbably calm, and his voice as even when he answered, as though speaking on any ordinary topic:

"I have told you, sir, that I came here to serve you."

"I want none of your service, sir!" I said fiercely; "you will oblige me by leaving my room at once; your intrusion came at a most unseasonable moment."

The words had scarce passed from my mouth when the idea flashed across me, "Who is this man, and how has he become knowing to these matters of which he speaks?" As the thought came to me, I raised my eyes and met those of my visitor. In them there was something that sent a shudder through me, something that told me that my very secret mind was read by him as legibly as a book. I was not superstitious, but this man inspired me with a certain awe, founded, perhaps, on the strange circumstances that occurred at the gambling table.

"Your bursts of passion, sir," he went on, "can have no effect upon me. You spoke of my performing my duty. I have indeed a duty to perform, and I will perform it. That duty is to serve you and save you, if possible, unless you choose to run blindfold into the gulf that gapes for you."

I sat silent and listened.

"Do you remember fifteen years ago when you stood at the bedside of your dying father, the injunction he gave you to walk uprightly through life, that you might finally die as he did, having no shame for any act to cloud his passage to another world?"

I gazed long and earnestly at the face before me, to read, if I could, any memory that would connect it with the past, but there was no response.

"Do you remember the sister, she who loved you so dearly, and who died in another land? Do you remember the last letter she wrote, saying that her spirit would be with you in death, as it had been in life, and calling upon you so to act that all men should be proud to speak of you?"

I shrank under the words of this mysterious man, and hid my face in shame at the memory he brought back to me.

"And how, sir, have you followed these injunctions? Is it by stealing—ah, you need not start so fiercely—stealing is the word—sixty-three thousand dollars of the moneys intrusted to your keeping by your country at the moment of her peril? Is it by rushing madly into crime that can only end in shame and death, that you would bring about that time when men shall be proud to speak of you?"

His words burnt into my heart like searing irons, and his cold, proud eye froze mine as they would have struggled to my tongue.

"Will it bring honor to the love you have so professed for that fair girl who has clung to you against the wish of her relatives, and who has so bade you hope?"

Once more I strove to look into the eyes that were fixed upon me and answer, but the words would not come. He went on:

"You need not speak, I know what you would say, that it was this love that led you into the course you have taken, that you might win the wealth that would give you Josephine Witherstone for a wife. The plea is as false as it is weak. What enjoyment or prosperity could have come from the wealth so won?"

I shrank under the gaze of this man, who was reading my sealed heart as an open book. I dared not look at him; I felt sure there must be something more than human in the knowledge he possessed of my life and of my thought.

"I have said, sir, that I came here to serve you, not to upbraid. You are at this moment a defaulter to the government in sixty-three thousand dollars, and heaven and yourself only knows how much more. What means have you of paying this enormous sum?"

"None!" came up from my burning throat in a tone that startled even myself.

"None!" he repeated.

"No means," I said, "but to continue in the same course, until all is regained, or all is lost."

There was a long silence, and then he spoke again:

"If you had aid in making good this loss, what surety is there that the same thing would not occur again?"

"There is no such aid," I answered.

Once more he repeated the words precisely as before.

"I can give no surety."

"Sixty-three thousand dollars is a great sum, sir, to risk upon a man who has no faith in his power to keep away from the gambling table!"

"I ask no one to risk this sum upon me," I said, coming once more to my feet. "I am past all service but my own." And then, as the remembrance rushed upon me that I had not even sought the name of this man who had inspired me with such terror, nor yet by a single question undertaken to find the source from whence he had derived his information of me, I turned upon him, and with an effort to summon some haughtiness of manner, and to look into his face, I went on: "You cannot serve me, sir, and even if you could I see no reason that I should accept service from one who is an utter stranger to me."

"My name," he said, thoughtfully, "would be of little service to you now, even if you knew it. When I first entered this room you gave me no chance to announce my name or business, now the announcement would be useless, unless I have it in my power to serve you, then it will be time enough."

"And you propose to serve me by ——"

"Exactly—by loaning you the sum of sixty-three thousand dollars."

I stared at him in astonishment. What millionaire must he be who could talk as coolly of lending three-score of thousands as though he were simply about to buy some gewgaw for a child. There was no doubting the sanity of the speaker, he had given, within the few hours past, proofs of it beyond doubt. That he based all he said upon what seemed to me more than human information was the weight that bore down every effort of my own to set his interference at defiance. I spoke again:

"Upon what security?"

"Upon the word of a man of honor; one who will neither frequent the gambling table, nor use the money that does not belong to him, to acquire a wealth that he cannot enjoy while he has a memory of how it was gained. Do you know any such?"

I stood silent for a few moments, and then looking full at my interrogator, I said:

"You, who seem to know so much of me that I can really tell you nothing, should know that, even were I restored to that position you propose, with it would come the same agony from which I sought to break away. There is a price set upon her I love, a price set upon my earthly happiness! Must I sleep while I have the most remote chance to win the gold that will buy her?"

"No! but you have mistaken your course. At the gaming table you have not the most remote chance. With my aid you may win a few thousands, but I should, after a few turns of the cards, awaken to the folly of which I was guilty to-night and fall back upon that old reserve to which I have so often sworn fealty."

I thought of the wonderful advice he had given me over the faro table, and again a tumult of theories ran through my brain, tending to the identification of this mysterious man before me.

"And what must I do to obtain that wealth by which only I can buy happiness?" I said, in a burst of passion.

"Wait!" said the stranger, stepping towards me and taking the hand I had stretched forth in the impetuosity of my manner. "Wait, and work. Show me that you are a man, show me that you are beyond temptation, and I promise you my aid, not only in repairing your losses, but in winning Josephine. Within one year, if I am convinced of the truth of your course, not only fortune but she shall be yours."

There was something in the earnestness of these words that sent a thrill of belief through me, and I returned the pressure upon the hand that held mine.

"Is it a bargain?" he asked.

"It is a bargain."

At this moment there came a knock at the door and a servant entered with two letters which he laid upon the table. I thought as I took them in my hand and glanced towards the stranger that a curious glisten came into his eyes, and before I could speak the words asking his indulgence for a moment while I read the contents he said:

"Don't mind me, look into your missives. You will find them especially interesting. The one is from the charming Josephine, asking your attend-

ance at her house to-morrow on a little matter that will wipe away from your heart the shadow that now hovers about it, and the other a notification from your brokers in Wall street that your little venture in Erie has turned out well, so well, in fact, that it will be hardly necessary for me to make good the losses you have suffered over the gaming-table."

Even while he was speaking I was devouring the contents of the little waterlined pink note in my hand, and finding it all be said, and with a blank stare of astonishment at him as I broke open the second, I rushed eagerly to the announcement that my stock, which I had backed for a rise, had gone up that day so rapidly, that if I chose to sell it the next morning, at the opening of the board, I would have margin enough to make good all my losses, and place me once more where I had stood a fortnight before. I was speechless with surprise. If I had thought this man before gifted with supernatural powers, now I was sure of it. Not only did he read the cards and foretell their winning, but he spoke with familiarity of those things in the past which were only known to myself and to my sister, who was now with the dead. Not only did he look into my heart and read there my most secret thought, but even through sealed envelopes, deciphering hidden writing. I could contain myself no longer, but burst forth with:

"In the name of heaven, are you man or devil?"

"Certainly not an ill-disposed devil," he answered, with a smile.

"Then," I said, half-jokingly, half in earnest, "there is but one thing more necessary for you to do to convince me that you are superhuman, and that is to produce the pocketbook I lost this evening, or tell me where I shall find it."

"Nothing easier," was his answer, with his smile almost breaking into a laugh, "providing you describe the lost property."

"A gray russet leather case, with an elastic band, containing about sixteen thousand dollars in United States notes, several letters and documents, of no use to any one but the owner. The finder to be liberally rewarded. See advertisement in New York *Herald* to-morrow."

"Presto! Come! Your pocketbook and contents lie here before you, major. Count the cash, and see that it is all right, as I am not accustomed to handle so much value belonging to other people."

I sprang quickly towards him, and caught both his hands in mine.

"Who are you?" I cried, with a fierce earnestness which I think for the instant frightened the smile from his face. "Answer me!"

"Jarvis Witherstone."

For a moment I staggered back, in the next I held him in my arms, and was assured the embrace was returned.

"And now," he said, as we were once more seated, "I can't reconcile it to myself to leave you to-night, after this our first meeting, without clearing myself from the false character you have chosen to put upon me. I am neither devil or magician, superhuman, nor spirit medium. All that I have said and done has come about by simple means. I arrived at home last night, brought here by this very love affair of yours. During to-day it has been settled to the mutual satisfaction of myself and Josephine, and I trust to yours. This evening I left my house to find an old friend, and was told to my sorrow that he was a frequenter of the house where I met you. There I went, and while waiting his coming became interested in your play. I never handle the cards myself, nor yet allow myself to advise, though I have found that, by close observation and calculation, I can sometimes make near guesses, such as I made this evening. As I was leaving the house I picked up your pocketbook. I knew it as yours, because I had seen you take it out in the room, but when I sought you in the street you had disappeared, and none of those with whom you had been playing could tell me who you were. Under these circumstances I could only go to the letters and documents in the book to find out. Then I was astounded to identify you with the gambler who had lost so heavily, and felt it a duty at once to come to you, and either save you or break off all engagement between yourself and my sister. When I entered the room you gave me no opportunity to produce the pocketbook and declare my business. You wonder further at my knowledge of what has passed between yourself, your father and sister. Your father, when I was a boy, was my friend and protector; when by accident I met your sister abroad I loved her, and but for her death she would have been my wife. Is there any wonder that I should have asked from her the minutest questions of your father's death, or that I should not have known at the time of her decease each thing she did? It was this love which, when I had identified you as the seeker of my sister's hand, brought me home to consummate your wishes. Do you wonder further at my reading of the sealed letters? The one from Josephine I saw written before I left home; the other, by a shrewd guess, I arrived at simply because my old schoolfellow, Nathan Burgess, who is your broker, and who has the investment of Josephine's money, expressed to-day some astonishment at my declaration that you were penniless, and declared that within a few days you had made a heavy operation through him in Erie stock, which would turn out well. There you have the whole story of my superhuman power. Whatever there is beyond comes only from my ability to read men, an ability I have tried to cultivate."

My story is told. The year has gone by of my probation, and I feel sure that in the long future I shall acquit myself of the promise I made to Jarvis Witherstone, my wife's brother.

ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "ELEANOR'S VICTORY," "AURORA FLOYD," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—CONTINUED.

"*November* 30.—More blanks in my journal. I said we were growing alarmingly intimate; such an intimacy is alarming to a fellow who came to Coltonslough bent on devoting himself to Aristotle and Aristophanes, Æschylus and Euripides, and all that short of people. Have been reading 'The Clouds' all this morning, but found a strange undercurrent of. Susan Turner pervading that classic satire; and I mean to go in and win this time; those fellows at St. Boniface sha'n't be able to laugh at my discomfiture a second time. Why were women created for the trouble and confusion of the superior sex? I thought I should be so safe at Coltonslough, remote from Rosa, the Delilah of my youth; and lo! here is another Delilah a thousand times more dangerous, a shy, brown-eyed Omphale, for whose sake any intellectual Hercules on this earth would meekly hold the distaff. She is so pretty; and all those modest, shrinking ways have such an unspeakable fascination after a long course of Rosa's sharp repartees, all redolent of the bar and the beer-engines. I can never dissociate Rosa from the smell of malt-liquors and ardent spirits, with just a faint suspicion of lemons and stale porkpie. But there must be something extraordinary about this girl, for her vulgar surroundings do not seem to vulgarize her. I don't mean that she is one of nature's duchesses, or any humbug of that sort. I have no belief in nature's nobility, and to my mind a duchess is a person who has been cradled in Belgravia, whose long clothes were flounced with *point d'Alençon*, and to whom the wrong side of Temple Bar would be as strange as the centre of Africa. I should by no means care to see my little Susie in a London drawing-room; but I can fancy her domiciled in some rustic cottage in the lake district, a patient Wordsworthian little maiden, waiting upon and worshipping her husband, and getting him cosy breakfasts, with silvery trout broiled to perfection, and mushrooms newly gathered from the neighboring plains. If I were only an embryo curate, with neither expectations nor ambitious desires, I scarcely think that I could find a better wife than this simple gazelle-eyed maiden; but——Oh, that terrible monosyllable! The history of all the world seems made up of buts and ifs.

"My afternoon stroll upon the esplanade has grown into an established thing. Sixpence judiciously bestowed upon the children dispatches those young abominations scurrying over the waste ground to an emporium which they call 'the shop,' whence they return after an interval, embrowned and sticky with the traces of gingerbread and barley-sugar. In the meanwhile, Susan and I are alone on that dreary esplanade. What is it Byron says about youth, and solitude, and the sea? Well, that sort of thing is rather a dangerous combination, and I begin to think that if I want to redeem my character at St. B., I shall be obliged to take myself and my books away from Colstonslough. 'Breathes there the wretch with soul so dead,' who could sit in that dingy parlor, coaching himself in the classics, while one of the prettiest girls in all the British dominions is walking up and down the esplanade, opposite his window, and thinking of him? Yes, she thinks of me, and expects me when that yellow streak begins to glimmer in the west. I have seen her head turned towards my window, and then I pitch my friend Sophocles into the remotest corner, and go out for my afternoon stroll.

"*December* 10.—Yes; the dismal confession must be written, or the account between R. L. and self closed for ever. I am in love—seriously, desperately, unreasonably in love—with a young person whose social status is something between a parlor-maid and a nursery-governess. Could she be worse off than she is now? Could any turn in the wheel of fortune leave her in a lower place than that she now occupies? Scarcely! I don't believe in those dismal histories which the Minerva press was wont to disseminate. Susan is just the sort of girl to fall on her feet. Those shy, sensitive creatures always know how to take care of themselves, and often do remarkably well in life. It's your dashing, high-spirited, strong-minded girl who goes to the bad. Goodness knows I'm not a bad-hearted fellow. I can't look at such a girl as Susan without worrying myself about her future career. There's scarcely any sacrifice I wouldn't make—short of the sacrifice of my own prospects—in order to insure her welfare. Yes, the little stranger, let into my dwelling unawares, has strung his bow and twanged his arrow home to my heart. I am really in love this time. I used to feel savage with those St. B. fellows when they talked nonsense to Rosa; but I think I should annihilate the man who so much as looked at this girl. Yes; I am prepared to make any sacrifice—short of the destruction of my own prospects. Your really rich man or your penniless beggar can afford to make a fool of himself; but I stand just in that middle distance between the golden lands of plenty and the sterile plains of poverty, in which a man must needs be peculiarly circumspect.

"17*th*.—I have broken the ice at last. What a little Puritan she is! And yet I know that she loves me, with the regular Haydée or Zuleika sort of devotion; would like to kneel at my feet and offer me tiresome flowers when I was absorbed in the classic fogies, and all that sort of thing. A long interview on the esplanade this afternoon. I beat the ground with the greatest discretion, for it would have been the easiest thing in the world to frighten her. It must be a marriage—a *bonâ fide* marriage—secret, of course. She won't object to that. But upon the other point I can see she would be inflexible. Those quiet people are always obstinate. *Ay di me*, my pretty Susie, I fear that you and I must say good-bye. And I am really over head and ears in that dismal pit. I am most absurdly fond of her; that's the worst of it. Yes, we must say good-bye. The catechisms in the rector's parlor and the Sunday school have done their work, and Susan Turner will be a drudge all her life rather than surrender those ridiculous prejudices which it is the fashion to implant in the minds of rustic youth. *Addio*, my pretty Susan. I cannot imagine anything more delightful than our quiet walks in the cold gray twilight; I cannot conceive any eyes—out of a Murillo—so beautiful as those brown orbs of yours—orbs is the proper phrase, I think, where a fellow is sentimental; but the price demanded is too heavy. One may buy gold in too dear a market; and ten years hence, with blighted prospects and half a dozen children, I might grow tired of my white doe of what's-it's-name, and fancy a blue-eyed Greuze—how wonderful that man was in his manipulation of violet-hued pupils swimming in enamelled whiteness!—instead of my Murillo.

"20*th*.—I began to pack my books the day before yesterday, and yet I linger. 'Tell me, my heart, if this be love?' Not much doubt about it, I fear. But only a day or two more, and then—and then good-bye, pretty, Puritanical Susan, with your Sunday school morality, and all that innate obstinacy peculiar to quiet women. I shall have forgotten her in six weeks, I dare say. But then that consolatory idea of the future oblivion won't lessen the present anguish of parting. We may forget all about a gigantic triple-pronged carious tooth when we turn our back upon the dentist's torture-chamber, but the pang of extraction is none the less. I shall forget her, and some other eyes will haunt me in my sleep; but there must be a long blank interval of weariness before the Lethean waters can wash away that artless face. I have plumbed her simple mind to its uppermost depths, and have found nothing like deception or pretence. So we must part. I to go forth and do my best at opening the great oyster; she to remain here as my landlady's drudge and companion. Poor little thing! I hope she'll miss me when I go. I shouldn't like to think of her enjoying a flirtation with some new lodger, a city clerk, who would wear ready-made clothes bought somewhere in Shoreditch, and smoke cheap manillas. No, I shouldn't like to fancy her happy when I am gone. It wouldn't have been pleasant to the Corsair to imagine Medora flirting with mercantile mariners in his absence.

"21*st*.—I have packed all my books, except a few German cribs. Perhaps it was as well, for my studies had grown very desultory. How can a fellow read hard when there is a pretty girl in the case, and he has been so profound an idiot as to fall in love with her? But 'it is written,' as the followers of the prophet observe, and I must go. I have told Susan. We had a very affecting interview yesterday. How the poor little girl cried! and I hate to see a woman cry; it's so excruciating to the feelings of a good-hearted fellow, and the prettiest woman's nose is apt to get just a *leetle* red, when 'the tears come trickling down, down, down.' Oh, Susan, that I should quote that familiar ballad of Lord Lovell when I write of your sorrow! But I suppose there is something of the *persifleur* in my nature, for I don't often find myself very earnest about anything. And so we walked up and down the esplanade; she crying, and I talking. I flatter myself I talked rather well. There was just that dash of excitement about the business which makes a fellow talk well. But my eloquence was all of no avail; Alfred de Musset, Byron, George Sand, Rousseau, and Thomas Moore, all combined, cannot prevail against the tenets of the Sunday school; and so we are to part, 'in silence and tears, half broken-hearted to sever,' &c., unless I were prepared to sacrifice my prospects, and put the fatal noose about my neck.

"Bah! it would be too absurd, too utterly preposterous. Such things have been, and have always resulted in pretty much the same way. Your poet Shelley gets expelled from the university because he can't keep his convictions to himself, marries simple rustic maiden, grows tired of her, and falls in love with some one else, whereon rustic maiden drowns herself, whence unspeakable *esclandre* and confusion.

"*January* 2d.—No, the thing cannot be done, the sacrifice would be too great. The days of the Minerva press are past. The yellow postchaise, the lonely country inn, the college friend who is introduced in a surplice, and acts as clergyman—alas! are not these exploded with the dark ages? Were there ever any such marriages, I wonder? or were they only figments of the romancer's brain? At any rate, anything of that kind must be impossible now-a-days. And then a man must be a consummate scoundrel who could devise such a plot. I don't pretend to the Sunday school species of morality; but *nemo repente fuit turpissimus* as Juvenal has it. I am not so bad as that.

"5*th*.—She is very unhappy; and how hard it seems to leave her to this drudgery and desolation—Coltonslough, and my landlady, and my landlady's children, all the year round! And she is just 'the creature, not too bright or good,' &c.; the very woman, of all others, for a cottage in the lake districts, or a Devonshire fishing village, or any pretty out-of-the way haven, where a man might take his rest. And yet I must leave her here, baffled entirely by the Sunday school precepts with which her shallow mind has been endowed. I have no time to play the Lovelace, and don't want such a victory as his. I have had tiresome letters from home. They will expect me to get my degree, and I am free to confess that my reading since I have been at Coltonslough has been the merest moonshine. Decidedly I must leave this place by to-night's express. 'Better to die by sudden shock,' &c.; and as for Susan, it is only a natural chapter in such a girl's history. She will break her heart, and then marry a small tradesman, who will give her a Paisley shawl and a black silk gown to wear on Sundays.

"6*th*.—Another day, and I am still here. I was awake all last night, thinking of all manner of possibilities, or perhaps impossibilities. The yellow postchaise and the college friend in a surplice are obsolete absurdities; but how about a marriage before the registrar? Is there anything so very impossible in a marriage before the registrar—which shall not be, say, too binding? Why not a marriage before the registrar, between eight and twelve in the forenoon, with open doors, in the presence of two witnesses, &c., &c.? You walk into an office very much like any other office, and you see an official very much like any other official, and there is a trifling formula, and a little signing and countersigning, and so on, and the business is done. But even about this there would be a good deal of trouble, and the college friend would still be necessary, though not in a surplice—and the witnesses—and the office. Is the game worth the candle? Am I really so desperately in love? And then, again, supposing the game worth the cost of illumination, these sort of games are apt to be dangerous; and awkward stories crop up against one in after life; with perhaps Chancery suits, and so forth. No, it is too much trouble. It will be better for Susan and I to shake hands, like sensible people, and say good-bye.

"7*th*.—A very long talk with Susan. I told her that we must part, our roads in life lying separate, and so on. Poor child! her grief was something very terrible. We had wandered out to some lonely ground beyond the esplanade, leaving those abominable children to disport themselves as they pleased. We sat down upon a little bank at the edge of a great ploughed field, with the gray sea before us. The poor child sobbed as if her heart would have broken. I am no deliberate Lovelace, but I suppose I have in this instance pursued the prey with something of a Mexican trapper's intensity. I never meant to be in earnest; but have been drifted, as it were, by the chances of the situation; and people who let lodgings at dull watering-places really should not employ such pretty parlor maids. Poor, tender-hearted little Susie! I never thought she could have grown so fond of me, or that a little sentimental spouting, and a few pretty speeches, could have gone so far. I should have been a callous wretch if I had not been touched by her grief; and I was inexpressibly touched; so much so that I flung all good resolutions to swell the general heap of paving material for the halls of Pluto; and told my Susie that there was an alternative for this miserable parting, if she would—trust me—and consent to a marriage before the registrar.

"She will trust me. I explained to her the nature of the ceremonial I proposed, and how all unnecessary publicity and the ruin of my prospects might be avoided thereby. And then the poor little thing burst out with a whole string of romantic protestations.

"Did she want me to sacrifice my prospects? Oh, no, no! Did she want to be acknowledged before the world as my wife? No, a thousand times. She knew very well that she was too ignorant and humbly educated to support such an honor. She only wanted to know herself that she was my wife, my only lawful wife, united to me by the laws of heaven and earth.

"The laws of heaven and earth as administered in a registrar's office. I have cast prudence to the winds, and am now committed to the step which I only dreamed of as a possibility last night. I have a sort of foreboding that the business will bring me into trouble; but having gone so far now, am I to recede? and then I am really desperately in love with this Cornish girl.

"How is it to be done? These things seem so simple when one contemplates them in a dreamy reverie engendered by tobacco smoke. It will be rather a complicated business, I fear; and the college friend, that is the grand question. Who is to be the convenient college friend? Perhaps I'd better sleep upon it.

"8*th*.—After a world of serious consideration I can think of no one but my brother. He's a selfish beggar, who'd scarcely wet the tips of his fingers to save an entire ship's crew from drowning; but he owes me money, and ought to go through fire and water to serve me. At any rate, he is not troubled by any scruples or compunctions of the Sunday school order; and then he's a clever fellow, and on the spot. I'll go up to town to-morrow, and sound him about it."

There was no more. The journal ended here, and Francis Tredethlyn sat staring at the last half page, sorely puzzled as to how he was to read that broken history.

That the lines before him had been written by a heartless profligate he could scarcely doubt, little as he had been accustomed to sit in judgment upon his fellow-men. But he was slow to understand the full measure of the writer's depravity. A more subtle mind than his was required to read the hidden meaning of that carelessly written diary. Francis Tredethlyn only understood that his cousin had fallen into the hands of a selfish worldling, who had been fascinated by her pretty face, but who set his own welfare and his own happiness before all thought of her love or sorrow.

"He meant to marry her," thought the young man; "thank heaven for that. No matter how secret or clandestine the marriage may have been, it shall be my task to find Susan, and to make that marriage public."

Mr. Tredethlyn went early the next day to Gray's Inn, there to hold solemn consultation with the chief of that firm which had transacted all Oliver Tredethlyn's legal affairs during a period of some forty years.

To Mr. Kursdale, Francis told all that he had been able to discover of his cousin Susan's history; and to the lawyer's hands he confided the manuscript volume surrendered to him by Mrs. Burfield.

"You'll be able to make more out of it than I can, Mr. Kursdale," he said. "Heaven knows I read it carefully; but I can only understand that the man is a scoundrel, and that it was my cousin's evil fortune to love him. I wonder how it is that a simple, innocent country girl always does fall in love with a scoundrel, if he has only got a handsome face and a smooth tongue?"

The next day was Saturday, and Francis Tredethlyn's thoughts were strangely divided between the contemplation of his cousin's unknown wrongs and the expectation of a day in the sunny gardens and drawing-rooms at the Cedars. Late in the evening there came a letter from Mr. Kursdale, the solicitor:

Yourself and Another.

"DEAR SIR—After a very careful persual of the MS. volume entrusted to me by you yesterday, I regret to say that I can only come to one conclusion respecting the intentions of the writer.

"I believe that it was this person's design to involve Miss Susan Tredethlyn in a fictitious marriage, which should be, in fact, no marriage at all.

"A marriage before the registrar would have been as entirely valid, if duly performed, as any religious solemnization.

"I conclude, therefore, that the writer of the MS. diary contemplated a sham ceremony in the presence of some person falsely representing himself to be the superintendent registrar.

"I much fear that your cousin's simplicity would render her likely to be the dupe of any such plot.

"Should you wish to communicate with me further on this subject, I shall be glad to wait upon you at any time you may appoint.

"I am, dear sir,

"Yours very obediently,

"JAMES KURSDALE."

"A mock marriage!" thought Francis Tredethlyn. "Yes; I understand it all now. There was an insolence in his manner of writing of my pretty Susie that stung me to the very heart. No honest man ever wrote like that of any woman; no man would write like that of a woman whom he meant to make his wife."

WE cannot remember a night so dark as to have hindred the approach of coming day, nor a storm so furious or dreadful as to prevent the return of warm sunshine and cloudless sky.



VIEW OF FORT CASWELL, ON WEST SIDE OF CAPE FEAR RIVER, N. C., 9 MILES BELOW FORT FISHER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.



LANDING STORES FROM TRANSPORTS OPPOSITE FORT FISHER, N. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.



VIEW OF SMITHVILLE, N. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.



DUTCH GAP CANAL, JAMES RIVER, VA.—OUTLET OF THE CANAL, THE SCENE OF THE EXPLOSION OF JAN. 1.

NEW ADVANCE ON CHARLESTON.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Crane, has sent us some sketches of the operations now progressing against Charleston, and which we trust will this time be crowned with success. In order to ascertain the position and probable strength of the enemy, Gen. Gilmore ordered a reconnoissance on James Island.

On Friday, the 27th inst., a force of infantry and artillery, under the immediate command of Gen. Schimmelfennig, crossed over from Folly Island to James Island. This is the first time our troops have visited that locality since the demonstrations made on John's Island a few months ago, under the direction of Gen. Foster. It will be remembered that at that time, after having given the enemy a sound thrashing and driven him to his strong defences, our troops withdrew to their former positions on Folly and Morris Islands. The enemy then reoccupied the whole of James Island, and, in order to resist any future assault on our part, threw up additional earthworks at the southern end, and increased his force of men. The late attack was made in the afternoon, the troops having been occupied in the morning in disembarking.

Everything being in readiness, a line of battle was formed on the southern end of the island, and a body of skirmishers sent forward to feel the enemy. They had advanced but about one mile when they discovered just in their front a long line of earthworks, behind which, it was subsequently ascertained, were posted 3,000 rebels. As our skirmishers advanced, fire was opened from a few pieces of light artillery which had been placed in position a short distance at the rear. The gunboat McDonough and the mortar schooner Smith moved up the Stono river, and joined in the fight by throwing shells into the woods where the rebels had formed their line of battle. The tinclads Savannah and Augusta, under the command of Ensign Neil, also took an important part in the general movement. Late in the day, the howitzers were removed from the tinclads and placed on shore; but unfortunately, while the men were hauling the pieces to the front, one of them became mired and could not be extricated in time to be brought into service that day. The remaining guns were worked with good effect. The enemy having been shelled pretty thoroughly, a signal was given for our line of battle to advance and seize the outer works of the enemy. Away went the men with a bound and a yell, and in 15 minutes time they had possession of three redoubts and taken 30 prisoners, including a Major of a South Carolina regiment. The force that defended the redoubts were infantry, nearly all of whom took to flight when our men made the dash upon them. Our loss was 14 killed and 30 wounded. The enemy's loss in killed and wounded could not be ascertained.

The ground gained by the assault is held by our troops, to-day, and it is quite possible that we may see some heavy fighting within a short time. The enemy have erected new and formidable works on the upper portion of James Island, but we believe that by proper management those works can be captured.



OLD CHURCH NEAR SAVANNAH, GA.—FROM A SKETCH BY CAPT. GEO. W. WOODWARD, OF THE 21ST REGT. MICHIGAN VOLS.

INTERESTING OLD CHURCH NEAR SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

THIS venerable structure is on the Ebenezer river, 20 miles N. W. from Savannah, and has stood for nearly a century, the bricks having been brought over from England in 1769. It is close to Fort Green, a Revolutionary relic, and in 1777 was used as a hospital by the American troops under Gen. Green. It has been kept in good repair.

FORT FISHER, N. C.

WE continue our sketches of that far-famed fortress, which the London *Times* said, the day after the news reached Europe of Gen. But-



NEW ADVANCE UPON CHARLESTON—THE GUNBOAT COM. M'DONOUGH, AND A MORTAR BOAT, SHELLING THE REBEL POSITION ON JAMES ISLAND, S. C. FEB. 9.—SKETCHED BY OUR ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

sen's retreat from Fort Fisher, could never be taken, and select from a large number those of the most immediate interest. As we write the neighborhood is the scene of combined operations, which have now, most probably, already ended in the capture of Wilmington; for it is evident that as experienced and daring a soldier as Gen. Schofield would not have been transferred from the scene of his recent exploits in Tennessee to North Carolina, without Gen. Grant had determined to make a heavy blow in that quarter.

Fort Caswell,

Which is nine miles from Fort Fisher and five from Smithville, was taken possession of by our troops soon after the surrender of the last-named place, the enemy having destroyed as much as possible by explosions. It is now, however, stronger than ever, and occupied by U. S. troops.

Smithville

Is a post village, about two miles from Fort Caswell, and situated on the west side of Cape Fear river or inlet. It is a place of small importance, and contains about 400 inhabitants, principally engaged in fishing. Some idea of its primitive condition may be formed of it from the jail and gallery, of which we give sketches.

Union Earthworks.

Our Artist has sent us a masterly resting sketch of the earthworks on the point of Gen. Terry's army on the eastern bank of Cape Fear river, which we have reproduced. They are about three miles above Fort Fisher, and about the same distance from Wilmington.

Cotton Breastworks.

The rebels had made some of their earthworks impervious to our shot by rolling cotton as a breastwork, and covering it with sand about 10 inches deep. Our soldiers soon discovered it, and it was dug up in great quantities and used for the more comfortable beds.

The Signal Light.

Of which we give a sketch, is situated on the Mound battery, formerly in the possession of the rebels, but it is now used by our own troops as a decoy both for the purpose of deceiving and entrapping blockade-runners, two having been captured by these means a few days ago. The other sketches require no description beyond their captions.

THE SHERMANS.—Samuel Sherman emigrated from England to Stratford, Connecticut, in 1635. He was a man of note in his time—a Puritan of the Cromwell school—and one of the original proprietors of Stratford, Connecticut, where the family still is. His descendant, Daniel Sherman, was contemporaneous with Roger Sherman, the only patriot known who was several degrees removed. Daniel Sherman was early distinguished for the ability and great influence He was a member of the Committee of Safety in Connecticut, during the Revolution, and served for 65 consecutive sessions, or 32½ years, as the representative of his native town in the General Assembly of Connecticut. A good many ancestors are kind of him, which perhaps he has been; full of humor as well as full of sense. He died shortly after the adoption of the Constitution. His son, Taylor Sherman, was Roger Sherman's grandfather. Taylor was a lawyer in Norwalk, Connecticut, and became a judge. He was one of the Commissioners sent by the State of Connecticut in defense of the State, in Ohio, now constituting the counties of Huron and Erie. These lands were ceded by connecticut to the United States by the Revolutionary Tories of the war of the Revolution, and were afterwards colonized by non-combatants. Taylor was also the ownership of some of those lands, probably dressed the allotment of a share out of Judge Sherman's. Charles R. Sherman—in Ohio. He went thither when just of school age, and completed his education and established by the rich waters of the Rockaborg, at the town of Norwalk, where he soon banded. He settled at Lancaster as a lawyer, soon attained eminence, and became a judge of the Court of Common Pleas in 1821, and died in 1829, while on the Bench at Lebanon, Ohio. By the concurring testimony of all the old lawyers of Ohio he had rare abilities as an advocate, and was a genial, liberal and popular citizen. He left six sons, of whom five are now living. Gen. Sherman was born in 1820. Charles J. Sherman, who has been published at his uncle, is his eldest brother. Senator Sherman is three years his junior.

To preserve dahlia roots, they should be dug up as soon as the first hard frost has spoiled their foliage. Cut the stem about an inch above the tuber; then lay them up in dry. After they have become dry, pack them in the cellar, where to remain until they begin to grow in the spring; then plant them out in the borders, previously dividing the roots if an increase is required.

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5,000 Ladies' Gilt and Jet Sockets,	5	to	15 "
5,000 Ladies' Gilt and Pearl Ear Rings and Breast Pins,	5	to	10 "
5,000 Ladies' Onyx Bracelets,	5	to	10 "
2,000 Gold and Pearl Lockets,	5	to	10 "
2,000 Diamonded, Coral and Opal Ear-Rings and Breast Pins,	5	to	10 "
3,000 Plain and Fancy Rings,	1	to	8 "
5,000 Sets Fancy Buttons,	1	to	5 "
10,000 Pieces Silver Ware,	5	to	15 "
1,000 Gold Pens, with Silver Mounted Holders,	3	to	10 "
5,000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Holders,	3	to	8 "
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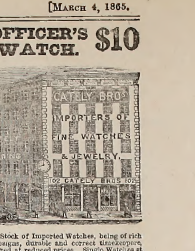
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Agents will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate sold, and twenty-five per cent remittance amounts to One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage Stamps.

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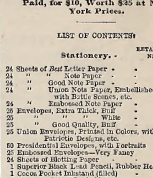
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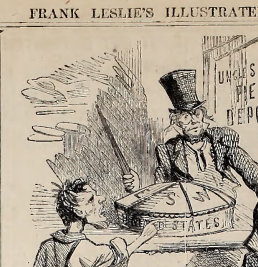
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Extol the dignity, beauty, and goodness of work;
She'd all changed it! "Had her dear Ally! I never tell that,
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All manuscripts should be legibly written, on good paper, and on one side of the sheets. Manuscripts written on both sides will be declined without examination.

Correspondents are requested to write their names and addresses legibly and in full, on each manuscript that they send to the editor.

Persons wishing the return of rejected manuscripts, by mail, must, in all cases, forward stamps for the prepayment of postage.

The Fall of Charleston.

The great event of the day is the capture of Charleston, the proud but recalcitrant "City of Sin." The rebel journals seek consolation for its fall in the fact that it was not taken by assault, but tell, without a struggle, into the hands of the national army, from which it was the cradle of secession. Perhaps we ought not to object to such *ex post facto* consolations, and we are prepared to find our rebel friends of the Richmond press, when they have started on the very hard road which the Vicksburg *Avalanche*, the Atlanta *Constitutional*, the Savannah *Republican*, and the Mobile *Register and Mercury* have travelled, before them—we say we are prepared to find their dingy columns rather heavy stretches, and poems of the execution of Richmond, one of the very certain "blessings in disguise" that is constantly showering on and of which Memphis, Nashville, Vicksburg, New Orleans, Atlanta, Savannah, Charleston, Columbia and Wilmington are such cheering examples. Sublime optimism! Rare avatars of Pootz, to whom everything was of "no consequence," and of Mark Tapley, who ever ejaculated, "Now isn't this jolly?" Well, to use a cant phrase, "that's so!" We have all heard of the husband who was reproached with permitting his wife to beat him—"Never mind; it pleases her and it doesn't hurt me!" The occupation of the "forts and places," concerning which Mr. Lincoln made his proclamations, is pleasant to us and beneficial to our enemies, and so everybody is suit fied!

Seriously, there is something very sad in the coincidence crimsoner than the reddest dahlia of the Seventh Ward, that Sumter was mercifully the sword that pierces their vitals, and which is driving straight at their hearts. Sumter is decayed by the slow but sure process. Their sense of satisfaction is something between a wail of helplessness and a howl of impotent rage. The Eternal God has decreed their destruction, and the sentence of the overslowing on them with relentless force are only the instruments of His Will. Let them accept their fate with the humility which becomes men who made a long and desperate appeal to arbitrament, while the "Confederate States are all she stronger in consequence!" We have only to turn to our files to find the speech of the Governor of South Carolina, on the occasion of the "glorious capture" of Fort Sumter, with his garrison of 70 men. It is made up of brave words. Strategy.

"I hope to-morrow, Sabbath though it be, that under the protection of Providence, and under the orders of Gen. Beauregard, or one of the officers of the Confederate States, you shall have the proud gratification of seeing the flag of the Confederate States float on that Confederate flag of three free and independent States, that has floated over it for three days, unless you have been pulled down by cannon balls. [Applause.] I am here only to say to it the first time, that the flag of the Confederate States of America have been humbled. It has triumphed for a week, and that flag, on the 4th of March, will be established, a humbled nation the glorious little State of South Carolina. And I propose to ask here, before the civilized world, your dependence is baptized in the blood of the heroes who went upon a glorious battlefield, and upon fire redoubts and for ever, in defiance of the world in arms."

Is this the Beauregard that we heard of last lying for life and in indecent haste from the capital of South Carolina, in company with a distinguished "with a few thousand dollars to be Treasury?" Where are those flags that were to "float for ever" over the walls of Sumter? Where is that "sea of blood" into which the "invaders" were to be driven, and which he replaced by the symbol of the Union? "In defiance of a World in arms!" And *that* from men who are fastidiously calling on their very slaves to serve them, and who have driven themselves under the dominion of England or France, or even of effete and nerveless Spain, and endure the satrapsy of a Bourbon or a Hapsburg, if only to get a recognition of their unhappy existence! These are the men who were Americans! These are the men who mouthed, and ranted, and beat their breasts like Du Chaillu's gorilla, and declared that Christmas-time like very Chinese only four years ago! Their Generalissimo, Lee, he in whom their Lifeboy hopes are centred, tells them that they are lost, and their only hope is to be cajoled and sentenced Sambo, whose tenure of a seat was doubled, and whose employment in the Northern camps was "on outrage on civilization and religion"—that is to say, that black and sinewy arm can push back the clustering legions of the Union! Their employment, says he, "is not the most necessary." Necessary! "The blows must be given or we perish!" is the lugubrious echo of the Richmond *Enquirer*.

How pitiful, we repeat, under circumstances like these, and in face of dangers greater than ever beset an unarmed people, the contrast of the present, to grin, and smirk, and affect to be buoyant and happy! Men of the South, if you you must, weep over dead men around you, mock your fate as Isaac did, and cut your throats on the brink of the grave. Admit, as sober men should, that you can hold no position which is not assailed by the bullets and shot; that in the loss of all your ports, in the severance of your so-called Confederacy by the occupation of the Mississippi, and in the ease with which a Union Gen-eral can penetrate the Carolinas, in contempt of your most strenuous efforts to oppose him—admit that all this proves your struggle hopeless to every reasoning mind. Fight it out with another year's bloody and shed more blood, so that your son may sink, as you have always and it should, with dramatically, "in agony see, I leave off "your damnable faces and begin!" Run away from Richmond, as you soon will be glad to do, but don't talk to us of the "blessings" which follow the evacuation.

There was a time, and that's not long ago, when it was the custom to picture ad Americans as tall and scrawny, knock-kneed and shoddy. Whatever of truth there may have been in the allegation that we were long and thin, the fact no longer remains. Let any one absent himself from the country for a couple of years, and he will be astonished on his return to find his fellow Yankees, as a whole, fuller, deep-chested and fresher in aspect than the corresponding classes he has been accustomed to see abroad. There are more stoop-shouldered, pallid, and even hollow men to be seen in a day's walk in London, than will be met with in a week in New York. We made those remarks to a friend, the Peripatetic Philosopher, who nodded assent.

"But Leibnitz says there is nothing without reason,"

"And Leibnitz was right, sir. I told you last week that our new effluence of handsome girls came of shoddy. The change in the men, sir, comes of whiskey."

"Whiskey!"

"Yes, sir, Bourbon. It operates on masculine bodies as cod-liver oil does on females. High colored beef, dressed French luxuries, vile concoctions called Schnapps, and have done away with Absinthe—which, by the way, they say is rapidly superseding the Eau de Paris. When I was last in Bordeaux I saw how French brandy was made. A vessel laden with raw spirits was anchored in the bay, and a saw is steaming and smoking away like a volcano, for many days. What do you think they were doing? They had a belt of solid oak timber which was stepped up the spirit with the *steam*, that is to say the residue of stems and skins of the grape, left after the expressure of the juice, with the vineyards. And the product was 'Otard,' such as we have been poisoning ourselves with these fifty years. The vessel moved off empty, and consequently paid no duty on her spirits. You see how it was done, don't you? Now Bourbon is a pure and healthful drink, and, in moderation, as everything good in the world must be to avoid bad consequences. Ask any of your stout friends, accidentally of course, to partake of the change, and he will be able to tell you. Ask him, then, if he ever uses Bourbon, and ten to one he will tell you 'Yes.' That's it, sir, Bourbon and Beef."

"But, sir, we have a duty to perform, in our high capacity as custodians of public morals. We can't recommend Bourbon to their people."

"You wouldn't. Let them ask their family physician. You wanted me to explain why our people were getting fat, and I did so. I repeat, it's bourbon."

And the philosopher, offended, put on his hat with a jerk, and, muttering something about what "effluences the custodians of public morals have of their duty, and that people would drink Bourbon and Beef whether or not," left the conclusions to us.

A recent London paper contains an American paragraph, the same who has discovered the rocks of the Hudson with his vile advertisements of bitters, cosmetics, pills, salves, syrups and cream, the same who invaded the sanctity of Egypt with two painted placards of "Plantation Bitters." We are glad to learn that a petition, signed by numerous physicians, has reached the Queen of our state, praying for penal enactments against the defacement of curbstones, walls, fences, and other objects of public utility by these vile advertisements. Whole regions of beauty have been made offensive through the license that has permitted a few men to make fortunes by covering the boulders with "hair dye" in huge characters. Things of veneration as well as of beauty are constantly defaced. We have before which nothing is sacred, and from which no privacy, public interest or personal feeling is safe. Let a step be taken in no many directions as follows as into the very recesses of the country, where we seek refuge from the blare and thumbing of the town. Let the Old Man of the Mountain be chiseled through-out and small natural grandeur, and the charms of woodland and river, be visited by poltroons and quacks. Let the Falls of Niagara be surveyed in all things, and illegal fines cannot be restrained or arrested by public opinion, let it be appealed by the Queen to her people. Let us would not delight to sily an unsavory egg at the head of the wretch who has doubted over the Highlands with nauseous nauseous compounds of "balm" and of nostrums for clearing diseases, which torture the eye o taste and reflect disgrace on the community? Let the Lamplighter be made to prowl in great resorts of summer travel by criminal enactments against this most offensive form of vandalism, and the most summary punishment. The dirty dogs who do this sort of thing from her territories. Tarring and feathering seems to be a disreputable kind o punishment, but we sincerely think which the greatest stickler for formal justice would wink at if it visited on the vagabonds who perambulate the country in the shape of quacks, and daub over the rocks with their vile advertisements. Let our country literde put on the admissive technothine that the Lamplighter may be well-filled before, and then send for our "special Artist." We shall delight to depict "the outrage," confident that the public will render the hearty verdict—"Served him right."

The safest and best investment that can be made by people of limited means is that offered by the Government loan, now before the public, and being rapidly absorbed, known as the "Seven-thirty." It is issued in denominations to suit all classes of purchasers—$50, $100, $500, $1,000 and $5,000—and the interest accrues as follows:

One cent per day on a bond of	$50
Two cents per day on a bond of	100
Ten cents per day on a bond of	500
Twenty cents per day on a bond of	1,000
A new dollar per day on a bond of	5,000

The interest is payable in the form of coupons on the 15th of August and the 15th of February. The holder can cut these off and get them cashed at any bank or broker's in the country.

The bonds are due on the 15th of August, 1867. At that time, if the holder does not want his money, he can demand of the Government to exchange his matured three-per-cents for the famous Five-twenty gold bearing six per cent. bonds. These bonds are now at a premium of eleven per cent. The three-per-cents are selling at an average rate of $3,000,000 per day. A great part of this is taken up by the people and soldiers in sums of $50 and $100. A recent regiment sent in its front took one hundred and fifty $100 last week.

The passage of the Amendment to the Constitution abolishing Slavery was commenced at Newburyport, Mass., in a striking and appropriate manner. John G. Whittier, the Quaker Anti-Slavery poet, whose name and fame have been thrown for many years into his opposition to the system, delivered conscientious, constributed a hymn on the occasion, which has all the verve and spirit of his productions of twenty-five years ago, when his unheeded song was almost the only one dedicated to Freedom and Freedom's God. He does not claim now to be apotheosed as the sole champion of the principles for which he contended so long and faithfully, luck in the spirit of the suffering and lowly Saviour, whose message to this land was men and true through whose suffering and blood the bon now vouchsafed to us was rendered sure.

Not unto us who did but seek
The word that God would have us speak,
Nor unto us this day belong
The triumph and the song.

Upon us fell in early youth
The burden of unwelcome truth,
And left us weak and poor, and few,
The censor's painful work to do.

Thenceforth on us in light bestows,
The sin we rebuked and its shames;
For not with gnawed and entombed bone
We build the sepulchres of our own.

We bore, as freedom's hope forlorn,
The private hate, the public scorn;
Yet felt within our hearts the nod
Our faith in man and trust in God.

We prayed and hoped; but still with swa,
The country of the free by law
We heard the snarling clamor of doom,
And saw the shadow of fetters fall on room.

We hoped for peace; our eyes survey
The bloodred dawn of freedom's day!
We prayed for love and union dear;
The storm by battle axe in wrath.

Nor skill nor strength nor zeal of ours
Has turned and loosed the hunters' powers;
Not by our hands is turned the key
That sets the shackled captive free.

A redder sun than Egypt's wave
Is plied and parted for the slave;
A darker cloud than that by night,
A terror more legible by night!

The praise, O Lord! be Thine alone,
In Thy sole work the glory known;
Our poor gifts at Thy feet we cast,
To whom be glory first and last.

Accounts to a Parisian expositor of the fashionable world, criminate the present habit of its fast banishment from aristocratic circles. It particularly draws the attention of the followers of fashion to the fact that at the ball held at the Tuileries, her imperial majesty, dressed with her usual exquisite taste, exhibited sure *grand scheitle* of the Empress Josephine. *Melodramaya*, the way of expressing the absence of that detestable cage which adds so much to female dimensions. The Empress Josephine, it appears, has been imitated by all those who have pretensions to mingle in the circles of fashionable life.

The latest number of the London *Athenæum* is trenchant, not to say savage, on American books. Of the "Woman's Rights" case it says, in a few lines: "The Woman's Rights cause does not need such champions as this author, who is more zealous than discreet, and whose book is remarkable for impulsiveness rather than sagacity." Of John G. Saxe's "Clever Stories of Many Nations," he says that the best fun in it is shallow. The rest seems to be sprightly and is only childish." The "Familiar Letters from Europe" of the late Professor Felton, of Harvard, are characterized: "They are indiscreet. They are incorrect. They are insipid."

Summary of the War.

THE CAROLINAS.

The occupation of Charleston on the 19th of February, by the Union forces, commanded by Admiral Dahlgren and Gen. Gilmore, has been followed by the capture of Fort Anderson on the the same day. Immediately after the evacuation of Fort Anderson, the fleet under his command pushed forward as far as Georgetown, towards Wilmington. After sounding and buoying out the middle ground at Big Island, he succeeded in getting over the bar, and, on the morning of the 20th, Fort Strong, the fort commanding the principal obstructions, where the rebels had also sunk a number of vessels in the channel. Our fire soon drove the rebels away from the fort. On the night of the 20th inst. the rebels sent down 200 floating torpedoes; but the Admiral had a strong force on picket-boats out, and the torpedoes were sunk with musketry.

On the 21st February the Union army, under Gen. Terry, took possession of Wilmington, which Gen. Hoke and his rebel troops had abandoned during night previous, burning all the cotton they could by their hands on.

VIRGINIA.

The horrible state of the roads prevents any active operations. The Richmond papers say that Gen. Lee has gone to defeat Gen. Sherman, having left Gen. Joe Johnstone in command at Richmond. Gen. Sherman's movements are not reported now by the rebel press, but the last accounts say he was advancing upon that vicinity.

NEW BOOKS, &c.

Forest Pictures in the Adirondacks. By John A. Hows. With Original Poems, by Alfred B. Street. New York: James G. Gregory.

This exquisitely printed book for the centre table contains sixteen finely engraved pictures on wood of characteristic Adirondack scenery, with appropriate poems by Mr. Street, the most successful of our poets of nature. The drawing in the engravings is minutely truthful, without that sacrifice of general effect which so often attends on attention to detail. No one who has spent his summer vacation in the Adirondacks can fail to recognise in every picture some familiar friend: the gnarled, fallen tree on which he sat; the mossy rock whereon he breakfasted, or beside which he built his camp-fire; the deep, dark pool, up to which he stole to decoy the leaping trout; the gray distant mountain, half-hidden by the heavily-clothed hemlocks; and the quiet lake, rippled only by the wake of the fast swimming loon. Mr. Street's part of the work is characteristically clever. Mr. Street has traversed well the dim aisles of our great northern park, where mountain and forest, lake and river combine to make up scenes of beauty, of wildness and grandeur, paralleled nowhere else in our country, and he brings to its illustration the feeling which comes not of admiration alone, but of deep and holy sympathy. It is pleasant to hear again from Mr. Street, who has been silent far too long. The laureate of our natural beauties must not falter in his *devoir*.

"The *Northern Magazine*, a monthly eclectic journal for the people," under the direction of the well-known artist, Mr. Frank Bellew, presents its appeal to the public for support. It is a quarto of 16 pages, well printed and illustrated, varied in matter and unexceptionable in tone.

TOWN GOSSIP.

We have gone out of winter in the mildest manner possible, and are trusting to the promises of this treacherous March—most capricious and ill-tempered of months. There is something in the name, however, that is pleasant, in spite of the way he treats us—one begins to dream of green leaves and early flowers, and have visions of the country, and long for the free life that one enjoys there. But the truth is that spring, like morning, is all very well to talk about and for poets to rave over, but the less one knows of the reality of either the better for his temper and comfort.

The world wants to be well aired and sunned before one makes one's daily appearance, and it is just so where the morning of the year is concerned—letting June stand for 10 o'clock, we will call it a decent hour to rise, before that one ought to lie quiet as a dormouse.

The anniversary of Washington's birthday was celebrated this year with unusual enthusiasm and rejoicing. The weather was magnificent—the very finest of the little troop of Italian days that descended upon us without the slightest warning. The city was got up in its brightest holiday wear—flags floated upon the house-tops, and the public edifices were decorated with the most lavish display of banners. The parades and reviews went off in the most brilliant style—the evening's treat of fireworks was particularly fine, and balls were as plenty as blackberries in August.

The great news of the week—the tidings that Charleston was ours—undoubtedly had much to do with the general spirit of rejoicing which pervaded the city. The most lukewarm heart must have throbbed a little quickly to think that the dear old flag once more floated over the walls from which it was first torn by the black hand of treason.

It seems, according to the Richmond *Whig*, that among the sufferers by Sherman's victorious approach was William Gilmore Sims, the novelist, poet, playwriter, and everything else possible in the literary line. It appears that he ran so precipitately from his dwelling that he was forced to leave behind a valuable library of 7,000 volumes. Very probably his own books made up a goodly portion of the number—in which case we congratulate Mr. S. most heartily on the necessity for the sudden flight which enabled him to lose their society for ever.

Some man insists upon it that if women are going to claim their share in the professions which our old fogyish progenitors regarded as belonging to the masculine portion of humanity, that they shall give their titles a feminine ending—though, goodness knows, the reason therefor is not apparent. He cites a whole page of words with terminations suited to both sexes, and winds up by proposing a new title for our countrywomen in general. They are to be called Americanesses. He says:

"The name is definite and dignified" (note the alliteration), "and seems to give the idea of nationality which no other form of expression can so well convey."

By way of showing how prettily the word looks and sounds, he bursts into unpremeditated song:

"Fair women from Europe graced the ball,
A fair Americaness eclipsed them all."

The poetry settles the matter at once—we accept the change he proposes without a dissentient murmur, but at the same time we are somewhat afraid that his countrywomen may take the termination he tacks on to their name for his whole cognomen, with a little alteration in the vowel.

The matter of rents becomes a more serious question every day, and how people are to live at all will apparently very soon become a problem exceedingly difficult of solution. It is true that where a great many are concerned one doesn't see the necessity of their continuing existence any more than Talleyrand did when he made his amiable and famous answer to a question of a similar nature, but nevertheless live they must, and hence we demand—how?

Unless a man can have a petroleum well burst out in his backyard or own an uncle who has ruined his soul and filled his bankbook by means of shoddy speculations, his hold on existence is likely to be as precarious as that of a shipwrecked sailor clinging to the sharp end of a spar.

Houses that have formerly rented for $600 have gone up to $1,500, and these by no means in a locality which hunters after fashion and elegance would be at all ready to choose, provided there were such a thing as choice left.

With many men in professions and trades rents will swallow up half their incomes; because, unfortunately, incomes in general have not gone up in proportion to the inflation of currency or the abominable prices charged for everything that goes to support human comfort and life.

What becomes of young lawyers, doctors, teachers, writers, and so on, with their pretty little wives and olive branches?—even echo does not make the slightest sign of response.

Setting aside the painful part of it—a thing we are as fond of doing always as Harold Skimpole himself—certain it is that we are going to have a year of great expense, and the sooner people make up their minds that they have got to live soberly and quietly the better. No city has equalled New York as a place where extravagant habits have been indulged in spite of moderate incomes, and we trust that henceforth the reproach may die away, since in spite of jests and sneers, it really reflects upon the character of the whole community where principle, honesty and several other old-fashioned virtues are concerned.

Rossiter, the artist, is exhibiting at the Milton Gallery five pictures illustrating subjects in Paradise Lost. They are works of very great merit in all respects—the figures admirably conceived and executed, and the accessories of the landscape worked up with great strength and brilliancy. The first picture represents Eve in her bower—the second, Adam and his spouse spellbound by the beauties of sunrise in Paradise—the third shows the pair in the glory of morn, with Eve holding back the fatal apple from her companion's grasp. The other two paintings are descriptive of events after the fall—in the last, Adam is stationed on an eminence from which he regards the world and seems to be striving for fortitude to bear the new life which has opened so suddenly before him. The pose of the figure is exceedingly fine, and the entire treatment of the picture truly admirable.

Maretzek has fulfilled the most important pledge with which he commenced the season, and given us Verdi's latest opera, "La Forze del Destino."

The libretto, if not strikingly original, has the merit of great light and shade, passing from the religious ceremonies of a monastery to the wild revels of camp life, from fun and jollity to suffering and despair, and consequently affording free scope for strong contrasts and masterly effects on the part of the composer. The plot is exceedingly tragic—indeed, the closing act kills off people in a way only equalled in Hamlet, where there is no farther use for a ghost because there is no one left to see it.

The music is brilliant, full of Verdi's peculiar mannerisms, but possessing a versatility, a depth of feeling and intensity which seem the leading characteristics that distinguish it from many others of the composer's works. Whether it is to carry out the boast made for it of being the finest of modern operas remains yet to be proved.

Even on the first night the different rôles were well sustained by the performers, and Mademoiselle Morensi in particular, in the part of a vivandiere, appeared to better advantage than we have ever seen her.

Strakosch's new artists have met with great success. Mademoiselle de Katow, the violoncellist, has made a sensation; more than that, even on her first appearance she proved conclusively that she was a rare musical genius. The instrument is not a graceful one for a woman to handle, but she overcomes all those difficulties, nor is there any evidence of physical effort or exertion in her playing.

The pianist, Mr. Wehli, made a most favorable impression; and a pleasant thing about him, aside from his surprising talent and skill, is the unpretending way in which he plays, with a manner entirely free from the flourishes and affectations in which so many of our famous performers are wont to deal.

Barnum has brought out a new piece called "The Workingmen of New York," which is likely to have an endless run. It is written by that most charming of actresses, Miss Laura Keene, whose genius, we know of old, is versatile enough to make her successful in whatever she undertakes, whether in her own profession or one of the sister arts. Are we never to have her back among us, we wonder? Her place is most dolefully vacant, and one laments her absence more and more when they recall her power of depicting whatever was tender, womanly and pathetic—her wondrous fascination in comedy, whether personating some simple peasant girl or the highbred woman of fashion—the melody of her voice, which went straight to every heart, working with strange sympathy on her hearers, and the varied power of expression which her face possessed in so remarkable a manner.

We trust before much more time elapses that we shall see her again established here in a theatre of her own, certain that she will find herself a greater favorite than ever after her long absence.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The Working Men's Union held a mass meeting at the Cooper Institute, on the evening of the 21st. It was fully attended. Mr. Harding was called to the chair. Resolutions declarative of the right of the working classes to remunerative wages, with fair recreation, were unanimously adopted.

—— There is a desperate effort making to bolster up the price of gold, so to keep it as near as possible to 200.

—— It is worthy of mention that the Boston and Worcester Railroad transported last year over 2,000,000 persons, and only killed two of them—a fact worthy of the imitation of all others.

—— Pouring cold water on the face will destroy the effect of any narcotic.

—— The people of New Orleans held a meeting lately to consider the propriety of closing their places of public amusement on the Sunday.

—— Among the bills recently passed by the Missouri Legislature are these: Providing that any person whose husband or wife has been engaged in the rebellion against the United States shall be entitled to a divorce on proper application to the courts. Providing that no licence to transact business shall be granted to any foreigner who has not first taken steps to become naturalised.

—— A correspondent informs us that a panther, measuring seven feet two inches in length, was killed near Chazy Lake, Clinton county, New York, on the night of the 10th inst., 10 miles from any house, after a 10 days' chase. Photographs have been taken, and the body, while frozen, will be exhibited in various parts of the country.

—— A new line of steamers is to be established between Boston and Liverpool.

—— A party of Maine hunters came into Portland last week with three tons of venison.

—— A few young ladies of a Soldiers' Aid Society at Brookfield, Mass., gave a teaparty last week, and the result was $400 net gain for the soldiers' benefit.

—— Mayor Thomas, of St. Louis, writes: "I know only of two instances in which colored persons have been received at the City Hospital, and in both instances I paid their expenses out of my own pocket."

—— Game has rapidly increased in Connecticut since 1861, when the game law was passed, and a game club in Hartford declare their determination to prosecute any violation of the law that comes to their knowledge.

—— John B. Brown has given to the Portland (Maine) School Committee $5,000 in memory of his son, James Olcott Brown, to buy medals for the high school and establish scholarships in Bowdoin College.

—— A lady in Charlestown, Mass., left her bed and started for Boston in a fit of somnambulism, a few nights since, and did not awake till a man on the Warren bridge spoke to her. She was so overcome by the sense of her condition that she fainted, and had to be carried home by the police.

Southern.—Gilmore, who went to Richmond on a peace mission with Col. Jaquee, says that Davis told him that every white man who wasn't able to own a black man ought to be a slave himself, and if they (the poor whites) could be enslaved they would become a useful class of society.

—— The Richmond *Examiner* of the 17th says: "The restaurants and drinking saloons advanced their prices on Saturday, putting the rates a peg higher. The advance, they allege, is necessitated by the great rise in the prices of flour and provisions in the market. The bill of fare in saloons that formerly cost $10 now cost $15, and no drinks are to be had under $5. Perhaps it is well that the price of living has come to be defined at last. The thermometer can go no higher than 90; the currency may go to zero, but the charge cannot go above blood heat. This may as well be understood first as last."

—— As a significant proof of the scarcity of men in the South, the manager of the Richmond theatre advertises for "robust young women to fill the male rôles in the dramas."

—— W. F. H. Lee, of the rebel cavalry, has written a letter for the benefit of the rebel Congress on the subject of cavalry. He makes various suggestions for the improvement of this arm of the rebel service, acknowledging the superiority of the Union cavalry, and says: "Unless Congress takes the matter in hand and legislates more liberally on the subject, the enemy, next spring, will ride roughshod over the whole State."

—— The Richmond papers seem to be as much pleased at the fall of Charleston as we are. The *Whig* says it is a blessing in disguise, and the *Enquirer* says it will force the South to concentrate their troops.

Military.—Among the emigrants landed at Castle Garden, lately, by the steamship Great Western, from Liverpool, were 93 Englishmen who shipped for the avowed purpose of enlisting in the United States army. Immediately after reaching the Government dock, they visited Supervisor Blunt at his recruiting station, on the Battery grounds, and were examined. About 40 of them "passed muster," and were paid their bounties and sworn in.

—— Great guns cost something. A 10-inch Parrott gun costs $4,500; an 11-inch Rodman gun costs $6,500; a 15-inch Krupp's gun costs $29,400; a 12 inch Blakeley gun costs $35,000. The two latter are made of steel.

Naval.—The Boston *Commercial Advertiser* says: "Admiral Porter has just made a requisition on the Navy Department for 10 carboys of the best black ink."

Personal.—Mr. Dempster, the popular composer and singer, has arrived here from Europe.

—— Proudhon has left some postbumous works, among which are an Essay on Art, and a volume on "The Political Aptitude of the Working Classes."

—— Mr. Barnum recently introduced the famous Doctor Van Vleck to a select few at the Astor House. The Doctor is engaged at the Museum to expose the tricks of spiritualism.

—— Gen. Terry, the conqueror of Fort Fisher, is unmarried.

—— Wendell Phillips says of Edward Everett: "When I name Edward Everett, I desire to say that I name the cap-sheaf of American magnanimity for the last three years. I know of few men, in any age or language, who, at near 70 years of age, with such a career behind them, had the loftiness of spirit to stand before 20,000,000 of their countrymen and say, 'I was mistaken.' Such men are rare in any age, and certainly deserve fair credit for such a confession."

—— Ristori is making quite a sensation at Athens in her various characters, among which are Medea and Pyrrha.

—— On Tuesday, the 14th Feb., took place the third of the charming musical entertainments given this season by Madame C. Meare, of 224 Madison avenue. Most of the persons present probably anticipated listening to good schoolgirl music, but were most agreeably surprised by a rare musical treat. In her own department Madame Meare is unsurpassed as an instructress, and she selects such professors as have the power of imparting their knowledge, if we may judge by the taste with which the more difficult pieces of the evening were rendered. The pupils of Mr. Mills, as well as those of Signor Barilli, acquitted themselves in a style rarely attainable by young ladies. The music of the harp, accompanied by the voice, formed another delightful feature of this most charming *soirée*. We share the regret expressed by many that more pupils cannot avail themselves of the superior advantages of this far-famed institution. We trust that another season will find Madame Meare in a more spacious establishment, able to accommodate all who are desirous of receiving her instruction.

Obituary.—Gen. Winder, most infamous on account of his cruelties to the Union prisoners, died recently of apoplexy at Florence, S. C., aged 65 years.

—— Mrs. Conant, an authoress of great ability, died recently in Brooklyn, aged 50. She was as much esteemed for her womanly virtues as for her fine intellect.

—— Hon. Isaac Funk, State Senator of the Illinois Legislature, died last week. His wife did not survive him over three hours. Senator Funk will be remembered for his famous speech in the Legislature of 1863, in rebuke of the partisans who sought to embarrass the Government and get up a diversion in favor of the rebels.

—— David T. Fowler, Deputy County Clerk, died in this city, after a few days' illness, of pneumonia, in his 64th year. He was well-known to the New York politicians, and much respected by the bar of the city.

—— Capt. Stanton Shales, probably the last survivor of the battle of Lake Erie, in 1813, died in Columbus, Ohio, last week. He was an officer under Com. Perry.

—— Senator Hammond, of South Carolina, who gave the name of "Mudsills" to Northern working-men, is dead. Let the grave bury the memory of the wrong done to the hardy working-man.

—— A. M. Gorman, editor of the *Spirit of the Age* and of the Raleigh *Daily Confederate*, died in Raleigh on the 25th of January, aged 51 years.

—— The death of Sir James Sleigh in England is announced. He passed through the whole of the Peninsular campaign, was present at Waterloo, and served afterwards in India.

Accidents and Offences.—The little brig Vision, of one ton register, which sailed from New York in June last, has probably gone to the bottom, with her venturesome commander, Capt. Donovan, and his companion. They had but 60 days' provisions, and expected to make the voyage to Europe in about 40 days.

—— The New York *Herald* gives a list of 36 railroad accidents occurring from September 2d to November 17th, inclusive, resulting in the killing of 129 persons and the wounding of 355.

—— The Erie *Gazette* says that legal proceedings are about to be commenced against several persons in that city of foreign birth, on the charge of voting for many successive years without being naturalised.

Art, Science and Literature.—The people of Milan are going to raise a monument to Beccaria.

—— Leutze, the artist, has just finished a large picture of a scene in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." It represents Falstaff being carried out in a buck-basket.

—— M. Dumas, sen., has calculated that he has worked ten hours a day for 20 years, that he has received over 18,000,000 of francs, or nearly £730,000 sterling, and that he has kept employed in various ways on his works about 700 persons. The number of his volumes amounts to 400, and he has written 35 plays.

—— It is said that another autograph, in its most abbreviated form, has been found in a small Aldine edition of Ovid's "Metamorphoses," 1502. It is written "Wm. Shr." It seems jumping at conclusions to say this is the autograph of our great dramatist.

Foreign.—M. Matteuci, director of the police at Rome, has issued an edict prescribing certain days during the present carnival during which people may wear masquerade apparel, but without either masks, false noses or beards, or any other means of concealing the face.

—— At a club house in St. Petersburg, lately, an English traveller lost 360,000 roubles, equal to $300,000, at dominoes.

—— According to statistical tables recently published, there are in the Austrian empire 250,000 males entitled to the appellation of nobles. Hungary is down for 163,000; Galicia, 24,000; and Bohemia, 2,260, among whom are 14 princes, 172 counts and 80 barons.

—— The London *Morning Star* says, that while the Russian serfs before emancipation were calculated to have consumed about 18s. worth of cotton goods per head, that amount has already risen to £1 7s. per head over the 22,000,000 of emancipated peasantry.

Chit-Chat.—The first paragraph of the late Queen's Speech was verbally and literally identical with that delivered at the opening of the last session.

—— A new Hibernianism is mentioned by the Limerick *Chronicle*. It says: "A learned coroner, in a neighboring county, the other day, being asked how he accounted for the great mortality this year, exclaimed, 'I cannot tell; there are people dying this year that never died before!'"

ROMANTIC TRIAL IN SPAIN.

The Supreme Tribunal of Barcelona, in Spain, has been for some time past engaged in hearing a trial from a judgment given by an inferior court of that district in July, 1861, relative to the identity of a young man who claimed to be the son of a wealthy banker in Barcelona, dead some years ago. The circumstances of this strange affair may be briefly stated as follows:

The Marquis Don Francisco de Cara-Fontenallas, partner in the well-known banking firm of Lamberto Fontenallas, had two sons, Don Lamberto and Do Claudio, and one daughter, Donna Eulalia, married to he Marquis of Villamediana, residing on his extensive estates in the neighborhood of Madrid. In September, 1845, the younger son, Don Claudio, then 23 years of age, suddenly disappeared, and all efforts to find him proved fruitless. It was afterwards ascertained that he had been seized by the brigands, who carried him off to the mountains. Some days later, however, two or three letters were addressed to the Marquis by his son, stating that he was in the power of brigands, who refused to release him until a ransom of 1,000 ounces of gold should be paid. Perhaps the Marquis did not believe in the reality of the capture, and regarded it merely as an expedient adopted by his son to obtain a large sum of money. At all events, he did not send the gold demanded, and from that time nothing was heard of Don Claudio till May, 1860. Meanwhile the Marquis made a will, dated May, 1850, in which he expressed his wish that his property should not be divided between Don Lamberto and Donna Eulalia until his lost son had been found or his death satisfactorily proved.

When the Marquis died, some time after, Don Lamberto succeeded to the title, and at once divided his father's property between himself and his sister, the Marchioness de Villamediana. This prompt division of the property caused some scandal at the time, as the provisions of the will were generally known, but it was soon forgotten. In 1852, however, a man named Gomez, who had been arrested for robbery, gave the police a full account of the abduction of Don Claudio by the brigands, and the authorities determined on making a further investigation, when it was found that all the documents relating the circumstances had disappeared, with the exception of Don Claudio's two letters written while in the power of the brigands, which the deceased Marquis had given to a police magistrate in 1850.

The investigation, therefore, led to nothing; but nine years later, in 1861, Don Lamberto, the now Marquis, received a letter, dated May 15, and signed "Your brother, Don Claudio," stating that the writer had just arrived at Barcelona by the steamer Puerto Rico from Charlestown. Don Lamberto immediately sent an old clerk of the bank, named Don Francisco Juan Marti, to meet his brother. As soon as Marti set foot on the deck, he was accosted by Don Claudio, who called him by his name and shed tears of joy on meeting him. They went together to the Marquis Don Lamberto, who appeared to gladly recognise the young man as his brother Claudio, and instantly sent off a telegraphic despatch to his sister, the Marchioness of Villamediana, announcing the return of their brother.

On the following day Don Lamberto informed the Governor of Barcelona of his brother's arrival, and also formally acknowledged him as his brother in presence of a magistrate. Not the least doubt was entertained by anybody that the new comer was really Don Claudio, and he continued to be entertained by his brother as such till the 23d of May; but at two o'clock in the morning of that day he was arrested by the police in his brother's house, on the charge of being an impostor. The arrest was afterwards ascertained to have been made at the instance of the Marquis and Marchioness of Villamediana. Don Claudio was so overcome by this terrible accusation that he was instantly seized with a violent fever, and begged to have a glass of water, which was brought by one of the servants. He had no sooner drunk it than he exclaimed that he was poisoned. He was, nevertheless, carried off to prison, where antidotes were administered and he recovered, after three weeks illness, but still remained in the prison infirmary in a very weak state.

While he lay there a tailor and his wife, named Feliu, were brought to see him, and they declared the supposed Don Claudio to be their son Claudio, who had gone to Buenos Ayres in 1857, being then only 20 years of age; their son and daughter also recognised him as their brother. All four gave evidence on oath to this effect. Two other persons, however—Don Claudio's nurse and foster-brother—declared that he was really Don Claudio.

In his defence before the examining magistrate, Don Claudio produced four documents in which he was styled Don Claudio Fontenallas. The first was his commission as ensign in the army of Buenos Ayres, dated April, 1857, which proved that he could not be Claudio Feliu, as the latter sailed from Barcelona to Buenos Ayres late in February in that year, and therefore could not have arrived at the time. The second was a passport delivered to Don Claudio Fontenallas by the Spanish Consul at Rosario de Santa Fé; the third was a commission of sub-lieutenant of artillery, dated Buenos Ayres, July 22, 1858; and the fourth was the muster-roll of the men under his orders in a ship which he had commanded. These four documents, of such vital importance for the accused, were left in the possession of the examining magistrate, who, when the cause was tried, asserted that he had lost them. During the trial a great number of witnesses were examined, but their evidence was contradictory; some declaring that the prisoner was really Don Claudio Fontenallas, others as positively maintaining that he was the tailor's son.

The prisoner himself explained the manner of his capture, how one day he had escaped from the brigands while they were intoxicated, and made his way to Barcelona. He did not go home because, as his father had refused to pay the ransom, he concluded that the brigands had acted by his orders; but what could be his father's motive for giving such orders he did not know. He therefore went to America and remained there till 1861. When several old servants of the deceased marquis were examined, the prisoner reminded them of many circumstances which could hardly be known to any except the real Don Claudio; but the Marquise de Villamediana, though she had at first recognised the prisoner as her brother, afterwards declared herself convinced of the contrary, as she had found him unacquainted with many facts which her brother must have known.

The result of the trial was that the Tribunal, which consisted of only one judge, declared that the prisoner was the son of Feliu, and condemned him to twelve years' hard labor. The Tribunal also ordered that twenty of the prisoner's witnesses should be prosecuted for perjury. The prisoner's counsel, M. Niviera, complained that the defence had not been free, that the judge had refused to hear several of his witnesses, and also that his demand for further inquiry in the Argentine Republic had been rejected, and concluded with protesting against the manner in which the previous examinations and the trial had been conducted. In consequence of these observations the judge committed him to prison for contempt of court.

The conviction was so general at Barcelona that the prisoner had been unfairly treated, that a subscription was opened in his favor, which produced a sum of 40,000 francs. Part of this sum was applied to relieve the prisoner's immediate necessities, and the rest was offered to M. Caso, a celebrated advocate of Madrid, to conduct the appeal against the above judgment. After long delays the appeal was made, and the Supreme Court of Barcelona has given its decision, substantially confirming the judgment, but reducing the sentence of hard labor from twelve years to two. The prisoner's counsel was reprimanded by the court, and thirteen witnesses were declared guilty of perjury.



SCENE AT SAVANNAH, GA.—BRANDING HORSES CAPTURED DURING SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

CAPTURE OF FORT ANDERSON.

THE last remaining defence of Wilmington has fallen. Fort Anderson was evacuated by the rebels on the night of the 18th of Feb., and next morning at daybreak our troops entered the deserted stronghold and hoisted the old flag once again. Since then Wilmington has surrendered, and thus in one week three nests of treason have been taken by the Union arms. Admiral Porter in his dispatch says:

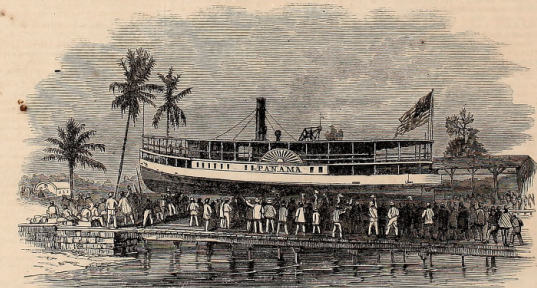
"I have the honor to report the surrender or evacuation of Fort Anderson. Gen. Schofield advanced from Smithville, with 8,000 men, on the 17th.

"At the same time I attacked the works by water, placing the monitor Montauk close to the works, enfilading them with the Pawnaxet, Lenape, Unadilla and Pequot, the tide and wind not allowing more vessels to get under fire. The fort answered pretty briskly, but quieted down by sunset.

"On the 18th, at 8 o'clock, I moved up closer, with the Montauk leading, followed by the Mackinaw, Huron, Sassacus, Pontoosuc, Manatoago, Lenape, Unadilla, Pawtuxet, Osceola, Shawmut, Seneca, Nyack, Chippewa and Little Ada, and kept up a heavy fire throughout the day until late in the afternoon.

"The enemy's batteries were silenced by three o'clock, though we kept up fire until dark. We also fired through the night. In the meantime Gen. Schofield was working around to get in the rear of the rebels and cut them off.

"The latter did not wait for the army to surround them, but left in the night, taking five or six pieces of light artillery with them, and everything else of any value. At daylight some of our troops that were near by went in and hoisted the flag on the ramparts, when the firing ceased from the mortars.



LAUNCH OF THE PANAMA RAILROAD COMPANY'S NEW STEAMER "PANAMA," AT PANAMA, NEW GRANADA, JAN. 28.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



VIEW OF FORT ANDERSON, ON THE WEST BANK OF CAPE FEAR RIVER, N. C., CAPTURED BY THE U. S. TROOPS, FEB. 19.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

"There were ten heavy guns in the fort and a quantity of ammunition.

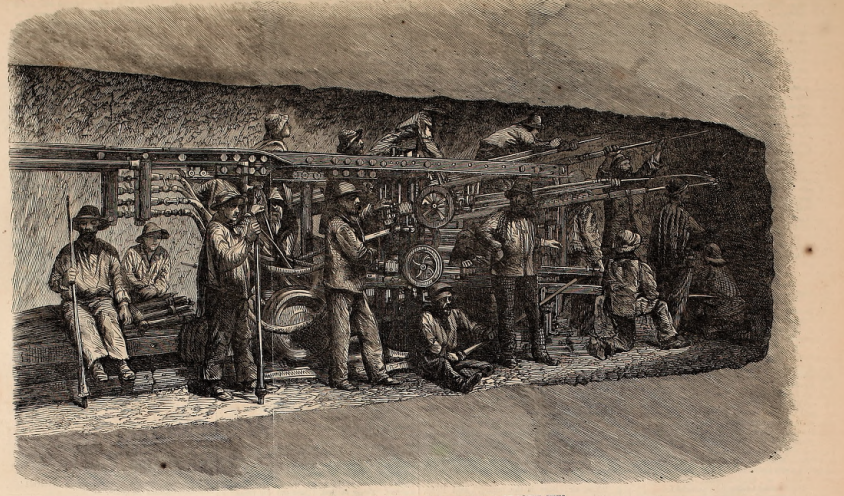
"We lost not three killed and five wounded."

In addition to the above account we have to mention a little ruse by Lieut. Cushing, already favorably known for his ingenuity and daring. It appears that he constructed a mock monitor, so closely resembling one of these vessels that no difference could be detected at a distance of 100 yards. On Saturday night, the 18th, at about 11 o'clock, this vessel was taken up to within about 400 yards of the fort and set adrift. As there was a strong flood tide she moved up the river and passed the fort as if under slow steam. At this time the army had worked two-thirds the distance around and in rear of the fort, and the rebels, no doubt, thinking their communication would be cut off both by land and water, hastily escaped by the only avenue open to them, leaving their guns unspiked, their magazines unexploded, etc.

LAUNCH OF THE PANAMA R.R. CO.'S STEAMER PANAMA.

We give, from a photograph by a Panama artist, a view of the launch of the Panama Railway Company's new steamer Panama, at Panama, on the 28th of January last. This steamer is designed to communicate between the California steamers and the railway terminus, and will be a vast improvement on the small and exposed vessels through which communication has hitherto been kept up. Every California traveller will rejoice to know that the most disagreeable link in his chain of journey will henceforth be passed over more rapidly and pleasantly. The Panama was built at Panama, and is, we believe, the largest vessel ever launched there. She owes her existence to the enterprise and perseverance of Mr. Nelson, residing in Panama, the railway company's ablest and most obliging officer.

A YOUNG Hibernian friend of ours, who is desperately in love, says that he has been electrified with a galvanic battery.



TUNNELING THE ALPS—MACHINE USED IN DRILLING THROUGH MOUNT CENIS.

THE FALL OF CHARLESTON.

February 18th, 1865.

BY ADA VROOMAN

THANK God! she has fallen,
The proud wicked One!
Thank God, she is lying,
All helpless and dying—
Her dark race is run.



Quench doubly in sackcloth
The light of her eyes,
Let the whole earth rejoice,
With a loud happy voice,
That she never shall rise.

She nursed the foul Treason
She called into birth,
And sent Death's ghast shadow,
Over city and meadow,
To desolate earth.

On the earth that once echoed
To Washington's tread!
She ranged brother 'gainst brother,
Sire and son fought each other—
Thank God she is dead.

Woe! woe! to the city,
The wrath of the Lord
Hath found her and smote her,
Hath struck her and taught her
The strength of His sword.

The smoke of her burning
Shall rise from afar,
The bound ones shall kneel,
And old Tyranny reel,
At this red bolt of war.

The pale, anxious mother
Smiles sweet through her tears
"She has fallen, the queen,
And my brave boy, I ween,
Has fought with his peers!"

The maid at her lattice
Sighs softly to see:
"Not long, oh, my own,
Shall thy love be alone,
Thou art coming to me!"

The wife wakes her babe,
With a face all love-glorious:
"Oh, baby," she cries,
"Open wide thy sweet eyes;
Thy father's victorious!"

The children in joy,
Whisper low to each other:
"The war is near done,
Soon the soldiers will come,
With father and brother!"

O God, hear the children!
Let them not ask in vain,
Bring the boys to their mothers,
To the maidens their lovers,
Bring balm for our pain.

Thou art seen in all this,
O Wondrous to save!
That the Cradle of crime
Should be through all time
Its pitiful Grave.

THE GREAT PERCIVAL DIAMOND.

HOW IT WAS LOST AND HOW IT WAS FOUND.

I SIGHED as I laid down the old parchment with its crabbed black letters. My grandfather had made a true copy, for here in the original list were the very words over which I had, as a boy, so often pondered, and which, as a man, I had come thousands of miles to verify.

"Item. One great diamond of exceeding brilliancy, and of the bigness of a hazelnut. It is reckoned to weigh over XX (twenty) carats, and was brought home from the Indys by Sir Reginald de Percyvalle in the reign of King Richard, commonly known as the Lion Heart."

To this was appended a marginal note, written in another hand, and dated 1750, some seventy-five years later than the preceding:

"The diamond aforesaid, brought home by the founder of our family, and described by Sir Mordaunt Percyvall, my grandfather, a man curious in such matters, has disappeared from the family treasure-chest in some manner unknown. It has never been seen since the unhappy night when——"

Here succeeded an impatient dash of the pen, but the information refused by the broken sentence was supplied by the courteous English cousin under whose roof I stood.

"I suppose," said he, "my great-grandfather could not bear to put down in words the incident to which he refers. Upon that—unhappy night



THE EBONY BOX.

—Rose Percival, his only daughter, fled from her father's roof with the groom who had been accustomed to attend her daily ride, and no trace of her after fate has ever been discovered, although her two brothers, your grandfather and mine, used every means in their power to find and rescue her from the ignoble fate which she had chosen. The proud old father did nothing, said little, but died the next year, leaving my grandfather to succeed to the estate and title, while yours, with his slender portion as a younger son, emigrated, and established himself in America."

"But with a pardonable weakness," added I, "copied out this list of plate, jewellery, and other family heirlooms to carry with him, and was found in his old age, as I have heard, of relating the splendors of Kingcroft and the old Percivals."

"It was but natural that he should cherish the memory since he was forced to leave the reality," said my cousin. "You do not remember him yourself, then?"

"Not at all. He died when I was very young, as also did my father, and for a mere lad I was considered and treated as the head of the family. Among the papers placed in my charge I found the copy of this old list, and my imagination was at once excited by the description of the marvellous lost diamond. I have always been peculiarly attracted by gems, and this must have been so fine a one. Later, I concluded that my grandfather, anxious to enhance the family grandeur, had taken some liberties with the original document, and when I decided to come abroad one of my princi-



DISCOVERY OF THE DIAMOND.

pal objects was to visit Kingcroft, and request of you permission to examine both the list which I have just perused and the valuables which it describes."

"I'm pleased with any motive which has brought you to England and to Kingcroft," said the courteous Sir Reginald. "And you find your grandfather's copy correct?"

"Perfectly, I am happy to say. But the diamond—can we do nothing towards its discovery?"

"Nothing, I fear. Our recreant ancestress probably took it with her in lieu of the portion which she did not care to claim openly, and it must long since have been disposed of, either entire, to some wealthy collector (in which case, however, we should have been likely to hear of it), or divided into smaller and less conspicuous gems. And now will you walk through the picture gallery before dinner?"

After a few more pleasant days I said farewell to Kingcroft and my cousin Reginald, its fortunate possessor, and resumed my tour, which occupied about three years longer, at the end of which period I found myself one morning in America, and what was still more charming, in the arms of a prettier woman than I had seen since my departure, but whom I should hardly have recognised for my little sister Laura, had not her rapturous kisses and embraces satisfied me of her identity.

"And so, puss, you have grown up, fallen in love, and become a matron of America, since I bid you good-bye some four years since," said I, at length.

"Yes, indeed, and something more, Mr. Hal! I have a surprise—a most delicious surprise for you," laughed the merry rogue, running to the bell.

"Send Ruby down," said she to the servant who answered the summons.

"Ruby—what's Ruby?" asked I, but Laura only kissed me again and laughed more than ever, so I laughed too, and kissed her, the darling little sister, and was still doing it when she sprang away towards the door, clapping her hands and shrieking:

"Look, look, Hal! Uncle Hal!"

I did look and beheld a small red infant, wrapped in much flannel and cambric, lying in the arms of a young girl, to whose rare and delicate beauty I instinctively bowed as I approached to examine her charge. She returned my salutation, coloring deeply as she did so, and I could not forbear to notice that the flush was of that rare sea-shell glow, instead of the common purplish rose-tint.

"Can she be a servant?" thought I.

But Laura, who had waited nearly half a minute for my burst of rapture, exclaimed, impatiently:

"Well! What do you say? Isn't he a love? Is he more like Walter or me? Isn't the expression about his mouth very like your own? Guess what we are going to call him!"

"Dearest child, wait till I recover from the shock of delight caused by his existence before you demand speech from me. He is an angel—finer than all the pictured cherubs of Raphael and Correggio which I saw abroad—finer even than the infant Prince Alfred of England, before whom I had the honor of bowing at Windsor Palace—finer than ever baby was, or ever baby can be. As for his particular resemblance to anything—anybody, I mean—I am not yet sufficiently intimate with him to detect it; but I don't doubt he will in time become as handsome as his mama, or perhaps—who can foresee?—as his mama's brother Harry. At present his complexion is a little warm, but——"

"Oh, he is going to be very fair every one says. He is a little redder now than usual, don't you think so, Ruby?"

"He has just waked up, ma'am. I think he is a little flushed," said the young girl, who I found was Ruby, gravely examining the little puckered atom of a face, which now began to twist and writhe in a manner significant of an approaching storm.

"But his name—you haven't guessed his name!"

"To be sure," said I, gravely considering. "Now what can it possibly be? Not Mordecai, I suppose, or Ahasuerus, or Nebuchadnezzar, or"—

"Stop, now, you provoking creature! I won't have such names suggested, even in fun. What should you say to—Walter?"

"I should say that he was named after his father."

"Well, then, he isn't," retorted Laura. "What should you say to Percival?"

"Percival Edgecombe, eh? Well, I say that it is a very good name, and I graciously give my consent."

"But what should you say to Harry Percival Edgecombe, you stupid, stupid boy?" screamed my little sister, throwing her arms about my neck in an extasy of delight at the success of her surprise.

"What, named after me! Is it possible, you funny little Loto?" exclaimed I, returning the kisses with interest.

"Yes, indeed, and indeed! And he isn't christened yet, and you are to stand godfather——"

"And leave him all my fortune?" asked I, merrily.

"No," said my sister, naively; "you must marry and have children, if you are to inherit that."

"We shall see about that, madam; and meantime, nurse, you must take good care of my little godson," said I, slipping a sovereign into the baby's blanket, for I could not bring myself to place it in the hand of this grave and quiet girl.

"There, take him upstairs, Ruby, and I will come to him," said Laura, hurriedly, for the threatened storm was beginning to rise triumphant over all the nurse's attempts to charm it into calm.

"Wait a minute or two, Harry," added my sister, "and I will be down again. My poor little man is hungry."

So I promenaded the drawing-room, thinking what a dear little woman my sister had become, and how pleasant it was to be once more at home, until the door reopened and Ruby appeared, with the warm glow very predominant upon her oval cheeks.

"Mrs. Edgecombe would be happy to see you in the nursery, sir, if you will be so kind," said she, adding hurriedly, as I was passing out of the door which she held open,

"And here is something, sir, which you dropped just now into Master Harry's blanket."

"It was meant for you, Ruby; it is customary for a child's godfather to make a little present to the nurse," said I, kindly, and was passing on, but Ruby, making a step in advance, again extended her hand before me, saying in a beseeching murmur:

"Oh, do please take it; indeed I don't want it; I cannot take it."

"Did Mrs. Edgecombe bid you return it?" asked I, in considerable surprise at her earnestness.

"I didn't tell her of it; I should have been ashamed to let her know that any one thought I would take it," murmured Ruby.

"But, you foolish child," said I, turning back to look again at the pure, pale face of this strange servant-maid, "it is nothing wrong, nothing of which either you or I need be ashamed. When my nephew is christened I shall give you something at any rate, it is part of the ceremony, and it would be absurd for you to object—so why not take it now? You are Harry's nurse, are you not?"

Perhaps my last question was put somewhat superciliously, for I began to feel really annoyed. Here was a pretty girl, more than that—a girl of uncommon beauty—striking, yet purely classic, but she was a servant in my sister's house, and as such I desire to treat her; but the girl herself opposed this treatment, and every moment made me feel it more impossible to retain the stand which I had taken towards her, and so, man-like, I began to be angry with the woman who asserted herself, and asked sharply:

"You are Harry's nurse, are you not?"

Ruby raised her hitherto downcast eyes, and looked full in mine, while the ready blush rose again to cheek and brow.

"Yes, sir," said she, with quiet pride, "I am Mrs. Edgecombe's servant, and take my wages from her, but I do not need and will not have money that I never earned."

"Impertinent!" thought I to myself, but only said coldly, "I will thank you to show me the way to the nursery."

"Yes, sir; here is the money," said Ruby, quietly.

I took the sovereign; I could not help it, and followed the proud little form of "Mrs. Edgecombe's servant" up the stairs, feeling a thrill of joy at seeing her, in the darkest corner, hastily brush her hand across her eyes.

"She is sorry now that she didn't take it," I tried to think, but I knew well enough that it was false and mean.

The next moment Ruby opened the nursery door and stepped back to allow me to enter first.

"Come in, Hal," said the important little matron within, speaking from the depths of the low chair where she sat, the baby asleep upon her lap. "I sent for you up here because I couldn't bear to leave him—he looks so lovely in his sleep, and to tell the truth I sit here almost altogether when I am alone. You don't mind, do you, dear?"

"Mind, my darling! Henceforth it shall be my proudest privilege to be admitted to these sacred precincts, and you must never shut me out when I may with any propriety come in."

"Oh, that is very nice of you, Hal; but you always were a love! I know you will enjoy the baby however, and isn't this a pretty room?"

"Beautiful—more like a boudoir than a nursery," said I, smiling as I glanced around.

"In fact I have taken more pains with it than with all the rest of the house," said the young mother fondly. "I think it so important that a child's first impressions should be of beauty."

"Harry's will be, certainly," said I. "Everything here is beautiful, beautiful exceedingly," and I bowed to my sister, and glanced at Ruby's pure, pensive profile, now bent over some needlework. "Doubtless, too," continued I, "Master Edgecombe already discriminates the difference between these cherubs of Correggio, or that exquisite little St. John, and the penny portraits of Saucy Sally, and the Ballroom Belle, whose red cheeks and blue gowns stared at me from the print-shop in the next street."

"If he can't now, he will at some time, I suppose," said Madam Laura, rather sharply, and then, afraid lest her feather bullet might have pierced my heart, hastily laid the baby in his cradle, and gave me a squeeze and kiss, saying a the same time:

"What do you know about babies or nurseries, you dear, darling, silly old pet? Come, it is almost four o'clock; we will have round the carriage and go down town, to fetch Walter home to dinner—you haven't seen him yet?"

"No; I came straight here to see little Loto, the first of anybody."

"That was just like you. Ruby, take good care of the baby."

"Yes, ma'am," said Ruby, without raising her eyes.

"What a strange girl that nursemaid of yours seems to be," said I, half pettishly, as we rolled along towards down town.

"Strange! I don't think she's strange, though she's certainly a very uncommon girl to find at service. I can't help treating her so much more like a companion—friend even—than a servant, that any other girl would take advantage of it."

"Where did you find her? Has she lived with any one but you?"

"No, indeed; and I don't believe she ever will. She has the most amusing little fund of quiet pride, and I believe really stays with me from love and not from interest. They are poor, too; she was the daughter of a very respectable farmer near Violet Hill—our little place in the country you know. When Harry was born I wanted a young girl to help the nurse, and Mrs. Snyders, our old housekeeper, mentioned Ruby Jocelyn. Her father had died a little while before, and left Ruby and her mother very poor indeed, so poor that Mrs. Snyders thought the widow would be glad to let Ruby come to me. So I engaged her, and last month the nurse, horrid thing, got—well, she drank, you know—and of course I sent her away, and Ruby takes all the care of Harry, except what I do myself. It isn't the kind of thing for her at all, or wouldn't be with any one who did not feel towards her just as I do, but I take pains to keep her from being annoyed by the other servants. She sleeps and eats with Mrs. Snyders, who has always known them, and, as I said, I talk with her as if she were a friend almost, in fact I don't think she realises at all that she is a servant."

"That is absurd," said I, almost angrily. "What is to become of her if you encourage such notions in her head? You unfit her for her station, without being able to give her your own."

"I don't know that," said Laura, warmly. "A very little training, a few hints even, and a little more self-confidence would give her the manners of a perfect lady. Then it would be very easy to educate and accomplish her, she is so quick, and I have almost determined when Harry shall be a little older, to adopt her as a sister, and as you say, raise her to our own station. She would be an ornament to it."

"And what is to become of her then?" asked I, crossly. "You won't expect to marry her to a gentleman? I think nothing so odious as these unequal alliances, they always end miserably."

"Oh, I shan't ask you to marry her," laughed Laura, gaily; "but I don't doubt somebody will be very glad to, and somebody who will be a gentleman too. But, mercy! how I have chattered away the time. Here we are at the head of the wharf; I will wait in the carriage, and you may go down and fetch Walter."

Several months passed quietly on, during which I became thoroughly domesticated in the house of my brother-in-law, who, with rare conjugal sympathy, not only shared Loto's love for me, but loved her the better for it.

One of the pleasantest rooms in the house had been appropriated to my use, and in it I set up the books, the pictures, the bronzes and the marbles; in fact, all the little articles of *vertu* which a young man of *dilettante* taste and sufficient means would naturally collect in a three years' tour of Europe. Fairly settled, I laid out for myself a profound scheme of study, including a research into the most ancient Egyptian hieroglyph, and a comparison of the Sanscrit and Chaldaic languages. I arranged my books and arranged my hours, but the proper frame of mind would not be arranged, and hours slipped away while, leaning lazily back in my study chair, I slowly drew in the fragrant breath of my chibouk and dreamed. Dreamed sometimes of Rose Percival and her possible fate: sometimes of that lost diamond which my warlike ancestor had brought with him from Palestine, whither it had, perhaps, returned. Sometimes I fancied that, perhaps, his restless spirit had reclaimed and hid it, and once I remember wondering if I might not acquire such skill in cabalistic lore as to bring the old Crusader from his tomb in Kingcroft chapel and force the knowledge from him, as he, perhaps, had forced the jewel from its unhappy Oriental possessor.

Tired of dreaming, yet too unsettled for study, I would wander into the nursery, where I generally found Laura cooing to her baby, or watching his slumbers, while Ruby sat apart bending over her needlework. Throwing myself into the always offered seat beside her, I would entertain my little sister with long accounts of my journeyings, and the wonders of the far-off world, to which she listened, sometimes with interest, sometimes with loving abstraction, while her thoughts were engrossed by Master Harry's last new trick, or the intricacies of her embroidery. But even in this case I went remorselessly on, for without once looking towards her, I saw full well, nor could withstand, the delicate flattery of Ruby's varying color and uneven breath, and the silent tears which brimmed and overflowed from Ruby's downcast eyes, and the tremulous fingers which forgot their busy craft, while I told of the night when, lost among the Alps, I sank breathless and dying in the new fallen snow, and had said good-bye to earth and life, when my trusty Fritz, led by a mountain guide, found and rescued me.

Other times I read to Laura, and slily watched the drooping, averted face of my most attentive auditor. In fact, I gradually became aware that my silent study of this silent little maid—for after the first day we rarely exchanged a word—possessed a fascination which had never been afforded by the dimmest hieroglyph or deepest buried Sanscrit root.

Returning to my room one day, I stood long contemplating an exquisite female head and bust, the work of one of the old masters, Titian, as I aver, though it is disputed, which I had bought for a few *scudi* at Florence, confident that there was something worth having under the tawdry peasant girl, who smirked upon the face of the picture. Taking it straight to Rome, I placed it in the hands of a cleaner in whom I had full confidence, and watched him hour after hour, as he patiently removed the vulgar disguise which so long had hidden the patrician beauty of the head beneath.

I stood and looked at it as I have said, and murmured half aloud: "Yes, it is very fascinating to wipe off the peasant girl and uncover the noble features beneath, but to what end? What is it I am doing, and what sort of life am I living? It must all end; and will it leave the child as happy, or me as honorable as if it had never begun? But pshaw, nonsense, Harry Percival, thou art growing a coxcomb and a fool; because an inexperienced girl listens to your egotistical adventures with interest, must she be breaking her heart for you? Or cannot you trust yourself in the presence of a pretty nursemaid for fear you should fall in love with her? You who have travelled the world around and come back heart whole, it is nonsense, ridiculous nonsense. I will never give it another thought, but just go on as if my sister's child's nurse were the oldest, ugliest and most stupid of her sisterhood."

A few more months elapsed—months to me of mental strife, irritation and suffering unspeakable. I grew moody, silent and capricious; at war with myself and all about me, and became so altered both in mental and bodily condition, that I constantly found my sister's soft eyes seeking mine with an anxious love and sad reproach which I could not long resist—for Laura and I alone were left alive of all our father's house—and we loved each other well. So, one soft morning in June, when we were settled at Violet Hill, I asked my sister to ride with me, and as our horses noiselessly paced along a green forest lane, I told her, in a few brief words, the determination to which my long struggle had brought me. I ceased, and waited for the answer, but no answer came, and I looked up with mute inquiry. Laura's face was pale as death, and quick tears were raining down her cheeks.

"Loto!" exclaimed I reproachfully.

"Forgive me, Harry, I cannot bear to grieve you, but we had hoped such things from you—you are all—have all—that could be hoped for in a husband by the proudest lady in the land. I have never wished that you should marry the dearest of my friends, because you were so much too good for her, and now to think of your choosing Ruby—oh, Harry!" And my sister covered her face with both her hands, and sobbed aloud.

I groaned in bitterness of spirit, but now that I had shaped my thoughts into words, I saw its strength and depth as I had never done before, and Laura's tears, and Laura's words, could wring my heart, but never shake its deep resolve.

"Can you mention one fault of character, one meanness, one weakness even, that you have ever found in her?" asked I gloomily. "She has lived in your constant presence for now more than a year, and you women have sharp eyes for each other's faults, Laura."

"No, I cannot," said my honest little sister. "I wish Harry, for your sake, that I could say yes; but in justice to Ruby, I must say no."

"Then you have no reason for your tears and sorrow, but her misfortune in being poor and of humble parentage?" asked I sternly.

"She is a servant, and you are—a Percival!" murmured Laura doggedly.

"Loto, I am ashamed of you; I thought you above such weakness!" exclaimed I, angry and discouraged at hearing the fiend of pride, whom I had fought down in my own heart, thus boldly defying me from the lips of my gentle sister.

"Oh, Harry! don't speak so to me! You never did before in all your life, and I shall hate the girl instead of loving her, if she is to bring strife between us."

"Dearest Loto, forgive me. I am mad, and hardly know what I say or do. I have suffered so these last few months."

"I know you have, dear. I have seen it, but never guessed the cause; marry whom you will, Harry, only be happy, and love your little sister. I see now that this, which is so sudden to me, has been long and well considered by you, and I can fancy the struggle through which you have passed. Surely I need not be more careful of my brother's dignity than he is himself—he the proudest of the proud Percivals, as they call us."

"And you will receive her as a sister, Loto?"

"More than that, Hal. Go you away for a year to Europe, or where you will, and leave Ruby with me. I will engage that, before you return, I will so shape and polish your little native jewel, that the brilliant setting in which you would place her shall seem no more than fitting for her."

"Thank you, darling—a thousand times thank you! Now your own warm heart breaks through the fog of prejudice and custom in which we both have wandered for so long, and what a blessed balm you large-souled woman can pour into a torn heart when it so pleases you."

Laura did not answer, nor did I look towards her, while I gaily added:

"And you will fashion my jewel to its setting! Who knows but the great lost diamond of the Percivals has, by some mysterious transmutation, grown into this bright Ruby, in whom is restored to us Percivals the long-sought jewel of our house."

"Perhaps," said Laura absently, adding in a hesitating voice, "of course you must see Mrs. Jocelyn."

"Certainly—to-morrow. Will you go with me?"

"If you wish it, dear, although I have never seen her. But, oh, Harry! have you considered well? Suppose the mother is very vulgar?"

"I have considered well, darling, and we will not torment ourselves with suppositions till after our visit of to-morrow."

The next morning, again on horseback, my sister and I found our way to the quaint little Dutch farmhouse, far away upon a lonely road, to which Ruby had, with silent wonder, directed her mistress. The door was opened to us by a pale, pensive woman, looking as her neighbors would say "as if she had seen trouble," who replied to our inquiry that she was Mrs. Jocelyn, and invited us to enter and seat ourselves.

We complied, and were shown into a neat and modest, but very humble little parlor, where Laura announced her own name and position towards Ruby; then with faltering voice mentioned my name, and hastily left the room. Mrs. Jocelyn, with an expression of alarm, was about to follow her, but I interposed.

"Don't disturb yourself, madam, my sister will be better by herself, she is somewhat agitated on account of my business here this morning. concerns your daughter, Mrs. Jocelyn."

"Deary me, sir," said the mother, a faint tinge of red creeping up to her pale cheek. "There's no trouble about Ruby I hope and pray."

"None in the world, madam, unless you should make it. I love Ruby, and would take her as my wife—have I your consent?"

"Yes, sir! Didn't Mrs. Edgecombe say so on her brother?"

"Yes, madam, my name is Harry Percival—a name which, as I have said, is the most earnest desire to honor and love Ruby Jocelyn."

"Dear me, sir," said the widow again, the tears beginning to steal down her withered cheeks; she wiped them away, and said:

"You must excuse me, Mr. Percival, but I been so used to bad fortune that when good fortune comes I cry just the same. It is a great honor to Ruby and to me—more than either of us deserves, though I don't know after all as I should say that, for if the child is as she was, she is good enough and pretty enough to be a king's wife."

"That is right, Mrs. Jocelyn," said I, more warmly, for the little touch of maternal pride pleased me. "And I rather you should think Ruby too good for me than to fancy me too good for her. My only advantages are of family and fortune, and no thanks to it do those inferior to certain other qualities, in which Ruby excels not only me but almost everybody else."

"She is a good child, sir," said the mother, pleased to hear her darling praised, "and I don't believe you'll ever be sorry, sir, that you chose her, instead of both. Leastways," added the widow earnestly, and rising her sad eyes to mine, "if you ever should be sorry, and it wasn't Ruby's fault, but the fault of her condition, I hope you'll try to hide it from her all you can, for the child has a tender heart—a heart that would break, and never complain, if she was treated harshly, sir."

"My dear madam, for what do you take me? Ruby's heart and mine feel a pang from which mine can shield it, and if I have made up my mind to ask her in marriage, knowing her condition, it is because I think, once she is my wife, I should change towards her on that account. I understand from my sister that the poor boy who lived in Hanover so many generations, and have always been respected here."

"Yes, sir, they are a good family—for farmer folks that is—they never was up for gentry, any more than the Rubys. I was a Ruby, sir, from Oldtown."

"I have heard the name as belonging to the substantial yeomanry of the county," said I, not displeased at the little family pride peeping through his widowhood demeanor.

"Yes, sir, I believe they are well considered generally, although of course they never were like the Percivals and such families. Hypocrites to say though," added Mrs. Jocelyn with a little bewitching laugh, "that her mother was a lowly daughter than myself, but we never made as much account of her talk about that."

"What did she say was her mother's maiden name?" asked me, now interested.

"She never said, and I don't believe she knew anything more, than what grandmother said when she was a child. She died young, sir, and my mother, who was her only child, was only a little girl; but mother used to say she remembered well how grandmother looked, when she called her to the bedside and kissed her, and gave her a little black box, telling her to keep it always, and never part with it, except to her own eldest child. And then mother would show us the box, which was child come to me with her other goods, for though I was mother her eldest child by her only child, I was the only one of them all that lived to close her eyes. I've been a deal of trouble, sir, you must know."

"But the box—will you show me the box, Mrs. Jocelyn?" asked I so eagerly that the widow looked up in much surprise from the deep drawer where had begun to rummage.

"Why, sir, it's nothing but a little black wooden box with some of tin let into it—sort of a plaything I reckon. But here it is, such as it is, and if you or Ruby care to keep it I'm sure you are heartily welcome. There was nothing in it when grandmother give it to mother, and there's nothing in it now."

So saying, Mrs. Jocelyn placed in my hand a small round box, which a very slight examination convinced me was of ebony, richly inlaid with silver—a work very originally, although now defaced by time, and one very unlikely to have belonged to Mrs. Jocelyn's grandmother had she been in Mrs. Jocelyn's own station.

It was empty, as I had been warned, but inside the lid I discovered some minute characters faintly scratched with a needle or other sharp-like instrument. I did not attempt to decipher them, but pinning the box in my pocket, said:

"I should like, if you will permit me, Mrs. Jocelyn, to take the box with me, and Ruby shall tell you to-morrow if I find it of any value."

"Dear me, sir, you're welcome to the box if you fancy it's of no use to you, and I shall be very right glad to see Ruby, without minding what brings her."

I hid my future mother-in-law a hasty good-morning, and hardly waiting for her response passed out to the little front garden, where I found Laura skip wiping her eyes and vehemently emulating at a great peony. I put her upon her horse with a mercy kiss which seemed to shock her comfortably, and we sauntered home at a nice respectable pace.

"Do you wish to speak to Ruby?" asked Laura, with a smile which she intended for a cheerful one, as I took her from the saddle.

"No, not dear. I am going to my own room, and wish to be undisturbed till dinner time."

"Very well, Harry," said my sister, and I bounded up the stairs, entered my chamber, and locking the door behind me, drew the box from my pocket, and sat down close beside the window to examine it. It was, as I have said, a round box, some two inches in diameter, inlaid upon the lid and around the sides with silver, in a rich arabesque pattern. I first examined this silver tracery, hoping to discover some ink like initials or crest among its fanciful involutions, but without success; taking off the cover, which merely slid on without lince or spring, I laid the box upon the table while I scrutinized the minute characters within the lid—these I found to be letters evidently, but I could make nothing further of them, and arranging the powerful microscope I had always at command, I placed it over the letters, and looked anxiously through the glass.

Good heavens! Am I awake? The letters danced before my eyes, reeled and stumbled, but always rearranged themselves into the blessed name of Ruby, which I had hardly dared hope to see—

Rose Perceval, her box. 1748.

I read the faint legend again and again, until I could trace the letters with the naked eye before I could fully believe my own good fortune, but at last having it down, I took up the box at which hitherto I had hardly glanced. Now, however, I at once noticed a very significant circumstance—namely that the depth of the inside was occupied by the bottom, which appeared, at first sight, to be a solid block of ebony, but which I determined to be a hollow.

"It is not heavy enough to be solid, or light enough to be hollow," muttered I. "Of course there is some false bottom or drawer."

I said no more—thought no more—but spilled the whole power of my mind to the solution of the problem within my grasp. I found the base of the box I had already noticed a row of little star-shaped silver ornaments, and to these I first turned my attention, but in vain, each was separately—no result. I tried to pull them towards me—they would not stir. I tried to slide each one up or down, right or left—the same result. Slowly, reluctantly. With a cry of joy I turned the box and pierced it upon the palm of my hand—the false bottom, I felt sure, was the key to a grand solution. The entire aperture thus disclosed was filled with soft, light wool, packed tightly in. Hastily, fearfully I pressed the wool upon its surface, and felt a round, hard substance beneath it. A shivering thrill of nervous pain ran through my body, and blinding me for a time while I quietly seated myself and locked at it. There it lay—the secret of a hundred years, within my grasp, within my power. Between me and a little flake of wool between my hand and the object which four generations of my house had vainly sought, there existed only the frail base of the box. At this moment this maddening delight of anticipation, than which no reality could be a sweeter? Not I! Neglecting the wool, which, still shutting on the cover, I placed the little casket in my bosom, arranged my toilet, and went to dinner.

My sister had invited the whole young ladies of the neighborhood, and rather prim in general, but I do not believe a prouder assemblage ever was shrubbed. I wished and hoped that in receiving my arm another my breast, that I might feel the pressure of Ruby's little box upon my heart. Laura's instructions were fixed on, because not to my senses. The dear child told me afterwards that she had been to Ruby's room, and was going about on terrible alternative! had been dividing too much wine.

The ladies left the room. I muttered an excuse to my brother-in-law, and left it also—the next moment I was locked into my chamber.

No pause, no hesitation, in opening the false bottom I tore out the wool—shook it into my hand—and there it lay. There lay the diamond of Reginald de Percival, the crusader soldier, and almost the bigness of a hazelnut," as my grandfather's great-grandfather had described it. It was set in the old-fashioned "rose cut," and was closed by a plate of gold, upon which were engraved the well-known arms of my family. Beneath, in the bottom of the box, lay a folded piece of paper, yellow and broken with age: carefully unfolding it, I oppreached the window, and read in the well-formed characters of a girlish hand these few sad words:

"My name is Rose Perceval Duncan. I am fourteen years old to-day, and my mother is very sicker. I am the only daughter of Gaston Percival, of Rincecroft, in Surrey, England, but I left my home to be married to a man who is a soldier. I have taken the great diamond from my father's treasure chest, not, as God knows full well, that I covet anything for myself, but that when my children known and taken home at some future time by their mother's house, and though poor foolish Rose Perceval will be dead and will be forgotten, the great Perceval diamond shall live and be remembered, and shall gain a welcome for her those that I must leave behind. Pray for me."

I read the simple words, and through them I saw the whole sad story of a wayward girl's noble ancestress. The girlish dream of romance—the sad awakening to a sordid reality—the want of money—the heartlessness of most, which led her to confide her treasure to a child too young to be trusted with its full value, rather than to her unnatural parents—her early death! My eyes were dim, as I refolded with tender care the little yellow paper, and laid it with the jewel again in the hiding place.

Waiting until the rumbling of wheels assured me that the guests had departed, I sought my sister, and said:

"Now, Laura, let me see Ruby."

"Go to my little sewing-room and I will send her to you," said the dear girl, kissing me with quivering lips.

A few moments after Ruby stood before me, silent and quiet as was her wont, but with a startled look in her gray eyes which did not diminish as I handed her a chair, and producing the little box opened the secret spring and showed her the contents.

"This little casket and what it holds are yours, Ruby," said I. "An inheritance from a long and proud line of ancestors—your ancestors and mine."

I paused, watching the charming color that began, wave after wave, to flood the classic cheek and brow, the white throat even, grow bold with wonder, were steadily raised to mine, but Ruby still was silent, and I went on to tell her of Rose Percival and the great diamond, finishing by placing the jewel and the folded paper in her hand. She glanced at the gem, and read the paper attentively, but the dark roses style shown her cheek. Then holding out the diamond to me, she said, with a little smile:

"Half the treasure belongs to the finder you said one day. I will keep the box and the paper, and you will take the diamond."

"Not so, Ruby. All is mine or all is yours—will you give me all, cousin?"

"Simply if you wish it," said the child, somewhat surprised as my avarice but holding out the box, the paper and the jewel.

I took them, and the little hands which held them.

"It is not yet enough," said I. "I will not have the diamond unless I may have the Ruby too. Shall I have the Ruby, little one?"

She did not answer, save with a wild cry, half joy, half despair, and throwing away her hands impressed them close, close upon the glowing face down which quick tears were streaming, while the whole slender figure shook as if with some fit. Then, and following the habit of a hundred years, hid itself beneath the folds of a muslin curtain.

"Ruby said at last, and how I replied, are not a part of the present narrative, but the next day she went alone to see her mother, carrying with her, at my request, the so suddenly important little box.

On her return at night, however, she brought it with her, saying that her mother fully agreed with her that it never belonged both of right and of propriety to me, and that they would never look upon it in any other light.

Two years later after, Mrs. Jocelyn being amply provided for, and Ruby already hard at work with a governess who labored under my sister's superintendence, I was married, carrying with me the great diamond, which I felt compelled in honor to offer at least to the head of the house whence it had been abstracted.

My cousin Reginald, however, was firm in his refusal to profit by my discovery.

"The law," said he, "and it is the law that locks into the family, but our ancestress had undoubtedly a right to her portion, and since she chose to intrust it to a child too young to take it as she did, how can we deprive her descendants of their heritage? If she present possessor becomes your wife, I will consider the case altered, and though you will give it to your eldest daughter as a dowry, and I will send my eldest son to marry her."

We laughed as we parted, but more impossible things have come to pass. The great-diamond has been reset, as the central stone in a necklace of alternate rubies and pearls, which I am now carrying home across the ocean, as my marriage present to the fair young bride who waits for me beneath the glorious West.

THE ANGELS IN THE HOUSE.

THREE pairs of dimpled arms, as white as snow,
Hold me in soft embrace;
Three little cheeks, like velvet peaches soft,
Were placed against my face.

Three pairs of tiny eyes, so clear, so deep,
Look trustingly into mine;
Three pairs of lips kissed me a sweet "good-night,"
Three little forms from heaven.

Ah! it is well that "little ones" should love us!
Ah! it is well for us to be taught by them
To know that once our blessed Saviour bade them
Bring "little ones" to him.

And said he not "Of such is heaven," and blessed them,
And held them to his breast?
It is not sweet to know that when they leave us,
"Tis then they go to rest?

And yes, ye tiny angels of my house,
Three hearts crossed in mine,
How I would shield them as the Lord should say,
"Those angels are not thine?"

GIRLS.

IF there is one question of taste upon which all the world—the world of men, we mean—will agree, it is that of girls.

The world is a rapid very tendency, knowing that it carries with it a roughness, an aroma of the pole faced, scant shield and hard work, and so, of the weary eyed stitcher, laboring deep into the night for the pittance that will keep soul and body in one. It is there we find girls, that will admit to the title, not the gay butterflies who flit upon Broadway in fine weather, and yawn away the hours in bed, and yet there are those the best of the same mould—sad girls. Let us appeal to the feminine portion of them to be any more beautiful sunny in nature than a fair young girl, fifteen or sixteen years. She is an instrument giving out to the lightest touch the most exquisite harmony; she is a chameleon, capable of the most wondrous changes, a volume of never ending interest.

What can be of more worthy seeking than the friendship of a young girl, and yet how few seek it really with a view to big-brotherhood. Not that a big brother is always a desirable possession for a young girl, simply because big brothers, endued with worldly selfishness, do not think it often worth while to sacrifice some of the attentions they pay to others, and bestow them upon sisters, who should have their perpetual care and watchfulness. It is well for a girl who has a big brother that he is wise enough to see this, and to know how to really care for his sister; in such cases he need have no fear of passing through perils and temptations that beset them on every hand. If he possesses this sense, he can be her guardian and teach her where to be very cautious in accepting, and where to be very careful in rejecting. How little is this charge understood even by parents. How few take the really sensible and manly view of the matter—that a girl turning out upon the world is innocent, and that she does not even understand the meaning of an immoral sentiment or act. Do we boast that we send a soldier forth to battle unarmed and unshaped as to the enemy's tactics or force of approach? The safety of a girl depends upon her being taught the science of danger and the consequences of allowing it to overcome her. What safety there is in a dancer who will throw herself upon the fleecy of men, or upon the protection which the law has provided for her amusement? Such happiness ever grew out of a marriage enforced?

There is something very beautiful in the idea of the contented happiness of a girl who, after every conceivable occupation in the cities, toiling from morning till night, and suffering all the physical evils, and worse than evils, that ever grind uncomplainingly on, virtuous and good, though they are utterly denied all those little nothings supposed to be vital to their commonsense life. We better realize this in some of the eastern towns, which almost seem to be colonies of girls, rudely and unceremoniously thrown upon the world to gain, after five years of saving, get together enough to see them out upon the matrimonial journey with comfort, decency, and such other chick-necks as may be necessary.

It is also a sad thing to go into some of the cheap boarding-houses of these workers. We call unchimely boarding-houses, where everything must be counted down to the closest point, and the fare is unsubstantial. Not that it is not decently nurtured and fed than a man, must live for perhaps $1 75 or $2 per week. And yet while we have the greatest sympathy for the girls in this country, how little is it to that of Great Britain, that kingdom over the sea, ruled by Victoria. Of the population of that very large dominion to be the only spot of freedom on the face of the earth. There Parliament has undertaken to do what is unsuccessfully by the world in the position of working girls, to prevent their being worked too young, or too many hours, and to regulate their pay. It is but a few years since some revelations were made in the House of Commons that struck all the world with horror. The children employed in the mines of Wales, from twelve to twenty was taken, when cases were shown where the hands of a shop were obliged to work thirty consecutive hours, with only a few minutes, until they dropped senseless at their labor.

Let us all think of these girls as our sisters or daughters, let us remember the anecdote told of Mr. Oastler, the great English philanthropist, who was walking with a friend, when he spoke to Sir Robert's seat, to implore his assistance in carrying through a measure for the relief of factory operatives, but Sir Robert angrily set out against state interference, until at last the subject was dropped, and Sir Robert took Mr. O—— to his private library. In a few hours after every child they came to a beautiful picture by Landseer, in front of which they stopped, and Mr. O—— asked what it was.

"My daughter," was the baronet's answer.

Mr. O—— was still for a moment, and then burst out with

"Oh! Sir Robert, think of it, and she might have been a factory girl. Yes! even with all her beauty, and luxury and love, a factory girl!"

The earnestness of the reformer conquered, and from that moment Sir Robert was one of the firmest advocates of Mr. Oastler's measures.

THE CROSS was an instrument of torture and death among many nations, and in several, even before the Christian era, it was used as a sacred symbol. There were several kinds of crosses. The simplest of all was the upright stake or stuff of a tree, sometimes attached to the top of a perpendicular one, like the letter T, and sometimes crossing it like Latin cross, being a transverse beam crossing an upright at the top. The St. Andrew's cross is in the form of the letter X, while the Greek cross was so constructed that the two beams were of the same length, and thus made the four arms of equal length. The Maltese cross is only a variation of the Greek cross.

The comparative table of the foreign trade of France for the first 11 months of 1864 shows that the exports are in excess of those of the corresponding time of 1863. The exports for the first 11 months of the last four years were, for 1861, 2,336,370,000fr.; for 1862, 2,194,119,000fr.; for 1863, 2,410,000,000fr.; for 1864, 2,600,000,000fr. For the exports of French merchandise the increase is much more considerable. Their official value for the same periods as above were—1861, 1,737,462,000fr.; 1862, 1,622,220,000fr.; 1863, 1,800,000,000fr.; 1864, 2,000,641,000fr. The augmentation is about 200,000,000 francs, or about 11 per cent, over the year 1863, and for 1864 show an increase of 50 per cent. over those of 1861.

ACCORDING to a calculation recently made, says the *Monitor*, there exists in the whole world a group 72,000,000 of Jews, of whom 4,000,000 in Europe, especially in Russia, where there are 1,250,000, the number in Austria is 850,000, in Prussia 300,000, and in the rest of Germany, 100,000. At Frankfort-on-the-Main there is one Jew to Christians; in Bavaria and Norway only one to 600. France contains 50,000; Italy, 35,000; Holland, 80,000; Turkey, 300,000. The fact is that in this country alone the Jews are comparatively most numerous in all Europe, England—and England—their number is diminishing, whilst elsewhere it is increasing.

PROF. HUXLEY, in a recent discussion on craniology, said that it is one of the most unfortunate facts of humanity, and that the first thing which naturally occurred to man was not to love his neighbor, but to kill him.

COMTE, in a letter to Charles V., in illustration of the advanced state of society among the Aztecs of Mexico, said that "they hug in it strode like civilized people."

HERMAN Nº 15

WASHINGTON Nº 20. AND WATER WITCH Nº 10

MUTUAL Nº 31

PACIFIC Nº 28

GUARDIAN Nº 29

NIAGARA Nº 4 AND CROTON Nº 47 } SAME MODEL

VALLEY FORGE Nº 46

EAGLE Nº 15

BLACK JOKE Nº 33

NAZEPPA Nº 48 AND JACKSON Nº 24 } ALIKE

OCEANUS Nº 11

PETERSON Nº 31

EXEMPT ENGINE NO.

LEXINGTON Nº 7. AND AMERICUS Nº 6.

Excelsior. Nº 2

UNDINE Nº 52

LADY WASHINGTON Nº 40

TRADESMAN Nº 37 AND HUDSON Nº 1

PROTECTOR Nº 22. AND MOHAWK Nº 16

HUDSON RIVER Nº 55

SOUTHWARK Nº 38

MANHATTAN Nº 8

JEFFERSON Nº 26 AND EMPIRE Nº 42

PROTECTION Nº 5 FIRING UP

NORTH RIVER Nº 50 AND MARION. Nº 9 IN ACTION

KNICKERBOCKER Nº 12 GOING INTO ACTION

OUR VOLUNTEER FIRE DEPARTMENT.—A SERIES OF ILLUSTRATIONS REPRESENTING THE VARIOUS STEAM FIRE-ENGINES NOW USED IN NEW YORK.—SKETCHED BY A. BERGHAUS.

THE NAMELESS MONUMENT.

A level stone that Time hath fretted,
Bitten often, and ground away,
Till now there is left but a dark, damp slab,
To catch sometimes a wandering ray.
No name, no effigy, date, or badge;
No smear of gilding, or bloom of paint;
No chevron, or fess, or shred of mail;
No mournful angel, or watchful saint.

All, all gone! The pride and pomp,
The dead man's vanity, all defaced.
Time, like a cruel, envious churl,
Both title and epitaph has erased;
And now the poor corpse, abbot or knight,
Martyr or king, hath a nameless tomb,
A mere flat slab of refuse stone,
To guard his bones till the day of doom.

MARGARET; OR, LOST AND FOUND.

I love that name, reader mine. I don't know that you do, but just repeat it over two or three times to yourself. Margaret—Margaret—is it not musical, is it not soft and sweet, with a ring that echoes pleasantly in the two *r's?* I always loved it from the first time I ever heard it, which was one day when I was about five years of age. The first day that I entered school I heard one of the little girls call her next neighbor Margaret, and the name went to my heart. How strange that it should, and yet how natural.

A failure in business, when I was about seventeen, caused the removal of my father and mother to a small residence they had in the country, about fifty miles from the large city where we had lived as long as I could remember.

It was a beautiful little cottage that received us, instead of the splendid mansion, brown-stone front, that had been our home, and I was foolish enough to prefer the cottage, from the window of which I looked out upon a boundless expanse of green fields, waving grain, tall trees and gloriously blue sky.

One Sabbath I went to church alone; on my return, as I walked along the shady path and drank in the noonday beauty of the summer sky, and felt the exquisite stillness of the hour, I met a woman—I am wrong, a lady—I am right in making the distinction, for this woman was no common one, a lady, a thorough lady from the inmost core of the heart out. I knew it, and experienced the knowledge in the very air that surrounded her.

This was Margaret.

Margaret would have attracted attention anywhere, "in hall or bower, in church or mart," and as we met we walked slowly, and each of us observed the other with more than mere attention till we had passed.

I saw a woman about thirty-five years of age, pale, thin, with noble features, straight and perfect, as if carved from marble; a sad, almost weeping mouth, and eyes of singular and most observable beauty, brilliance and softness. The hair, dark, with many white threads shining soberly through it, was plainly parted on the brow and folded behind the ears.

Her attire was simple in the extreme. The bonnet of black straw, close, with a ribbon of the same hue, bound across it, and strings of the same tying it. The dress a black silk, an old black silk evidently, but well kept as it was well worn, and the shawl a plain black cashmere.

Over all breathed an air of such perfect neatness as pleased, satisfied, delighted the eye.

She looked at me, not piercingly; it was impossible to conceive a piercing glance coming from those exquisitely soft, brilliant eyes, but the look read me through and through, kind, gently, but still thoroughly, as if she saw every thought of my heart laid bare before her, and read it as she would have done the clearest type.

It was natural that I should wonder who she was. Natural that I should think who is this graceful, elegant, beautiful and woefully sad-looking woman? How comes she here? What can she be doing alone—for she evidently is alone? Something about her asserts it, and she is, from her dress, poor. Accordingly I asked myself questions very much the same as I have now said, but as is usual in such cases, I obtained no very satisfactory reply.

I remarked to mama that I had met this woman, and that I could in no way explain to myself the unaccountable interest that her appearance excited in me.

My lady mother looked at me strangely for a moment, then laughed and called me a "fanciful little thing," and so the subject dropped. But I could not forget her so easily; I thought of her, I dreamed of her, I looked for her, and I met her again. Something she had in her hand—I don't know what, for I did not observe—fell from her. I would not have thought of doing it for another, but I stepped forward, took it up and returned it to her.

She thanked me with such a sweet, sad smile, that tears came to my eyes; there was so much of chastened sorrow and resignation in it, and then we passed each other, though there was a cord in my heart that seemed fastened to hers and pulled me back towards her, so that I could with difficulty continue on my way, instead of turning back and speaking to her as I felt so drawn to do.

Some weeks passed, and I did not see her any more during that time. I felt uneasy, I wondered was anything the matter, had anything happened, had she left that part of the country, would I never see her again?

A pain of acute sharpness shot through me with dagger-edged keenness when I thought that I might never see her any more, and I went and sat down alone in my room, and cried bitterly.

Something occurred then to direct my attention from the subject, in some degree.

An old friend of my father's, whom he had not seen for many years, discovered where we lived, and came to pay us a visit.

He was a handsome, gentlemanlike man, of about forty years of age, most fascinating in address and pleasing in manners.

When I was presented to him he started violently, colored to his temples, and then becoming deadly pale looked at me fixedly for some moments, till, seeing that I was becoming embarrassed, he stepped forward and whispered:

"My dear little girl," he said, frankly, and with the pleasantest of voices, "you will pardon me I know, when I explain that your appearance brought very vividly to mind another such as you that I knew and loved long ago."

Then taking my head between both his hands, he drew it a little backward, stooped slightly, and kissed me gently on the brow.

"Thus I salute the daughter of my old friend," he said.

We became friends rapidly, and it was wonderful to me the strange love with which this man inspired me.

Not a passionate love, not a lover's love, not the love of a woman's heart for the first time awakened, but a respectful, deferential, deep affection such as I felt for my parents, but greater than I felt for either of them. Mr. Norwood must have divined my feelings; he took every means in his power to increase my affection.

Never were his manners so fascinating as towards me—never was his voice so sweetly gentle as when addressing me.

My father and mother looked on approvingly.

"My dear," said mama, "you cannot do better. He is more than double your age, it is true, but still a young man. He loves you—that is very evident; he is rich, a member of the best society, a perfect gentleman, and though he has been married before, from that very reason more likely to adore and spoil to her heart's content a young and pretty wife, as you are, or I should say, will be, my darling."

"Mr. Norwood married before?" was all that I could say.

"Yes, dear; a widower. Take my word for it, though I cannot speak from experience, being my dear husband's first wife, widowers make the very best kind of husbands."

"Mr. Norwood a widower?" I ejaculated, not yet recovered from the surprise.

"Yes, is there anything so very extraordinary in that?"

"Nothing so very extraordinary in the bare fact, mama, but strange that I should never have known it till now."

"What? Jealous? Is it possible?" said mama, gaily.

"No, indeed," I protested, indignantly.

"Now if Mr. Norwood could see you, Katie, your conquest would be complete. You look brilliant when you're angry."

"Nonsense, mama," I said, half laughing, and half provoked. I wonder when the time was that a compliment would not smooth a ruffled temper.

"Jealous, as I live!" and my handsome mother laughed in almost girlish glee.

"I am not; don't imagine that I have any such feeling as you suppose towards Mr. Norwood, mama; I like him more as a father than any other way, and I never will like him otherwise."

Mama laughed.

"One father is sufficient, covetous little girl."

At this moment came a voice from among the lilac bushes out in front of the verandah that we both knew very well.

"Miss Katie," it said.

I colored in spite of myself, but it was from vexation, and mama laughed again.

"Go, my dear," she said.

I held back, and felt very much inclined to rebel.

"Don't be foolish, Katie," said mama, with an attempt at sternness.

"Miss Katie," came again from among the lilac bushes, and the matter was decided, by the half-pleading, half-commanding voice.

I went.

I found Mr. Norwood seated on a bench beside one of the bushes, and a bunch of the most beautiful fullblown lilacs in his hand.

"Where have you been hiding yourself all day?"

I said I had'nt been hiding.

"But you have, though, little runaway; and when I called you this morning you would not come—what was that for?"

"I didn't hear you, Mr. Norwood."

"You didn't hear me—now is that the truth, the whole truth, et cetera?"

"It is the truth, the whole truth, et cetera."

"Very well. You have that excuse no longer. You hear me now, don't you?"

"Distinctly."

"Very well; understand me to say, then, that I wish you to come over here and sit on this bench beside me."

I was standing about a yard and a half distant from him. I moved over and sat down upon the bench.

"Now I am going to see what kind of a little queen—May queen, I mean, you never would do for any other kind—you will make."

He began winding the lilacs into a wreath, and when it was completed put it upon my head, and I was "crowned withal."

"Did I say you would make no other kind of a queen, my Katie, than a queen of May?"

"You did, sir."

"Then I was wrong."

"And how, Mr. Norwood?"

"Cannot you guess?"

"Perhaps so. Would I make a royal one?"

"The queen of hearts is ever royal."

I felt my cheeks crimson, and I could not meet his eyes. He took my hands within both of his.

"My Kate, my little Katie, you are the queen of my heart. Accept the sovereignty, won't you?"

"Impossible, Mr. Norwood."

"Impossible? And why impossible, Katie?"

"Because, sir, I cannot."

"But, Katie, I love you dearly."

"So do not I love you dearly, Mr. Norwood."

"Then, indeed, I have been mistaken greatly," and he released my hand; "I thought you cared for me, Miss Katie."

"And so I do, sir, very much indeed, more than my father and mother, though I cannot account for it, but not with that other and greater love. Pray, sir, pardon me; it grieves me to grieve you," for he was looking very sad, reader, "but, indeed, I never can feel towards you other than I now do."

"You cannot forbid me to hope that I may yet induce you to regard my suit more favorably."

"But I can; I forbid you most peremptorily; I lay my sovereign commands upon you that you that you don't hope for one instant that I will ever regard you other than I do," I said, gaily.

"At least you cannot prevent my indulging such a hope."

"I can assure you, Mr. Norwood, that it is utterly, utterly useless."

I rose to leave him.

"Don't go, Miss Katie: don't let me frighten you away; that is the very last thing I desire to do."

"Pardon me; I must leave you for awhile. Adieu."

I hurried away, for I did not wish the scene to be any farther prolonged. That I might not meet Mr. Norwood at dinner, I excused myself from that meal, and putting on my hat and a light shawl, I went out for a walk.

I had not proceeded half a mile when in turning a bend of the road I met Margaret, and for a moment we stood face to face. She spoke:

"I have wished and prayed to see you," she said, "and if I had been longer denied I fear I would have gone to Mr. Bankton's and asked for you."

I was astonished, and hardly knew how to reply. I said:

"Madam, you are almost sure of finding me at home at any time."

"It was with that impression that I was making up my mind to call upon you, but thank God! I see you now. Oh, Katie, Katie, child of my love and of my heart! Did any voice, till that moment unheard, cry out in your soul, when you first saw me?"

"Yes," I answered promptly, struck by the strangeness of the question, which seemed to say that the speaker had read my inmost thoughts and feelings.

"Then I was not mistaken."

She folded me in her arms, and strained me close to her bosom, and bending over me she kissed me many times, with such warmth of love as never had rained down upon my lips, and eyes, and brow before; and oh! what a joy, deep, trembling, overpowering, taking away my very breath with its intensity, shot through me when I felt myself closed in her arms, her heart beating against mine, her kisses raining down upon my face.

"To you this is strange; this is inexplicable, this extraordinary love that we feel, the one for the other," she said, releasing me a little, and holding me back to look in my face.

"Yes, madam."

"Will it ever be explained to you, my Katie? Perhaps so, wait and pray."

She released me entirely as she spoke, and taking my hands in hers, held them tightly, looking me straight in the eyes.

"My darling, God bless you, and keep you for ever in his care," she said, and passed on, turned the bend in the road, and was lost to my sight, leaving me thoroughly amazed.

It was about a week subsequent that, not having seen Margaret in the interim, I walked again in the same direction, with the intense hope of meeting her, and wondering till my brain ached asking questions of itself, and searching for replies, what mysterious tie it was that bound this woman to me, and me to her.

I passed the bend in the road, but I did not meet her. Instead, to my amazement, and somewhat to my consternation, I found myself facing Mr. Norwood, who, it appeared, had also gone out for a walk around the country.

"Miss Katie, I am glad to meet you."

He turned back as he spoke, and, drawing my arm within his, we walked on.

"I am glad to meet you," he said again, and because I knew not what to return for answer I thanked him.

"You have thought upon the subject we conversed upon a week since?" he questioned.

"I have not, Mr. Norwood."

"I had thought you would at least have thought the matter over, Miss Katie."

"It required no thinking over, Mr. Norwood. The only reply I can ever make to the proposal you were so kind as to honor me with is that which I returned a week ago. Pray do not speak upon the subject any more."

He did not answer.

We walked on for some little distance before he spoke again. Then he said:

"And you will not be my wife, Katie Bankton?"

"Mr. Norwood, never."

"God forbid that she should give any other reply to that question from your lips. God bless you, my child, for what you have said."

"Margaret!"

He dropped my arm as if it had been a serpent and stung him, and stood facing her.

She was deadly pale, nor was he less so, and both were terribly agitated.

I looked from one to the other, and asked myself what in Heaven's name did this mean?

And while I did so I thought of the suddenness of her appearance, and wondered where she came from, but that was speedily answered. A clump of pine bushes was just before us; she had stepped out from behind them and confronted us.

When the first overpowering surprise was passed, Mr. Norwood knelt down before this much injured woman, and looking at her with mingled terror and entreaty, spoke:

"Margaret, Margaret! Is it Margaret, or her spirit, come to chide me?"

"It is Margaret herself in the flesh, and no other."

"Oh, can you ever forgive me, Margaret—my wife—my deeply, deeply injured wife?"

"I was injured, Edward, for I was most true."

"I know it, my saint, you were heavenly true; and, therefore, your innocence and greater goodness can forgive my blind fury."

"I forgive you, Edward. Rise."

"And our child, Margaret—our darling? Oh, believe me I have searched the world for you both, but they told me you were both dead. Where is our child—our daughter? Not dead—not dead?"

"Our daughter stands there!" and she opened her arms and clasped me to her heart, while I, unable to comprehend or even to think, mutely returned the embrace, only hearing from my father a cry of terrible agony.

"My God! my God! I have loved my daughter! not Heaven, be not just with me; else should I be whipped with the rod of Thy wrath, but be merciful and forgive me. I did not love her. Oh, no! It was Nature's own voice crying out, and I, fool!—fool!—I did not understand her pure language. My wife—my daughter—forgive me?"

I could only join my mother in pronouncing a full and complete pardon, hardly knowing what I pardoned.

That night, when all was explained to my heretofore father and mother, and my true parents claimed me as their child, I heard these few words that made the mystery clear pass between my own father and mother:

"Yes, Edward, on that terrible night when you drove me away from you I left my baby, though it almost broke my heart, upon the doorstep of Mr. Bankton's house, knowing that Mrs. Bankton had lost an infant of the same age only two days previously, and I was not mistaken in supposing that any little forsaken one would be cared for even as their own, for I had no means to support it."

"My own Margaret—my injured and most forgiving wife!"

And so it comes that I have two fathers and two mothers. God bless them all!

ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "ELEANOR'S VICTORY," "AURORA FLOYD," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.—CAUGHT IN THE TOILS.

Francis Tredethlyn spent the bright summer Sunday afternoon and evening at the Cedars. Mr. Hillary generally filled his house with company on the day of rest; and hard-working commercial magnates and lazy West End loungers were alike glad to spend their Sabbath amongst the flowerbeds and trellised walks, under the shadow of black spreading cedars, or on the terrace by the river. The merchant's house was only another Star and Garter, where the *menu* was always irreproachable, and where one escaped that little bugbear so common to the close of all social entertainments, and known by the vulgar name of "Bill." Mr. Tredethlyn found the house full of strangers, and Miss Hillary very difficult of approach. He was not allowed to feel embarrassed, however, for Julia Desmond always happened to be in his neighborhood, and he found her society as charming as on the previous occasion. She was so very handsome, and there was really something so bewildering about her dark eyes and white teeth, and fluent talk upon every possible subject, that the young man—who had never been accustomed to the society of well-educated women—may be forgiven if he admired her. He admired her, but not as he admired Maude Hillary. No thrill of half-fearful rapture stirred his pulses as he stood by Julia's side upon the moonlit terrace, looking down at the rippling water, darkened by the tremulous shadows of the trees; but the faintest flutter of Maude's airy flounces stirred his soul like a burst of music.

But she was only a beautiful, far-away creature, who never could have any part in his destiny. He acknowledged this in a half-despairing way, and then resigned himself to look at her only now and then from a distance, and to behold her always surrounded by those elegant amber-whiskered loungers, whose admiration of her loveliness never made them awkward in her presence; who could approach her without suffering from a sudden determination of blood to the head; who could hover near her without trampling half a yard of her lace flounce to destruction under the savage tread of a clumsy foot.

"Those fellows are fit to talk to her," he thought. "They've been brought up to it, I suppose; but I'm better out of her way, for even if she speaks to me I make a fool of myself somehow, and feel as if I couldn't answer her. I get on better with Miss Desmond; she's so kind, and she doesn't seem to mind my being awkward and stupid."

Yes, Miss Desmond was very kind to the simple-hearted Cornishman. So kind is Madame Aracnna to a big, blundering, bluebottle fly that hovers ignorantly about the net she has spread for him. Julia had angled very patiently for the last two years in the great matrimonial fisheries, and had brought several fish to land, only to lose her hook and leave them to gasp and perish on the bank when she discovered their quality. But now, for the first time, she knew she had a prey worthy her skill and patience. She had taken good care to ascertain that Francis Tredethlyn's thirty thousand a-year was no mere figment of a gossip's brain, and she set herself deliberately to work to win this prize so newly offered for competition in the matrimonial markets. Mr. Hillary interested himself in the young man's fortunes, and gave him some advice about the management of some of his uncle Oliver's numerous investments. This, of course, necessitated interviews at the merchant's offices in Moorgate street, and no interview ever came to a close until Francis had received hospitable Mr. Hillary's invitation to "run down" to Twickenham.

The young man seemed always running down to the Cedars. He slept there sometimes, in a pretty chintz-curtained chamber, all rosebuds and maplewood, and from whose jessamine-festooned windows he looked out upon the river—the perpetual river, now shimmering in the moonlight, now twinkling and glancing in the sunshine, but always "a thing of beauty and a joy" for the people who dwell upon its banks.

Yes, he was always riding down to the Cedars. He had departed very little from his simple habits, but he had bought a couple of horses at Tattersall's, such horses as a man who has been used to ride across wild moorland districts without saddle or stirrups from his earliest boyhood knows how to choose. He kept the horses at livery near his hotel, and he hired a smart young groom to attend to them, and even to ride behind him on occasions.

Miss Hillary grew accustomed to the young man's presence, and greeted him kindly when he

came; but then she had so many friends, such enthusiastic female adorers in crisp muslins, who found the millionaire's daughter the dearest darling in the world, and were always eager to pour some new confidence into her willing ears. She had so many friends, so many admirers, that Francis Tredethlyn always found her more or less difficult of approach. And, in the mean while, there was Miss Desmond perpetually smiling upon him, and talking to him, and listening to him.

So things went on very pleasantly for Mr. Tredethlyn until one day his eyes were very suddenly opened to a fact that well-nigh overpowered him. He was lounging on the terrace one sunny afternoon, and, for a wonder, Julia Desmond was not by his side. She had been summoned in the midst of a conclave of pretty girls holding solemn discussion with Maude Hillary on the lawn. Francis was looking down at the water, as it was his habit to do, and thinking. He was leaning against the balustrade of the terrace, all amongst the foliage which had been so bright when he had first come to the Cedars, but which was brown and withered now; he was watching the dead leaves slowly drifting in the wind and dropping one by one into the water, and he was thinking of his cousin Susan. Nothing had yet come of his search for her. Perhaps he had left the matter too much in the hands of his lawyers, trusting to their legal acumen for the unravelment of the tangled skein. It may be that he had been a little too much at the Cedars, absorbed in the delights of a new existence. This afternoon, watching the drifting leaves upon the river, the gold and crimson tints of autumn on the woodland and the hillside, Francis Tredethlyn remembered how the time had slipped by him, and how little nearer he was to the discovery of Susan Tredethlyn's fate than when he had listened to Martha's story in the dreary Cornish grange, and had sworn to go to the end of the world in search of his cousin. There was some feeling of remorse in his mind as he thought of the past three months, the idle days in that luxurious riverside retreat, the billiard-playing and cigar-smoking, the pleasant rides to and fro in the dewy evenings, with genial, gentlemanlike companions, who thought him a good fellow, and very rarely laughed at his ignorant simplicity.

He was roused from his reverie now by one of these young men, Mr. Montagu Somerset, of the War Office, the scion of a noble house, the presumptive heir to nothing a year, and one of the most hopelessly devoted of Maude Hillary's adorers.

"Why, Tredethlyn," exclaimed the young man, without removing a gigantic cigar from between his lips, "how dismally you're staring at that water! It looks as if you were contemplating *felo de se*, b'Jove. What's the row, old boy? and how do you happen to be alone? Where's the *fiancée*?"

"I—I was thinking of some family matters, not very pleasant ones," Mr. Tredethlyn answered, simply.

"But where's the future?"

"The what?"

"The future—Mrs. Francis Tredethlyn that is to be—the Desmond. Why, has the lovely Julia deserted her Frank? Why, you dear, simple old baby, how you blush! Is it a crime to be in love with a handsome girl? I only wish your young affections had fixed themselves on one of my five sisters—all most amiable girls, but without so much as a spoonful of what our lively neighbors call *potage*."

Francis Tredethlyn stared aghast at the young official.

"Why, you don't suppose—you don't think that I—that Miss Desmond—that—"

"You know those silversmiths on the Boulevards—no, you don't know Paris, by-the-bye—well, dear boy, there are Parisian silversmiths who make a great display in their shop windows by means of a concatenation of table-spoons and a strong flare of gas; but I doubt if in all Paris there was ever such a notorious case of spoons as the present, and I don't blame you, my dear Tredethlyn. If I were not Alexander I would be the other person. If I were not madly and hopelessly in love with blue-eyed Maude, I should fling myself at the feet of dark-eyed Julia; such teeth, and such a generally regal *tournure*, with thirty thousand a year, ought to make a sensation. Frank, I congratulate you! Bless you, my boy, and be happy!" Mr. Somerset wrung his friend's hand with effusion.

"But, my dear Somerset—but, upon my word and honor," cried Mr. Tredethlyn, in extreme terror and perplexity, "Miss Desmond has been very kind to me, and feeling myself out of place here, I've been very grateful for her kindness; but, as I am an honest man, not one word has ever passed between us upon any but the commonest subjects, and I am sure that neither she nor I have the slightest idea of—"

"Oh, you haven't, eh?" asked Montagu Somerset, taking his cigar from his mouth, and staring at it in a contemplative manner, as he knocked away the ash; "never mind about Miss Desmond; you haven't any idea of making her mistress of yourself and your property, real and personal, eh? You admire her very much, and are very grateful to her for being civil to you, and so on, but you have no idea of making her an offer of marriage?"

"No more than I have of making you such an offer."

"Then, in that case," replied Mr. Somerset, deliberately, "all I have to say is to this effect—look out for squalls; when you are coasting on a shore renowned for its quicksands, you'd better beware of any strange light you may see ahead, for the illumination generally means danger. When you meet with such a girl as the Desmond, don't trifle with her; of course it's very pleasant to ride, and drive, and play billiards, and loiter through a summer month or so with a handsome girl, meaning nothing serious all the time; and it is to be done with impunity, if you're careful in your selection of the young lady. But I don't think Julia Desmond is exactly the sort of girl you should try it on with. There are men in our place, apoplectic old fogies in starched neckcloths and no end of waistcoat, who knew the Desmond's father; he was a south of Ireland man and a notorious duellist. They say Julia inherits his eyes and teeth."

"But you don't mean to say that I've done Miss Desmond any wrong?" cried Francis. "How should I be otherwise than grateful to her when she was kind to me, and set me at my ease somehow, and made me feel a little less like an Ojibbeway Indian suddenly let loose amongst fashionable people? How should I imagine that she would think of me except as—as Miss Hillary thinks of me? His voice grew low, and an inexpressible change came over his whole manner as he mentioned Maude Hillary's name. "They know my history, and that this time last year I was a private in a foot regiment, with nothing higher to hope for than an extra stripe upon my sleeve."

"Miss Hillary is one person, and Miss Desmond is another," Mr. Somerset replied, with just the least suspicion of *hauteur*. "The lovely Julia's face is her fortune, you know, dear boy. You ask me if you've been wrong; and I tell you frankly, as a gentleman, that I think you have. A man can't be exclusive in his attentions to a woman without other people perceiving the fact, and forming their own conclusions thereupon. I know every one who comes here regards the matter as settled, and I heard Maude say the other day that she thought you a very good fellow—she didn't say fellow—and would be delighted to see her dear Julia so pleasantly established."

"Did she say that?" cried Francis, with a dusky blush kindling under his dark skin; "did she speak well of me? And if—if she should think I have done Miss Desmond some kind of wrong by usurping her society and setting people talking about us—if she should think me mean or base—"

Montagu Somerset interrupted Mr. Tredethlyn by a long whistle.

"Oh, the wind's in that quarter, is it?" he exclaimed, "you're down in that list; then in that case I've nothing more to say. The river flows at your feet, my dear friend, and I dare say there's a rope for sale somewhere in the villages of Twickenham or Isleworth."

The young man sauntered away, leaving Francis with his arms folded on the balustrade, and his face darker than it had been, even when he had thought remorsefully of his missing cousin.

Miss Desmond had not made such very bad use of her time. With consummate tact she had contrived to detain Francis Tredethlyn at her side in all those pleasant walks, and drives, and boating excursions, which made up a great part of life at the Cedars; and it had seemed that the young man, of his own option, devoted himself to Colonel Desmond's daughter. Julia had been clever enough to set the simple Cornishman entirely at his ease in her presence, and having done that, all the rest followed naturally enough. It was to Miss Desmond that Francis Tredethlyn confided his opinions upon every subject; it was to Miss Desmond that he applied for enlightenment when his ignorance fenced him about with cloud and darkness, and seemed to shut him out from the people round him. When the visitors at the Cedars were busy in the animated discussion of some new book whose name Francis had never heard, and whose contents would have been utterly beyond his untrained understanding, Julia would explain to him the nature of the volume, simplifying the subject with a dexterity that was all her own, but never humiliating her companion by any display of her own superiority. If art was the subject of discussion, Julia insidiously demonstrated to the Cornishman the merits and demerits of any given picture; so Francis Tredethlyn had been considerably benefited by three months of intimacy with a handsome and accomplished woman, and he began to feel something like a well-disposed Maori who had been admitted into familiar intercourse with a family of friendly settlers.

But all this time, in spite of handsome, dark-eyed Julia's kindness, in spite of all the benefits to be derived from intimate relations with such agreeable people as the guests who were always to be found at Twickenham, the one charm that had held the young man constant to the Cedars, like some spell-bound knight in a fairy story, who cannot leave an enchanted castle, though he knows that peril and ruin lurk within its walls, the one supreme influence that had taken possession of Francis Tredethlyn had been the presence of Maude Hillary. From first to last his faith had never wavered, but his devotion had been the servile worship of an idolator, who was prepared to find his divinity hard and merciless. No thought of ever being anything nearer to Maude Hillary than he now was entered the young man's mind. She was beautiful, amiable, loving—for had he not seen her with her father? She was all that is most lovely and adorable in womankind; but she was not for him. In her presence his ignorance and awkwardness seemed to weigh him down to the very dust, and yet she was never unkind to him, or supercilious, or insolent. She was only indifferent: but oh the bitterness of her indifference! the anguish of the slavish worshipper who prostrates himself before his idol, and knows all the while that it is stone, and cannot have pity upon him! Again and again Francis Tredethlyn had determined that he would come no more to the Cedars. He would call on Mr. Hillary in the city some morning, and thank him for his hospitable kindness; and then he would buy a commission in a cavalry regiment newly ordered for Indian service.

"Why should I be always coming here?" he thought. "They're all very good to me, the young swells. But I feel awkward amongst them still; and even if I could fall into their ways and make myself like them, which I can't, where would be the good? I don't want to be a 'swell;' I should like to be a soldier, with a regiment of glorious fellows to call me captain; or a farmer, with half a county to ride over, and a thousand sturdy laborers to take wages from me on a Saturday night; or a merchant, like Mr. Hillary, with a small fleet of ships on the high seas. That sort of thing would be life. But to dawdle in a billiard-room, or lounge at Tattersall's, and buy a horse one doesn't want, out of sheer idleness, and sell him at a loss three weeks afterwards, or to go for a yachting excursion off the Isle of Wight, with men to do all the work, and nothing to do one's self except to lie on one's back and smoke and drink pale ale all day long—I can't fancy such a life as that. So why should I come here any more? I can't fall naturally into these people's habits. I think sometimes that I was happier out yonder, brushing the captain's clothes and talking to the convicts. What a fellow that Surly Bill was! By Jove! that man had seen life!"

Mr. Tredethlyn, lounging perpetually in the gardens by the river, conscious of his incapability of breaking the spell that bound him, thought, with some touch of envy, of the brilliant career of his late acquaintance, Surly Bill, the burglar. But now the Cornishman had been all at once aroused from the pleasant torpor which had crept upon him in this modern Castle of Indolence. All that was most generous in the young man's nature rose in revolt against the thought that he had wronged Julia Desmond.

"It seems so hard that she should have set these people talking about her by her kindness to an ignorant fellow like me. It must do a girl harm to have her name handied about by an idle young fellow like Somerset. And she stands alone in the world, too, with no father or brother to take her part. I ought to have told that fellow to hold his tongue, and I will, too, before I leave this house to-night. But this decides me, at any rate. I've been here too much; I'll buy a commission and go out to India, and the lawyers must look after poor little Susie."

THE STEAM FIRE ENGINES OF NEW YORK.

We devote a considerable portion of the present number to illustrate the far-famed steam fire engines of New York. According to the last report of the Chief-Engineer, the Fire Department at the present time consists of 14 engineers, 2,195 members of engine companies, 1,184 members of hose companies, and 568 members of hook and ladder companies, presenting a total of 3,960 men. These are divided into 52 engine companies, 55 hose companies, and 18 hook and ladder companies.

There are 27 steam engines in good condition, 2 ordinary and 4 building; 4 hand engines in good condition, 14 ordinary and 1 building; 35 hose carriages in good condition, and 20 ordinary; 15 hook and ladder trucks in good condition, and 3 ordinary; and 56 hose, coal and wood tenders in good condition, and 20 ordinary.

HUDSON ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 1.

Stationed at 304 West 47th street, between 8th and 9th avenues. Performs duty in the 1st and 2d Districts. This steam engine is put down in the 3d class, 8-inch cylinder, 8-inch stroke, 4¾-inch pump, and was built in 1864. This company, which is No. 1, consists of 50 men; 400 feet of leather hose and 200 feet of rubber hose—all in excellent condition. John Hamill, Foreman.

EXCELSIOR ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 2.

Stationed at 21 Henry street. Performs duty in the 7th and 8th Districts. This engine is called 2d class, 4½-inch pump, 8-inch steam cylinder, 12-inch stroke, in very good order, and was built in 1861. It has 200 feet of leather hose and 300 feet of rubber—present number of men, 49. R. A. Jones, Foreman.

NIAGARA ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 4.

Stationed at No. 220 Mercer street. Performs duty in the 4th and 5th Districts. It has 8½-inch steam cylinder, 9-inch stroke, 4¾-inch pump, and was built in 1863. It has 300 feet leather hose and 200 feet rubber—number of men 41. Thomas Leary, Foreman.

PROTECTION ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 5.

Stationed at 61 Ann street. Performs duty in the 7th and 8th Districts. This engine was built in 1861. It has 200 feet of rubber and 300 feet of leather hose—number of men, 38. Thomas Macauley, Foreman.

EXEMPT ENGINE COMPANY.

Stationed in Centre street—Park. This is a fire engine of the old pattern, and propels itself. John G. Gorman, Foreman.

AMERICUS ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 6.

Stationed at 269 Henry street. Performs duty in the 7th and 8th Districts. This engine was built in 1861, by Messrs. Silsby, Mynderse & Co., Seneca Falls, N. Y.—whose establishment we notice in another part of our paper. It has 200 feet of rubber hose and 300 feet of leather; the company consists of 48 men. Anthony Burke, Foreman.

LEXINGTON ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 7.

Stationed at 109 East 25th street. Performs duty in the 1st and 5th Districts. This engine is a rotary pump, and was built in 1860 by the firm already named, Silsby & Co., of Seneca Falls. It has 300 feet of leather hose and 300 feet of rubber. Hans J. Gladney, Foreman.

MANHATTAN ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 8.

Stationed at 91 Ludlow street. Performs duty in the 7th and 8th Districts. This engine was built in 1859, but was rebuilt a short time ago, and is, of course, in most excellent condition. It has 300 feet of rubber and 200 feet of leather hose; number of men, 43. G. T. Paterson, Foreman.

MARION ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 9.

Situated at No. 47 Marion street. Performs duty in the 4th and 5th Districts. This engine is rated 3d class, 7½-inch steam cylinder, 8½-inch stroke, 4½ pump, built in 1862; number of men, 50. James Hayes, Foreman.

WATERWITCH ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 10.

Situated at 82d street and 4th avenue. Performs duty in the 1st and Yorkville Districts. This engine has 8½-inch cylinder, 9-inch stroke, 4¾-inch pump, and was built in 1864. It has 400 feet of leather hose and 200 rubber; number of men, 39. William Banham, Jr., Foreman.

OCEANUS ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 11.

Stationed at 99 Wooster street. Performs duty in the 3d and 8th Districts; 7½ inch cylinder, 9-inch stroke, 4½-inch pump; built in 1862 by James Smith, of New York, whose establishment is noticed in another column. Present number of men, 42; 400 feet leather hose and 200 feet of rubber hose. Christopher Johnson, Foreman.

KNICKERBOCKER ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 12.

Stationed at 112 East 33d street. Performs duty in 1st and 5th Districts. This is quite a new steam engine, and was built by James Smith; 8-inch steam cylinder, 9-inch stroke, 5-inch pump. Number of men, 46; 400 feet leather hose and 200 feet rubber. Bartley Donohue, Foreman.

EAGLE ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 13.

Stationed at 261 William street. Performs duty in 7th and 8th Districts. This engine is new, and built by James Smith; 7½-inch cylinder, 5-inch pump; 300 feet leather and 200 feet of rubber hose. Number of men, 41. A. J. Fullerton, Foreman.

HIBERNIAN ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 15.

Stationed at 432 West 36th street. Performs duty in the 1st and 2d Districts. This is 8-inch cylinder, 8-inch stroke, 4¾ pump; 400 feet leather and 200 feet of rubber. Number of men, 46. Christopher Bathe, Foreman.

MOHAWK ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 16.

Stationed at 7 North Moore street. Performs duty in the 3d and 4th Districts. Engine 2d class, piano style, formerly used by Engine Company No. 13. Number of men, 34. 700 feet of hose. Walter J. Young, Foreman.

WASHINGTON ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 20.

Stationed at 100 Cedar street. Performs duty in 7th and 8th Districts. This is a new engine, 8½-inch cylinder, 9-inch stroke, 4¾-inch pump; 300 feet leather and 200 feet rubber hose. Number of men, 50. J. Kennefick, Foreman.

PROTECTOR ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 22.

Stationed at corner of Chambers and Centre streets. Performs duty in the 7th and 8th Districts. Built in 1863. Number of men, 38; 300 feet of leather hose and 200 feet of rubber. Thomas Higgins, Foreman.

JACKSON ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 24.

Stationed at 279 West 17th street. Performs duty in the 3d and 4th Districts. Engine new, 7½-inch cylinder, 9-inch stroke, 4½-inch pump, built by James Smith. Number of men, 42; 400 feet of leather hose and 200 feet of rubber hose. John J. Loughery, Forman.

JEFFERSON ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 26.

Stationed at 148 5th street. Performs duty in 5th and 6th Districts. This is rated in the report as 3d class; 4-inch pump, 8½-inch cylinder, 9-inch stroke, built in 1861. Number of men, 31; 400 feet of leather and 200 feet of rubber. Oliver H. Kingsland, Foreman.

PACIFIC ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 28.

Stationed at 377 4th Avenue. Performs duty in the 1st and 5th Districts. 8-inch steam cylinder, 9-inch stroke, and 5-inch pump; built in 1863 by James Smith. Number of men, 42; 400 feet of leather hose, and 200 feet of rubber. Moses Fitzgerald, Foreman.

GUARDIAN ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 29.

Stationed at 26 West 10th street. Performs duty in the 3d and 4th Districts. House in good condition. Steam engine, second class, 7-inch steam cylinder, 9-inch pump, 8½-inch stroke, in good condition; built in 1859 by Lee & Larned, New York; rebuilt in 1864 by James Smith. Present number of men, 44. 300 feet of leather hose and 300 feet of rubber, in good condition; also a four-wheeled wood tender, in good condition. Terence McGowan, Foreman.

NORTH RIVER ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 30.

Stationed at 173 Franklin street. Performs duty in the 3d and 8th Districts. Engine, 8½-inch steam cylinders, 9-inch stroke, 5-inch pump. Built in 1863. Number of men, 30; 400 feet of leather hose, and 200 feet of rubber. J. L. Gascon, Foreman.

PETERSON ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 31.

Stationed at 49 Christie street. Performs duty in the 7th and 8th Districts. This capital engine was built by James Smith. This company numbers 46 men. Francis Mahedy, Foreman.

BLACK JOKE ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 33.

Stationed at 58th street, near Broadway. Performs duty in 2d District. Engine, second class, 7½-inch steam cylinder, 9-inch stroke, 4½-inch pump, in good condition. Built in 1861, by James Smith. Present number of men, 48; 300 feet of leather hose and 300 feet of rubber hose. W. H. Masterson, Foreman.

TRADESMAN ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 37.

Stationed at 59th street, between 2d and 3d avenues. Performs duty in the 1st and 2d Districts. New engine, 8-inch steam cylinder, 8-inch stroke, 4¾-inch pump. Number of men, 41; 400 feet of leather hose and 200 feet of rubber. Michael Haley, Foreman.

SOUTHWARK ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 38.

Stationed at 28 Ann street. Performs duty in the 7th and 8th Districts. Engine, first-class, 9-inch steam cylinder, 8½ inch stroke, diameter of pump 12¾-inch, built in 1860. Number of men, 33; 300 feet of leather and 300 feet of rubber hose. John C. White, Foreman.

LADY WASHINGTON ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 40.

Stationed at 173 Elm street. Performs duty in the 6th and 7th Districts. Engine second class, 8½-cylinder, 9-inch stroke, in good condition, built in 1860 by James Smith, formerly belonged to Engine Company No. 30. Number of men, 41; 350 feet of hose, ordinary, and 200 feet in good condition. Hugh Bonner, Foreman.

EMPIRE ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 42.

Stationed at 4 Centre street. Performs duty in the 7th and 8th Districts; 4½-inch pump, 9½-inch cylinder, 10-inch stroke, built in 1861; 300 feet of leather and 300 feet rubber hose. Gilbert G. Orr, Foreman.

VALLEY FORGE ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 46.

Stationed at 138 West 37th street. Performs duty in the 1st and 2d Districts. Engine second class, 7-inch steam cylinder, 8-inch stroke and 9-inch pump, in ordinary condition, built in 1859 by Lee & Larned. Present number of men, 41; 300 feet of rubber and 200 feet of leather hose. Francis E. Skelding, Foreman.

CROTON ENGINE COMPANY, NO 47.

Stationed at 165 West 20th street. Performs duty in the 3d and 4th Districts. Present number of men, 34; 250 feet rubber and 250 feet leather hose. Philip Cosgriff, Foreman.

MAZEPPA ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 48.

Stationed at 227 West 25th street. Performs duty in the 2d and 3d Districts. New engine, 8-inch steam cylinder, 9-inch stroke, 5-inch pump, built by James Smith, the eminent machinist. Number of men, 49; 400 feet leather and 200 feet of rubber hose. Charles Cowen, Foreman.

MUTUAL ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 51.

Stationed at 161 East 22d street, between 1st and 2d Avenues. Performs duty in the 1st and 5th Districts. Temporary location. New steam engine, 8-inch cylinder, 8-inch stroke, 4¾-inch pump. Number of men, 44; 400 feet of leather and 200 feet of rubber hose. Peter Gray, Foreman.

UNDINE ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 52.

Stationed at 122d street, between 2d and 2d Avenues. Performs duty in Harlem and vicinity. Steam-engine, third class, 7 -inch cylinder, 8½ inch stroke, in good condition, built in 1862. Number of men, 41; 200 feet of rubber and 400 feet of leather hose. S. H. E. Lynch, Foreman.

HUDSON RIVER ENGINE COMPANY, NO. 53.

Stationed at 304 Washington street. Performs duty in the 7th and 8th Districts. Engine, 7-inch steam cylinder, 8-inch stroke, 5-inch pump, in good condition, built in 1859 by James Smith. Number of men, 50; 200 feet of leather and 300 feet of rubber hose. Terence Duffy, foreman.

We have thus given a most accurate description and picture of every kind of engine now used in the Empire City—the fact of there being some of the companies omitted is explained on the ground that the pattern they use is identical with some of those engraved.

Among the manufacturers of these beautiful and complex machines, the most prominent are H. C. Silsby, of Seneca Falls, and James Smith, of New York, both of whom deserve a brief account at our hands.

The rotary steam fire engines built at the Island Works, Seneca Falls, N. Y., are considered as among the very finest ever constructed. This large establishment is now owned exclusively by H. C. Silsby, Esq., who has been its principal proprietor and manager for many years. It is now mainly devoted to the manufacture of steam fire engines, and a scientific paper says:

"It is conceded to furnish the most simple and reliable machines for the purpose now in use."

The manufacturer claims that the machines made at the Island Works possess peculiar advantages, including great power with low pressure of steam, even and uniform pressure upon the leading hose, not causing them to burst, although they force water much further than any other engine. The boiler used is Cloff's Patent Circulating Tube, a quick and rapid steam generator, very easily kept in repair. The engine and pump are Holly's Patent Rotary, having no valves or connecting rods or other complications liable to get out of order. The engine is warranted by the manufacturer to give satisfaction in ever particular, and the one of his make, owned and used in Rochester, N. Y., has given the completest satisfaction, and cost much less for repairs than any one of the machines obtained from other sources. Three sizes are made, costing at the present time from $4,000 to $6,000. We believe one or two of the machines are furnished with either hand or horse tongue as preferred, but the largest size is drawn only by horse power.

A scientific journal says: "The rotary principle is desirable on account of the ease of its operation, and the absence of the crank motion which is found in all reciprocating machines, and which is so detrimental to their durability. The high speed to which all engines are obliged to be run to force water makes it ne-

cessary that the piston or reciprocating machine should go very regular and happy to stand the jerking and straining which they are subjected to, in passing the engines. The Rotary Engine has none of that difficulty to contend against—the machine stands perfectly still when in operation, no necessity for blocking the wheels, or picking off from the springs; there is no vibration of the bow, and the pressure being steady and uniform, does not strain the hose like the blows of the piston. How that will not stand the pressure of the piston, to force water say 300 feet, will stand the uniform pressure of the Rotary to force 300 feet or over. Hose used as a Rotary Machine will wear much longer than used on a Piston Engine, as it keys perfectly still while the machinery is in operation, consequently does not wear out by friction, upon the ground or pavements. Any man can hold the pipe of a Rotary Machine as easily as those on the pipe of a Piston Machine. This is of great advantage in ascending ladders to play into upper stories of a building.

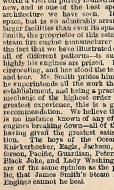
The machine mounted on the top of the machine instead of on the ground, can in most cases run the condition of the hose and the pipemen, and can let on more or less pressure, as circumstances require; and, being located above the crowd that usually forms around an engine, can graduate the speed of his engine, according to the necessity of the foreman or chief engineer, which they can convey to him by signs or signals, while at a distance from the engine. This has been found of great advantage in actual service. Another great advantage is the low pressure of steam with which the Rotary can be run, viz: from 20 to 40 pounds, it being seldom necessary to use over 40 pounds to do effective fire duty."



VIEW OF JAIL AT SAVANNAH, GA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

DIGGING UP TORPEDOES NEAR SISTER'S FERRY.

SISTER'S FERRY is in Effingham county, Ga. The fatigue parties sent out from Sherman's army, in the course of their explorations, found quantities of torpedoes on the road running through the swamp in this vicinity. They are mostly constructed of 12 pound shell, with percussion caps attached to the fuse, and the whole covered by a tin cup in such a manner that any pressure on the cup would explode the shell. A few larger ones were found constructed of copper, about the size of a two gallon jug, and are exploded on the same principle. Some 30 of these mischievous hypocrites were cleared from the road before it was considered safe. The correspondent who hovers on with the sketch we have engraved speaks of an incident of recent occurrence, in which one of those infernal machines was touched off by a member of a fatigue party stepping on it, seriously injuring two of the men.



PRISONER IN BARREL JACKET.

Between the 7th and 8th Avenues in 26th street there is the large establishment of Novelty engines in this city. It is a perfect model of neatness and order, and he well worth a visit on purely industrial grounds. It is not by new, and is one of the best specimens of commercial architecture we have seen. It occupies considerable space, but is so admirably arranged as to afford even larger facilities than even its space suggests. Mr. James Smith, the proprietor of this establishment, is the oldest steam fire engine manufacturer on this continent, and the fact that we have illustrated eight of his machines—all of different patterns—is unofficial evidence how highly his engines are prized. His principle is the Reciprocating, and has stood the test of twenty years wear and tear. Mr. Smith prides himself upon the fact, that he encumbers all of the work that is turned out of his establishment, and being a practical mechanic of the highest order and greatest experience, this is a great recommendation. We believe there is no instance known of any of his engines breaking down, all of them having given the greatest satisfaction. The boys of the Oceanus, Knickerbocker, Eagle, Jackson, Jefferson, Pacific, Columbia, Perseverance, Black John, and Lady Washington, are of the same opinion as the public, for James Smith's Steam Fire Engines cannot be beat.

SAVANNAH, GA.

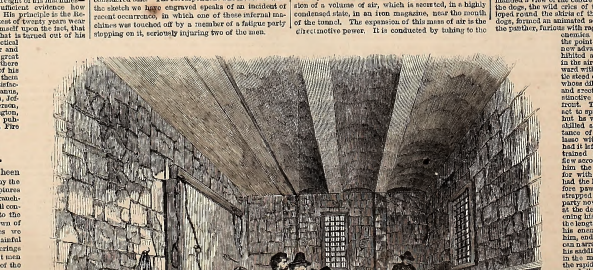
THOUGH Savannah has been forced into the background by the more recent and important captures of Charleston, Wilmington, Branchville and Columbia, there is still considerable interest attaching to the half repentant Sea Queen town of Georgia. The three sketches we publish to-day possess a painful interest, for they tell of sufferings endured by such of our gallant men who fell into the brutal hands of the Confederate authorities—men who, in their 4th of July orations, made the air ring with their denunciation of British cruelties at Dartmoor and the prison hulks of Brooklyn.

The Jail

is a peculiar-looking affair, built in the manner of some of our armories. Here were confined many of the Union prisoners, and it is said the treatment was of the same description as at Millen and Andersonville.

The Interior.

Our Artist has sketched the inside of one of those rooms of torture, being that special one in which prisoners were stripped and tied to the whipping board and then flogged until their backs were raw. In this condition they were put into a vat of brine. We are not aware that such outrages have been committed on our prisoners, but they were of daily occurrence in the old regime, when negroes were the offenders. We also reproduce an exact picture of the various instruments of coercion. The jail is now in charge of Capt. Charles Courtois, Provost-Marshal of the 2d Brigade, 20th Army corps, an officer of great ability and courtesy.



ROOM IN JAIL AT SAVANNAH, GA., SHOWING WHIPPING-BOARD AND BRINE-VAT.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

BRANDING HORSES AND MULES.

OUR Artist has sent up a lively sketch, illustrating a scene very characteristic of Sherman's "gentle march" through Georgia. The men are busily marking the live stock swept up along the track of their victorious career. The interest of the affair depends greatly upon the various tempers of the victims, a large proportion of these having partaken of the revolutionary principles of their late masters.

TUNNELING THE ALPS.

THE project of piercing the Alps, between Modane and Bardonèche, long known in the French

FETTERS, &C. USED IN THE JAIL AT SAVANNAH, GA.—FROM DRAWINGS OF THE IMPLEMENTS, TAKEN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

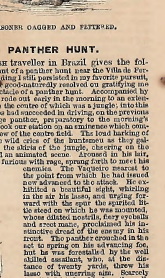
newspapers as the *percement du Mont Cenis*, has been approved by the Parliament and decreed by the Piedmontese Government, thanks to the wise determination and energy of Count Cavour. It has now been for some years under way, and its importance is daily demonstrated by the increasing traffic between France and Italy. We exhibit this week a picture of the ingenious machine used in the perforation.

The motive power is obtained from a cataract in the vicinity. This natural force is applied to the compression of a volume of air, which is secreted, in a highly condensed state, in an iron magazine, near the mouth of the tunnel. The expansion of this mass of air is the electromotive power. It is conducted by tubing to the machinery, which it drives by the force of its escape, after which it is of vast utility in ventilating the shaft. Ten holes are drilled at once in this manner, a pit of water applied to each to cool the steel and wash out the dust. These are then filled with powder and exploded, the engine returning on its tramway to a place of safety, after which the operation is repeated. The distance now excavated is 4,100 metres, that still to be opened 8,120 metres. The date 1871 is fixed for the completion of this vast work

THE FLAG ON FORT SUMTER.

UPON the evacuation of Charleston on the night of the 17th, Anthony Dahlgren lost no time in procuring his six-oared gig, and arrived at the city about two o'clock next day. He was quickly succeeded by Gen. Q. A. Gillmore, who

followed in the steamer W. W. Coit, and to an Aide-de-camp on his staff, Capt Henry M. Bragg, belongs the honor of planting the Stars and laying the Stripes once more on the battered ruins of Sumter. His rude flagstaff—an impromptu spike of a boathook upon an oar—has ere this been replaced by something of firmer stuff: but in a moral sense and in practical effect our national flag commenced at that moment to cover with a protecting shield and an abiding authority the fort, the harbor and the town.



PRISONER GAGGED AND FETTERED.

PANTHER HUNT.

A BRITISH traveller in Brazil gives the following account of a panther hunt near the Villa de Feritas: "Finding I still persisted in my favorite pursuit, the General good-naturedly resolved on gratifying me with the spectacle of a panther hunt. Accompanied by his sons, we rode out early in the morning to an extensive plain, in the centre of which was a jungle, into into the Vaqueros had succeeded in driving on the previous night. A large panther, preparatory to the morning's sport. We took our station on an eminence which commanded a view of the centre field. The loud barking of the dogs, the wild cries of the Indians, as they pressed forward the skirts of the jungle, cheering on the dogs, formed an animated scene. Suddenly a yell of fear, the panther, furious with rage, sprang forth to meet his enemies. The Vaqueros rallied to the point from which he had issued or advanced to the attack. He exhibited a beautiful sight, whirling in the air his lasso, and urging forward with the spur the spirited Arab steed on which he was mounted, whose dilated nostrils, fiery eyeballs and erect mane, proclaimed his passionate dread of the enemy in his front. The panther crouched as he set to spring on his advancing foe, but he was forestalled by the well skilled cavalier, who, at the distance of twenty yards, threw his lasso with unerring aim. Scarcely had it left his hand before the well trained horse wheeled round and drew across the plain, dragging after him the already disabled panther, for with such unerring precision had the lasso been thrown, that the fore paw of the animal was fairly strapped to his back. The whole party now dashed forward to be in at the death. The Vaqueiro, slackening his pace gradually shortened the length of the cord till it brought his enemy within a few yards of him, and then, in less time than I can narrate it, I saw him drop from his saddle, his broad knife gleaming in his sinewy, muscular, and wiry the rapidity of lightning having the cord, it was evident, in the hands of the panther."

A RECENT of the following inscription on a gravestone in Williamsport, Pa., is in circulation: "Sacred to the Memory of Henry Harris Born June 30th 1831 of Henry Harris and Jane his Wife. Died on the 4th of May 1857 by the kick of a colt in his Bowels peceasable and quiet, a Friend to his Father & Mother & respected by all who knew him and went to the world where horses can't kick and sorrows & weeping is no more."

SOME idea of the enormous value of building ground in Paris may be formed from the fact that $5,000,000 are demanded by the proprietary of the Grand Hotel on the Boulevard des Capucines, for removing a small portion of the block which makes the view of the new OPERA HOUSE.

MDLLE. HELENE DE KATOW.

THIS lady, who made so successful a *début* lately at Max Strakosch's concert, is one of the most remarkable of European violoncello players. She is the granddaughter of Prince de Polignac, Minister of the Emperor Nicholas, who was exiled with his son, the father of this lady. The latter changed his name and assumed that of Katow, the name of an ancestral estate in Poland. Mdlle. de Katow's title is the Countess Poliowan Polkin.

She was born in Riga, Russia, but at an early age went with her parents to Paris. It was at Riga, and at the age of 11 years, that she took her first music lessons from Brandt, the nephew of the celebrated Carl Maria von Weber, and received instructions also in French literature from Massé, the well-known author. Devoted enthusiastically to the study of art, Mdlle. de Katow was able, in March, 1859, to make her first appearance before an audience in the Hotel-de-Ville, Paris, for the Société des Beaux-Arts. After the concert, at which she was the principal attraction, and where her success was marked, she was honored with diplomas of membership, signed by all the members of the society. Encouraged by the favor which she had thus obtained, she subsequently gave a grand concert at the Salle Herz, assisted by several of the musical celebrities of Paris. Of her performance on this occasion the *Revue de la Gazette Musicale de Paris* says: "Mdlle. de Katow plays with largeness and brilliancy; her style is pure and elevated, and recalls the best qualities of her distinguished master, Servais. Possessed in the high, est degree of the grace and sentiment which belong to her sex, she yet exhibits a strength and executive skill which enable her to master the instrument perfectly, with its infinite and beautiful effects."

Ever desirous of an opportunity of improving herself, she entered the Conservatoire, and for two years devoted herself exclusively to study. At the end of the second year she received the first prize, although amongst her competitors were pupils who had already been five years in the establishment. The piece performed at the Distribution was "Le Désir," by Servais, and on the occasion the Duchess of Brabant, who had taken much interest in the young artist, decorated her with the Golden Medal of King Leopold, and placed on her brow a crown of burnt. It was during her stay in the Belgian capital that she became acquainted with Victor Hugo, who was then engaged on those chapters of "Les Misérables," which deserve so wonderfully the great days of Waterloo. He would frequently request Mdlle. de Katow to play for him, and would even indicate the mood in which the literary labors required to be attuned. In recompense for her kindness the distinguished poet, having for his island house, presented her the first copy of his immortal work, with these words inscribed on the first leaf:

"Hommage à l'heureux et charmant talent de Mdlle. Hélène Katow.—Un admirateur enthousiaste,

"VICTOR HUGO."

From the period we have indicated to the present time Mdlle. de Katow has performed almost incessantly in public, and with unvarying success. At Berlin, after a brilliant series of concerts, she had the honor to be appointed virtuoso to King Frederick William. She was also made honorary member of several Philharmonic Societies—associations that are not prodigal of their favors. It was whilst playing before the Ambassador of France, M. Talleyrand de Perigord, whose name will be remembered in connection with a recent duel, that she was heard by Maurice Strakosch, who had Adelina Patti at the same concerts. He immediately made proposals to the lady for America, and after a long negotiation he succeeded in engaging her for his younger brother, Max Strakosch, who intends making a tour with her through the United States and Cuba.

GOING TO LAW IN CEYLON.

KANDIE KATTEKAMER and Kaslar Tambyar are neighbors. There has for sometime past been a growing ill-feeling between these two worthies and their families. They are joint shareholders in a Palmyra garden; that is to say, the one has an undivided share in it to the extent, he says of 5-8th of 3-20th (2-32ds by inheritance, and 2-47ds in favor of his wife); the other was some equally minute subdivision; and there is a difference of opinion between them as to the ownership of one particular tree. The Palmyra season is fully come. Every few minutes you hear a "dop" in all the gardens, and then there is a rush of two or three persons, and perhaps a shout, and a cry, and a row, and if you inquire what it is about, you are told that it is a fruit that like the apple of discord, has fallen from a Palmyra tree, about which there is a dispute, and the struggle is disputing which shareholder shall basket the prize.

Our worthy neighbors aforesaid, whom for the sake of brevity, we will call K. and T., have each set one of their offspring to watch the fallen fruit, with strict injunction to hold their own. Young Master K, his mother's pride, spots under a tree, basket beside him, and beguiles the time by tearing asunder with his teeth one of the yellow colored stringy fruits, till his hands are a fine rich ochre. Miss T., a young lady about four years, Master K's senior, who knows how to make good use of her nails, takes up her position. The tree in dispute lies between them.

"Dop" goes a fruit behind Master K.; up jumps Miss T., but sits down again; the fruit has fallen from a tree that is without dispute in K.'s domain. Master K., therefore, appropriates it unmolested.

Presently there is a dop from one of Miss T.'s trees, and up she jumps and pursues the bounding ball till she has secured it.

At last "dop" comes a fruit from the tree; up jump both and make a rush at it. It rolls towards Master K., and thus for both fortune favor him; but too wise a strategist to leave unguarded his already secured fruits, he runs dragging his half filled basket after him. So likewise does Miss T. Master K. seizes his prize, or rather he stoops to seize it, and his hand is just upon it, when down comes Miss T. like a wolf on the fold, gives him a shove, and over he goes basket and all, and she gets hold of the fruit; round he turns quick as thought, and gives her a punch in the side; down go her basket and nuts, and in a moment her ten claws are in an unpleasant proximity to Master K.'s eyes.

"My father and mother, I am dead!" cries he.

Out rushes his fond, paternal parent, his mother following with shrieks. Out come Mr. and Mrs. T. from their sheds, and in no time Mr. K. has laid a short, thick stick over Mrs. T.'s head, and left her stunned and bleeding; while he and Mr. T. are rolling over each other on the ground, their long hair streaming about them. In rush the neighbors and separate them. Loud is the strife of words, foul beyond expression the abuse by the females.

"To the court with your wounded wife," says a friend and away they go to their respective houses, screaming at each other all the while, and a swift runner is dispatched the to police Vidahn by the party of Mr. K., who, having wounds and blood to show, is in the better position.

"This will never do," says K.'s elder brother, a veteran litigant. "You, too, must have blood and bruises to show."

"Well, you see, I have a scratch here and a bighump there, and am all over sand and dirt," says K.

"Oh, that's good as far as it goes, but it is not enough; we must do some more. Come here," says he to Master K., the valiant who began the affray: "let me see your face."

Master K., unsuspicious of evil, submits to his uncle's inspection, and in a second his worthy relative has drawn a sharp knife over an inch of Master K.'s forehead, and the red blood oozes streaming down.

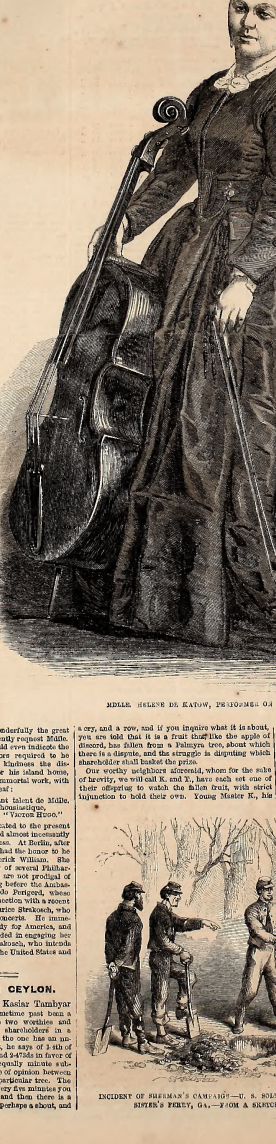
"That will do," says he: "now carry him off to the court before the others are ready. Get there first, and I'll follow with a formidable kind of cleaver much used by the natives)

Off starts the procession, Master K. carried in the arms of his afflicted father, the blood upon his face carefully preserved to create the greater sensation, his head thrown back, his eyes languishing, his lips partially open, his hands dangling feebly by his side. Close behind him comes his maternal parent. "A Nioke, all tears," her clothes-cloth locks streaming over her shoulders, her head bandied, all appearances disregarded in the affliction of the moment. Straight into the compound of the magistrate they rush, while other relatives follow, and a crowd collected on the way gathers around the gate.

"Oh, my Lord," cries Mrs. K., and falls prostrate on the floor before the gentleman, and straightway Mr. K. lays his seemingly senseless burden before the "Dorey."

If that functionary has had some experience, and suspects that Master K. is shamming, he will, perhaps, unexpectedly apply a little smelling salts to his nose, and will then find out the trick. But, if very green, he will probably be taken in, and, after having given several very stringent orders for the apprehension of the accused, he will, just as he has gone inside again (he roused by the K. and his party, bringing in Mrs. T. in a sort of palanquin, with her head out open. Both parties then enter cases against each other, and the magistrate has, amidst the most confusing testimony, to determine whether both cases are true or false, or which is true and which is false.

There is no exaggeration in the above; it is what happens daily.



MDLLE. HELENE DE KATOW, PERFORMER ON THE VIOLONCELLO.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

INCIDENT OF SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN.—U. S. SOLDIERS BLOWING UP INFERNAL MACHINES NEAR SUMTER'S FERRY, GA.—FROM A SKETCH BY G. J. SCOBY, 149TH N. Y. V.

THE COST OF WAR.—It is stated that the armies of Europe have a total of 4,594,000 men, costing annually $453,000,000. Russia has the largest army, numbering 1,800,000 men. That of France, numbers over 700,000 men. This is on a peace basis. If war prevailed the number of soldiers would, doubtless, be largely increased. All this vast outlay is devoted to the wasting of human life and property. It is used to destroy, not to build up. Who can estimate the good this amount of labor could accomplish for the happiness of the human

ject. If it was employed in the arts of peace? It is almost incalculable. In the United States, for the past three years, more than a million of men have been engaged in the work of destruction, consuming and destroying what has required years of industry to accumulate. If the same energy and expenditure had been used in developing the resources of the country, increasing the facilities of intercommunication, and adding to all the requisites of moral, intellectual and physical improvement as has been in the civil war which now is convulsing our accursed country, what would have made us not only the strongest nation upon the face of the earth, but added vastly to the individual well-being of the people. The experience of thousands of years has only failed to teach mankind the folly of war, nor has the boasted increase in civilization and Christianity diminished in the least degree the ferocity or the enthusiasm of either national or individual difficulties. In fact the most mankind revere is he who has made no advance upon the darkest ages in the world's history.

The transmutation of sounds is one of the most curious mysteries of the air. A word spoken in the forests of our eastern coast can be heard in the forks of an opposite village hundreds of yards away. Such a principle we shall have illustrated in the new Academy of Agriculture, in Sicily. The architect—very probably intending to astonish the natives—has designed the new form, with corresponding opposite ellipses, in which, whenever one should head all the seats are required to be given. A horrible amount of sound immediately springs up in any place where the speakers are seen addressing into an unaccountable publicity. The church soon becomes a perfect pit of truth that nothing will be able to hold in it. At last, by chance, a discovery was made of the law-abiding issues, and the whole thing was stopped.

The cricket is a curious little insect. It has gone into the world's proverbial expressions in France people say, "chilly as a cricket," while in England and America we say "as merry as a cricket." Crickets are gone, seeds and fruit, conveying them to their holes, and there, in the new-year, feed of drinking the dew of leaves and *flowers*, they are very careful not to eat anything that will decay in warm weather. In the early young live in peace, but when they grow up their manhood a mania for fighting descends, and they commence fighting with one another. The boys in Germany are very fond of keeping crickets in boxes for the sake of their song, and for the purpose of watching their battles. What the pigeon is to the Arab, the cock to the Malay, and the Englishman, the cricket is to the German youth. Their passions are very easily and soon excited, according to the way in which they happen to meet they will turn their backs and kick like horses, or stand up and the contest is according to its ferocity until one of the combatants runs away from the field of battle. It is to be remembered that the European house-cricket is not known in the country. Its song is much more shrill and much sweeter than that of the species which sound those lively notes in the fields.

In the oil regions, when the precious fluid is struck, great care is necessary to prevent accidents. The gas, which is almost inflammable, and the water, which has been reached, rushes up with great force, and, being highly combustible, it is dangerous to go with a light where near the well; even a pipe or cigar has in some cases been the cause of the fire, or an explosion, the destruction of life and property. In a few instances the gas has been confined and charged for weeks, the mouth of the well being conveyed into a mighty gas-burner, from which it was supposed it would be shed like a fire for days on end. Such a one, by the name of Jacob Crown, was standing on Mr. George's Creek, Pennsylvania, on Fri., and when the cold stream the oil spouted a powerful column of water, and the attended fireman, who had already endured, but experienced horror how or pursuit fire anywhere in the vicinity, up which he was working.

EXPERIMENTS have been making in France for a year or more to substitute the China grass, or nettle-weed, which can be grown in all parts of France, for cotton, and which was demonstrated before the Emperor at the Chamber of Commerce of Rouen, by the week, by the raw fibre, and by various specimens of woven, colored and bleached cloth, that the substitute is possible in every point—washing and wearing—for that of cotton.

Hannah Young has issued a sort of manifesto on theatres. He considers the theatre an innocent and decent place of resort, but thinks the present establishment in Great Salt Lake City should be conducted on a higher moral standard than theatres in the States. He objects to evil of plays in which great crimes are represented, in which the display of villainy forms a prominent part.

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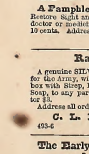
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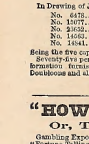
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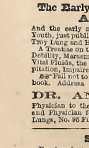
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NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1865, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 494 Vol. XIX.] NEW YORK, MARCH 18, 1865. [PRICE 10 CENTS, $4 00 YEARLY, 13 WEEKS $1 00.

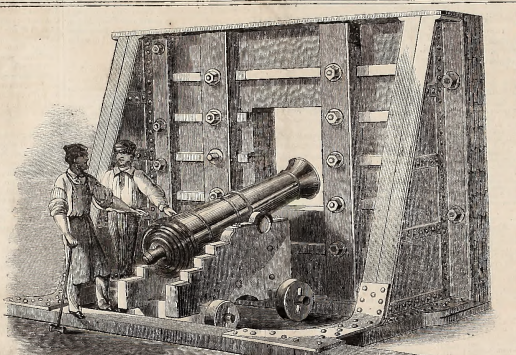
Richmond.

THE condition of affairs in the rebel capital is such as might be anticipated in view of the situation. It seems that the rebel Congress is working with barely a quorum, and the newspapers are calling on Gen. Lee to bring back the absconding legislators by force. Congress itself refuses leave of absence to a member who seeks it for a few days, on the pressing plea that it is necessary to remove his wife and family from the line of march of the "Vandal army"—meaning thereby that of Gen. Sherman. The refusal of some of the Senators from the Gulf States to support Gen. Lee's demand for negroes in the army is the occasion for an expression of bitterness almost equal to that bestowed on "Lincoln and his hordes." These States are told that, having cajoled and coerced the Border States into Secession, and brought upon them untold evils, the great Slavocracy refuses to sacrifice its "precious nigger" to rescue the Confederacy from absolute ruin. "The compact between these States is broken," exclaims the Richmond *Sentinel*, in despair. The animosity between the two sections—there are already sections and "sectional feelings" in Dixie, where all were to be "a band of brothers"—will be largely intensified by the recent message of Gov. Brown of Georgia, in which he takes open ground against the employment of negroes in the army, notwithstanding Gen. Lee pronounces it "not only expedient but necessary." You "cannot expect negroes to fight for the enslavement of their wives and children" is the not irrational proposition of Gov. Brown. Nor will he be regarded as deficient in logical sense when we find him proclaiming to his fellow-citizens, "when we arm the slaves, we abandon slavery." It is all very well for the representatives of Missouri, Kentucky, Tennessee, Arkansas and Virginia in the rebel Congress to assume theatrical airs, and express their willingness to give up slavery, in States where it is already dead, for the great boon of Southern independence. Further South it is slavery or nothing. "Independence" and participation in a third-rate power is a small equivalent for the sacrifice of Sambo. So, within less than four years after the formation of its "indissoluble compact," the Confederacy is openly declared to be broken down, and a sectional antagonism has arisen within it quite as virulent as ever existed in what the rebels irreverently call "the old concern."

While the sectional feuds to which we allude are spreading and intensifying military affairs are coming to a crisis. Preparations are evidently making for the abandonment of Richmond. It may be another desperate struggle will be made for its defence; but if this is contemplated, it is without faith in its success. The Richmond papers, as well as the Richmond people, have taken the alarm, and the city is racked with apprehension. "The abandonment of Richmond," exclaims the *Examiner*, "would be the loss of all respect and authority towards the Confederate Government, the disintegration of the army, and the abandonment of the scheme of an independent Southern Confederation. The war would, after that, speedily degenerate into an irregular contest, in which passion would have more to do than purpose; which would have no other object than the mere defence or present safety of those immediately persisting in it. The hope of establishing a Confederacy and securing its recognition among nations would be gone for ever. The common sense of the country, the instinct of every man and woman in the land contradicts the idea that any possibility of an independent South would remain after its capital was abandoned, its government set adrift, and its army withdrawn into the subtades of the interior."

That the steps are in progress for the very movement, of such disastrous import, is evidenced from the article of the *Examiner* itself, and appears equally from the efforts of the other papers of the doomed city to quiet and soothe the public mind.

Thus the *Enquirer* tries to disguise the significance of sending away machinery, guns,



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and the archives of the Government from the city, as follows:

"The air is filled with alarming rumors; every fear has found a voice, and everything is open to the tale it tells. Measures of precaution are construed to presage disaster. When the wagons and sick are ordered to the rear it is inferred that the army is about to retreat. It is time to proclaim order in the ranks and give the reassuring command, "Steady!" Let every man return to his post and give all his energy to the performance of his duty, while he listens to the words of encouragement from the soldiers in the front. Regard all street rumors as the soldiers do those of the camp. They know that none of the latter are wholly true, and most of them entirely false."

The *Sentinel*, which is the mouthpiece of Davis, is compelled to admit the public disquiet, and tries its best to explain away the "precautionary measures" which have caused so great alarm:

"A great deal of causeless disquiet has been created in our city by some movements which are purely precautionary, but which have been greatly misunderstood or misrepresented. We make this statement on authority and by request, in order to relieve the minds of our people of gratuitous anxieties. Nothing has been done or contemplated but what an ordinary prudence enjoins, or with any purpose that every citizen here would not approve and applaud. There is no foundation for the stories on which some build panics, and which others may embrace for the indulgence of prejudices."

The significance of these paragraphs is sufficiently obvious without comment. The evacuation of Richmond is certainly contemplated, as a measure of strategy, or as the probable necessary result of a battle. The events of the next ten days will tell.

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Those whose subscriptions expire with the volume should renew them at once, to avoid interruption in receiving the paper, as it is always next to impossible for us to supply back numbers.

Our friend the Peripatetic Philosopher, who sneers at us on account of our pretensions as "conservators of public morals," has pretensions equally extravagant, which he will not admit even to himself. He would feel offended if we were to intimate to him that he arrogates the character of the universal and infallible critic. Yet that is what he believes himself to be, unconsciously, perhaps, and it is in that capacity he impresses himself most on those who know him best. Now we don't object to him as a general critic, but we insist we shall be "conservators of public morals" after our own fashion. So we omit his "things personal," while we subscribe cordially to his comments on the great and growing Hog family.

"The Hog family is a large one in Shoddydom, the girls whereof you have gone crazy about—an absurd thing for a fellow of your years. Now I have no objection to Shoddy nor yet to Petroleum as elements in a social change. Anything to get rid of that venerable stupidity of New York, which grew up into stolid aristocracy by the sale of old cabbage gardens for building lots; but I want Shoddy and Petroleum to—well, I may as well say it plainly—keep its nose clean. Great numbers of their young male members look remarkably well since they have left off patronising Moses in Chatham street, and get their clothes, to measure, from respectable tailors in Broadway. But they should know that smoking cigars, albeit at a quarter a piece, on the crowded side of Broadway, is vulgar not to say indecent. It is a curious thing; I asked the names of a couple of young fellows whom my friend and I (my friend is president of a petroleum company) met fuming away like tar-kilns, the other afternoon, at high tide, in Broadway; I say it is a curious thing—he said their names were "Hog." We got into an omnibus soon after, and a rather dashing chap came in, slapped down the window, put his knee on the seat, and began to stare outside. A lady or a woman, it is all the same thing, entered, and the young gentleman never moved, although he occupied two seats, and forced her to wedge herself in on our side, where there was already a full compliment of passengers. 'Do you know that young man?' I whispered of my friend the petroleum president, whom I had noticed bowing to him. 'Oh, yes,' he replied 'he struck oil, got up a large company, and his name is Hog!' A day or two after, riding up in a Fourth Avenue car (it was a bad day and the car was jammed), when a pertly man with a red face, and carrying, it may have been a child's coffin (I wish it had been his own), or a clock case or something of that sort, crowded himself aboard, his cargo knocking off one man's hat into the mud, and hitting me a stunning blow in the face. He never apologised, but used his load as a sort of battering-ram or catapult to clear a passage for himself. A gentleman inside, who had received a blow, exchanged some harsh words with the intruder, which ended in an exchange of defiant looks and cards. I leaned over to discover the address on that of the man with the catapult, and hang me if it wasn't 'Hog!' When the storm was pretty well over, I timidly asked him if his son was not in petroleum, and was not disappointed in learning that he was, and that his appropriate sire had got a 'trading permit' in Tennessee. I saw him the other evening at the charity ball, where both he and his son kept stepping high and treading on ladies' skirts, instead of keeping their feet close to the floor and sparing the flounces. However, it is easy to distinguish the Hogs anywhere."

We presume our friend the philosopher means, by the name he uses in characterising certain inconsiderate and vulgar people, that they are porcine in taste and conduct, and not that they really bear the patronymic of Hogg. There have been very reputable people of that name, as for instance the author of "Hogg's Tales."

THE rebellion is running the usual course of unnecessary and unsuccessful insurrections. Already split up in factions, a large portion of the more deeply compromised leaders are clamoring for a dictator, with absolute powers, who shall break over all fictions of State sovereignty, and deal at will with all kinds of property, slaves included. Says the Richmond *Enquirer* of Feb. 25th: "These States and their cause stand in need to-day of a dictator," and it calls strenuously on some one "to seize on power with a strong hand and use it for the public safety." This temper at the Capitol is met by a hostile feeling equally determined at the South, where Governor Brown in his message to the Georgia Legislature declares:

"Our Government is now a military despotism, drifting into anarchy, and if the present policy is persisted in it must terminate in reconstruction, with or without subjugation."

Here we have a demand for the exercise of more despotic powers on one hand, and an indignant and ominous protest against those already exercised on the other. While here all factions and parties have settled down into one great Union phalanx, in the South defection, faction and anarchy hold high carnival. In these facts the world reads the issue of the struggle in which we are engaged.

WE had hoped that, with the expedition of Capt. Hall, we had had the last of Arctic Expeditions—the most unprofitable of enterprises, in which more life and money have been expended with less results than in any other field of research or adventure. But it seems that Capt. Sherrard Osborne of the British navy proposes a new expedition to the North Pole, to be fitted out with two steamers, and to occupy three summers and two winters. What commensurate return it is expected to be obtained for the proposed outlay and risk, we are not told, probably because it cannot be shown. So long as the question of a North-West passage was an open one, and there was a prospect of finding a comparatively short sailing route, available to commerce, between the North Atlantic and North Pacific, there was something plausible and rational in Arctic expeditions. That question definitely settled, however, and such scientific problems connected with the high latitudes of the continent arising incidentally disposed of, no good reason can be offered for prosecuting what are called "researches" any further. It is not of the slightest consequence if there be an open sea around the Pole or not, and the zeal, energy, endurance and money which are to be spent in determining, or attempting to determine, a good-for-nothing fact, might better be directed into fields capable of yielding practical and material as well as scientific results. Look at the region bordering on the upper waters of the great river Usumasinta in Central America, and which is absolutely unknown—a region of great material wealth undoubtedly, and certainly rich in its natural history, and occupied by a most interesting people, of whom we know next to nothing—the probable remnants of the people who built Palenque and the other Palmyras of Chiapas and Tabasco. Or look at the great terrestrial basin between the Andes and the Cordilleras of the Pacific in Peru and Bolivia. Here is a vast lake, that of Titicaca, discharging itself by a deep river into another, of which we know nothing except that it has no visible outlet. It remains to be explored and its position and form defined on our maps. What an interesting geographical problem is here to engage the attention of the curious, and give return for the money which would only be wasted among Arctic icebergs in pointless and profitless adventures.

WE hardly comprehend the vastness of our present contest. A few illustrations from history may give us a better appreciation of it. As to the number engaged, the little State of Massachusetts has furnished more men in our present struggle than fought on both sides in the great English rebellion. It has sent more men into the field than Julius Cæsar commanded to gain the empire of the world; more than all the troops of Hellas put together, in the long struggle that rent her in pieces, when her sun went down in blood. The State of New York has equipped more soldiers than all the troops of Cæsar and Pompey put together, though drawn from every province, from the Euphrates to the Pillars of Hercules. The whole army of Cromwell would only serve as skirmishers, or as a detail for a "raid" from the army of Grant or Sherman. His great military fame was gained by managing 25,000 men; and its marches and evolutions were within an area half as extensive as the State of Virginia.

The battle of Marston Moor was the most obstinately contested between "the most numerous armies that were engaged during the course of these wars;" and in that battle, as Hume laments, 50,000 troops were led to mutual slaughter. Such was the price paid; the end achieved was free government for the English race everywhere.

THE London *Times* has a letter from Bombay, containing a striking picture of the effects of the impulse lately given to cotton culture in that part of the world, the consequence of our civil war, which has set all the world busy in cotton production. It says: "A new trade of fifty millions of pounds a-year, yielding unheard-of profits, has been poured into the western capital of India, and society has been almost overturned. Clerks have become millionaires in a single year. The canny Scotch houses, who have for 200 years been the prominent traders of the island, have suddenly risen to the pecuniary rank of the Barings and the Pereires. The Parsees, those Jews of the far East, wealthy before, are growing great with a suddenness which has deranged even their cold intellects. The limited space upon which they live has increased to three times the value of the richest blocks in the city of London, and companies formed to steal more land out of the sea sell their shares at 1,400 per cent. upon the amount subscribed. The tide of silver rolling through Bombay has finally poured itself over the cotton land, and the peasantry, lately pauperised, find themselves suddenly rich beyond their dreams."

THE immense success of the popular loan is not without its effect on the rebel mind. We have all along taken the ground that patriotism as well as interest should impel both capitalists and laborers to subscribe to the full extent of their means. By the following from the Richmond *Examiner* it will be seen that the Confederates practically admit that the South will have to succumb if these subscriptions continue:

"The effort of the Yankees to sustain this explosive and inflated paper system has, so far, been marked by great ingenuity, resolution and success. Whether they will succeed in conquering the South depends in a great degree upon their continued success in upholding this paper system."

"VIRGINIA DARE," a statue, by Miss Louisa Lander, is attracting much attention in Boston. Virginia Dare was the first European born on this Continent; and when the earliest Virginian colony, planted by Sir Walter Raleigh, was swept away by the savages in 1587, this child was among the victims. The artist assumes the truth of the story that she was adopted by the aborigines, and that she grew to womanhood among them. The statue represents the young girl standing on the seashore, the water rippling about her feet, looking out over the ocean, her dim remembrance of the past striving with her fancy to picture her origin and her real relations to the beings about her.

THE great seal of the rebel States, the composition of which is by an English artist named Foley, contains, as a centre, a representation of the statue of Washington, executed by Crawford, and erected in Richmond. The figure is mounted and in uniform, as commanding in an engagement. It is surrounded by a wreath, composed of the most valuable vegetable products of the Southern soil, as tobacco, rice, maize, cotton, wheat and sugar-cane. The rim bears the legend, "The Confederate States of America, 22d February, 1862. *Deo Vindice.*" The seal is of silver, and its diameter is from three to four inches.

THERE appears to be as large an amount of carelessness on the part of the letter-writing community in this country as in Europe. The report of Postmaster Dennisen shows that 3,580,325 dead letters were received during the past year—over 9,000 a day. Many of these letters contained money, deeds, bills of exchange, draughts, cheques, jewellery, and other valuables. Some of them were misdirected, others not directed at all, others unstamped, and others only partially directed. Thousands of these dead letters were returned to the writers, but the great majority had to be destroyed.

THE New York Medical College for Women held its Commencement Exercises in this city on the evening of the 1st inst. Diplomas were conferred on fifteen ladies, one of whom, Miss Alishy, comes from Melbourne, Australia. Addresses were made by several distinguished men and leading reformers, among them, Dr. Beecher, who said:

"He did not believe that women could become better physicians than men, but they could become good physicians for the ordinary wants of society. All that was asked was that woman should have liberty to show what she could do. She was peculiarly qualified for the sick room. Let her study faithfully, practice patiently and skilfully, relying on hard work, long continued, and her efforts will be crowned with success."

A Savannah correspondent of a Boston paper speaks as follows of the remaining population of Savannah:

"I have visited the houses of the rich and sat down in the humble homes of the negroes, and the equally mean houses of the poor whites, and have endeavored to ascertain the feelings of all. The poor whites here, as everwhere in the South, are inert and lifeless. Nothing stirs their ambition. They hover under the sunny sides of the buildings, visiting the city supply stand, to receive the contributions sent from New York and Boston. The war has taken out the best blood of that class. The bone and muscle of this element in society is decaying beneath the soil of Virginia, and what is left is the dregs of society. It never has been a controlling power, but has always been controlled by the aristocratic class, now deprived of its ancient power, and thinking not how to regain it but how to get out of the way of the colored man."

Summary of the War.

Since the commencement of the present rebellion there has been no week so devoid of military events. From Washington we learn that Gen. Sherman's advance corps has reached Fayetteville, N. C., and that the gunboats sent by Gen. Schofield had arrived at that point, which is about equidistant from Wilmington and Newberne.

It was reported through rebel sources that Gen. Sherman had burnt Columbia, in retaliation for the inhabitants firing upon the Union troops.

Gen. Johnston had assumed the command of the rebel forces in North and South Carolina, Gen Beauregard being the second in command.

Gen. Canby had returned to New Orleans from a visit of inspection to Mobile bay and the adjacent points. Mobile was still in possession of the enemy.

The armies before Richmond and Petersburg remain quiet, the rains having put the roads into such a condition as to render military operations almost impossible.

SHENANDOAH.

Deserters and refugees from Lee's lines in front of Richmond state that on last Thursday, March 2d, Gen. Sheridan captured the rebel Gen. Early and nearly his whole force, consisting of 1,800

men, between Charlottesville and Staunton. Gen. Sheridan has taken possession of both Charlottesville and Staunton. When last heard from he was at the latter place, *en route*, as supposed, for the important rebel town of Lynchburg, to which additional forces had been sent from Richmond to oppose him. Gen. Sheridan commenced his movement on last Monday, and during his active operations in the field Gen. Hancock will be in command of the Middle Military Department, with headquarters at Winchester, Va.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The capture in North Carolina of the entire brigade of the rebel Gen. Haygood, with the exception of one battalion, is announced by the Raleigh (N. C.) *Journal*. Haygood's brigade belonged to Hoke's division, and constituted a portion of the rebel force defending Wilmington till the enemy was forced to abandon that place. Neither the time nor the precise locality of the capture is given; but it is said to have occurred on the west side of Cape Fear river.

NEW BOOKS, &c.

Leaves from the Notebook of a New York Detective. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

A collection of short narratives, full of adventure and excitement, purporting to be from the police records, and "edited" by Dr. John B. Williams. The sort of book that always sells.

Messrs. Beadle & Co., of this city, announce a series of short orginal novels or stories, to be exclusively American in Authorship, and solicit, by circular, the opinion of the press on their plan. All we have to say is, that it is a good one. We have been doing the thing which they propose for several years in this paper, in which hardly anything appears that is not original and American. We shall continue to solicit and pay for good American stories.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Fort Sumter was found by our forces to mount nine guns, four columbiads and five howitzers.

—— Emerson Etheridge has written a letter to the Washington papers, stating that Mr. O'Leary, the doorkeeper of the White House, was in the habit of receiving bribes to facilitate interviews with the President. An inquiry was made and he has been dismissed.

—— The New Jersey Legislative Assembly has refused, by a tie vote, to ratify the abolition amendment of the Federal Constitution.

—— Ten years ago, W. H. Seward was called a visionary for saying that Slavery must disappear from this continent, and that very probably he might live to see it.

—— It is proposed to establish an overland camel line between the Missouri frontier and the State of California, by way of Nebraska, Kansas and Colorado.

—— The effect of the war upon the population can be seen in the decrease of polls in Massachusetts during the past five years, as shown by the report of the Valuation Committee. According to this report the number of polls in Massachusetts in 1865 is 279,310. In 1860 the number was 297,222; decrease, 17,912.

—— An amendment to the Constitution of West Virginia has passed the Senate, and was certain to pass the House, disfranchising all the citizens of that State who had taken part in the rebellion.

—— The Historical Society of Savannah has been reorganized by the choice of the following officers: President, Rt. Rev. Stephen Elliott, D.D.; 1st Vice-President, John Stoddard; 2d Vice-President, Hon. Solomon Cohen; Corresponding Secretary, Hon. C. O. Jones, jun.; Recording Secretary, Easton Yonge; Treasurer, W. S. Bogart; Librarian, J. F. Cann.

—— The army hospitals in Philadelphia have 18,740 beds. Last year 50,000 patients were treated, and the number remaining, Dec. 31, was 12,417.

—— Gen. Hooker recently wrote to the ladies engaged in getting up the Chicago Sanitary Fair: "While Europe during the Crimean war produced but one Florence Nightingale, we of the young republic have such a goddess enshrined in almost every household."

—— John D. Fox, in whose house and in connection with whose family modern spirit-rapping had its origin, recently died in Wayne county, New York, aged 76 years. Though his daughters became famous as apostles of the new creed, the father never became a believer in spiritualism, but lived and died in the communion of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

—— The Tauntonian who vowed to remain unshorn until the old flag should be restored to Fort Sumter has now been relieved of his four years' beard.

—— The Nashville *Union* is informed that there are upwards of 100,000 bales of cotton, purchased by Government agents, now lying in the enemy's lines and waiting shipment by those who control it.

—— Col. Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, has been made a Brigadier-General. He is a grandson of President Harrison.

—— Sunday seems a lucky day for capturing forts in North Carolina. Fort Fisher fell on Sunday, Jan. 15th, carrying with it in its fall Fort Caswell and all the works at the mouth of Cape Fear river. Just six weeks from that day Fort Anderson yielded to the combined attack of the army and navy, and the river was opened to Wilmington.

—— A novel religious service was held on the 2d of March, in Trinity Chapel, 25th street, being the celebration, by a Russian priest, of the "Divine Liturgy of the Orthodox Oriental Church." The service was in commemoration of the anniversary of the coronation of Alexander II., the present Czar, and from the present aspect of diplomatic and religious affairs between Russia and the United States the occasion possessed important political and religious significance. This was the first public worship in the form of the Russo-Greek Church in this country.

Southern.—The New York *Herald* correspondent and the Richmond *Sentinel* both ascribe the catastrophe at Wilmington railroad station, Charleston, on the 18th Feb. to boys thoughtlessly throwing small portions of gunpowder upon the burning cotton to see it blaze in the air, this communicated to a large quantity of powder stored away, and the whole exploded with terrible effect.

—— The special correspondence of the Philadelphia *Press* says that some rebel officers recently took two colored Union soldiers they had captured into a wood, and then amused themselves by firing at them as they would a target.

—— The Richmond editors are very emphatic in their editorials respecting the presumed or probable abandonment of Richmond, and is especially severe upon Jeff Davis and Judah Benjamin for their recent speeches, in which they both took up the ground that even the abandonment of Richmond would not materially affect the fortunes of the Southern Confederacy. The *Examiner* says: "Let not this fatal error be harbored till it takes root in the imagination. The evacuation of Richmond would be the loss of all respect and authority towards the Confederate Government, the disintegration of the army, and the abandonment of the scheme of an independent Southern Confederation. The war would, after that, speedily degenerate into an irregular contest, in which passion would have more to do than purpose; which would have no other object than the mere defence or present safety of those immediately persisting in it. The hope of establishing a Confederacy and securing its recognition among nations would be gone for ever. The common sense of the country, the instinct of every man and woman in the land, contradicts the idea that any possibility of an independent South would remain after its capital was abandoned, its Government set adrift, and its army withdrawn into the solitudes of the interior." The *Enquirer* has a most bitter article, denouncing the Congressmen, who have been abandoning Richmond "one by one, till now few remain." It adds that Gen. Lee demands their return, and if they will not come back it advises that a law shall be passed rendering them liable to the same punishment as deserters, viz., death. The Richmond *Sentinel* advises that every non-combatant be ordered to leave Richmond, except the Members of Congress and other officials, not because there is danger of the city being captured, but to save provisions, and to leave more space for the heroic defenders.

—— As though by a curious retribution, the troops who first marched into Charleston were a colored regiment, and shortly afterwards a Massachusetts regiment entered singing the well-known song of "John Brown's Body is mouldering in the Grave."

Military.—Since the 15th day of last Dec. our captures of artillery from the rebellion, field and siege pieces, brass, iron and steel, smooth bores and rifles, American and English manufacture, of all sorts and sizes, from the little howitzer of a flying cavalry squadron to the ponderous, mahogany-mounted Armstrong guns of Forts Fisher and Caswell, have been about as follows:

	Guns Captured.
By Gen. Thomas from the rebel Gen. Hood in the late Nashville campaign	60
By Gen. Sherman at Savannah	160
By Gens. Terry and Schofield and Admiral Porter in Cape Fear river defences	175
By Gen. Gillmore at Charleston	450
Total	845

Nor is this all, for including the cannon lost by the enemy in the blowing up of their ironclads in the Savannah river, Charleston harbor and Cape Fear river, their aggregate losses are something over 900 cannon.

Personal.—The will of the late James W. Wallack has been admitted to probate in the Surrogate's Court in this city. It divides his estate between his two sons, John Lester Wallack, the actor, and Captain Henry Wallack, of the British army, the theatre being included in the portion of the former.

—— Stephen Massett, "Jeemes Pipes of Pipesville," is "trampesing" through Connecticut, giving his entertainments. He is reading with great *eclat*, "The Vagabonds," "Beautiful Snow," etc. If we were to judge by what the "rural press" says, he has met with a great success.

—— Miss Harriet Lane, the former lady of the White House, is now in Washington, on a visit to Madame Berghman, wife of the Minister from Belgium.

—— The two sons of Burns, the poet, are colonels in the British army. Their ages are 71 and 73.

—— The rebel Congressman Foote, before he sailed for Europe, said to an old New York political friend of his, that at a secret session of the rebel Congress it was acknowledged that the war for independence was a failure.

—— Female lecturers are on the increase. Miss Emma Hardinge has announced a lecture at the Cooper Institute, called "A Voice to the American People."

—— Gail Hamilton, whom the London *Times* treats as a gentleman, is a lady named Abigail Hamilton.

—— Major-Gens. Crook and Kelly, who were recently captured at Cumberland by a rebel force, have been committed to Libey prison, Richmond.

—— Gen. McClellan, during his stay in England, was invited to a grand dinner at Claremont, where he met the entire Orleans family, numbering 22 persons.

Obituary.—Cardinal Wiseman died in London on the 15th of Feb., after a long illness, borne with great fortitude. He was born in Spain, of English parents, but had resided in England the greater part of his life. He was a man of great learning and moderation.

—— Hon. Eli Cook died Feb. 27. He was born 1814. He was the leading criminal lawyer of New York, and had been in partnership with Judge Davis and the rebel Gen. Buckner. He was an active politician.

—— Canadian papers announce the death of the Hon. Geo. Moffatt, in Montreal, in his 78th year. He was born in the North of England, and went to Canada in his 13th year. He was a good man, an influential politician and an honorable merchant.

—— The Italian journals announce the death of the poet Felice Romani, author of the libretti of Norma and Sonnambula.

—— Gov. William Cannon, of Delaware, died 1st of March, after a short illness. The last act of his public career was a letter to the Delaware Legislature, urging the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment.

—— Col. Nicholas Smith, died at Utica, N. Y., on Feb. 26, at the age of 87. He was the oldest inhabitant, having been a resident of the place 16 years longer than any person known. His father and mother were scalped and murdered by the Indians. He moved with his uncle to Utica in 1788, and lived four months in a hut made of the branches of trees, while their house was being constructed—the house being the first frame building put up in Utica. He served in the war of 1812.

Foreign.—Mr. Henry Coleman, Blondin's treasurer, came up in the London Bankruptcy Court lately. He owes Blondin $60,000, which the latter had lent him. Blondin's real name is Jean François Gravelet.

—— The Great Eastern will be ready with the entire Atlantic cable on the 1st of June.

—— A magistrate in Shropshire, England, recently sent two laborers to prison for seven days, for refusing to go to church when ordered to do so by their employer.

—— Mormonism is spreading in Scotland. There are now in that faith 67 elders, 30 priests, 36 teachers and 15 deacons—86 persons were shipped to America during the present year.

—— Frezzolini is singing in Paris with considerable *éclat*.

—— England has as many paupers as electors.

—— Red hair in Paris brings $2 a knot.

—— Dundreary Sotbern has cleared over £80,000 sterling by his acting in Great Britain.

—— A man has lately been executed at Odessa who had committed 22 murders.

—— The War Minister of Turkey has requested our Government to let him have some specimens of our Dahlgren guns and Berdan rifles.

—— A boy of 12 years lately committed suicide in London, because he had lost all his marbles! They were his boy's fortune.

—— The Empress Eugenie wore, at the last grand ball at the Tuileries, diamonds worth nearly $4,000,000.

—— Spain is about recognising the new kingdom of Italy. The relations between the Papal Court and the Spanish Ministry are not at all cordial. Hitherto they have always been on the best of terms.

—— The Empress Eugenie has just lost a lawsuit which has been in progress for several years in the Supreme Court of Madrid. The Empress claimed the countess-ship of Miranda and the vast estates attached to that ancient title, her right to which has been successfully disputed by the Malpica family.

—— The Pope intends to create a new department in the museum of the Vatican, to be entirely devoted to bronze statues.

—— The *Journal du Havre* says: "The marriage of Mademoiselle Patti with a Russian gentleman has been announced. This alliance, which is to take place at an early day, will eventuate in the loss of that celebrated *cantatrice* to the stage."

—— The finder of the recently discovered statue of Hercules, at Rome, presented it to the Pope, who allotted him a pension of 2,500 crowns, and presented him with a gold snuff-box, in which was not snuff, but 1,000 gold crowns enveloped in a title deed, conferring the title of Marquis on himself and his descendants.

—— A new periodical is to be published at Rome, to be called the *Journal of the Immaculate Conception*; and as a premium to subscribers a month's indulgence is promised.

—— There is to be another Universal Exhibition at Paris in 1867. Prince Napoleon will be at the head of it. A new structure will be built, probably on the Champ-de-Mars; that now existing on the Champs Elysées, and used for the exhibition of 1855, being deemed too small.

—— The oil wells in Burmah, it is estimated, have been yielding their present supply of 800,000 barrels per annum at least 100 years, amounting during that period to about 80,000,000 barrels English measure; these, if arranged as previously stated, would form a continuous line of oil barrels 27,300 miles long. Oil wells also exist in Persia, and it is said have lately been discovered near the Sea of Azof, while on the island of Samos they existed 500 years before the Christian era.

Chit-Chat.—The *Press*, in noticing the argument of the New York *Independent* in favor of women voting, suggests that the *Independent* should begin with the churches, which do not allow their women to vote yet.

—— A Troy alderman got married the other day and had rather a thrilling time on his wedding tour. He was two days in getting to Buffalo on account of the snow, was in the American Hotel in that city when it burned down, and on his way to Chicago was thrown over an embankment 20 feet high by a railroad accident, badly bruising him and his new wife. The couple are now in Chicago, recovering from their injuries and getting courage to try the return trip. A country paper in quoting the above, adds: "How true it is that the way of the transgressor is hard!"

—— A Philadelphia paper says the ladies of that city have introduced a new custom likely to be popular. They are sending anonymously to their gentleman acquaintances small pies and tarts, enveloped in white tissue paper, like wedding cake. The meaning of this curious innovation is yet a mystery.

—— Miss Braddon's "Doctor's Wife" has been translated into German under the title of "Frau Docterin."

—— It is stated that the first stage coach ever run in America was on the route from Boston, Mass., to Portsmouth, N. H., in 1661. It was drawn by two horses, and accommodated only three passengers.

—— A question for the musical.—Why is the letter "m" one of the chief causes of an appreciation of melody? Because without it music would make you sick.

—— Petroleum Companies may advance their stock 10 per cent. on learning that the Pope has consented to allow the use of finely purified Petroleum oil for anointings in place of Olive oil.

—— Mrs. Trelawney, created Countess de Beauregard by Louis Napoleon, but better known as Miss Howard, one of the most faithful friends of Taciturn the Third, has lately separated from her husband, Mr. Trelawney.

—— Some very valuable old works have been discovered in the old convents of Mexico.

—— In consequence of the high price of female attire, it is now the fashion to give calico balls in Maine.

THE SECOND INAUGURATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

This important event took place on Saturday, the 4th of March, at the Capitol in Washington. In many respects it is the most emphatic ceremonial in the history of our republic, since it solemnly pledges the nation in the face of the world to restore the Union whatever the cost may be. Notwithstanding the showers of rain that fell the attendance was immense, and the procession of great magnitude and state. It formed on 16th street, near Pennsylvania avenue, shortly before eleven, and directly after commenced moving towards the Capitol. The military escort consisted of two regiments of the Invalid Corps, a squadron of cavalry, a battery of artillery, four companies of colored troops, and several bands of music. The line of march was decorated with flags, and the windows along the route were crowded with spectators, who manifested the utmost enthusiasm. The streets, however, were in a miserable condition, consequent on the rain of the morning, which slackened about eight o'clock, and entirely ceased about eleven. The procession was over a mile in length. The President was in the Capitol busily engaged in signing bills. A few minutes before twelve the official procession began to file into the Senate Chamber. First came the members of the Supreme Court; soon after Mr. Lincoln entered, accompanied by Vice-President Hamlin, the members of the Cabinet, the Diplomatic Corps, officers of the army and navy. After Vice-President Hamlin had bidden farewell to the Senate as its presiding officer, the oath of office as Vice-President was then administered to Mr. Johnson, and the Senators elect of the 39th Congress were then sworn in, after which the official procession was formed and proceeded to the platform in front of the portico of the eastern face of the Capitol, where the ceremony of the inauguration of the President-Elect was concluded. The appearance of Mr. Lincoln was the signal for a tremendous outburst of enthusiastic cheers. When this tumult subsided, the President stepped forward and delivered his inaugural address. At the conclusion of these proceedings the procession was reformed, and the President was escorted to the White House.

It is estimated that over 30,000 persons were present, notwithstanding the depth of mud in which they were obliged to stand.

SLEIGHING IN RUSSIA.

Talking about the Russians, a few words about their favorite manner of sleighing ought not to be uninteresting in this connection. They do not use horses, for the simple reason that their sleighing is confined to rapid descents and ascents of ice hills, upon which quadrupeds and bipeds could have no chance of figuring.

An authority on the subject furnishes the following description: Two strong wooden towers, about 50 feet high, are erected nearly opposite to but at a distance of several hundred feet from each other. A commodious flight of steps at the back of each leads to the summit, from which an inclined plane at the shortest possible angle, formed of immense blocks of ice, cemented together by water poured into the interstices, leads to the bottom or plane, which continues on a bed of similar blocks of ice, protected at the sides with little embankments of snow to the end of the ground. Parties thus descend one hill, and by the impetus acquired arrive rapidly at the end of the run, where they leave their sledges, which are carried by men employed for the purpose, to the top of the other tower, when they again launch off. To the uninitiated this is rather hazardous sport, and every beginner has to pay his footing at the expense of some severe falls; for the least deviation from the true line, particularly descending the slope, when the speed is terrific, sends the sledge and its occupant headlong and whirling after each other in utter helplessness. The management of the sledge is, however, so simple that a few turns are sufficient to master it. The sledge is a slight framework of steel, about one foot high and three feet long, having a cushion on the top for the seat.

The rider places himself at the extremity, with his legs advanced before him, and his hands, protected by strong gloves, touching the ice on either side, but rather behind him. These act as the rudder, for the slightest touch is sufficient to regulate the direction of the sledge, even at its utmost speed. An adept takes charge of a lady, who sits between his legs, and away they dash. But I have seen some ladies kneel, and even stand on the sledge behind the gentlemen, and perform the descent without the slightest risk, although the speed cannot be less than 30 miles an hour. To the ladies this is a most agreeable and healthy resort, and the exercise is almost necessary, for the intense cold would render the ordinary recreation of walking hardly endurable. To make 20 descents it is necessary to mount 2,000 steps, being 50 for each tower, which is of itself a good day's work. The exciting sensation occasioned by the speed, and the uncontrolled headlong impetus of the sledge, will not admit of a description. It is, however, of that pleasurable nature that the anxiety to enjoy it is ever on the increase.

Among other amusements of the season, the English residents have started an ice boat, in which they make excursions to Cronstadt and other spots in the Gulf of Finland. In fact, the ice is traversed in all directions to these places by sledges; but an extraordinary lookout is kept, and little huts for the Custom House officers are thickly planted about to prevent smuggling. From this description we leave our readers to infer whether the Russian or American plan is the most agreeable. For our own part we prefer the American, as being more natural and more safe, though, perhaps, less exciting.

VOLTAIRE'S HEART.

The evening *Moniteur* gives the following account of the translation of the heart of Voltaire to the Bibliotheque Imperiale, which event has provoked commentaries of the most diverse kinds:

"When Voltaire died his heart, after a *post-mortem* examination, was extracted from his body on May 31, 1778, by order of the Marquis de Villette, in whose house he stayed after his return to Paris, and wherein he died. The friend, the admirer of the great writer, desired to save his heart from the destruction which death occasions, and it was placed in a metallic vessel and steeped in a chemical preparation calculated to preserve it from decay. When, in the execution of the law of May 30, 1791, which enacted that 'the ashes of Voltaire should be transferred to the church of St. Genevieve, where they should receive the funeral honors due to great men,' the funeral procession of Voltaire passed through the streets of Paris on July 11 of the same year, a halt was made before the mansion of the Marquis de Villette, situated at the corner of the Rue de Beaune and the Quai Voltaire, and the *Moniteur* of July 13 records the fact that the reason for the pause was that Voltaire's heart was there. Shortly afterwards the heart was removed to the Chateau de Villette, in the arrondissement of Pont Saint Maxence (Oise), where it ever since remained, and was kept with veneration.

"But the Marquis de Villette, his widow, and his son are dead; and their heirs having considered it a duty to give up this relic to the state, M. Leon Duval, a member of the order of Advocates of the Imperial Court of Paris, having taken the Emperor's pleasure, his Majesty desired that a national asylum should be given in the Bibliotheque Imperiale to the heart of Voltaire, to the end that it may henceforth belong to France, pursuant to the intent of the law of May 30, 1791. In obedience to his Majesty's orders, on Friday last, the 16th of this month, M. Duruy, the Minister of Public Instruction, proceeded to the Bibliotheque Imperiale, and there, in the presence of the Administrator-General of the establishment, accompanied by members of the Consultative Committee, he received from the hands of M. Leon Duval the heart of Voltaire, inclosed in a recipient of gilt metal, on which is engraved these words:

'Le cœur de Voltaire, mort à Paris le XXX Mai, MDCCLXXVIII.'

"The Minister declared that he took possession of this precious deposit, and ordered that it should be provisionally kept, with all the respect due to the mortal remains of this great man, in the best part of the Bibliotheque Imperiale—that is to say, the department of medals—until the time when the new works shall be sufficiently advanced to permit of its definitive installation between the departments of manuscripts and prints, on the first floor of the Rotunda, between the junction of the Rues de Richelieu and Neuve des Petits Champs, where a room is destined to receive not only the heart of Voltaire, but also the original statue by Houdon, the medals struck in his honor, and the manuscript correspondence and printed works of the immortal writer. *Proces verbal* (*i.e.* a written record) was at once drawn up of this delivery and reception."

Joseph Bonaparte and the Crown of Mexico.—It may not be forgotten that a member of the Bonaparte family was offered 40 years ago the crown of Mexico. The story is told by the Emperor himself in his sketch of Joseph, eldest brother of the first Napoleon: "While Joseph was living, as a philosopher, on the banks of the Delaware, thinking of nothing but of doing good to those around him, he received a proposal which surprised and touched him. A deputation of Mexicans came to him to place at his disposal the crown of Mexico. The ex-King of Naples and Spain answered the deputation nearly in these terms: 'I have borne two crowns, and I would not take a single step for a third. Nothing can be more flattering to me than to see men who, when I was in Madrid, refused to recognise my authority, come now in my exile to ask of me to put myself at their head. But I do not believe that the throne you wish to raise up can make you happy; and every day I spend on the hospitable soil of the United States proves to me more and more the excellence of Republican institutions for America. Preserve them, then, as the precious gifts of Providence. Put an end to your intestine quarrels; imitate the United States, and look out among your fellow-citizens for one more capable than I am to play the great part of Washington.'"

Egyptian Cotton.—Advices from Egypt state that notwithstanding the reaction in the cotton market the prospects of the country continue steadily to improve, owing to the judicious exertions of the Viceroy for the development of its resources by all modern aid. Since Nubar Pasha has been appointed Minister of Public Works and Commerce, he has also had the railway under his control, and goods are now forwarded with rapidity—so much so, indeed, that the merchants complain that too much cotton is accumulating at Alexandria, where the large holders are waiting for better prices to realise. This latter circumstance accounts for the rate of exchange remaining higher than is usual at the present period of the year, the quotation now being 95 to 95½, so that not much gold is imported—a state of affairs expected to continue for some weeks, as the demand for bills will be considerable on account of large imports of all kinds having to be paid for as well as various debts from Egypt to Europe having to be liquidated.

A Wisconsin paper says that the oldest man in the world is now living in Caledonia, in that State. His name is Joseph Crele, and his age is 139 years. He has lived in Wisconsin more than a century, and was first married in New Orleans 109 years ago. Some years afterwards he settled at Prairie du Chien, while Wisconsin was yet a province of France. Before the Revolutionary War, he was employed to carry letters between Prairie du Chien and Green Bay. It is but a few years ago that he was called as a witness in the Circuit Court, in a case involving the title to certain real estate at Prairie du Chien, to give testimony in relation to events that transpired 80 years before.

SCENES IN SAVANNAH, GA.

Broad Street, etc.

We give in our present number some sketches of the streets of this beautiful city — for few Southern towns are equal the great seaport of Georgia, either at natural beauty of location or richness of arrangement. The streets are very wide, but they are nicely and well paved. At every corner is a public square, which might be called squares, were they not generally of an oval shape—those being planded with the pride of India free have a very pleasant look. The number of those squares is 24. Broad street has a grassy promenade in the middle, with carriage ways on either side. Many of the houses are very handsome, and built of brick. Liberty street is also a very handsome street. We present views of both Liberty and Broad streets.



SOUTH BROAD STREET, SAVANNAH, GA., LOOKING WEST FROM THE OLD CEMETERY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

Contrabands on the March.

It was a most suggestive sight, the train of contrabands, who gathered as our army marched along, "like a black snowball," as the genial Mr. Osborne of the N. Y. *Herald* termed the conglomerated mass of humanity who had been suddenly converted from slaves to freemen by the mere echo of Sherman's trend. The shameless men who advocate so inhuman a system as slavery should have seen the wretched and pitiful exhibition of sable brotherhood as they dragged their wearied wives and little ones along with them. The oft expressed fallacy that they preferred slavery to freedom would have been "quashed to earth," as Bryant says ever was, never to rise again. Helper, his transcendental book, which, like the trumpet of Scripture, blew the walls of Jericho down, has truly said:

"It is not alone on account of the negroes that I hold the cause of slavery, but also by reason of the degradation it has entailed upon the white race. As a white man myself, and as a former slaveowner, I denounce the system as entailing the most horrible curse upon the superior race."

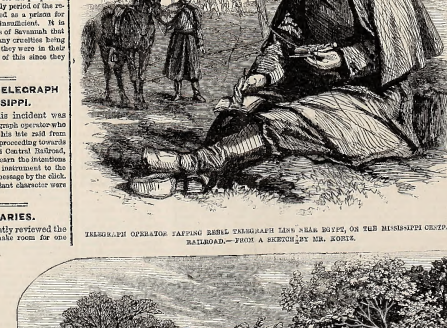
The American people have made up their minds upon the subject, and nothing can now restore the foul stain of slavery on this continent.

The Hospital.

The hospital is a commodious building, and is now occupied by our sick and wounded soldiers. It is built in the usual low Southern style of architecture, but it is pleasantly situated, and well adapted for the purpose to which it is devoted. During the early period of the rebellion part of the building was used as a prison for Union troops, when the jail was insufficient. It is something in favor of the inhabitants of Savannah that we have an authentic account of any cruelties being practiced upon the prisoners while they were in their charge. They have felt the benefit of this since they have been restored to the old flag.

TAPPING A REBEL TELEGRAPH LINE IN MISSISSIPPI.

The sketch from which this incident was taken is sent us by Mr. Davis, a telegraph operator who acted as clerk to Gen. Grierson in his late raid from Memphis into Mississippi. While proceeding towards Kenyon on the line of the Mississippi Central Railroad, the practised operator could easily learn the intentions of the rebels, by attaching a pocket instrument to the telegraph wire, and reading of the message by the click. Some dispatches of a highly important character were thus nearly intercepted.



TELEGRAPH OPERATOR TAPPING REBEL TELEGRAPH LINE NEAR KOSYT, ON THE MISSISSIPPI CENTRAL RAILROAD.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. KOSIT.

MADMEN'S VAGARIES.

The London *Times* has recently reviewed the report of a Lunatic Asylum—we make room for one extract:

It requires great care and constant watchfulness to keep these men from instruments with which to injure the keepers or each other. Their stringgrowled is carefully tended of large silence, yet the man G., a short time back, persuaded his comrades to collect small pebbles, with which he filled the locks of the doors, so that the warders could not open them, while he and others used their firms as battering-rams to batt away the bars of the windows, and so succeeded in escaping into the court below.

Over the walls of this, however, they could not pass, and there, with characteristic audacity, they submitted at once to the captivity which one or two warders reimposed upon them. Into the refractory wards of this "strong block" never less than three wardens told to struggle with the inmate. As an instance of the violence which has to be exercised over these, the more dangerous of the dangerous class of criminal lunatics, we may mention one story of the man F., who, though generally sensible enough, is on the whole a very dangerous man, and one subject to frequent and uncertain fits of bestial cold madness. One day when Dr. Meyer was going his rounds, a patient told him, as they all will tell like children upon one another, that F. had got a knife. He had not seen it, but he was sure from his mutterings and other signs that F. had got it, and was likely to use it. This was alarming news of such a lunatic as F., to Dr. Meyer, with the warders, went at once to his cell.

"Mr. F.," said Dr. Meyer, "I am told you have got a knife."

F., of course, was utterly surprised at this intimation. Where could he get a knife? It was against the rules to have a knife, and he of course would never break them—not he. This was part of the persecution he had been subjected to throughout life. There his cell was often locked up with madmen, etc.

"Very well," said Dr. Meyer, "that at least you must let me search your cell, and see."

Away went F. with the doctor and warders to a refractory cell, where F. was stripped of all his clothes, a new suit given him, and the old ones searched. No knife was found. A fresh inquiry was made, and the information as to a knife in F.'s possession became clearer and more explicit still. So Dr. Meyer returned to F.'s cell, and told him that after his examination of his clothes, he felt quite sure that he had not a knife.

"But still, Dr. F.," he added, "as every one reports to me that you have got a knife, and that it quite agrees in the rules of the establishment, here in this refractory cell you will have to stay, without tobacco, until you find a knife. Think about it, therefore, if you know of any place where a knife may be found, and then let me know, and I will release you instantly."

Of course, F. protested. It was very hard to be made answerable for falsehoods or brutality. But as long as it possible that, shut up there, he could find a knife? If Dr. Meyer would only tell him where they were kept, he would go a dozen cheerfully, but otherwise how could he? And so on, day by day, as Dr. Meyer came to see him.

A week thus passed away, and then F., becoming tired of his confinement, began to relax a little, and at last told Dr. Meyer that if he would come alone to his cell, he would show him something—not a knife, of cell, but what he knew he had not got, but still there course—that they knew he had not got, but still there was something to be seen. To this most unwitting proposition Dr. Meyer of course declined to assent. "Unless Dr. F. had a knife in his cell must be shown to Dr. Meyer accompanied by his warders, from the to the apartment again full through, till nearly a fortnight elapsed, when at last F. evidently gave in, and went with the warders to Dr. Meyer's cell. Arrived here, he marched Dr. Meyer to the corner, took out some fifty one of the fixtures in the boards, which fitted fully one of the fixtures in the boards, which fitted fully into its hole like a cork, and which when removed gave a little spot of access to the space between the floor and ceiling beneath. F. then produced from an obscure corner of his cell a piece of thin cotton, to which was attached a pin bent like a hook, and dropping this into a bottle, got a long piece of very tenacious catch-worm-like thing, which Dr. Meyer and the warders stood gazing at in wondering. At last it appeared, and he successful, and he hooked up a thread of wonderful strength for his size, and then set suddenly down upon the floor. That was all he had to show. Dr. Meyer, however, examining the thread found out the thread through the hole, and lo! Attached to it was a knife, pointed and sharpened to the keenness of a razor!

THE MOTIVES AND GROWTH OF WAR.—The law of war between nations—a law illustrated in every page of history—appears to be this: that wars are few or frequent in proportion to the destructive powers of the arms in use. When the club was the only weapon of attack and defence, there was no peace; every brave and his only and club-law war versus. When the bow owned and bladder took its place, war came and went with the season. As soon as the harvest was over the Romans went out against his neighbor or his neighbor advanced against him. Gunpowder was a great peacemaker. If with that invention war became more destructive, it ceased to be the normal condition of mankind. It grew more and more terrible, more and more brief. Nations fell how great the loss might be of a battalion, and statesmen began to ask themselves if the possible gain would equal the inevitable loss. Industry, passion, ignorance, personal cupidity, often overleaped the bounds of reason, and intrigue, all these made forever but the violence never failed to obtain the expression of public opinion—the brutal instrument of the ruler, however powerful, can dispense with the moral support of public opinion; and hence, however warlike, the most passionate lover of war will hesitate long and resort to a thousand tricks, ay Bonaparte always did, rather than appear as the open enemy or, the wilful shedder of blood.

Galignani's Messenger says that an apothecary at Nantes has just discovered, by the merest accident, that ammonia will put out fires. It happened to have about 10 litres of ammonia in the cellar, and his boy, in going down carelessly with a light, had set fire to it. Assistance was speedily at hand, and pail after pail of water was being poured into the cellar without producing any effect, when the apothecary himself took up a pail which was standing neglected in a corner, emptied the contents into the cellar, to the astonishment the flames were quenched as if by magic, and upon examination he found that the pail, which belonged to his laboratory, had contained a quantity of liquid ammonia. The result is easy to explain on scientific principles, for ammonia, which consists of 81 parts of nitrogen and 18 of hydrogen, is easily decomposed by heat, and the nitrogen thus set free in the midst of a conflagration must infallibly put out the flames.



LIBERTY STREET, SAVANNAH, LOOKING WEST FROM THE U. S. BARRACKS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



CONTRABANDS ACCOMPANYING THE LINE OF SHERMAN'S MARCH THROUGH GEORGIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE LAST SCENE.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

Hear she lieth, white and chill;
Put your hand upon her brow;
Still her heart is—very still,
And she does not know you now.



Ah! the grave's a quiet bed,
She shall sleep a pleasant sleep;
And the tears that you may shed
Will not wake her—therefore, weep!

Weep! for you have wrought her woe;
Mourn—she mourned and died for you;
Ah! too late we come to know
What is false, and what is true.

NOBLESSE OBLICE.

CHAPTER I.

"What is it, Olivia?"

"What is what?" Olivia returned, in a petulant, evasive manner.

John Garth, who was a connection in the family, enough of a cousin to give him a certain cousinly privilege, bent forward and drew his finger down the great wrinkle that Olivia Ruthermayne had frowned into her fair forehead.

Olivia laughed a little at this indication, and, hesitating a moment, said, with a peculiar curving of the neck which belonged to all the Ruthermaynes:

"I've been so annoyed at the Fair rooms this morning."

"Eh, who annoyed you?" asked John.

She once again curved that white stately throat of hers, as she replied:

"Mrs. Lowndes would nominate that Miss Morrison, and actually managed it so that she will act specially with me on the committee—you know I was chosen last week as one of the committee—and what is more provoking than all, she stands with me at my table," emphasizing the "my" with a true Ruthermayne appropriation.

"Who is that Miss Morrison?"

"Oh, don't you know? The daughter of a brewer, or baker, or candlestick-maker, something of that sort, who made a little fortune and bought Cliff Cottage of the Ludlows. Such a sacrilege—that lovely place falling out of those splendid Ludlows' hands into such people's possession as those Morrisons."

John Garth laughed. Then, in a good-humored, hankering tone:

"Olivia, do you know what calling our ancestor, Erastus Ruthermayne, followed? How John Garth's eyes twinkled here. 'No? you don't know? It was an honest calling, Olivia. You remember the barber-surgeon who blotted the Newcome escutcheon; yes, and I dare say you laughed merrily over it. Well, Olivia, we certainly might paint a razor on our coat of arms if we choose—a razor without the scalpel, Olivia. So we are in a worse plight than the Newcomes. Fancy the gay tricolored pole woven in with the rest."

Olivia rose up stateller than ever, scarlet with passion, though her words came cold enough.

"Why do you wish to say such things, John? I think it worse than unkind such jesting."

"Olivia, I was not jesting."

"You don't mean that——"

"Yes; I do mean that our ancestor was a barber, Olivia. Thank heaven that he was a kind and honest gentleman, who followed an honest calling without shame, and did some good deeds in his day, for the family chronicle says: 'He was a God-fearing man, who gave unto the needy.'"

Olivia Ruthermayne burst into tears. She was not touched by the reminiscences of the departed Erastus's piety, but instead her haughty heart, which was brimful, like many another's, of pride and vanity, received a mortal thrust from this barber's long since rusty rapier.

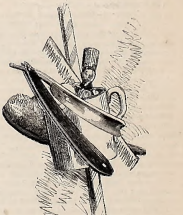
John Garth, who had raised all this commotion by his unhappy ill-diligence, looked remorseful now.

"I am a clumsy fellow," he thought. "I suppose she has a romantic sentiment about the question of ancestry; and I must needs suppose that she had the pitiful vanity of a snob."

And so, melted by these tears, he said, gruffly:

"I dare say I have made a mistake in telling you, Olivia, in the way I did. I recognise as much as you that the poetic sentiment of fine ancestry is lawful and good; but what I fight against is the vanity that makes it a boast and a bulwark, because it is utterly futile to make it thy one or the other, subject as we are to a Power who can make the descendants of a race what he pleases for His divine purposes. And if I spoke with malice intent,' Olivia, thinking you were viewing it unjustly and narrowly, I am sure I beg your pardon."

Olivia pinched up through her tears in amazement at John Garth—gay John Garth—whom she had never heard talk in such serious strain before. She was mollified at being put, even by supposition, upon such heroic ground, and so the quarrel ended for the time, and Olivia listened in a softer



THE BLOT ON THE RUTHERMAYNE ESCUTCHEON.



JOHN GARTH AND OLIVIA RUTHERMAYNE.

mood to this gay John Garth's continued gravity of talk, and liked him better than she knew. And John, in this softer mood, found her more charming than ever, and reproached himself for his injustice to her. And all the while, out of sight, that one vulnerable spot of vanity was smarting as keenly as ever. If he had said to her:

"Olivia, the Ruthermaynes were a great race. They were harsh to their dependents, they were imperious to their equals, and faithless to women, through years of uninterrupted prosperity, for the Ruthermaynes have been from time immemorial, Olivia, the lords of the land;" if he had said this to her, Olivia would have felt no shame. Rather, she would have gloried in the long line of Ruthermaynes, who had been lords of the land from time immemorial; and if she had thought of their cruelty, their faithlessness, it would have seemed only so much more the sign of their feudal origin, for she remembered

"How feudal barons, over sea and land,
Swore from their spoils, ruled with a mighty hand."

And as she thought, very likely, that handsome head of hers would have lifted itself a little higher than usual, and her step would have been statelier than ever with the burden of this dark old name upon her; whereas now, through her love for Governors and other grand personages, who had borne the patronymic of Ruthermayne, there was that vulgar tricolored emblem to thrust glaringly between the ancient shirt-ruffles, the powdered wigs, and the silver knee-buckles of the gentry. Alas! for the fair Olivia, the savor of the

plone Ersehn's life was as gall and wormwood to her.

CHAPTER II.

JOHN GARTH pushed patiently on through the crowd, with a view to hut one thing for the moment,—to find his way to the stall where his cousin Olivia had a place. He was standing wedged in between almost of people, when about a dozen of some one said:

"There is Olivia Ruthermayne."

"Where?"

"Under the crossed flags, and she looks like a born princess."

John Garth, too, followed this direction, and saw Olivia speaking to a group before her, with the gracious air that set so well upon her, and made her look indeed like a born princess, for Olivia by nature had that high imperious stamp about her from the Ruthermayne curve of the neck to the slender poise of her whole figure.

As he looked the speaker at his ear said again, in answer to some question:

"No, I have only a slight acquaintance with her; but she seems to me a royal creature. She comes of fine old stock, I am told; and she certainly does not belie it. I never meet her on the street but I want to say, as I raise my hat to her youth and loveliness: *"Noblesse oblige!"*"

Garth turned quickly to see this speaker, who spoke so kindly of Olivia. He recognized him as a quiet, middle-aged man, whose face he had seen now and then at a party, but more frequently connecting with some of letters and articles, which seemed most at home. He knew him to be one whose opinions were valued; and he felt a thrill of satisfaction at his praise of Olivia. Yes, of course she was all this. What injustice he had done her last night! He had not waited to hear the whole. If he had, no doubt he would have found that "that Miss Morrison" was in herself an undesirable companion; some showy, loudtalking girl, whose manners were a travesty of her social breeding, and who was only made more obnoxious by the importance of money. And what haste he had been to prove Olivia a snob. He could have asked her pardon now; and indeed if it was not on his lips, it was in the warm glance of his eyes as he bowed over her table and greeted her. There were many lovely girls in that vicinity, but certainly Olivia was the queen of them all. There were the three Lidlow girls, one or two whom he didn't know, but there was no Miss Morrison; and he felt quite relieved at this absence. Olivia's table, on one straight his glance as he stood thinking of her thus, and looking at her; and something in it made her "color come;" and she smiled a quick, involuntary smile of pleasure. Who was there like John Garth? If he loved her—at the half thought she drew in her breath, and sent it out in a soft sigh of delight.

Some one else caught these glances—this smile and blush—and straightway

"It will be a match between John Garth and Olivia Ruthermayne."

"Eh! who told you so?"

"I read it just now in their faces."

A laugh, and the talkers passed on; unaware that John Garth overheard. John Garth and gentlemen—only he just then, unemployed in her stall, was binding up a trellis of lavish garland the flagstaff at the end of the table. He saw she was regarding Olivia Ruthermayne with intense interest through the leaves of floral. And presently her eyes came to him. She flushed as she found herself observed, and the momentary confusion made her lose hold upon the vine; it came tumbling about her head; and John Garth immediately adored the vivacious aid he needed. Leaves and garlands clung in her hair, and in the disentanglement there would have been embarrassment if John had not taken it gaily, and the lady so simply. She busied herself wondered at the unruffled serenity that evinced itself in her manner. She was seemingly no more stirred than a child, and she was relieved at first from its burden was cool and undashed, and the "thank you" came quietly and naturally, as if to a page, pale, lightly looking face, and as he caught a second look at it, he decided that she was a Lodlow. She had the Lodlow expression, and just their trained self-possession.

"After all," he thought, "there is something in blood. A child may feed grit would have fidgeted and flushed, or giggled and fluttered, and made eyes at such a *coudrelenpa*."

Behind the table, as they stood, no one was much the wiser for this *coudrelenpa* curiosity Olivia knew nothing of it, for when he turned the corner again she said quietly, "I don't know have you been? I missed you," in her sweetest tone.

There was a charm about Olivia and her table that night; and he discovered now, standing her with curious questions at his heart. And once or twice, so before, he caught other eyes watching him; those calm, grey eyes of the unknown Lodlow. The expression haunted him, and riding home with Olivia, he asked about her.

"That pale girl with the lovely hair, dark eyes, and the highbred air, wasn't she a Lodlow?"

"Yes," answered Olivia, "own cousin to Ellinor Lidlow, but I didn't think her like them. She is pale, like Ellinor, and has large eyes, but I fancied her manner was fussy."

John thought of the cool face, the quiet air, under the falling laurel.

"And Miss Morrison?" he inquired.

"Oh, of course we can't associate with her. She's a very nice sort of a girl in her way, I don't doubt; and after this is over I shall have no more to do with her, for we shall never come together in society."

A little of the princess royal air, but still it was not unkindly said, and Olivia had a better knowledge of the question than he had.

He bade her good-night, and as she entered the door, her head turned over her shoulder, her eyes, her lips smiling, he thought how much he admired her beyond any other woman.

For the two or three days following he did not see her; away on business, the fair ended without him, and the day he returned Olivia told him readily of its specific, and would he go down to the hall with her and help her out with those horrid last settlements?

He went down to the hall, now bare of its lovely furnishings, and altogether desolate but for the fair occupants who formed the committee; and he helped Olivia with the "horrid accounts," and admired her patience, her gracious urbanity, to some who must have been irksome to her; and wondered which of those long-talking, long-dressing girls was Miss Morrison; and contrasting them to Olivia, said to himself, "*Noblesse oblige!*" and asked her pardon silently for his previous judgment. He was talking to Ellinor Lidlow, and looking at Olivia, when again he met the eyes of the Lidlow cousin regarding him speculatively.

"I know your cousin at once the other night," he said, "from her resemblance to your family."

"Clarice? is it possible? We thought Clarice rather a black sheep among us," replied Ellinor, laughing. "She has such a dark brunette skin, you know, and we are all pale blondes."

"Dark—do you call her dark?" said Garth, in surprise.

She followed the direction of his eyes, and was enlightened.

"Oh, no, I don't call that lady dark, Mr. Garth. She isn't my cousin;" and Ellinor laughed in amusement.

"Not your cousin? Who, then?"

"Miss Morrison."

John Garth got a shock of electricity. He felt it to his finger's ends. "So much for my riper conclusions," he said to himself. "Blood will show it's self, and the Lidlow cool insolence where he pleases, and confounds our straight lines."

He saw Olivia talking with Miss Morrison, noted the gracious politeness of his cousin, and was pleased.

"Clarice can tell a lady," he thought. "She has found this one out at last."

He drew nearer to them, and what do you think he heard? Why, Miss Morrison in the commonest, pending between them in their capacity as committee were first settled, and Miss Morrison had been so good as to offer assistance to the members of the Fair, how pleasant it had been, etc., when Olivia, putting out her hand, put on her Statefest manner, and in a decisive tone took formal leave of her official companion; bade her adieu as if their places were so far apart, or as if she designed to put them by this action so far apart that further juxtaposition was out of the question. John Garth's manly cheek blushed with shame; and a sense of humiliation and indignant anger rose up within him.

"So," he almost exclaimed aloud, "Olivia Ruthermayne's fine courtesy is insulting condescension sometimes."

He looked at Miss Morrison at this. The pale, delicate face had lost nothing of its refinement; there was no flush of anger, a half scornful smile upon her lips, which evinced her understanding; but of too retined and sensitive a nature to give way to any other sign of hurt.

"Olivia's poor ay day," thought Garth, glancing at the agate in his cousin, whose color had fallen somewhat at the open, deliberate slight which met her. John's temper was fully roused; he felt as Olivia had done, that blood, one of his blood should make amends. With this feeling he caught Ellinor Lidlow as she passed by him.

"Ellinor, give me an introduction to Miss Morrison."

Ellinor looked half-wonderingly at Olivia standing so near John, and comprehend, and he did not explain, and in a moment Ellinor was saying:

"Mr. Garth wants to know you, Miss Morrison. Miss Morrison, Mr. Garth."

And John Garth began to talk cordially and genially, referring to their previous meeting, air and words denoting respectful deference as a gentleman can. And Olivia, looking on, began to comprehending, was stung with a sense of defeat and impotent passion. And Caroline Morrison, comprehending too, lifted such an appealing glance to John Garth's face as more than repaid him for his share in the affair. Then the fire had gone out of her eyes, and left a shadow as of tears, and the scorn of her mouth settled to sweetness and womanly dignity. And she said mouth seemed to say, "I have found a gentleman."

It was not an agreeable going home for Olivia after this event. As for John Garth into the street she tried a cool ignoring of the whole, with her simplest manner, and talking sweetly of an indifferent topic. But John Garth had shame, hated any covering of the truth, and broke down her defences with a sharpness that startled her. But John was sorry for her, wanted so to let her love her—not angelic—but truly noble and generous.

Which side of your inheritance helped you tonight, Olivia? Was it the Ruthermayne noblesse that enabled you to fling a stone at Miss Morrison?"

Olivia was sotenally scared at his savage tone, but she braved him with a sneer which maddened John Garth to blows.

"I was a blow fit for a base hand, not for yours, Olivia; and it has left a worse stain than Erasmus Ruthermayne's murder."

"How absurdly angry you are, John; you don't understand the matter at all. I did a perfectly right thing to-night. Miss Morrison and myself are in two entirely different circles. I was brought into contact with her here in a business connection; in this we were obliged to have a good deal to do with each other, and I knew that unless I took leave of her at the end in a simple business way, that I might be misunderstood and annoyed in future by being claimed as an acquaintance—such people are very apt to do so."

"Such people! Want do you mean, Olivia? Do you mean that you have proved Miss Morrison to be coarse and vulgar, and an unfit associate by that proof for any lady? No," not waiting for her to answer, but going on vehemently, "you have found her refined and delicate, and wellbred. Don't talk to me of sets and circles, Olivia; it is the most besotted, shallow rich under the sun, for that does it signify but that you are under the tyrannous rule of a certain number of persons, who your friendship can dare not move. What a narrow and cowardly condition, to say the least! Olivia, there are no limits or laws to good society, but those of true breeding and refinement; if we hate the one, or outrage the other, we lose our claim."

Olivia here flamed into scarlet beneath the emphasis of his tone. She did not speak, and he went on:

"There is one whose genius you admire much, and whose character is worthy of such a genius you would scarcely question, who has said: 'Fine society is not exclusive, does not avoid, but all that does not belong to it drops away from it like water from a smooth statue.'"

There was a long pause following this, which neither broke. For Olivia, she had nothing to answer, and for John Garth, his wrath was spent, and only the sense of disappointment and humiliation left. What had he left but to let go and passed down the street, looking into his melancholy face, she knew what she had lost.

CHAPTER III.

TIZZIE was a crowd of gay company at the Cape. Olivia Ruthermayne and her "set" pronounced it a "mixed company," and held themselves aloof as was their custom. Erasmus Ruthermayne, the brother, an idle, dissolute young fellow, who might have been a useful, brilliant man, if he had had any energy, voted the Ruthermayne "set" stupid and a bore.

"I know an artist and his sister here who is worth the whole of it," he declared once to me to Olivia, heating his hand upon the soft arm, in irregular time to the band in the hall. "His name is Ravenswood, and his sister made a form a brewhouse or something, and lets his boy follow his bent—he's just back from Italy—a trump of a fellow—and I'm going to paint; wish I could wish I knew how to do anything," and the hand kept on beating the d mask in that irregular movement. Olivia was in common industry to Clarence Ruthermayne's state in the evening. It was such a usual thing, that Olivia had forgotten to remark it. It was perhaps unconscious of it now He went on:

"The sister's a trump, too. There she goes, Livy—look at her in her purple dress and white flowers. Splendid girl!"

John Garth, who was one of the group here, met Olivia's eyes, and they both colored.

"It's curious," he thought, "how things keep coming up. Life is just like a play." He thought this over, and then he thought it over again.

Olivia, sitting there, saw John Garth go something down the room, and stop to talk with Caroline Morrison. She had not been speaking between them since that night last winter, but she knew that his acquaintance had not stopped at that night.

"John knows her, hey?" broke out Clarence, as he observed John's movement. "Hang it, I'd a mind myself."

He did not finish his sentence, but pulled his moustache, and looked sullenly out of hagard at the two. Olivia was not in the best humor.

"You'd a great mind to go and speak to her. Why don't you go now?" she said scornfully.

He laughed a grating laugh.

"I'm not in the best trim now, Livy. It is only the Ruthermayne set who appreciate me in the evening."

Olivia woke up to the truth, at the sneer.

"You speak as if I understood, Clarence," she exclaimed, angrily. He laughed again, then got up and went out, with a heavy lounging step. Olivia watched him presently, talking to Caroline Morrison, shuddered, as he noted him.

"But for that vice he might be a man, for he has great qualities," he said to his companion.

"What kind of vice?" the latter inquired.

John shuddered again, but he did not answer her.

What led him? It was part of his inheritance —part of the Ruthermayne blood, of which Olivia was so proud. John Garth could not help thinking of it as he looked at that Clarence Ruthermayne caught the Morrisons with evident pleasure; but it was always of mornings, when his head was clear, his hand steady and his eye true. On one of these mornings he said to John as they sat smoking

"How could you ever imagine me a reformed man?"

It was a strange question, and before John could answer it, he went on:

"I've a mind to try, John; with the infernal habit that I have. It would be hard work—I know something about it—but at this moment Caroline Morrison in her pure white morning-robe passed them; he lifted his hat to her, and finished his sentence—"I might be worth while."

In an instant, Garth knew what was in his mind, and had stopped him to the idea of reform. He repeated it with new impetus. Certainly he sat that moment now, clear-brained and powerful, a worthy man to help love him, for he was genial, generous, and full of talent, and handsome as a god, but for the haggard eyes, the weary mouth—it may fatal signs. And Caroline Morrison? would she believe in the power she might have? He shuddered as he thought, partly from fear for her, partly from another fear, which struck him with a new strange dread. But the end came sooner than he imagined. He was sitting in the same place the next morning, smoking, and wondering where Clarence was, who usually joined him there at that hour, when he saw him coming up the path to the house. He went in without a glance to the right or the left, but with his head bent despondently, and his hands thrust into his pockets. Garth knew at once what had happened to him. He had been rejected.

"Poor fellow," he murmured, with real sympathy for the wrecked life and hope; but relief and thanksgiving was dominant.

Two great fears were saved. Caroline Morrison was saved from a wrecked future—for he would not behind there. The permanent reform was for a man like Clarence Ruthermayne. And for his own part—let us see. It was later in the day that he sat outside a low window, talking with Harry Morrison and his sister, Caroline; Caroline was more silent than usual, and Garth noticed a look of pain upon her face.

Harry was in the midst of a picture description, intent and ardent, when a heavy slouching step came behind them. They all looked up unanimously; Garth felt before he looked, that it was Clarence Ruthermayne. He reeled towards them, his expression half vacant, half reckless.

"Talking about pictures, hey, Harry? What yer been painting? Why don't yer paint yer sister?"

He leaned unsteadily against the rail of the balcony, and hesitating a moment, went on.

"Say, why don't you paint yer sister? Paint her for me, will you? I'll give yer an order; you'll not say "no" to that Miss Morrison, will yer?"

There was a hurling of meaning in his words which was terrible to hear in this state.

Miss Morrison rose, scared and pained by the scene, and moved towards the window, when he reached forward and grasped her arm. Her brother and John Garth sprang to their feet, but Clarence by his own act had stepped heavily backward, and fallen, face upwards on the sward.

There he lay, young and full of life, and beauty, and gifts behind them. A few hours ago in the full heap. And at the moment a voice from within the hand, humming gaily a gay tune; Caroline Morrison started.

"His sister I oh she must not see him!" and in, the low window-sill, she ran to stay Olivia's approach, with some remembrance, no thought but of tenderness and pity.

"Miss Ruthermayne, there has been an accident, and you get me your help directly?"

This was the first suggestion—anything for a moment's delay, until the green sward should be free from its present burden.

Olivia stared in surprise for an instant at being thus addressed. She was turning to obey, however, when the voice of John Garth arrested her.

"What is it—who is it?" and she retraced her steps.

Caroline Morrison put up her hands to bar her progress.

"Do not go out there, do not, I beg of you, Miss Ruthermayne."

"Why should I not go where my cousin is?" cried Olivia haughtily, and pushing past her, she saw swiftly and with what her cousin's voice. "What is it, what is the matter, John?"

A glance at John's face and at the face they bore left no room for doubt on the ground of her sorrow.

"Go away, Olivia," said John, honestly, "this is no place for you," and then the meandering voice from her brother's breathed lips broke forth again.

"Yes, go way, Livie; what yer here for?" and the poor fellow raised his head that still bled freshly, as they carried him to his room. For John Garth, though filled with shame and disgust, through it all there was pity, pure sweet compassion—what other scene, no feature of which he had lost, where Caroline Morrison ran out to save from bitter humiliation the brother who had not hesitated to cast insult and humiliation upon her. Upon whose sheath now should he engraved Voltaire slight? "Noblesse oblige!" Yes, they clung in its deepest, truest sense, if not Caroline Morrison?

You may be sure he thought of this, when he asked her a few hours later to be his wife—that he approached her reverently, with no rule of his own state for her, from hope or fear, and that truly he felt himself honored by her "yes."

Olivia, disappointed and humiliated, could not help her any more at the tidings, and John Garth may be pardoned for his final retort.

On one side I come of the Ruthermayne blood, Olivia, and I may have proved myself true it once, but I think I may blush for it in this generation," and he cast a significant glance from her to the door of the house as he walked into the room with unsteady step.

"What's that, John, about the Ruthermayne blood?" said Harry, "I know I have gone to change the current. It's time, it's time."

Then rising up with a glean of his real manhood, he held out his hand.

"John, you're worthy of her, I never was, never should have been. She's nobler than any Ruthermayne of the present day, and I wish you joy, God bless you both," and there were tears in the haggard eyes.

John Garth came on, shivered and turned pale, and perhaps for the first time she may have felt the real meaning of *Noblesse oblige.*

The authorities of the London Zoological Gardens have just added to its collection a curious porpoise. It was captured by some fishermen at Seal, and brought to Brighton by railway under the care of Yarrell, the society's keeper. When received at the Gardens it was found to be very much bruised on the face and eyes, and of fret refused to feed. He has, however, recovered his spirits, and now takes his meals regularly. They consist of live eels, which he catches for himself in the pleasing object which had unconsciously imported their progress, spread herself all over it, and so completely covered it that the horse became aware of its once manageable, and carried them to their journey's end without further incident.

THE HEROES OF FORT FISHER.

BY LIEUT. R. V. KING, U. S. A.

Unfurl the Old Flag, let it wave in the breeze,
O'er the walls of old Fisher, shot-torn and grim,
Where Terry and Porter won the victor's bright wreath
Of laurels, whose brightness no time can e'er dim.

God bless the brave tarsdemon and seamen who fought
Hand-in-hand through those hours of peril and strife,
Kind heaven repay with welcome those who bought
The victory for Freedom with blood and with life.

Their graves will grow green amidst the songs of the deep,
And the low waves that ripple its billowy tide,
But cherished for ever by the millions that weep
Are the deeds of the heroes who struggled and died.

When Columbia shall ope her bright pages of fame,
And give to the nations her record of Right,
Undimm'd in the glory that will crown every name
Of the army and navy who braved the dread fight.

Then welcome with honor the legions that strove
In the smoke of the battle, for Country and God,
And shield my one offering of friendship and love,
With tears for the brave ones who sleep 'neath the sod.

When the angels of Victory and Peace hover o'er us,
And the thunders of war are hushed into rest,
To the victors of Fisher we'll chaunt the glad chorus,
And give praises to Him who hath Liberty blest

ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "ELEANOR'S VICTORY," "HENRY DUNBAR," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—VERY PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

THE river was gray and dim in the twilight by this time, for the first half of October was gone, and the dark shadows gathered early on Mr. Hillary's lawn. Francis Tredethyn found the gardens deserted when he left the terrace, and walked slowly towards the house, where lights were gleaming in innumerable windows. The young man had only ridden down to Twickenham that morning, and had no special engagement to dine at the Cedars.

"I'll go round to the stables at once," he thought, "and can call in Kedgrave's street to-morrow, and tell Mr. Hillary that I think of going abroad. Why should I see her again? The sight of her will only make me Foolish, and keep me base in spite of myself."

The lady thus vaguely alluded to was not Miss Desmond; but when Francis Tredethyn entered Mr. Hillary's house by the first open window that he found on the upper terrace, he found himself in a little chilly room affected by the ladies of the household, and he came suddenly upon a female figure sitting alone in the dark.

Somebody whose guilty past shot through him as he recognised that stately figure, even in the shadowy obscurity of the unlighted room. In the next moment there was a rustling of silk, and Miss Desmond had risen and was facing him in the twilight.

"Yes, it is Mr. Tredethyn," she said presently. "What have you been doing with yourself all this afternoon? There has been a grand discussion about some private theatricals, concerning which Maude Hillary is absolutely bewitched, and we want you to act."

"I think you've got plenty of fellows who'll act better than I can, Miss Desmond, though I did try my hand at the business once in Van Diemen's Land, and to be glad to make myself useful in any way that would please Miss Hillary, if it was to dress myself as a footman and carry a tea-tray or a cruet-stand on to the table. I think I am leaving England before the theatricals come off; in point of fact, I think I shall be leaving England directly."

"Leaving England!"

The captain and those two words could scarcely have been more tragical than it was; and yet for once in a way Miss Desmond was not acting. All in a moment she saw the fair fabric which she had schemed to build for herself crumbling into ruin and chaos.

"Leaving England!" she repeated—"you think of leaving England, Mr. Tredethyn?"

She put her hands to her forehead with a little tragic gesture, and Francis Tredethyn saw that she had entered the house by any other door or window than that which he had chosen.

Julia's dismay was entirely real; for this disappointment was very bitter to this young lady, who had built up a fair future for herself on the friendship of Francis Tredethyn's wealthy, old, grim walls of Castle Desmond, the silver waters of the Shannon, the green hillsides and lonely valleys, made themselves into a picture that shut out the dusky room, and then melted into gray blankness. She had meant to do such great things with Francis Tredethyn's thirty thousand a year!

The young man stood looking at her in so much embarrassment as if he had been guilty of some wilful deception. He was a little of a coxcomb, that it was very difficult for him to imagine that his sudden departure could give pain to the brilliant Julia. He was so entirely simple and trustworthy himself, that no suspicion of Miss Desmond's mercenary views had any place in his mind.

There was a very brief pause, and then Julia recovered, in low, half-broken accents:

"You are really going away? But why?"

"Oh, Miss Desmond, scarcely like to tell you why; and yet it is not altogether on that account," answered Francis, vaguely. "There are other reasons. I cannot in my rights please amongst such people as I meet here. They look, understand, follow, and idleness doesn't suit me. I want to be of some use in the world. Why, I felt myself a better man one day yonder, without money in my pocket, than I am to-day, in spite of Oliver Tredethyn's money. So I mean to buy a commission and go out to India, where there's some fighting to be done."

"You are not telling me the truth, Mr. Tredethyn. Why do you run away from your own country when from the Cedars, as if the house were infected."

"My dear Miss Desmond, I—you have been so kind to me—you have left me to feel so much at home here, where, but for you, I must have felt myself so miserably out of place."

"Why should you be out of place amongst these people?" cried Julia, drawing up her head with a proud gesture, "unless," she murmured, in a hardly audible tone—"unless because these people are so much beneath you."

Miss Desmond had entirely recovered herself by this time. All at once, during the short time at the table, playing her cards with infinite tact and patience, all at once she found herself losing the game, and saw that there was but one hope could help her. But Julia was equal to the situation. The 3d of December had come upon her very suddenly, but she did not despair of triumphing by a coup d'état.

Tell me the truth, Mr. Tredethyn," she said, looking full in his face with her dark eyes, and teeth gleaming in the twilight, "why are you going to leave this house? Why do you talk of hurrying away from England?"

"Because—because—I have done you a wrong in absorbing so much of your society, Miss Desmond, and the people here have begun to use your name with mine. I cannot bear that you, who are so superior to me, should be humiliated by such an association, especially when there is no foundation for their talk," Francis Tredethyn added, in considerable embarrassment.

"Oh, I understand it all," answered Julia, with an unutterable bitterness in her tone; "you have been warned against me, Mr. Tredethyn. I am only a fortune-hunter, and I have begun my spreading my toils about your innocent footsteps, and it is only by flight that you can save yourself. Do you?" she added, in a lower voice, finding it necessary to express a keener anguish than another woman's wildest sob, "I know how these people talk?"

Miss Desmond, on my honor—"

"Mr. Tredethyn, on my honor, I know the world better than you do. If you had been exposed more to any other woman in this house, to any daughter of that mercantile aristocracy in which Mr. Hillary ranks supreme, you would have received a colder greeted your car. But what am I—the daughter of the Desmonds of Desmond—among these people? Why do you fear me, Francis? Are you not companion? I am poor, and I endure poverty in its most cruel bitterness—for I am poor amongst the valley of those who are rich—and I have fortune? who dares trust in my friendship? I am a well-bred pauper, a fortune-hunter, an adventuress, a creature to be shunned and feared by those who would be avoided. Oh, Francis Tredethyn, friend Julia, with a sudden sliver of agony, which would have pierced her deeply, had "I know so well what has been said to you. Go—go at once. You are wise to accept the warning conveyed in those pretty compliments. Go—there is a gulf between you and me, for you are rich and I am poor. Beware of me even when I seem most sincere. Remember that I am a pauper and the descendant of paupers—paupers who shed their blood and squandered their fortunes in a cause that was doomed. For the love of honor and loyalty, two words that would seem the emptiest sounds to merchants and tradesmen, Mr. Tredethyn, have pity upon me, and go."

And then Miss Desmond broke down in a piece of bravura—a burst of hysterical sobbing, and stretching out her hand towards the back of a *prie-Dieu* chair standing near, tottered as if she would have fallen. But Francis, with a cry of pity, caught the hand could reach the *prie-Dieu* Francis Tredethyn's strong arm was round her.

"Miss Desmond!" he cried, "Julia! Why do you talk like this? Do you think that my base thought about your career entered my brain? You—you—Julia! Are you—did you—can you—in my innocent thoughts by such a name as that?"

"No, I answered Julia, with a face as pale as noble: and yet you must have been infinitely cruel others. Way should you think better of me than others think? Why should not you, too, despise me?"

Her voice was broken by sobs, and she was still supported by Mr. Tredethyn's arm. He felt that she was trembling violently. He could just distinguish her handsome profile in the dusk, and the large dark eyes looking up at him.

"Despise you, Julia! you who are so superior to me! Do you forget what I am? Have I not been a grade rcteen—footman—menial? And you talk of poverty as if that were so deep a suffering, while I am so rich and care so little for my money. Share it with me, Julia. I'm only a poor waif and stray as it is; but with such a woman as you for my wife I might be of some good in the world. Heaven knows you are welcome to my fortune, Miss Desmond. If you wore a man and my comrade I would say—Share it with me as my brother and my friend. But you are a woman, and I can only say, 'Be my wife.'"

Julia withdrew herself from the supporting arm.

"Ah, Mr. Tredethyn," she said, in an icy kind of voice, "this is the bitterest insult of all. The Desmonds do not marry for money: they only marry where they are beloved, and can love again."

"How can I expect that you can love me?" asked Francis. "Do you think I can forget that I am an ignorant hoor, suddenly thrown amongst people full of knowledge of life, whose very thoughts are strange to me?"

"And you would marry a woman without so much as asking her if she loves you?"

"I would ask for her friendship and her fidelity. I shouldn't care to exact an uneven bargain, Miss Desmond, but I would try to make you happier than myself," the young man answered, rather coldly; but at the sound of a stifled sob from Julia he paused, and his voice softened. A thousand generous impulses were stirred in him by the aspect of her distress. He was nothing more than a child in the hands of this designing Irishwoman.

"Dear Miss Desmond," he cried, "I seem destined to offend and grieve you. If you will abas my fortune, if you will accept my best friendship and fidelity, my whole life shall prove to you how much I admire and respect you. If you reject my offer, I am ruined."

But Julia did not allow him to finish the sentence, which she fancy would be expressive of a complete repudiation of her claims.

"Oh, Francis," she exclaimed, "you offer me your fortune!" There was something sublime in her contempt—something of that last stand which "You ask me to accept your friendship, when I have been weak and mad enough to love you." Again she paused, and her deep, she was Maudie's Dorval, all melting tenderness and womanly pathos. She covered her face with her hands, and shook with sobs, and fell between a sob and a shudder, rushed suddenly from the room, and hurried along the dusky staircase and passages to her own apartment.

The candles were lighted on the dressing-table, but there was no intrusive handmaiden to annoy Miss Desmond by her watchful glances, her mute interrogations. Julia looked at her reflection in the glass, and saw herself flushed and triumphant, with traces of tears upon her cheeks.

"And my eyes really red," she thought; "but then the chance was such a good one, and so nearly lost. What a good, simple-hearted fellow he is! and how very reasonable his offer might be with him—and thirty thousand a year! Ah, Maude Hillary! it was very pretty, and childish, and full of romance of you to make out of my sleep on your last birthday, to show me the set of diamonds and opals papa had bribed you maid to purloin for you; but I have you which I will show you diamonds before long that shall make you ashamed of that birthday trumpery."

Miss Desmond rose from her chair, and crept smooth knot at the back of her head, and she put on a dress of that fugitive golden yellow, in which the painters delight to clothe the angels of heaven, and which milliners call maize, a bewilderingly beautiful color when seen in conjunction with a pendent emerald ear-drops and bracelets which the Cedars that evening declared that Julia Desmond had never looked so splendid. Francis Tredethyn was the only person who was near her all the evening; and at night, when he found himself alone in the pretty chintz-curtained chamber that he had so often occupied of late, the young man seated himself by one of the windows, and pushing open the sash, looked out at the quiet river rippling in the moonlight.

"And she is to be my wife," he thought; "she is very handsome, and I ought to be proud to think that she cares for me—that she has had a hard yet——" His head sank forward on his folded arms and the image of a beautiful creature smiled upon him in the dreamy brightness of sleep—a opium-eater's dream, Francis Tredethyn gave one long regretful sigh as he raised his head, and looked out dreamily at the distant woodland on the other side of the river.

"What can it matter whom I marry?" he asked himself presently, with a sudden start of pain. "If I were to come to this house every day for ten years at a stretch? Why, her dogs are more to me than she is. Her horses are more than I am. And Julia Desmond loves me, and thinks me better than those fellows with the yellow whiskers, who are always talking of new books and new music. They please her; but Julia despises them, Am I such a wretch that I cannot be grateful for the devotion of a beautiful creature? I am grateful for her. I am proud to think that she will be my wife. But I wish I was back in Van Diemen's Land, with the sea sparkling outside, and smoking shag tobacco with Surly Bill the burglar."

After that dramatic little scene in the twilight Julia Desmond was herself again—or, rather, Julia was triumphant; Maude was delighted and sympathetic. What could be more charming or more romantic than the way in which Julia had met with thirty thousand a year for his fortune? The only hindrance to universal happiness in a very delightful set was the fact that Julia, who might have had to do without thirty thousand a year, Miss Hillary thought, whenever she gave her mind to the subject, was in love with Lovegrove.

"And you will be so rich, dear Julia," Maude said, as she kissed her friend; "and if Harcourt Dorval will only be reasonable, he cannot help but gives his consent by-and-bye—you'll take us for a drive in the Park sometimes, won't you? And if you are very, very good indeed, I shall perhaps be able to come to them, for you wouldn't like to see me always in the same dress, like those poor people at the union, and I shall be obliged to get a set of black lace flounces like Jeder—you never saw Jeder, my last Governess governess but once—and put them on pink silk one day, and lime the next, and so on; it's very troublesome, and the flounce don't generally come straight, but then it looks as if one had so many dresses. Of course you'll have horses at both houses, Julia, and on the grand tier? and you'll buy a place in the country—and oh, where do you mean to live in town?"

Miss Desmond answered all these eager queries very demurely. Francis would make all arrangements for their future life, she said: he had certainly promised her the two opera boxes, and he had made inquiries about the one house that was to be let in Park Lane, and he was anxious to discover her favorite county before taking any steps towards the purchase of an estate.

"But you know he is such a dear good fellow, and has such a knack of guessing all my fancies that I never like to suggest anything," Miss Desmond concluded modestly; but somehow or other, without making any direct suggestions, she had so contrived matters, that in a few weeks her affianced husband had gratified many of the desires that had been smouldering in her breast ever since the earliest dawn of girlhood.

Already the "family jools" of the Desmonds had been consigned to the oblivion of one of Julia's shabbiest trunks, and diamonds now twinkled on Miss Desmond's neck and arms, and gleamed here and there in her black hair when she came down to dinner in her maize silk dress. Her toilette-table was all of a glitter with the rings she drew off her slim fingers when she disrobed at night, before the looking-glass in which had so often reflected a gloomy, discontented face, but which now only gave back triumphant smiles.

She was an adventuress, perhaps, and her triumph was an ignoble one; but she was not altogether base. She was grateful to the good wife to the man whom she had brought to her feet by force of feminine strategy. She did not regard Francis Tredethyn, as indeed, she seemed to be made of a sterner stuff than that of which the women who gain love are fashioned. She did not love her affianced husband, but she meant to be as faithful and devoted as the most loving wife in Christendom. If she intended to raise herself from the bondage of her husband's wealth, she meant that he should mount with her. Already she had fitted him several stages on the social ladder, and before the very first month's rent had saved him from a hundred small solecisms, and in the more intimate relationship of the last few days had been training information had been almost magical in its effects. The good old blood of the Tredethyns asserted itself, and Julia found her pupil an easy one.

"I don't want you to be like those Government clerks, and magazine writers, and embryo M.P.'s that I used to train at home," I like you to be big, deep-voiced, and—just a little clumsy. The Knights-Templars, and Crusaders, and that sort of people used to be chosen young on account of their armor. I always fancy I hear the clank of spurs when you come into a room; and you look as if in Parliament time you'd be soldier's friend, you know, and make great speeches about raisons and court-martial verdicts, and that sort of thing. I'll see about taking; and I shall come into the ladies' gallery, and strain my eyes by peeping at you through the interstices of the fan. I'll get you a helmet, some, with your head thrown a little back, and your hand in your waistcoat."

Now this kind of talk from a handsome woman, whose big brown eyes were infinitely her intellectual superior, can scarcely be displeasing to the most strong-minded of men; and, unlikely, Francis Tredethyn was the strong-minded person. He locked down at his Julia with a sheepish smile, and acknowledged in her pretty flatteries in the most humble manner that was what he meant to the Cedars next morning, he brought with him the biggest emerald-headed serpent that he had been able to find among the jewellers in the West End, and coiled it about his Julia's wrist. He was grateful to her for all her tender smiles and caressing speeches—all the more grateful, perhaps, because of that uncomfortable knowledge that the cold fit of his heart, which love for his promised wife should have been, to be brought her all manner of costly tribute in the shape of bracelets and bracelets, necklaces and headgear; and bought her a three hundred guinea hunter at Tattersalls, so that she should not be outdone by Maddie Hillary's horses in the Twickenham lanes. Sometimes, in spite of himself, even when Julia was most agreeable, the young man found himself wishing that he could too gladly have given her the whole of his fortune if by such a gift he might have freed himself from the chain that bound him to her.

"But if I were free to-morrow, she would not care for me, he thought; 'and what would be the use of my liberty?'"

(To be continued.)

On the 21st ult. the library of the Cathedral Church of Strongnaes, Sweden, was destroyed by fire. It contained a great number of valuable manuscripts, and among them the celebrated Codex Argenteus, said to be written in letters of silver. The building was founded in the thirteenth century, and sciences and arts have suffered an irreparable loss.

It is worthy of note that the Fêtes of Europe which boast of having been ruled by greatest number of queens are Belgium, and a country also surrounded by the most gorgeous royal pageants, are the two countries which are the least given to boasting. In proof of this may be adduced Spain, Austria, Portugal, and Italy, the most distant of the European sovereignties, the court of Rome.

European papers state that the peninsula of Caucasus holds certain inexhaustible springs of petroleum. No fewer than 100 are now worked, and the supply equals a daily tun of petroleum, which is then brought from America. There are also many springs of the kind in the Isle of Taman.

"I HAVE always been astonished," said Miss Smith, "at the anxiety of young ladies for beaux, but I never pitied a female more than when Miss Montalbert left my school. Seeing her going towards the sky, I asked her what she was looking for.

"That beau," said she, 'which is told of as being seen in the clouds—I wish he'd come down.'"

THE British Government expended $60,000,000 on new iron war vessels last year.



SECOND INAUGURATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN AS PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, IN FRONT OF THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, MARCH 4, 1865.

ON PICKET BEFORE PETERSBURG,

Sept., 1864.

BY HAROLD PERCY.

I AM here alone. Alone in the dark;
With no companions but the twinkling stars,
And those dull watchfires yonder which do mark
The steady line that firmly, strongly bars
Our further progress. 'Tis a solemn place,
To sit without a sight of human face
All these long hours; knowing that every one
May be the time you host has fixed upon
To swoop down on our vitals. I am not
A coward in the field. The yell of shot
And crash of cannon strikes no fear to me.
But in the night, out of the wild melée,
My blood will sometimes curdle to my heart,
When I recall wherein I have borne part
Throughout the bloody day. I think I see
The face of that young Southron, whom I slew,
A hundred times each night, appearing through
The chilly gloom; and of the picture bright
Of that young spirit he wore in his breast,
Which fell to me when in the hush of night
We laid him kindly as we could to rest.

It was not murder, for my blood was hot,
Ebbing and flowing with the battle's tide,
His hand to mine, and mine to his again,
Made music such as soldiers love to hear.
And he fell dead. His long, black curling hair
All matted with the blood that issued when
My blade had fallen. When I saw the face
Of this fair picture, and most surely felt
That some young heart wept him by whom I knelt,
I almost wished my muscles had not been
So firmly knit, and I to do this sin
Had been unable. For I felt if he
Had conquered, none would weep for me.
Not that it was the first my hand had slain,
Nor yet the least blood-guilty, for he came
Upon me madly with his good blade wet
With better blood than mine. But even yet
I feel remorse for this sweet creature's sake,
And for the tie it was my lot to break,
Although I slew him in mine own defence.

Another hour! I fain would be at home;
Sleeping once more beneath my native sky,
With friends about my bed. Then I could die
And be most happy, but I do not like
To fall in some wild battle and be laid
A foot beneath the sod of some lone glade
Where never sound shall come from day to day,
Beyond the clashing of some fierce affray.
It may be so. God knows, not I.
I am content, and else there is not one
To weep or murmur. Is it sin to kiss
The picture of so fair a thing as this?
No, the dead Southron's love
Shall be the holiest after that above
Of all things known. And if the battle's tide
Shall, ebbing, leave me dead, upon my breast
You'll find the picture of the soldier's bride,
And know he is avenged. As for the rest,
Let Heaven decide. Ho! comrades, up!
The rebels come! Our Southern foe is here!
Call for our legions, hold fast to this spot
Till all is lost or won, or die with a cheer!

AN ENGLISHMAN'S WILD STORY.

PART I.

EDGAR ALLAN POE, in his "Philosophy of Composition," tells us that, in writing tales or novels founded on fiction, we must decide first on our peculiar situation, or *dénouement*, which is to form the point of the story. Write that carefully first, and then work up the other parts to fit it, keeping all subservient to that chosen end. The choice of the incident may be determined by a thousand-and-one considerations. Law reports give many startling ones, and good ones too; for not only are they real, but they are accompanied by the wholesome moral of detected crime.

But the law reports are not the only places to look for the dramas of real life. Certainly I am not the only one who noticed a year or two ago, in the first column of the *Times*, a lifelong drama that was simply told in three short paragraphs, thus (the names and place are altered):

BIRTHS.

On the 14th inst., at Pentypool, the wife of J. H. Hawker, Esq., of a son.

MARRIAGES.

On the 14th inst., at Pontypool, by special licence, J. H. Hawker, Esq., to Emily Ann Bridgemann.

DEATHS.

On the 14th inst., at Pentypool, Emily Ann, the wife of J. H. Hawker, Esq.

It would be difficult, I imagine, to tell such a story of shame—repentance, let us hope—and death in fewer words.

The second column of the same paper occasionally gives us curious peeps into scenes that often prove "stranger than fiction." One that appeared a long time ago, and reads as if addressed to a dead man, seems to give a glimpse at the last scene of some tragedy. Here it is:

TO THE PARTY WHO POSTS HIS LETTERS IN PRINCE'S STREET, LEICESTER SQUARE.

Your family is now in a state of excitement unbearable. Your attention is called to an advertisement in Wednesday's morning *Advertiser*, headed, "A body found drowned at Deptford." After your avowal to your friend as to what you might do, he has been to see the decomposed remains, accompanied by others. The features are gone; but there are marks on the arm; so that, unless they hear from you to-day, it will satisfy them that the remains are those of their misguided relative, and steps will be directly taken to place them in the family vault, as they cannot bear the idea of a pauper's funeral.

But this lifting of the curtain for a moment, though startling, shows nothing more than the glimpse we get; and the lurid light thus thrown on the scene only leaves us in deeper darkness than before. We cannot do better than follow Poe's plan, and decide first on the character of our story. Shall it be grave or gay? Grave. *Soit.* Incontestably, few things are of graver import than those mysterious laws that control the working of the mind, and regulate those efforts made by it, that are commonly known as "will." If, then, we can lay down some law (in our own minds) by which these efforts are governed, and narrate some story to illustrate it, we at once create interest; for curiosity, like a crossing-sweeper, will follow the unknown passer-by for a chance copper more tenaciously than those with whose economy he is acquainted.

Having decided on the general style, we have two or three minor points to settle before we commence. For instance, it at once suggests itself that the story must be told in the first person, where the incidents are so strictly personal, so intimately connected with the inner self. And we must not forget the particular principle we wish to inculcate.

In reference to the particular point on which we have decided to write, it has always struck me that the word "supernatural" has been very improperly connected with it, and indeed often applied to it. Simply because we cannot understand a thing, are we to say it is superhuman? At the end of the last century, any old lady venturing to light her pipe with a lucifer match would have run a very good chance of having her thumbs and great toes tied in a bunch, and finding herself drowning as a witch in the nearest brook. And even in part of this century it would have been dangerous for Mr. Bain to have propounded that wonderful telegraph of his by which a man in London can sign his name in St. Petersburg, or where you will, within hearing of certain Spanish ecclesiastics. No! those remarkable phenomena that are so often called supernatural, I believe to be the result of a powerful, active will, the creation of a living brain, diseased perhaps, and in a state of unnatural excitement; but half conscious, it may be, of its terrible unknown power, and reeling from the violence of its own struggles. But whether sane or insane, the workings of that mind are governed by natural laws, though as yet we do not understand them.

Overworked and yielding to the solicitations of my wife and friends, I left the practice entirely in the hands of my partner, and accepted the invitation of my kind old friend, Doctor Goodenough. The perfect rest, the lovely wild Welsh scenery, soon showed its effects, and day by day I recruited both strength and spirits; and ere long I was able to face, with a sense of exhilaration that I had long been a stranger to, the keen frosty wind that then, in the early part of January, swept down into our quiet valley from the snowy heights beyond. Goodenough's quick appreciation of character, sturdy common sense combined with great tact and quickness, fitted him peculiarly for the care of cases complicated with any mental derangement. There were several under his care. As my own health improved in tone, I began to listen with interest to the particulars of the various cases, and felt gratified that my old friend should thus seek my opinion. He showed me his notes of one case which he had—as far as human eye could see—treated with perfect success. It was peculiar; the subject in his early youth had on one occasion, and one only, shown symptoms of insanity, the seeds of which lay dormant until after life. He must have been a man of great determination, for on his recent recovery he thus described his recollection of the occasion of the fit:

"One night, after a number of weeks of fearful suffering, as I was lying in bed tossing, sleepless and despairing, a most horrible impulse seized upon me, an impulse impelling me to destroy one who, of all living beings, most deserved my love. I buried myself under the bedclothes, and struggled with the hellish impulse till the bed shook. It still gained strength. I sprang up, clung to the bedpost, and drove my teeth, in the agony of despair, into the hard wood. It was uncontrollable. I shut my eyes, bowed down my head for fear that I should see her, and rushed out of the house. Barefooted, with no covering save a nightshirt, I ran through the streets to the police office, and implored them to lock me up. Fortunately the officer on duty was a humane and sensible man. He gave me a watchcoat to wrap round me, kept me under his eye, and I suppose, sent to my friends, for my wife and sister came with clothing. The paroxysm had passed, and gasping, panting for death in any form, I accompanied them home, steeped to the lips in despair."

This case, which was one of well-marked latent insanity (latent for nearly twenty years), interested us much, and sincerely we trusted that it might not prove intermittent, of which latter type a very curious and well-marked case was under my friend's care.

"I know nothing of the history of the man," said Goodenough, "except that he came here many years ago, and voluntarily placed himself under the care of my predecessor. He occupies a small suite of rooms, makes few acquaintances, and quite seems to shun the quiet public sitting-room and billiard-room, where there are generally two or three convalescents to be found. Botany, on which subject he has written much and well, is his principal pursuit. But the most remarkable point is the persistency and regularity of his mental attacks. In the early part of each year (and you will have the opportunity, I imagine, of seeing this for yourself) he becomes careless of his person and his dress, moody and irritable—savagely passionate and violent—so much so, that towards the end of the month it has always been necessary to place him under restraint. Another curious phase in the case is, that as the cerebral excitement increases, his English is replaced by another language, that neither I nor any one here can understand. I judge from this that he is not an Englishman; that his brain, losing the grasp over the acquired tongue, lapses to its native one. As he grows older the gradual recovery from each access of delirium takes longer and longer. In his lucid intervals, growing shorter every year, he has occasionally, at my earnest request, written what he can recollect of his state of mind during the accession of the attacks. This passage, with which he commences one of these papers, is remarkable, and shows in what way he expects death to supervene:

"'It is a fearful thing for a man to be mad, and to be conscious that he is so. I am convinced that a thought of an intensely exciting nature passing through a brain in this state, or through one very easily excited naturally, can kill as quickly as a shock of electricity from a thundercloud, and that the death-bearing messengers in both cases are nearly allied.

"'I have, while recovering from an attack of mania, not once, but several times, been struck down as utterly senseless by a thought as I could have been by a blow.'

"I have no doubt but some of those sudden deaths, for which no cause can be assigned or seen, are the results of this silent thunder, which bursts from the imagination when in a state of excitement or disease."

I took an early opportunity of calling upon this gentleman, in company with Doctor Goodenough. It was in the middle of January, and the usual premonitory symptoms had begun to show themselves. His appearance was striking; but the attention was riveted on his eye, so cold, so clear and pitiless, flickering now and again with a febrile brightness. Our visit was a very short one; but it was not until away from his presence that I could recall his massive chin, his firm thin lips hardly according with his rather narrow forehead and strangely projecting eyebrows. I learnt, with no feeling of pleasure, the next day, that he was anxious to see me. I accompanied Goodenough in his usual visit.

"Doctor," said he, "we can hear enough of our future state; we know, perhaps, too much of our present; but where can we learn our past? Look you! the soul never dies; neither is it born, at least not as our philosophy would teach us. Have I only existed some forty or fifty years? I tell you cycles have passed since my thinking powers first came into play. You too—you have recognised people, ay, and places too, that you never before saw in this life. And you, sir," turning to me and raising his voice almost fiercely, "in what wild planet or outer world have we met, and then, too, in no friendly mood?"

And truly there flashed back on my memory that night in the wild forest, when with my spirits nigh overcome in the struggle with unknown horror, staggering into the clear moonlight my knees trembling under me, dismayed but unsubdued, I was but able to cry, "I am not overcome; my spirit is not afraid," without which self-assertion my inner self felt it must have yielded to this unknown, unseen power. I know not what answer I returned to the wild adjuration of the madman.

After a moment's pause he said, quietly:

"Do you know, doctor, I believe it quite possible for a man to be in two places at once. Now, for instance, in my own occasional illnesses, I, as regards my body, remain here (though I should be sorry to vouch for that myself), while I, as regards my thinking and intellectual powers, have most certainly been elsewhere. For as I slowly recover with the coming springtime, creeping with the flowers into a fuller life, I am imbued with the idea of long, cold, weary watching, of some horrid hate-inspiring thing; and as Dante makes those spirits, who on earth have loved both wildly and unwell, be driven together round and round the limbo they are in, by a fierce cold whirlwind—now torn away from, now driven back to, their unseen, never-shifting starting-point—so I sometimes think I have been surging round and round, with a purposeless hate, some still more hateful spot."

Towards the end of the month, the 26th (how suddenly I recalled the date), Goodenough and I were quietly talking after dinner, when an assistant called him out of the room. A few minutes after, the same man returned; "The doctor's compliments, sir, and would you step up to Mr. Engstrong's room?"

I entered his room quietly. Three men, assisted by the doctor, were holding down the unhappy man on the bed; and though they did not understand his wild imprecations, in a harsh, uncouth tongue, it was evident to any, from his savage gestures and hoarse, deep voice, that he was in fierce altercation with some imagined foe. I caught a word in Swedish, and soon followed the sense of all he said. Who was "Hilda?"—she who seemed fastened to his heartstrings by ties of wildest love and fiercest hate. What were the unheard questions that called forth such awful answers? On whose head were these fearful imprecations called down? Verily a full tide of sombre recollections flowed over my memory; and, urged by what instinct I knew not, I hurried, as in a dream, to the billiard-room, and, snatching an ornamented cue from the rack, I returned. I placed myself at the foot of the man's bed. "Loose him and let him go," I am told I said; and in sheer astonishment the men relaxed their hold to look at me. He sprang up to a sitting position, his wild eyes fixed on mine, and a deep, long-drawn stertorous breathing gave as it were a voice to his fierce glare.

"Devil! would you again torment me before my time? but I have you now."

And with a frantic shout he sprang towards me. I shrank back, and, still keeping a firm eye fixed on his, held up as in an attitude of defence the butt of the cue. He staggered as does a man who receives a mortal blow. "Let be," I said to the men, who would again have seized him: and he, cowering back, shrinking from me, fell prone and gasping on the bed. Then feebly rolling himself in the clothes, amid faint cries for pity and deep-drawn sobs, half choked by the dread death-rattle in his throat, this wicked, wilful soul fled into the presence of his Maker.

Silently we left the room, I leaning on Goodenough's arm. He poured me out a glass of wine, that I gladly swallowed.

"Now tell me," said he, "who is this man, and how did you learn his history? How did you acquire such a strange power over him, the too sudden use of which I cannot but regret? And lastly, what induced you to come into the room in the strange way you did?" (for he had not seen me when I first entered).

"As to his history I know nothing; but I am certain of it all. I feel I am not mistaken; and when I have told it to you, you will understand the rest."

"Good," said he, and left me. And for a long, long time I sat there dreaming of the past, as in a trance, with my eyes open.

And this, as follows, is what I told him the next day.

PART II.

As a young man, I was extremely fond of travelling; indeed I am so now, finding that my moral as well as physical health improve by it; the bold wild scenery I always frequent induces a healthier and more manly tone of thought. I can then take a more general view of things, and less dimmed by the obtrusion of self. On one occasion I had even obtained my *congé*, though as yet undecided where to go—with what new scenery I should brush off the cobwebs of dull routine. It was Saturday, and the Illustrated was put into my hands. In it was an account and some sketches of the opening of a railway from Gottenburg to Stockholm. This decided me, and I sailed by the next boat for Gottenburg. Of the kindness and hospitality of every one I became acquainted with in Sweden you have already heard me speak, and no doubt you remember my mentioning an English family; but I never told you how indelibly they were impressed on my memory by after events. Our meeting, too, was strange. One night, going late to the opera—in truth it was not much, and I went only to see the ballet, in which two English figurantes appeared—I was thrust into a box in which I found an elderly gentleman nodding in one corner, and two pretty fresh-looking girls occupying the front. I seated myself in the unoccupied corner, and followed as I was able the play. I don't remember much of it; but I soon found the place unbearably hot; and seeing the ladies vigorously fanning themselves, I ventured to ask, in my best French (for I was afraid to attempt Swedish), if they would like the door opened.

"You answer him, Lucy," said one; "you speak Swedish better than I can."

That was quite sufficient introduction for me then; and when the curtain fell we were acquaintances of long standing; and the father being awake, I was introduced to him. I assisted at the cloaking, &c., preparatory to getting into the sleigh, and learnt that they lived within a few miles of Stockholm, where they had been staying for a few days; and I accepted an invitation to spend a couple of days, soon, at their house. They started, and I walked off to my hotel. In the supper-room I again met the father, and found he was staying in the same house with me. We supped together, and the day for my visit was fixed.

I drove out. If you have ever driven in a sleigh you can understand how exhilarating was the clear bright air and the tinkling sleigh-bells, as we trotted along over the crisp snow, by the soft white lakes and downy fir-trees, with their ostrich plumes stretching out over you. If you have not seen the like, I cannot attempt to describe it. I had a hearty welcome; the veriest misanthrope would have warmed to it. It was late when I arrived, and we soon sat down to dinner. I found the ladies had never learned to skate, but were burning to emulate their Swedish sisters. The next morning was devoted to skating lessons, for I had been in Canada, and had of course learnt there.

In the evening we sat round the wood fire, and mama told a ghost story and I told some more, until at last it required more courage than the young ladies could muster to go into the dark landing and light the bedroom candles, as they were accustomed to do, after saying good-night.

The next day was windy, and we spent the morning in the old billiard-room, a low, queer-shaped, oddly-lighted room. We walked out after lunch, and on returning I noticed a date cut on the stone lintel of the front door—1753, I think, three years more than a century since the house was built. When I was alone with the father, after dinner, I asked about it. When he took the house it had been uninhabited for many years; and, though in a good situation in every way, both it and the grounds round it had a bad name. There was nothing definite—some old ghost story—and he got it cheap. There was some trouble about servants, certainly; they would not sleep in the house; but that was got over by their all sleeping on a small farm he had bought near.

Among other stories told that evening I repeated one of Edgar Poe's—"The Startling Effects of Mesmerism on a Dying Man." None of them had ever heard it before, and even the father seemed interested. There was a silence of many seconds when I concluded, and then a rush of conversation on kindred topics.

"Do you know, my dears, that we are all living in a haunted house? or, rather, the house itself is not haunted, though the grounds are."

A little murmur of surprise, and each sat closer to the other.

"I dare say, my dears, you have heard your father say how very cheaply we have bought this property. No! Well, at any rate, it is on that account. He learnt that many years ago—you remember the date over the door—an old gentleman came and settled here with two sons. They seem to have lived a quiet solitary life. The old man died. The eldest son, then of an age to shift for himself, realised as much money as he could, and disappeared. The old people about here wil

still talk of his wild daring and mad frolics. The other seems to have exhausted its energies in the property and married happily enough. I suspect the orangery and the little pier into the lake are his building; and perhaps we owe the long shady avenue up to the house to his or his wife's taste, and no doubt the old summer-house overlooking the lake was as favorite resort of hers as it is of with us.

One will evening the brother returned, and was heartily welcomed home. Their life would hardly seem to have been as quiet and happy as before; and yet his younger brother's sweet, homely little wife would appear unwillingly to have gained too much of his admiration. One evening, apparently, the two men were in the billiard-room alone, when the younger woman followed by the deep, short accents of hate, arose, and then a few quick blows and the unlike noise of fierce struggle. I can imagine her with clasped hands, trembling, trembling at the foot of the winding stone stairs. The door above opened, and her husband, with pallid face, sprang down and almost into her arms. 'Hide, Hilda, hide! or it will be worse for you than me!'

Stanford knew by the wild terror in his face and eye than by his words, she fled to her room, hearing the front door blown violently to by the wind. But her husband, wildly insane as soon rouse her, and while preparing to follow her husband she heard a heavy measured tread above her. Listening, she knew that it was her duty to go to his room, come down and go out. Follow him she must and did. Guided by the lantern he carried with him, she followed him to the pier, were wholly traced, she followed him round to the plantation behind the orangery. Here, with an oath, the light was dashed to the ground, and he, still stupped to the narrow by the cruel cold, she sprang forward, until the report of a pistol rang through the night air. She fell, and for a moment lay still to the earth, while the birds from the heronry close by, scared from their nests, wheeled round and round, uttering their discordant screams.

She came to herself again when all was silent, and struggled home, with a sensation as of a hand of ice on her heart. She met no one in the house. But at length her brother-in-law entered, flushed with labor and stained with earth. One glance assured Hilda of the truth, and she cried out. And with what cruel, hungry eye he must have looked at the only witness! Report says that she was locked into her room, and that he was released, and that there she died—faint whispers said of starvation. It is said by the old people here that the younger woman never afterwards left her chair the ring of the 26th of January, and that you know is a day on which they say a fight is always seen to bind the evening.

The father here chimed in, and declared that a short time after his arrival he was being driven home very late, and that he looked out of the came near the little bay, above which the house stands, they saw a bright light among the trees. The driver called attention to it, and on, and then, turning towards and, made a long detour through the woods, reaching the house with the greatest reluctance, and not until the light had ceased to be more substantial refreshment, drove off immediately he could. It was so odd that he entered it in his diary, yet, for some reason he had left out the book. We found it happened on the 26th of January. And while doing so we all remembered that we had also entered it on the anniversary of that day. I think we each saw that the other remembered too, but I, perhaps hardly believing in impiety for a jest, was the first to speak, was the first to mention it. As it was only ten minutes to twelve then, I proposed to wait till midnight, and meanwhile to look at the sketches that had been brought in early from the hall. Twelve o'clock and no light, for mama and I looked out. Papa said he was not comfortable at seeing anything but bed. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter, half-past, half-past, to we went to bed and slept soundly. Next morning mine was the room at the end of the second floor.

It could not have been long before I was aroused by a tapping at the door, and I recognised my hostess's voice.

"Look out of the window," she said, "towards the orangery, and tell me if you think we have seen aboard it described. I thought you would not believe us unless you saw it for yourself," she added, half apologetically.

I looked, and saw in the direction she mentioned a clear, round light, seemingly as bright and vivid as a powerful lamp. But it was not steady, for only a fook or two above the ground, and always remained near the same spot, rose and sank, gently revolving, quite unaffected by the brisk breeze still blowing.

I dressed hurriedly, in a strong sense of curiosity, not quite unlike that one feels for a practical joke or other imposition. Leaving my room, I announced to Mrs. Clayton my intention of going up to the light. She begged me to take no steps to do so; but I wrapped up well and sallied out, with only a scout walking-stick in my hand. The wind was blowing from the direction of the trees, shrill and sombre, were stripped of their snowy plumes. Across the sky flitted wild dishevelled clouds, from behind which the moon constantly shone out. Passing the angle of the house, I saw the clear, full, powerful light in the old place, a long way ahead. Slowly crossing the open ground behind the orangery, I endeavored to concentrate my mind on the object, and to make (for the wild night had swept away all idea of rising fog) out if but the story I had just heard came vividly upon my mind. Shrewdly, I imagined how he, how she had crossed this open plot once before, and as I did so I felt that sense of a presence near me that made my temples throb. I shall ever believe that I saw the shadowy outline of a crouching female form near me, passing with abrupt and unequal steps towards the plantation. Suddenly stretching forth his arms it sank forward, disappearing as does a snow-wreath when blown away, and the light seemed surged upwards red and angry.

You know my theory on so-called supernatural appearances. Recalling them to my mind, holding on as it were a mental armor, I approached and entered the dark belt of trees, all my attention fixed upon the light, which now seemed to rise higher than ever, diffusing itself as it did so into a luminous vapor that seemed drifting slowly towards me. I still advanced, though as I neared me a scorching chill reached the very marrow of my bones, while my temples throbbed feverishly. The dim vapor surging round and round, still spreading more and more, seemed to assume the misty outline of a human form, which, from the thicker mist, at its summit, I thought glared on me two eyes—two eyes so cruel and malevolent, so full of hate and deadly purpose, that my very reason told me that here was a living agency, most cruel and murderous, certainly, though unseen. I stretched my hand forward in resistance was necessary as though it were in flesh and blood. One faltering retrograde step I felt would be fatal. The cruel, unseen, living creature, to oppose this deadly hate, was my only course. Rigidly had those thoughts clearly formed themselves in my mind, when I was outlined a human figure before me lost its clearness, and the misty cloud surged round, drifting yet nearer down upon me again. It surrounded me, I felt its cruel eyes in its hazy folds, and the cruel eyes appeared at times close to mine, and then again far off.

A sharper pitch, whistle of the young trees were growing further on in the wood, appeared to me now like a heaven of safety, as the moonlight flickered through the branches, and I turned. As though my thoughts of escape were divined, the form again assumed its distinctness and bared its cruel eyes, but without a word. Then, with leaping wildly, I stepped out in its direction. As I approached the dim form I experienced a soft sensation, as then opening my eyes, startled by this new proof of living power, my knees knocked together, and involuntarily I stretched forth my hands. The cruel eyes were filled. With firm grasp, and the stick was slowly wrenched from my hand. With all my physical strength failing, I struck out blindly, and found I was not master of my own will. And then those cruel eyes, sinking down to a level with mine, fixed close up to me, and I felt a soft cold kiss on my forehead, and then momentarily seemed to tighten. With one wild effort I cried, "This is not fear; the body quivers, but the soul is free!" and then a strong lightning shot on my throat, and the air became clear about me. And with my knees knocking together, I stood alone, the light and misty moonlight, and sank for a time exhausted on the snow.

I do not think I could have lain there long before I recovered and went towards the house. The mental struggle over, the breezy night seemed fresh and pleasant to my fevered head; and when I met my anxious host and hostess at the door, I was able to offer a comfortable assumption of calmness, that I had certainly seen something strange, but nothing that need alarm them; and evading their further questions, I proceeded soon to my room. I found the next morning that such a visible corroboration of my statement was given by the scout, and which most of them had seen, had rather alarmed the younger, and very much astonished the elder of the family. On account of it, therefore, we looked for with a great deal of interest. It must have been an unaccountable phenomenon, one of nature's operations, and so I treated it as far as possible, there was little or nothing to tell; indeed the crouching phantom of my imagination seemed to them the most terrible part of the affair.

In clear daylight I visited the ground again, following my nearly-obliterated steps in the snow. I found that the light, as I had seen it from the middle of the fir trees, that I had so anxiously struggled towards, was but a little space, on a large open plot a few yards from the pier. I have mentioned that wherever there was a clear space in the pine forest bush trees sprang up, and in a birch wood pine trees always grew. Here, the young trees of the young trees had allowed the blessed moonlight to stream down, and form, as it had done for me, such a vivid light. It was a curious spot, and it must have been on the hither side of this space that I first saw the light, and there, too, was a large space covered with the dead leaves. I had experienced a slight tremor of the sensations I had experienced on the past night. You have heard me say that I am by no means a nervous man, will, however powerful and inexorable, can exert itself at a distance without some tangible material closely by, and I find no such thing here (I will explain my idea) as a starting point, as a fulcrum for its lever. I scrutinised everything around me closely, but could find no such thing. Those sensations told me I was not mistaken. I explained more fully to Mr. C. my ideas on the subject, and proposed to him that I should, if he thought necessary, to dig the ground I was standing on. He had no objection whatever. Some labourers were brought from the house, and in the afternoon hardly seemed to like the job; but I set the example, and he soon followed it. After about two hours' labor, about 3 feet beneath the frozen crust into the soft earth, and then she man got out of the hole, and declared he could dig no more. I do not know why—whether I was as I stepped down into his place, and felt a chill sensation of fear creep over me, I did not wonder. I felt no fear now, as the cool air refreshed me, a feeling, and I presently turned up a scrap of leather that had evidently formed part of a shoe or boot. Then a piece of rotten wood, and then in astonishment at my proceedings, and rather persuaded that I had in them, now himself became interested. Other and stranger things soon were brought to light, and before long we were all three working hard in the rapidly-increasing hole. In less than an hour we exposed the remains of a perfect human skeleton; and on clearing away the stringy fibre of roots that had interlaced themselves over it, we found a bullet still jammed under one of the little projections of the lowjohnes. As we lifted the skeleton out

piecemeal, buttons and buckles were found under it, proving too clearly its hurried burial. And alongside it, still close by the long arm, was the broken hilt of a sword, hard, heavy wood, in which the lozenge-shaped pieces of mother-of-pearl with which it was ornamented still kept their places.

You can understand now, my friend, the train of thought that led me to enter, as I did, that man's room last night.

I proposed to Mr. Clayton to report the finding of the skeleton, hearing such marks as it did of a violent death, to the police authorities; but the expense and trouble this might have entailed no doubt prevented its being done. At any rate, the remains were buried in the little bay, and the same spot, and their position was simply marked by a wooden cross. I left the country very soon after, but kept up some letter correspondence with the old family; and I distinctly remember being told on two or three different occasions of the re-appearance of the mysterious light, and always about the same date. And indeed so convinced am I of the connection between your late patient and it, that should I have heard nothing for years of or from the Claytons, I will write to their house, on the chance of some of the family being still there; and I will communicate, thus hear something that bears upon the subject.

And about a month after my return to town I received from them through the following letter that I received from them:

"Ridgerville, March 5th, 1866.

"* * * Not that I have any complaint to make your letter being a very polite one, as you hardly ask me if I am after your old friends, and only seem to be curious about the mysterious light, but I think every year frightens the stupid servants out of the house. Only this year—this month—I have not really seen anxious to learn about it, I don't mind telling you, but I felt a sort of creepy feeling towards the end of January that we all got quite accustomed to it, and when the change came we missed it, and how few frightened us all about it; and when you dug up that skeleton too! Well, I am sure I thought the ghosts would have come with us, and since my dear husband's gone, I don't like the place myself, and I think we shall be going to be. My dear Mr. Tracey, there is nothing like a woman's home—a home! I am not a "man fru" and "var sa god," I can hardly make any one understand me. As for Lucy, she is as fond of the place as ever. She's approved of papa's talking before their mothers in a foreign language (Swedish, I think it is), and she's a little Scandinavia, though I like him very well, he is very kind to me, and in spite of his calling me "von" I don't like his speeches: I believe he sleeps in them, though they say he talks more after dinner than at any rate he is very clever, and mesmerises people, and all that; and hearing of the light, would not believe about it. I think it was staying here the month before last; and the next day I had the light dug out in the orangery, to "find out about the light" was scandalous. Well, I don't know, but I believe that the reason he was too when he did see it; for you must know that one evening we were sitting round the fire after tea, and papa was reading out loud, probably as possible, never minding a word of the conversation, when I heard them very distinctly to each other (for though I didn't understand it papa had been talking to me in English), and while staring out by the corner of the window-blind I saw the light in the old place, over the cross in the water. As soon as I was sure of it I told him, and after looking for a few minutes he left the room to go, but I knew he had not gone the silly girl stay by me, or she would have caught the light, and I don't know what she would have said about the dates, I remembered this happened the night the skeleton was discovered, and I thought I'd sleep there, and see the processions of students and so forth, on the next day, the old king's birthday, and Lucy, the light, and Mr. Vandusy, as you will remember. So what I am telling you must have been on the 28th.

Well, presently "von Edouard" came back, looking rather queer and said that a he was going across the open part on this side of the wood, he saw the light, and that it was "very fine," and that he seemed to flicker and wave about, and then rising quickly up, it went out suddenly, drifting down towards the bay and over the ice. That may be or not. To be sure I could not see the light when I looked across from the front, but then, I have seen it since; but all the same, I believe he was afraid to go up to it.

TOWN GOSSIP.

THE Marchioness demonstrated to Dick Swiveller how, by chipping orange peel into a glass of lemonade, and taking a little pepper, you could almost think you were drinking punch. In the same way we have been making a pretence of enjoying spring weather, and, indeed, we are not opening the parks for our coats a very little way, running back to the fire, and exclaiming, "Ah, this is almost like spring!" The thermometer has certainly been chamber, jog down its pole a bit, merely out of sympathy with the sun, which, in the morning breath down into the one and the other, for more amazing acrobatics at the end of the month, when the sun is still as out of the question as the money to buy it with.

Anticipating the musical graces of May, the songsters of the opera-house have been giving us a taste of their full color in the down that arises as they turn on the gas-taps. "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Verdi," "La Forza del Destino," has taken its impregnable position as a "rage." It crams the house with its rich sensational music, its fine dresses, its excitement, and Signor Carozzi-Zucchi. It is made to please a New York audience. It is a play of very sad colors, where those who despise a wing may get a dramatist, and those who care little for a heart may mouth off with a mercenary bravo. It is a play of which the best part is to sing.

Singular enough, between two representations of this somber old Spanish story, seemed the trifling melodious and simple plot of vaudeville and jealousy in the "Somnambule," at Niblo's Garden, and in the person of the graces of the storm. How delicately, and with what a light touch, the fairy step and trip through the part of Amina. Nobody ever carried off the defect of vocal power with a more sprightly effervescence of will and acting, and brightly colored acting. The two *prima donnas*—neither of them "first prima," as we freely admit—are so admirably typical of their respective nationality, that any man of sensible taste may enjoy a study of each in succession. There stands the superb Italian, with her eyes, and her hair, and her passions—and her temper, too, and her jets Mediterranean; at her opposite, musing and warbling, with her refined American bow, her chin, her feminine reserve, and

a seeming in every posture of her slender hand. We, our own self, are right proud of the beautiful little ballad-singer we have got at home, who can also carry well enough on the alternate nights, the frank objective passion and organ volume of the southern contadine.

But a terrible ordeal and equitable critic has been saying that Kellogg acts unsympathetic ally. It has set us to thinking a bit. So if you will kindly say yes to the next paragraph, we will have out our thinking cement-ed by concert. Just the clear sense of your assistance. Is the American character truly going off into the sulks? Is it true that the city now is so completely raised over the effects of national genius in these soon days of Sumter and Sisera? Is every mind engaged, or even a mass, but obsessed, nearer to forbid that he has not a mind? Is it true that the great Republic has that arose before his memory while he sat among the pandemonium of the Tuileries? His supervisal of the material business actually overtakes the national muse?

Is it true that the American name of music means a haunting sense of this very criticism creeps along with the Atlantic cable? Is it true that the Fine Arts Flowers carves regulatively, but leaves a chill. Crawford, in his studio, is working, and a design for a fountain will ever climb the mountain of the capitol to which Washington is to be elevated? Powers has completed, leaves the reader slumbering in his very marrow. The same "cold" is spreadable just the same. Hiram Powers, headed by Holmes, with his infernal Lucifer, Church with his Heart of the Andes, Huntington with his Mary Magdalene, and a forgotten, evidently exiled Rogers, with his exquisite face can represent every feeling but tenderness. And as for Mr. Gothic Walter, he is the very marvel of intricate manipulation. As our very best man in Rome, he enjoys opportunities for observation at their triumphs in every direction, well he may. Even the Rome of Hawthorne's confounded blunders, more than heaven has forbidden yet to be seriousness, growing more and more worthy of the old saying, touching genius to the pressus. And so an exquisitely pretty and graceful Miss Hosmer, who has only to step across out to the footgate and run us with her sweet coo of a laugh. Miss Hosmer, however fashionable and the fayre, who will have eminent spiritual appetites, go off in troops to Rome, and bring back the fever for the Eternal City, and Italy, with the fine taste, and the brain that you could not get from Italy.

But it is Lent, and we do not go to the opera. Or at least we do not go to the opera. Gothic Walter is not over here now, so that we can almost feel as if we were in Rome. Even the Lenten fare is not "scientifically delicate of nature." As the venison steak, the juicy sirloin, and the fat turkey are confounded and banished from our deliverers crusading in tall sweet, their silver forks and spoons, and the fish are left to the fancies of the writer. We hardly ever saw anything brighter or more delicate than the fish that were served at our order around the purpose about the middle of the evening. Even the glow and color of the wine made them look so bright. We said as much to the cranky and accomplished host, who sat at the head of one side in a box. Yes, he told us it was the Years of the Lord, and that he had been praying for it all night, and now upon their incense. Then we tried something else. "Ah," he said, "you should have been here on the day of poetry, got up with rice powder and cream, rather disposed to be fat, and dressing and undressing and undressing as much of the longer who sased for his pudding and his pipe, and his tobacco, and his wife, and his children, and saw no more of him until three o'clock, when he came down to dinner, arrayed with that of some different ladies' dresses, and a little the better for sobriety. Then we had a conversation that was not quite so full of pleasantest we ever attended, the music repeatedly being interrupted by the fact that there was no encore.

We were also, with the privileged whiguity of our kind, favored for half an hour with the Swedish nightingale who had a gay impromptu carnival the same night at the Academy of Music. There was a great deal of fashionable dressing and fun, and the witty Tedesco, who are tenderly fond of Jenny Lind, and who has written her many inexplicable insults, only spoiled by certain rather grotesque flights of fancy upon our world's goddess, which grated upon the tastes of a portion of the guests.

Mrs. Lander, the wife of Frederick, and who plays the violoncello, has been with us during the week. We were not able to get up a concert as we had at first determined might be, and devoted two evenings to the investigation. Mrs. Lander is a very pretty woman, and plays and sings something very nice. The lady plays with great agility, and has a very fine voice, and executes some very fine and lumbering implement. Which, who assists her, is an accomplished musician, and his performance is always brilliant; and he hobnailed mashpintoish perhaps equal to any violoncello player out in this country.

Mr. Lander, too, Davenport, has been enrapturing her audiences in the West, and we are told that she has made completely her own. We refer to "Cinderella" and "Ici on parle Français," in "Black and White." The latter character she sustained with the most exquisite delicacy. Mr. Lander is a gentleman of the old nations during the week—once for the benefit of Shakespeare, and once for Sheridan. Of course, we always happy to herald a return to the legitimate drama, and to welcome any one who will bring it to us, but we have our own private and personal opinion, that Mrs. Lander is not the best exponent on the part of Shakespeare's female the American public.

Mr. Lander has made his tasteful Lecture Room with the great crowds who flock to see that the and Mr. Lander's "Pictures of Home Scene, and Sketches of Women of New York." It is a fashionably moral joy, in which the ladies and gentlemen of the Lander family are zealously rewarded by going through a mild and cosing series of tableaux, in which the wife and husband, and children, and servants, and all, are duly and fondly worshipped. So everybody is satisfied. The squash pie and the pumpkin pie are not disturbed, and the regional polyglot giant Goshen, weeps, in shocks to depart, with the consolation of carrying up the old night of the handsome face.

The Great Moral Exhibition is also about to close. The great moral display and, Hannibal, is going to work in the provinces, and to expand more gifted world. The great moral genius will browse from some other calling; and the great moral genius will be sent to the provinces for the improvement of a different class of youngsters, and the great moral peculiarities going to the provinces to Hannibal.

In our courts, the most striking Sundays and Jarndyce and Jarndyce case is that in America to American its cause. We refer to the Will case of Edwin B. Christy, deceased, which has been occupying the attention of Judge Ingraham's Special Term for two whole years, until now it is to be finally settled, and the case stands at high odds. Those who are fond of cases using testimony can find no better than the case now before the court. The issues, of great interest, are clearly defined, and the counsel on both sides are of the highest order. The case will be heard on Friday and Saturday.

The splendid and gorgeous ritual of the Greek church had its first exposition in America on Thursday, the 8th inst., when the Russian Emperor, a complete service was performed, with prayers for the family of Alexander II. The ceremonial took place in Trinity Church, a visiting priest of the Orthodox Oriental church, now in the city, officiating. The service was a mixture of Solovonic and English, and attracted a large crowd.

As we write the concluding words the vast procession in honor of the re-inauguration is rolling through the crowd, shining in the brilliant weather like an immense constellation. But as everybody in the city is now in the procession, we must leave the host and go adding the testimony of our more gossipy eye, and generously behave.



ARMY OF THE JAMES—WINTER CAMP.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

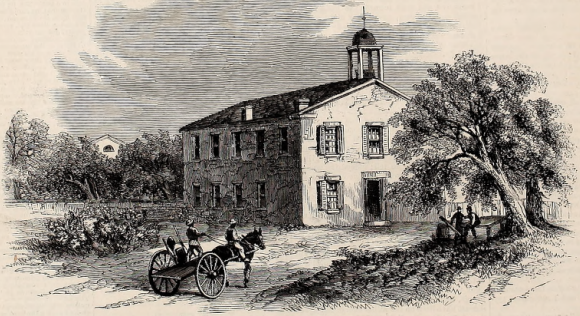
WROUGHT IRON SHIELD FOR THE CRONSTADT FORTIFICATIONS.

The present war has given a wonderful impetus to all discussions respecting artillery practice and the means of resisting bombardments. The recent brilliant achievements of our navy, under Farragut and Porter, have more than ever called the attention of European Governments to this most important branch of warfare. Our successes during the last two years have entirely overthrown all their previous calculations, and the London papers are constantly giving the results of the most costly experiments made by the British Government testing the efficacy of defensive armor. The same experiments are being carried on in the French dockyards, but the profoundest silence is observed as to the results. Judging from the failure of all their great armor ships, it would not appear they have been more successful than their neighbors across the Channel.

The Russian Government has evidently come to the conclusion that the walls of Cronstadt will not be so secure in the event of another war as they were when Admiral Napier told his Jack Tars to sharpen their cutlasses. It has therefore had several defensive iron works constructed in London; one of these we present to our readers in this number, as the one esteemed the best by the most eminent engineers of Europe. There is no question that before many years have elapsed we shall have portable fortifications constructed on the same plan.

COURT-HOUSE, SMITHVILLE, N. C.

SMITHVILLE, one of the oldest and most dilapidated villages in the South, is situated on the Cape Fear river, about two miles from the Atlantic. It has a population of about 600 persons, most of whom are engaged in fishing. The Court-House will give our readers an idea of its general appearance. One of the apartments in the building was used as a shoe store, the rest being devoted to the Court offices. When our Artist visited it piles of public documents were strewn over the floors, some of them very old, dating as far back as the early Revolutionary times.



COURT-HOUSE AT SMITHVILLE, NEAR WILMINGTON, N. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

HOW TO PREVENT A DIVORCE.—When the senior Jonathan Trumbull was Governor of Connecticut, a gentleman called at his house, requesting to see his excellency in private. Accordingly he was shown into his sanctum sanctorum; and the Governor came forward to meet Squire W., saying, "Good morning, sir; I am glad to see you." Squire W. returned the salutation, adding as he did so, "I have called upon a very unpleasant errand, sir, and want your advice. My wife and I do not live happily together, and I am thinking of getting a divorce. What do you advise, sir?" The Governor sat a few moments in deep thought, then turning to Squire W., said: "How did you treat Mrs. W. when you were courting her? and how did you feel towards her at the time of your marriage?" Squire W. replied: "I treated her as kindly as I could, for I loved her dearly at that time." "Well, sir," said the Governor, "go home and court her now just as you did then, and love her as when you married her. Do this in the fear of God for one year, and then tell me the result." The Governor then said, "Let us pray." They bowed in prayer and separated. When a year had passed away, Squire W. called again to see the Governor, and grasping his hand, said: "I have called, sir, to thank you for the good advice you gave me, and to tell you that my wife and I are as happy as when first we were married. I cannot be grateful enough for your good council." "I am glad to hear it, Mr. W., and hope that you will continue to court your wife as long as you live." The result was that Squire W. and his wife lived happily together to the end of life. Let those who are thinking of separation in these days go and do likewise.

AMONG the numerous purposes to which photography has been applied, may now be included that of, so to speak, surveying, or mapping a country. Taking advantages of the physical conformation of the country around Grenoble, France, which is extremely mountainous, Capt. Javary has succeeded in making an admirable photographic survey of Grenoble and its environs. Eighteen different stations, at various elevations, were selected, and the result is, a map in which all the outward physical features of the country are represented with microscopical minuteness.

NAME me, and you destroy me?—Silence.



ARMY OF THE JAMES—HAULING CLAY TO BUILD WINTER HUTS.



ARMY OF THE JAMES—SPLITTING SHINGLES TO THATCH WINTER HUTS.



FISH MARKET AT CITY POINT, JAMES RIVER, VA.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

CAMP SCENES.

Army of the James.

THERE is a certain charm in all adventure, which frequently hides the danger; otherwise, how account for that disregard of comfort which makes sailors and soldiers of our citizens? Our Artist has sent us some sketches representing a camp in a snowstorm, and a very cheerless thing we should think it were we obliged to pitch our tent in the open air.

Our Artist writes: "You would hardly believe the alacrity with which our brave boys, most of whom have been accustomed to all the luxuries of a city life, go to work and pile the clay into their trucks to build the lower part of their winter huts. I have sent also a sketch representing them at work making the shingles for the roof. It is amusing to see with what an air of satisfaction they look around them when their work is completed, and they sit down to take their first smoke in their new habitation. Truly, every man is a Robinson Crusoe to a certain extent."

Fish Market, City Point.

War has its comedy as well as its tragedy, and few scenes are more comic than those daily seen at the fish market on City Point. There is not much variety, to be sure, for the article is almost invariably codfish, but it is fresh, being generally pulled out that morning from the James river. It is very amusing to hear the bargainings between the seller and the buyer. Sometimes it does not take the most placid turn, and many an angry discussion is heard between the exorbitant owner and the would-be purchaser. Our Artist has given a very life-like sketch of this modern Billingsgate.



REBEL WORKS ON CAPE FEAR RIVER, NEAR WILMINGTON, N. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

UNION GUNBOATS

Shelling the Rebel Idlers on Cape Fear River.

OUR readers will perceive that there has seldom been a campaign in which the two arms of the service have been so equally and gloriously employed as in the recent one against Wilmington and its defences. Indeed, it is only justice to both branches to say that neither could have achieved success without the other. Our sketch represents the Union gunboats shelling the rebel works, which were made to prevent the advance of our troops against Wilmington. It is somewhat remarkable that, as our gunboats are generally in direct range of the enemy's guns, so few casualties occur. Indeed, in the late attack on the Cape Fear defences more injury was done by the bursting of our own guns than was inflicted by those of the enemy.

THE ROPE-TYING FEAT.—The following description of the way in which the rope-tying feat is performed may interest some of our readers: The rope should be of a firm, smooth quality, about five or six yards long. Take it by the left hand in the centre, holding it between the left thumb and forefinger perpendicularly before you. Take hold with the right hand of the upper end of the rope, about a foot above where you are holding with the left hand; bring the two thumbs together, placing the portion of rope in the right hand behind the portion already under the left thumb; this will make a loop about four inches in diameter leaning on the left hand side of the first end of the rope, which is still hanging straight before you; then pass the second end over the thumb and through the loop, and pull the end through; then pass the right hand about six inches along the second end, and double it into a loop, and pass the double portion over the right hand under the portion covering the left thumb, in the direction of the loop already formed in the left hand, letting the second end hang down in the centre between the two first ends; pull tight, and the knot portions of the loops, and the knot is complete. You will then have two loops large enough to pass the hands through, and the two long ends which will slip freely to and fro when you hold the knot. When the lights are extinguished, the operator first of all makes the knot, he then passes one of the ends of the rope through each of the holes in the seat, or through the carved back of a chair. He then knots the two ends together in a few inches underneath. This is apparently to prevent it, the operator rising from the seat, but not enabling him to get a straight pull on both loops. He then, unassisted, the cords not tied tight round the ankles, then brought up to the knees, secured fastened round them, and the ends fastened anywhere, it does not matter where, so that they cannot be reached by the mouth. The operator then thrusts his hands into the loops, extends his legs as much as they can be found, and is drawn tight, the lights are called for, and he is found, not only apparently, but really, tightly bound. Exactly, tightly bound. Exactly, to extinguish the lights, and in the twinkling of an eye the legs are relaxed, the loops are slackened, the hands withdrawn, and the operator is free to wave guitars, to play tambourines, to take off his coat, to touch anybody he can reach, to strike objectionable committee-men sharply on the head, and, in fact, to do anything that the spiritual agency or the new physical force is supposed to do for him.

THE following anecdote of Count Fourtalès, whose gallery occupies so much attention at this moment, gives one a charming idea of the man himself—therefore I repeat it: The count's attention was attracted to the works of a young artist, exhibited for the first time at the salon, the name was then unknown, and it was with some difficulty the count procured his address. He wrote to request the young artist to bring one of the pictures exhibited to his house, which request was at once acceded to.

"I should like to add your picture to my collection, sir," said the count; "may I venture to inquire its price?"

"Two thousand francs,"



THE GENERAL HOSPITAL AT SAVANNAH, GA., NOW OCCUPIED BY OUR SICK AND WOUNDED.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

replied the youngman, debating within himself whether he had not ventured on too large a sum.

"Ten thousand francs," replied the great man, ringing temporary deafness. "Very well, then, consider the transaction as settled."

The artist, unwilling to benefit by a mistake, at once explained the error as to francs (the count had counted).

"Pardon," interrupted M. de Fourtabis, "*je ne marchande jamais*"—I never bargain.

SHOPPING IN JERUSALEM.

Tyre is a ditch in the centre of most of the streets, but there are no sidewalks as to pavements, for the unevenly laid stones do not deserve the name, nor are there any lamp-posts. At night no one here and there the dim flickering of a little earthen lamp of olive oil beside a reclining figure of a man, who has sleeping upon a raised platform in front of his bazaar, and this is the only light one enjoys in a nocturnal walk through the city. House to house visiting or carrying out any knowledge which is still further enforced by the regulation inflicting fine and imprisonment upon all who are caught in the street without a light after an early hour.

The streets are lined with bare stone walls of prison-like houses, by every few and very small latticed windows, and covered usually with arches or pieces of masonry, connecting the houses, and the streets are more loosely proclaim the merits of their wares. Country women are also to be met at either side of the streets, baskets of fruits and of vegetables. The shops of the Aegyptian bazaars are nothing more than open stone platforms, four or five feet square with shelves arranged around, on which are placed the goods to sell. The parchment stands in the street, while the merchant performs his work on a rug spread over the platform. With utter indifference he lays aside his turquoise, and at first sneers at the customer whether he buy or not, but presently launches into great volubility on the excellence of his fabrics, and the cheapness at which he offers them to trade, but often makes a great display of richly embroidered robes, and beautiful shawls and head-dresses, which, although embroidered in gold, is of the coarsest cotton, yet to the unpracticed eye appears rich. It reminds me of among other purchases of one of my companions of a pair of white cotton, with which I had intended making my best robe of black silk!

Displayed on the shelves are handsome the shelves —some of them gilded morocco, without ornament, but of the richest quality, and perfectly soft and pliant, including colored stones; embroidered jackets of purple cloth, trimmed with tinsel lace, and with gold and silk braid; scraps of scarlet cloth with light raised gold patterns, and some had a pale blue and striped silk sashes from Damascus; napkins perfumed with otto of rose, and embroidered in the most ready made trousers, and red fez caps with tassels. Calicoes are not cheap, but linens very much so, and their prices are nearly as high as those of silks.

Besides the above, there are also pipes and glass narghilehs, and little coffee-cup stands of richly embossed silver—the owner's prejudices of a religious character notwithstanding. For these they cry one penny, or five cents, which is the price of a cup of coffee, very delicious, by the way. Further, on the respectable Armenian street, are flowering small trees and shrubs with his scanty supply of merchandise, and those of the richest incrustation. With these, the owner sits, or rises, or sets as suits, with wonderful skill.

Interspersed among these are shops where numbers of beads are displayed, made of cocoa's bone, shells, amulets and talismans, and these are manufactured in stones from India, and baskets of pearl, made by the Bethlehemites, in imitation of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and a long catalogue of all that which are in great demand among the several pilgrims. Of course there a man may be seen standing by a small earthen furnace of charcoal, in which he burns a few coals, with small pieces of mutton—a very popular dish. The bazaar is already crowded with various nationalities of pilgrims from all parts of the world, and the air resounds with the sounds of camel and donkey drivers, "Bosh! bosh!" "Yaqua!" they cry—"stand aside, stand aside!" "Bosh!" which, united to the babel of tongues and the fierce gesticulation characteristic of Orientals, present a scene of noise and confusion impossible to describe. Add to this the braying of donkeys, the cries of camels, the chattering of men and women on the streets, one's nose to avoid, at every step, the accumulated filth of ages, and dodging the mud, and you get the sun parching through the ragged matting overhead, and you have a faint picture of what the pilgrim must withstand to participate in the reality.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

THE DAILY *News* says: "The fall of Charleston is a mere matter of Sherman's pen," in the style of Lord's strategy. Who gives a castle looks to gain a queen."

WHY is McClellan like Job's horse? Because he smelt the battle from afar.

WE offer the following item as a hint to the ingenious Doolys, whose magic wheel was the sensation of Baltimore, and to the ornament of the Capital, the Emperor presented to the son of Prince Napoleon an automaton, which, by touching a spring, could walk now. The figure walks backwards and forwards, and turns at the door and returns in the same way. Nothing more whatever. Nothing before it whatever may be put in the box. A figure of a child, they think he has seen the shows, and it is of the very simplest mechanism.

GEN. BUTLER has humorously suggested an epitaph for himself, as follows: "Died at Fortress Monroe, on the 9th inst., the military career of Major-Gen. B. F. Butler, of negligent shock of the republic army."

DOUGLAS JERROLD once said to an ardent young gentleman who was desirous of seeing his name in print, "Get yourself by turns into a scrape, and then down the shutters before there is something in the window."

Punch gives utterance to the following, on Lord Derby's resignation:

When Lord Derby of late
Sooner than could be translated,
Some grim old shocking mood silly had,
For his knee, there's no goods,
And he's off his legs.

Since old governors the country as like-had.

THE ex-Confederate Secretary of War Boyle Rocke: "Mr Speaker, I small a rat; I see him coming in the air, but I can't see who. I shall yet nip him in the bud." He evidently the model upon which a writer in Kansas framed, the other day, some remarks upon the recent election. The Leavenworth *Conservative* says, that by the result of that election, "the fell of corruption has been dispelled, and the wheels of the State Government will no longer be trammelled by cracks that have beset the public prosperity like locusts."

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2,000	Chatelaine Chains & Guard Chains	5 " 20
7,000	Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4 " 10
2,000	Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 " 6
5,000	Coral, Opal and Emerald Brooches	4 " 8
5,000	Mosaic, Jet, Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 " 8
7,500	Coral, Opal and Emerald Ear Drops	4 " 6
4,000	California Diamond Breast Pins	2 50 " 10
3,000	Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys	2 50 " 8
4,000	Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides	3 " 10
5,000	Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, etc	3 " 8
3,000	Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc	4 " 7
10,000	Miniature Lockets	2 50 " 8
4,000	" " Magic Spring	3 " 20
3,000	Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc	2 " 8
5,000	Plain Gold Rings	4 " 10
5,000	Chased Gold Rings	4 " 10
10,000	Stone Set and Signet Rings	2 50 " 10
10,000	California Diamond Rings	2 " 10
7,500	Sets Ladies' Jewellery—Jet and Gold	5 " 15
6,000	Sets Ladies' Jewellery—Cameo, Pearl, etc	" 15
10,000	Gold Pens, Silver Extension-holders and Pencils	4 " 10
10,000	Gold Pens and Gold Mounted Holders	3 " 8
5,000	Gold Pens and Gold Extension Holders	6 " 10
5,000	Silver Goblets and Drinking Cups	5 " 50
3,000	Silver Castors	15 " 50
2,000	Silver Fruit and Cake Baskets	20 " 50

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All Articles Sold at One Dollar Each without regard to value!

On receipt of the Certificate you will see what you are going to have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any set of Jewellery on our list for *One Dollar* and in no case can they get less than One Dollar's worth, as there are no blanks. The price of Certificates is as follows:

One for 25 cents; five for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for $10; one hundred for $15.

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200	Diamond Rings	50 " 100
2,000	Gold Vest and Neck Chains	15 " 30
3,000	" " " "	4 " 6
3,000	Gold Oval Band Bracelets	4 " 8
5,000	Chased Gold Bracelets	5 " 10
2,000	Chatelaine Chains & Guard Chains	5 " 20
7,000	Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4 " 10
2,000	Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 " 6
5,000	Coral, Opal and Emerald Brooches	4 " 8
5,000	Mosaic, Jet, Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 " 8
7,500	Coral, Opal & Emerald Ear Drops	4 " 6
4,000	California Diamond Breast Pins	2 50 " 10
3,000	Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys	2 50 " 8
4,000	Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides	3 " 10
5,000	Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, etc	3 " 8
3,000	Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc	4 " 7
10,000	Miniature Lockets	2 50 " 8
4,000	" " Magic Spring	3 " 20
3,000	Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc	2 " 8
5,000	Plain Gold Rings	4 " 11
5,000	Chased Gold Rings	4 " 11
10,000	Stone Set and Signet Rings	2 50 " 10
10,000	California Diamond Rings	2 " 10
7,500	Sets Ladies' Jewellery—Jet & Gold	5 " 15
6,000	Sets Ladies' Jewellery — Cameo, Pearl, etc	4 " 15
10,000	Gold Pens, Silver Extension-holders and Pencils	4 " 10
10,000	Gold Pens and Gold Mounted Holders	3 " 6
5,000	Gold Pens and Gold Extension Holders	6 " 10
5,000	Silver Goblets and Drinking Cups	5 " 50
3,000	Silver Castors	15 " 50
2,000	Silver Fruit and Cake Baskets	20 " 50
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One for	25 cents.
Five for	$1
Eleven for	2
Thirty for	5
Sixty-five for	10
One hundred for	15

AGENTS will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage Stamps. ARRANDALE & CO.,
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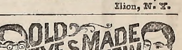


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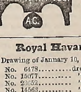
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We manufacture four styles of Watches.

The trade has the name

"AMERICAN WATCH CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The vernier has the name

"APPLETON, TRACY & CO., Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

The vernier has the name

"P. S. BARTLETT, Waltham, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate.

All the above styles have the name American Watch Co. painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.

The vernier has the name

"WM. ELLERY, Roxbury, Mass.," engraved on the inside plate, and is not named on the dial.

All the above-described Watches are made of various sizes, and are sold in gold or silver cases, as may be required.

It is hardly possible for us to accurately describe the numerous imitations to which we have alluded. They are usually furnished with names so nearly approaching our own as to escape the observation of the unaccustomed buyer. Some are represented as made by the "Union Watch Co. of Boston, Mass."—no such company existing. Some are named the "Soldier's Watch," to be sold as our Fourth or Wm. Ellery style, usually known as the "soldier's Watch" others are named the "Appleton Watch Co.," others the "P. S. Bartlet," instead of our P. S. Bartlett, besides many varieties named in such a manner as to convey the idea that they are the veritable productions of the American Watch Company.

We also caution the public, and particularly soldiers, against buying certain articles called watches as freely advertised in illustrated papers as "Army Watches," "Officers' Watches," "Magic Time Observers," "Arcana Watches," &c., the prices of which are stated to be from $7 to $16. A good watch in those times cannot be afforded for any such money.

A little attention on the part of the buyers will protect them from gross imposition.

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Agents for the American Watch Company,
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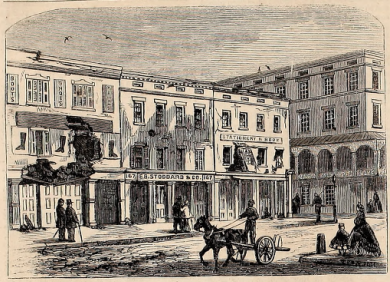
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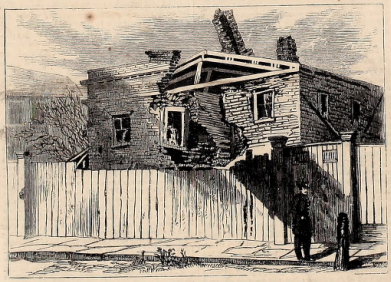
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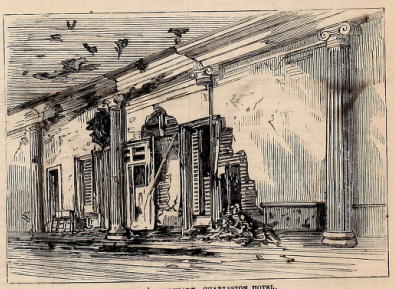
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During the present civil war, our Artists have been wherever any operations were in progress, and we can fairly affirm that no military or naval expedition of any importance has been without an Artist of acknowledged ability and experience from this establishment. Besides the every week's issue of the numberless instances, voluntarily attested the the spirit and fidelity of our sketches. This has been so well understood in Europe that they are constantly copied by the Illustrated Papers of London, Paris and Leipsic. This testimony to the superiority of our paper over all others has been gained at an immense outlay, and the ongoing expenditure is comprise; over 80 Artists having been employed since the commencement of the war in making sketches for our pages.

The war correspondents of the public press are constantly referring to the presence and activity of our Special Artists—the latest instance being in the New York *Tribune*, who, in writing from Charleston, says, "There are now here two Artists of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, making sketches of all that is interesting," etc.

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Those whose subscriptions expire with the volume should renew them at once, to avoid interruption in receiving the paper, as it is always next to impossible for us to supply back numbers.

Russia and the United States are the only two great progressive nations of the age. Both move in the same general line of amelioration of the condition of man, though the forms of government differ, it is only because each has to deal with men under different aspects and conditions, and under different moral, social and mental states. Russia is tearing an Empire from little less than barbarism, educating it up gradually to an appreciation of the rights of man, and consolidating it as well as the benefits of self-government. The United States started on its career of national glory with institutions already in advance of those of Russia, but, as we have already said, both nations have moved—widely apart it is true—but in converging directions, and they are both moving to a common goal. It is natural that there should exist a deep sympathy between them. Each appreciates and values the other at its true worth. To-day in that the world is wide enough for both. In the intercourse between the two there is no arrière pensée holding. Each is open, honest and frank. Russia, tending politically in the same direction, albeit with many degrees of difference in the road, is the natural friend of the nation which should take stand on every point of ground common to both, and seek to still further harmonize their relations, social and moral, as well as political. For example: after a careful and prayerful scrutiny of the Creek religion, that which prevails in Russia, we have recently established a church in city, as represented by the clergy and vestry of Trinity Church, admitted the full rehearsal of the Greek ritual in the presence of the service in its own chapel on the 1st of March. A daily contemporary tells us that Father Agapius, the Russian Priest who officiated on the occasion in Trinity Chapel, "has been admitted into the full fellowship of the Episcopal Church." The same journal continues:

"It is a just matter of congratulation that the American Church recognizing the value of the new bond, has taken this step to cement more closely the Christian union. The Russian people are drawn by natural sympathies toward this country. The great emancipation movement in Russia proceeded that of America, but both nations now keep step in the march of progress. There is no reason why a church established in this country, for no rancor born of war stirs the bloor of the people. The practical lightning of Science in the interest and political stabilities, social harmony and moral strength, is one of the grand arms of our day."

It is a pity that neither circumstance nor a just regard for our public duty will permit us to follow the example of the sons of Noah, and cover up the disgraceful nudity of our contemporary the President. Men, however low their origin or vulgar their station and habits, generally rise to a respectable degree of decency at times when they called to high station, and in their exterior and public deportment carry themselves with a certain respect for the proprieties and decencies conditions of society. Mr. Vice President Johnson, on the occasion of his inauguration, failed in this most obvious duty, and not content with thus degrading himself, with maudlin emphasis and reiteration, "apleb-ized," evinced by actions more positive and demonstrative that he was a low-bred man of the lowest and most disgraceful of vices, unrestrained equally by self-respect or regard for public opinion. We sincerely commend to the consideration of, and shrink from the loathsome duty of referring to the humiliating scene in the Senate Chamber, on the 4th of March, and the still more base one when silence becomes a crime, and we are compelled to swell the deep stern voice of reprobation which rises from all parts of our outraged country, against a repetition of the spectacle of a drunken man mumbling inarticulately the solemn oath which binds the Executive officer of the day to the United States. Mr. Vice-President Johnson has four years wherein through dignified and sober conduct to redeem the character of the day which he brought a blush to every American cheek, and contempt on the second office within the gift of the nation.

There is, to our minds, a well-founded distinction between the purely legal position assigned by section of the so-called Congress at Richmond, made up of representatives from States which have not seceded, and recognized as the "Confederacy" than those of Germany. It is not surprising that North Carolina, Alabama and Georgia are sending a delegation under parole of professing to represent Kentucky, Missouri, Tennessee, Arkansas, etc., which are as much out of the "Confederacy" as Vermont and New York. Mr. Brown, of Georgia, complains, and not unreasonably, that "Much of our most objectionable legislation is fastened upon us by the voice of representatives who, however patriotic and true to our cause, act without responsibility to any constituency, and out of the army, who can be affected thereby, and who can neither visit with safety, nor show themselves publicly among the people whom they profess to represent, a majority of whom have given the strongest evidence of sympathy and support to the Government of the United States, and have been constantly represented in the Congress of those States."

The rebellion has a significant dread of State Conventions, which means that it has a dread of the spirit of States Rights wherewith it conjured so long, and threw in the means of which it broke up, or sought to break up, "the best Government the world ever saw." We have always maintained that the principle of secession would be the destruction of Socesia, and results justify our predictions. It is without surprise, therefore, that we find Governor Brown, governor elect of Georgia, that, "No Convention is now wanted in Virginia. A convention will not fight, but it might run away. There is no policy in a State when that alternative shall come. Gen. Lee is the proper Convention, he is the best judge of our situation. No Convention of Georgia, for what does State Sovereignty need in a Convention? *Has not State Sovereignty been the weakness of our cause?* Our cause to-day needs power."

We have had occasion to remark how patiently and with what patriotic forbearance our people have endured high-handed acts of power and encroachments on individual and guaranteed rights, in a manner almost unexampled from the circumstances in which the country has been placed, and to which they have submitted with little or no complaint, in the interests of harmonizes in Government and those in authority. The necessity for the exercise of arbitrary authority, if it ever really existed, has passed away, with the return of peace it behoves us to see to it that power shall take no immunity from the fact that its illegitimate exercise was tacitly endured and will-out more than a passing protest. We are pleased to read, in the report of the speech of Mr. David Dudley Field, made on the occasion of the great patriotic demonstration in this city:

"After finishing the war we shall still have the great work of settling the Union, a great nation of thirty-six States to be united, peaceful and prosperous; we are to preserve the rights and liberties of individuals as clearly defined and as firmly guaranteed as the rights of the nation. Among the rights we are to preserve shall be remembered only to be avoided. There have been acts of power which must not be drawn into precedent. We must remember that this complex system can not exist if any State shall claim for itself the sweep compatible with the greatest strength of the nation, is the indissoluble connection with the slavery which is destructibility of the States, and that there can be no true Union if any State or any portion of them are subject to the arbitrary will of any other person."

The Southern Senate has almost a monopoly of those flowers of rhetoric which used to bloom in our Capitol, when "all the chivalry" dominated the Senate. The Capital of Virginia, recently delivered a speech in Richmond, *apropos* of Mr. Jefferson Davis, in which the statement of the Rev. Dr. Hoge should be explained and by it the rebellion succeed was characterised as "another phosphorescent emanation from passionate Virginia, which will soon and fiery out in the cockcs' or disordered imagination!"

The ephemeral empire of Maximilian is taking precisely the course which will seemest bring its wretched existence to an end. It has already pronounced a long series of arbitrary acts towards the country which will make its squelching out an early if not immediate necessity. It is authoritatively stated that the city of Mexico has refused is directed to arrest all persons who express sympathy with the Union cause, and one man has been sentenced to a year's imprisonment for predicting the speedy end of the rebellion. We do not blame Maximilian for hating us, for he well knows that our principles are fatal to his existence on this continent, to the shaded in our convenience, but it seems impolitic for him to precipitate his fate by making himself unnecessarily disagreeable.

Baron Muller, in his Mexican travels, pretends to have found a real tea plant, or rather the leaves of it, in Guatemala. He was, he says, in the house of a painter, who offered him some, and he says: "Through politeness I tasted the unadulterated, and found there must be some mistake, because the beverage appeared to me a good sort of Souchong, but the painter pressed me to take some more, and gave me a basket full of the leaves; he even let me have half a pound of it, and I had a difficulty in inducing him to accept the money. It is the real Chinese tea oosta, from three to four dollars a pound in Europe, I cannot suppose that the man gave me anything in exchange, for it does not differ in taste and smell from real Chinese tea, and connoisseurs whom I allowed to taste it, declared that it surpassed its excellent quality." Unfortunately, our author confesses that he did not meet with the plant itself, but was said to grow abundantly in the surrounding hills. A closer investigation would have repaid the loss of time, and the owner of the tea could have pointed out the Indians who gathered it for him.

Mr. Wm. H. Powell's "Battle of Lake Erie," lately painted by him for the State of Ohio, and for some time exhibited in the Rotunda of the Capitol in Washington, has returned to the city of Cincinnati, but we never would have obtained, to paint a grand naval picture for the Senate Wing of the Capitol, or accepting a commission to paint Leutze's "Westward the Star of Empire takes its Way," in the Representative Wing. Mr. Powell is to receive $25,000 for his work. The Passage of the Juris of the Mississippi by Farragut has in it more of the elements of a grand picture than any naval event in our country's history, but any artist who has the genius of our great civil war, among those who were and we hope still will be fellow-countrymen. The sinking of the Alabama as a subject is not open to this objection, inasmuch as the Alabama was an English built ship, armed with British guns, and manned with British sailors, and the result was a fair victory of American seamanship, skill and bravery over British. Perhaps, however, Mr. Powell will find in the fight of Paul Jones, and the celebration of the first American naval victory, a subject more appropriate for his pencil.

Summary of the War.

There is no reliable news from Gen. Sherman, the rebel papers, from which alone we have hitherto received our intelligence of his whereabouts, having received orders from their government to withhold all statistics in the premises from the Union army. The only items they contain is a correspondence between Gen. Sherman and the rebel Gen. Wade Hampton, the former is dated "In the Field, 21th of Feb," and the rebel's reply is dated 27th of February.

From a letter of Gen. Sherman's letter, which is in reference to the murdering of his foraging parties when taken prisoners by the rebels, he would not at that time have met with the slightest reverse. After stating that it has been officially reported to him that certain of his foraging parties had been murdered after capture and falsified "Death to all foragers," he says, "I have ordered a similar number of prisoners in our hands to be disposed of in like manner." He also says he has a sufficient number of rebel prisoners in his hands to retaliate for all such murders. The rebel General, in reply, denies that any orders have been given for the killing of prisoners after capture, and threatens retaliation.

A letter from Washington, dated the 6th inst., by way of Philadelphia, states, in the most positive terms, that a scout from Gen. Sherman's army had been captured by the rebels, and was making the information of the occupation of Charlotte, South Carolina, by our forces. There had been no fighting, with the exception of a few cavalry skirmishes. Our army had been resting for a few days, but the advance into North Carolina was regarded as a certainty.

A Washington paper publishes a despatch purporting to be from Gen. Thomas, from the Southwest, reporting the rout of his army in Tennessee, in information, obtained from the rebels, that Hardee, in endeavoring to effect a junction with Hardee, had had an encounter with the forces of Gen. Sherman with a few veteran brigades, and that Johnston was supposed to have attacked him in front, and defeated him. He adds, it is said, reports are not up in time, and did not give battle at all.

From Mobile we learn that 22 steamers, and six Massiesup ferry transports are in the bay there, up on the 25th of Feb., and also that a large body of troops were congregated at Pensacola, and on Tallahassee Railroad, awaiting an opportunity to cut the city.

Quiet still pervades the Army of the Potomac so far as fighting the enemy or making new movements, the roads still being in a bad condition; the necessary work of drilling and reviewing progressing to an active campaign in daily progress. In advancing the picket lines of the 1st corps it is reported that rebel colonel roger Pryor found a new picket line in their front. Great preparations are making in the Irish brigade for the celebration of St. Patrick's day. A grand *melodie mastickie* was given by the 69th corps opera troupe on the 8th.

TOWN COSSIP.

When a newspaper or a follow gets well over the hump and embarks prosperously on its twenty-one year or volume, a decent regard for his own opinion requires that he should set to congratulating himself. No one else can do it with a graceful air, and, as somestandinby or so beartly. It is as rash an age that the man, in the early or late morning, fails to caressing the downy chin, and bridling up his arm into a Cape Cod to test the muscle. The good opinion of others is a matter concerning, but then the man comes out with such a chinese, such a tongue!

In this behalf we have to say that we must yen for this in minutes of gossip, we word exercising in our graceful way before you came, and now know pretty fairly what we are about. Indeed, how we like to be formed a flattering opinion of our own muscle at nineteen minutes of age.

It seems only by land and sea, wherever the banner of the republic has been carried by its strong defenders, you may have heard us travelling. At spec to answer, all hand to portray, all hand to tell—we getting the truth and the lies, and the lies to get the truth, and the tale and the sad reprises would have been your conception of this immense struggle for an integral government, if you could not get it from the lips of those who have fought it. You know the aspect of the very spot where your brother got the wound of which he died, and you have seen together the palaces where the brave boys have suffered, the assaults they have made, the camping-grounds they have played under—and the graves and the hideaways where they sauhered the Johnnies. We are going to do it again. We give all accumulated adventures and incidents of every and the fairest warring, whether within, domestic, adventurous, tragical, comic or what. If you don't want to talk with us, you better cover your bodges, for "a chiel's among ye takin' notes, and faith he'll print 'em." Wherever you are going, or have been, keep behind, and travel—

All travel gets us in mind of what we were about to say, and we will now do so, when we have made a confession of self-flattery overlook us.

The perils of travel are great, although there are two ways to every question, still there are a few questions as simple as the head of a dandy who parts in the middle. Some have their sides split. No man, therefore, who buys a ticket for a railway trip pays cheerfully for the specific of a baggage—carpet-bag, portmanteau or valise—as the public in a pagoda, and exploding him into the society of Brutals—to localize the nouns—with his pretty three square report and his hair done by the conductor. The ladies of the central towns of Pennsylvania are more particularly to be kindly exercised since in the condition of as high mantle, with his scaly nose of it. It is a good thing, after shaving in a rebel jail, to be getting back to the old girl in Connecticut; but she won't want to see you so bad, nor if you have given your hand to an older girl in Bristol.

We fear we are speaking too seriously. No doubt we are. To-morrow some easiliness correspondent will

remind us that this is not the column for sermons. The fact is we feel, and so we speak—we look into our heart, and write. We find there a sneaking tenderness for an accomplished and highly-educated mustache, that was never born to feel the depilating influence of hot steam. There is a foot, too, that has been commended by Mrs. Wa, who considers it her property. We should be loth, although our personal courage is so-so, to present ourself in the family room with that foot in our pocket, in an alcohol-jar.

We suppose what is wanted is to have on board every train some officer of extraordinary acumen and ability, of discretion most rare, of responsibility most weighty, of vigilance most intense, and to pay heavily for securing such a man. What passenger would demur to the extra tax after he had once conceived the sensation of reasonable security? If these cares and qualities are compatible with the ordinary duties of the conductor, let the conductor be the person—paid heavily, held fearfully responsible, and, upon the slightest negligence, dropped into such fatal and hopeless odium as a man endures who hangs his fellow-man for money. Such an oversight as the neglect to place lights at the end of a night-train should be a thing, not merely to be scolded at, but simply impossible. Upon every train some one man should ride who feels around his neck the weight of every life aboard, as heavy as a millstone—a man quite capable of estimating the vast additional importance of care on our enormous lengths of way, beyond anything yet conceived in European schemes of travel, and who should earn a handsome salary by the exercise of keeping his eyes open. It has been demonstrated lately that there are public occasions on which a man really *must not* be drunk and spill rambling speeches about; so our ideal conductor must understand that he is to vent his homicidal propensities on his family or near friends, and that in his public capacity as representative, or we might say Vice-President of the travelling interest, his passengers' lives have been engaged and paid for, and are not at his disposal.

But we are not grumbling with the slightest idea of being listened to. Everybody knows how it goes. Sickening disasters have taken place on every line in the country, quite up to the point of boredom, and upon each tragedy such newspapers as are not on terms of agreeable intimacy with the railroad presidents, come out next day with immense palaver and outcry. Hear Icenian, Catieuchlanian, hear Ooritanian, Trinobant! Meantime there is no harm in sending a reporter or so to the spot, and making a little capital out of the occurrence. By another morning the rolling globe has turned up something else to the light.

There is always a fine opulence of subject matter in the way of German Conferences, or the Queen of Spain, or the Encyclical, or the Davenport Brothers, or the City Drainage. Which reminds us that we are ourself one of the city scavengers, and that our proper business is with what we can pick up here in these streets of New York.

It was our intention to say a word or two about the Strong divorce case, at which all the *demi-monde* have been snuffing and chuckling for a long time past. It was called up again on Thursday, the 9th, in the Superior Court, with the most sensational affidavits, charges and indictments. On approaching the printed testimony, however, though we had fortified ourselves at considerable expense with a quantity of these little violet nosegays they sell up and down Broadway, we found the Strong case so exceptionally and piercingly strong, that we fled a great many inches from that newspaper, and sought to regain our previous purity in the pages of Rabelais and the Decameron.

The exquisite acting of Mrs. Lander has given place upon the stage she adorned to the figure of Mr. Bandmann. In contemplating the performance of this gentleman, we always feel as if we were watching the manufacture of a great actor going on beneath our eyes, so evident is his development in the resources of his art, and so certain an ultimate great success. Attacking a new profession in mature life under a quantity of disadvantages, his enthusiasm and native genius have borne him already to a most respectable position, and are constantly carrying him on before our faces towards the goal to which he has set his own. He has unhappily selected for his initial performance a play adapted from an inferior tale of Bulwer's. All the interest of the drama is centered in the acting of Mr. Bandmann, and we think he has shown a want of tact in making such a selection. There will be plenty of treats for his admirers, however, as the artist goes on to unfold his repertory.

The "Hamlet" of Edwin Booth is rapidly approaching its hundredth consecutive representation, without any diminution of spirit in the actor, or enthusiasm in the public. It is emphatically the great triumph of Shakespearian representation in the present century. The newly inaugurated Saturday matinées have proved a remarkable success, filling the building with such hosts as probably were never gathered there before. On Saturday night last, the fair Ophelia of the play, Mrs. Chanfrau, took her benefit in the drama of the "Colleen Bawn," Mr. Chanfrau coming on from Washington to assist.

We learn that Mr. Henry Diffenderffer, a poet and *litterateur* of some prominence, has retired from the desk of a great merchant in this city, to accept an honorable position in the house of Messrs. Lake & McCreery. He will be heard from again, and always acceptably, in the columns of the public press.

The opera still flourishes; the lovely cantatrices singing like Sidney's shepherd, "as if they never should be old." On the Saturday matinée (though why afternoon performances are matinées, our French is too weak to explain), we had "Ernani," with some great vocalization by Signora Carozzi-Zucchi; while on the same evening Miss Kellogg charmed the natives of Brooklyn with her exquisite and favorite "Linda."

The aching sides, for which the guilty Mr. Owens is responsible, have had a partial relief during the present week, that comedian appearing in a character less broadly farcical than those which preceded it. Instead of the "Indian," "Toodles," or the wretched hero of "Forty Winks," we have had the delightful domestic play of "Dot," with Owens full of capital humor as Caleb Plummer.

The man whom Heller is abusing so every night by creating and destroying him at pleasure, looks, we fancy, worse than he did. Something is preying on his mind. He is evidently brooding over the question, Suppose the wizard should forget some fine night to bring him to life again, and his place among the living and the visible know him no more! It is a critical position.

The funny Alfred Burnett is having grand sport at Dodworth's Hall with his representations of character. His rapid changes of visage are marvellous.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Of the 731 prisoners at present confined in the Gratiot street prison, St. Louis, 242 have expressed a desire to take the oath of allegiance and reside north of the Ohio river during the war.

—— On the field of Gettysburg there were 27,574 guns picked up, and of these 24,000 were found to be loaded, and half of them were double loaded. One-fourth had from three to ten loads in, and many had five or six balls to one charge of powder. In some cases the powder was above the ball, in other the cartridges were not broken at the end, while in one musket 23 balls, 62 buckshot, and a quantity of powder were all mixed up together.

—— The refusal of the New Jersey Legislature to ratify the Constitutional Amendment Bill has defeated that measure for the present. The three States which refused to ratify were Kentucky, Delaware and New Jersey.

—— Col. Mulford, our agent for the exchange of prisoners, has advised persons in the North to send no more supplies or letters to relatives and friends in Southern prisons, as they will all soon be released.

—— It is proposed by a few enterprising capitalists to form a company, for the importation of jerked beef from Rio Grande, where it can be obtained in any quantities for two cents a pound.

—— On the 5th of March the wires of the Western Union Telegraph Company were connected with the Pacific line, and communication was established direct between this city and San Francisco, a distance of 4,000 miles.

—— One company in New York is seeking to obtain a charter to run a subterranean railroad in Broadway, while another is applying for one to build a railroad on a level with the second storey of Broadway.

—— There were 575 interments last year in Auburn Cemetery.

—— A correspondent informs us that there is an understanding between the gold-holders and the mercantile classes to let the price of the precious metal sink gradually, as both would be ruined should the fall be too sudden.

—— Real estate speculators are suffering heavily through the recent decline in the bullion market.

—— The number of disreputable divorce cases is becoming alarmingly large in New York.

—— The city of St. Louis has a population of 165,446 whites, of whom 76,496 are male, and 78,630 females, and 0,820 negroes of both sexes. Contrary to the general opinion, the American born population exceeds all the "foreign" and unascertained elements combined, being 88,500 out of the whole number.

—— The Boston *Transcript*, a sprightly newspaper of generally unexceptionable taste, is responsible for introducing a verbal barbarism, namely, "unifying!" Where's the schoolmistress—that anciently feminine ornament of New England?

—— Gov. Brown, of Georgia, describes the present situation of the rebellion very accurately: "The night is dark—the tempest howls; the ship is lashed with turbulent waves; the helmsman is steering to the whirlpool."

—— There now four medical colleges for women in operation, having been opened in Boston in 1848, in Philadelphia in 1850, in New York in 1863 and in London in 1864.

—— The Minnesota Legislature has agreed to submit the question of permitting the negroes to vote to the people at the next November election.

—— The contributions to the Edward Everett statue amounted to $31,014.

—— In the deserted office of the Charleston *Courier* was found the beginning of an editorial in type, thus: "There are no indications that our authorities have the first intention of abandoning Charleston, as we have ascertained from careful inquiry," and then the compositor dropped his stick and ran with the rest.

—— The edition of the New Testament in which everything is made to conform strictly to Baptist principles has at length been issued. It reads after this manner: "In those days came John the Immerser, preaching in the wilderness of Judea."

—— The Royal Astronomical Society of London has awarded its gold medal, this year, to an American, Professor George Phillips Bond, of Harvard College, Mass.

—— The Legislature of Kansas, in decreeing the establishment of a State University, has connected with it a female department, the pupils of which are to have access to the library and the lectures of the university.

—— One House of the Pennsylvania Legislature has passed a bill giving up the bed of the Alleghany river, in the oil regions, to oil speculators, who expect to find oil in great abundance by boring for it in the bed of the river. The grant is estimated to be worth millions, and it is charged that the members who voted for the bill are to share in the plunder.

Southern.—Gov. Brown, of Georgia, has issued a message, in which he severely censures Jeff Davis for neglecting Georgia, and leaving her to bear unaided the weight of Sherman's army. Despite the angry spirit it breathes against the Richmond Government, it declaims most furiously against re-entering the Union.

—— Gen. Imboden is said to be in command of all the Union prisoners in Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi.

—— The Richmond *Enquirer* informs us that when, a few days since, Gens. Crooke and Kelly, captured at Cumberland, were conducted to Early's headquarters, the latter addressed them thus: "Take seats, gentlemen; I presume you are tired after your ride." And then added the hero of brilliant victories and stunning defeats, with an intensification of that fine-tooth-comb peculiarity of his enunciation: "I expect some enterprising Yankee will be stealing off with me in the same way one of these days."

—— Public subscriptions of money and provisions are being raised in the South for the support of Lee's army.

Military.—Great guns cost something: a 10-inch Parrott gun costs $4,500; a 15-inch Rodman gun costs $6,500; a 15-inch Krupp's gun costs $39,400; a 12-inch Blakeley gun costs $35,000. The two latter are made of steel.

—— Ten thousand four hundred military appointments have been laid before the Senate since the commencement of the war.

—— Capt. Loper, who was declared a defaulter to a large amount two years ago, has been honorably acquitted.

—— An enterprising recruiting officer is now making arrangements to transfer a legion of 1,000 men from the Cape of Good Hope, Africa, to New York. They are Germans, and now in the service of the British Government, having been sent to that part to put down the Kaffir revolt. Their time is just out, and they have sent an officer here to arrange the terms of their enlistment.

—— Men now are easily obtaining $1,000 as recruits. Good substitutes have even obtained higher terms. It is said that Brooklyn has suffered more than any other town by the war in the shape of able-bodied men.

Personal.—Roger A. Pryor has arrived in Richmond on parole.

—— Mr. Calicott, of Brooklyn, has been appointed special agent and supervisor of the rebel States.

—— Garibaldi has declined to accept the invitation to visit England this year.

—— It is contemplated to give Edwin Booth a public entertainment when he has performed Hamlet 100 nights. On the 8th he had performed it consecutively, excepting Sundays, 89 times, a feat altogether unparalleled in the history of dramatic art.

—— The youngest volunteer in the U. S. army is Strod Putnam, aged 14. He has been wounded twice severely, and distinguished himself on both occasions.

—— Fitzhugh McCulloch, who succeeds Fessenden as Secretary of the Treasury, was born in Maine, in 1812. In his youth he moved to Indiana, where he became cashier of a bank, which he retained for 20 years. In 1855 he was made President of the New Indiana State Bank. Mr. Chase made him controller of the currency in 1861. He has thus devoted all his life to finance.

—— Gen. McClellan, on his way to Rome, passed through Liverpool, London and Paris, but attracted very little attention in either of those cities.

—— M. Blondell, the Belgian Minister at Washington, has been accredited to Mexico.

—— There is a Brig.-Gen. Terry in the rebel army, who is stationed in Texas at the present time. He was formerly Chief Justice of California, and in 1859 resigned that position in order to fight a duel with Mr. Broderick, Senator from that State, whom he killed. He left California in 1862, and went to Texas *via* Mexico.

Obituary.—Herr Narbut, the well-known Polish historian, died recently, aged 82.

—— Francois Roelants, one of the shining lights of Flemish dramatic literature, is dead.

—— Paul Royer Collard, the distinguished Professor of International Law, is dead; he was in his 61st year.

Accidents and Offences.—A man named Clements was arrested on the 7th of March in Washington, charged with having declared his intention of assassinating President Lincoln. He was evidently crazy.

—— A lawyer named Brizee, of Chicago, recently stabbed the keeper of a notorious house in that city, named Sayers, *alias* Jewellery Jack. He died a few hours afterwards.

—— On Tuesday morning a frightful accident occurred on the Camden and Amboy railroad, near Bristol, by which 13 were killed and over 40 desperately injured. It was occasioned through the carelessness of the railroad officials.

Foreign.—It is stated by the *Index*, the London rebel journal, that over 800 American vessels, amounting to 600,000 tonnage, have been transferred from the United States flag to the British.

—— The rebel ram built in France, and called the Olinda, has been rechristened the Stonewall. The United States steamer Niagara is in pursuit of her.

—— The Davenport Brothers seem to have run out their popularity in England. At Huddersfield they refused to be tied by the two persons appointed by the audience, and had to return the money; and in Hull they backed down altogether. The great fools are those who believed in their spiritual agency.

—— Dr. Gwin says that Sonora has been ceded to France by a secret treaty, not to be made public till the pacification of the Mexican Empire. Meanwhile the mineral resources will be under the complete control of the French, who will hold it in military occupation for industrial purposes.

—— The nobles of Moscow have resolved by 270 to 37 votes to petition the Czar for a free deliberative parliament, to consist of two chambers, one composed of nobles, and the other of popular representatives. They do not venture to ask that these bodies shall have the right of making laws, but plead that through such assemblies the truth would reach the throne.

—— Benito Juarez, President of Mexico, has issued a New Year's proclamation, dated Chihuahua, in which he urges upon all Mexicans to fight out the question with the invaders. He reiterates his hope that he will triumph in the end.

—— Mount Etna has recommenced its volcanic eruptions. They are represented as being very splendid at night. They do little damage.

—— The Emperor of the French has been requested by the President of Uruguay to mediate between them and the Brazilians.

—— The British army and navy estimates for the year 1865–6 have just been announced. The cost of the army is $71,000,000; of the navy $51,000,000. Total estimates for the military and naval establishments for the coming year, £24,740,671; or, in American currency, $123,703,355.

—— The Philharmonic Society of Bordeaux having requested Mdlle. Adelina Patti to sing at one of their concerts, the lady informed them that her terms were 10,000 francs—$2,000.

—— Meyerbeer has left a valuable musical library, which has been deposited in the Royal Library of Berlin, to be preserved there till the coming of age of his grandson, to whom Meyerbeer in his will left this rare collection, on condition of his devoting his life to the study of music.

—— The Vienna journals announce the death of Princess Radziwill in the debtor's prison of that city.

—— A national exhibition of the products of nature, industry, and art is to be held at the city of Caraccas, in Venezuela, in April next.

—— The *Moniteur de l'Armée* states that the grave of one of Fernando Cortez's companions in arms has been discovered in a convent situated between Yanhuitlan and Etle, in the State of Oajaca, Mexico. The following is a translation of the inscription in the Spanish language on the monument: "Here rests the body of Don Manoel Nuno, Captain of the Guards of his very high and very powerful lord the Marquis del Valle, Governor of Mexico and Commander of the King's forces in this part of the world, died the 18th of July, 1544."

—— A dinner, at which horseflesh was the staple viand, recently took place at the Grand Hotel, Paris, under the auspices of the Society for the Protection of Animals and of the Acclimatisation Society. The number of guests exceeded 130, and they partook, apparently with great relish, of horseflesh, cooked in many different manners—roasted, boiled, stewed, and with every variety of sauce.

—— The last news from Mexico is very damaging to the native party, the French Gen. Bazaine, in command of the Imperialist army, having captured Oajaca, with its entire garrison of 5,000 men, and all their munitions of war. This last blow has induced Gen. Porfirio Diaz to submit to the Empire. England has likewise acknowledged Maximilian, the British Minister having arrived.

—— The annual dinner in honor of Washington's birthday, came off at St. James's Hall, London. Mr. Morse, the American Consul, presided. Mr. Adams was present, and a few English friends to the North.

—— The public funeral of Cardinal Wiseman was the first spectacle of the kind seen in London since the death of Queen Mary, just three centuries ago.

Chit-Chat.—In 1804 Judge Pickering was degraded from his position as Judge, by the Senate of New Hampshire, for intemperance.

—— A young lady jumped from a railroad train in England lately, to avoid an assault from a fellow-passenger, and was fined 60 cents for jumping from a train while in motion.

—— M. Alex. Dumas, the younger, has married the Princess Nariskine, the original "Dame aux Perles," whom he pursued to Russia, but was met at the frontier by a ukase ordering his transportation to Siberia if he entered the empire. She being a widow now, there is no impediment to their union. He sent his father on his birthday, his love in these words: "My forty winters send every affectionate remembrance to your sixty-two springs." This was not an infelicitous way of making the contrast between the premature sedateness of the son and the evergreen juvenility of the father.

—— The most successful burlesque ever written is "Lucretia Borgia," produced by the Buckley Brothers, at Chinese Hall, New York, in 1853. Since then it has been performed in America and England over 1,600 times. It is now being performed in Boston by the Buckleys with great success.

—— A correspondent says, I recently received an invitation to attend a surprise party under the management of the NGASALNEREDRIEAENTATDAIGN CLUB. We need hardly add the above is Welsh.

—— Concerning Crele, the oldest man in the world, the Wisconsin *Journal* publishes additional evidence to show that his age is quite as great as represented. It says: "We have a further item of testimony to add in support of the extreme age of Mr. Crele. A few weeks since, Mr. B. W. Brisbois, of Prairie du Chien, United States Assessor in the Third District, was in our office, and happened to speak of the remarkable longevity of Crele. Mr. Brisbois belongs to one of the old French families of the Northwest, and was born in this State. He is one of the younger members of a very large family of children, and must be now in the vicinity of 60 years of age. He stated that since a child he has known Crele, and that the latter, as he has often heard mentioned in the family, carried his grandmother, then an infant, to church in his arms when she was christened. That incident occurred considerably over a hundred years ago."

—— Some person who is fond of arithmetic, has been calculating A. T. Stewart's income, and he makes it $3½ per second of time.

—— A Jersey man was lately arrested for flogging a woman, and excused the act by saying that he was near sighted, and thought it was his wife.

—— The number of physicians in the United States is 22,543; lawyers, 37,163; clergymen, 39,629. It would thus appear as though we were nearly twice as wicked as we are sickly.

—— A rector in London having cultivated with great success a moustache, was persuaded by a member of his congregation to sacrifice it, and not again indulge in such a vanity, by a donation of £60 or $300 for the benefit of the poor.

ABOUT MEXICO.

A German traveller, one Baron Müller, has recently published the second volume of his travels in Mexico. We hardly know what credit to attach to his narration. Some portions of it are very strange, not to say improbable. In the part dedicated to the clergy, whom he represents as exceedingly immoral, he introduces the name of Gen. Gadsden (at the time of his visit United States Plenipotentiary in Mexico) in evidence of the truth of his statements. He states that while in Mexico, a conspiracy of the Franciscans was detected, which Comonfort punished by ordering their monastery to be closed, under the pretext of opening a fresh street through it. At an inspection of the monastery, Gen. Gadsden, who was present, gave the following description of what he saw there:

"Immediately upon opening the monastery gates, above twenty girls and women were discovered, some of whom had disappeared years before, and had been mourned as dead by their relatives, but had been kept in concealment here by the pious brethren. Twenty to thirty orphan lads, partly from distant provinces, who had been adopted under the mask of charity and Christian love, were found to be in a horrifying state of mental and bodily corruption. A wretched man was discovered immured in a niche; he was about 60 years of age, his clothes were the most miserable rags, his hair and beard long and neglected. The wall which cut him off from the living and enclosed a cell, in which he could neither sit nor lie down, had only two openings, the one above, the other below, for feeding and cleansing purposes. The poor fellow was unable to tell how long a time he had passed in this awful captivity, but declared that he had been confined by his brothers because he had accused them of several murders. On the other hand, the monks, when examined, charged him with murder, and declared that they had punished him in this way in order to avoid public scandal and escape blood-guilt."

On the next day Baron Müller himself went to the monastery with Gen. Gadsden, and first visited the library, where the government commissioner invited him to select any books and manuscripts he liked; of which permission the conscientious German did not avail himself, though the American officers did so. On reaching the monastery chapel fresh mysteries were revealed. He says:

"The hollow sound of my footsteps on a large slab in front of the altar attracted my attention, and aroused the suspicion of a secret hiding-place. I expressed my suspicion, and we were still occupied with the visitation, when the Governor of the city, Señor Paz, arrived, and took a lively interest in the matter. Several laborers, who had already begun the work of pulling down, were by his orders summoned to bring crowbars and picks. The huge stone rose, was turned over, and a deep vault yawned before us. A steep flight of steps led down into it, but not one of the Mexicans present ventured down them; hence Gen. Gadsden and I took two candles from the altar, lit them, and descended the five-and-twenty steps. We found ourselves in a dark vault, amidst a great number of small coffins piled up against the walls. Some of them had been already opened by the tooth of time, but these, as well as all the rest, contained the bodies of babies who, as it was afterwards proved on examination, had all been born in the monastery, and died shortly after birth."

We cannot possibly believe that the trail of a crime was discovered here. If these children were the fruit of criminal intercourse, and died an unnatural death, they would certainly have been buried at some other spot, where they would have rapidly rotted, in order to hide all traces of the crime. For murderers to carefully place the bodies of murdered babes in coffins and keep them in vaults, would certainly have been a very clumsy trick. Our author, however, is just enough to remind us of what Mexico owes to her clergy:

"We must not forget," he writes, "that during the first hundred and fifty years following the conquest, the Spanish priest was the sole protector and fosterer of the arts and trades in the colonies; that even at the present day the State is indebted to his intelligence for the greater portion of its public buildings, roads and canals; and, above all, that it was the priests who, with true humanity, protected the helpless Indians against the avarice and inhuman barbarity of the conquistadors and their successors, and obtained from the crown the promulgation of merciful laws, in order to prevent the utter extirpation of these harmless, suffering aborigines."

Of the Mexican women the baron draws anything but a flattering picture: "They certainly have black, flashing and provocative eyes; but, on nearer intercourse, you find that the mind is wanting which would effectively sustain the fire. They are blessed with small, graceful hands and feet, the national inheritance from their Moorish and Spanish ancestors; but the features of the women and girls are on the average displeasing, and though among the upper classes decenter and, at times, pleasanter faces may be found, I could scarce discover a single pretty girl among the hundreds whom I saw daily on the market-places of Mexico."

The decently pretty girls, however, destroyed the favorable impression by the rebozo, the long narrow cloth which, like the veil in the East, covers nearly half of the face. But what aids far more in rendering even pretty faces and graceful outlines common-place, is the badly-combed hair, the dirt, and the ugliness of the costume. At home, the latter is always a scanty négligé, the upper part of which is concealed by the never absent rebozo; the feet are thrust into small silk slippers; the stranger misses stockings, and at times is not sorry for it. Out of doors, on the other hand, the real Mexican woman wears on her head a silk square-folded shawl, which is unbecoming in the highest degree. Only on holidays is the exquisite mantilla of black lace substituted for it; in the evenings, on the Paseo and in carriages, the French bonnet has asserted a right which is no longer contested. Only the Indian girls, and a few women belonging to the lowest white class, go about in chemise and petticoat, with their face unveiled, and the head covered with a small straw or beaver hat.

GRAND INAUGURAL PROCESSION,

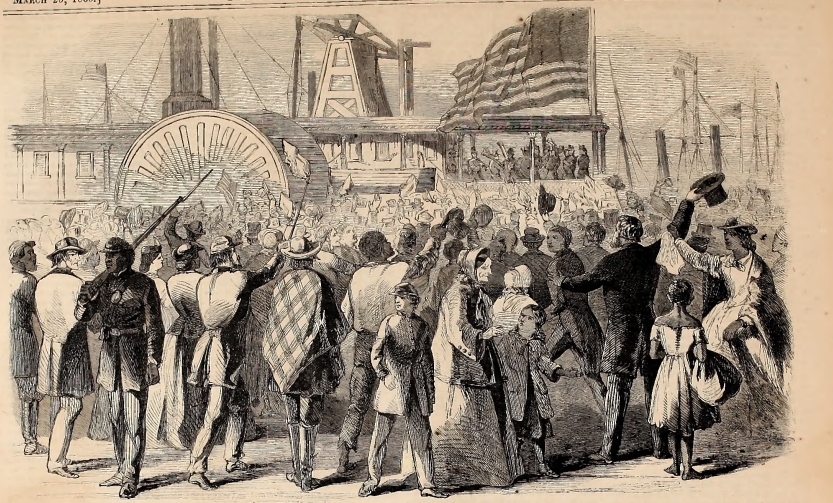
6th March, 1865.

In many respects it was fortunate that the weather compelled the postponement of the grand procession from the 4th to the 6th of March, since it induced many to participate who would have held back on the former day, fearing that it might have been construed into a personal endorsement of President Lincoln's inauguration. If there is one thing that as a people we enjoy more than a 4th of July oration, it is an unforeseen holiday, and this was amply evidenced last Monday, when all New York turned out to see the grand procession. This was a table land all would meet upon, and we have never seen the streets of our great metropolis more crowded with happy and enthusiastic groups. It is computed that there were near half a million of persons on the sidewalks and thoroughfares of New York to see the procession pass, for Brooklyn, Williamsburg, Jersey City and Hoboken emptied their "treasured humanity," as Tennyson somewhat satirically terms our fellow-creatures. We shall not attempt to describe a procession which extended some seven miles, and comprised not only every class of society, but almost everybody belonging to it. There were military, firemen, model monitors—in a word, all that constitutes a State, marching along. But we refer our readers from our pen to the pencils of our Artists, whom we detailed to make sketches of a few principal incidents of the spectacle.

In this, as on former occasions, we could not help observing what a "law abiding" community the great city of New York is; with a very few exceptions, and those trifling ones, everything passed off with the utmost order. The line of march was from 14th street down Broadway to Astor House, thence up Park row, Centre street, Bowery, 4th Avenue to 23d street, and then to Union Square, where it broke up. The weather was magnificent, and all political differences were buried on this occasion. The air seemed positively flavored with flags, while the occasional booming of cannon and the continual strains of music gave an exhilaration to the scene, which, like that of champagne, may be felt but not described.



VIEW OF RICHMOND, VA., FROM THE PRISON-CAMP AT BELLE ISLE, JAMES RIVER.



ENTHUSIASTIC CROWD OF CITIZENS OF CHARLESTON, S. C., ASSEMBLED ON VANDERHORST'S WHARF, FEB. 20, TO OBSEE THE SECOND VISIT OF GEN. GILLMORE AND STAFF.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE GRAVE BY THE STREAM.

BY JOEL DAVES SWETT.

Down by the margin of our own loved stream,
Where, in the twilight hours, we used to roam,
And arm in arm, together, talk and dream
Of future days, and build our fancied home,



Beneath the hanging branches of a willow,
Can now be seen a little grass-grown mound,
Under whose sod her dear head found a pillow—
A resting place, low in the chilly ground

There, where the rippling waters murmur by,
Was laid my Winnie, long, long years ago;
We thought the place was fit for her to lie,
Where she so loved to hear the waters flow;
And then, we thought, perhaps, at times, her spirit
Would hover near, around this cherished spot;
And had her there, that she might ever hear it,
The singing stream, that flowed so near our cot

On noiseless wheels the chariot of Time
Has rolled along, and I an aged now;
Long pilgrim years, in many a foreign clime,
Have carved their wrinkles deep upon my brow;
Since Winnie died, I've been a cast-a-way—
Earth has, to me, been desolate and drear;
And now I've come, to spend my fading day,
And rest, at last, along with Winnie, here

Oh, what sweet forms ring through the mists of years!
What happy dreams I'm dreaming o'er and o'er!
What seraph tones salute my listening ears,
As I now stand upon the streamlet's shore!
'Tis but the silver music of the water,
Reviving all the memories of yore;
Oh, let my footsteps, until death come, totter
Where I, with Winnie, used to roam before

NUMBER TEN.

BY EDWARD SPENCER.

"NUMBER TEN!"

The letters stared up at me from the pavement, where they were printed upon the footworn bricks in broad chalk marks. The numerous passers trod upon or over them, as they went along to their business. I, only a sauntercr, and pacing the street head downwards, in one of my abstracted moods, felt myself arrested by them, as it were. There was a magnetic something about them, or rather a magnetic sympathy about me, growing out of my mood, which enabled me to discover in these chalk-marks upon the busy highway, not simply written words—a dealer's sign, or his number, as doubtless most persons took them to be, who noticed them at all—but a symbolism. So I raised my head, and looked about me for the writer.

He was there, I perceived immediately. Sitting upon an empty goods box, with the rounded piece of chalk in his hand—his eyes bent upon the inscription with intent and eager watchfulness. A little man, one shoulder higher than the other and a sort of wryness generally perceptible about his whole figure. He was dressed in a patched fustian jacket, a soiled coarse muslin shirt, and trousers of faded and sunburnt blue check. A ragged, bootless straw hat decorated his head, and upon his stockingless feet were a pair of coarse, dusty shoes, tied with leather strings. He had a stick in the other hand, and,



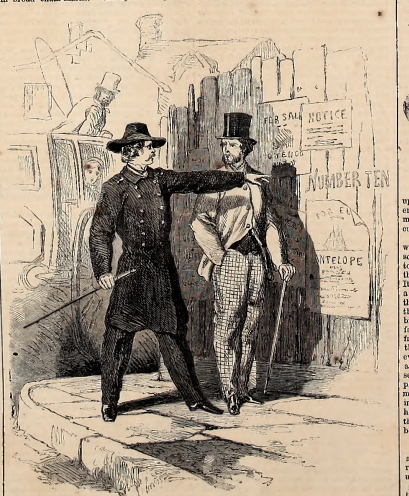
THE MANIAC'S MONUMENT.

upon the box by his side, was a small bundle enclosed in a striped handkerchief in the memorial way to which all "tramps" are accustomed.

"I am I an uncommercial traveller, I perceive,' was my reflection, as I paused for a moment, and scanned him from head to foot. And I was about to pass on, when, probably attracted by my pause, the man looked up and met my eyes with his own. It was a very striking face—wrinkles and tan, and a stubble of grey beard enabled me to discover that he was scarcely less than fifty years old, yet the teeth were white as milk, and the mouth mobile with the elasticity of youth. It was a small face, set round as to its upper portion with a frame of gray hair, out of which gleamed a pair of the keenest, wildest, cunningest black eyes that ever shone in a madman's head. While we looked at each other, the keen, shrewd, magpie look seemed to melt away instantaneously and give place to an expression of withering agony that made the eyes wane, and twisted the sly thin lips into a writhing attitude that was horrible to behold. Hastily, tremulously, with fierce eagerness, the man turned half around, and wrote, upon the box beside his bundle the now mystic symbols:

"Number Ten!"

When his face met mine again the agony was all fled, the look of sly wild cunning had all returned. I put my hand into my pocket, involuntarily, and handed out—not a coin, but a postage-note. With a quaint sort of satirical humour tending with the cunning of his look, the man bowed to decline my tender, and, as if in



"WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT."

explanation, held out his own hand—it was full of double eagles! I muttered a confused apology, and passed on hurriedly, the sly wild wrinkle of his eyes following me, and the mobile lip opening to give utterance to a sort of chuckle that by no means tended to restore my equanimity.

"I should like to know what he meanshy 'Number Ten,'" said I to myself, as I passed on down the street, and I set myself to the morning through. "The man is evidently more or less lunatic, but I am much mistaken in my judgment of human nature if he is not a history to suit Mr. Wilkie Collins's those inscribed chalk-mantles."

In a brief while, however, the chalk-mania and their strange writer had passed out of my mind. Events must have all our attention in this terribly active present; and as the man of moods is passed by in the crowded bow-shops, so also is the man of moods is himself passing away from amongst us, under the pressure of a superior actuality. The tantrums of time deprive any our fine fancies—as the street noise spoils the fedding of Rogetha's "distracted musician." I should never have given another thought to this strange rencontre, which, in quieter times, might have excreased my imagination for weeks, had not the actor in it been forced again upon my attention, probably less than a fortnight after I first saw him.

The first meeting was in the crowded, and upon the crowded street. The second was where no passers by were to be expected. I had started for a walk in the park, and was taking a way thereto, unfrequented by streets, partly not to be jostled, partly to escape the dust of a thirsty spell of weather, I had come to the part of the suburbs not more than half built up, and where the inchoate city defines itself in new streets, the vacant lots bordering upon which have not yet run in with temporary fences. These inclosures, the definition of property rights not yet made profitable by being put into the condition of property, are new and then described the limits of forlorn cow-pastures, but more oftener merely concealed rubbish heaps. They were a medium for the display advertisements—not hills of theatres, lectures, public meetings, and the like, but cheap goods, patent coffees, medicines, lotions, and the like, etc. In the midst of a large collection of this kind, partly handbills, partly painted on, behold in fresh chalk-marks, large, white, and conspicuously staring—

"Number Ten!"

The inscription struck me like a flash, and immediately I looked to the right and left, expecting to find its author. But he was not visible, though half fancied I could hear his chuckle and see again the magic of his long neck, the sharp, wild, cunning eye, so vivid an impression of him had been printed upon my memory. While I still stood there, a carter, a public hack, came up the street, and I turned my head to look, for vehicles were comparatively rare in that neighborhood, except when the dust-carts were going or brewers' slops. There were two persons in it—a man in undress uniform, with a crape hat-band on him to indicate he was the late staff, and a woman, a fair-haired, glorious-looking creature, of thirty well preserved years. She was weeping bitterly, but not exactly mourning, and her rich abundance of golden hair, her full pink cheeks, dimpled and healthy, her rich dress, her jewelry in abundance, showed her splendid teeth, her merry blue eyes and plump little hands, combined to make me think her much a widow as I have ever seen on the scene. The two, as they came along, were talking and laughing very joyously, and seemed upon intimate and familiar terms. I suppose my position there upon the unpeopled street, and the way in which I gazed, attracted her attention. At any rate she looked at me very closely and attentively as the carriage passed. Suddenly, as if struck by some swift illness, her cheeks grew ghastly pale, her lips turned and turned purple, and her eyes dilated with the most painful expression of fright; she half checked an exclamation as if she were going to say, and, with her gloved hand extended towards the fence, cried:

"Oh, Christy! there there again!"

The carriage was gone before she pointed, showed palpable disturbance, if not alarm; but check grew somewhat pallid, and I saw him move his hand from his breast, as if in search of a weapon. However, anger seemed stronger than fear; there was a brief colloquy, she gesturing as if trying to calm him, and then something, then the hack stopped, being some fifty yards or so ahead of where I was—the man got out and came hurriedly towards me. Mrs. Leyford was pale of face. It was a handsome face, and a young man, evidently cultivated and intelligent, but he did not impress me as brave. There was anger in his thought, of dissipation there, of haughty pride, and of a selfishness that did not care how it prepared gratification.

"Sir," said he, roughly, 'how dare you insult" here he paused, as if struck by my unassuming look, at being about to accuse—"I mean—what do you know about that?" and he pointed to the words: "Number Ten!" Then he said I had just seen her.

"Eh!" I observed, having nothing further to say, so bewildered was I. "Number Ten?' really, sir, this is very singular behavior on your part. May I request you to favor me with an explanation? Who are you, anyhow?"

For I had not the slightest fear, being possessed with a natural dislike of being bullied.

He looked at me hesitatingly.

"I dare say you wonder you are in the conspiracy or not," said he, I thought very irrelevantly, "and I don't care; but I warn you. I am not a man to be trifled with."

"See, here, my friend," I began angrily, "I want you to know that I am not to be trifled with. Explain what this impertinence—"

Here a startling scream broke from the lady in the carriage, and I saw the author of "Number Ten," the female figure in chalk, jump to the pavement from the fence opposite the carriage, go towards it, toss a white something like a note into the lady's lap, and then, running off with surprising swiftness, disappear out of sight among some houses. The man who had accosted me pursued him a short distance, but soon gave up the chase and returned to the lady, who was sobbing and wringing her hands and crying in an hysterical way, while the driver, who had dismounted from his box, looked on in amazement equal to my own. A few words from her friend seemed to quiet the lady, and then he beckoned to me.

"You see, sir," said he, curtly, "I have reason to be annoyed. What do you know about that fellow?"

I told him briefly.

"And that is all?"

"All."

"I am sorry to have spoken rudely, but he is a poor crazy creature, dangerous perhaps, and his conduct annoys my wife. Come, Mrs. Calpher, he is gone, don't be alarmed any more. Sorry, sir, to—very you an apology, sir, for my haste. Pray pardon me."

He handed me a card, got into the carriage, bowed, and drove off, leaving his card in my hands:

"DR. CHAS. CALPHER, U. S. V."

This little event gave "Number Ten"—as, in my mind, I had come to call the maniac—a new sort of interest to me. He was now no longer an outcast, homeless an I friendless, in my thoughts. People have him, and consequently some kind and a deep mystery of some sort or other seemed to unite his destiny with the fortunes of others. He was often in my thoughts, but I did not pretend to solve the secret of his connection with the beautiful fair-haired woman whom the sight of him had so evidently terrified, or to guess whether he were the persecutor or the victim in the premises. However, as I have said, I thought of him often, and the next encounter was with him subsequent to those I have narrated served to keep my recollections of him vivid, by impressing me with a sort of fear fancy that, somehow, I was connected with him, and would not be permitted to lose sight of him until I had learned the circumstances of his life.

The first of these rencontres was in the environs of one of the camps which ringlet the city. "Number Ten" appeared to be a sort of hawking vending war-maps and cheap prints to the soldiers, and attracting great notice by his extravagant gaiety and frisky spirits. When I passed he thrust his tongue into his left cheek, and leered at me with those wicked, cunning eyes—I think the look of recognition was mutual—and the pieces of chalk was taken out of his pocket; the mystic numbers hurriedly written, and he went on with the disposal of his wares as if nothing had happened.

The next time I had gone to visit some one in the military prison, and I suppose that it was the chalk-mark, "Number Ten" ephered upon a door, the real number of which was seven. I recognized many faces, and was greeted with many a sympathy and sullenness of his comrades. This time I was of services to him, being enabled, by my official connection with the prison, to assure, in supposed condition, to procure his release, the only charge against him being that he was a mysterious character, found loitering around the camps.

After this I did not see "Number Ten" any more, and his name was not among those in the prison room wherein we are wont to stow away our memories when no longer of use, when the papers relating to them are filed away, and consigned to "mysterious murder" of Surgeon Charles Calpher, while acting as executive officer of a general hospital in the West. The details which I can't were not very copious, I remember; but while mentioning the fact that no clue to the murderer could be obtained, I suppose I should have grief and despair of the lovely woman who was his "companion" at the time, and obliterate from the reader's mind the entitled to be called Mrs. Calpher. What I know, what I had seen, and what I had darkly suspected, I kept to myself. The case was a conspicuous one morally certain that "Number Ten" was connected with this affair; but, while I was awake and eager for whatever future developments might transpire, I knew really so little about the matter that I determined resolutely to keep my own counsel, and to wait and see how I could do any good; I might do harm; and, so I have before said, I greatly doubted as to whether "Number Ten" was not himself the victim. I could not be unmindful of that fleeting look of agony.

It was partly a month after this that, as I was one gray forenoon sitting at my desk, a newspaper containing a long list of "killed, wounded and missing" before me, and my thoughts gone astray into the shadowy twilight of moody reflection, a card was handed to me, and on it I read the name of Colonel Leyford, a gentleman, a lawyer, and a relative since the earlier period of the war. He came in, a handsome, soldierly figure, with a somewhat pensive face, but care-worn, serious and deep-lined with the furrows of a life touched not lightly with the troubles of the time. Poor soul! His children and kindred lie thickly buried in the bloody tracks of our armies, and they have not been without a share in a distinguished but face to face, in civil strife and fratricidal controversy.

The usual compliments passed, Mr.

"Sir,"

"Did you know James Leyford?"

James Leyford! no; I had never met such a person.

"Possibly you may have known him by that name, and indeed I am not aware that he ever bore it in this community of late. I refer to a person whom, under the name of Jack Ford, you were last spring in command in getting released from the military prison here. Do you remember him?"

I started.

"You remember—" and I gave him a hurried description of "Number Ten," dwelling upon the personal traits of him most likely to prove his identity.

"Yes; that is the man. You have undoubtedly seen poor James as his misfortunes finally made him."

"What of him, Mr. ? I have been strangely interested in that man. I have often thought of him. Can you tell—what has become of him?"

"He is dead," said Mr. —.

"Dead!" I echoed.

"Dead. And by his own act. Committed suicide by drowning, here in my own harbor, the night after he left this city. He burn! to-morrow, and I have come, sir, in obedience to his solemn commission, to ask your presence at his obsequies."

"His commission?"

"Yes. I have been long intimate with him; I was his friend in happier days, before the curse of war scorched me and burned him to cinders; latterly I have had the management of his small affairs, and, owing to the fact that he was without His will, a scarcely formal one, but adequate to guide me, who had sole control of his affairs, after making abundant provision for one who did not deserve it, gives a legacy to me, his friend, and to you, to whom he was indebted for his liberty. Sir, I am not a man of sentiment of the maudlin purpose of his unhappy life."

With this preamble, Mr. — began the recital of a sad, sad, pitiful and saddest tales it has ever been my fortune to hear—the passions of it as heroic and will as a hurricane at midnight, and the whole train of Attila, the scorpion "scourge of God."

Leyford behaved with a certain grave dignity that was sometimes lacking in the bold and easy outery, nor grovel, nor rave. Recognising the fact that these deserved places could no longer be held sacred, he removed his property from more at large sacrifices, and keeping whatever farcvells he might make to himself, departed thence for the West. What he did within the limit his purposes were, can never be exactly known, since he did not reveal them to anybody. However, certain circumstances indicate that he meant to detect that, while seemingly inconsistent in his actions, two leading principles yet guided his conduct—revenge and love. Calpher he pursued, as cruelly, and revenge upon the war for furnishing the opportunity for that wrong. His first step, however, was to seek out Ida. He was in the retreat, to state to him briefly and curtly the circumstances in which he was, and to charge him with the management of the latter.

"The only emotion he showed," said Mr. —, "was that of joy when he found that I was using my money securely. 'For,' said he, turning his head away with a sort of strangling at his throat, 'she was innocent of her husband's crimes.' And then, through all, I fancied I could see that, in spite of his wrongs, he had lost none of his love for her, and was willing to hold to it a sinful feeling of pity, as for a cherished child gone astray."

The next thing that Mr. — heard of him was that he had made a murderous assault upon Calpher at Cincinnati, but had been foiled. His infuriated, baffled passion brought on a brain fever, and when he recovered from it—as Mr. — ascertained afterwards—he found himself imprisoned in a private madhouse, and supported at the expense of Dr. Calpher, who had managed him too deeply to venture to punish him in other ways, yet was in too great peril of his life to dare release him at large. Then he knew that vile transgressor is hard." The crime against a man's happiness had compelled the surgeon to commit crime against crime against crime, which, Parchment calls "the crime against a man's soul." Few men, in whatever heat of passion they might be, would dare to do evil deeds that long check them, not in their own narrow light, but in the broad circling aspect of their consequences. This, Leyford knew, Calpher had not done. Ida still was his own, and he must suffer accordingly.

His misery, his intense misanthropic brooding fever, his sense of injustice at his confinement, and the sights and sounds he there encountered, had the undoubted result of completely unbalancing Leyford's mind. Without being entirely insane, he had reached a condition such that no court of law would hold him responsible for his actions. His appearance was such as I have represented him when first met, and his manner had all the weird eccentricity of madness. But his monomania was not mad. His purposes were as intensively kept, and his conduct as much to those purposes as could possibly be. Of course the sane entirely recovered from illness, than he planned and achieved his escape from the asylum with such adroit and far-reaching cunning that his cracks were completely covered, and no clue could be obtained by the surgeon to his whereabouts.

He now began to embrace a set of operations such as could only be achieved in a disordered period of civil war, and such, too, as could only be undertaken by a man in the control of much of a half lunatic. As I have said, he sought to be revenged as well upon the war as upon his wife's betrayer; and, to be revenged upon the war, he took vengeance upon those who were engaged in its conduct. His hatred was impartial and indiscriminate; he served both parties, betrayed both, and did all the injury in his power to each. He was alternately a Federal scout and a Confederate spy; such side-ranged that his extravagant insolence was assumed to dupe the other, each was to sure duped by him. From Richmond to Washington, from Nashville to Chattanooga, from Memphis to Vicksburg, he was an incessant go-between. No secrets of movement or plan could be concealed from him, and he betrayed everybody, disclosed everything, from a pure impulse of insensate mischief. He would lead one party into ambuscade, would then ambush them in turn, and all so cunningly that suspicion never clung to him. His sole concern was to do harm, and he

was the untiring machinator of evil to both hell-fiercents.

All this while he was watching Caliper and his wife, and waiting for the opportunity to wipe out his wrong in the person of its author. It was in this quest that I first encountered him, and the meeting in the suburbs had given him the opportunity, oft repeated, of keeping alive in Caliper's mind an uneasy consciousness that he was constantly watched and constantly in danger of his life.

In procuring Leyford's release from the military prison I probably became degree contributed to hasten the catastrophe, but I deem that this step was short of the death which must have finally overtaken it. We — told me that Caliper was aware of his danger, and had been repeatedly warned of it by himself. Leyford made no secret of his intentions, but his cunning was so alert and his disguises so numerous that to arrest him or to keep mind disappointments was simply impossible. At one moment, as a Government secret agent, so he boila could stand against him; at another, as a rebel spy, he had access to every hiding-place on the underground route from Kentucky to Canada. Now he would concert with Mosby and Moseby, now he would send or drive teams for McClellan or Grant. He was in the pay of every body who had secret purposes to achieve, and by means of these disguises and concealments; Government detectives obeyed his orders, and Copperhead leagues received him with open arms.

So, finally, after I had had him released, he had sought out Caliper, and, with devilish spite and shocking cold malignity, had assassinated him. Though Mrs. Leyford had not seen him, and could only guess that he was the author of the crime, he had been witness of her grief and agony and despair at Caliper's death, and this seemed to have given him the *coup de grace*. She loved her still, and it is probable his mad brain had entertained the thought that, now Caliper was removed, she could be won back to him. To have seen her weep, and shriek, and mourn over the dead body of her lover, had revenged both her and himself in a way that he knew well enough she never could have grieved for him, utterly crushed him. All from the sight, and, heart-broken, shrunk, dying, made his weary way to Mr. —— preparatory to the final act of his bitter tragedy.

"When he came to my place four days ago," continued Mr. ——, "I was shocked beyond my capion at the change wrought in him. I had heard and read of the murder, I had felt that he was guilty of it, I had determined, ere he came to me again, to have him brought to account for it. But, when he did come, the only emotion I felt, the only emotion I really could feel was pity for him, was pity for the wreck—was, haggard, shivering: the bright, unearthly light had all gone out of his eyes, and his brain was hardened. He seemed half-starved, his hands shook, his blue lips quivered, and a rattling cough broke at every second sentence that he uttered. It was his horrible incessance. The former wild, fierce, maniacal energy of his manner I need to think was produced by drugs, but it was still so torturing to witness as his present apathy, dejection and wretchedness.

"I have killed him, Mr.——,' was the first word he spoke, 'but it has done no good. She loved him better than she loved me, and I have robbed the only friend I worshipped of all earthly bliss. Oblivion, or wretched comfort she had. Woe is me! My race is run?"

"And he rocked himself back and forth in a dreary sort of way, feebly moaning, and racked continually by his cough. I began to speak encouragingly to him, to assure him it might be unsufferer, no matter how culpable, but he cut me short:

"'No, no!' said he. 'It is not the blood upon my hands that troubles me, but—do you not see? —I have crushed her. What does talking matter, my love? I have been kind to you, Mr.——, and consolo you. I have my course laid out, my mind made up. I wish to leave my final instructions with you, ere I depart out of this cursed land for ever.'

"He then placed a package of papers in my hand, containing many other things, he said, and

"'The bequest to you is duly conveyed, also that to Mr. ——.'

"And he briefly explained what you knew of him, and how you had served him. He then went on, coughing incessantly.

"'Mr. ——,' said he, 'I leave my unhappy wife in your charge, for I shall never see her again, and she would not see me willingly, even if I were to desire it. As for myself, my course is run, and I will not be any danger of our meeting again. You will give me a chance to escape into foreign parts, will you not? A long sea voyage, and then, if you like, you can raise what hue-and-cry you please against me as a murderer.'

"I had assured him he might put my mind how to act, for the man did not look as if he could live four days, so I held my peace.

"Only four days. After that time you must promise me to go on to see her—she is at Chicago —and to make the provisions I have set forth in her behalf. You will, will you not? For the last great distress of mind, Mr. ——, and I think you can talk to her so as to do her good. You will go, won't you?

"I promised him I would go.

"'Thank you! Thank you!' said he, seizing my hand with a convulsive eagerness. 'I have been very kind to me—very kind. In four days, Mr. ——.'

"Here he was taken with another and violent spasm of coughing that left him deadly pale.

"'There is one thing more, Mr. ——,' said he, speaking with difficulty and pain. 'After I had done the deed and stood by to witness her agony for the dead man, I gathered, from her disjointed cries, that she had indeed loved him more than she had ever loved us. She was about to become a mother. Will you tell her,' said he, and his broken voice became almost sweet in its calmness, 'will you tell her, as a proof of my forgiveness, if she needs it, and as a proof that her life with me was not totally unhappy, if the child should be a boy, she conjoin my name with his in naming it—will you tell her to call it Charles James? And, if a girl, that Uncle Hermes will smile at beholding us there reconciled through that child?'

"He ceased, as it was the most touching thing I ever beheld, that wretched man's face at that moment. What could I say of reproof to him? What could I do but wipe away my tears?

"Again he was silent, and rocked himself sadly to and fro, while I promised to do the best I could to carry out his wishes. Then, at last, he rose to speak to him, to refer to his future, and to breathe the word Hope, he turned his ghastly face up to me, his arms, and fell, heavily, dead.

"Stay!—for God's sake, stay! My cup is dregged with agathy. I am narcotized with these drugs—I dare to rouse not my energy. Oh, my lost happiness! my lost happiness! he shrieked out, with the voice of one drowning, and fell upon the floor insensible.

"I ran out, seeking brandy or some restorative, but when I returned he was gone!

"When they removed his body from the harbor there was nothing to identify him by except one of my cards, which was found in his pocket. After my return to Chicago I had written to Mrs. Leyford, and decently confined. He is to be buried to-morrow. Will you assist at the funeral? Will you write to her and console her as one corpse?"

As I walked along with Mr. ——, ruminating upon James Leyford's sad history, I noted with what appropriateness was the meaning of the chalk-marks, "Number Ten."

That was the number of his room at the asylum, as he was so denominated in the proprietor's correspondence with Caliper, and the lunatic had used it continually as a memorandum of his wrongs. Afterward, still, in obedience to the morbid condition of his mind, it had become a sort of mystic symbol to him, and a means to the revenge he contemplated.

Mr. —— did not approve the fancy which then seized me, but I carried out the conception, and Leyford's legacy has assumed the form of a neat and classic monument of white marble, in one of our cemeteries, bearing the inscription, with a deep-cypress tree, and hears the simple inscription—

"NUMBER TEN."

THE DARLING.

GONE from the beautiful eyes the light;
Grandsumms's darling is dying to-night:

Faintly and sweetly yielding his breath;
Plague-stricken child, for whose life we pray.

Hushed the by's melody—heart-throbbings still
Around Father, we bow to Thy will.

Hide up the toy things—they shoes put away;
Lambs from Christ's bosom go never astray.

White robes enfold him—they lay him away;
Hearts are nigh breaking; help, Father, we pray.

Help of the helpless! grant Thy Spirit that we
Forbid not our darling to come unto Thee.

SHAKESPEARE'S CLOVES.

THE brisk demand for Shakespearean relics which caused such a run at the time of Garrick's Jubilee at Stratford naturally led to a very lively supply of such articles. Faith was put in very scanty doses, and the Bard's autograph alone were amazing indeed. It must have been as hard for some of the curiosity-mongers of that day as for those of the present to refrain from laughing in each other's faces. Mr. Garrick, as the following letter will show, was not above being imposed upon. A pair of gloves, which he was asked to believe had "often covered the hands" of the Immortal Bard:

"LEOMINSTER, May 31st, 1769.

"DEAR SIR—On reading the newspapers I find you are preparing a grand jubilee, to be kept at Stratford-upon-Avon, to the memory of the immortal Shakespeare. I have sent you a pair of gloves which often covered the hands; they were made me a present by a descendant of the family when myself and company were over there on a visit to the Lucys. I beg you'll accept them to play of "Othello" as a benefit for repairing his monument in the great church, which we did great damage to the roof in the receipts being expended on that alone.

"The person who gave them to me, William, Shakespeare by name, assured me his father had often declared to him they were the identical gloves of our great poet, and when he delivered them to me he said, 'Sir, these are the only property that remains of our famous relation, my father possessed and sold the estate he left his family to, and these are all I have to show that I can make you for this night's performance.'

"The donor was a glazier by trade, very old, and to the best of my memory, lived in the street leading from the Town-hall down to the river. On my coming to play in Stratford, about three years after he was dead, the father of him and of our poet were brothers' children.

"The veneration I bear to the memory of our great author and player makes me wish to have these relics preserved to his immortal memory, and I am led to think I cannot dispose them for that purpose in the hands of any person so proper as our modern Roscius.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient, humble servant,

"JOHN WARD."

"P. S.—I shall be glad to hear you receive them safe by a line directed for me in the Bargate, Leominster, Herefordshire."

The answer made by the Roscius to this extraordinary epistle is not upon record. Mr. Ward was of course an impostor, or had himself been imposed upon. His whole story is, no doubt, an entire delusion. He must not be confounded with a much earlier John Ward, who figures in connection with Shakespearean matters as the Vicar of Stratford-upon-Avon, appointed in 1662. An extract diary, extending from 1648 to 1679, contains some brief mention of Shakespeare's later years.

Yet the writer of the letter has a claim to the reader's interest. John Ward had been a performer in the time of Garrick, and was, in 1749, the original Hazeroth, in the tragedy of "Mariamne," by Elijah Fenton, the friend of Pope. It was the benefit that Mrs. Wellington, at Dublin, in 1760, played Sir Harry Wildair for the first time. And he was the maternal grandfather of Mrs. Siddons, the daughter having married Dr. Roger Kemble, and the great Kembles being the issue of that union.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

IT is seldom permitted to the contemporary historian to record the events of a series of pictures at once so attractive and interesting as our Artists enable us to do in the present number. In another part of our paper we give accurate sketches of Sumter, the great defence of that grand city, the head and front of the offending. This one sketches or more denotes its past military, and depict the desolation and misery that unreasoning rebellion ever brings.

The illustration on page 1, showing the Kitchen in Wentworth street, brings home war to our friends in a very vivid manner. The colored descriptions of a score of battles. It requires little exercise of fancy to imagine the negro and woman visitors reading the paper we give accurate sketches of Sumter, the great defence of that grand city, the head and front of the offending. This one sketches or more denotes its past military, and depict the desolation and misery that unreasoning rebellion ever brings.

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All who have read the Charleston papers of the former time must have remarked the editorial tenacity with which the Charleston mind doubted their ability to keep the "accursed Yankees" out of their city. Even Northern papers of any pretension were known in the habit of discussing upon the impregnability of Charleston, and from the sea it was understood every strong point of defence was known by heart. How little they dreamed that the silent march of an enemy, so mine away, would be found to be a formidable foe to the humble friend of to her compliance. The Charleston correspondent of a Philadelphia paper says:

"The Captain and I got picked up on the pier an old negro, in his day a harbor pilot, but taken into disuse since the war. He was a long-time old fellow, who knew best for suggest, and other words a trifle inexact, but his talk good sense, and I found myself in the midst of a most certain quantity and quality. He tells how Charleston valuing especially upon the strength of her forts on the approaches, and that he enough to build a hundred three-decked vessels, and how they were wrought night and day in the channel, and swept away by the ebb tide; and how Charleston felt secure. But it that the Yankees had chain strong enough to resist the tide, and fastened one end around Sumter, the other to Moultrie, and through the island, that the island and the fort would be dragged up the harbor, and that they did it. The old man, with a smile that swallowed up our stone fleet and ship, holding for us, an unconscious expression of humor, and he could not know where the torpedo was that sunk the Patapsco was planned, or how the Yankees had found out that the Ironsides running, of which there has been more as Charleston, and the country is several times actually be paid a tribute to the Yankees (we Yankees, I suppose I may say) for the privilege of sending a fleet into Charleston harbor where, before the war, a Yankee vessel could not get permission.

Mr. Carl Abetz's sketches embrace views of Vendue Range, a Gentleman's residence, Meeting hotel, two street scenes—Meeting street and East Bay street—and citizens on the chief welcoming Gen. Gillmore. As faithful historians we have chosen these subjects, as next to the battle contents from the latter sketch that the Charlestonians are repugnant to us. We have assembled we compose principally of colored persons, citizens of Northern birth, and what the "gallant and gure-booded Yankees" will do with Charleston, *Ere She Sank*, will be usual voice of all exclusiveness, run off whenever they were pressed by necessity. The Meeting street scene is reminding our Northern Shoddyism, which makes money while our soldiers fight.

Our full page sketch from our sketches what Charleston is; what it was let us quote from *Harper's Gazetteer*, published a few years ago:

"Charleston contains over 30 churches, a fine theatre, several fine-class hotels—one of which, City Hotel, contains over a pair of gloves, which he was asked to believe had "often covered the hands" of the Immortal Bard: gine manufactures, a large number of great mills. 5 shipyards and an extensive trade. The harbor is large and is made with their cargoes can be drawn up in this harbor. There are also 9 banks, with an aggregate capital of $4,000,000, and numerous insurance and other companies." It had 4 daily and 3 weekly papers, numerous literary institutions, and in 1860 contained nearly 16,000 inhabitants. What a pain it must be to contemplate the present condition!

Our Special A-tist, Mr. Crane, says of Haines street: This street is one of the most beautiful business streets in the city. It stands a cotton press. In the centre is a handsome park, while monuments were never designed or remain there. Of course, as we have said, we did not have been more opportunely placed. Beside this yard you find the Meeting street building designed by Gothic Gen. Gillmore in the rear looms up one of those quaint southern old Dutch looking houses which abound so plentifully in that portion of the city. The wall to the reverse left is the monument of an attempt to rebuild, but the project was abandoned on account of the work men not being shell proof.

East Bay Street.

My sketch is taken looking about south—at any pair towards the Custom-House and Post-Office. This street as well as South Bay, front the river, and has suffered more by our fire perhaps than any other part of the city. The appearance ballad description; scarcely a house remains intact; in some instances a dozen or more have been shattered by a single shell, and invariably shattered in almost every window, roofs are crushed and walls leaning, and at one spot as you go along either and unhabitually gaze upon them; grass is growing in the streets; fires have raged here and there; crows scream around the ruins; broken bricks, timbers and debris of all kinds are heaped around. For a more perfect realization allow me to conclude this series by calling your attention to

Vendue Range.

Near the old Custom-House, and leading out of East Bay street towards the Cooper river, is this once famous mart; look at it now, and we see the blight of the touch of secession's fingers.

FORT SUMTER, S. C.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER for May 14, 1864, was the first to give sketches of the inauguration of the present unhappy war. The Artist we had despatched on the breaking out of the rebellion, had special opportunities for this, view Gen. Beauregard impressed him into the rebel service, where he was kept under close surveillance for nine months. This, of course, enabled us that, to give the public exclusive information, both from pen and pencil—a circumstance never before allowed reporters we have always maintained. We now present our readers with two views of the interior and exterior of Sumter. Fort Sumter, and, however diminished a magnanimous victory may be to every true such a local presentation of an event, it is right one to feel a certain satisfaction when the plans of the wicked are foiled, and truth reigns in place of error. Such is a certain class, which had an unnatural pleasure in sympathizing with wrong, just as unnatural delight in delight in eating a stinkpencil, and other strange things.

The fall of Fort Sumter is one of the most emphatic lessons of the war. Our Artist was present at, and two there—have sent us numerous sketches of its present condition. We make room for two—an interior and exterior view.

The fort bears little resemblance to its appearance on the memorable night when Major Anderson and his gallant band evacuated Fort Moultrie to occupy Fort Sumter. No portion of the original wall is to be seen, except on the side towards Charleston, and a small portion of that facing Moultrie. From the bastion, and facing the harbor it is a mere mass of shapeless ruin. All the casemate, arches, pillars, and parapets, are entirely demolished, and a heap of rubbish. It is impossible to stand amid the terrible desolation of this once impregnable fortress, and not pay a silent tribute to the memory of Anderson and his men, who, for so long a time have endured our shot and shell—while we knew that they were suffering as much as could be to be proud that they were Americans. The great guns which two years ago kept the monsters at bay and answered shot for shot, are dismounted, and beneath a mountain of brick dust, concrete and mortar.

Fort Moultrie, which in April, 1861, sent a number of palmetto logs were piled on the harbor side, and against part of the wall racing Moultrie. The number of dismounted guns, piled up with logs, bars, bales Gen. Gillmore obtained possession of Fort Wagner, or portable iron shields, is very large. To describe its plense, that it was impossible to keep a gun in position on that side.

A correspondent of the Boston *Journal*, who was present when our Artists made some of their sketches says:

"The only guns now remaining are five or six on the Moultrie side in the middle tier of casemates. Five heavy guns are kept on the wall as well as attack by small boats, the garrison keeping under cover of the parapet whenever the enemy's gunboats shell it.

"*Chevaux de frise* of pointed sticks protect the fort from a sealing party. At the base outside are from the wall, and a heavy chain, on which are fastened a network of wire and chains kept in place by floating logs.

"I had the curiosity to make an inspection of the wall during the night, and was well rewarded for it by the remarks in Beauregard's attack. With my glass at that point I could see the wall was being repaired, and a close inspection shows that it was a very damaging fire. The wall was in many places torn away entirely, where the solid bolts crumbled the bricks to the dust. In the casemates the fire could be kept up without any considerable length of time there, that the wall would fall in. The object of that fire had to be filling up of the lower casemates."

RICHMOND, FROM BELLE ISLAND.

BELLE ISLAND is a small island in the James, a little above the bridge which connects the Richmond and Petersburg railroad. It is about an acre and a half, and is reached by a ferry from there just at Rocketts 10,000 or 20 gallant soldiers pressed and slowly tortured. We will write to the Rebel Congress to request the Federal and English prisoners one-half the great wrongs the Southern chivalry have inevitably committed upon the Federal soldiers who have fallen into the power, a righteous retaliation would have been demanded by the allied nations. We would not have to wait a year, prisoners have been made which will soon release our brave soldiers from the fangs of a desperate and cruel foe.

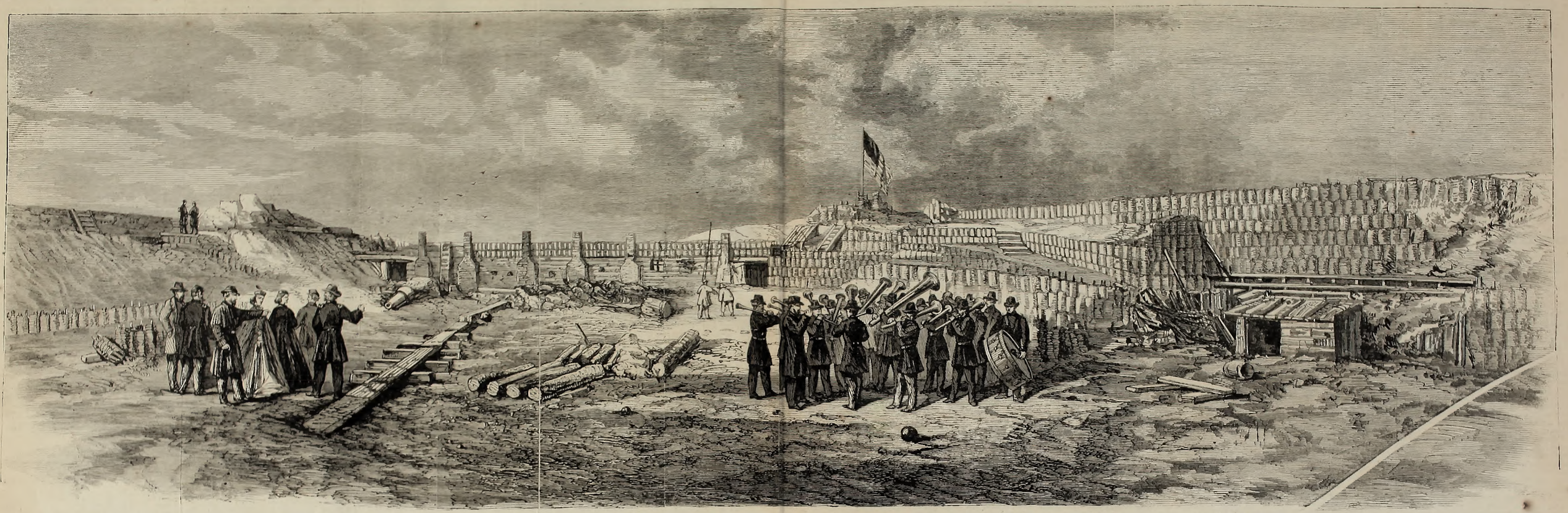
We have so often described the rebel capital that we shall merely, on the present occasion, call attention to the spirit of the sketches. The prominent building is the Capitol: the five churches on the letter St. Paul's, Monumental, St. James', Second Presbyterian, Grace Street Methodist, the large building at the end of the bridge is Hospital, the tapering mill, the largest of the kind in the world, being thirteen storeys high.

Belle Island is the largest of the numerous islands that are scattered over the surface of the James, and well adapted for the purpose. A swift and turbulent current separates it from the shore, and a high bluff confines the prisoners on the mainland. Immediately at the back the continued mass of tumultuous rocks, which, in many places, are of stone, placed in a position to enfilade the island, and they are kept in readiness for any emergency that may arise.

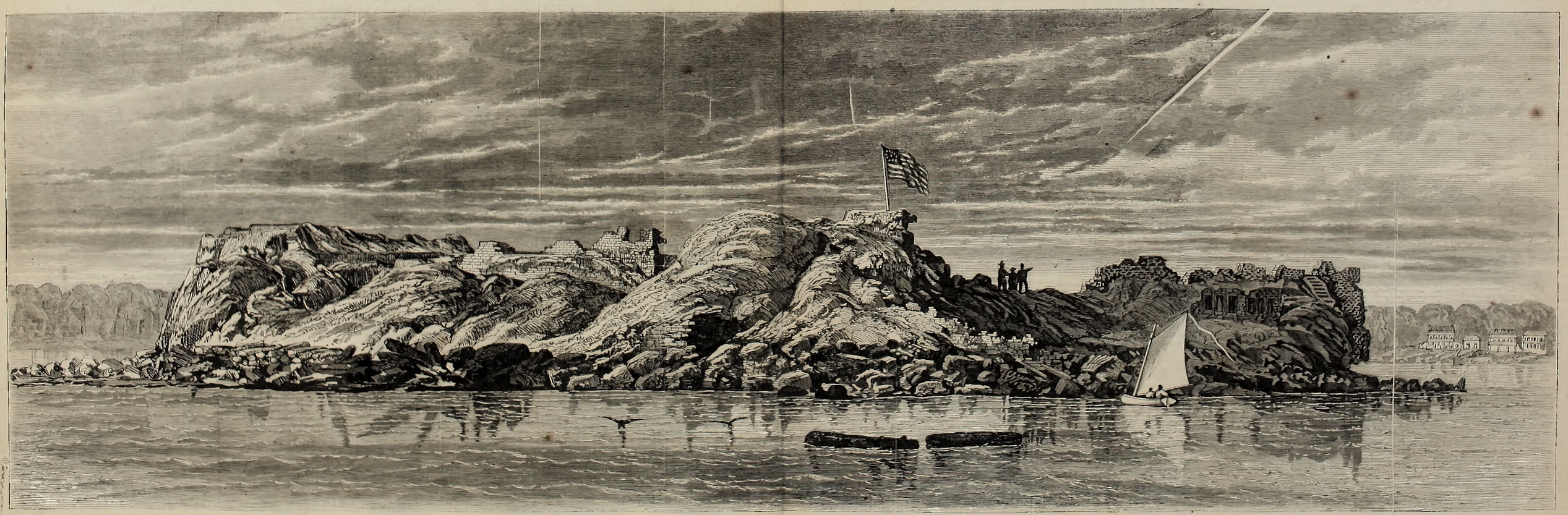
DEEP-SEA soundings have at last become something like reliable. The result is, that the ocean, as far as explored, is found to be of a uniform depth of from five to six miles. The greatest known depth in the Atlantic is 27,366 feet, or about five miles and a half. It is not much less than the height of the highest mountains on the globe. It is supposed, however, to be much deeper than this between the Bahamas and the grand banks of Newfoundland, but the soundings on which the supposition is founded are not quite satisfactory.

BEAUREGARD was staggering along the other day after the snow, when an avalanche from the housetop thundered down, knocking the hat over his eyes and himself to the ground. His admirers of Nature was astonished to the last: "splendid thrilling!" and "Snowing ver' hard, and the air filled with meteors!"

We had no idea that South Carolina would ever have Gen. Sherman; but, strange to say, she has him in her very heart.



GEN. GILLMORE, ACCOMPANIED BY GEN. POTTER, GEN. WEBSTER, MRS. COL. WOODFORD AND OTHERS, VISITING THE RUINS OF FORT SUMTER, S. C., FEB. 20.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.



PRESENT APPEARANCE OF SUMTER—VIEW OF THE N. E. FACE AND S. E. FACE OF THE FORT.—SKETCHED FROM MORRIS ISLAND, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

TWICE SMITTEN.

BY PIERCE GARY.

On dumbly-hoved and bruised red,
What can I offerin thy need?

Of heart, twice broken with its grief,
What words of mine can bring relief?

Oh soul, o'erwhelmed with woe again,
How can I soothe thy bitter pain?

Abashed and still, I stand and see
Thy sorrow's awful majesty.

Only dumb silence may convey
That which by tongue can never say.

I cannot comfort thee at all;
On the Great Comforter I call!

Praying that he may make thee see
How near he had been drawn to thee.

For unto man the angel guest
Still comes through gates of suffering bent;

And most our Heavenly Father cares
For whom he smites, not whom he spares.

So, to his chastening meekly bow,
Thou art of his beloved now!

ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "LUCIANO'S FORTUNE," ETC., ETC. "FLOSS." "NORA LANGHAM'S LEGACY," "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.—A COMMERCIAL CRISIS.

THE private theatricals at the Cedars were postponed till Christmas, and in the middle of November Mr. Hilbery invited his household to a bow-windowed habitation at the western end of Brighton. Francis Tredethlyn followed, as in duty bound, and spent a great portion of his life in hurrying to and fro between London and Brighton by express trains. Never had a better adorer done suit and service to a mistress. There were no lovers' quarrels, no temporary estrangements between these two people. A serene and cloudless sky heralded the opening days of their union, and Maude declared again and again that she had never seen such a model pair of lovers.

"Harcourt and I were always quarrelling, you know, Julia," she said; "but then we were both such horribly jealous creatures. I didn't like his turning over music for other girls; though I suppose he was right, poor fellow, and I was a fool either turn over music or shut himself from society altogether. And he didn't like my going down to dinner with people to crack cavalry pleasants; but I'm afraid we rather enjoyed ourselves when we quarrelled, and I used to feel as if it would be the easiest life in the world to part from him for ever, and go into a convent, or marry somebody I hated, or something of that kind; and then directly he started, I used to get so wretched and miserable, and used to write him such penitent letters, taking all the blame upon myself, and making an idol of him. But it's no use to see you and Mr. Tredethlyn, and I'm sure he'll be the dearest husband in the world, Julia, and you'll be able to walk him round your little finger."

It was not with a feeling of unalloyed pleasure that Miss Desmond accepted her friend's congratulations. She was quite ready to admit that Francis Tredethlyn was a model lover, and promised to be a model husband; but the extensive husband that ever bored himself before a lover's dominion. His presents were munificent, his attention was unfailing, his temper serenely even; and yet there were times when Julia Desmond felt that all was not quite as it should have been.

She had angled very successfully, and the fish she had landed was a splendid prize, victoriously snatched from all other anglers; but oh, what a difference to her from that poor deluded fish, entrapped out of the free waters by the cruel hook on the angler, and the wiling bird which flies, of its own kind impulse, to the breast where it fain would shelter!

Julia Desmond knew that, in securing a husband, she had also secured a lover; and the knowledge pained and humiliated her. In a small thing that she should not love Francis; but it seemed very hard that Francis should not love her. Her womanly tact would have stood in the place of affection, and she would have been lavish in the expenditure of a generous love for the waylaid pretty words and tender looks, which should have had all the glitter and scene of the vibration of a true passion. But with Francis it was altogether different. The young man had no power to simulate, and there was a deadly coldness in the passion that chilled the proud Irish girl's heart.

"Are they worth the humiliation?" she thought sometimes, when she contrasted her lonely musings before the lighted glass in her bedroom at Brighton. "They are very big, and brilliant, and costly; but I've seen myself look fashionable with a scrap of scarlet ribbon twisted in my hair, than I look to-night with all these stars, and crosses, and serpents flashing and twinkling about me. And then when I go downstairs I must go through all the old stereotyped business; and when I thank him for the flowers that he sent me this morning, he will look at me with his cold eyes, and tell me he is pleased to have given me pleasure. What is he but a clod—a mere clod, nothing but a clod? I ought to remember that; and yet I am angry with him because he does not love me. Why can I not be thankful for my good fortune, and accept my future husband for what he is—a respectable, well-behaved gentleman, whom an accident has endowed with thirty thousand a year?"

Perhaps Miss Desmond did not particularly care to answer that question which she put to herself in so impatient a spirit. And yet it was a question that might have been answered had she cared to fathom the lower depths of her own mind; but then there are questions which are better left unanswered. Why was she angry with Francis Tredethlyn for that passionless serenity of manner which was nearly akin to indifference? Why? unless it was because in her own heart there lurked the consciousness that the unpolished Cornishman might have won a very different kind of lover, and that beneath his cold external there were slumbering embers which might have blazed into glory had one special torch been applied to them.

Yes, Julia knew this, and the knowledge was a perpetual pain to her proud and sensitive nature. The pride of the Desmonds had not been entirely trodden out beneath the iron heel of poverty. The girl, who had been taught from infancy to set herself to ensnare a rich husband, was yet proud enough to feel the bitterness of her degradation.

"If he only loved me," she thought, "I should feel that the bargain was a fair one. But to know that, at best, he only wishes to be fond of me, circumstances! He has been drifted into the position of a lover, and he performs the duties exacted of him; just like some unfortunate man who has been persuaded to dance in order to fill the last place in a quadrille, and who dashes listlessly through the figures, and always goes in the face of his partner. And yet I have seen him look at her until the dull clay of which he's made seemed to change into a thing of life and fire."

And thus Miss Desmond was fain to turn to her new lover for consolation, and to beguile her mind from unpleasant thoughts by the contemplation of all those grand things that may be done by wintry thousands a year.

If the young ladies of the household thought it a pleasant thing to spend the brief November afternoon at the Brighton festal esplanade beside the sea, Mr. Hilbery did not find a residence in Brighton so entirely convenient. A great deal of time was lost in the journeyings to and fro by the best and quickest express trains; the fatigue and there were days when even facilities of a speedy transit were too much for the merchant to take his dinner in the society of his beautiful daughter and her companion. There were occasions when he was forced to dine at a wearisome hour or so, trying vainly to amuse themselves in some feminine occupation, or to beguile the time by a solitary promenade on the pier, when soup grew cold and the Brightonian cook grew sullen, and then at last were fain to sit down at nine o'clock, and make a dismal pretence of dining without the head of the household.

"I sometimes think so much railway travelling must be bad for papa," Maude said, "I am afraid it must shake him a little; and there was in the Brighton express almost as good as Mr. Desborough, our Twickenham doctor, or some other Twickenham doctor, I don't know, for he won't listen to me. I can't tell you how anxious I am about him, Julia. He has had so many of his bad attacks lately, and I'm sure the dinners in Moorgate street has been so heavy. Ah, Julia! what is the good of being rich if papa must work as he does?"

Miss Desmond shrugged her shoulders.

"Business men seem scarcely to exist out of their offices," she answered impatiently. "I always took care to let Maude know that she looked down upon the Twickenham splendor and the Twickenham dinners. I hope your husband will devote himself to money-making as long as his lives."

"I sometimes think we might have been happier if we had been poorer," Maude said, dreamily, by-and-by. "I can't help fancying that we might have lived in a comfortable little place, in a low-roofed, old-fashioned cottage, with a garden all round it and a churchyard close by, and taken a pleasure in the simple duties of home, and then I need not have been separated from—"

She did not finish the sentence; she was talking to herself rather than to Julia, and was beautified by an inexpressible softness and tenderness as she murmured that broken sentence. Her thoughts wandered back to the past, to the time she and Harcourt Lowther had sworn eternal constancy, standing with their hands locked together in the dim twilight under the dark arch of the shadowy river. She thought of that time, and of the freshness of feeling that had gone down with it came back, and she could almost feel the breath of her from a distant ocean. How frivolous her life had been since them—how selfish and useless! What a round of fashionable dissipation and hurry and weariness! Harcourt Lowther's last letter was in her pocket as she sat musing despondently by the hired Brighton hearth—the last letter, a most melancholy epistle, full of despairing lamentations about the bitterness of separation and the hardships of Van Diemen's Land. And over and above all these feminine lamentations there appeared poor loving shade, there seemed real cause for anxiety in the state of Mr. Hilbery's health. It was not that the merchant himself complained, he did not complain, and, indeed, appeared to resent any allusion paid to his state, even when those inquiries came from one of a gentler sex than his only child. But every morning at the breakfast-table, sitting opposite to her father in the bright sunlight, Maude could see a darker shade under Mr. Hilbery's eyes, a more weary look about his haggard face. She dared not anger very often, and pleaded earnestly with him, imploring him to consult a physician, but his answer was always very much the same.

"I am subject to this sort of headache; my work in Moorgate street is peculiarly hard just now. Pray do not trouble yourself, Maude; there is not the least occasion for uneasiness about my health."

With such assurances as these Miss Hilbery was compelled to be satisfied. There had been an air of coldness, or almost displeasure, in her father's manner to her lately, and Maude found to her surprise that he was by no means pleased with her matrimonial engagement that had arisen between Julia Desmond and Francis Tredethlyn.

"Engaged to her!" the merchant exclaimed, when his daughter carried him the news of Julia's conquest. "Engaged to Julia Desmond! Why, I thought you had taken a fancy to your own account, Maude. I said nothing to you about the matter, my dear, for I'm very sometimes a absurd notions, and I thought it better to let things take their course. And so Julia has entrapped him, has she? I ought to have been on my guard against Ryan O'Connor Desmond's daughter."

"How can you talk like that, papa?" cried Miss Hilbery. "I'm sure Julia and Mr. Tredethlyn are really in love with each other, and dear Julia is perfectly disinterested. And, if Mr. Tredethlyn had been ever so much in love with me—he could never have cared the least bit about me—how could you suppose that I could ever dream of marrying him; when I—when he's such a very common-place person?"

Harcourt Lowther's name had been almost trembling on Miss Hilbery's lips, but she had remembered the fierceness of her father's nature, and had modified the conclusion of her sentence in deference to his prejudices.

"A very common-place person!" repeated Lionel Hilbery, in a thoughtful tone; "yes, you say dear, I dare say he is, I dare say he is. But I've seen enough of the world to have a very low opinion of common-place people, Maude, and I'm sorry you are married to commoner men than Francis Tredethlyn."

And then, after a brief silence, the merchant's manner changed with a sudden; he took his daughter in his arms, and pressed his lips upon her forehead with an almost passionate fondness.

"My darling child," he cried, "you don't think it wouldn't please me to see you married to a man you could love?"

Maude looked up into his face with a sweet smile upon her own, her lips parted, and in the next moment Harcourt Lowther's name would have been pronounced in a whisper plashed by tears and innocent lips. But it seemed as if her father in a manner anticipated what she would have said, for he put her from him suddenly, and turned away with a faint sheer of pain.

"I am very sorry to hear of this engagement between Julia and Francis Tredethlyn, my dear," he said, his face averted from his daughter, and his hands nervously shuffling among the papers on the table before him; "I am very much vexed, Maude, for Maude, you don't understand, you can't understand. Go, my dear, I'm busy."

No more had been or has been said between the father and daughter upon the subject of Miss Hilbery's matrimonial arrangements, but Maude had been shocked by her father's behavior. Vexation was not a matter of the moment, to be forgotten or remembered in the first surprise of the announcement. Lionel Hilbery was displeased, serious to Mr. Tredethlyn, but his manner towards his daughter was altogether changed. There were times when he scarcely took the trouble to conceal his displeasure from that young lady herself. He would walk up and down moodily when Francis Tredethlyn was by her side, and, sometimes, when the conversation gave him an opening, break out into muttered denunciations upon the the husband-hunting propensities of modern young ladies. Francis was too simple-minded to comprehend the merchant's ungracious temper; but Julia understood her benefactor, and defied him with her bold, handsome eyes, and her flashing teeth.

"If he wishes me to go, I must go," she said to her daughter, "I suppose; she thought, when she pondered on Mr. Hilbery's discourtesy. "What a spiteful, avaricious creatures these rich people are!"

Christmas was approaching, and that festival period of the year Brighton, like Cadiza, which place Maude Hilbery was tenderly attached, despite her sentimental talk about poverty and a cottage, became thronged to a thousand a year fold. The young ladies' portmanteaus had been packed ready for the departure from Brighton, the fly ordered to be in waiting for Mr. Hilbery to escort them on their homeward journey. He had not been so much with them during the last few days of their sojourn at the sea-side, Maude's delphy only came backwards and forwards with Mr. Hilbery, the girls had been left by themselves, with no better entertainment than occasional the reading of new books, the trying of new music, and the contemplation of the lustorous gray waves beating eternally against the bow-windows—for the weather had been cold and stormy of late, and the esplanade had been deserted, only an occasional masculine wayfarer, out for a "constitutional," buffeted the winds and strode in disdainful defiance along the pavement beneath Mr. Hilbery's windows.

It was only natural, under these circumstances, that the young ladies should have grown weary of Brighton. They had a close carriage at their disposal, but then driving through perpetual tempest is not pleasure that can be taken even in a close carriage. They went shopping in East street two or three times during the severe weather, and bought an extensive assortment of fashionable complications of Berlin wool work and gold beads; and experimentalising with the same on their return home, they found themselves plunged in a sea of perplexity. Thus it was that they grew very tired of Brighton, and wished most earnestly for Mr. Hilbery's coming.

"Oh, for the silvery ring of my own Broadwood!" exclaimed Maude, as she rose from a struggle with a German rendering of "Polly put the kettle on," in seven flats, and ten pages of double arpeggios. "I wonder who makes the pianos for houses that are let furnished? I'm sure they must all be made by the same man; and I suppose it's a theory of his own that makes him always use damp wood, and put so much flannel into his treble. I wish papa would come and take us home."

Miss Hilbery expressed this wish at least twenty times in a day, and Julia echoed it, as if out of politeness to her friend. But Miss Desmond was not a very sympathetic person, and she was really anxious to get back to the neighborhood of London that contained Francis Tredethlyn. Nearly a fortnight had passed since the Cornishman had been to Brighton, and Julia was terribly conscious that the link which would bind him to her was very fragile, and might be broken by any unlucky hazard, unless, indeed, his constancy were sustained by a chivalrous sense of honor. She had set her self the opportunity of discovering his sentiments on this delicate point, and had a vague idea that a small farmer's son, who had taken to Queen Caroline, would be unlikely to entertain the same splendid notions of truth and loyalty that glowed in the breasts of his superiors.

"I know that he's a very good fellow," Julia thought; "and I don't suppose he would steal anything, or tell a deliberate falsehood; but I dare say he would think it no sin to throw me over at the last moment if—"

There was a point at which Miss Desmond's reveries always stopped short. She did not care to think of the fate which Francis Tredethlyn might like to do, even if he were free to do as he liked.

Mr. Hilbery came home very late upon the evening of the last especially disagreeable day. He came down to Brighton by the mail train, and arrived at the hired mansion just as the two girls were sitting down together the sad meal of Maude's roods, preparatory to going to bed. But though the merchant had been so much longer away than usual, he was not disposed to put himself more out his daughter; for instead of coming up to the dining-room, he walked straight to a dreary little study at the back of the house, which had been set apart for his use.

Maude heard the sonorous knock at the big street door, and flew out of the drawing-room to greet the traveller.

"Papa, dear papa!" she cried, "We have been so dull and dreary as a set of Marianas in a moated grange. Oh, you daring papa, I am so glad you've come. Please take us home to Twickenham, we've had such a horrible time of it—so helpless and miserable as those poor working people who are not used singing so dreadfully flat when there's a hard frost. Oh, papa, papa, my single girls, and we've got no work to do," sang Miss Hilbery, in a shrill and established nasal drawl, as she skipped down the stairs.

"Kiss me, you wet, cold, melancholy-looking papa," Maude continued, hanging herself between Lionel Hilbery and the door of his study.

The merchant seemed in no very affectionate humor because his daughter made with out looking at her. His face was pale and stern in expression, and its gloomy rigidity was in no way relaxed when he spoke to Maude.

"Why are you so quiet to-day?" he said. "I thought you would have gone to bed an hour ago. I don't want to be disturbed to-night. Good-night, you're some papers down here that want looking to, and I brought other papers with me. I may have to sit up half the night, perhaps; and, remember, I am not to be disturbed."

"But you will be ill, papa, if you work so hard—"

"I shall not be ill, and I know what is best for myself. I cannot and must not be annoyed to-night, Maude."

He went into his room, where the servant had already made an illumination that would have been considered quite equal to a public display of five daring gas burners; but Maude followed him, and was not to be put off even by the hard look with the announced so strangely cold.

"Papa," she remonstrated, piteously, "I am sure that you are ill, or that something bas happened."

Mr. Hilbery laid his hand upon his daughter's shoulder, and put her out of the room—very gently, but with a certain determination which was quite a new thing in his treatment of this much-petted and spoiling Maude.

"I tell you, once more, that I am going to hewvy busy, and must not—be disturbed." He closed the door, for the third time slowly, at the stern utterance of them were a painful exertion. "Good night, my dear; go to bed, and sleep peacefully. God bless you, and take you in His keeping."

His manner changed all in a moment as he said this, and he stood for a few seconds with his arm round his daughter's waist, and kissed her passionately, as he had done on that other day when they had talked of Francis Tredethlyn.

But in the next moment Maude found herself standing outside the closed door of her father's study, wounded and unhappy. The sudden little gush of affection had been as perplexing to her as Mr. Hilbery's unusual storminess of manner. It was all very strange; and when Maude rejoined her as she went slowly upstairs to the big, barren drawing-room, which looked very little more homelike than a first-class waiting-room at a railway station.

Julia had disappeared, and the flaring gas lamps illumined a few dreary coral beads and scarcely carpet and emptiness. Dear Julia always remembered that her good looks were her only dower, and took care not to waste them by late watching in the glare of many gas burners. Maude sighed as she looked round the empty room, and then seated herself at a table adorned with a gaudy cover that looked like a small Turkey carpet. She took up the impossible Berlin wool work, and the gold beads, and set herself to the task of counting tiny dots and squares on a colored paper pattern, with a view to discovering where the Berlin wool left off and the beads began. But she was tired and unhappy, and the bewildering dots and squares made her head ache; so she pushed away the work presently, and roamed restlessly up and

down the room; now stopping by a table, and taking up a book, only to open it haphazard, and stare blankly at the pages; now lingering by the piano, carelessly fingering the notes, and tormented with a wild desire to dash into some lively air—which she should startle the slumbering household.

Her father had told her to go to bed. He was going to work very late, and must on no account be disturbed. He had worked late sometimes at Twickenham, but not often, and on those occasions Mary had gone to sleep happily enough, only a little disturbed by the thought of "poor papa" toiling over those cruel business documents. But to-night it was altogether different. At the risk of incurring her father's anger, Miss Hillary paced wearily up and down the street of Brussels lace-shops, hating all she should hear the merchant's step on the stairs, and know that his night's work was over.

She watched, oppressed by a vague uneasiness, and wondering why she was uneasy. Why was it that to-night the thought of her father's toil mingled with all manner of strange fears and misgivings? She was usually so frivolous, so apt to look brightly out upon the sunnier aspects of the world around her; but to-night her heart seemed like a leaden weight in her breast. What was it? why was it? The clang of French clocks from the chimney-piece struck some abnormal number between twelve and twenty, and a distant church clock struck two; but still Miss Hillary sat in the vain for that expected step upon the stair. Her father had said that he would be very late, but she had known that in the worst hours he would be finished in a couple of hours. The time seemed intolerably long to Maude Hillary, rooming in a purpose-built house about that big, cold, quiet street in the bawdiness to listen to the hoarse roaring of the waves, or sitting down to read for five minutes together, but never once knowing what she was reading.

There had been so few troubles in her life, and looking back the time was smooth, sunlit years by which she had wandered from childhood to womanhood, she was seized all at once with a fear that there must be some terrible grief in store for her. It was quite impossible that she could have altogether withheld herself from some contemplation of that startling curse as to her right to be born into the world where so many people were miserable; but the question had never intruded itself upon her so awfully as to-night.

"I have never had sickness, or death, or sorrow near me," she thought. "My mother died before I was conscious of the existence—I think—and yet it seems strange that there can be any time when a child is unconscious of a mother's presence, or has not a sense of loss. The worst trouble that I can remember is my parting from Harcourt, and I have always hoped that all would come right at last. But to-night—to-night I feel as if there had been something sinful in my happiness. The sermons I have heard at church have never come to me. I never felt that I was a miserable, sinful creature, grouping my way upon a thorny path. I'm afraid I have been very wicked, selfish and idle, vain and frivolous."

Looking back at her life, Miss Hillary saw an existence of wholesome pleasures, study, exercise and picnics, Star and Garter dinners, perpetual Parisian bonnets, and turquoise bracelets, pet dogs, and, above all, a most devoted attachment. Perhaps she had never before watched and waited alone at these still hours of the dead winter night, and those unwonted thoughts may have been only the natural companions of her loneliness.

She looked at her watch a dozen times in an hour, and as there was constantly three o'clock there, her patience was exhausted all at once, and she resolved on going down to her father's room.

"He will be very angry with me for waking up so late," she thought, "but I cannot go to bed until I have seen him. It will be better to see him over so cross with me, than not to see him at all."

Having once arrived at this determination, Maude Hillary ran down stairs and tapped lightly at her father's door. There was no answer, and she repeated that timid tapping. Again there was no answer, and she tried the handle of the door, unclosed it softly an inch or two, and saw the merchant at his work. But the door was locked, and her breath grew thick with the sudden oppression caused by that vague terror. She had all command over herself, and knocked loudly, calling, in a frightened voice:

"Papa! papa!"

It was not so strange that she should be frightened. Every one who had heard of her dreaming city magnates suddenly stricken down in the prime of life by some fell disease, unsuspected until that last fatal moment.

A heavy step inside the little room relieved her of these vaguely terrible fears. The door was opened, and Miss Hillary stood before her, very pale, very angry.

"Maude! How absurd this is! What have you been doing? Why have you been sitting up?"

"Because somehow I couldn't go to bed while you were working down here, papa darling. I couldn't; I didn't want to worry you or disobey you; but I don't know what's the matter with me to-night. All manner of ridiculous things crept into my head, and I felt that I must see you before I went to sleep. Let me come in, papa."

She pleaded very timidly, looking up in her father's face with such tender devotion beaming in her blue eyes, that Miss Hillary must have been something harder and stronger than the ordinary run of mercantile men if he had been deaf to her pleading.

"Come in if you like, Maude," he said, with a weary sigh; "I am sorry that you disturbed me. I had very nearly finished my work."

The littered mass of papers that had been scattered on Mr. Hillary's desk when Maude had left him were gone now, and only a few neat little packets remained in their stead. But, placed conspicuously upon the desk, Maude perceived a big envelope with a great red seal, and lying near it a smaller envelope, also sealed.

The merchant had removed his neckcloth. He seemed to have been working hard, for big drops of moisture stood upon his forehead. A great basket near his chair was filled to overflowing with torn scraps of paper, and the shower of waste had fallen far and wide, and lay like snow about the floor in which Mr. Hillary had been sitting.

"Now, Maude," he asked, sternly, as his daughter followed him into the room, "what is it that you want with me?"

"Why, to see you leave your work and go to bed, papa. You don't look well, I'm afraid."

The merchant smiled a grim smile, and pointed to his watch which lay open on the desk.

"I shall have been working half an hour. I've kept watch upon every quarter of an hour," he said.

"But you have finished now, papa."

"Quite. I have very nearly finished—but not quite."

Miss Hillary shook her head with a pretty pouting expression of face that in the least afraid of her father's anger now. She had been so tortured by the dim and shadowy apprehensions, that her anger was beyond endurance now that she was by her father's side, and she was bold enough to defy him.

"I shall leave you any more to-night, papa. If you had all the business of the Stock Exchange to transact, I wouldn't let you sit up any longer, sitting upright in a chair like those fine-arts some papers. Besides, your desk is quite clear, you seem to have done everything."

"No, I have not done everything," she heard her father say in a low, hoarse voice.

Mr. Hillary had resumed his seat and was staring blankly at the desk before him, where all things looked so neat and orderly. Maude was almost justified in thinking that her father's work was finished. There was a row of drawers on each side of the desk. One of them was open, and a bunch of keys hung from the lock. A copy of the *Times* newspaper lay across the top of this open drawer; but as Miss Hillary looked over her father, some portion of her silken flounces or other fluffinesses of her dress caught the paper, and it fell rustling to the ground. Lionel Hillary turned suddenly with a look of alarm directed towards the open drawer, and Maude following his glance, saw something lying among the neat packets of letters and papers—something which looked like a pistol. The merchant instantly seemed to realise a greater terror than any that her fancy had shaped, however dimly, during those hours of weary waiting in the room above.

GOING HOME!

Wind and weary, wandering bee,
O'er this wide waste of waters free,
Where no soul-like music tone,
Speaking love, gives strength to thee,
Footsteps fall, nor sign of life,
Sinks when thus thy footsteps roam!
Thy spirit cries, while tears will start,
Take me home—oh, take me home!

When lights of youth-time wane,
And the world grows cold and drear,
When life's hopes appear as vain,
And its pleasures turn to woe,
There is yet a land of love,
Bright'ner visions while we roam;
And the happy spirit cries,
Going home—yes, going home!

MARY CANAVAN.

It became part of my lot in life to help the Irish famine sufferers in the eventful period of the Irish Famine of 1846-7.

I was a Poor Law Inspector, and had a large district assigned to me, which necessarily set me about a good deal and visit workhouses, hospitals and relief stations in the discharge of my duties. My mode of conveyance was a rude one—an outside Irish jaunting car, and, with one horse, or rather indeed with a pony, I used of a day sometimes to get over a good deal ground.

I started one morning in the early spring from my headquarters to visit a station in a very remote part of my district. The weather was bad, a servant, coachman, groom, butler, valet, all comprised in one very original and funny individual called "Mick" accompanying me. The road before I left on this particular journey, in which occurred an incident which I am about to relate, I told Mick to see that my pistol was all right in case our wish ire bred, which I used to take in my pocket, and above all not to forget to fill my flask with brandy, which, as well as my official see, was not altogether not a necessary luxury. Mick, a hardy native boy, was driving along the road with a heavy shower of rain, and, as my official knowledge were in the receipt of the full amount of pay for the day, I felt that I was starved, and avidity with which they seized and devoured the loaves of rye bread I used to give them from the cart, I satisfied me that the money which we sent to our Poor Law Inspectors from all parts of United Kingdom to expend in any way we thought fit, and which for the most part was applied to the establishment of bakehouses, did all the good which it was intended to do, and even more than the promoters of the scheme had anticipated.

I scarcely think I was ever out on a more lovely day then it it to which I allude, and if one could only have felt the invigorating breeze for a few minutes, and then turned off by a mountain road which led by a long descent to a wild and barren bog, stretching unbrokenly for many miles towards the sea coast. As we got on the bog, there was an indication that there had been a turf road, but gradually its traces became more and more indistinct, and we had to make the best of our way across the "blasted heath." At last we came to a road again, and I was enabled to shape my course for the relief station, which I was about to inspect.

The path, or road, or whatever else one might choose to call it, was straight, and so there was nothing to interrupt the view right before us.

Mick, who I never could indeed bring myself up in himself, and had been discoursing eloquently on the value of good sound roads, gave me his private opinion as to the character of that on which we were then travelling, suddenly called out:

"What ails you, sir, is that before us?"

"Where?" said I.

"Don't you see, sir? The Lord save us! a body stretched across the road!"

On looking before me, at about a hundred yards distance, I saw that to which Mick directed my attention.

"Yes," said I, "no doubt it is some poor creature who has died on the way to the station —but what could one know?"

On coming up we found it was the corpse of a woman apparently about forty years of age.

A circumstance I was to see the effects of famine, I was horrified at the ghastly appearance which she presented. Her face was literally so emaciated that there was not all the vascular and arterial anatomy as well as if the skin had been removed.

While looking at this horrid sight, it seemed to me that she could not have been very long dead, and that some life was in her bosom around.

"Possibly," I said, "life is not quite extinct," and, recollecting the little smattering of doctoring which I possessed in early life, I thought it worth while to see what effect a stimulant might have.

"Bring me my brandy flask at once, Mick," said I, "and help me to raise her head."

"For shin, sir?" said he. "Indeed, it would take more than your honor could do to bring her back again."

"Well," I added, "do what I tell you, Mick, and let us hope for the best."

We lifted the body and placed it against a little hillock which was quite close to where we found the woman, and I then proceeded to open her mouth, a proceeding attended with considerable difficulty. Holding her head back I managed to pour down her throat a few drachms of my flask (a pretty large one, by the way) down her throat, when suddenly I felt a sort of convulsion at the back of her throat which set on my heart's blood. A convulsion was to my great delight speedily followed by a faint hiccup, and I at once made up my mind that the poor creature I might be in the intense satisfaction of restoring a fellow-creature to life.

Mick and I then set to work, and taking the cushions of the car we stretched our poor patient in a recumbent position. We then commenced to rub all over with flannels were like fire, and with a good will we rubbed and rubbed until we were rewarded by seeing the head move, the lips twitch, and the whole frame evidently in a returning vitality. But to succeed must be a work of some time, and here we were nearly fifteen miles away from the station. We would not, however, for a little time longer, and then I determined to get as fast as I could to my destination. We placed her on the car in a sitting position, and started for

We had not gone more than four or five hundred yards when I perceived a most abominable stench, which was so sickly that I determined to stop and ascertain what it was. Looking to my right hand direction was revealed to me a column of bluish smoke, which came out of the bog. Walking over to the place from whence the smoke issued, I was instantly able to discover the offensive odor, which became worse and worse. I found to my horror that the smoke was from a human habitation. It could be called a mud old gravel pit, in which I very soon found the cause of the stench. Here were laying two bodies in an advanced state of decomposition, an old man and woman. I shudder now when I think of the sight I saw. It was horrible beyond description. However, as at once was that they were, we found on the road had crept out of this hovel on seeing the car coming across the bog, and had sunk in the listless state of exhaustion in which we found her.

Mick and I turned out to be when I made subsequent inquiry.

We now resumed our journey, and at last arrived at the station, where I lost no time in getting medical relief for my poor patient, and in sending to the gravel pit to have the bodies removed and interred.

The next day I returned to headquarters, and from time to time afterwards had letters from the doctor reporting the case that was doing very speedily recovered, and out of moneys placed at my disposal for charitable purposes I was enabled to contribute to her comfort in the shape of clothing.

A con le of months or more passed away, and the whole affair was almost extinguished by the abundance of food which came into the country. The people began to look better, and every one was a believer in plenty.

My visits to the remoter stations of my district were necessarily fewer, for I had important duties to perform at the town in which I lived, and where the union workhouse was situated. They were now principally directed to the prevention of abuse in the administration of relief. Though the distress was still great, yet it was an undoubted fact within the experience of all those engaged in the Poor Law service, that abuses crept in to a very large extent, and it was no easy matter to control them.

On another lovely morning, now far advanced in the summer, I again started for the station at —, near which occurred the incident which I have been endeavored to tell. As I passed by the spot where our progress on the road was arrested by the body of the poor woman, Mick said:

"Ah, your honor, glory be to God and thanks to you, do you recollect the craythre we saw here?"

"Yes, Mick," said I, "and I hope we shall never see such a sight again."

"Amen, sir," said he, giving the pony a gentle reminder that he was to get along as quickly as he could.

We drove on for a couple of miles, when we had a group of the peasantry of the district going to the relief station for their rations of Indian meal stirabout.

I signed to make some inquiries when suddenly I felt by my knees embraced, and a girl about eighteen years of age kissing my feet.

"What, in the name, my good girl?" said I.

"Ah! your honor," she said, looking at me with an expression I can never forget, "don't you recollect Mary Canavan?"

"Mary Canavan! surely you cannot be the woman I——"

"Ah! yes, sir," she cried.

And there she was, the shrivelled bag of forty transformed into a girl of eighteen, and all by the simple administration of wholesome food for a few weeks.

To those who saw scenes such as I did this did not appear extraordinary change. But, at the lapse of time, when the great famine of Ireland with all its horrible circumstances is well-nigh forgotten, I venture to tell this story about poor Mary Canavan.

GREAT COMMERCIAL FEATURES

in the Inauguration Procession.

HAD an ancient Roman suddenly dropt from the clouds during the grand procession, he would have at once recognised the existence of some new trade or industrial trophies introduced into it. No other people so openly avows their mechanical ingenuity as one of the chief pillars of the national greatness as the American, more especially the citizens of the Empire City.

One of the most striking features in the great *Fête* was the display made by some of our prominent manufacturers. We have selected none of the most characteristic of these, and engraved them for our pages, the working mind of New York enters into the celebration of its many victories.

The Singer Manufacturing Co.

This company made a display in the procession, which was the subject of much commentaries with the magnitude of its enormous business. Their car, drawn by six horses, decorated with red, white and blue plumes, drawing, in fact, the whole of their factory in miniature, was supplied with the national colors, and in which eight young ladies were engaged in operating the Singer sewing machines, in the manufacture of army clothing. On either side of the car appeared the inscribed the following unique and telling motto:

"We clothe the Union army—the Grants "dressing the rebels."

Following this was a four-horse team gaily dressed, and too loaded with boxes, drawing the wagon of the company, loaded with Sewing Machines, directed to some of the principal branch houses located in the several quarters of the world, the whole preceded by a rail car, drawn by two horses, and filled with officers of the company. The men marched in platoons, with guidons indicating the respective branches of the business to which they belonged.

Altogether, this was doubtless one of the most attractive, as it was the most substantive, display made by any one establishment in the city, and one that could only be exceeded by any in the world. It is in keeping, however, with the well-known character of the Singer Manufacturing Company.

Howe & Bouvier's Improved Standard Scales.

Another most important branch of industry was also especially represented. We allude to the Scales, one of the most ancient and Scriptural of inventions. Messrs. Howe & Bouvier, 491 Broadway, have made a special application for the unwarning accuracy of their machines, their well known motto, by three keys, one of which is fitted up, in which the "*sense, sense, sole!* spirit-ed" branch of trade was set forth. But our duty as well pedicted the scene is that further description is needed. Every one knows that by these scales can be had without a pair of scales, and that no lady can proceed to her marketing without the possession of one. As a natural result, all our fair readers quote to call upon Messrs. Howe & Bouvier without delay.

Steinway & Sons.

The musical art was represented by the celebrated firm of Steinway & Sons, whose "Grands" were on a car 32 feet premium, gold and silver medals at the principal World's Fairs, and the Crystal Palace, for many years, and who gained a first prize medal at the great International Exhibition in London, 1862.

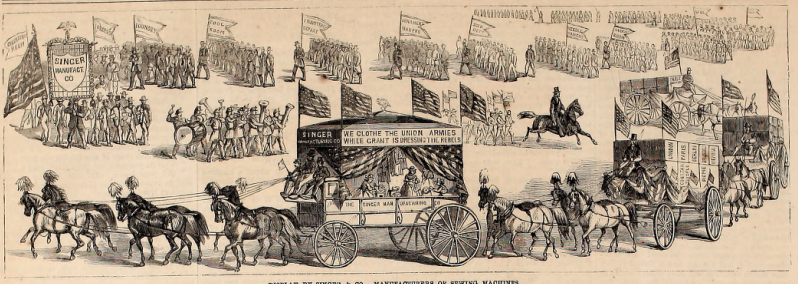
One of their grand pianos was drawn on a large car, with several gentlemen performing with great enthusiasm others. It was a very imposing spectacle and attracted much attention.

Herring & Co.

This famous company demonstrated their sympathy for the cause of liberty by a large wagon containing one of those indestructible safes, which bid defiance to the famous pillaging of the 19th of July, and the consideration that any safe can be formed of the immense fire and burglar proof materials of their patent safes. It is really quite a study of art, and it is not too much to say that this exhibition of theirs has created such a point of excellence in their manufacture, that their safes may now be pronounced perfectly indestructible.

The Indians dwelling within the United States are fast disappearing from among men. In 1850 there were 400,764; in 1860, 339,949; and the census of 1870 shows only 295,400. This is a decrease of 70,300 in twenty years. The proportion of whites to Indians is augmented as the path of empire takes its way westward. Here in New York there are still 6,000 left, while in the Indian savage will exist only in history, the prose poem of Cooper and the poetry of Longfellow. The civilized Indian flourishes better than the wild one. The census in the State of New York gives an average of 30,964; Washington territory, 31,000; Utah territory, 20,000; Minnesota, 17,000; California, 16,149; Kansas, 8,126; Michigan, 7,777; Nevada territory, 7,750; Oregon, 7,000.

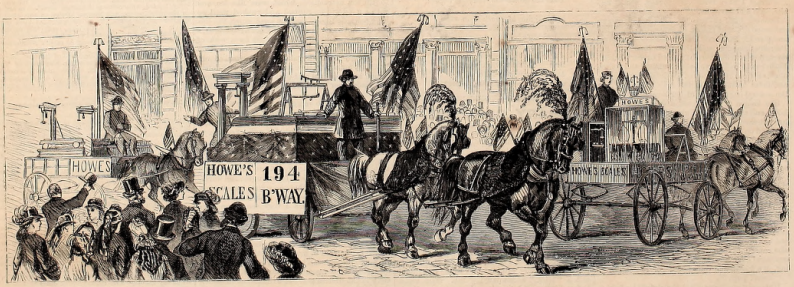
The following startling threat was made one of the other day by an excited pugilist: "If I twist you round your own neck, and run you for a mile over your own mouth, and run you down your own throat until there's nothing left of you but the extreme ends of your shirt-collar sticking out of your eyes." His opponent left.



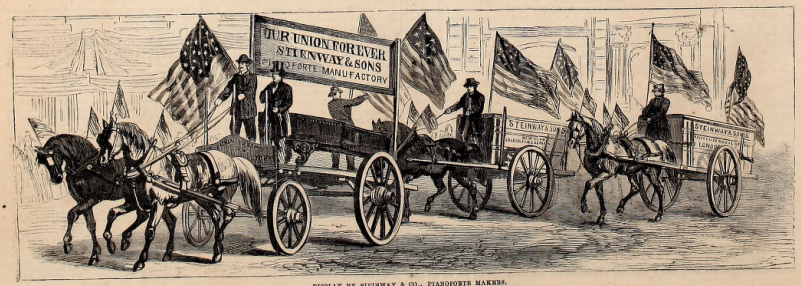
DISPLAY BY SINGER & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF SEWING MACHINES.



DISPLAY BY HERRING & CO., MANUFACTURERS OF FIREPROOF SAFES.



DISPLAY BY HOWE & BOUVIER, MANUFACTURERS OF THE IMPROVED STANDARD SCALES.



DISPLAY BY STEINWAY & CO., PIANOFORTE MAKERS.

FEATURES OF THE PROCESSION IN COMMEMORATION OF THE UNION VICTORIES, MARCH 6.

LINDEMAN & SONS' Patent Cycloid Pianofortes.

THE great importance attached to this invention, both by professional men and mechanics, involving as it does an entire change in the construction of the instrument, has induced us to place it before our readers in such a form that the whole scope of the improvement may be made perceptible to all. The positive, nay the wonderful improvements made in the pianoforte within the last ten years are patent to everybody who has given even one thought to the subject, but those who have thought will agree with us, that a vast amount of humbug has been foisted upon the public by manufacturers, who, for the purpose of making advertising capital, have tinkered up some minute difference, of no earthly consequence, to which they give a high sounding name, and thereby set forth to the world on the wings of the press, as a great patented improvement, although the most earnest searcher after facts, aided by a 40 horse-power microscope, could not discover the faintest vestige of an advantage gained. The cycloid piano, however, presents at the first glance an unmistakable and radical change in the form, and the advantages which arise from the change in the form are as marked as the change itself.

Before proceeding to investigate the advantages claimed, we will give a brief sketch of the firm from whose ingenuity the cycloid piano springs. The elder Lindeman commenced life as a journeyman pianoforte maker in Dresden, where, after some time, he established a business of his own, and made pianos which were much esteemed at this day. In 1835 he came to America and again commenced to work as a journeyman, but the crash coming threw him upon his own resources, and he left New York for Jamaica, L. I., where for several years he made pianos on his own account.

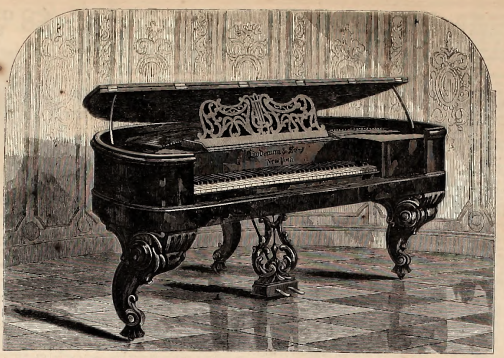
In 1842 he returned to the city and commenced his present business, having taken his sons into partnership. The young men, like their father, working out the details he was greatly assisted by his brother Henry, who felt the full value of the idea. The first instrument of this class was turned out about a year and a half ago. It was immediately purchased by a prominent gentleman of this city, and was closely watched by the brothers, as upon its success depended whether they should follow the plan or abandon it. At the end of ten months they found that the instrument had not only improved in tone, but that it remained in perfect tune, although it had never been tuned since it left their factory. They were satisfied that these extraordinary results were due to the immense strength of the frame, and proceeded at once to organize the system for the manufacture of the cycloid piano in large quantities. Eight months have barely elapsed, yet the demand for the cycloids has become so general that Lindeman & Sons have been compelled to double their business, and to make preparations to enlarge their factory by extending it to Bleecker street, and to still further increase their business by the 1st of May.

The following full and minute description of the manufacture of the cycloid, and the results obtained by the cycloid or arch form, which we find in the New York daily *Tribune*, will convey all the necessary information in regard to the valuable improvements achieved by Lindeman & Sons:

"The cycloid piano, made and patented by Lindeman & Sons, of this city, presents a radical change in the form of the piano, and while adopting all the improvements which have resulted from past experience, exhibits a novel ity in construction which adds a value to all that has gone before, and presents increased advantages of such importance that they cannot be over looked. The form of the cycloid may be described as a square piano with the back corners rounded off. The sweep is very graceful, and the ugly square box is transformed into an elegant piece of furniture, beautifully finished all round, forming an ornament to the parlor, and taking up much less space than the ordinary square piano.

"The object designed to be obtained by this change of form is elegance, compactness and strength. In the square piano the sides and back are glued together, and to strengthen these weak points heavy blocks of wood are inserted, so that the whole space of the two back corners is utterly useless for reverberating purposes. They are simply wasted wood, and are only valuable inasmuch as the blocking they contain strengthens the inherent weakness of the square case.

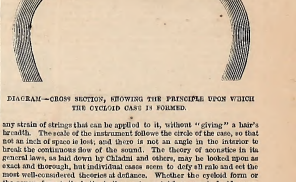
"The cycloid plate achieves the form of the arch, which is recognised as the type of strength, and is in fact a solid case, in one piece, with no weak spot about it. By the system of constructing the case, more strength is obtained than could be got from a solid block, either cut out or bent to the cycloid form. The case in fact consists of from 24 to 36 veneers, one-fourth of an inch thick, of maple wood, glued together; these are placed in a press of the cycloid form, to which are attached screws of great power. The force is applied equally to every part, which forces out the superfluous glue, and, when cold, these veneers come out a solid mass, having the required cycloid form, with all the strength of an arch, and capable of sustaining any strain of strings that can be applied to it, without "giving" a hair's breadth. The scale of the instrument follows the circle of the case, so that not an inch of space is lost, and there is not an angle in the interior to break the continuous flow of the sound. The theory of acoustics in its general laws, as laid down by Chladni and others, may be looked upon as exact and thorough, but individual cases seem to defy all rule and set the most well-considered theories at defiance. Whether the cycloid form or the square form is the better in theory, is a point for savans to decide upon, but the result of the two forms is palpable to every ear, learned or unlearned. The tone of the cycloid is as solid as that of a grand pianoforte—it is not merely loudness, which is always liable to impure and loose vibra



THE NEW PATENT CYCLOID PIANOFORTE, MANUFACTURED BY LINDEMAN & SONS, 171 AND 173 MERCER STREET, NEW YORK, NEAR BLEECKER STREET.

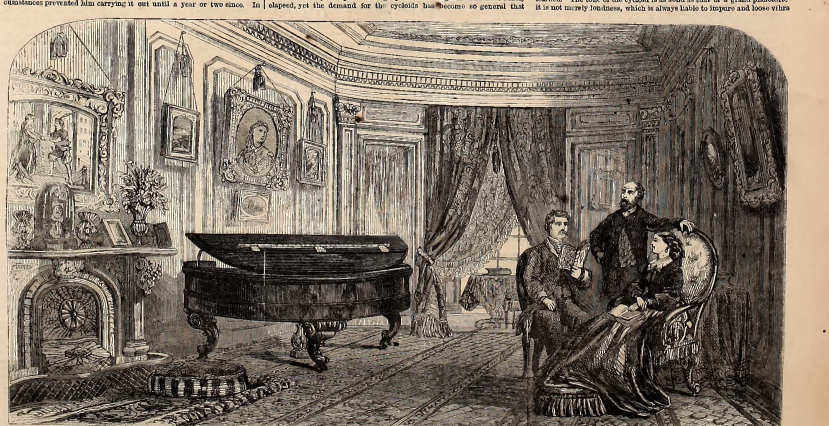


THE CYCLOID CASE IN THE FORM PRESS.



DIAGRAM—CROSS SECTION, SHOWING THE PRINCIPLE UPON WHICH THE CYCLOID CASE IS FORMED.

were all practical pianoforte makers, and thus were enabled to supervise and direct every branch of the manufacture. The result of this combination was, that from the first their instruments were solidly and faithfully made and the reputation of the firm stood high as trustworthy makers. The idea of the cycloid form was conceived by Herman, the eldest son, but circumstances prevented him carrying it out until a year or two since. In



SHOWING THE APPEARANCE OF LINDEMAN'S LATEST CYCLOID PIANO IN A PARLOR, AND INDICATING THE SMALL SPACE WHICH IT OCCUPIES.

tions, but it is the largest amount of sonority, with the greatest purity in quality of tone. A powerful player can use it as he would a grand, and he cannot break the tone; he cannot thin it or confuse it by forced diverging vibrations. Gottschalk tested it in every way to the utmost, and acknowledged that it triumphed over the test that he had applied.

"But it is not in force alone that the purity of the cycloid is pre-eminent; in the medium tone and in the pianissimo it is surpassingly beautiful, and even the soft pedal can be used without destroying the pure and individual quality of the tone. In addition to this, while each tone is round and distinctive, in close or spread harmony, no one tone predominates, but a perfect accord of combined tones swells up to the fingers, and dies out without one dominant vibration. The "singing" power partakes of the same purity of quality. It can be prolonged in a remarkable degree, and the quality of the vibration does not change or "lift," but preserves its roundness until the sound has ceased. The cycloid possesses one other point of superiority over the common square piano, namely, the power of standing in tune. The whole structure is so compact, so solid, so rigid and unyielding in its strength, that it will remain up to con...t pitch from its first tuning, allowing for the stretching of the strings, and will not fall a shade for months.

"These qualifications are great in their significance, and elevate the class of instrument, hitherto represented by the square piano, far above its present position as a musical instrument. The tone is larger, purer, and more beautiful every way; and for strength and durability in its initial excellence, we believe that it will prove superior after years of trial to every other plan of construction. Its mechanical details and workmanship are of the best quality, and its touch is all than can be required by the most exacting professor or amateur. The system upon which the present cycloid piano is made is equally applicable to the grand and upright form, and we look forward to the result of the experiments in this line which will, we understand, be immediately proceeded with, as a matter of vital interest to refined and civilised communities all over the world, for there is hardly one respectable homestead in which the piano is not considered not merely as a luxury but a necessity.

"We consider the cycloid piano as a great advance upon the prevailing system of construction, and as approaching as near a perfect instrument as our present knowledge enables us to conceive or to construct."

We recognise in the above a faithful and graphic description of the beautiful instrument it treats of, and we cordially endorse all the praise which it bestows. Lindeman & Sons have in their possession the warmest testimonials from many of the most eminent musicians, but they do not deem it necessary to publish them to the world, for the reason that makers of pianos, of every grade of merit, have pursued that system until it has become worse than useless as a guarantee of excellence. The writer in the *Tribune* adverting to this custom says:

"There is another fallacy which is rapidly exploding itself, namely, the value of professional testimonials. So long as professional players and teachers, whether for a consideration or not is a point between themselves and the manufacturers, gave their testimonials, or written opinions, to all good makers, they were of value to each according to his use of means to advertise the facts to the world; but as soon as certain players and teachers bind themselves to certain houses, and declare that what they have testified to for other houses before is all fol-de-rol, or a tissue of no-such-things, their so-called testimonials become of less value than the paper on which they are written, and their motives are left open to very grave suspicion. The public begins to understand the value of testimonials. Good wine, they say, 'needs no bush;' neither does a good piano need testimonials from professional gentlemen, four-fifths of whom are profoundly ignorant of the construction of the instrument, or of what constitutes its real merits."

The truth of the foregoing cannot be doubted, and it is well that the facts of the case should be broadly stated and widely published. The verbal opinions of some of the most eminent musicians we have heard. Gottschalk tried the cycloid thoroughly, and pronounced it the "finest instrument of the square class which he had ever tried; that the tone came out as rich and solid as that of a grand; that he had tested it as he would a grand piano for points of delicacy and points of strength, and that it had stood the test in every way, and that the inventor had a brilliant fortune in his hands." Wm. Mason, J. N. Pattison, A. H. Passe, C. Fradel, Harry Sanderson, W. K. Bassford, and many others have given verbal evidence of the pre-eminent excellence of the cycloid piano.

We consider the new method of manufacture of pianos, as illustrated in the structure of the cycloid piano, as destined to work a complete revolution in the mode of making square pianos. Its superiority of tone, its extraordinary strength, its capacity to stand longer in tune than any other instrument, and its exceeding beauty of form will assuredly arrest the attention of the public, and cause a universal demand for the cycloid pianos which no one maker will be able to supply. We congratulate Lindeman & Sons on the sterling excellence of their invention, and we are satisfied that their business energy and enterprise will realise for them a brilliant fortune, while their piano will give to the public an instrument more perfect than any now manufactured.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

CURRAN's ruling passion was his joke. In his last illness, his physician observing in the morning that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, "That is rather surprising, as I have been practising all night."

A diminutive attorney, named Else, once asked Jekyll:

"Sir, I hear you called me a pettifogging scoundrel. Have you done so, sir?"

"No, sir," said Jekyll, with a look of contempt. "I never said you were a pettifogger or a scoundrel; but I did say you were little Else."

To win the maid the poet tries,
And sonnets writes to Julia's eyes,
She likes a verse, but—cruel whim!—
She still appears averse to him.

"I WISH, revered father," said Curran to Father O'Leary, "that you were St. Peter, and had the keys of heaven, because then you could let me in."

"By my honor and conscience," replied O'Leary, "it would better be for you that I had the keys of the other place, for then I could let you out."

AN Irishman, charged with an assault, was asked by the judge whether he was guilty or not.

"How can I tell," was the reply, "till I have heard the evidence?"

[illegible] MOORE, who derived his pedigree from Noah, explained it in this manner: "Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham and one more."

"COME here, Johnny, and tell me what the four seasons are."

Young Prodigy: "Pepper, salt, mustard and vinegar."

A FLAG flies as an old man walks—by the aid of a staff.

WE would call special attention to B. T. Hayward's advertisement, in another department of this issue. Our gallant troops in the Union service can obtain from him every desirable style of Company, Regimental, Brigade, Division or Corps Pins, Badges or Emblems. As every patriot prides himself on his particular Company, Regiment or Corps, and wishes to decorate his manly breast with an honorable Badge, designating his connections, and thousands, not knowing how to obtain them, we take pleasure in referring them to Mr. Hayward's advertisement, in which will be found all that is desired in that line. Mr. Hayward is one of our largest and oldest Manufacturing Jewelers, and is the leading manufacturer of the Army Badges. In fact, his is the only reliable house to deal with. He can be relied upon for quality of goods, promptness and faithfulness in filling all orders. Our "Masonic" friends will also find everything in their line appertaining to masonry.—*Army and Home Journal.*

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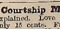
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Messrs. Arundale & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we believe to be doing a very respectable and legitimate business.—*New York Scottish American Journal, June 11, 1864.*

Messrs. Arundale, in the office of Arundale & Co.'s Agency for European Manufacturing Jewellery, is prepared to supply all fashionable and wholesale dealers with the newest patterns. We also noticed a large quantity of new and elegant jewellery, for sale at low prices. These newly-imported articles are to be disposed of on a new principle, giving good advantages to purchasers, and affording extensive employment to agents.—*Evening Express, Aug. 5, 1864.* Arundale & Co.'s arrangement, the advantages must be on the side of the customer, for he obtains every thing for gain, and pays nothing except by issue. He knows what he will get for his dollar beforehand, and if we may judge by the rest of his business.—*New York Weekly News, Aug. 8, 1861.*

Extraordinary Gift Enterprise.—The most eligible and profitable employment we have heard of for ladies is that of agent for Messrs. A. & Co.'s Grand Gift Distribution of Arundale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this way, and says she finds it an easy parer, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom she sells tickets, as all who purchase from us are in the ring columns. Gentlemen can also be thus employed.—*Saturday Evening Mail, Aug. 6, 1864.*

In our columns the reader will find an advertisement of Arundale & Co.'s Grand Gift Distribution of valuable jewellery and silver-ware. In payment of that advertisement we have received several of the jewellery articles, and we are warranted in saying that, both in finish and workmanship, they appear to exceed what is usually furnished out to be just what they had been represented.—*True Democrat, Aug. 12, 1864.*

The British Whig of Kingston, C. W., says, Nov. 25, 1864, one of our subscribers has drawn an article from Arundale & Co., and by request brought some of the articles, such as Jewellery, Watches, &c., with him for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that both and in all the dealings we have had with the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them are.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.
GREAT SALE
OF
Watches, Chains, Diamond Rings, Etc.
One Million Dollars!
To be Disposed of at One Dollar Each!!

WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE! NOT TO BE PAID FOR UNTIL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO RECEIVE!!

Splendid List of Articles! All to be Sold for $1 each!

		MANU. FACTURE.	SELLING PRICE.
200	Mosaic Bazes	$40 00	$150
150	" with Bells and Coats-of-Arms	20 "	60
600	Silver Tea-pots and Coffee Urns	20 "	50
800	" Cake-Baskets	20 "	50
1,000	" Ice Pitchers	20 "	30
1,000	" Card Cups with Plates	20 "	30
3,000	" Goblets and Drinking Cups	4 "	50
2,000	" Castors	4 "	50
2,000	" Fruit, Card and Cake Baskets	20 "	60
		PER DOZEN.	PER DOZEN.
8,000	Dozen Silver Tea Spoons	$15 "	20
10,000	" Table Forks and Spoons	15 "	20
		EACH.	EACH.
250	Gents' Gold Hunting-case Watches	$50 to $150	
250	Ladies' Gold and Enamelled-case Watches	35 "	70
600	Gents' Hunting-case Silver Watches	25 "	70
1,000	Gold Vest Chains	10 "	30
5,000	Gold Vest and Neck Chains	4 "	30
2,000	Gold Fob and Guard Chains	4 "	30
4,000	Jet and Gold Bracelets	1 "	10
3,000	Gold Bracelets, Plain and Chased	4 "	10
2,000	Solitaire and Gem Brooches	1 "	10
4,000	Gold Lockets, Plain and Engraved	1 "	10
5,000	Mosaic, Jet, Lava and Florentine Brooches	1 "	5
7,700	Coral, Opal & Emerald Ear Drops	2 "	8
4,200	Gold Chains and Jewelled Slides	2 "	8
3,500	Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys	2 "	8
3,500	Gold Vest Silver Watch Keys	2 "	8
5,000	Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, &c.	3 "	8
3,200	Gold Thimbles, Pencils, &c.	3 "	8
2,000	Gold Spectacles and Eye-glasses	2 50	8
4,000	" Magic Spring	10 "	20
1,000	Gold Toothpicks, Plain & Chased	2 "	8
5,000	Plain Gold Rings	1 "	10
5,000	Chased, and Signet Rings	1 "	10
10,000	Stone Set and Signet Rings	2 50	10
10,000	Gold Pens and Pencil Cases	2 "	10
1,700	Sets Ladies' Jewellery—Jet & Gold	3 "	15
1,500	" Pearl & Gold	3 "	15
3,000	" Opal and other stone	3 "	15
10,000	Gold Pens, Silver Extension Holders and Pencils	1 "	10
10,000	Gold Pens, Gold Mounted Holders	1 "	10
5,000	Gold Pens and Gold Extension Holders	1 "	10
5,000	Gold Pens and Jet Holders	1 "	15
5,000	" Hair Bars and Balls	1 "	10

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Announce that all the above list will be sold for $1 each for *One Dollar* each.

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On receipt of 25 cents, you will see what you are to have, and then it is at your option to send us One Dollar and take the article or not, as you please. You may obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any one of the articles we name for the price.

Send 25 Cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail, we will charge for forwarding the Certificate, paying postage and doing the business. 27 certificates, which must be enclosed with the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty five for $10, and a hundred for $15.

Agents.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered for them, provided their remittance amounts to $1 or more. Agents will receive 25 cents for each Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage Stamps.

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No. 49 Bond Street, N. Y.,

Treats successfully all Diseases of the Scalp, Loss of Hair and Premature Blanching. Also, removes Moth, Freckles and other Discolorations from the face, without injury to the texture or color of the skin. No charge for consultation. For particulars, enclose stamp for circular.

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Only 25 cents a box. By mail 12 cents extra.
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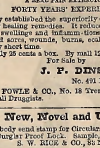
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MY ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks upon the smoothest face without injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address on receipt of money.
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In Drawing of January 19, 1865,
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Seventy five cent Gold premium paid for prizes. Information furnished. The highest rates paid for Doubloons and all kinds of Gold and Silver.
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All the above styles have the name American Watch Co. painted on the dial, and are warranted in every respect.

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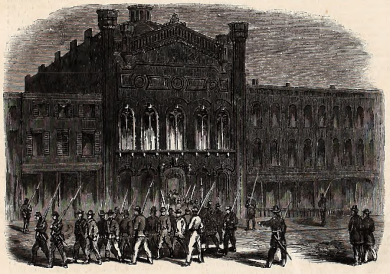
FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 496—Vol. XX.] NEW YORK, APRIL 1, 1865. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 10 Weeks $1 00.

Gold and Prices.

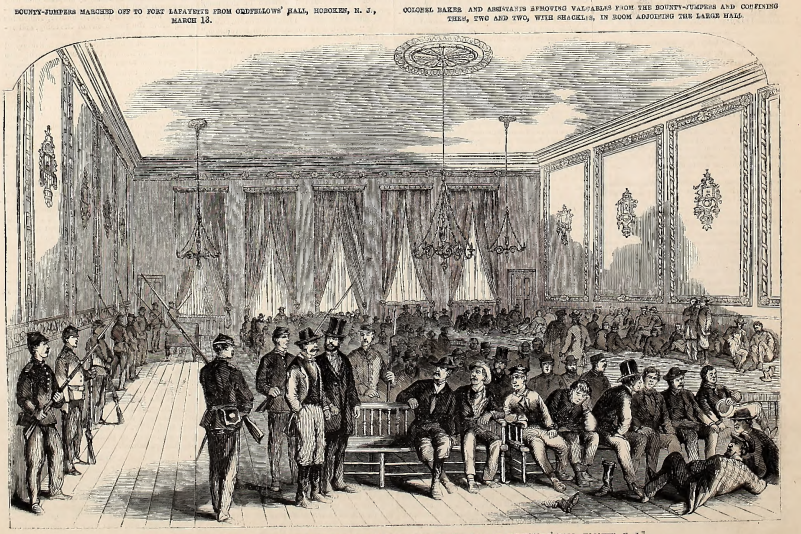
Under the influence of the military successes at home, and the better appreciation of the power and resources of our country abroad, the premium on gold has fallen 70 per cent. since the 1st of January. In other words, gold is quoted as against currency at 160 or thereabouts, instead of 230 and over, as it was ninety days ago. This is a rapid and unexpected advance towards the specie standard, and must have a powerful effect on prices, which have been outrageously inflated under the depreciation of the currency—a depreciation mainly created by disloyal and disaffected persons, a large part of them foreigners, and through speculative operations in William and Wall streets. The fact that duties are payable in gold has been made the pretext for most extravagant advances in the prices of foreign articles; that is to say, an advance of ten per cent. in gold was made the occasion of an appreciation of from twenty to thirty per cent. in prices. The breakdown of the system through which gold was kept up brings with it, or ought to do so, a corresponding decline in the prices of all articles that are bought and sold. Those shopkeepers or dealers who attempt to hold out will lose their customers, and secure their own ruin. Under a decline of one-third in the price of gold, all commodities, and especially imported ones, must come down proportionably. People will not buy at the old rates; they will prefer to leave dealers to the companionship of their deserted counters, rather than pay old, extravagant and panic prices for articles not absolutely necessary. It is the intention of the new Secretary of the Treasury to approximate the national currency to gold, and to effect a speedy return to specie payments. In this he is greatly favored by circumstances. The absorption of legal tenders in popular loans is going on, and has been going on for a long time at the rate of more than four millions daily, and most of the old banks of issue are coming into the National Banking System, withdrawing their circulation, and replacing it with U. S. notes. There is no over-issue of currency, or if there has been the operations of existing causes will soon reduce the volume within proper limits, and there will remain no more than may be



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necessary for the ordinary transactions of business, and this means substantially a return to specie payments.

We repeat, therefore, prices must come down, and prudent and far-seeing people will buy nothing beyond what is absolutely requisite, until dealers adapt themselves to the altered and more favorable condition of affairs. Traders who wish to do business will reduce their prices *pari passu* with the decline in gold, instead of being obliged to make no sales in the interval, and come down with a crash when gold is at 120, where it soon will be.

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NEW YORK, APRIL 1, 1865.

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Great Facts.

We are now in the fourth year of our great civil war, and yet volunteering goes on at the rate of 3,000 soldiers a-day, or over 1,000,000 per annum. To support this army in the field, the people of the United States are taking up the burden of the Government at the rate of over $5,000,000 a-day, or $1,410,000,000 per annum.

If anything were necessary to be added to these great and significant facts, we might repeat what everybody knows, namely, that labor was never so well rewarded, enterprise never more active, and all the elements of wealth and prosperity never more vigorous than at this moment.

Since the war commenced petroleum, or rather its sources and uses have been discovered, and it has added to the exportable valve of the country an amount of wealth almost if not quite equal to the gold product of California.

At this moment the export of gold to Europe has absolutely ceased; exchange is below par, and any balance of trade there might be against us is more than compensated by the European demand for American securities.

This year has shown a fourfold increase in emigration from Europe, made up of a more intelligent and better-to-do class of men than ever came into the country within a corresponding period.

The war has given us a national currency, uniform over a country larger than all Europe, and secured by the whole credit and the entire resources of the nation.

The war has given us a navy of over 600 of the fleetest, best armed, and most effective vessels that ever floated on the ocean, manned by able and experienced officers and sailors, accustomed to the reality of naval war, and no brave as they are skilful.

It has given us, what with men in the field or those who have seen service, and ready to take up arms again in case of necessity, 2,000,000 of soldiers.

It has given us 4,000,000 of grateful citizens, before slaves, to lend to competitive industry, and to the swindling strength of the country, a honest backbone of 4,000,000 of good men.

It has made us a nation free in fact as well as in theory, and redeemed us from the well-deserved sneers and contumely of mankind.

It has vindicated the technical law, the gospel, and the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence.

THE military situation of the country is more favorable than at any previous period. Sherman has penetrated into North Carolina, and was, at last accounts, within striking distance of Fort Fear river, at the head of navigation in that stream, and, consequently, in communication with the sea and with the fleet of Gen. Terry at Wilmington. He is in a position to effect a junction with Schofield, marching westward from Newbern, and from that point to strike at Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, or at Goldsborough, the great railway centre of that State, distant about fifty miles from Raleigh. The wreck mend, and forcing back the troops of Hardee, Hoke, Beauregard and Johnston on the best rebel stronghold. Should this movement be made, or submit to be shut up with Lee in Richmond, to await the sure result of a siege in a city already woefully deficient in supplies. A great battle takes place—and if a battle takes place at all it must be a great one—Sherman will not only have in his own force a splendid army, but will have on the way through the very heart of the Confederacy, but he will also have the forces which operated under Gilmore at Charleston, and under Terry at Wilmington, and those which, under Schofield, defeated Hoke a few days ago at Kinston. Opposed to him will be the rebel generals of Sherman, Charleston and Wilmington, a portion probably of the into army under Hood, with such reinforcements as they can gather together. It is possible that these may foot up in numbers equal to the army under Sherman, but in all other respects they will be greatly inferior. Sherman's army is compact, well ordered, accustomed to victory, and made up of soldiers who have a thorough knowledge of their profession. That opposed to it is made up of ill-assorted, discontented fragments, without any leader having the prestige of success, and of great personal popularity. The result of a battle, therefore, if the numerical odds are not greatly against the Union army, can only be victory.

The only dancer to be apprehended, and that we may be sure Gen. Grant thoroughly appreciates it, is that Lee, with the remnant of the Army and secret depletion of Richmond, Lee may be able to so heavily strengthen Johnston, so as to make him able to defeat Sherman by overwhelming numbers. Such a movement, however, cannot be made easily nor without the knowledge of the Lieutenant-General. He is ready to sweep down on Richmond at a moment's warning, and to follow up its garrison closely wherever it may go. Besides, such a movement could not, at all, must be made soon; and before Sheridan cuts the Danville railway, which, since his destruction of that to Lynchburg, is the only one left, leading from Richmond.

The whole available forces of the rebellion are now concentrated into Central North Carolina and Eastern Virginia, between Sherman and Grant, and with Thomas moving from Tennessee on their left flank for Grant's support, they form a circle on the east. Here they must soon hazard a battle on which they must stake all. Should it go against them, they must evacuate instantly and for ever lost. None know it better than the rebel leaders, and we may be sure they will fight with the energy of despair. The loyal people of the nation await the issue, not without concern, but with an abiding faith in the justice of their cause and in the strength and devotion of their soldiers, who also know the vastness of the stake for which they are called to fight.

In Gerrit Smith, Wendell Phillips, or Mr. Lloyd Garrison had been appointed a committee of three to draw up, on behalf of the rebel Congress, a bill for the employment of slaves in the Southern army, they could not have devised one better adapted to defeat the objects of the South, or enhance the prospects of the North, than that which has just been adopted by the Solons of Richmond. It provides that for the purpose of "securing the independence and *preserving the institutions* of the Confederate States," the General-in-Chief may accept from the owners of slaves such number of negroes as he may deem expedient, and place them in the army, "where they shall receive the same clothing, rations and compensation as are allowed to other troops." The essential point of the measure consists in the 5th and closing section, which provides "*that nothing in this act shall be construed to authorize a change in the relations of* the Confederate States we "said slaves" Relating to "preserve the institutions of the Confederate States," the objects of which, the "emancipation," in fact, is slavery! What a glorious consolation for our often fellow-citizen from Africa, when bleeding and dying on the battlefield, to reflect that he has preserved the gyves on the wrists of his wife and children! What an inspiration in the charge on Yankee bayonets, the thought that every rebel will tend to strengthen the southern hold on "nigger chattels!" Let Lee hasten his African auxiliaries to the field; we can afford to fight them. Every rebel—as Sherman offered Hood when he commenced his famous march for the Ohio river.

The rebel Congress was ready to adjourn a few days ago, but Alexander Davis sent on a message requesting the members to wait a "little longer," without assigning any special reason. A few members of the Congress had left Richmond; we presume the other three-fifths (members from Kentucky, Missouri, Arkansas, Tennessee and Louisiana), had no place to go to, were sufficiently enough to remain. To return to their constituents (heaven save the mark!) would be somewhat hazardous. The object of the arrest of Foster in keeping them together may have been to give to their surrender and his own a mole-dramatic dignity. Maybe he is willing to accept the gracious of the *Evening Post*:

"What, then, is the object of the mysterious communication? We do not know, of course, but we can give a Yankee guess, which is sometimes almost as good as knowing. The object is to open a new game of cards for Richmond—for Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Schofield to shuffle, cut and deal. The game will be played thus: first, by stealing off in the night to some point in the lower Shenandoah Valley to pursue Early; second, to risk a big battle, in which, by an inexplicable blunder, Lee will be left in command; and third, to blow their arms on the promise of some other employment under the new rule of a new government. We see no other course for them, and we believe that it is the smartest and most effective that the Congress is asked to remain and deliberate."

THE Minister of Finance of Canada has submitted to Parliament the estimates for the current year, including $1,600,000 for the permanent defence of Canada. This is either one million or two title; and the "defences"—against whom are they to be erected? Against the United States? Why, this only ask "what is a hatchet in a bear's maw?"

To the popular mind, says the *Historical Magazine*, Arnold is the one sole traitor of the Revolution, who stands in solitary grandeur as the arch apostate from the cause of American freedom. Yet there were many in the civil and military service of the new Government who from one motive or another abandoned its cause and took service under the Crown. A few successes would perhaps have increased the number, as perhaps there were not a few who carried American commissions and British protection in the same pocket, ready to use either as an emergency.

Among the "Loyalists of the American Revolution," we find

William Cunningham (Bloody Bill, of South Carolina, was an officer on the Wig side in 1776, joined the British cause, and distinguished the greatest cruelty, killing no less than 35 persons in cold blood.

John Gleadow Scott, of Georgia, who was the chairman of the Committee of Safety of Savannah, and a Rebel Will, of South Carolina, commanded a small band which unconditionally surrendered to the Cherokees. The whole party was subsequently to become lieutenants in the King's Rangers, and was taken in 1779 at Charleston.

Col. Daykyns, of the New Jersey militia, took the oath of allegiance in 1776.

Capt. John Purvis, member of the Provincial Congress of South Carolina, joined the King's Rangers, a Tory troop in 1778.

Allan Cameron, of Georgia, member of the Continental Congress, finally fled to the enemy.

Col. Isaac Hayne, of South Carolina, at first zealous on the Whig side, but deserted and was the second in South Carolina to join them. He was captured, kept in prison for five years and died soon after.

Major Andrew Wilkinson, of South Carolina, was an active officer in 1776, when he submitted to the British and became so active in the cause of the Crown that he was hung as a traitor by the Americans. He was captured by Marion, and this cost the latter his life.

Capt. Andrew Carney, of Georgia, first sold his own and stolen cattle to the English, and then deserved to them.

To understand how much and what kind of a "blessing in disguise" the capture of Wilmington proved to be, see the statistics of Railway Commerce running to that port published in the Manchester (Eng.) Examiner. For one year, ending December 31, 1864, the value of ships and cargoes going to Wilmington were $66,000,000. The total number of vessels which ran the blockade for fifteen months, from October 1, 1863, to December 31, 1864, was 337, with a value in ships of $30,000,000, and of carrying an enormous number, of $40,000,000. Now this illicit trade as wholly stopped, the South pronounces the cessation a blessing; we are satisfied, and only remark that "a nigger in the woodpile, B. ?" thereby meaning John, whose surname is Bull.

Our readers will remember that Senator Wigfall, of Texas, in the debates preceding Secession, called the Government of the United States "a one-horse concern." Since the Virginia Legislature has declared for the policy of arming negroes, Wigfall has shocked all the proprieties of the Old Dominion by applying the same elegant phrase to that august body. If we may believe the Richmond *Sentinel*, his speech was generally "violent, unpatriotic and censurable in the highest degree," and the Governor's message, when read, poured on his bitterness on the President, and demanded that he and the Vice-President should resign."

Our readers will hardly credit the fact that the following paragraph appeared in a London paper less than a month ago:

"To take Wilmington, or Charleston, or Mobile will require the advance of an army larger than the combined forces of Grant, Sherman, and Lee. Resort is not now to be had to the chances that he can hold Wilmington and Fort Fisher from the sea."

A CORRESPONDENT brings to our notice the following lines by the Rev. Charles Wesley, which are of "NOT a Drum was Heard:"

If I have lived with those who could have died,
I might not weep for them;
But I repent, when by my side,
That those could die who need not have died,
And those who might have lived.

And still upon their face I look,
And think their souls are gone,
And still the thought I will not brook,
That I have sunk in vice.
But when I speak that dark out cast
What terror then will mould,
And now I feel, as well I may,
Dear God! my sins are many.

If thou wouldst stay, even as thou art,
All cold and all serene,
I still might love, still clasp thy heart
And where thy smiles had been!
When e'en thy cold lips all said I have
Thou seemest still my own,
But thrown a chill o'er me in thy grave,
And I am now alone.

I do not think, wherever thou art,
Thou hast congenial soul,
And I, perhaps, may seek thy heart,
In darkness still of hope,
Yet there was round thee such a dawn
Of light, that spirits were only
As dusky never could have drawn,
And I am restless.

"These lines were composed by Wolfe," continues our assertive friend, "about the same time that he said the 'would rather write those lines than take Quebec,' and although they seem to breathe the present feeling of one distracted between love and glory, and the early death both of his mistress and his hopes, they were probably written before those prospects for either blossom, when he was yet smarting for a fellowship at Ryndy College, and when his thoughts were only written to be sung to his favorite air of 'Gramaree,' for which he was much better adapted than for a Hero that Once through Time's Halls."

I feel not the memory of Wolfe so sacred, not only for his poetry but for his virtues, that I hesitate to proclaim that the above lines are a solemn humbug to myself. I have stood beside his grave, in the old churchyard, at Greenwich, and expected the ghost which I have given you.

"I may add," continues our assertion, that all Charles Wolfe's literary remains may be found in a volume published by the Rev. J. Russell, Archdeacon of Clogher, Ireland, and this book, though of moderate dimensions, contains all that can lay claim to sense and a full stretch of our hero's habit but cheapened life. VIATOR."

Summary of the War.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Gen. Sherman arrived at Fayetteville on the 12th of March, having accomplished a triumphant march South Carolina without any serious resistance, the enemy invariably flying at his approach.

On the 13th Gen. Wade Hampton's rebel cavalry suddenly attacked the Union cavalry in camp, and took them so suddenly by surprise that they had no chance for their camp. Gen. Kilpatrick escaping with difficulty; he, however, rallied his men, drove the rebels out of the camp, and recaptured all he had lost.

It was reported that Gen. Sherman had occupied Goldsboro and Raleigh, but no certain intelligence has yet come to hand. Gen. Terry has opened communication with him by sending a steamer up the Cape Fear river.

SOUTH CAROLINA AND GEORGIA.

From Charleston and Savannah our dispatches by the steamship Argo, which arrived here on the 18th, are to the 14th inst. In both cities and their vicinity, of course, there was no disturbance of the military quiet. In Charleston the Provost-Marshal's office was daily thronged with the inhabitants anxious to take the oath of allegiance. There is great scarcity of food in that city, and great numbers of the poor are threatened with starvation. Large additional forces of artillery have been found in Charleston and vicinity, sufficient to make the entire number captured by the rebels and Union forces since the 1st of April to nearly 500. Vast quantities of hidden ammunition have also recently been discovered.

VIRGINIA.

Gen. Sheridan, in a dispatch dated 15th March at the Richmond and Fredericksburg railroad crossing of the South Anna river, gives a brief account of additional stores of damage to the enemy inflicted by his cavalry in the region immediately around and north of the rebel capital. The James River canal was destroyed entirely from the canal at Goochland, and 15 miles of the Virginia Central railroad, from Tolleville to Beaver Dam station, about 20 miles, also have been utterly destroyed. Ashland and the South Anna river bridges were also destroyed. The destruction of the latter the rebels attempted to prevent, but they were soon driven off, and three pieces of artillery were captured from them.

There has been little movement in the armies before Richmond and Petersburg. In consequence of information that the rebels had undermined Fort Hell, blowing the latter city, the troops had been withdrawn to another position, from the guns, etc., being removed.

TENNESSEE.

Refugees and rebel deserters arriving in Chattanooga, says the *Gazette*, from the northern counties of Georgia, report a terrible state of affairs existing through that region. The whole country is swarming with gangs of marauders, composed of deserters from the rebel army and rebel citizens, who roam over the land, robbing,

plundering, and even murdering defenceless women. The thieves even stoop to rob the women of their clothing and children of their shoes. Life is cheaply held, and the rights of property are disregarded.

The supposition that Longstreet's corps is already in the vicinity of Bristol is strengthened by the increased boldness of rebel movements in that quarter lately. A few days ago a yawl, containing torpedoes and other incendiary apparatus, together with a dozen rebel naval officers, was captured on the Tennessee, below Knoxville. Their mission is supposed to have been to destroy all the Government warehouses, property and railroads from Chattanooga westward.

ALABAMA.

Dispatches from Mobile say the city is strongly menaced, and Gen. Maury, the rebel commander, has warned the people to prepare for the expected attack of the national forces, and advised all non-combatants to leave. On the 9th inst. a transport with 2,000 Union troops entered the bay through Grant's Pass; 21 Union vessels were in sight of the city on the 11th, and great activity was said to prevail in the fleet. A few shots had been thrown from the vessels at both shores.

NEW BOOKS, &c.

The *New York Weekly*, published by Street & Smith, 11 Fulton street, is having a great sale consequent upon its publication of the exciting story, entitled "Wild Nell, the Spy," by F. S. Smith. There is always a fund of absorbing and sensational story matter in the *Weekly*.

"Life of Mendelssohn," published by Leypoldt, 644 Broadway. A profoundly interesting *pendant* to the "Letters" of the composer, issued by the same publisher. It is translated from the text of his lifelong friend, Lampadius, by W. L. Gage, and commended to the lovers of music and books by Leypoldt's faultless taste in the way of printing and binding.

From Horace Waters, 481 Broadway, we have received two songs for the piano. "A Home on the Mountain" is a very sweet ballad, words by Rev. Sidney Dyer, and music by Mrs. Parkhurst. The other is patriotic, and is called "Charleston is Ours!" It is a song and chorus, by Meitzke, and appears to contain the elements of popularity.

TOWN GOSSIP.

We have been sitting and shivering in the draft this week past. It is true, excellent Gov. Fenton promised that if we would be good boys and play nicely at recruiting, we should hear nothing more of this distasteful blast. But excellent governors are but excellent men, who may be deceived by governors-general, who may misunderstand an oracular President; and the fact was that on Wednesday, just as we were congratulating ourselves on the narrow escape we had made, we heard something ominous—the doors of the provost-marshal's office rolled apart, grating harsh thunder; and inside seemed to sit a huge dim figure of Fortune, who rolled a huge dim wheel, and then we came away.

The fact is, we were drafted; in several districts. We have decided to report ourself; and then resign.

That was a superb festival of splendor and beauty they gave us at the Academy on Tuesday night. They called it the Purim Ball. It seems that thousands of of years ago a Persian king, with a name that sounds like a sneeze, collected all the oriental beauties together for a sort of grown-up baby show; and being dazzled with the loveliness of one ineffable dark-eyed girl, changed his previous intention of marrying them all, and condensed upon her his critical despotic fancies, and held over her the sceptre of his awful favor. She turned out to be a Jewess, and gained vast advantages for her people, whom these blessings rendered "purim," or fortunate. So they celebrate her memory every year, as they did the other night; we paid $20 dollars for a ticket, and participated; we found it very purim indeed. There was a noble assembly of very beautiful women, but we could not see that richly-chiselled Hebrew profiles prevailed. We saw Deists, Atheists, Plymouth Brethren, and indeed all the most exclusive sects. The costumes and dominoes were rich beyond anything we have seen within those walls that have flushed with so many gorgeous revels; the folds of the massive stuffs, all dewy with diamonds, and glowing with every color under the sun (that is fashionable)—much more agreeable—to dance with—than any statuary we have seen, even wax statuary. We only wished Ahasuerus had been there; he would have been so utterly dashed by the thousands of conflicting temptations, that we firmly believe he would have retreated home, signed the pledge, and made it up with Vashti, all for peace.

Manager Maretzek has given two extra nights of opera to his subscribers, who are all going to remember him in their (good) wills. On Thursday Signora Carozzi-Zucchi rendered the rôle of Norma with impassioned energy and power. It has been of late years the fashion for every prima donna who was very fat to be proclaimed as the "only Norma." We remember several magnificent developments of adipose, standing upon altars with verbena around their heads, and announcing "I was Norma!"—while the critics would softly and devoutly add, "The only Norma since Grisi." Now Zucchi is merely rounded to the point of peerless symmetry, and most noble and melodious she was, breathing the *Casta Diva* in the moonlight, or singing her soul out over her children in that tender duel she has with Adalgisa. By-the-bye, we have not given Morensi, who took this latter part, the credit she deserves for her various agreeable reproductions. Her *vivandiere* beauty in "La Forza" is most satisfactory to the various young men who come expressly to see her, and her hearty, mellow contralto is always welcome, as it comes easily flowing from her round throat—more like a bird before the dawn than a singer before the critics.

Here is one of the pleasant little incidents that occur sometimes in this cosy corner devoted to chat and gossip. Just as we had retreated hither lately from the labors of a busy day, a dark-haired and graceful youth was introduced, who bowing and coloring with all the irresistible candor of boyhood, began to explain that his errand was to ask a personal and family favor. Eugene Beauharnais, when he went to ask his father's sword from the first Consul, might have worn a manner as tender and frank. He introduced himself as a member of the family of the late Gen. George P. Morris, and asked to see the portrait of that gentleman, in our paper of Oct. 6, 1860.

He sighed as he looked upon the effigy, and said, gravely: "Our family all consider this the best likeness of my father-in-law that has been made. None of the portraits show him so precisely as he looked six months before he died. Will you let me have a copy of the paper?"

It was easy to accommodate this natural filial sentiment by a little work upon the press downstairs, and our routine duties have rarely been relieved by a feeling of purer professional pleasure than was ours in distributing some proofs among the survivors of that true father, high-toned friend and stainless gentleman. The inexorable Woodman, who would not spare that hale and noble tree, is balked of half his revenge if the children it protected can feel its kindly shelter falling on them again from the shadow we have preserved.

Saint Patrick's day was celebrated in royal style, himself assisting in his most brilliant robes—in blue cope and sunny surplice, instead of the dull, gray, washed-out drapery he has usually officiated in. The anomaly of a fair day brought out all the Hibernians. The 69th and 99th regiments turned out in force, followed by a long tail of civic societies—Ancient Orders, Father Mathew Societies, Benevolent Associations, more of them than can be told. The streets through which they passed were gay with the inimitable Irish bonnet and shawl, and the gallant boys had so much flirting to attend to that they had much ado to move along through the dense ranks of sweethearts. In the evening there was a noble banquet given by the Knights of St. Patrick at the Metropolitan Hotel, as jolly as the glorious Messrs. Leland could make it, and the cheery Saint's day concluded, in a peculiarly Irish manner, at an advanced hour the next morning.

Mr. William Wheatley has found his profit in Mr. Bandmann and the higher drama. How infinitely refreshing, after a long course of modern spasmodic plays, is a draft of Shakespeare, blowing through the house like a breath from the sea! How it freshens everything! What a flavor there is in any single line!

"In Belmont dwells a lady richly left—"

Only say this, and a whole dead civilization breathes again, with its beautiful old stiffness and state; the actor recites his part, and however low and poor a fellow he may be, for his hour he becomes a Venetian gentleman of the 16th century, with touches upon him of the chivalric dignity or the sweet courtly wit of the time, too distinct for his worst awkwardness to wholly do away. The Shylock of Mr. Bandmann is a performance that no Shakespearean student would willingly miss; it is most scholarly, most Jewish, most intensely sympathetic. It elucidates the text with marvellous skill and minuteness; at the same time it is wholly removed from the manners of real life—it is a Shylock that could not breathe a moment outside the theatre.

At the Olympic they are still running the "Streets of New York" to abundant houses. The public have taken this drama so decidedly under their patronage that it can well afford to spare any praise from us.

The members of the opera troupe gave a fine sacred entertainment at St. Stephen's Church on Sunday night. All the principal vocalists were present, and Heller, tired of playing the fiend for six nights in the week at his mysterious *Salle Diabolique*, had reformed, and lent his skilful hands to the organ. Of course there was a large audience, and immense though repressed enthusiasm.

We hear of our old friend Stephen Massett away up in Connecticut, at Middletown. Jeemes Pipes seems to have found the pipe of Pan—everybody listens, and they pay the piper, too, wherever he goes.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Several of the female rebels of Missouri who were sentenced to be banished to the South during the war by Gen. Dodge, have compromised by marrying Union soldiers, in some cases their temporary guards, and now their life guards.

—— There are now in the vast pineries of the Upper Mississippi not far from 150,000,000 feet of logs cut and ready for the spring drive.

—— A male native of Michigan is now denominated a Michigander, while his female mate is called a Michigoose.

—— Those seeking a pleasant entertainment will be gratified to learn that Mrs. Henry C. Watson will commence her poetic and dramatic recitations, with vocal illustrations, at Steinway's Rooms, during the present month.

—— A Philadelphia critic says that Mrs. John Drew follows her noble art, "as one of old, who, on the mountain crags, caught madness from a maniac's haunting eyes!" Poor woman!

—— Last year more persons were killed by railroad and steamboat accidents in this country than in any year since 1854.

—— Dr. S. G. Howe and other citizens of Boston are petitioning the Massachusetts Legislature to remove the restriction upon the admission of colored persons to theatres and other places of amusement.

—— Lyman Sibley has just been chosen clerk of the town of Barre, Mass., for the 47th time. The vote was unanimous. David T. Valentine, of this city, is another instance of a faithful officer whom successive corporations re-elect for long terms of years.

—— Agassiz's museum in Cambridge, Mass., is prosperous, full and remarkable. The trustees, in their last report, say that from the cellar to the attic, in casks, in jars, and in boxes, all arranged and labelled, the specimens are crowded together, waiting for room in which to be displayed for the purposes of instruction. Even the roof does not escape service.

—— The Pittsburg *Chronicle* says: "The number of barrels of oil yearly brought to this city for the past six years has been: in 1859, 7,637; in 1860, 17,161; in 1861, 94,102; in 1862, 171,174; in 1863, 175,181; in 1864, 476,939 (not inclusive of 78,320 barrels delivered in bulk outside the city limits), and already in 1865 we have had brought here 24,764, making a total of 966,958 barrels of oil brought through this city up to the 4th of March, 1865."

—— A Canada paper thus records the fluctuation of gold in New York. The price in the early part of the year 1862 was as low as 101, but on the 15th of Oct. it had risen to 137, and the year closed with the price at 133. Early in 1863, in February, just before the passage of the Gold tax bill, the highest price of the year was reached, 172; in August the lowest price, 122; the year closed with the price at 152. In 1864, the lowest price was at the beginning of the year, when it was as low as 151; the highest was in July. It is marked 284 on the 11th of July, and on the 1st 285. 1864 closed with the price a fraction above 225.

—— The deaths in New York during the past week were 478; 104 men, 86 women, 153 boys and 135 girls—an increase of 3 upon the mortality of the previous week, and of 29 as compared with the mortality of the corresponding week of 1864. Of the deceased 220 were children under 5 years of age. The mortality by the principal diseases was as follows: Consumption, 71; inflammation of the lungs, 47; infantile convulsions, 37; infantile marasmus, 25; small-pox, 25; scarlet fever, 15; typhoid fever, 9; typhus fever, 5; deaths from external causes, 23.

—— The house carpenters have had a meeting and resolved to demand $3 50 per day wages.

—— The new Tobacco Exchange, situated in Merchant's Building, 50 and 52 Pine street, was opened on the 14th of March. It was crowded with dealers, merchants, etc.

—— The aggregate income of the inhabitants of Hudson county who pay income tax is over $5,000,000 annual; tax, $264,000.

—— John Rafferty, the lecturer, delivered a discourse on the Irish Character, before the Fenian Brotherhood, on the 14th of March.

—— The Chicago *Tribune* advertises for 500 tons of corn husks, of which to manufacture paper for its own use.

—— Mr. Sumner's resolution declaring that under no circumstances would Government, after restoration of the Union, assume the payment of any part of the rebel debt, was prompted by letters from Europe, saying that one main element at work to sustain the rebel loan was the belief that one condition of peace would be a guarantee for the payment of their debt, or an assignment of public lands for that purpose.

—— When gold falls to par, and Shylock's "occupation's gone," we expect a tremendous revival in the business of "old clo'," at present abandoned for more lucrative transactions. Wall street and Chatham street will then resume their separate avocations.

—— The Federal tax collected in the State of Nevada now amounts to $30,000 per month.

—— Los Angeles, California, has supplied 200,000 oranges to the San Francisco market from the crop of last year.

—— The amount of native wine returned to the Federal Tax Collector, as having been sold in the 3d District of California, including San Joaquin, Contra Costa, Calaveras, Tholumne, Stanislaus, Merced, Mariposa, Fresno and Tulare counties, is 18,784 gallons.

—— The Austin, California, *Reveille* says that the petroleum found south of there on Tar Creek is quite dark, and considerably different in many respects. Perhaps the first mentioned is some new product unknown to science.

—— It is a mooted question whether a hen ever lays more than one egg a day. John Wyman, Lockport, N. Y., says he obtained 12 eggs in one day from six black Spanish hens. They were fed upon soft sugar corn.

Western.—The Western papers state that the winter now happily passing away has been the severest felt for 18 years. They attribute the raids made by the Indians partly to the machinations of the rebels and to the destitution caused by the inclemency of the weather.

Southern.—The Southern papers show that they are more than ever quarrelling among themselves. The Richmond *Examiner*, in a pretended letter addressed to the editor, but which evidently bears the mark of having been written in their own office, attacks the rebel Congress, charging it with endeavoring to force Jeff Davis to resign; and among other things it says: "That there is a party of whipped seceders in and about Richmond cannot be denied. They are cowed and cowardly, miserable wretches, who brought the war upon the country, and would now surrender to the enemy. We have no doubt but that there was a plan on foot to force Mr. Davis to resign, and that Mr. Stephens had consented to resign, so that Mr. Hunter, as President of the Senate, would become President. The plan, we hope and believe, has miscarried. At any rate, the conspirators may understand that, if they should succeed, they will have placed a barren sceptre in their gripe, thence to be wrenched by an unlineal hand, no son of theirs succeeding. Robert E. Lee, by and with the consent of the army and the people, will grasp the sceptre they may wrench from the hands of Mr. Davis, and wield it for the safety and security of his country's liberty and independence."

The Richmond *Despatch* has an article urging the people to send contributions to feed the army, and adds; "Gov. Vance has issued an appeal to the people of North Carolina, calling for donations, sales or loans of supplies for the rebel army. He states that in consequence of interruption to our railroad communication by recent movements of the enemy, the subsistence of Gen. Lee's army has become jeopardized. For at least a few months that army will have to rely for subsistence upon North Carolina and Virginia alone. I am informed by the commissary department that the usual methods of collecting supplies will be insufficient for the purpose."

—— A single day's issue of the Memphis *Bulletin* contains the following specimen of Southern barbarism: Two white men hung, two negroes hung, one Union man murdered, two negroes whipped almost to death, a mulatto man whipped to death and his master's house robbed, an unknown number of men carried off for conscripts, more negroes whipped, hundreds of bales of cotton burned, and robberies too numerous to mention.

Military.—Volunteer officers who remain in the service at the close of the war will receive three months' pay upon being mustered out of the service.

—— It is said that Gen. Grant ordered Gen. Rosecrans to be removed from command, in consequence of his delay in joining Gen. Thomas.

—— The 13th and 16th army corps having been reorganized by Maj.-Gen. Canby, by direction of the President, Maj.-Gen. Gordon Granger is assigned to the command of the former, and Maj.-Gen. A. J. Smith to the latter, their assignments to date from Feb. 18.

Naval.—The London *Naval Gazette* says, that it considers the administration of the naval department as the most successful portion of the Lincoln Government.

Personal.—Paul Morphy, the chess champion, is practising law in New Orleans.

—— Rev. Henry Ward Beecher has been induced by his congregation to abandon his lecturing tours, in consequence of which they have paid off a mortgage on house for $7,500, and increased his salary to $12,500.

—— Bayard Taylor, so the New Orleans *Weekly Times* says, has abandoned authorship, and turned painter.

Obituary.—At Madeira, 20th of Feb., Watts Sherman died of consumption, aged 53. He was the founder of the eminent banking firm of Duncan, Sherman & Co.

—— Col. James W. Wallace, one of the editors of the Louisville *Journal*, died recently in that city. He was a well read and a vigorous writer.

—— Madame Virginia Whiting Lorini, the well-known singer, died at Santiago de Cuba, recently. She was the daughter of Mr. Whiting, formerly the comedian of the Old Broadway Theatre, but now engaged in commercial pursuite.

—— In this city on the 14th inst. died Henry Steinway, aged 34, one of the most eminent pianoforte manufacturers in the world, and a member of the well-known firm of Steinway & Sons. He had just returned from Cuba, whither he had gone for his health, in company with his friend the pianist Saar, who was suffering from the same complaint, consumption. Mr. Saar, however, died in Cuba. Mr. Steinway has left a widow and three children to mourn his early death, as well as a large circle of friends, by whom he was much beloved.

Accidents and Offences.—A young girl in Leominster, Canada West, recently gave birth to three children. She is now under arrest for drowning them in a pail of water.

—— Kennedy, *alias* Stanton, who was convicted of being a Southern spy, and for attempting to fire the hotels last Nov., has been sentenced to be put to death on the 24th of March.

—— A number of farmhouses in Cape May county, N. J., have recently been robbed by a gang of marauders, supposed to be deserters. On Saturday night, the 10th of March, the people turned out and pursued the robbers, when a fight ensued. Two of the robbers were killed, and their bodies were found clad in Federal uniform. Their names are unknown. This gang of robbers have been living in caves in the neighborhood.

—— Some burglars attempted to break into Mr. Cochren's house, 44th street; being aroused by the noise he got up, and shot one so severely that he died the next day in the hospital.

—— A man named Donaldson was killed on the 14th inst. by the accidental discharge of a pistol in the hands of a particular friend of his with whom he was skylarking.

Art, Science and Literature.—More than 50,000 persons visited Miss Hosmer's statue of Zenobia while it was being exhibited in Boston.

—— A posthumous work by Thomas Hood, called "Captain Masters's Children," is announced in London as on the eve of publication.

—— The director of the Leipsic Theatre is about to try a bold experiment. Between the present time and June the whole cycle of Shakespeare's historical plays, from "Richard II." to "Richard III.," will be put upon the stage in chronological succession.

—— "Enoch Arden" has been translated into German and French. The German translation is said to be good, but the French has not hit the spirit and pure idiom of the original. It has turned out to be the most lucrative, in point of pecuniary return, of all Mr. Tennyson's beautiful productions.

—— The London *Athenæum* says that "Ladies' heroes may be ranged in two principal divisions—gloomy mesmerisers, who compel pretty women to marry them by the power of the eye; and irreclaimable scamps, with whom all the fair sex fall in love from their own delightful instinct.

—— During the recent carnival in Italy Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera" was the opening opera at eleven theatres; "Traviata" at five; "Lombardi" at four; "Favorita" at nine; "Trovatore" at three; "Lucie" at seven; and Pedrotti's "Tutti in Maschera," one of the most charming little operas ever written, and which seems to enjoy a popularity almost equal to that of "Un Ballo in Maschera," at seven. Four years ago fifteen theatres opened with "Trovatore" and twenty-three with "Traviata."

Foreign.—The trade returns of England show that the exports of Great Britain last year were $800,000,000, and its imports $1,000,000,000. If the balance of trade theory is true, Great Britain is going to ruin at the rate of $200,000,000. For several years past the balance against England has averaged over $150,000,000 per annum.

—— The last number of the *Popular Science Review* contains an article by Baron Liebig, drawing attention to the feasibility of producing a substitute for human milk. The *Lancet* describes the baron's process as one "for preparing an artificial liquid equal in nutritive value to the milk of the mother." Strange to say, malt is one of the ingredients of the new pabulum.

—— The Chamber of Deputies of the Kingdom of Wurtemberg has just pronounced in favor of the abolition of capital punishment by 56 votes against 27.

—— No new theatre will be licensed in England unless the means of egress are such as to secure the safety of the audience. The idea is worthy of imitation in New York.

SPRING BONNETS.

As according to Tennyson, "In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love;" so, in that vernal and gushing season, does a young maid's fancy lightly turn to thoughts of bonnets. A privilege not accorded to mortals in general has this week been ours; we have peeped at the glories reserved for Opening Day, and garnered up in Mrs. Rellings's Boudoir of Millinery, No. 318 Canal street. Limited space compels us to merely suggest the beauties of a few where all are lovely. White chip bonnet with crystals; trimmings of scarlet geraniums and white lilies of the valley, white ribbon and black lace. Bonnet of white tulle, puffed; trimmed with violets and ribbon of the same color. Lavender crêpe bonnet, with pink roses, white blonde lace and strings to match the crêpe. White crêpe, puffed with cherries, myrtle leaves, and white lilies of the valley. White chip bonnet, with pale mauve flowers and ribbon; strings trimmed with white lace and lilies of the valley. Even in these days of petroleum and greenbacks it will be a further inducement for ladies to know that they can buy their bonnets from Madame Rellings at 26 per cent. less than at any other establishment of equal elegance in the city.

GREAT HAUL OF BOUNTY JUMPERS AND BOUNTY BROKERS

In New Jersey.

Saturday, March 11, will be ever memorable in the annals of rascality, since on that day Col. Baker sprung a mine upon them which resulted in the capture of 27 bounty brokers, and over 200 bounty jumpers.

About two weeks ago, he quietly brought his influence to bear on the recruiting-station, in the basement of Odd Fellows' Hall, in Washington street, Hoboken. Col. Iiges, a regular officer of the 14th U. S. infantry, took charge. Every day men known to be bounty jumpers were enlisted to the number of two or three to three or four per day, and allowed to escape out of the back of the building. The jumpers, with the bounty in their pockets, went to their friends, and bragged that they had a "soft thing" in Hoboken; they had been over and got their "walk-away." Brokers known to control "jumpers" were allowed peculiar facilities for getting in men. Before the end of a week there were a crowd of a hundred or two before the door, sometimes asking to be enlisted, and urging favored brokers to give them a chance. They were told that arrangements were not made for taking in many yet, but they would be more perfected, so that they could take in any number. On Friday, the "arrangements" were perfected.

It was estimated that in the morning there were a crowd of nearly 1,500 there. They were taken inside to be enlisted with an exceeding rapidity. They all came from New York, but were men of such cheerful dispositions, that the strict guard kept over men taken in at the New York City Headquarters, although the bounty was the same, was something which they preferred not to experience. The ferryboats were crowded in the morning, when men usually travel from Hoboken to New York, not the other way. One broker took over a squad of about 50.

The cheerfulness of the jumper, after coming in for enlistment, when he found what the arrangements were for taking in men, grew gradually small and less, until it finally left him altogether, and gave way, and the poor jumper became to dull despondency and dumb forgetfulness a prey. The stairs into the basement were wide and spacious, the basement is large and commodious; the happy jumper passed the officer, and was taken into the surgeon's apartment; from there he was taken out into the mustering office, and his progress from there was rather sudden, until he went up two pair of stairs, into the large ball or barroom in the upper part of the building. The rooms were so arranged that, after passing into the surgeon, the recruit became invisible to those in waiting. So it was that several hundreds of recruits were taken in, and put upstairs into the large room. No doubt they began to feel uncomfortable and surprised, when they saw their friends coming in so rapidly, and found themselves guarded by 80 soldiers, with loaded muskets.

Between two and three o'clock, the bounty-jumpers got an inkling of what was going on inside Odd Fellows' Hall. Some jumper may have communicated with his friends through a window, or the fact of so many being enlisted and none getting away, or receiving any money, may have aroused suspicion. At all events there started a general skedaddle, until a jumper could not have been hired for any consideration to enter Washington street. They did not even dare to go back to New York by the lower ferry, but went to the 42d street ferry, and some, it was stated, even to Weehawken, for fear of arrest.

Meanwhile their friends were lodged securely in Odd Fellows' Hall. They were a very motley crowd to look upon. They nearly filled the hall. The benches were placed as closely as possible on one side, and they sat closely together, resting themselves as best they might; some with their coats and hats off, some conversing, and altogether resembling the crowd in the pit of one of the Bowery theatres, grown a little older.

At about eight o'clock, Col. Baker went over to take his final measures. Proceeding to a small room, he seated himself at a table, with a person to note down their names; on each side of the Colonel was a barrel—one empty to receive—the other filled with shackles. The bounty-jumpers were brought in two by two, and the contents of their pockets deposited in the empty one, while in exchange they were linked together by a pair of shackles, and transferred to safe custody.

The manner in which the bounty-brokers were arrested was very ingenious. When they asked for money they were told to go to the ferry and wait till the officer came; as he said this, he laid his hand carelessly on the broker's shoulder, on which he left a small chalk-mark. In blissful ignorance of this distinguishing symbol, the unsuspecting broker walked down to the Hoboken ferry, where he was accosted by a detective, who invited him into the Hoboken Hotel, where he was quietly bagged. Our Artist has depicted the most prominent scenes with his usual graphic power, and we present them as a novel feature in the history of the present rebellion.



GEN. SCHOFIELD'S ARMY ON THE MARCH FOR GOLDSBOROUGH, MARCH 6.—REBEL WORKS IN THE REAR OF WILMINGTON.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

WILMINGTON, N. C.

OUR Artist's sketches of Wilmington, and the incidents connected with its capture by the Union army under Gen. Terry, are very interesting and important, since its occupation by us hermetically seals the rebels from their sympathising European confederates.

Wilmington is the capital of New Hanover county, N. C., situated on the east bank of Cape Fear river, 34 miles from the sea, 125 miles from Raleigh and 180 from Charleston. It contains 3 banks, 6 newspapers, 7 steam saw-mills, 2 planing-mills, 3 rice-mills, 10 turpentine distilleries, and 9 machine shops. It had a daily steam communication with Charleston, and also with Fayetteville, which is about 60 miles up Cape Fear river, and which town was occupied by Gen. Sherman on the 10th of March. Its foreign commerce was very considerable till 1861, and since then it has done an immense business with blockade-runners. Its population in 1830 was 5,097; in 1840, 4,744; in 1850, 7,264; and in 1860, 9,553.

In addition to the birdseye view we publish of Wilmington thus rescued from rebeldom, we give an exact sketch of the rebel defences in the rear of the city, which had been constructed in the vain hope of stopping the victorious march of our army. They were built with the usual engineering skill of the enemy.

We likewise engrave a very graphic view of our reinforcements crossing the river to Wilmington. These were landed at Smithville—already illustrated in a former number—a small town at the Atlantic entrance of the river, and about 20 miles from Wilmington. A glance at our cut renders further description needless.

In our account of the capture of Fort Anderson we mentioned that the precipitate retreat of the garrison was owing principally to the alarm created in the mind of the rebel commander at the unexpected sight of one of our dreaded monitors steaming past it, and in water so shallow that they considered themselves perfectly safe. We give a sketch of this bogus monitor, which was made of wood, and planned, we believe, by the gallant Cushing, whose achievements we have already chronicled.

The sketch representing the issuing of rations to the inhabitants of Wilmington is another evidence of the desperate straits to which the Southern States are reduced. Our Artist says: "It was a painful sight to see how the once haughty citizens of the great blockading emporium came for their family supplies. As usual, in similar cases, they were most courteously treated by the Federal authorities."

Recruiting Office for Contrabands.

There is something so strange and startling in raising a colored regiment in the very nest of slavery that it is impossible to regard it without the utmost interest. Our Artist says: "Nearly all the negroes who arrive in town go direct to the recruiting office, and are 'made into soldiers,' as they facetiously term it—an hour afterwards they are to be seen parading through the most frequented streets, giving themselves the most remarkable airs. It is Pompey all over."

Our Artist adds: "I had a hearty laugh to-day over a puppet-show which some enterprising Yankee had constructed. I sketched a few of the people gathered around, as a sort of character scene."

THE late Cardinal Wiseman was 63 years old and was the seventh Englishman who has achieved that rank in the Romish church since the reformation. He had considerable fame as an author and lecturer.

THE imports of Nassau, the great emporium for rebel blockade runners, were $1,972,220 in 1861, and $21,476,580 in 1864. Real estate advanced 400 per cent. during the same time.



REINFORCEMENTS FOR TERRY'S AND SCHOFIELD'S ARMIES LANDING AT SMITHVILLE, N. C., PREPARATORY TO MARCHING TO WILMINGTON.



THE HEBREW PURIM BALL AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, MARCH 14.

COUSIN MARY.

I AM sitting, cousin Mary,
Now beneath the rising moon,
While the air is rich with fragrance
And the night is warm as June.



And I think as the silver crescent
Sails through the vault of blue,
That far off, in the land of flowers,
You sit and watch it too.

I am thinking, cousin Mary,
How we used to watch it shine,
As we sat among the roses,
With your dear hand clasped in mine;
While a soft and tender radiance
Shone within your eyes of blue,
As if the Angels whispered, dear,
Holy, blessed thoughts to you.

There was something, cousin Mary,
In the glance of your blue eyes
That would make my pulse bound quicker
And the soft tears gently rise;
Then my heart would tremble strangely
With a thrill half sad, half sweet,
As I sat 'mid the budding roses
In the moonlight, at your feet.

'Twas the pure gush, cousin Mary,
Of a brother's holy love,
That would thrill my breath so sweetly,
And my heart's deep pulses move.

It was not an idle passion,
Lighter than a poet's spell,
But pure and deep as limpid waters
Of the fairies' mystic well.

May God bless you, cousin Mary,
With a long and happy life;
May your days ne'er know a shadow
Of dark care or sullen strife—
May the Angels ever whisper
Gentle thoughts all pure and sweet,
As they whispered 'mid the roses,
When I heard them, at your feet.

For the last two centuries no ruler of France has been succeeded by his own son.

AUNT GRACIE'S SHIP.

"Now, aunt Gracie, for that love story," cried brother Will, throwing himself on a stool at her feet, and glancing with supreme satisfaction at the glowing coal fire.

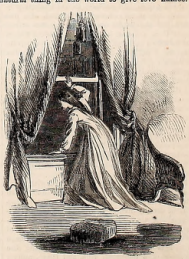
Brother Will always reminds me of a great, good-natured Newfoundland dog, and never more so than to-night, as he stretched himself in the warmth of the fire, shook back his long hair and looked up lovingly into aunt Gracie's face. Will is still in college, so his long hair is excusable.

"Love story," said aunt Gracie, softly, "did I promise to tell you a love story?"

"You promised to tell us how you came to be married," cried I, "and of course that's just the same thing."

"Ah, that's the way you make it out, is it?" and she looked at me with a smile that seemed to say that there might be worse logic than that in the world.

Aunt Gracie, you must know, is not our own auntie at all, but just a dear friend of mamma's, and of those persons to whom it seems the most natural thing in the world to give love names.



WAR'S ALARMS IN CINCINNATI.

When we were children her visits were looked forward to almost as much as Christmas, and her coming always made a holiday in the house.

Two years ago mama went east, for the purpose of being near brother Will, while he was in college; and I do believe one of the greatest griefs we all had in going was the thought of being so far from aunt Grace. But she promised to write to us often, and did, every week to mama, and to Will and to me whenever we took the trouble to write to her, but never otherwise. She had her own ideas about things, and used to quote an old proverb that to preserve friendship the balance of good offices must be maintained. Will and I were always going to write, but, scatter-brains that we were, the occasions when we actually did it were rare. But aunt Grace writes the nicest letters in the world, and when we got real homesick to hear from her we used to make a desperate effort and send a few pages of our trash, knowing what delightful sheets we should get in reply.

When we were little things, wanting all sorts of impossible possessions, she used to tell us that we must wait for her ship to come home, and there were few things that we wanted for that we did not believe would one day arrive in that wonderful ship. As we grew older, she used to tell



"WILL YOU ACCEPT THESE FLOWERS—THEY ARE VERY FRAGRANT?"

us that it had not yet been able to run the blockade of adverse fortune, but that it was sure to come some day. We had full faith in it and in all the wealth with which we freighted it. Imagine our delight when mama said to us one day:

"Well, my dears, your aunt Gracie's ship has come home, and she wants us to go and spend the holidays with her."

"Oh, delightful!" we both exclaimed. "Can we go? But what do you mean about the ship? Of course we know now that aunt Gracie never meant a real ship, but some wonderful good fortune or other. What can it be?"

Mama looked very knowing, but only held aunt Gracie's letter towards us, saying:

"There is her own word for it."

We read:

"Tell Willie and Ruth that my ship has come at last, and I want them to spend the holidays with me, so that we can examine its treasures together."

"How odd! what do you suppose she means, mama?"

"How can I tell, my dears?"

But Will and I exchanged glances; we knew by her eyes—mama has lovely eyes—that she knew all about it. After all, we didn't care to know just after we were certain of going. It was delightful, we said, to have something to conjecture about, especially when we were sure to find it all out at last.

The most provoking thing was the amused look with which mama listened to our conjectures. Will she said, looked amused, for we were none near the truth; but hit upon the wildest and most improbable things. Such as her aunt Gracie had left a fortune left her by some rich relative that she never heard of; or that she had written a book and made one; or that some rich person had taken a fancy to her—nothing more likely—and died, leaving her mistress of house and lands.

Journeys, the conjectures, must have an end, and in due time we arrived at the end of ours—the depot in Cincinnati. Imagine our delight when at the platform a middle-aged gentleman stepped up to mama, and said interrogatively:

"Mrs. Douglas?"

To which she bowed, and answered:

"Mr. Walbridge, I presume."

And the next instant they were shaking hands, and smiling on each other's faces, as if they had been dear friends meeting after long absence, instead of perfect strangers as I supposed at first. Will and I stood on each other. We were so perplexed, for you know mama's dignity, and how unapproachable she is to strangers. Our mystification increased when we heard Mr. Walbridge say:

"Grace said you wouldn't expect to meet her here, but at the door of her own house."

"I understand," said mama, but here she seemed to remember us, and added, "I and the two children, Mr. Walbridge; my daughter Ruth."

Very satisfactory to him no doubt; he seemed to have no difficulty in defining and localizing "my son and daughter," but who the mischief was he, this elegant Mr. Walbridge, and brother Will and I could not find out, for who talked of aunt Gracie's house, and seemed to have taken possession of us all? Seemed? he had. He had taken the checks for our baggage, given orders about it in a dozen low, rapidly uttered words, put us into a carriage, and that was where the carriage I noticed—tucked us in with a number of buffalo robes and Afghans, and now sat there opposite mama, smiling and talking as if he had known her twenty years.

I didn't mind much which way we went, I was to have a sleigh ride, and Mr. Walbridge.

Just the sort of man, thought I, that any young girl would like to call uncle, or have for a guardian. A man like unclebee; very kindful of kindness, and yet with a look in them that would make one just the least bit afraid. Lips fashioned for saying Yes, but certainly capable of a most uncompromising No should duty require it.

His hair and beard were just touched with silver—I doubt if I shall ever be able to fall in love with a man till he is gray—and his manner the perfection of a gentleman, without a touch of selfishness or formality. I was looking away but listening, and thinking how irresistible that sort of voice would be in a lover, when the carriage turned from the road. It was entering the grounds of a suburban villa, and there, among the trees, was the castle. No great monstrous creation of brick and mortar, towering up opaque and uncompromising as if bent upon looking down out of its impenetrance; but one with a look of a home, with verandas, and bay windows, and gables, with picturesque chimneys and overhanging eaves, and a great willow drooping at one side. But the sort of house aunt Gracie had pictured to us as the one she would have when her ship came in, and there in the doorway was aunt Gracie herself, looking so handsome and ten years younger than I had ever seen her.

She and mama were in each other's arms in a moment, and what seemed odd, they both cried, though they were laughing all the time too; and then she kissed brother Will and me, and Mr. Walbridge stood there, looking, it seemed to me, as if he was both pleased and proud that we were now brought up, and she told us we must dress, for there would be company to dinner. She would stay to help mama, and see how we all looked, and so I did not have an opportunity to find out anything about Mr. Walbridge, or the wonderful ship.

Sure enough, when we went to the parlor there was quite a room full of people, and we all had to be introduced, but somehow it was not a bit awkward, and in five minutes we were quite at ease. I was not long in the room before I knew that, however it had come about, aunt Gracie was married. Evidently Mr. Walbridge was master of the house and she its mistress.

Evidently they had never thought of the possibility of aunt Gracie marrying; perhaps because she seemed so complete and happy in herself. Now I was going to know all Mr. Walbridge's friends, and I could see was Will. The minute we got to our rooms, which was not till ever so late, we both pitched at mama with questions.

"It's of no use," said she, laughing; "I shan't tell you a word. Your aunt Gracie forbids it; but she said I might tell you that Mr. Walbridge is a widower alone she will tell you the whole story. Till then you are to possess your souls impatience—if you can—quite certain that dinner will not be delayed."

"Now, mama, if that isn't the last," we ejaculated, in the same breath, but there was no help, the decree had gone forth.

In the days that succeeded we exhausted that affluence of diction for which young people are said to be remarkable, in praising the house, the grounds, the furniture, the dinners, aunt Gracie's splendid dresses and Mr. Walbridge's hospitality, dignity and manly beauty.

I thought the people more worth our, so that we could have full opportunity of studying them. There were other guests staying in the house, and people driving out from town to dinner, and parties made up to go to the opera, theatre, and tableaux, and to private theatricals; in short, no end of gay doings, and then so many delightful people. It seemed to me that I had never met with so many in my whole life before, though whether it was that the people were really so charming in and of themselves, or that my aunt was most agreeable in them was called out, is a question that I have never quite settled.

Brother Will and I had a larger bear were brought into aunt Gracie's parlor, she and Mr. Walbridge would develope something genial and amiable in him," and I don't know but they would.

Finally, the last batch of guests disappeared on New Year's Day, and I was pretty much all this year I had always thought such a bore—was over, we had a quiet dinner, and Mr. Walbridge, to whom I believe aunt Gracie owed much, had the betaken himself to the library, with the excuse of business letters to write. There was just we four in the parlor. Mama was busy with a piece of delicious crimson armchairs which seemed to have been made expressly for her, with brother Will at her feet, and I on a low ottoman by the fire, when with me seated on a hassock beside her, for I liked to get far enough away from aunt Gracie to see her to advantage.

"Now for the love story," repeated Will, "and I hope it's a good long one, for I've got fixed so comfortably I don't want to move for the next two hours. It's jolly to sit here so warm and easy, and hear the wind sweeping across the lawn, and tugging at the great willow just outside the window."

"Yes, aunt Gracie," I interposed, "you must tell us every word of it, for I mean to be so sniping or cutting it short. We want you to tell it just as if you sat here alone, and were thinking it all over yourself."

A shadow fell upon aunt Gracie's face, and she looked towards the library door with a little sigh, and then turned her head, pressing her hand, which rested in here. We both knew she was thinking of the years she had spent alone, and how sad it would be to her to have them recalled, but only though, in an instant. Taking a fan from the table and holding it between her face and the fire, she seated herself and began:

You know, Margaret, I spent the summer of 1862 in Cincinnati. Dear Jennie Dorn wanted to go with her husband and babies to the seaside, and there was no reason why I should not, only to be shut up, and containing too many valuable things to be trusted to the mercy of housebreakers and the dreadful insanity of servants. So, to make me about the dilemma she was in, and I packed a trunk, went in town and took possession of the grocery establishment, which at once relieved Jennie of anxiety and gave me an interest, for, as you know, I dost upon housekeeping, and, next to home, I like a store, and I was pretty sure to enjoy making believein that of some friend. Jennie understands me perfectly, and gave me leave to preserve, pickle and preach to my heart's content. "You might "put up" what I chose, and try as many experiments as I liked. There was an open account at the grocery, and I would find a check for me down to the store and get it, and if I was lonesome I was to invite some one I liked to come and stay with me. Could say thing have been more delightful?

The family got off the first of June. The girl I had helped engage that I should be bothered with but one; put the house in order, shut out the dust and daylight from the unoccupied rooms, and then went to my daily doings like a good, sound table for two. A married brother of Mr. Dorn's, whose wife had also gone to the seaside, had left a horse and buggy at his disposal. Instead of dinner I had lunch brought me on a tray, and I generally managed to have some friend opposite me at tea. Miss Atwell, who lives, you know, only two squares from the Dorns, was a great resource, we saw each other daily. And the breakfast hour was out of town, which made it delightful for the sensible people who were left. No necessity for sitting in shirty dignity in curl papers and a morning wrapper, but able things to go out and make them. It seemed to have forgotten how to rain, and the weather was invariably hot. Miss Atwell used to send her girl early in the morning with a note, "Will you come and picnic in my parlor to-day? It is cooler than yours." And I would write "Yes," put two bottles of porter in a basket and go. At other times my girl, who rejoiced in the remarkable name of Amy, would appear with a note from Miss Atwell: "Will you come to tea? Wallies," and she would answer "Yes," and come. Such a rare woman is Miss Atwell! I wish, Margaret, you knew her. She is one of the very few women in this world who reach middle life unmarried without being embittered or dwarfed by it. Large-brained and large-hearted, self-sacrificed and unexceptionally proper, but without a touch of prudery, and like Mrs. Browning's Lady Geraldine, with "sympathies so rapid, open, free as bird on branch," a person who always says the right thing at the right time, who never what ought to be done and how to do it, who is always equal to any emergency, and neither too great nor too little for any occasion.

I used to delight in making our little teas—for Miss Atwell is always "afternoon tea" in dainty as possible; whites of eggs, thin bread and butter, and cream of cut-glass did honor to these occasions, to say nothing of an exquisite fete-à-fete teaset, a present to Jennie from Mr. Dorn's bachelor brother Ned. There it had stood on the sideboard ever since the Christmas day it was sent home, tantalizing me beyond measure with that which I dared not consecrated by use. I had made the right to drink tea out of those cups one of the conditions of my taking charge of the house.

"What were they like, aunt Gracie?" I asked. "Do tell us all about them."

There were two cups and saucers, a teapot, sugar-bowl and cream pitcher, all of the finest Sèvres china, and all of the same material. They were thin as an eggshell, and exquisitely ornamented with black and gold. Tea drunk out of an ordinary cup was tea, and black; but out of such a cup as that it is nectar, and suggests Hebe and Ganymede. Miss Atwell and I grew eloquent on the subject, and discussed new measures and the state of the country, the comparative merits of rival generals, and the probable length of the war, and I proposed a great many things that I thought I had agreed with the ancients, that the "mills of God grind slowly," also sorely, and that when he puts the nations to school, and gives them a long lesson must be humble and stand aside. Books, too, received their share of attention. "Les Miserables" was just out, and we had a long and delightful committee of two, sat in judgment. Plot, incidents, characters, moral influence were duly considered, and the verdict was unanimously pronounced a great one—though if Victor Hugo had consulted us, he could, without doubt, have made some valuable suggestions.

The days went too fast, for I dare hardly tell you how much I enjoyed them. "I'm going to Brine Soon to market," said George Dorn one morning, setting down his coffee-cup and hissing to the roots of his hair. George has a habit of hissing, and, by the way, one of those remarkably silent persons whom you never think of trying to entertain, and whose speech, when he does open his mouth, is always as welcome as that of Balaam's ass. He was so absorbed in the wretched state of the country and in the miserable condition of mankind generally that he thought quite an impertinence to be happy in his presence. Looking at his pale, wee-begone face—he was a victim to dyspepsia, poor man!—I felt very mischievously inclined for my own good health and spirits, and remorsefully did my best to tone down the exuberance of both that day, and succeeded, I am quite positive. We used to meet at the breakfast-table morning after morning, and run our opposition lines of thought against each other, and never a track lay speedy for the present outbreak, therefore, was little less than miraculous.

"I'm sorry!" I inquired.

"Don't know Sam, eh? Ought to; got the tin —splendid fellow—just suit you."

"But what is he? Sam isn't the only name he has, i suppose?"

"Sam! No; he's got another name. Where's my pocket. This man——" Ah, I've got it in my pocket. This man——"

But the sentence died away in a profound yawn, in the midst of which he put on his hat and went to find out new revelations of human misery. Weeks that I was, I couldn't help hoping as I heard after Mr. Dorn's exit, it seem so little worth while to convert oneself into a walking epitome of sorrows past, present and to come. It was a dreadful time for many of my friends and went round to the market. I was capitating peaches. How many should I put up? What preparation should be made for the winter preserves? How many jars branded and how many pickles? Of the many varieties which was best? Gingerines for pickles after mature deliberation I fixed on the sock-boots, but who that has tried to manage a brandypeach at a party, with high hats and low ceilings? I am not sure that I should not have cut the peaches and citings? I shall get free stones was my final decision; but should they be three luscious golden peaches, or the dozen of mixed fruit? Will please write hastily. Truly the subject was a vast one.

Suddenly I walked into a pair of arms, and looked out of my reverie to find Miss Atwell having my way and laughing at my abstraction.

"You can't have heard the news," she cried, "or you would never be dreaming along in this fashion."

"News! No. What is it?" I asked, slowly becoming conscious that there were other interests in the world besides peaches.

"Why, the most wonderful news. The rebels, are now marching strong, with Kirby Smith at their head, are in Kentucky, marching straight on Cincinnati, and are likely to make their appearance here at any hour. What do you think of that?"

"I think I don't believe it."

"Oh, it's true. It's on the bulletin boards, with a proclamation of martial law, and all the places of business are ordered to be closed, and all able-bodied men to report themselves immediately for military duty. I was just going uptown to see how things look under the new order. Come, go with me."

Fairly awake, I wondered I had not noticed the signs of unusual excitement everywhere apparent. Knots of men held brief but earnest consultation on the corners; women leaned out of windows and looked anxiously up and down the street. Most of the places of business were already closed, but here and there a door stood ajar, showing those within making such hurried arrangements for security as the time allowed. Occasionally a man came out as we passed, locked the door, and put the key in his pocket, with an air that seemed to question when he should have occasion to use it again. Every face was full of anxiety, and the great heart of the city seemed to throb painfully in the close atmosphere of the impending storm.

We wandered about for a long time, meeting every now and then an acquaintance metamorphosed by soldier clothes, who gave us a hurried greeting, and not unfrequently some alarming additional item of news. The prolonged drought had so lessened the river that it was supposed to be fordable at several points within a comparatively short distance of the city. The military organizations formed on the breaking out of the war as a Home Guard, and for a time kept up with spirit, had gradually fallen off, and for a long time had been but nominally mounted. There was no effective military force in the city, nothing to prevent the enemy taking possession of the Kentucky side opposite and shelling us, or marching in, in broad day, and plundering to their heart's content. Everything was to be done, and no twenty-four hours perhaps to do it in. All were forbidden to leave the city; merchants, whose homes were in the country, sighed over sorrel and hampers, which for the present they could not get, and engaged supper and a night's lodging in town.

One could not settle to much that day; but as I make it a rule never to believe in misfortunes till they actually come, I see my lunch with a very good appetite, and made no earlier dinner than usual. Then I sat down by the window with my knitting, and waited to see what would happen next. The streets gradually evinced that people was taking place. Baggage and express-wagons full of trunks rattled by, and carriages crowded with women and children, carpetbags and bonnets. The whole population of well-dressed men had disappeared. A few old men, cripples and invalids entered about, and boys, and wide excitement, raced hither and thither, anxious, if possible, to be in all parts of the city at once. I was about to put on my solitary tea, when George Dorn walked in;

"Scarce," was his laconic salutation.

"No, young people have none to-day."

"Does anything ever disturb you?"

"Not often; where's the use?"

"Suppose they should take cross before morning?"

"I don't believe they'll come at all."

"But suppose they do?"

"Why, then I shall close the blinds, hide the silver, and wait to see what next."

He began a laugh, but ended as usual in a hiss.

"I wish William was home. There's the store full of goods, and if anything happens——"

"Nothing will happen, and having finished tea with out once noticing the exquisite cup in which it was served, he disappeared. I sat up late. At eleven there was silence over the city, the heavy tramp of armed men, and the quick, sharp word of command. Two regiments passed the house. I went out on the gate and watched them as they marched up the street, their long line of bayonets undulating and glimmering in the moonlight.

I went to bed to sleep when I arrived. It did not know how long I had been asleep, when I was awakened by the ringing of a bell. I sleep through a good deal of ringing of bells—all the year round. But this was peculiar. With slow, monotonous swell, peal after peal rolled over the city and died away among the hills. What was the meaning? I wondered. I got up and went and leaned out at the window Men and boys were hurrying by. A cash was thrown from a neighboring house. "What is it?" called a voice to some one passing.

"The rebels have forded the river and are within five miles of the city."

"Is that all?" What was to be done? Should I call the girl? She would be frightened out of her wits, and worry me with her questions. Should I dress? They might not come. I had a great mind to go back to bed. Just then a clock struck three from a steeple in the neighborhood. Four hours more, it would be daylight. I concluded to dress and be ready to receive the distinguished guests who were expected. I dressed in the parlor, for I was a fickle dame; but it had its effect in more thoroughly arousing the city. Every man capable of bearing a musket was pressed into the service, and every house was besieged by officers in quest of the raw material.

"How many able-bodied men have you here?" asked a tall, handsome, soldierly looking officer of Amy, who had answered the imperative summons of the doorbell.

"Only two, sir," replied the frightened girl, "Mr. Barstowe and me."

Miss Atwell and I went out daily to reconnoitre, and took immense interest in all that was going on.

A pontoon bridge had been built across the Ohio river, and over it poured an endless procession of soldiers, hastily armed countrymen, and wagons containing everything needful for the subsistence of an army. All the water carts were forced into service, so there was no more street sprinkling, and the dust on such high considerable soldiers rose pouring in from every direction, and the entire male population of the State seemed being employed in the pontoon bridge, as through it, and into Kentucky.

Arrangements were made at the Fifth Street Market House for feeding the hungry multitudes that passed through on their way over the river, and wagons went each day from house to house collecting provisions for this public table.

Miss Atwell and I were sitting in the parlor one evening when we were startled by the violent ringing of the door-bell. The door opened and Dr. Grant. His leather shoes were soaked with

water, his pantaloons splashed to the knees; the sleeves of his linen coat spotted with grease, and his tempest of black hair tossed about his face even more wildly than usual. He looked wretchedly tired, and dropped into the first chair he came to.

"Well, doctor," said I, "we needn't ask if you have been on duty, but I should like to know where."

"Let me have a glass of wine to put a little life in me," said he, "and I'll tell you."

Awny brought the wine with a biscuit and some slices of tongue, which the doctor disposed of with evident satisfaction. Finding that he was to be our guest for the night—his house was out of town—I sent him upstairs to make some changes in his toilet. Clean stockings, slippers and a dressing-gown of the absent Dorn, with a judicious application of cold water and hairbrush, quite metamorphosed him, and having bestowed himself in an easy chair, he proceeded to tell us his day's experience at the Market House.

"I've done more scolding to-day," said he, "than I ever did in my whole life before. It's enough to turn all the milk of human kindness in one's body to Dutch cheese, to see the shameful waste that is going on up there. Victuals enough sent to feed an army, everything of the best, never was a more generous people than these Cincinnatians, and one half of it just wasted through want of care. I declare it's too bad."

"But how does it come about?" we asked.

"Why there are no responsible people there to take charge of things. All the men are off on military duty; it's a place where ladies won't think of going, and so a lot of crazy pated boys and thieving beggars have it pretty much their own way. I stopped, out of curiosity, on my way to the office this morning, and seeing how things were going, staid and went to work. But there's been enough smuggled away from there to-day, and scattered about and trampled under feet, to feed a regiment. I managed to have guards placed at the doors before I came away, which will put a stop to some of it, I hope."

"But what's to hinder ladies from going and looking after the provisions they have sent, I should like to know?"

"Nothing in the world, only they won't do it."

"Miss Atwell, let's you and I go."

"Agreed! The doctor shall initiate us into our duties immediately after breakfast to-morrow morning."

"Good!" said the doctor, "but don't forget the plight I was in when I came. In spite of the efforts made to keep the place clean, it's frightfully dirty, and you will see more rough human nature then you ever dreamed of before."

"No matter; we shall be in no danger of meeting anybody we know; and the opportunity of seeing a new phase of life is too good to be lost."

The doctor smiled grimly as we met him in the parlor next morning, equipped in leather walking shoes and calico wrappers, for our day's work.

"I'm not fit to be seen in the street with you," said he, glancing at his greasy coat, "but I'll meet you at the door of the market-house, and mind, I shan't be surprised if your courage gives out when you get that far."

We had no such idea, however. Taking a small basket, and putting into it some towels for any emergency that might arise, some peaches for our lunch, and a couple of aprons, we set out, telling Awny that she might expect us in time for tea, but not much before. I believe we both felt that we were going to do something uncommonly heroic, especially when we reached the market-house, and the two soldiers stationed at the door raised their crossed bayonets and allowed us to pass. The doctor was just inside, talking with a gentleman in a gray suit and broad-brimmed straw hat. It was a relief to find, when he turned towards us, that he was a stranger, for in spite of our enthusiasm about being of use, I doubt if either Miss Atwell or I would have cared to meet just then any one of our "dear five hundred friends."

"Now," said the doctor, "the way for you to work most effectively will be to take charge of the baskets as they come in and classify their contents, so that they can be got at when wanted. I shall leave you, Mrs. Barstowe, at this end of the the market-house, take Miss Atwell to the other, and establish myself in the centre, where I can oversee you both;" and before I had time fairly to get possession of my wits, he had marched off, leaving me standing in the midst of the chaos out of which I had so confidently undertaken to evoke order.

Down the whole length of the centre of the building were rude tables, formed by laying planks on the butcher's blocks, and covered with an impromptu tablecloth of newspapers. A regiment had just breakfasted, and filed out on their way over the river, and a swarm of active, impudent, jolly representatives of Young America, of ages ranging from ten to fifteen, were clearing away the debris, preparatory to setting the tables for the next hungry comers. Fragments of all sorts were hastily pitched under the stalls, where heaps of the same material had already accumulated; newspapers splashed with coffee were sent after them, and replaced by fresh ones; brooms were plied spite of the inch of soft mud with which the floor was covered, and that and the fallen fragments cleared away together.

The doctor, I found, had not overdrawn the picture of the abundance, the waste, the confusion, and above all, the filth of this hastily improvised eatinghouse of the public. I looked down at my tidy walking shoes, they were already splashed to the ankles. I thought of my white skirts and sighed. I confess it, for one moment my resolution faltered; there is something crushing to enthusiasm in the aspect of mud and broken victuals. Besides, what could a single individual do where twenty were needed? Something certainly; and I took off my shawl, hung it and my basket on a hook, and went to work.

Bread, biscuit, pies, cakes, joints of meat, boiled hams, baked apples potatoes, pickles, cheese, crackers, in short everything in the shape of solid eatables was piled promiscuously in the stalls. To clear a little space and begin to classify was my aim, leaving Young America to go on with laying the tables.

"Can I assist you?" said a pleasantly modulated voice beside me, and turning I encountered the man in gray.

"If you will be good enough to help me get these loaves of bread together, and to make a place for them, so that I can arrange the rest of the provisions, I shall feel obliged to you."

He comprehended, and set to work. Bread, beef, hams, vegetables and pastry were rapidly collected in groups, and as basket after basket arrived, their contents were deposited, each kind in its own place. I found I had a most valuable aid, and by the way, Margaret, did it ever occur to you how grandly effective is a man's strength? I think I never realised it more than I did that day, as I watched my unknown ally so easily accomplishing a task that to me had seemed Herculean. I wondered if Miss Atwell had been as fortunate in an assistant, but forgot to ask the doctor when he came to see how I was getting on. He was delighted at the change that had been effected, and looked approvingly at my aid, who was industriously cutting meat and bread for a detatchment of squirrel-shooters who were pouring in.

"Do you know him?" I asked.

"Never saw him till this morning. Drove in from somewhere about here with a lot of baskets; sent his man to the livery stable with his horse and buggy." With which brief account the doctor hurried away to see that his tables were in order, while I assisted Young America in replenishing mine. It was surprising to see how comfortable a meal hungry men could make without plates, knives or napkins. Slices of meat, each on a piece of bread, were placed along the sides of the tables, while down the centre were distributed pies, cakes, potatoes, pickles and apples. Buckets of hot coffee were brought from the neighboring houses, and served in tin cups without sugar or milk.

These country people interested me. It seemed incredible that men just from their homes and harvest-fields could so readily exchange the implements of husbandry for the rifle and powder-flask, and march away to almost certain deadly conflict as gaily as if it were only but for a day's shooting. The ranks were made up of all ages, from beardless boys to grayhaired grandsires; but all, apparently, animated by the same spirit of cheerfulness, determination, courage. They ate heartily; many of them taking the precaution to fill their pockets with rations, while the jest and laugh passed merrily from one group to another.

"Say, ma'am," called out a good-looking six-footer, "won't you jest quarter up that pie with the knife you've got in your hand? It looks mighty good. I'd take the whole on't if I warn't afraid 'twould look kind o' mean. Thank'e, ma'am; now if you'll jest cut me off a hunk of that gingerbread to put in my pocket, I'll dance at your wedding."

"Get an invitation first, won't you?" called out a comrade.

"That's a fact; I mayn't get an invite, but I'll wish you a husband any how."

Among the thousands of men who passed through the market-house that day, I heard no rougher jest than that.

About the middle of the afternoon the alarm-bell began to ring; and a man rushed in out of breath, climbed on one of the tables, and announced that the rebels had reached the opposite side of the river, and that an engagement was going on between them and our forces. A regiment had just come in, but they did not stay to eat; seizing what they could lay hands on, they started off at the double quick, eating as they went. Even the guards deserted the doors, and had their places supplied by boys with broomsticks. I began to grow wretchedly tired. I had seen nothing of Miss Atwell, and the peaches we brought for our lunch I had given to a sick soldier. The idea of eating, in the midst of a world of provisions, was as preposterous as laying in ice at the North pole. I felt as if I had taken food enough by absorption to last me the rest of my natural life.

The man in grey had been as busy as myself all day. Too busy for talking we had just remarked; but now as I leaned against a stall, wondering if I could stand it much longer, and how I should get home, for shoes and skirts were in a condition that would not bear the daylight of the streets; and, above all, how this huge feeding machine could possibly go on without us, he stopped to speak to me.

"I am afraid you are doing too much; you look tired."

"I believe I am a little tired," and as I spoke a deadly faintness seized me, and the face before me disappeared in a darkness that dropped down upon me like an extinguisher. You think I am going to tell you that I fainted, and that he caught me in his arms. No such thing; I rallied in an instant without his suspecting that I had been near perpetrating such a folly.

"Can I get you anything?" I heard him say, apparently a great way off, as his face emerged from the darkness. "You have eaten nothing, and must be exhausted."

"Nothing, thank you; but you may, if you please, call the gentleman with whom you were talking when we came this morning."

He disappeared, and came back in a moment with the doctor.

"Doctor," I said, trying hard to look as if nothing was the matter, "I believe I will go home, if Miss Atwell is ready; and as we are in such a plight from this mud, will you get us a carriage?"

Too shrewd to be imposed upon, the doctor took in the state of the case at a glance, and began to laugh.

"Pretty well tired out, eh! Won't want to come again to-morrow, I reckon."

"I think it's real mean of you to laugh at me——"

"Especially when you have worked to such good purpose," said the man in gray, gallantly coming to my aid.

"Well, I won't laugh," said the doctor, laughing, meantime, heartier than ever. "I'll go and tell Miss Atwell, and then see if I can get you a carriage."

She came presently, and I saw at a glance that she was glad enough of the summons, for she was almost as thoroughly devitalised as myself—and what a plight we were both in. We could not help laughing at the figure we cut; but meantime my head seemed splitting, and I cared for nothing but to get home and into bed.

The carriage came; my friend in grey helped us in, and hoped that a night's rest would fully restore us. The doctor went with us, for he was going out home and it was on his way to the train. It was time he went, for his pantaloons were twice as muddy, his coat three times as greasy, and his hair six times as tempestuous as it was last night. He needed renovating. We left Miss Atwell at her own door. She refused my invitation to tea with a shudder that I appreciated, and the pious ejaculation, "From all things eatable for the present deliver us." I grew worse so rapidly, that when I reached home the doctor had to help me into the house, and give Awny instructions about taking care of me.

What an agonizing headache I had, and how all that night, and the next day, I lay, caring not a pin for rebels, whether far or near; caring only for silence, and darkness, and immunity from odors, especially the odor of victuals. My enthusiasm was toned down perfectly, and when, two days after, Miss Atwell came and told me that affairs at the market-house were administered by a score of colored waiters, I did not experience a single jealous pang.

As you know, Kirby Smith did not march on Cincinnati, but in an opposite direction. There was no fighting; the great scare subsided, and permission was given for those heroes of a bloodless victory to return home and resume business. Miss Atwell and I had neither husband nor son over the river, but many of our friends had; so we rejoiced at the orders, and went with the rest to see them return. It was a grand sight. Both sides of the river were thronged with spectators; flags waved and drums beat, cannon roared; everybody was in exuberant spirits for the danger past, and the loved ones coming home. Regiment after regiment filed down the bank on the Kentucky side, crossed the pontoon bridge, and trod again the pavement of the Queen City, made a hundred fold dearer by the danger which had threatened her.

Here comes the Commander-in-Chief, handsome Lew Wallace, surrounded by his staff. Bareheaded, bowing in acknowledgment to the hurras of men and the thousand smiles and fluttering handkerchiefs of women that greeted him from the streets, the windows, the very housetops. There, beside him, rode T. Buchanan Read, who, not content with being the pet of the nine Muses, was now paying court to Mars; and here, scarcely recognisable for dust and tan, was my elegant, exquisite and most fastidious friend, Blake Barringer.

It has often been a question in my mind whether certain persons—Quakers, for instance, and here and there an individual among the world's people, were not inherently endowed with an ounce of cleanliness, enabling them to pass unsullied through the highways and byways of this dirty world; but the moment I saw Blake Barringer the question was settled; for even he, I found, was subject to dust.

A carriage passed me, making its way slowly through the crowd. It contained three ladies and a gentleman. Womanlike, I was scanning the dresses of the ladies, when it occurred to me that the face of their cavalier was not unknown to me. I looked at him; certainly I had seen that face before—but where? Of course he turned and looked at me; people always do when you are observing them. A peculiar smile lighted up his face, and as I mentally ejaculated "the man in gray," he raised his hand and gave me a military salute. I laughed in spite of myself, quite sure at the same time that I ought to be vexed. But the thing was so gracefully done, and with an air that could not be construed into intentional impertinence. The recognition had escaped Miss Atwell, and I did not think it worth while to tell her.

The Dorns came back from the seaside, but Jennie would have me stay and spend the autumn. There was no reason why I shouldn't, so we talked up our respective summers, and finished the pickling and preserving which Kirby Smith had interrupted. Twice when Jennie and I were out we met my ex-aid. He smiled each time in passing, and gave me the military salute, but I seemed far as ever from finding out who he was. To confess the truth, I was growing a little curious on the subject.

"Sam's in town," said George Dorn, one day, as he entered the parlor where I was sitting. Mrs. George was still absent, and he took his meals with us. "Asked him to come to dinner, but he wouldn't. Wish you and Sam knew each other."

I laughed at the good-natured wish to provide me with a husband.

"Who does George mean by Sam?" I asked Jennie, when we were alone.

"Sam? I don't know; he names people to suit himself. I never know who he means. How much of this delaine will it take to make Kitty a dress?"

"Sam," thought I, "may be very well worth knowing, but I would rather know something about the man in gray. There seemed little probability, however, of my making the acquaintance of either, for I went back to the country, and shortly after went East to spend the winter. It was April when Jennie wrote, begging me to return. She gave a score of good reasons, and as they tallied with my own inclinations, I went. It was a week after my arrival that I was walking up Fourth street one morning. I was staring into the treetops which were just bursting into magnificence of foliage, when a breath of perfume arrested my attention.

"Will you accept these flowers, they are very fragrant?"

There he stood, the man in gray, but before I could muster my surprised and routed wits, he was gone. So sudden had been the apparition and its disappearance, that but for the flowers I might have fancied it an optical illusion—but there they were, the darling, fresh, dewy, delicious, not tied like martyrs to a stake, and made up into one of those stiffest and stupidest distortions of things beautiful, a bouquet, but just clustered together, as if they had arranged themselves, like children at play. A whole handful of greenery, with hyacinths, violets, lily of the valley, two half-blown roses and a few buds. It was a floral tableau; an epitome of all past springs; a promise of all that were to come. Ought I to have been angry? Perhaps, but I love flowers.

That evening, as Jennie and I were sitting in the parlor, Blake Barringer was announced. He had come one with him—the man in gray.

"My friend Mr. Walbridge, Mrs. Dorn, Mrs. Barstowe, Mr. Walbridge."

One expressive glance passed between us, but there was no other token that we had met before. His flowers stood on the table, and I had a spray of the lily of the valley in my hair.

Aunt Gracie paused. "Well," said brother Will, giving an expressive toss to his own long hair, "what else? I hope you're not going to stop just as it's growing interesting."

"Nothing else, only there never was such a summer as followed that spring. The Dorns went to Mackinaw, and Miss Atwood and I went with them. Mr. Walbridge joined us there, and we used to ride and boat. I liked to spend the delicious evenings at a particular spot where the shore made a bend. I was not always alone—"

Aunt Gracie was hanging her lovely head, and her talk was growing a little incoherent.

"We would watch the light upon the water. In fact, I believe I—I was watching my ship come in."

"Oh, I know," said Will. "I know the tailor that made the wings that she did fly withal."

Will must have been reading the Merchant of Venice. Mama just went up to aunt Gracie—I always did think mama the most perfectly graceful lady I ever met—and touched her hair, and whispered:

"There is no ship like friendship."

PURIM BALL AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The Purim balls, by their able management, both financially and otherwise, have become one of the fashionable institutions of the metropolis, for not only are the number of the tickets limited, but the greatest care is exercised as to the persons who receive them. That of Tuesday, the 14th, was one of the brightest, most select, and altogether enjoyable assemblies ever held at the Academy. Through the polite attentions of Mr. Adolph L. Sanger, floor manager, and of Mr. Bradley, a decorator, we had the amplest opportunities of participating in all the festivities, and examining the costumes and beauty of the superb young Jewesses and other ladies.

The adornments, as arranged by Messrs. Moses and Sanger, the committee on decorations, could not but dazzle one at first by their splendor. The back of the stage was brilliantly illuminated by the words "Merry Purim," and the monogram of the society appearing in jets of gas over a double terrace filled with natural flowers, comprising the most costly exotics and other plants in baskets, pots and tubs, which with their fragrant smell filled the whole house. The rear of this flower-garden showed the word "Charity," formed of flowers and leaves.

The balustrade around the amphitheatre was decorated with garlands of banded flowers, the family circle gallery was covered with festoons of cloth, in all the colors of the rainbow, while under the dress circle were hung caricatures and other funny pictures painted on cloth.

Among these were a Procession of Fools, Bacchus and Momus, Don Quixote fighting the Windmill, King of Hearts with Lady and Astrologer, Lent riding on a Fish. The Monroe Doctrine and the Emperor Maximilian was a well gotten-up affair. It represented Maximilian, of Mexico, running away from his chair of state, carrying a few tropical fruits and a parrot, to confront Maximilian, the decorator, who hands him his business card, surrounded with the names of the principal city papers, including the *Herald*, *Times*, *News*, *World*, *Staats Zeitung*, *etc.*

From the dome of the house, Maximilian, the decorator of the whole, had hung a huge basket of flowers, surmounted by a military tent, while eighteen flags were arranged around the parquet columns, with their spear heads composed of tin knives and forks and spoons.

The order of dancing shone forth from under two arches, ten feet square, surrounded with paintings of tropical plants, and producing a pleasant effect.

Among the masks faithfully represented by our Artist will be noticed a magnificent Marie Stuart, in black velvet and diamonds; Mephistopheles arm-in-arm with Midnight, who was covered with stars; an exquisite costume of rich pink silk, edged with down; two lovely Vivandieres: a beautiful Schwarzwald Peasant Girl, with fair flowing hair; and an admirably dressed Harlequin. Never, for many years, have such rich, original and costly dominoes been displayed at a ball in New York.

Among the maskers were quite a number of funny characters, more easily understood by the adherents of the Jewish faith: The "Tefilin," or praying boxes worn by the Jews; a caricature on the Polish Jews; a bootblack, with brushes, intent upon blacking the ladies' boots or shoes; a masker with a high hat, "The Man in Search of a House," and labelled on the back, "To Let, inquire of the Provost-Marshal," created much sensation; a male woman, who sold the "Balsam of Esther," a cosmetic, in the shape of boxes of dough, at the rate of ten cents a-piece, did a thriving business for the benfit of the poor; there was also a locksmith, with skeleton keys, desirous of opening the hearts of all the ladies whose hearts were closed to the fascination of the sterner sex.

Of the distinguished guests were a number of Jewish divines, including the Rev. Dr. Adler, the Rev. Dr. Bondy, the Rev. S. M. Isaacs, the Rev. Messrs. Stembey, Philips, Cramer, who enjoyed the scene with much zest.

Mayor Gunther was present, with a large number of the *élite* of the city.

The festival, through the efforts of the young gentlemen who originated and carried it out, was a brilliant success in every respect, and all the guests were much pleased with the arrangements.



1. Gaol. 2. Unitarian Church. 3. Lutheran Church. 4. Grace Church. 5. Normal School. 6. St. Paul's Church. 7. Orphan House. 8. Citadel Academy. 9. Citadel Square Church. 10. Pavilion Hotel. 11. Charleston Hotel. 12. Meeting Street. 13. Circular Church. 14. Gas House. 15. Cooper River. 16. St. Philip's Church. 17. South Carolina Institute, where the Act of Secession was passed.

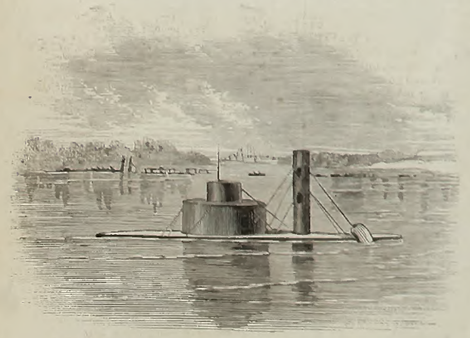
BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CHARLESTON, S. C.—Sketched from the Mills House, looking north-north-west, Feb. 22, 1865, by our Special Artist, W. T. Crane.



MARKET-HOUSE ON MARKET STREET, WILMINGTON, N. C.—"HERE YOU ARE, BOYS, FIVE FOR A QUARTER."



ISSUING RATIONS TO THE INHABITANTS OF WILMINGTON, N. C., AT THE POST COMMISSARY'S ON MARKET STREET.



ADMIRAL PORTER'S BOGUS MONITOR, SUNK ABOUT TWO MILES BELOW WILMINGTON, N. C.



1. Blockade-runners were loaded with cotton here. 2. Porter's Fleet. 3. Custom House. 4. Cape Fear River. 5. Town Hall.

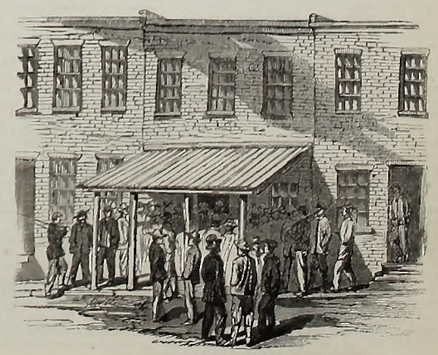
VIEW OF WILMINGTON, N. C., WITH RELEASED PRISONERS MARCHING ON THEIR WAY TO THE TRANSPORTS.—Sketched Feb. 27, by our Special Artist, Joseph Becker.



STREET PANORAMA IN WILMINGTON, N. C.—THE NATIVES YIELDING TO THE ATTRACTIONS OF YANKEE ESTERPISE



RECRUITING OFFICE FOR CONTRABANDS ON MARKET STREET, WILMINGTON, N. C.



CITIZENS OF WILMINGTON TAKING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

THE LIBATION.

BY ROSENBERG.

I.

Scatter out the remnants from the board
By youth and passion spread,
Yet, first be one libation poured—
A goblet to the dead,
Upon that living graveyard, Earth,
Not in sorrow, but in mirth.

II.

Spill the red cup to broken oaths
By friend or woman sworn,
Spill to the half forgotten troths
By time and trouble torn;
As runs the wine, such memories go—
Spill in laughter, not in woe.

III.

Pour out to rent or rusted ties,
Fond links of blood and birth—
The frailest facts and largest lies
That love can find on Earth.
What matters it that such things be?
Pour out out in grief, just glee.

IV.

Now lives and lies the void shall fill
Old lies and love have left,
Nor gear anew be hardened will
Of abuse in turn bereft;
Then, earn out first such things destroy—
Spill the cup, and spill in joy.

TWO CHAPTERS IN A WOMAN'S LIFE.

BY LIZZIE CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER I.

THE girl's face was partly turned away, because she could not quite control her features to keep down the rising tears of deep humiliation and pain; but soon a settled contempt and scorn drove all other expression from her countenance, and dried the moisture in her eyes. She turned suddenly towards Clarence Vaunton, and the brilliant hatred in her eyes and her haughty bearing startled an exclamation from him.

"Lucie!" he said. "You are not angry—you must see that I could not help it in this matter. Of course it is as painful to me as it can be to you, but I would really be doing you an injustice in pressing my claim when I may do so much better. I never could forgive myself if I stood in the way of your obtaining as high a position as was yours before this unlucky failure of your good father. You are, too, so accustomed to all the luxuries of wealth—no, I really never could forgive myself."

"Enough!" he say all that is generous and thoughtful; and, being so, I am sure you will pardon me if I must leave you now—my father requires my constant presence. Good morning, Mr. Vaunton."

And Miss Mansfield, with her wonted courtesy, rang for the servant to attend to Mr. Vaunton; and then slowly, like one in a dream, returned to her father's bedside.

The result on that was stricken into death; but Lucie did not know that the quiet, was, sleeping face on which her eyes rested, as she seated herself, would ever again be quiet, more pallid, and more rigid in a deeper sleep.

A dreary sigh heard its way up from her heart, while she sat there and thought of the future. The news of her father's failure had been a severe blow; but what was that to the mortification of having all her love, vows, her promises, her betrothal ring, returned to her, with

"I thank you—you are very good—but this is no doubt a sacrifice, and very likely you can do better elsewhere."

But all this would have been as nothing if she had not loved the man; and, overcome by this thought, her face went down into her rosy-white hands, and the tears that blustered her cheeks were not so much of shame and anger as of keen, bitter disappointment and sorrow.

"I loved him so, oh! I loved him so! Clarence, Clarence, my only love! If I could even feel that it was indeed a desire for my welfare that prompted him; but not even that crumb of consolation is denied me. He never loved me at all. I was nothing to him but the daughter of the wealthy Mr. Mansfield," and tears and sobs again took the place of words, and shook the girl's slender form like a whirlwind.

Mr. Mansfield moved uneasily and half awoke; and Lucie hastily plunged into the shade of the curtains, and then pouring the contents of a perfume bottle upon her handkerchief, passed it over her face and eyes and swollen eyes. The look of almost pitying scorn and contempt came back to her face again, as she did so. She raised the dainty, cut-glass bottle to the light in her hand, fully replaced the silver stopper; and then, placing it on her well-appointed, luxurious toilette stand, looked around on all the evidences of wealth that everywhere met her gaze.

"Fruit," she said, with a bitter smile, "I am surrounded with luxury—how shall I learn to wait upon myself and do without all those dainty attendants? I wonder he could have given me up so easily, while I had even the semblance of wealth surrounding me?" and then, as her gaze returned to the bed on which lay her stricken father—that luxurious, downy couch, with its lace hangings and satin coverlid—she shuddered to think how he would bear this change, the man grown old in the possession of wealth and all that it could purchase. The look of his face returned to her, as it was on that evening when he had entered her room three days before and proclaimed his ruin to her, as she stood putting the last touches to that grand toilette which was to strike all others into the shadow at the ball to which she was going. She felt again the speechless horror which had sent her reeling into a chair, and saw him, the moment after, lying senseless at her feet. How deathly cold his hand felt as she helped to lay him on the bed, and what a damp, clammy dew met her touch when she smoothed back the silver hair from his brow.

"My poor father! My poor, dear father! And his sorrow was all for me, I know. Whatever happens, he must never know this new blow that has fallen on me."

The tears stood in her eyes so thickly that she could not see that he was awake, and looking at her, till Mr. Mansfield spoke in a low, weak voice.

"Lucie—Lucie darling!"

She dashed the tears from her eyes and was by his side in the same moment; a strange—an indescribable change had come upon his face, and her heart beat thickly, with dread he was ill. She got out her hand mechanically to the bellrope, to summon aid, but he stayed her with a feeble gesture.

"Oh, father! Father, speak to me," she cried. "What is the matter, dear father?"

"I am ill, my child—very ill; I was doing it all for the best, Lucie; you are not angry with your poor old father."

"Oh, don't, don't, please don't speak so," she moaned, pressing his slender, shrivelled hands and covering them with tears and kisses.

"Thank you, Lucie; you were always a good girl; kiss me."

And Lucie pressed a passionate kiss upon the pale lips; and the flickering, happy smile that stole over the old man's face was frozen there by death.

Lucie Mansfield was an orphan.

Lonely, chilled by the breath of adversity, and all her early, loud, enthusiastic belief in the goodness of mankind shattered and broken, Lucie still lived and did her duties in the new phase of life which she found herself. They were not arduous duties one would have said; those of superintending the elaborate toilette of a rich young lady, and docile little girls, and acting as a sort of companion to their invalid mother; but, for many months, they were not congenial to the taste of Miss Mansfield.

One evening the Hastleys gave a party; and Miss Lucie was called upon to furnish the music. She calmly took her seat at the piano, and, without the least feeling either of anger or humiliation, although the consciousness of it was there more than one who had thought it an honor to be noticed even by a look from the wealthy merchant's daughter in the days of her fall, she continued to play everything that was asked for.

"Will you not sing for us, Miss Mansfield?" asked Mr. Hanley, with the manner of one who asks a favor.

Lucie's only answer was to touch the keys, and make the first ringing notes of a well-known ballade. She then took up the song, and her voice swelled out in melody till all the air was music. The last long sung cadence ended in the thrilling tone of which she could not rob her voice, but gradually she entered into the passionate power of the words of the song, and the very heart was melted at the sound; and tears and silence were the applause that greeted her when she ceased.

"And now may I beg you will excuse me, Mrs. Hanley," she said; "I am very tired, and I would like to go to my room."

"Certainly, my dear," was the kind reply, "and we are all very much obliged to you."

And Lucie was leaving the room, she felt a hand laid upon her arm, and turning met the eager gaze of a gentleman, who gave her no time to speak before he said, in a hurried voice:

"Mademoiselle must pardon me," he said, excitedly, "and allow me to introduce myself. I am Herr Metzinger, Professor of Music."

Lucie's bow at once acknowledged this introduction, and asked an explanation.

"I hope mademoiselle will not be offended, but does she know that her voice is worth fifty thousand dollars a year?"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Lucy, almost as eager as himself; and comprehending his full meaning at once.

"Indeed, yes; and, if mademoiselle will allow me, I will put her in the way of getting it."

"You are very kind, sir; pray call on me to-morrow; you have the interval to think of this. Good-night."

CHAPTER II.

THE Italian opera house in London was crowded; the fashionable season had just begun; and the operatic season was opened with Lucie Mansfield as the prima-donna.

Six years, and decided and brilliant success, had somewhat changed Le Mansfield from Miss Lucie Mansfield, New York belle and heiress—subsequently governess; but still, to the eye of love, or friendship, she was easily recognisable. Her pure white skin had grown more brilliant, become famous; and, of course, the prima-donna appeared in the role of Marguerite. It was partly owing to the change in her name—people said she was particularly well suited to it. Elegant and graceful in it ure; with the whitest neck and shoulders imaginable, and a face remarkable for loveliness; while the deep, dark, gray eyes, shaded with brown lashes, had a childlike innocence of expression, unimpaired by their depth and latent fire. Her hair was of that rare golden hue celebrated by poets, and common only in their verses. She was the very ideal of Goethe's Marguerite, and never lost sight of the character for a moment—from her first entrance till the sad *finale*.

Miss Mansfield was wall-known by reputation, though it was the first time she had ever appeared before a London audience; but she had been admired, adored, and fêted in Paris, in Brussels, in Cuba, in Madrid, and in many other cities, and her fame had ran before her to the metropolis of England. Her reception was enthusiastic, and before she had sung half of that most exquisite music the *encores* were both fatiguing and deafening.

Of all that multitude looking at and listening to her, there were two hearts at least that throbbed with very different emotions. The first of these was that which had no place in the bosom of the the young Earl of Avondale. This man had followed Miss Lucie from Brussels, where he had first seen her, to every town or village where she had sung since, till at last he found himself in London also, still following the woman whom he had loved from the first moment that delicious voice had penetrated to his heart and awoke the first and only passion of his life. When he had first laid a coronet at her feet Lucie was too recently recovered from the bitter disappointment of a wasted love to receive him favorably; and without stating any reason, she had kept him always at a distance. In truth, she was afraid to trust her affections on either of her own scoring; but, accepting the feeble encouragement contained in the fact that she had not absolutely rejected him, he hoped and waited.

The heart that beat with so different an emotion was that which sent forth the blood to all the tributary veins in the frame of Mr. Clarence Vaunton.

"By Jove! but I have been a fool" was this gentleman's reflection upon himself in the recesses of the performance. "This girl, whom I shook off from me as a beggar, turns out to be a very great prize indeed! And how she could love me, too, the pretty little puss! Heavens! but she is a beautiful woman! And see how the vast multitude pay homage to the music of her voice. Delicious! delicious! I would be the luckiest dog in Europe could I but call her mine. Ha! and why not? I have not seen her since then, and noble-hearted women love once it is for ever; she could not have suspected my motive in breaking off our engagement. Didn't seem to. Fool, I'm in luck! She cannot have forgotten me; and if she has retains a single spark of love for me, it will go hard but I'll fan it into a blaze."

"*Clarence Vaunton.*"

Miss Mansfield read the name aloud once or twice, and then, very slightly, with just the faintest tinge of bitterness, thought:

"And this is the man I once loved—or thought I did. Yes, I loved him, and I have actually forgotten his name. Well, no need to be angry with myself; after all, it was Love I loved, not Clarence Vaunton. I wonder how he will feel when he finds that I am not an odd sensation of curiosity," she turned to the servant, who stood waiting: "Ask the gentleman to walk up, James."

Mr. Vaunton decided no point in his personal appearance at all likely to add to the general effect of his being the advanced guard towards the lady, he seized her hand and pressed it between both of his, and then apparently carried away by the feeling of the moment, he bent his head to the hand over it, and imprinted a warm, passionate kiss upon it. When at last he seemed to find his voice his words came low and fatteringly:

"Miss Mansfield—Lucie—do we then meet again at last?"

I am afraid Lucie was just a little disposed to laugh at this admirable though unfortunately transparent piece of acting. However, she restrained the inclination, and with a mischievous desire to do her part in the little play she foresaw was to succeed, asked for her admiration, she added:

"Did it then seem so long to you, Mr. Vaunton?"

"Ah, Lucie, can you ask?" was the impassioned answer. "Alas! my heart has grown old in waiting, in hoping for this day. But now I am repaid, I am the joy of this moment I am repaid for all."

"It is indeed a long time since we have met," she said, with well-feigned indifference Vaunton thought.

"Have you, too, thought it long, Lucie?"

"Well, really, Mr. Vaunton, six years can scarcely be called a brief period in the life of any one."

"It has been even longer than I thought," he returned, with a sigh. "Have you have forgotten the name that was once such music to my ears, when spoken by your dear lips. There was a time, Lucie, when you called me Clarence."

"Yes, Clarence," she answered, and sighed, and turning away, she looked afar off through the window. His face, with the smile she could not keep from her lips, or only to view the brilliant prospect without? Mr. Vaunton did not attribute it to either of these reasons, and he prolonged his visit to such a length that Lucie began to think her quondam lover something of a bore. At last, however, he took his departure, after gaining permission to come often.

Very triumphantly Mr. Vaunton took his way towards the Avondale House; he was radiant, he held his head high in air, and his feet seeming to touch nothing more solid than the same impalpable ether.

"She's mine!" he exclaimed, almost aloud. "Hurra! Clarence, my boy, you were always a clever fellow, but you have fairly surpassed yourself this time. Lucie Mansfield, I'll be even with you for all your pride, how could you forget me?"

Lucie was conscious of a half angry feeling with herself when she was left alone.

"And this is the end of my first love," she exclaimed. "Gone—gone—not even the ashes remaining. Heigh-ho! *sic transit gloria*—pshaw! Let me practise that little song. I'm not half satisfied with my rendering of it."

Mr. Vaunton was true to his determination to follow up the fortunate renewal of his acquaintance with Lucie, but wisely forbore to press his suit till he could still more firmly reinstate himself in her affections.

A telegraphic despatch, of great importance, took him out of town some few weeks after his first call upon Lucie, and urgent business detained him several days. But immediately on his return he hastened to pay his daily visit, determined to claim Lucie's hand on the plea of his long fidelity and the memory of their past betrothal. He was somewhat in doubt as to carry off the prize, having learned that more than one-half his fortune had been lost in a fruitless speculation.

Lucie's house, though not in the most fashionable, yet genuine than usual indications of her wealth this morning. As thought, and remarking this with a chuckle, Mr. Vaunton rang loudly. He, ha! she is afraid of losing me, and so sacks to allure me with the display of her wealth. Ah, no need, my pretty Lucie, no need! And the conquering hero rung the bell.

"Is Miss Mansfield at home?"

"My lady is in the drawing-room," answered the footman, "but she is not receiving to-day——"

"Oh, you know who I mean, you stupid fellow," laughed Vaunton, triumphantly tossing the man a sovereign, and running gaily upstairs, he entered the drawing-room with the freedom from ceremony of a privileged person.

"Ah, Lucie!" he exclaimed, seizing her hand, "you will forgive me, I know, when I tell you what very important business prevented me from coming here during the past few days."

"I have not any patience," and Lucie motioned the impassioned lover to a seat. Vaunton took it, but found it much too distant, and while he wondered if it was quite natural that delicate shade of coldness, he regarded the beautiful woman before him. She was more than usually lovely; the color of violet velvet dress fitting to the exquisite form; the delicate lace at the throat and wrists fastened with diamonds, and the magnificent hair coiled up with a pearl comb, served to display her regal loveliness by extraordinary advantage. He felt that he must lose no more time, and drawing his seat, he placed himself beside her, and with her hand fast imprisoned in his, poured forth a torrent of passionate love, and with more eloquence than when he had solicited the same boon, he concluded by praying her to become his wife.

For two or three brief moments Lucie regarded him with a faintly perceptible glance of scorn, but that soon passed away, and a smile dawned in its stead, but it was too sublime for him to feel even contempt towards him. Very firmly she drew away her hand however, and then she looked an irresistible, uncontrollable, merry laugh.

"You are the most inconsistent of men, Mr. Vaunton; what is it, Sir, you want?" she grave rously left me free, that I might, if possible, do better; and now, when I am in a position to profit by your kindness and good nature, you would be so mad as to make the same foolish old bargain again. Ha-ha! You are really too amusing, but fortunately I am saved from the possibility of falling by a fate so alluring. Harold, dearest," and she slightly raised her sweet voice. A handsome and elegant man seemingly.

"My dear, allow me to introduce Mr. Vaunton Clarence, this is my husband, the Earl of Avondale."

"I am very happy to meet any friend of yours, Lucie. We leave for the continent to-morrow, Mr. Vaunton; but Lady Avondale and myself will always be glad to see you when we return to England, or if we should meet abroad," said the peer courteously.

"Thank you, thank you," stammered Vaunton, and with a hasty good-morning, he hurried away.

ON AN OLD PORTRAIT.

Eyes that out-smiled the morn,
Behind your golden lashes,
What are your fine now?
Ashes!

Cheeks that out-blushed the rose,
White ones you have,
What is your beauty now?
Dust!

ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "ELEANOR'S VICTORY," "ASPHODEL," "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

THE object which seemed so terrible to Maude Hillary was a pistol, a small pistol of very modern fashion, fresh and bright from the hands of the gunmaker. Mr. Hillary was not a man who affected sporting tastes, and Maude had never seen such a weapon in her father's possession until tonight—until this night, when vague fears respecting him had been present to her for a long time, only wanting a form into which to shape themselves.

It seemed as if her frivolous girlhood left her all at once. It seemed as if the years of luxury, coming upon her with such ghastly suddenness, transformed her into a woman—a woman possessed of a woman's direst anxieties, fortitude and self-abnegation. She uttered no cry of alarm, no exclamation of surprise, but she suddenly closed and locked the door on which she had stood, and dropped the bunch of keys into her pocket. Then kneeling down beside her father's chair, she put her two tenderly about him, and laid her head upon his breast. Mr. Hillary had grown very passive all at once, and sat idly staring at the table before him.

"Papa," Maude said presently, in a low, pleading voice, "what is it? tell me—confide in me. In whom should you trust if not in me? What is it, papa? What does it mean?"

"It means—ruin!" the merchant answered, briefly.

He did not turn toward his daughter, but still sat staring blankly straight before him.

"It means failure and ruin, Maude—ruin in its worst shape, its most hideous shape."

"You mean that we shall be poor, very poor; that we shall have to leave Twickenham; that you will be a clerk, perhaps, in some office and I a daily governess. I remember when the Gordons failed, and poor Constance Gordon and her brothers had to begin the world afresh, without money, and with very little help from their old friends. Do you think I could not bear as much as that and be happy still, if you were with me? Ah, papa, papa, do I seem such a helpless, useless creature, that you shrink from trusting me at such a time as this?"

Hysterical sobs rose in her throat, but she stifled them and went on talking to him in the same quiet, tender voice, and caressing him as she talked. He submitted passively enough to her caresses, but he seemed scarcely conscious of them.

"Trust me, papa; tell me everything. Such troubles as these seem so much less dreadful when once they have been freely spoken of. I remember how Mr. Gordon kept everything hidden from his family as long as he could; and Constance told me that it seemed as if a great cloud was hanging over the house, and there was something in the atmosphere that stifled them all. But when the crash came they bore it bravely; and see how well they have got on ever since, in a moderate way. Ah, papa, you have brought me up like a spoiled child, or a princess in a fairy tale, and now that trouble has come to us you think I cannot bear it. But I can, papa; if you will only be brave, your foolish, extravagant daughter will learn to be wise and patient. I was I was getting very tired of Twickenham, papa, and shall be as happy as the day is long in a nice little cottage, in some cheap suburb, where I can have pupils."

Lionel Hillary ought no doubt to have been comforted by his daughter's tenderness; but, unhappily, there are some wounds so cruelly inflamed that the gentlest application the surgeon can devise is apt to chafe and irritate them. The girl's talk jarred upon the merchant's mind, and it was with a shiver of pain that he turned to her as she left off speaking.

"Child, child," he exclaimed, fretfully, "you don't know what you're talking of. Do you think it is such an easy thing to pass from one of the first positions in the city to a clerkship and a cottage in the suburbs? Do you think there is nothing between such opposite conditions? Do you suppose I have only to shut up my books and wish my creditors good-morning, before I walk out of my office? You talk and think like a child, Maude. It is all very well for an old twaddler like John Gordon, who suspends payment upon the first failure that affects his stability, and who winds up his affairs with a dividend of fifteen shillings in the pound, and the compliments and sympathy of all Basinghall street. No one will sympathise with my fall, though more than I can count will suffer with me. I am not a man to drop under the first blow, Maude; for nearly three years I have been working a rotten ship, with the knowledge that nothing short of a miracle could save me from wreck. The wreck has come. The world will call me a dishonest man because I waited for that miracle. I waited as the gambler waits at the green table, hoping that the last risk would bring me salvation. With me ruin means disgrace. I tell you, Maude, before the month is out there will be a panic in the city, and men will cry out that Lionel Hillary is a rogue and swindler. There's not a man who ever dined at Twickenham that won't use his knowledge of my home as a weapon against me. There's not a bottle of wine I ever gave a friend whose price and quality will not be made a reproach against me. Oh! I know how people talk about these things. Go away, child. Your presence only goads and irritates me. It reminds me that I might have done better than I have done, I might have been wiser, I might have saved something—my good name at least. I have loved you so dearly, Maude—heaven knows how dearly, for I am no man of big words or sentimental phrases. And now I leave you utterly destitute, the pauper child of a disgraced father."

"But you shall not leave me," cried Maude, with a sudden energy that startled Lionel Hillary. "Papa, why do you insist upon treating me as a child? Why do you judge me by what I have been, rather than by what I can be? Why won't you trust me? why won't you talk to me as if I were a son, and had a right to share your secrets? You have told me the worst, and you see I can bear to know it. I can endure even disgrace; but I cannot bear to lose you. Trust me, papa. I will be patient under any calamity except—" She was seized with a sudden shivering, and clung to him, with a convulsive force in the small hands that entwined themselves about his arm. "You know what I mean, papa," she said. "Believe that I can bear anything if you will be true, and brave, and patient. And even yet the miracle may come. Something may happen at the very last, surely it may, to save your good name."

Mr. Hillary pressed his daughter's hand in acknowledgment of so much tenderness and devotion; but he shook his head moodily as he answered her:

"Nothing can happen to save me, unless twenty thousand pounds drop from the skies between this and the 10th of January."

Twenty thousand pounds! Maude's thoughts flew to her jewel-case in obedience to the most universal of feminine instincts. Twenty thousand pounds! Alas for that birthday gift of opals and diamonds, the turquoise rings and bracelets, the emerald cross, the delicate pink coral, and all the fragile fantastic toys of gold and enamel, bought in the dearest market of elegant West End dealers, who give three years credit! Maude, in all her ignorance, was wise enough to know that these things would not realise one of the twenty thousands required by her father.

"But there is Twickenham, papa," she said; "the Cedars must be worth ever so many thousands."

"And is mortgaged to the full extent of its value," answered Mr. Hillary. "Find me twenty thousand pounds if you can, Maude, but don't worry me with frivolous suggestions. I tell you that it is quite impossible for a woman to understand my position. God help me! I scarcely understand it myself. I only know that everything round me is so much rottenness, and that the crash must come next month."

"But you will not think—of that—again?" urged Maude, pointing to the drawer.

"No; I will wait to the tenth."

"For my sake, oh, papa, for my sake."

"No, child; not for your sake, but from a selfish, cowardly clinging to life," cried Lionel Hillary, with sudden passion. "It would be better for you, ten times better, if I were dead. The thought of that was in my mind as I came down here to-night, until the noise of the engine almost seemed to thump out the words, 'Better for her, better for her.' People would have mercy upon you if I were dead, Maude; even those who suffered by me would be less bitter in their reproaches if I were dead. A man can only break his heart once, and when the man is dead, there is no mark for the arrows of justifiable reproach, or the foul garden stuff and rotten eggs of malicious calumny."

"Papa, the help may come; the twenty thousand pounds may be found."

"No, child; there was only one hope of that, and the hope is gone."

For the first time that night Mr. Hillary looked at his daughter; she saw the look, an anxious scrutiny that sent a chill through her heart. She did not ask him what that one hope had been.

"Papa, trust in me, only trust in me!" she cried; "you do not know of what I am capable for your sake—for your sake. You don't know what I have suffered to-night, and how changed I am by that suffering. Hope for a miracle even, papa; keep things as smooth as you can, and between this and the tenth the twenty thousand pounds may be found. Only tell me one thing. You don't want any one to give you the money! If it were lent to you, you could repay it by-and-bye?"

"Yes; with sufficient time I could repay it."

"Then hope for the miracle, papa. Ah! you think me such a child that you are almost angry with me for telling you to hope; but the lion laughed at the mouse, I dare say."

Five minutes after this, Miss Hillary led her father to his room and wished him good-night, cheerfully enough, upon the threshold. But under that pretence of cheerfulness, cruel fears and perplexities were torturing her innocent heart. Ruin, dishonor, disgrace; the misery of many homes besides that one household on the bank of the river—all these terrors had come very suddenly upon the girl who only that morning had been impatient of the December weather and the dull gray sky.

She went to her room, but only to sit with the door open, listening for any sound in her father's apartment, which was next her own. She sat for nearly two hours shivering with cold, and then crept softly to her father's room and opened the door. The merchant was sleeping, peacefully enough to all appearance, for his breathing was tranquil and regular; so Maude went back to her room. It seemed the bitterest mockery to go to bed, but then Miss Hillary's maid would have been scandalized had she come at eight o'clock and found her mistress still watching. Alas, poor Maude! for the first time in her life she had to submit to that most cruel social penance, entitled "keeping up appearances." She went to bed, and though she seemed to hear every hour, and half-hour, and quarter of an hour chimed by the church clocks, she must have slept at some time or other in that brief remainder of the night, or else how should she have been tormented by those hideous dreams, in which she was always wading through black morasses and turgid waters, carrying in her arms a great bag of gold, which she vainly strove to convey to her father?

CHAPTER XVI.—A DRAMA THAT WAS ACTED BEHIND THE SCENES.

Mr. Hillary escorted his daughter and Julia Desmond back to Twickenham upon the day following that night scene of anguish and terror. They left Brighton rather late in the day, and arrived at the Cedars when the early winter evening had closed in upon the leafless avenues and groves about the old house. Lights were burning cheerily in the long range of lower windows, and in the vestibule and inner hall, and rare groups of stainless marble gleamed white against a background of bright hothouse flowers. Deferential servants came hurrying out as the carriage drove up, and Miss Hillary, seeing her home in all its accustomed brightness and comfort, felt a painful sense of bewilderment. It was so difficult to realise the force of that calamity which had been so lately revealed to her; it was so difficult to believe that all this splendor was so much rottenness, from which there was only one step to poverty and disgrace.

Mr. Hillary had visited his daughter's room very early upon the morning after the terrible confidence between them, and had impressed upon her the necessity of suppressing every evidence of the knowledge that had come to her.

"I have been compelled to trust you, Maude," he said, "and you must prove yourself worthy of my confidence. Heaven only knows how difficult it has been to me to keep the secrets of my business during three years of reverses and misfortunes such as rarely fall to the lot of a speculator. My only chance of floating over this crisis lies in the meeting with some friend who will lend me the money I want, without looking too closely into the nature of the security I have to offer. But let the state of my affairs once get wind, and all hope of retrieval would be lost. Remember this, Maude, and, if you love me, show a bright face to the world; and above all, beware of Julia Desmond. That young lady is a dangerous person, my dear, and the day may come when we shall have reason to regret having given a shelter to old Desmond's destitute child."

"But Julia is a dear good girl, papa; she would be very sorry for us, I am sure," Maude pleaded, innocently.

"Julia has contrived to feather her own nest so remarkably well, that she would be very indifferent to any calamity that could come to her friends," answered the practical man of the world, who had been by no means pleased with Miss Desmond since that young lady's conquest of Francis Tredethlyn.

Maude kissed her father—ah, how passionately! She clung to him as she remembered that long feverish dream of the previous night, and the glittering something lying in the drawer; she kissed him, and promised that his secrets should be guarded more carefully than her own life.

"And the miracle may be accomplished between this and the tenth of January, papa," she said.

And then, as Lionel Hillary was about to leave his daughter's room, she placed herself suddenly between him and the door, and turned the key in the lock. He looked at her, surprised and perplexed.

"Maude!"

"Dearest father, you have trusted me, and you have exacted a promise from me," said Miss Hillary, with a quiet calmness that was more impressive than any vehemence of manner; "and now I want you to give me a promise, a very solemn promise, my own dear father."

She put her hand upon his shoulder and kissed him once more, clinging to him fondly, looking tenderly upward to his pale, careworn face. Then she took a bunch of keys from her pocket and held them out before him.

"You remember those keys, papa; I am going to return them to you; but I want you to kneel down with me here, now when all that feverish excitement of last night has passed away; I want you to promise me, as you hope for mercy and happiness in a better world when this life is all gone by and done with—I want you to promise me that you will never again, under any circumstances, in any hour of trial or temptation, think of that dreadful alternative of which you thought last night. "Oh, papa! remember it is such a terrible sin even to think of it; for we can never do so until we have ceased to trust in God."

The simple words went straight to Lionel Hillary's heart, that world-weary heart, in which there was but this one tender quality of paternal love still left. No subtle arguments of theologian or philosopher could have so deeply influenced him as his daughter's gentle pleading. He knelt by her side, close to a little table, on which an open Testament was lying, and pressing his lips upon the sacred page, swore that he would never again contemplate the sin which he had so nearly committed only a few hours before.

"It is a coward's remedy at the best," he said presently; and then he took his daughter in his arms and looked down at her tearful face with a mist before his own eyes, which made that bright young beauty seem blotted and dim. "My Maude, my darling, surely heaven must have created you to be my guardian angel. I have not been a good man, I have been too much of a speculator for the last few years—a reckless speculator, perhaps; but when the demon of commercial hazard had his grip strongest upon me your image was always in my mind. I wanted to leave you rich, secure from all the troubles of this world. I was a poor man in my young days, Maude, and perhaps the bitterness of that early time may have taught me to set too high a value upon wealth. Fortune came to me afterwards, almost as wonderfully as it comes to a prince in a fairy tale, and some recklessness of spirit may have engendered in me by my own successes and by the times in which I have lived."

"But, dear papa, you need not fear poverty for my sake," said Maude; "only trust in me, and when the time comes you shall find me ready to face it. My life has been very pleasant—too pleasant, I dare say—I have always felt that it was so when the thought has come to me of all the people that suffer in this world. But you know how the princess in the fairy tale, who has never known a sorrow, goes out all at once into the great forest, more helpless and lonely than the poorest woodman's daughter, and yet no harm ever comes to the princess, papa. If it will only please heaven to spare your good name, poverty will have no sting for me; and if disgrace should come, I will bear it for your sake—I will bear it without a murmur for your sake, papa."

She broke down just a little as she said this; she could not speak quite calmly of that most terrible loss of all—the loss of her father's commercial honor. She remembered, very dimly, long prosy discussions that she had heard at Mr. Hillary's dinner-table about men who had failed, and who had failed through some dishonesty or recklessness of their own, and whose downfall had involved the hard-won fortunes of others, making a vast circle of ruin, spreading as the watery circle spreads when you drop a pebble into a tideless lake.

SCHEDULE OF THE PROPERTY

Owned by the New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore Consolidated Petroleum and Mining Company.

Organized under the Laws of the State of New York. Capital Stock $,500,000, in 300,000 shares of $5 each—par value. A limited amount of stock at $1 per share, subscription price, liable to no further call or assessment—50,000 shares reserved for a working capital.

Offices.—The principal office is in New York, with branch offices in Philadelphia and Baltimore, for the convenience of the shareholders.

Wells.

There are in all 13 wells already on the property, some of which are producing with good prospects of an immensely large increase in a short time—and 10 of which (new wells) are being bored with vigor and rapidly approaching completion, some of them being down 400 feet and with splendid show of oil.

Near to some of the properties and wells now in process of boring, belonging to this company, are the following great wells, which will show the great value of the company's property and the immense returns which may be expected to be realised to the shareholders of the company.

The Phillips Well on the Tarr Farm, which flowed when struck over 4,000 barrels per day. The Woodford Well, on Tarr Farm, flowed 2,000 barrels per day. The Sherman Well flowed 3,000 barrels per day. The Hammond Well on Steel Farm flowed 500 barrels per day. The Christie Well flowed 1,500 barrels per day. The Read Well on Cherry Run flowed 400 barrels per day. The Yankee Well, 200 barrels per day. The Auburn Well, 150 barrels per day.

Besides those mentioned there are many fine producing wells, near above and below, in the immediate vicinity of this company's properties, yielding from 300 to 1,000 barrels per day.

A new 200 barrel well has been struck on Cherry Run, above the Reed Well, close to the property of this company, on the McFate Farm, on which one of the company's wells is almost completed, with splendid prospects of oil. Another well, on the Hogg Farm, close to this, is also nearly down, with equally great prospects. A new 150 barrel well, of fine lubricating oil, has been struck on Sugar Creek (the first well bored), adjoining the Saunders Farm, the property of this company, on which a well is nearly completed, with splendid show of oil.

One acre (of the seven acres Homestead Reserve) on the Saunders Farm, which farm belongs to this company, was sold a few days since for $15,000 cash.

This company has five different properties on Sugar Creek, and it is estimated by experienced oil men that they are now worth over one million of dollars ($1,000,000), and the entire properties of the company, located on the various rich oil streams mentioned before, worth over five millions of dollars ($5,000,000).

It is not only a possibility, but a strong probability, that large wells will be struck on this company's property yielding several hundred barrels, and perhaps several thousand barrels of oil per day, which would make the stock of the company very valuable, and yield to the shareholders very large dividends.

References to Map on page 29.

No. 1.—Is a tract of land of 57 acres in fee simple, situated on Sugar Creek, Sugar Creek Township, Venango County, Pennsylvania, and known as the Saunders Farm, originally a part of and the upper end of the Russel Farm. This property is all flat, and embraces the entire width of the valley, extending from bluff to bluff. This interest carries with it one engine and house, derrick, drilling-tools, etc. There is a well being bored on this farm, while two more are going down adjoining above, and two below, one of which is now producing 25 barrels per day of lubricating oil.

No. 2.—One lease of three lots of ground on Cherry Run, bottom land, with 100 feet of the sulphur spring on the McFate Farm. This property is a short distance from the celebrated Read Well, Yankee, Auburn and other wells, no flowing from 25 to 280 barrels per day. Working interest, five-twelfths of the oil. One engine, derrick, engine-house. Well going down.

No. 3.—One-tenth interest in a lease on Blood Farm, on Oil Creek. One well down, now pumping from 10 to 15 barrels per day. Room for two more wells. Same interest in engine, derrick and fixtures.

No. 4.—A one-fourth interest in a lease on the Steel Farm, better known as the Widow McClintock Farm. One well down, pumping 10 barrels per day, and another well down about 400 feet (new well). This interest includes the one-eighth of all the oil, and the one-quarter of two engines, one air-pump, together with tubing and fixtures for two wells, complete.

No. 5.—One-sixteenth working interest in a lease on Steel Farm, known and numbered on plot of said farm as Lot 23, and as Perry Well. This property has one well now down, with room for three more wells.

No. 6.—One-sixteenth interest in Lot No. 7, on Steel Farm, as per plot of said farm. This property has one well down, producing 15 barrels per day, with room for four more wells, together with one engine and fixtures.

No. 7.—One-sixteenth working interest in Lot No. 11, Steel Farm, with one-sixteenth interest in one engine and machinery. All the above property on this farm, viz., Nos. 4, 5, 6 and 7, is of the most valuable oil-producing territory on Oil Creek, with wells on adjoining lots producing from 25 to 240 barrels per day each.

No. 8.—The one-fourth working interest in a lease on the Tarr Farm, with the one-fourth of engine, tubing, tanks, etc., necessary for operating. One well going down. This interest claims one-eighth of all the oil.

No. 9.—The one-quarter interest in well and lease on Walnut Bend, opposite Horse Creek, Alleghany River; one well in operation, producing from 10 to 15 barrels per day; lease large enough to put down several more wells.

No. 10.—Lease of one acre of land on Cherry Tree Creek, adjoining the Dempsey Farm, all flat land, lying on both sides of the Creek. This interest receives three-quarters of all the oil. One engine, derrick, engine-house and necessary fixtures for operating.

No. 11.—One lease on Dempsey Farm, known as Lot No. 25, according to survey of said farm. The interest includes the whole working interest, being one-half of all the oil. One derrick, engine, and all necessary fixtures for putting down a well. Well going down.

No. 12.—A lease of five acres on Sugar Creek, Oakland Township, Venango County, Pennsylvania, and known as the David Reynolds' lease, which lease extends for the term of 20 years from the 16th day of September, A. D. 1864. This lease carries three-quarters of all the oil.

No. 13.—A lease of eleven acres of land on Sugar Creek, all flat land, and known as the Arthamer Davison lease. This property is leased for 40 years, giving the land-holders one-seventh of the oil only.

No. 14.—A lease of 60 acres of land, lying on a branch of Sugar Creek, below Cooperstown, leased for the term of 40 years, lease drawing seven-eighths of all the oil.

No. 15.—Three-fourths of the working interest of half an acre on Cherry Run, on farm known as Hogg Farm, and is most favorably situated. The above interest carries with it three-quarters of the derrick, engine-house, engine, and all necessary fixtures for operating. Well now going down.

No. 16.—Is a lease of a piece or parcel of land situated in Franklin Township, Erie county, Pennsylvania, it being the farm formerly known as the John L. Rhodes Farm, containing about 64 acres, more or less. This property is situated on Elk Creek. Lease is one-half of all the oil produced.

No. 17.—Is a leasehold of piece or parcel of land situated in Gudgenville, Girard Township, Erie County, State of Pennsylvania, and bounded by L. C. Kent, Cortecy, and others, containing sixty-four (64) acres, more or less. This property is considered good oil territory, carrying with it the one-half of all the oil found. There are a number of oil springs in the immediate vicinity.

No. 18.—Comprises a leasehold of piece or parcel of land situated in Fairview Township, Erie County, Pennsylvania, containing about ten (10) acres. This property is situated on Elk Creek, favorably located, and carries with it one-half of all the oil produced.

No. 19.—Is a leasehold of a piece of land situated in Girard Township, Erie County, State of Pennsylvania, known as the Wilcox Farm, containing about 180 acres. This property is located on Elk Creek, in the above township, embracing all the flat land lying between the bluffs on each side of the creek. This lease carries one-half of all the oil.

No. 20.—Comprises a piece or parcel of land in Franklin Township, Erie County, Pennsylvania, situated on a branch of Elk Creek, known as the Gulf, and part of the Howard Farm. This property carries with it one-half of all the oil produced, has one well.

No. 21.—Is a leasehold, situated in Franklin Township, Erie County, Pennsylvania. This lease contains 41 acres, and is known as the Pettis Farm. This territory is located on a branch of Elk Creek, known as the Gulf.

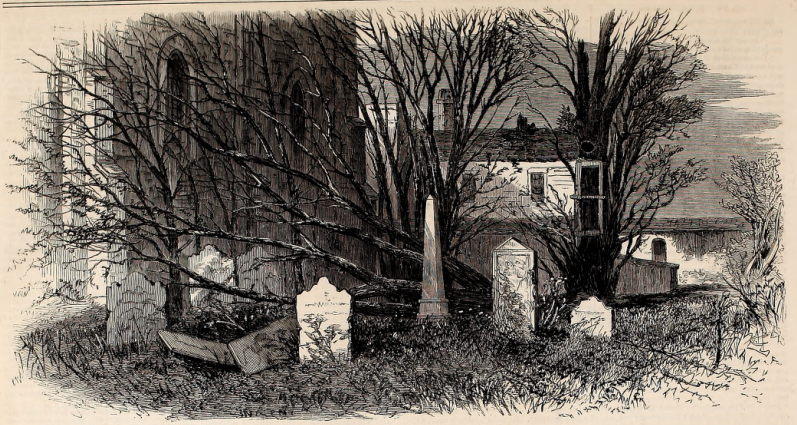
No. 22.—Is a leasehold of a farm situated in Franklin Township, Erie County, Pennsylvania, known as the Howard Farm, on lot No. 59, containing 45 acres. This territory is located on the branch of Elk Creek, known as the Gulf, embracing the land on both sides of the creek. This lease claims the one-half of all the oil produced.

No. 23.—Is a leasehold of a piece or parcel of land situated in Fairview Township, Erie County, Pennsylvania, containing five acres, being part of the John Struth farm. This territory is located on Elk Creek, embracing the land on both sides of the creek, from bluff to bluff. This lease claims one-half of all the oil.

No. 24.—Comprises a piece or parcel of land situated in Franklin Township, Erie County, Pennsylvania, lying on Elk Creek, containing 29 acres of land, more or less, known as part of L. D. Allen's farm. This property is favorably situated on the creek, and all flat land. This lease carries with it one-half of all the oil produced.

No. 25.—Is a lease of a piece or parcel of land in Canal Township, Venango County, Pennsylvania. This is fine bottom land, containing seven acres, being a part of Uriah Brinth farm. This lease claims the seven-eighths of all the oil produced.

No. 26.—Is a lease of a piece or parcel of land situated in Jackson Township, Venango County, Pennsylvania, known as part of the Jacob Pizer farm, containing 25 acres, all bottom land. This lease claims seven-eighths of all the oil found.



THE FRENCH HUGUENOT CHURCHYARD, CHURCH STREET, CHARLESTON, S. C.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF CHARLESTON, S. C.

THE panoramic sketch we publish to-day of Charleston is the most eloquent sermon against rebellion ever preached. Our Artist says:

"My sketch is taken from the top of the Mills House, looking N. N.W., up Meeting street. This is the best locality from which to view the burned district. The fire occurred Dec. 13, 1861, and the burned district remains in its charred and desolate state. On the lower right hand corner of the picture are the ruins of the South Carolina Institute, in which the Act of Secession was passed. Next to that, on the extreme right, is St. Philip's church, whose tall white spire stands amid the ruins, and desolation around it, like some mammoth sepulchral sentinel. In the rear of this church is stationed the new Custom-House, which is yet unfinished. On the right side of the city flows the Cooper river, while the Ashley river bounds it on the left. I have seldom looked upon a more dismal sight than Charleston is now. We must at least give its citizens credit for the fortitude with which they have endured their disgrace for most certainly our officers were not aware of one-half the damage our fire had inflicted."

French Huguenot Churchyard.

The sketch we present showing the effect of our shelling upon the churchyard of the French Huguenots in Church street, will give our readers a correct idea of how far-reaching our missiles were. It speaks for itself.

Interior of State Bank of South Carolina.

Our Artist found this once wealthy bank in ruins, the furniture destroyed, the walls disfigured by our shells, and the literary matter of the establishment, as cheques and blanks of various kinds, given over to the cunning architects of rats' nests and crows' nests. The Confederate credit is very fairly indicated by our picture of the bank at Charleston.

EGYPTIAN TROOPS.—There is a battalion of Egyptian troops serving with the French army in Mexico. This corps is composed of 600 volunteers, and was offered by the Viceroy of Egypt to the Emperor Napoleon to take part in the rude warfare in Mexico. These terrible black soldiers speak neither French nor Mexican. They only obey their own officers, but their discipline is marvellous. They are cruel towards the guerillas, whom they tie to trees, and whose heads and hands they cut off, and whom they kill with yataghans in reprisal for the death of one of their comrades, who was surprised at Chiequella, and was cut in pieces, and scattered about their camp by the guerillas. This cruel act has excited the rage of the black soldiers, and furnishes the explanation, if not the excuse, for their conduct. They are on detached service in the hotter regions, and they occupy a position in the shape of a large crescent. At the least alarm or sound of alarm they turn out as sharpshooters, and advance bravely, even if it is one against 50. They are as active as panthers, nothing checks them, neither thickets, ravines, nor the escarpments of mountains, nor works constructed by military science. In an incredibly short time they will cover the astonishing distance of 15 leagues without halting. They are faithful to their Mahometan creed, and never drink fermented liquors. They have been extremely obliging towards the French army, and have done the most laborious fatigue work, such as pitching tents, cutting wood for fuel, and bringing water from long distances for the camp.

THERE is now a proposal to erect a monument to Leonardo de Vinci in the Chateau of Amboise, France, on the spot where his remains were recently discovered. The form of this work of art has not been decided on, but the pedestal would bear simply the words "Francois I. a appelé Léonard de Vinci en France. Napoleon III. lui a élevé un monument." (Francis I. called Leonardo de Vinci to France. Napoleon III. has raised a monument to his memory). The Mayor of Amboise has written a letter to M. Arsène Houssaye, Inspector-General of Fine Arts, on the subject, at the same time thanking that gentleman for his aid in the discovery of that great painter's burial place.



INTERIOR OF THE STATE BANK OF SOUTH CAROLINA, CHARLESTON, SHOWING THE EFFECT OF OUR SHELLS.

CAPT. J. S. CLARK.



CAPT. JOSEPH S. CLARK, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA AND BALTIMORE CONSOLIDATED PETROLEUM AND MINING COMPANY.

THE subject of our sketch, Capt. Joseph S. Clark, was born in Kent county, State of New York, in 1814. He was the youngest son of a large family, and losing his parents early in life, he was left, in a measure, to carve out a way in the world for himself. The desire to go forth and seek his fortune, so common in our boys of ten years of age, impelled him to leave his home for a journey whose direction was unknown, and whose end was uncertain. The second day of his travels, while trudging a-foot along the road to Shoreham, Vermont, he encountered a Massachusetts pedlar, who became interested in the fortunes of the lad, and engaged him to take charge of the horse and wagon, which contained the stock-in-trade of a company of some eighteen feet pedlars, who met at certain points and replenished their stocks from the wagon, which was, in fact, a peripatetic retail store. In those days there was a large number of such companies organised throughout the New England States.

He continued in this occupation for two years, during which time he learned the value of small things, and acquired a general though unscientific knowledge of trading, which served him well in after life. Becoming tired of this occupation, and feeling a growing passion to see foreign countries, he bade farewell to his friends the pedlars, and, coming to New York, soon obtained a situation as boy on board a ship. From that time he followed the sea as a profession. His progress upwards was slow but sure, for though he had neither parent nor capital, he had an indomitable will and a desire to rise, which made him lose no opportunity for improvement or of advantage which would aid him to reach the goal of his ambition. He passed through every grade, from boy before the mast to first officer, until finally he found himself commander of the beautiful Clyde built steamship Argyll, at the early age of 23. The Argyll was the first steamship that ever navigated the waters of the Mexican Gulf or the Caribbean Sea.

In 1841, Capt. Clark, by economy and industry, was enabled to purchase the controlling interest in the ship he commanded, and in this position he brought into practical use the knowledge of "trading" which he had acquired in the humble capacity of a Massachusetts pedlar. This knowledge of trading is of vital importance to the success of a mercantile shipmaster, for, acting as his own factor, he selects his cargoes to suit the market, according to experience acquired by years of personal observation, and knowing what is of value at exchange between port and port, is rarely necessitated to sail out in ballast.

From 1841 to 1862 Capt. Clark pursued his profession, combining the shipmaster with the merchant, which profession he took an honest pride in, for had he not achieved it by the force of his own will? A self-made man may well be proud of the beginnings of his success.

At the breaking out of the Southern rebellion Capt. Clark was in China with his ship. He remained there until June, 1861, when, finding that he could not with safety bring his ship home under the flag of his country, he took her to Melbourne, Australia, where he sold her out, taking passage to England with his family, for his wife and children always accompanied him in his voyages, in the famous ship Kent, of London, England. This voyage was a memorable one, and the dangers which the ship passed through and the manner of its miraculous preservation was the theme of universal comment in the English press.

When off Cape Horn the Kent encountered a hurricane, which exceeded in violence all that the oldest seaman had ever known. For three days and three nights, the 12th, 14th and 15th of August, the storm raged without intermission, the cabins and upper decks were all swept away, most of the crew disabled by overwork and the rest disheartened, and the ship, utterly beyond control, lay laboring in the trough of the sea, a helpless wreck, in momentary danger of foundering. Then it was that Capt. Clark's greatest experience, and his never-yielding determination to overcome all obstacles, stood out in bold relief. The captain of the Kent, a fair sailor under ordinary circumstances, was paralyzed by the imminence of the situation. Giving up the ship for lost, he left the deck, and going among the passengers, bade them prepare to meet their God, for the ship would not live an hour. The scene which followed this announcement may be better imagined than described.

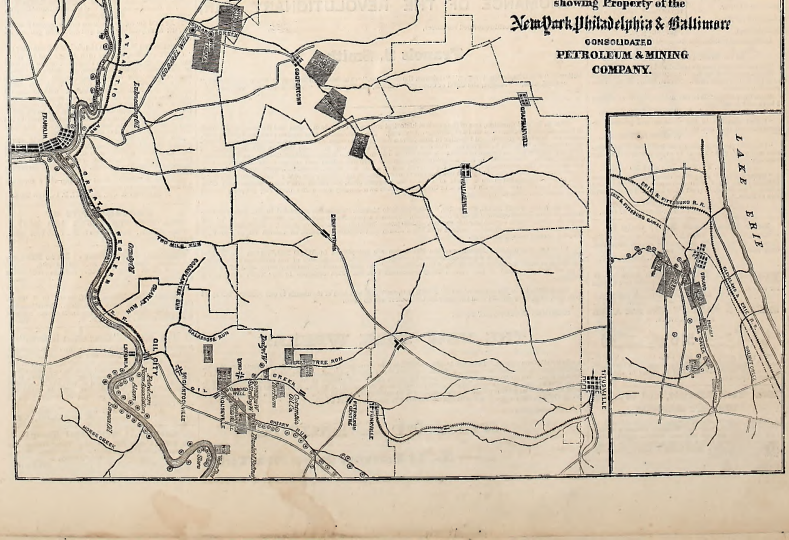
There were between two and three hundred passengers, among them delicate women and children, whole families returning to their homes. Terror seized them all, and their cries, their wailings and their prayers for help were heartrending. Capt. Clark had his own family on board, and did not comprehend the meaning of giving up the ship without a struggle for life. He sought the captain and told him he did not see their situation in that light, and asked permission to try his hand at the work of salvation. It was granted, and he proceeded at once to rouse such of the crew as were able to do duty, found many of the passengers who were willing to lend a hand, spoke words of comfort, and exhibited his faith by work, and in two hours, by certain nautical devices, got the ship's head round, hoisted the only stitch of canvas that had been saved, and enabled the staunch vessel to ride out the remainder of the hurricane and reach her port in safety.

On reaching London the passengers published a card of thanks to Capt. Clark, which contained all that words could express of gratitude, and the London Times devoted two columns to the details of the perilous voyage, paying a noble tribute to the undaunted heroism and masterly skill of the man who had rescued so many human souls from the horror of a watery grave.

On his return to America, Capt. Clark's attention was directed to the development of the petroleum oil district, and he entered into the new business with the same determination which had carried him so successfully through all his speculations in life. He recognised that the first element of success was a thorough knowledge of the subject, practically learned by personal investigation. This he gave it, spending many months in inspecting the whole region, and gathering information from every source from which it could be reliably obtained.

Capt. Clark relates many anecdotes, and tells many a story of his travels through the gold regions of California, Australia and New Zealand, enough to fill a large volume; but admits that after looking over all the gold fields, and the successes of the many thousands rushing to them in pursuit of that precious metal that appears to be a little nearer to us than ever, there is none of them to be compared with the great petroleum chances, almost every day offering to those that seek for oil. It is not strange that after passing through all the gold fevers without catching the contagion, that he should look upon this new fever with suspicion, which he did for the first year of his stay on Oil creek, and, to use his own words, missed many a good chance. The first of which, he says, was an offer of the one-fourth of the famous Maple Shade well when struck, for $700. In less than one month after that one-fourth of the well was worth $300,000; after many such chances had slipped from him during the first year in Oil creek, his nerves were somewhat strengthened by the constant application of oil, and at last he made a venture for himself. His judgment being ripened by experience, his venture was a success, and he has gone on since then, increasing his connection with the oil interest until the present day, when we find him a founder in five different stable companies, having organised two himself, one in Philadelphia and the other in this city, called "The New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore Consolidated Petroleum and Mining Company," the stock of which has sold so rapidly that the books were closed on the first of March, so that no more stock can be had at the subscription price. The property upon which this company is based has all been selected by Capt. Clark himself, and is at the present time paying interest from wells in operation. It is one of the best mediums for investment in the market.

Capt. Clark is also interested in one of, if not the very best refineries in this or any other country; we believe the Standard Petroleum Refinery of Pittsburg, Penn., is largest in the world. It has the capacity of refining 3,000 barrels of oil per month, which, allowing 60 gallons to the barrel, would give the enormous sum of 150,000 gallons, on which the Government receives a revenue of 10 cents per gallon. We would advise any one visiting Pittsburg to inspect the Standard Refinery. Doctor H. C. W. Tweddle, the proprietor and builder, takes pleasure in showing all who visit the refinery through the different departments. He will well pay any one failing



an interest in the great developments of that truly wonderful product, petroleum oil.

A CERTAIN poetaster was to meet Charles Lamb at dinner, and some of the poems were shown to Lamb a little before the author's arrival. When he came he proved to be empty and conceited. During dinner Lamb fell into the delightful mystery of saying, now and again, "That reminds me of some verses I wrote when I was very young," and then quoted a line or two, which he recollected, from the gentleman's book, to the latter's amazement and indignation. Lunch, immensely diverted, capped it all by introducing the first lines of "Paradise Lost." "Of man's first disobedience," as also written by himself, which actually brought the gentleman on his feet, hurrying with rage. He said he had sat by and allowed his own "little verses" to be taken without protest, but he could not endure to see Milton pilfered.

WE would call special attention to B. T. Hayward's advertisement, in another department of this issue. Our gallant troops in the Union service can obtain from him every desirable style of Company, Regimental, Brigade, Division or Corps Flag, Badges or Emblems. As every patriot prides himself on his particular Company, Regiment or Corps, and wishes to decorate his manly breast with an honorable Badge, designating his service, and, thousands, not knowing how to obtain them, we take pleasure in referring them to Mr. Hayward's advertisement, in which will be found all that is desired in that line. Mr. Hayward is one of our largest and oldest Manufacturing Jewelers, and is the leading manufacturer of the Army Badges. In fact, he is the only reliable house to deal with. He can be relied upon for quality of goods, promptness and faithfulness in filling all orders. Our "Masonic" friends will also find everything in their line appertaining to masonry.—*Army and Home Journal.*

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EXPLANATION.

Hold the case (Fig. 1) in your left hand, to load your Pipe, withdraw the stem (D) and adjust it to (C), place the pipe in your mouth, ignite a match on top of match safe, and close with the forefinger of the left hand (Fig. 2), and light your pipe.

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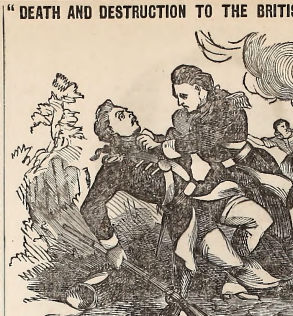


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The youth a patriot brave—
She only thought of sweet revenge—
He would his country save.
The goddess shrined within her breast
Was withering, black-hroved hate—
He only sighed to win a bride,
And see his country great.
"Ruth Roy shall never be thy bride,
Dick Champ, now mark me well!"
Out! cried Ruth Roy with the patriot cried,
"I'll win her yet, Wild Nell!"

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All the most prominent characters of the Revolution are introduced in WILD NELL, from the Goddess Washington herself down to the famous Benedict Champ, who escaped the capture of the infamous Arnold after the escape of the latter. The particulars of the execution of the patriot-martyr Captain Nathan Hale, of Connecticut, are also given, and in fact almost every prominent incident which occurred in our great struggle for freedom.

The popularity of the author of WILD NELL will, we know, add tens of thousands to our readers; but apart from this, everybody will read the story for the good it will do them.

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Holding 16 pictures, the cheapest and the most desirable Album in the market. Sent free by mail on receipt of 75 cents.
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What the "Press" say of Us.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.—A rare opportunity is offered by obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings, silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 167 Broadway, New York, who advertise to sell articles, varying in value, and all are offered for $1 each. The distribution is made on the principle to take a certificate of a certain description, on receiving which you are informed what article it is worth, and if satisfied with the article, send the money, and pay $50 or $100. An extra fine Watch is given away to a dollar-spending customer.—*New York Evening Post, Feb. 19, 1865.*

Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have now been personally known to us, and we believe them to be every way worthy of public confidence.—*New York Scottish American Journal, June 11, 1864.*

We have inspected, at the office of Arrandale & Co., Agency for Evergreen Manufacturing Company, a large assortment of fashionable and valuable jewellery of the newest patterns, also of the same quality of 1000 silver-plate, and understand that the whole of these articles are intended to be disposed of on a novel principle, giving great advantages to buyers, and affording extensive employment to agents. We hold the firm in question to be a very respectable and thoroughly reliable one to deal with, and recommend our friends to read their advertisement.—*New York Saturday Press, Sept. 3, 1864.*

By Messrs. Arrandale & Co.'s arrangement, the advantages must be on the side of the customer, for he has everything to gain, and nothing comparatively to lose. His ticket at worst only pays for his declared hand, and he need not send it if he is not satisfied.—*New York Weekly Mercury, Sept. 3, 1864.*

EXCITEMENT FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and desirable emporium for watches, and out of sight in the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution" of Arrandale & Co., a lady of the establishment named the articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for inspection, and we must say, their selection was all such and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

GREAT SALE
OF
Watches, Chains, Diamond Rings, Etc.
One Million Dollars!

To be Disposed of at One Dollar Each!!

WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE. NOT TO BE PAID FOR UNTIL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO RECEIVE!

Splendid List of Articles! All to be Sold for $1 each!

300	Musical Boxes,	$30 to $250
1,000	Sets,	20 " 50
500	Silver Watches and Gold Cases,	20 " 100
500	" Chasing Dishes,	30 " 100
1,000	" Tea Setts,	30 " 100
2,500	" Syrup Cups with Salvers,	20 " 50
2,500	" Goblets and Bristol Pitchers,	20 " 50
2,000	" Castors,	15 " 80
2,000	" Fruit, Cake and Card Baskets	20 " 75
5,000	Dozen Silver Tea Spoons,	PER DOZEN. $15 " 50
10,000	" " Table Spoons & Forks	20 " 60
250	Gents' Gold Hunting-case Watches	$50 to $150
250	Ladies' Gold and Enamelled Watches,	35 " 70
500	" "	35 " 70
500	Gents' Solid Silver Watches,	20 " 50
200	Diamond Rings,	$60 " 100
500	Gold Vest and Neck Chains,	4 " 8
3,000	" Oval Band Bracelets,	4 " 8
2,000	Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc.,	2 " 5
2,000	Imitation Chains & Guard Chains	2 " 6
2,000	Gold Studs and Sleeve Buttons,	2 " 5
5,000	Coral, Opal and Emerald Brooches	4 " 8
5,000	Diamond, Pearl and Ruby Brooches, Ear Drops,	4 " 8
7,500	Gold Lockets, Ear Drops,	4 " 8
4,000	California Diamond Breast Pins,	$ 60 " 10
2,000	Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys,	2 " 5
4,000	Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides,	2 " 10
2,000	Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, &c.,	3 " 8
3,000	Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc.,	2 " 5
10,000	Miniature Lockets,	$ 50 " 10
4,000	" Sleeve Buttons,	2 " 5
3,000	Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc.,	2 " 8
2,000	Chased Gold Rings,	2 " 5
1,000	Chased Gold Rings,	2 " 5
1,000	Gold Hunting Watches,	$ 50 " 10
10,000	Cubic Diamond Rings,	2 " 15
2,000	Solid Gold Studs, Sleeve Buttons,	2 " 5
6,000	" Cameo, Pearl, Opal and Coral Rings,	4 " 15
10,000	Gold Pens, Silver Extension-holders,	4 " 10
10,000	Gold Pens and Gold Mounted Pencils,	6 " 10
6,000	Gold Pens and Gold Extension Holders,	15 " 25
6,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Buckles,	6 " 15
5,000	" " Sets of Pins and Balls,	6 " 10

ARRANDALE & CO., Manufacturers' Agents,
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Announce that all the above list of goods will be sold for *One Dollar* each.

In consequence of the great sensation of trade in the manufacturing establishments of Europe, which for two having cut off the supply of cotton, a large quantity of Jewellery, Watches and Diamonds are now in the market, has been sent off for sale in this country, and WHICH MUST BE SOLD AT ONCE.

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ARRANDALE & CO.,
167 Broadway, New York.

J. TOWNSEND & CO.

96,000 Watches, Chains, Gold Pens with Case, Set of Jewellery, Lockets, Sleeve-Buttons, Gent's Pins, &c.,

to be sold for

$9,000.00

and valued at

$750,000!!

all to be sold at

ONE DOLLAR EACH,

without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive.

Read this list of articles to be sold at $1 each:

850	Ladies and Gents' Gold Watches,	$50 to $100 each.
1,000	Sets Jewellery,	25 to 50 "
1,000	Hunting Cased Silver Watches,	15 to 30 "
2,000	Neck Chains,	3 to 5 "
2,000	Fob and Guard Chains	4 to 5 "
2,000	Gold Ladies' Lockets,	3 to 5 "
5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Buckles	8 to 15 "
5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Hair Bars and Balls	5 to 10 "
3,000	Ladies' Opera Eardrops	5 to 10 "
2,000	Gold Band Bracelets	6 to 10 "
2,000	Enamelled, Coral and Opal Earrings	5 to 10 "
3,000	Plain and Fancy Rings	3 to 5 "
4,000	Sets Sleeve Buttons	4 to 8 "
10,000	Breast Pins or Brooches	4 to 8 "
10,000	Gold Pens, with Silver Mounted Holders,	3 to 6 "
6,000	Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Holders,	3 to 8 "
6,000	Gold Watch Keys	2 to 3 "

Each article has a Dollar each. Certificates of all the different articles, stating what each can have, are put in envelopes, well mixed, and when ordered, are taken out, without regard to choice, and sent by mail. On receiving the certificate you will see what you are to have. Then if it at your option to send one dollar and receive the article or not. In all transactions by which we charge for forwarding the certificate, paying the postage and making out the same, we shall, with every hundred ordered, send the certificate in addition. 6 Certificates for $1. 13 for $2. 27 for $3. 100 for $15. Agents will be allowed 10 cents on each certificate, when ordering to the amount of $10.

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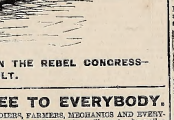
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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 497.—Vol. XX.] NEW YORK, APRIL 8, 1865. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. $2 WEEKS $1 00.

Railway Murders.

THE risk to life and limb, in the trenches before Petersburg, is far less than on our railways. Hardly a day passes without bringing us the shocking details of some wholesale slaughter and maiming, euphemised as "an accident!" Ten or fifteen dead, and fifty or sixty wounded; and yet the next day a packed coroner's jury, made up of persons in the pay or employment of the railway on which the murder has occurred, tells us that there was nobody to blame! A week or two ago, three or four carloads of our brave soldiers, on furlough from the Army of Potomac, hastening home to their familiar hearths, and the sweet society of friends and relatives, their hearts full of hope and bright anticipations, were crushed up by a heavy train, and more of them killed and wounded than fell at Big Bethel or in one-half of the "battles" of the early past of the war. Full a tenth of a complete regiment was slain or disabled. The dead are buried, and the wounded are writhing in hospitals, to return to their homes, if at all, wretched cripples, without the consolation which the soldier feels who suffers on the field of honor in defence of his flag and his country.

The coroner's jury, made up of village Dogberrys, report no one to blame, and that the switchman, who turned the upward thundering train full upon the one standing on the track three hours behind time, must have misunderstood the directions of the conductor! Are directions then given so loosely and carelessly, in matters involving the lives and limbs of hundreds? Railways laugh legal enactments for the protection of passengers to scorn. They enjoy exclusive rights from the public, and yet give to that public no guarantees in return. Once



COTTON PRESS NEAR FLAT ROCK, S. C. DESTROYED BY SHERMAN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



THE 16TH IOWA REGIMENT, OF THE 17TH CORPS, RAISING THE STARS AND STRIPES UPON THE STATE HOUSE AT COLUMBIA, S. C.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.—SEE PAGE 23.

possessed of their privileges, their "chartered rights," they throw aside all sense of responsibility, and if any poor wretch, maimed for life through their carelessness or mismanagement, institutes a suit against them for damages, he must expend all for a lost leg or arm, or perhaps total disablement, they contest his claim with all the resources of wealth and influence. Many a poor victim has been compelled to submit to the most palpable fraud rather than combat their superior power before courts and juries. The grievances of the public, so far as railways are concerned, seem to be beyond legal relief, and the hope seems to be in time of remedying them, except through the code of Judge Lynch. The sentiment of the country would have justified, not to say applauded, the marvelous proceedings, in the late New Jersey "catastrophe," if they had seized on the criminal employees, or on their default, on any of the directors of the railway, and shot them on the spot. Suppose any of the seventy or eighty crippled soldiers should bring a suit for damages against the great swindling railway monopoly of New Jersey, what would be the chances of his recovering a dollar from a New Jersey jury? Small indeed! A monopoly that has corrupted the politics, the judiciary, and the press of a whole State, and shot them, and the sentiment of the entire people of the State, and which sends its representatives into the very Senate of the Nation, will respond to no appeal of justice, nor yield to any of the sympathy it has helped to outrage and contemn all law; it holds itself independent of public opinion, and stands in the path of travel a reckless, irresponsible, monstrous obstruction. The New York Central Railway is but little better, in character, and equally reckless in conduct. While we write the wires come loaded with the details of another shocking massacre—the second within a week.

We see no way of lending a reasonable security to railway travel except through the means of a law making an employer and agent to appal these who direct and manage railways into a sense of their responsibility. A short shrift and a long rope might effect that which legal enactments, the complaints of the public and the appeals of the press have signally failed to secure.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, APRIL 8, 1865.

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Change in Sentiment Abroad.

The events of the war, and more especially the murders of Gen. Sherman and their consequences, have produced a wonderful change in European sentiment, and are operating in a very marked manner on European policy as regards this country and continent. The public ists of England and France, the while being rather than displeased, have looked upon the civil war in the United States as certain to result in political dismemberment. They have accustomed themselves to con sider the position of the insurrectionary States under the Constitution and laws, or, as they preferred to call it, their "subjugation," as a thing impossible. "Where in history," they asked triumphantly, "is there an instance of twelve millions of people being thus subjugated?" The fact that no nationality was ever fairly reduced or completely subjugated, and wherever repressed always ready to re-assert itself, are translated at Poland at this hour, was torn from its place of significance in history and made to apply to the rebellion, in disregard of the fact that the English civil war profited by the example of the Americans in having aged in it, and in equal disregard of the fact that the insurrection in La Vendée was put down by the sword, and the people, rather than the principles of the French Revolution, were subdued. The hazards and animosities of civil war are seldom perpetuated beyond the generation in which they have arisen.

It may be that the conductors of the disorganizing press, and the men who decide on public affairs in their legislative bodies, have refreshed their memories under the suggestions afforded by the progress of the war, and that, at this late date, they have come to think that the rebellion may be put down, but that the South may be subjugated," and furthermore, that the subjugation pertained to the very good and for evil, not at some distant day, but now, at once, and make the continent to rule under their developed and consolidated power. The Emperor of France, more than any other, not only denied but ridiculed the possibility of Federal success, now confesses its probability, and treats the rebellion as moribund. It accepts the situation, and is ready to enter into amicable relations with the North and South for the redress of mutual grievances, and discusses the possibility of a war between the restored States and Great Britain, declaring from all the circumstances the consoling conclusion that it will not be immediately undertaken, or if so, the parties will be back to the old footing of peace and resources to be successful against a strong and fresh antagonist—as though trained *athlete* were not the most formidable in the ring.

The change visible in the tone of the leading paper of England has been also adopted by the smaller provincial and colonial newspapers, which are seldom more than echoes of the great organ of the aristocracy. Two quotations will illustrate what we have said. The first is from the London *Times* itself, which, after adverting to the march of Sherman through Georgia, says:

> "The chances of the North Carolinians being able to resist him successfully are not small. It becomes more and more clear that the Confederacy, with all its real resources, though still energetic in their resistance, are exhausted of the first momentary or war-a supply of men."

The London *Herald*:

> "The time has come enough to humiliate the proud and obdurate, the weak and selfish. Since Grant established his lines around Petersburg and Lee, the war has ran strongly against the Confederacy. The South is now cut in two, and the capture of Wilmington and Fort Fisher and have sustained several severe reprisals. Lee's army is now in a state of starvation. Sherman is in undisputed possession of Savannah. Of her principal cities the Confederacy has only Richmond and Charleston left. The evacuation of Charleston is a bitter sorrow for the South, and the capture of Richmond will be a still more bitter humiliation. No real cause is now to prove that the City of Richmond can make a successful defense, and that if she would bring the war to a speedy and successful issue she must evacuate her capital, and withdraw. Recent declarations from the North show that the Government is willing to entertain the question of recognition, unaccompanied by submission, involves it yet more certainly."

The London *Army and Navy Gazette*:

> "The news by the Bina is of a character to tax the faith of those who believe that the Confederacy is not in a desperate case as to its finances. Lee's communications are turned and abandoned. Petersburg is preparing for a flight, and Richmond is the object of a siege. Gen. Thomas's military force on the West—Hood and his Confederates being quite out of the way."

Finally the Montreal *Telegraph*, the rebel organ in Canada:

> "The prospect for the South does not appear favorable. Her forces are in front of a gigantic contest, waged on both sides with the most deadly energy, while the last and only hope of success—fighting power, while the last of her army, the sufferers of the fighting population is being exhausted by the process of bleeding to death by the ranks and the desertion of her soldiers. The Confederacy is fighting for her existence with the disorganizing element in her midst. Her people are starving, her army is deserting, and her Government is paralyzed and enfeebled. If the Confederate armies are now actually wasting away from disease and desertion, and if the Confederate country power of the Confederacy and terminate the struggle. The existence of the Confederacy and the Confederate army are considered. It is to be seen that if these elements of weakness have been at work to any ultimate ruin.

"And if the dark clouds that now cover the Confederacy light may breakmay prove the dawn of bright r ays, but such a result, however, is may be together, so far as our knowledge goes, is little to be anticipated."

In France we observe the growth of the conviction that the National Government will reassert its authority at no early day over the entire South. The *Opinions Nationale*, the organ of Prince Napoleon (which, however, has always been friendly to us), observes on the latest advices from the United States:

> "The whole people will hold out in the Carolinas to the last fire to their mountains, will run into the forests, the fastnesses of the cultivated portion of the world, for they have never been subjugated, and never can be subjugated. Such a war of resistance has never been known in history, and such a war of resistance is the only one which, of course, accepted by sherman as well calculated to bring the rebellion to its last struggles. The Federals have established the plans of his enemy by the skill of his tactics and the energy of his movements. Fayetteville is now in the hands of the Federals, and Sherman's forces are pushing on to Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina. Richmond will be the last retreat of Mr. Jefferson Davis, and he will have around him the last rebel cheers will end after."

In the French Senate on the 9th of March the Marquis de Boissy conducted the Revolt of the Southern States, but strongly expressed his wish that the war between the Federals and Confederates might be carried on to the complete ruin of both belligerents, rather than the French army in Mexico should be made prisoners by the conclusion of peace. This expression of the Marquis is said to have been received with general confessions of disapprobation; but it seems to indicate that there exists in France, as well as in England, an apprehension not only of the permanent reestablishment of the Republic in this country, but of a latent feeling and purpose on their part to resent the insults which they have received from abroad, as well as to vindicate the principles professed by their fathers, and which Spain and France have so signally outraged.

A Harrison paper states that three had been imported into the so-called "Confederate States," through the ports of Wilmington and Charleston, from October 1st, 1864, to December 1st of the same year, 8,622,000 pounds of meat, 1,507,000 pounds of lead, 1,033 pounds of saltpetre, 544,000 pairs of shoes, 345,000 pairs of blankets, 320,000 pounds of coffee, 50,000 rifles, 97 packages of revolvers, 2,639 packages of medicine, 43 cannons. The shipments of cotton made by the Rebel Government from March 1, 1864, amounted to 45,226,000 in gold.

A CORRESPONDENT of a petroleum paper in Pittsburg describes the "now and then" of the Yennego petroleum region and its inhabitants. Of the latter he says:

> "Individuals that used to depend upon a few acres of very poor land for their own and a pig's support, are astonished through the winter, living high, mainly, in the enjoyment of luxuries and sensible fare, with a dwelling now in howes-stone and marble, and driving their fine horses, and the like, in fashionable style. Young persons that used to hunt rattlesnakes barefooted, and in tow-linsey and sassafras dry, with much of anything to surround—are wearing broadcloth and kid gloves, and riding in their own carriages about taverns have become proprietors of hotels where they used to get their drudges work done for a pittance and have mansions and maid servants of their own."

From the following table it will be seen that the gold premium on the currency have been as follows, 000,000 in advance of the payments of gold interest since the beginning of the current fiscal year:

Gold Interest Payments.		*Gold Premium.*	
July	$3,585,848	July	$1,881,000
August	3,585,848	August	2,205,176
September	4,064,084	September	3,110,699
October	4,064,084	October	3,000,000
November	3,403,116	November	4,052,350
December	3,403,116	December	4,000,000
January	4,218,399	January	2,440,200
February	4,218,399	February	980,420
March 1	974,199		
March 4	974,199		
March 10	966,605		
Total	$36,166,153	Total	$28,650,170

The rebel Congress, before adjourning (when to meet again, and where?), issued an "Address to the Southern People," which is a wonderful combination of bluster and fear. It may be called *Shrieky*, often pathetic, and there is not a little which may be called pointed and adjurative, as for example:

> "The crown stands ready to encircle the fair brow of our young republic. The shades of our martyred heroes hover over us and point to the glorious destiny before us; our mothers, wives and daughters to weave the immortal wreath. Will you, can you, dare you, refuse? Will you be the weapons, which the God of battles has so often placed in the hands of the despoilers of our homes, now to drop from our nerves and fall, shame and disconsolate, at the supreme crown of the enemy?

> "The hand is the weapon,
> Which the Judge of right and wrong
> Has placed in the hands of the slaves!
> The God of Devils will
> Guides the pitiful wretch, and
> Drives his glowing yet to sin.
> Wrong shuddered."

The last European steamer tells us that on sabbath last (February 26) a terrific storm of lightning and rain burst upon the streetsof that city, giving the following from the 18th Chapter of the Revelations, *apropos* of the late Rebel Congress:

> "And the kingdom was smit by Failure!
> Its fallen! for her sins have reached unto Heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities and the mountains of the earth shall weep and mourn over her, in no city shall any more be found wickedness. The chains are cast off, and silver, and precious stones, and of pearls, and fine linen, and white, and silk, and fine purple and wheat, and beasts, and sheep, and horses, and chariots, and slaves, and souls of men. And every shipmaster, and all the company in ships, and sailors, and as many as trade by sea, from a distance stood afar off, and cried, when they saw the smoke of her burning, saying, "What city is like unto this great city?"

To End, in the column of literary announcements and notices in the *Daily Press*, of the 18th ult., the following paragraph:

> "American antiquarians are looking forward with interest for a work, announced to be forthcoming from the facile pen of Hon. E. Geo. Squier, embodying the results of his archæological explorations of Peru, which country he lately visited as United States Commissioner for the settlement of disputed claims, under a recent treaty. No treaty, perhaps, was ever better fitted, by personal prejudice, for the investigations of a new and rich field for discovery than Mr. Squier. He knows exactly what to look for and how to appreciate what he finds—his preparation, in the way of artistic help, etc., is one of the most complete that has ever been made. His exploration included most of the sites famous in the early history of the country—the Lake of Titicaca, and its mythical neighbor hood, Cuzco, the ancient capital of the Incas, etc., and the results of his labors will be the records of antiquarian research, calculated to throw a flood of light upon the early history of the aboriginal races of American germ and history. Mr. Squier's acquaintance with Peru, and especially with the ancient remains gathered from personal study by men of great fame, but he is also a practiced archæologist, and a pains-taking and diligence to make authority."

In concluding the preface to his "Life of Cæsar," the British Emperor moves his object in writing the book. He says he attempted to write the life of Cæsar, it is partly for the sake of Charlemagne, the medieval Cæsar; and it is, above all, for the sake of Napoleon, whose name, he considers, stands that the work in question is laid before the world. The aim of the Imperial author is to prove that the three men raised up by God to be the Cæsar, Charlemagne and Napoleon, it is to trace out to nations the path they ought to follow—to stamp a mark on each of the great epochs which they accomplish in a few years the work of many centuries."

Very few persons have any conception of the value of oil lands which have changed ownership during the past few months. It is stated that the records of Venango county, Penn., will show in the aggregate a greater amount of business in the real estate line than is usual for a whole year. Yet notwithstanding this marvellous fact, there has hitherto existed no reliable map of this remarkable country, to show the location of its immense wealth. Most serious difficulties have arisen, and ruinous losses have occurred from this want. Individuals and companies have invested large amounts in property, supposed to be located on or near streams which gave to them their main value, but which, we have now found to be far removed therefrom. In into connection we would state that a map has been shown a work now publishing, for $12 50 per copy, by Messrs. P. W. Ryers & Co., 43 John street, entitled "The Atlas of the Oil Regions," which seems accurately and fully to meet the wants of the whole community. For accuracy and completeness it surpasses any of the kind hitherto produced in the or any other country.

The question of the assumption of the rebel debt in case of the subjugation of the South and the restoration of the Union, has been discussed in several newspapers, as if such a thing were possible. And yet perhaps more than half the rebel debt is owned abroad. The greater part of it is in the hands of Englishmen. We do not believe any of them in their senses can be found enough to go before the American people with a proposition to make good to these foreigners what they have lost by Jeff. Davis's cruel plan in murdering our brothers and destroying the Union. The day for that kind of nonsense has gone by, if it ever existed.

PROF. AGASSIZ has started on a scientific expedition to Brazil, accompanied by a select party, consisting of his wife, Dr. B. E. Cotting—the curator of the Lowell Institute of Boston—and Mr. Cabot, the liberal gentleman who is to be the artist of the expedition, and Messrs. Anthony, Seaver, Hart, St. Johns, Allen and James, as assistants. The party sailed from Boston Harbor, where, after a rest of a few weeks, the members will separate. Prof. Agassiz and his wife, Dr. and Mrs. Cotting, and Mr. Cabot will then proceed to the Amazon, passing along that river in boats to the Andes, and then crossing over to Lima. Here the aforesaid will be joined again in as yet not decided upon. The assistants have each their special department of specimens to collect, and will join Rio Janeiro separate for the purpose of searching for and procuring them.

A BOOK was published in London a few years ago in advocacy of the decimal system. Its proposition was to make everything decimal. The day, now 24 hours, was to be 10 hours; the year was to have 10 months, Umber, Dauber, etc. Fortunately there are ten commandments, or there were to be no relief whatever, no deviation from, the moral law. But the twelve apostles! From rejecting Judas, there is a whole apostate of difficulty.

A "Veteran Observer," in the New York *Times*, estimates the increase of our able-bodied men since the war began as 320,000, and the increase of taxable property as $4,000,000. He then makes us rebel, estimating the debt at $2,000,000,000, by two and a half billions than we were in 1860.

The Finance Minister of Canada, in a late speech, declared, "The Canadian Confederacy is of opinion that so long as the American war lasts we must have a force on the Frontier, in the shape of a good militia force, to support the civil authorities and fulfil the obligations we are under to act the part of good neighbors towards the United States."

A CORRESPONDENT of the *Times*, writing from the Shenandoah Valley, tells us that among the papers found at Early's baggage was a letter from Jeff Davis, in reply to a petition of the soldiers to have the war brought to a close, and the fight fought four years and accomplished. Nothing. Davis's reply was characteristic. He simply expresses the hope that it does not represent the feelings of a majority of his army.

SEC. WELLES, Assistant Sec. Fox and Major-Gen. Robert Anderson will visit Charleston for the purpose of raising the old flag on Fort Sumter, which was taken away with General, then Major,

Anderson, on his departure for New York. The flag has been sacredly preserved, and will again be thrown to the breeze on old Sumter's walls on the 12th of April, the anniversary of the capture of the fort by the rebels.

Summary of the War.

NORTH CAROLINA.

According to rebel accounts there had been an engagement between the rebels and our troops at Averysboro, and another between the two opposing armies at Bentonsville. As the rebels retreated into Raleigh, the advantage must have been with the Union forces. It was, most probably, nothing more than an affair between our advance and their rear guard, but as drowning men grasp at straws, so the Richmond papers have trumpeted these trifling encounters as victories.

A brisk engagement on last Tuesday, the 21st inst., near Mount Olive, N. C., between a portion of Gen. Sherman's army and the rebels, in which the latter were flanked and overpowered, is announced in a dispatch from Newberne. The rebels retreated in confusion towards Raleigh, and Gen. Sherman's troops pushed on after them, reaching and taking possession, it is said, of Smithfield, on the railroad from Goldsboro to Raleigh, half way between the two towns. Goldsboro was occupied by Gen. Schofield's forces on the same day, and in his dispatch stated that he had heard from Gen. Sherman's right wing in the vicinity of Mount Olive, and that firing had been heard in that direction on that day. This was no doubt from the engagement now reported from Newberne. Gens. Sherman, Schofield and Terry were within hourly communication at the date of latest accounts, and were co-operating in a vigorous pressure on Gen. Johnston's rebel forces, sweeping all before them. It was considered certain that Raleigh would soon succumb to them, which it has probably done by this time.

VIRGINIA.

Before daylight on Saturday morning, the 25th of March, three divisions of the enemy made a sudden and determined attack on Fort Steadman, in front of Petersburg, overpowering the garrison and capturing the fort, where they temporarily established themselves, and turned the guns upon our lines. Our troops on either flank maintained their ground. A determined attack on Fort Haskell was gallantly repulsed with great loss to the enemy. After several attempts to retake the hill, a charge was made by the 2d brigade, aided by the troops of the 3d division on either flank, and the rebels were driven out of the fort, with the loss of about 2,700 prisoners, and the whole line was re-occupied, with the guns uninjured. The slaughter of the enemy at the point where they entered our lines, and in front of it, is estimated by Gen. Grant at not less than 3,000. Our own loss is estimated at 800, and may prove to be less.

ALABAMA.

A New Orleans dispatch of the 18th inst. states that the movement of Gen. Canby's troops against Mobile commenced on the day previous. Portions of both the 13th and 23d corps were in motion, and two brigades had started in the direction of Bon Secours, on the eastern side of Mobile bay. As auxiliary to the operations, two brigades of national troops, under Gen. Andrews, had moved from Barrancas and occupied Pensacola, Fla.

TOWN GOSSIP.

The tremendous header taken by gold within the past week or so has perplexed the business folks, but the common people, although the necessaries of their lives are little cheaper, are sure in their hearts that this is a move in the right direction, and are confident they are beginning to feel better. United States bonds are still in great demand in Germany, a stimulus having been given them by the fall of Charleston; they ruled in Frankfort, by the last advices, at 54½, something over New York prices of the date. A momentous indication is the prediction in the London *Times*, that the capture of cotton at Savannah will exercise a distinct effect upon the exchange with England, even to the extent of reversing the tide of gold, and sweeping it into this country again.

Now we look upon gold with an eye of the deepest respect and affection; we have but little cotton personally to be dispose of; the trifle that we could spare exists as a manufactured article in the form of some cheap socks that were a failure, and are now lying exploded in a drawer; whether there is actually any more of the commodity about the place we do not know; it is a secret that lies hidden in the bosom of Mrs. We. Still we are sure that that immigration of gold is to tend somehow to our personal advantage. We gloat over it as if it was to be our own. We imitate the very appropriate behavior of Mr. Bumble the beadle, in "Oliver Twist," when he anticipated coming into the housekeeper's tea-things; and placing the gleaming bullion before our eyes on a table of the mind, we cock our official hat sideways and execute a circular solo dance, as a cross between a religious rite and an expression of private satisfaction. Now Mr. Bumble in the story got the tea-things, but he never got the satisfaction; and our business-editor has been trying to convince us that a sudden plethora and fall of gold would be an immense disadvantage in the mercantile community; we never could argue; so we merely said that it was just the disadvantage we had long unselfishly desired to labor under, and then concealed ourself from human observation in the pages of a newspaper that lay at hand.

We happened to light on the published exculpation of Vice-President Johnson.

One of the first efforts of the transparent cunning which is so engaging in childhood is the getting off an apology through the lips of a proxy. "Mick, you go up to master," says Mike, "and tell him you seen Mac make the marks in my primer." When a noble functionary, busy in tossing down glass on glass of amiable weakness in what he considers the sanctity of his closet, comes to see that the door is wide open, and that a whole nation is looking at him with abhorrence in its eyes, his best plan is to look up some friend who may go about saying that the weakness was probably whey-and-water. At such a moment, however, one's friends have an ugly way of being nowhere. One is lucky if he can discover so amiable and estimable a gentleman as Mr. Hackett, better known as Falstaff Hackett, willing to lay his huge hill of flesh between him and the merciless gibes of the public. To be sure, it is rather manlier to get up oneself, and say: "Fellow-citizens, having now proved my favorite assertion that I am a plebeian, I respectfully beg leave to retire." But a man just after debauch feels that he is not then even the ninth part of a man, and that it is no moment for manliness. So he causes to be published the well-meant letter of his friend, trusting that the skilful hand which formerly elicited Shakespearean criticisms from Mr. Lincoln, will now be able to extract the tear of sentiment from a mocking public, and cowers miserably in his thorny seat of state till he shall learn the result.

The result is instantaneous and final—a very full discussion of Mr. Hackett's good taste, and nothing more.

A man in Nassau street reports that he will shortly issue an American edition of the "*Vie de César*." What a grand purchase is given for elevating the public, when you have a throne for a fulcrum. Everybody must have an opinion of the last romance by the Great Known. A couple of years since, Mr. Kinglake thought he made a hit by pointing to Louis Napoleon in his robes, and saying quietly, "a literary man." Napoleon, they say, heard these words and the rest of the vituperation, and merely said, grandly: "*C'est ignoble.*" Now he shifts the repartee by accepting the situation in all its perils—and writing a book; a book for his courtiers to kiss, for Victor Hugo to scorch up, for the German critics to analyse in the coldest blood, for the English critics to rend with clumsy hate, and for true-born Americans to read with mournful disapproval.

For the book will be one long defence of autocracy. The spirit in which it is composed reveals itself to us in the preface, which, as an *avant courrier*, flies before. Hero worship is represented as the proper attitude of the public mind, and the hero is the man who proves himself strong enough to control it. That Napoleon is a genius, few are silly enough to deny; and it is a real misfortune when genius lends its force to an important and elaborate defence of an exploded idea. The control of a strong mind is certainly far better than anarchy, but no theory is more mischievous than the imperial author's implied one, that ability is its own excuse for tyrannizing. His heroes, Charlemagne, Cæsar and Napoleon were certainly not without their measure of pagan grandeur; but Washington, who is not in the royal biographer's mind at all, understood a truer greatness when he lived and ruled and died for his noble doctrine of the equal chance to all.

Meantime the air is sweet with rumors of peace, and it seems as if these fine rude winds of March, that are blowing the violets awake, were bursting with news of the good time coming. We know that the winds of another March will sweep over the length and breadth of a re-united and hopeful land, and that nature in her kindly way will already then have begun to cover with springing flowers the soldier's grave, the ruined fort, and even, as soon as it shall have settled, that fluctuating and evasive indentation, the last ditch.

The city, which has listened for a century of evenings to the magical impersonation of "Hamlet" by Edwin Booth, was reluctantly compelled to forego the entertainment, which had become a luxurious habit, in order to make way for a previous business engagement. "Hamlet" was withdrawn at the very summit of its pecuniary and popular success; as the actor showed no sign of weariness and monotony in his play, so the people were eager to show that they could never tire. On the concluding representation the attendance took the air of an ovation; the house was very large, and after calling the tragedian many times before the curtain, the audience presented him finally with a laurel, which he denied them the pleasure of seeing upon his Shakespearean forehead. A few rapid words of thanks, and one of Mr. Booth's modest bows, and the inky cloak of Hamlet finally left the stage; we fear it will be long before it falls on Mr. Booth's equal, but hope it will for many years continue to embrace its present wearer in its statuesque folds. The present entertainment at the Winter Garden is a spirited military drama from the clever pen of Mr. Fisk, called "Corporal Cartouche," with Mr. Placide in the title part.

At Wallack's there is a rapid succession of comedies and the melodrama, supported by the efficient stock company.

Mr. Wheatley has effected an engagement with Lucille Western, the popular sensation actress, whose performance in "East Lynne" is so constantly applauded. We have not seen her.

"The Streets of New York," though of a goodly length, were never known to be so nearly interminable as they have proved on the stage of the Olympic. At last they show some signs of giving the wall to other attractions, and the actors are taking their leave in a succession of benefits.

We hear fabulous stories of the beauty and accomplishments of Mrs. Edward Smith, a lady elocutionist, whose entertainment, elocutional, instrumental and vocal, is to come off at Dodworth's on the 5th of April.

Miss Stella Bonheur, a young vocalist of great promise, will be tendered a complimentary concert at Irving Hall, on the evening of April 15th, under the patronage of some of our very best citizens.

Gottschalk is come again, and thrice as fair! Ah, what a charm rests in that swift white hand! "Let us put on our bonnets and go," as Julie Dodd advises the gentlemen, for Gottschalk has cruelly determined to leave us for foreign parts, and these are our last chances, we fear, for many and many a long month, of laying our ears to those delicious sounds.

NEW BOOKS, &c.

Messrs. Ticknor and Fields have recently issued two books of an unusually interesting character. The "Cape Cod," of H. D. Thoreau, a wonderful bit of prerapheelite study from nature; and Emerson's original and suggestive "Poems," bound in blue and gold, with a lifelike portrait of the Concord philosopher.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A gentleman named Burr has been fined $20 for calling another gentleman, named Atkins, a copperhead and a traitor.

— A letter from Beaufort, dated 19th March, says the wharves along Cape Fear river, from Wilmington to Fayetteville, are literally piled with captured cotton, turpentine, pitch and rosin, awaiting transportation to the seacoast. The value of this captured property is estimated at millions.

— Not long since a married couple, in Farmington, Van Buren county, Iowa, early one morning, found a cow and a calf in their lot; the cow had a collar on with a note attached, requesting that she should be taken care of till called for. Some nights afterwards a basket was found at their door containing an infant, about a week old, and a note saying the baby was the owner of the cow!

— The Philadelphia coal-dealers are delivering coal to consumers in square iron boxes, holding 75 pounds, which are emptied into the cellars without dirt or confusion.

— The maple sugar crop in Vermont last year was worth $2,250,000, and the farmers are determined to make it worth a good deal more this year.

— A Nevada paper describes a curious scene in a theatre in Virginia City, in February, where the performances of two actresses were so well liked that the audience rattled down upon the stage a shower of gold and silver pieces. The actresses picked up $147 from the boards. Even the male performers were not slighted. They picked up halves and quarters to the amount of from $3 to $5 each, to say nothing of jack-knives, pocketcombs and toothpicks. The young ladies were so often forced to return to gather the silver showers that they appeared several times on the point of giving it up. One of them, having finished gathering a bountiful harvest of halves, was making a hasty retreat from the stage, when there suddenly fell about her such a glittering and overwhelming shower of silver that in despair she sat down and covered her face with her hands. The pockets of another gave out, and a torrent of silver rolled about the floor in every direction. All this was, of course, fun for the audience, though the young ladies found it quite as profitable as funny.

— If the expectations of Kentucky's six or seven hundred oil companies are just, the State must be fuller of oil than ever a sperm whale was. At any rate, the companies mean to try her, says the Louisville *Journal*.

— There have been more than 50 serious railway accidents in the country since the year opened. In the last week of February there were 10, and since the 1st of January more than 60 people have been killed, and nearly 500 wounded.

— Speaking of the antiquity of the topic, "the weather," and the remoteness of time when people wrote about it, the *Picayune* says: "When the dove, the original news carrier, fetched into the ark the first number of the Ararat Olive Branch, the very first item of news upon which the eye of Noah fell was a weather paragraph, notifying him and his family that the 40 days' storm was over, and that they could once more venture out of doors."

— In 1626, Manhattan Island was bought by Hendrik Hudson for $24.

— All the cotton captured in Savannah is now on shipboard, and it amounts to 38,076 bales—several thousands more than the highest estimates when Savannah fell into the hands of Gen. Sherman.

— The mania for collecting relics at Charleston and sending them North seems to be on the increase. Wendell Phillips has the bell once attached to the slave market, and Gen. Butler the doorplate of Mr. Richard Yeadon, who, it will be remembered, once offered $10,000 for the General's head.

— Several of our exchanges state that butter, for which 50 cents was refused, has been sold at Montpelier, Vt., for 25 cents per pound, and that the prospect is that the price will be still lower.

— There are now 913 National Banks in the country. Many State institutions are constantly making applications to be included among the number.

— The army and navy are opening subscriptions in Charleston for the benefit of the sufferers by the fire in Columbia. Among the contributions acknowledged is one of $143 from the officers and crew of the monitor Catskill.

Southern.—Ex-Gov. Aiken, of South Carolina, one of the wealthiest and few loyal men of the State, has recently presented each of his 750 slaves with their freedom and a farm.

— Rebel refugees are arriving in Philadelphia so rapidly at present that a public meeting has been called to provide for them.

— At a recent meeting held by the citizens of Wilmington the Rev. Mr. Hepburn said: "The Confederacy was founded on the principle of State rights; and the rights of the States were at the very first trampled under foot. Then we had a conscript law; it was denounced by some of the leading men of our States as unconstitutional, and as what ought never to be in a free country; but the law was passed, as sweeping, ruthless and cruel a system of conscription as ever disgraced the legislation of any country. Every year added to its injustice and severity, until at last Mr. Davis demanded all exemptions should be revoked, and that in his hands should be lodged the whole power of deciding whether a man should serve the Confederacy at home or in the field. He was to detail men to practise medicine, preach the Gospel, edit newspapers, make laws, etc. What a claim was that to be put forth in this once free country! Then we had most oppressive taxes—'the last doit wrung from the clutched hand of poverty'—and owing to some mysterious blunder or fraud, that tax must be doubled. Had we remained much longer in their power, there are many here who would have had to sell everything to pay their taxes. I need not dwell on the repudiation of the currency, the suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus*, the legalized robbery called impressment, the want of good faith in their dealings with our citizens, the secret sessions of Congress, etc., etc. To close the catalogue of their follies and crimes, we see that slavery, which was declared by Mr. Stephens the corner-stone of the Confederacy, will soon be completely destroyed by them. I say, then, what claims has a Government, which has thus forsaken all the principles upon which it was founded, and which has been guilty of so prolonged and systematic injustice and oppression, upon any man for confidence and support? Truly do these resolutions declare that the war is now waged for the sake of a Government which has forfeited all claims to our confidence and affection."

— One of the committee of citizens of Charleston, charged with the distribution of the rice, asked that an order should be issued requiring the colored people to meet at specified places on one day and the whites on the day succeeding. Col. Woolford replied: "Sir, when a man approaches me with the shield of loyalty before him, he seems so bright that I cannot see that he is black; and when he comes with the shield of disloyalty, he looks so black that I cannot see that he is white!" He went on to say that he did not intend to use the words white or black in any official order.

— The Louisville (Ky.) *Journal*, heretofore committed to the "Border State policy" as regards slavery, now takes up a new and more advanced position. It says: "Now that the Southern Congress has voted to put 200,000 slaves in their army, and Mr. Hunter, the ablest rebel Senator, when voting for the measure under instructions from the Virginia Legislature, has declared that slavery and the Confederacy were ruined, let no man here be afraid to declare and to vote that the time has come to end for ever the slavery agitation in this Government, and to accept, at the earliest possible moment, that new system of labor and industry to which we all know and admit we must come at last."

— The following from a correspondent of the New York *Evening Post*, at Columbia, S. C., while Sherman was there, adds another to the interesting chain of incidents, which prove that the negroes fully appreciate the issues involved in the movements of the national army: "The skirmishers who had first entered Columbia gathered in groups and lustily cheered their much-loved chief, the chorus was taken up by the negroes who lined the sidewalk and followed the column, and the stranger looker-on would have believed that this was the triumphal return to his house of some favorite hero, rather than the conqueror who had struck another blow at the heart of a people who hate him and his with the hatred of incarnate devils. The negroes shouted and danced along the way, clapping their hands with exclamations of unbounded joy. 'Tank de Almighty God, Mr. Sherman has come at last. We knew it, we prayed for de day, and de Lord Jesus heard our prayers. Mr. Sherman has come wid his company.' One fat old woman said to him, while shaking him by the hand, which he always gladly gives to these poor people: 'I prayed dis long time for yer, and de blessing ob de Lord is on yer. But yesterday afternoon, when yer stopped trowing de shells into de town, and de soldiers run away from de hill ober dar, I tout dat General Burygar had driven you away, for dey said so; but here yer am dun gone. Bress de Lord, yer will hab a place in heaben; yer will go dar, sure.'"

Military.—Thirteen of Gen. Sheridan's men, with 17 rebel flags, appeared at the War Department, March 21st, and were welcomed and thanked in the name of the President and people of the United States. The flags were captured during Gen. Sheridan's recent raid.

— The State authorities of North Carolina are reported as having repeatedly remonstrated with the Richmond Government on its inhuman treatment of prisoners of war.

— The President has ordered that on the 13th of April, the fourth anniversary of the fall of Sumter, Major-Gen. Anderson shall raise the national emblem on that fortification.

— The Provost-Marshals in this city inform us that the draft may at any moment be renewed should there be a falling off in recruiting.

— No more passes are issued to civilians to visit the Army of the Potomac, but surgeons and hospital stores are being forwarded in abundance.

— It was stated in debate in the North Carolina Legislature a few weeks since, that the entire effective force of the Confederacy comprised only 121,000 men.

— Gen. Thomas in his report of operations from Sept. 7, 1864, to Jan. 20, 1865, states that 13,189 prisoners were captured from the enemy and 72 pieces of serviceable artillery, and over 2,000 deserters received. Our own loss did not succeed 10,000 in all during the same period.

Naval.—The Navy Department has intelligence of the result of the expedition to St. Marks, Florida. The vessels could not reach the forts, and the troops did not prosecute their proposed march inland. As we have now possession of the mouth of the river, however, the object of the expedition may be said to have been gained.

Personal.—Gen. Shields, who has been for some months at Sinaloa, was arrested at Mazatlan recently by the French authorities, as a spy or suspicious personage, but by the intercession of Mr. Barrow, of Tepic, who visited Mazatlan for the purpose, he was liberated.

— Before Vice-President Johnson left his home for Washington, the colored people of Nashville waited upon him at his home, and in behalf of themselves and friends, presented him with a fine gold watch worth $350, for "his untiring energy in the cause of freedom."

— The *Evening Post* says that Clarke Mills, the author of those wonderful bronzes that beautify Washington, who in 1861 proposed to the Governor of South Carolina to make cannon to fight the United States with, is now in Washington, occupying a room in the Capitol for a studio, and engaged on the bust of a Massachusetts General.

— R. M. T. Hunter, late President of the rebel Senate, publishes a card in the Richmond papers, declaring his opposition to "a reconstruction of the old Union."

— M. de Montholon, now Minister to Mexico, and so well known in New York as Consul for France to this city, has been appointed French Minister at Washington.

Obituary.—George Constantine Collins, an eminent lawyer of Philadelphia, died in that city on the 21st of March.

— Augustus Henry Fiske, a popular lawyer of Boston, died there on the 21st of March.

— The Duke de Morny, half-brother to Louis Napoleon, and the illegitimate son of Queen Hortense and one of her chamberlains, died in Paris on the 10th of March, aged 51. He was a man of singular and varied endowments, and was undoubtedly more trusted by the Emperor than any of his counsellors. He has died immensely wealthy. In him the Southern rebels have lost their most influential friend.

— On Sunday morning, the 19th of March, at his house in Brooklyn, died John McLenan, one of our most prominent artists. He was a native of Cincinnati, and came to New York, the metropolis of American literature, in 1851, where he became connected with the *Lantern*, and where he made some of his earliest sketches. Since then he has illustrated books, papers, etc. His last designs were for *Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun*, to which and *Leslie's Lady's Magazine* he frequently contributed. He was remarkable for a racy style and artistic power. The most finished of his sketches are his illustrations to Collins's "Woman in White," and "No Name." His merit as a man may be summed up in a sentence—he was never known to have a quarrel or an enemy, and was what he looked, a frank, fearless, kind-hearted man. He leaves a wife and three children totally unprovided for. He was in his 40th year.

Accidents and Offences.—On Monday, some adroit thief, in a mysterious manner, abstracted $69,000 worth of bonds from the private office of the National Bank at the corner of Broadway and Pearl. A reward of $10,000 was offered, and the bonds were as mysteriously recovered, having been found secreted in a house at the upper end of the city.

— A fire broke out in the mixing-room of the Hazard Powder Company's mills near Hazardville, Conn., on the 20th inst., which speedily communicated to an adjacent storehouse in which were about two tons of powder of a wrong size. A fearful explosion resulted, but fortunately no lives were lost, the employés having had time to escape.

— Two men named E. W. Pratt and R. Green, just arrived at this port from Nassau, were arrested on the 17th, on the charge of being officers of the rebel steamer that furnished the French ram Stonewall with her armament. It is not yet known what disposition will be made of them.

— A wagon loaded with powder, belonging to the Barre Powder Mills, while passing through Wilbraham, Mass., on the 20th of March, was blown up, the teamster and horses being instantly killed.

Art, Science and Literature.—The importance of writing rapidly a plain hand is too well appreciated to need any advocacy. One of the very best we have seen is the Babbittonian self-teaching penmanship, which requires no master, but merely a proper attention to the rules. All who wish to improve their caligraphy should devote an hour to the inspection of the Babbittonian system.

— The Indian Telegraph is in working order between Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay, and London. Messages are now being constantly received between England and her Indian possessions in the course of a day or 36 hours. The great delay is on the land. The submarine cable is working splendidly.

Foreign.—Palmerston recently said that the real cause of the present state of Ireland was want of capital—in other words, the poverty of her inhabitants.

— Maximilian, on the 26th ult., published a decree for the protection of the Roman Catholic religion as a State institution; other religions are freely tolerated if they do not contravene morality, civilization and good habits. The establishment of a new religion will, however, require the authorization of the Government. The Council of State shall be informed of any abuses committed by the local authorities against the exercise of other religions, and against the liberties which the laws guarantee to their ministers.

— Among the prisoners taken at Oaxaca were several deserters from the French army. It was said that, in consequence of the fall of Oaxaca, the Juarist Generals, Echeagaray and Jules Garcia, have both given in their submission to the Empire. A treaty with Guatemala is published at Vera Cruz. A Special Inspector of Finances has come from France to arrange accounts with Mexico. The French steam war frigate Rhin and several other French vessels have been lost in a storm off Mazatlan.

— The Imperial Government in Mexico is hostile to the United States Government, it having imprisoned a man, named Valders, for speaking favorably of the Northern cause and predicting the speedy fall of the rebellion. It has also ordered the U. S. Consul at Matamoras to strike his flag and return to Washington.

— The winter in Europe has been very severe—in Scotland there had been no weather so cold for 30 years.

— Lord Palmerston said that England disapproved of the "principles" on which the war on the Plate river was conductor, but she would not interfere if British interests were respected. Portugal was seeking to re-establish friendly relations between England and Brazil.

— An English naval officer, accused of having aided the privateer Rappahannock, was placed on half pay, as "unworthy of the Queen's confidence" in active service.

— The rebel privateer Shenandoah had reached Melbourne, Australia; she reported having burned 11 ships during her voyage from the Cape of Good Hope.

— The *Opinion Nationale* of Paris (Prince Napoleon's organ) eulogizes Gen. Sherman's operations and tactics in the highest terms, and accuses the rebels of having fired Charleston. It adds: "They have never been anything but rebels against a just Government," having for their watchword "slaves and slavery."



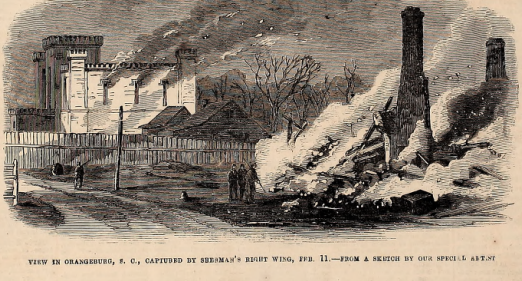
SHERMAN'S 17TH CORPS CROSSING THE SOUTH EDISTO RIVER, S. C., ON PONTOONS, AT BENNAKER'S BRIDGE, FEB. 9.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 4.

THE CAVE OF EIGG.

ONE of Mr. Hugh Miller's posthumous works contains a graphic description of the Hebridean Islands. Amongst other remarkable spots, Mr. Miller visited and explored the cave in Eigg, where the inhabitants were all smoked to death by the M'Leods of Skye. The terrible tragedy is related by Sir Walter Scott, in the "Tales of a Grandfather." The M'Leods, after scouring the island, had failed to discover any inhabitants, and were on the point of re-embarking, when a solitary man was seen on the hills. He was traced by his footprints, on newly fallen snow, to the cave, which was the hiding-place of the M'Donalds. Mr. Miller says:

"We struck a light, and worming ourselves through the narrow entrance, gained the interior—a true rock gallery—vastly more roomy and lofty than one could have anticipated from the mean vestibule placed in front of it. Its extreme length we found to be 200 feet; its extreme breadth 27 feet; its height where the roof rises highest, from 18 to 20 feet. Never yet was tragedy enacted on a gloomier theatre. An uncertain twilight glimmers grey at the entrance, from the narrow vestibule; but all within, for full 200 feet, is black as with Egyptian darkness. As we passed onward with our one light along the dark mouldering walls and roof which absorbed every straggling ray that reached them, and over the dingy floor sopsy and damp, the place called to recollection that hall in Roman story, hung and carpeted with black, into which Domitian once shut his senate in a frolic, to read their names on the coffin-like placed against the wall. The darkness seemed to press upon us from every side, as if it were a dense jetty fluid, out of which our light had scooped a pallid or two, and that was rushing in to supply the void; and the only objects we saw distinctly visible were each other's heads and faces, and the lighter parts of our dress. The floor, for about the feet length from the narrow vestibule, resembled that of a charnel-house. At almost every step we came upon heaps of human bones, gleaming together, as the latter are graphically described, as when one cuts teth and clave th wood upon the earth.

"They are of a brownish, earthy hue, here and there tinged with green: the skulls, with the exception of a few broken fragments, have disappeared—for travelers in the Hebrides have of late years been numerous and curious—and many a museum, that at Abbotsford among the rest, exhibits, in a grinning skull, its memorial of the massacre at Eigg. We find, too, further marks of visitors in the single bones separated from the heaps and scattered over the area; but enough still remains to show, in the general disposition of the remains, that the hapless islanders died under the walls in families, each little group separated by a few feet from the other. Here and there the remains of the detached skeleton may be seen, as if some robust islander, restless in his agony, he crawled out into the middle space ere he fell; but the social arrangement is the general one. And beneath every bone we find, at the depth, as has been said, of a few inches, the fine dust and straw bed upon which the fiercely bad men reposed with the smaller bones of the human frame, ribs and vertebræ, and hand and foot bones; occasionally, too, with fragments of unglazed pottery, and various other implements of a rude household economy. The minister found for me under one family heap the pieces of a half-burned, unglazed earthen jar, with a narrow mouth, that like the sepulchral urns of our ancient tumuli, had been moulded by the hand without the assistance of the potter's wheel; and to one of the fragments there stuck a minute pellet of gray hair. From under another heap he disinterred the handle-stave of a child's wooden porringer (licker), perforated by a hole still bearing the mark of the cord that had hung it by the wall; and beside the stave lay a few of the larger and less destructible bones of the child, with what for a time puzzled us both, not a little—one of the grinders of a horse. Certain it was, no horse could have got there to have dropped a tooth; a foal of a week old could not have pressed itself through the opening, and how the single grinder, evidently no recent introduction into the cave, could have got mixed up in the same with human bones seemed an enigma somewhat of the class to which the reel in the bottle belongs. I found in Edinburgh an unexpected commentator on the mystery, in the person of my little boy, an experimental philosopher in his second year. I had spread out on the floor the curiosities of Eigg, among the rest the relics of the cave, including the pieces of earthen jar and the fragment of the porringer, but the horse's tooth seemed to be the only real curiosity among them in the eyes of little Bill. He laid instant hold of it, and appropriating it as a toy, continued playing with it, till he fell asleep. I had now little doubt that it was first brought into the cave by the poor child amid whose mouldering remains Mr. Swanson found it. The little pellet of gray hair spoke a feeble old age involved in the wholesale massacre with the vigorous manhood of the island; and here was a story of unsuspecting innocence amusing itself on the eve of destruction with its toys."



VIEW IN ORANGEBURG, S. C., CAPTURED BY SHERMAN'S RIGHT WING, FEB. 11.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



ORANGEBURG COURTHOUSE, S. C.—SKETCHED FEB. 13 BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

"AXE-GRINDING" is a term borrowed from one of the stories told by Benjamin Franklin. A little boy going to school was accosted by a man carrying an axe. The man calls the boy all kinds of pretty and endearing names, and induces him to enter a yard where there is a grindstone. "Now, my pretty little fellow," says he with the axe, "only turn that handle and you'll see something very pretty." The boy turns and turns, and the man holds the axe to the stone and pours water over it until the axe is ground. Straightaway he turns with strident voice and fierce gesture on the boy: "You abandoned little miscreant," he cries, "what do you mean by playing truant from school? You deserve a good thrashing. Get you gone, this instant!" "And after this," adds Franklin, "when any one flatters me I always think he has an axe to grind."



APPEARANCE OF THE PRISON PEN AT COLUMBIA, S. C., ON THE ARRIVAL OF SHERMAN'S ARMY.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 43.

THE OLIVE BRANCH AND THE SWORD.

BY MARK VALE.

I.

Pure was the Temple, pure and good,
From cobid base to tapering spire,
Within a sacred altar sloed,
And on it burned a sacred fire.



II.

Alone it stood, in awful night,
And solemn grandeur, stern and still—
An Ark of Refuge for the Right,
The Temple of the People's Will.

III.

Green fields around it stretched afar
Beneath a sky for ever bright,
With lustre shed from Freedom's star,
To bless the day and cheer the night.

IV.

And many a home those fields within
Arose, and many a house of prayer,
And all was peace, save when the din
Of busy labor smote the air.

V.

But ever in the rose's heart
There lurks the secret of decay;
And Nature owns a vile part,
Prone to deceive and to betray.

VI.

Thus treason, vilest spawn of time,
Corrupts the good and blights the fair,
And curses oft the happiest clime
With discord, anguish and despair.

VII.

So did it in the happy land
Wherein the sacred Temple rose,
Opposing many a friendly hand,
And making even brethren foes.

VIII.

So did it, to its damning shame,
This monstrous birth of serpent hate,
With fire and sword the traitors came,
And thundered at the Temple gate.

IX.

Then rose the champion of the truth—
Patriot—to face the rebel horde;
Girt on his own immortal youth,
And answered back with fire and sword.

X.

Till, scattered wide, on every hand,
The hosts of treason shrunk away,
Or helpless, in a blighted land,
In sullen fury stood at bay.

XI.

But still burned on the quenchless fire
Where Freedom's children knelt to pray,
While from the Temple's lofty spire
There went a voice, which seemed to say:

XII.

"O brethren, set the truth you learn,
Accept the holy branch of Peace,
Back to your country's altar turn,
And let this dreadful carnage cease!"



BROTHER AND SISTER.

The Lover's Decision.

BY LUCY A. RANDALL.

AMY THORPE was one of the prettiest little matrons that ever wore a white muslin apron, with pockets ruffled round with cherry ribbon, and carried a business-like bunch of housekeeping keys depending from her trim little waist. Yet she was not so very young; twenty-two summers



MOTHER AND BABE.

had left their blue light in her bright eyes, and thrown the shadow of their June roses on her velvet cheek, and she liked to put on small matronly airs, and even hinted obscurely at the propriety of wearing caps. But for all that, when you saw her with her baby in her lap, you couldn't help thinking of a pretty child with its first wax doll!

The pink chintz curtains of her morning-room were scarcely rosier than her cheeks, as she sat there in the golden daylight of the May sunshine, stitching industriously at an infinitesimal bit of cambric ruffling, with the "doll" asleep in a dainty rosewood cradle at her side. It was a very pretty room, with a carpet that looked like brown forest mosses, and windows full of scarlet verbenas and fragrant-leaved geraniums, while the gilded cupids that held up the clock on the mantel were half-hidden in vases of freshly cut roses and sweet English violets. And the open piano, and the half-read books, and the workbasket on the table—what a homelike look they all gave that snug morning-room where little Mrs. Amy idled and played with her baby, and made believe to be portentously industrious with such ostentatious grace that you were deceived in spite of yourself.

Just opposite, with the white shawl drooping off one shoulder, and her gloved hand resting lightly on the piano, stood a tall, slender girl of seventeen, with shy brown eyes half veiled with their pearly lids, pale brown braids of hair, and a complexion pink and white, like freshly opened apple blossoms.

"Don't run away yet, Ettie!" said AMY, coax-

fairly, as her guest turned towards the door, and began to arrange the soft folds of the truant shawl.

"I must go," said Ettie Vere. "I only came in for half a minute, on my way down town to see the baby, and kiss the baby's mamma."

"He's as well as possible," said Amy, looking complacently at the tiny inhabitant of the cradle, whose sturdy face against the pillow looked like a magnificent rosebud, "and I do believe he's the prettiest baby that ever lived!"

Miss Vere, only pausing to press her lips to the cerulean cheek of the dimpled little slumberer, disappeared at one door just as Charles Thorpe, proprietor of both mamma and baby, entered at the other, in company with a straight, handsome young fellow, curly-haired and hazel-eyed, whose strong resemblance to Mrs. Amy Halchford at once struck the wash her brother.

"Dick, you're just too late, you lazy fellow," said Miss Thorpe, her bright eyes dancing with mischief. "Ettie Vere has this minute walked out of the room—think of that. You didn't think and I took you 'painfully conscious,' for it's entirely useless."

"Dick is finishing—I'm quite another secret," interposed the husband of the latter, a little maliciously. "He has come in this morning to tell you that his mind is effectually made up on the subject of matrimony."

Amy jumped up and stood on tiptoe to kiss her brother, while her eyes beamed bright congratulations.

"Oh, Dick, I'm so glad!" she chirped, dancing on and down on the toes of the tiniest pair of boots imaginable. "I could kiss you for making such a dear little wife to take care of you, and—"

"My dear, my dear, how often have I warned you against that impulsive habit you have of taking everything for granted," said Charles Thorpe, raising his finger impressively. "Just hear me out, if you please. He is determined to propose to—"

"Well, I knew it—you told me so!" interrupted Amy. "It will be so nice—and I know the sweetest wedding present!"

"Not a bit, Amy," said her husband, whose wet blanket of practical common sense too often extinguished the sparkling fires of his wife's enthusiasm. "He proposes, I was about to say, to Miss Clara Denton."

"Clara Denton!" ejaculated Amy, the dimples vanishing from her cheek, and leaving only blank amazement, "Clara Denton—a mere ball-room coquette!"

"Amy," said Richard Fairlie, with grave, calm dignity, "remember that you are speaking of the lady who is to be my wife—always supposing that she shall see fit to say yes as to accepting me."

Amy sat down, biting her cherry lip, and wishing very hard to keep back the tears that glittered under her long lashes.

"Forgive me, Richard," she said, with a trembling voice, "I only meant—"

"Don't look so vexed, Dick," said the little woman, with sudden penitence. "What can't be cured must be endured—and if you are determined to propose to her, why I suppose I must try my best to be a good little sister-in-law."

"Thank you, darling," said Richard, caressing her dimpled chin with his manly hand. "And now I must go upstairs to my cigar, since you won't allow smoking in this boudoir of yours."

Whereupon the elder of the blood behind Richard Fairlie, Amy exclaimed sagely:

"Charles, do you think he's really in earnest?"

"I am afraid so," said Thorpe, with a slight sadness. "And what is more, I am afraid he will discover his mistake too late. She has contrived to wind all its tentacles him completely."

"The maneuvering, heartless coquette!" ejaculated Amy, setting her teeth energetically together, as if half to smother a sweet and good as Ettie Vere. And, Charles?"

"Well."

"Shall I tell you a great secret I've discovered?"

"Yes."

"I don't believe she cares half so much about him as Ettie does."

"Has Ettie said anything?"

"Not a word," said Amy, indignantly. "Do you suppose a woman talks of such things? No—she confides to our bosoms her thoughts, but she can't tell them in words. I've been in love myself, poor little!"

"That's plain," said Thorpe, shrugging his shoulders, and I sometimes think Clara Denton gains a fellow to low, calling out death or matrimony besides the charms. She still not listen to reason, on account of mamma's."

Amy sat in perfect silence, twisting the cherry ribbon of her apron round and round her slender fingers, and thinking, though, while her husband imbibed the morning paper and began to glance hastily through the columns. At length she sprang up.

"Charley, I wish you would order the carriage round in half an hour. I want to go out shopping."

Mr. Thorpe raised his eyebrows deprecatingly.

"I know my purse isn't unlimited, dear."

"No—I shall coax Dick to go with me."

A sudden light, a pretty head bowed thinly through the clouds of those specks that clothed round the precincts of Mr. Fairlie's sanctum above stairs, and a soft, wheedling voice fell on his ear:

"Dick, dear!"

"Hello!"

"Are you very busy?"

"Not particularly." Mr. Dick was staring out of the window with his head considerably higher than his head. "Why?"

"I wish you would go out with me this morning."

"Possession—eh, sir! Whose? Thorpe's!"

"Oh, but I want you, Dick. We'll go round by that picture store and select those engravings, and then we'll see about those rare old books for Charlie's birthday, and afterwards we can stop and look at that merchaeum you're so enthusiastic about, and then we can take a turn in the Park, after I have stopped at Madame Lurigne's one minute."

My little Amy! The mission was slipped edgewise in, amid a multitude of tempting plans, just as a bitter pill or medicine is buried under some nice piece of currant jelly! The allusion to the merchaeum turned the wavering scale in Dick Fairlie's mind, and he yielded.

"Well, if I must, I must," he admitted. "But only—"

Amy did not stay to hear the conclusion of the sentence, but ran away to put on her things—a process, as our lady readers are well aware, which is not always accomplished.

"Now," said Mr. Richard, as he leaned back in the carriage, opposite the white lace hat and cashmere shawl of his pretty sister, "I want you to understand that this is a case of regular victimizing, young lady."

"No—only a very gentle preparation for the discipline you will undergo after you are married, Dick," said Amy, roguishly. "Come, I want to stop here."

"Why, I thought we were going to look at the merchaeum?"

"So we are, but you know I must go into Madame Lurigne's first."

Dick contorted his visage ruefully.

"I hate to go there."

"Of course you must," said Amy, decisively.

Dick chewed—a spotless although unpressing cigar—for a few minutes in silence, contemplating her parasol ruinously from side to side, and leaned listlessly against the table in Madame Lurigne's showy parlors, while shrinking, sidelong glances at him. What was it to him whether Amy decided to have ruffings or bouquets on the skirts of her dress, or to wear a mushroom or a plush? Bah, bosh, however, he turned round—a familiar name had struck upon his ear.

"Miss Denton left it here to be made up," said Madame Lurigne, walking over a glittering fabric of costly silk, whose white folds blended into rosy crimson when the light struck across them. "A rich thing, I assure you, and she is rich, too, I've heard. And do let me show you the lace for the trimmings—real point. It was two hundred dollars at least."

"Rather expensive, I should think," remarked the lady who was inspecting it.

Madame Lurigne waved her hand lightly.

"Miss Denton never cares for expense," said she. "I am making her a mantle silk for Miss Grey's wedding—a white brocade, with clusters of pearls—it will not cost less than three hundred when it is complete, with coiffure to match. Miss Denton is very rich indeed, and she never wears a costume under seventy-five dollars!"

"I should hardly suppose Judge Denton's income would warrant such lavish expenditure on his daughter's part," remarked the lady, severely.

"Oh, but you see, she is one of Clara Denton?" said an elegantly dressed matron, an acquaintance of Mrs. Thorpe's, who was lounging on a sofa near the window by Dick. "She can by any possibility avoid it. Here's Madame Lurigne now; has she paid your bills, madame? Never mind, I know, bless us—such fellows!"

Madame Lurigne shrugged her shoulders.

"Why, really, it is some time since the little account has been balanced; but, of course, I know that makes no difference to me. She will marry rich, and I take very good care not to send in my bills to the judge! Last bill—last year, but I go my farther—that she expects soon to be engaged to a gentleman of wealth, and then there will be no further pecuniary embarrassment."

Madame Lurigne drooped the silk, and glided gracefully down the long room towards Mrs. Thorpe, who was looking over a table where French bonnets were arrayed in tempting luxuriance of lace and tulle, and flowers that looked as if they had come to rival their keepsake of the wood and valley.

"This is the very bonnet for Madame Thorpe," she added, in a high, shrill tone that Dick caught distinctly. "Only see those white jonquils, and the heart-shaped bronze lace that looks like frostwork among the delicate leaves. And the price is but forty-five paltry dollars!"

"I shall not buy anything so expensive," said Mrs. Thorpe, clapping her portemonnaie decidedly.

"Expensive! Does Madame Thorpe call that expensive?" Why, Miss Denton has just ordered an opera hat that was sixty dollars!"

Dick Fairlie dropped the parasol with a crash, and kicked it lightly to herself.

"Possibly—but I do not regulate my scale of expenditures by that of Miss Denton. I don't think I will buy the bonnet to-day."

"Come, Richard, I am through at last," she said, a moment afterwards.

But she had to repeat it, and finally to touch him on the arm ere she was able to rouse him from the absorbed reverie into which he had fallen.

"My parasol, Dick!"

Dick made a blind dive at one of the handles, and got himself hopelessly entangled in several yards of illusion.

"Eh—what? Where's—"

Amy came to his rescue, with a comic arch of her eyebrows, and carried him off in a state of unconcernable bewilderment.

"Of course he hasn't the least idea of what he's about, poor fellow!" she pondered, arranging her shawl in the carriage. "That was a splendid idea of mine, going to see that dress of Clara's. I knew it would go the rounds of the establishment, and I was pretty certain there were ladies enough present to ventilate the matter sufficiently. I couldn't have selected a more favorable opportunity than this for the discovery!"

The drive home was unsocial enough. Dick Fairlie was in a brown study all the way, and Mrs. Thorpe was wise enough to leave him to his own reflections. And when they had reached home he only remained long enough to see his sister safely established in the snowy-faced shadows of the curtained morning room, by the side of her baby, and then took his hat a second time, and went out.

Amy did not ask where he was going, but her blue eyes followed him wistfully. She was not quite certain that she had told quite all—even to him.

She was singing a melodious little cradle song in the misty twilight of that same evening—singing, as by a kind of instinct, as she cradle rocked, and her thoughts wandering far away upon the purple shadows of the sunset splendor, when Richard Fairlie came into the room and knelt over her low chair, placing a caressing hand on either shoulder, and looking archly into her surprised eyes.

"Dick! How you frighten me!"

"I'm going to startle you a degree farther," he said, smiling. "Amy, I have proposed and been accepted."

"Proposed!" echoed Amy, with a look of blank astonishment, with not a little dismay mingled in its varied emotions. "Oh, Dick, you surely have not been so rash—so blind!"

"Even so," he returned, composedly. "Will you not say you are glad to welcome to your new sister-in-law? She stands close beside you, waiting for a sister's loving kiss."

And Amy sprang to her feet, only to fold Ettie Vere to her heart.

"My darling! I could not have wished so sweet a surprise!"

"He would have me come and tell you myself," murmured Ettie, hiding her face among the soft blushes. "I am very happy, Amy—so happy!"

"So am I," said Mr. Richard Fairlie, drawing the light, drooping figure to his own side with a proud respect of possession. "I think I am the happiest of you all. And you approve my choice, eh, Amy?"

He read the answer, plainer than words could have syllabled it, in the sunshine of her radiant face as she lifted it to his.

Miss Denton was considerably mortified when she learned that the wealthy Dick Fairlie, whom she had supposed her devoted slave, was formally engaged to the wife of the insignificant little wax doll, Ettie Vere!" And to this day she has never discovered what secret influence set him free from the network of her fascinations. Nemo while the bill at Madame Lurigne's is not yet settled, neither is it likely to be, until some other rich victim comes within the circle of her cyren spell. Clara hopes the milliner won't get out of patience, and thinks what a dreadful thing it would be if she should be left to pay it after all.

As for Dick and Ettie—we beg pardon, Mr. and Mrs. Fairlie—they are quite as happy as Amy Thorpe and her husband, and it would be totally impossible to be any happier than that!

NO!

His was a heart so true and strong,
So wise, so full of manly love,
So fit for woman's trust,
That when she spoke the fatal "No!"
It smote him like a thrill of woe,
That crushed him to the dust.

The why we never knew, still less
Could hazard a presumptuous guess,
So reticent is pain;
We only know that cold take
The hand he offered by mistake,
Or offered but in vain.

And all men noted from that day
He moved as in a hluded way,
Unlike his active, wilful part;
Ah, what mysterious change of state
One simple syllable can create
Within the heart of man.

And she lived revenge apart,
Nor gave to him a single heart,
Until the day she died,
When, to the friends around her bed,
She bade them tell him, as he said,
"They me by his side."

ANGELINE.

BY HAROLD PERCY.

It was soon after the unsuccessful assault of General Upton before Petersburg that I made my acquaintance of the romantic story. My love of adventure had led me to the theatre of your civil war, and I had immediately enrolled in the ranks under one of the militia, and received a wound which rendered me incapable of further exertion for some time.

I was therefore ordered to a private house in the neighborhood, where surgical attendance could be procured, and resolved to make the best of a bad matter by awaiting patiently my recovery.

I had been in this situation about a week when Dr. Bayard asked me if I did not want a companion. There was a Southern Colonel, he said, who had lost both legs, one above and one below the knee, who needed better accommodations than they had in the hospital, and if I was willing they would remove him to the house.

I agreed, and they brought him over.

His name was Frank ——, and he was a native of Louisiana. He was intelligent and well informed, although he had acquired a rude and careless habit of speaking by continual contact with roughs (his regiment was from Richmond and consisted of rowdies, unemployed overseers and negro drivers, brave but lawless fellows), and we soon became firm friends.

He had related all the adventures of the campaign to me, when one day he tossed me a photograph, saying with a sad, cold smile:

"There's the hero of as romantic a story as you have ever heard."

It was a picture of perhaps twenty-five, small, ruddy, girlish face, and sparkling dark blue eyes.

"Who is it?" I asked.

"Colin Haines," he replied, and tossed me another, a boy of sixteen, with eyes almost black, and a handsome face.

"Who is this?" I asked again.

"That's an open question," he answered. "That girl was Rose."

"Is he a relative of the other?"

"Yes, but how nearly related is, as I said before, an open question. He was certainly not less than a cousin."

"Well," said I, "it wants two hours of ten time; tell me the story, as your very best style."

Frank threw his arm over my head, and told me, nearly as follows,

THE STORY OF ANGELINE.

Colin Haines was a native of Louisiana, and was about ten years younger than I am. He was not born very near where I lived, and I first became acquainted with him when he was about sixteen years of age. He was then just coming out as an author; I was reading law. We were pretty intimate, and associated together. His principal companion was his cousin, about my age, a brave fellow, but a great scoundrel, whom they called Pet. Rose was a very pretty, shy girl, but I never saw her. All I knew is that Col was in love with her, deep enough, and that a little more than a year after she left, just after the birth of her first child, the boy you have there, who was called Harry. How much her death affected Col or Pet, I can't say, but I know that it did not make them any better.

About six months after this Col fell in love with Angeline, a beautiful octoroon girl. How and when this happened he was hardly eighteen, and she was a coquette of twenty-five. Yet he loved her madly, and I think she was then as fond of him as ever that she would own. Anyhow, in about a month she jilted him boldly, just after he had been negotiating for the transfer of her property to himself. I know, and swore all kinds of oaths that he would win her yet, and then let her know that he could remember her slights. He could forgive. And he kept his word pretty well.

In a few months he tried again, and was successful. I don't know how he won her, except that he began to regain her confidence he used to go down to the graveyard where his old love was buried, and there cry over it by the hour that he would marry Mary. He did this because he loved her so well that he dared not trust himself, lest she should not forgive him.

But about this time Pet died.

I never heard him say that he knew Col loved Angeline, but I think he was just big a fool to care. When they said he was near death Col went to see him. He staid all night, and when they were left alone just before daybreak, Pet said:

"Col, I am going to die. Very soon, too."

"Why, no, old fellow, don't say so!"

"I hope so," says he, "though I've been a bad boy enough in my day."

"Well, I don't see what boy of yours will have no father or mother when you are dead. I want you to tell Bess, if you should meet her in another world, that as long as I live I shall not want for a friend. I will always be like a brother to him for her sake."

"Ah, I say Pet, "I'll tell her. She loved you, I know, and loved her boy."

"Well," says Colin again, "I promise you on your dying bed that I will be all the good to him I can."

"God bless you, Col," said Pet, "and make you a better man."

And then a little while after Pet died.

He was a bold, tall, brave-looking fellow, and many a heart he had broken. He was often asked to be twin devils, people said, and who there was that Pet couldn't win with his tall, slender person, and then, with his curly, Col hair, and his ruddy cheeks and keen blue eyes. They were both handsome fellows, brave and smart, too, the crack shots of the county.

Well, as I said, Pet died and Col took charge of the boy. Some said it was like own, but I don't believe it. Col became the chief of a large factory in one of the cities, and used to take Mary to drive with a dashing span of gray horses. She was not rich, and everybody so want to marry her. He loved her, I know he did, if ever a man loved a woman; but his oath bound him, so he could not marry as he liked elsewhere. And he promised to make her his wife to serve his own purposes, and she, poor thing, though she was a coquette, was the truest love I ever did like him, with so much wit and no principle.

Well, the end of it was that he deceived her right well, and before long she found it out completely at his mercy. She asked him to have her, and he told her that he dared not. He took the trouble to tell her how if he was free. She came to him one night when he was alone in the office, and he looked the door while they talked it over. She went down on her knees and cried and begged him to marry her. He raised her up and kissed her, and offered to go through a mock ceremony to make every one think that they were married, and then to take her to Italy and be all to her that a husband could be; but he would not break his oath, that oath he swore he loved her. He has told

me often that he would never forgive himself for plotting to ruin a helpless girl. She did not accept the offer, but resolved to await the course of events and brave it out. And she did, with a temper that I would not have thought was in her, giving back scorn for scorn, and holding her head high enough above those who thought to despise her for her sin. Col gave her plenty of money, all that he could spare, and when the child was born (it was a girl) she was treated like a princess. She was not very old when they found she was a mute, and he named her Angeline.

I am getting before my story, but when I saw her twelve years after her beauty eclipsed anything I have ever seen, and I have been all over the world. Her features resembled those of Eugenie of France, but there was a look so innocent and pure out of those large blue eyes that I am bound to say I never saw her rival. Only she had not the gift of speech.

Col loved her deeply as soon as he knew that she was deaf and dumb. There seemed to be a new tie in her helplessness that bound him to protect her.

Pet's boy was growing up fast, and Col did not forget that promise, but he became more and more reckless every day. When the Crimean war broke out he went to England and got a commission in some regiment of infantry. They were soon ordered out, and Col was in many a hard battle. He was a splendid soldier, but he would quarrel with his brother officers, and killed two men in duels while he was there. He used to send Mary plenty of money, that he got by writing stories and correspondence from the camp, but I don't know that he ever wrote to her in anything but a business way. When Angeline was about ten years old she wrote him a letter, and he sent back his photograph, but no message with it.

He was in the Austrian war next, and since in every quarrel that broke out till this rebellion. As soon as he heard of that he came home and joined a regiment at Baton Rouge, directly the State passed the secession ordinance. Mary lived close by the city, but he did not go to see her. He wrote a long letter, though, to her, and another to Angeline, and sent them his portrait again.

Harry soon joined the regiment as a lieutenant. I was then a captain, Col was soon made colonel. We had a year at the front, and then went back to Baton Rouge to recruit and take a little rest. Mary now lived in the city, and mingled with a few select friends, chosen from the *élite* of the place.

By some means Harry got access to this circle and began to try to play off upon Ange the same game that Col had won with her mother. I found this out and told him.

I did not want to see that young scamp, just as much like Pet as he could be in his devilish cunning, deceive the poor artless thing, and I thought this the right way to thwart him.

Col went right to Harry's room and told him, in plain English, to leave Ange alone and never try to see her again, if he wanted to keep out of trouble.

With some men that would have been enough, but Harry had much of Pet's temper, and they two passed high words. The end of it was that Harry challenged Col, and I remember that Col said to the one who brought the message:

"I swore that I would protect him; and yet if we meet I shall kill him. Tell him that I cannot accept the cartel."

Col looked grave then, but that night we went to a levee and they branded him as a coward. I was mad enough, but I knew that words could not express Col's feelings. He look just like a corpse when he came around to where some hard words were being bandied. I had struck down one dastard who had hissed the word at my side, and his friends were making a noise about it. I defied them all, and when Col came they slunk away.

Without a word he took my arm and we went out.

He never spoke all the way home, and only said good-night when we parted at the door of his room, which was next to mine. He sat up late writing, and I felt sure he was going to accept the challenge.

After he had gone to bed I got up and went to his room. I was going to tell him how foolish it was for these boys to hiss "Coward!" at him, who had fought seventeen duels, and been in at least twenty desperate battles, besides skirmishes innumerable, and bearing as he did the scars of mortal combat in every part of his person.

But he was asleep, and I did not awake him, though he heard me come in, and turned himself in his bed and said, in a low, pitiful tone:

"Is my honor questioned?"

Poor fellow, it was not, only by them whose opinion was not worth minding, and even they knew better, only they thought it would be fine sport to see the steady old duellist shoot Harry, who was not very popular among them, or spit him on his sword.

How I cursed them!

And Harry, the young ingrate! I hoped that Col would meet him, and shoot him dead on the spot, for daring to insult his benefactor and guardian.

And I knew that if they did meet, death was certain for him at least, for Haines never missed.

And then poor Col muttered something about his Mary, and his child, now and then talking of his wife, as though they had been married. I looked at his handsome features, and thought of Harry's skill. I knew the chances were fifty to one that he would never sleep again till the sleep of death.

I am called a brave man, but that didn't keep me from sitting down on the bed and crying like a child. Then I came softly out, and as I closed the door I heard him say, still dreaming:

"Is my honor questioned?"

The next morning he sent to Harry that he was ready to meet him at any time and place, with any weapons.

Just after dinner they met, a little out of the city, with pistols. I was Col's second. He never spoke, but just to tell me what he had done, till just as they were ready to stand to the mark. Then he came up to me, and said:

"God bless you, old fellow, you have been a good friend to me," and then grasped my hand and bid me good-bye.

I said:

"If you should fall I'll see that you don't go unavenged."

He turned, and said:

"I shall not die alone; I trust myself for that."

And then the signal was given.

The duel was of the kind called *barriere*, but both fired at the same instant, and without advancing. Both fell heavily.

We raised Col up, and found he was shot in the chest. He was not dead, and soon opened his eyes.

"Are you much hurt?" said I.

"Yes," said he, "I've got my death wound. We'll both go to the judgment together, and let Bess judge whether I have or have not kept my word to her and to her boy. If they had not called me a coward I would have kept it better, but I could not stand that, any more than I could to see my poor Ange betrayed. But it is all over now. Look in the drawer on the right hand side of my escritoire, and you'll find my last will and testament. I was not foolish enough to think that Harry would miss for the first time when he fired at me."

He had talked so fast and earnestly that he was quite exhausted. He shut his eyes and let his head rest on my hand, and directly he fell into a kind of stupor. He was that way perhaps ten minutes, and then he just opened his eyes, and said:

"Pray for me, Frank!"

I looked around, and there was the parson coming; Holy Davie, they called him, and said I to him:

"Would you offer a bit of a prayer for the bravest man in Christendom?"

And he answered:

"Yes; directly," and went to trying to talk to Col. That made me mad, and I shoved out a revolver, and said:

"Now, pray for him; it's what he's asked for, and what he shall have. Go in sharp, or I'll send you before him."

He tried to make some apology, but said I again:

"Down on your knees, and pray for the bravest man and biggest sinner that ever stepped!" and he went in without a word.

Well, he prayed then, it might be five minutes, and then I told him to hold and blow a bit.

But there was no need of any one praying; poor Col. was dead.

Some of the boys just sat down and cried, but I picked him right up in my arms, and carried him to the house. There I found Harry, shot just as fair in the centre of the forehead as any one could be. They said he never breathed after he fell. We had them laid out in the same room, not far from each other, for I knew that neither of them bore malice, only their fiery blood, mixed from the purest fountains of Britain and Spain, made them quarrel and fight. I thought then of what some had said as to their being father and son, and I went out and looked at them again, to note the resemblance.

There was some, but not much.

You knew what little hands and feet Col had? Well, Harry's were large, and he was altogether a heavier man than Col, though only about nineteen years of age. But he looked more like his mother than he did like Col or Pet, and I knew that Col told me the truth when he said that Pet had no cause to be angry with his wife.

I knew he would not have told me a lie, for he has told me everything, and many worse deeds than that.

Yet he was a good fellow at heart, and I could not help liking him. I'm not a saint myself, you know.

Before night Mary and her child came to see his dead body. I looked eagerly at both to read their feelings. I saw that Mary had fallen into a sort of listless apathy, from which even a sudden shock like this could hardly rouse her.

She came and looked at Colin, and kissed his lips tenderly and lovingly, but the all potent passions of her youth seemed to have burned out with the lapse of time, and she showed but little emotion.

She and her daughter were expensively dressed, and the beauty of the younger was brightened by every artificial grace and ornament that money could procure. I thought then as before that she was the most beautiful woman I had ever seen. She wept bitterly, and kissed her father's cold lips again and again, till her mother led her away. She would not go to see Harry, but afterwards, when she thought herself alone, I saw her steal in and lay a white rosebud upon his breast.

I knew then that she loved him, and I learned afterwards that Col might just as well have left Harry alone, on her account, since it was after all too late to save her.

We buried them the next day, and Colin's will was proved and executed. He left all his property to Angeline, except an annuity to me, and something to Mary. She, poor thing, did not need it long, for a week after she died, and they laid her beside him. They said it was consumption killed her.

Soon after this we were ordered to the front, and I tried in vain to hear from Ange. She had left Baton Rouge, and I could not discover her whereabouts. But last year, when I was down in Louisiana, I stopped a few days at a village in Terre Bonne. In rambling about I came to a convent, and as I was walking around it I saw a young girl at a window, playing with a baby. It only needed a second glance to satisfy me that it was Angeline, the mute, with Harry's child.

I looked at them a few moments, and then came away, but the next day I bribed one of the fathers, and he told me that she had made her fortune over to the Holy Church, only reserving a comfortable portion for herself, and taken up her abode there some time before the birth of her child. She was contented, he said, in her situation, and spent the most of her time with the infant.

But I guess she did not like to live so near the scene of war, for I heard about three months since that her child was dead, and that she had removed to the more secluded shelter of a nunnery in France, taken the irrevocable vows, and donned the veil for life.

That is all I could learn, and it is not at all probable that either you or I, on this side of the Styx, will ever hear more of the beautiful Angeline.

But for my part I have endeavored to make my love stories short as possible, for I saw by this how little an affair, when a man is in love, may injure him desperately, and change the even tenor of his way through all his life. Thus, you see, Mary Vail's first rejection of Colin was the first link in the chain of events which ended in his death, and had he, like me, avoided, as much as possible, any entanglement with the gentle sex, he might have been, saving the Yankee bullets, alive to this day.

I laughed, thanked him for his story, and turned my attention to the servant, who was just bringing in our evening meal.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A down-east Yankee has invented a machine for grating people's feelings.

It is a good thing to be above-board, but generally a bad thing to be overboard.

A canter will give you ruddy cheeks; a decanter will give you a ruddy nose.

Mr. Wendell Phillips was riding in a railroad car, when he was addressed by a man of such rotundity that he seemed to carry everything before him. The man asked Mr. Phillips what was the object of his life.

"To benefit the negro," was the bland reply.

"Well, then, why don't you go South to do it?"

"That is worth thinking of. I see a white cravat around your neck; pray what is the object of your life?"

"To save souls from hell."

"May I ask you whether you propose to go there to do it?"

The South Carolinians may not belong to the association of "The Straightouts," but their coat-tails do.

There seems to be a great confusion of seasons in the South. Savannah, Branchville, Columbia, Charleston and Wilmington, have had their fall in the winter.

For some time past our armies in front of the rebel armies have fired all their salutes on account of Federal victories with shotted guns. Thus they salute at the same time friends and enemies.

Adam and Eve, after finding the apple, discovered they were a pair.

When you offer oats to a horse he may say neigh, but he don't mean it.

A schoolboy having goodnaturedly helped another in a difficult ciphering lesson, was angrily questioned by the dominie:

"Why did you work his lesson?"

"To 'lessen' his work," replied the youngster.

"It is a shame, husband, that I have to sit here mending your old clothes."

"Don't say a word about it, wife; the least said the soonest mended."

Lord Campbell, it is well-known, was fond of a joke, and sometimes had the tables turned upon himself. A few days before his death he met a barrister, who had grown very stout of late, and remarked:

"Why, Mr. ——, you are getting as fat as a porpoise!"

"Fit companion, my lord, for the great seal," was the ready repartee.

"Madam," said a gentleman to his wife, "let me tell you, facts are very stubborn things."

"Dear me, you don't say so," quoth the lady; "what a fact you must be."

A celebrated wit was asked why he did not marry a young lady to whom he was much attached. "I know not," he replied, "except the great regard we have for each other."

A correspondent of a Madras journal gives the following account of the ropetying trick, performed in his presence by an Indian juggler: "A native sat in a strong black wood armchair. We fastened a rope to his right arm, passed it under the arm of the chair, round the back, under the left arm, and then made it fast to his left arm. We passed the rope backward and forward in this manner five times. We then fastened the rope round the right arm with a triple knot, and winding it round the ropes passing behind the chair about twenty times, made a triple knot at the left arm. We then carried on the rope to the wrists, and made them fast by crossing, recrossing and knotting it. The thumbs were then tied together, and the rope carried back to the wrist and knotted. Afterwards we tied his legs together above the ankles, crossing and recrossing the rope in a complicated manner. We next bound his big toes together, and carried back the rope to the tie on his legs. We had used nineteen yards of rope—quite enough, we thought, to make him secure. The man could not move his hands either to his arms or his legs, so as to touch an end of the rope; and if he could have done so, they were tied so tightly as, in our judgment, to prevent him from using them. When he thought the tie was weak, he asked that it might be strengthened, gave us perfect liberty to tie him as we liked, and at his request we continued binding him after he appeared to us to be quite secure. More than twenty minutes elapsed before we had finished binding him. I afterwards put a paper round the rope where it crossed between his legs, and where the last knot was tied, and sealed it with sealingwax and stamp. We left him at the west side of my study, seated in the black wood armchair before mentioned, he promising that when we returned he would be sitting in a teak armchair on the east side, with the ropes arranged exactly as we left them. In five minutes he summoned us, and we found the paper and seal undamaged, and every knot and portion of the rope as we had arranged them, only he was seated in the teak armchair. I wished to see if he could unfasten himself without the spiritual aid rendered so freely to the Davenport Brothers, and left him to do so. In four minutes and a half he recalled us. We found the rope stretched out over the floor, and the man unbound and erect before us. I told him there were men in England who were bound in the same way, but had spirits to untie them, at which he laughed the laugh of the incredulous."

Many men have relieved themselves of dyspepsia by not drinking, even water, during meals. No animal, except man, ever drinks in connection with his food. Man ought not to. Try this, dyspeptics; and you will not wash down mechanically what ought to be masticated and ensalivated before it is swallowed.

MODERN MARRIAGE.

The "*Marriage à la Mode*" of Hogarth has its counterpart if not its parallel in modern society. We know very well that both the teachings of the Bible and the instincts of nature enjoin as an inviolable condition to the compact of matrimony the existence of mutual love; but civilization, with its advanced mode of living, and circumstances exceptional in our history, have introduced new interests into the compact—interests of so great a moment that men often sacrifice the original condition so solemnly enjoined to meet these requirements. We look in vain in the exaggerated life of our time for instances of that mutual self-devotion which seem to exist now only in the elegantly-bound edition of the poets lying on the drawing-room table. That there should be a prudential consideration as to ultimate provision, no sane man will refuse to allow; but that natural feelings should be crushed and sacrificed to the absorbing interests of wealth or position—that two beings should enter into the compact, like a couple of sharpers trying to get the best of each other—that domestic life should be arranged in deception and commenced in perjury, are evils which lie at the very base of whatever domestic misery exists amongst us. We have no wish to advocate sentimentalism, but honesty. It has always existed in the natural perversity of things, that young people, with bright blue eyes and no earthly prospects, are sure to fall in love with each other, and a great deal of misery ensues from it; but even this, this foolish yet honest compact, is far better than what we see going on around us daily. Parents have preached the doctrines of wealth and position into their children's ears so perseveringly, that even the generosity of youth is chilled into a cold and precocious selfishness.

By the force of early associations, as well as by the exigences of exaggerated life, young men are driven into looking upon matrimony in inseparable connection with wealth; whilst the hearts of our young ladies flutter most not at the natural fascinations of the man, but at the more substantial fascination of the balance at his bankers. And no wonder that they should—no wonder that the generous warmth of youth is chilled—no wonder that the ingenuous purity of the girl is sullied by mercenary calculations. They look about them and they see how the power of wealth is worshipped in all ranks of society—how men bow down before it—how it asserts itself from the ragged urchin in the streets, who, with sixpence in his pocket, lords it over the beggar, up to the vulgar millionaire, who buys with his gold position and political power. They see the gifted, the proud and the honored humbling themselves at the feet of ignorance, vulgarity and even crime; when that ignorance drives the best horses; that vulgarity gives the best dinners, and that crime has the largest balance at its bankers.

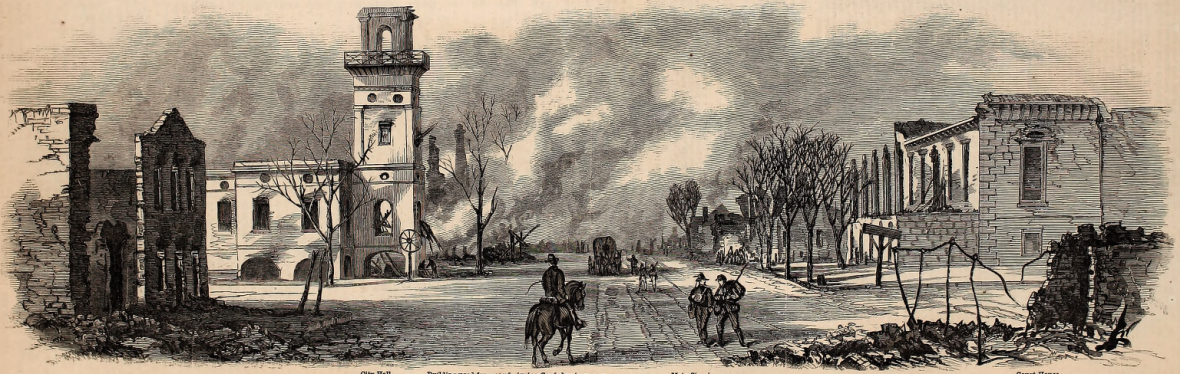
How can we wonder, then, that young girls are mercenary, and young men selfish? Or how can parents, who have labored so assiduously to corrupt the hearts of their innocent children by instilling into them these worldly maxims, wonder when they see those children grow up cold, calculating, covetous—when they come to them in after-life with the weeping tale of a wretched home and a blighted existence; or when, in the pride of affluence and prosperity, they leave their cunning teachers to die in the chill penury of neglected age? These are truths which lie at the root of the domestic evils of the time; they generate and foster that selfishness which characterises the social existence of the present day more than at any other time in the history of the country; hence arise those unhappy marriages which begin by perjury in the church, and end in exposure at the Divorce Court. A fatal system which debars brave and honorable men, who are willing to fight out the battle of life, from the consolations of home—which starts into being modes of living illicit and criminal, where natural feeling is degenerated into licentiousness—irreparable shame is entailed upon the heads of the innocent; and, finally, which summons into existence, as from some dark world of evil, the horrible demon, Infanticide, now haunting our towns and villages, and prevailing to that frightful extent as to become the lamentation of every honest man, and the crying shame of this Christian county. Such are a few of the results of this impetuous, exaggerated life, as pertains to the institution of matrimony.

New Mode of Preserving Meat.—A Mr. Morgan, Professor of Anatomy in the Irish College of Surgeons, announces that he has arrived at a process of preserving meat which will remain fit for food any reasonable time, which retains its entire nutritive qualities, and in flavor is hardly to be distinguished from newly-killed food. Moreover, the process of effecting this is more economical than any other. This process is more simple, though most ingenious, both which qualities, perhaps, it derives from being an humble imitation of nature. Instead of steeping the meat in brine, instead of placing it under an exhausted receiver and then causing the emptied pores to imbibe a rush of brine, as was unsuccessfully attempted some five-and-twenty years ago, Professor Morgan follows a higher model. Wherever nature has propelled the vital fluid during life there he injects his preserving fluid after death. To spare our readers anatomical details as much as possible, we will merely say that Prof. Morgan requires his victim to be killed by some instantaneous process, such as dividing the spine. He then at once cuts open the chest, and inserts a tube into the aorta, or great arterial duct of the mammalian system. By means of this tube he forces diluted brine through the arteries, veins, and most minute vessels of the carcase. He thus—and in about two minutes in the case of an ox—washes all these ducts perfectly clear of blood, which he prevents from returning, as in nature, to the heart, by severing its place of entrance at the left ventricle. He then closes that aperture, and at the aorta, by the same means, he injects his preserving fluid of brine and saltpetre, augmented at will by any nutritive components, such as sugar, phosphoric and lactic acid, and even a solution of spices. With such incredible minuteness does this fluid permeate the whole body that wherever in life a cut would have produced blood, there, after this process, would the preserving fluid exude. For this preparation of a whole ox it requires, Professor Morgan tells us, not more than 10 minutes, and the cost is about a shilling. The meat lies thus for about an hour, is then dried, and packed, and when re-opened for use will be found to have lost not a single one of its nutritive qualities, can be used in every possible form of cooking, and retains all the flavor of fresh meat.

There are in Europe 43 reigning Sovereigns, not including those who possess titles only. Of these 43, nine belong to the Roman Catholic religion, but one of that number is excommunicated; 31 are Protestants, one is of the orthodox Greek Church, one a Mahometan, and the 43d is the Pope. The Catholics have two Emperors—Austria and France; four Kings or Queens—Bavaria, Spain, Portugal and Saxony; two Princes—of Lichtenstein and Monaco. The excommunicated Sovereign is King Victor Emmanuel. The 31 who protest the Roman Catholic religion are nine Kings or Queens—of Great Britain, Prussia, Sweden and Norway, Denmark, Holland, of the Belgians, Hanover, Greece, and Wurtemburg; six Grand Dukes—Baden, Hesse Cassel, Mechlenburg-Schwerein, Mechlenberg-Strelitz, Oldenburg, and Saxe-Weimar; seven Dukes—Anhalt, Brunswick, Nassau, Saxe-Meinengen, Saxe-Altenburg, Saxe-Coburg, and Schleswig-Holstein; nine Princes—Lippe-Detmold, Lippe-Schaumberg, Reuss-Greiz, Reuss-Schleitz, Schwarzburg-Rudolstadt, Schwarzburg-Sonderhaussen, and Waldeck; one Elector—Hesse-Darmstadt; one Landgrave—Hesse Homburg. The orthodox Greek Sovereign is the Emperor of Russia, and the Mussulman Sovereign, the Sultan. There are besides in Europe seven Republics, two exclusively Catholic—San Marino and Andorre; and five where the majority of the inhabitants are Protestants—Switzerland, Hamburg, Bremen, Frankfort and Lubeck.



COLUMBIA, S. C.—Sketched from 17th Corps front, near Camp Forgrum, by our Special Artist.

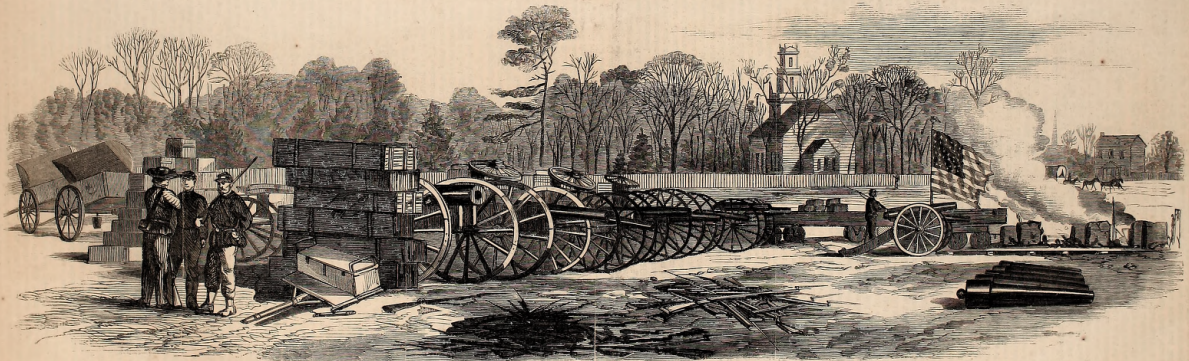


City Hall. Building used for manufacturing Confederate money. Main Street. Court House.

COLUMBIA, S. C.—PORTION OF THE BURNT DISTRICT.—Sketched the Morning after the Fire, by our Special Artist.



ADVANCE OF SHERMAN'S RIGHT WING—17TH ARMY CORPS CROSSING THE SALUDA RIVER, S. C, ON THE 17TH FEB.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 48.



REBEL ORDNANCE CAPTURED AT CHERAW, S. C., ON THE EVENING OF THE 3D MARCH, BY THE 17TH CORPS, WHICH OCCUPIED THE TOWN ON THAT DAY.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE TWO VILLAGES.

Over the river, on the hill,
Lieth a village white and still;
All around it the forest trees
Shiver and whisper in the breeze;
Over it sailing shadows go
Of soaring hawk and screaming crow,
And mountain grasses, low and sweet,
Grow in the middle of every street.

Over the river, under the hill,
Another village lieth still;
There I see in the cloudy night
Twinkling stars of household light,
Fires that gleam from the smithy's door,
Mists that curl on the river's shore;
And in the road no grasses grow,
For the wheels that hasten to and fro.

In that village on the hill
Never is sound of smithy or mill;
The houses are thatched with grass and flowers,
Never a clock to tell the hours;
The marble doors are always shut,
You cannot enter in the hall or hut;
All the village lie asleep;
Never a grain to sow or reap;
Never in dreams to moan or sigh,
Silent, and idle, and low they lie.

In that village under the hill,
When the night is starry and still,
Many a weary soul in prayer,
Looks to the other village there,
And weeping and sighing, longs to go
Up to that home from this below;
Longs to sleep by the forest wild,
Whither have vanished wife and child,
And heareth, praying, his answer fall,
"Patience! that village shall hold ye all!"

ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "ELEANOR'S VICTORY," "AURORA FLOYD," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—CONTINUED.

From this time it almost seemed as if a new life began for Maude Hillary. No more careless idling over new music, no more eager commencements of expensive fancywork that was never to be finished! After Miss Hillary's return to the Cedars, any one taking the trouble to watch her closely might have perceived a wonderful alteration in her conduct—a change that was almost a transformation in her very nature. When she opened her piano now, it was for no idle trifling with fashionable difficulties, no coquetting with shakes and skipping of arpeggios. She practised steadily and for hours together. Might not the time be very near at hand in which she would be called upon to gird on her armor and join the ranks of the bread winners? She thought of herself in a dingy London street, somewhere in the dreary region between Holborn and the New Road —the region which was once a fair expanse of pleasant meadow-land. She thought of herself toiling as so many women toiled, leading the same dull life from day to day, and her courage did not fail her even before that dismal picture. It was not likely that this change in Maude Hillary could escape the notice of so observant a young lady as Miss Desmond. Julia saw and wondered, but she was far from guessing the real cause of Maude's unusual gravity.

"I suppose she is making herself unhappy about Harcourt Lowther," thought Miss Desmond. "These fortunate people always contrive to find one crumpled leaf in their beds of roses. She is making herself miserable about that handsome, worthless soldier, and she thinks herself hardly used because she cannot play at love in a cottage, with a rich mercantile father to pay the expenses of the idyllic *ménage*."

This was how Julia Desmond accounted for Maude's long intervals of absent brooding, and that melancholy shadow which settled on her face whenever she fancied herself unnoticed, and for a while relaxed the heroic effort with which she tried to keep her promise and guard her father's secret. It was a very hard struggle. All the young idlers, the government clerks, the briefless but literary young barristers, the rising artists who had narrowly escaped making palpable hits at the Royal Academy, or at a temple of art which they irreverently alluded to as the "Brish Inst," all the accustomed Twickenham loungers flocked down to the Cedars to keep their Christmas holidays in the house of a gentleman whom they regarded as a sort of commercial Midas—a Moorgate street Fortunatus, from whose inexhaustible coffers flowed the golden waters of perpetual prosperity, and Maude received all the old incense, and was fain to smile something like the old smiles upon her worshippers, while her heart ached with an unceasing pain, and a hidden dread that was like a palpable burden weighed for ever on her breast.

"Oh, if they knew—if they only knew!" she thought. "They court me because they think I am rich, perhaps; but if they only knew what an imposture all this splendor is—these lights and flowers, and grapes, and pines, and Sèvres china and Venetian glass, and all this long parade of dinner; if they knew that poverty and disgrace may come to us before the New Year has well begun!"

Sometimes, in her utter weariness of spirit, sometimes when the social comedy seemed almost too hard to act, Miss Hillary felt suddenly tempted to turn upon her admirers, and cry to them:

"Why do you torment me with your hackneyed compliments? I am not the daughter of a millionaire; my father is only an imprudent speculator, who is hovering on the verge of a black abyss of bankruptcy and ruin. Go and offer your worship in some solvent temple, and leave me alone with my father and his sorrows."

This, or something akin to this, Miss Hillary was at times sorely tempted to utter. But she kept her promise. She had promised that no word or action of hers should betray the rottenness of her father's position, and she kept a close watch upon herself. Her adorers—who were by no means so mercenary as she thought them—perceived that something was amiss with their goddess, but were far from associating anything so vulgar as the state of the money market with the lessened lustre of her smiles.

"She's engaged to some fellow in the army, and her father won't let her marry him, and the fellow writes her worrying letters; Miss Desmond told me as much," the loungers said to one another, when they confided in each other about Miss Hillary.

The brilliant Julia had taken care to let Maude's admirers know that her heart had long been bestowed upon a remote object; but she did not go so far as to reveal the name of Miss Hillary's chosen lover; and Francis Tredethlyn had no suspicion that Maude Hillary, and the beautiful heiress of whom his master had so often spoken, were one and the same person. He knew nothing of this; he only knew that Maude seemed as remote from his sphere as the distant stars that shone coldly upon him out of a steel-blue winter sky when he looked from his window at the Cedars. He spent his Christmas at the Cedars—for Mr. Hillary had been specially cordial and hospitable to him of late, and had resumed all his old graciousness of manner to Julia.

And the private theatricals, the elegant drawing-room exhibition of amateur histrionics, which Maude had planned so merrily in the autumn, were to take place on the first night of the new year—now, when the poor girl's heart was sinking under the dull pain of that perpetual burden, that dreary terror of the disgrace which might be so near.

She had told her father that a miracle might be wrought before the 10th of January. Of what had she thought or dreamed when she held out that hope? What daring fancy had been engendered out of the excitement of the moment? There are times when a woman feels capable of becoming a social Joan of Arc, a bloodless Charlotte Corday; but then the enthusiasm, the exaltation of the moment is so apt to pass with the moment. There had been a vague but desperate intention lurking in Maude Hillary's mind when she had encouraged her father by those hopeful speeches; but the days were creeping past, the new year was close at hand, and nothing had been done. Nothing had been done, and now Miss Hillary was tormented all day long about those wonderful private theatricals, which were to surpass every drawing-room performance since the days when the unhappy daughter of the Cæsars played a *soubrette* for the delight of that taciturn king and grandfather-in-law who did not like to laugh.

All arrangements for the grand entertainment had been made before Mr. Hillary's household removed to Brighton. The play had been selected, the characters allotted to the individuals who were supposed, or who supposed themselves, to be most fitted to play them, but not without as much shuffling and changing as the kings and queens undergo in a game of cards.

The drama finally chosen was the "Lady of Lyons," selected, no doubt, on the grand principle in accordance with which all amateurs go to work, *i.e.*, because it is a play which specially requires accomplished actors in every one of its characters. Of course Maude was to be the Pauline. Was she not sole daughter and heiress of the master of the house, at whose expense all the business was to take place? If she had been redhaired, or humpbacked, or lame, the amateurs could scarcely have done otherwise than choose her as the representative of the lovely Mademoiselle Deschappelles. But as she was one of the fairest daughters ever spoiled by a wealthy merchant, she was really created for the part, as it seemed; and she had only to order her dresses and let down her sunny hair in the classic disorder of the period, and she would be the loveliest Pauline that ever won the simple heart of an aspiring young gardener. But how about Claude? At first every one of the amateurs had desired to play Claude, and nothing but Claude; to wear that impossible velvet coat, with its lavish embroidery of gold and spangles; to snub Beauseant and to patronize Damas; to flourish diamond snuffboxes and gold rings and filmy ruffles of point d'Alençon, which are so becoming to the unhappy amateur, whose hands are apt to assume the rich purple hues of raw beef under the influence of extreme terror; to hold Miss Hillary in their arms and cry, "Oh, rapture!" in a ponderous bass voice, apparently situated somewhere in those martial jackboots, without which Claude would be less than Claude. To do all this seemed to the young men at the Cedars a glory and delight which would be cheaply won by the cutting of one another's throats in a *champ clos*.

And then to what base hypocrisies these amateur actors descended! declaring to one another that after all Claude was not such a great part! Nay, indeed, was not the heroic gardener something of a spoon, liable to provoke laughter if his velvet coat failed to fit, or his humble blouse looked too much like a boy's pinafore? Claude might be a very fine part, the amateurs argued to each other, in a regular theatre, where there were the gallery fellows to applaud the long speeches, and to stamp their hob-nailed boots in the great situations, and all that sort of thing, you know; but your drawing-room audiences are apt to laugh at strong sentiment; and, in short, for a private performance, Damas, or Beauseant, or Glavis were the great parts.

So there was a good deal of chopping and changing, with vengeful feelings attendant thereupon; and at last, after almost all the privileged guests at the Cedars had made themselves hoarse in the endeavor to cultivate that bass voice and peculiar melodious gurgle so often heard on the stage, and so rarely heard off it, after innumerable tryings on of velvet coats and cocked hats before the cheval glasses, it transpired all at once that nobody wanted to play Claude Melnotte. The noblest hearts sank with a sickly terror before the thought of all Twickenham assembled in solemn conclave to listen to those long speeches with which the peasant husband endeavors to appease the natural anger of his bride. One by one the amateurs had made the awful discovery that after all there is some touch of art, not to be learned in a day, even in the actor's trade. One by one they had discovered that they lacked *physique* for the leading character, and that after three acts or so of blank verse they were apt to become hoarse and roopy, and to break ignominiously from that melodious bass gurgle into a treble squeak. So it came about that there was no one to play Claude, and Miss Hillary clasped her hands in anguish and demanded what was to become of her. All Twickenham and Hampton Court, Richmond and Ham, and all sorts of people from town invited to witness the "Lady of Lyons," and no Claude Melnotte! One of the Government clerks, who fancied himself an embryo Buckstone, suggested "Box and Cox" as a fitting substitute for the drama; but Miss Hillary turned from him with disdain.

"'Box and Cox!'" she exclaimed, contemptuously. "Why, my dresses are all ordered, and the white satin for the wedding-dress is to be five-and-twenty shillings a yard. I must have some one for Claude."

And then at last it was discovered that Francis Tredethlyn, who had volunteered to carry a tea-tray or a coal-scuttle, or to announce a carriage, or to perform any ignominious part in the drama for Miss Hillary's pleasure—it was discovered all at once that this young man was able to act. He was no untaught Macready, no ready-made Kean, but he was able to do what the best of the Government clerks and literary barristers failed in doing—he was able to roll out the melodious blank verse in a big, deep voice, that never failed him to the end of the chapter. The stage is almost as great a leveller as death himself, and on that little platform at Twickenham uneducated Francis Tredethlyn was quite as much at his ease as the well-bred young men about him—more at his ease, for he was not so bent upon distinguishing himself, and was indeed only eager to oblige Miss Hillary.

All this had happened before the autumn visit to Brighton, and now, when Maude returned to the Cedars, she found busy workmen making a perpetual hammering in the apartment which had been chosen for the scene of the entertainment. Mr. Hillary did everything in a superb manner; there was to be no pitiful contrivance of folding doors festooned by suburban carpenters, but accomplished people from town had come down to the Cedars, and a magnificent archway of white and gold spanned the lofty billiard-room, which the merchant had built at one end of his house. All the arrangements were to be perfection; the lighting of the small stage was to be a miracle of art, the grouping of the furniture had been studied by *genre* painters of no mean pretensions. Poor Maude grew sick at heart as she heard all these details discussed. She looked back and wondered, as she remembered what a frivolous creature she had been only a few months ago, and how this amateur dramatic performance had seemed a matter of supreme importance to her; and now she repeated the words mechanically during those long rehearsals, in the course of which the amateurs had so many angry disputations, and so cruelly victimised Mr. Hillary's pale sherry.

At last the New Year began, and at ten o'clock upon the first night in January long lines of carriages filled the avenue at the Cedars and the road outside the lodge gates, until the neighborhood was luminous with flaming lamps that glared redly in the winter darkness. People came from far and wide to see Miss Hillary play Pauline and to devour Mr. Gunter's supper, though Miss Hillary's heart might be breaking and the merchant's head splitting with the weight of care that pressed just now upon his overtaxed brain! But people do get through these things somehow; and Lionel Hillary walked about his drawing-rooms, looking supremely gentlemanly in a stiff cambric cravat, and uttering mild commonplaces for the edification of new arrivals.

People get through these things. Poor Maude's head ached with a dull pain as her maid arrayed her in a dress of white silk, showered with rose-buds, and flounced and looped with lace and ribbon. Would any of this finery be paid for? Miss Hillary wondered, as she saw her splendor reflected in the cheval glass, or was it altogether dishonesty and wickedness? She shuddered as she thought of this; but the entertainment of to-night was only a part of the grand hypocrisy which might help to float Mr. Hillary safely over the terrible crisis, and Maude determined to be true to her promise. So she smiled at Julia Desmond, when that young lady, who was to play Madame Deschappelles, came to exhibit herself in powder and patches, and brocade and diamonds, and with half the point lace in South Audley street bestowed upon her handsome person. Miss Desmond had consented with amazing graciousness to perform the matronly rôle allotted to her; but she had determined to look like a marquise of the time of Louis Quinze, and she had dispatched Francis Tredethlyn on half a dozen shopping expeditions, until that gentleman was fain to wonder how a few ribbons, brocaded fabrics and yellow old lace flounces could cost the big sums for which he wrote cheques in favor of the West End tradesmen to whom Julia sent him.

The two girls admired each other's dresses, and the maid joined in a perfect chorus of laudations with a young lady who would play the Widow Melnotte in a nine-guinea black moire antique and a point lace cap and apron, and who kept snatching a manuscript copy of her part from her pocket, and furtively gabbling its contents in dark corners. The girls admired each other, and sailed down the broad staircase together, and went straight to a little anteroom, where half a dozen gentlemen, in attitudes expressive of supreme mental agony, were bending over half a dozen copies of the "Lady of Lyons," and gabbling vehemently.

There is no occasion to describe this amateur performance at the Cedars, inasmuch as it very closely resembled all other amateur performances. Miss Hillary, stepping on to a stage for the first time, was, to say the least, not quite a Helen Faucit, and was on the point of breaking down now and then in some of her grand speeches; but she looked so beautiful in her perplexity and confusion, that the elegant audience encouraged and supported her by the gentlest tappings of spangled fans and pattings of tight kid gloves. There were no tiresome boys in the gallery to urge her to speak up; no critical chimneysweeps to murmur their disapproval, or hint that she had better go home and learn her part. There was only admiration for her timid loveliness, and the soft music of her tremulous voice.

Of course there were the usual number of dead pauses in the drama, technically known as "stage-waits," the solemn silences in which the actors stood still and looked imploringly on one another, while the voices of amateur prompters—always inciting their victims to the utterance of wrong speeches—were painfully audible throughout the assemblage. Mr. Tredethlyn rolled out his blank verse with a sturdy courage that was worthy of all praise; and if his hands were a little red, and his blue cotton blouse slightly suggestive of Newgate Market, he had acted with his brother soldiers in very rough amateur performances out in Van Diemen's Land, and now and then some touch of natural fire, some little bit of tender pathos, startled the wellbred audience into applause. It may be that now and then Francis Tredethlyn found himself carried away by the spirit of the scene. Did not that romantic drama bear some likeness to his own story? This beautiful Pauline, this unapproachable being whose lovely image filled the peasant's dreams, who was she but Maude Hillary herself? Perhaps if Miss Desmond had been the Pauline, Francis might have seemed as cold and tame as the rest of the Twickenham amateurs; but the eyes that looked at him tenderly or reproachfully to-night were the only eyes in all the world that had the power to move him deeply. He acted well, therefore, as the dullest man will act sometimes under the influence of some factitious excitement; and when the curtain fell upon the final scene of happy and triumphant love, the audience were loud in their praise of "that handsome-looking Mr. Tredethlyn, who was just the very man for Claude Melnotte."

Then there was a final parting of the curtains and a shower of bouquets, all in the orthodox style, and Maude felt perfumed petals fluttering about her as she curtseyed to her indulgent audience.

All through that last act she had surprised those wellbred spectators out of their natural languor. The Pauline who had been so tame and unimpassioned in the grand cottage scene was carried away by a strong tide of passionate feeling in that last act, where the half broken-hearted daughter pleads for her insolvent father. Sobs almost choked Miss Hillary's utterance more than once in this scene; and when at last her head lay for a few moments on Francis Tredethlyn's breast, the young man's martial decorations were met with real tears. The sight of that emotion moved him strangely, though he beheld in it nothing more than the natural excitement of a highly sensitive organization.

After the little ovation that came with the close of the drama, he followed Maude Hillary into the anteroom, where the rest of the amateurs were discussing the night's business, and flirting with the splendid Julia, and thence to the inner room, less brilliantly lighted, and quite unoccupied. Beyond this inner room there was another apartment—the study in which Francis had fallen an easy victim to the wiles of the Hibernian enchantress—and it was to this room that Maude hurried, still followed by Mr. Tredethlyn.

He had no business to follow her. He knew that very well. His business was with Julia, who had acted Madame Deschappelles with wonderful spirit, and for whom the evening had been one long triumph, inasmuch as her lace, and diamonds, and brocade, and dark eyes and white teeth had been the subject of universal admiration. Mr. Tredethlyn's business lay in that brilliantly lighted antechamber where Julia sat amongst the government clerks, and barristers, and grand military dandies, while an accompaniment of perpetually popping champagne corks mingled pleasantly with the noise of their laughter. He knew this, and yet he followed Maude to the dimly lighted study, where the red glow of the fire flickered on the bindings of the books and the frames of the pictures. He could not leave off being Claude Melnotte all in a moment. The exaltation of the mimic scene was still upon him. Just now he had been carried quite away by the influence of the poetic situation; and when he flung down the sham money, which was to release the merchant's daughter from her hated suitor, a warmer thrill of triumph had stirred his breast than had ever been engendered by the possession of Oliver Tredethlyn's thousands.

And now he could not fall back to his old position all at once. Only a minute or two ago Maude Hillary had been sobbing on his breast—his bride, his wife; and he half fancied he had some kind of right to sympathise with her emotion. He stopped suddenly on the threshold of the study, quite unmanned by the sight of Mr. Hillary's daughter half kneeling, half lying on the ground, with her face buried in the cushions of a sofa, and her hands clasped in a despairing attitude above the fair tangled hair that had so lately lain upon his breast. Her whole frame was shaken by the vehemence of her sobs; and before such a picture as this it was scarcely strange if poor country-bred Francis Tredethlyn quite forgot

that he was not Claude Melnotte. He bent over the prostrate girl, and laid his big fingers gently upon one of those little wrists which had struggled so convulsively above her fair head.

"Miss Hillary," he exclaimed, "dear Miss Hillary, for pity's sake tell me what disturbs you—what has happened—what is wrong—or—I—I beg your pardon—you have overstepped yourself, and you are hysterical. I am not your maid."

"Oh, no, no," sobbed the girl, rising to her feet and standing before him, but with her face still hidden from him, hidden by her outspread hands and her disheveled hair.

"Shall I call Julia? she is in the room yonder."

"Oh, no! I—I want to speak to you, Mr. Tredethlyn; stay just a little, please. Ah! it is my hand, too crushed, but not maimed! In all the world there is no one else who can save me—and my father—my poor, miserable, bankrupt father!"

Frankie looked at Miss Hillary in complete bewilderment. Her father—her bankrupt father! Why, then, she was still thinking of the old commercial failure, and the commercial troubles of Honsicar Deschappelles; which character, by the way, had been enacted by a very young man of a sickly cast of countenance, and an inclination to hang his head deplorably throughout the progress of the drama. He had quite amusing anatomy to assign the elderly and ineligible characters to the youngest and meekest members of the company, whereby Honsicar Deschappelles is usually represented as a young person of some nineteen summers, with down in his hair, dimpy cheeks, supposed to express wrinkles, upon his face, and a tendency to squeakiness in his voice.

"I am sorry you are over-excited by the play," urged Frankie; "do let me call Julia."

"No!" cried Miss Hillary, dropping her hands from before her face. "Oh, Mr. Tredethlyn," she exclaimed, almost passionately, "can't you understand—can't you see that I am in trouble? Do you think, that I can have only would have made me cry as it did if it had not reminded me of my own sorrow? Mr. Tredethlyn—I—I—if you are a gentleman, as I think you would not be slow to do a kindness for any one who needed your help! I know that; and—I thought I could—I have courage to speak to you, but now the words won't come—I—"

Her dry lips seemed, but made no sound. She clasped her hands once more before her face. Heaven knows how desperate was the effort that she made. It is not such an easy matter for a shy young girl to plunge even though the borrower may be young and beautiful, and accustomed to overpraised salutations.

"Miss Hillary," the speak of help—needing help from me. For mercy's sake, tell me how I can help you, and I think I may safely promise upon oath that would give me such pride and delight as to be of service to you?"

The girl's reception of this moment lighted up Frankie Tredethlyn's countenance like a sudden glow of summer sunshine. Maude answered for her—Maude, the fairy, the new star of success her career was gained; her father's preserver was found. She had not counted in vain upon Frankie Tredethlyn.

"I want you to lend papa twenty thousand pounds," she said; "I know that he will repay you honorably, and without interest, as soon as his difficulties in his business—but the loan of twenty thousand pounds would smooth them all away. I have told you all very, very rich, Mr. Tredethlyn, and that you can afford to lend such a sum of money, or I should never have dared—"

"You would not have dared, Miss Hillary? Oh, can you doubt that I would give the last sixpence I have in the world, the last drop of my heart's blood, to serve you even in a trifle? Twenty thousand pounds! Take forty—fifty thousand—the utmost farthing of my fortune. If you will accept it—take it into the next room, if the waste of it can give you a moment's pleasure. Oh, you don't know, you don't know how I love you!"

He had been acting Claude Melnotte, and the intensities of the scene sentimental poetry was strong upon him. Maude felt it also, supposing that he may have taken a little more splashing Mosaic in the course of his dramatic exercises than can attach to "when by a young man" in sanguine temperament. All prudence, all power of reticence had left him at this moment, and he dropped on his knees at Miss Hillary's feet, like a lover in a stage play. She was so beautiful—she seemed at that moment the only attainable in which he dared address her.

"Oh, if you know how I love you," he cried, passionately, "you could only love me! You understand! But I am so ignorant—so unworthy—so far beneath you."

Miss Hillary withdrew herself away from him with a gesture of mingled surprise and disgust.

"You dare to talk to me like this, and you are the affianced husband of my friend!" she cried.

"Oh, Mr. Tredethlyn, you take a very mean advantage of my father's difficulties and my distress."

"Yes!" answered Julia Desmond from the doorway. She had been standing on the threshold for the last few moments, watching the preface to debts upon the man who was to be my husband, and coolly ask him for the trifling loan of twenty thousand pounds." She laughed bitterly as she named the sum. "Twenty thousand pounds—and you ask your friend's lover to turn money-lender; and you bring your tears and hysterical sobs, and a thousand pretty amateur dramatic devices to bear, in order to obtain what you want, and all in the most childish innocence, of course. And then you turn upon the man whom you have lured to your feet by a hundred tricks and artifices, and make a charming show of surprise and indignation. And it is he shameful, Maude Hillary—mean, and cruel, and false; and bitter shame shall come to you for this night's work."

The Irishwoman was superb in her indignation. Those flashing eyes and glittering teeth, heretofore in the case of Julia Desmond, only lent a fierce charm to an infernal kind of splendor, such splendor had many a fatal victim seen upon the countenance of the dashing Irish colleen, perhaps no fell prone on some lonely field beside the shannon. It was against Maude that the fullest force of Julia Desmond's wrath was now given vent. Maude, of whom she had always been jealous; in whom she had continually found a triumphant rival. It was of her that she had dreamed in jealous rage that Julia turned upon her recreant lover. Francis had risen from his knees, and stood aside in sullen gloom, with his head averted, and a needless upon his face; he was sobered by Maude's indignation and Julia's passion, and he was dimly aware that he had made a fool of himself.

"As for you, Mr. Francis Tredethlyn," Miss Desmond said presently, "I suppose I have no need to tell you that all is over between us, and that I bitterly repent the humiliation my own folly has brought upon me. I should have known how empty and worthless I stooped to regard a person whose code of honor belongs to a dishonest world from that in which I have been reared. I suppose some women would be glad to sue for a man to pledge himself to one woman and then make love to another; but such is not the custom in the circles which I have been taught to consider to be welcome. I should have known what I had to expect when I came into this house. I should have known what it was I stooped to regard a man who could trusted in the truth and loyalty of a man who is not a gentleman."

Through the whole speech Julia's breath had been moving rapidly, but with unfailing purpose, though they trembled a little all the while. One by one the most damning and deadly crushed arguments that had glittered upon her head and wrists, her throat and bosom, and now the jewels lay in a little heap at the feet of Miss Hillary. Gradually One by one she had thrown them there during that passionate speech. She could not set her head out. She had to make the most of her character she had undertaken. The fiery blood of the Ryan O'Dwyan Desmond had asserted itself in spite of all the training of her lifetime, all the bitter schooling of experience. It was very dreadful to be poor and dependent. It would have been delightful to be mistress of Honsicar Deschappelles for a year; but Julia Desmond, coming to the three-fold of the study, had heard Maude's appeal for the twenty thousand pounds, and Francis Tredethlyn's impassioned avowal, and patience and policy had ebbs deserted her. Carried away by the impulse of the moment, she had committed everything. At last Francis Tredethlyn spoke for himself.

"I know that I have acted very badly," he said; "I had no right to speak; I never should have spoken but for that play. I think I must have allowed fascination of your profession in all their bitterness. But when I promised to be your true and faithful husband, I only made a promise that I am still prepared to keep. I do not think that it is just justice to remember that I did not profess any warmer feeling than admiration and esteem."

"Your gentlemanly conduct is very kind, Mr. Tredethlyn," Julia answered, coldly. "I wish you good-night."

She passed had been something terrible in the suppressed vehemence some moments before, but she was quite calm now. She swept towards the door looking as proud as a queen, but as she neared the merchant's daughter she stopped just long enough to utter one brief sentence close to the young lady's ear.

"You shall suffer for this, Miss Hillary," she said.

She left the room; but Maude followed her, crying:

"Julia! Julia!"

She hurried along the corridor and up the staircase, following closely upon Miss Desmond; but when she reached that young lady's room, the door was shut and locked in her face, and she answered the merchant's daughter she stopped just long enough to utter one brief sentence close to the young lady's ear.

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"Julia! Julia!"

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"I have nothing to say to you, Miss Hillary. I only regret that I must pass one more night in this house."

So Maude was obliged to go away in despair and meeting her maid at the door of her own room, was informed that Mr. Hillary had been, and gone for the night, and that the maid was told; "and I've been looking for you everywhere, miss, to know when you'd have your dress changed."

Yes, there was to be more changing of dresses before Maude's work was done. She realized her fate with a sigh for the unfortunate young person who waited upon her, and then went downstairs, gorgeous in pink silk and crape puffings, and with a crown of flowers upon her head, to receive the compliments and congratulations of her father's friends, and to act her part in that social drama which was quite as difficult a performance as the "Lady of Lyons."

Francis Tredethlyn sat quite alone in the little dimly-lighted study at the end of the long, rambling mansion, while Mr. Hillary's guests finished the evening with a little dancing, a great deal of flirting, and a perpetual ringing of bells, and ices, in consequence of the servants and lobbies, where there were hothouse flowers and low chintz-covered ottomans, and an air of loneliness and seclusion for flirtation. Francis Tredethlyn sat alone with Julia's diamonds still lying at his feet, and brooded over his position. He had outraged Maude, whom he adored. He had injured Julia, to whom he was bound by every sentiment of honor and good faith. Possibly, he may express the sentiment of his position if he sat pondering upon what he had done. "False to my own Susan, false to Julia Desmond," he thought, "and behaving but manfully as a man to me since I inherited that miserable money. I have no right to be amongst those people. I never should have come to the house where her presence has always seemed to turn my brain."

He looked down at the diamonds lying on the carpet, and smiled bitterly as he remembered how much money they represented—more than had been spent on Susan Tredethlyn in all the girl's joyless life—ten times more than would have restored the young man's father to solvency and comfort, at the time when he had pledged him the loan of two hundred pounds.

He stooped and gathered together the fallen gems. They were of the purest water, clear as crystals, and set in massive gold, some in necklaces, bracelets, and paper, and scallywags, and all necessary implements. He selected a large sheet of paper, and folded the diamonds into a parcel, and before sealing the packet, he wrote a few lines on the margin of the paper:

"I beg Miss Hillary to keep a few yet to retain the enclosed. I only were given to you as an evidence of the love which I bore you, as well as of the gratitude for your indulgent kindness to one so much beneath you as myself. I implore you to forget and forgive the folly he supported by you. I am too ignorant of the world in which you live to know what is right, and I cannot but believe you that I am ready to submit myself entirely to your discretion. I will not trouble myself further in every word I said in this room on the day when you promised to be my wife.

"Yours sincerely,

"FRANCIS TREDETHLYN."

No one but the servants saw him when he left Mr. Tredethlyn left the Cedars on that first night of the New Year; but a little before one o'clock the next day a letter was delivered to Mr. Hillary—a letter from the assistant manager of a certain bank in the city, informing the merchant that a sum of twenty thousand pounds had that morning been placed to his credit.

SHERMAN'S CAMPAIGN IN THE CAROLINAS.

Months have since swan no war like the present, in which the contending powers have been operating against as many opposing hosts, scattered over so many thousand miles of country. The extent and element of results in such varied and extended campaigns becomes rather a matter of calculation than of immediate observation. Yet there have been a few secret puzzle with Europe to understand what side had gained most in the great struggle.

The South commenced with the great advantage of having had the reins of government in its own hands for the preceding four years. It had absorbed all the surplus power or spending spirit from its more poor or able men, and had concentrated it under the sole "genius" of President and cousin no longer force slavery down the American throat. The South had also the advantage of selecting its own time for the outbreak, having arranged the successive to the plot, with the additional advantage of possessing itself of the unpaid-up munitions of public stores, all the best army officers were of Southern birth and proclivities. The energy and character exhibited by the North, however, prevented all these circumstances, and the rebellion now presents the spectacle of the United London Times to call it an "Anti-National insurrection."

In our paper of to-day we give a series of most interesting and valuable illustrations of Sherman's triumphant march from Savannah, Ga., to Goldsboro, N. C. The country, passed through in South Carolina with the tread of an invincible giant through all the long and eventful march the Union army never found a enough to oppose it, but were, on from town to town, without any more serious resistance than the destruction of a few wooden bridges, which the defeated foe, in their "Border ruffian" hatred, made—for we cannot call such ruthless cavalry, when even the rebel prints say they dreaded them more than the Yankee soldiers—for us.

Our best paper illustrates how Charleston fell, not at the approach of the victorious army, for he did not within six miles of it, but because his strategy lapped it off from the great rebel tree so though it had been a withered fruit ready to fall of its own weight. One of the first places our army reached was

Pine Rock,

which is a post office of Chesterfield district, South Carolina. Here some cotton was found and a cotton press, which was speedily destroyed. Our Artist, Mr. Taylor, has given a graphic picture of this little episode in the great campaign.

Cheraw

is a post village of Chesterfield district, S. C., on the right bank of the Great Pedee river, at the head of steam navigation, 75 miles E. N. E. from Columbia. It has a bank and two leading newspapers, N. C. Gale & Co., and some importance as a depot for cotton. It contains 500 houses, and in 1860 had a population of about 1,100.

On the 3d of March, at 10 A.M., our brave boys of the 17th army corps, under command of Gen. Frank Blair, entered Cheraw, and drove the rearguard of the rebels out of it with a couple of cannon shots. As usual, the rebel troops plundered their own people when they left, well knowing they would never visit that place again.

Bennettsville

is a post village, capital of Marlboro district, South Carolina, about eight miles east from Great Pedee river by Gallo's Ferry. It contains three churches, several academies and stores. This pretty little place was occupied by our forces on the 6th of March.

Orangeburg

is the capital of Orangeburg district, South Carolina, on the left bank of North Edisto river, 14 miles S. E. from Columbia. It is connected by railroad with Columbia to Charleston, and was a place of considerable interest before the rebellion. Our Artist says: "When I reached Orangeburg it was in flames, the rebels having set fire to it as they retreated before the National forces. Most unnecessary, as it was a log of sales. The handsome churches, with their tall steeples, and about 40 houses alone escaped. A large amount of cotton was also consumed. It was a painful sight to see women and children wandering homeless and penniless among the ruins of their once comfortable homes."

Columbia,

the capital of South Carolina, is one of the most important and beautiful cities in the State. It is in Richland district, on the left or east bank of the Congaree river, immediately below the confluence of the Saluda and Broad rivers, forming it, 130 miles N. from Charleston, and 500 miles from Washington. It is charmingly situated on a plain, and regularly laid out with streets of about 100 feet wide, crossing each other with commodious lots. The greater number of dwellings are built of wood, and a few of brick. In the South Carolina College, founded and conducted some of the inhabitants would have justified the government exhibition. He says that it was set fire by some of the released Union prisoners and the contrabands who had suffered severely from their cruel treatment. The Catholic convent and the Baptist and Methodist churches would be ripe for any vengeance that might prevail. He says that the Rev. Dr. Girardeau, the rector of the institution, was much in the habit of pursuing the runaway slaves with bloodhounds, and was not scrupulous to teach the quarters three times during the night, and to use breaking out of fire in their miserable vicinity.

The Petzon Pen

It must be confessed that the Petzon Pen—of which we give a graphic sketch—has been a particular object of the extremists to which the released Union prisoners proceeded. We have no fear that the Southern Confederacy of Columbia was in the habit of pursuing the runaway slaves with bloodhounds, was not scrupulous to teach the quarters three times during the night, and to use breaking out of fire in their miserable vicinity.

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Charlotte

is a thriving town, capital of Mecklenburg co., N. C., on Sugar creek, 15 deg. W. S. W. from Raleigh. It is one of the principal towns in the western portion of the State, and has been settled more than a few years past to some amount of the gold mines which have been opened in the vicinity, at the time of the breaking up of the Union. It used to possess a branch mint for the purpose of coining. It is the terminus of the Charlotte and South Carolina Railroad, and of the Central Railroad to Fayetteville. It has five churches, two newspaper offices and two banks. Its population has been long extended to Fayetteville. The population is about 3,000.

We close our illustrations for the present number with a sketch of the manner in which the enemy left Fayetteville, and a view of the Arsenal, one of the best arranged in the country, as it is to be found. We may here observe that the good sense of the reunited countrymen of the North will not tolerate passion nor crimes have of encouraging local prejudices. Let us be by corruption and by pandering to the lower political passions of the million.

Fayetteville

is a flourishing town, capital of Cumberland county, N. C. It is situated on the left bank of Cape Fear river, 60 miles S. W. from Raleigh, and 90 miles N. E. from Columbia, 120 miles north-west from Wilmington, It is the centre of an extensive trade, which is facilitated by steamboat navigation in various directions. Fayetteville contains an amount of construction just developed by the Arsenal there, who probably think that he guessed the United States would not require any more arsenals in either North or South Carolina. It has also a cotton factory, and have wrong-doers. In 1831 a large part of the town was destroyed by fire, and since that time has been rebuilt for the relief of the sufferers by the citizens of this and other States. Population in 1860 about 8,000.

Our readers will be glad to see the following graphic record of this grand campaign, taken from the New York *Herald*:

Never before has an army accomplished so much with such little sacrifice of life or property.

Sherman has marched about forty-five miles a day, and, as it were, from his order on Sid.

He has had no battles, nor even confirmed success. Sherman's capital movements completely split up the rebel forces, and left them into hopeless confusion and a disbanding tour power.

Our people had been somewhat retarded by the heavy rains of rain, which flooded the creeks and swamps and rivers, but Sherman's army is now within about 50 or 60 miles of rock, and build several miles of treaties work on the railroad.

Besides compelling them to evacuate Charleston, we have left Hardee's army of about forty thousand men in splinters, also over 20 miles of their chief lines of railroad, and thousands of bales of cotton.

At Columbia we captured 48 cannon, 200,000 cartridges, 5,000 rifles, and about 5,000 thousand of Confederate notes. About 10,000 muskets, over 100 Government wagons, and large quantities of ammunition, harness, commissaries, saling stock, and other stuffs of Government value, fell into the hands of the victors.

At Cheraw we took 36 cannon, eight caissons and two battle flags. Besides these we have captured a large amount stores of various kinds in the second and eleventh corps.

At Chesterville we took 17 cannon, besides a large amount of ammunition and stores of various kinds in the second and eleventh.

At Bennettsville we took eight, one-third of which were field piece, with carriages, caissons and all complete. We have also taken a large number in our line of battle. We gave food and transportation to about 15,000 colored refugees, besides destroying the Confederacy of colored rebels and slaves. We also had about 4,000 white refugees with us. We have left enough for corn to be sent North to whatever destination they choose.

Sherman's army is now in the following order of march: In South Carolina—Beaufort, Barnwell, Orangeburg, Lexington, Columbia, Winnsboro, Chesterville, Cheraw, Darlington, Sumter, Bamberton, Chesterfield, Mallsbury. In North Carolina—Mangum, Fayetteville, Smithfield, Linton, Robeson, Cumberland and Moore.

We marched on an average 400 miles, our wings extending some 30 or 40 miles. This would give an area of over 15,000 square miles which we opened over, at the time supporting men and animals on the country. Indeed, the foe we have subdued on the route will be content to be and still a trifling carrier of life.

Hardee's 10,000 sick, wounded and missing will cover our casualties. Several of these are owing to accidental shots, and not to the enemy's fire.

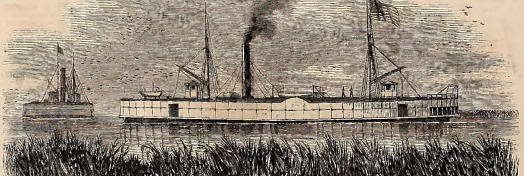
The enemy's loss must be, in killed, wounded and missing, about 15,000. While we have captured and on loss over 8,000 prisoners.



UNION ARMY OCCUPYING BENNETTSVILLE, S. C., MARCH 6.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE NEW IRONCLAD GUNBOATS, Augusta and Savannah.

THE "double-ender" gunboats Augusta and Savannah, of which we have engraved sketches, have lately been added to the armed transport fleet in the Department of the South by Gen. Foster. They were built by Norman Ward, for special service in inland waters, and for which they are peculiarly well adapted, drawing only three feet of water, and clad with light iron, their boilers and machinery being well protected. They carry a battery of broadside, pivot and field guns, with horses and timber complete. The Augusta is the flagship, and is commanded by Ensign C. C. Nell, U. S. Navy, A. D. C. and Superintendent of Armed Transports, Department of the South. Ensign Nell is a native of Alexandria, Va., and from his long and faithful service in his present capacity, it is evident to the Commanding General of the department that no better choice could have been made.



THE NEW IRONCLAD GUNBOATS AUGUSTA AND SAVANNAH.

THE GREAT TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

THE reprehensible regret expressed a few years ago by botanists at the destruction of the gigantic trees of California, will be alleviated by information from Prof. Brewer, of the Californian State Geological Survey. He announces the discovery of the big trees in great numbers on the western banks of the Sierra Nevada, in about latitude 36° 40 minutes or 37 degrees," and he describes them as "very abundant about a belt at 5,000-7,000 feet altitude, for a distance of more than 20 miles, sometimes in groves, at others scattered through the forests in great numbers."

One of the largest trees seen by Prof. Brewer measured 106 feet in circumference, at four feet above the ground, and was 326 feet in height. "You can have no idea," he adds, "of the grandeur they impart to the scenery, where at times a hundred trees are in sight at once, over 15 feet in diameter, their rich foliage contrasting so finely with their cinnamon-colored bark."

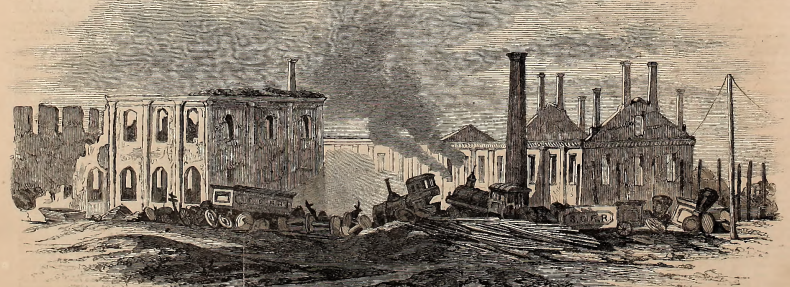
It is satisfactory to learn that there is no danger now of speedy extinction of the species, for "numerous seed-dealers and plant collectors, who name species more for profit than from any honest conviction that they are new species."

Photographs have been taken of some of the finest trees and groups, which make very effective and characteristic pictures.

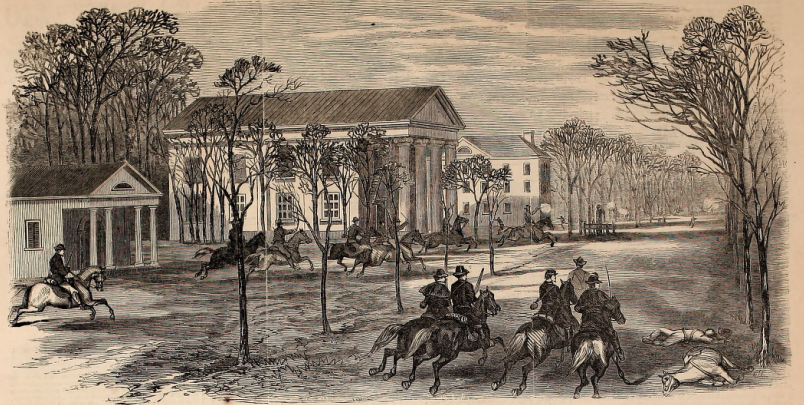
LUCIFERS WITHOUT PHOSPHORUS.—Dr. Hierpe, a German chemist, employs for the production of the heads of lucifers a mixture of four parts to six parts chlorate of potash and two parts each of bichromate of potash and of oxide of iron or of lead, with three parts strong glue. For an igniting surface he uses a mixture of twenty parts sulphate of antimony, two to four parts bichromate of potash, four to six parts oxide of either iron, lead or manganese, two parts of glass powder, and from two to three parts strong glue or gum. These matches will ignite only on the friction surface thus prepared. Dr. H. Polter, another German chemist, uses for the match heads a mixture of chlorate of potash and a salt which he describes as a compound of hyposulphurous acid with soda, ammonia, and oxide and sub-oxide of copper. Lucifers made in this way are, however, objectionable, from the fact that they will ignite on any rough surface, even more easily than the common kind. Any good mode of rendering the use of phosphorus unnecessary would be a great advantage, as not only does it cause, in those obliged to manufacture it, a very terrible disease of the jaw, and give rise very frequently to destructive fires, but the supply of it is far from abundant, and is withdrawn permanently from the soil, to the great injury of the crops.

CURIOUS EXPERIMENTS.—A very curious regulation of the Chamberlain's office, bearing date 1824, touching conduct to be observed by cadets who were invited to dine with an Austrian archduke, runs as follows: "His Imperial and Royal Highness having deigned to invite several officers to dine at his table, and having had frequent opportunities of observing that a considerable part of those officers behave with the strictest courtesy and good-breeding towards each other, and generally conduct themselves like true and worthy cavaliers, nevertheless deems it advisable that the less experienced cadets should have their attention directed to the following code of regulations: 1. To present their respects to his Imperial and Royal Highness on their arrival, to come neatly dressed, coat and boots, and not to enter the room in a half-drunken condition. 2. At table they are not to tilt up their chairs or rock themselves therein, nor stretch their legs at full length. 3. Nor drink after each mouthful, for if they do they will get tipsy too soon; nor empty the goblet to the extent of more than one-half after each dish, and before drinking therefrom, they should wipe the mouth and moustache in a cleanly manner. 4. Neither are they to thrust their hands into the dishes, nor to throw the bones under the table. 5. Nor to lick their fingers, nor to expectorate in their plates, nor to wipe their nose on the tablecloth. 6. Nor shall so brutally as to fall from their chairs and make themselves incapable of walking straight." We may well wonder what kind of manners prevailed at that period among the lower grades of society, when we find a code like the above considered necessary in the conduct of young officers, who must have belonged to the noblest families.

A LECTURER was dilating upon the powers of the magnet, defying any one to show or name anything surpassing its power. A hearer demurred, and instanced a young lady, who used to attract him 13 miles every Sunday.



CHARLOTTE AND COLUMBIA (S. C.) RAILROAD DEPOT, DESTROYED BY FOR ERGES.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, TAKEN FEB. 17.



SHERMAN'S 17TH ARMY CORPS ENTERING CHERAW, AND DRIVING OUT THE REBELS, MARCH 3.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—SEE PAGE 43.

BUFFALO-FIGHTING IN BURMAH.

THE buffaloes are owned by different districts and townships, and each one is an object of attraction and interest to those who have chosen it for their champion. They sit around the huge animal for hours, smoking, chatting, and arguing on its capabilities and disposition. They cut for it the freshest grass, and lead it by a cord passed through its nose to the salt mud in which it delights to wallow, and to the cooling stream, where it may often be seen nearly immersed, its broad black nose only raised above the water. At last the hour looked for day arrives. On a properly laid out spot, a number of sheds, made of bamboo and thatch, the floors of which are raised several feet from the ground, are erected. All these are crammed with spectators, and thousands more occupy the enclosed space. At length a movement in a certain direction is perceived, cymbals, and drums announce the arrival of the first buffalo, which forthwith makes its appearance in great state. First of all come a crowd of nearly naked men, dancing, shouting, and cutting the most grotesque antics. Next walks the buffalo, under a canopy, and surrounded by a white cord, held out by some of its supporters. A man leads it by a cord passed through its nose, and it is thus paraded round the ground. In a little while another



ARSENAL AT FAYETTEVILLE, N. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

movement is visible, and the excitement becomes more intense. Another buffalo is seen in the distance, slowly wending its way to the scene of conflict. He soon arrives on the field, and is led towards his antagonist. The flags which have been held before the eyes of either animal are now removed, and each is mounted by a Burman, who retains his seat on the animal's back as long as possible, at the imminent risk of being precipitated on the horns, or trampled under the feet, of the contending and enraged buffaloes. No sooner do the animals catch sight of each other than they rush furiously to the combat, and the clash of their massive foreheads may be heard at some distance. And now the excitement of the people is at its height; the mass of human beings sways to and fro and closes around the buffaloes. Pecns, with long bamboos, beat back the crowd. Men interested in the victory of their champion buffalo urge him on in every possible manner. The fray seldom lasts longer than a few minutes, when one of the animals suddenly comes to the conclusion that discretion is the better part of valor, and remembering no doubt, the maxim of Hudibras rushes from the field through the midst of the spectators, while the antagonist follows at his heels. Then they go amid the shouts and laughter of the people, who generally bring them to a stand at a great or less distance from the original scene of conflict, when a more furious and lasting fight often ensues, at which the tables are sometimes turned.



SHERMAN'S MEN DRIVING REBELS OUT OF FAYETTEVILLE, MARCH 11.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

the fugitive becoming in its turn the conqueror. Various bets are made on the issue of the contest, and as soon as it is decided the victorious party reappear on the ground, yelling, shouting, dancing, making the most frantic gestures, rolling in the mud—their dishevelled hair all the while streaming in the wind. Men, boys, and women join in a wild dance, and, lastly, the victorious buffalo is paraded around the ground by his partisans. He is decked out with flowers, caressed, and, in one instance, I observed a man kiss the huge brute on the forehead several times with great gusto. After a short interval, another pair of buffaloes arrive on the field, when a similar scene takes place. In some cases, one of the animals, being imbued, it would appear, with "peace-at-any-price" principles, altogether refuses the combat, and bolts from the ground, to the great disgust of its friends and patrons. The great sport continues for two days, during which time eight pairs of buffaloes are brought into the field; but the town continues in a state of excitement for some time, and the victorious buffaloes are paraded through the streets, decked out in various ways, and accompanied by a number of the winning party, all dressed in holiday attire. The young men, clad only in silk *pul-sos*, and gold chains about their necks, dance, whenever the procession stops, to the musical instruments by which it is accompanied.

Recently some persons engaged in making turpentine in Plumas county, California, tapped some pine trees of a species new to them. The fluid flowed abundantly, but it had a peculiar odor, and when taken to the turpentine stills in the neighborhood nothing could be done with it. At last it fell into the hands of a man who managed to distil a liquid, which proved to be a new discovery. Instead of the disagreeable odor of turpentine it has a fragrance like citron, and is free from all resinous matter. Ten gallons of it weighs as much as six and three-quarter gallons of pure water. It dissolves all the animal and vegetable oils, and leaves no stain of its own, nor does it affect any of the colors used in dyeing, and thus it is an excellent substitute for benzine, without the odor which makes the latter substance so offensive. It is also much cheaper than benzine. The new liquid is called "erasine," because of its value for cleansing. It evaporates rapidly, and burns well, but is more expensive than coal oil. This novel product of California is now in market.

We would call special attention to B. T. Hayward's advertisement, in another department of this issue. Our gallant troops in the Union service can obtain from him every desirable style of Company, Regimental, Brigade, Division or Corps Pins, Badges or Emblems. As every patriot prides himself on his particular Company, Regiment or Corps, and wishes to decorate his manly breast with an honourable Badge, designating his connections, and thousands, not knowing how to obtain them, we take pleasure in referring them to Mr. Hayward's advertisement, in which will be found all that is desired in that line. Mr. Hayward is one of our largest and oldest Manufacturing Jewellers, and is the leading manufacturer of the Army Badges. In fact, his is the only reliable house to deal with. He can be relied upon for quality of goods, promptness and faithfulness in filling all orders. Our "Masonic" friends will also find everything in their line appertaining to masonry.—*Army and Home Journal.*

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One box (250) new style Magenta Envelopes	2 00

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Stationers and Envelope Manufacturers,
36 Beekman street, N. Y.

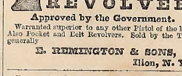
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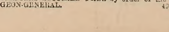
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Those marked (*) have French ornaments or rests and chased edges. The cheapest and best made.

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Manufacturer of Albums and Publisher of Family and Pulpit Bibles,
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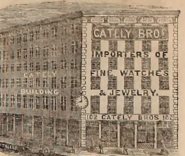
Has fully established the superiority of this Salve over all other healing remedies. It reduces the most angry looking swellings and inflammations as if by magic; heals old sores, wounds, burns, scalds, &c., in a surprisingly short time.

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$8 OFFICER'S WATCH. $10



Our Whole Stock of Imported Watches, being of rich and novel designs, durable and correct timekeepers, are now offered at reduced prices. Single Watches at Wholesale rates.

An Elegant Watch in Fine Gold Plated *Double Cases,* Richly Engraved, Turned Centre, Carved Balance Bridge, *English Full Plate Jewelled Movements,* adjusted Regulator, Spring Bolt, Spade Hands and Fine Enameled White Dial, *a serviceable article* in running order, with Key, Case, etc., complete, and a Gent's *Handsome Vest Chain* and beautiful Miniature Gold Locket to match, with Double Cases, Box and Glass for *Two Likenesses.* Sent by mail to any part of the country for only $10.

A Neat Silver Watch, especially adapted for Army use, in Heavy Double Cases, Small Size, *same as the above,* with Key, Case, etc., complete, and Gent's *Vest Chain, Engraved Double Case Locket, etc.* Sent by mail to any part of the U. S. for only $8.

The Imperial Watch,

OR BRITISH ARMY OFFICERS' TIMEKEEPER, containing a Rare and *Wonderful Combination of Mechanical Effects,* combining within its cases and attached to its machinery a beautiful and *correct working* Thermometer, an accurately adjusted *Mariner's Compass* in miniature, sunk in Dial, and a *Reliable Calendar,* indicating day of month, week, etc., in Case, rendering this Watch a perfect Storm, Heat and Time Indicator. The beautiful machinery of this valuable Watch is encased in *Finely Finished* Double Hunting, *Magic Spring* 19 *Line Cases* (the outer cases being of fine 18 Carat *Gold,* inner cases of *Solid Gold Composite*), Richly Engraved top and bottom, with *Panel for Name,* Turned Nerl, movable Pendant Bow, and Fancy Push Spring. *Genuine English Improved Jewelled Action,* M. J. Tobias *movements,* Polished Cap and Doome *Self-acting Click,* Equal Balance, Independent Actions, Fine White Dials, Polished Steel Cut Hands, and is an *Exact Imitation* of a $100 watch, and used by the Royal Engineers and *Officers of* the British Army. None Genuine unless bearing our private trade mark. Price per single one, all complete, with Case, Key, &c., sent anywhere by mail, $20.

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599 BROADWAY, N. Y.

	EACH.
12 Elegant Rosewood Pianos, worth from	$250 to $500
15 Melodeons, Rosewood Cases	125 to 225
150 Music Boxes	15 to 45
100 Silver Revolving Patent Castors	15 to 40
100 Silver Fruit and Cake Baskets	15 to 35
500 Sets Silver Tea and Table Spoons	15 to 30
100 Gold Hunting-case Watches, all warranted	75 to 150
150 Diamond Rings, Cluster and Single Stone	50 to 200
200 Gold Watches	60 to 100
300 Ladies' Gold Watches	60 to 85
500 Silver Watches	25 to 50

Diamond Pins, Diamond Rings, Gold Bracelets, Coral, Florentine Mosaic, Jet, Lava and Cameo Ladies' Sets, Gold Pens with Gold and Silver Extension Holders, Sleeve Buttons, Sets of Studs, Neck Chains, Vest Chains, Plain and Chased Gold Rings, Gold Thimbles, Lockets, Silver Baskets and **FINE JEWELLERY** of every description, of the best make and latest styles, valued at **$500,000!**

To be Sold for One Dollar Each *without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you will receive.*

Distribution is made in the following manner:

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ADVANTAGE OR MARKED CARDS.

Forty different kinds at $1 50 by mail; $12 00 per dozen. Also, French cards (52 views) $1 25, by mail; $10 00 per dozen. If to the armies, $1 00 extra to prepay Expressage on a dozen. Address

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THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED TO SECURE GOOD JEWELLERY AT LOW PRICES.

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELLERY, GOLD PENS, BRACELETS, LOCKETS, RINGS, CHARM PINS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, STUDS, ETC.,

Worth $500,000!

To be sold to ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will show you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list and prices, and references to Agents, which we want in every Regiment and Town in the Country.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
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Stereoscopic Views and Cartes de Visite.
Lots assorted, 100 for $5. Catalogues free.
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Beauty—Hunt's Bloom of Roses,
A charming, delicate and perfect natural color for the cheeks or lips, does not wash off or injure the skin; its immense permanent for years and cannot be detected. Price $1. 18 cents by mail, securely packed from observation.
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The West Indian Hair Curler, warranted to curl the most straight hair and stiff as wire in one application, into short ringlets or waving massive curls. Sent to any address on receipt of $1. Address
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100 Photographs of Union Generals sent, postpaid, for 25 cents: 50 Photographs of Leading Actors sent for 25 cents; 100 Photographs of Female Beauties sent for 25 cents. Address P. O. Box 48, Rutland, N. Y. 425-509

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Stereoscopic Pictures and Cartes de Visite, Albert Impressions, Also, New Books and Sporting Articles. Send for Circular.
609 PIERCE DIXON, 26 Ann st., N. Y.

New Pocket Albums,

Holding 10 pictures, *the cheapest and the most desirable* Album in the market. Price only 75 cents.
Also, Gilt Edged Albums of Cards, Coats, Meade, Sheridan, Butler, Hooker, Hancock, Howard, Custer, Gilmore, Logan, Lincoln, Van Rensselaer, Washington, Long Love at First Sight, Coming Out, Ivy Leaf, Matrimonial Ages, Matrimonial Chances, etc. Price 10 cents each; wholesale, $6 per 100.
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Agents wanted. Washington street.
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Shuits' Curlique, for curling the hair. Prices 50 cents. Sent ready, postpaid, on receipt of price.
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Shuits's Onguent, warranted to produce a full set of whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent postpaid for 50 cents. Address C. F. SHUITS, Troy, N. Y.
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Matrimony—Why every man should marry. Why every woman should marry. All may marry happily. Read the Hundred Reasons Physical and Medical Advisory, by WM. FAHI, M. D., 200 pages. Mailed in sealed envelope on receipt of 25 cts. 200 pages. Mailed in sealed envelope on receipt of 25 cts. Address 12 White Street, New York.

The Book of Wonders tells how to make cards with the name of any one of the 50 States, contains the Hostess's Secret, how to exalt Pink and all Kinds of Colors, how to make all Kinds of Inks, and all kinds of Ornaments and Curling Fluids; Gambling Exposed; Verifying the Date; Easy Explanation of Impotence to Ladies; how to gain the Love of any one, &c., &c. Sent to any one securely sealed, for 25 cents. Address Box 5087 P. O., New York. 494-7

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The American Card Company's New Union Playing Cards, National Emblems.

They are the prettiest cards in sale, and suit the purchaser alike. Every Soldier's Wife, Sister, Mother, Daughter, Colored in place of King, Goddess of Liberty for Queen, and Master for Knave.

All the games can be played as readily as with cards bearing the old devices. Each pack is put up in an elegant cardcase, and then in Boxes Ready for the Trade.

To order that ALL dealers may have an opportunity to sell these cards we offer two box of assorted packs, to be sent, postpaid, on receipt of $2. Address
AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
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"How it's Done."—Washers in 6 weeks. Curlers required. Fortune-telling. Everything else, &c. 1000 of secret secrets, price 25 cents. Address HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H. 494-7

The Early Physical Degeneracy of American People,
And the early melancholy decline of Childhood and Youth, just published by DR. STONE, Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute.
A Treatise on the above subject, the cause of Nervous Debility, Marasmus and Consumption; Warfare of the Vital Fluids, the mysterious and hidden causes of Palpitations, Impotency, Sterility and Dyspepsia.
☞ Send and get to send two red stamps and obtain this book. Address
DR. ANDREW STONE,
Physician to the Troy Lung and Hygienic Institute and Physician for Diseases of the Heart, Throat and Lungs, No. 93 Fifth Street, Troy, N. Y.

What the "Press" say of Us.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.—A new opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings, silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arcadia & Co., of No. 208 Broadway, who advertise a large assortment of articles, to be sold for one dollar each. The variety is value, and the manner of sale is novel. The advertisers offer to any person to take a certificate of gift for 25 cents, which entitles him on receipt of the article named in it to pay four dollars more on the delivery of the article, which will be worth more than that amount, and may be $50 or $100. An illustrated catalogue is published, a dollar accompanied it.—*New York City, Feb. 19, 1865.*

MESSRS. ARCADIA & CO. have long been a perennially known to us, and we believe them to be every way worthy the confidence of the public.—*New York Saturday Press, Sept. 24, 1864.*

We have inspected, at the office of Arcadia & Co.'s agency for Europe and Manufacturing Jewellery, a large assortment of fashionable and valuable articles of gold and silver plate, and understand that the whole of the articles advertised by this house are to be disposed of on a novel principle, differing entirely from the ordinary lottery and other schemes for the enjoyment of wealth. We know that the firm in question is a very respectable and thoroughly worthy one of public confidence, and recommend its readers to call at the establishment.—*New York Atlas, Sept. 3, 1864.*

MESSRS. ARCADIA & CO.'S arrangement, the advantages must be on the side of the customer, for in no case is anything to be paid until the purchaser has seen what he will get for his dollar before-hand, and he receives not one article he is not satisfied with.—*New York Leader, Aug. 6, 1864.*

EXPLOITATION EXTRAORDINARY.—The most eligible position in Broadway, for the establishment of a depot for the sale of reliable articles at the "Great Gift Distribution" is at 208 Broadway, where Messrs. Arcadia & Co. are in very successful operation in this way, and only within the last week. Their system of selling articles at one dollar when each article can be seen, is certainly the most liberal and commendable we have yet noticed, and can also be strongly suggested.—*New York Sunday Mercury, Aug. 14, 1864.*

We have examined the articles in the advertisement of Arcadia & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches, jewelry, silverware, etc., and find them to be of the most unexceptionable character, the jewelry always being of the best quality, and the watches of the best quality, they are exceedingly fair operations.—*The Troy Democrat Newsletter, Aug. 11, 1864.*

The Revised Map of America, for 1865, 1870, Nov. 25, 1861, one or our lady subscribers became an agent for our publication, and in a few days sent in a list of articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to the value of Seventy Dollars. Without the slightest desire to vouch for each and all of the articles were worth twice the amount paid for the map, and we therefore deem them an extra.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

GREAT SALE
OF
Watches, Chains, Diamond Rings, Etc.
One Million Dollars!
To be Disposed of at One Dollar Each!!

WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE! NOT TO BE PAID FOR UNTIL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO RECEIVE!

Splendid List of Articles! All to be Sold for $1 each!

300	Musical Boxes	$30 to $120
150	" watches	300 " 500
	sets	200 " 300
200	Silver Tea and coffee Urns	50 " 100
500	" Chasing Dishes	30 " 100
1,000	" Card Receivers	10 " 20
2,000	" Syrup Cups with Stands	20 " 30
2,000	" Cake Baskets	30 " 50
3,000	" Castors	15 " 50
2,000	" Fruit Stands and Cake Baskets	30 " 50
		FIFTY DOLLARS.
5,000	Dozen Silver Tea Spoons	50 " 75
10,000	" Table Spoons & Forks	20 " 40
		DOLLARS.
250	Gents' Gold Hunting-case Watches	$200 to $1500
500	Ladies' Gold and Enamel Watches	
		75 " 200
1,000	" Gold Hunting-case Watches	50 " 100
500	Diamond Rings	50 " 100
5,000	Gold Pens and Nick Chains	5 " 10
5,000	" Oval Band Bracelets	5 " 10
5,000	Set and Gold Bracelets	5 " 10
2,000	Solitaire Chains & Guard Chains	5 " 10
2,000	Gold Chains for Gentlemen	5 " 10
5,000	Coral, Opal and Emerald Brooches	3 " 8
5,000	Gold Lockets, Gold Bracelets	3 " 10
		CENTS.
7,500	Gold Drops & Emerald Ear Drops	75 " 200
4,000	Solitaire Diamond Ear Drops	2 50 " 5
5,000	Gold Pens and Vest Watch Keys	2 50 " 5
5,000	Gold Lockets, Gold Bracelets	3 " 10
1,000	Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, etc.	2 " 6
2,000	Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc.	2 " 6
2,000	Miniature Lockets	2 " 5
4,000	" " Magic Spring	10 " 20
5,000	Gold Toothpick, Pencils, etc.	3 " 8
5,000	Plain Gold Rings	4 " 10
5,000	Fancy Gold Rings	4 " 10
10,000	Stone Set and Signet Rings	2 50 " 10
10,000	Gold Band Bracelets	4 " 10
7,500	Sets Ladies' Jewellery—Jet & Gold	4 " 15
5,000	" " Coral & Gold	4 " 15
	Opal and other stones	4 " 10
10,000	Ladies' Silver Hunting Watches, Gilt Dials	4 " 10
10,000	Gold Pens and Gold Pencils	4 " 10
	Holders	4 " 10
5,000	Gold Lockets and Gold Chains	4 " 10
	Holders	15 " 25
5,000	Ladies' Gold Watches	75 " 150
5,000	" " Hair Bars and Pins	4 " 10

ARRANDALE & CO., Manufacturers' Agents,
No. 167 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
Announce that all the above list of goods will be sold for one dollar each.

In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts, caused by the blockade of the harbors east of the supply of cotton, a large quantity of watches, jewelry, and silverware, which was on the way to this country, has been sent out for sale in this country, and is now offered at one dollar each, as per list.

Parties ordering Certificates, ARRANDALE & CO. will act as Agents for the purchase of Manufactures, subject to the following regulations:

Upon receipt of the money, we will forward the certificates sealed up and mixed, and when opened, each one will be found to represent some article on the list, the choice is a surprise.

Upon receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you are to have, and then it is at your option to send us the money for the article or not, as you may prefer. All articles will be sent by express, and the charges will be at the rate of

Five Cents for Each Package.

Send 25 Cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying Postage and other incidental expenses, 25 cents each, and no certificate for the certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; fifty for $10; one hundred for $18.

AGENTS—We want Agents in every neighborhood, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered for them, provided their remittance amounts to one dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents for every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage Stamps.

ARRANDALE & CO.,
167 Broadway, New York.

J. TOWNSEND & CO.

95,000 Watches, Chains, Gold Pens with Gutta Percha Cases, Jewellery, Lockets, Sleeve-Buttons, Gent's Pins, Sets

to be sold for

$95,000

and valued at

$750,000!!!

all to be sold at

ONE DOLLAR EACH,

without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive.

Send this list of articles to be sold at $1 each:

250	Ladies and Gents' Gold Watches, $50 to $100 each.
500	" " " " 25 " 50 "
1,000	Hunting Cased Silver Watches, 15 to 30 "
2,000	Gold Vest Chains, 5 to 10 "
3,000	Fob and Guard Chains, 5 to 10 "
2,000	Gold Lockets and Jewelry, 5 to 10 "
5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Necklets, 5 to 10 "
5,000	Sets Jewellery, Gold and Hair Dues and Pins, 5 to 10 "
2,000	Ladies' Opera Bandeaux, 5 to 10 "
3,000	Gold Band Bracelets, 5 to 10 "
3,000	Sets Coral, Coral and Opal Earrings and Pins, 5 to 10 "
2,000	Plain and Fancy Rings, 4 to 10 "
2,000	Gold Sleeve Buttons, 4 to 10 "
10,000	Gold Pens, with Silver Mounted Holders, 4 to 10 "
5,000	Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Holders, 3 to 8 "
5,000	Gold Watch Keys, 3 to 8 "

All to be sold at One Dollar each. Certificates of all the different articles which any one can have, are put into envelopes and mixed, and, when ordered, are sealed and returned by mail, post-paid, and sent by mail. On receiving the certificate you will see what you can have. Then if it suits you, send one dollar and take the article or not, as it may please you. In all transactions by mail we charge for the certificate, paying the postage and doing the business, 20 cents each, which must be received when the order is sent for. 6 Certificates sent for $1! 15 for $2; 40 for $5; 200 for $15. Agents will be allowed 10 cents on each certificate, when ordering to the amount of $1.

Address J. TOWNSEND & CO.,
48-8 15 John street, New York.

New, Novel and Useful.
Everybody send stamp for Circular.
☞ Bungler-Lost Look. Sample, by mail, 50 cents.
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The Great Money-Making Article.
Everybody wants it. Agents or Soldiers can make $10 a day. Sample, with particulars, sent free by mail, for 25 cents. Address
609 E. H. MARTIN, Hinsdale, N. H.

Do You Want Luxuriant Whiskers or Moustaches?

MY ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in from three to six weeks, without fail. It contains nothing injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address on receipt of money.
R. G. GRAHAM, 199 Nassau st., N. Y.

HOWARD'S "IMPROVED" SWEAT PROOF Soldiers' Money Belts.



Every Soldier can have one sent to him by return mail, free of postage, by inclosing $2 20 or $3, according to size wanted. Manufactured by HOWARD & CO., Army Outfitters, 207 Broadway, New York.
Also, Manufacturers of Soldiers' and Sailors' Knapsacks, $2 and $2 each. Address HOWARD & CO., 207 Broadway, N. Y.
Large discount to dealers.

Soldiers send Stamp for our Mammoth Catalogue. Address HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H. 496-8

Spanish Curling Cream.—An exquisite preparation for Curling the most straight or stiff Hair into Ringlets or massive Curls. Sent to any address. Price, by mail, $1. Address G. BLACKIE & CO., 713 Broadway, cor. York. 484-7

Something New and Handsome.
Sells at sight. Agents are making $10 to $20 a day. Everybody should have one. Album for holding 100 Cards. Sent by mail, 40 pictures, $1 25; 80 pictures, $1 50. Trade Supplied.
Address ARRANDALE & CO., Manufacturers' Agents, 167 Broadway, New York.
AND PICTURES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
Ladies' and Gentlemen's Gilt Frames, Velvet and Leather Panel—Secret—Future—Summer Garland—Village Belle—Wall Pockets—Chromos—Colored Pictures, &c. Cents each—no collection is perfect without them—100 Cards—50 Panel Secrets—40 Acrostics—100 Acrostics—25 cents each. Send cash orders or stamp for catalogues. W. C. WEATHERS, 201 Broadway, N. Y. 494-7

To the Ladies of America.
Miss Thornton, 19 years Lydia's Maid in the Midnight Queen, will, on receipt of $1, inclosed in the letter, and receipt of 25, full directions in the new and beautiful art of Painting on Velvet, Satin, Paper, Ivory, Leather, Alabaster, with other receipts for the Toilet. Address Miss THORNTON, Box 1st, Post Office, Brooklyn, N. Y. 1358

12 kinds of Album Cut Pictures in 7 sizes, 50 cents to $2 50. Send for Catalogue. PHOTOGRAPHS OF FEMALE BEAUTIES
12 kinds of COLORED COMIC. Single copy, 25 cents; 3 copies, $1; $2 per doz., and $15 per 100. Mailed free of postage.
J. L. G. FERRONT, 37 and 39 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Diagram of the U. S. Government.
"It is put up in the highest style of art, and in point of interest, usefulness and beauty, it has no equal. It should be in the house of every American citizen."—N. Y. Pub.
Price, in superior pocket case, single copy, 75 cents; 12 copies, $5, mailed free.
J. L. G. FERRONT, 37 & 39 Nassau St., N. Y.

The Brazilian Hair Curler. One appli-cation warranted to curl the most straight, stubborn hair into wavy ringlets or fleecy massive curls. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of $1.
S. S. CLASSE, Colcord, N. Y.

BARD & BROTHERS'
(ESTABLISHED 1845)
GOLD PENS.
PEN AND PENCIL CASES.
Also Manufacturers of BARD & WILSON'S Patent Magnetic Gold Pens.
JAS. D. BARD, Agent, No. 22 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
Respectfully Trade, 50 cents. Send for Circular and Price List.



AND



Every Pen Warranted!

Read these prices of a few of our many styles:
A Fine Stamped Pen in Solid Silver Extension Holder.

Size No. 1,	No. 2,	No. 3,	No. 4,	No. 5,
$2 50.	$2 75.	$3 00.	$3 50.	$5 00.

10 Inch Pens in Ivory Shell Holder.

Size No. 1,	No. 2,	No. 3,	No. 4,	No. 5,
$2 50.	$2 75.	$3 00.	$3 50.	$5 00.

10 Inch Pens in Gutta Percha Extension Holders.

Size No. 1,	No. 2,	No. 3,	No. 4,	No. 5,
$2 75.	$3 00.	$3 50.	$4 00.	$5 00.

13 Karat Pens in Gold Plated Telescopic Extension Cases. The Best Pocket Pen, Case and Pencil, ever made.

Size No. 1,	No. 2,	No. 3,	No. 4,	No. 5,
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8 Karat Pens, with 12 Gem Holders (in Morocco Cases) or in Silver Cased Extension Holders, with Gem Holders.

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To all wanting Farms.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1866, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 498—Vol. XX.] NEW YORK, APRIL 15, 1865. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 13 Weeks $1 00.

Southern Inhumanity.

Mr. Sumner, in his celebrated speech in the United States Senate, on "The Barbarism of Slavery," faintly indicated the extent of that barbarism. The war has shown us its desperate and fiendish character. We doubt if any contest in history has been so full of horrors as that of the great civil war of the past four years. Excesses, we are prepared to admit, have not been wholly confined to one side. We can readily comprehend how blood has been visited with blood, and how the outraged loyalist in East Virginia and Missouri has taken a stern vengeance on those who desolated his home without rational cause, and who can alledge no grievance to justify that appeal to arms, which is the last resort to oppressed humanity, and which calls on God to render judgment. But of wanton, needless murder, of robbery, imprisonment and starvation, of wild, savage barbarity, we believe the records of war furnish no parallel to those which have been practiced in the Southern States, on men and women whose only crime was their devotion to what the rebel Vice-President declared to be, even while his lips were black with treason, "the best Government the world ever saw." Apart from all individual cases of outrage and suffering, the great fact that more than one-third of our soldiers have died in Southern prisons, most of them mere pens, in which there was neither food, shelter, or medicine, and where the decencies which civilization affords to the lowest animals were denied them—this fact alone illustrates "the barbarism of slavery," far more than Mr. Sumner's rhetoric, far more than the multitudinous facts of a different character, that he adduced in support of his position.

Within the past three months we have received from Southern prison-pens more than 30,000 of our soldiers, in exchange for an equal number of rebels. Of this number not one in a hundred is able to enter the ranks again, while every returned rebel soldier is better able to shoulder his musket than when the fortunes of war placed him in our hands. The exchange—the policy of which we by no means wish to controvert—has given to the South 30,000 effective (perhaps discouraged and by no means enthusiastic) men, and has returned to us an equal number of worn, haggard, starved, diseased Union soldiers—not only unfit for the field, but in most instances incapable of efficient exertion in any department of industry for the remainder of their lives. But they have been rescued, as one of them writes strongly, but reverently, "out of the jaws of hell." Their lives, above all things precious, still remain to them, and the renovations of good food, and the moral reinforcement of kind words, friendship, and sympathy may yet restore them to society if not to the armies of the nation.

We could fill volumes, if we were able to recite the revolting details, with records of rebel barbarity; how the huts were burned



GROUP OF UNION SOLDIERS, RESCUED NEAR WILMINGTON, N. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. BECKER.

over the heads of our sick officers and soldiers in the prison-pens of Columbia, on the approach of Sherman, and how the cowardly retreating soldiery of Wade Hampton fired on the unarmed prisoners, when they found they could not resist the advance of the "Yankee hordes." A correspondent in Wilmington tells us, that when the National forces, under Terry, approached that city, there were then a considerable number of Union prisoners who had been brought down for exchange. Many were in such condition, so reduced and exhausted, that they could not be removed. Ten of these, in the hubbub of the evacuation, crawled into a dilapidated outbuilding for shelter, but a party of Longstreet's men discovered them, hung three, and setting fire to the huts burned the rest alive. A chaplain in the army, who has ministered to the wrecks of men who have been returned to us from Salisbury, writes:

"I stood in the sick-ward, and listened to the recital of these men, and what they had undergone, and looked upon their wasted forms, and could fully indorse the story of a regular, who had served 13 years in the army, and been taken captive by the Indians, from whom he received better treatment than from the rebels; who said he had been in the keeping of devils and not men, while a prisoner at Salisbury. He told me he had not washed for seven months, as it was impossible to get even water enough to drink. Most of the men whom I saw seemed to be in a wandering state of mind. One officer, that morning, jumped from the window and was killed."

And yet the men who have been guilty of these outrages complain, "in the name of humanity," against the execution of criminals convicted of having attempted to throw a railway train with its hundreds of passengers, men, women and children, from the track, and of having essayed to burn down a dozen hotels and the most popular and crowded place of public amusement in the metropolis, as "a murderous act!" If it be true that time brings its compensation, Southern traitors have a terrible reckoning yet in store. The wretched ruins of Charleston, and the still glowing embers of Columbia, the capitol of the sinful State of South Carolina, its wasted plantations and its proud mansions given up to the slave, poorly meet the severe requirements of that unrelenting Nemesis which computes its revenges not alone from what the black man has suffered, but from what the barbarism of slavery has inflicted on the white man.

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Afternoon at 3—Evening at 7½. A New and Romantic Drama, attractive in all the peculiarities of the histrionic art, entitled, MAREMMA OF MADRID; OR, THE MAN, THE SPIRIT, AND THE MORTAL. Splendid Scenery, Elegant Costumes, Charming Music. Tony Denier in EXTRAVAGANZA DANCE. Morning at 11, PUNCH AND JUDY. Prof. Hutchings, Lightning Calculator; Fat Woman, Giantess; Woodroffe's Bohemian Glass Blowers; Two Glass Steam Engines in motion; Fifty Lifesize Moving Wax Figures. Wax Figure taken from life, of the Rebel Incendiary and Spy, ROBERT C. KENNEDY. Circassian Girl, Dwarf, Albino Boy, Living Otters, Grand Aquaria, a Million Curiosities. Admission, 30 cents; Children under 10, 15 cents.

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, APRIL 15, 1865.

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One copy of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper and one copy of Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine (the most complete Lady's Book published) for one year	7 00

Address FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl Street, N. Y.

How About Husbands?

SOME of our daily contemporaries are distressing themselves with the fact that there is a predominance of women in the population of several of our Eastern States. Gov. Andrew, of Mass., in his late message, stated that there were 40,000 more women than men in the "old Bay State." An "able journalist" has found in this announcement sufficient material for a startling leader, and it affords him ample ground for speculations on the increase of suits for breach of promise of marriage, and an explanation, in English latitudes, of that pleasant, popular and peculiarly British pastime of wife-murder. We are consoled with the observation that it may be "some time" (if any one can tell how long that is likely to be), before "the disproportion between the sexes in America will settle into so positive and pressing an evil as it has become in Great Britain." One cause of the real or assumed disproportion of the sexes is attributed (our contemporary alluded to, is, of course, "copperhead"), to the "depletion of men by the existing war." And we are called on to contemplate, with the disgust that every American must feel, the spectacle of "women toiling with the hoe and spade in the fields of Germany and France," and to transfer this same spectacle to the banks of the Connecticut, the Hudson and the Mississippi. And all this, not because the thing is likely to happen, but because it suits the purpose of "copperheadism," which, no longer able to croak about anything else, now wishes to unsettle the feminine nerves of the nation. We are quite willing to echo the wholesome admonition wherewith our contemporary winds up his homily, namely, that "our women may as well prepare themselves to play a sterner and less ornamental part in the general economy than has heretofore been their lot," but we do not believe they will be compelled to do so because of the circumstance that husbands, or those who might be such, have become so much the scarcer in consequence of the war, nor because wife-murder has become an "institution" or a "privilege," or what not, among the brutish colliers of England.

If there be a preponderance of women in New England, there is also a preponderance of men in the Western States. The census of 1860 gave us a total of upwards of 700,000 more males than females in the United States, and we are not prepared to believe that the disproportion has been reduced within the past four years. In that period far more males have come into the country than females, and it cannot be pretended that the devastation in the armies has overcome the difference so authentically defined by the census. Let every Jill console herself with the reflection that, despite the war, Fate has reserved for her a Jack. If he comes to her somewhat disabled in his locomotive apparatus, and his countenance a trifle disfigured by a scar, we believe he will be none the less loved by the true American woman, and we know he will be all the more respected. To him and to her will be reserved the glory of handing down to their children a title of honor not less glorious than has descended to those whose fathers fought at Bunker Hill, Saratoga and Yorktown.

A CORRESPONDENT takes us to task for what he calls the "undue severity" of our remarks in last week's issue, on the subject of what are called railway "accidents." He thinks we are encouraging Lynch Law, "a thing greatly to be dreaded." His mistake consists in this proposition—namely, that there is a responsibility attaching to our railways that can be reached. We assert that there is not, through any known regular process, and consequently that the extraordinary appliances by which mankind vindicates itself and its rights must be called in requisition. The wholesale railway murder that been going on for the past four months must be stopped, if it costs a revolution. *Voila tout!*

Our correspondent says: "Railway accidents generally arise from three or four direct causes, which we think may all be traced to one indirect cause. There is either some insufficiency in the rolling stock or permanent way; the signals are bad or are out of order; the employees of the company are inefficient or overworked; a greater amount of traffic is undertaken than can be conveniently and safely performed; or trains are badly timed and punctuality is not sufficiently attended to. These are ordinarily the direct causes to which most accidents can be traced. And it needs little reflection to perceive that the indirect cause of all these is parsimony on the part of directors; and that, consequently, the directors and their traffic managers are the parties really to blame when a railway catastrophe occurs. Upon them, then, and not upon underpaid and overtasked signalmen, engine-drivers and conductors should the consequences be visited. If a few railway directors and traffic managers were prosecuted, and, on conviction of having caused an accident by starving the working of the line, were subjected to imprisonment or penal servitude, according to the degree of their culpability, more would be done, we believe, to check the occurrence of railway casualties than the killing of any number even of congressmen. The greed of dividends is the real source of the mischief, and those who pander to that greed should be made to bear the punishment. It is in vain to punish the neglect, or incompetence, or confusion of mind of signalmen, engine-drivers and porters, who are made to toil from 12 to 16 hours out of the 24 for wages of from eight to ten dollars a week, and let their superiors escape whose conduct is the true cause of accidents by underpaying their servants and keeping the lines and machinery in an inefficient state. The law as it stands, could it be enforced, would be strong enough to prevent all preventable accidents, which includes the greater number of those which occur. It only requires to be enforced in a determined way and against the right parties; and the duty of seeing that this is done rests with our public legal functionaries, and, in a secondary degree, with the public themselves. Let each one of the travelling public do his duty in this respect; let there be no glozing over of faults and making of things pleasant for parties in high authority on our railways; let punishment be visited where blame really rests, and we feel assured that railway travelling will speedily become a much safer thing than it is at present."

IT has been for some time known that the Government was in possession of authentic information of the most important character, as to the real condition of the rebellion, derived from official sources. The *Tribune* has just given a portion of this information to the public. From it we learn that on the 4th of February the entire available forces of the Confederacy were as follows:

Lee's army	64,000
Bragg, including Hoke's division	9,000
Beauregard and Hardee	22,000
Dick Taylor, D. H. Hill and Howell Cobb	7,000
West of Mississippi	50,000
Total	152,000

The 22,000 under Beauregard and Hardee includes the late army of Hood, and all the forces which evacuated Savannah and Charleston. The 9,000 of Bragg include all the garrison of Wilmington. Hood's army, when it entered Tennessee, numbered 47,000 men, and was reduced to 17,500 in the conflicts with Thomas. From the 1st of October, 1864, to February 4, 1865, 72,000 men had deserted from the Confederate armies east of the Mississippi. During Price's recent invasion of Missouri nearly all the Missourians in his army deserted, and he lost during the campaign 19,500 men. The most significant part of the information alluded to is the following official report of the examination of Gen. Lee by a Committee of the rebel Senate, on the 24th of January:

Questions by Senator Hunter—What is your opinion as to evacuating Richmond, and withdrawing the army to North Carolina?

Answer—In my opinion, it would be a bad movement. The Virginia troops would not go to North Carolina; they would go home.

Question—Do you think we have troops enough for the next campaign?

Answer—I do not. We cannot last till midsummer.

Question—What do you think of the policy of arming two hundred thousand negroes?

Answer—If we are to carry on the war, that is the least of evils; but in such an event the negroes must have their liberty.

Question—Do you think we could succeed by putting the negroes into the field?

Answer—That would depend on circumstances. We could at least carry on the war for another year.

Question by Senator Hill—What is the sentiment of the army in relation to peace?

Answer—It is almost unanimous for peace. The men will fight longer if necessary; but they believe we cannot continue the war through another campaign.

Question by Senator Graham—What is your individual opinion on the subject of peace?

Answer—I think the best policy is to make peace on the plan proposed by Mr. Stephens. The people and the country ought to be saved further sacrifices.

Question by Senator Walker—If peace be not made before spring, will you consent to take command of the armies of the Confederacy, with unlimited powers?

Answer—I will take any position to which my country assigns me, and do the best I can; but I do not think I can save the cause now. No human power can save it. Had I been assigned such a place one year ago, I think I could have made our condition better than it now is.

Question by Senator Orr—You think, then, General, that the best solution of our difficulties is to make peace on the Stephens plan?

Answer—Yes, that is the best policy now. I think the army and the people ought to be saved if all else is lost.

The plan proposed by Mr. Stephens was as follows:

First—Let President Lincoln issue an address to the army and people of the South, embodying in that address what he he has before said as to peace, and also what passed at his interview with the Commissioners.

Second—Agree to appoint Commissioners on the part of the United States to meet State Commissioners on the part of such States as desire to meet at Nashville, Louisville or Cincinnati, in April or May, to consult as to a peace, on the basis of such States returning to the Union upon the sole condition of obedience to the constitution and laws of the republic.

Third—An election by such States as shall send Commissioners to that convention, of Senators and Representatives to the Congress of the United States, to enter such Congress upon equal terms with other members of it, and such States to have equality on the floor of Congress with other States.

Mr. Stephens believed this plan would secure the approbation of North Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and perhaps of South Carolina and Virginia. He was quite sure it would command the assent of at least six States.

THE person called Maximilian, "Emperor of Mexico," is in trouble. Napoleon has placed him on the imperial bed, but the literary French Emperor cannot make it a bed of roses. It seems that the Austrian duke has been compelled to carry out virtually the same policy as the republican Juarez, and although the creature and creation of the church party, he has already declared against its policy. The result is that his holiness has written Maximilian an admonitory letter, and there is a very pretty quarrel as it stands.

The real history of Macbeth, or rather all that history tells of him, and consequently all that Shakespeare had to work upon, may be summed up in a few words. In the year 1034 the Scottish monarchy came to a pause upon the overthrow of Malcolm by a Norwegian chief, who subdued a great part of the country, especially the northern and eastern portions. The rest of the people raised up a king in the person of Duncan, whose mother was the daughter of Malcolm. He advanced against the Norwegian in his absence, and was slain by Macbeth, the Maormar of Moray, who in turn overran the land, and was made king. Subsequently the English invaded the country, led by Siward, Earl of Northumberland, and the adventurous Macbeth fell on the field of battle. Such are the simple incidents upon which this masterpiece of Shakespeare is founded. All the supernatural portion of the drama, as developed by the witches, the character of Lady Macbeth, who is in fact the leading figure, the murder of Duncan in cold blood, and the duel, are the poet's own creations; it can scarcely be called an historical drama, for in no other play purporting to be founded upon historical facts has Shakespeare wandered more from the line of history.

LOUIS NAPOLEON, in his letter to Gen. Forey, commanding the French expedition to Mexico, defined the principal object of his expedition there to be "to oppose to the too great expansion of the Anglo-Saxon race in the New World an insurmountable barrier by restoring to the Latin race in Mexico its force and prestige." On this the Chicago *Tribune* pertinently inquires whether the 7,000,000 Indians, mulattoes and mestizoes, who constitute seven-eighths of the Mexican people, are representatives of "the Latin race;" and also whether the population from the United States, composed of "whipped and runaway rebels, with some enterprising and fortune-hunting Yankees from California and the North," with which ex-Senator Gwin, under the patronage of the French Emperor, proposes to fill up the Northern Mexican provinces, are just the kind of material best fitted to protect "the Latin race in Mexico," from the encroaching spirit of the American Anglo-Saxons?

AN officer belonging to a Massachusetts regiment stationed at Charleston writes:

"The suffering and desolation of Charleston is indescribable. If you could see what the proud people are reduced to, you could not help pitying them somewhat. The best people among them are entirely penniless; they look like the poor and talk like the poor. They are degraded and demoralised beyond measure. It is the most thoroughly forsaken looking place you can imagine. It reminds me when I go through the streets of some old doomed city whereon 'the wrath of God' eternally rests."

THE popular condemnation of the conduct and condition of Mr. Vice-President Johnson, on the day of his inauguration, has not been confined to the press, but has found expression in the action of the popular branch of the Wisconsin Legislature, which a few days ago passed a series of resolutions setting forth that whereas, on that occasion, Mr. Johnson was in a state of gross intoxication, violating all the proprieties of that solemn and impressive ceremonial as well as the moral sense of the country, and thereby rendered himself unworthy of the distinguished honor bestowed upon him, and unfit for the actual and possible trusts committed to his care, therefore,

"*Resolved*, That while we appreciate the past distinguished patriotism and courage with which he resisted the rebellion and defended the integrity of the Union, it is the sense of the Wisconsin Legislature that his offense is so flagrant, disgracing the Government in the presence of other Christian nations, he ought at once to resign his office as Vice-President of the United States, thereby allowing the United States Senate to elect some member of that body to preside over its deliberations, whose moral character will comport with the dignity of the position he now disgraces, and that in case of the death of the President the country may not be more deeply humiliated and endangered by the inauguration of an intemperate executive."

The Governor of the State, by a separate resolution, is directed to communicate this expression of the sentiments of the Legislature to the Vice-President.

THE Boston *Transcript* (no mean authority) tells us in a recent review of a volume of Emerson's Poems, that "there are single lines which are worth bales of ordinary verse; and, in respect to vital imagination, the volume is unequalled by that of any other American poet."

LIBERTY to exercise the faculties being the first condition of life, and the extension of that liberty to the furthest point possible, being the condition of the highest life possible, it follows that the liberty of each, limited only by the like liberty of all, is the condition of complete life as applied to mankind at large.

STATESMEN are commonly considered great in proportion to their possession of the gift of foresight, but what statesman could have dreamed, when Thomas Sims was carried down State street, Boston, as a fugitive slave, that in March, 1865, he would be in Huntsville, Ala., recruiting colored troops for the State of Massachusetts? This is the fact, but the man who ventured to predict it four years ago would have been considered a candidate for the insane asylum.

Summary of the War.

VIRGINIA.

ON Wednesday, the 29th of March, Gen. Grant opened his new, and we trust his last campaign, against Petersburg and Richmond, by Sheridan's advance towards the Southside Railroad.

The 2d and 5th corps had the infantry advance, and got into a fight the same day at Gravelly Run. Thursday they kept pressing up the Boydton road. Friday there was constant fighting. Saturday was the day of the contest which proved decisive at Five Forks, a point at the junction of the Boydton road, with the road crossing it from the north and intersecting with the Quaker road along Gravelly Run. When that was once carried, the advance of our columns was thenceforth rapid.

Sheridan was sent out on the straight road to Dinwiddie Court House, as if he meant to strike the Southside road as far west as Birkesville. But it now appears that he had a different purpose. Having enticed away a considerable body of the enemy for the defence of the most distant point he menaced, Sheridan turned suddenly eastward again, and is heard of by the last dispatch as within three miles of Petersburg, and co-operating directly with the forces which surrounded Petersburg, and which having crossed and destroyed the Southside railroad, reached up to the Appomattox. Sheridan's operations resulted of themselves in the capture of no less than three brigades of rebel infantry, several batteries, and prisoners uncounted.

On the 2d the most general engagement of the five days which have elapsed since Grant started, took place. The attack was along the whole line, and along the whole line there was the same splendid success. The force which Lee sent to look after Sheridan has been left out of the fight, and Sheridan having closed up towards Petersburg has reunited with Warren and Parke, and Wright, and there is a junction of the whole line in a semicircle about Petersburg. Wright, who held about the centre of the line is upon the Southside road and tearing it up.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Sherman has returned to Goldsboro from his visit to Gen. Grant at City Point, and is about to move on his advance towards Weldon.

The advance of Gen. Stoneman's cavalry force, which recently moved from Knoxville, Tenn., and which the rebels have reported as designed to strike at Lynchburg, Va., entered and captured the town of Boone, North Carolina, on the 27th March, after routing the rebels stationed there and inflicting on them a loss of 10 killed and over 60 wounded. Boone is the county town of Watauga county, in the north-western part of North Carolina, and is 200 miles from Raleigh, in a direction a little north of west. The rebel papers report that Stoneman's command consists of about 6,000 cavalry, and that he is accompanied by the 4th corps of national infantry, under Gen. Stanley, numbering at least 15,000 men.

ALABAMA.

A dispatch in rebel newspapers from Montgomery, Alabama, says a Yankee raiding column, estimated at 2,500, principally infantry, struck the railroad 20 miles below that place on last Monday morning, the 27th March, captured two trains, and then moved on down towards Greenville. Great alarm was caused by this Yankee apparition, and Gov. Watt had called on the people to organise for resistance.

Petersburg Evacuated, and Richmond Ours.

THIS is the graphic and most significant dispatch which we stop the press to insert—news that makes this the brightest Monday that ever dawned, and excites the country as one man with joy and pride.

WAR DEPARTMENT.
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 3.—10 A. M.

MAJOR-GEN. DIX:

It appears from a dispatch of Gen. Weitzel, just received by this Department, that our forces under his command are in Richmond! having taken it at 8.15 this morning.

EDWIN M. STANTON,
Secretary of War.

At the same time we receive a dispatch from President Lincoln, stating that Petersburg is evacuated and Grant pushing on to cut off the retreat of Lee. New York city is wild with enthusiasm. An immense meeting of citizens has assembled by one consent in front of the Custom-house, and is at this moment being addressed by Hon. L. E. Chittenden, late Registrar of the Treasury. The people are half frantic, and the Doxology, in full chorus, tempered with plenty of drinking, expresses the gratitude and triumph in every heart. A large mass meeting will assemble to-night in Union Square.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE comment of the English press on the inaugural of President Lincoln is, in general, favorable. Even the *Times* finds something to praise both in the inaugural and in the past policy of the President. The *Army and Navy Gazette* is of opinion that the end of the war is drawing near, and this opinion seems gradually to obtain among the rebel sympathisers in England, although the *Index* assures them, that if Lee retreats to the mountains of Northern Georgia and Southern Tennessee, he can prolong the war for, at least, 20 years.

The *Memorial Diplomatique*, which is regarded as a semi-official organ of Mexico, pretends to know that the United States will soon recognise the Imperial Government.

It is reported that France encourages the annexation of the Duchies of Schleswig-Holstein to Prussia; that Austria will consent to it if in return the German Confederation will guarantee to her the possession of Venetia, but that Russia opposes it. England demands that the rights of the Diets of the two Duchies and the rights of the Federal Diet of Germany be respected.

NEW BOOKS, MUSIC, &c.

FROM F. A. Brady, No. 22 Ann street, we have received "The Marrying Man," an amusing light romance, by the author of "The Jilt," "The Henpecked Husband," "The Flirt," etc.

"GEN. GRANT'S RICHMOND MARCH" is a timely composition, in easy yet showy music, for the piano. It is embellished with a very handsome cover, representing Gen. Grant and staff. The music is calculated for popularity.

We have also received a lively Schottisch, by H. C. Watson, called the "Petroleum Court Dance," which seems to us a capital lubricator for graceful and willing feet. It is dedicated to the ladies of the United States by the New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore Petroleum and Mining Company.

Among the new music that is sure to please, we notice a series by Oliver Ditson, of Boston, called "Songs of the War," the subjects being patriotic, martial or pathetic.

TOWN GOSSIP.

THE crocus is springing. There is a race of flowers that disappear when the violet and hepatica open in the woods. Certain blossoms that have got into dissipated habits by their contact with society, give up their lives for spite and disgust as the rugged children of the forest stand out and blow their purple fingers before the world in the gales of March. There is that expansive and irregular young belle, the camilla; she will lift her waxen bust from a snow-bank of swansdown, all through the long false day dispensed by the chandeliers, and pretend that the life is suiting her. Pretty lady, why are your lips so pale? Only fancy a flower that never heard of a bee, and whose conception of summer is a pipe full of hot steam!

On the same principle there is a sort of warblers whose song dies away as the wood-thrush and robin come swimming up the south-wind. They exist in concert-halls and academies of music; here their artless twittering and plaintive descant sound all night long, shaking the vitreous dew-drops that hang from candelabra-branches. In one sense they are better than the songsters of the groves; as thus: if you will wait till we get a good hold of the idea, you shall have it for nothing in all its penetrative sagacity. Now for it.

Supposing the emotions of people in society to be of a slightly factitious or morbid cast, it is evident that these high-strung feelers must be in need of something a little better than natural song when they pay for their music. Every fashionable person believes himself at heart a melancholy and *blasé* wight, for whom life has lost all its sensation; why this secret melancholy is acknowleged, and even made much of as a fashionable sentiment, you must get a preacher to explain. At any rate we may easily suppose that a brilliant coquette, returning home at dawn after a night-long saturnalia, would feel a jar in listening to the note of a wood-robin in the Park, hailing sunrise with its exquisite matin. Why should the silly creature offset its little natural fund of simple gratitude and heart-laughter against the tired and languid and guilty thoughts of a beautiful woman? Gottschalk is better; his emotion is the refined and poisoned emotion of civilization and the century; he expresses our burden of *ennui* (the prettiest euphemism yet discovered for conscience), and thus the trouble is half assuaged; for it is one of the laws of our being that a sorrow once communicated loses half its pain. The tenderness of Gottschalk is just sufficiently suffused with the morbidness of the time to be acceptable to our self-dissatisfied XIX-cento hearts. So let us enjoy as we may those puissant evanishing hands, just touching and going—pale possessed sisters, charged with all sorts of melancholy prophecy, yet sweet as the Lorelei. We are having the last of him—he is flying, flying South, as the other birds of passage come northward; the swallow's wing meets the faultless swallow-tails; the golden oriole encounters that silver *aureole* they laid upon his head the other night, and directly we shall have nothing better than the cheap and countrified music of the birds.

Don't you enjoy watching a *figurante?* When she bends slowly far over sideways, and you momentarily expect to hear her vertebræ crack, isn't it nice? When she steps down to the footlights on two rigid prongs, with an expensive and perfectly natural smile on her features, how you long to invite her home to share with you the last chapter of "Armadale." That favorite elbow of hers, the rectangular, making a square of her two arms as she clasps her hands—how much could be learned from it in the way of grace by the Venus of Medici, who only flexes one arm, or by the Venus of Milo, who is perfectly happy and beautiful without any arms at all!

But we saw the other morning another style of *figurante*. She was putting up, for the time, at Goupil's, and they all called her *l'Almée*. She had a foreign air, and she painted heavily.

In fact it is the last picture of Gérome's we are speaking of. Now we thank our planets we know nothing of art, technically. We enjoy of all things getting behind a rural neighbor at an exhibition, and putting out over his shoulder such critical terms as we have chanced to pick up. "Ah, what texture!" you know; "What breadth, in yonder Don Quixotte!" "What transparency about that millstone or ladder!" "Ah, the glazing over this eye of a dead sheep!" "What color in that group of negroes!" and "What harmony and tone in yonder little study of the Kilkenny cats!" It is very pleasant, and we have often ourself performed the part of the rural for some connoisseur, who was willing to appear to public advantage in a studio. But once, thinking ourself safe, we said, in the presence of a great authority, that a view of Dover Cliffs was rather chalky, and it seems it was fruity all the while; and the deep dog never let on until we had further committed ourself by saying a Falstaff was solid! Then he assured us that it was thinner than shadows, and as flat as a man's nose when it is driven into the pavement and sat on; and having flattened us effectually, he left, and afterwards called us "Chalkey Stolid" in an article.

The Almeh holds her feet still, and her tongue too—excellent things in woman. Her lower limbs are lost in many a fold of cachemir, heavy yet flexible. Her ornaments are coarse and opulent, and from the drift of her hair, all tangled with coins, she looks back upon a group of janizaries and enslaves them. All the air is hushed and dim; through a doorway you see a blazing street of Cairo. The spectators watch her with brutal satisfaction; her attendants swing away at their music with joyless monotone; her own high-boned cheek is shining with exertion, and the gauzes have blown away from her heaving olive-skinned torso, while her tinted fingers clasp the shells together as she writhes before the men. While the artiste are sighing with despair, and the moralists are doubting and enjoying, we may be allowed to say of this picture that it brings to us the very core and inmost heart of the East, that no traveller telling his story, or poet singing of Cleopatra, can so infuse us with the clammy richness of the Orient as this thirty-inch bit of panel, with its sensitive film of paint. It is the enchanted rug of Sheherazade, that floats us without the exertion of travel into the very palace-chambers of the sun.

We have seen a letter of thanks, signed by George H. Stuart and other officials of the Christian Commission, addressed to Messrs. E. and H. T. Anthony, on account of their most liberal and patriotic offer to devote a large proportion of the profits of their daily retail sales—(no less than 25 per cent.)—to the relief of our sick and wounded soldiers, by the hands of that Commission. During the fortnight commencing April 3d, these popular dealers in stereoscopic pictures and cartes of every sort will fill orders sent by mail, or scatter across their groaning counters the wealth of pictorial matter they have accumulated. We should think the public would be glad to assist in this charity. The feminines especially, who find it so easy to manufacture a want, ought to discover in themselves some immortal Tantalus-thirst for albums and photographs of every description, when they learn that so large a share of their gifts will find the sad hearts and aching limbs of the suffering patriots. Remember, ladies—make some cabalistic note upon those delicate pearl tablets, and stream in your pretty spring bonnets to Anthony's, 501 Broadway, and there be lavish in a way that your husbands and flinty papas will for once approve.

The mysterious and darkly-inspired Heller appears to have persuaded the angel whom he still has served to let him continue his mysterious Gyges for one week more. We all love to be frightened—and no Christmas ghost-story is so nice as the actual disappearance of a solid avoirdupois live man from our sight into the uneasy privileges of the Invisible. Meantime Heller winks that awful wink of his, and promises something more outrageous next week—what is he at, do you suppose? How shall we all feel when the little prompter's bell shall ring with peculiar meaning on the opening night of the new wonder? Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a kneller, that summons thee to—heaven or to Heller. They say the man is actually going to shut up a fellow in a mail-bag full of ghosts—probably dead letters. Let us all be on hand to prevent any outrage by this dangerous wizard.

The theatres are running without any change of importance. "Corporal Cartouche," at the Winter Garden, after just enough of a newspaper squabble to make him exciting, is now receiving his friends at nightly soirees, and interesting everybody by his jaunty yet sincere and noble manners. The principal actor, Mr. Henry Placide, as well as the efficient stock company, has won golden opinions from some of the most intelligent critics of the press.

On Monday evening the stalwart veteran of the stage, Mr. Forrest, succeeded Miss Western on the boards of Niblo's, opening with one of his very finest impersonations, "Richelieu." There is always about Mr. Forrest's more temperate passages a noble *aplomb* and dignity that no other American actor possesses. His glorious organ-voice is enough of itself to charm a whole sackful of ears, and his stalwart figure befits some Roman and other muscular parts that no slighter actor could succeed in.

In our allusion to Gottschalk we should have mentioned his last great fantasia from "Faust," performed upon six pianos (Chickering's, of course), in company with five of the very best performers that could be found. The grand musical storm evoked from these superb instruments gives equal testimony to the talent of the performer and the fine quality of the pianofortes.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The Niagara, on her trip to her present location, made 17 knots in one hour, under topsails alone, at a point on the English coast.

—— Gov. Bramlette, of Ky., according to the Louisville *Journal*, furnished all his slaves with free papers on the 17th ult.

—— John Overton, the Tennessee millionaire, who gave $5,000,000 to aid the rebellion, has deserted the cause, taken the oath, and is once more a peaceable citizen of Nashville.

—— "In God we Trust" is to be the motto on all future coins of the republic.

—— It is stated that Major-Gen. Robert Anderson has been directed by the President to raise the Stars and Stripes on the battlements of Fort Sumter on the 13th of April, 1865, the fourth anniversary of the day he consented to evacuate the place.

—— "A Runaway's Wife" memorializes the Ohio Legislature in favor of an amendment to the bill punishing runaways from the draft, providing that their wives shall be entitled to a divorce forthwith upon application.

—— Not a few wealthy Southerners have made a provision for themselves and families in England and France. While the ports were only blockaded they sent cargoes of cotton, which was sold at high prices, and the proceeds lodged in the Bank of England or safely invested.

—— It is said that Sherman has captured enough cotton, turpentine, pitch and rosin, to pay the expenses of his campaign.

—— Mr. Garrison, of the *Liberator*, has concluded to discontinue that journal at the close of the present year, which will complete the present volume. It seems to him historically fitting that the *Liberator* should simply cover the whole period of the struggle against slavery, and should terminate with its extinction.

—— A letter in the Pittsburg *Commercial* says that the loss of property on Oil creek, up the Alleghany river and at Oil City, will amount, without doubt, to $2,000,000.

—— It is estimated that two square miles of the city of Rochester were under water during the recent flood. It is thought that the city was damaged to the amount of $2,000,000.

—— The Cleveland *Plaindealer*, the only daily Democratic paper in Northern Ohio, has suspended publication.

—— On the special tax upon incomes, California pays over $1,000,000.

—— The Wisconsin Indians, who have just received their annuities, call the fractional paper currency "papoose money." This is on the same principle that a pistol is called a "son of a gun."

—— The Secretary of the rebel Treasury informs holders of coin that he will purchase it outright, paying for it in cotton at 15 cents a pound, or take a quarter of it without payment, in the shape of taxation. The holders will probably decline both the loan and the tax.

—— The Illinois Legislature has appropriated $25,000 to purchase the burial-place of the late Stephen A. Douglas.

—— There are now only two hotels in Richmond—Spottswood and American. There were half a dozen before the war.

—— A fair held by school-girls at Brooklyn Heights, N. Y., recently, realised 1,000 dollars for the benefit of the soldiers.

—— The rebel papers urge their readers to write cheerful letters to their friends in the army. Even a Mark Tapley couldn't do it.

—— The press, type, files and material of the Charleston *Mercury* establishment were burned at Columbia, having reached that point in charge of the pressman, on their way to a locality out of reach of the Yankees, when Gen. Sherman entered the place. The cars in which they were stored are said to have also contained the private and official correspondence of Hon. R. B. Rhett, from the commencement of the war, with a large amount of money, notes, bonds and other valuable papers, all of which were destroyed.

—— Postmaster-General Dennison has invited proposals for conveying the mails, by means of a monthly line of first-class American sea-going steamships, between San Francisco and ports in the Chinese Empire, touching at the Sandwich Islands and Japan. The act of Congress provided that no bid shall be considered amounting to more than $500,000 for 12 round trips per annum, nor unless the same is from a citizen or citizens of the United States.

—— An average of $350 a day is now paid to rebel deserters for the muskets they bring in.

—— President Lincoln was some time ago addressed by a committee of the Sanitary Commission Employment Bureau, the office of which is at 35 Chambers street, in this city, requesting that he would instruct the various heads of governmental departments to bestow upon disabled soldiers such offices as they might be found qualified to fill, in preference to all other applicants. To this the President has responded that the patriotic purpose of the commission in this matter meets his hearty approval and concurrence, and that he will call the attention of the departmental chiefs to the suggestions contained in the address. Admiral Paulding, commandment of the Brooklyn Navy Yard, has already set a good example in this respect, he having announced his intention of bestowing on veteran and disabled soldiers and sailors all positions in his gift for which they may prove competent.

Personal.—Paul Morphy, the chess champion, is practising law in New Orleans.

—— The many friends and admirers of Signora Whiting Lorini will be pained to hear that she died of a severe hemorrhage on the night of the 25th Feb., at Santiago de Cuba.

—— The Roman Government has applied to Mr. W. Story, the American sculptor, for leave to send, at its own cost, to the Dublin exhibition, the colossal figure of Saul.

—— The Russian that little Patti is going to marry has an income of $1,800,000 a year.

—— In a suit for damages for imprisonment and persecution at the hands of certain prominent rebels of Knoxville, during the early days of the rebellion, Parson Brownlow has been awarded the sum of $25,000, to be raised from the properties of the notorious J. C. Ramsey, Sneed, and some others.

—— The Washington correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* writes: "I beg pardon for referring to John Stuart Mill as one of Gurowski's friends. 'Vriend,' exclaimed the old count, a moment ago, while his one eye glared ferociously on me, 'Vriend—bah! I am no man's vriend!' (The which I solemnly vouch for.) 'Vriend! I abuse my best vriend to-morrow, if I dink he deserve it! Vriend!—I don't know vat vriendship is. Do you dake me for a voman?'"

—— John Frederick Hartranft, the gallant General who recaptured Fort Steadman, and turned defeat into victory on the morning of the 25th, is a native of Montgomery county, Penn., and was born December 16, 1830. He was graduated at Union College, Schenectady, in 1853, and was in the practice of law till the commencement of the war. He has fought in North Carolina, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Tennessee and Mississippi, and always with marked distinction.

Obituary.—Mrs. J. D. Wood, the actress, who was lately badly burned at the Buffalo theatre, while trying to save a little girl from destruction, died on the 18th of March.

—— Chas. A. Burt, the well-known and wealthy brewer at Albany, was instantly killed on the 22d March, by the accidental falling of a stone from the top of his brewery.

—— Col. Alanson Knox, formerly one of the most prominent citizens in Hampden, Mass., died recently, at the age of 81 years, at Chagrin Falls, Ohio, where he had been practicing law for many years.

—— Mr. Jacob Little, for a quarter of a century the principal operator on the New York Stock Exchange, died on the 26th of March. He was born in Newburyport, Mass., about 1807. He entered the office of Jacob Barker, then the most eminent banker of the city, and remained with him until 1823, about which time he began business on his own account, and in 1825 was admitted to the Stock Board. For 30 years the life of Jacob Little was the history of the Stock Exchange. For the last five years he has taken a less prominent part in the movements of Wall street. The magnitude of modern speculations seemed to astound and bewilder him, and withdrawing from the arena where he had been so long the acknowledged chief, he looked on with astonishment—dismay even—for with prophetic vision he could see the ruinous end. Mr. Little's life, long eventful and stirring, was illustrated by great purity of character, and indomitable energy of purpose. His kindness and liberality to those in misfortune have grown into a proverb.

Accidents and Offences.—On the 19th March, while Mrs. Breen, of Waterbury, Conn., was getting ready to go to church, her dress took fire, and she was so badly burned that she died shortly afterwards.

—— Silas W. Kepton, a brave young officer, one of the first of our men to get into Fort Fisher, was lost overboard a few days ago from the Santiago de Cuba.

—— On the 31st March the U. S. steam transport Gen. Lyon, from Wilmington to Fortress Monroe, conveying nearly 600 passengers, took fire off Cape Hatteras, and it is feared that over 500 perished. It was occasioned by a light coming in contact with a barrel of kerosine.

Art, Science and Literature.—The *Cerneau*, a newspaper published at Port Louis, Mauritius, contains the following extraordinary announcement, according to *Galignani*: "M. Chambay has succeeded in fixing the colors of the object. The picture is taken instantaneously, as in other kinds of photography. The modelling and relief are marvellous—the blood appears to circulate beneath the skin, the color is fixed, and the portraits, which present a surprising resemblance, are equal to the finest pastels, miniature or water-color drawings. Monsieur Chambay is about to remove to Paris."

—— The sun is 1,400,000 times larger than the earth, and weighs 700 times more than all the planets, planetoids, comets and satellites together.

—— A new Magazine, called the *Traveller*, is to be brought out soon in London, under the editorship of Mr. Sala and Capt. Burton.

—— Advices from Melbourne, Australia, dated Jan. 26, says: "A fine comet is visible in the southwest. It is supposed to be that of 1853, predicted by Herschel as returnable in 21¾ years."

—— In the year 1864 there were published in London, according to the *Literary Gazette*, 3,553 new works and new editions, including pamphlets. Of these there were of religions, 715; biography and history, 233; geography, topography and books of travel, 151; fiction, including juvenile works, 812; poetry and general literature, 565; annuals and new serials, 166; law and parliamentary, 79; medical and surgical, 124; European and classical philology, including translations, 132; English philology and education, 177; naval, military and engineering, 52; politics and questions of the day, 56; agriculture, horticulture and field sports, 46; art, architecture, etc., 52; commercial, 41; science and natural history, 122.

Foreign.—It is stated that Prince Napoleon is about to write the "History of the Bonaparte Family." With this object he has already engaged the services of M. Ruperti to make the necessary historical researches. It is believed the intended journey of the Prince to Italy is connected with the proposed work.

—— One hundred and one thousand establishments in Paris employ 416,000 workmen. The classification of these establishments shows that 20,930 are devoted to feeding Paris, 5,378 to building Paris, 23,800 to clothing Paris, and 7,391 to furnishing Paris.

—— It appears from an official return that there are at present 2,382 religious houses in Italy, of which 1,506 are for men and 876 for women. The number of persons in these houses is 28,991, of whom 14,807 are men, and 14,184 women. The Mendicant order includes 8,229 persons, comprised in this total.

—— The London *Spectator* calls Louis Napoleon the "only free man among 30,000,000 Frenchmen."

—— A new gunpowder is said to have been discovered in Germany. It consists of tannic gallic acid, or the resin of commerce, and chlorate or nitrate of potash.

—— The American skater, Jackson Haines, at St. Petersburg, gave an exhibition of his prowess on the 24th Feb., which drew him in 1,500 roubles. One of his most daring feats is to lean backwards while skating backwards, till his hair touches the ice, and then, without help, recover a perpendicular position.

—— The debt of Canada, with less than 3,000,000 of people, is almost as great as was our public debt before the war, with over 30,000,000; and the debt of all the British Provinces, with a total population of a little over 3,500,000, is actually greater than was our debt with 32,000,000 of people in 1863, even after the profligate administration of Buchanan.

—— Some of the churches in England have been provided with pews for deaf people. These pews are connected with the pulpit by means of tubes, which have trumpet-shaped mouths in convenient positions for the ears of the listeners.

—— A case has been tried in England, which turned upon the question whether the word "team" meant a wagon and horses, or the horses only. It was decided to mean the latter, and the Duke of Marlborough, who was the plaintiff, lost the suit.

—— France has had 67 queens. Miserable lives they led. Eleven were divorced. Two executed. Nine died young. Seven were widowed early. Three cruelly treated. Three exiled. The rest were either poisoned or broken-hearted.

—— The word "husband" is Anglo-Saxon, and signifies the "bond of the house," or family "house bond," as by him the family is formed, united and bound together.

—— The eruptions of Vesuvius and Etna are likely to be followed by an outbreak of Stromboli. Letters from Sicily announce that symptoms of activity in that volcano have appeared, as already columns of smoke, furrowed with streaks of light, rise above it.

Chit-Chat.—The Richmond *Enquirer* thinks it will be shown that God is fighting on the Southern side, "although with his visor down."

—— The amount of absynthe drank in Paris, with fatal effect on intellect and nerves, is hardly to be calculated. Switzerland alone sent last year 7,500,000 gallons.

—— Nothing teaches patience like a garden. You may go around and watch the opening bud from day to day, but it takes its own time, and you cannot urge it on faster than it will. If forced, it is only torn in pieces. All the best results of a garden, like those of life, are slowly but regularly progressive.

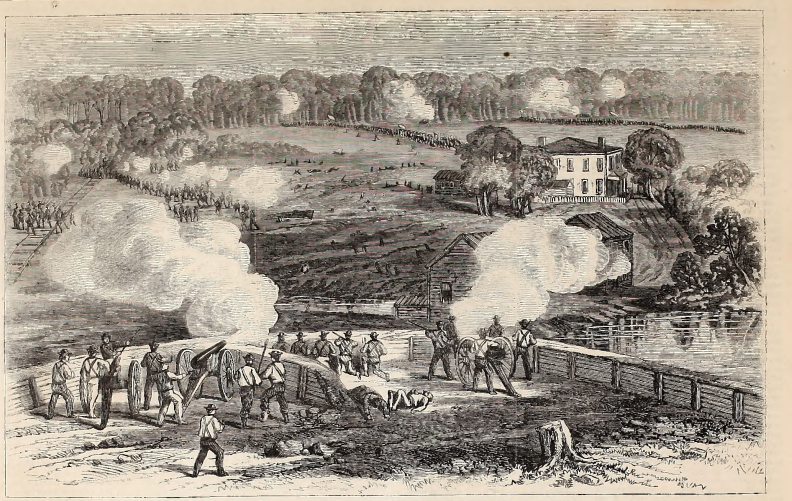
—— An able physiologist has written that one-fifth of the human body is composed of phosphorus. *Punch* remarks that this most likely accounts for the number of matches made.

—— Gold fish are now offered for sale in the markets! Another indication of the speedy resumption of specie payments.

FUNERAL OF 9,000 PERSONS WITH SALUTES OF MORE GUNS THAN WERE FIRED AT WEST POINT WHEN GEN. GRANT WAS THERE, ON THE LATTER RIVER, CHARLESTON, S. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

PRESENT ASPECT OF THE REBEL FORT FISHER, AT THE ENTRANCE OF CAPE FEAR RIVER, N. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

UNLOADING A TRANSPORT WITH AMBULANCES FOR THE ARMY OF WILMINGTON, N. C.—VIEW LOOKING UP WATER STREET.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



BATTLE NEAR KINSTON, N. C. ON THE 8TH OF MARCH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE RIVER.

BY W. H. ROBERTS.

TELL me, O you well loved gentle river,
Why so mournful is your song?
Find you not the trees as dear as ever
That have shaded you so long?



Lo! in vain the fairest flowers are stooping
To you from the bank above,
And your own sweet fern is sadly drooping
For the olden kiss of love.

"Not for fern, or sweetest flow'rs that springing
Bloom upon the fragrant earth,
Can I change, alas! my mournful singing
For a lighter song of mirth.

"Listen! I have drowned a maiden fairer,
Than I ever hope to tell,
Only to herself can I compare her,
She was passing beautiful.

"What was I? She left the flowers that love her,
Though they drooped as she passed by,
Left she, too, the trembling leaves above her
I could hear them vainly sigh.

"What was I? I saw her coming nearer,
Choosing me before the rest—
Fool was I! I thought that I was dearer,
And I drew her to my breast.

"Vain the thought, I was not one to woo her,
But her murderer instead.
Am I cold? A shivering ran through her,
Then a silence. She is dead."

Tell me, river, hush your dreary sighing,
Tell me, did the maiden fair
Wear a flower, a rosebud lightly lying,
Half concealed in golden hair?

"When, alas! I drowned her with my kisses,
Half concealed her hair beneath,
Lay a rosebud in her golden tresses,
Not so fragrant as her breath."

Take me, too, O sadly flowing river,
Take me also to your breast,
Join me, join me to my love forever,
Let me share her perfect rest!

TOUCHED!

BY C. SHACKELFORD.

IF I were intending to write an essay on "Fools," my own life would afford the greater portion of the material; for I am no perfect a sample of those unfortunates that the mere publication of my likeness would form an excellent and reliable digest of a comprehensive work. Yet the misfortunes that have befallen me and given rise to epithets that placed me in the category of the unwise are not owing to a want of intellect, but to an unkind fate that has persecuted me throughout my life and embittered it by happenings that have grievously affected my nature. The little episode in my life which I wish to narrate may act as a warning to those who are as thoughtless as I used to be; and, at the same time, I am confident it will exculpate me from the charge made by my friends in a half serious, half humorous manner, that I am the greatest fool that ever walked. I disclaim all such superiority; I refuse the honor of being numbered among kings, than whom, in ages not yet fairly quiet in their graves, the fool was wiser than his master. I am simply a plain, unpretending, middle-aged man, knowing a good deal of all kinds of life, good and bad, who has a little story to tell, even though it be to his own disadvantage. Even among my intimate friends it is not generally known—if it was known at all—that my father was a shoemaker. They only remember him as the proprietor of a large wholesale and retail shoe-store, as a man of honor and unblemished reputation for honesty and virtue in his business and private life, and that he died worth one hundred thousand dollars.

I am known as the only son of this man. Cordwainer though he was, his life had a romance woven in with its thread of days, and to him the woof was golden, vitalized happiness dimmed only by Death, who stopped the shuttle of Fate and sent the weaver about other business. I remember very distinctly my father's little shop, that had always such a pungent smell of leather and wax, and where he worked with awl and thread until my young eyes wearied with the watching of the tireless hands and my ears were deafened



TOUCHED!



THE RESCUE.

with the rattling stroke of the hammer upon the lapstone. He worked from early morning until far into the night, and his labors gave him such prosperity that it was not many years before he left the old shop, with its dirty walls, and opened a store for the sale of boots and shoes.

His sign was no longer "W. Lacis, Boot and Shoemaker," but "Wallace Lacis, Boots and Shoes." He had cleansed his hand from the wax, and gone for ever from the leather-seated bench. Yet I remember that he preserved, in an upper room of the great store in which in his later years he sold, ready made, shoes, a leather-seated bench, with its appurtenances of awls, knives, wax, thread, bristles, pegs, hammers, strap and cobblestone! Yes! every implement of his old trade was there treasured, even to the dirty and ungainly candlestand, with the bits of candle that had not been lighted for many years—not since, with a great sigh of relief, he had driven home the last peg and drawn the last stitch in the shoe that was the "finis" to his book of hard but earnest toilings at his trade. Thereafter his hands would find other work to do, for by their unceasing labors he had acquired such a sum of money as would enable him to journey in a more pleasant and profitable path of life. This good father of mine cared nothing for himself, but held his wife and child as dearer than aught else on earth, and it was for their happiness that he labored and triumphed. In these memorials of a past life—a life of frugal toil—he felt a great and proper pride. They were rungs in the ladder of fortune up which he had slowly and painfully climbed, and showed the marks of resting and of weariness. He never

boasted of his success in life, never vaunted his indomitable energy of purpose that made him a rich yet honest man.

I loved and respected this father, and in this sort of feeling I have found that I was different from most young men, who think kindly of their parents only when their own pockets are empty and need to be filled with money. I thought him the greatest and noblest of men, and he used to ever teach me firm and proper principles of action. More than once when I have come home from college he has kindly and wisely sought to inculcate the truths acquired by his own experience.

"Honest industry, my son, no matter how menial, is a bypath to the highway of fortune. Consider circumstances, whether good or bad, as human beings; then, whatever be your occupation, you can strengthen or weaken such creations as you think best. But I am trying to do the work for you, George; for I know how it ought to be done."

He said this to me not a month before his death. I was the only one left to my father—wife and daughters were dead. There was no reserve on his part to chill my affections. We were companions, laughing and talking together like two boys, each the confidant of the other. For myself, I can never speak too often or with too much praise of this father. My tribute is to the dead. While he lived he was honored and respected, even though his education had been meagre, and when he died he was sincerely mourned by those who could not know him without knowing his worth.

At college I was an idler; my lessons were learned under compulsion. My leisure hours were mostly devoted to boating and horses. I read novels that gave me false views of life, coloring the unknown, as often the bad as the good, with such hues of glorious beauty, that the world, called society, seemed a Paradise on earth. The impressions produced upon me by such fictions were kaleidoscopic. I truthfully realized only my actual surroundings. My nature was confiding; I was impulsive. My experience was not yet such as to make me calculating, uncharitable and suspicious. There were conditions of the mind that had been neglected both by my father and my tutors. Judging from the books I read, I thought the age one of chivalry. Was I not a fool?

When I was in my twenty-second year, and within a few months of the termination of my college life, my dear father died, and left me with the fortune I have already mentioned. I was at home during his illness, and alone with him when he died. With his death my troubles commenced. Hitherto no cares had oppressed me; now every difficulty grew gigantic. My fortune was my misery. He had been dead only a few hours when I overheard two old women, who were engaged in arraying him for the grave, discuss my marital prospects.

"Yes," said one of them, snuffling and speaking in a dry, shrill voice, "he is a splendid young man. They do say he's worth thousands—more than we can count, Missus Gurty! And there's Miss Outter! She's worth thousands and rides in her carriage. They orter jine their money, hadn't they?"

"That they orter," assented the other.

Then followed a silence of three or four minutes, broken at last by the harsh voice of the first speaker:

"Who would have thought!" she soliloquized. "Long years agone this poor dead man used to mend my shoes. I was an old woman then. Here's his corpse stretched out, and I a tendin' on't. I tell ye, Mrs. Gurty, money don't keep death away."

"Don't I know it? I'm a good fifteen years older than he. I've slaved all my life, and have gnawed crusts more than once. But he was a good man—not a bit proud with all his money. Do you remember his wife, that died nigh onto twenty years ago? Never a nicer woman lived."

"Don't I know it? She married agin the consent of her family, and they'd have nothing to do with her after that. Mr. George is like both of them. He's his mother's face and his father's heart."

"The woman that gets him 'll have a good husband; and there'll be lots of women fishin' for him."

The door opened, and I saw Mrs. Gurty slowly descend the stairs. More than once in succeeding months I remembered the last words that I heard in that room from those old women. Unconsciously they had recited the proem to much of my future misery. I did not return to college, but, in compliance with my father's request, I took into partnership his head clerk, James Butlin, who took charge of the business, though I was in the office a great deal of the time.

My fortune, although not exceedingly great, gave me much trouble. I gradually discovered that the women were glad to know me because I was rich and with a prosperous business. I went very often into what was called society—a phase of social existence that exhibits pictures of very foolish men and women who are unmarried. Speaking entomologically, I became a beetle among butterflies. I have suffered for my temerity in venturing alone into labyrinths of charms that acted like a spring-gun eventually, if one were not lucky enough to retrace his steps. I am writing of my own experience. Girls and old ladies tending towards *embonpoint* and sixty, and with waiting daughters, have been stumbling-blocks to my movements in society; or, like smiling *colossi*, they have ruthlessly trampled upon my most delicate ambitions. At parties they have hummed around me like mosquitos. They designedly encountered me in my walks and drives, and bowed and smiled upon me at the theatre and opera. Not a day passed but that languishing eyes drooped as I looked into them; and I was talked to very enchantingly by mouths with pretty coral lips that were starving for kisses—a fortune for each kiss—mouths that would not have spoken to me three months before my father's death. Incidents combined to make me suspicious of all women. One lady would warn me insinuatingly against the diplomacy of others, who, in turn, did likewise. It is not surprising that I became wary of the other sex. I know a woman's power of fascination, even if the charmer be disliked.

To crown all the suspicions that were rendering me unhappy, I received a letter from my mother's brother, in words very similar to the following:

"You are my nephew! Let me give you a word of good advice, for I learn that you have become wealthy, and one in such a condition as to be profitably plucked. Beware of designing women! Most women are successful intriguers. I am a married man, fifty years old, and tell you this truth. You were a nobody; but your fortune makes you a somebody. You will not be cared for unless you can be used for some purpose. You will find it beneficial to yourself and property to be ever on your guard.

"I'd like to have you come down here and visit me. My daughters will try to entertain you—and perhaps marry you. Of course I mean that one of them will make you her husband if possible. At any rate, try and make me a visit."

I could not help laughing at the effrontery of this uncle. He was a man—wealthy, I had heard—who would hold no communication with his sister because she had married a shoemaker, and who offered no sympathy for the loss of my father; a man of whom I knew nothing, for whom I cared nothing. I became quite angry over his contemptible letter. He had warned me against women; and written a sort of admonition against his daughters. I had casually heard of this uncle from my father, but I had never seen him or his daughters, and did not want to see them.

I decided not to accept the invitation, and not to reply to such a heartless epistle.

Did I say that my existence was miserable? It was Plutonic. It was my nature to admire and love, in a feeble sort of a way, every woman having good looks and good sense. It was necessary that I should have an idol in the temple of my heart. I had had my father as an object upon which to bestow my affection, and did not then bitterly yearn for loving sympathy, kind words, and the eloquent sparkling of a woman's eye. His death had made an "aching void" in my heart. Yet as soon as I sought to lessen the pain by seeking the society of a girl, who was sensible and good looking, just as as soon did women, old and young, begin to warn me against each other by hints and broad assertions as to the demerits of each and all. I did not seek a wife, for I was not yet wearied of single blessedness; but whenever I sought the society of one more agreeable to me than her companions, I had the experience of others given to me that I might note her physical and intellectual defects. I would have been contented if people would only have let me alone. That was impossible. I was like public property. Money had made me a shuttlecock in the hands of fate: and the battledores were wielded by the skillful hands of women, old and young. One would tell me one thing; another would warn me against something else—until my brain became so confused, my nature so falsely suspicious of everybody, and my heart was so inappeasably famished for a real true friend, whether man or woman—that life, as I was living it, became unbearable.

I confess all these truths that you may understand the nature and cause of my feelings towards women, as well as the reasons I had for leaving the city and my business, in the earlier days of summer, and going to an obscure "resort" at the sea-side.

Bodlinn was a quiet, lazy kind of a village, that just suited the tastes of sedate men, who wanted to indulge in midsummer reveries and read their papers, of their wives who wanted to sleep during the hours of sultriness, and that did not suit their daughters who wanted to exhibit their dresses and their faces, and with one or both to win an admirer or a husband. It was a torpid beauty, except in the early morning and cool evening when visitors and villagers straggled picturesquely, by twos, and threes, and fives, down to the beach to dip in the surf made glorious by the rays of the rising or the setting sun. It was a beautiful village. Its houses were scattered, some in the village with its murmuring brook; others nestling snugly against the verdant hills that looked down upon the bay and, beyond that, upon the broad ocean, and the passing specks of white-canvassed vessels that glided over its sparkling surface. The craggy cliffs, plumed with cedars, cast cool shadows in which a boat might lie, and the rower put by his oars and soothingly rise and fall with the undulations of the waters.

I, an unpoetical sort of a fellow, soon became subservient to the dreamy influences of the place, and instead of living a life where sensations came to me, I began to think. I often rowed my boat out into the shadows of the cliffs, and then let it float out of the shadow into the light, while I was lost in pleasant reveries; or I climbed into a certain niche in the cliffs, where the sunlight filtered through the leaves of overhanging trees, and was a throned king in the realm of imagination until night dissolved the spell of witchery and forced me back again to the hotel. In those days and hours of solitude—for I knew only a few people—the little information I had acquired at college proved a great relief. There was not much poetry in my nature; but such a meditative existence developed the strength of what I did possess.

There was enduring pleasure in what little association I had with others. Such society vitalised my experience and developed traits of character in myself that I never thought I possessed. To me there was no monotony in this quiet sort of life. I did as I pleased. I never tired of the pictures I saw of young and healthful humanity and contented old age. There were operas of musical laughter—cavatinas of women's voices.

Pretty girls with all colors of eyes and of hair, and shapes of mouth and beauty of form, gaily splashed in the gleaming water, and mingled their cheery voices with the profound monotone of the sea.

When the sun was fairly risen, and we had become wearied with the pleasure of our aquatic amusements we separated, to pass the day in sleeping, driving, walking, talking, and a few in loving.

It was a very agreeable manner of life. There was little to do, and plenty of time in which to do it. I will be candid and confess that I flirted (I think that is the name by which such pleasant occupations are called), with Miss Crawford, until, one day, I overheard her ask her mother a question that startled me, and made me careful to be frigidly polite thereafter.

"Ma" (she always spoke the word with a broad accent.) "Ma, how much do you think Mr. Lacie is worth?"

"How should I know, Kitty. Pa, says he's rich. You like him, don't you, dear? Isn't he quite attentive to you?"

"Yes, ma!"

Then followed words much lower in tone. I was sitting, or rather lying, behind a sheaf of lilac bushes, and the night was very hot. I arose and noiselessly moved away, thinking of the chicanery of these husband-hunters, and how very often money makes hideousness sweetly palatable. However, I did not apply that last thought to myself. If I had only had a sister to advise me, I should have been saved much anxiety. I do not and never did think that all women are mercenary, and all the while I was shunning the charms of the daughters of needy men, I was really searching, almost hopelessly, for a woman whom I could purely love, and who would love me for myself. I was very lonely.

I had admired Miss Crawford. I do not think I could ever have loved her. Her remarks, this night, made me suspicious of herself and wary of the rest of her sex. But these torments of the mind suddenly and pleasantly disappeared, through the agency of another who was, unconsciously, the curse of my life.

Within a week after the happening of the incident just mentioned there came to Bodlinn a young lady whom I no sooner saw than I loved, My passion was one of those inexplicable happenings of life that no one pretends to understand. They are without reason, and as quick, in their operations, as the glance of an eye that sends a message to the heart. One loves because he has eyes and ears and uses them. To see and hear is to feel the strange and subtle potency of a new emotion—an emotion denominated love. As I was neither blind nor deaf to the appearance and attractions of the newcomer, I followed out the demands of my nature and the laws of my creation, and loved this woman just as soon as she alighted from the stage.

Of course I cannot describe her. Very few men can give a clear and vivid description of the women they love; and I am but an inferior artist. Yet I think I might give a just criticism of a statue or a painting, for my heart would not be so pleasantly influenced as it was by its newly-throned queen. I know she was not beautiful, if she were to be measured to find if the length of her nose was so many inches, and the forehead so many inches high, all computations being according to the standard revealed in the statues of ancient Greece. I do know that she was of medium height, and had a form that was the embodiment of grace; and that her black eyes had a sparkling, resistless way of looking at any one. The glances of those eyes lighted the lamp of love on the altar of my heart. I am afraid the flames spread; for I felt that I was being consumed by the suddenly kindled fires of a holy passion.

I did not know her name, nor was it known to any of my acquaintances. Is this a convincing proof that I am a fool? Pray accept it as such! My only plea in defence is, that I was powerless.

She did not live at the hotel; but boarded at a little cottage on one of the hills. It was at its gate that I saw her descend from the stage-coach.

People will gossip about ladies who are reserved in their society; and so some of the busy-bodies of the village had a story—many of them, in truth—ready for this case—for the lady lived in a very retired manner. And they guessed that she was a widow, and a rich woman, and a poor woman, and a woman disappointed in love, and so on through a category of imaginary good and evil fortunes.

I ascertained that the spectacled, frigid, middle-aged lady accompanying her was her mother, and felt assured that there could be no foundation for evil reports about the daughter. In the coolest hours of the morning I used to see my unknown going to the beach, sometimes with a book in her hand—very often carelessly swinging her hat. Seeing, I came to worship her.

This sudden and trustful adoration of a woman that one loves is, I am told, one of the idiosyncrasies of human nature. I was in love with this woman of twenty or twenty-one years of age before I knew her name. I never thought of her as being an adventuress. She seemed too pure to be anything but an angel in muslin. When I discovered that she usually went down to the beach a little earlier in the morning than the rest of the people, I used to walk in the same direction and about the same time, so that I might be certain of seeing and perhaps meeting her somewhere during my promenade.

Not a word was spoken or a salutation given when we did meet; but I would return to the hotel thrilled with delight at having looked into her eyes and having breathed the same air in which she walked. I thought of but little else than these encounters; and the days passed slowly and the mornings quickly. I meditated during the day on the pleasure given to me in the morning.

Seeing me so often the lady must have recognized my face after half-a-dozen meetings. I do not know whether she conjectured my love for her. Though it was very pleasant to see her, the result was very unsatisfactory. I wished to know her, to speak to her and to hear her talk. I tasked my poor brains to furnish some plan by which I might accomplish these purposes. I used to haunt the grounds around the cottage in which she lived; yet I never saw her there but once, and that was on a rainy evening. Drenched to the skin, I stood without and looked through the parlor window, one of the curtains of which had not been dropped. I saw by the lamp-light that she was reading; but she had her back turned to the window. Yet I stood there until the light and the woman I loved disappeared together. I did not advance towards success. I began to despair.

One exceedingly hot morning I went down to the ocean earlier than usual. I looked up and down the crescent shaped strip of sand, but saw no one. Then I turned my gaze to the East, where the sun was rising up, out of the waters. When I looked up and down the beach my eyes sought to find the woman I loved; but they turned to the sea because they were disappointed. Yet they saw something human, even in the broad path of glory leading across the waves to the sun. About a mile and a half away and within half a mile of the open sea, there was a speck of a boat. There was somebody in it; and that somebody was waving a handkerchief. I laughed at such a cambric petition. I was not in a humor for rowing upon such a hot morning. I walked a few feet, and irresistibly turned my looks again in that direction. Again the white signal! I saw, too, that the person was not using the oars. There was a smart breeze oceanward from the cove, and, outside, the waves were enough frolicsome to overturn a boat that was not managed with care. Towards these waves the boat was rapidly drifting.

When I saw the inactivity of the person in the skiff I feared that an accident had happened; that an oar had been lost, or a hand wounded, thus disabling the figure that I could see was very quiet.

There was a little pier a few rods away from me where the boats were kept—the better ones under lock and key. Mine was fastened there; it was a light, fragile thing, but very fast when properly managed. As I was unfastening it, I noticed which one of the boats usually there was gone; a second later I discovered its oars lying on the pier. Then I fully comprehended the signal, and realised the necessity for making haste, the boat being in the throat of the bay. I pulled with a will, and heard, with feelings of delight, the bubbling water at the prow and saw the boiling wake astern. Those sounds are music sweet to the ear of an ambitious oarsman. A regular, even stroke, and his arms never tire—when once the hands are callous and the muscles strong as steel. My boating days at college now stood me in good stead, and my sharp boat cut the water into sun-tinted flakes of foam.

Once I stopped my rowing and looked ahead of me. My eyes are excellent; and I recognised at a glance that the sitter in the other boat was a woman; a little more eager scrutiny and I knew that woman to be the one I loved. I was startled by the discovery, and for several minutes my boat drifted seaward—and I thought of what had so opportunely befallen me. The opportunity for an interview with this young lady was romantically presented. But what should I say? Under the circumstances I thought that even the most ordinary topics would afford subjects for conversation; so I bent to the oars again, and in a few minutes was alongside the shell in which sat my Venus.

She had a book in one hand and her handkerchief in the other, and was unnaturally calm, though I thought her face much paler than I had ever seen it.

"Good morning!" I said, letting my boat float towards hers. "Your boating seems to have been lonely, and promised to have been dangerous. I have intercepted you—" and I pointed to the open sea a score of rods away.

She laughed. "Like the wise men of Gotham, I was going to sea in a bowl," and she rocked the fragile skiff until the water splashed over the gunwales.

"Superb fearlessness!" I said to myself. But a second later I knew that it was a nervousness that would make her pitifully weak and trembling if she were away from my presence.

"And were you not afraid?" I inquired, as her head drooped downward—as if she were very tired.

"Not until the hum of the ocean became an angry sound. Then I wished some one would pick me up; for I have no ambition to dwell in coral grottoes or garland my head with seaweed."

"But people do not go boating, or to sea, without oars."

"And I would not have gone in such a plight if I could have helped myself. But I got into the boat and unfastened it—leaving the oars on the pier; then, when I started to reach the oars, the boat went away from them; and it has been going ever since. I never heard of a boat that drifted so fast. And I am very, very thankful to you for coming to me. You have saved my life, and I have only poor feeble words with which to reward you."

(I wanted to interrupt her and say what would be a priceless return for what I had done, but I dared not speak.)

"In a few minutes more I should have been among the waves out there, my boat would have been overturned and I would have drowned. Oh! I thank you again and again and again for saving me from such a dreadful death." And she clasped her hands and leaned towards me. "God bless you, sir!" she softly exclaimed, then hid her face in her handkerchief.

When I see a woman weep the tears seem to fall upon my heart; and I really believe that I am sadder than the mourner. And, to conceal my own sadness, I fastened her boat to mine and began to row towards the village—she sitting with averted face and silent. Very soon she turned to me.

"You must not think me ungrateful because I say so little," she said, putting her hand into the water and watching how the fingers had little whirlpools behind them. "And you must not mind the tears, sir, either; for they are tears of joy. They are not the first I've wept this morning; but the others were of hope, fear and then despair. I am afraid I am very foolish."

"I don't think so. And you may rest assured that I know what you would say if you could. I am more than rewarded. I will take everything for granted and rejoice because I was enabled to save you. One cannot easily make a speech of thanks to the savior of one's life; but the thoughts that dwell in the mind of the rescued will find expression some day. Let us speak of other things."

I put up the oars and for a little while we talked about the beauties of the bay, its crags and caves, and cliffs, and about our favorite resorts. But I was longing all the time to tell my secret, only I dare not. Finally I exclaimed:

"I have very often met you in Bodlinn."

"Yes! Your face is one that I remember. We seem to be the earliest risers of the community, and we ought to be the happiest—if happiness depended on the amount of sunlight absorbed by soul and body on pleasant days. It is an amber light that lurks in the eyes like a jewel in wondrous setting."

When she spoke of sunshine, I looked first at the sun, then at my watch.

"Can you guess the time of day?" I said.

"Seven o'clock."

"Nine."

"Four hours and a half since I left home!" she cried, with an anxious look towards the distant shore, where I saw a group of people watching us, and that boats were coming towards us. There was no more chance for pleasant talk. I bent to the oars, and very soon my boat was at the landing. A tall and haughty-looking woman was standing there. As soon as the boats were fairly stopped, she spoke:

"Nettie, what have you been doing?"

"Reading "Romola" and "Drifting Away!" In truth, mama, I came very near going to sea in no capacity at all—not even as cook. This gentleman took pity upon me and has brought me back, safely and gladly," and she gave me a look of sweet gratitude as she stepped from the boat to the pier.

"I do not understand you, Nettie," said the old lady.

"Won't you tell it for me?" Nettie pleaded, turning to me. A few words sufficed to explain everything. Then the rescued came to me, and speaking quite low, said, "We—mother and I—are boarding at Mr. Warren's, on the hill yonder. If you would give us the pleasure of a visit this evening, we would deem it a great favor."

Of course I said I would go, and what happiness it would be, meaning much more than is usually meant by such phrases. She had gone but a few steps away, when she returned and added:

"I nearly forgot the most important part of the request. I am very heedless this morning; I returned to say that you will please ask for Mrs. Merrill. You must come prepared to be thanked again and again for what you have done this memorable morning. Mama dislikes what she calls scenes, and she wishes to express her thanks there, rather than in this crowd. Now, be sure and come!" and with this command she hastened away to her mother.

The crowd was inquisitive; to avoid its foppery remarks, I walked up the beach. The sun was hot, the light blinding, the air stifling, yet they did not unpleasantly affect me, for my thoughts were concentrated upon the adventure of the morning. The sum and substance of my meditations may be thus epitomised. I had been very much in love with a woman whom I saw every day, yet of whose name I was ignorant. I had been the means of saving her from a possible death. As a result of this morning's work I was going to see this woman I loved, and whose name I had learned, going to sit in her presence, talk to her and be happy. I felt nothing except the mad throbs of my heart that was in a delirium of happiness. Then it suddenly occurred to me that I did not know her name, except that she was called Nettie by this elderly lady, her mother. I was requested to ask for Mrs. Merrill. Of course that was the mother's name, and the young lady was Miss Merrill, there was no more doubt in my mind.

In consequence of my rowing and walking in the hot sun, and going without my breakfast, I began to feel very faint. Even men in love deify food, and are the better for the worship. Feverish, hungry and happy, I returned to the hotel. The clerk cried out to me as I was passing through the office in a tone of familiarity—but all hotel clerks are familiar, you know, else they would not be available:

"You had luck this morning, Lacie, I hear. Let me shake hands with you, (I came towards the desk) that I may see if your palms are blistered, and your pulse regular. You look ill."

"Hungry, Stelten, that's all."

"And your heart beats like a trip-hammer! Why, man, it sounds like a bass drum. You're in danger!"

"Yes!" and I moved away, laughing, and knowing what was the danger.

"Well, if you are calm, here's a letter marked 'in haste' that came this morning."

The superscription was in the handwriting of my partner, and this is a copy of the letter:

New York, July 8, 1850.

Mr. Geo. Lacie:

Dear Sir—Our new cashier, Sheldon, who came after your departure, disappeared yesterday with $5,000 of our money. You had better come to town immediately. James Britlin.

And to town I must go without seeing Miss Nettie. That was resolved at once. I had accepted the services of this Sheldon on excellent recommendations without seeing him, and without consulting my partner. And the result was what called me back to the city, for I must go. I wrote a note of regret, saying that I was suddenly summoned to the city, and sent it up to Mrs. Merrill.

At the store I found everything in confusion. The amount taken had been collected to make a payment, and its loss cramped us very much. We put the police at work to find the villain, though the attempt seemed almost hopeless, as he probably took that day's steamer for Europe. During the week between the time of my arrival in the city, and my return to Bodlinn, my existence was one of feverish unrest, of unanswered love. My condition of uncertainty was maddening. I wanted to get back again to the seashore, and for these reasons. I was in love with a beautiful woman. To be in love with a woman is to desire to make the object of such love your own—your wife. And my only object in returning to Bodlinn was to ascertain if Miss Nettie would be my wife. That question must be answered. So I went back to Bodlinn.

A GRAVE DISTURBANCE.

In the parish of Christ Church, Barbados islands, there is a mysterious vault, in which no one dares to deposit the dead. It is in a churchyard near, and at an elevation of one hundred feet above the level of the sea. The following details concerning the remarkable disturbances in this vault are taken verbatim from the original document in the writer's possession, under the hand of his esteemed friend, the late rector, the Rev. Thomas Harrison Orderson, D.D., who was an eyewitness (with many others, whose names will be mentioned in their proper place) of the occurrences to be related:

July 31st, 1807.—Mrs. Thomasin Goddard was buried in the vault, which, when opened to receive her, was quite empty.

February 22d, 1808.—Mary Anna Maria Chase, daughter of the Honorable Thomas Chase, was buried in the same vault, in a leaden coffin. When the vault was opened for the infant the coffin of Mrs. Goddard was in its proper place.

July 6, 1812.—Dorcas Chase was buried in the same vault, and the two first coffins were in their proper places.

August 9th.—The Honorable Thomas Chase was buried in the same vault. Upon its being opened the two leaden coffins were dislodged from their situation, particularly that of the infant, which appeared to have been thrown from the corner where it was first placed to the opposite angle.

September 25th, 1816.—Samuel Brewster Ames, an infant, was buried, and when the vault was opened the leaden coffins were found to have been thrown from their positions, and were in much disorder.

November 17th, 1816.—The body of Samuel Brewster was removed from the parish of St. Philip, and was buried in the vault, and great confusion was discovered among the leaden coffins.

July 7th, 1819.—Thomasin Clarke was buried, and there was much disorder among the coffins.

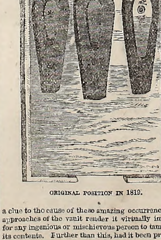
N.B.—Each time the vault was opened the coffins were placed in their proper order and position, and the mouth of the vault was regularly closed by masons.

The vault is twelve feet long and six and a half feet wide, and is partially hewn through a flinty rock. The entrance to it was secured by a massive stone, which it required six or seven men to remove.

April 18th, 1820.—The vault was opened in the presence and at the request of his Excellency the Governor, Lord Combermere. The Hon. N. Lucas, R. B. Clarke (now Sir R. Bowcher Clarke, Chief Justice of Barbados), and R. Cotton, Esqrs., were attending.

The condition of the coffins on this occasion can best be appreciated by a reference to the engraving below, which exhibits on one side the position in which the coffins were left on July 7th, 1819, and the other the disorder which was presented on April 18th, 1820, the day on which Lord Combermere inspected the vault.

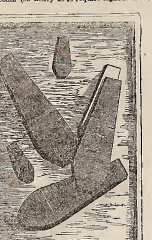
These are the simple facts of the case, nor can the writer venture to make any suggestion that might give



ORIGINAL POSITION IN 1819.

a clue to the cause of these amazing occurrences. The approaches of the vault render it virtually impossible for any ingenious or mischievous person to tamper with its contents. Further than this, had it been practicable for any one to have entered the rock, the achievement of dislodging the coffins single-handed would have been superhuman, and it is not easily to be credited that a piece of mischief of such a character would have been entrusted to many hands to carry out. Nor, again, can it be reasonably conjectured that these results were produced by some convulsion of the earth, for the effects were too local, and nothing but the coffins themselves exhibited the least trace of violence or subterranean shock.

It may be remarked here that the material of which the coffins were composed might possibly have something to do with their displacement, since there is an instance of a somewhat similar disturbance having taken place in England, where the coffins were (as those in the Barbados vault) of lead. The reader will observe that the confusion and disorder were noticeable only in the case of the leaden ones, the wooden ones were merely turned over and not flung about. The parallel occurrence alluded to took place in a village of Suffolk, named Staunton. It is stated that on opening a vault there certain leaden coffins, which had been fixed on biers, were found to be displaced and thrown about, much to the consternation of the villagers. The coffins were replaced as before, and the vault perfectly closed, when, another of the family having died, it was reopened, and its contents were discovered in great confusion. Two years after they were not only found all off their trestles, but one coffin (so heavy as to require eight men to lift



AS DISCOVERED WHEN OPENED IN 1820.

it) was found on the fourth step which led down to the vaults, and it seemed perfectly certain that no human agency had effected this. This account is to be found in Captain Alexander's "Transatlantic Sketches," but the writer of this paper has never been able to find the name of Staunton in the county of Suffolk. If reliable, however, some little light is thrown on these coffin disturbances by the fact of the coffins in both the Barbados and Staunton vaults being made of lead.

Of course the negro mind attributed these mysterious results to supernatural causes. Col. Chase, it seems, was a man of evil disposition, violent and intemperate. He died by his own hand. His daughter, owing to his cruelty to her, starved herself to death; and the negroes affirmed that the other coffins would not endure the company of the Chase family, and had endeavored to expel them. It certainly assisted this superstition to know that no disturbance occurred till Col. Chase was deposited in the vault. No negro would approach the churchyard after nightfall (at least without whistling very loud to scare away the "duppies," as ghosts are called in Barbados); and such consternation, alarm and disquiet were created by the mysterious proceedings in the vault, that the coffins were removed and buried in the earth elsewhere, and the vault was closed, as it now remains. A relative of the writer is the present rector of Christ Church, and has confirmed this. The sketches from which the engraving is taken were executed on the spot by another relative of the writer; and his father, some years since, had two models constructed, exhibiting the various displacements to which the coffins were subjected. One of these models he presented to the late Bishop Blomfield, who took a great interest in this mysterious matter of the vault, the other is, I believe, deposited in the British Museum.

WILMINGTON, N. C.

Our Artist's sketches illustrate many of the interesting scenes he witnessed in the recent memorable campaign. That in Water street represents the unloading of one of our transports—the very first gunboat that had anchored there for four years. It was a pleasant sight to see the old flag once more waving in the pretty little river, and looking as though it never meant to let another flag flaunt beside it.

In accordance with their usual practice the rebels set fire to what they could no longer hold, and the result is seen in the ruins of the Navy Yard.

Taking up Obstructions from the River.

Mr. Becker, our Special Artist, says: "That none would believe without seeing them, how dexterously the rebels had constructed the obstructions submerged in the Cape Fear river to prevent the National vessels from approaching the city. The scene we illustrate occurred about two miles below Wilmington. The obstructions were rafts of hewn timber, made very sharp at the ends, so as to break in the bows of the unlucky vessels that might run against them—these logs were fastened together by a heavy chain, and then sunk about three feet below the surface of the water, by means of weights. It was by running against these hidden snares that the transport Webster was stove in so much that she sunk; fortunately, however, no lives were lost.

A Mournful Spectacle.

We need not call attention to the appalling spectacle our Artist has depicted on page 49, with sickening fidelity. We shall not dwell on a theme so repugnant to every American—the charitable supposition is that the cruel treatment our brave boys met with at the hands of their brutal captors was the result of Southern destitution, although Helper, in his searching book called the "Impending Crisis," says that "Slavery has so debased, degraded and brutalized the Southern mind as to leave it scarcely the attribute of a responsible humanity." It is impossible to contemplate such frightful scenes as many of those already published in Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper, without silently acquiescing in his opinion.

The group our Artist has drawn, represents a squad of re-captured Union soldiers, who were found in a prison-pen about 12 miles from Wilmington. Of this wretched group three had become idiots from sheer horror and destitution—while all of them looked more like skeletons than living men. Among this awful band our Artist found one of his old schoolmates—but so changed in three years that he was barely recognisable. They had been formerly confined in Millen, but as Sherman's giant tread shook the rebel heart, these unhappy captives had been dragged from one hell to another, till death or idiotcy came to their relief. Let us hope that no irrational or imbecile haste to close the war will induce President Lincoln to wave the wand of oblivion over the heads of the chief offenders in this worst of all possible crimes, a rebellion against Right and Justice.

WANTED.

"A young man of unquestionable respectability desires to open a correspondence with some young lady of education and refinement, with a view to matrimony. Address, Howard, Box 304, N. Y. P. O."

Such was the advertisement that arrested my attention as I was listlessly glancing down the columns of the daily paper I held in my hand. What an unpleasant day it was! The streets, under a drenching rain, were deserted, save by a few pedestrians, who, kept abroad by necessity, came straggling along, looking particularly miserable. I had exhausted every source of amusement, read until my head ached, practised all my new music, and at last, in a terrible fit of *ennui*, had thrown myself down on the sofa, and in despair seized the paper, hoping to find something to interest me in that.

I do not, and never did, approve of matrimonial advertisements; who then can tell what evil spirit prompted me to answer the above? But so it was, and after several attempts and much waste of note-paper, I succeeded to my own satisfaction in penning a reply. Days passed away, and I had almost forgotten the circumstance, when the arrival of a letter addressed to Miss Alice Dunbar (my assumed name) recalled the affair to my mind.

I am a little particular on the subject of letters: have a decided antipathy to scented pink note-paper and fancy envelopes with excruciating devices of arrow-pierced hearts and adipose cupids. The missive I held in my hand was perfectly free from anything that could possibly offend the most fastidious taste. The envelope was a good substantial one, spotlessly white, and the address was written in a bold, legible hand, which immediately prepossessed me in the writer's favor. The contents did not belie the exterior. The language was elegant, the orthography and composition faultless. Here, I suppose, I should have dropped the correspondence at once and for ever, but the temptation was too great to be resisted, and so it happened that many letters were exchanged between us, and I learned to watch anxiously for the arrival of those interesting epistles, that never deviated from the manly style in which the first was written. He did not fill his letters with a dissertation on love, that would have disgusted me immediately; but there was a happy mixture of the all-important subject with the latest news of the day, criticisms on popular authors, chit-chat about the opera, drama, etc., and, above all, a tone of patriotism and devotion to the good old flag that won my heart more than anything else. Need I tell how deeply interested I became in my unknown friend? how much I thought of him during the day, and even foolishly dreamed of him at night?

At length he became anxious to see his correspondent, and as the desire was mutual, a meeting was appointed at the house of the friend who had kindly received all my letters. For days before the eventful occurrence I was one of the most restless mortals that ever inhabited this mundane sphere. Being extremely desirous of making a favorable impression, my homely little phiz appeared to me uglier than ever, and no one can tell with what feelings of consternation I watched the growth of an almost invisible pimple that most inopportunely made its appearance at the end of my nose.

At last the day came, and in my friend's own room I awaited his coming. Presently the bell rang, and shortly after the servant, previously instructed, announced his arrival. Tremblingly I descended the stairs, and pausing an instant at the parlor door to recover my composure, turned the knob and entered. The heavy curtains were partially dropped over the windows, leaving the room in a sort of delicious twilight, just the thing for such a meeting. My unknown friend had not heard my entrance, and stood with his elbow resting on the mantelpiece, examining a painting which hung above it. Something in the careless grace of the attitude struck me as familiar, but before I had time to comment upon it, some slight sound I made in advancing attracted his attention, and, turning round, he approached me with extended hand. I gave him mine, and timidly raising my eyes to his face, met the well-known blue orbs of—my uncle!

For a moment we were so overwhelmed with astonishment that neither uttered a word; but when we partially recovered from our bewilderment and the realization of our absurdly ludicrous position burst upon us, what ringing peals of laughter echoed and re-echoed through those rooms, while, through it all, tears of disappointment and vexation filled my eyes. How suddenly my beautiful air-castles had faded into nothingness! Of course there was nothing left for us but to take up our "line of march" for the parental roof, which, after mutual confessions, we accordingly did, feeling excessively foolish, but thoroughly cured of any *penchant* for matrimonial advertisements.

A letter to the London *Times* from a distinguished English metallurgist gives some interesting particulars respecting the new gun metal lately invented in Austria by Baron von Rosthorn. He says: "The new alloy which has received the name of 'sterrometal,' from a Greek word signifying tough or firm, is composed of copper, spelter, iron and tin, in proportion that may be slightly varied without much affecting the result. In color it resembles brass rather than gun metal; it is very close to its grain and free from porosity. It is possessed of considerable hardness and will take a very fine polish. Several eminent Vienna engineers have tried it for the cylinders of hydraulic presses with great success." The writer gives it as his opinion that the days of wrought iron are numbered, and that its place will be soon supplied by steel in some form or other.



FLOOD ON THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER AT HARRISBURG—ACCUMULATION OF TIMBER AND DRIFTWOOD AT THE CUMBERLAND VALLEY RAILROAD BRIDGE

THE FLOODS.

THE rains of March caused a universal rise in the rivers of the middle States, with immense destruction of all sorts of water-side property. By the attention of our various correspondents we are furnished with sketches of several localities where the damage was greatest.

The views in Rochester are from excellent photographs by Masser; the first represents the scene looking up Buffalo street, from the east end of Main street bridge. The second shows the swelling of the Genesee river, the view being taken from the gas works, looking towards the falls.

At Harrisburg, Pa., the Susquehanna rose to a height unprecedented in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. At its greatest flood it rose 33 inches over its level in 1846. The bosom of the raging stream was covered with the wrecks it made in its seaward progress. Remnants of bridges torn from their fastenings, outhouses of every description, logs, trees, fences, evidences of the destruction which occurred above, covered the river from shore to shore.

The eastern wing of the Cumberland Valley railroad bridge was in great peril. The general impression was that a large portion of it must inevitably be swept away. The water rose far above the woodwork, and a large raft of timber of every description lodged against it, extending far into the river. It moved some 18 or 20 inches, and was only kept from giving way entirely by stout cables attached to its strongest timbers and hitched around large trees on the bank.

At Wheeling, Western Virginia, the Ohio was terribly swollen. Mr. Dardine, who sketched the scene on the 19th March, from a stand-point on the suspension bridge, remarks as follows:

"This flood was the greatest that has occurred in this region since 1862. For the last three days the city has been like a beleaguered garrison—water all around and all over, oil barrels, horses, haystacks, boxes and chicken-coops floating constantly. Wheeling Island is an American Venice. People are moving upstairs, then out on the roof, and then paddling out for higher ground. The losses are estimated by millions. The scene was wild and picturesque beyond anything your Artist ever witnessed. I cannot describe it otherwise than I have done in the sketch. One party caught $180,000 worth of oil and oil-barrels on the tract of land shown in the sketch as not covered with water. At the right is seen the steamboat Golden Era, which caught on the lower side of the bridge, and lost her chimneys and pilothouse, on her passage down. The prominent building on the left side of the street is the Williams Foundry, almost a total wreck; it was insured for less than one-half. In a house, caught below the city, (seen over the temporary island), two ladies were found drowned."

BATTLE NEAR KINSTON, N. C.

HAVING already fully described the battle near Kinston, we have now merely to add that our sketch represents the desperate conflict of the 8th of March. Kinston is a post village, capital of Lenoir co., N. C., on the left bank of the Neuse river, 80 miles south-east from Raleigh, 26 from Goldsboro and 26 from Newbern. It contains a court-house and numerous stores; tar and turpentine are procured from the forests of the county, and exported by the steamboats which navigate the river.

THE London *Times* thinks that efforts will be made by Mr. Lincoln to restore the revolted States singly to the Union, and other London journals denounce in strong terms the idea of a war between England and the United States.



CITIZENS OF CHARLESTON, S. C., TAKING THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



FLOOD ON THE OHIO RIVER AT WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY E. F. DARDIER.



SAILORS OF PORTER'S FLEET TAKING UP OBSTRUCTIONS IN THE CAPE FEAR RIVER, TWO MILES BELOW WILMINGTON, N. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

PSYCHAURA.

THE wind of our autumn midnight
Is moaning around my door,
The curtains wave at the window,
The carpet lifts on the floor.

There are sounds like startled footfalls
In the distant chambers now,
And the tremor of my fingers
Is busy on hand and brow.

'Tis thus in the Soul's dark dwelling—
By the moody host unsought—
Through the chambers of Memory wander
The invisible airs of Thought.

For it bloweth where it listeth,
With a touch now loud or low;
Whence it cometh—whither it goeth—
None tell us, and none may know.

Now wearying round the portals
Of the vacant, desolate mind—
As the dawn of a ruined mansion
That creak in the cold night wind.

And anon an awful memory
Sweeps over it fierce and high,
Like the roar of a mountain forest
When the midnight gale goes by.

Then its voice subsides in wailing,
And, ere the dawning of day,
Murmuring fainter and fainter,
In the distance dies away.

ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "BRADDON'S VICTORIA REGIA, PLAYS," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVII.—SOMETHING LIKE FRIENDSHIP.

MAUDE HILLARY did not rise very early after that New Year's entertainment at the Cedars; painful exertions, sociable, demure and perpetual lies that had been unknown to her thought all her previous lifetime, had crowded suddenly upon her within the last few weeks, and it was scarcely strange if she well-nigh fainted under the burden. She slept for some hours on that first night of her conquest; the feverish, heavy slumber that visits upon trouble of mind and exhaustion of body. The weather sun shone with a fierce brightness between the rose-colored draperies of her window when she awoke from a painful dream to a dim sense of disturbing, though not remembered, pain. She remembered the scene of the previous night, her own desperate appeal for help, Francis Dedlow's avowal, and Julia's astonishment. She remembered all this with a burning sense of shame, and with a tender and pitying regret for Julia's wretchedness.

"And he did not love her!" she thought, "when I fancied they were so happy and united, so much what lovers ought to be. It was all false after all, and he had deceived her. But why? What motive could he have for doing her so great a wrong?"

Miss Hillary pondered upon this mystery while she dressed—unaided this morning, for she did not care to endure her maid's sympathetic remarks upon her pale face and heavy eyes; unaided, for how soon that pretty Twickenham parasite, with all its dependencies, might pass away from her, unsubstantial as the fairy palace in which Princess Babroulbeer floated away to Africa. Maude got on her plainest morning dress and went straight to Julia's room, intending to make her peace with that young lady, at any cost of self-humiliation. No base thought of Julia's obligations, no remembrance of the favors that had been heaped upon the Irish girl in that honorable habitation, had any place in Maude Hillary's mind. She thought of her friend as tenderly as she might have thought of an only sister, and she remembered nothing except the great wrong that had been done to Julia by the defection of her lover. The breach between them was not to be narrowed. When Maude entered her friend's bedroom, she only found an empty and desolate-looking apartment, in which open wardrobes and drawers, and tumbled clothing, spoke of sad and pressly frivolities, bore witness to the angry Julia's departure.

Miss Hillary's maid came running along the corridor, while her mistress stood amazed in Miss Desmond's deserted chamber.

"Oh, miss," cried the girl, "to think as you should get up and dress yourself without a bit of help, while I've been waiting and listening for the bell these last two hours! Miss Desmond, she have gone, miss, above an hour ago, and have took all her things in a fly to the railway, and wouldn't have none of the servants to go with her, and oh, miss, she looked as white as that toilet cover."

This was all Maude could hear of her sometime friend's abrupt departure from that pleasant dwelling-place which she had regarded as such a luxurious home. This was all that the servants could tell their young mistress about the splendid Julia; but in the study, where the scene of the previous night had been enacted, Maude found a letter directed to herself, in Miss Desmond's hand-writing. It was a very hurried letter; almost such a one as an English Elizabeth or a Russian Catherine might have written.

"For your father's hospitality," wrote Miss Desmond, "I shall always remain grateful, and shall be sorry to hear of any evil that may befall him. The debt I owe to you I shall also know how to remember, and shall wait the time and opportunities for its repayment.—J. D."

Maude sat for some time musing sorrowfully upon this oracular epistle. She was not in any wise terrified by her friend's threats; she was only sorry for Julia's disappointment.

"She must have loved Francis Tredethlyn very dearly," Miss Hillary thought, sorrowfully, "or she would never feel his conduct so deeply. And yet I have often fancied that she spoke of him coldly, almost contemptuously."

Poor Maude Hillary's lessons in the mysteries of every-day life had only just begun; she had yet to learn that there are other disappointments than those which fall upon those who love, other pains and sorrows than those which have their root in the heart, and that there are such things as marrying and rejoicing in marriage for the sake of thrifty thousands a year.

She spent a weary day in the pleasant drawing-room, where the red glow of a great fire illuminated as much prettiness in the way of chins, and Parisian, and bronze, and ormolu, as mortal could have wished a brie-à-brac shop in Wardour street. She spent a tiresome day, that seemed interminably long, lying on the sofa, now fire, thinking of her father's troubles and Julia's desertion. She thought also of that cruel scene in which she had seemed to play so contemptible a part. What bitter humiliation it was to look back upon, now that the mad impulse of the moment, the desperate courage that had made her snatch at any chance of help for her father had altogether passed away! How mean and pitiful the whole business seemed now to her calmer judgment! How could she ever hold light of commonsense! A borrower, a beggar almost, a miserable suppliant to her friend's affianced husband—to the man whose former friendship had basely taken advantage of that false position, to avow a passion whose least expression was an insult to her own lost love! Francis Dedlow's lover? And then what wasted humiliation, what unnecessary shame; for had not she turned upon him and upbraided him at the critical moment, forgetful of her father's desperate need!

Such thoughts as these were scarcely pleasant company all that day, and Maude was glad when it seemed so long to Maude Hillary. The slow hours crept on, and she still lay tossing restlessly on the sofa, while Gerald Hillary smoked pipe after pipe by the consolation of a troubled mind. A servant brought lamps, and crept from window to window, leaving the curtains undrawn, as a careful maid would have cut a square out of the iron door of Mr. Hillary's plate-room. The first dinner-bell rang out its harsh summons, and Maude rose at last, and informed all Twickenham that it was time for the people at the Cedars to array themselves for the evening's duties. She still lay upon the great sofa, hiding her flushed face in the pillows, and trying to quiet the throbbing of her burning head, when did I say that Mr. Hillary's unexpected guest broke down all at once in her social comedy. She could not the wearisome play no longer; she could not keep up all the while the mask of a smiling small-talk, the finery of a grand house no longer honestly maintained. Oh that it could be like this always like the old-fashioned system of some troubled slumber, giving place to a wholesome cottage and a life of decent toil!

Mr. Hillary's guests—well-known, good-looking girls, trudging in the muddy London streets, with music portfolios in their arms, while I have been the showpiece in my carriage. Mr. Hillary's guests—they would be here in a few of these, and work for papa, and see him happy, smiling at me across our little table as I gave them their tea and coffee, comparing small-talk, the finery of a grand house no longer honestly maintained. Oh that it could be like this always like the old-fashioned system of some troubled slumber, giving place to a wholesome cottage and a life of decent toil!

It was not only of late that Maude had wished her father anxiously and sadly. Very often during the year just gone, as she grew to be appreciated that, the girl had been alarmed by Lionel Hillary's moody looks and long, gloomy reveries, out of which it was his way to rouse himself by a mechanical kind of way when strangers were present. But the merchant always gave the same explanation of his serious fits—bad headaches, those constitutional headaches, which came upon him constantly through the fatigue and worry of business, those terrible headaches which had become for everything, and Maude's fears about her father related solely to his health. How should she suspect him of the dismal diagnosis of commercial disease? How should she imagine that there was any limit to the fairy purse of a merchant who was free of a thief in Aladdin's orchard of jewelled fruits?

The second dinner-bell rang and there was no sign of the merchant's return. Mr. Hillary's common thing lately for Lionel Hillary to keep his cook in a fever of vexation over the best plates and dishes, and then to dine off a chop and a potato, scrimmered and frizzled in their copper receptacles. Maude felt no special alarm about her father. Why should he be alarmed? Why should the long evening of brooding thought and care? Why should she wish him home, soon, out of all the length of her long day? Why should she not have sure one word of comfort where with to greet him? She was thinking this, when the door was opened suddenly in an eager hand, and Mr. Hillary came into the room.

He daughter rose from the sofa, startled by the suddenness of the event. There is a small action that of opening a door and entering a room; but there was as great a change in Mr. Hillary's personality as if for twenty years had suddenly been lifted from his life.

"My darling!" he cried, taking his daughter in his arms, "I am so glad I have to thank. It was your doing, was it not?"

"What, papa?"

"The money—the twenty thousand pounds."

"Twenty thousand pounds!"

She thought the burning pain in her head had engendered some sudden delirium. She could not believe that this was her father's face, lighted by a hopeful smile, such as she had not seen upon it for so long as her three years.

"What twenty thousand pounds, papa?"

"The sum that has been placed to my credit today, anonymously. The bank people refused to tell me the name of my benefactor. I took to you, Maude, to solve the mystery. There is only one man whom I know of rich enough to advance such a sum of money—young enough to do it in so Utopian a manner. There is only one man, Maude, and his name is Francis Tredethlyn. Tell me, my dear, have I guessed rightly?"

"You have, papa. Yes, I am sure you have. Francis Dedlow and I was so angry with him last night. It was very good of him to do this, papa."

"Good of him!" cried the merchant. "Good of him to have advanced me twenty thousand without a half penny worth of security! Upon my word, Maude, it is good; and I can assure you it's kind of goodness that is very uncommon in the city.

CHAPTER XVIII.—POOR FRANCIS.

FROM the second day of the new year things went pleasantly enough in the Twickenham boudoir. How could Maude do otherwise than rejoice in the salvation of her father's honor—to say nothing of his commercial prosperity—even though the salvation had been obtained by a great humiliation upon her own part? She would have borne that humiliation very willingly, and would have freely endured her self-degradation to Francis Tredethlyn, could she have seen Julia Desmond reconciled to her lover. But the separation between them was complete and final; and on the scene on New Year's night, was a perpetual reproach to Maude Hillary.

She was not able to be quite happy, therefore, even though a terrible burden had been lifted from her heavy heart; even though she saw the dark cloud swept away from her father's life. Francis Tredethlyn had departed from her for ever on that terrible night in her father's study at Brighton; and there was a deep softness, a pensive tenderness in her manner now, that made her even more lovely than she had been in the days of her father-elect. The ruling passion of her simple mind—had been intensified by that grief. Maude Hillary had loved her lover as fondly as ever, and there was something very beautiful in the union which now existed between the father and daughter. Mr. Hillary had been surprised into confidences that made a new tie between himself and his child. He could never again entirely conceal from Maude that tender friendship and consoler. He could never again think of her as a beautiful, frivolous creature, only intended to wear expensive dresses and flash about in graceful attitudes amongst the costly brie-à-brac of a fashionable drawing-room. He had found a friend in his child, and perceived with pleased intelligence to the study of the customs and dealings common in that mysterious region called the city. He would have liked to understand her father's position—for she was tormented by a feverish anxiety as to the repayment of Francis Tredethlyn's twenty thousand pounds, but the complications of an Australian merchant's trade, as affected by wars and rumors of wars, by alterations in the freight and insurance and by the caprices of the public, were altogether beyond her comprehension, and she was fain to give up the attempt in despair, and accept any solution which her father cared to make to her respecting the altered aspect of his affairs.

There was no more talk at the Cedars than usual during the bleak early months of the year. Mr. Hillary worked very sedulously in the city during the day, and dined with his wife and Maude with frivolous young idlers or ponderous city-bred matrons and their fashionably-educated daughters. The entertainments engendered by the contemplation of inevitable ruin had given place to the careful dealing of a man who has a difficult task to perform, and is resolved to do it. You can scarcely expect the daughters of King Danaus to labor very arduously in the filling of those buckets which they have in the bold water; and if the buckets are only thin at the bottom, and may possibly carry their contents safely to the well, it is worth while to make the experiment.

Francis Tredethlyn's twenty thousand pounds had done wonders for Lionel Hillary; but the dryrot had been in the house some time, and in his stately ship of which the merchant was captain, and the successful navigation of the vessel, amidst all the shoals and whirlpools and rocks of the commercial ocean, was by no means an easy thing.

But Mr. Hillary was sanguine, and his daughter saw the new hopefulness and brightness of his face, and was perfectly happy. She was not quite happy, for Harcourt Lowther's letters grew more despondent and complaining by every mail. The indifference of Maude Hillary for her prosperity and her indifference; she made no indifferent, he argued, or she would have succeeded in obtaining her father's consent to her marriage with the penniless officer.

"There are girls who will go through fire and water for their lovers," he wrote, in an epistle that was half filled with fierce reproaches. "I have seen the power of a woman's devotion; and there are women, only a great deal rarer creature, and not the daughter of a millionaire. I cannot believe that you could fail to influence your father, if you cared to do so. If you loved me, Maude, this business would have been settled long ago."

Did she love him? That was a question which she had never set herself to answer. Had they not engaged themselves to each other in the pretticst and most childish fashion, like a modern Master of Ravenswood and Lucy Ashton? Maude took the fact of her love for granted. All the sweetest and tenderest dreams of her life were mingled with the memory of Harcourt Lowther. He was so superior to all other men who had paid her their homage; and it may be that his contemptuous bearing towards those other men had been a part of the fascination of his manner. He had affected the character of Edgar Ravenswood to—that elegant Timon of Athens—a man—which is so intensely charming in the eyes of a very young woman, and so capricious it may be. And with all this, he had been so devoted, so frightfully exacting, so deliciously jealous! Maude looked back to the one unstranded period of her life, and saw Harcourt Lowther's image radiant in all the light of her own youthful fancies. So the worshipper in a village church gazes upon some painted wooden figure of a saint, glorified by the glitter of tapers, the brightness of flowers and evergreens and decoration. Love was also to separate the lamps and the flowers about the shrine from the image which they adorned? How was she to discover the paltry nature of that clay out of which the graceful figure was fashioned? Harcourt Lowther represented to her all that was intellect and best in her early girlhood; and sitting alone, through long and lengthened hours, in the empty rooms at the Cedars, Maude Hillary recalled very sadly upon the only love story of her life.

She had vowed never to speak of Harcourt to her father once since the beginning of the year, but her timid pleading had been met by a cruel refusal.

"Understand me at once and for ever, Maude," Lionel Hillary said, sternly; "such a marriage as that can never be. If you were the great heiress people think you, I might gratify this fancy, and have gratified other fancies, foolish and extravagant in their way, but at the present time nothing in the world would induce me to secure under my law, and I cannot afford to see my only child the wife of a penniless adventurer. I wish you to be happy, Maude, but not after a sentimental girl's notion of happiness. I know what all these pretty theories about a struggle and cottage and poverty come to when they are put into practice. I have seen the blighted maid of all work, and the miserable dinner, and the still more miserable parlor, and stale bread and rank butter, that belong to love in a cottage. And more than this, Maude, I know that Harcourt Lowther is the very last man to ally himself to a doverless wife."

"Ah, but think you know him!" Maude murmured softly. She thought she knew her lover as well herself, and fancied him the most generous and devoted of men because he had given her a few half-guinea bouquets, purchased at cost from a coaxing florist. "Ah, dear papa, how little you know him! He is always reproaching me with my fortune, and lamenting that fate has made between us. Let me tell him of your difficulties, let me tell him that I am no longer a millionaire's daughter, that I am free to marry the man I love. Ah, let me tell him—"

"Not a word, Maude," answered Lionel Hillary, "if you wish to please me, if you have any love or respect for your father. Remember that I have trusted you with secrets that a man seldom confides to his nearest kin."

"And your confidence shall be sacred, papa," Miss Hillary replied, submissively. And thus ended her interference in the love affairs of Harcourt Lowther.

She was fain to be contented, however, remembering the great trouble which had been so near and awful, and the cheerful load that had been taken away. She was fain to remember, shudderingly, the feverish horror of that night at Brighton, and to thank God that Francis Tredethlyn was the man to whom she owed her father's rescue. She was grateful to him, but she could not put entirely away from her the sense of shame left by that scene in the study, and Julia Desmond's passionate reproaches. She could not forget that it was for her sake Francis Tredethlyn had helped her father, and that the burden of a great obligation must rest upon her conscience until that twenty thousand pounds was repaid. Poor Maude's unbusinesslike mind entirely ignored any such thing as interest. Mr. Tredethlyn had made no one single thought of the loan itself, and the question of its repayment was perpetually in her mind. Had she not been the merchant's daughter, and the money had been lent, and was she not in a manner the actual debtor?

Things were much better in the city, her father told her; but upon two or three occasions when she had ventured to hint her anxiety respecting the repayment of Francis Tredethlyn's money, the merchant's answers had filled her mind with vague discomfiture. There was an indefinite fear in Miss Hillary's manner that alarmed Maude's keen sense of right and honor.

"Tredethlyn is too well off to want his money in any dreadful hurry, my dear," he said, "He is not likely to become a very pressing creditor."

She helperess about Isleworth and Twickenham were friends with their neighbors, but when Francis Tredethlyn came again to the Cedars, Mr. Hillary had called upon the young man at his hotel several days before he appeared at the evening, and had only great difficulty wrung from him an admission of the fact that he was the anonymous lender of the twenty thousand pounds that had saved the merchant from ruin and disgrace.

"My dear Tredethlyn, why should you insist upon any disguise?" Mr. Hillary said, with a pleasant smile that one would scarcely have considered in accordance with a position so that in which the merchant found himself with regard to this sympathetic, confiding Croesus. "It is not enough to have been the most generous of men, without trying to carry generosity to the verge of Quixotism. How can I thank you, my dear sir, for your service? I know that Maude betrayed my necessities to you, and it the excitement of those unfortunate hours, and I know that the loan of twenty thousand pounds do not drop from the skies. My dear fellow, I am most heartily to indebted to you for what you have done. It was a very noble thing to do, an action that any man might be proud of doing. If I had ever doubted your having good blood in your veins, your conduct in this one matter would have settled my doubts. But I never did doubt it, my dear Tredethlyn. I have recognized you from the first as a gentleman, not by the right of an accidental thirty thousand a year, scraped out of all manner of commer-

tial gutters by a miserly uncle, but by virtue of some of the best blood in the west of England."

And then Mr. Hillary stretched out both his hands, and shook those of Francis Tredethlyn in the vigorous grasp, and altogether the interview could scarcely have been more entirely satisfactory had the merchant written a cheque for the twenty thousand pounds on the spot. Indeed, to Francis, any immediate repayment of that money would have been a grievous mortification. Was it not delightful to him to remember that he had been of service to her father? Was not the money advanced in the most delicate kind of light that Maude and the man who loved her so dearly and so hopelessly—only a very sordid, carchy link, but better than nothing?

"I offended her very much that night," Francis thought; "but perhaps she will forgive me, and remember me kindly, when she thinks that I have been useful to her father."

But when Mr. Hillary begged Francis to renew his visits to Twickenham, the young man resisted those friendly invitations as obstinately as if the Cedars had been the most obnoxious place on earth. He could not muster up courage to encounter Maude Hillary after that scene in the little study. What if he had offended too deeply for pardon? What if she slew him with a frozen glance from her lovely eyes? Again and again in his lonely chambers—haunted by the dusky twilight of the early spring evening, he had ventured to haunt the neighborhood of the old brick-built mansion at Twickenham; but he could not bring himself to go any nearer to the shrine of his divinity, and he made all manner of lame excuses in answer to Mr. Hillary's cordial invitations.

He was only a clerk; only an uneducated rustic, newly cast upon a strange world, open to all the pleasant snares and pitfalls laid for the simple-minded possessor of thirty thousand a year. Heaven only knows the perils and temptations into which a young man would have fallen in such under similar circumstances. It is something in Francis Tredethlyn's favor that he went mistakenly to the Cedars in the first instance, and that he would wear his horse's shoes out in discussion-rides about the twelfth lanes and roads in the neighborhood of Twickenham Green.

And in the meantime Messrs. Kursdale and Scardon were supposed to be busily employed on their second act, and the raising city might or might not have any right to another name than that of Susan Tredethlyn. Very little came of the lawyer's endeavors. Several advertisements had been inserted in the *Times*; but it is to be feared that the lost and missing advertiser for the first column and a half was rather a weary recognition, far removed from that comfortable sphere of life in which the morning paper ever possesses the delightful quality of breakfast-table. No reply came to any of those mysteriously-worded appeals to Frances Tredethlyn's cousin which were sent to Scardon by the lawyer and his legal advisers; and the image of the friendless girl grew paler and fainter day by day in the mind of Maude Hillary's admirer.

At last fortune—who will generally do anything in the world if you have patience enough to await her own time for doing it—brought about the result which Francis Tredethlyn had so obstinately avoided, and fondly desired. It was early again in the rainy April day at the corner not opposite Apsley House, Francis, saw Maude Hillary's carriage drive into the Park.

Yes, there she was, with her sunny hair framed in spring blossoms and white straphanz. The young man watched the vehicle as it rolled away in a Parisian bonnet, and half wondered if the folds of her white burnous were not a pair of downy pinions that sprang from her shining shoulders. He grew very red and uncomfortable, and in another moment would have yielded to the impulse that prompted him to seek refuge in flight, but before he could do so she carriage was close to the rails, Maude Hillary had recognised him, and had told the coachman to stop.

She was not offended with him then; she forgave him, and thought of him kindly. His heart swelled with a joy that was almost overpowering. Ah! this was love. How different from that placid sense of affection with which he had regarded his cousin Hope! how much more tumultuous! how infinitely more painful!

"I have wanted so much to see you, Mr. Tredethlyn," Maude said. After shaking hands with her bewildered adorer; why have you never been to Twickenham?"

"I—I could not—she—I thought you were angry with me," stammered Frances, very awkwardly. Ah, how sad it is that the presence of those we love best, and whose eyes we would most desire to appear at an advantage, should entail upon us the annihilation of anything like ease or grace of manner! Mr. Tredethlyn felt himself becoming purple and apoplectic under the influence of that seraphic creature, whose image had filled his mind unceasingly for the last six months.

"Angry with you!" exclaimed Maude; "how should I be otherwise than grateful to you for what I remember to be very good you have been to papa? Believe me, Mr. Tredethlyn, I am not so proud to own the extent of our obligation to a friend whom I most sincerely. You can never know how grateful I am for the service you have rendered my dear father."

She bent her head, and the spring flowers in her bonnet were very near him as she said this in a low, earnest voice. But in the next moment the memory of that uncomfortable scene in the study flashed back upon her, and she felt that she must always be more or less in a false position with regard to Francis Tredethlyn. She made a little effort to set herself right before she parted from him.

"You have seen Julie; you and she are reconciled, I hope, Mr. Tredethlyn?"

"No; indeed, I have never heard from her since—since I left the Cedars. Your papa told me that she—oh, Miss Hillary, I think it was better that we should part. I don't thing that we had either of us ever really cared for each other. It was better that it should end as it did."

But I would give so much to find Julie, to hear where she is."

Francis Tredethlyn shook his head hopelessly. He had a vague idea that he had not done his very uttermost in the search for his cousin Susan, and he recoiled with terror from the idea of having to engage in a hunt for Miss Bellingham.

"Perhaps, Mr. Tredethlyn, I hope that all will come right after all; and I hope that you will believe I am grateful for your goodness to my father."

She held out her hand, and the Cornishman took it in his own, and pressed it passionately to his lips, and then he turned and walked away from an altar. The carriage drove off immediately after this, and Francis Maude Hillary had left the park by the Kensington gates on her homeward route.

He went home, but not disconsolate. Had he not seen and spoken with that divinity before whom he was the simplest worshipper who ever kneeled before a shrine? Was he not assured of her forgiveness?—nay, even of her gratitude? Her gratitude—Maude Hillary's gratitude, in exchange for all the love that man had ever held so lightly. Money was indeed good for something, if it could buy the rapture of that little interview with a girl, in which Francis had played so very poor a part.

He went home, and carried Maude Hillary's image with him, and would sit up and down his big sitting-room in the Covent Garden Hotel, smoking a cigar and thinking of the woman he loved. He thought of her until he forgot that Susan Claude Melmotte could have thought of her father. Beaumont's diabolical suggestions had prompted him to his treacherous purpose. He thought of her as innocently as a schoolboy thinks of the stage fairy queen in a Christmas pantomime, and he had forgotten her utterly, and say aloud in his mind; only when a brief note reached him from Lionel Hillary, renewing the old intercession on behalf of the Cedars, that dear Pratch could no longer resist the voice of the charmer, but was fain to pack his portmanteau and fly to Paris, to be nearthe object of his affections. Whence Mr. Hillary was to convey him in the mail phaeton to Twickenham, She was not angry with him, and he might hasten to the sunshine of her presence! For a little while he might enjoy the dangerous delight, and then the office to whom Mr. Scardon had referred him for advice to claim her, and there would be a wedding at the old church by the Thames; and he, Francis, would see her no more. Perhaps he might be summoned with orange flowers before he departed for ever into the outer darkness where she was not.

DEATH IN THE LATEST FASHIONS.

Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
And make Death proud to take us,

said Cleopatra, in the most characteristic and most characteristic of parting scenes on poetical record, in which "the wrangling Queen" and "the Serpent of old Nile," to use Antony's favorite epithets, are trying and find a way and journey, like the great Queen whom she was, who had died in the undoing of a courtesan, which means something of a cogitate.

The decisions of Death by paganism have been modified, not in point of severity, but in refinement and splendid. Think of such obsequies of those of Radamis, Rhadamanthus, Sardanapalus, and Cleopatra! Can one so admirably sung by Herr Freiligrath, in which a horde of living women, with all their warm treasure of beauty, were slaughtered to lay and feed! Think of the family festival of the Battle, put on record by Sir Stamford Raffles in his work on the Indian Archipelago! Can anything be more horrible? And yet, what are their grandfathers and grandmothers when the sons and daughters of Java are assembled in a festive party given on the occasion passed as an exceeding sprightly jollification.

But the above, may be said, are savage death-ceremonies. Can Great Britain, Grand forerunner in chivalry, Grand Commander of the Order of Civilization (circumstances considered) analogous? London, the headquarters of the above claimed perfection, has given an answer to the above interrogatory in the affirmative within the last few weeks. In a couple of examples it has proved that civilization is not to be outdone by savagery, and that no matter whether cockneistic or lay, such a show as a lying in state, that grim union of Death and upholstery, is to be had in the Caledonian Road, or Belgrave Square, was timed with white and amber satin. The discreet Mr. Scardon referred to the Belgravian client, but in the fact the shoes of splendor had been put on. The gloved hands were garnished by rings more precious than those the wore with real, sound stones that are near in cut. On it he said that love and reverence prompted the arrangement of the body in a manner of repose and corruption? Dismal, hollow lie! Coarse, tawdry disrespect, rather. It is the modern Angel, in whose coming reverence is that instant, awful sustenance of change, not to be arrested, not to be disputed, by rouge, and jewels, and millinery, or even by a last look lined with white and amber satin!

We have been used to comment freely on the wasteful arrogance of our ancestors, and on their bustling with the destroyer, inch by inch—by scene of them in their own persons. Who has forgotten Princess Buckingham, the bastard daughter of King James II., and her pretensions to a state funeral by Queen Anne's order? "She has sent for Mr. Austin," he writes to Sir Horace Mann, "and settled the ceremonial for her burial. On Saturday she was to lie in state, the herald dying before it the pomp was come home. She said, 'Why won't they send the canopy for me to-day? Let them send it, though the tassels are not finished.' But yesterday was the greatest scene of all. She made her ladies vow to her that, if she should die on Sunday, they would not sit down in the room before she was dead. She not only, 'continues he keen chronicler, "regulated the ceremony of her own burial, and dressed up the waxen figure to herself for Westminster Abbey, but she shewn the same unfeeling taste on the death of her only son, Charles, in his figure, and sending message to her friends that if they had a sitted to see him lie in state, she would carry them to Westminster by a back door.

"Princess Buckingham sent," continues Walpole's narrative, "to the old Duchess of Marlborough to borrow the feathers which had decorated the dapper Duke Old Sarah, as mad and as proud as herself, sent her word that 'it had carried my Lord Marlborough, and should never be profaned by any other corpse.' The Buckingham returned, that 'she had spoken to the undertaker, and he promised to make a hearse with twenty plumes.'"

It might have been hoped that the world was becoming wiser, and that the simple and touching mortuary dispositions of the last deceased Queen of England might not be considered as "well as an example," "simple," said the will of that sovereign lady, "in all her habits," and that any request set by herself, in regard to her funeral, was, that, during the widow of our Saior-King she should be borne to her grave by nine of sorts, and that the most loving nurse could give to this provision, which sets such a discretion above and apart from the whole of the coffin lined with ember and white satin onto a figure for a paraphrase, as for which mourners are directed by advertisements where to apply for "Effects" and cards to enter the Black Chamber.

Let us go back for a homelier illustration. I was born there is a week, in the Cornish village of Polperro, one little less preposterous universally cultivated, and a little more picturesque than Bath, even since the days who embraced Disraeli, under pressure of a rigor which has no longer any existence anywhere in England whatever, in the way of sentimental music and pictures, the devices of the Evil One, and who took up their abode in the most picturesque of streets. I remember a house whose mind was made uneasy by the sight on a field of bed clover, and another who assumed it sinful to wear any garment but that of black. Even in these narrow and sincere families permitted the punishing of poetry and music, which, however, were not considered sinful in the case of funerals. I am free to tell the truth as for sway, and the departure of every one whom the village considered worthy of a decent interment, there is acting up to her consequence—the brave head of a large and attached family—who laid herself down to rest in an advanced age, leaving behind her every just and desirable provision for the comfort of every one that was left behind her. Then, indeed, there appeared on the extreme moment came; and those she turned to account by ordering the dances which was to be given at the funeral by her own dear friends. "I will be sure," she said, "that the ladies are sharp; for when they are sharp, they are generous. Somebody sat in the bottom at the table, the goose was mangled, and nobody got a proper helping."

The "sharp" funeral baked meats," however, has been exploded in this country, save, perhaps, in the wilds of Northumberland. Way was clung to the barbarisms of making the bed of Death a show? Why did ghastly funereal magnificence, so terrible to rest grief, so disheartening to the people entirely? No one but has ever taken part or place in my spectacle of the kind, but has felt that the whole business, and every part of it, to have been repulsively struck with the incongruities it must present. I was in Victor Hugo's celestial, fairy Jersey when the Emperor Napoleon, the nephew of M. de Quelen, the predecessor of that archbishop who, in the Revolution of 1830, was pelted by the people on the barricades of 1848. Nothing could be well more unpreserve than the appearance of the cathedral, hung with black cloth for the occasion, and up one of the side aisles of which the spectators crept in silence—their approach to the nave of the dense yellow candlelight which, as regards the management of crowds, our Gallic friends understand so well. Drooling pauses accompanied the slow, solemn, and enhanced like gloom of the scene. But the suppressed talk of the men (correctly dressed in black) and the low, hushed whispers of the step by step pilgrimage, was of a cynical uncleanness, that made the cheek redden with shame. And when we got to the end of the dreary display laid in the cathedral, with the face uncovered, and where each was allowed ten seconds' contemplation at the rate of a illuminated chapel, to gaze on the sight, and (by exactness) to say a Prier or Ave for the parted soul. "Stop, for God's sake!" I heard one say to his companion, "you ooh which shall not pollute this paragraph, 'only look! Look at the nose! Look at the mouth! Look at the hair!" The other swore by they had done no such thing; and by digesting and heating on the fleet, the two began to fight, and were only with difficulty taken out of solemn one might have thought by the presence of the dead, and of those who had been in some sort a king and a ruler there.

There is not one reader of the above desultory paragraphs, who, on the death of a near estate, and near and dear faculties of observation, who could not add to them a dozen more, and perhaps more ghastly and revolting experiences of his own, in which every feeling of what is just and becoming and affectionate to the dead, has revolted against the monstrous bustling to fuss and festival, to pleasure and triumph, to the hours when the heart should be most strong. The Romans put upon hand ceremonies—but which are cruel, disproportionate, repulsive, barbarous, in short, as belonging to the awful moment of separation between the living and that which should be dead. How long will it be ere feeling is state shall cease out of a disgusting mask, which professes itself to be a kind of thought and enlightenment?

SKATING is a most healthy exercise, bringing the body into action by a variety of motions, and elevating the spirits by the rapidity of motion and the delightful repose. Elopatch, the celebrated German poet, was a great skater, and once, and once, and among his eccentricities, "It is an exercise in which man, like the Homeric gods, moves on the wings of the wind," transmuted into solid ground." His companion, the contemporaneous poetic, the classical Klopstock, and other Germans of note, have also celebrated skating. It is likewise referred to in that ancient Icelandic work of "the Edda," written more than 800 years ago on the mythology of the gods and heroes of the north of Europe, the latter being represented as distinguished for activity, and skill in skating. The best skaters are found in Holland, and ladies practise the exercise, and where many and women often skate to market—Saturday being the favorite occasion for such a trip. Nova, the skating and sleighing, the picturesque fur costumes of the Dutch ladies, and fashions below, tend to render a Russian winter delightful.

GAMBLING IN CHINA.

THE Chinese are passionately addicted to gambling, and the most diverse variety of games of chance in common use among them does credit to their ingenuity and invention, for it is not likely that they have learned anything from their neighbors. The respectable merchant, who devotes the hours of daylight to transacting his business, spends the evening in adjusting the most trifling items of account, will stake his thousands of dollars overnight with the greatest complacency. Every piece of society is imbued with the passion. I have amused myself watching the coolies in the streets of Canton gambling for their dinner. The itinerant cooks carry with them, as part of the wonderful apparatus of a culinary establishment from which the respectable article, a large number of bamboo, containing a number of stains on which are marked various characters. These apple sticks are shaken up in the tube, the coolie-taste for her dumpling directs the number, and the lucky winning found on it so does he pay for his repast. So attractive is gambling in any form to the Chinese, that Christian people will generally prefer to risk paying cooking for the remote chance of getting a meal for nothing. On one occasion I volunteered to act as proxy for a hungry boy who stood close to my big lunch. The offer was accepted with eagerness, and I was fortunate enough to guess my countenance a dinner for nothing. I was once put down as a professor of the black art, and actually hooted by a crowd of others, who flocked round to do them a similar favor, which, of course, I prudently declined. Intact I indeed been successful a second time, the displeasure of the tempting morsels would probably have protected me from the reference as an invasion of his prerogative, which is to win and lose. Cock-fighting, quail-fighting, &c. of course, frequently ruined by the practice. They become passionately fond of it. Shrill, every combination of duty and interest is sunk, and they play to strike while the iron is hot, and to lose it, and to be noble, and to seem to mumble for cents. In the last class of all, a slice of opium will be a common portalang, in the early. Engines of still the Chinese are no less accomplished. Cock-fighting, quail-fighting, &c. are to be seen in some infill sway at every teahouse, where the people assemble to spend the evening. Even the gambling-house in these places exhibit intense interest in their exhibition of the winner, and any pair of Chinese quail-pugilists may have as far Wilkie's celebrated picture.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

THEY say that coal oil cures fevers. We think that it has been creating fevers.

A CORRESPONDENT put into a communication that he wished to use the words "viola" and "violet" and wanted to know what they meant, who "*Viola*" was and what "*Violet*" was. A brother editor wrote back in this case and informed him that "*Viola fa*" Sherman all the way from Atlanta to the sea.

THYUS complained that he had "lost a day." A chess-player often loses a knight.

IT has been proposed to tax stays, but it was thought by the House that it would diminish consumption.

THE only bivalcur that a brave man will take to flee from is the wink.

IF you give two persons a seat in a cornfield, can this proceeding be called "setting them by the ears?"

THE difference between the married and distracted is merely slight—meaning merely of the exchange of a couple of letters, the latter being the most unsettled.

YOUNG man, in raillery don't indulge,
So says a learned sage;
For how are we to know
When it is bad-sage (badinage)?

"WHERE did you get that hat, Jerry?"
"Borrowed it!"
"Borrowed it of a fellow asleep in the park."
Bill Bungers borrowed his coat; Pat Gaffney his boots; Jerry borrowed his hat. Do you think I'd only? No; I'll scorn the action."

ALEX. GUN, an excise officer in Scotland, being fatigued with the complexity of the system of which he was made in a book kept for that purpose, as follows: "Gauged this morning at 8 o'clock, no report."

THE man that started for a walk in the field with his gun, has come back by the train of landmarks, and after a diligent search by his friends, is restored to the bosom of his family.

THE man who has just bought ducks to swim in hot water, and with such success that they lay boiled eggs. Who will be the next one to make improvements?

UGLY people are so anxious as handsome ones to perpetuate their features, probably having fixed their eyes on the "Beauty and the Beast" as a model to it.

"I DON'T mean to say that the captain lied; but it's my opinion, my private opinion, that if he ever writes a work of fiction it will sell."

"I DON'T see why Greek slaves were badly used? Because the scriptor *circulat* her out or her clothes.

A SCOTCH minister, in visiting some members of his flock, came to the door of a house in which gentle baptism could not be heard for the noise of contending voices. Knocking loudly, he called out at the door and walked in, saying in an authoritative voice:

"I'll no' leave the house till I know what has been the house?"

"Sirrah, sir," said the husband and father, "if ye sit down a wee, we may be able to tell ye, for we're just trying to settle that point."

ESCAPE FROM TURKISH.—During the war of Independence several of Kolokotroni's Highlanders, stationed in Arcadia, were surprised by a party of the Pashas of the Morea, and made prisoners. Among these was Demetrius Zaimis, a young man of great promise. Not wishing to be separated from his companions, he refused to give his name, and was treated as a common soldier. Orders were given that he should be impaled. He was accordingly stripped naked, and a sharp stake was placed in the ground. Two executioners then seized him, and were about to perform their office, when he begged that he might be allowed to say a few words. This was granted, and he addressed the Turks in their own language, telling them that he was a Turk, and that he would prepare it, and allow the first executioner to be impaled. Struck by the strength and beauty of the young warrior among them. This story only gained credence with the Turks, and the executioners refused. Another request was instantly complied with. Being taken into the house, he was left alone with a guard, who had no choice to pick up. Having bolted these bars, he rushed his face with their pikes, and laying his head on a log of wood, severed the strongest man among them to strike at his neck with his scimitar. Accordingly, as Indian, among a blow with all his strength, cut with such force that the head flew off to the distance of several yards. The Indians were lost in amazement both at their own credulity and at the address by which the prisoner had escaped the dangerous death prepared for him. Zaimis availed himself of this confusion of their victim, they were so pleased with his ingenuity that they allowed him to depart, making further ingenious and excellent on the remaining prisoners.

UNITED STATES COLLEGE

Of Business and Finance, New Haven, Conn.

AMONG the many signs of progress which the American people are exhibiting to the world, none seems more remarkable than the interest taken in and means adopted to promote the cause of education. If anything augurs well for our future greatness, it is certainly this; for the true worth of a State or a nation in the long run must be based upon the worth and intelligence of its citizens. And as we are destined to take the lead in business and commerce, no branch of education requires a higher order of effort or greater executive ability than that which shall fit the young men of the nation for the channels of trade and finance. We are, therefore, in this connection, gratified in being able to lay before the public, as worthy of its interest, the institution whose name heads this column.

The aims and objects of the United States College of Business and Finance are—

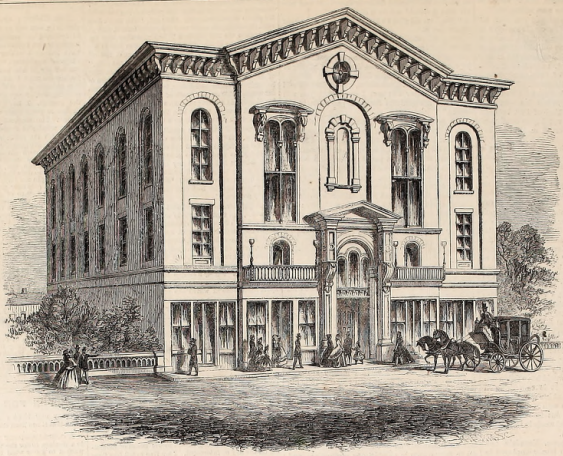
To be a regular incorporated institution, with endowments and regular professorships, and with power to confer degrees. With this end in view, it is to be made thoroughly national in its character and comprehensive in its aims:

1st. By educating disabled soldiers at half the regular tuition. 2d. By granting life scholarships free to others in reduced circumstances, who have diminished themselves in the service of their country in its hour of peril. 3d. By placing the tuition at such a reduced figure that *all classes* may become practically educated for the duties of a commercial life. 4th. To open wide the door for business culture to the women of America—in a word, it is intended to be to the business and financial world what West Point is to the military, or Yale is to the literary. The long felt want of an institution that shall keep pace with our wonderful growth as a commercial people; the great and still growing demand for a first-class financial and business college dedicated to the nation, it is confidently believed is fully supplied in the founding of the United States College at New Haven.

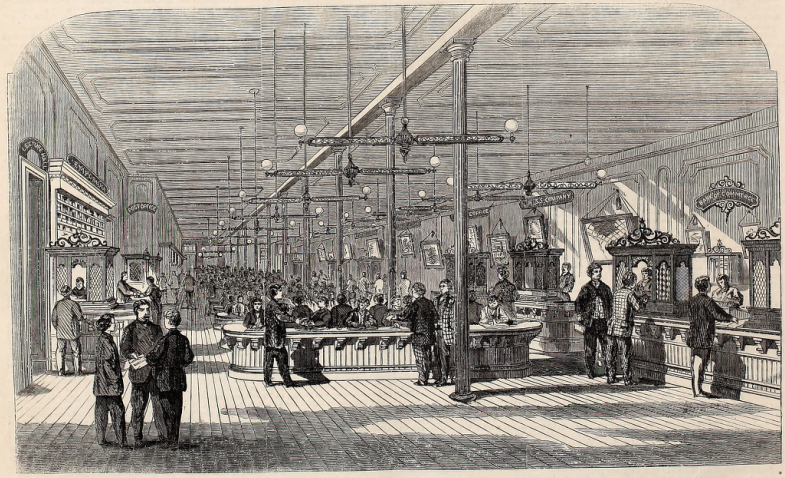
It is intended to fit young men for merchants, bankers, business managers, financiers, accountants, correspondents, telegraph operators, and all other duties which a business life engenders.

Its Board of Managers and Visitors comprises some of our best educators and most patriotic and eminent business men. Chief-Justice Chase is its chairman.

A reference to the interior view of the main actual business department of the college on this page will convey a general idea of the mode of business training. This is the most comprehensive division of the course. In this, by means of beautifully engraved bank-notes and nicely prepared samples of merchandise,



UNITED STATES COLLEGE OF BUSINESS AND FINANCE, NEW HAVEN, CONN.



SENIOR DEPARTMENT OF ACTUAL BUSINESS IN THE UNITED STATES COLLEGE OF BUSINESS AND FINANCE.



CHAPEL AND LECTURE ROOM. LADIES' DEPARTMENT NORMAL WRITING DEPARTMENT.



FLOOD AT ROCHESTER, N. Y.—STREET VIEW, LOOKING WEST FROM EAST END OF MAIN STREET BRIDGE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. W. MASH.

with appropriate business forms, the students are thrown into all the varied relations of business men. The merchants at the counters, the officers in their banks, and the incumbents of the several subordinate offices, including insurance, railroad, shipping, exchange, post-office, etc., each representing these branches in a miniature world of mercantile traffic, are thus all taught the practical application of business principles. They are indeed a business community, whose requirements and strict discipline impart business habits, cultivate business address, test honesty and integrity, develope energy of character, and subsidize every acquisition of the student, and unfold the ambitious and aspirations of manhood.

In deciding upon the Executive Officers, the Board of Managers have been fortunate in the selection of Prof. Thos. H. Stevens as President, and C. E. Wells, Esq., as Secretary, both these gentlemen being well and favorably known to the business and literary community.

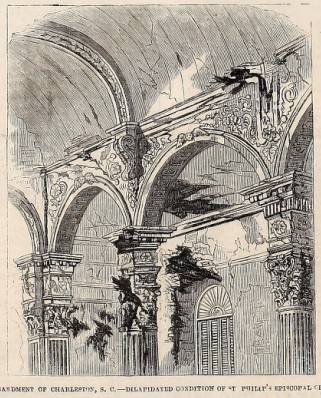
They combine to a remarkable degree those traits of intellectual and moral worth, so essential to the character of the true teacher, and their reputation as educators and business men entitle them to the entire confidence of the public.

It may be considered fortunate that a place combining so many features of interest and elevating influences as New Haven possesses should have been selected in which to found an institution of learning, dedicated to the business and financial interests of the nation. It is unsurpassed for salubrity of atmosphere, fine parks, pleasant drives, bay and harbor scenery, imposing churches, seminaries, colleges and classical associations, eminent business and literary men, both in civil and military life.

Its institutions of learning, however, are its crowning glory. It is the seat of Yale College, and a grand centre of educational interest.

CHARLESTON, S. C.

Fortunately for our cause the sketches we present to our readers in the present number do not illustrate battles, but another aspect of the present war—the humiliation of the vanquished rebels. When taken in connection with a sketch on another page, that representing our rescued prisoners, we cannot help thinking that our magnanimity becomes sublime in contrast.



BOMBARDMENT OF CHARLESTON, S. C.—DILAPIDATED CONDITION OF ST PHILIP'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH

Mr. Crane, our Special Artist, writing from Charleston, says: "I send you sketches illustrative of the supplying the wants of the thousands of poor and needy of Charleston, of all ages, ages and conditions, and I may justly add colors.

"When the rebels left Charleston, a permit was granted after the most urgent entreaty by the General Commanding to Alderman Williams, whereby all the rice and salt in Charleston which belonged to the rebel government should be turned over to the city authorities, to be delivered by them to the needy of the city weekly, in quantities of a peck or thereabouts. Alderman Williams informed me that it was with the greatest difficulty he prevented the last retreating rebels from destroying immense quantities of rice, in which case absolute starvation would have ensued to the thousands of old men, women and children now here, they being mostly the wives and families of men who are or who have been in the rebel service. Separate days are appointed for both whites and blacks when they are to receive their allotment of rice, etc. Capt. E. W. Fowler, the gentlemanly and obliging Post-Commissary at Charleston, has charge of this duty, and most faithfully does he perform it. Alderman Williams, of Charleston, is Chairman of the Relief Committee, and works day and night to benefit the thousands of people in this miserable city.

West Point Mills.

"On the Ashley river, and a short distance from the Arsenal, are located these mills. They are large and commodious; here is where the hungry and almost starving population resort to from all parts of the city every week to obtain the peck of rice and allowance of salt, necessary for their very existence. Amid all wastage, and clothed in rags, I have seen thousands of the unwilling victims to this cruel war plod through mire, mud and water to obtain their pittance. When the supply gives out, heaven only knows what these poor people will do. The rebels attempted to destroy these mills.

"When the hour arrives for the people to be served, they go up one way to the mills, and come back another. They are obliged to do this to prevent being helped twice the same day. When the crowd have all passed Calhoun street and Lucas, *en route* to the mills to be served, the people who have preceded them stand checked with bags on their shoulders, waiting under



FLOOD AT ROCHESTER, N. Y.—VIEW ON THE GENESEE RIVER, LOOKING OVER ANDREWS STREET BRIDGE.—PHOTOGRAPHED FROM THE GAS WORKS, BY J. W. MASH.

Taking the Oath of Allegiance.

We cannot better illustrate our sketch than by quoting some late remarks from the Charleston *Mercury*, now conducted by loyal citizens:

"It is not the policy nor the intention of the National Government, as many well-disposed persons seem to think, to force any citizens into the oath of allegiance into the army. The object is to give all honest and law-abiding men an opportunity of declaring their intentions, and to distinguish between those who are and are not hostile in their feelings, actions, or sentiments to the Union. There can be no neutrality, no evasion. The Government recognizes but two parties, and it is time now before the country—Union men and rebels—and it is for the loyal citizens of Charleston to say to which side they belong.

"It has been objected by some that having never taken up arms, entered the rebellion in any manner, or, if aided their objections or assented to secession, that the slim discretion of the republic is under no obligation to confer on them the privilege of taking the oath of allegiance. The proclamation of a large number of persons, who have not only been in active service to the Confederacy, but have a powerful influence with the people of their localities, is a matter of political. It will be an inspiriting example to the timid and wavering, but well-meaning persons who are holding back, fearful of being considered by their old neighbors or acquaintances.

"By order of the War Department, no persons who have been in the rebel service can be admitted into the United States service. It is against the policy of the Federal Government to enforce a draft at a military post, and no draftee of any grade can enter upon any extraordinary occasions for temporary purposes, and then only by order of the Commanding-General of the Department."

PEDDLERS.—"A Patent Carriage Company, U.S.," has been formed in Connecticut for the purpose of bringing into use country novel improvements. The framework is of hickory, wicker, by using this several inches of space are saved, and also the accommodation, they say, of packages in ordinary cabs or of wood, in these new ones are of papier mache, or paper pressed into moulds, it is softer and very tough. Every part of a cab usually of wood, being so in the instance under review. The springs are beneath the body, which brings the wheels free, hence there is no ordinary vibration, and this gives additional room in the width. The window runs down by the door, as in coupés, and over the door is a sash, and there is a sash door, which may be pushed down, and the door itself below the sash is glass. The ventilation is also improved. One style of Hansom has a leg rest, and this, and the one above named, can be provided. The cost of vehicles is said to be considerably reduced. The new cabs are called Peddlers.

ON THE ORIGIN AND ANTIQUITY OF PLAYING CARDS.—They are divided into 4 seasons or quarters, the pack of cards into 4 suits, each suit into 13 cards, each card into 4 marks, each mark into 13 points, 52 weeks, each pack of cards, 4 seasons, 52 suits, 365 points, and counting honors in taking the knave for 11, the queen for 12, and the king for 13, the number of families, months, and days in the year. The invention of his letters, he says, apologetically "I have, indeed, remained a long time without invention in writing, the time which I spend in playing at cards, but another motive induces me to throw my writings into the world, that the soul is immortal; why, then, should I not wish a trifling of little time, seeing that you have a whole eternity before you?"

We would call special attention to R. T. Hayward's advertisement, in another department of this issue. Our gallant troops in the Union service can obtain from him every desirable article of Uniform, Regimental, Brigade, Division or Corps Fine, Badges or Emblems. As a very patriot pride himself on his particular Company, Regiment or Corps, and wishes to decorate his manly breast with so honorable Badge, designated by the emblems and initials, we would say, in addition to the above, we take pleasure in referring them to Mr. Hayward's advertisement, in which will be found all that is desired in that line. Mr. Hayward is one of our largest and oldest Manufacturing Jewellers, and is the leading manufacturer of the Army Badges. In fact, his is the only reliable house to deal with. He can be relied upon for quality of prices, promptness and faithfulness in filling all orders. Our "Masonic" friends will also find everything in their line appertaining to MASONRY and *Home Journals*.

THE MARRYING MAN!

A NOVEL,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE JILT," &c., &c.

"THE MARRYING MAN" is certainly one of the most amusing and unique productions that has been issued for some time, and the story of total ruination, and consequent absorption of Old Barridge, though perhaps a little over-wrought, is a humorously graphic picture of the sentimental cobalt of the character of Osmond Delbridge, and his amiable and refreshing contrast.—*Bell's Weekly Messenger.*

Price 50 cts. Mailed, free of postage, on receipt of price.

FREDERIC A. BRADY, Publisher,
No. 22 Ann street, N. Y.

Stop! Stop

My Golden Compound will force the beard to grow on the smoothest face in 20 days. Satisfaction given or money refunded. Price 50 cents, or three packages for $1 by mail. Address

M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ill.

Beautiful False Moustaches, made of natural, curly hair warranted from one's whiskers, 25 cents and $1 a pair. *Goatee* 50 cents and $1; *Whiskers* $4, $5 and $6. Sent by return mail. Send a stamp for Circular of 50 wonderful things. Address

C. W. FIELD, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Strange! Strange!

Full instructions by which any person can master the curious art of Ventriloquism and make a world of fun. Satisfaction given or no money refunded. Price 50 cents. Sent by mail. Address

M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ill.

Look Here, Boys!

My Golden Compound will force the Beard to grow on the smoothest face in 21 days or money refunded in every case. Price $1, or three packages for $2, by mail. 498-500 PROF. FELICIANO CALDERON.

$10 "WATCHES." $15

SOLDIERS, SAILORS, EVERYBODY, send for our Descriptive Catalogue. Address

C. P. BRIDGES & CO., "Sole Importers,"
498-9 No. 659 Broadway, N. Y.

Fun! Fun! Fun!

Recipe for making LAUGHING GAS sent for 50 cts. It will make a world of fun, and costs but a trifle.

Address J. MILNE, Dwindera, N. J.

FURNITURE, FURNITURE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

BY

DECRAAF & PAYDECRAAF,

FORMERLY E. P. DECRAAF,

No. 37 BOWERY, NEW YORK.

This establishment is six storeys in height, and extends 204 feet through to No. 65 Chrystie Street—making it one of the largest Furniture Houses in the City.

They are prepared to offer great inducements to the Wholesale Trade for Time or Cash. Their stock consists in part, of

ROSEWOOD, PARLOR AND CHAMBER FURNITURE; MAHOGANY AND WALNUT, PARLOR AND

Also, CANE and WOOD SEAT work, all qualities; HAIR, HUSK and SPRING MATTRESSES, a large stock

ENAMELLED CHILDS' FURNITURE, in Sets, from $22 to $100.

Tucker's New Style Patent Spring Bed,

The best as well as the cheapest of any in use. Rebuilt price, $2 each.

Their facilities for manufacturing defy competition. All work guaranteed as represented.

ENVELOPES AND NOTE PAPER

At Wholesale Prices, sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of the price.

1000 Buff Letter Envelopes, extra thick.... $1 00
1000 Canary Color Letter Envelopes, extra thick.. 1 00
1000 White Envelopes, cloudy thick 1 00
One Ream super thick Note Paper..... 2 00
One Ream fine cloud-laid Note Paper..... 2 00
One box (250) new style Magento Envelopes..... 2 00

Stationery and Envelope Manufactures,
36 Beekman street, N. Y.

PRIZE STATIONERY PACKETS.

Splendid Steel Engravings, and Photograph Card Pictures.

We want Agents everywhere to sell our goods, which will be found the cheapest and best. Each packet contains good paper and envelopes, and a fine assortment of Jewellery. GOLD and SILVER Watches are given as premiums to Agents. $17 will obtain 100 packets and a Silver Watch. Also, Agents wanted to sell certificates in our great Dollar sale of Jewellery, together with descriptive list of articles to be given away, and on receipt of 10 cents. Circular mailed free.

G. S. READLE & CO., 36 Beekman street, N. Y.

REMINGTON'S

ARMY AND NAVY

REVOLVER!

Approved by the Government.

Warranted superior to any other Pistol of the kind. Also Pocket and Rifle Pistols. Sold by the trade generally.

E. REMINGTON & SONS,
Ilion, N. Y.

Dr. Talbot's Concentrated Medical

PINEAPPLE CIDER

is a PREVENTIVE of SICKNESS. The experience that Dr. Talbot has had for the last Twenty-five years as a physician in this city, has fully convinced him of the truth that will prevent sickness. The article offered is Dr. Talbot's Medicated Pineapple Cider, designed for the classes, old and young. It is not new to the Doctor, but is now offered to the public. Our quiet habits will lead a well person one year. This is rather a new mode of living—nevertheless, it is a healthful one. Without sickness. It is better to pay three dollars a year to keep well, than to pay ten times that sum to Doctors, in doctor's bills, and so much more for the loss of time and the inconvenience of sickness. Directions accompanies use as follows: Add one teaspoonful of Medicated Pineapple Cider to a tumbler of cold water, and drink the first thing after you rise in the morning, and the same to-day you retire at night. It will assist the digestion and give vigor and action to the system. A celebrated New York physician has said that he would prefer to use the Pineapple Cider, assures Dr. Talbot that he gained a few pounds of flesh in one month's use. Dr. Talbot's confidence in me as above directed, and finds it very beneficial; says it has proved an entire preventive to sickness in his case. Also, another well-known gentleman in New York has used the Doctor's cider constantly for ten years, and has not been sick one day during that time.

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5,000 Ladies' Onyx Eardrops, 5 to 10 "
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5,000 Diamond, Coral and Opal Eardrops, 5 to 10 "
5,000 Gold Wedding Rings, 4 to 8 "
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ILLUSTRATED

NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 469—Vol. XX.] NEW YORK, APRIL 22, 1865. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly 13 Weeks $1 00.

The Death Blow of the Rebellion.

"Now let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannon to the heavens, the heavens to earth."

The news of the fall of Richmond has already reverberated throughout the whole wide expanse of our land, and a hundred rapid keels are carrying it to expectant nations beyond the seas. An event by no means unexpected, its realization, nevertheless, to the occasion of a joy and satisfaction equally universal and profound. Richmond, for the possession of which we have so long struggled, had become not only the symbol of the rebellion, but the centre and citadel of its strength. Within the grim circle of its fortifications, bristling with cannon, it held the head of the so-called Confederacy, its government and the flower of its army. Its importance was forcibly but not extravagantly set forth in an article in the Richmond *Examiner* (we print a portion in another connection), in which it was spoken of as "the central point in all the plans and exertions" of the two contestants in the war, of which its capture will prove the great and final act. Its loss, it was declared, would prove not only "material ruin to the Southern cause, but in a moral point of view absolutely destructive, crushing the heart and extinguishing the last hope of the country." It is but little over a month since these ominous and momentous words were written and printed, and to-day the hand that penned them is palsied in death, the establishment in which they were printed is a heap of ashes, and Richmond has passed from under rebellious sway for ever. The Congress that for so long a period held high and defiant debate within its walls has dissolved to meet no more, and the army that boasted its capacity to hold the city for a century, defeated, dispirited and dwindled to less than half its proportion, has fallen into the generous hand of Grant.

The head and heart of the rebellion are alike crushed—Richmond and Charleston! Mobile is the only town of importance that remains in the whole so-called "Confederacy," and we are prepared, at any moment, to hear of its surrender under the heavy persuasions of Canby's and Granger's guns. And Johnston's already beaten army, we may expect to hear that that too has been swept like chaff before Sherman, and scattered to the winds. The "Confederacy," which sprang into full armed and parricidal existence four years ago, may be considered dead, and the fourth anniversary of the lowering the brave old flag on Sumter will witness no organised force of insurgents in the field capable for a moment of resisting the National authority. Thus much is assumed by the fall of Richmond, and the subsequent dispersion of Lee's army.

Four years! In that brief space how much has been crowded! What events of arms on sea and land! The continent has trembled under the tread of two millions of combatants, and the shores of ocean still quiver with the thunders of the most powerful navy that ever floated on its bosom. And how, over thousands of miles, the hills and valleys are furrowed with fortifications, and hillow with the mounds that mark the graves of the dead! Change, not material alone, but more stupendous in its moral than in its physical aspects. The nation has been nationalised; four millions



PRESIDENT LINCOLN RIDING THROUGH RICHMOND, APRIL 4, AMID HER ENTHUSIASTIC CHEERS OF THE INHABITANTS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. BECKER.

of slaves have been made freemen, and the sole irreconcilable element in our Republican organization has been purged from our discordances. The fugitive negro who only a few years ago was dragged through Boston, and forced by Massachusetts' favorite hack into bondage, to-day hears an honorable discharge in the name of the Union, and enrolls his former companions in service for the defence of the flag now happily washed, albeit in blood, of its early stains. Wondrous change, and yet how glorious! How brightly the sun shines to-day on a restored and regenerated country! How lightly to-day beats the hearts of the lovers of liberty and the friends of Republican institutions!

Barnum's American Museum.

A week of variety. These Great Dramas, together with A Favorite Farce. Monday and Tuesday, Afternoon at 3, and Evening at 7½, MARIANA OF SARABID; OR, THE MAN, SPIRIT AND MORTAL. Wednesday and Thursday, Afternoon at 3, JACK SHEPPARD'S VENGEANCE. Friday and Saturday, PRISONER OF SUFFERANCE; OR, THE EXILED NOBLE AND HIS PAGE. To conclude with the laughable Farce of HOUSE TO LET. A TERRIBLE AMERICANIZED DANCE, BY TONY DENIER. Mousing at 11 o'clock, PUNCH AND JUDY. Performances Afternoon and Evening. Wednesday's Matinee: Grandmother's Tea Glass Stand for ladies in particular. Also Sewing Machine, Work Box Frame, Iron Rest, &c., &c., for the Ladies. Also, C. CARMEN'S Celebrated Gem Jewelry, Gold Coin, Living Objects, Grand Aquaria, a Colossal Curiosities Admission only 25 cents. Children under 10 years, 15 cents.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, APRIL 22, 1865.

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Gen. Lee surrendered himself and the rebel army under him, unconditionally to Lieut.-Gen. Grant on the 9th of April. The terms offered by Gen. Grant, and accepted by Gen. Lee, are as follows:

"Rolls of all the officers and men to be made in duplicate, one copy to be given to an officer designated by me, the other to be retained by such officers or you may designate.

"The officers to give their individual parades not to take arms against the Government of the United States until properly exchanged, and each company or regimental commander sign a like parole for the men of their command.

"The arms, artillery and public property to be parked and stacked, and turned over to the officers appointed by me to receive them.

"This will not embrace the side arms of the officers, nor their private horses or baggage.

"This done, officers and men will be allowed to return to their homes, not to be disturbed by United States authority so long as they observe their parole and the laws in force where they may reside."

The Commander-in-Chief of the rebel forces of the South, and its only organized army worthy of the name, has yielded to the power of the United States as wielded by its Lieutenant-General. The war is over, and to him opposed is thanks to Gen. Grant and his gallant army in the following terms:

"Thanks be to Almighty God for the victory with which He has blessed your arms, and for the generous terms under your command.

"The United States Government, and of the Government and of the People of the United States—in recognition and admiration of your valor, devotion and endurance you and the brave and gallant officers and soldiers of your army for all time.

This is the end of the rebellion, and the statues of Peace lights up the whole heavens. The strength of the Republic has been proved, its integrity vindicated, and it now starts out on a new career of grandeur and glory, free from the moral disease that cankered its vitals and so nearly destroyed its existence. We have only room to append the initialed noble letter of Gen. Grant to the rebel commander proposing his surrender. It is worthy of the great fame of its author:

CITY POINT, VA., April 7, 1865.

GEN. R. E.—Commanding C. S. A.

GENERAL—The result of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is my duty, and myself to say to you that further effusion of blood, by either of you to compel a surrender of that portion of the Southern Army known as the Army of Northern Virginia.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-Gen.

Canada.

The termination of the Reciprocity Treaty between the United States and Canada, but more particularly the termination of the convention between the United States and Great Britain, as to the naval armament on the lakes, were interpreted in England as evidence of hostility to Canada on that country. Whereas the true cause of the termination of the treaty consisted in the fact that it was not reciprocal, and was to be eminently disadvantageous to the United States. The termination of the convention consisted in the fact that Canada was either unwilling or unable to maintain her part of the agreement, and upon which parasitical organizations to be made within her borders to prey on American commerce in the lakes. Self-interest, the potency and legitimate object of all international acts, and the instinct of self-preservation, which none will deny, were at the bottom of both measures, and the propriety of both must forever remain unquestioned. They have been done so from the Premier of Great Britain himself, who in a recent speech, on the occasion of submitting the proposition for the confederation of the British North American Provinces, was obliged to confess, that,

"After the acts of conspiracy and violence which had taken place upon the frontier, their attention to peace, order and good government in the neighborhood demanded the utmost possible vigilance, and the exercise of the most positive powers, and the most vigorous measures. With regard to the Reciprocity Treaty, the United States considered that it was not for the benefit of the United States that it should continue; but the moment it was known that the Provincial Parliament and Government of the United States to confer a renewal of the treaty which would be mutually beneficial, and to secure advantageous and just towards the United States."

The recent decision of the Canadian courts, through which the St. Albans thieves and murderers were discharged on the ground that they were "belligerents" in the just interpretation of the terms, is the latest step to advance Canadian interests in the United States. Good neighborhood is a requisite of political as well as social organization, and perhaps in no case more than in Canada, and our hyperborean friends will be wise to conform to its requisitions. The wretched gonconcade aided by inflaming Quebec and Canada or both, as against an attack from this side, is worthy only of children or idiots. The physical strength of Canada is poorly paralleled by that of an infant when it comes to a contest with this country. Yet, saying this, we are free to add, that we have never heard of a man, woman, or child (the latter might be excepted) in the country, who desired or expected either a war with Canada or its incorporation with this country. We have enough black, worthless territory without taking in its British and Canadian swamps and wilderness, its ungenial soil, and repellent scenery, not to say its squalid population. Our nearest and best friends are those we have known, in winter weather in New York, without having them hitten off by below-zero impudent and thermy-eyed frost-gods in Montreal.

"God made Scotland," kindly suggested a blind son of Edinburgh to Dr. Johnson, after one of his strides against Scotchmen. "Yes, sir," was the response, "and God made Scotchmen; but He made it all in a fog and a hell, sir." We do not attempt the application, and we do not want Canada.

By far the ablest of the Richmond editors was Mr. Daniel, who had formerly been Minister to Sardinia during the administrations of Pierce and Buchanan. He was a bold, vigorous, trenchant writer, with a fine command of English and rich in historical illustrations. He died only three days before the fall of Richmond, and was thus spared the mortification of witnessing the breaking-down of that fabric of treason, of which he was one of the founders, and to the weal much of which he had contributed talents. He did not disguise from himself that the capture of Richmond would prove the death-blow to the rebel Confederate Government, the disintegration of the army, and the total destruction of the hopes of the entire Southern Confederation. The war would, after that, degenerate into a guerilla one, and although for a season will have a core to define purpose which would keep it from utter extinction, that core would be the safety of those immediately pursuing it. The force of rebellion, Gen. Lee's army, would be reduced to a ten among such as would be gone for ever. The country, the country, the safety of the lives of men and women in the land, contradicts the idea that any body of men, however resolute, however united, and however capital was abandoned, its Government set adrift, and its army thrown into confusion, could long hold out.

"It is idle to pretend that Richmond is of no more importance than Savannah, Atlanta, Mobile or Norfolk. It is true that Richmond is not a seaport, but to assert that it is not more a vital point, why has so much effort been made to secure for the Confederacy and defend it but because of the peculiar point of the country through that region and because of the influence it has upon the opinion of the world? Richmond is the capital of Virginia east of the Alleghanies, and the most important division of North Carolina. It is situated 100 miles from the sea, yet large ships can ascend from its waters. The occupation of Richmond is strong force by the enemy would necessarily drive the Confederate armies east of Virginia, and restrict all eastern North Carolina indefinitely, and, once gained by a power having command of the water, it would be difficult to dislodge it, except by a movement by the Confederates.

"Each could what the war has made Richmond the centre of all of its plans and all its sacrifices. It has become the symbol of the Confederacy. Its fall would be a moral stun to the cause, and, in a moral point of view, would be destructive, perhaps, to hope and extinguishing the last hope of the country. Our armies would lose the prestige incurred by a great and worthy object of defence. Our military policy would be changed. We should be compelled to abandon the whole extensive military organization; without a battle, without an engagement, with the means of battle in our hands, we should be compelled to surrender to the enemy the whole country, to relinquish a contest which, upon the popular mind and sentiment, is almost the same as to relinquish the war itself.

"The withdrawal of the army from Richmond into the interior, and the abandonment of the capital would be exactly to reduce our military strength. As the army would then be in the interior, its line of supply would be more rapidly contracted, and before reaching the base of supply it would be compelled to subsist upon the bodies of our own officers. From the hour of giving up the capital our military power would be reduced in a more rebellious in the estimation of foreign powers, while those who have been in the habit of looking to us for aid would be compelled to look elsewhere. Richmond is an interior and defensible, so that every effort would fight therefrom with a better moral effect."

Summary of the War.

VIRGINIA.

In our last we announced the occupation of Petersburg and Richmond by the Federal army. On Sunday, the 2th of March, Gen. Sheridan attacked the outer lines of the rebels before Petersburg, but was repulsed after a desperate struggle; but after dark the attack was renewed, and then Lee's last army was forced, the result was that during the night the rebel army evacuated both cities, and retreated with all dispatch, hoping to reach Burkeville, a station 35 miles distant, and which would enable Lee to choose either Lynchburg or Lynchburg. By forced marches, however, Gen. Sheridan reached Burkeville before the rebels, and Gen. Ord occupied that town on the 5th and 6th corps, in which battle the rebels were defeated, with great loss in men and generals.

On the 9th, after considerable skirmishing, Gen. Grant commenced the 7th, Gen. Lee formally surrendered himself and the remnant of the army of Northern Virginia.

ALABAMA.

The Federal forces have received the entire submission of Alabama. The capitulation will doubtless follow the arrival of the news of Lee's surrender.

Selma has been occupied by the National troops. It was one of the last remaining rebel depots.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Latest advices from Raleigh announce its occupation by Gen. Sherman. Gen. Stoneman, also commanding a column of troops, had left Danville and Greensboro railway.

NEW BOOKS, MUSIC, &c.

THE HILTONS AND THE HUTTONS: A Story of Border Life. By WILLIAM GILMORE SIMMS, author of "Guy Rivers," etc. Boston: Tickner & Fields.

Another reprinted novel of this delightful author, whose fine descriptive powers are a reminder of the spacious writings of his brother Cheever. The plot is a simple one, a conflict of the borderers daily to a border war, is busy, and has already won admiration from the best English critics.

CROQUET: Laws of the Game, etc., by JOHN JAQUES. Published by A. Williams & Co., Boston, from the 14th London edition.

This is a plain and thorough explanation of the now popular game, with all its rules and illustrations. Mailed to any address for $1, postage free.

THE MUSICAL HOUR: J. W. Fortune, 103 Centre street, N. Y.

A periodical containing a tasteful selection of popular family music fully up to the age, and recommended to the taste by the very low price, printing, &c.

TOWN GOSSIP.

AH, have we got you at last? It is no butterfly we have been chasing through a June garden, no bright-winged fairy to escape from our clutches and sinister purse, be it like the tooth of a viper, and the wing of a bat, and the thirst of a spider, and is, on the whole, a very ugly customer as to shape, face, and a parable to know what to do with. This Jefferson Davis is the subject we have got on his own subjects, his own children as he would call them. What does he discover? Over a fair and wealthy land he has escaped the wrath of God and retired under the sun, and the people sit in a great darkness, and saw all the glories of the world. At the bidding of the evil pinions is turned back from our town after another, what do we see in them all? The child murdered, the old man robbed, the woman betrayed at home under their lords ravishing, hand black animals their healthiest society for the worst. As the hideous truth is every brought upon many thousands of people accustomed to the habits and demands of old refinement, the nature of this country—"a nature or a second nature"—he hearts burn within us we read? These people, after reading the Jefferson Philadelphia and Davis, as he systematically lured and starved and bled, for the sole purpose of feeding and gratifying his own ambition. Such a monstrous, monstrous, monstrous fiend! If this chief, often took of tears so nine as splendid with temper and his own people, and to infatuate and make slaves to his side, have broken their golden hearts over his business, with breaking fidelity to a hopeless cause, and to a hopeless chief, has absolved from all care and their pain he has had no mercy; very long after it has ceased to be a question of duty nor sacrifice he has used their precious lives as a wall behind which he has sheltered and crawled away.

Such are the wretched armies and those hapless tribes is now owing the grassmound forgiveness of a victorious country, and a magnanimous foe. But what is the fault the brothers who have estranged themselves from us, and who are now left out in the cold, to suffer the penalty of their own history. Let the Palm Sunday which saw the surrender of the Arch Traitor's political army open for ever the gates of the sanctuary to all but the palm's toughest meanings of victory and peace.

Meanwhile, as the poor deluded, the arch interest topples over towards his grave, two genuine monsters and men of note have arisen, from graves that will not close, and whose appearance is a source of speculation. It is in the walks of literature that they are gibing. Both are equally of the dead, and we are all crowding around to see.

First the renowned Judas, led forward by the Cable Company, and whose name has been for many years tattooed the list of the old Roman inn, has declared what he has been doing since he betrayed his master, and through them the spurs of life—his "Life of Cesar." The revealing at the bidding of the company is, as every one will remember, to have appeared in the form of a great biography, and a work of genius, which plays to be called "Cesar." Judas has simply come forward to confess his own character. Judas, by treachery as well as and the terrible indictment therefore, to which he pleads guilty, without excuse, and with the air of the criminal as they may, in answering allegation, "Yes, I have been a traitor, I have betrayed my friend and my sympathy," and not content with having such the immortal blasphemer, unable to bear it, drops the pen and the manner of the writer, and closes his entire with a policeman's baton, shoulder weapon, and smacking of old associations by any less Belgium.

The least in a sketch of Augustus. Under the most exquisite ballet, our satirist repeats the grossest conditions and evident fate of Frisco.

"Thirteen years that seven years later, at the death of Augustus, there were few citizens who had seen the Republic of their youth, and who survived it; they had been carried off by the civil wars, or by proscriptions, or by assassinations, or by imprisonment, or by exile, or by

misery, or by despair; time had done the rest; there remained only a few bitter spirits, a few morose old men; and as those who had come into the world since Actium had been born with the image of the Emperor in their eyes (and yet saw no better), there was ground for hoping that they would be disposed to find the new state of things the best of all, since they had never seen any other. Thus the herd of Remus was contented; and all was for the best in the best of empires."

As to the *taste* of the thing—an Imperial author publishing, and inviting criticism and the "honest truth"—all that is summarily disposed of:

"The book of Augustus is his life elevated into an example, his ambition made innocent, his will formulated into law, it is the code of the malefactors, the bible of the rascals; and it is such a book that you wish to criticise publicly under the rule of his good pleasure. What! the wretch who assassinates you makes a sermon to you upon assassination, and before finishing he asks your opinion upon his little composition—yes, your sincere opinion upon the form and spirit, your political and literary opinion; for he is an artist and a good fellow, and he wants to know your opinion on his work; and you really are going to tell it him, and while his knife is on your throat you will politely converse with the executioner."

The other royal apparition is Friedrich II., "called Frederick the Great," now finally and completely galvanized into life by the voltaic Mr. Carlyle. He stands resuscitated upon his six finished volumes, and the London critics are praising and contemplating. Now Carlyle is no great favorite of ours. His uncouth and wrong-headed strength is applied upon no principle, without it be the bolstering-up of some demigod as wrong as himself, and quite superior to his support. He is a sly and obstinate Caliban, biting at most things, but always falling at the feet of some truculent Trinculo or other, and beslavering him with his gibberish:

"Hast thou not dropped from Heaven?"

Carlyle can see nothing heroic in our own war, since no man has arisen positively great and overbearing, like a Cæsar, and grasped the quarrel in his hands. His opinions play easily into the doctrines of the author of "*La Vie de César*," both men worshipping bare Ability, and considering it paramount. In these half-flippant terms the Scotchman throws off the conclusion of what he had to say about the hero of the seven years' war:

"I define him to myself as hitherto the Last of the Kings; when the Next will be is a very long question! But it seems to me as if the Nations—probably all nations, by-and-bye, in their despair—blinded, swallowed like Jonah in such a whale's belly of thin e brutish, waste, abominable (for is not anarchy, or the rule of what is Baser over what is Nobler, the one life's misery worth complaining of, and, in fact, the abomination of abominations, springing from and producing all others whatsoever?)—as if the nations universally, and England too if it hold on, may more and more bethink themselves of such a Man and his Function and Performance, with feelings far other than are possible at present. Meanwhile, all I had to say of him is finished; that, too, it seems, was a bit of work appointed to be done. Adieu, good readers; bad also, adieu!"

The extract shows the general character of Carlyle's conclusions, and indicates the peculiar mannerism of his style, which is even more Carlyleish than usual in these closing chapters of his greatest work.

What with the claims of events and books upon the attention, we have had little time for the theatres. On Monday, however, we did get within the walls of Niblo's to see the performance of "King Lear," by the vast Sylvanus.

In many respects this is the greatest Lear on the stage. The following questions are asked with a mild propitiating sigh, with extreme meekness, and without the least expectation of an answer:

Were the ancient kings of Briton given to such inarticulate snarlings? Did they provide expression for their faces by lifting one eyebrow away up into their caps and letting the other down over the cheek? Did they prolong their vowels quite so sonorously? When overtaken by mania did they crown themselves with bushel baskets? Did they make a great display of muscle at the age of ninety or thereabouts? But on the other hand, were any of them poets enough to deliver passages like the curse, or the interview with Tom O'Bedlam, with the ideal majesty, tempered with human sadness, which Niblo's heard that night?

Mr. Owens gracefully retires from the stage of the Broadway Theatre on Monday and following evenings, to afford a parenthesis of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, who are playing an engagement of eleven nights, on the conclusion of which Owens will re-appear. During Monday last the choice of seats and private boxes was disposed of by auction. Mr. and Mrs. Kean commenced with "Henry VIII." and "The Jealous Wife."

The ever fresh Mrs. John Wood has been raising a breeze among the Olympians by her racy impersonation of Lady Gay and other favorite characters.

On Wednesday there was an immense matinée entertainment at the Academy, for the annual benefit of the Theatrical Mechanical Association, all the principal theatrical companies participating.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The managers of the New York Inebriate Asylum have concluded, after trial, that they cannot cure a drunkard in less than a year.

—— While a rebel guard was patroling near Fayetteville, N. C., a Federal negro stole up and leaped on his back, holding him a prisoner. The victim exerted himself desperately, but the negro wasn't to be thrown off his guard!

—— The monument to the memory of Addison G. Whitney and Luther C. Ladd of the 6th Massachusetts, who were killed when that regiment passed through Baltimore to defend the National Capital, will be dedicated with appropriate ceremonies on the 19th of April. The structure is 27½ feet high.

—— The new half-handkerchief style of bonnet is thus described in an exchange:

"A sort of cup to catch the hair,
Leaving the head to 'go it bare,'
A striking example of 'nothing to wear,'
Is this bonnet abomination."

Again:

"It makes a woman look brazen and bold,
Assists her in catching nothing but cold;
It is bad on the young, absurd on the old,
And deforms what it ought to deck."

—— A remarkable change of population is going forward in Missouri; the old secesh citizens are leaving the State, not for the South, but for places in the West where they are less known, and their places are filled by emigrants from the Eastern and Central States. There is great activity in land sales, and Missouri is already feeling the impulse of freedom.

—— The population of Nashville is now estimated at 75,000, or more than double what it was before the rebellion.

—— The name of Illinois is said to have originated as follows. A party of Frenchmen set out upon an exploring expedition down the river, which they afterwards named, providing themselves with bark canvas, and relying chiefly for their subsistence upon the game. They found at the confluence of the river with the Mississippi an island thickly wooded with black walnut. It was at a season of the year when the nuts were ripe, and this party of explorers, encamped upon the island, greatly enjoyed the luxury of this fruit. From this circumstance they called the island the "island of nuts"—or, in French, "*Isle aux nois*," which name was given to the river which they explored, and thence to the territory and State. This explanation of the word "Illinois" more fully accords with the orthography of the word, which has certainly a French termination—and the rapid pronunciation of the French "*Isle aux nois*" would naturally lead to the Anglicism of the term into its present shape, "Illinois."

—— Gov. Fenton has appointed Friday, 14th of April, as a general Thanksgiving Day for the State of New York.

—— Gov. Fenton has nominated Samuel Sloan, C. Pinckney, James W. Booth and Martin B. Brown, for Fire Commissioners, under the new law.

—— Peter Cooper writes a letter warmly approving the new Fire Department Law, and returning his thanks to the Senate and Assembly for passing it. He says: "There is nothing, in my opinion, that will so effectually aid us to bring about a good government in our city as a law that will join in one body the Police and Fire Department, and make it the dollar and cent interest of the whole body to faithfully perform their duty."

—— Collector Draper, in a speech in Wall street, the other day, to an immense crowd, alluding to a rebel prophecy in the early part of the war, warned the assemblage to "get from off the grass in Wall street."

—— The long-talked-of work on the Southern war of independence from the pen of that famous lady, "Belle Boyd," now the wife of Mr. Hardinge, living in London, is soon to be published.

—— In a Sunday school, the other day, while the recitation of verses of Scripture was in progress, a little lad suddenly exclaimed: "I know a verse!" He was desired to recite it, and did so, thus: "If any one attempts to haul down the American flag shoot him on the spot."

—— William Cullen Bryant has purchased the homestead of Welcome and Cyrus Tillson, of Cummington, Mass., and will occupy it as a summer residence. Mr. Bryant is a native of Cummington.

—— Jedediah Huntington, 2d, of Norwich, Ct., is the possessor of the original letter sent by Major André, of the British army, to Gen. Washington, asking that he might be shot rather than hanged.

—— The entire net receipts of the Philadelphia Sanitary Fair were $1,035,098.

—— In Essex street, Newburyport, where there are only 14 houses, there are now living six ladies whose united ages are 503 years. They are all over 75, and the oldest, 96, is the oldest person in the city, but in good health and quite active.

—— The Maryland Legislature has repealed nearly all the old acts of that State, oppressive to the colored population which used to be so cruelly enforced. Among them were the laws "prohibiting meetings of negroes for religious purposes unless conducted by a white person;" "prohibiting trade with free negroes;" "prohibiting the navigation of vessels by negroes," and "prohibiting negroes from keeping a dog or a gun without a licence."

—— Ciprian Risaud is worth over a million of dollars, and is the richest colored man in the United States. The colored men in New York have many rich men, among them Peter Vandyke, Robert Watson, J. M. Gloucester and Mr. Crosby, who own about $3,000,000 in property, real estate and otherwise.

—— Mr. George Thompson said, in a speech at Cambridge, that "the rail-splitter had turned out better than the union-splitter."

—— A lawyer in a New York court, a day or two since, objected to the continuance of a case, on the ground that his witnesses came from a foreign country, and that it would be difficult again to secure their attendance. The witnesses, it appeared, were from New Jersey. Poor New Jersey! The State gets all the kicks, and the owners of the State, Camden and Amboy, get all the coppers.

Personal.—Secretary Seward, while driving out with his family, on the 5th of April, was thrown from his carriage and seriously injured.

—— Mrs. Lincoln left Washington on the 5th of April to join the President at City Point. She will visit Richmond with him.

—— Garibaldi's daughter, Teresita, has lately given birth to a son, who has been christened Lincoln, at the express wish of the great Liberator. It is supposed to be a compliment for Mr. Lincoln liberating the slaves.

—— Calvert Comstock, editor of the Albany *Atlas* some ten years ago, and since that joint editor and proprietor (with Mr. Cassidy) of the *Atlas and Argus*, has retired from the editorial chair and the paper, in consequence of continued ill-health.

—— Mrs. Oviedo (Miss Bartlett) of "Diamond Wedding" fame, is lying ill with smallpox at her residence, near Havana. When the last steamer left (March 29) she was in an extremely critical condition.

—— The rumored insanity of the celebrated tenor Signor Giuglini is confirmed by private letters received in this city. The unfortunate man is said to be a raving maniac, and is now the inmate of a lunatic asylum.

—— Gen. Grant, in a letter to his father, nearly a fortnight before the capture of Richmond, says: "We are now having fine weather (March 24), and I think we will be able to wind up matters about Richmond soon. I am anxious to have Lee hold on where he is a short time longer, so that I can get him into a position where he must lose a great portion of his army. The rebellion has lost its vitality, and if I am not much mistaken, there will be no rebel army of any great dimensions a few weeks hence.

—— A wealthy Tennessee widow having married the rebel Gen. Ewell, all her property was confiscated by the Federal authorities in that State. Upon the matter being brought before President Lincoln, he rescinded the decision, and restored the property to the lady.

Obituary.—Among the recent distinguished dead we have to number Sir Robert Schomburgh, who died at Berlin, Prussia, March 11. It will be remembered that, after his famous explorations in British Guiana, Sir Robert was appointed British Consul in St. Domingo, and afterwards Consul-General in Siam. He returned last year to Europe, and has passed the whole winter in Berlin, confined to his bed. In consequence of a circular issued by Dr. Barth, the African traveller, as President of the Berlin Geographical Society, his funeral was attended by a large number of scientific men. He leaves behind him a solid scientific reputation.

—— Hon. William C. Crain died at Herkimer, N. Y., on the 16th March, aged 67. He was Speaker of the Assembly in 1846, and the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor in 1860, and always enjoyed the confidence and friendship of the leading men of that party.

—— James L. Langworthy, who emigrated from Vermont to Iowa, in 1828, before the Indians had relinquished possession, died in Dubuque, a few days ago, aged 65 years. In 1830 he obtained a claim, for $700, to most of the land upon which the city of Dubuque now stands.

—— John M. Daniel, the editor of the Richmond *Examiner*, died in that city on the 1st of April—the last issue of the paper as a rebel sheet.

Foreign.—The Empress Eugenie has written to the Queen of England and the Sovereigns in Europe, proposing that, without distinction of creed, all shall join at once for the purpose of effecting a suitable restoration of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem, which is now a state of utter disrepair.

—— Last year England imported 893,304,720 pounds of cotton—a large increase over the amount of 1862 and 1863. About the same amount was received in Great Britain in 1855.

—— The importation of African negroes into Cuba has averaged from 20,000 to 30,000 per annum, and this in spite of the combined efforts of the leading commercial nations, and the claims of innocence on the part of Spain in her own behalf. Another movement is taking place in the Spanish Cortes to remedy the troubles.

—— The chief of the Paris branch of Rothschild's banking house has lately presented the little daughter of Prince Metternich, Austrian ambassador at Paris, with a doll, which is just as large as the child, and has furnished this gift with a princely *trousseau*. Nothing was wanting, and the most costly laces of Paris and Alençon were to be found in whole pieces. Among other things there are mentioned 12 dozen of handkerchiefs, each of which has a value of $100, and a necklace valued at 10,000 francs.

—— In 1840 the annual mortality of Paris was one person in 28; in 1863 it was only one in 40, and this great amelioration, notwithstanding an increase of inhabitants, is ascribed to improved sanitary arrangements, the extension and widening of thoroughfares, the opening of parks and the planting of trees. Paris, with a population of 1,693,141, possesses over 5,000 acres of open ground, planted with more than 1,000,000 of trees.

—— A new Order, entitled "The Mexican Eagle," has been created by the Emperor Maximilian. Twelve grand crosses have been awarded to the Emperor Napoleon, the Emperors of Austria and Russia, and the Kings of Belgium, Sweden, Norway and Italy.

—— An English tourist has lost his life on the cone of Vesuvius; in his effort to avoid an enormous rock shot up from the crater he rolled down the declivity, and was picked up at the spot called Pellegrini, with his ribs fractured and backbone broken.

—— The Botanic Garden at Calcutta was so much damaged by the recent cyclone, that it will take a century to replace many of the old specimens and to make the garden what it was on the eve of the storm. The garden was of great use to the country, as by its means plants were introduced, propagated and distributed all over India.

—— The British lawmakers are still uneasy about American affairs, and inquiries were made in Parliament as to steps taken to protect the property of British subjects in Southern States. The answer of Mr. Layard is hesitating and muddy; all he could say was that the Washington Government said that British subjects would find no obstruction in prosecuting claims. Some members, alluding to the probability of a war with America, declared that Great Britain was worse off now than when they began the war of 1812; that America was under great obligations to England for remaining neutral in this revolution, because if England had taken part with the Confederates, she might not only have protected Canada, but put an end to the "atrocious Monroe doctrine." Laird's last rebel ram is to be a British man-of-war. The *Oesterrichische Zeitung*, of Vienna, asserts that the negotiations at Washington between the agents of the Emperor Maximilian and Mr. Seward are progressing satisfactorily. It reiterates the statement that Mr. Lincoln has promised to recognise the new empire at the termination of the present war.

—— News from Havana to the 29th of March, confirms the report of the defeat and death of Marechal, the French Commandant at Vera Cruz. On his return from a pillaging expedition, while in a ravine, he was attacked by about 400 Liberals, he himself killed, and about 150 of his soldiers killed and wounded. His body was not found. Some say it was cut into small pieces and thrown away, while others say that he was buried decently by the Liberals.

—— News from Uruguay is to the middle of Feb. Montevideo was invested by a Brazilian army of 13,000 men and 20 vessels; the land defences were strong, but those of the water side were weak; they are garrisoned by about 5,000 men. While the Government was determined upon a desperate defence, the foreign residents were in a great state of alarm, mainly through fear that the powder magazine might be exploded, which would be certain to destroy nearly the entire city. The Paraguayans had taken the town of Miranda, dispersing the Brazilian garrison.

—— At Vienna, a whistler named Piccolini is whistling his way to public favor. A correspondent writes that "he is a man of middle height and an elegant exterior. He whistled with accompaniment of pianoforte, the serenade of Schubert, and the cavatina of *Casta Diva* from "Norma." He whistled double notes with great distinctness, and his shake was irreproachable; the sound is of the most agreeable quality, as well as in the medium as in the highest part of the register. His intonation was never at fault, and one might be led to suppose that he was listening now to the song of the nightingale, now to the full and sonorous voice of the quail, and anon to the trill of the lark, as it soars into the higher regions of the empyrean. The success of the whistler was emphatic."

—— A book on Vagabonds, by M. Mario Proth, has been published in Paris. The first vagabond mentioned in the book is the Wandering Jew. Humboldt is included as a scientific vagabond.

—— Napoleon has paid the Imperial printing office 11,700 francs for revises and corrections of the first volume of his "Cæsar."

—— When copies of the Emperor Napoleon's recent speech reached the prisoners, a most curious scene took place at the Debtors' Prison at Clichy. The passage relating to the bill proposed by the Emperor for the abolition of imprisonment for debt created so much enthusiasm among the inmates that a spontaneous illumination of every window of the house startled the jailors, who vainly remonstrated against this demonstration.

—— There has been an excitement in Florence about a reported treasure hidden in the walls of the famous Riccardi palace, an edifice erected in 1470. The walls were explored and researches made beneath the pavements of the immense vaults of the palace, but not only no treasure was discovered, but no sign of any place where it could possibly be hidden.

—— Since 1860 no less than 7,000 brigands have been killed, wounded or captured in Italy.

—— A Paris paper gives some curious particulars of the idiosyncracies of certain artists. Patti, for instance, is said to be always drinking beer; Mario smokes till he drives the impresario into a frenzy; Borghi-Mamo comes off from an interview with her royal lover, and immediately recruits herself with snuff. Talma used to shake his valet for five minutes, so as to get up a "wild air" before he went on and told the audience that he had seen the ghost of his departed father.

—— The immense country of Central Asia, extending from the sea of Aral to Lake Yesichkul, has been formed into Russian provinces, under the title of Russian Turkistan.

Chit-Chat.—The last sensation in Paris is the death of the Duke de Morny, half-brother to Louis Napoleon, and between whom great affection existed. The London *Court Journal* is assured that the Duchess de Morny, in the excess of her grief at her loss, had her beautiful hair shaved off her head. It is stated that the duke's brain weighed 1,522 grammes, being 232 grammes above the average weight. The statement that he has left memoirs to be published 10 years hence suggests the curious remark that this year, 1865, is the last of the term of 20 years fixed by Talleyrand for the publication of his reminiscences.

—— The *Quarterly Review* denies that Boston is the hub of the Universe, claiming that position for Great Britain.

THE THREE WISHES.

The eastern origin of this tale seems evident; had it been originally composed in a northern land, it is probable that the king would have been represented as dethroned by means of bribes obtained from his own treasury. In an eastern country the story-teller who invented such a just termination of his narrative would, most likely, have experienced the fate intended for his hero, as a warning to others how they suggested such treasonable ideas. Herr Simrock, however, says it is a German tale; but it may have had its origin in the east for all that. Nothing is more difficult indeed than to trace a popular tale to its source; Cinderella, for example, belongs to nearly all nations; even among the Chinese, a people so different to all European nations, there is a popular story which reads almost exactly like it. Here is the tale of the Three Wishes.

There was once a wise emperor who made a law, that to every stranger who came to his court a fried fish should be served. The servants were directed to take notice, if, when the stranger had eaten the fish to the bone on one side, he turned it over and began on the other side. If he did, he was to be immediately seized, and on the third day thereafter he was to be put to death. But, by a stretch of imperial clemency, the culprit was permitted to utter one wish each day, which the emperor pledged himself to grant, provided it was not to spare his life. Many had already perished in consequence of this edict, when, one day, a count and his young son presented themselves at court. The fish was served as usual, and when the count had removed all the fish from one side, he turned it over, and was about to commence on the other, when he was suddenly seized and thrown into prison, and was told of his approaching doom. Sorrow-stricken, the count's young son besought the emperor to allow him to die in the room of his father; a favor which the monarch was pleased to accord him. The count was accordingly released from prison, and his son was thrown into the cell in his stead. As soon as this had been done, the young man said to his jailers:

"You know I have the right to make three demands before I die; go and tell the emperor to send me his daughter and a priest to marry us."

The first demand was not much to the emperor's taste, nevertheless he felt bound to keep his word, and he therefore complied with the request, to which the princess had no kind of objection. This occurred in the times when kings kept their treasures in a cave, or in a tower set apart for the purpose, like the Emperor of Morocco in these days; and on the second day of his imprisonment the young man demanded the king's treasures. If his first demand was a bold one, the second was not less so; still, an emperor's word is sacred, and having made the promise, he was forced to keep it; and the treasures of gold and silver and jewels were placed at the prisoner's disposal. On getting possession of them, he distributed them profusely among his courtiers, and soon he had made a host of friends by his liberality.

The emperor began now to feel exceedingly uncomfortable. Unable to sleep, he rose early on the third morning and went, with fear in his heart, to the prison to hear what the third wish was to be.

"Now," said he to his prisoner, "tell me what your third demand is, that it may be granted at once, and you may be hung out of hand, for I am tired of your demands."

"Sire," answered his prisoner, "I have but one more favor to request of your majesty, which, when you have granted, I shall die content. It is merely that you will cause the eyes of those who saw my father turn the fish over to be put out."

"Very good," replied the emperor, "your demand is but natural, and springs from a good heart. Let the chamberlain be seized," he continued, turning to his guards.

"I, sire!" cried the chamberlain; "I did not see anything—it was the steward."

"Let the steward be seized then," said the king.

But the steward protested with tears in his eyes, that he had not witnessed anything of what had been reported, and said it was the butler. The butler declared he had seen nothing of the matter, and that it must have been one of the valets. But they protested that they were utterly ignorant of what had been charged against the count; in short, it turned out that nobody could be found who had seen the count commit the offence, upon which the princess said:

"I appeal to you, my father, as to another Solomon. If nobody saw the offence committed, the count cannot be guilty, and my husband is innocent."

The emperor frowned, and forthwith the courtiers began to murmur; then he smiled, and immediately their visages became radiant.

"Let it be so," said his majesty; "let him live, though I have put many a man to death for a lighter offence than his. But if he is not hung, he is married. Justice has been done."

Most Remarkable Case.—A most singular accident occurred in the year 1831, and which at the time created great sensation. On the 26th of February of that year, a man, named John Toylor, aged 20, a native of Prussia, was at work as a sailor on board the brig Jane, of Scarborough, then in the London Docks, and while guiding the iron pivot of the trysail mast into the mainboom, the tackle broke, and the mast, which was 39 feet long and 600 pounds weight, descended upon Toylor. The iron pivot tore off half his scalp, which fell over his face, then, striking his lower jaw, broke it and knocked him down; lastly, piercing his chest obliquely, came out in the lower part of his back, and fixed in the deck. When thus transfixed and otherwise injured, the man subsequently stated that he felt no pain. "I was in heaven," said he; nor was he at all inconvenienced during the withdrawl of the mast from his body by his fellow-seamen, but immediately afterwards experienced "unutterable agony," and at each act of inspiration the air rushed out from the wound in his chest, proving thereby that the lung was injured. He was carried to the London Hospital, where he so far recovered in five months from the effects of his severe injuries as to be able to walk a distance of some miles. He ultimately returned to his duty as a sailor, and has ever since, during a period of twenty-seven years, enjoyed, without interruption, the most excellent health.

Lord Macaulay's celebrated and most hackneyed image of the traveller from New Zealand standing on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's (and which was first used by the essayist—for he employed it more than once—in a review of Ranke's "History of the Popes," written in 1834), was derived, in the main, from Volney's "Ruins of Ancient Empires," and it is also to be found in a letter of Horace Walpolo to Mason (November, 1774), in Kirke White's poem on "Time," and in Shelley's parody on "Peter Bell." How many are there who are aware that the phrase, "The schoolmaster abroad," was originated by one who is still living among us? Yet it was first uttered by Lord Brougham in a speech delivered on January 29, 1828. "Let the soldier be abroad if he will," said the orator, "he can do nothing in this age. There is another personage—a personage less imposing in the eyes of some, perhaps insignificant. The schoolmaster is abroad, and I trust to him, armed with his primer, against the soldier in full military array." Lord Russell's exclamation, "Rest, and be thankful!" which he avowedly repeated from the inscription on a seat at the head of Glencoe, is to be found in one of Wordsworth's sonnets.



BATTLE AT BENTONVILLE, N. C.—MAJOR-GEN. MOWER, COMMANDING 1st DIVISION, 17TH CORPS, TURNING THE REBEL LEFT HALF A MILE FROM BENTONVILLE, MARCH 20.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.



ENTHUSIASM IN NEW YORK CITY ON RECEIPT OF NEWS OF THE FALL OF RICHMOND—SPEECH OF HON. L. E. CHITTENDEN, LATE REGISTRAR OF THE TREASURY, FROM THE PORTICO OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE, APRIL 3.

IT IS NOT ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

It is not on the battlefield
That I would wish to die,
Nor is it on a broken shield
I'd breathe my parting sigh;



Although a soldier knows not how
To dread a soldier's doom,
I ask no laurels for my brow,
No trophy for my tomb.

It is not that I scorn the wreath
A soldier proudly wears,
It is not that I fear the death
A soldier bravely dares;
When slaughtered comrades round me

I'd be the last to yield,
And yet I would not wish to die
Upon the battlefield.

When faint and bleeding in the fray,
Oh, still let me retain
Enough of life to crawl away,
To that sweet vale again;
For like the wounded, weary dove,
That flutters to her nest,
I fain would reach my own true love,
And die upon her breast.



WILHELM CHALLENGES HIS BROTHER-IN-LAW TO MORTAL COMBAT.



DEATH OF DESROCHES.

DESROCHES.

BY GERARD DE NERVAL.

"Nobody has known the history of the Lieutenant Desroches, who caused himself to be killed last year at the battle of Hamhergen, two months after his marriage. If this was really a suicide, may God pardon him! But certainly he who dies defending his country merits not that his action be called by such a name, whatever may have been his design."

"Then we fall back," said the doctor, "into the chapter of the capitulations of conscience. Desroches was a philosopher, decided to quit life. He was unwilling his death should be useless, and throwing himself bravely into the combat, killed as many Germans as he could, saying, 'This is the best I can do—I die content;' and crying, '*Vive l'Empereur!*' received the sabre cut

which struck him down. Ten soldiers of his company will attest it."

"But this was not any the less a suicide," replied Arthur. "Nevertheless, I think it would have been wrong to deny him Christian burial."

"In this way you would brand the devotion of Curtius himself. This young Roman was possibly ruined by play, unhappy in love, weary of life, who knows? But certainly it is beautiful, while intending to quit this world, to render one's death useful to others. And therefore this cannot be called a suicide, for a suicide is nothing but an act of the supremest egotism, and for this very reason is branded among men. Of what are you thinking, Arthur?"

"I am thinking of what you said just now, that Desroches, before dying, killed as many Germans as possible."

"Well?"

"These brave people have gone to give a sad testimony of the beautiful death of the lieutenant; permit me to say that this was a homicide as well as a suicide."

"Eh! Who could think thus? The Germans are our enemies."

"But are there any for a man resolved to die? At such a moment all instinct of nationality is effaced, and I suspect one thinks of no country but the other world, and of no emperor except God. But the abbé listens to us without saying anything, and, nevertheless, I hope he agrees with me. Come, abbé, tell us your opinion, and strive to place us in accord. This is an abundant source of controversy, and the history of Desroches—or rather what the doctor and I believe we know of it—would appear not less dark than the profound reasonings that have arisen between us."

"Yes," said the doctor, "Desroches, as is supposed, was very much affected by his last wound, which so much disfigured him, and possibly he surprised some grimace or heard some satire on the part of his new wife. The philosophers are sensitive. At any rate, he is dead, and voluntarily."

"Voluntarily, since you will have it so. But call not by the name of suicide the death one meets in battle; you would add a misunderstanding in words to that you possibly make in thought. One dies in battle because one meets there something which kills; not every one dies, however, who wishes to."

"No. Do you call this fatality?"

"It is my turn," interrupted the abbé, who had collected himself during this discussion. "You will, perhaps, think it strange that I combat your paradoxes or suppositions——"

"Well, well! speak at once; you know more of the matter than we, assuredly. You have lived at Bitche for a long time; they say Desroches knew you, and perhaps in confession he avowed to you——"

"In that case I would be obliged to keep silent. But nothing of the kind happened, unfortunately, although the death of Desroches was a Christian one, believe me; and I am going to recount to you the causes and circumstances of it, in order that you may perceive this was an honest man as well as a good soldier, who died at a proper time for humanity and himself, and in accordance with the will of God:"

Desroches joined his regiment at the age of fourteen years, at the time when, the greater part of the men having been killed on the frontier, our republican army was recruited from boys. Feeble in body, slender as a young girl, and pale, his comrades suffered to see him carrying a musket, beneath which his shoulder bent. You have perhaps heard say they obtained from the captain permission to shorten it by half a foot. Thus, better suited to his strength, his musket did marvels in the battles of Flanders. Later, Desroches was ordered here to Hagenau, where we—that is, where you have been carrying on the war for so long. At the time of which I am about to speak to you Desroches was in the flower of his age, and served to distinguish the regiment much better than its number or flag, for he was nearly the only one who had survived while it had been twice renewed, and he had, finally, just been named lieutenant when, at Bergheim, twenty-seven months ago, while commanding a bayonet charge, he received a cut across his entire face from a Prussian sabre. The wound was frightful. The ambulance surgeons, who had often rallied him, virgin still of a scratch after thirty combats, looked very grave when he was brought before them. If he recover, they said, the poor fellow will become helpless or an idiot.

The lieutenant was sent to Metz, to get well. The litter had gone many leagues without his knowing it. Placed in a good bed, and watched with care, it required five or six months before he could sit up, and a hundred days still ere he could open his one remaining eye or distinguish anything. Tonics were soon ordered, the sunlight, exercise, and, finally, one morning, supported by two comrades, he walked, tottering and very giddy, towards the Quai St. Vincent, which nearly touches the military hospital, where they caused him to sit down in the sunlight, beneath the trees of the public garden. The poor fellow believed he saw the day for the first time. By dint of walking thus, he could soon go alone, and each morning he seated himself on a bench at the same place on the esplanade, his head buried in a mass of black taffeta, beneath which could scarce be seen any of his face, and on his way, when encountering other promenaders, he was sure of a respectful salute from the men and a gesture of profound commiseration from the women, which, however, consoled him but little.

Once seated, he forgot his misfortune, while thinking only of his good luck in surviving such a shock, and of the pleasure he experienced in discovering in what sort of place he was. Before him the old citadel, ruined beneath Louis XVI. spread out its lowered ramparts; overhead, the trees in flower cast a thick shade; at his feet, in the valley, which was unfolded beneath the esplanade, the meadows of St. Symphorien, which the Moselle, overflowing its banks, vivifies, and which grow green between its two arms; and then a little oasis, the Isle of Saulcey, sown with shadows and thatched cottages; finally, the falls of the Moselle and its white foam, its windings glittering in the sunlight, and at last, finishing the landscape, the chain of the Vosges, blue and like thin vapor in the broad day. Such was the spectacle he admired, always more at the thought that there was his country, not the conquered land, but the province truly French, while the beauty of these rich new departments, where he had been making war, was but fugitive and uncertain, like the woman admired to-day, to-morrow no longer remembered.

It was on the first day of June, the heat was great, and the favorite seat of Desroches being well shaded, two women came and sat down near the wounded man. He bowed to them quietly, and continued to contemplate the horizon, but his condition inspired so much interest, the two women could not refrain from questioning and pitying him.

One of them, quite aged, was the aunt of the other, who was called Emilie, and whose occupation was to embroider ornaments of gold on silk or velvet. Desroches questioned in his turn, and the aunt apprised him that the young girl had quitted Hagenau in order to keep her company, that her embroidery was for the churches, and that long since she had lost all her other relatives.

The next day the bench was occupied as before, and at the end of a week there was a treaty of alliance between the three proprietors of this favorite bench; and Desroches, feeble as he was, humiliated by the attentions the young girl lavished on him, as on some inoffensive old man, Desroches felt himself in good spirits, disposed to jest, and more ready to rejoice than be sorry at his unexpected good fortune.

Then, on his return to the hospital, he remembered his frightful wound, this scarecrow at which he had often internally groaned, but which habit and his convalescence had long since rendered to him less deplorable.

It is certain Desroches had not yet been able either to remove the useless dressing of his wound nor to look at himself in a mirror. From this day such an idea made him tremble more than ever. Nevertheless, he ventured to withdraw a corner of the protecting taffeta, and found beneath a cicatrix still somewhat red, but which had nothing very repulsive. Following up his inspection, he discovered the different parts of his face were properly knitted together, and that his eye remained clear and healthful. Some bits of the eyebrow were wanting, but that was a small affair. The oblique furrow which descended from the forehead across the cheek to the ear, this was—ah, well! this was a sabre-cut received at the attack on the lines of Bergheim, and nothing is more beautiful—the songs have often enough said so.

Desroches was astonished to find himself again presentable. He placed very adroitly the hair on the wounded side, which had grown gray, beneath the abundant black hair on the left side, extending his moustache as far as possible over the line of the cicatrix, and having put on his new uniform, he went the next day to the esplanade with somewhat of a triumphal air.

In fact, so well had he dressed and adorned himself, his sword hung so gracefully by his side, and he wore his bearskin chapeau so martially inclined in front, that nobody recognised him in the short passage from the hospital to the garden. He arrived first at the bench beneath the trees, and sat down apparently as usual, but in reality much more troubled and more pale, despite the approbation of his mirror.

The two ladies soon after arrived also, but they drew back suddenly on seeing a fine-looking officer occupying their usual place. Desroches was much disturbed.

"What," cried he, "you do not recognise me!"

Do not imagine that these preliminaries conduct us to one of those histories in which pity becomes love, such as it is described in the operas of the present day. The lieutenant had for the future ideas much more serious. Content to be still thought a passable cavalier, he hastened to reassure the two ladies, who appeared disposed, since his transformation, to withdraw the intimacy commenced between the three. Their reserve could not be maintained against his frank declarations.

The union was proper, besides, in all points of view. Desroches had a small inherited property near Epinal. Emilie possessed from her parents a little house at Hagenau, let as the café of the town, and which produced, in the shape of rent, five or six hundred francs, though in truth half of this belonged to her brother Wilhelm, first clerk of the notary of Schennberg.

When the arrangements had been settled they resolved to go for the wedding to this little city, which was the real home of the young girl, who had inhabited Metz for so long a time only for the sake of not leaving her aunt.

Nevertheless they agreed to return to Metz after the marriage. Emilie anticipated great pleasure in again seeing her brother. Desroches was often astonished that this young man was not in the army, like all those of our time; the reply was that he had been exempted on account of his health. Desroches pitied him very much.

Behold then the betrothed couple and the aunt on their way to Hagenau. They took places in the public carriage which relays at Bitche, and which was at that time simply a wagon composed leather and wicker work. The route is beautiful, as you know.

Desroches, who had never traversed it except in uniform, a sabre in his hand, in company with three or four thousand men, admired the solitudes, the strange-looking rocks, the horizons terminated by mountains clothed in dark verdure, and interrupted at times by long valleys. The rich plains of St. Avold; the manufactories of Sarreguemines; the little pieces of compact underwood of Limblingue, where the ash-trees, poplars and firs spread out their triple bed of verdure, shaded with gray and dark green—you know what a charming and magnificent aspect all this has.

Arrived at Bitche, the travellers alighted at the little inn of the Dragon, and Desroches eagerly inquired after me. When I arrived, I saw his new family, and complimented the young lady, who was of a rare beauty and of gentle manners, and who appeared very much in love with her future husband. All three breakfasted with me here, where we are now seated. Many officers, comrades of Desroches, drawn by the rumor of his arrival, came to seek him at the inn, and invite him to dine at the public-house of the fortress, where the staff of the army put up. We agreed the two ladies should withdraw early, and that the lieutenant should give to his comrades all of his last evening of bachelor life.

The repast was gay. Everybody enjoyed his part of the happiness and of the gaiety that Desroches brought back with him. They spoke to him of Italy, of Egypt, with transport, making bitter complaints at the ill-luck which confined so many good soldiers in fortresses on the frontier.

"Yes," murmured some officers, "we suffocate here, the life is so fatiguing and monotonous. We might as well be on shipboard as here, without fights, amusements, or possibility of promotion. The fort is impregnable—said Bonaparte when he passed here on his way to join the army of Germany—we have then nothing left but the chance of dying of *ennui*."

"Alas!" my friends, replied Desroches, "matters were scarcely more amusing in my time; for like you I have been here, and like you have also complained. I, as a soldier arrived at the dignity of epaulettes by dint of wearing out Government shoes in all the highways of the world; I knew but three things—the exercise, the direction of the wind, and the grammar as people learn it at school. Thus, when I was named sous-lieutenant and sent to Bitche with the second battalion, I regarded my sojourn here as an excellent opportunity for serious study. Occupied with this thought I procured a collection of books, maps and plans. I studied the theory of war, and learned German without study, for in this country, although French, they speak only German. Thus the time, which appears so long for you who have not such things to learn, seemed to me short and insufficient. On the approach of night I took refuge in a little stone room beneath the grand staircase, and closing the loopholes, lit my lamp, and worked. One of these nights of which I speak—"

Here Desroches stopped an instant, passed his hand over his eyes, emptied his glass, and continued, without, however, terminating his last observation.

"You all know," said he, "the little path which ascends from the plain here, and which has been rendered impassable by the removal of a large rock, leaving at present in its place a chasm. Ah well! this passage has always been a fatal one for the enemy every time they have attempted to assail the fort. Scarcely entered on this path, the unfortunates were obliged to support the fire of cannon which razed the ground its entire length."

"You must have distinguished yourself," said a colonel to Desroches; "did you gain your lieutenancy there?"

"Yes, colonel; and there I killed the first, the only man I have ever struck face to face, with my own hand. For this reason the sight of the fort will be always painful to me."

"What is that you say?" cried all. "What! you have been engaged in war twenty years; you have assisted at fifteen pitched battles; at fifty combats possibly, and you pretend to have killed but a single enemy?"

"I have not said that, gentlemen. Of the two thousand cartridges I have rammed into my musket, who knows whether the half have sent a bullet to the goal a soldier seeks. But I declare that at Bitche for the first time my hand has been reddened in the blood of an enemy, and that I did the cruel deed with a sabre which the arm thrusts till it pierces a human breast and is tremblingly buried there?"

"This is true," interrupted one of the officers, "the soldier kills many persons, and never really perceives it. A discharge of musketry is not, to say the truth, an execution of a murderous design but the intention of it. As to the bayonet it does little in the most disastrous charges. This is a conflict in which one of two foes stands firm or yields without coming to blows—the guns clash against each other, and then are raised again when the resistance ceases. The cavalry, for example, strike in reality."

"Yes," rejoined Desroches; "exactly as one never forgets the last regard of an adversary killed in duel, the last rattling in his throat, the sound of his heavy fall, so I bear with me nearly like a remorse—laugh at it, if you can—the image, pale and sad, of the Prussian sergeant whom I killed in the little powder-mill of the fort."

Everybody kept silent, and Desroches commenced his recital:

"It was in the night, and I was at work, as I explained to you just now. At two o'clock everybody should be asleep, except the sentinels. The watch are always silent. However, I thought I heard something like a prolonged movement in the gallery beneath my chamber; some one struck against a door which returned a creaking sound. I ran and listened at the end of the corridor, and in a low voice spoke to the sentinel; no reply. I had soon awakened the cannoneers, put on my uniform, and taking my sabre without its scabbard, I ran in the direction of the noise. We arrived, nearly thirty in number, in the circular space that the gallery forms near its centre, and by the light of some lanterns we recognised the Prussians, whom a traitor had introduced by the closed postern gate. They were pressed together in disorder, and on perceiving us fired some musket shots, of which the discharge was frightful in the feeble light, and beneath the over-arching vaults.

"Then we found ourselves face to face. The assailants continued to come up. Our men descended precipitately in the gallery. We were hardly able to move, but there was between the two parties a space of six or eight feet, a sort of lists that nobody cared to occupy, so stupified were the surprised French, and distrustful the disappointed Prussians.

"The hesitation, however, lasted not long. The scene was illumined by flambeaus and lanterns; some cannoneers had suspended theirs to the walls. A combat like those of ancient days took place. I was in the first rank, and found myself face to face with a Prussian sergeant, of tall stature, covered with chevrons and decorations. He was armed with a gun, but could scarce move it, so compact was the crowd. All these details are still present in my mind, alas! I know not if he thought even to resist me. I rushed towards him; I buried my sabre in his noble heart. The victim opened his eyes in a horrible manner, closed his hands violently, and fell back in the arms of the other soldiers.

"I do not remember what followed. When I recovered my senses I was in the first courtyard, covered with blood. The Prussians, repulsed through the postern gate, had been driven with cannon shots even to their encampment."

After this history there was a long silence, and then other subjects of conversation arose. A sad and curious spectacle for the thoughtful observer; the faces of all these soldiers darkened by the recital of a misfortune so common apparently—and one could discover of what value is the life of a man, even of a German, doctor, by observing the intimidated regards of these destroyers by profession.

"It is certain," replied the doctor, a little bewildered, "that the blood of a man cries very loudly, in whatever manner it be shed. Nevertheless, Desroches did no wrong; he only defended himself."

"Who knows?" murmured Arthur.

"You, doctor, who spoke of capitulations of conscience, tell us if this sergeant's death resemble not, in some degree, an assassination. Is it certain the Prussian would have killed Desroches?"

"Why, what would you have? Such is war."

"Yes, truly, such is war. One kills at a distance of three hundred paces, in the darkness, a man who knows you not, nor sees you. One slaughters face to face and with fury in the looks people towards whom one has no hatred, and with the reflection you have made, one consoles and glorifies himself. And this is done, honorably, among Christian people!"

The adventure of Desroches spread different impressions in the minds of those present. It was now bedtime. Our officer was the first to forget his sorrowful history, for the reason that from the little chamber which had been assigned him he perceived, through the thick foliage of the trees, a certain window of the Hotel du Dragon, illuminated from within by a night-lamp. There slept all his future. When at midnight the challenges of the sentinels awoke him, he said to himself that, in case of an alarm, his courage could no longer, as formerly, galvanise the entire man, and that there would be mingled with it some little regret and fear.

Before the hour of the morning watch, the next day, the captain of the guard let him out. He joined his lady friends, who were walking up and down beside the exterior moat, awaiting him. I accompanied them as far as Neunhoffen, for they designed being married by the civil process at Hagenau, returning afterwards to Metz for the nuptial benediction.

Wilhelm, Emilie's brother, received Desroches in a tolerably cordial manner. The two brothers-in-law regarded each other at times with a fixed attention. Wilhelm was of medium height, but well shaped. His blonde hair was already thin, as if he had been worn by study or by sorrow. He wore blue spectacles on account of his vision, so feeble, he said, that the least light gave him pain. Desroches brought to him a file of papers, which the young clerk examined with curiosity, and then himself produced all the titles of his family, forcing Desroches to read them. But he was dealing with a man confiding in love, and disinterested; the inquiries were not long. This manner of proceeding appeared somewhat to flatter Wilhelm, who took the arm of Desroches, offered him one of his best pipes, and took him to visit all his friends at Hagenau.

Everywhere they smoked and drank strong beer. After ten presentations, Desroches begged to be excused and to be permitted to pass his evenings by the side of his betrothed.

A few days after, the two lovers of the bench and esplanade were two married people, united by the mayor of Hagenau, venerable officer who had been burgomaster before the French Revolution, and who had held in his arms very often the little Emilie, whom possibly he had himself enregistered at her birth. Thus he had whispered to her, the evening before her marriage, "Why do you not marry some good German?"

Emilie appeared to set little value on these distinctions. Even Wilhelm had become reconciled to the moustache of the lieutenant—for it should be said at their first meeting there had been some reserve on the part of these two men. But Desroches, exerting himself very much, and Wilhelm making some effort for his sister's sake, and the good aunt pacifying and softening all their interviews, they succeeded in becoming very good friends. Wilhelm embraced very cordially his brother-in-law after the signing of the contract. The same day—for all was finished by nine o'clock—the travellers set out for Metz. It was six o'clock in the evening when the carriage

stopped at Bitche, at the grand hotel of the Dragon.

In a country intersected by streams and patches of woods travelling is not easy. Ten hills for every league caused the travellers to be rudely shaken in their conveyance. This was possibly the reason for the indisposition which the young wife experienced on arriving at the inn. Her aunt and Desroches installed themselves near her, and Wilhelm, who suffered from a consuming hunger, descended to the little hall, where at eight o'clock the supper of the officers would be served.

This time nobody knew of the return of Desroches. The entire day had been employed by the garrison in excursions among the groves of Huspoletden. Desroches, that he might not be obliged to leave his wife, had forbidden the hostess to pronounce his name.

The three, sitting near the little window of the chamber, saw the troops re-entering the fort, and as night approached the fortified slopes were covered with soldiers, eating bread and goat cheese.

Now, Wilhelm, as one who wishes to forget both time and hunger, had lit his pipe and sat down on the sill of the door between the smoke of the tobacco and of the coming repast, double pleasure for the idle and hungry.

The officers, at sight of this citizen-traveller, with his cap pulled down even to his ears, and his blue spectacles, turned towards the kitchen, perceived they would not be alone at table, and wished to make acquaintance with the stranger, for he might come from a distance, be intelligent, recount news, and in such case this would be a piece of good fortune; or, arriving from the environs, keep a stupid silence, and then they would have a silly fellow at whom to laugh.

A sous-lieutenant from the schools approached Wilhelm with a politeness bordering on exaggeration.

"Good evening, sir; do you know any news from Paris?"

"No, sir; do you?" said tranquilly Wilhelm.

"My faith, sir, we never go out of the town of Bitche—how should we know any?"

"And I, sir, never go out from my office."

"Are you perhaps, in the artillery?"

This raillery, directed against Wilhelm's spectacles, enlivened the assembly considerably.

"I am a notary's clerk, sir."

"In truth? at your age this is surprising."

"Sir," said Wilhelm, "if you have any doubts, would you wish to see my passport?"

"No, certainly."

"Ah! assure me you are not ridiculing me, and I will satisfy you on all points."

The assembly became serious.

"I asked you, with no bad intention, if you belonged to the artillery, because you wore spectacles. Do you not know that only the officers of this branch of the service are privileged to wear glasses?"

"And does this prove that I am a soldier, or officer, which you please?"

"Why, everybody is a soldier to-day. You are not twenty-five years old; you should belong to the army, or perhaps you are rich; you have fifteen or twenty thousand francs in rents; your relatives have made some sacrifices on your account—but in such a case, a person hardly dines at the public table at an inn."

"Sir," said Wilhelm, shaking the ashes from his pipe, "possibly you have the right of submitting me to this inquisition, in which case I ought to reply to you plainly. I have not any rents, since I am simply a notary's clerk, as I have told you. I have been discharged on account of my impaired vision. In a word, I am nearsighted."

A general and violent burst of laughter followed this declaration.

"Ah, young man, young man!" cried Captain Vallier, striking him on the shoulder, "you profit by the proverb. It is better to be a coward, and live longer!"

Wilhelm reddened to the eyes.

"I am not a coward, sir, and I will prove it to you, wherever you please. Besides, my papers are in order, and if you are a recruiting officer I can show them to you."

"Enough, enough!" cried some officers; "leave this citizen alone, Vallier. The gentleman is a peaceable individual; he has the right to sup here."

"Yes," said the captain; "thus let us sit down at table, and without rancor, young man. Rest easy, I am not the examining surgeon, and this dining-hall is not a hall of review. To prove to you my good will, I offer to carve for you a wing of this old piece of leather they will give us for a chicken."

"I thank you," said Wilhelm, who had got over his hunger. "I will eat only some of these trout, which are at the end of the table," and he indicated to the servant to bring him the dish.

"Are these really trout?" said the captain to Wilhelm, who had removed his spectacles on sitting down at the table. "My faith, sir, you have better eyesight than myself. Hold, frankly—you would handle your musket quite as well as anybody else; but you have had some protection, you profit by it, very well. You prefer peace—this is a taste, just like any other. For my part, in your place, I could not read a bulletin from the grand army, and reflect that the young people of my age had been killed in Germany without feeling my blood boil in my veins. You are not, then, a Frenchman?"

"No," said Wilhelm, with effort and satisfaction at the same time. "I was born at Hageneau; I am not French; I am a German."

"A German? Hageneau is situated on our side of the frontier; this is a good and beautiful village of the French Empire, department of the Lower Rhine. Look at the map?"

"I am of Hageneau, I tell you—a village of Germany, ten years ago, to-day of France. But, for my part, I am always a German, just as you would remain a Frenchman if your country ever belonged to Germany?"

"You are saying some dangerous things there, my young friend—take care."

"I have done wrong, perhaps," said Wilhelm, impetuously; "it is best to keep such sentiments as mine in one's heart, no doubt, if they cannot be changed. But it is you yourself who have carried matters so far, that it is necessary, at whatever risk, that I justify myself, or pass for a coward. Yes, this is the motive which in my conscience justifies the care I have taken in profiting by an infirmity which probably had not been able to arrest a man of spirit. And besides, there has been enough blood shed in my family; my father poured his, even to the last drop, see you, and for my part—"

"Your father was a soldier?" interrupted Captain Vallier.

"My father was a sergeant in the Prussian army, and defended for some time the territory you are now occupying. He was killed at the last attack on the fort at Bitche."

Everybody was very attentive to these last words of Wilhelm, which stopped the desire they entertained of replying severely to some of his paradoxes touching the peculiar case of his nationality.

"This was in '93?"

"In '93, the 17th of November, my father had set out in the evening from Sirmasen, in order to rejoin his company. I know he told my mother that by means of a bold plan this citadel would be secured without striking a blow. He was brought back to us in a dying condition, twenty-four hours afterwards. He expired on the doorstep, after having obliged me to swear to remain near my mother, who survived him fifteen days. I have learned that, in the attack which took place, he received in his breast a sabre thrust from a young soldier, who thus struck down one of the finest grenadiers in the army of Prince Hohenlohe."

"Why some one has been telling us this story," said the major.

"Yes, indeed!" said Captain Vallier, "this is the very adventure of the Prussian sergeant killed by Desroches."

"Desroches!" cried Wilhelm; "is this of the Lieutenant Desroches that you speak?"

"Oh, no, no," cried an officer in haste, who perceived there would happen some terrible revelation. "This Desroches, of whom we spoke, was a chasseur of the garrison, who died four years ago, for his first exploit did not bring him good fortune."

"Ah! he is dead," said Wilhelm, wiping his forehead, from which fell large drops of sweat.

Some minutes afterwards the officers saluted him, and left him alone. Desroches, having discovered from the window that they had all withdrawn, descended to the dining-hall, where he found his brother-in-law with his elbows on the long table, and supporting his head in his hands.

"What—in fact, we sleep already? But I wish my supper; my wife has finally fallen asleep, and I am terribly hungry. Come, a glass of wine; this will awaken us, and you will keep me company."

"No, I have a headache," said Wilhelm. "I am going up to my chamber. By-the-bye, these gentlemen have said to me a good deal about the curiosities of the fort. Can you not go with me there, to-morrow?"

"Certainly, my friend."

Desroches finished his supper and then went to take possession of the second bed that had been prepared in the chamber whither his brother-in-law had just gone (for Desroches slept alone, being married only by the civil right). Wilhelm could not sleep during the night, sometimes weeping in silence, at others devouring with furious regards the sleeper, who smiled in his dreams.

What is called presentiment resembles very much the fish who precedes and warns the whales, immense and nearly blind, that here projects a sharp rock or that there is a sandy shoal. We move on in life so mechanically that some characters whose nature is careless, would be injured or destroyed without having had time even to think of God, if there appeared not some tarnish on the surface of their happiness. Some people become sad at the flight of a raven, others without motive, and others again are filled with anxiety on awaking, because they have had a mournful dream. All this is presentiment. You are about to run a danger—says the dream; take care—cries the raven; be sad—murmurs the brain, as it becomes heavy with care.

Desroches, towards the end of the night, had a strange dream. He found himself at the bottom of a subterranean vault; behind him walked a white shadow, whose garments rustled at his feet; when he turned round, the shadow recoiled and finally withdrew to such a distance that Desroches distinguished only a white point, which grew larger, became luminous, filled all the grotto, and disappeared. A slight noise made itself audible—Wilhelm re-entered the chamber, his hat on his head, and enveloped in a long blue mantle. Desroches started from his sleep.

"*Diable!*" cried he, "you have already been out this morning?"

"You must get up," replied Wilhelm.

"But will they open the fort for us?"

"Without doubt. They are all engaged at the exercise. There remains behind only the guard."

"Already! Very well, I am with you—the time only to say good-morning to my wife."

"She is very well; I have seen her; do not occupy yourself about her."

Desroches was surprised at this reply, but he attributed it to impatience, and yielded to a fraternal authority that he intended soon to shake off.

As they passed through the square, on their way to the fort, Desroches cast his eyes on the window of the inn. Emilie sleeps without doubt, said he. Nevertheless, the curtain trembles, is closed, and the lieutenant believed he saw some one withdrawing from the window in order not to be discovered by him.

The wicket was opened without difficulty. An invalid captain, who had not been present at the supper the night before, commanded the post. Desroches took a lantern and prepared himself to lead from hall to hall his silent companion.

After visiting, during some minutes, several points, which seemed scarcely to fix his attention, Wilhelm said:

"Show me, then, the vaults."

"Certainly; but I swear to you, this will be a walk not at all agreeable to me. It is very damp below. Besides, the magazine is beneath the left wing, and there we cannot go without an order from the superior officer. On the right are the water conduits and the unprepared saltpetre; in the middle the counter mines and the galleries—you know what a vault is?"

"No matter. I am curious to visit places where have happened so many sad events—where even you have incurred some dangers, as they tell me."

He will not excuse me, even on such a miserable subject as a cellar.

"Follow me, brother, in this gallery which leads to the iron-bound postern."

The lantern cast on the damp walls a mournful light, which trembled as it was reflected by some sabre blades and musket barrels, partially eaten by rust.

"What are these arms?" asked Wilhelm.

"Those taken from the Prussians, killed at the last attack on the fort, and which my comrades have gathered together as trophies."

"There have been several Prussians died here?"

"Very many, in this circular space."

"Did you not kill here a Prussian sergeant, an old man of tall stature, and having brown moustaches?"

"Without doubt; have I not told you about it?"

"No, not you. But yesterday, at table, they have spoken to me of this exploit—which your modesty had hidden from us."

"What is the matter with you, brother, you grow pale?"

Wilhelm replied in a strong voice:

"Call me not brother—but foe. Look, I am a Prussian! I am the son of this sergeant whom you have assassinated."

"Assassinated!"

"Or killed—what matters! See, here is where your sabre has entered."

Wilhelm had cast aside his mantle and pointed to a rent in the green uniform which he had put on, and which was the identical coat of his father, piously preserved.

"You are the son of this sergeant? Oh! my God, are you not jesting with me?"

"Jesting? Does any one jest with horrors like this? Here my father was killed, his noble blood has reddened these stones—this sabre is, perhaps, his! Take you one of them, also, and give me my revenge for this deed. See, this is not a duel—this is the combat of a German against a Frenchman. *En garde!*"

"But you are crazy, dear Wilhelm. Put down this rusty sabre. You wish to kill me—am I culpable?"

"Besides, you have the chance now of striking me in my turn, and thus it will be double, at least, on your side. Defend yourself, I say."

"Wilhelm, kill me if you will. I am myself losing my senses—my head turns. Wilhelm, I but acted as every soldier must; think then—besides, I am the husband of your sister; she loves me. Oh! this combat cannot be."

"My sister!—the very reason why we cannot both live beneath the same heaven. My sister! she knows all! She will never consent to see again the one who has rendered her an orphan. Yesterday you said to her your last adieu."

A terrible cry escaped from Desroches, who threw himself on Wilhelm for the purpose of disarming him. The struggle was long, for the young man met the attack of his adversary with the resistance of rage and despair.

"Give me your sabre, wretch!" cried Desroches, "give it to me. You shall not strike me, miserable idiot."

"Right," cried Wilhelm, in a suffocating voice, "kill the son also, in the gallery! The son is a German, do you hear—a German!"

At this moment steps were heard, and Desroches let go his hold. Wilhelm, who had fallen to the ground, made no effort to rise.

"These steps were mine, gentlemen," added the abbé. "Emilie had come to the presbytery to tell me all beneath the safeguard of religion, the poor child. I stifled the pity which spake in the depths of my heart, and when she asked me if she could still love the murderer of her father made no reply. She understood me, pressed my hand, and departed, bathed in tears. A presentiment took possession of me. I followed her, and when I learned they had told her at the hotel that her brother and husband had gone to visit the fort, I suspected the frightful truth. Fortunately I arrived in time to prevent a new catastrophe between these two men, crazed with rage and grief."

Wilhelm, although disarmed, turned a deaf ear to the prayers of Desroches; he was overwhelmed with sorrow, but his eye still retained all its fury.

"Inflexible man!" said I to him, "will you awake the dead, and will you bring before us such frightful fatalities as this! Are you not a Christian, and will you usurp the justice of God? Will you become here the only criminal, the sole murderer? The expiation will be made, doubt not—but it belongs not to you to anticipate nor to force it."

Desroches pressed my hand, and said:

"Emilie knows all. I will never see her again. I know what I have to do in order to give back to her her liberty."

"What say you," cried I, "a suicide?"

At these words Wilhelm arose and seized the hand of Desroches.

"No," said he, "I was wrong. It is I alone who am culpable, and who ought to have kept my secret and my despair!"

I will not paint to you the anguish we suffered in this fatal hour. I employed all the reasonings of religion and philosophy without discovering a satisfactory issue from this cruel situation. A separation was indispensable in any case, but what means to make the motives appear just. There would be not only a painful investigation to undergo, but still a political danger in revealing these fatal circumstances.

I undertook above all to counteract the dark projects of Desroches, and to impress on his heart the religious sentiments which make suicide a crime. You know that this unfortunate young man had been nurtured in the school of the materialists of the eighteenth century. Yet since his wound his ideas had changed very much, and doubts had obtruded themselves on his mind as to whether these philosophers were correct in their views. In virtue of this vague religious state, he accepted my consolations.

Some days passed by. Wilhelm and his sister had not quitted the inn; for Emilie had been very unwell after so many rude shocks. Desroches lodged at the presbytery, and read during entire days some pious books I lent him. One day he went alone to the fort and remained there several hours, and on his return he showed me a sheet of paper on which his name was inscribed. It was a captain's commission in a regiment which was about to leave in order to rejoin the Partoneaux division.

We received, at the end of a month, the news of his death, as glorious as singular. Whatever may be said of the species of frenzy which cast him in the conflict, his example was a great encouragement for all the battalion, which lost very many troops in the first charge.

Everybody remained silent after this recital. Each one kept to himself the strange thoughts which such a life and such a death excited. The abbé added, as he rose:

"If you wish, gentlemen, that we change, this evening, the usual direction of our customary walk, we will follow this valley of poplars colored by the setting sun, and I will lead you to Butte-aux-Lierres, whence we can see the cross of the convent into which Madame Desroches has retired."

GOLDSBORO AND THE ARMY OF THE SOUTH.

Goldsboro is like every other community of North Carolina—a cluster of wooden and white-washed habitations, some boasting parlors, none at present vain of its refections; it is smaller than Newberne, larger than Kinston, but what with thousands of riders and teams, and the sweeping Carolina pine-breeze, it is far dustier than both. At every turn the Bedouin wind, a far more rapid campaigner than Sherman, throws dust in the eyes of his opponents.

The pine woods are lurid with the blaze and smoke of camps for miles and miles around. There are none other than pine woods in North Carolina, saving a few rank cypresses which stand on guard at the ditches and swamps. The whole State seems one lonely stretch of pine barrens and swamps, and the March winds roar over a full diapason of the pines. Passing Kinston to Goldsboro, the country is evidently more habitable. Farm domains, each with long patches of blackened stump-fields, are made prim with peach orchards, whose blossoms pink the country round. Pine forests are smoking; fences, running zig-zag, are on fire; trees, burning at the trunk, crackle and fall; underbrush is seared away—thus runs the brand mark of the army all the way to Goldsboro.

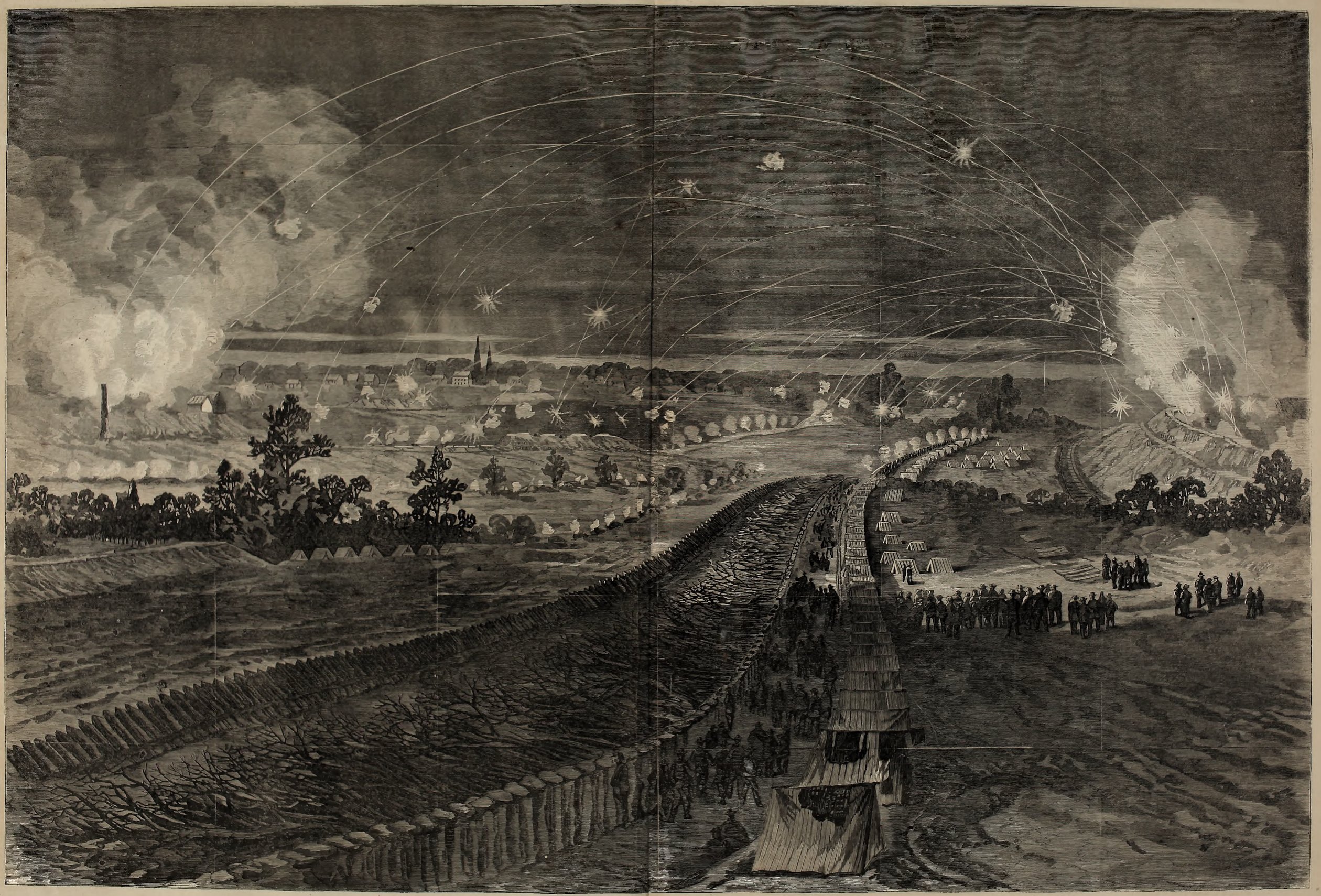
Shaggy outriders are beyond the woods, foraging far and wide for the camps, swooping upon chicken and pig, and, possibly, once in a while pausing at farm-houses to look for a silver spoon. A train of "bummers"—by which name the mounted infantry of the army is contemptuously and inelegantly styled—passes by in procession, bearing cornucopias of forage. The regular forager, however, is not the "bummer." The latter is a kind of scout, with a roving commission to discover subsistence and to bring in news—to live, in short, a perfect freebooter as long as he can be made available for keeping the army in supplies. Approaching Columbia, these shabby cavaliers preceded the army like a swarm of locusts, spreading out on every side and bringing and driving into the military toils all things feasible. They searched houses from basement to garret, and, too seldom, perhaps, spared silver-plate and jewellery. Earth could not hide secreted treasures from the shrewd prod of their bayonets, and no landlord or housewife was too cunning for their cross-examination and search-warrants. In a word, they "ransacked the ages and spoiled the climes," in the miniature scale of the Carolinas.

The deeds of some of these men are unquestionably a blot upon the fair fame of the army; but such conduct was, perhaps, inseparable from the situation, as it is from war itself. South Carolina alone, and especially the neighborhood of Columbia, was fated to endure the rigor of their peculiar scourge. Beauregard found them greatly too many for him. Telegraphed to hold Columbia, he dispatched back to his superior that he had not sufficient force to keep out even the enemy's foragers. Columbia was burnt, but not by the raiders or foragers. The inspiration of that disaster will perhaps be traced to the terrible and inhuman afflictions suffered by some of our soldiers in South Carolina. It was not, however, deliberately incited, but was the work of intoxication, for which pandering Carolinians are to blame.

The aforesaid outriders of the army sometimes met in the swamps and woods of the Columbia region South Carolina ladies who had fled thither in unnecessary terror for refuge. There they were—wild, cold, and wretched—fearful of their created Frankenstein, the imagined devouring Yankee. Some of those ladies may have looked from Charleston towers, and cheered the attack upon the little garrison of Sumter. They were women, and kindness was a patent right of their condition, to which all women may lay claim. But it is nevertheless impossible not to observe how the slow retribution has visited the palace of that Herod's daughter who demanded the head of John the Baptist to be brought to her upon a charger.

An Irishman swearing the peace against his three sons, thus concluded his affidavit:

"And this deponent saith, that the only one of his children who showed him any real filial affection was his youngest son Larry, for he never struck him when he was down!"



THE LAST NIGHT ATTACK IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG, BY THE UNION FORCES UNDER GEN. GRANT, MARCH 31.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE ANGEL AND THE CHILD.

I saw an angel in my sleep,
Pass out o'er the celestial town;
By golden stair and starry keep,
The angel of the Lord came down.

He strolled into purple flame
His pathway through the elysian sky,
The angel of the Lord that came
To where a little child did lie.

I saw their faces, near and clear,
His was the child's, the child's was his;
O babe, the angel gave no fear,
Now you shall taste an angel's kiss!

I looked again, and in my dream,
I saw the angel and the child
Pass hand in hand, athwart the gleam
Of immortal Paradise unbridled.

On to the Throne. They shall behold
The Father, God face to face alway.
Mother, the little limbs are cold;
Your angel baby died to-day!

TOUCHED!

BY C. SHACKELFORD.

(Concluded from our last.

It was late at night when the old-fashioned coach, a load of the vehicles of "long ago," stopped in the middle of the door of the neat little hotel. I found that an accession of visitors had deprived me of my old room, so that I was compelled to occupy an apartment connected with another by a door that was locked and bolted and the key gone. A man who has once been robbed is usually averse of men and things that are strange to him. I had been robbed, and was wary of everything that would permit me to become a victim for the second time.

So I quietly pushed the handle of my toothbrush into the keyhole, carefully examined the light bolt, put my valise and pocket-book under my pillow, and went to bed and to sleep. About two hours later I was awakened by a noise that I believed to be of enough importance to make me bound by some one in the next room tampering with the lock of the intervening door. I was soon convinced of my mistake by the peculiar loudness of the noise. No burglar would have been insane enough to create such a disturbance. I listened and exclaimed several minutes before I was able to divine the cause of these outrageous sounds; then everything was apparent to me. The sound was that of a laughing drunk in my foolishness, and then shutting eye and tried to go to sleep. But that abominable noise did not cease in a hurry. It was not as monotonously loud as ever. Then I began to taste this unconscious sorrow because he had dispelled and utterly destroyed my dream dream, in which I was talking with my love in a lily pond, picking lily-buds, that burst open as we touched them and let forth fairy angels made out of sunshine. And I dreamed that one of these sprites had fallen into the water and was drowning, and that Nettie and I were trying to rescue him with a sheet of gold tissue-paper, when everything, lily-pond, Nettie and sprites, suddenly disappeared at the utterance of this sneeze, and I awoke with a discriminating sense of the effect of sound.

After enduring the noise for nearly ten minutes, my patience vanished, and I became, after a fashion, desperate, regardless of everything except a removal of the cause. I seized one of my heavy shoes, and violently hurled it against the door that separated me from the deep sleeper. There was a sound, half scream, half-groan, then —silence. Delighted with the success of my attack, I went to sleep very easily, perfectly certain whether the sneeze was a large man or a small one—an invalid or a ruffian.

Next morning, while dressing, I could not help laughing at the mark made by my shoe on the door; then I wondered if the sleeper, whom I had roughly quieted, had descended to breakfast. I listened intently, but I heard no sound in the next room. Then I tried the keyhole with my eye, but it was covered on the other side. I was ashamed now of my display of temper, and earnestly wished that I had not been so hasty and violent in my demonstration of annoyance. Dark as it was entering the cause. We contemplate matters very differently in daylight from what we think of them in the night. I, therefore, crushed this feeling, angrily to myself: "George, you have made a fool of yourself, and you cannot help it, so be brave!" and with this resolution to myself I went down into the room a little more carefully than usual, nevertheless.

As I was turning the key in the lock, the door of the next room opened, and its occupant quietly came forth into the passage.

It was my friend, Miss Nettie!

I cannot express the feelings that possessed me when I saw this lady. I was angry with myself and ashamed of my conduct, that made me appear her unpardonable and outrageous. I knew that I must do or say something.

"Miss Merrill," I said, going towards her, and greatly embarrassed, "permit me to try and explain the—"

Before I could utter another wordshe had passed me and was descending the stairs. She never looked at me, but directly ahead, and I should not have believed that she saw me if she had not, in passing, so gathered in her dress as to prevent any possible contact with mine. For a moment I was angry; but my love triumphed over such a base feeling, and I went down to breakfast, confident that, if I could but explain the affair, she would not cherish any harsh thoughts against me.

Miss Merrill, her mother, and a pompous, truculent old gentleman, who was reading a newspaper through gold-rimmed eyeglasses, and rapped loudly with his knuckles every little while for a waiter, all sat at the further end of the table. They numbered just me, laughing and talking together, just as I had finished my meal.

I followed them out upon the piazza, which was the coolest place there as could pass the morning, and where the view of the bay and sea was magnificent. The gentleman gave a few feet above the ground, and faced the principal street. It was the hour when the stage thus runs between Bodlinn and the aforesaid station, four miles distant, should have made its appearance, and I left the dining-room with the intention of waiting its arrival, though the real reason may have been a purpose to speak to the woman whom I loved. She and her mother were seated at the other end of the piazza; and, so far as I could discover, they did not even think me worthy of a glance. I felt assured, too, that the daughter had, by this time, told her mother of my conduct. They must have known of my presence, for I was, at that moment, the only person beside themselves, on the piazza. "So much for using a woman like this and calling in love with her!" I said to myself, sullenly and bitterly. But I was immediately ashamed of such a sentiment, and resolved to address them, apologize for my behavior, and ascertain if we could not again be friends, for even as strangers we had been familiar.

I had taken a few steps forward when I heard my name called, and, looking in the direction of the elegant gentleman with the hard knuckles,

"Now for a tornado of passion," I thought. "He must be the father, knows everything and feels as one has an object upon which to vent his wrath for my disturbance of his daughter's slumbers."

So I folded my arms in a determined manner so as to produce, possibly, an appearance of courageous indifference to all the thunder would say. I drove my cane dust on his coattcore, and he devoted several seconds to brushing it off. He came inquiring, and said:

"Well?"

He took out his handkerchief and tried to polish a grease spot where the dust never would vanish.

"Are you Mr. George Lacie?" he demanded, rubbing his spectacles with his flowered yellow silk handkerchief as industriously as he had the grease spot, and looking at me all the time as if I were a criminal and he my judge.

"I am Mr. George Lacie," I said, wondering of what nature would be his first outburst of his ire.

"Mr. George Lacie, of the Seventh Dallas street?"

"The same."

"Then I am your uncle!" he exclaimed, triumphantly.

"I don't know you, sir—haven't my uncles that you mention dead, and, quickly, thinking the man was trying to impose upon me,

I turned to leave him, but he laid his hand upon my shoulder, and

"Stop, sir!" he commanded, fixing his glasses upon his nose and hesitly regarding me through them, "I am not to be put off in this manner. I am not surprising that you do not know me, for we never saw each other before this morning—not at least consciously. But I am your uncle, nevertheless if I hadn't just rea! your name in the register and asked the clerk to point you out to me."

As he said this he drew himself up, a dim suspicion of his identity stole upon me. I had seen all of my relations, so far as I knew, except one, who had sent me, years before, a letter, which I read immediately after my father's death. My uncle, who had never seen me nor I him. I am afraid I have not before mentioned the latter circumstances looks, and he recognised something, some change in my face or manner, that gave him annoyance.

"I see, sir, you are he demanded, as if I were his son or his servant.

"What sir, me? I—I—I think, you are my uncle, sir."

"Most certainly."

"I remember that an uncle of mine once wrote to me a letter—such a letter, it was, as might be expected from his majesty the King of the Canadas. He signed his name Merrill, and he was an uncle that I had never seen, and—"

"Never want to see!" he interrupted, with a look that I knew he would have given me had he said the words with a mock mournfulness that made me smile. "But, by Jove! I have forgotten. We had best shake hands, I suppose," and he held the end of the porch. Forget what I wrote, he friends and come along with me and be introduced. The rest of the affair, as it may be called, came from there last night, and am going back to-morrow. Come along."

I did not speak these last words the stage, followed closely by a light open buggy, in which were two men, came rapidly down the street.

"Wait a minute, please," I called, wishing to have a little time for preparation to meet the woman whom I loved, and to whose free pardon the way now seemed clear and hopeful.

I stepped myself on the railing around the porch and waited the coming of the crowded stage. A glance showed me that the ladies were leaning forward and gazing. My uncle stood at my side, hands clasped in hand, and with an appearance of curiosity visible in his motions and face.

The men had left the buggy, and, standing in the walk, were watching, very keenly, as I thought, the passengers that came out of the coach. I could not tell why I became so exceedingly interested in the actions of these two dark-complexioned men. It may have been because my curiosity was excited by their refusal to have their horse taken to the stable; or perhaps it was because of their watchful actions; their waiting as the coach, their very presence, that showed that more pleasure had not brought them to this little out-of-the-way village. I watched them and the other travellers. The first one that emerged from the coach was a pale and feeble boy of sixteen, followed by his mother; then an old lady, with the inevitable handbox that old ladies carry; then a gentleman and lady and little girl; last of all there appeared a spruce, dandyish fellow of about twenty-eight years of age.

As he stepped for a second on the step of the stage, his eyes glanced towards the porch, and he nodded his head to the ladies, who suddenly arose and came towards where I was sitting. I heard Miss Nettie ask:

"What can have brought my husband down here so suddenly, papa?"

And the old gentleman growled out:

"How can I know his whims? He's probably on his pleasure tour."

I heard these words from man and woman, and felt a terrible pain in my heart.

Without a word or warning word and through my own blindness, I knew that I had loved and did love the wife of another. I did not dare to turn my face and look, though I knew that she was beside her uncle. But while these words had been spoken, and just as the young man had reached the ground, I saw the two men first look into each other's faces and then step forward right into his path.

They spoke to him in a low voice, and I saw that his face grew white. A hand was laid upon his arm; but he gave another glance towards the porch, then, with the quickness of thought, raised his light bamboo cane, with its heavy knob of lead, and struck the larger of the men to the earth. Then he sprang back into the buggy—and was gathered in his hands.

But the little, lithe man was just as sudden in his movements. He seized the horse's bits with one hand, while the other held a revolver that was ominously pointed at the head of the fugitive leader.

"Get out of that and come here!" ordered the man, as he cocked the pistol. And as the other obeyed, and stood by the sidewalk, he found that the wounded man was waiting for him with a glittering wristlet of steel, with which he pinioned the right hand he dealt him such a powerful stroke.

All this action was of a minute's duration; it was quick, active, masterly work. I heard a faint moan—the cry of a wounded heart—and turned to find that my uncle's daughter had fainted and fallen into my arms. The scene was very evident. They—father and mother—gently carried her into the house, and left me alone with my thoughts. I had not time to be alone, so I went down to where the men and their prisoner were standing, surrounded by a group of curious people.

"What does all this mean?" I asked of the man who had been struck with the cane.

The question was repeated, patting an unsightly cut on the face with his handkerchief. "Mean? This 'ere villain mean? Why, he's a thief, sir. It looks ugly, don't it?" removing the handkerchief.

"It certainly is a bad cut; and you ought to have it dressed immediately. But why did you get it?"

"Because he carried a loaded cane and used it. That's evident!"

"You do not understand me. Why have you arrested him?"

"Oh, beg pardon, sir! Well, he's arrested for a robbery. We've been waiting for him two days for the reason that we've been informed by the stage-stated before we knew exactly whether he was in it—and he wasn't in it when it first started. Then we've been waiting for a chance to put the chap to be took. I didn't think it of him," and he gave a sort of admiring look at the prisoner that elicited his cheek as if in applause of his liveliness.

"Would you tell me his name and whom he robbed?" I inquired, faintly. I was curious to know the crime of the husband of the woman I loved.

The detective took a slip of paper out of his pocket, saying:

"I think I have his name. I always go by description, though. Yes, here it is. Yes! here it is. Sheldon—Fred. Sheldon. Robbed Geo. Lacie, merchant, of $5,000. Will staying at Bodlinn. Description—Good looking, couldn't find him in the city; but we thought that, sooner or later, he'd steal down to his wife. You see! He's trapped, you see, John"—turning to his companion—"let's leave!"

"Wait a minute!" I said. "What have you done with the money, Sheldon?" I asked, going up to him. "I would like to know; for I am Mr. Lacie."

"Did it!" was his surly answer.

"Take your time!" I suggested. "The money will do you no good when you are in the penitentiary."

He did not reply.

I went into the hotel to make arrangements for an immediate departure. My uncle came to me.

"I have seen Fred," he said, "and found out what I didn't know before—that he had married. He is a rascal but he is the husband of my stepdaughter, whom I dearly love. Let me give you back the money, and you give him his liberty."

"That would be unjust to myself and to my partner, I do not—"

The door opened, and Sheldon's wife—a woman very dear to my heart, though she was the wife of another—ran into the room and knelt beside my chair.

"Mercy!" she begged, taking my hand in hers, "mercy for my husband—for myself!"

I felt hot tears fall upon my hands.

"Do not make two lives wretched," she pleaded.

"Yes, it shall be mercy. Your husband shall be released.

I felt her lips touch my hands.

Her, sorrowing woman, she did not know, never knew, how madly I loved her, and how gladly I would have done a hundred times as much to make her happier. I freed myself from her grasp and rushed from the room.

I had Sheldon released. With my sorrowful heart and self-respect—impressed in my heart, yet struggling for liberty, I returned that morning to the city—to live alone a cheerless, hopeless life.

CLOUDLAND.

I'm a home in cloudland,
The rivers run o'er golden sand;
And all that strength the dark pines stand
Round my home in cloudland.
The roses are blowing,
The fountains are flowing,
'Tis always midsummer in cloudland.
No dews o'er weeping,
No shadows e'er creeping,
Near my home in cloudland.

I've a guest in cloudland,
One rare knight at my command,
Who'd gird at Death for my white hand,
And dwell with me in cloudland.
Soft music is playing,
And we two go straying,
Deep in the cloud beds of cloudland.
Where elf chimes are ringing,
Strange melody dinging
Around my home in cloudland.

ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "HEMANON'S VICTORY," "AURORA FLOYD," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—MR. HILLARY SPEAKS HIS MIND.

AFTER that meeting in Hyde Park, Francis Tredethlyn came very often down to the Cedars, so often as to engender a vague uneasiness in Miss Hillary's mind. She knew that he loved her. If that sudden flashing out of the study had not occurred to reveal the fact, Maude must have been something less than a woman had she been blind to so much devotion that was tendered by every look and tone of her adorer. She knew that he loved her, and that he had done battle with his own heart and with a blind and ignorant fate, before he could bring himself to the point of unconditional submission to the dictates of his unacknowledged love. She did not know that Julia Desmond had taken good care to inform Francis of that engagement, and that the young man's pride had driven him to his delicious torture. She did not know this, and all that womanly compassion which was in her nature, that gift which makes every child she moved itself in the impulsious relief of bare-faced tramps and vagabonds about the Twickenham lanes, had its pampering of that unknown pet dogs and canary birds, all her womanly pity, I say, was aroused by the thought that she was loved, and loved by a man so honest and handsome.

Thus it came to pass that she could no longer endure the sense which events were taking, and which she forced upon speaking to her father. They had dined alone one bright June evening—they were not often thus together now, for Mr. Hillary had taken to the habit of inviting visitors from London, and the ponderous mutton and croquet-playing young ladies inflicted a good deal of their company upon Maude. They had dined alone, and Miss Hillary seized the opportunity of speaking to her father upon that one subject which was being occupied her thoughts.

"Mr. Tredethlyn comes here very often, papa," she said, breaking ground very gently.

Mr. Hillary sighed as he gave a little wring as it were behind the claret jug, from which comfortable shelter he replied to his daughter's remark:

"Often, my dear! I suppose he does spend a good deal of his time here. I am glad that he should do so, as he is an excellent young man, a noble-hearted young fellow, the best friend I have in the world."

Mr. Hillary was a long time filling that one glass of claret, and his face was quite hidden by the crystal jug.

"Yes, papa, he is very good; but do you think it is quite right—you may wish to invite him so often?"

"Right—wise?" cried Mr. Hillary; "what, in the name of all that's absurd, can you mean by talking of the right or wisdom of an invitation to dinner? The young man likes to come here, and I like the young man, and like to see him here. That is about all that can be said upon the subject."

Maude was silent for some moments. It was very difficult to discuss this question with her father, but she had grown familiar with difficulties within the past few months, and was no longer the frivolous girl who had known no letter cause of anxiety than the uncertain health of her Skye terriers. She returned to the charge presently.

"Don't pape, I am sorr— sorry you about this business," she said, gen— but there are such peculiar circumstances in our acquaintance with Mr. Trevlethyn; we are under so deep an obligation to him, and—"

"And on that account we ought to shut our eyes in his face, I suppose!" exclaimed Mr. Hillary, with some show of impetience. "My dear Maude, what mare's nest have you lighted upon?"

"It is so difficult for me to explain myself, papa, you can never imagine how difficult. But I think you ought to understand what I mean. When Julia was here, Mr. Trevlethyn's name was quite natural, and I was always glad to see him; but it is very awkward now to him for the loan of that money which resulted in the breaking of Julia's engagement. I cannot forget that night, papa; nothing but desperation would have prompted me to appeal to Francis Trevlethyn, and now that we are under this great obligation to him, I feel that we are bound to him by a kind of duty. We have, at least, no right to deceive him."

"Deceive him! Who does deceive him?"

"Willingly, no one. But he may deceive himself, papa. Even Julia does not so speak ill of Francis. Upon the night on which I appealed to him for that loan he told me that he loved me, even almost as we had supposed Julia loved him; he was something in his manner that convinced me of his sincerity, though I was shocked at the want of honor he showed in such a declaration. But now that this engagement to Julia has been broken off, indirectly through my agency, he may think it likely that—"

"He may think it likely that you would be wise enough to accept one of the last fellows that ever loved for your husband. Is that what you mean, Maude?"

"Papa!"

"Oh, my dear, I have no doubt you think me a cruel father, because I venture to make such a suggestion. But surely, Maude, you cannot have been blind to the many more than friendly devotion every first is been obvious to any one gifted with the smallest power of perception. John Desmond was ruined by her consummate coolness to inveigle the poor fellow into a false position; but in spite even of that foolish engagement, he has been a friend to us, Maude, from the time I have seen it, and have counted, heaven knows how fully, upon a marriage between you and him."

"You have done this, papa, and yet you know all about Harcourt," exclaimed Maude, reproachfully.

"I have that you were a foolishly sentimental girl, ready to believe in any yellow-skinned young Corsair like Crichton, who could write pretty speeches, and criticise the newest Italian opera, or a dramatic poem. But I know something more than this, Maude; I know the state of my own affairs, and that my only hope for you lay in a wealthy marriage."

"And you thought that I would marry for money—you could think so meanly of me, papa!"

"I thought that you were sensible, high-spirited girl; and that when you came to know the desperation of the case, you would show yourself of the true metal—as you did that night at Brighton; as you did when you asked Trevlethyn for the loan that saved me from ruin."

Lionel Hillary paused, and his daughter, as he spoke, and grasped that of his daughter. In the next minute she was by his side, bending over him and caressing him, and likely it was the nearest to dawn dimly upon Maude Hillary that perhaps this father, whom she loved so dearly, was not the noblest and most beautiful of men; but that such knowledge had come to her, it had only intensified the tenderness with which, from her earliest childhood, she had regarded that fond, indulgent father. The experience of sorrow had transformed and exalted her nature; and she was able to look upon Lionel Hillary's weakness as implying regret, rather than with feelings of contempt or indignation.

"Dear papa," she said, very gravely, "you and I love each other so dearly, that there should be no possibility of any misunderstanding between us. I can never marry Mr. Trevlethyn, feeling that he is good and generous-minded and simple-hearted; I feel the extent of our obligation to him, and would pay it with my life, if by this means that I am fearful lest my false impression may arise in his mind. Pray, dear papa, that she will not misunderstand me, and do not become here so often—at any rate, not until you have been able to repay him his money, not until the burden of your obligation has been removed from me."

Lionel Hillary laughed aloud.

"Not until the money has been paid! I'm afraid, in that case, Trevlethyn will stop away from this house for many months to come."

"A long time, papa! But you told me that you would be able to repay the twenty thousand pounds," said the girl, with a beaming eye.

"And I dare say I shall be able to pay the money some day. Such a loan as that is not repaid in a few months, Maude. How should you understand these matters? The twenty thousand pounds went to fill a yawning gulf in my business, and I must be hard as sayer to me to get the same amount of money back out of that gulf as it would for a single diver to bring up the treasures of a wreck from the sea."

Maude sighed wearily. It seemed as if a kind of net had been woven round her, and that she suddenly found herself in the centre of it, unable to move.

"Papa," she cried, "you don't mean that Mr. Trevlethyn's money is lost?"

"Lost! No, child; but it may be a very long time before I shall be able to pay him. If you were not so foolish as to throw away one of the noblest hearts in Christendom—to say nothing of the fortune that goes along with it—there would be very little need for me to worry myself about this money."

"Oh, I understand, papa. If I were Mr. Trevlethyn's wife, you would not be obliged to pay the twenty thousand pounds," said Maude, very slowly.

"I should not be tormented about it as I am now. Say no more, my dear; you don't understand these matters, and you distress me nearly mad with your questions about my affairs."

"Forgive me, papa. No, I don't understand—I can't understand all at once; it came so strange to me."

She bent her head and kissed her father on the forehead, and then left the room very slowly, leaving him alone in the still summer twilight, with a belated wasp buzzing feebly amongst the dust and flowers of the table. Maude went to her own room, and sitting there in the dusk, shed some of the bitterest tears that had ever fallen from her young eyes. The discovery of her father's love with regard to her had humiliated her to the very dust. The idea that Francis Trevlethyn's loan would never be repaid was torture to her for the sense of honor—torture which was rendered still more poignant by the recollection of her own part in the transaction. Would he ever be paid? Would that money, for the loan of which—and never more than the loan—she had supplicated her friend's son, ever be returned? She turned over he returned to the generous young man who had so nearly lent it? Her father had said that he was not in the least in love with her, and from his manner that had motivated the effect of his words. To Maude Hillary's mind the idea of a very severe punishment to the latter kind, and for which she herself was responsible. Twenty thousand pounds! All those figures in the ledger appeared to swim in a great sea of confusion as she thought of that terrible sum—twenty thousand pounds, which she was to see again and again, and which were no longer an heiress to whom money was dross. She was a penniless, helpless girl, and one of the most penniless girls, by reason of her inexperience of poverty.

She thought of Harcourt Lowther, and his image appeared to dance before her eyes, clothed in such a bright and pleasant thing to look at, but with no promise of help, no inspiration of hope, no pledge of coming to her assistance.

"Perhaps papa is right after all," she thought, "and Harcourt would scarcely care to burden himself with a penniless wife."

She was ashamed of this brief treason against her lover almost as soon as the thought had elapsed into her mind. She was ashamed of her as if there could be no security of any happiness upon this earth.

"I will tell Francis Trevlethyn the truth about myself," she thought: "he shall not be deceived as to anything in which I am concerned. He shall know of my poverty and my helplessness."

Maude did not go down stairs again on that night, nor did Mr. Hillary send for her, as it was his wont to do sometimes when he was lonely. He may be that he scarcely cared to encounter his daughter after that conversation in the dining-room, which had left upon her young mind such a dread of the father of Mr. Capulet's class, who could order his daughter to marry the County Paris at a few days' notice, or, in the event of her refusal, bid her run in the streets of Verona. But from the very first he had been bent upon bringing about a union between Francis and Maude, and he could not possibly over the girl's resolute rejection of any such alliance.

"And what would become of her if I were to die to-morrow?" he thought; "and what is to become of my business if I fail to secure a rich partner?"

ATTACK ON PETERSBURG.

On sketch represents the heavy bombardment of Petersburg in the last night attack. The military history of the world presents nothing more momentous than the siege of Petersburg, which began on the 15th days of April. While to the Lieut.-General is due the credit of conducting the campaign, yet that gallant soldier, Gen. Z. Sheridan, will ever belong the ever-memorable Army of Shenandoah, by indomitable courage, skill, persistence and energy, carried out the plans of his chief. Driven back on Friday, and unable to carry the position on the Saturday, he renewed the attempt in the efforts, and on Sunday he gave the coup-de-grace to the rebellion. The fall of Richmond was not unexpected, but nevertheless much overrated strategic point. Robert Edmund Lee, a man, who of all others, with the exception of Jefferson Davis, is responsible for the miseries for having traitor to his native land and native government.

The discovery of the already famous bronze colossal statue of Hercules, in the courtyard of the Farnese Palace, in Rome, has stimulated to further search on the same locality. The recommencement of excavations, by apparently colossal marble statues have been discovered, and the probability is that many more of the statues are embedded will for some time present themselves. Portions of a colossal foot and leg, of fine bronze, drapery, have also been found, and it is hoped the entire figure may be recovered.

The aesthetics of eating are not well understood. It is regarded too much as a purely physical necessity, as a function whose highest office is to sustain life. Eating should be considered as based upon a good eater as partaking somewhat of the nature of the fine arts, and as capable of being made to rise, involving in a greater or less degree something de-finitely artistic in the social and spiritual nature. The French take a more liberal view of the matter, and their cooking has become a science, the dinner-table a place of intellectual recreation, where the social faculties may be cultivated, and the soul as well as the body refreshed. Their cookery, their festal customs, their writings which touch upon the preparation of dishes, point to this idea. With them cooking and dining have become fine arts, and their professors artists, almost rivalling poets and painters in the esteem which is accorded to them. This view, though capable of being carried to an extreme, is certainly more rational than one more casual one, and the people who entertain it are by living according to that a man may be a gourmand without being a glutton.

QUEEN BESS.

An ancient narration of what it cost Queen Elizabeth for her board, is headed, "A declaration, or brefe collection of one year's expense for all the ordinarie dinners and suppers, with her Majestie breakfast, and breakfaste for the guard, furnished with bread, beere, ale, wyne, sweete meates, and with all manner of victuals of flesh and fish, rated according to the markett prices, at highest and lowest, as there is a moderate what the change of one season of everie dieet is in one dealer, and one to another." The total of fish and 143 fish days, and then for 365 days, being one whole.

"Her Majestie's dieet for breakfaste, dinner and supper is at 6s-8d-day cost £41 7s. 4d., or for 120 days £270 16s. 8d.; on a fish-day £3 cost £9 11s. 0d., making, for 120 days, £12 0s. 8d.; the total amount for the year being £3,564 19s. 8d."

Pretty well for the Queen's Majesty, the difference in the value of money being taken into account, and the cheapness of provisions in those days.

Each of the seven principal officers must had a separate table, the allowance to each being the same, the total cost yearly for each being £66 13s. 6d. The same is to be observed as to the subsequent orders of the Household below:

Lord Steward, Lord Chamberlain, Mr. Treasurer, Mr. Comptroller—A dieet of ten, and ten dishes, dinner and supper for every day, at 5s. 6d.; for one day, £2 15s.; total for one year, £1 0s. 3-4d.; total for one year, £1,002 15s. 0d.

The Ladies of the Privy Chamber, Lady Howard, Wife of Baron, Mr. Cofferer, Mrs. of Household—A dieet of seven, and seven dishes, dinner and supper for every flesh day, £1 14s. 6d.; for one fish-day, £1 8s. 11d.; total for one year, £1,002 15s. 0d.

Two Clerks of the Kitchen—A dieet of six, and six dishes, dinner and supper for one flesh-day, £1 2s. 6d.; for one fish-day, £1 1s. 9 1-2d.; total for one year, £1,002 15s. 0d.

Gentlemen Ushers, Chaplains and Sergeants, Present Surveyor of Queen's Works, Clerk of Kitchen, Sewer, Cooke—A dieet of five and five dishes, dinner and supper for every flesh-day, £1 1s. 6d.; for every fish-day, £1 0s. 9 1-2d.; total for one year, £1,002 15s. 10 1-2d.

The Ancient Gentlemen, Yeomen, Grooms, Purveyor, Clerk of Spicery, Almoner, Master of Horse, Mr. Cofferer, Mrs. of Household—A dieet of seven, and seven dishes, dinner and supper for one flesh day, £1 14s. 6d.; for one fish-day, £1 8s. 11d.; total for one year, £1,002 15s. 0d.

Master Cook, Sewer, Carver, Server, and four Cofferers—A dieet of four, and four dishes, dinner and supper for one flesh day, £1 0s. 6d.; for one fish-day, 19s. 6d.; total for one year, £1,002 15s. 0d.

Master of Revels, Master of Game, Clerk of Signet, Clerk of Council, Surveyor of Queen's Buildings, Footmen, Messengers, Physicians, Apothecaries, Barber, Surgeon, Master Cook, Sewer, Carver, Server, Cofferers, Yeomen, Grooms, Purveyor, Clerk of Spicery, Almoner, Master of Horse, Mr. Cofferer, Mrs. of Household—A dieet of two, and two dishes, dinner and supper for one flesh-day, 14s.; for one fish-day, 12s.; total for one year, £1,002 15s. 0d.

Master of Revels' Chamber, Lady Wethersbury's Chamber, Mr. Secretary's Chamber, Signet, Council, Surgery, Wardrey, Chaundry, Pitcher-house, Almery, Laundry—For 20 flesh-days, 20s.; for 143 fish-days, £7 3s.; total for one year, £340 3s.

Bakehouse, Pastry, Scullery, Confectionery, Spicery, Ewery, Buttery, Chaundry, Pitcher-house, Almery, Laundry, Larder, Poultry, Kitchen—For one flesh-day, 10s.; for one fish-day, 6s.; total for one year, £170 5s.

Maids of Honors' Chamber, Lady Wethersbury's Chamber, Mr. Secretary's Chamber, Signet, Council, Surgery, Wardrey, Chaundry, Pitcher-house, Almery, Laundry—For 20 flesh-days, 20s.; for 143 fish-days, 7s.; total for one year, £340 3s.

Bakehouse, Pastry, Scullery, Confectionery, Spicery, Ewery, Buttery, Chaundry, Pitcher-house, Almery, Laundry, Larder, Poultry, Kitchen—For one flesh-day, 10s.; for one fish-day, 6s.; total for one year, £170 5s.

The Guard—A dieet of one dish, served once a day: for one flesh-day, 2s. 6d.; for one fish-day, 2s. 3d.; total for one year, £168 17s. 6d.

Bellfounder, Master Gunner, Clerk of Ordnance, Clerk of Stuff—A dieet of one, and one dish at dinner and supper: for one flesh-day, 4s.; for one fish-day, 3s.; total for one year, £67 10s. 3d.

"The summe of all the dietts is £16,451 18s., over and besides cocke, lardid and sweet wine, butter, spice, brewing, chandlery, haberdashery, tipcookes, cooks, coal, cottages, expenses extraordinarie, supplies and necessaries in all other offices, as Almonrie, Scullerie, Pastrie, Bakehouse, Buttrie, Cellar, Pantrie, Ewrie, Larder, Kitchen, Saucerie, Confectionerie, Acatrie, Woodyard, Scalding-house, Poultrie, Larder, Privy Kitchen—A dieet of three, and three dishes, dinner and supper for one flesh-day, 10s.; for one fish-day, 6s.; total for one year, £170 5s.

Master of Horse's Chamber, Lady Wethersbury's Chamber, Mr. Secretary's Chamber, Signet, Council, Surgery, Wardrey, Chaundry, Pitcher-house, Almery, Laundry—For 20 flesh-days, 20s.; for 143 fish-days, 7s.; total for one year, £340 3s.

Bakehouse, Pastry, Scullery, Confectionery, Spicery, Ewery, Buttery, Chaundry, Pitcher-house, Almery, Laundry, Larder, Poultry, Kitchen—For one flesh-day, 10s.; for one fish-day, 6s.; total for one year, £170 5s.

A MONGOL DWELLING.

It is simply the habitation of a Mongol family, and is of the most primitive permanent construction than the ordinary travelling tent. It consists of a frame of light trellis work covered with thick felt, as circular in form, with a conical roof and door, but many that, as hole in the apex of the roof lets out the smoke from the fire over which the food is cooked. The door is left open at night, when the fire is out, and before the inmates are astir in the morning, the hole is covered up. I do not measure the height part of the wall of the tent, but it is under two feet, and you cannot enter without stooping. The tent is about 12 feet in diameter. A piece of felt hanging from the top forms a door. The whole is made light so as to be carried about and put away close. They have no bedding, but keep generally in their clothes, merely loosing their girdles. In addition to the tent, the Mongol is allowed from his rank, which they call "mulching." Such are the dwellings of the Mongols, and to these they attached no luxuries that even when they live in settled communities, as in Pekin, where they are obliged by the Chinese to reside in houses, they still stick to their yurts, merely enclosing them in a high wall enclosing. In the case where the navy did not meet with a single instance of a Mongol tent was a Mongol tent, and what was the use of such a tent?

The Mongols are very superstitious, and certain rules of etiquette have to be observed in riding up to and entering their tents. You must not ride up to the door, but canter the door, for to order a yurt with a whip in the hand is a sign of hostility. Should the master of the house explain this almost in the words: "Am I a dog that you should approach my tent with a whip in your hand?" There is a right and a wrong way of approaching the door. You must not ride up to the door, but out one occasion the uppermost branch of the rein on the left side of the horse's neck, and ride round to the left. The head of the house was outside his yurt when we arrived, and he was the only person we saw during the whole day, but the only response we got was a volley of questions. Why had we come? Were we Russians? repeated in rotation times, as much as to say: "Mongols? Then we will have none of you." We would have left them at once, but ignorant of the rules of civility, which I have since learned, we remained. Would you like to know how you ought to conduct yourselves the gentleman, you had better go round to the back of the house, and there you would find a—but I'm sure, for one house we can communicate your ignorance of these matters.

The furniture of a Mongol yurt is very simple. A chest for the clothing of the family of the four is the only furniture. A huge flat iron pan for cooking, or, if the people are large and rich, a huge cauldron, a small stove, and every one's fireplace, by which means they can cook anything and everything they like at the same time. A house to hold milk, and a good large jug with a spout for the same purpose, and for the convenience of boiling it at the fire while the big pan is on, completes all the kitchen and table service. Each person carries his own wooden cup, or cup, in his bosom, and so much, is ready to partake of whatever is going anywhere; and his small pocketknife, by which he can cut up the joints of another. A wooden box serves as a wardrobe for the whole family. No tables or chairs are necessary, and I found no trace of a solid service. These, with a few mats on the ground, for squatting on by day and sleeping on by night, complete all the social furniture of a yurt.

A GAMBLER.

Among the innumerable anecdotes related of the sum of persons at play, there is one worth relating, which refers to a Mr. Forrest, a gentleman, who, in the reign of Queen Anne, possessed one of the best estates in Northumberland, the whole of which he lost at hazard, in 12 months. According to the story told of this gentleman—for we will call him nothing else—when he had just completed the loss of his last acre, at a gambling-house in London, and was proceeding down the stairs to throw himself into a carriage to convey him home to his estate in the north, he perceived upon having one more throw to try to retrieve his losses, and immediately returned to the room where the play was going on. Servants for the moment being in haste, he insisted that the person he had been playing with should give him a dice box and one solitary throw with him. His proposition was this: That his carriage and horses, his house, and most money in his pocket, his town house, plate and furniture, everything he had left in the world, should be valued in a lump at a certain sum, and be thrown at a single cast. No persuasion could prevail on him to depart from his purpose. Immediately upon the confronting the winner to the door, he told the coachman that he was to return and marched forth into the dark and dismal streets, without home or home, or any other available means of existence. He was, however, invited to an obscure lodging in a cheap part of the town, by a person who had been a constant attendant at the gambler at a billiard table, and occasionally as a helper in divers pastimes, at which the former was skilful. Here he remained during him in the time, exposed to the most severe hardships of the poor, and once even came to the verge compelled by an old friend, who gave him 10 shillings to purchase necessaries. He declined the proffered assistance with the remarking five in possession of the chance of winning back more than he had lost, and then subjected to one of the higher order of honors, he returned to the gaming-house, and, for the first time during the next night, he lost it all, was once more penniless, and after some days died in abject penury and a ragged beggar in St. Giles's.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A tailor sent his bill to a lawyer for money; the lawyer told him to call again. He did so, and he was running away, but very busy at that time. The boy became saucy, and said to the lawyer, "Master, you said you'd tell your master," said the lawyer, "that it's not convenient to pay it!"

"Yes, sir," answered the boy; "but he bade me tell you that the was not."

Lord Clare, who was much opposed to Curran, one day brought a Newfoundland dog upon the bench, and, addressing the counsel, said, "Curran, I named seide and caressed the animal. Curran stopped.

"Go on, Curran," said the judge.

"O, I beg a thousand pardons," was the rejoinder. "I would suppose your lordship was employed in consultation!"

A retired cheesemonger, who lasted any allusion to the days when he had exhibited, said to Charles Lamb, in course of discussion on the poor Laws, "I am not for doing away with, sir, that I've spent a sort of stuff which you peels call the 'milk of human kindness.'"

Lamb looked at him steadily, and replied: "Yes, I am aware of that; you've turned it all into cheese several years ago!"

Petronella's favorite supper—Grist!

It is Neither Savage nor Civilized.—"Little men in lofty places there long shadows, because our sun is setting."

"Why do you wonder your troubles begin, When knocked without, and blockhaded within."

Breeding of trust—trowsers on credit.

A Chinese thief, having stolen a mission-ary's watch, was sent back to him the next day, to show how to wind it up!

A Colonel of one of the Bengal regiments was recently standing at a review, when, struck with the ignorance and inattention of the officers, he was obliged to call out to make duty of the soldiers, but he: "I am my own master, my own captain, my own commander-in-chief, my own everything else."

"Your own trumpeter," said a lady present.

The new Isle of Man is petroleum.

It seems that a lawyer is something of a conjurer. In a trial, a pig, with a spade in its snout, got up a case, frame an indictment, engaged a jury, put them to a trial, a witness, hammer a judge, bore a court, and other like things.

Severe Persecution.—The rapidity with which freezes.

"Marriage," said a fretful husband, "is the greatest lottery in the world."

"Yes," replied his wife, "and you men are the grave-diggers."

How many letters would a fellow have to put into the post before he may be said to have "put in the world?"

A woman who has plainness of countenance must not indulge in the luxury of plainness of speech.

A man lately died in Boston, who, after his burial was charged by a policeman; but before he could be arrested the body was found to trace of where it had been discovered. The report, however, is said to have reached the ears of the coroner.

A toast given a few years ago for the shoe and leather manufactures: "May they have all the wax in the country and the whole calf to boot."

The man who could not "trust his feelings" is supposed to do business strictly on the cash principle.

At a colored ball the following notice was posted on the door of the ball room: Coats. No gemman admitted unless he comes himself."

The ladies greatly surpass the best artillery. They carry balls a great deal farther.

What is the color of a scream? Yell-bo, of course.

A short sentence with a long ending—you be hanged!

How to keep on good terms with creditors—pay them.

There are to be five eclipses during the present year, two of the sun, one of the moon, and one of the Confederacy—the latter visible all over the world.

There is a matter which greatly interests many people—it is the consequence of marriage between relations. All know the ideas that are commonly entertained on this subject, both in England and in France, but M. Vedelin, of Bale, communicated to the last meeting of the Academy the results of 48 marriages contracted by cousins of different degrees, from which it appears that all these marriages have been fecund, that the offspring live and grow well developed and in good health—in fact, some of the evil consequences which have been attributed to intermarriage have been found to spring from these unions.

VIEW OF GOLDSBOROUGH, N. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

SCENE IN THE CAMP OF THE 1ST MICHIGAN CAVALRY, ON THE MORNING AFTER THE BATTLE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



HORRIBLE DEATH OF A NUMBER OF FIREMEN AT THE CONFLAGRATION OF THOMAS STREET, BROOKLYN, APRIL 6.—THE ROOF GIVING WAY AND PRECIPITATING THE VICTIMS AMONG THE RUINS OF THE WAREROOMS UNDERNEATH.

GOLDSBORO, N. C.

THE stirring events of the last four years have called into importance many a place only known to its neighbors or found in the gazetteer. Among these is that of which we give a sketch on page 76. Goldsboro', a neat village, is the capital of Wayne county, North Carolina, and is situated on the Neuse river, where it is crossed by the Wilmington and Weldon railroad, 50 miles southeast from Raleigh. It is a very modern town, the first house having been built in 1841. Its birth it began to improve rapidly, until it was, at the breaking out of the present rebellion, one of the most flourishing towns in the State.

The public buildings are new, and remarkably handsome, while steam vessels can ascend to the city with perfect safety. It is the eastern terminus of the North Carolina railroad. Till recently it had three newspapers, and two excellent seminaries, one for males and the other for females. The latter edifice, the most prominent in the sketch we engrave, was used by the rebels, with its numerous outbuildings, as a hospital, and is still used by the 14th corps for that purpose. The courthouse of the town is seen a little to the left of the centre. Its population was about 3,000. It has recently been occupied by Gen. Sherman's army.

HERTFORD, N. C.

This pretty and thriving little town is a post-office of Johnson county, and was the scene of a desperate struggle between a portion of Gen. Sherman's army and the rear of the rebel army on the 31st and 23d of March. Our Artist has given a spirited sketch of a brilliant dash upon the rebel army by a division of the 17th corps, commanded by Gen. Mower. Our Artist speaks with great admiration of the dogged valor of a rebel Captain, who refused to surrender his gun. A sharp encounter ensued between him and one of the Union soldiers, in which the unfortunate rebel got his brains dashed out with the butt end of a musket. The defeat of the rebels is very much attributed to the brilliant charge made upon the rebel lines, by which their right was flanked. When our troops entered it was found that the retreating rebels had fired a large quantity of resin and turpentine. The flames, were, however, subdued before all was destroyed.



SOLDIERS PULLING DOWN OLD HOUSE AT WILMINGTON, N. C., TO MAKE ROOM FOR THE LINE OF WORKS JUST CONSTRUCTED.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN
In Richmond.

THE 3d of April will be long remembered by the inhabitants of Richmond, for on that day President Lincoln entered the rebel capital, just vacated by the mock President Jeff Davis and his broken and dispirited army. Our Artist says: "The President looked pleased, but was evidently not quite recovered from his recent illness. His reception by the crowd was most enthusiastic, of course none of the prominent rebels were there, the assemblage being composed of about an equal proportion of the contraband race and the white. Richmond presents a most melancholy aspect, as so much of the city has been burnt. The principal business part of it is in ruins. There appears to be considerable difference of opinion by whose orders it was fired, one party openly denouncing Brookmidge for giving the order to apply the torch to all the tobacco warehouses as well as the public buildings; while others assert that he tried to avert the calamity. The balance of evidence, however, is against him. After President Lincoln had driven through the principal street, he proceeded to the deserted mansion of the arch-rebel and held a kind of extempore levee, the principal officers being introduced to him by Gen. Weitzel. This elevating ceremony being over, he entered a carriage and was driven through several portions of the city.

"He remarked to some gentlemen present that had he been in stronger health he would have raised the Stars and Stripes over the Capitol with his own hand."

The correspondent of the New York *Tribune* thus describes this interesting event: "President Lincoln's visit, coming so soon after the occupation, was a matter of intense interest to the entire population. Crowds—thousands—rushed out for a glimpse of his tall figure, as he walked into the city, attended by a few friends and an escort of a score or two of soldiers. The enthusiasm was, however, confined to the negroes, the foreigners, and exceptional Virginia-born citizens. But the joy of the negro knew no bounds. It found expression in whoops, in contortions, in tears, and incessantly in prayerful ejaculations of thanks. The President proceeded to Gen. Weitzel's headquarters, the late residence of Jeff Davis. I do not imagine he went there for the sake of any petty triumph, but simply because it was the headquarters of the General commanding. Many officers and citizens of Richmond came to pay their respects after which he rode about the city. He slept on board one of the gunboats, and afterwards returned to City Point.

"Among the first to seek an interview with the President was Judge Campbell, one of the three Commissioners whom he met at Fortress Monroe. The interview lasted half an hour, and was followed by a second of longer duration the following day. It is known that Judge Campbell considers the whole business of the rebellion, and is only striving for terms. To what extent he is authorised to act for Davis and Lee I do not know, nor is it known what was the President's response."

FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE
In Brooklyn.

On the 6th inst. a fire broke out in the building, No. 99 Furman street, Brooklyn, and extended to No. 95, entirely consuming the contents of both. These edifices were warehouses, and supported upon their roofs the "hanging gardens" of Brooklyn Heights. A number of firemen endeavored to stand the flames from above, going up the hill into these superincumbent gardens for the purpose, when the iron girders gave way from the heat, and five of the men were precipitated into the blazing ruins and burned to death. Four more were dangerously injured.



BURNING OF A ROSIN AND TURPENTINE STILL, BY SHERMAN'S ARMY, AT BENTONVILLE, MARCH 22.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

RECEPTION OF
The News of the Fall of Richmond in New York.

As soon as the news of the evacuation of Petersburg and the occupation of Richmond by the Federal forces was received in this city, on the morning of the 3d April, a meeting was held on Wall street, in

front of the Custom House. Hon. Simeon Draper presided, and read the dispatches from Washington conveying the intelligence.

Patriotic resolutions were then offered by Mr. Prosper M. Wetmore, and adopted with enthusiasm, and it was determined to celebrate the great event in a more deliberate and elegante manner at an early day.

At the tables were also made by Judge Davis, L. E. Chittenden, of the United States Treasury; Peter Cooper, Esq., George Francis Train, Esq., R. B. Connolly, Esq., the Hon. E. G. Ferris, the Rev. W. H. Boole and others. The speech of Mr. L. E. Chittenden, late Register of the U. S. Treasury, appeared to be especially comfortable to the crowd, having reference to the authentic value of our national currency.

The meeting adjourned at three o'clock, with the singing of the doxology, in which the crowd joined.

The Post-Office was decorated with flags, and had a power put up, on which was printed the following notice:

MAILS FOR RICHMOND WILL CLOSE
AT
ORDERS FROM GEN. GRANT.

Salutes were fired in the City Hall Park and in front of the New England Rooms, No. 135 Broadway.

In the evening the theatres of Washington were illuminated, among them being the New York Press and Tribune buildings, Tammany Hall and Barnum's Museum.

OFFICERS, SOLDIERS AND CITIZENS!

Genuine Gold Rings.

All the Army Corps Rings in 16 Karat Gold, richly Enameled (Stamped and Warranted) at $3 and $4 each. Also, 100 different styles of every size—Plain, Enamel and Jewel—at from $12 to $18 each. Sent by mail. Send stamp for Circular. Address S. P. DEGRAAF,
13 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

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Treating on "Psychologic Enchantism," showing how any person of either sex can fascinate, win the undying love, and marry any person they wish, irrespective of age or personal appearance. Sent by mail for 50 cents, by H. BLOKE & CO., BOX 5,063, Portland, Maine.
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Look Here, Boys!

My Golden Compound will force the Beard to grow on the smoothest face in 21 days or money refunded in every case. Sent to any place by mail for $1. Address
DR. FRANKLIN, Calhoun, Ill.
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$3 "Officer's Watch." $10

Sent free to any part of the country on receipt of price. We have "no Agents" who use our trade mark and sell "cheap" for our prices.
CATELY BROTHERS, 826 Importers,
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$10 "WATCHES." $15

SOLDIERS, SAILORS, EVERYBODY, send for our Descriptive Circular. Address
J. T. BRIDGES & CO., "Solo Importers,"
498-5 No. 625 Broadway, N. Y.

GREAT GIFT SALE
OF
Watches and Jewellery!
WORTH $1,000,000!
CONSISTING OF
WATCHES, CHAINS, BRACELETS, SETS OF JEWELLERY, RINGS, LOCKETS, GOLD PENS, &c., &c.

All to be Sold at ONE DOLLAR EACH!
WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE.

Certificates of the various articles are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and mixed; and when ordered, are taken at random, report to chance, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. On receipt of the Certificate, you see what you have, and then if you like your option to send the Dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Locket and Ring, or any set of Jewellery on our list, for $1. Certificates forwarded by mail upon receipt of the price as follows:

1 Certificate.....$ 1 00
11 do 5 00
30 do with a valuable Gold Pen 10 00
65 do do Set of Jewelry 20 00
100 do do Watch.....or $ 50 00

We will send one Certificate for 25 cents.

In all cases the money must be sent with the order, and as there are no Blanks, you are sure to get the worth of your money.

Agents wanted, to whom we offer liberal inducements.
Address A. B. ROWEN & CO.,
26 Beekman Street, N. Y.

Beauty—Hunt's White Liquid Enamel,

prepared by Madame Rachel Leverson, 37 Bond Street, New York, is unrivaled, without the least particle of lead, arsenic, or other poisonous ingredient, perfectly pure and transparent to the complexion, and in its effects natural, without the slightest injury. It is also warranted to remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Sunburn, etc., leaving the skin fresh, clear, delicate, on receipt of price, 50 cents. Address
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183 South Seventh Street, and 41 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.
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Also, CANE and WOOD SEAT work, all qualities; HAIR, HUSK and SPRING MATTRESSES, a large stock
ENAMELLED CHAMBER FURNITURE, in sets, from $25 to $100.

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One Ream first-class double thick Note Paper.....2 00
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Seven-Thirty Loan.

These Notes are issued under date of June 15th, 1865, and are payable three years after date, in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

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The interest amounts to

One cent a day on a $50 note.
Two cents " " $100 "
Ten " " " $500 "
20 " " " $1,000 "
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Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions, and the next installment will be required to 15th June next will be paid in advance. This is

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IMPORTERS
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Our Whole Stock of Imported Watches, being of rich and novel designs, durable and correct timekeepers, are offered at the unprecedented price. Single Watches at Wholesale rates.

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OUR BRITISH ARMY OFFICERS' CHRONOMETER, containing a Rare and *Wonderful Combination of Mechanical Effects*, combining which in its reasoned adaptation to the machinery a beautiful and *correct working* Timekeeper, is accurately adjusted *Jewelled* and mounted in miniature, sunk in Dial, and a *Reliable Calendar*, indicating day of month, week, etc., in a space between the Watch a perfect System, HEAT AND TIME INDICATOR. The beautiful delicacy of this valuable Watch is to be discussed in *Finely Finished* DOUBLE HUNTING, *Maple Sytung & Blue Case* (the centre being of fine 18 Karat Gold, inner cases of *Solid Gold Compound*), Richly Engraved top and Bottom, with Fancy Centre, Turned Neck, movable Pendant Bow, and Fancy Push Spring. *Jewelled, English Improved Lever Action*, Key, Case, *Chain, Watch Guard and Bonne Safe-string Chain*, Richly Engraved Gold Plated Vest Chain, Gold Plated, Polished Steel Cut Heads, and is an *Exact Imitation of a Solid Gold Watch*, and is sold to *Officers, Soldiers and Officers of the* BRITISH ARMY. Note: Genuine unless Stamped "CATELY BROTHERS," and Signed on the case, all complete, with Case, Key, &c., sent anywhere by mail, $10.

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WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELLERY, GOLB PENS, BRACELETS, LOCKETS, RINOS, GENTS' PINS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, STUDS, ETC.,

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Stereoscopic Views and Cartes de Visite. 1,000 different kinds. Send stamp for a Catalogue.
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A charming, delicate and perfect natural color for the cheeks or lips; does not wash off or injure the skin; remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Price $1. 18 cents by mail, securely packed from observation. HUNT & CO., Perfumers,
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The West Indian Hair Curler, warranted to curl the most straight and stiff hair, on the first application, into short ringlets or waving massive curls. Sent to any address on receipt of $1. Address
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$650,000 Worth of

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One Million Dollars!
To be Disposed of at One Dollar Each!!

WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE! NOT TO BE PAID FOR UNTIL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO RECEIVE!

Splendid List of Articles! All to be Sold for $1 each!

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150	" " with Bells and Castanets	200 " 500
500	Silver Teapots and Coffee Urns	20 " 50
500	" Chafing Dishes	30 " 100
1,000	" Ice Pitchers	20 " 50
2,500	" Syrup Cups with Salvers	20 " 50
5,000	" Goblets and Drinking Cups	5 " 50
3,000	" Castors	15 " 50
2,000	" Fruit, Card and Cake Baskets	20 " 50
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5,000	Dozen Silver Tea Spoons	$10 " 20
10,000	" " Table Spoons & Forks	20 " 40
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250	Gents' Gold Hunting-case Watches	$50 to $150
250	Ladies' Gold and Enameled-case Watches	35 " 70
500	Gents' Hunting-case Silver Watches	35 " 70
200	Diamond Rings	50 " 100
5,000	Gold Vest and Neck Chains	4 " 30
3,000	" Oval Band Bracelets	4 " 8
5,000	Jet and Gold Bracelets	6 " 10
2,000	Chatelaine Chains & Guard Chains	5 " 20
7,000	Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4 " 10
5,000	Coral, Opal and Emerald Brooches	4 " 8
5,000	Mosaic, Jet, Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 " 8
7,500	Coral, Opal & Emerald Ear Drops	4 " 6
4,000	California Diamond Breast Pins	2 50 " 10
3,000	Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys	2 50 " 8
4,000	Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides	3 " 10
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10,000	Gold Pens, Silver Extension-holders and Pencils	4 " 10
10,000	Gold Pens and Gold Mounted Holders	6 " 10
5,000	Gold Pens and Gold Extension Holders	15 " 25
5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Buckles	5 " 15
5,000	" " " " Hair Bars and Balls	5 " 10

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No. 167 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

Announce that all the above list of goods will be sold for *One Dollar* each.

In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, through the war having cut off the supply of cotton, a large quantity of Valuable Jewellery, originally intended for the English market, has been sent off for sale in this country, and MUST BE SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE!

Under these circumstances, ARRANDALE & CO., acting as Agents for the principal European Manufacturers, have resolved upon a *Great Gift Distribution*, subject to the following regulations:

Certificates of the various articles are first put into envelopes, sealed up and mixed; and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance.

On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you are to have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewellery on our list for ONE DOLLAR.

Send 25 Cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for 10; and a hundred for $15.

Agents.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered for them, provided their remittance amounts to One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents by every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage Stamps. ARRANDALE & CO.,
167 Broadway, New York.

What the "Press" say of Us.

Great Gift Distribution.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings, silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 167 Broadway. They have an immense stock of articles, varying in value, and all are offered for $1 each. The distribution is very fairly done—you agree to take a certificate of a certain article, enclosed in an envelope, and are not required to pay your dollar unless you are satisfied with the article, which will certainly be worth more than that amount, and may be $50 or $100. An excellent mode this of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Times, New York City, Feb.* 19, 1865.

Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we believe them to be every way worthy of public confidence.—*New York Scottish American Journal, June* 11, 1864.

We have inspected, at the office of Arrandale & Co.'s Agency for European Manufacturing Jewellery, a large assortment of fashionable and valuable jewellery of the newest patterns. We also noticed a large quantity of silver-plate, and understand that the whole of these newly-imported articles are to be disposed of on a novel principle, giving great advantages to buyers, and affording extensive employment to agents. We know the firm in question to be a very respectable and thoroughly worthy of public confidence, and recommend our friends to read their advertisement.—*New York Albion, Sept.* 3, 1864.

By Messrs. Arrandale & Co 's arrangement, the advantages must be on the side of the customer, for he has everything to gain, and nothing comparatively to lose. He knows what he will get for his dollar beforehand, and he need not send it if he is not satisfied.—*New York Weekly News, Aug.* 6, 1864.

Employment for Ladies.—The most eligible and profitable employment we have heard of for ladies is the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution" of Arrandale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this way, not only filling her own purse, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom she sold the Certificates, as will be seen from our advertising columns. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged.—*New York Sunday Mercury, Aug.* 14, 1864.

In our columns the reader will find an advertisement of Arrandale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches, jewellery and silver-ware. In payment of that advertisement we received several sets of the jewellery advertised, and we are warranted in saying that, both in finish and quality, they quite exceeded our expectations. They turned out to be just what they had been represented.—*True Democrat (Lewistown), Aug.* 17, 1864.

The British Whig of Kingston, C. W., says, Nov. 26, 1864, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some 20 articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

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To get a Fine Watch or some Fine Piece of Jewelry or Silver Ware, at a cost of ONLY ONE DOLLAR!

The Rich and Poor Treated Alike.

95,000

Watches, Chains, Sets of Jewelry, Diamonds, Gold Pens and Cases, Lockets, &c., &c., &c.

TO BE SOLD FOR

95,000 DOLLARS

AND VALUED AT

750,000 DOLLARS!

We shall sell all these articles at ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to cost, and in no case to be paid for until you know what you are to get.

		EACH
100	Gold Hunting-Cased Watches	$100 00
100	Gold Watches	65 00
200	Gold Ladies' Watches	35 00
500	Silver Ladies' Watches	20 00
500	Assorted Diamonds, Pins, Rings and Sets, from	$20 00 to 100 00
500	Guard, Vest and Chatelain Chains	10 00 to 20 00
1000	Silver Open Face Watches	15 00 to 20 00
5000	Vest, Neck and Guard Chains	5 00 to 15 00
3000	Mosaic and Jet Revolving Brooches	4 00 to 7 00
3000	Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 00 to 7 00
3000	Coral, Emerald and Opal Brooches	4 00 to 7 00
8000	Gold Pens, Extension Silver Cases	5 00 to 10 00
5000	Gold Pens, with Silver Mounted Holders	5 00 to 10 00
3000	Coral, Emerald and Opal Ear Drops	4 00 to 7 00
9000	Mosaic, Cameo and Band Bracelets	2 00 to 10 00
4000	Gent's Breastpins and Watch Keys	2 00 to 8 00
3000	Miscellaneous Articles	2 00 to 7 00
3000	Sets of Bosom Studs	2 00 to 7 00
3000	Sleeve Buttons	2 50 to 7 00
5000	Plain and Stone Set Rings	2 50 to 7 00
7000	Lockets	2 00 to 15 00
7000	Sets of Ladies' Jewelry	3 00 to 15 00
5000	Ladies' Belt Buckles	5 00 to 15 00
5000	Silver Napkin Rings	5 00 to 12 00
5000	Silver Fruit Knives	5 00 to 10 00
3000	Silver Cake Baskets	15 00 to 20 00
4000	Silver Castors	12 00 to 25 00
3000	Ladies' Hair Balls	5 00 to 10 00
5000	Ladies' Gilt and Pearl Combs	5 00 to 10 00

SINGLE CERTIFICATES 20 CENTS EACH.

We shall sell all the above goods at $1 each; 95,000 Certificates of all the different articles will be put into envelopes, sealed up and mixed. When ordered, will be taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. Upon receipt of the Certificate you can see what you are to have, and forward a dollar for the article or not as you please.

We shall charge in all transactions by mail 20 cents for each single Certificate. We will send 8 for $1; 15 for $2; 40 for $5; 100 for $10. Address
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15 John street, New York.

Shults's Curlique, for Curling the Hair. Price, by mail, $1. Warranted. Address
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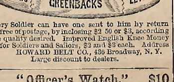
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Every Soldier can have one sent to him by return mail, free of postage, by inclosing $2 50 or $3, according to the quality desired. Improved English Knee Money Belt, for Soldiers and Sailors, $2 and $3 each. Address
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Large discount to dealers.

$8 "Officer's Watch." $10

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$16. WATCHES. $16.

A Splendid Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, Small Size, White Dial, Spade Hands, Good Timer, sent by mail or express for $16. Same Watch, German Silver, for $15.

Bosom Studs, fancy patterns	$1 00
Vest Chains, " "	2 00
Sleeve Buttons, different designs	1 50
Swinging Crosses, 75 cts. Ladies' Jet Pins	75
Band Bracelets, plain and engraved	1 00

These Goods are of the finest quality, and in point of brilliancy and finish unsurpassed by the finest gold. The above will be sent immediately on receipt of price.
Address FORWARDING AGENCY,
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Golden Hair Curler,

That will Curl the most stubborn hair into Wavy Ringlets and will last six months. Price $1 by mail.
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GOLD PENS.

PEN AND PENCIL CASES.

Also Manufacturers of Bard & Wilson's Patent Angular-Nib Gold Pens.
JAS. B. BARD, Agent, No. 22 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
Repointing Pens, 50 cents. Send for Circular and Price List.

GOLD, $3—SILVER, $1 50



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Showing each Division. By the Single One, 100 or 1,000. Send for Circular. Address
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No. 6478	drew	$100,000
No. 15077	"	50,000
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Seventy-five per cent. premium paid for prizes. Information furnished. The highest rates paid for Doubloons and all kinds of Gold and Silver.
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Six Dollars from Fifty Cents.

Agents, come and examine Invention, or Samples sent free by mail for 50 cents. Retails for $6 easily. R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, New York. 473-524

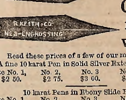


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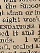
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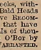
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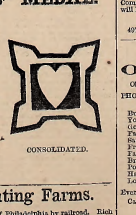
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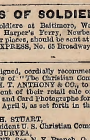
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No. 500—Vol. XX.] NEW YORK, APRIL 29, 1865. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 10 WEEKS $1 00.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Assassinated Good Friday, 1865.

BY EDMUND C. STEDMAN.

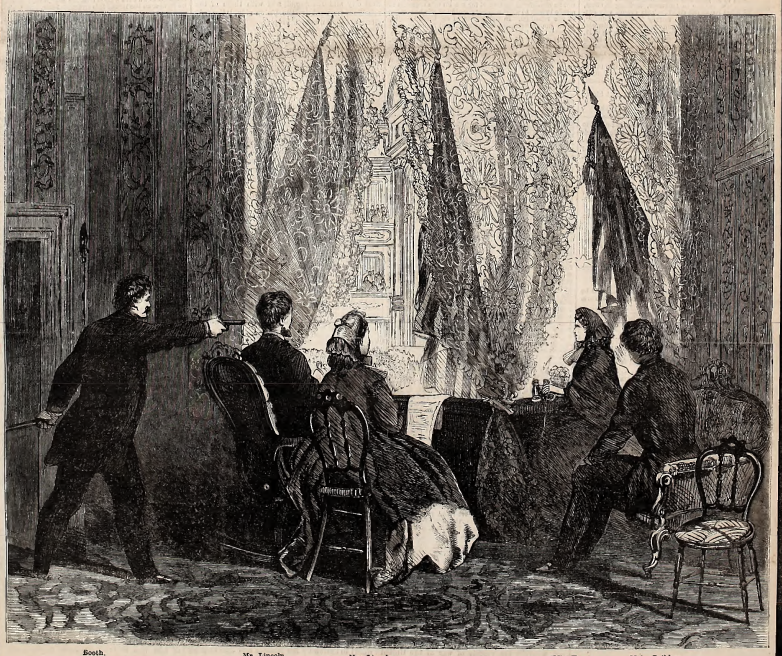
"Forgive them, for they know not what they do!"
He said, and so went shriven to his fate—
Unknowing went, that generous heart and true.
Even while he spoke the slayer lay in wait,
And when the morning opened Heaven's gate
There passed the whitest soul a nation knew.
Henceforth all thoughts of pardon are too late;
They, in whose cause that arm its weapon drew,
Have murdered MERCY. Now alone shall stand
Blind JUSTICE, with the sword unsheathed she wore.
Hark, from the eastern to the western strand,
The swelling thunder of the people's roar:
What words they murmur—PETER, NOT HER HAND!
SO LET IT SHUT, SUCH DEEDS SHALL BE NO MORE!
N. Y. Tribune.

The Martyr President.

On the 14th of April, 1861, the flag of the United States went down on the beleaguered walls of Fort Sumter. Its little garrison of seventy men succumbed to the thousands traitors who had been permitted to pile up, unmolested, battery on battery around it, and the treason nursed so long in South Caroline had there its first triumph. The rebellion, then commenced in cowardice, ended on the fourth anniversary of that eventful day in assassination. Every step in its progress had been marked by some crime more heinous than the last. Persecution and murder of men and women for their adhesion to the flag of their fathers; Fort Pillow massacres; systematic starvation of Union prisoners; plots to burn crowded cities, and to dash railway trains down precipices, to say nothing of wholesale incendiarism on the high seas, have been among the common incidents of the war on the part of the South, and have passed into history as the characteristics of the rebellion. But one thing was necessary to complete the deep damnation of the monster treason of the 19th century. That hideous culmination was achieved on the night of April 14th, 1865, when ABRAHAM LINCOLN, the loved and honored head of the nation, was slain by a rebel assassin! Slain while unarmed and unsuspicious, slain from behind, with every incident that could lend a darker hue to the atrocity of the act. Almost at the same moment, a maimed and wasted statesman, helpless on a couch of suffering in a dimly-lighted sick chamber, was assaulted and stabbed by another foul emissary of the monster crime! Nor was there a single accessory of cowardice and brutality wanting here. Nothing indeed was wanting in the design, scope and execution of both acts, to invest them with a character more horrid and repulsive than attaches to any similar events in the wide annals of murder! The commencement, the progress, and the close of the rebellion—treason, wanton barbarity, assassination! Unrelieved by a single trait, lightened up by no single act of generosity, it stands in history one black, hideous blotch on civilization and mankind! Posterity will regard it, even through the haze of time, with a shudder, and parallels for its atrocities will only be found in the records of the darker days of the French Revolution, or in the bloody traditions of Dahomey!

Abraham Lincoln has joined the noble army of Freedom's Martyrs. "Christ died to make men holy; he died to make men free!" When that great, kind, expansive heart ceased to beat, humanity lost not alone its first representative man, but mankind lost its truest and best friend. Even the red-handed, dismayed and shrinking traitors of the South found room in his broad sympathies, and a mercy there which perhaps encroached on God's first attribute of justice. Passing strange that the two men highest in position in the nation, and most disposed to leniency and forgiveness, were those that this hell-born treason selected for its last and most distinguished victims! Did Heaven order that its ultimate act should be to shut fast and bar for ever the half-opened door of national sympathy? Did Providence frown on the possible weakness that would condone treason and betray the cause for which five hundred thousand of our brothers have died and still fester in unconfined graves!

Far be it from us to attempt lightly to interpret the inscrutable ways of the Almighty, but



ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN IN HIS PRIVATE BOX AT FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON, APRIL 14.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, ALBERT BERGHAUS.

it seems to us that His right arm has been so often made bare in this long and direful struggle that we may humbly, reverently and in confidence seek to know the meaning of this great and unexpected visitation. Let each man reflect for himself, and act on the faith which those reflections may inspire. The death of Mr. Lincoln brings to the Presidency a man intimately acquainted with the origin, the spirit and the history of the rebellion, who knows its secret springs, and has an experimental knowledge of its character and purposes superior to that of any man living. It brings to the head of the nation and the control of its power a man annealed, and whose predominant characteristics are stern determination and inflexible justice. His career and history have shown him to be a man of undaunted courage, untiring perseverance, fixed adhesion to principle, and warm sympathy with the elevation of mankind and the vindication of its rights. A single and venial error alone tarnishes the bright escutcheon of Andrew Johnson of Tennessee, and to *that* the eyes of the nation are now and will be for ever closed. Mr. Johnson will call around him men who have vindicated their capacity in the different branches of public service or in the walks of private life, and who possess the confidence of the country, and we have full faith that his Administration will rank in dignity, statesmanship and loftiness, as well as firmness of policy, with the best of our history. Under it we feel sure we shall not, through mistaken concessions and the dictates of a weak sentimentality, slip back into the slough from which we have just emerged. The prize won at such cost of blood and treasure will not be allowed to fall from our grasp for want of nerve in the Executive arm.

All that was mortal of Abraham Lincoln, the man of the people, the tried but always faithful President, will soon be consigned to the grave; but that grave will be the Mecca of a great nation, and will divide the reverential tribute of mankind with that which has made Mount Vernon holy, and a shrine before which all good men bow, as before the symbol of our faith and the emblem of our salvation.

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Easter Monday. Grand Gala Week! Holiday Attractions. Afternoon at 3; and Evening, at 7½. First time in America of an intensely interesting Drama, grand in conception, impressive in language, thrilling in effect, entitled THE ORANGE GIRL. This drama was successfully performed in the Surrey Theatre, London, where it attracted thronged and appreciative audiences. Extravaganza Dance by Tony Denier. Morning at 11, THE BOONE FAMILY COMBINATION, from the Royal Colosseum, London. They will appear in Classical Readings, Comic Songs, Duets, Dialogues, etc., in character. Prof. Hutchings, Lightning Calculator. Woodroffe's Bohemian Glass-Blowers, Two Glass Steam Engines in motion. Fifty life-size Moving Wax Figures. Fat Woman, Giantess, Circassian Girl, Living Otters, Grand Aquaria, a million Curiosities.

Grand National Poultry, Pigeon and Rabbit Show, April 28. $500 Premiums.

Admission, 30 cents; Children under 10, 15 cents.

The attention of our readers is respectfully invited to the advertisement of Messrs. S. M. WARD & Co., which will be found in another part of this paper. We are personally acquainted with the members of this firm, and can vouch for their responsibility in all business arrangements which they make, as we have a thorough knowledge of their mercantile integrity and their full ability to meet all obligations. This notice, of course, is intended for such of our readers as have no acquaintance with this firm; to all who know them no recommendation is necessary.—*Army and Navy Gazette.*

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ARTISTIC ACCURACY.

WE present to our readers below conclusive and unsolicited evidence of the accuracy of our engraving of the scene at the deathbed of President Lincoln:

WASHINGTON, D. C., 453 10th street,
Sunday, April 16, 1865.

We, the undersigned, inmates of No. 453 10th street, Washington, D. C., the house in which President Abraham Lincoln died, and being present at the time of his death, do hereby certify that the sketches taken by Mr. Albert Berghaus, Artist for LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, are correct.

HENRY ULKE, JULIUS ULKE, W. PETERSEN, THOS. PROCTOR, WM. T. CLARK, H. S. SAFFORD.

The President and his Policy.

THE sentiments of President Johnson have now a value and significance which did not attach to them ten days ago. We present below an extract from a speech made by him from the steps of the War Department, in Washington, on the 3d of April, at an impromptu meeting, on the occasion of the receipt of the news of the fall of Richmond. It will be seen that he is not one of those who prate and potter about peace and the reconstruction of the "Union as it was," nor does he concede anything to those word-formulas, through which adroit treason now seeks to mislead and deceive the public mind, allay apprehension and soothe the nation into the most fatal of concessions, namely, that treason is not the most heinous of crimes, and above all others deserving of severe and condign punishment, but a weakness perhaps, possibly a folly, but at worst a venial offence easily excusable. The loyal people of the United States view with equal disgust and dismay the spread of these heresies, and they will rejoice to learn, from President Johnson himself, that they find no tolerance with him. If Toombs, Davis, Benjamin, Breckinridge and their fellow-conspirators escape punishment, then indeed has "justice fled to brutish beasts, and men have lost their reason." On the occasion referred to Mr. Johnson spoke as follows:

"It may not be entirely out of place for me to state that at the commencement of this iniquitous rebellion I was one who entered the service, not as a three months, a six months, a twelve months or a three years man, but as one enlisted for the war or during the struggle for the suppression of the rebellion; and I trust it will not be considered egotistical for me on this occasion to allude briefly to what was my position at the beginning of the rebellion. In the Senate of the United States, when the conspiracy was matured, and Senators were retiring from their seats, when I was called upon to say what I would do in the matter, my reply was that Gen. Jackson, while President of the United States in 1832 and 1833, declared that traitors should be hung as high as Haman's gallows, and then he would put his foot upon treason and crush it out. That old man now sleeps in the tomb, and were it possible to communicate intelligence to the dead, and he could be made to know that traitors and treason were rampant in the land, it would cause him to turn in his coffin and burst its lid, and rise from the tomb and shake off the habiliments of the dead, and again reiterate that memorable sentence, that '*The Union of the States must be preserved.*' When asked what I would do, I said I would arrest them as traitors, I would try them as traitors, commit them as traitors, and hang them as traitors. And in this connection I will say that, taking into account the persecution, oppression and banishment from all that is sacred and dear to men, that the traitors—that is, the leading traitors, who have deceived and involved the nation in this diabolical rebellion—*I should say that their reward should be the halter and gallows.* I repeat, that conscious, intelligent, leading traitors should suffer the penalty of death. And, on the other hand, to the people who have been deluded and misled, I would extend leniency and humanity, and an invitation to return to the allegiance they owe to the country. We have the gratifying intelligence to-day that the outpost of the Southern Confederacy has been taken. In addition to that the gates of the citadel have been entered by our victorious forces. May we not infer that it is a rebuke of Divine Providence against a proud and imperious class when we see that their city was entered by colored troops? In this great cause of human freedom it is the pride of my life that I have been permitted to participate in labors that have, under God, tended to achieve this glorious result. And while I have been laboring to remove this disturbing element from the country, I trust I may be permitted to say I have labored equally well for the emancipation of the white man as for the sable sons, and acknowledge the supremacy of the Constitution and obedience to the law. We have intelligence by the telegraph that our flag waves in triumph over the dome of the Confederate Capitol. May not I be permitted, on this occasion, to indulge substantially in the language of another, in referring to the Stars and Stripes of our country, which now waves in triumph, that it may continue to rise higher and higher, until it meets the sun in his coming, and may departing day linger and play upon its ample folds. But I did not intend, gentlemen, to speak or occupy your time half so long as I have, and I will now, in conclusion, tender you my sincere thanks for this manifestation of regard and respect that you have displayed in calling upon one who so little expected it on the present occasion. But permit me, in conclusion, to propose three cheers for the President of the United States, his Cabinet officers, and the gallant officers, and especially to the soldiers, who have fought our battles, and achieved the victories out of which comes this day's rejoicing. I would say, in this connection, that while the functionaries of our Government have done much in carrying out the war, that it is the people that have constituted the former, and through their functionaries have put down this, the most gigantic rebellion the world has ever seen. My opinion is, it is the work of destiny, and I am compelled on this occasion to recur to the old *ad captandum* saying, or, as considered by some, that 'the voice of the people is the voice of God,' and that their voices being reflected through the proper channels, that has saved and preserved, and will perpetuate the Government through all time. I repeat, I thank you, gentlemen, for this kind manifestation of your regard and respect."

AT the outset of the war most foreign nations (all of them sympathising more or less with the rebellion), taking advantage of Mr. Seward's blunder in declaring certain Southern ports in a state of blockade, instead of declaring them closed to commerce, hastened to concede what is called "belligerent rights" to the rebels—that is to say, to recognise them as on an equality with the United States in all belligerent matters. And they issued orders in council, decrees, edicts and what not, whereby the vessels of war of the United States and the piratical craft of the South (most of them built, fitted, manned and armed in their own ports), were put in a common category as regards entering their harbors, repairing, coaling, etc. But it is a little wonderful that all rigidity of rule was waived in case of Southern cruisers (heaven save the mark)! while they were sternly enforced as regards the war vessels of a powerful and *friendly* nation. Well, this sort of pretended neutrality has gone on up to this time, until the rebellion has not got a single merchant-vessel-burning craft on the seas, except the Franco-Dano-Hispano monster, the ultimate designation of which is "Stonewall." The President has made up his mind that this Aminadab Sleek sort of neutrality on the part of our trans-Atlantic friends shall cease, and has issued his proclamation declaring that all war vessels of foreign nations shall be treated in our ports precisely as ours are treated in theirs. If insults and "pains and penalties" are to be inflicted on our ships, and through them on us, we shall pay off the treatment "in kind." It is a case of Jonathan showing his teeth, and if our enemies (for we do not suppose we have a Government in Europe that is our friend) like the looks of the "ivories," they can easily prove their quality. We are glad the President has taken this step while our army and navy are intact, and before the suggestions of economy, the love of peace, and the possible occupation of the public mind in the question of reconstruction shall have turned men's thoughts from foreign affairs, which are always of secondary importance. If any nation wants a war with the United States, it can by gratified on the shortest notice, and on the smallest kind of a pretext. Blood's up! and we stand no nonsense! Away with your "belligerent rights," cant and humbug, and own up late, but in time, that all your selfish sympathies, secret collusions, open aid and wanton and disloyal conduct against us, have been alike unavailing to break up the American Union. Treat us again as "great and good friends," and we will agree, however strong may be the temptation, not to imitate the conduct of the worthy Sacristan in the Ingoldsby Legends, who "put his thumb upon his nose and spread his fingers out." We may consider that kind of diminutive gymnastics appropriate, but will, nevertheless, accept with such gravity as the circumstances will permit, and past events justify, any "assurances of distinguished consideration and profound respect" that trans-Atlantic Governments may offer. With the lights of the past we shall not mistake their value, nor fail to appreciate their sincerity.

IN the reports of the battles before and around Petersburg which terminated in the downfall of that city and Richmond, and with them of the rebellion, we read, on the Union side, "the only General killed was Winthrop:"

"What? Laurel round the flag?
Then there's a victory won;
But what the price? What stars have sunk
With the setting of the sun?

"No stars, but heaps of slain,
And men of much renown,
The wearer of one hard-earned star
Has gone to wear a crown."

IT was all very fine to kill the fatted calf for the son who had simply gone off, *without* trying to burn down his father's house, and *without* trying to drive a bayonet into his breast. But if he had exerted his utmost power, in the most malignant spirit, to do both these things, to say nothing of starving and murdering his brothers, the poetical beauty of killing the fatted calf and going out to meet the errant child with open arms, might suffer a slight derogation.

A correspondent of a daily evening paper pithily says:

"We are taught those who turn and repent shall be forgiven; but what shall we do with those who have cut down their fellow-citizens unarmed because they were true to their country? What shall we do with those who, from malignant hate, have deliberately tortured our prisoners to death? What shall we do with men who, with oaths of fealty and to support the Constitution, sat long years in Washington planning and plotting treason? Shall these men who have, in the face of their oaths to support the Constitution, devoted every energy to its destruction, be allowed with pride, pomp and power to come back and sit in Washington side by side with the men whose son was starved in rebel pens? Shall those who first stole the guns and munitions of the United States, and then used them against their owner and proprietor to kill and destroy, be trusted to command loyal men?

"Old King David tried a very able general, one who never lost a battle, named Joab. On a certain occasion the king's son had raised a rebellion to take the crown and dethrone his good old father. Joab was disposed to take the responsibility of dealing with traitors a little after his own fashion. So when Absalom was found fast in the boughs of an oak he shot a few darts through his heart.

"When David mourned over the death of his son more than he rejoiced in the faithfulness and valor of his troops, and the stability of his throne, Joab, in language very pithy but slightly profane, remonstrated with the king, and said: 'Thou hast shamed this day the faces of all thy servants which have this day saved thy life and the life of the sons, in that thou lovest thine enemies and hatest thy friends.'

"I hope the Government officers at Washington will consider seriously whether a man who has violated the oath of office once can be safely trusted, when his wishes and designs have undergone no change, and he stops his treason merely from inability to carry it further.

"Shall the traitor who helped hunt his Union neighbor through swamps with bloodhounds, and who shot and hung those who were true and faithful, be sent to Washington by a slight secesh majority to make laws in Congress for these Union sufferers? Let us see how it will work. An act of Congress is asked to pay for the loss of a house or barn by a battle, the property of a rebel. The Union man, whose life was taken, whose family was robbed, whose house was burned, and his acres turned over to a Confederate, finds none to plead the cause of his wronged orphan children. Shall the brigand whose freebooting life made him a terror to all his neighbors be the maker of laws?"

A DAILY contemporary has a good suggestion, to the effect that some enterprising publisher should bring out a selection of passages from the London *Times* and its correspondents relating to our war—warnings, suggestions and prophecies. There would be rich "pickings" from the files of 1860-61, when John Bull was instructed (that's the word) to button-up his pockets and lend nothing to the rascally Yankees, and from the issues for May and June prox., in which we are sure to be told that all sensible men from the start foresaw the result of the war iniquitously provoked by the rascally Southerners. Our contemporary suggests that the motto for this collection of excerpts might appropriately be:

"The *Times* is out of joint, with cursed spite."

LIEUT.-GEN. ROBERT E. LEE, late Commander-in-Chief of the rebel forces, is the son of Gen. Henry Lee, of Revolutionary memory, and known as "Light Horse Harry," whose mother was the beautiful Miss Grimes, Gen. Washington's first love, and whom he celebrated as "the lowland beauty." Gen. Harry Lee was twice married. By the first marriage he had two children, Henry (an officer in the war of 1812) and Lucy. By the second wife—a Miss Carter, of Shirley—he had five children, two daughters, Anne and Mildred, and three sons. The sons were Charles Carter, Robert Edmund (the General), and Sidney Smith, the last-named an officer in our service, and now in the rebel navy. Gen. Lee was born in 1808, and is consequently 57 years of age. He graduated second in his class, in 1829, and was assigned to the Engineer Corps as second lieutenant; in 1835 Assistant Astronomer, for fixing the boundary between Ohio and Michigan; in 1836 promoted first lieutenant; captain in 1838; chief engineer under Scott, in Mexico, and greatly distinguished himself, being promoted successively by merit, major, lieutenant-colonel and colonel, for his gallantry; in 1852 superintendent Military Academy; in 1855 transferred as lieutenant-colonel of the new regiment of cavalry; March 16th, 1851, promoted colonel of the 1st cavalry; resigned April 25th following, and reluctantly embarked in the rebellion. Surrendered to Gen. Grant, April, 1865.

WE find in an exchange what purports to be the valedictory proclamation of Mr. Jefferson Davis. The fact that it is dated "April 1st, 1865," seems to throw some doubt on its authenticity. We extract the "points:"

"To such persons as are in arms against the Confederate States of America, I do hereby tender absolute amnesty, on condition that they forthwith desist from annoying our patriotic population.

"Under the circumstances, slavery had better be abolished.

"To the foreign subscribers to the Confederate loan I return sincere thanks.

"Major-General Grant, United States army, will please see that they get their cotton.

"It is not altogether improbable that the glorious experiment of a slaveholders' Confederacy may yet prove a delusion and a snare. I have often thought so. So has General Lee, who has lately been fighting mostly for his last year's salary. The Confederate treasury being light, I think I will take it in my valise. General Lee thinks that we have a good opening before us, and that we have seen the last of this fratricidal war. I hope so. Stephens thinks peace more imminent than ever.

"If the United States persists in refusing to recognise the Confederacy, on my return I shall again urge the arming of the negroes."

THE words uttered by Mr. Everett in his celebrated oration at Gettysburg are invested with peculiar interest and significance at the present time:

"The people of loyal America will never take to their confidence, or admit again to a share in their Government, the hard-hearted men whose cruel lust of power has brought this desolating war upon the land, but there is no personal bitterness felt even against them. They may live, if they can bear to live after wantonly causing the death of so many thousand fellow-men; they may live in safe obscurity beneath the shelter of the Government they have sought to overthrow, or they may fly to the protection of the Governments of Europe—some of them are already there, seeking, happily in vain, to obtain the aid of foreign Powers in furtherance of their own treason. There let them stay. The humblest dead soldier that lies cold and stiff in his grave before us is an object of envy beneath the clods that cover him, in comparison with the living man who is willing to grovel at the feet of a foreign throne for assistance in compassing the ruin of his country.

"But the hour is coming, and now is, when the power of the leaders of the rebellion to delude and inflame must cease. There is no bitterness on the part of the masses. The people of the South are not going to wage an eternal war for the wretched pretexts by which this rebellion is sought to be justified. The bonds that unite us as one people, a substantial community of origin, language, belief and law (the four great ties that bind the societies of men together); common national and political interests; a common history; a common pride in a glorious ancestry; a common interest in this great heritage of blessings; the very geographical features of the country; the mighty rivers that cross the lines of climate, and thus facilitate the interchange of natural and industrial products; while the wonder-working arm of the engineer has levelled the mountain walls which separate the East and West, compelling your own Alleghanies, my Maryland and Pennsylvania friends, to open wide their everlasting doors to the chariot wheels of traffic and travel—these bonds of union are of perennial force and energy, while the causes of alienation are imaginary, factitious and transient. The heart of the people North and South is for the Union. Indications, too plain to be mistaken, announce the fact, both in the east and the west of the States in rebellion. In North Carolina and Arkansas the fatal charm at length is broken. At Raleigh and Little Rock the lips of honest and brave men are unsealed, and an independent press is unlimbering its artillery. The weary masses of the people are yearning to see the dear old flag floating again upon the capitols, and they sigh for the return of the peace, prosperity and happiness which they enjoyed under a Government whose power was felt only in its blessings."

THE inauguration of Mr. Vice-President Johnson as President of the United States took place, without ostentation, in his rooms at the Kirkwood House in Washington, a few hours after the death of Mr. Lincoln. The oath was administered by Chief-Justice Chase in the presence of Secretary McCulloch, of the Treasury Department; Attorney-General Speed, F. P. Blair, Sr., Hon. Montgomery Blair, Senators Foote, of Vermont; Ramsay, of Minnesota; Yates, of Illinois; Stewart, of Nevada; Hale, of New Hampshire, and General Farnsworth, of Illinois. On the conclusion of the ceremony Mr. Johnson said:

"The duties of the office of President are mine. I will perform them. The consequences are with God. Gentlemen, I shall lean upon you. I feel that I shall need your support. I am deeply impressed with the solemnity of the occasion and the responsibility of the duties I am assuming."

THE men who compassed the death of the all too-kind and merciful Lincoln—did they ever read of him who said: "My little finger shall be

thicker than my father's loins; my father chastised you with whips, I will chastise you with scorpions!" By their own act they have exchanged Lincoln for Johnson, and on them will fall the full weight of the consequences. "Spare them not" is alike the voice of God and the people.

SOME persons in Washington seem to suppose that the rebellion was a harmless freak of erratic politicians, who are to be welcomed back, now their little eccentricities are ended! Upon this matter the soldiers and the people will have a word to say in due season.

Summary of the War.

There are no military operations since our last to report, with the exception of a dispatch by the way of Cairo, announcing that Mobile had been occupied by the Union troops on the 9th of April. The rebel force which garrisoned the city escaped up the river in gunboats, but Spanish Fort had been obliged to surrender with 3,000 men. The dispatch states that over 300 guns had fallen into our possession.

FOREIGN NEWS.

FROM Europe we learn that Richard Cobden, the eminent English Reformer, died in London, April 2.

The American Minister at Lisbon had demanded an explanation from the Portuguese Government for firing at the United States war vessels, the Niagara and Sacramento. It seems that Fort Belem fired seven shots at our vessels before they came to an anchor.

TOWN GOSSIP.

WE had a walk, not many centuries ago, down Broadway. The weather was blue, balmy, Italian, and, to top off with a poetical expression, decent. It was after lunch, and afternoon. We had been drawing some petroleum dividends; and they lay, in a roll of notes in which a little of the original oil seemed to have become involved, in the pocket nearest our heart. The pavement was crowded; it was crowded with magnificent girls; that lady whom we have sometimes craftily disguised under a respectful title and a personal pronoun, was far, far away, and the girls were really magnificent. We never were so happy. One lady had a beautiful little jewelled snake in her bonnet; another had two sharp triangular patches of pink on her cheeks, and we thought she must have been descended from a clown at the circus; another had what they call the "rats" transfixed with a little duck of a dagger; it seemed as if some Hamlet had made his fatal pass behind the veil, and shouted again, "A rat! a rat!" A few of these elegant apparitions dragged a very heavy palisade of very filthy fluted flounces, and we understood they were in the service of the street-cleaning people; but more were looped up so as to exhibit the latest caprice of the Balmoral skirt, and presented the general appearance of penwipers; and of these last we boldly declare that we saw the ankles.

It is here that we wish to stop and muse. Now, ladies, there is no use. If you are not going to learn how to set down a foot and how to pick it up again, you had better drop all the drapery once more and re-enter the street-cleaning persuasion. Under the rule of the First Consul, the rage for classical ideas brought back the scanty tunic of Diana and Minerva; but then, the French ladies were able to stand and step like Minervas and Dianas. Their skirts, with the exquisite gold edges, withdrew some inches from contact with the ground; but the highbred spring of the insteps was a pleasure to watch, as they elastically bent and rose, and bent and rose with the walk. Do you suppose Pauline Bonaparte either turned in her toes, or pounded with her heels, or did parallel exercises with the edges of her soles, as you are all doing? Do you suppose her sandals wore out first at the uppers, because her little toes twisted over and got upon the pavement? Go up to the guilty closet, you absurd little Bluebeards, and let the soles of your abused slippers preach to you for the reformation of your daily walk and the healing of your slipshod gait and gaiters. A shoe, my lady, should never wear out very much faster in one part than another; indeed, if ideal perfection were to be attained in this world, we imagine that our leathers would proceed through their allotted course without any local exhibition of weakness—only a "general flavor of mild decay," such as was noticed in that one-horse vehicle which finally dropped all at once into a little hill of dust because it was all over just as strong as everywhere. Be that as it may, fair dames, if you will wear Etruscan jewellery, and furnish your rooms with Greek vases, you had better try to imbibe a little of the old Hellenic grace, and never mind how low you let it settle in your fair frames—that is, if you are going to continue your sensible habit of festooning the drapery.

We fear we have already provoked as much wrath as it will be convenient to carry in a week, otherwise we should have a mild word or two to say about the carriage of the torso. How few of us are able to hit just the proper mean between stiffness and undignified lassitude. The fault is perhaps more common with the boys than the girls; we saw terribly few "fellows" in our walk who carried their shoulders just as we may suppose the young Paris or Telemachus bore theirs. Many slouched; some seemed to be carrying invisible burdens: some pert youths shot up some inches to one side or another after each step, behaving like the float on a fishing line during the administration of a nibble; some rode on their feet as if the latter were springless carriage-bodies; and in some the head, or rather the chin, seemed to contain the active principle, and appeared to drag the whole baggage of clothes and flesh after it. How few had a motion like the back of a proud, undulating, invertebrate wave, as it will rise, travel and bow among its mates in the procession that attends the journey of the moon.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The State Department, in the Washington celebration, made a transparent exhibition of Mr. Seward's foreign policy in the briefest of maxims: "At home Union is order, and order is peace—abroad, Union is strength, and strength is peace." Foreign papers please copy.

—— On the 5th inst. messages were sent direct from New York to San Francisco, a distance of nearly 4,000 miles; the largest length of wire ever worked over one circuit. The wires worked well, though it rained at several points on the line.

—— Idaho is the largest territory in the United States yet organized. It is 700 miles long and 450 miles broad, and has an area of 326,373 square miles.

—— Bishop L. L. Hamlin, of the M. E. Church, died at Mount Pleasant, Iowa, on the 23d ult. He had been ill during the entire winter. He was one of the most eminent divines and prominent leaders of the Methodist denomination.

—— Mrs. Catherine Brarenberger, of Pittsburg, has recovered $3,250 damages from Dr. George Cleis, in consequence of his negligence or lack of skill in treating her husband's broken leg. The wound was patched up, and the man died from the effects of gangrene.

—— The Richmond women are nearly all dressed in mourning. Sad have been the ravages of death in Virginia. Yesterday (says a correspondent) I visited the cemetery, and the vast space now occupied—for it has been enlarged to nearly twice its size—contains 60,000 new graves. Hardly any tombstones have been erected during the last four years. Even the grave of President Tyler is unmarked by anything but a modest inscription.

—— Mr. John Dorr, of Cherryfield, Me., has six sons and two grandsons in the Union army. A seventh son offered to enlist, but was rejected by a recruiting officer on account of having lost the fingers of his right hand.

—— During the last three years the shipbuilders of Mystic, Conn., have been engaged most exclusively in building sidewheel and screw steamers; but this year sailing vessels will take the precedence.

—— As an evidence of the good results of judicious advertising, the editor of the Boston *Advertiser* says: "It will be remembered that we advertised a lost portmonnaie last week. Before our paper was fairly circulated we found it—in the pocket of a coat we don't usually wear."

—— At the opening of the April term of the United States Court, at Cincinnati, the lawyers practising therein were required to take the oath of loyalty prescribed in the act of July, 1862. Nineteen in all took the oath, two of them making some technical protests. George E. Pugh declined to take it immediately, stating that he believed it unconstitutional, and desired time to consider the subject. W. M. Corry refused entirely, and immediately surrendered up the business which he had in hand in the court.

—— At an enthusiastic meeting of the citizens of Hartford, Conn., to celebrate the glorious Union victories, a silver half dollar was put up at auction, and, being sold and re-sold, brought $1,217 for the Sanitary and Christian Commissions. The last bid was $525. Mr. N. Kingsbury was the generous purchaser.

—— Brevet Brig.-Gen. Frederick Winthrop, of New York city, was killed at the battle of Five Forks. He joined the 71st New York regiment in the three months' service, at the beginning of the war, and fought at Bull Run. In October, 1861, he was appointed Captain in the 12th U. S. Infantry (regulars), and continued in service until the battles of the Wilderness, last summer, when he was appointed Colonel of the 5th New York regiment, and was shortly afterwards breveted Brigadier-General for gallantry in the field. In the battle of Five Forks he commanded 1st brigade, 2d division of of the 5th corps. His age was 25 years. The remains were brought to this city for interment. Gen. Winthrop was a cousin of the late Major Theodore Winthrop, and of Robert C. Winthrop, of Boston.

—— "No man living," says Judge French, "can show a good orchard of grafted fruit which was kept in grass the first ten years of its life. It is a point settled beyond controversy that orchards, to be healthy and productive, must be cultivated most of the time."

—— An officer of the 20th Connecticut regiment writes that our troops, on their march through South Carolina, captured the Bank of Charleston on wheels, moving to a place of safety. It had a large amount of gold and of Confederate bonds.

—— The Louisville *Journal* says: "A Boston physician has discovered that gold has medicinal virtues. So, the yellow metal, we suppose, is to become a drug."

—— The Missouri State Convention has adjourned. The new constitution (abolishing slavery) was passed by a vote of 38 to 13. It is to be voted upon by the people on the 6th of June, and if ratified will go into effect on the 4th of July. The soldiers will vote upon it in camp.

—— A number of empty bottles have been thrown into the sea on the west coast of Africa, and have been picked up on the Irish coast. One has been found after 16 years, another after 14, and a third after 10 years. One was thrown into the Caribbean Sea, and after five days was picked up 210 miles distant. A bottle was thrown in at Behring's Straits, and 200 days afterwards was found on the Honduras coast, having travelled 3,500 miles.

—— It is strange to say that the mail steamer which took out to Professor Bond, the Director of the Observatory of Harvard College and the Astronomer-in-Chief of the United States, the highest honor of the Royal Astronomical Society of England, the gold medal, crossed another, on its return to England, which conveyed to the same society the record of the Professor's untimely and much-lamented death.

—— The final hymn, sent up on a slip from J. D.'s pew in St. Paul's, Richmond, on the Sunday of his *hegira*, began with the well-known line:

"Oh, where shall rest be found?"

Military.—The guns captured at Richmond—and left uninjured—are stated to be from 450 to 500, many of them of large calibre.

—— An application has been made to the War Department for permission to raise a regiment of men who have been held as prisoners of war. Young Major Higginson, commissioner from the Union prisoners at Andersonville, Ga., is mentioned as Colonel of it. He is the youngest officer of his rank in the army.

Art, Science and Literature.—We have heard of a process for producing artificial marble. Geologists tell us that one sort of real marble is nothing but chalk, through which an intensely-heated stream of carbonic acid has passed. The new process consists in heating powdered limestone and chalk in a porcelain vessel, from which atmospheric air is excluded. This seems simple enough; but whether it can be economically applied on the great scale, remains for further experiment. A method of coating wood with varnish as hard as stone has been recently introduced in Germany; the ingredients are 40 parts of chalk, 40 of resin, four of linseed oil, to be melted together in an iron pot. One part of native oxide of copper, and one of sulphuric acid, are then to be added, after which the composition is ready for use. It is applied hot to the wood with a brush, in the same way as paint, and, as before observed, becomes exceedingly hard on drying.

—— The suggestion that great economy would be effected if petroleum could be substituted for coal on board steamships, is likely to be brought into practice; Capt. Selwyn and Mr. C. J. Richardson have both given lectures on the use of mineral oils as steam-fuel at the the United Service Institution, London, where, of course, they were listened to by naval men able to judge of the merits of the question. To the objection, that petroleum has dangerous properties, the reply is, that the highly-inflammable spirit can be extracted, and leave the unexplosive oil only for burning.

—— The observation of Prof. Phillips, of Oxford, on the planet Mars, in 1862, have been renewed this year. The professor finds that in general features and main outlines of land and sea, Mars exhibits but little appreciable change. The color of the larger masses of land, he says, is the same as formerly observed, and the sea is grey and shadowy, but without the very distinct greenish hue which was noticed in 1862. The masses of snow at the poles were also clearly seen extending down to about 40 degrees of latitude, on which the professor remarks: "Assuming this to be the geographical limit of the freezing mean winter temperature, we see at once that it differs but little from that of the earth. If the snows on the land of Mars be compared with those on the northern tracts of Asia and America, they will be found not to extend further."

Foreign.—A writer in the London *Times* suggests that beneath the tarry pools of Zante, an island in the Mediterranean, from which Herodotus described the dipping out of the mineral oil with myrtle boughs, there is a rich source of petroleum to be developed the same as in America, where, upon the site of the oil wells from which such enormous wealth has been derived, the Indians formerly collected petroleum for medical purposes, as it gathered in scanty films upon stagnant water, by spreading their blankets upon the surface, little dreaming of the rich resources to be reached by boring. Large petroleum wells exist in Austria, and it is expected that the American improvements in the process of extraction will cause a great increase of the present quantity. Till now the most abundant wells have given about 15,000 cwt. yearly; the majority of them are in Galicia, and run parallel with the Carpathians.

—— Hitherto it has been a rule with the British and Spanish authorities in garrison at Gibraltar and the Spanish fortress on the opposite side of the strait to fire at any ship which might approach within cannon shot while sailing in those waters—a precaution which was rigorously observed, even when merchantmen were driven by the currents, or, in sheer ignorance, happened to commit a breach of this maritime etiquette. The British and Spanish Governments, considering that the original causes which made these regulations a military necessity have now passed away, and that a grave and acknowledged inconvenience may be obviated, have concluded a convention, which was signed on the 2d inst., whereby these regulations are abolished as regards vessels of the contracting countries.

—— A society has been formed in Stockholm, Sweden, under the name of the "Northern National Association," the object of which is to unite those citizens who consider it is of great importance to prepare by all legal means for the union of the three northern kingdoms into one federal constitutional State, with a common system of defence and a common direction of foreign affairs, while preserving the independence of each kingdom at home.

—— In the newly-discovered territory of North-Western Australia the baobab-tree grows to an enormous size. The diameter of one in the Camden Harbor region was nearly 50 feet, and, by the number of zones in some of the branches, was estimated to be 8,000 years old.

—— A New Zealand paper states that an egg of the gigantic extinct New Zealand bird moa has been dug up at Kaikoras, in the middle island, having been found buried with the skeleton of a Maori. The egg is 10 inches long, five in diameter, and of a dirty white color.

—— A Canadian journal states, on information which it has reason to believe is correct, that the number of Canadians who have enlisted in the United States army since the beginning of the war is 43,000. Of this number 35,000 were French Canadians, no less than 14,000 of whom have died on the battlefield.

—— A London paper states that in consequence of the probable occurrence during the summer of an event which will fill all loyal English subjects with joy, the Princess Alice of Hesse, or the Princess Helene, will hold drawing-rooms for her Majesty during the season, and thereby spare the fatigue to the Princess of Wales, who will only hold the next London "drawing-room."

—— While the Prince of Wales was witnessing the Chertsey steeplechases, his Royal Highness had his pocket picked of a valuable gold watch presented to him by the Queen. The police's solemn joke is that the thief will henceforth take the title of Pickpocket of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

—— Otho, the ex-king of Greece, is employing his leisure at Bamberry, where he is now residing, in writing a modern Greek Dictionary. We sincerely wish the author every success in his undertaking, as there is not a good or reliable dictionary of the modern Greek language in existence.

—— The widow of De Tocqueville died lately at the Chateau de Tocqueville, and was buried by her husband's side. She bequeathed her husband's papers to M. Beaumont, one of his friends, and his marble bust to the French Academy. Madame De Tocqueville was an English lady—Miss Mary Motley.

THE MURDER OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

THE illustrations we present to-day of the most appalling event in our history cannot fail to be gazed at reverently by a great nation, thus suddenly bereaved, in its most trying crisis, of a Chief Magistrate, whose characteristics eminently fitted him for the momentous task before him—the reconstruction of the Union. Those who say that the recent assassinations cannot proceed from Southern inspiration because they their have stricken down their two best friends, or rather most merciful opponents, but are the isolated deeds of fanatics, ignore, either ignorantly or wilfully, the whole scope and *animus* of the rebel leaders. Whenever have they shown either prudence, common sense or humanity? Indeed, these qualities have been altogether thrown aside, and a course diametrically opposite followed. Where was their common sense in starving 50,000 of our soldiers, when the fate of war had thrown them into their power, and when we had twice their number in our hands on whom to retaliate? Where was their common sense in breaking away merely because they had lost an election? These ought to sufficiently answer all who mask their sympathy for rebels-murderers, assassins and incendiaries, by throwing the flimsy veil of an affected philosophical doubt over the recent fiendish atrocities. It is part and parcel of a system which includes bloodhounds, banditti, midnight burnings, torpedoes, lingering tortures and all those exceptions to human nature which had been supposed to reside only in Chinese and Malay hearts, till they were found to be also in those of Southern slaveholders. The most probable theory is that these assassinations were part of a plot concocted by that portion of the rebel party, such as Davis, Breckinridge, Benjamin, Seddone, and those who are beyond the pale of amnesty, and whose malignant natures are roused against that part of their Southern brethren, who see the errors of their way and are willing to rejoin the Union. This blow, therefore, was intended by this devilish section of the rebellion to embitter the North against the South, in the feeble hope that the half penitent might be forced into a renewed though evidently fruitless resistance.

It is almost useless to recapitulate particulars which are now familiar to all. We shall, therefore, content ourselves with a brief description of the two pictures which it is our mournful duty to publish to-day, the murder of the President in his box at Ford's theatre, and of his death in the house of Mr. Petersen, nearly opposite the scene of the awful event. It appears that the President and his wife went to the theatre somewhat reluctantly, but he did so rather than disappoint the people, it having been announced that both himself and Gen. Grant were to be present. The departure of the latter for Philadelphia thus threw the onus upon the kind-hearted President, who, however firm he might be in matters of State, was known to be very yielding when only his own personal convenience was concerned.

From the most minute inquiries made on the spot by our Special Artist, Mr. Albert Berghaus, it seems that after a short interview with Mr. Ashman and Speaker Colfax, the President and Mrs. Lincoln entered their carriage, bade the gentlemen good-bye, and were driven to the residence of Senator Harris. Here they were joined by Miss Harris and Major Rathbun, of Albany, stepson of the Senator. On reaching the theatre the the party entered one of the upper private boxes, where they sat for an hour or more enjoying the performance, unconscious of danger. While the President sat looking towards the stage, laughing quietly at some droll episode in the play, a man abruptly entered the private box, and, placing a pistol close to his head, shot him. He also endeavored to strike the President with a dagger. The blow was received by Major Rathbun, who sprang forward to protect the President. The murderer then jumped upon the stage, where he exhibited his dagger, exclaiming, "*Sic semper tyrannis!*" "The South is avenged!" and then rapidly ran across to one of the side exits.

But one man in the audience (J. B. Stewart, Esq., a well-known lawyer) had sufficient presence of mind to jump upon the stage and follow the villain. Before this gentleman could force his way through the crowd of of actors (now terrified by the screams of Mrs. Lincoln and the confusion in the house), the murderer had left the building and, mounting a horse in the alleyway, fled. Miss Harris is confident that the same man who fired at the President came to the door of the box and looked in about an hour before the murder, but this circumstance was looked upon by the occupants as merely the pardonable curiosity of some one who wished to obtain a closer view of Mr. Lincoln.

Mrs. Lincoln remembers but little more than the sight of a man leaving the box, and at first supposed her husband had fallen upon the stage. She leaned over the balustrade a moment, and then looked towards the chair Mr. Lincoln occupied. She saw his head droop over upon his breast, and then, for the first time, discovered what had occurred.

The scene of confusion that transpired is more easily imagined than described. A rush was made by most of the audience for the doors. Others crowded around the President. The Surgeon-General and other physicians were immediately summoned and every effort made to restore him to consciousness. An examination of his wounds so clearly indicated their fatal character that no hope could be given that his life would be spared.

The Deathbed of President Lincoln.

As soon as possible the dying President was removed to a house immediately opposite, occupied by Mr. Petersen. Here, in a back room, the head of a great nation breathed his last, surrounded by various members of his cabinet, and several others who were called thither by various duties. We have given an exact picture of this most momentous and melancholy event, the accuracy of which may be relied on—the very position of every spectator being carefully preserved. The room in which the President died is in the rear part of the building, and at the end of the main hall, from which rises a stairway. The walls are covered with a brownish paper, figured with a white design. Its dimensions are about ten by fifteen feet. Some engravings and a photograph hang upon the walls. The engravings were copies of the "Village Blacksmith," and Herring's "Stable and Barnyard Scenes." The photograph was one taken from an engraved copy of Rosa Bonheur's "Horse Fair." The only furniture in the room was a bureau covered with crochet, a table, eight or nine plain chairs, and the bed upon which Mr. Lincoln lay when his spirit took its flight. The headstead was a low walnut, with headboard from two to three feet high. The floor was carpeted with Brussels, considerably worn. Everything on the bed was stained with the blood of the Chief Magistrate of the nation.

Several surgeons were promptly summoned, but it was seen at once that the wound was mortal. When the President was carried out, the audience quickly dispersed, and blocked up the street in front of the theatre. A strong force of police was promptly on the spot, the street cleared, and mounted patrols posted at the corners. Rumors spread that several other prominent men had been assassinated, and the excitement grew into fury.

Through all the long, long night knots of men gathered in the streets and talked about the fearful event. Patrols galloped hither and thither at breakneck speed. Carriages rattled along the pavements and kept many eyes from closing in slumber. Crowds blocked Tenth street and F and E streets, discussing the painful news and asking questions of the guards, momentarily expecting to hear that the President was dead.

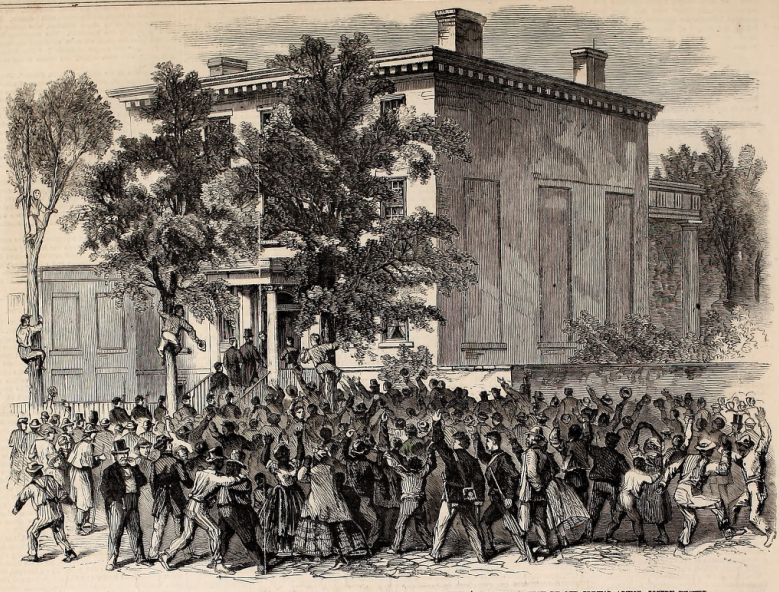
Inside the room the scene was beyond description. There, on the humble bed already described, lay the President, perfectly unconscious, the only evidence of life being an occasional nervous twitching of the hand and heavy breathing. At about half-past eleven the motion of the muscles of his face indicated as if he were trying to speak, but doubtless it was merely muscular. The blood from the wound in his neck interfered with his breathing, and his pulse was low. At four o'clock the symptom of restlessness returned, and at six the premonitions of dissolution set in. His face, which had been quite pale, began to assume a waxen transparency, the jaw slowly fell, and the teeth became exposed. Gradually and calmly, without a sigh or a groan, at twenty-two minutes past seven, April 15th, all that bound the soul of Abraham Lincoln was loosened, and the eventful career of one of the most remarkable men of our history was closed on earth. There were present at his death Senator Sumner, Capt. Robert Lincoln, Hon. S. Colfax, Dennison, Postmaster-General, Secretary of the Navy, Rufus Andrews, Mr. Petersen, proprietor of the house, and his son, Farnworth, the chief steward of the hospital, Henry and Julius Ulke, the artists, to whom our Artist, Mr. Berghaus, is indebted for much valuable assistance. There were also several others present, whose names are duly inscribed in the caption of the picture representing this wonderful event.

We think it right to name here that Mr. Petersen's house, in which the President died, is one of the most respectable houses in Washington, and not a tenement house, as stated by some papers.

Our Artist, Mr. Berghaus, begs to express to Captain J. W. M. Camly and Sergeant-Major Senix his acknowledgments for many civilities and valuable facilities in making his sketches and inquiries. He also wishes us to state that the house in which the President died is one of the highest of its class in Washington.

JOHN WILKES BOOTH.

THIS unhappy wretch, whose mad and wicked hand has struck down the foremost man in all the realm, is the youngest son of the famous actor, Junius Brutus Booth, and brother to the hardly less celebrated Edwin Booth, whose Hamlet is familiar to all. He was born in Maryland some thirty years ago, and received a good education, being his father's favorite son. He finally adopted the stage as a profession, and recently performed in New York the part of Marc Antony, in Julius Cæsar, the characters of Brutus and Cassius being assumed by his brothers Edwin and Lucius Junius. He recently entered into oil speculations, and is reported to have made a considerable fortune. For some time past he has been living on a farm on the Potomac, occasionally visiting New York and Washington. The evidence hitherto gathered leaves no doubt that his well-known Secession opinions have pointed him out to the Southern rebels as a fit agent for the performance of their murderous design.



PRESIDENT LINCOLN VISITING THE LATE RESIDENCE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS IN RICHMOND, VA., APRIL 4.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

ABOUT ART.

ALL written language was originally pictorial; the representation of a man was emblematical of reason and intellect; of a lion, strength and courage; of a horse, swiftness; a fox, cunning and deceit; a sheep, timidity; and so on, according to the well-known attributes of animals. And pictures, or carvings of inanimate objects, often seen on Egyptian monuments, although less intelligible to the lower orders of the masonic priesthood, were doubtless perfectly well-known to the higher ranks of this mysterious fraternity.

RELIGION has always been the corner-stone of the great fabric of civilization; and as the ancients used costly and colossal sculpture to excite reverence for the gods so the Roman Catholic priests have employed the painted altar-piece to inspire religious devotion. The colossal grandeur of the granite idols of Egypt was well calculated to awe the superstitious multitude; and the exquisite and unrivalled beauty of Greek art to fascinate that refined and fastidious people, so sensitive to external impressions from architecture, painting and sculpture. The extraordinary statues which Mr. Layard has brought from Nineveh are remarkably illustrative of the powerful language of sculpture. These huge monsters are the expression of abstract ideas. The winged, human-headed lion, or bull, represents the intelligence of man combined with the strength of the brute and the flight of the eagle. All these figures are typical of moral as well as physical qualities. The Griffon of the Greeks is of Oriental origin. Centaurs, fauns, and satyrs, however repugnant to our taste, had a silent signification. The centaur evidently represents the combined strength and power of the man and the horse; a satyr is an intelligent goat, and the graceful faun seems to represent a somewhat paradoxical expression of an elegant and accomplished savage, for he could dance, sing, and play on the flute; his pointed ears and tiny tail are the only remaining marks of his quadrupedal origin; he is in the last stage but one of the perfection of our animal nature.



SCENE IN THE BURNT DISTRICT, RICHMOND, VA., LOOKING UP CARY STREET.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



RECOVERING VALUABLES AND BURIED PROPERTY FROM AMONG THE RUINS OF RICHMOND, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THE SOLDIER, FROM HIS WIFE.

My very dear husband,
I've so much to say,
So much has occurred since you've been away,
Such changes have happened, without and within,
That to tell you them all I can scarcely begin.



I suppose 'twill be best to commence at the start,
To commence at that hour when with aching heart,
As I handed the drums beat your funeral knell,
I prayed God preserve you, and bade you farewell.

I looked after you all, bravely marching away,
'Mid the sunlight and music that sorrowful day;
I cried to be brave, too, and smothered my fears,
And watched you as long as I could through my tears.

Then, fearing lest Johnny or Susie might roam,
I took each little hand and wandered off home.
Our home! My dear husband, you know, and you only,
How dearly I love it! But all was so lonely,
So deserted and dreary did everything seem,
That I fancied my happiness there but a dream.
I could almost have fancied we lived there no more,
Had not Bridget and baby just come to the door.
Inside, 'twas the same; the house seemed bereft
Of all its attractions, now you, dear, had left.
In all of the rooms, there would still mock my view
Some object reminding me sadly of you.
Your hat, on the nail by the kitchen door;
Your coat, careless boy! on the bedroom floor;
And 'twas thus everywhere; I had thought myself stronger,
But now you were gone, I could bear up no longer;
So I sat myself down, and, when no one was by,
Indulged my full heart with a real good cry.
You will say that I kept my promises ill;
And perhaps you will scold me for being so silly;
But my cry did me good; so scold if you choose.
Well now I suppose I must tell you the news.

And first, of course, you will want to know
Of the children, how they flourish and grow.
The dear little things! how much you must miss them,
And long for the time when you once more can kiss them!
They will not forgot you, while you are away,
For they chatter about you the live-long day.
And I chatter with them, as earnest as they,
"And almost as childish," I hear you say.
Johnny plays he's a soldier and marches about,
With his drum and his gun, both in-doors and out;
And close at his heels follows poor little Sue,
Who thinks that all he does she also must do.
So Johnny is Captain, as grand as can be,
And Susie, he says, is "Company C."
John is growing to be such a mischievous wight,
I'm in terror, whenever he's out of my sight;

But then he's so manly, and kind-hearted, too,
And gets me in mind, dear, so often of you,
That I fear I shall spoil him, in spite of myself,
For I can't bear to punish the dear little elf.
Our Sue is a jewel; so rosy and fat;
She's the best child in town, I am certain of that.
My opinion, I know, you will not dispute,
For you always did think her remarkably cute.
The baby grows finely; is getting so knowing;
But so hard to take care of, most always be going.
And oh!—I must tell you—I showed her this morning
My picture of you, when without any warning,
She looked in my face with her pretty blue eyes,
"'Tis papa!" she cried, to my pleasant surprise.
And then at the sound of her own voice affrighted,
She nestled close to me. I was so delighted;
And oh! how I wished that you could be near her!

O my love! I shall miss you so much every day
How sad it does seem that you must be away!
They may talk as they please, in poem and
Of patriotism, and fighting, and glory,
And the honor it is for our flag to have fought,
But I cannot appreciate it, half as I ought.



THE ORPHAN'S NEW HOME.

Now don't scold me, and call me a rebel. You know
I do love my land, for I let you go;
And suppose you should never come back! But there!
If I dared think of that, I should die of despair.
Oh, if I were the President just for a day,
And the nation allowed me to have my own way,
One day would suffice, I should ask for no more,
I would soon put an end to this horrible war.
Don't ask what I'd do; I won't tell, that's decided;
My feminine politics shan't be decided;
For you, wicked man, would be sure to laugh,
At the deeply-planned scheme of your better-half.
I must stop writing now, for the baby is crying;
But my thoughts, to you, dearest, are evermore flying.
With kisses from John, Sue, and dear little Fanny
Good-bye! and write soon to
Your loving wife,
ANNIE.



LOVEMAKING AND ECCLESIASTICISM.

For I know you will now be so anxious to hear her.
She has said it a great many times since then,
And I make her repeat it, again and again.
Yo know she already is trying to walk,
And before you come back I suppose she will talk.

BESSIE'S FORTUNES.

BY MIRIAM WARE.

CHAPTER I.

From the high hotel coach that stands before the carved marble steps of Levering Place descends a quaint, grim little figure in black. It trips up the white flight of steps, and stands at the doorway, watching with evident concern the careless swing with which the driver lowers from the roof of the coach a little worn black bonnet-

box. Then the child—for the little quaint figure represents ten years of a womanly childhood—looks out over the lawn, and the beautiful flowers spread out before her, and a soft expression of pleasure gradually brightens her sad face, but recalling herself, she turns to the entrance.

"The doors are fastened!" she calls in a soft, musical voice to the driver, who has just gathered up the reins to depart.

"Pull the bell handle, little lass, and God help you among the grand folks!" he replied, and with a flourish of the whip wheeled the leaders and was some distance down the drive ere the little one timidly drew the bell handle, and then stood with the little worn bonnet-box at her feet, looking out over the garden and down through the trees of the lawn, seeing but little of the beautiful prospect beyond, only standing looking out with a vague weariness, dreamily oblivious of past and present, a little waif skirting the shore of the future, friendless, homeless and unknown, yet dreaming on the threshold of her destiny in the bright spring morning. She hears a slight noise, and turning sees that the doors have swung open, and a solemn, careworn servant man stands within, patiently awaiting her demands.

"I would like to see Mrs. Levering," the child says.

"Will you walk in?" the man replies.

"Please take charge of my little trunk," and mounting one more step she treads quickly along the tesselated echoing hall, showing her into a small elegantly furnished room, the man disappeared. Feeling the soft velvet carpet under her feet as she advances into the room, unconsciously she tiptoes over its yielding meshes to a little seat in a corner, from which she looks over and around the room with dilated, startled eyes; all is so new, so new to the little one. She half starts from her seat as she hears a door close suddenly and loudly in a distant part of the house, and then all is quiet. The silence becomes almost painful to the child in her anxious expectancy, and she closes her eyes with a deep sigh, while her hands work nervously together. Again she half starts as she hears footsteps descending the staircase:

"Mrs. Levering wishes you to come up to her room."

She is on her feet in a moment, then, controlling the sudden impulse, proceeds more quietly up the broad staircase after the servant, saying as she goes:

"You will please look after my little trunk?" and as the dark eyes imploringly meet his, he softens, saying kindly, "Oh, yes; I will look after it."

The door is opened by a trim mulatto maid, with a little white cap, decorated with purple ribbons perched on her crisp hair. She bows her head, biting her lip with an ill suppressed smile, as the little figure in black stands in the doorway.

"Come to me, child," the lady says, and the little one quietly goes, gazing into her face with a yearning, wistful look. The lady takes the little hand, and kisses the soft cheek.

"How did you come, Bessie?"

"Mr. Colton, the clerk of the drug store over which we lived, brought me to K——, and then sent me out in the hotel carriage. I have all of my clothes with me in my little trunk down stairs," she said, with a practical old womanish air.

A young lady who sat at some little distance, toying with the cover of a book that lay closed in her lap, and who had seemed much amused during the interview, now held her fan before her face to conceal the smile that played over it, as the child finished and stood looking earnestly in the face of the lady. And truly the trim little figure, robed in a short black dress, with a round cape reaching nearly to the skirt, a queer little old-fashioned crape bonnet, with bows and ends of sombre crape for face trimmings, would not have been a prepossessing one, had it not been for the sweet face that looked forth from its dismal surroundings—looked forth with a high and noble soul shining truthfully from the dark eyes. There was a calm patience, too, expressed in the firm small mouth, as she waited to be disposed of. Evidently Mrs. Levering's heart softened more and more towards the child, for she said:

"I am glad you are here, Bessie; consider this your home, and remember that I am glad that in you I have a little companion. Now Nannie will take you to your room; come to me whenever you wish, I will always be glad to have you with me."

The child's eyes for a moment had rested on the floor, now in turning as she raised them to the lady's face they were full of tears.

"The poor little motherless thing," the lady said as the door closed after the child.

"Aunt, I laughed behind my fan until the tears were in my eyes. Why she is the most singular little body I ever saw; to think of her bringing her clothes so carefully in her little trunk, and to think what quaint old-fashioned clothes they are!" and Bella Hunt laughed again heartily. "You told me she was a relative, is she a near relative, aunt?"

"Her mother was the child of my husband's sister—a bright young beauty who married an officer in the army when only sixteen; this child was three years old when he died, leaving beside her nothing that could be called his own. You cannot but feel a sympathy for the child, when I read you the letter the dying mother wrote me—her only remaining connection. The man who wrote of her death, and answered my letter telling Bessie to come to me, for a time at least, told of her labor and endurance, until mind and body were completely prostrated. I was sorry indeed to hear of her trials, but why will girls make such misalliances, and spend a portion of their life in wearing out body and soul in making a bare subsistence for themselves and children? I put the letter in my desk—Nannie, give it to me. Now, Bella, listen to the poor dead woman's letter:

'Aunt Bella—I am dying! The physicians tell me that this week will be my last in this world, where I have struggled ceaselessly, and almost uselessly, since my noble husband died. I write to tell you this, not to excite your compassion for me, for before your eyes look upon the words I form with so much pain my heart will be at rest, through Christ's grace I trust my soul will be at peace. But I write, O aunt Bella! whatever our family differences may have been, you are a mother, and the blood of your husband's family flows only in the veins of this child besides your son's. So I write to tell you that this child, this precious little one, for whom I have struggled and fought through life's hardest battles, will be friendless, will be an orphan, aunt, and friendless. Pity me! O pity me! but more than all, pity this child of ten years, to whom the world seems so beautiful, yet, in reality, to whom it is so cheerless! I have been able to sustain my child by my personal labor, but now that death separates us, I appeal to you in her behalf, my little Bessie, may she come to you when my weary body has found peace? Let her come at least until her father's friends can hear of her, and perhaps claim her. O, receive her until God in his Providence shall raise her up friends. After I am laid away your letter will find her at the house of a friend who has been kind to us, Mr. Colton, of Hunteville. And now, aunt, I write to you, knowing that the impulses of your heart were always kind, that a tender benevolence drew you always to little children. With pained-drawn lips, I beseech you let her rest for a space in your house, and the prayers of a world-weary, heart-broken mother will follow you.

Hunteville, March —, ——. Edith Lynn.

"Poor creature! Oh, aunt, that is very distressing; what will you do?"

"I was quite undecided until to-day; now that I have seen the child I have decided to keep her, poor little penniless thing. She will be a companion for me while you are travelling during different portions of the year. No; I am resolved to have nothing to do with the Lynn relatives. No doubt they have known all this time of Edith's destitution, I knew nothing of it until the poor girl's letter reached me."

"What does she mean by a family difference, auntie?"

"Why, my husband's brother and Edith Lynn's father, Richard Levering, claimed a large tract of land with this home place, as his portion, by a will that he asserted his mother had made a few days before her death, though it was not produced when he strove by law to establish his claim. When summoned to court, Colonel Levering was justly incensed at the rapacity of his brother—for his father's will had divided the property equally between the two—urging the mother at her death to give the home place to the eldest son, in lieu of which he gave to the younger a large sum of money. When this suit was brought into court, Richard Levering had already spent a fortune in extravagant purchases; for instance, when travelling in Europe he bought statues and pictures without number, making a very beautiful yet exceedingly expensive selection. He had also a passion for purchasing elegant bijouterie and diamonds, and presenting them to his friends, who received without returning his favors. Of course he became greatly embarrassed and much in debt. Then he brought forward this suit, producing as witnesses a country lawyer and two servant men. The lawyer pretended to have written the will while we were in Europe, and Colonel Levering's mother was staying with his brother Richard, though the will had not been produced when Richard Levering died. Captain Lynn, his daughter's husband, put a stop to the suit, and carried his wife with him to California, where he was stationed. I did not even know that she had returned to Huntsville, where her father was once a man of wealth. Do you know that this little Bessie interests me very much? She is pretty—do you not think so? Her face is very expressive."

"I have no doubt that she would be a lovely child out of the weird crape knots and ends that so surround her little face. What a demure puss she seemed, with her black bag on her arm. I wonder what she carried?"

Up into the third story the weary little feet climbed, and the dim eyes were still filled with those lonely bitter tears, called forth by the sound of a kind voice. The door closed and she was alone. The little worn black bonnet-box stood near the bed. Throwing herself on her knees beside it, and resting her head on her arm, she cried and wailed pitifully:

"Mama, oh, my dear, dead mama! I am all alone."

The room is low yet pleasant, with pretty cottage furniture, bright carpet, and little pictures of peaceful country scenes; further on there opened a small round room in the tower, containing a little bookcase filled with childish books, a wash-stand, and more of the pleasant country pictures, with also, over a little desk, a picture of the Virgin with her Child clasped to her heart, looking upward with a pure and holy serenity in her face. When the childish grief had subsided, the quaint bonnet thrown aside, the clustering hair brushed back from the delicately veined temples, the little figure then took a survey of its surroundings. She stood at the window, which opened almost to the floor, and clasped her hands impulsively, with a pleased exclamation, as she saw the fresh and beautiful landscape stretching far away for miles; the broad river in the distance, like a lake, lay between the green hills that partially surrounded it.

"It is beautiful," the child murmured; "but where is my mama? She told me to say my little verse when lonely."

So she clasped her small hands, saying, with closed eyes:

"When my father and mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up."

She turned and looked at the picture, looking above all at the saintly and beautiful face of the Mother of Christ.

"Now I am the Lord's; where will He send me when Mrs. Levering can keep me no longer?"

She thought of this a moment, and then, taking her little bag, drew out a half-finished stocking and knit industriously until dinner was announced.

CHAPTER II.

Levering Place to-night is all aglow. Softly through the richly curtained windows shines the light, and down the lawn shine crimson and amber beams from myriads of swinging lanterns. All is joy and brightness, for the long absent son has returned. Music and laughter float around the rooms and up to the third story, where a little figure in a black dress leans over the carved balustrade in pleased wonder and childish curiosity.

"I heard Miss Bella say Earl. I wonder if it is Mrs. Levering's son?" the child whispers. "I wonder if he will have her soft, kind voice? Oh, there he comes! How tall he is! Ah, yes, he is good; for he puts his arm around her and kisses her again on the landing. I will go now, as Mrs. Levering told me, for I can go down with her. How I dread meeting all of those people!"

So the child turned the key of her door, for it was one of her quaint habits to keep a strict watch and ward upon her scanty possessions, and then slowly descended the stairs, had reached the hall, and was proceeding to her aunt's room, when a door opened near her, and the same tall gentleman with whom she had seen Mrs. Levering came out. He would have passed her without notice, when he caught sight of the dark, earnest eyes that curiously scrutinised him.

"What is your name, little one?" he then said, taking her hand.

"Bessie Lynn, sir."

"Do you live in K——?"

"No, sir; Mrs. Levering told me that this was my home."

"Ah! What did you tell me your name was?"

"Bessie Lynn, sir."

"And this is your home? Then I'll see you often, little Bessie," and he passed on down the stairs.

"Bessie, my child, you have come late," Mrs. Levering said. "Let me tie this ribbon for you, and then you will go down with me. Do you know, Bessie, that my dear son has come?" she said, joyfully. "He lingered so long that I feared he would not even reach home to-night. Now come."

Bella Hunt was at the piano as, with Bessie's hand in hers, Mrs. Levering entered the music-room. There were many gentlemen standing around the instrument, and the child remembered one tall form among them as the one she had met in the hall. She knew him before Mrs. Levering whispered:

"The tallest gentleman near Bella is my son. Sit here, child, and listen to the music; I must go in the other room."

She did listen with pleasure, for Bella Hunt's voice, though low, was sweet and richly cultivated. Two ladies beside her were discussing the musician:

"She is quite pretty," came to Bessie's ears. "Is she not engaged, or expected to be, to Earl Levering?"

"Dame Rumor assigns her to him, how truly I know not."

Supper being announced, Bella passed out with her hand on Earl's arm. Other couples followed, and then little Bessie sat alone. She trembled at the idea of going into the supper-room, amid all that throng of strangers, and so she sat in the brilliant light, with the hum of voices and laughter floating in to her from the distant supper-room; she sat and tried to sing in her mind the song Miss Bella had just sung. She looked at the pictures on the walls and the statuary in the niches, then the gilding waved in ripples before her eyes, and the stately tragic statues flitted before her, and then grew dimmer and more dim; the little head, with its wavy, rings of jetty hair, fell back against the high-cushioned chair, and dreamlessly Bessie slept, unconscious alike of light, joy and laughter. Earl Levering came to the door in search of a servant, he stept forward when he saw the white placid face with its surroundings of black, looked a moment with an artist's eye at the sleeping grace of the figure, then, stooping, took her tenderly up in his arms and carried her to his mother's room. Laying her on a couch, he returned to the supper-room before his absence was known.

Weeks and months passed on and the child became more and more beloved by all in the house. Her quaint little womanly ways, her attention and care for all about her, and, above all, the timid refinement that marked every word and action, made her to each member of the family a delightful study. She was particularly affectionate and winsome to Mrs. Levering. Every morning she brought flowers and arranged them in the vases in her room with her own tiny hands, and hour after hour she would read unweariedly aloud from the lady's favorite authors; and then, when not otherwise engaged, she industriously knit, as her mother had learned her, on the little stockings for her own use.

"Mrs. Levering," she said, one day, "before my mama died she gave me two little parcels; one she told me always to keep in my little trunk, and to be very careful always to lock my door or trunk when I left my room, for the papers were my papa's letters to her. The other parcel mama told me to give to some good kind lady to keep for me until I was fifteen, when I must open it and look at a story she had written. Will you keep the little parcel for me, Mrs. Levering?"

"Certainly, my child. I will keep it in a little box, where I have some letters I prize; I will lock it safely in until my little child woman becomes fifteen. I want you, Bessie, to take music lessons. Monsieur Pinero will come this morning and give you your first lesson. I am anxious that you should execute with much grace and sing with taste. Do not disappoint me."

The child needed no other incentive, and practised sedulously day after day. Earl Levering was also interested in the child's pretty womanly ways. One morning, when he found her reading to his mother, he asked her if she would read some books that he had for her, the child joyfully said "Yes." And then he marked out a course of reading, and showed her where she could find each book among the books in the library. He was showing his mother, one day, some little paintings of views he had admired in Switzerland, when Bessie came to his side, saying, timidly:

"Would you please show me once or twice, and then I think I could paint; for I do so love pictures."

"Indeed I will, little one, with pleasure; and I shall make a great painter of you one day."

Then a little canvas was kept in the small tower room, and the child worked perseveringly at minute little pictures, until it was covered. She lost not a moment, in her eagerness to excel, and her great fondness for art. One hour every morning, in his mother's boudoir, Earl Levering patiently instructed the child, and he boasted continually of his pupil, while Mrs. Levering sat silently by, wondering at the proficiency of the child, and wondering, more than all, as she marked her beautiful eyes and thoughtful face, what her future would be? During this time Miss Bella was entertaining a host of lovers, or visiting her numerous friends in K——

Bessie was quietly reading to her aunt one morning, when a servant brought in a card, with the message that a gentleman in the parlor wished to see Miss Bessie Lynn. The child's eyes dilated with surprise when she read, "Major Willis Lynn, U. S. A." And she urged Mrs. Levering so vehemently to go down with her, that the lady at last consented. The visitor arose, expressed his pleasure in meeting Mrs. Levering, and, stooping down, kissed Bessie, calling her his little niece.

"I hope, Major Lynn, that you have not come to rob me of my little comfort, my Bessie?" Mrs. Levering said, after mutual inquiries had been made.

"Far from it, my dear madam. I have come prompted only by affection for my dead brother. I was stationed in New Mexico at the time of his death, and could not obtain a furlough to go to his bereaved widow. Knowing that she had sought her friends in the States, I wrote to her once or twice, and as the letters were never answered, I believed she had found new ties and cared not to write."

"My mother loved my father with all her heart to the day of her death," spoke up Bessie, with a very red face.

Mrs. Levering softly stroked the child's head, as she said:

"We all have reason to regret that the last days of Edith's life, at least, were not brightened by some one of her relatives, but our regrets are, alas! too late!"

And then Mrs. Levering skilfully changed the subject, but the tears filled Bessie's eyes at the memory of that lonely dying bed. She cheered up afterwards when her uncle talked to her in a gentle, affectionate tone.

They were sitting in the little music-room, in which Bessie had been ushered by the solemn servant on the first day of her arrival, when Bella came in from her walk, singing, in her low, sweet voice, "Auld Robin Gray." As she entered the room Major Lynn started forward, and then paused, while his lips grew tremulous and white.

"Is it possible! Major Lynn, how glad I am to see you," exclaimed coquettish Miss Bella. "When did you leave Washington?" Yet a rich, bright color spread over her face in spite of herself.

"I left two weeks ago, and little expected, Miss Hunt, to see you so soon at home. You have been quite well, I hope?"

"Quite well, and you are? Ah! you are a relative of Bessie's, Major Lynn? the similarity of names never struck me before," and then Miss Bella chatted away about friends in Washington, and made inquiries in regard to army officers whom she had met there, until dinner was announced, and the major arose to take his leave. Mrs. Levering urged him to dine with them, and after a short indecision he remained; indeed I must add that like many army officers on furlough, with ample time upon their hands, the gallant major remained through the afternoon, petting Bessie with quiet caresses, and many tender words. Miss Bella sang and played for him, and conversed with more vivacity than Bessie ever remembered to have heard her before in society.

After he had gone Bessie walked wearily up to her room, and stood looking out upon the smiling prospect; the yellow rays of the evening sun glinted the tree tops, and far down the broad river lay in a golden indistinct mist. He was her papa's brother, and he had not even asked her to go home with him; what was her life? what aim had she throughout the future? would it always be thus? One of dependence upon these kind friends.

"Why not," she queried; "they are generous and seem to love me. What claim have I upon them that I should be thus content from day to day?"

Spiritless girl! and she wheeled away from the window, seized the paint brush, and worked rapidly.

CHAPTER III.

Earl Levering was in the studio, a small room opening from the library where he kept his choicest pictures. Four years have passed, yet his face is the same; noble and self-reliant. This morning he is active, and busy directing a servant in hanging some pictures, that have just arrived; and as Bessie entered the library, for a book, he called her to come and look at his new acquisitions. One was a copy of Correggio's "Education of Cupid," taken from a copy of the original, which once belonged to Murat at Naples. Mr. Levering had ordered it in Paris; another a copy of Murillo's "Jesus and St. John." Bessie looked at it long, but she was charmed by a small "St. Cecilia," of Raffaelle's. Earl pointed out to her the difference in drapery, shading and expression for which each artist had gained a celebrity. She made a quick resolve;

"I so much admire that head of St. Cecilia, may I come often to look at it?"

"As often, as you please; you see, Bessie, *ma petite, how* imperishable is love. The beautiful face of St. Cecilia has come down to us inspired by *Raphaël's* affection for a beautiful woman, called La Fornarina."

"I have read of it," the young girl said, dryly.

"Of course, *ma belle*, what is it that you have not read, in history, biography, metaphysics, and even theology; don't you feel strong enough to hold an argument with some stout high church man?"

Bessie laughed, and left the room with her books, but rapidly each day she learned her resolve into execution, copying with minute precision the head of the St. Cecilia.

"Bessie, my dear," Mrs. Levering said one morning when the young girl sat down to read to her, as was her usual custom, "my head pains me so badly that if you will sit by me, and hold my hand, and talk to me, you will oblige me more than by reading; talk to me about your mother and father: do you remember your father?"

"I have only an indistinct remembrance of papa?"

"Did he look like your uncle, Major Lynn?"

"Something like him, I think."

"I was surprised to find that he knew Belle so well; it seems that he met her in society at Washington. Ah! me, I am afraid that Belle's fondness for society grows more and more upon her."

"What is that there, mama? Some trouble of Belle's which you sigh over?" said Earl Levering, just in from his drill.

"A trouble that almost overclouds the joy to which I have so looked forward; the pleasure of a nearer bond in our family circle."

"Ah! *ma mère*, 'Man proposes but God disposes.'"

"My darling wish should not be a matter of so much indifference; you, Earl, have taken no steps towards it, as yet?"

"And God helping me, mother, I never will take a step towards it. When I marry I must insure my happiness by loving my wife with a tender devotion, not with a brotherly affection. In my right arm must our fortune be found, should need be, but in the silent love for her of my wife. Give me a kiss, and let me read Schiller while you compose your aching head to sleep."

Bessie felt the head tremble that lay in her own, but the mother's eyes closed, and all was silent; the rich melody was broken.

Upon the century's verge, oh man, how fair
Thou standest, stately as a silent palm,
With leaf-fan-spreading through the solemn air,
To thy full growth of millenvet years sublime:
Each summer-season, through the ages past,
Each season unchilled, all the soul matured—
She crowned thee with a fresher, richer crest.

Soon the grasp upon the young girl's hand grew less rigid, the breath came even and more calm, and the lady rested only for an opportunity to glide from the room.

When he saw his mother sleeping, and the girl's soul vacant, Earl Levering laid aside his book, and stood by the window in deep thought.

In the little tower room the light shines out night after night for half twelve o'clock, and then and past, and a young artist, with persevering energy, toils on and on. She has received a new incentive, and busies herself night and day. She has finished the head of St. Cecilia after a long pause on the world. The man who befriended her mother in her last sickness, who has learned, is almost in a state of destitution from expensive and long sickness, brought upon him, so the solemn servant, who is an ally of hers, takes the picture of the St. Cecilia—under a promise of secrecy—to a picture dealer, who is glad to sell all of her productions. The unlucky servant with the muffled picture stumbles on Earl Levering, and in his forgetfulness of loyalty, whence, and where it came from, with dolorous sympathetic exclamations, throughout the story of the sick man. Earl Levering bought the picture, and Bessie, *pauvre petite*, unwittingly receives the money; at the same time Mr. Gibbs receives also a check for five hundred dollars, from an unknown friend, which friend Earl Levering knows intimately, and is himself.

"Bessie, my child, I want you to take a gallop with me this evening; we will go down to the river and see the fishing party pass; that will leave K——— at four o'clock, if you can get so much hurried with your painting," he said, quizzingly looking at her. A reply soon passed up Bessie's face, but she made no reply, save:

"I would like to ride."

Every pulse in the young girl's face looked in its hat with drooping plumes, and the long black habit enveloped the tall, graceful form, without losing from its elegant ease of motion. Verily Bessie had studied in a hard school, but she had learned her lessons of the more thoroughly, and cultivated every power, until the earnestness of one who realises that her only possession lies within her mind. Heaven had given her child a face of magnificent beauty; a mind of depth and scope; and a soul of high spirit, and purposes with noble impulses, and this light burning clear for he had studied this child day by day, and with the foil of worldly and ambitious surroundings; he *saw* how pure and disinterested her life was, and reverenced and loved her with the might of his strong heart.

"Bessie," he said, when the ride had come time in silence, "I discovered the secret of your Cecilia yesterday. Why will you do so? I know what you work night and day. Why is this, Bessie? Can you not come to me for what you want?"

"Perhaps I am working out the American theory, that 'upon the laborer descends happiness,'" she answered lightly.

"Are you answering my questions, little one? Why all these letters from publishers, and this constant pounding."

"Mr. Levering, I long to entitle myself to a home by my own exertions," Bessie answered, earnestly.

"What exertions will give you this title?"

"The exertion of power, that I possess; for instance, perseverance and energy."

"Oh, child! answer one question, would you rest and be happy in a home procured by your own exertions?"

"I would, indeed."

"Bessie, exert yourself to love me, for I so long for your affection, my whole soul and life turns to you with a devoted love, and, oh, child, in your home find a title to rest and happiness."

The child's face grew very pale, as Earl Levering grasped her bridle, rein, the rider side, saying, "Bessie, answer me as your truthful nature bids you, for I have waited for this time since the earliest dawn of your girlhood."

"Mr. Levering, I will answer you truthfully. Your affection has, long before I became a woman, wearied child, I presented myself before her homeless, and I should have been friendless had it not been for her kindness. So strange much that you should marry your cousin Belle; do not disappoint her—brave all do not make me the cause of her unhappiness, for I have a soul so tender."

"Bessie, does this come from you, too, my little mysteriously being? You cannot comprehend how much pain and suffering would make me. I do love you, Bessie. If you refuse me every other answer, but one only do you love me?"

"I cannot even tell you that, until you have told your mother."

"Bessie, little child, how old do you think I am? Bessie, little woman, I am going to dash my horse right into that river, and not come back until you take a more decisive mood, or I will take as an affirmative answer. Now, if you'd rather I'd drown, keep perfectly quiet."

And the horse's nose was dashed his horse into the water, followed by a frightened shriek from Bessie, which brought him around, and galloping up to the steps gave the hand that held her bridle, and told her that he considered her engaged to him so she had answered affirmatively, and he meant to keep her so. Bessie sprang to the earth triumphant, smiling wry at her blushing face and downcast eyes; this regal manner at last brought forth a smile from the young girl, and then she did love him some, she would not tell him how much; and that they were very silly for talking short it was the first time she ever gave a mistaken idea; she felt doubly ill at ease when she heard that lady say to Belle, who was playing with a kitten, her fair hair hanging loosely over her shoulders, and her figure thrown carelessly upon an ottoman in the blue library, "Belle, you have a history of youthful attitudes and expressions, frequently not forgetting the pouts, of a spoiled child.

"Dolly, that baby and, 'why is it that you go not so seldom with Earl? I have not seen you either walking or riding with him for weeks."

"Mamma, mamma, you will see that you not been asked, and many weeks will yet pass before I shall invite him to take me. Yesterday, at your request mamma, I dressed for the party, but the next lover I vow I will marry. I am no longer either a baby or a schoolgirl."

"Dolly, that baby and she flourished, with the kitten, out of the room.

"Bessie, my dear girl, will you do me a favor? the lady continued, as the door closed, in an imperative necessity that Earl Levering should marry Belle Hunt. I feel now that his hold upon the affections of Face and Fortune, and therefore the lawyer who prosecuted a suit against Earl's father, in which the production of a will made by Earl Levering's father was all important, and at that time was believed not to exist—this lawyer came to Earl and proposed for a certain pecuniary consideration, to give up the will, and destroy it, and this he did, and now he is interest in the will shortly before he died. If this be true, without the income from his large landed estate, Earl Levering would be a poor man. Bella and Earl have lived together for years, and are fond of each other. Earl claims the romance of devotion to me, and I believe it, and, Bessie, so long for me, Bessie; tell him how much like my own child Bella is already; he will listen to you, for he admires and reverences your independent noble character. You will do this for me, child, will you not?"

"I will," the young girl said, with a pale face, as she left the room.

"Can it be possible that she is interested in Earl?" Mrs. Levering thought.

Earl Levering sat in the library busily writing, at the table full of accounts, memorandas and deeds. Looking up as the door opened, he was struck by the white calm of Bessie's face and the dilation of the dark eyes.

"May I speak to you a moment?" the girl said.

"Of course you can, *ma belle*; I've been sighing for that music."

"Do not jest—you must grant me one favor."

"A thousand *petits*, speak. No! pardon me, I will not promise. What have you to say, Bessie?"

"You must promise me that you will love, that you will marry Bella Hunt; your interests are concerned, your property, and above all your mother's pride and happiness."

He suddenly pushed his papers away and looked across the table, up into her face as she stood.

"Who has been telling you this, Bessie? Who has been talking to you? Now let them dare! They know me! and I shall claim you as my bride in the face of them both. Come to me, Bessie, do not look so pale!"

"Mr. Levering, your mother has been my mother—"

"Pounds, she shall be your mother in truth!"

"She has been one of the kindest and truest of friends to me. I should not give her sorrow in return for this love. Do and say what you will, I shall not be your wife. The world is wide, and, thanks to God, to her and to you, I am strong and self-sustained; let this end our conversation."

"Bessie!" he exclaimed, in fierce anger. The door closed, and he was alone. Into the third story room, and the door was locked—in where the steel and unfinished pictures were, where the open desk was covered with the loose, closely written sheets, and where, under the picture of the Madonna, stood the little worn black trunk stood—down on the floor the child sank. "Oh, mamma! mamma! you, too, were bereaved! yet you, too, were strong to the end!" With sobs and tears she taken out the worn package of letters, opens and reads.

Then she rises, and striding up and down his mother's rooms.

"I will start off the child to seek me tamely to marry Miss Killmansegge! because, forsooth, of her 'golden leg.' I have no patience with all this plaster, as I call it, of one's sense, and knew as well as the best of you who I wanted for a wife."

"Earl, your sister."

"That may be relative!"

The door opened, and Bessie's white face appeared. Calmly and deliberately she walked to the fireplace, and threw the whole of Miss Hunt's letter, both Levering, who, in possession of all her faculties and in view of death, did will and bequeath to Richard Levering, his nephew. Signed in the presence of three witnesses. When Bessie had finished, she said:

"Look, Mrs. Levering! is it genuine? Look, Earl."

"Bless you for that news," he said, and bent and kissed the girl by his mother's side. "Yes, there is no doubt of its being genuine."

"I am Richard Levering's granddaughter and his heir; and which, by the decency he at last has paid, and dropped the document into the fire.

Mrs. Levering started forward with an exclamation, but too late; it shrivelled up and was burned.

Bessie had also left the room.

"Mother, you are reprehensible if that angel has not now gained your heart. I think she carries her amiability to an excess, in refusing me, as my will and testament declared."

"I cannot give it, Earl. I have led Bella always to believe that she would be your wife. I cannot encourage your intimacy with another."

"I'm a puppet, I suppose! Next week I leave for Europe, only to return when Bessie Lynn will be my wife," and the stern gentleman took his leave.

Two months have passed. Mrs. Levering is a gentle and affectionate as ever to Bessie.

Earl Levering had indeed taken the first steamer for Europe.

One morning, as Bessie sat with Mrs. Levering, Bella Hunt came to the room in hoonet and walking-dress.

"Aunt," she said, "I have news for you! I am now a relation of Bessie's, I married this morning to Mr. Richard Levering Willis Lynn."

"Oh, child, why did you not tell me! did you, too, think that I was opposed to your happiness? Bessie, my child, I understand, I comprehend you, and let this disunited family again find peace."

That evening Mrs. Levering wrote a letter that her heart had long dictated.

Months passed by, and Bessie one morning opened the package that when a child she had seen Earl Levering place in keeping, as a sacred story." What was her confusion to find within a magnificent diamond pin, earrings and ring. "My child," Mrs. Levering said the long day before spoke again to Bessie's heart, "I have always refused to part with these jewels, preferring to keep them for Earl's wife, and now I unclasped you from their proceeds. Do with them as you wish, they were the gift of my father. Do not thank me, above all thank the God who gave you, and the parents who loved you." Tears were in Bessie's eyes as she looked at the jewels that had been a great source to her from her mother. Taking them over to show Mrs. Levering, she dropped back on one knee beside her. Some one opened the door and came in behind them, kissing first Bessie's forehead and then her cheek.

"Is it possible?" the young girl exclaimed, as she sprang to her feet.

"Is it an acceptable arrival?" and again she sent the impassioned kiss of love into her face.

"Child," Mrs. Levering said, solemnly, "I wrote to Earl that as his wife you would be the most acceptable of daughters. Do you indeed love him as he thinks?"

"Answer her, Bessie. I will not let your hands go until you do."

A rosy flush spread over the glad face, and the sweet, truthful eyes looked up into his own, as she replied:

"I love him as I love my life—I love him with my whole heart."

And the little one who had called herself Cecilia could found a home and rest.

THRILLING SCENE—CAVING IN OF A MINE.

The Gould and Curry mine at Virginia City, Nevada, is the greatest bonanza in the Territories. It has been extensively worked, and employs some 220 men. The ore taken out daily amounts to about 100 tons, and averages from $30 to $200 per ton. On the night of the 6th of February a tremendous ore occurred in the mine, and, though it came down suddenly, while all the men in the mine were at their usual stations, yet not a man was injured. Some of them were within 30 feet of the cave, which occurred just as the men were taking their lunch. They were much frightened and bewildered, and all fled from the blown mine. The length of the cave was about 100 feet, its width some 60 feet, and the depth to which it extended 375 feet. The cave-in rather ahead of the old chambers that had been worked out were filled without extra cost to the company. Rich ore was exposed from the chambers above, and the hole on the hill caused by the cave-in about as large as an ordinary dining room.

The falling of several thousand tons of earth and rock to the depth of 375 feet, crushing through timber 30 or 40 plank floors, and crushing to stone thousands of feet of square timber, was, of course, attended with a terrible noise, and a fearful quaking of the earth in the vicinity. The concussion in the immediate neighborhood was high throughout the mine; workmen who were standing in the upper drifts were thrown to the bottom as the cars were thrown from the track, and the chambers, timbers, and rock were shaken as when Niagara Falls is the rolling clouds of dust. The air was forced south, into the drifts and mine, and strongly charged with it; the mine was extinguished, cars thrown off their tracks, about 100 lights extinguished, and all was dark as night. The air up the tunnel blowing short (nearly 400 feet deep) and all the lights in the mine blown out by the blast. The engine stands in a room partitioned off from the main building, and at the time of the cave-in, standing of the shaft, was so great was the concussion that the engine-room floor was thrown up an inch or two.

The terror of those in the mine we can easily imagine "Thunder and lightning" was everything in the "situation" to inspire terror. A more than midnight darkness, the air laden with dust, the deep roar, the awful rumbling of bursting floors, the deafening reports of the timbers breaking, the falling of the cars, and the grinding rocks, producing flashes and timbers, to say nothing of the shouts of the men, and the cries of those who thought the mine was on fire, and where it would end. After the cave was over, the men in the mine crept out as they could find day, after forty-four hours of darkness. Some getting down to the bottom of the mine, others by the air shaft, others by the ladder-ways. Several men in the Savage were also much frightened, and came out as they could find day. The power of God saving all the whole Gould and Curry had saved it, and that everything else was killed. Not a man was killed, standing at a considerable distance from the mine, and many were the gratitudes to every one for the preservation of an earthquake. The cave injured nothing in the mine except the ore that was taken out, and was taken out, all the men being at work, and everything going on as though no cave had occurred.

MANUFACTURE OF PERFUMES.

CONTRARY to general belief, nearly all the perfumes derived from flowers are not made by distillation, but by the processes of pressing, maceration, and by maceration or infusion. The odors of flowers do not, as a general rule, exist in them as a store, or in a free state, but are developed as they decompose. While the flower breathes it yields fragrance; but kill the flower, and the perfume ceases. It has not been ascertained what the discovery was made of condensing, and preserving the flower odors. Suppose that what we know now is that, if a living flower be placed near to fresh butter, or fresh lard, or oil, these will slowly take the odor given off by the blossom, and in turn themselves become fragrant. It was spread from lard to butter upon the inside of two dessert-plates, and then the flowers put in the centre, with gentle pressure, out of delicate, covering them over with the second greased plate. In a day or two, and after very few days, the grease has become fragrant. The blossoms, though they have given out their perfume, do not look worse since, but live and retain color, which is absorbed by the fat. The flowers are then removed, the fat is found to be scraped off the plates and put into alcohol; the odor is dissolved by the alcohol, and we have the oil which the tradesmen "scents," and the grease again becomes odorless.

The flower farmers of the Var follow precisely this method of extracting the delicate perfume from the tropical variation, with the following flowers—rose, orange, jasmine, violet, tuberose, cassie, and rose.

The commercial importance of this branch of perfumery may be seen from the fact that 100 pounds of roses annually grown in the district of Cannes, Flower jasmine, 300,000lb.; violets, 75,000; acacia, 40,000lb.; tuberose, 30,000lb.; cassie, 30,000lb.; orange flowers, 30,000lb. The quantity produced at Nice has not been ascertained; but it must be very large, as there are, in the vicinity, more than here stated.

The annual harvest for orange flowers at Nice lasts for more than a month, as an average, and during that time the entire gold and silver is to be collected daily, and a ton of flowers will yield more than a hogshead or otto jar of water. Worth $100; and when distilled, water, highly charged with odor, is worth another $50 more.

The rose harvest lasts about the same length of time. The annual produce weight of flowers, valued at an average at two francs the pound, is 1,000,000 francs. The annual produce of orange crop, growing as they do under the orange and lemon trees, is valued at 500,000 francs. The annual produce of violet-blossoms are produced annually at Nice.

The annual produce of flowers in perfume has risen to the annual value of $15,000,000.

ARTHUR'S HEIGHT.—This fine estate fronting the Potomac, and include those opposite side of Georgetown, is known as Arlington. Four years ago Robert E. Lee was a distinguished colonel of cavalry in the United States army, and late Commander-in-Chief of the rebel army, was the owner of this magnificent property, and a prominent inhabitant. More than one-half of the fabric was completed, and a thousand acres of land, covered with a splendid forest of oak and other timber, and the rich alluvial soil was devoted with the highest cultivation. To-day what a change! The venerable ancestral mansion of the Lees, honored as the birth-place of one of the Fathers of his Country, and for half a century his celebrated residence, is a ruin. Around it are the graves of the cemetery of those who have fallen in the service of their country in the late rebellion, and the grounds and estate surrounding the mansion have been permanently appropriated by the Government for the interment of the deceased by every patriotic impulse. Here the dead are deposited by their presence at the obsequies. That memorial grove, this selected by the owner as the last resting-place for himself and his, has been, in the temporary of Lee's absence, desecrated, and has been transformed into a field of the dead, and now numbers columns marking the remains of Generals Sumner, Pierre Custis and Mary Lee Fitzhugh, his wife, sleeping in the midst of more than 4,000 patriot soldiers' graves. The trees of the grove have been cut down, the land swept from the entire estate and used for war purposes. The Quartermaster's Department is actually in charge of the land thus cleared, and is still being put under cultivation by contraband negro labor.

Mr. J. Ulke. Mr. H. Ulke. Mr. G. Welles. Mr. Farnsworth. Mr. Petersen, Jr. Chief-Justice Chase. Surgeon Stone. Mr. Colfax. Postmaster Dennison. Mr. Proctor. Mr. Petersen. Charles Sumner. Robert Lincoln. Rufus F. Andrews. Surgeon-General Barnes. Gen. Meade. Surgeon Crane. Gen. Halleck. Mr. Safford. Mr. Stanton.

THE DYING MOMENTS OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN, AT WASHINGTON, SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 15.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, ALBERT BERGHAUS.

THE LITTLE MERMAID.

"Tell me, are there no means by which I can obtain an immortal soul?"

"It is true if thou could'st so win the affections of a human being as to become dearer to him than either father or mother, if he loved thee with all his heart, and promised, whilst the priest joined his hands with thine, to be always faithful to thee, then his soul would flow into thine, and then would'st thou become a partaker of human bliss!"

Down below the sparkling water,
Mid her treasure bright and rare,
Sits the scaking's beauteous daughter,
Ruler o'er golden hair.
Ever she's she's softly sighing,
While the heaving billows roll,
Give to me a mortal lover!
Give me an immortal soul!
If some child of earth would love me,
Breathing tender words and sighs,
Like the orbs that beam above me,
I might dwell in amber skies.

Sad thy fate, oh fair sea-maiden!
From this dream thou'lt wake to prove,
Hearts are as pale gold o'erladen,
When they build on human love!
Better lie below the billow,
Wrap'd in sea-weed's deadly fold,
Than live on and wear the willow,
For a love pass false and cold.
Still below the sparkling water,
Mid her treasures bright and rare,
Happy dwells the scaking's daughter,
Free from love, and love's despair.

[We beg to call the attention of our readers to our new story entitled "Guy's Folly; or, the Secret of Thornton Heath," a romance full of exciting incident and romantic adventure, which increases in intensity in every succeeding chapter.]

GUY'S FOLLY;

OR,

The Secret of Thornton Heath.

BY VANE IRETON ST. JOHN.

AUTHOR OF "THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL," "THE WORLD'S VERDICT," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—"IF YOU SIN, IT IS FOR HER SAKE," HE WHISPERED.

SIM looked like a summer cloud tinted with the roses of the sunset, as she sat there in her dress of lace and gauze in the glow of the red fire.

Dazzlingly fair and exquisitely beautiful was she, with eyes of blue and hair of gold, and skin which the rude wind had never roughened or the hot sun discolored.

The room in which she sat was the best room in Nightingale Lodge, yet it was large and oldfashioned in its style, and the furniture was a relic of a bygone day.

The old fireplace was high and wide, and huge logs burned brightly on its iron stand; the narrow windows, fitted with tiny panes, were shaded by tapestry; the ceiling, in one part ornamented, was in another part crossed by a heavy beam; and from the dark panelled walls frowned down the grim faces of knights in armor, and the prim beauties, too, of long, longsago.

And over the antique chairs, and tables, and couches, and over the old pictures, and the blackcoved ceiling, and the heavy tapestry, and the bright flame kindled by the chimney-corner, the light flickering flames fell merrily, as if the fire god were rejoicing at the departing winter.

Few rooms indeed could have felt with more joy in the presence of such an angel as Ella Raymond.

Yet there was one sitting by her side, whose eyes, dazzled keenly upon the fire, were scarcely raised, even when she spoke.

This was her husband, Walter Raymond.

He was young, like herself, and the glow of health was on his cheek, and the strength of manly beauty in his form.

Yet his expression and his features—how different!

He was tall, well built, as I have said, and upsmall, white hands proved sufficiently his style of gentleman.

His face was oval, his nose straight, though somewhat heavy, his eyes black—black as the curling hair which shadowed his pale forehead.

It was those which gave expression to the face of what speaks to you of a heart within—a heart eager, impulsive, quick to acts of generosity, yet capable of being turned aside into the darker channels of folly, and even crime.

At this moment, when the light of day had faded out, and the shadows from without were creeping in, he was sitting near his young wife, with his eyes, as I have said, peering into the fire, and his white hand nervously playing with his knee.

The young wife glanced at him in sorrow.

"Dear Walter," she said, passing her arm around his neck, "dear Walter, will you not tell me your trouble?"

Her husband recoiled, as if the soft, warm arm which glided over his shoulder was the coiling of a venomous snake.

"Ella," he said, in a low voice, as he drew her hand down and pressed it between his strong palms—"Ella, I have told you my trouble. You know that my endeavors to relent in the slightest degree know that my last shilling is spent—you know that ruin stares me in the face! Need I say more to explain why I feel despairing? Need I say more to render you more sympathizing with my terrible dave and sleepless nights?"

There stood in the young wife's eyes.

"Sympathies with you, Walter?" she said, in a tone of murmuring tenderness—" sympathize with you? You know how I love you—how, then, can you ask me such a question?"

He pressed her hand gently.

Then there was silence for a few moments.

The one was thinking of the future—she of the past.

Yet in that past she could find little to regret.

A poor though beautiful and accomplished girl, she had married Walter Raymond in direct opposition to the wishes of his uncle, Guy Raymond, who had been appointed his guardian at the death of his father.

This uncle—a rich and miserly man—had selected from among his set not a young lady of anything but amiable disposition, but possessing an ample fortune, which was the object of Guy's ambition.

This lady—Lady Isabella Tampleton—was dark, haughty beauty a year or two the senior of Walter Raymond, who, possessing also a considerable amount of attention, wound up the comedy by eloping one fine day with the girl he really loved.

Lady Tompleton's family were terribly scandalised, and Guy Raymond declared that his nephew was thenceforward an outcast and a stranger.

Either Walter did not believe that his guardian was in earnest, or he was intoxicated with the exquisite beauty of his wife.

At any rate, he seemed to take little note of his misfortune; but hugging himself up with the idea that the small fortune left him by his mother would last him until his uncle relented, he retired with his bride to Nightingale Lodge, a pretty villa situated about two miles from his uncle's residence.

A year had now passed away, and we find the young couple seated in sorrow and mourning over lost hopes.

Guy Raymond was obdurate.

Again and again had Walter appealed to him to his sense of justice—even to his generosity.

But in vain.

"I have my own money," pleaded Walter; "money left to you by my father in sacred trust for me. Why keep it from me?"

"Because you have chosen faith with me and your father," returned his uncle. "If Walter marries against your consent, he loses all inheritance; much more your property is hung upon it. You have done so—you lose your property, and I have performed my duty."

And now the last farthing was spent—borrowing had been exhausted—the sale of home and a wasting weary life seemed all to be looked forward to.

And yet amid all these was one thought which lit up half into joy the young wife's sorrow.

"Why does he plead longer—why does he undergo the humiliation of begging to one who will never relent? Why, he does he not work? Oh, if I were a man, would I not work?"

Yet she could not ask him to throw aside his pride and work to earn a maintenance.

So throwing her soft arm around his neck, again she sobbed out:

"Dear, dear, did you marry me, dear Walter? It is I—I alone who have brought you to all this trouble!"

He smiled fondly upon her.

"Talk not thus, dear one," he cried; "there is sunshine behind the cloud. This very night I have, I may under my consent, or to force him into submission. It is my own money I have a right to—"

He stopped suddenly.

His wife glanced up into his face inquiringly.

The fierce passions which were painted plainly upon his features changed her, and she drew his head down upon her bosom, as if both to thrill the throbbing pain of his forehead, and to hide from herself the terrible emotions visible upon his face.

"Why not speak on, Walter?" she whispered; "can there be anything you fear to tell me?"

"No, dearest," he faltered, raising himself up, as if he were deserting her, and could not speak falsely with his head resting on her guiltless breast; "no, dearest—I stopped because a new thought flashed across my forehead, and by aside from herself the terrible emotions visible upon his face.

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"No, dearest," he faltered, raising himself up, as if he were deserting her, and could not speak falsely with his head resting on her guiltless breast; "no, dearest—I stopped because a new thought flashed across my forehead, and by the bye, I may as well mention it!"

At this moment there was a knock at the outer gate.

"Who can that be?" asked Ella, in tones of surprise, unmingled with alarm. "Who can wish to visit us to-night."

"I expect Gideon Crawleigh here this evening," said Walter, avoiding his wife's gaze.

"Gideon Crawleigh!"

"Yes—why need you exclaimed petulantly. "I have business with him."

Ella shuddered.

"Oh, dear, dear! I loathe that man!" she cried. "He will be your ruin, Walter, mark me. Once an enemy, always an enemy; and yet you deem him your friend!"

Ere Walter could reply, a servant entered.

"Mr. Crawleigh desires to see you," said the girl.

"Where is he?"

"In the hall."

"Show him up then; and you, Ella, will you grace for a few moments into the next room."

Ella rose gladly.

The very sight of Gideon Crawleigh was so hateful to her that she eagerly embraced any opportunity of avoiding a meeting.

In another minute Mr. Gideon Crawleigh entered the room.

Let me describe him.

He was a man whose face accorded ill with his body.

He was a pale face, without a vestige of beard, or moustache, or whisker—a face rendered more loathsome by the small, cold, gray eyes, which were shaded by his somewhat heavy brows, and the eternal smile which hovered round his thin, ghastly mouth.

He affected an ecclesiastical long coat, and a white neckcloth, and parted his hair in the centre in the form of a Saxon arch.

But this style of dress hardly accorded with his physical proportions, for his frame was stoutly built, and a tall figure did not disguise the immense bulk of his muscles.

He smiled his usual grim smile as he entered.

"I fear I have driven Mrs. Raymond away," he said. "I am sorry to have disturbed her."

"Mrs. Raymond went out of the room to oblige me, Crawleigh," returned Walter, as he handed him a chair; "so don't make yourself uneasy on my account, but sit down and talk of business."

Meanwhile, Ella Raymond, on passing out of the room, entered an adjoining one.

But here she could not rest.

Some secret voice seemed prompting her to play the eavesdropper; but though she yielded to it at length, it was not until after a long struggle with herself.

Even then it was not because she could not trust her husband, but because she felt convinced that Gideon Crawleigh would lead him to mischief.

So, placing herself near the door, she stooped down and listened.

Her effort was a failure, though she heard enough to make her shudder and tremble, for they were talking in low tones, and it was only when her husband uttered some horrible vow of vengeance, that she could distinguish anything.

At length Gideon Crawleigh rose, saying aloud:

"We had better go at once, Raymond, or we shall be late."

Then Ella crept away, and in another moment Walter's voice was heard calling her back.

He noticed that she trembled, and that her hands were icy cold.

"What is the matter, dear?" he said, gently; "are you ill?"

"No, Walter; only there is no fire in the room yonder, and it is chilly."

"I am going out a little while, Ella," he said.

"Going out?"

"Yes, dear, why not? May I not go out if I wish?"

She crouched down in her chair by the fire, and clasped her hands helplessly. It was the first time he had ever spoken to her coldly, and the words penetrated to her heart.

"I never prevent you doing what you please, Walter," she said, in a low murmur. "You know why I was surprised, however. Mr. Gideon Crawleigh is not the companion I should choose for my husband."

He was leaning over her as she spoke, and did not answer her.

He was gazing down upon her face and form with infinite tenderness and love.

She fancied he was doubting, and proceeded, as she looked up at him:

"Oh, don't go, Walter; this once—this once, don't go. I fear—"

A spasm of pain passed over his face; but he kissed her gently, saying:

"Yes, dear Ella, I must go!"

Then he walked across the room to the spot where Gideon stood; and as he stopped for an instant and looked back, he saw that she had buried her face in her hands, and was weeping.

"I wish I were not going, Crawleigh," he said; "I've half a mind to give it up even now."

"Give it up, and leave her to starve! No; come now, as you have before determined. Remember," he whispered, "if you sin, it is for her sake."

So saying, he passed his arm through that of his friend, and drew him out of the room.

Passing through the hall, they were soon out in the night, and walking rapidly in the direction of Thornton Heath.

CHAPTER II.—"HE SHADOW WAS LIKE THE FORM OF HIS MASTER HOVERING DOWN UPON HIM FROM YON SKIES."

RAYMOND MANOR—or, as it was more generally called by the neighborhood, Guy's Folly—was situated, as I have said, some two miles from Nightingale Villa.

It was a handsome, long the rough parish road, not a village, nor a spire, nor a porter's lodge was to be seen.

Here, even, were the corn-fields—wide spaces of unenclosed common opened, solitary and primitive, on the road, bordered by large woods, chiefly of beech, closing the horizon with ridges of undulating green.

In such an England, Knights Templar might have ridden in their way to scattered monasteries, or fugitive partizans in the bloody wars of the Roses have found shelter under leafy coverts.

Here, even, was the romance, its keep—half savage, half gentle—lording, perforce, the mind of any cultivated and imaginative gazer far back from the present to days—waking up long-forgotten passages of old poets.

There was no lodge at the carriage gate of Raymond Park, as it was called by courtesy.

The enclosure, indeed, was little beyond that of a good-sized paddock—its boundaries were visible on every side, but its grassy splendor, covered with massy foliage, sloped downwards to its wild, irregular turf soil—soil poor for pasturage, but pleasant to the eye, with its dell and dingle, herds of fantastic palisades, dotted oaks and elms, and here and there a weird, hollow thorn-tree, and patches of fern and gorse.

At the rear of the house lay a piece of water, extensive large enough to be redeemed from the name of pond.

The house itself was small, low, ancient—dating, it may be, from the time of the sixth Edward; a vast weight of roof, with high gables; windows above projecting over those below; a covered porch, with what was once a coat of arms panelled on the oak door.

Such was the residence of Guy Raymond—the miser, as he was justly termed; and here, from his early youth, he had lived with but one old servant to wait upon him.

The house had been delivered up to him by its predecessor in as good a state of preservation as could be expected in so old a structure; but now all was clouded over with the dull glaze of time.

The windows were in some places broken, the stonework was green, and here and there the trail of some insect or reptile was smeared up the walls.

The pillars of the porch were disfigured by ugly cracks; and here and there the roofwork had been carried away by birds, or in larger pieces by the storm.

Guy Raymond paid no heed to the wear and tear of time.

His life was mental, and mental, too, the labor, which left little room for the labor of the body.

What cared Guy Raymond that people called his home his Folly?

What cared he that the hand of time left heavily its traces on the exterior of the place—that the roof, and the walls bulged, and the huge timbers were but rotten within, and greened and streaked beneath the slightest storm?

What did he care for this, so that he was strong, and hearty, and well, as he was assuredly, and could stride magnificently along the old halls and the pleasant grounds?

He was a strange man, this Guy Raymond, in appearance as he was in mind.

A tall, broad-shouldered, well-built man, with a walk like that of a lion.

His face was of a noble cast, with large bright eyes of a hazel color, and a well-shaped mouth, massive jaws, and a noble brow, and broad forehead.

His hair was long and white, and fell in curling waves over his shoulders.

Yet this man—noble in mien and proud in bearing—was a miser.

Why was this?

That was his secret.

Towards the residence of this strange being it was that Walter Raymond and Gideon Crawleigh directed their steps on the spring evening on which I have introduced them to my readers.

Passing through a lane which led, onward Thornton Heath, they soon reached the dreary scene I have described above and reached the park gates.

These gates were formed between low pillars of wood, which it was easy for any one to climb over, and no motive of care or safety could induce the old man to repair or renew the inconvenience.

Few persons, indeed, believed it worth the while of a thief to venture a burglary at Guy's Folly, for though large enough to comprise three that he had large sums of money at Tillotson's Bank, no one knew the fact which Walter Raymond knew only too well, that the money was always kept in his house a large hoard of gold, which he delighted to gloat over and count, and for love of it, as it said, lost the love he hated it, and gloried in every coin of which he deprived the world.

Walter Raymond, as I have said, had pleaded and entreated in vain; and now, looking upon the money as his own, he had resolved seize upon it by force.

Shallow reasoning this.

Rightly or wrongly his father had left the money on certain conditions, and these conditions he had violated.

The money, then, was not his, but his uncle's.

Rightly or wrongly, however, had a stronger mind than he.

When—creeping serpent that he was—he had heard Gideon Crawleigh hint the plan to Walter Raymond, after they had been face for years, he set his mind to the task of wearing away even the last feeling of love and duty which still remained in Walter's mind.

He succeeded but too well.

Walter Raymond, naturally weak, soon yielded to the master mind; and as they took their way that night across Thornton Heath, it would not have been difficult, during the side of the stronger one, and looking up for health an d strength where he should have fled away, as if from the very spirit of darkness itself.

Gideon Crawleigh saw how he had conquered, and noted the pair of tempters, while in reality he had found his victim with the strong chains of mutual interest and mutual sin and sorrow.

It was he who had persuaded Walter that it was no crime to take what was his own—that the real criminal was Guy Raymond; and even as they passed together across the heath, he whispered to his companion:

"Bravo, Walter, this is the one brave deed of your life!"

At length they neared the house, and, creeping along by the palings, chose a spot where the wood-work was somewhat broken away.

Over this they climbed, and were soon passing beneath the shadows of the old pollards.

Walter Raymond knew the way well. He had lived so long in the old house, that he was aware of every nook and corner where an entrance could be effected; and accordingly he approached a spot where the ground swelled up against one of the bulging walls of the old dwelling, he loaned against one of the overhanging windows.

Clambering up this, as he had done once before that period, he gained a ledge, and stood standing on the window-sill, and entered the room.

After him followed Gideon Crawleigh.

The latter stooped a moment to unbuckle, and Walter glanced eagerly at the face of his companion, who was standing in the full light of the room.

He looked at him to see if he flinched, and to see, too, if there was fear of recognition.

There was no sign of flinching there, and scarcely a glance of recognition.

The great roll of cloth around his neck disguised completely the sacerdotal white choker, while the black hat had given way to a rough cap.

A heavy overcoat, too, with a flapping collar, covered the black frock; and only, in fact, a small part of the ghastly white face could be seen.

"Which way now?" whispered Gideon.

Walter started as from a reverie.

He had been, for an instant, thinking of the past, and contrasting it with the present, which brought him into his uncle's house like a thief.

"Follow me!" he said, in a hushed voice. "The old man keeps his money at the end of yonder corridor."

They crossed the room noiselessly.

At the door, Walter halted.

"Stay!" he said; "we like his throat. I know the place well—you don't. You may blunder and make a noise; so let me go on myself. Leave the door open, and if you hear me whistle, or cry out, pass along to the left, and enter the fourth door which will then be open."

"Very well," returned Gideon. "You know best."

Nothing could have suited him better. He could then ensure his own escape, should any peril present itself.

So he stood in the dark little room which had once been Walter's bedroom, while the young man passed along the corridor, feeling his way in the dark as one accustomed to its gloom.

A faint key sounded like music on the eagerly-sought chamber, and in a few moments he was kneeling by the side of his sadon chest, in which the special treasure of the miser was deposited.

He knew his uncle's early habits, and feared, therefore, no interruption; so he never thought of closing the door, or hiding himself from observation.

The chest was seen open, and the much-coveted treasure was before his eyes.

Oh! how his eyes glistened, and how eagerly his hands clutched the glittering coins.

Into every pocket he thrust them, until they strained with the weight, and he could scarcely rise from his knees.

He did rise, however, and, going back to his companion, transferred the treasure to him.

Then he returned, and once more locked himself with the golden treasure.

He had scarcely time to fill his pockets, when he felt himself, as it were, encompass-ed in a shade, which, as it lay upon the floor, took the form of a human being.

It seemed like the shadow of his dead father hovering down upon him from the skies.

The rubbish around him he wore, within in himself, and glanced up timidly.

Just in time he glanced to see the tall figure of his uncle passing the door, with his hands grasped, and his white head bent, as it were, in sorrow.

He seemed so still—so like a moving statue—that Walter could not demand him an apparition had he not heard the echoes of his stealthy footsteps.

A shudder ran through his frame. What could his uncle be doing? Where could he be going?

He did not stay long to conjecture, however, but, rising up, he crept noiselessly out into the passage.

At the end of this corridor was a large window, through which the moonlight streamed in, in a broad bell, full upon the form of the old man, who seemed bending down in prayer to the bright stare which twinkled above him.

Not many moments did the young man pause.

With fear, rather than remorse, in his heart, the young man passed away to join his companion, whom he found leaning out of the window, quietly gazing at the scene around him—a gentle pastoral, clothed in peaceful moonlight.

"You've come at last, then?" he said, dreamily. "I thought perhaps you had a squeamish fit, and gone down on your knees to your uncle."

"No," returned Walker, with a forced laugh; "I'm not likely to do that. I have my pockets full of money, and I'm anxious to get away."

He leaned out and drew a branch of an elm towards him, and, stepping down to the ground, they were soon rapidly retracing their steps across the heath.

"How much do you think we have got?" asked Walter, as they trudged on wearily.

Gideon Crawleigh laughed loudly.

"I should think it was something considerable by the weight," he said, "something about two thousand apiece, I should think. But, by the way, Walter, how do you propose to divide it?"

"As we said."

"And how was that?"

"You were to have one-third."

Gideon did not answer for a moment.

Then he said, "Very good; we will do so, I will call together with you the remaining shares."

"I will be there," said Walter.

"And when shall we make another trip?"

"When you please."

"In a week, then."

In a short time, after various resks, they arrived at Nightingale Lodge, at the door of which they parted company.

On entering the house, Walter found that his wife was still up, waiting for him in the drawing-room.

He crept up to her, and passed his arm around her neck.

"Dear Ella," he said, as she looked up gratefully into his face, "you do not have much pleasure. You can go to the fête to-morrow; for I have received some money to-night."

The unhappy wretched him made him forget for the moment whence the money came

A New Family Newspaper.

BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED.

On the 9th of May, 1865, will be published No. I. of FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER, a new weekly family paper, same size as FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. For Prospectus see next week.

THE *coup d'oil* of the petroleum district in Pennsylvania is thought to be finer than anything in Greece or the Mediterranean sea.

GOD FOR OUR LAND.

WE'LL conquer! we'll conquer! No tears for the dying,
The portal to Heaven be the field where they're lying;
We'll conquer! we'll conquer! No tears for the pain,
Our God angels will smile on their death-hour of pain.
On, on in our massed dense, resolute, strong,
To war against treason, oppression, and wrong;
On, on with your chieftains, and Him we adore
Who strikes with the harvest and leads with the foremost,
Who brings the proud light of a name great in story,
To guide us through danger, uncompassed by glory.

With faith like the Hebrews we'll stem the Red Sea,
Our shield down the Pharaohs—our trust is in Thee.
Be it blood of the tyrant or blood of the slave,
We'll cross it to Freedom, or find there a grave.
Lo! a throne for each worker, a crown for each brow,
The palm for each martyr that dies for no-w:
Spite the flash of their muskets, the roar of their cannon,
The accessins of Freedom shall lower their pennon.
For the will of a nation what foe dare withstand?
Then, patriots, heroes, strike! God for our Land!

TWO SIDES OF A PICTURE.

SCENE I.

IT was the evening of a cold, stormy December day. The wind was still falling in fierce gusts, and the wind howled like a spirit thrice scourged as it swept through the dreary streets, driving those who were unfortunate enough to be exposed to its fury pitilessly before it.

Bright and cheerful gleamed the light from the windows of a handsome dwelling in one of the most aristocratic portions of Boston. Many a shivering passer-by cast a longing look at the house, imagining the luxuries and comforts within, and one old crone stumbling along with her bundle of kindling wood paused for a moment before it, crying out in bitter envy:

"Oh! it's little they know in there of the temptation of the cold.

"Little they know of the tempest." There was a worse tempest raging in that princely mansion than that of cold. It was a tempest of sin—a tempest of scorn and hate sweeping away all sense of duty and forbearance from a wife's heart; a tempest as angry, and fiercer passing than her husband's eyes; a tempest tearing apart two lives which had been bound together (the minister said by God), and which man had been forbidden to put asunder.

Margaret Delisle stood in the centre of her comfortably-furnished drawing-room, her whole form trembling with emotion.

In her eyes gleamed a look like that worn by a stag when at bay, and her small white hands were tightly clasped together.

On the sofa before her sat her husband; a man with sallowy swollen, fierce black eyes, overhanging brows and sensual mouth. His lips were drawn back from his gleaming white teeth, and his face was cruel in expression.

"I will not; I cannot submit to it," said the woman in a passionate voice. "Five long years, O God, five years of misery have I endured like the torture of the damned; all the most sacred feelings trodden in the dirt; my nature reviled; everything that money can buy! And I, myself, cast out of me; and you have done these things, and by what right, John Delisle? Because you are my husband, and love grows cold in the heart. You came and tempted me when I was weary and starving, saying, 'I will give you wealth; you shall be a queen in society, and no love you.' condescend to remember your existences. You shall have gems; a princely home; position; everything that money can buy.' And I, weak fool, listened to you, and, I impatient of my beautiful art, because she was coy, and yielded not to my first entreaties—poor I more than all because I was young and starving, married you. Oh! I could curse myself for having sacrificed the holy the soul; better to have died in my lonely room. What are my diamonds, my costly robes to me? They lumber my drawers—no love you. I never loved you. How could I when we had not one thought, one taste in unison? You have been unfaithful, and obtained all you desired. You thought me beautiful. You coveted my beauty to show off your wealth. You bought me that you might display me. You thought me that you might stare and wonder, and envy your possessions. You made me forswear my art-love. You bade me cast away my pencils and brushes, saying, 'The wife of John Delisle must not deal in trade like a common painter.' And I, again a weak fool, yielded to all your wishes, and for years I have smothered my love for genius; my hope that one day I might be able to touch her hand; but the fire within my heart has never been extinguished. It has been burning steadily, though you knew it not, and now, John Delisle, it has burst forth with redoubled fury. I am tired of playing the fashionable woman; I am sick to death of my golden chains; let me free; let me be myself!"

She paused, her bosom heaving with excitement, her hand upon her heart, her eyes glowing brighter than the diamonds she wore upon her brow.

Slowly and coldly, though rage was written on every line of his face his voice sounding strangely harsh and discordant after the rich full tones of his wife, John Delisle replied:

"You have so often heard my sentiments respecting your art-love" (with a sneer) 'that I need not repeat them now. If you remain in this house you must yield me the obedience you promised at the altar. You may not love me, but I'll have no rivals. Oh! you need not flash your blue eyes, I do not mean in the shape of lovers. I know that a woman so devoted to 'art' could find no room in her heart for any other worship. I am speaking of paints, brushes, canvass, and all that sort of thing. I require of you the key of your room, and to-morrow I will burn those things which have drawn your heart away from me. And, furthermore, I will have no wandering 'after the beautiful' no intimacy with artists. My wife shall not lower herself to the grade of those who, affecting to despise the conventionalities of life, starve in lonely rooms because of their pride. Margaret, you, Margaret, you, of that sphere, and out of it you must remain. Why, woman," and his voice grew harsh and cruel, "you were born to be a queen in society. I delight in your beauty. Have I not surrounded you with every luxury that wealth could procure, even to the diamonds the crystal, your face the richest?"

"Pshaw!" muttered his wife. "You are talking like a Sultan to his slave. You love me as a slave. I rebel; I cast off my chains; I will have my freedom. I am your purchase; my own life. They are as far from you as the heaven from the earth. Above your sordid love for gold shines my art love like a star. I will not give it up. It is all I have in life to glorify my God with. You may begin the work of destruction you threaten at once when I am out of my own sight; I have no longer your wife. I, myself, sever the bonds that unite me. Forth from your door I'll go poor as when I entered it a girl of only five years ago; five years that have been a continual torture to me; five years of falsehood and deceit; five years of inward shame and outward calm; five years of tyranny on one side, and well simulated obedience on the other. John Delisle, to-night I say to you farewell for ever!"

At last the man lost his sneering look. He rose from his seat, and moved to take her hand, but she repulsed him with the gesture of a queen.

"Margaret, are you mad?" he asked.

"Mad!" she laughed, a low, wild, low, mocking laugh. "No; just coming to my senses."

"You do not—cannot mean that you will leave me—leave your home for those silly, romantic ideas?"

"My God!" she moaned. "Silly, romantic! My, my God!"

"Think of what the world will say, Margaret," he continued.

"The world! Ah, yes the world must be considered. Well, the world will say that I'm insane or hopelessly base, ungrateful, unworthy, a wretch to run away from such a home as mine. The world will say how could she fail to be contented? She had so much to eat, and drink, and wear! A wise critic would say, 'Look at her gorgeous dress, but never dreams of the aching heart beneath; it envies the coronet of some, but never discovers the weary brain it encircles.' You have resolved. I leave you your silks, lace and diamonds. I give up the proud position I have held as mistress of this princely mansion. Farewell, society and a husband, but I find—liberty!"

"Take care, my lady Margaret," said John Delisle, his voice becoming tone, "or you may find—the devil!"

She opened her blue eyes and flashed a glance of disdain at him, then quickly left the room, which seemed to grow dark as the sky when a brilliant meteor falls from it.

It was true all Margaret Delisle had spoken. Left a penniless orphan at the age of eighteen, she had taken refuge in a garret, endeavored to carry out the dream of her childhood—that of becoming an artist. She was modest, reserved and unassuming, and she did not become known; she had no influential friends, therefore she starved. For a long and weary year she endured hunger, cold, and all the pleasant things that poverty is her to, and than John Delisle, strolling with a friend in the Academy of ——, was struck by a picture of a beautiful girl standing before one of the pictures. Her golden hair in its glossy waves about her broad low brow, and there—perfect—accomplishing suffering in her violet blue eyes.

She was miserably clad. A thin shawl, folded gracefully about her slight form, gave her no protection from the cold, and her little white hands were purple.

"Who is that?" asked Delisle.

"That," replied his friend, supposing he referred to the portrait, and not the artist, "is the fascinating Mrs. Le Brun, the pet of the——"

"I mean that girl yonder," interrupted Delisle. "Oh, that is a young unknown artist, Ipremne. Hem, Lee," addressing a fair-haired youth who was passing, "who is that pretty girl?"

"Miss Margaret Lawlor. Pretty,' did you say? She's beautiful. Has some talent (of course only some, being a woman); is as poor as poverty, and as proud as Lucifer. *Au revoir!*"

"Well, Delisle, are you satisfied? Why don't you answer? You seem to be lost in thought. What are you thinking of?"

"I was thinking," was the calm reply, "of getting that girl my wife."

"Your wife? Hear the man—he's gone daft!"

"Not quite, Lewis. I'm impressed that that golden-haired creature yonder will be Mrs. Delisle. And why not? She is beautiful, she is proud, and she is a lady."

"And, pray, how did you discover all that?"

"Simply by looking at her. You must learn to make better use of your eyes, Lewis."

John Delisle met this poor artist, and though at first she shrank from him with instinctive repugnance, with infinite tact he soon made her think of him with kindness, and he made her think of him constantly. One day it was a basket of the choicest fruit, the next a bouquet of the rarest flowers, books, birds, delicate wines, all offered so quietly, so unobtrusively, that she could refuse nothing.

At last he told her he loved her, he pictured his home to her, he spoke of the care and tenderness which should surround her. He appealed to her vanity (for, strange as it may appear, Margaret had a share), he called her pride to his aid, and spoke of those seeming her now as Margaret Delisle, and in no more than a month did John her friendship as Margaret Delisle. In short, he influenced her through the meaner part of her nature, and Margaret yielding, as many a wiser woman has before, consented to barter her youth and beauty for a home, her love of art (for John insisted that when his wife she should no longer paint) for a protector, her liberty for gold and precious gems.

And what came of it? What could come of it? Before a year was passed, aye, long before, Margaret Delisle found herself the victim—not for hours with her hands folded idly in her lap, wishing with all the fervor of her passionate heart that the cold room—the old life—even the old starvation.

She thought her husband to let her paint, but with a kiss, from which she inwardly shrank, he brushed it away.

John Delisle hated artists with a superior mediocrity, and a woman artist he regarded as a sort of monstrosity.

Ross Bonheur, in his opinion, had better remain at home and attend to the family's stockings or cooking the family's dinner, than strolling around in all sorts of rude places painting animals. Rosa Bonheur, in his opinion, was disgusting.

Pictures were excellent things in their way—he bought a few of them—as a rule, from his wife's portfolio, and hung them in the richest carpet, but where the picture-maker was better than the carpet-maker he could not see.

Beautiful Margaret Delisle queened it in "society." It was the only thing left for her to do. And she did it well. The woman spoke, she said imitated her style—the men, delicious, wellgot'ed, dress-coated creatures, voted her "charming." But she never knew a moment's peace in any of them, and the old light only came back to her face when by chance at some house where "art" was "fashionable" she met some artist friend. Then how wonderful the change—her cheek flushed rosy red—her blue eyes opened with a dazzling splendor, her voice became joyous and sweet, and her hearers wondered at her eloquence.

Only a few moments thus, for John Delisle was a jealous husband, and could not bear to see his wife growing more beautiful for another than for him-self. And so it would happen that Margaret, feeling his touch upon her arm, would turn, and gazing in that calm, smiling face, suddenly become pale and trembling.

Five years had passed away since her marriage, and Margaret began to have that wild hunted look in her eyes which remains invariably wears who never dares to act herself.

On the dark and dismal night of which I have written, sitting alone in her fashionably furnished room, she had been dreaming of the little studio —she had been cursing the hour she sold her brother's picture—she had been filled with all her soul, the man who owned her, when John Delisle, entering softly, bent to kiss her cheek.

Instinctively she rose and confronted him with the eyes of a tigress, and all the long pent-up passion of years burst from her heart forth.

For a moment John Delisle recoiled as though stricken by a bullet, but soon the cold tyranny of his nature resurrected itself. He held him to his peculiar ideas. He would not yield an inch. He was an obstinate, self-willed, practical man. She was a passionate, impulsive, high-strung poetical woman. When fire and water mingle two such natures will harmonize. Never before.

Like a storm-cloud burning the storm over, the sun rose in redoubled splendor, the tempest had also passed from John Delisle's house, and his wife Margaret was once again a poor artist.

In some instances ladies who can scarcely ling out "Yes" when they are married, learn to say "No" pretty quickly afterwards.

"DENNIS, my boy," said an English schoolmaster to his Hibernian pupil, "if ten I shall make twenty? You've no application."

"An' sure enough, sir," said the boy, looking down at his toes, "I always bring down me application on account for it." Don't ever every day in the newspapers that 'tis from each other we learn it all?"

WHAT is the difference between the color of Canada's coat and a frog's stomach? One is a sober drab and the other a drab-green.

WHEN can a man be said to be stung to the quick? When he is married!

SOMETHING often heard, but seldom seen.—A woman's tongue.

A KIND of angling that doesn't always take.—Fishing for compliments.

THE following is the verdict of a negro jury: "We, the undersigned, being a former's jury to sit on de body of Sambo, find dat he died and gone dere on his own accord, and dat he died by falling from de hinder side de ribber in de said ribber, and dat he was drowned in consequence of it, and afterwards washed on de other side, what we 'spose he was trying to get to."

IN the poems by Hoffman, the German poet, there is applied from the Persian dominions, the following word appears: "Sonnenverfinsterungsmethode sammenangelegenheit," meaning a sun which is struck by the constitution from the payment of taxes. The explosion of such a pet as this would be punished by the laws of prussia first by the code of Prussia.

A VERY valuable essence for family use is—acquiescence.

WHEN the members of a family are treated every night to a cat serenade, they soon become inwardly sick of it, not outward.



THE UNION ARMY ENTERING RICHMOND, VA., APRIL 3—RECEPTION OF THE FEDERAL TROOPS IN MAIN STREET.—From a Sketch by our Special Artist, Joseph Becker.

PALMETTO TREE.

OUR Artist has sent us a sketch of one of the very few remaining Palmetto trees now left in Charleston. It is opposite No. 116 East Bay street, and was planted some seven years ago. It is the only Palmetto tree remaining in that part of the ruined city.

SKETCHES IN RICHMOND, VA.

THE sketches which we publish in the present number are full of interest to all. They exhibit a mournful spectacle of a fallen and guilty city. Terribly indeed has the mother of Presidents paid for her grand treason against a Government which she has directed since the days of Washington. It is another proof of the depraving power of slavery, for whether the criminal blunder of Virginia's secession from the Union in '61 proceeded from arrogance of heart, or mental infirmity, it undoubtedly was the necessary result of that God-denying principle, engendered by a system which made one of its most influential judges declare "that there was a large class of human beings in this country whose rights a white man was not bound to respect."

The terrible sentence which the North has been called upon to make in expiation for its passive acquiescence in so infamous a doctrine has only been exceeded by the fearful and humiliating ruin which has visited its propagators and defenders. If ever mourning was in sackcloth and ashes it is what remains of the late Southern Confederacy, but the sketches of our Artist will prove more eloquent than any words, and we, therefore, present them with brief description.

Interior of Libby Prison.

Having in a recent number given a sketch of the exterior of this modern Bastile with a full description of the place, we have merely now to state that is now devoted to imprisoning the rebels.

Our Artist, who visited it on the 7th, sends us a graphic picture of its present appearance, which will appear in our next. He says, "A more miserable set o humanity I have never seen than the rebels who now occupy the old quarters once held by our brave boys.

"I am happy, however, to add, for the sake o humanity and the honor of the American name, that the treatment they receive from the United States Government is very different from that which our unfortunate fellows experienced.

"There is also an element in the rebel prisoners which did not exist in our men, for one of the saddest reflections on that Libby Prison now holds about a hundred of the greatest desperadoes who were released from jails and conditioned of fear entering the Confederate service." We trust that these men will not be considered as genuine soldiers and released when the war is over.

The Burnt District.

As we have already related, the rebel Government, when it evacuated Richmond, showed its usual contempt for human suffering by ordering the city to be fired in several places, and one of the chief duties when our troops took possession was to extinguish the conflagration. Our view represents the appearance of one of these burnt districts, looking up Carey street. Reasons as if both friend and foe had combined to punish this rebellious city.

Digging for Treasure.

How little confidence the wealthier class of Richmond rebels had in their own Government and soldiery is evidenced by the fact that so many of them buried their chief valuables. Much has now been lost in the ruins of the fire. Our Artist has sent us a sketch of the citizens digging among the ruins in Main street, where the fire made considerable havoc. The eager curiosity portrayed in the faces of the bystanders was a perfect study.

The Union Army in Richmond.

On Monday, the 3d of April, a portion of the Union army, under command of Gen. Weitzel, entered the capital of the defunct Southern Confederacy, and was received by all classes with either loud acclamations or silent satisfaction, for it would appear that even the most rabid Secessionists had had all hope of a successful result of their rash experiment. The colored population was, as might be expected, in a state of jubilant delight, and the gorgeous manner in which they thronged about the grounds of the capital, from which they had hitherto been rigidly excluded, was very amusing and highly characteristic of their childlike nature. In a word, this unhappy war seems to have lasted just long enough to convince the boastful population how fatal its defeat has been, and how futile it would be to renew the attempt to overthrow the determination of the majority. It has also continued long enough to destroy the cursed institution of slavery. Let us hope that they will also see what a pernicious curse the doctrine of States Rights has proved to be.

A HOURI VILLAGE.

COL. WALTER CAMPBELL has just published his "Indian Journal." Among the mountains of India he discovered a strange settlement of women, remarkable for beauty and fair complexions, who pride themselves on their charms, and make it a duty to transmit them to posterity by consorting only with husbands as fair as themselves. And, indeed, if Bhaw, whose portrait is given, is a true specimen of her tribe, their pride may be excused:

During the time we remained a few, we made an excursion along the coast to the neighboring village of Sarode, inhabited by a remarkable race of women, who are celebrated throughout the western parts of India for their great beauty and unusually fair complexion. They are Hindoos of the Coukaee caste, but differ in many respects from any other tribe. They are not allowed to marry, nor are any men, except the priest, belonging to the pagodas —of which there are several in the village—allowed to reside within its precincts. They are, however, encouraged to become mothers; and, like the Amazonian queens who is said to have visited Alexander the Great, in hopes of thereby obtaining a heroic daughter—they are very particular in selecting fathers, likely from their appearances to perpetuate in their children the fair complexion and classical features for which they themselves are so justly celebrated. I was not able to ascertain how the male children are disposed of, but I believe they are dedicated to the temples and become priests; while the females—or perhaps only the finer specimens, for all the children we saw were strikingly handsome —are reared with the utmost care to sustain the character of the village of Houris. Their origin is shrouded in mystery; but tradition says they are sprung from an ancient sisterhood of Portuguese nuns. A strange origin enough, if the tale be true. They never leave their native village—which they appear to think the most delightful spot on earth—but have a superstitious belief that if they were to ascend above the Ghauts they would immediately die.

On leaving near the village we pitched our tent on the beach, and, in accordance with the etiquette of the place, we dispatched a messenger to announce our arrival. We were soon after waited upon by a deputation of waiting females, who in the most graceful manner expressed their thanks for the honor we had done them, and informed us they were charged with a message from the matron of the village, requesting the pleasure of our company in the evening to witness a "nautch," and after throwing a garland of flowers round each of our necks, they returned to the village.

I was much struck with the grace and beauty of these young creatures. They were nearly as fair as Europeans, with beautifully regular features; and their deep black, melting eyes, filled with long silken eyelashes, were perfectly bewitching. It was that peculiar eye—rare even in Europe, and unknown in any other part of India—which Byron so beautifully describes as

> The Asiatic eye,
> Dark as above us in the sky;
> But through it steals a tender light,
> Like the first moonrise of midnight:
> Large, dark, and swimming in the stream,
> Which seems to melt in its own beam;
> All love, half languor and half fire.

Their figures were more stately, and their limbs fuller and better rounded, than those of Indian females generally are; and their peculiar dress—consisting only confined round the waist by a silver zone, and looped up on one side so as to expose the leg to a little above the knee—closely resembled the drapery of an ancient Greek statue. Their hair, simply braided, was entwined with wreaths of jessamine, and secured behind with a gold buckle. And the general effect of their costumes was not a little heightened by the unaffected sweetness and simple modesty of their demeanor. For, notwithstanding their strange customs—shocking "our ideas of propriety, not considering the matter per se"—even the poor things retain all the native modesty of their sex, and are not by any means masculine in their behavior.

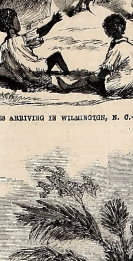
In the cool of the evening we proceeded to the village, on the outskirts of which we were met by another deputation of the fair inhabitants, and conducted to the house of the head matron.

The village is beautifully situated in a grove of orange, citron and palm trees, through which the soft moonbeams came laden with perfume; a beautiful saltwater lagoon, wooded to the edge, sweeps by in front of it, and in the background the deep blue mountains appear to form a barrier between this enchanting spot and the remainder of the world.

We were received with great ceremony by the matron, and all the females of the village in a large open apartment, where we were sprinkled with rose-water, and regaled with tea. We then seated ourselves round the room to witness the performance of some "nautchgirls" belonging to the temple, and departed at a late hour, after distributing some little presents, such as embroidered slippers, bangles, &c., amongst the finest of our entertainers and taking a sketch of a beautiful creature named Bhaw.



ESCAPED SLAVES ARRIVING IN WILMINGTON, N. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



PALMETTO TREE OPPOSITE NO 115 EAST BAY STREET, CHARLESTON, S. C., ONE OF THE FEW NOW IN THE CITY.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.



THE WILMINGTON "SANITARY COMMISSION"—CONTRABAND STREET-SWEEPERS GOING TO WORK.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

THERMOMETER ALARUM.—M. Morin has devised an instrument which may be enumerated among useful appliances. A greenhouse, for example, must be kept at a uniform temperature, but it may not be convenient to keep a man to continually observe the thermometer and attend to the fire. M. Morin has, therefore, contrived an instrument which will give notice whenever the temperature of the conservatory falls below the desirable point. It consists of an ordinary thermometer, the bulb of which a platinum wire is carried, another wire brought through the top down to the point marking the degree of heat required. These wires are placed in connection with a small battery and an electric alarum. It will now be seen that as long as the temperature is maintained the circuit is complete; but as soon as the mercury falls below the platinum wire the circuit is broken, and a small electro-magnet lets fall an armature, which completes a current and the alarum. This now begins to ring, and continues to do so until the temperature rises again to the proper height. Different adaptations of this instrument may make it useful in giving indications of changes of temperature in many industrial operations.

COMPOSITION FOR COATING WOOD.—A method of coating wood with a view to its hard a stone has been recently introduced in Germany; the ingredients are 40 parts of chalk, 10 of rosin, four of linseed oil, to be melted together in an iron pot. One part of native ochre is added, and one of sulphuric acid are then to be added, after which the composition is ready for use. It is applied hot to the wood with a brush, in the same way as paint, and, as before observed, becomes exceedingly hard on drying.

MANY FACTS IN A SMALL COMPASS.—The number of language spoken is about 3,064. The number of men is equal to the number of women. The average of human life is about 33 years. One-quarter die before the age of seven. Twenty 1,000 persons can rarely reaches the age of 100 years, and not more than one in 100 will reach the age of 86. There are on earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants. Of these 33,333,333 die every year, 91,824 die every day, 3,768 every hour, and 63 every minute. These losses are balanced by an equal number of births. The married are longer lived than the single. Tall men live longer than short men. Women have more chances of life previous to the age of 50 years, but after that year the reverse. The greatest of mortality is in proportion of 70 to 100. Marriages are more frequent after the equinoxes, that is during the months of June and December. Those born in the spring are more robust than the others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than by day.

A BRITISH officer, Capt. Ferguson, the lately visited this country, is lecturing in England on "America during the war." He describes the negro soldier in camp as follows: "A regular contraband is scarcely to be known than between the native American and the negro soldier of the army: the one grave, self-reliant and quiet, the other, gay, and strutting through the camp, saying his letter or reading his paper, or perhaps actually discussing politics with his neighbors; the other, lighthearted as a child, and yet with a grin passing by, you feel sure, of a monkey or at quarts with nothebows, or else gambolicky or frolicking in pure exuberance of spirits. All day long, whereby, too, where the negro laborers work, is a constant scene of animated repast. They are fond of their work well, too, but their aim seems to be to make it as like play as possible. Some one sings a line of a song, and wifey, for their labor seems to be a carnival of delight. So every their energies seem to spend in their sports to sing; for the day closes upon the same rollicking style of working as the same boisterous scene of merriment as that upon which it opened."

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4,000 Solitaire Jet and Gold Brooches	4 00 to 8 00
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ROSEWOOD, PARLOR AND CHAMBER FURNITURE; MAHOGANY AND WALNUT, PARLOR AND CHAMBER FURNITURE; LIBRARY TABLES;

Also, CANE and WOOD SEAT work, all qualities; HAIR, HUSK and SPRING MATTRESSES; a large stock of ENAMELLED CHAMBER FURNITURE, in Sets, from $220 to $100.

Tucker's New Patent Spring Bed.

The best as well as the cheapest of any in use. Retail price, $2 each.

Their facilities for manufacturing defy competition. All work guaranteed as represented.

PRIZE STATIONERY PACKETS.
Splendid Steel Engravings, and Photographs Card Pictures.

We want 1,000 agents everywhere to sell our goods, which will pay 300 per cent. profit, and our Stationery Packets contain a fine Steel Engraving Envelope, and a fine assortment of Jewellery. GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES given as premiums to Agents. $11 will contain 100 packets and a fine Silver Watch. A sample packet, also one hundred others, as per our Great Dollar sale of Jewellery, together with circulars and full particulars to Agents, sent on receipt of 80 cents. Circular mailed free.

C. S. HASKINS & CO., 36 Beekman street, N. Y.

UPHAM'S PIMPLE BANISHER

Removes Pimples on the Face, Freckles, &c. It also softens the skin and beautifies the complexion. So to completely banish Pimples, $2 00, Mailed to any address for 75 cts., by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth street, Philadelphia, Pa. 498-510

THE JAPANESE HAIR STAIN

Colors the Hair, Whiskers and Moustache a beautiful black or brown. It contains no *dye or preparation.* Color will not rub or wash out. Only 50 cents a box; sent by mail for 60 cents. Address S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth st., Phila., Pa. 498-510

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned has been appointed Sub-Agent and Financial Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three tenths per cent. interest per annum, known as the

Seven-Thirty Loan.

These Notes are issued under date of June 15th, 1865, and are payable three years from that time, in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 6-20 Six per cent.

GOLD-BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are worth a premium which increases the actual profit on the 7-30 loan. *They are exempt from State and municipal taxation aside from one to three per cent., according to the laws of the State where property.* The interest is payable in currency semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to

One cent per day on a $50 note.		
Two cents	" " "	$100 "
Ten	" " "	$500 "
20	" " "	$1,000 "
100	" " "	$5,000 "

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions, and the interest to accrue from the date of investment. The notes are issued to bearer, and are transferable by delivery. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

which pays interest in advance. The interest now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the

Great Popular Loan of the People.

Less than $300,000,000 of the Loan authorized by the last Congress are now on the market. The balance, the sale of which is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within four months, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium. We are ready to back the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the loan, the National Banks, State Banks, and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select such parties as they may have confidence in, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

J. CLARKE,
SUBSCRIPTION AGENT,
409-512 Philadelphia.

Whiskers! Moustaches!!—The celebrated HIMALAYA FLUID is warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in two weeks. English Hair Dressing, which does no injury to the skin. Sent, postpaid, for 50 cents. Address Dr. H. D. PORTER, Albany, N. Y. 497-507

Photograph Cards for Gentlemen—Samples of Photographs sent for 25 cents. Specimen envelope with your name and address. 12 D. REMMETTE, 89½ Liberty st., N. Y.

Royal Havana Lottery.

In Drawing of April 1, 1865,

No. 23634	.....	$100,000
No. 8030	.....	20,000
No. 24433	.....	5,000
No. 19344	.....	1,000
No. 18445	.....	500

Being the five capital prizes.

Seventy-five per cent. premium paid for prizes. Information furnished. The highest rates paid for Doubloons and all kinds of Gold and Silver.

TAYLOR & CO., Bankers,
16 Wall St., N. Y.

SOLDIERS will remember that the place to buy the best GOLD PENS, BADGES, WATCHES, JEWELLERY, etc., is at KEITH'S & CO.'s, 19 John street, N. Y. Agents will receive a nice premium.

$1 Gold Watches. $1
Silver Watches.

Fine Silverware; Elegant Vest, Curb, Neck, Fob and Chatelaine Chains; Patent Hinge and Oval Band Bracelets; Unique Sets of Ladies' Jewelry, Lockets, Charms, Pins, Rings, Studs, Sleeve Buttons, Magic Brooches, Diamonds, Rubies, Emeralds, Pearls and Opals set in Rings, Pins, Studs, &c.; English Silver Coral Stands, Butter Cooler, Dinner and Tea Services, Sewing Machines, &c., &c., wholesale and retail.

$1,000,000 !

Will be sold by

S. C. RICKARDS & CO.,
103 Nassau St., N. Y. (Established 1853.)

At ONE DOLLAR Each Article,

Without Selections, and no Article to be paid for unless perfectly satisfactory.

The Catalogue embraces a large stock of valuable and useful articles—Rich and Costly Watches, specially appropriate for Family use or presents, which will be sold for $1 on the following liberal terms: Each CERTIFICATE, bearing upon their face the names of the articles as above enumerated, plainly printed with descriptions, and marked price, are each enclosed in an envelope, and all the envelopes are then well mixed, another, MIXED and placed in a repository. The sealed envelopes containing the Certificates marked with the name of the articles, descriptions and marked prices, I entitle individuals to be sent by mail to any of the address at 25 cents each; on receipt of the Certificates the purchaser receives the ARTICLE OR $1 in CERTIFIED TO, which he can obtain upon the return of the Certificate to my office, or elsewhere. When Certificates call for articles too large to be sent by mail, the full expressage must be paid by the purchaser before the article is delivered.

Each Certificate may obtain you a GOLD WATCH, Service of Silver Plate, or any other valuable article. THERE WILL BE NO BLANKS.

PACKAGES OF CERTIFICATES

will be sent to CLUBS, SCHOOLS, AGENTS, &c., at the following rates:

One Certificate, sent to any address by mail, on receipt of ..... $ 25
6 Certificates, ... 1 00
12 do 2 00
33 do 5 00
50 do 10 00
100 do 15 00

Postmasters, Agents, &c., will be allowed 10 cents commission on each Certificate. They collect 25 cents each, and remitting 15 cents each to our office, providing not less than one dozen are ordered at one time.

Ladies and Gentlemen wanted to act as Agents in every Regiment, Camp and Town through the Country.

Large orders for packages of Certificates or Articles from Clubs, Societies, Camp Sutlers, &c., should be sent per Express. Drafts payable to our order, or "*Post-office Money Orders*" can be procured. All orders must be addressed to

S. C. RICKARDS & CO.,
Manufacturers of Jewelry,
103 Nassau St., New York, N. Y.

ENVELOPES AND NOTE PAPER

At Wholesale Prices, sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of the price.

1000 Buff Letter Envelopes, extra thick.....$4 00
1000 Canary Color Letter Envelopes, extra thick.. 4 00
1000 White Letter Envelopes, extra thick..... 4 00
One Ream super thick Note Paper..... 2 00
One Ream Ex-cap Note Paper..... 2 00
One box (250) new style Magenta Envelopes..... 2 00

S. B. HASKINS & CO.,
Stationers and Envelope manufacturers,
36 Beekman street, N. Y.

CARD PICTURES

Of all the distinguished Generals, such as *Gen. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan*, etc., etc. Send for a sample hundred. Price only $6 *per hundred*, or $1 per dozen. Also, Cards of *Gen. Meade*. Now ready: just the thing to carry in your Photograph Album. Any of the above cards will be sent by return mail on receipt of price. Address all orders plainly to

C. L. BRIGGS, Publisher,
92 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

Now Ready.

George Sand's Last Novel.

A YOUNG GIRL'S CONFESSION.

"A Young Girl's Confession" will rank among the best productions of its gifted author. Written in a powerful and, in many parts, eloquent language, the style of writing is peculiarly adapted to the subject of plot and character. For purity of sentiment, elevation of thought, enlarged clearness of statement, effective working up of the denouement, and the charm of interest throughout, we prefer all the "Confessions" is probably unequalled in French imaginative literature. Price 50 cents. Mailed, free of postage, on receipt of price.

FREDERIC A. BRADY, Publisher,
No. 24 Ann street, New York.

GOLD PENS retailing at Wholesale Prices from 50c. to $2; Pens, with Silver ext. Cases, $1 to $3; Metal Pencils, 25 cents. Steel stamp for marking. P. HAWKES, 64 Nassau street, N. Y. Also Fountain Pen. 502-3

Every Soldier can have one sent to him by return mail, free of postage, by inclosing $2 50 or $3, according to the rank by desired. Improved English Hunting Watch Belt, for Soldiers and Sailors, $1.75 and $2 each. Address HOWARD BRIT CO., 436 Broadway, N. Y. Large discount to dealers.

$8 OFFICER'S WATCH. $10

Our Whole Stock of Imported Watches, being of rich and novel designs, and the correct timekeepers, are now offered at reduced prices. Single Watches at Wholesale Rates.

An ELEGANT WATCH in Fine Gold Plated *Double Cases*, richly Engraved, Hunting Centre, Curved, Balance Bridge, *English Full Plate Jeweled Movements*, adjusted to Heat, Cold, Isochronism and Position, Capped and Glass Protected, Hunting Seconds, Solid Silver and Fine Enamelled White Dial, a *serviceable article* in running order, with Key, Case, etc., complete, and a Gent's *Massive Guard Chain* and beautiful MINIATURE GEM LOCKET to match, with Double Compartments, Back and Glass for Pictures. Sent by mail to any part of the country for only $10.

A SILVER SETTING WATCH, especially adapted for Army use, in HUNTY Double Cases, Small Size, *same as the above*, with Key, Case, etc., complete, and *Gent's Vest Chain, Engraved Double Case Locket, etc.* Sent by mail to any part of the U. S. for only $8.

The Imperial Watch,

OR BRITISH ARMY OFFICERS' TIMEKEEPER, containing a Rare and *Wonderful Combination of Mechanical Effects*, combining with its cases and attached to the machinery a beautiful and accurate Miniature Chronometer, an accurately adjusted *Mariner's Compass* in the centre of the Dial, and a *Reliable Thermometer*, indicating day of month, week, etc., in Cases, rendering this WATCH INVALUABLE TO THE HEAT AND TIME ABROAD. The beautiful machinery of this valuable Watch is enclosed in *Finely Polished Engraved Cases, Hunting or Open Spring 18 Line Cases* (the outer cases being of fine 18 Carat Gold), and *Jeweled with Gold Jewel Holes, Ruby Engraved* top and bottom, with *Jewel for Vases*, Turned Steel Pillars, Compensation Balance, and *Patent Lever Escapement*. *Genuine English Improved Jewelled Action*, M. J. Tobias' Patent Lever Escapement, Gold and Steel Compensation Cock, Equal Balance, Independent Actions, Fine White Dials, Steel Hands, and Gilt Figures and Rims, in Cases worth £10 10s. each, and used by the ROYAL ENGINEERS and a number of other Imperial Army Men, and for various hearing our private trade mark. Price per single one, £10 10s. each. Sent by mail, post free, and carefully packed by mail, £20.

CATELY BROTHERS, Sole Importers.
162 Regent St., W. Y. Established 1858.

The Book of Wonders tells how to make CLOUDS without syringe or any other tools. This contains the Hunter's Secret, how to catch Fish and all kinds of Game. Price 25 cents. Address Box 1007 P. O. Boston. Circulars of Ongoende and Curing Fudds; Gambling Exposed; Venetian Secrets; Ladies' Secrets; Private Instructions to Ladies; how to gain the Love of any one, &c., &c., &c. Sent, enclosed, for 25 cents. Address Box 1007 P. O., New York. 498-501

Attention, Company!

CLARK'S ONGOENT.—A Powerful Stimulant. Each package contains enough to make a pint. Cures Piles or Moustaches in Six Weeks upon the smoothest face, without stain or injury to the skin. Any person sending this Ongoent and finding it not as represented by inclosing 25 cents in a letter, will have the money returned to them at any time within three months from day of purchase. Price $1. Sent free by mail on receipt of price. Agents wanted on receipt of the money. Address

S. C. CLARK,
409-511 P. O. Drawer 118, Albany, N. Y.

WHISKERS. $1.

$1. For One Dollar I will send, sealed and postpaid, the "Creston Compound," highly perfumed, which will cause a heavy growth of Whiskers, Moustache or Hair upon the smoothest face in five weeks, or upon bald heads or light weeks. It is the only article in the market that will stain the skin. Address, with stamp, for circular, containing certificates from persons who have used it, and from Physicians, &c., &c.

409-511 E. L. SANFORD, Lansingburgh, N. Y.

GREAT PRICE DISTRIBUTION
BY THE
New York Gift Association,
599 BROADWAY, N. Y.

	EACH.
12 Elegant Rosewood Pianos, worth from	$250 to $500
15 Melodeons, Rosewood Cases,	75 to 150
150 Music Boxes	15 to 45
150 Silver Fruit and Cake Baskets	15 to 35
300 Silver Tea and Table Spoons	10 to 30
100 Gold Hunting-case Watches, all warranted	75 to 150
200 Diamond Rings, Cluster and Single Stone	50 to 200
200 Gold Watches	60 to 100
300 Ladies' Gold Watches	40 to 80
500 Silver Watches	25 to 50

Also, Diamond Pins, Gold Pens, Gold Pencils, Coral, Florentine Mosaic, Jet, Lava and Cameo Ladies' Sets, Gold Fobs and Vest Chains, Silver Extension Cases, Sleeve Buttons, Sets of Studs, Neck Chains, Vest Chains, and a great variety of Jewelry, Rings, Pins, Lockets, Silver Bracelets and **FINE JEWELLERY** of every description, with many other articles, the whole valued at **$500,000!**

To be Sold for One Dollar Each without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you will receive.

Distribution is made in the following manner:

CERTIFICATES, bearing each Article and its value, plainly printed thereon, are carefully sealed up, well mixed. One of these Envelopes, containing the Certificate of some Article, worth at least One Dollar at retail, will be delivered at our office to any person who may call, or sent by mail, postpaid to others, on receipt of 25 cents. On receiving the Certificate, the purchaser will see at once what Article is named therein, which may be FROM ONE TO FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, and can then pay the Agent the Dollar and receive the Article named, or can choose any other one Article on our List of Gifts.

No Blanks.—Every Certificate will draw a Prize.

Persons dealing with us may depend on having prompt returns, and the Articles drawn will be immediately sent to any address by return mail or express. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. Ex-Soldiers and Sailors, call.

AGENTS WANTED. Send a stamp for a Circular. All letters should be addressed

T. BENTON & CO., Box 5057, P. O., New York.

Full Instructions how either sex may gain the love of any person they choose instantly. Sent on receipt of stamp. Address W. NORRIS & CO., Box 314, P. O., Albany, N. Y.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.

THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED TO SECURE GOOD JEWELLERY AT LOW PRICES.

500,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELLERY, GOLD PENS, BRACELETS, LOCKETS, RINGS, GENTS' PINS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, STUDS, ETC.

Worth $300,000!

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and at the same time get a paper containing full list and particulars, also terms to Agents, etc. We want in every Region and Town in the Country.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
209 Broadway, New York.

Stereoscopic Views and Cartes de Visite.
1,000 different kinds. Send stamp for a Catalogue.
ON VICTOR DELAVO, 80 Nassau St., N. Y.

Beauty.—Hunt's Bloom of Roses,
A charming, delicate and perfect natural color for the cheeks or lips; does not wash off or injure the skin; remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Price $1. 18 cents by mail, securely packed from observation.
HUNT & CO., Perfumers,
609 133 South Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

The West Indian Hair Curler, warranted to curl the most straight and stiff hair, on the first trial, without the use of heat or waving manufacture, in ten minutes, on receipt of $1. Address
P. H. HENDERSON & CO.,
Box 2351, New York Post Office.

100 Photographs of Union Generals sent by mail, postpaid, for 25 cents; 50 Photographs of Rebel Generals, for 25 cents; 50 Photographs of Female Beauties sent for 25 cents. Address P. O. Box 46, Station D, New York.

"Psychomancy."—How either sex may gain the love, confidence, affection and good will of any person they choose, instantly. This simple mental acquirement all can possess, securing married happiness, or sure fortune, free by mail, for 25 cents, together with a guide to the mammoral of both sexes—a private book, of great interest. Large edition; over 100,000 copies already sold. Address
T. WILLIAM & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

AGENTS WANTED. Business light, pleasant and honorable. Those now engaged are realizing from $15 to $20 per day and upwards. Send for Circular. Address J. O. Drawer 12, Troy, New York.
492-504

FREE READING!

Soldiers, Sailors, Mechanics, Everybody—send us your address. You, in return, send you a large family newspaper, replete with good miscellaneous reading matter. Send trials. Send stamps.
CHAS. C. LOCKEY, 61 Nassau St., N. Y.

Young Men who would you sport a fine Beard or Mustache in 30 days, use the Persian Compound, prepared by the old Turkish Dr. Vile, of Smyrna. Warranted to force a heavy growth of hair upon the smoothest face in six weeks without injury to the skin. Sent, securely postpaid, to any address on receipt of $1. Address
S. S. CHASE,
Cohoes, N. Y.
499-511 P. O. Drawer, 359.



For Hardening & Invigorating the Gums.

Cleansing, Beautifying and Preserving the Teeth, Purifying and Sweetening the Breath; the most convenient, efficient and delightful article for the Toilet the world has ever seen.

Sold by Druggists and Fancy Goods dealers everywhere—75 cents per bottle.

HALL & RUCKEL, Proprietors,
000o 218 Greenwich St., N. Y.

Look Here, Boys!

My Golden Compound will force the Beard to grow on the smoothest face in 30 days or money refunded in every case. Price $1, or three packages for $2, by mail.
498-509 ADOLPH PLAKELEIN, Cincinnati, O.

Beauty.—Hunt's White Liquid Enamel, prepared by Madame Rachel Leverson, the celebrated Oriental Beauty Specialist. It whitens the skin permanently, giving it a soft, satin-like texture, and imparts a freshness and transparency to the complexion which is quite natural, without injury to the skin. It will effectually remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Eruptions, etc. Sent by mail, free from observation, on receipt of price, 50 cents.
HUNT & CO., Perfumers,
609 133 South Seventh Street, and 4 Minor, Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

The Brazilian Hair Curler. One appli-cation will warrant the most straight, stubborn hair into wavy ringlets or heavy massive curls. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of $1. Address
S. S. CHASE, Cohoes, N. Y.
499-511

Do you want to Win at Square Cards?

My French Card Marker can be used with common cards, and the face of the cards can be seen by the dealer. No one will suspect you to know just what cards are next holds in his hand. This will cause you to win every time. Any one can use it. Sent by mail, sealed and postpaid, on receipt of price, $1 00.
Address all orders to
C. L. BRIGGS, Importer,
91 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Photographs of TOM THUMB'S Wife and Baby.
Price 25 cents. Send orders to Box 3410, Post Office, New York.

Chewing, Smoking and Snuffing To-BACCO CURED AND PREVENTED. The medicine sent free by mail for 50 cents. Address
DAY & SON,
497-509 76 Church St., New Haven, Conn.

PLAYING CARDS.

ADVANTAGE OR MARKED CARDS.

Forty different kinds at $1 00 by mail; $12 00 per dozen. Also, French Cards (32 New) at $1 25, by mail; $16 00 per dozen. If in the country, $1 00 extra to pay Expressage on a dozen packs.
FOWNARDING AGENCY,
39 Liberty Street, New York.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

GREAT SALE
OF
Watches, Chains, Diamond Rings, Etc.
One Million Dollars!
To be Disposed of at One Dollar Each!!
WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE! NOT TO BE PAID FOR UNTIL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO GET.
Splendid List of Articles! All to be Sold for $1 each!

		EACH.
100	Musical Boxes, with Bells and Cases,	$20 to $150
150	" " Accordeons,	20 " 50
250	Silver Tooth-pick and Coffee Urns,	20 " 50
500	" Plating Dishes,	20 " 100
1,000	" 16c Pitchers,	20 " 50
2,000	" Fruit Cups with Silver Cups,	5 " 20
5,000	" Goblets and Drinking Cups	5 " 20
5,000	" Castors,	5 " 20
5,000	" Fruit, Card and Cake Baskets	20 " 50
		PER DOZEN.
5,000	Dozen Silver Tea Spoons,	$10 " 20
5,000	" " Table Spoons,	20 " 40
		EACH.
250	Gents' Gold Hunting-case Watches	$50 to $150
250	Ladies' Gold and Enamelled-case Watches,	25 " 70
500	Gents' Hunting-cases Silver Watches	25 " 70
200	Diamond Rings,	10 " 50
5,000	Gold Vest and Neck Chains,	4 " 25
5,000	" Oval and Bead Bracelets,	6 " 15
5,000	Jet and Gold Bracelets,	6 " 15
5,000	Gold Band and Cameo Rings,	4 " 10
7,000	Solitaire and Gold Brooches,	4 " 10
5,000	Cameo and Enamel Brooches,	6 " 15
5,000	Mosaic, Jet, Lava and Florentine Pins,	4 " 8
5,000	Jet Pins,	2 " 5
7,500	Coral, Opal & Emerald Ear Drops	2 50 " 10
5,000	Gold Pens and Pencil Cases,	4 " 10
5,000	Gold Pen and Vest Watch Keys,	2 " 5
5,000	Gold and Vest Chain Slides,	2 " 5
5,000	Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons,	3 " 8
5,000	" Gold Studs,	3 " 8
3,000	Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc.,	2 50 " 10
5,000	Solid Silver Spectacles,	2 " 5
5,000	" " Magic Spectacles,	2 " 5
5,000	Gold Toothpicks, Magic Spring,	2 " 5
5,000	Plain Gold Rings,	4 " 11
5,000	Gold Band and Cameo Rings,	4 " 11
10,000	Stone Set and Signet Rings,	2 " 10
5,000	Gold Band and Enamel Rings,	2 " 10
7,000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry,	5 " 10
	Cameo, Pearl,	
	Opal and Coral,	4 " 12
10,000	Sets Gents' Silver Extension-bold-ers and Studs,	4 " 10
10,000	Gold Pens and Gold Mounted Holders,	5 " 10
5,000	Gold Pens and Gold Extension Holders,	15 " 25
5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Buckles,	5 " 15
5,000	" " Hair Pins and Studs,	5 " 10

ARRANDALE & CO., Manufacturers' Agents,
No. 189 Broadway, NEW YORK.

Announce that all the above list of goods will be sold for *One Dollar each.*

In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, through the cotton famine, we have purchased, at a very large quantity of Valuable Jewellery, originally intended for the American market, but which we have on hand, and must be sold at ANY SACRIFICE.

Under these circumstances ARRANDALE & CO., act as Agents for the principal European manufacturers, and have issued the following Circular, in connection, subject to the following regulations:

1st—Certificates of various articles are first put into envelopes, sealed up, and well mixed. They are offered for sale without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving a fair chance.

2d—Each of the Certificates, you will see, what you are to have for $1. Send it to us, and we return you the dollar and take the article or NOT. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any article of Jewellery on our list for ONE DOLLAR.

Send 29 Cents for Certificates.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, postage stamps must be enclosed when ordering. Certificates will not be sent when the Certificate is sent out. Purchasers will be sent for Certificate in sums of $5; sixty-five for 10; and a hundred for $20.

3d—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town in the country, and those who engage with us will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered by them. Agents will collect 25 cents by every One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents by every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us. Agents can work on this scheme.

ARRANDALE & CO.,
189 Broadway, New York.

What the "Press" say of Us.

GOOD GIFT ENTERPRISES.—A rare opportunity is offered to our readers to purchase Watches, Jewelry, silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 167 Broadway, New York. Their circular is before us, and is very tempting in value, and all are offered for $1 each. The subscription is very fairly done. Parties have to take a certificate of a certain article, enclosed in an envelope, which is sent by mail, and when they receive it, if not satisfied with the article, which will certainly be worth the money, they can return it and get $1 back. This is an excellent mode this of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Times and Noah's Weekly Messenger.*

Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we can assure our readers that they are worthy of public confidence.—*New York Scottish American Journal*, March 11, 1865.

We have inspected, at the office of Arrandale & Co.'s Agency, a number of the certificates issued by this establishment of fashionable and valuable jewellery of the most elegant description. The articles are of solid silver, silver-plate, and understand that the whole of these articles are to be disposed of at one dollar each as a novel principle, giving great advantages to buyers, and affording extensive employment to agents. The name of the firm in question to be a very respectable and responsible one, deserving confidence, and readers may send our friends to read their advertisement.—*New York Sunday Dispatch*, 5, 1865.

By Messrs. Arrandale & Co.'s arrangement, the advantage seems to be on the side of the purchaser, as he has everything to gain, and nothing comparatively to lose. The Certificate costs only 25 cents, and the dollar hand, and he need not send it if he is not satisfied.—*New York Evening Express*, March 11, 1865.

EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and profitable employment we have met with for ladies is the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution" of Messrs. Arrandale & Co., which distribution has been very successful in this way, not only filling her own pocket, but also in the hands of agents, who have made the sale of the Certificates, as will be seen from our advertisement to-day. Gentlemen can also be employed.—*Leader, New York Sunday Mercury, Aug. 14, 1864.*

We have examined the articles in the advertisement of Arrandale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches, jewellery and silver-plate, and, without any investment, we received several sets of the jewellery advertised, and we are warranted in saying that, both in finish and quality, they quite exceeded our expectations. They turned out to be just what they had been represented.—*True Democrat (Louisiana), May 17, 1864.*

The British Whig of Kingston, C. W., says, Nov. 26, 1864, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some 20 articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

A CHANCE FOR YOU

To get a Fine Watch or some Fine Piece of Jewelry or Silver Ware, at a cost of ONLY ONE DOLLAR!

The Rich and Poor Treated Alike.

95,000

Watches, Chains, Sets of Jewelry, Diamonds, Gold Pens and Cases, Lockets, &c., &c., &c.

TO BE SOLD FOR

95,000 DOLLARS

AND VALUED AT

750,000 DOLLARS!

We shall sell all these articles at ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and in no case to be paid for until you know what you are to get.

	EACH
100	Gold Hunting-Cased Watches, $150 to $200
500	Gold Lockets, 25 " 75
500	Gold Necklaces, 25 " 75
1000	Silver Watches, 20 " 50
1000	Ladies' Watches, 20 " 50
1000	Gold Sets, from, $20 00 to $60 00
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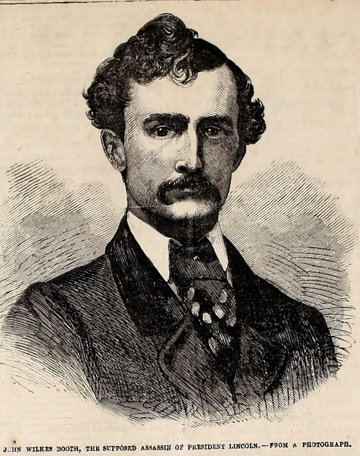
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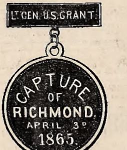
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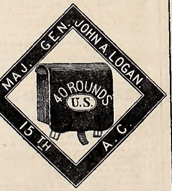
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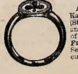
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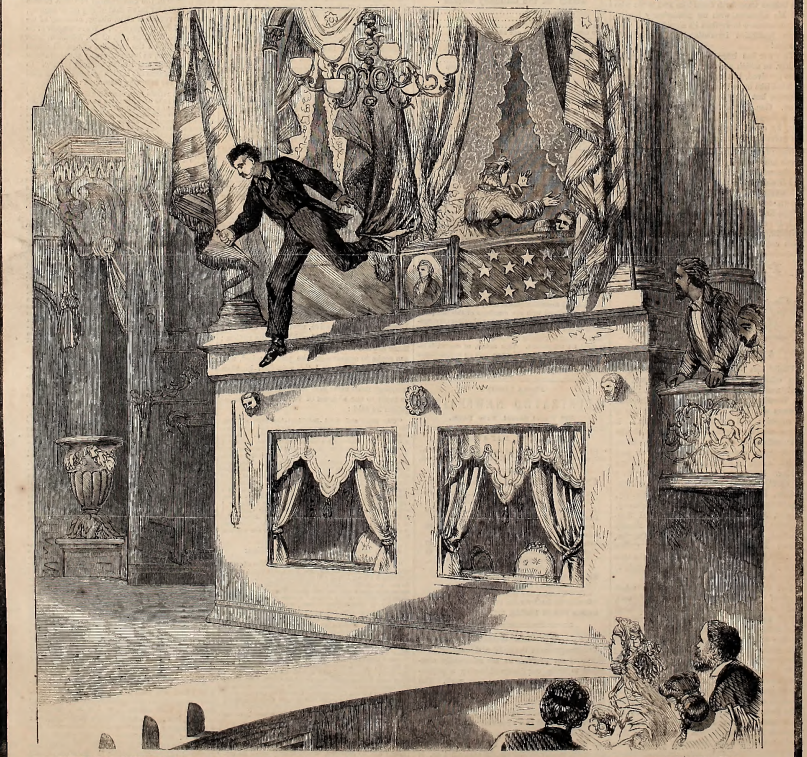
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No. 501—Vol. XX.] NEW YORK, MAY 6, 1865. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 13 Weeks $1 00.

Alas, Sherman!

Ateeo the men whom the nation delighted (and still delights) to honor was and is Gen. Sherman, the brilliant Marshal of the calm, inflexible and trenchant Grant—whose wide generosity has always overflowed towards his subordinates, and is as grand as his own subordination to the lawful authorities of the country is conspicuous. As Lieutenant-General of the armies of the United States, he held parliamentary intercourse with the General commanding the forces of the rebellion, but he did so in the purest military sense. He never undertook to compromise the nation. He frankly told the chief in arms of the most gigantic Treason the world ever saw, that he had no office beyond that of soldier in the field. He undertook no adjustment of questions outside of the soldier's province. He said in words that will live among the most memorable in History, when proposing terms of capitulation to Lee, "I regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood, by asking you to surrender." He revolved within his own sphere. He did precisely what was within his duty and authority to do. He did not undertake to dictate, even by implication, the policy of the country, but told the subtle rebel commander, who vainly sought to entrap his liberal and generous spirit, by making the surrender of his army the condition of amnesty to traitors, that "the terms upon which peace could be had were well understood," and these were "by laying down their arms" and submitting to the authority of the nation. Mark: the first General of the United States was then dealing with the first General of the rebellion; in a military sense these were the two pre-eminent men in this terrible conflict. Grant acted purely within his line of duty and scope of power.

But what happens now? A Lieutenant subordinate, a brilliant and justly successful General within his range of duty, but who had nothing more to do with the planning of the great campaign that has terminated successfully than dozens of others, has undertaken to settle all the great questions to which that struggle has given rise. Neither Heaven or earth ever witnessed a presumption equal to this! What authority or right had Johnston, the wretched, hundred-times beaten Johnston, who had not a single soldier ready or willing to use arms in support of a fallen cause, and who himself could not count upon a dozen followers to help save him from a well



ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN—THE MURDERER LEAPING UPON THE STAGE, AND CATCHING HIS SPUR IN THE FLAG WHICH HUNG BEFORE THE PRESIDENT'S BOX.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, ALFRED BERGHAUS.

halter—what right had *he* to potter about terms, and what the executive authorities of the nation should do with doubly-dyed traitors like himself, or duebly-damned traitors like Davis, and Toombs, and Stephens?—yes, Stephens, who not only knew better, but acknowledged his own inconsistency and perfidy, even when the oath to treason quivered on his coward lips!

"How have the mighty fallen!" How today stands the gallant soldier, the brilliant marshal? In an attitude of absolute antagonism to the President and the Nation, to check whose absurd arrogance the great and good, but as yet not fully appreciated Grant has been sent to direct the army in North Carolina!

What would this man, whose brow is circled with a halo as bright as that which rests at noonday on earth's grandest domes—what would this Son of the Morning have done? He would have restored to citizenship, to position in public affairs, to the fidelity of again plunging the nation into civil war, the red-handed villains who for four years have wrung the very vitals of our nationality, who have draped every fireside—humble or banghty—with black, who have given to our enemies arrogance, to our friends humiliation, and who are more ready to re-enact treason than before to repudiate allegiance!

Gen. Sherman, when he entered into correspondence with the fugitive Johnston, deluded himself in supposing that he could direct or even indicate the policy of the nation At the very moment when his hitherto potential soldier hands meekly dropped the sword, and "prayed" or sought to give, immunity to crime, the inscrutable God placed a higher power in the hands of Andrew Johnson of Tennessee—and the hebest went forth from him and those who are his advisers, with no preliminary hesitating discussion to weaken its significance, "resume hostilities immediately!" Words Fire spoken!

This war has been no farce, but a dreadful reality, in which not alone our own interests were involved, but the rights of mankind constituted like ourselves, with less of education, perhaps, but with sympathies and hopes the same. Gen. Sherman would have ignored the whole sectional object and value of this war, by condoning treason! Toombs, under the promises of this most preposterous "basis slave-rule under the shadow of Bunker Hill! Davis might again hope to hold his arm across on the meek devotees of Liberty in the South, and Brooks again return to paralyse by blows the tongues that could not be silenced in honest debate!

The Nation mourns its martyr President. It will also mourn the suicide of one of its most brilliant, successful and honored Generals! *Deus vult!* It is the will of God!

PROSPECTUS

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Special Notice.

In consequence of the accidental breaking down of two of our presses, we are reluctantly compelled to forgo our design of issuing a supplement with part of the paper this week. The immense amount of interesting material collected in Washington by our various special artists, just after the President's death, will be introduced to our readers as fast as we can make room for it.

Miss Braddon's exciting story, "Only a Clod," has been cronicled out by the accumulation of absorbing matter incident to the assassination. It will be resumed next week.

Notoriety not Reputation.

No people in the world so confound vulgar notoriety with honorable reputation, or rather are so willing to accept the former for the latter, as our own. To have his name in all mouths, to have it printed often, and to see it stare out from handbills, or from the bedaubed backs by the sides of railways, is the highest ambition of the average American. It is not of much consequence in what connection his patronymic is used or appears. He will go a good deal further for the first ticket in a concert; he likes to be mentioned often as the "gentlemanly proprietor of the Highflyer Hotel," and derives great satisfaction from being pointed at as the man who made a million out of shoddy, than from the enjoyment of that sum. He don't object to being mixed up in a love suit, in case it is one that is likely to be extensively reported in the daily papers. He is eternally on hand at public meetings; never permits his name to be left off a committee, whatever its purposes, and is always on the balcony when Gen. George Napoleon Johnson is unexpectedly called out by the sweet voices of the serenading assemblage of a dozen (paid) denizens of Mackerelville.

It is not, however, in its more absurd and vain-glorious forms that we so much object to this weakness of the average American, in the matter of notoriety. If it only will ventilate themselves as such, and cease insist on writing themselves down asses, we have no fear that we feel humiliated in our national character by the proceeding. But the ambition of notoriety often goes further, and the fool is hero-worshipped. Opinions may honestly differed in character, not in impulse, from the wretch who murdered the President. The whole melo-dramatic form into which Booth shaped his fatal purpose shows that he was thinking as much of how he would appear in the newspapers, as of reproving any fancied tyranny, or punishing personal or national wrongs. Lower the standard of morality of the insatiable seeker after notoriety, and he becomes at once a dangerous villain. To be hung with a rope, and subjected to a public execution, to mouth Latin quotations to a crowd of silly admirers of "pale and interesting" criminals, and to figure in the illustrated newspapers, are for the ambition of crack-brained fellows like Booth, and would rather stimulate them to murder than restrain them from it. Whereas the certainty of being strangled in the presence of a surgeon and two witnesses, in a corner, with no public notice of it, *ascertained* that the law was carried out, would operate as a check upon the wicked ambition for "revenging Richmond," or slaying tyrants. Heroes of the "Ephesian dome" there are not to be encouraged in the 19th century.

"Fiat Justitia, Ruat Coelum!"

The replies which President Johnson has made to deputations of eminent States and other delegations are manly, direct and emphatic. That treason is the first and greatest of crimes, and must be punished accordingly, and that it is the duty of the Executive to Justice, while Mercy is his prerogative, never to be exercised against the interests and welfare of the nation; these are the two propositions which Mr. Johnson seeks to impress on the public mind, and which have constituted the principal burthen of his speeches. They can be enforced in no language more clear and forcible than his own. In reply to the address of the New York delegation he said:

"One great and good President has been stricken down by the hand of violence. Every one will agree that severe a crime, and must be punished. No one can regret more than I do the necessity which exists for punishment. I will assure in awarding to the assassin the punishment of the law. The first duty of the President is not to accept deserved punishment, what it will be often his duty to do, but to maintain the action of the republic—when compassed the lives of the people of the United States. It will be his duty, the possibility of ever being enforced that treason is a crime which must be punished. Yet in view of the high responsibilities which devolve upon me, I shall, if I possess the power, exercise mercy. I shall not forget, however, I trust, that with the exercise of power comes responsibility, mercy to the criminal is often a curse of the greatest misery to the mass of the people."

Again, in reply to the Ohio delegation:

"The time has come when the people shall be educated and taught to understand that treason is a crime, and not only a crime, but the highest of all crimes. * * * So far as my power is concerned, before I will consent to give up of this great country, my part to assist be taken as one with those who destroy the life of the nation's Treason must be punished as the highest crime known to the law. It must be punished because, technically speaking. Thousands and thousands have been taken from the ranks of the people as officers, sometimes by conscription, sometimes by force of public opinion, sometimes misled by leaders. I would say, in the exercise of mercy, try to make the proper discrimination, visiting the punishment of treason on the conscious, intelligent, misleading traitor, and extending leniency to the great mass of the deceived."

We are thus assured that the war has not been fought in vain, and that justice shall be meted out to traitors, while mercy shall be extended only to the deceived:

"Treason is none the less treason whether it be in a high station or in a new brick; but it does could be any different sense in such a crime, he who commits treason in a free State in a greater traitor than he who commits it in a slave state. There might be some little excuse for a man who hated the treason upon his possession of slave property; but the traitor in a free State has no excuse but simply to be a traitor. * * * Treason is a crime most odious; treason must be made odious; traitors must be punished and impoverished. Their social relations, manner, treason odious, every Union man and the country should be preserved and the penalty of death to those who have inflicted this great suffering upon the country."

Who can believe that such stuff as follows was written and printed in Charleston, South Carolina, but a few years ago than January 6th? The Secretary of that date called on "every man to strip for the fight, to prepare his rifle, and fell Sherman inch by inch, every creek a point of fight, every marsh a battle-ground." As for Charleston itself:

"We say, unhesitatingly, to those in authority, there are few persons who are prepared to make of Charleston a second Saragossa. Not to fancy ourselves in the days of Palafox, we have only to say that every house should be converted into a fortress, and every block by block in the text of old St. Michael's walls. We want no Sherman to come here with his burning torch. Every combatant in this city be compelled to leave it, and seek his fortune elsewhere in our churches and in every house in the state. Let Charleston be strictly a military camp. The opportunity is offered—let the command be given and make a fight here that will ring round the world. We will not be driven. There we are here to do it. We have made names historic before. We can do it now. Let us strip and enter the arena for life or for death."

The capitulation of Lee's army was completed at the position in which it was placed, with different troops on three sides of it, and a river on the remaining side. The "magnanimity" of Gen. Lee was shown in not sacrificing all his followers to escape, after negotiations for his surrender had been begun. In attempting to get away he ran against Sheridan at Appomattox Court-House.

The statesmanship of England, however high the position in which it is seated, is not of a kind to command sustains its sacient renown. The diplomatic correspondence of the Government of Great Britain has placed beyond the shadow that of any State country, whether in regard of style, ability, accuracy of research or force of argument. We remember of no State paper which has a finer ring than that of Earl John Russell, on the question of neutral duties and obligations, as brought up by the operations of the Alabama and other British steamers. In recklessignorance the British Secretary committed himself to the following statement:

"Her Majesty's Government are clearly of opinion that Her Majesty's Government have been far more successful in preventing the fitting out of vessels intended to cruise against the commerce of the United States than the civil war in North America has been in preventing the fitting out of ships-of-war to attack the South American commerce of the United States. Her Majesty's Government, however, then stood in the position to a certain authority having interests to protect."

Into the merits of this comparative presentment of British and United States neutrality, Mr. Adams was not required himself to be dragged just so far as was necessary to clinch Lord Russell's unfortunate reference. The Ministers rejoinder was a masterpiece of diplomatic argument. Here are his words:

"Were it expedient at this late day to enter upon an examination of the two cases, and to test the correctness of the two very widely different stages of their conducting, the difference would be found to be so decisive of neutrality under extreme issues of difficulty, that not the slightest pretext which might be carried at would have an effect in materially varying the views that should be taken of the conduct of each party. It is only necessary, I am saved the necessary of further discussion of this point, since the civil war on this continent is one which seems to have entirely escaped your attention. Whatever may be the opinion which the British Government may have formed of the merits of the struggle, it has never been made to doubt, and has not doubt, and free to use the language of neutrality in assertion of the rights of belligerents. Whenever Her Majesty's Government shall assume that the United States are unable to maintain their example may be called against the United States, but not until then."

At a meeting of citizens of Boston, on the occasion of the death of Mr. Lincoln, a number of distinguished speeches were made by leading citizens, among them Hon. A. H. Rice, M. C. We extract a few paragraphs from his able and pointed speech:

"Perhaps it was necessary that we should pass every, and that a man drawn from that section of the country which had been the theatre of the war, and which contends more immediately and ultimately the work of treason and rebellion, should be called to consummate the work he has waged, should now take the chief position in this land, and that he should be a native of one of the States of pacific and extreme war, after pleasing treason on years, and after having for years been a member of the Democratic party, and upon its platform form, trusted they were to be the platform of the Democratic party, that it would be well to wait the customary necessary to be done, and that he should be the man to say that he will not be a party to any settlement of misery-stricken North and South. He has declared that the secession must be re-born, that the leaders of the rebellion must be punished, and not a single State, not a single individual, must be restored to power with joy. We may summon to our hearts the words of the prophet of old, and with calm forgiveness, we may extend our thought to the consideration of the terms to be made by leading citizens, reconciled to the great mass of the people or the rebel States, but the leaders of this treason and blood must suffer the just penalty of their crimes. We want guilt of their blood crying to our country. We want no more of their staining treason, breeding through the land by the hands of the leaders of the people of their secret conclave; we want no more of their vices to bring poverty in our land, to bring misery to our offices of State, and we will have no more of them. We may trust that he is the man for God and for our reconciled home, and has given us the victory over blood."

Who can explain the reason for red hair? Fabulous prices are paid for carroty locks in Paris. But why auntie's locks wear lashes red hair if they choose? The Roma Lisa had red, or rather crimson, hair. Queen Elizabeth took delight in a tremendous "front" of fiery auburn. The ladies of ancient Greece affected purple hair. In this country nature has been somewhat too liberal of red hair to render it likely that it will ever be considered much of an adornment; but

the American Pyrrha seems, nevertheless, determined to be as radiant in her *chevelure* as her French rival. The Fair One with the Golden Locks is no longer to remain the heroine of a fairy tale. We note this advertisement: "To Ladies of the Grande Monde. The fashionable diamond-and-gold powder for the hair, as used by the French Court. Sold in boxes at one dollar; or, post-free for one dollar and a quarter."

We notice that the Regents of the Smithsonian Institution have decided to rebuild those portions of the building destroyed by fire, and to make them fireproof, at a cost of $120,000, which will be paid from the surplus fund of the institution. We trust that, in carrying out this decision, they will not consider themselves called on to reproduce the wonderful design of the architect. They cannot go amiss if they disregard it. They cannot spoil their concern architecturally, and it will be easy to make it more appropriate for its purposes. It is a pity it couldn't be converted into a lunatic asylum, with its designer as head patient!

The sums granted annually by the principal nations of the world for the support of their sovereigns, presidents, etc., are as follows:

Emperor of Austria	$3,803,935
Emperor of France (with a debt of ($16,000,000)	6,400,000
King of Italy	3,050,000
The Pope (total income calculated at over)	6,000,000
King of Prussia (about)	2,250,000
Emperor of Russia (the income of the crown dominions is calculated at)	28,500,000
Queen of Spain	2,617,500
King of Sweden	1,332,500
King of Bavaria	1,248,000
Sultan of Turkey	4,669,000
Queen of Great Britain and Ireland	1,925,000
President of the United States	25,000
President of Peru	45,000

Summary of the War.

NORTH CAROLINA.

The only military event of the week has been the strange convention between Gen. Sherman and Gen. Johnston, which, of course, was immediately repudiated by President Johnson. It has, however, had the effect of allowing Jeff Davis to escape with Breckinridge, Judah Benjamin, and his rebel cabinet. As an instance of how a great soldier can prove himself a weak diplomatist, we subjoin an abstract of the abortive memorandum of agreement between the Union commander and his rebel opponent. It is dated near Durham's station, 18th April:

1st—The contending armies now in the field to maintain their *statu quo* until notice is given by the Commanding-General of either one to its opponent, and reasonable time—say 48 hours—allowed.

2d—The Confederate armies now in existence to be disbanded and conducted to their several State capitals; there to deposit their arms and public property in the State Arsenal, and each officer and man to execute and file an agreement to cease from acts of war and abide the action of both State and Federal authorities. The number of arms and munitions of war to be reported to the Chief of Ordnance at Washington city, subject to the future action of the Congress of the United States, and in the meantime to be used solely to maintain peace and order within the borders of the States respectively.

3d—The recognition by the Executive of the United States of the several State Governments, on their officers and Legislatures taking the oath prescribed by the Constitution of the United States; and where conflicting State Governments have resulted from the war the legitimacy of all shall be submitted to the Supreme Court of the United States.

4th—The re-establishment of all Federal courts in the several States, with powers as defined by the Constitution and laws of Congress.

5th—The people and inhabitants of all States to be guaranteed, so far as the Executive can, their political rights and franchise, as well as their rights of person and property, as defined by the Constitution of the United States and of States respectively.

6th—The executive authority of the Government of the United States not to disturb any of the people by reason of the late war so long as they live in peace and quiet, abstain from acts of armed hostility, and obey laws in existence at any place of their residence.

7th—In general terms war to cease; a general amnesty so far as the executive power of the United States can command, or on condition of disbandment of the Confederate armies, and the distribution of arms and resumption of peaceful pursuits by officers and men hitherto composing the said armies. Not being fully empowered by our respective principals to fulfil these terms we individually and officially pledge ourselves to promptly obtain necessary authority to carry out the above programme.

TOWN GOSSIP.

How does it feel to kill a man? Lord Byron's dark question recurs in connection with the late tragedy. In the soft mystery of a summer night, with the warm Mediterranean waves lapping at the vessel's sides, his lordship was seen bending over a sleeping sailor with a dagger, the beauty of his face lost in its moody deviltry. "How does it feel, I wonder, to kill a man?"

Perverse as it may be, our thoughts will wander from the good, great martyr who lies so low to his abandoned destroyer.

Murderer, have you got what you played for? Does that feeling of self-satisfaction and confidence inspire you now which you intended should follow upon the act? The fame of the man who killed Lincoln, of Illinois, was to have been greater than that of Washington, and you are that man. Do you truly feel Washington at your side to-day?

On the Friday night Booth paused a moment upon the stage, and surveyed and addressed his audience. His deed had been neatly and perfectly done. There had been no hitch, no balk, the heroic act had just taken place, and the tragedian felt himself playing the most successful rôle of his life, with the whole country for his theatre. The intense vanity and sense of importance in the man overcame for a moment even his thought of personal danger, and he flung some words to the bewildered and stupified spectators in the act of making his escape. At that moment he must have felt himself indeed at the side of Washington. Lincoln was dying. The South was avenged. His own prospect of a place in the history of his country seemed brilliant. The details of flight and capture were confused and overborne by the great consciousness that before the eyes of all the world he had done what he came to do, and done it well.

But how soon must have occurred the revulsion of his childish dream. Lincoln dead, the Presidency, which can never die, instantly put on another and more menacing shape. Without the least noise or disarrangement in the machinery of state, or the slightest demur or disaffection in the assemblies of the people, the representative authority formed again like the flesh of Milton's immortals who could not be slain. For the murderer's anticipation of approval from the country, and a bright niche in the edifice of fame, are exchanged this world-wide and soul-crushing obloquy. The perpetrator, with his assassin's figure in black relief against the whole race of mankind, who seem spotless by contrast, flies hither and thither, rejected by earth and heaven. And what he has done for his "friends," is, that he has given them a President whose little finger will be heavier upon them than were the loins of Abraham. Thus *l'homme propose*.

New York city during the week past has given itself up to a sincere expression of sorrow. From that terrible Saturday, long to be remembered, when the dark news of the murder stole over the city with the dawn, up to the still sadder time when the remains of the good President lay within our gates, every face has been darkened, and every building, public and private, hung with the sorrowful draperies of death. For long years hence, the black week following the black deed will be the theme of fireside conversation and whispered reminiscences worse than ghost-stories.

An almost morbid display of ingenuity has been made by the proprietors of various public buildings up and down our streets, in varying to the utmost possible extent the funeral devices hung over their fronts. Every caprice of sorrow was exhibited. The fabrics of mourning, relieved—rather too copiously, perhaps—with decorations of white, were hung or laced up and down the façades in every form of apron, fillet and baldric. Meanwhile the city was taking its sad holiday; business of every sort was suspended; the long and weary procession of citizens passed from morning till midnight aimless and confounded, between these darkly-clothed walls—their own garments bearing, in most instances, the token of grief. It was a positive relief to this sullen and unmitigated grief when the day previously fixed for Thanksgiving, but changed in the urgency of the occasion to a time of fasting and prayer, arrived and opened the churches; the people felt as they never felt before the need of religious consolation in that first week of orphanage.

The dreadful holiday filled all the streets with joyless crowds. Most were dressed in dark colors, and a large majority wore some badge of mourning, those not so marked being in a decided minority. For once church-going was absolutely popular. People knew not what else to do. We attended about noon at Trinity. The sombre magnificence of the interior was heightened by heavy hangings of black, and a large congregation was listening with sorrowful attention to a discourse from the Rev. Dr. Dix. The speaker, in a noble and catholic spirit, quite lifted above sectionalism or narrowness of any kind, arraigned the South at the bar of the world for its deeds of the past, and challenged its comment upon the assassin's work as the last chance offered it for redemption at the court of public opinion. In all the other churches the services were full, eloquent, and well attended, the congregations who had looked forward to an occasion of triumphant thanksgiving deriving real comfort from the language of intercession and supplication.

The theatres have not forgotten that a theatre was the scene of one of the most disgraceful murders in history. They vied with each other in exhibiting before their closed doors the most appropriate mottoes and devices. Wallack's Theatre was peculiarly successful in this sad heraldry. Among a profusion of hatchments and draperies was exhibited a portrait of the late President, while beneath the effigy hung a broad banner displaying those immortal words by Shakespeare:

> "He hath borne his faculties so meek; hath been
> So clear in his great office, that his virtues
> Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
> The deep damnation of his taking off!
> And Pity, like a naked newborn babe
> Riding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, horsed
> Upon the wingless couriers of the air,
> Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
> That tears shall drown the wind!"

Among theatrical people we have a very general and sincere condemnation of the villainous deed. The greatest sympathy and commiseration was felt for that stainless gentleman and loyalist, Mr. Edwin Booth, whose grief under this heavy family blow must be of the most complicated and distressing character. It is quite time now to explode the silly old oriental and pagan notion that a man's reputation or *status* is to suffer because some relative of his chooses to disgrace himself. Whoever thought the worse of Seth because Cain chose to commit the first murder? In this century, at any rate, let it be to ourselves that we stand or fall. As we claim no vantage ground for the virtues and prestige of our ancestors, so let us lose nothing by the freaks of our relations, who prefer to earn the reputation of criminals.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—When Richmond gazes upon the old familiar flag that is floating over her, she must fancy that she has been under the influence of a horrid nightmare for the last four years.

—— The citizens of Richmond will now behold an unaccustomed sight. They may not admire the spectacle of the blue coats, but they will certainly rejoice in the appearance of the greenbacks.

—— The Richmond papers are stopped. The world's stock of impudence and insolence is reduced one-half.

—— The Philadelphia *Press* has the following: Passing along one of our streets in which the lowest sort of wares are sold at the lowest prices to the lowest classes, we looked into a store—a dark, dirty, begrimed den, filled with rags and scraps of iron—in fact, a sort of receptacle of decayed refuse of every kind, and through the smoky panes of the window we read these significant words—"Cash paid for Confederate bonds"—in other words, here was a good market for the rags with which Jefferson Davis has been trying to cover the hideous nakedness of the rebellion."

—— "How long will it take me to go to Richmond?" asked an eager officer at City Point, of a veteran brigadier holding command there, soon after we got the good news. "I can't say how long it will take you," was the answer, "it has taken me three years and eleven months."

—— Gen. Grant gave a version of the battles near Petersburg, and Gen. Lee a perversion.

—— The rebels drag negroes from their beds at midnight in their recruiting expeditions. Pompey can't sleep on Pompey's Pillow.

—— The loss by the late floods in different parts of the State of Pennsylvania is estimated by engineers, architects and agriculturists as fully reaching $10,000,000.

—— A retired actor, with a fondness for poultry, was asked why he named a favorite hen Macduff. He replied that it was because he wanted her to lay on.

—— A correspondent of the San Francisco *Bulletin* gives his experience about obtaining petroleum from asphaltum. After spending about $5,000 and ruining all his clothes, he abandoned the project in disgust. He mentions several others, prominent men in San Francisco, who are convinced that illuminating oil cannot be obtained from that article more than from water.

—— The Federal military authorities have drawn a black line around Savannah. It is encircled by 5,000 negro troops.

—— The rebels lately submitted propositions to the Federal Government. Now let them submit themselves to it.

—— The rebel Government ought to be arrested, tried by a justice of the peace, and sent to the workhouse upon the charge of having no visible means of support, says the Louisville *Journal*.

—— The dry dock formerly in use at New Orleans was converted by the rebels into a ram war steamer. It has just been replaced by another from Madison, Indiana, which arrived at New Orleans in tow, on the 17th ult., with an enormous cargo of 1,100 tons of hay.

—— It is not known whether the sword which Gen. Lee formally surrendered to Gen. Grant was presented to him by his admirers, purchased with his own money, or furnished by the U. S. Government before the rebellion. Those who ask questions should be patient, for Jenkins will surely soon enlighten them on the subject.

—— Mr. Choate once began a political speech at Faneuil Hall by saying: "Mr. Chairman, you called on me last evening to invite me to speak to the Whigs of Boston to-night. I told you that under no circumstances could I be present, and accordingly here I am!" This humorous *non sequitur* seems to have been followed by Gen. Lee in his surrender to Grant. He says practically—"I entirely disagree with you, Gen. Grant, about the desperateness of my situation, and accordingly I give in."

—— The British residents of this city held a meeting at the Astor House on the 18th of April, to express their sympathy with the American nation in the assassination of President Lincoln. Mr. Archibald was in the chair. The resolutions passed were very appropriate.

—— The Philadelphia papers have published a long letter written by Booth, the assassin, in Nov., 1864, from which it appears that he then meditated the abduction of the President. He also in it glorifies in the fact that he was one of the party engaged in the capture and execution of Ossawatomie Brown.

—— The captures of rebel artillery by the National forces from Dec. 1st to this time amount to 1,655 guns, apart from those sunk or buried. The monumental column erected by the First Napoleon in the Place Vendome from the captured cannon of his sweeping Austrian campaigns is considered a grand affair; but in the presence of the column which these last four months' captures of Gen. Grant would make Napoleon's monument dwindle down to the pitiful proportions of a Lombardy poplar under the shadow of one of those gigantic cloud-kissing cedars of California.

—— Sharon Tyndale, Secretary of State of Illinois, announces from Springfield, that: "A National Monument Fund is on foot, and a plot of ground, six acres, in the heart of the city, selected for the burial-place of our lamented President Lincoln."

—— Three rebel armies have surrendered to Gen. Grant—that under Buckner at Fort Donelson, on the 16th of Feb., 1862; that under Pemberton at Vicksburg, on the 4th of July, 1863; and that under Gen. Lee, on the 9th of April, 1865. He is the only one of our Generals who has ever induced a rebel army to surrender, and he has induced three of them.

—— Fitz Greene Halleck, the poet, is in New York. The *Evening Post* says he is as cheery as he was 30 years ago.

—— Deserters are hired by the farmers of Maryland, Pennsylvania and the more distant States, at prices ranging from $8 to $10 a month, Government paying their fare to where they desire to go.

—— The stability of the Government, even on the day when the nation was mourning the assassination of its head, is significantly indicated by the fact that the subscriptions to the 7-30 loan on the day following the assassination were over $3,700,000.

—— It is reported that Gen. Lee has expressed an intention to leave Richmond and reside on Mr. Hid Carber's farm near City Point. He proposes, it is said, neither to go to the South or to Richmond.

—— Samuel Arnold is the name of the Baltimore gentleman who was arrested as the associate of Wilkes Booth and his correspondent "Sam." He acknowledges, it is said, that there was a plot to kidnap Mr. Lincoln, but says he declined to participate in the matter.

—— The following resolution was offered by Andrew Johnson in the House of Representatives, March 13, 1848: "That rotation in office, in the opinion of this House, is one of the cardinal tenets in a Republican form of Government, and ought never to be violated, on any pretence whatever, and should be practised upon by all Administrations, regardless of their party names."

Naval.—There are now 2,600 men employed at the Portsmouth Navy Yard, and quite a fleet is getting ready for sea. The Agamenticus, double turreted monitor, is nearly ready for her trial trip, and it is expected she will soon be ordered to Europe.

Accidents and Offences.—Lieut. Cantrell, U. S. A., was accidentally shot at Fort Richmond, Staten Island, on Tuesday, April 18th. He died soon afterwards.

Personal.—The elder Booth's habits were exceedingly irregular, and so interfered with his performances at times, that an actor less gifted would have forfeited his popularity beyond redemption. It was rarely that he appeared sober on the stage, and towards the close of his life, it required all the vigilance and art of managers to keep him in a condition to appear on the stage at all. The stories told of him in this connection are innumerable, and some of them extremely ludicrous. His appetite for liquor was absolutely voracious. Being without money at one time when in New York, he went to a pawnbroker's shop, literally pawned himself for money to purchase liquor, was regularly ticketed, and exhibited in a window, where he stayed till "redeemed" by a friend. On another occasion, being announced to appear in Philadelphia—at the Walnut street theatre—the manager, on the day for the performance, had Booth locked up, but was outwitted by the actor, who bribed the servant to bring a bottle of brandy, a saucer and a clay pipe. Inserting the pipe through the keyhole, with the bowl inverted, the brandy was poured into the saucer, and sucked up through the pipe by the thirsty tragedian, and the fact was disclosed when in the twilight the manager proceeded there to conduct him to the dressing-room, and found him in an insensible condition.

—— Hon. Roscoe Conklin, of Utica, has been appointed special Judge Advocate for the Western Military Division of the State.

—— Gen. Washburne has tendered his resignation to Gen. Thomas, to take effect May 1st. The reason he assigns is that he considers the war is over.

—— Gen. R. E. Lee arrived in Richmond on the 15th April, and proceeded to his residence in Franklin street.

—— Senator Foster, the new Vice-President, was born in Franklin, New London county, Conn., Nov. 22, 1806, and is a direct descendant of Miles Standish. He has been a member of the General Assembly of Connecticut, Speaker of the House, Mayor of Norwich, and United States Senator elected in 1855 and re-elected in 1860.

Obituary.—Mr. Alexander Heron, a highly respected merchant of Philadelphia, died suddenly in that city on the 14th April. He was a brother of the celebrated actress, Matilda Heron.

—— John Cassell, the well-known English publisher, died in London on the 2d April, aged 48. He had, from a very obscure position and mechanical trade of a carpenter, raised himself to a position of usefulness, wealth and reputation. His *Cassell's Journal* is one of the most popular journals in England, and enjoys a large sale on this continent. His latest undertaking was an edition of Doré's Don Quixote.

—— Richard Cobden, the famous Corn Law Reformer and the staunch friend of the United States, died in London on the 2d April, aged 61. He visited America twice—once in 1835 and again in 1862.

Foreign.—Louis Napoleon has shaved off his imperial. The French people should shave off all that's imperial about him.

—— The Paris *Charivari* has a picture of a pair of horses shying at the entrance to an hotel in which a horseflesh banquet was recently given.

—— A begging letter addressed to the Emperor Napoleon began: "Sire, I received under your late uncle two mortal wounds—one at Wagram, the other in the leg."

—— The Emperor of Austria, having for a long while been behindhand in his finances, tries occasionally to improve them by means of lotteries. He has lately authorised a banker at Frankfort-on-the-Main to open subscriptions for a new loan on this attractive plan.

—— In Ceylon the marriage ceremony is performed by tying the couple together by the thumbs. In this country they are more frequently put together by the ears.

—— A merchant in Prague wrote the other day to another: "My dear sir—The only paying business now-a-days is to fail in business and not to pay your debts. I am very sorry that I am ten years too old to do this, and therefore am compelled to pay you."

—— The London *Athenæum* informs us that "some injudicious friends" of Capt. Maury (late Lieut. Maury of the U. S. Observatory, Washington, who deserted his post to join the rebels), are proposing to raise a fund in England by public appeal for purchasing an estate for him. It remarks: "Surely such a movement would be a great mistake. To Capt. Maury's scientific merits no one will accuse the *Athenæum* of being indifferent; but is this the time for a demonstration which his own countrymen will regard as political? We cannot think so. Capt. Maury is something larger than a mere partisan of either side in a civil conflict; a man too great to be used as a pretext for a small Confederate exhibition. He belongs to science. In some sense he belongs to all the world. It is not for his interest, and certainly not for the honor of science, that his name should now be paraded in subscription lists by a dozen Alabama-builders and blockade-runners, even though supported by such Confederate sympathisers as Lord Lothian and Sir Henry De Hoghton. At this moment such a testimonial could only be understood in America as another hostile demonstration."

—— The Portuguese Government have published an official account of the Stonewall affair. It is asserted that the commander of the Union vessels might have avoided all difficulty by sending previous notice to the Governor of Belem Tower.

—— The Federal Diet of Germany, on April 6, passed the important resolution to request Austria and Prussia to cede Holstein to the Duke of Augustenburg. Austria declared her willingness to conform with this resolution, but Prussia declared herself unable to do so.

—— The Emperor Napoleon had decided that a marble bust of Cobden should be placed in the museum at Marseilles. All the papers of Paris and several speakers in the Legislative Assembly paid a high tribute to Cobden.

—— The plague still continues at St. Petersburg. The total number of cases thus far is 10,000, and the deaths 2,000.

—— A motion in the Belgian Chamber of Representatives, expressing regret that the Government had not absolutely refrained from taking part in the Mexican expedition, was lost by a vote of 55 to 57.

—— Cobden's funeral took place on the 9th of April. It was largely attended by the most eminent men of Great Britain. Several distinguished Frenchmen were present, who had come from Paris.

—— An epidemic resembling in its fatality the Asiatic cholera, has for some months devastated the interior of Russia. Apparently taking its origin in Siberia, it has gradually swept down southward, spreading more widely on either side as it advances. As yet it has completely baffled the skill of the Russian physicians, and of those professors of medicine who have proceeded from Germany to study its symptoms. In many respects this epidemic resembles the celebrated plague of Athens, which decimated Attica in the second and third years of the Peloponnesian war. Like it, the epidemic belongs to the class of eruptive typhoid disorders. The person seized immediately despairs of recovery; he loses memory and hope together. Like it, too, the Siberian fever is accompanied generally by a hoarse cough and violent retching, and the victim seldom survives beyond the ninth day. The total number of cases has reached 10,000, of deaths 2,000, and the average number of cases is 100 a day. No less than 40 physicians are reported dead, though whether they have fallen victims to the disease is not stated.

—— In a recent number of *Charivari*, John Bull is represented in an attitude of abject terror, leaning against a post inscribed "Canada," and staring in affright at a burly Yankee malefactor who is throttling a man on the ground. "When he is done with him, he'll come and rob me!" is the despairing cry of the helpless, fat and timid victim.

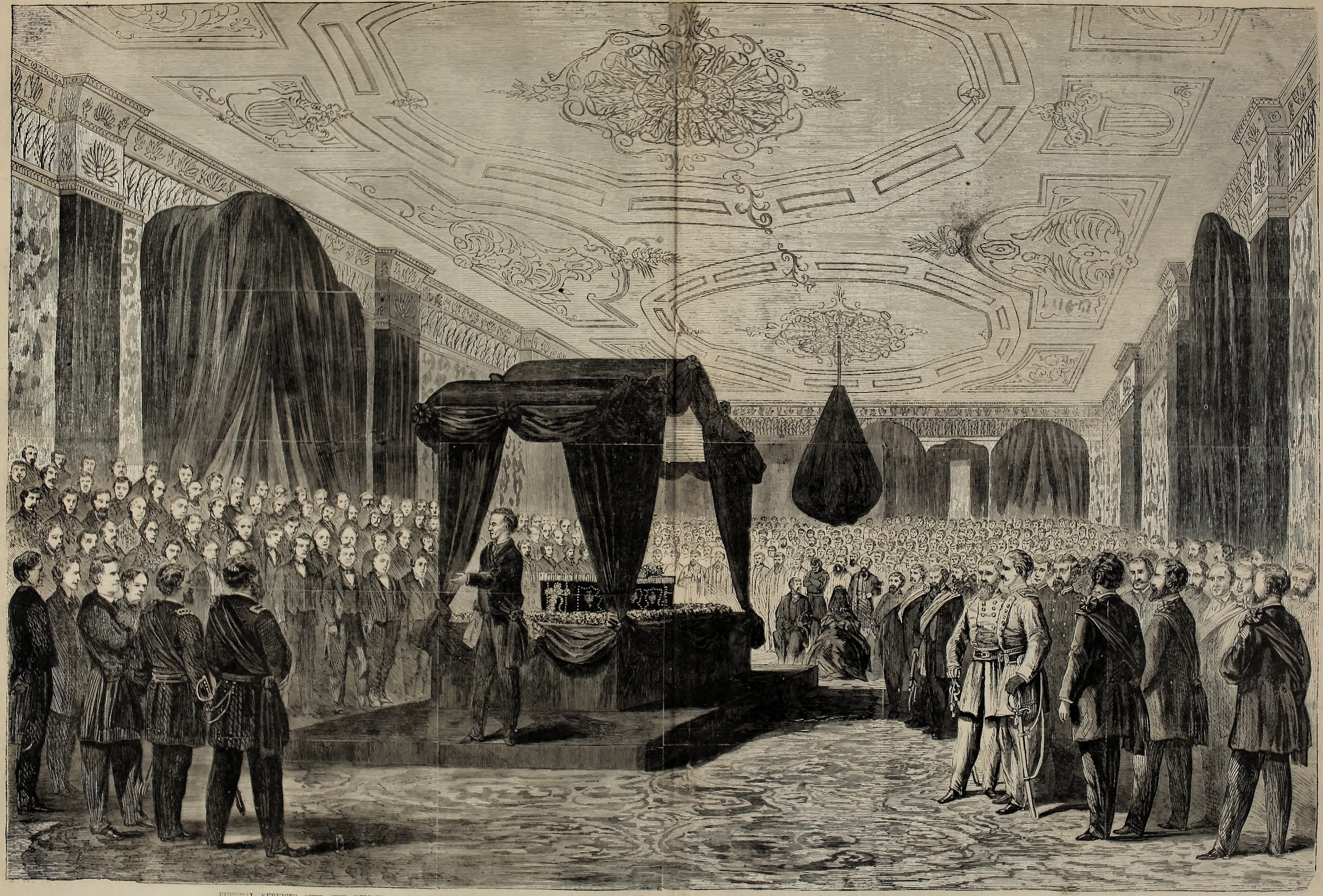
Art, Science and Literature.—Mr. Glaisher has communicated to the British Meteorological Society a paper on the secular increase of mean temperature, including various records of observations and tables, from which he derives the following remarkable results, and which he states he has tested in various methods in order to prove their accuracy: 1.—That our climate in the last hundred years has altered; 2.—That the temperature of the year is two degrees warmer now than it was then; 3.—That the month of January is three degrees warmer; and 4.—That the winter months are all much warmer, and every month in the year seems to be somewhat warmer than before." He considers that the effect will be to influence agricultural produce and cause the introduction of new fruits. He hopes that the series of observations now in progress all over the world will be patiently continued, in order to ascertain whether any part of the world has become two degrees colder in its mean annual temperature in the last one hundred years, or the world itself has increased generally two degrees in warmth.

—— Mr. George Busk, F. R. S., at a recent meeting of the Geological Society of London, communicated a letter which had been addressed by himself and the late Dr. Falconer to the Governor of Gibraltar, containing the results of their examination of the Genista Cave, one of the numerous caverns in which the rock of Gibraltar abounds. This cave has been traced to a depth of 200 feet, but the external aperture has not yet been discovered. It was stated to be full of the remains of quadrupeds and birds; some of the former being wholly extinct; others extinct in Europe, and repelled to distant regions of Africa; while others live again either on the rock or on the Spanish peninsula. A list of the species was given, and it was inferred that there had been a connection between Europe and Africa at no very distant geological period, and that the wild animals lived upon the rock during a long series of ages. The authors strongly recommend the formation of a local collection of the specimens and the appointment of a geologist to make a survey of the rock.

—— Capt. Schultze, of the Prussian artillery, has recently patented a new kind of gunpowder, which possesses some remarkable peculiarities. It consists principally of wood reduced by a very ingenious process to very minute cylinders of grains, deprived of all their constituents other than cellulose, and steeped in a solution of nitrate of potash and nitrate of barytes. The explosive effect of this new powder is stated to be as great as that of gun cotton, while it does not possess the great disadvantages of the latter substance.

—— Vegetable flannel is now largely manufactured in Germany from the *Pinus silvestris*, or Scotch fir. A great number of persons are employed in the various processes of separating the fibre from the oil. The fibre, locally called *wold-wold*, is spun, knitted and woven into various fabrics. It is said to be highly efficacious in restoring the functions of the skin to its normal condition.

—— A method has been recently suggested for softening the effect of photographic pictures, and removing the too faithful harshness with which they render some faces; or, in other words, of introducing a little flattery into photographic portraits. According to the *Photographic News*, M. Mathey suggests the following method: "The plan is to have a laced curtain stretched on a wooden frame, placed between the camera and the sitter; the farther the curtain is from the model, and consequently the nearer it is to the lens, the softer the features appear: the threads of the lace give the grain of a chalk drawing or engraving, and the defects of the model are modified and softened down."



FUNERAL SERVICES OVER THE REMAINS OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN, AS THEY LAY IN STATE IN THE EAST ROOM OF THE WHITE HOUSE, APRIL 19.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.

How Nature Covers up Battlefields.—"Did I ever tell you," says a correspondent of an Eastern paper, "among the affecting little things one is always seeing in these battlefields, how, on the ground upon which the battle of Bull Run was fought, I saw pretty, pure, delicate flowers growing out of the empty ammunition boxes, and a wild rose thrusting up its graceful head through the top of a broken drum, which doubtless sounded its last charge in that battle, and a cunning scarlet verbena peeping out of a fragment of a bursted shell, in which strange pot it was planted? Wasn't that peace growing out of war? Even so shall the beautiful and graceful ever grow out of the horrid and terrible things that transpire in this changing but ever advancing world. Nature covers even the battlegrounds with verdure and bloom. Peace and plenty spring up in the track of the devouring campaign, and all things in nature and society shall work out the progress of mankind."

A plain old clergymen was once applied to by a young man for advice on a very important matter. He asked which of two sisters he had best pay his addresses to. One was very lovely in her disposition, but not a professor of religion. The other was a professing Christian, but very ill-tempered. "Marry the good-tempered one by all means," said the old gentleman. "The Spirit of God can live where you can't."

Who was the fastest woman mentioned in the Bible?

Herodias; when she got ahead of John the Baptist on a charger.

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Why Squander Money on useless articles claiming to Curl Hair, when you can purchase PROF. WELLS'S PREPARATION for that purpose for $2? It has no injurious effect upon the hair, is easy of application, and will Curl the Hair of male or female without the use of tongs or paper, and will last six months. Prepared at my chemical laboratory, New York city. Address me at my residence, E. STOCKTON WELLS, Jersey City, N. J.

Something New.

For Agents and Dealers.—Patent Pin Cushion, Postage Stamp Box, and 20 more novel and useful Articles. Fine CRAYON PORTRAIT OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN, size 19 by 24 inches, sample by mail 50 cents. Send stamp for circular. S. W. RICE & CO., 83 Nassau St., N. Y. tf

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Every Soldier can have one sent to him by return mail, free of postage, by inclosing $2 50 or $3, according to the quality desired. Improved English Knee Money Belt, for Soldiers and Sailors, $1½ and $2 each. Address
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Large discount to dealers.

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The spirit of Nationality which has fired the American heart ever since the rebellion sought the overthrow of our country's prosperity has been productive of many changes—many new inventions.

THE UNION CARDS

have already revolutionized the card trade, and still the work is only commenced. So great has been the demand for these Cards that the Company has scarcely been able to supply one grade, without attempting the manufacture of other qualities. By the increased facilities which have been added, through great expense, they are now prepared to fill all orders on the day received, and the cordial co-operation of all who love the Eagle, Shield, Stars and Flag of the Union is respectfully invited.

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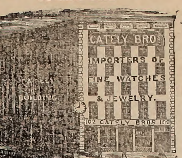
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PRIZE STATIONERY PACKETS.

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$8 OFFICER'S WATCH. $10



Our Whole Stock of Imported Watches, being of rich and novel designs, durable and correct timekeepers, are now offered at reduced prices. Single Watches at Wholesale rates.

An Elegant Watch in Fine Gold Plated *Double Cases*, Richly Engraved, Turned Centre, Carved Balance Bridge, *English Full Plate Jewelled Movements*, adjusted Regulator, Spring Bolt, Spade Hands and Fine Enameled White Dial, *a serviceable article* in running order, with Key, Case, etc., complete, and a Gent's *Handsome Vest Chain* and beautiful Miniature Gold Locket to match, with Double Cases, Box and Glass for *Two Likenesses*. Sent by mail to any part of the country for only $10.

A Neat Silver Watch, especially adapted for Army use, in Heavy Double Cases, Small Size, *same as the above*, with Key, Case, etc., complete, and Gent's *Vest Chain, Engraved Double Case Locket, etc.* Sent by mail to any part of the U. S. for only $8.

The Imperial Watch,

OR BRITISH ARMY OFFICERS' TIMEKEEPER, containing a Rare and *Wonderful Combination of Mechanical Effects*, combining within its cases and attached to its machinery a beautiful and *correct working* Thermometer, an accurately adjusted *Mariner's Compass* in miniature, sunk in Dial, and a *Reliable Calendar*, indicating day of month, week, etc., in Case, rendering this Watch a perfect Storm, Heat and Time Indicator. The beautiful machinery of this valuable Watch is encased in *Finely Finished* Double Hunting, *Magic Spring 19 Line Cases* (the outer cases being of fine 18 Carat *Gold*, inner cases of *Solid Gold Composite*), Richly Engraved top and bottom, with *Panel for Name*, Turned Neri, movable Pendant Bow, and Fancy Push Spring. *Genuine English Improved Jewelled Action*, M. J. Tobias *movements*, Polished Cap and Doome *Self-acting Click*, Equal Balance, Independent Actions, Fine White Dials, Polished Steel Cut Hands, and is an *Exact Imitation* of a $100 watch, and used by the Royal Engineers and *Officers of* the British Army. None Genuine unless bearing our private trade mark. Price per single one, all complete, with Case, Key, &c., sent anywhere by mail, $20.
CATELY BROTHERS, Sole Importers,
tf 102 Nassau St., N. Y. Established 1855.

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned has assumed the General Subscription Agency for the sale of United States Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three tenths per cent. interest per annum, known as the

Seven-Thirty Loan.

These Notes are issued under date of June 15th, 1865, and are payable three years from that time, in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 Six per cent.
GOLD-BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are worth a premium which increases the actual profit on the 7-30 loan, and its *exemption from State and municipal taxation adds from one to three per cent. more*, according to the rate levied on other property. The interest is payable in currency semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest amounts to

One cent per day on a				$50 note.	
Two cents	"	"	"	$100	"
Ten	"	"	"	$500	"
20	"	"	"	$1,000	"
$1	"	"	"	$5,000	"

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions, and the notes forwarded at once. The interest to 15th June next will be paid in advance. This is

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

now offered by the Government, and it is confidently expected that its superior advantages will make it the

Great Popular Loan of the People.

Less than $300,000,000 of the Loan authorized by the last Congress are now on the market. This amount, at the rate at which it is being absorbed, will all be subscribed for within four months, when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has uniformly been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be afforded facilities for taking the loan, the National Banks, State Banks, and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

J. COOKE,
Subscription Agent,
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THE JAPANESE HAIR STAIN

Colors the Hair, Whiskers and Moustache a beautiful *black or brown*. It consists of only *one preparation*. Color will not fade or wash out. Only 50 cents a box. Mailed to any address for 75 cents, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth st., Phila., Pa. 498-510

New York Weekly Review contains every week original articles by J. E. Parton, George Arnold ("McArone"), H. Clapp, Jun. ("Figaro"), William Winter, Paul F. Nicholson, H. A. Delisle, Edmund Remack, "Zemcalo," the author of "Our Streets," Vane. Correspondences from the principal cities, and numerous and interesting excerpts from European journals and magasines. Especial attention is called to Mr. Parton's article, "Our New President," relating many interesting incidents in the early life of Mr. Johnson, and presenting the Chief Magistrate in his home character as the champion of liberty in Tennessee. Sold everywhere. Office, 596 Broadway.

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THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED TO SECURE GOOD JEWELLERY AT LOW PRICES.
300,000
WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELLERY, GOLD PENS, BRACELETS, LOCKETS, RINGS, GENTS' PINS, SLEEVE BUTTONS, STUDS, ETC.
Worth $500,000!
To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1, and also the name and number of our Circular containing full list and particulars, also terms to Agents, which we want in every town and County in the Country.
J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

Stereoscopic Views and Cartes de Visite.
1,000 different kinds. Send stamp for a catalogue.
600 VICTOR DELAHI, 59 Nassau St., N. Y.

Beauty.—Mont's Bloom of Roses,
A Chemical, California and perfect natural color for the cheeks or lips! Does not wash off or injure the skin; remains unchanged in any heat and defies the strongest. Price $1, 25 cents by mail; securely packed from observation.
600 123 South Seventh Street, Philadelphia.

The Wort Indian Hair Curler, warranted to curl the most straight and stiff hair, on the most perfect principle, in ten minutes without any extra coils. Sent to any address on receipt of $1. Address
V. L. & H. DAVISSON & CO.,
Box 2251, New York Post Office.

100 Photographs of Union Generals and Statesmen, for 25 cents; 12 Photographs of Rebel Officers sent for 25 cents; 100 Photographs of Female Beauties sent for 50 cents. Address Box 423, Rockford, Ill. 600

"Psychomancy."—How either sex may fascinate and gain the love, confidence, affection and good will of any person they choose, instantly. This simple mental acquirement all can possess, securing certain power in love, marriage or friendship. Sent by mail, for 25 cents, together with a guide to the mesmerist of both sexes and a package of rare magical secrets. Mind reading over 100,000 copies already sold. Address
H. WILLIAM & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

AGENTS WANTED. Durfees Rifle, pistol and cartridge revolvers are now ready. Prices from $15 to $20 per doz set by mail. Send stamp for Circular. Address J. D. Durfee & Co., Troy, New York. 4t-2-04

FREE READING!

Soldiers, Sailors, Marines, Everybody—send us your address. We will return, mail you, free, something very paper, replete with good miscellaneous reading matter. Best ever.
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Young Man, would you sport a fine Beard or Mustache? If so, use the Parisian Compound, prepared by Professor Lee, De Vinne, of Paris. Warranted to force a heavy growth of hair upon the smoothest face in six weeks. Contains no injury to the skin. Sent by mail, postpaid, to any address on receipt of $1. Address
S. S. CHEW,
Colmes, N. Y.
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Courtship Made Easy. Love Making Explained. Love Letters, etc. 20,000 sold. 64 pp. Only 25 cents. Sent by mail. Address DARIUS, & CO., Bluffdale, N. H. 499-502

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Newark, N. J.—Our Gold Mold Navy Pistol is of best mechanical construction and finish. Parts interchangeable. Every Pistol warranted one year. Gold Pistol mailed for one dollar, being 8 oz. lighter than any Pistol using Government cartridge.

12 kinds of Album Gem Pictures in 7 inches, 24 Cards, 25 cents; 72 Cards, 75 cents; 150 Cards, $1.50. Mailed, postpaid, to
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Golden Hair Curler,
That will Curl the most refractory hair into Very Ringlets and will last six months. Price $1 by mail.
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For Every Loyal Breast.
LINCOLN MOURNING PIES in Silver Plate. New Designs in Medals and Badges. Send for Circular. By Mail, 25c.; or 30 for $4; 100 for $12; 1,000 for $100. Meeting to last for 60 days. Send your orders at once.
BALLSBURY BRO. & CO.,
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At Wholesale Price, sent by mail, postpaid, on receipt of the price.
1000 Half Letter Envelopes, extra thick.....$4 00
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1000 White Envelopes, double thick..... 6 00
One Ream Letter Size Note Paper..... 4 50
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One Box Letter size Envelopes, assorted..... 1 00
G. S. HASKINS & CO.,
Stationer and Envelope Manufacturers,
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CARD PICTURES
Of all the distinguished Generals, such as *Gen. Grant, Phil. Sheridan, Gen. Sherman*, etc. Send for a catalogue, numbered, ready for selection. Any of the 600 cents the half dozen. The cards are just the thing to send to a soldier's friend. Address, Any of these cards will be sent by return on receipt of price.
Address all orders to
C. L. BRIGGS, Publisher,
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$1. WHISKERS. **$1.**
For One Dollar I will send, sealed and postpaid, a Package of Whisker Dressing, which will warrant to force a heavy growth of hair upon the smoothest face in six weeks, or upon the bald head in eight weeks, without stain or injury to the skin. Directions accompany each package. Descriptive Circulars mailed free. Address
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Whiskers! Mustaches!!—The celebrated HIMALAYA FLUID is warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in two weeks. An English patent medicine, which does no injury to the skin. Sent securely sealed, for $1. Address DR. B. DE FORREST, Albany, N. Y. 497-509

Photograph Cards for Gootlemen. Send three stamps for sample card for 50 cents. Enclose an envelope with your name and address.
H. HEMMETTE, 203 Liberty st., N. Y.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.
GREAT SALE
OF
Watches, Chains, Diamond Rings, Etc.
One Million Dollars!
To be Disposed of at One Dollar Each!!
WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE! AND NOT TO BE PAID FOR UNTIL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO RECEIVE!
Splendid List of Articles! All to be Sold for $1 each!

200 Musical Boxes.....	$20 to $150
150 " " with Instrumental Castanets.....	25 " 50
500 Solid Silver and Gutta Percha Watches.....	20 " 50
500 " Chatelaine Brooches.....	50 " 100
500 " Set Jewelry.....	50 " 100
2,000 " Scrap Cups with Saucers.....	20 " 50
2,000 " Gold Lockets and Chains.....	50 " 100
2,000 " Gold Pens.....	50 " 100
2,000 " Gold Watches.....	75 " 200

THE BOOM.
5,000 Dozen Silver Tea Spoons..... $10 " 20
10,000 " Silver Table Spoons..... 20 " 40

$20 Gents' Gold Hunting-case Watches
$20 Ladies' Gold and Enameled-case Watches..... $20 to $150
$60 Gents' Hunting-case Silver Watches..... 25 " 70
200 Assorted Rings..... 50 " 100
5,000 Gold Vest and Neck Chains..... 4 " 25
5,000 " Fine Rose Bracelets Clasps..... 4 " 25
5,000 Jet and Gold Bracelets..... 6 " 10
5,000 Fine Gold Band Bracelets..... 6 " 10
7,000 Solitaire and Gold Brooches..... 4 " 10
7,000 Coral, Gold & Enamel Brooches..... 4 " 10
5,000 Bloman, Jet, Lava and Florentine Brooches..... 4 " 8
7,500 Coral, Gold & Enamel Ear Drops..... 4 " 6
5,000 Solitaire and Gold Ear Drops..... 4 " 6
5,000 Gold Pen and Vest Watch Key..... 2 50 " 5
5,000 Gold Pencils and Vest Watch Keys..... 2 50 " 5
5,000 Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs..... 4 " 8
8,000 Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc..... 4 " 6
5,000 Gold Vest Chains..... 2 50 " 10
4,000 " Single Spring..... 10 " 20
5,000 Gold Tooth Picks..... 1 " 5
5,000 Pair Gold Bines..... 4 " 10
5,000 " Gold Sleeve Buttons..... 4 " 10
10,000 Stone Set and Signet Rings..... 2 50 " 10
10,000 Gold Band and Seal Rings..... 2 50 " 10
7,500 Rose Ladies' Jewellery—Jet & Gold..... 5 " 15
6,000 " Florentine..... 5 " 15
" Opal and other stones..... 4 " 15
10,000 Gents' Silver Hunting-case Watches and Pencils..... 4 " 10
10,000 " Silver Hunting-case Mounted Modern..... 6 " 10
5,000 Ladies' Rose and Gold Extension Holders..... 4 " 15
5,000 " Gilt and Jet Bracelets..... 5 " 8
" " Hair Bows and Bills..... 5 " 10

ARRANDALE & CO., Manufacturers' Agents,
No. 197 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
Announce that they have purchased the entire stock of the *One Dollar* sale.
It is conscious of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, through the war in this country, that has induced the late firm of Arrandale Jewellery, originally intended for the English market, to dispose of their stock, which, fortunately, MUST BE SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE!
Under these circumstances ARRANDALE & CO., act as Agents for the principal European Manufacturers, and have effected a great saving to their customers, by the following regulations:
Each and every one of the various articles are first put into envelopes, sealed up and mixed; and when ordered, are promiscuously taken out, without regard to quality, and then put up for sale.
On receipt of One Dollar, you will see what you will get, and if you do not like your bargain, you can return the dollar and has the article sent. Purchasers may have as many Certificates as they please, at any Set of Jewellery on our list for ONE DOLLAR.
Send 25 Cents for Certificate.
In all transactions by mail, please arrange for forwarding 25 Certificates, paying postage and doing the business. Do not send for less than 25 Certificates. Certificates for less than 25 Certificates will be sent for 31 cents for 25; thirty for 50 cents; or a dollar for a hundred, by mail.
AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every locality in the country in the loyal states, and as such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate we send, thus giving a liberal chance to canvassers for One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents by every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, with 10 cents for postage Stamps.
ARRANDALE & CO.,
197 Broadway, New York.

What the "Press" say of Us.

GREAT GUN ESTABLISHMENT.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, jewelry, sewing machines, silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 197 Broadway. Their stock, originally intended for the English variety in value, and all are offered for $1 each. The plan is to sell a very large number of articles, by the certificate of a certain article, enclosed in an envelope, and are subjected to no private sale. Purchasers may be satisfied with the article, which will certainly be worth the money on account, and may obtain as many as they like, excellent mode this of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Dispatch, New York, Feb. 19, 1865.*

Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us as gentlemen of the highest honor, and worthy of public confidence.—*New York Scottish Americ. Journal, February 18, 1865.*

We have inspected, at the office of Arrandale & Co.'s establishment, the various articles of jewellery to be sent to purchasers of certificates, and we are delighted to see silver pins, and understand that the whole of these worthy firm's remaining stock are to be disposed of on the principle, giving great advantages to buyers, and affording substantial encouragement to agents. We have the first in question to be a very respectable and worthy firm, and we feel sure that our readers will recommend our friends to send their advertisement.—*New York Sunday Mercury, Feb. 19, 1865.*

By Messrs. Arrandale & Co.'s arrangement, the adventurous purchaser has the chance of getting for $1 what he has everything to gain, and nothing comparatively to lose. Purchasers may be sure that the money will be returned, as it is need not send it if he is not satisfied.—*New York Daily News, Aug. 4, 1864.*

EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and respectable employment will be found in the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution" of Arrandale & Co., a lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this way, not only filling her own pockets with money, but also putting the time to whom she sold the Certificates, as she sent from our advertising office a number of orders.—*Ladies' Journal, New York Sunday Mercury, Aug. 14, 1864.*

In our columns will be found an advertisement of Arrandale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches, jewellery and silverware. On the part of that firm we must say we make several sets of the jewellery advised, and we are warranted in saying that, both in kind and quality, they quite exceeded our expectations. They turned out to be just what they had been represented.—*True Democrat Herald, Aug. 17, 1864.*

The British Whig of Kingston, C. W., says, Nov. 25, 1864, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some of articles, sent as prizes for the money, to this office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

A CHANCE FOR YOU

To get a Fine Watch or some Fine Piece of Jewelry or Silver Ware, at a cost of ONLY ONE DOLLAR!

The Rich and Poor Treated Alike.

95,000
Watches, Chains, Sets of Jewelry, Diamond Rings, Gold Pens, Chains, Lockets, &c., &c., &c.
TO BE SOLD FOR
95,000 DOLLARS
AND VALUED AT
750,000 DOLLARS!

We shall sell all these articles at ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to cost, and in no case to be paid for until you know WHAT you are to get.

	EACH
100 Gold Hunting-Cased Watches.....	$100 00
100 Gold Lever Watches.....	50 00
200 Gold Ladies' Watches.....	50 00
200 Gold Chains.....	20 00
500 Assorted Diamond, Ruby, Emerald, Pearl and Opal Rings.....	$50 00 to 100 00
500 Guard, Vest and Chatelain Chains.....	10 00 to 20 00
500 Gents' Gold Hunting-Cased Watches.....	50 00 to 100 00
500 Vest, Neck and Guard Chains.....	5 00 to 15 00
1000 Sets of Jet and Florentine Jewelry.....	5 00 to 15 00
500 Lava and Florentine Brooches.....	4 00 to 7 00
2000 Coral, Enamel and Opal Brooches.....	5 00 to 10 00
800 Gold Pens, Extension Silver Cases.....	5 00 to 10 00
1000 Gold Pens, Silver and Pearl Mounted Holders.....	5 00 to 10 00
2000 Gold Lockets, Plain and Engraved.....	5 00 to 7 00
3000 Mosaic, Cameo and Bead Bracelets.....	2 00 to 10 00
1000 Gents' Breastpin and Watch Keys.....	2 00 to 5 00
3000 Miscellaneous Articles.....	2 00 to 7 00
1000 Sets of Florida Studs.....	2 00 to 5 00
3000 Sleeve Buttons.....	2 50 to 7 00
3000 Studs and Shirt Buttons.....	2 50 to 7 00
2000 Lockets.....	2 00 to 15 00
2000 Sets of Ladies' Jewelry.....	5 00 to 15 00
2000 Ladies' Belt Buckles.....	5 00 to 15 00
3000 Ladies' Bracelets.....	5 00 to 15 00
3000 Silver Fruit Knives.....	5 00 to 10 00
3000 Silver Cake Baskets.....	5 00 to 10 00
4000 Silver Castors.....	12 00 to 25 00
2000 Silver Pitchers.....	5 00 to 10 00
2000 Ladies' Gilt and Pearl Combs.....	5 00 to 10 00

SINGLE CERTIFICATES 20 CENTS EACH.

We shall sell all the above goods at $1 each; 20,000 Certificates of all the different articles will be put into envelopes, sealed up and mixed. When ordered, will be taken out promiscuously, as to choice, and sent by mail, thus giving all a fair chance. Upon receipt of the Certificate you can see what you will get, and if not worth a dollar for the article or not as you please.
Single Certificates will be furnished by mail 50 cents for each single Certificate. We will send 6 for $1; 15 for $2; 40 for $5; 100 for $10.
J. TOWNSEND & CO.,
19 John street, New York.

Shultz's Curlique, for Curling the Hair. Price, by mail, $1. Warranted. Address
C. F. SHULTZ, Troy, N. Y.

"How 'tis Done."—Whiskers in 6 weeks. Gambling exposed. Confidence. Ventriloquism, &c. 100 great secrets. Free for 25 cents. Address HUNTER & CO., Rindale, N. H. 499-502

Soldiers send Stamp for our Mammoth Catalogue. Address HUNTER & CO., Rindale, N. H. 499-502

$IG. WATCHES. $IG.

A Splendid Gold-Plated Watch, Lever Cap, Small Size, Time Keeper, Stem Winder and Setter, sent by mail or express for $16. Same Watch, German Silver, for $13.

Steam Gold Pens, Warranted Gold Pens, Vest Chains..... 2 00
Silver Pens, Pencil and Gold Pen..... 1 00
Swinging Compass, 12 cts. Ladies' Set Pins..... 75
Hand Mirrors, Pocket Combs, Pocket Knives, 12 cts.

These Goods are of the finest quality, and in point of brilliancy and finish unsurpassed by the finest gold. Sent by mail, free of postage, on receipt of price.
Address FORWARDING AGENCY,
95 Liberty Street, New York City.

GREAT CLOSING SALE!

$60,000 Worth of
Watches, Chains and Fine Jewellery, all to be sold for $1 each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1; there is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Certificates for $2.50 for $1; 100 for $2. Great inducements offered those who act as Agents. Circulars, containing full particulars, sent free. Address
GOLD JEWELLERS' ASSOCIATION,
P. O. Drawer 12. 260 River St., Troy, N. Y.
497-508

The Great Money-Making Article.
Everybody wants it. Sells at sight. Sample sent for 25 cts. Sample, with particulars, sent free by mail for 10 cents. Address
R. E. MARTIN, Rindale, N. H.

Stereoscopic Pictures and Cartes de Visite Wholesale and Retail. Catalogues and Sporting Articles. Send for Circular.
600 ELDRIDGE BROTHERS, 25 Ann St., N. Y.

New Pocket Albums,

Holding 12 pictures, the *cheapest* and the *most desirable* Album ever offered. Price only 75 cents.
CARD PHOTOGRAPHS of Gens. Grant, Meade, Sherman, Sheridan, Hancock, Burnside, Rosecrans, Thomas, Foster, Gillmore, Farragut, Lincoln, Miss Lincoln, Edwin Forrest, Maling Leon, Love as Wood Nymph. Counted the Tax Re, Matrimonial Joys, Matrimonial Sufferings 25 cents each; wholesale, $2 per 100.
REV. MAURICE DURMOND, price 10 cents.
Agents wanted. Send for Circulars.
C. W. NORTHWOOD, Publisher,
497 221 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Shultz's Cocoon, warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent post-paid for 50 cents. Address C. F. SHULTZ, Troy, N. Y.
499-511

DR. FELIX GOURAUD'S
Italian Medicated Soap,
It is well known, cures Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Salt Rheum, Barber's Itch, Chaps, Chafes, Tender Flesh and Sunburn, being the most healing, cooling and purest ever invented. IT IS FOUND, SOOTHE, SOFTEN and Beautify the Skin, Neck, Arms and Hands, more than any other article. Ladies, it is indispensable for pale lips and cheeks. LILY WHITE for dashed, red and flushed faces. MAIDENLIKE BLOOM restores red, gray or light hair to a beautiful black or brown, without staining the skin. HAIR INVIGORATOR for the hair to grow, and make soft, wavy hair soft, glossy and silky. DEPILATORY to remove all superfluous down, and Dandruff.
His purity and efficacy of the above preparations have been endorsed by tens of thousands, who have used them. Sold by Druggists, and
Agents — Callender, Philadelphia; Estes, Boston; Johnson, Detroit; Keyser, Pittsburgh; and Druggists generally. 4t

BARD & BROTHERS'
(ESTABLISHED 1840)
GOLD PENS.
PEN AND PENCIL CASES.
Also Manufacturers of Bard & Wilson's Pure & Aqua-Ammonia Gold Pens.
FAS. D. BARD, Agent, No. 22 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Specimens Free. 50 cents. Send for Circular and Price List.

Six Dollars from Fifty Cents.
Accurate, game and ayeables Invention, or Samples sent free by mail for 50 cents. Retails for 25 easily. B. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, New York. 4t-2-24

THE CELEBRATED
$20 GOLD WATCH
Manufactured by C. H. ASH, Manufacturer of Watches, Feeders, Grinders, Silver-land. Sadness Fine, Figures, Virginia. ALSO MAGIC Watches, Chains, Sets of Jewelry, Gold Pens, Studs, Rings, &c., &c., &c. 3d-2-24

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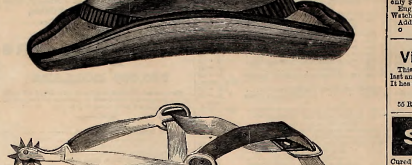


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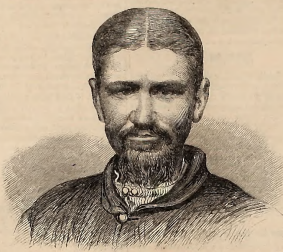
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No. 502 - Vol. XX.] NEW YORK, MAY 13, 1865. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1 00.

End of the War.

THE surrender of Johnston, the capture of Mobile, and the utter rout and dispersion of the rebel forces in Alabama, leave the United States without any organised opposition to its authority on this side of the Mississippi river. Beyond that stream there has not been, for a long time, any active insurgent force, but only a marauding, cotton-stealing band, in complicity with the Franco-Austrian authorities of Matamoras, and which, on receipt of the news from the East, will probably dissolve itself and disappear, the leaders retiring with their gains to Europe or Mexico, and the rank and file to their homes, where they will take up the *rôle* of coerced Unionists, appeal to the sympathies of the Government and the nation, and "gratefully receive" the shiploads of food and clothing which that appeal to the weak sentimentality of the North will be sure to draw forth. In every sense the war, as war, may be said to be ended. Crackbrained fellows like the bushwhacker Moseby, the trooper Hampton, the guerilla Rosser, and a few others may refuse to surrender; and a few ruffians, under the pretext of imitating Marion, but really for the sake of freebooting, with little regard as to who are their victims, will prowl about the country awhile, but they will soon be hunted down like wolves, and find themselves suddenly pendant – a grateful if not a graceful fruit of the nearest forest trees. The regimen administered to this class of marauders in Kentucky, Tennessee and Missouri will surely and speedily cure the heroics in which all Europe has prophesied the invincible Southron would indulge, in case he were overcome by the "brute force" of Northern hirelings and "Lincoln minions." We may safely leave those models of chivalry and recipients of foreign sympathy to the detection of the sable but loyal Americans, and the swift justice of the Provost Marshal and his convenient court.

The war is over. Frame the fact in whatever phrase we may, the result is nothing more nor less than this, that the slave aristocracy of the South, with all its adherents, bland or otherwise, has been utterly subdued, crushed, annihilated. Slavery has disappeared, with all the social and political fabrics, theories and



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THE KILLING OF BOOTH, THE ASSASSIN.—THE DYING MURDERER DRAWN FROM THE BARN WHERE HE HAD TAKEN REFUGE, ON GARRETT'S FARM, NEAR PORT ROYAL, VA., APRIL 26, 1865. FROM A SKETCH BY AN EYE-WITNESS.

systems founded upon it. It may take years, perhaps a generation, to obliterate the animosities and bitternesses to which this contest and precedent circumstances have given rise; but the healing is a mere question of time, and a judicious administration of the Government. The discordant element in our organization has disappeared, and henceforth a civil war, or an armed opposition to the constitutional authorities of the nation, is simply impossible. It took all the influences of ambition, arrogance, and selfish interest, based on the control of four millions of slaves, to originate the rebellion now happily suppressed. No such mighty and malignant inflences were ever before, or can ever again be combined in any cause. The nation has survived, and pulsates at this hour with a more vigorous life than at any previous period in its history. It not only lives, but it has a conscious assurance of immortality. It has unfolded to mankind the second page of the great lesson which, under God, it was raised up to teach, not alone that a Government may be framed by the people, but may be sustained, perfected and perpetuated by them, at whatever cost of life or expenditure of treasure.

Yet, a few years, and in what light will the poor, purblind and prejudiced wretches stand who have seen in this great struggle, now happily ending, only a paltry squabble over tariffs, or a contemptible sectional animosity! How they will wither and shrivel in the focus of the Historic lens! And those who thought and hoped through our dissensions and permanent disruption to resume a predominance in commerce which they could not sustain in fair competition, or to extend to this continent systems antagonistic to those which our example had founded and success sustained—where to-day are their hopes, and what to-day are the prospect of their plans and plots against Republican institutions?

This, however, is not the time for exultation, but of grateful acknowledgment to the Almighty for our great deliverance. We have been carried safely through the Red Sea, and have emerged safely from the Valley and Shadow of Death. We have been tried not only by the cruel ordeal of intestine war, of a magnitude to which all history furnishes no example, but as if to prove beyond all distrust the strength and perfection of our institutions, we have had the honored head of the nation and his chief minister stricken down by the assassin's hand, with no shock or jar to the even working of the Government. No trial to which a nation was ever subjected at home or abroad has been spared us. The bitter cup, which even the Son of God prayed might pass away from him, has been rigorously commended to our lips, and drained to its dregs. Yet, we live to-day, stronger, purer, more enterprising, manlier and better fitted to defend the oppressed, punish the insolent, and to carry out our mission of amelioration and beneficence towards mankind than before. Let us reverently acknowledge the palpable interposition of Heaven in our behalf, and address ourselves meekly to the faithful and full discharge of our duties. "Peace on earth and good will among men" was almost divinely paraphrased by our late President, who proclaimed, as his rule of action, "Malice towards none, Charity for all." This motto ought henceforth to encircle our national arms, beam from our starry flag, and above all its spirit should enter into and control the policy of the nation, at home and abroad. Then indeed will we be beloved for our conduct, as we must henceforth be respected for our strength.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, MAY 13, 1865.

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Resumption of Specie Payments.

WE look confidently to an early return of specie payments. The fact that all nations, after long and expensive wars, have been slow to get rid of their irredeemable paper issues, implies little in our case, for no other nation ever possessed the elasticity and exceptional resources of our own. It is probably true that we have out, in the shape of legal tender and National Bank Currency, something between six hundred and a thousand millions. Of this between three and four hundred millions represent a previously existing bank-note issue in the loyal States; that is to say, this amount has only replaced an equal amount of paper money drawn or driven from the market. Another hundred millions represents an equal sum which, under ordinary conditions, would have been issued by the banks to meet the demand of an increased business and augmented population—the natural growth of trade and industry during four years. It may be safely asserted that at least five hundred millions of "currency," in the shape of portable notes, are now needed for the ordinary purposes of exchange and daily traffic in the loyal States.

There remain then, according to various estimates, an excess of from one hundred to five hundred millions of paper. Say, and this is probably not far out, two hundred and fifty millions redundant and to be got rid of, in order to bring the currency to the specie standard. How is this to be effected? The statement of a series of indisputable facts will answer the question better than any long and complex argument.

I.—The whole financial arrangements of the South are broken up; its banks are extinct; there is no currency there except the rebel shinplasters, which are only fit for kindling fires, and by no means expensive for that purpose. This vacuum must be filled, and filled by National Bank currency, the issue of which must fund an equal amount of legal tender and withdraw it from market. At least one hundred million sare required for this purpose, and for the new and active business which peace will create in the South and West.

II.—The expenses of the Government will soon fall, if they have not already fallen, from three millions to one and a half or one million per day—a sum that our existing sources of revenue can meet and furnish a sinking fund besides. Any outstanding debts of the Government are more than covered, as they mature, and funded through the subscriptions to the National loan, which exceed four millions daily. It will not require a very long time, at this rate, to absorb one or two hundred millions of currency.

III.—The demand for our securities abroad, already great, will be greater with the prospects of returning peace, and they will be paid for in gold or what is equivalent to it, exchange.

IV.—There can be no appreciation in gold, for it is abundant in fact and only kept at its present price by speculative operations, copperhead interest, and a redundant currency—the latter by far the least potential. Our shipments for gold for the last four years have averaged about seven millions less per year than before the war commenced, so that making but small allowance for increased production, we have now between thirty and forty millions of gold and silver more in the country than we had four years ago. To this sum we must add the amounts brought hither by immigration, which has been greater since the war began than before. The aggregate from this source cannot be estimated at less than $10,000,000. The banks on the first of Jan., 1861, held $80,000,000 of gold, and the Sub-Treasury, $4,000,000. The amounts held by private bankers and by individuals who have hoarded it have been estimated at $100,000,000. Beyond these sums, something very large, between fifty and one hundred millions of gold or exchange, which is the same thing, have been sent abroad by "weak sisters," or people who had no abiding faith in the integrity and perpetuity of the Government, and which will flow back with the return of peace.

We claim, therefore, that there is, in one shape and another, *two hundred or two hundred and fifty millions of gold in the country.*

There is nothing to draw this gold or any appreciable part of it away. The existing cotton in the Southern States, estimated by those who know best, is put as high as 2,000,000 bales, and in itself is sufficient to meet any balances of trade for a long time to come. At the high prices it will be sure to bring, this amount will come to double the value it would have commanded before the war, and give perhaps three times the return.

Petroleum has become a most important article of export, and cannot be overlooked in our future financial calculations. Twenty-five millions a year is the least we may estimate will be the export, and will stand in the place of so much gold—the article wherewith we have hitherto met our balances.

From these data we deduce that the demand for gold as an article of export will be much diminished, if not substantially cease; that the redundant currency of the country will be rapidly absorbed or go to fill a legitimate demand, and that the equilibrium between currency and gold will be speedily re-established. If these views be correct, prices of all descriptions must come down fully one-third, if not one-half, before the 1st of August next. To bring them there is an object of the Government and the wish of the people. Mr. McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury, in a recent address, said:

"My chief aim will, of course, be to provide the means to discharge the claims upon the Treasury Department at the earliest day practicable, and to institute measures to bring the business of the country *gradually* back to the specie standard, a departure from which (although for the time being a necessity) is no less damaging and demoralizing to the people than expensive to the Government."

THE Toronto *Globe* of the 18th inst. puts the following pertinent queries to the friends of the Canadian Judge who refused to deliver up the principal of the St. Alban's robbers and murderers to the United States authorities:

"If Booth should escape to Canada, be arrested and brought before Judge Smith, and it should be found that the assassination of Mr. Lincoln was authorised by a Confederate officer, would the Judge refuse his extradition on the ground of the belligerent character of the act? Would he declare that the Ashburton treaty was abrogated, and refuse to surrender the assassin? We pause for a reply. To our mind there would be as much reason for refusing to give up Booth as the St. Albans raiders, supposing Booth could prove that he had authority from some officer of the Confederate States to commit the deed, which he probably had."

PRESIDENT JOHNSON, in presenting Sherman's agreement with Johnston to his Cabinet, said: "This proposition is not debatable, yet I shall be pleased to hear your comments on it."

CHURCH, the celebrated landscape painter, has gone to the West Indies. He intends to pass the summer with his wife in the mountains of Jamaica, where he will find a new and most interesting field of study. Mr. Church leaves behind him an unfinished painting full of power and of promise, a "Rainbow in the Tropics," and two pictures recently completed, which will materially enhance his reputation.

THE Boston *Transcript* comments with deserved and dignified severity on the extraordinary conduct of Gen. Sherman, and laments that the blow to his reputation should come so closely on the other calamity which has shrouded the land in grief. It says:

"The psychological wonder of this revelation is that a whole nation rises one morning to find that a man of genius it has almost idolized is another and radically different individual from the man of their imagination and belief, as read in the light of his public acts and the fair and obvious inferences flowing from them. What does it mean? There will be many theories of explanation, none free from doubt. The solution, as it seems to us, is, that two qualities, latent until now, have blazed out—inordinate ambition and a conceit so enormous as almost to touch the edge of insanity. We find them both in all this work. But we find the first especially in his virtually attempting to over-ride the province of the Government as maker of peace and in pledging himself "to obtain it," while utterly ignoring the clear action of Congress and Mr. Lincoln's declared preliminaries to all negotiations for peace. And the latter we find especially in the fact that he sees Wm. Tecumseh Sherman, in this whole wretched business, so engrossingly that he is blind to his duty, his Government and his nation."

THE wretched assassin Booth, with an accomplice named Harold, was hunted down by a detachment of Union cavalry, near Port Royal, Virginia, on the night of the 25th of April. They took refuge in a barn, and refusing to surrender, the building was set on fire and they were roasted out. Booth, showing fight, was shot like a dog, and died shortly afterwards. The other miscreant was taken alive, manacled and carried to Washington, where, in due time, he will be hanged, together with a number of other conspirators. There was nothing very grand in the exit of the murderer. Smoked out like a rat and shot like a dog! It was through information furnished by a negro that the clue was obtained to his hiding place.

The daily *World* very justly observes, that "In an age which has seen the 'rehabilitation' of pretty nearly all the once admitted scoundrels of history, from Catiline and Nero down to Robespierre and Marat, the dismal and altogether unscenic finale of this desperado's savage and senseless tragedy of president-murder is a thing for wise men to rejoice in."

IT has been very rationally proposed to raise a fund of $100,000 to be presented to the widow and family of the late President Lincoln, subscriptions to be limited to a dollar each. Mr. Benjamin B. Sherman, merchant, of No. 95 Wall street, is acting as treasurer of the "Dollar Memorial Fund;" and those who desire to co-operate in the work will greatly aid the speedy collection of the fund by presenting subscription lists to their customers, families and friends. Names of all the donors will be presented with the fund, and in due time published in some form.

MR. LINCOLN's grandfather, also named Abraham Lincoln, was murdered by an Indian in 1784, while at work on his farm near the Kentucky river. He left three sons, the eldest of whom, Thomas, was the father of the President. Thomas married in 1806 Nancy Hanks, a native of Virginia, and settled in Harden co., Ky., where the President was born Feb. 12, 1809. In 1816 the family removed to Indiana. The great-grandfather of the President emigrated from Berks county, Penn., to Rockingham county, in the Shenandoah Valley, Va., about 1750.

MR. BANCROFT, in his address on the day of Mr. Lincoln's funeral, in New York, said:

"The cry is delusive that Slavery is dead. Even now it is nerving itself for a fresh struggle for continuance. The last winds from the South waft to us the sad intelligence that a man, who had surrounded himself with the glory of the most brilliant and most varied achievements, who but a week ago was named with affectionate pride among the greatest benefactors of his country and the ablest Generals of all time, has usurped more than the whole power of the Executive, and under the name of peace has revived Slavery and given security and political power to traitors from the Chesapeake to the Rio Grande. Why could he not remember the dying advice of Washington, never to draw the sword but for self-defence or the rights of his country, and when drawn, never to sheath it till its work should be accomplished? And yet from this bad act, which the people with one united voice condemn, no great evil will follow save the shadow of his own fame. The individual, even in the greatness of military glory, sinks into insignificance before the resistless movements in the history of man."

ONE of the specifications of the agreement between Generals Sherman and Johnson would have

re-established slavery in the seceded States which still have rebel Legislatures. Yet in a letter respecting recruiting throughout the insurgent districts of the South, written last July, Gen. Sherman said:

"No one will infer from this that I am not a friend of the negro as well as the white race; I contend that the treason and rebellion of the master freed the slaves, and the armies I have commanded have conducted to safe points more negroes than those of any general officer in the army."

Bryant's Ode for the Burial of Abraham Lincoln.—At the great meeting in New York on Tuesday afternoon, the following ode, written by William C. Bryant on Tuesday morning, was read by Rev. Dr. Osgood:

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
  Gentle, and merciful, and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
  The sword of power, a nation's trust.

In sorrow by the bier we stand,
  Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
  That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done; the bond are free;
  We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose noblest monument shall be
  The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
  Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
  Who perished in the cause of right.

"An old correspondent" wants us to take up the "brutalities with which cattle are treated in our city, and especially how calves and sheep are carted through our streets." He says, and we all know it to be the fact, that "calves and sheep are carried through the city with their feet tied together with a strong thin cord, piled one on another, and packed so closely, with their heads drooping over often on the cart wheels, so that many die before the reach the shambles." And he asks what must be the kind of meat that is served to us, with these shocking and diseasing preliminaries to slaughter?

The question is one which must often suggest itself to reflecting men, but we are not yet quite prepared to respond to our correspondent's earnest and, no doubt, well-meant importunity to "put down" this abuse by illustrations and anathemas, such as he says, and he flatters us by saying, "carried out the destruction of the swill-milk trade." He forgets that we publish a paper for the whole country, and that local reforms of the kind he suggests should be carried out by those chiefly interested. The remedy he seeks for may be found in refusing to patronise butchers who practise the brutalities he condemns, and who poison us with fevered meats. It is time that we had *abattoirs* as the French have, where every animal brought to slaughter is examined by competent persons to decide on its condition, and where every piece of meat requires to bear a seal in evidence of its purity. Public health requires some guarantee against assault through the ignorance or unscrupulousness of butchers. These are matters, however, which ought to be taken up by the local press, but more particularly by our citizens themselves, who can well afford to spare an hour from business or pleasure to effect a great reform.

Mr. Bryant was among the speakers at the opening of the new building of the Academy of Design in this city, April 27th. Alluding to the progress of Art in the United States, and the peculiar influences on Art of our climate and scenery, he said:

"I have no doubt, for my part, that in the temperament formed by our diversified climate, the perceptive faculties are peculiarly awake and active, drinking in the sights and sounds of Nature with a deeper delight than in climates of a more uniform character, and that the power of invention is quickened by the same causes to the same activity and energy. These varying aspects of our skies, imposing alike in their splendor and their gloom, these grand alternations of our seasons, these majestic vicissitudes, passing from polar cold to tropical heat, and from tropical heat to polar cold, with the phenomena of each fierce extreme, were not given us in vain. The genius nurtured under their influences has, in the department of Art, commanded the admiration of the hemisphere from which our race was transplanted to this. The works of our great painters have been seen with delighted surprise in the old world; the masterpieces of American sculpture have divided the praise of mankind with the productions of the most eminent statuaries of modern times."

"No human society has a right to do wrong, whether to harm the innocent or to punish disproportionately the guilty for any ends of expediency, however plausible. The argument that punishment may prevent crime and protect society is insufficient of itself to justify any penalty that is not intrinsically and relatively just. Upon the divine equity and impartiality of punishment depend all its moral power, all its claim to submission and veneration, and all its worth for any purpose. 'He that justifieth the guilty, and he that condemneth the just, even they both are abomination to the Lord.' After the immense guilt of this rebellion, comprehending in incalculable quantity every crime man can commit, shall have been condoned and covered up, what poor single-handed murderer may not call his gallows to witness the meanness and injustice of the *pseudo* law by which he dies?"

Hon. Andrew Johnson, seventeenth President of the United States, is in the 56th year of his age. His family resides at present in Nashville, Tennessee, and consists of his wife and four children, two sons and two daughters. His son Robert is 29, and Andrew Johnson, jr., is 12 years of age. His two daughters, with their families, also reside in Nashville, having been driven from their homes in Eastern Tennessee. One of Mr. Johnson's sons, Charles, a surgeon in the army, was thrown from his horse in the year 1863 and killed, and Col. Stover, a son-in-law, commanding the 4th regiment of Tennessee infantry, was killed in the battle of Nashville, while gallantly leading his command, on the 18th of December, 1864. Judge Patterson, who is also a son-in-law of the President, lives in Nashville. Mrs. Johnson has been in very delicate health for some time past, and it is probable Mrs. Col. Stover will preside over the Presidential household.

Easy Lessons for Immature Minds.—A contemporary photographic journal, dedicated to popular instruction in the noble art of photography, has the following primary indications for the guidance of the innocents, upon which we advise all neophytes to act, incontinently:

"Under the title of Clydonics, derived from the Greek, *Kludon*, it is proposed to embrace those branches of Science which treat of Waves and Undulations; of Oscillations, Vibrations and Pulsations. By grouping in this manner manifestations of force through to and fro motions, more or less rapid, the student is enabled to view this class of reactions from a stand-point where comparative measurements and estimates greatly assist him in reaching and retaining correct conclusions. All the notes in Nature's harmony, heard and unheard, thus become a part of one grand gamut, extending from the profound sub-base of the great tidal wave, having a single diurnal culmination, upward through the diapasons of sound and color, to the very altissimo of the tremulous æth, whose waves—quicker than thought—generate a pitch far higher than the violet tone, and, being beyond the range of human vision, are only known to us by the wonderful effects they produce in the hands of the skilful photographer."

TOWN GOSSIP.

The fashionable excitement of the week past was the opening of the new National Academy of Design. There was a superb exhibition of the very latest fashions, both in dress and criticism, when they opened the show for a private examination on the evening of the 27th April. We are happy to announce that we were there, having gently hired a beautiful dresscoat, and decorated our boots with an ingenious composition that bestows all the effect of patent leather. We boldly mingled with the rest, and doubtless trod on many an artist's corns without knowing it, both in a literal sense and in the artless prattle we kept up about the pictures. We overheard the most expensive head of hair in the place say to the great Weinstadt, over whose shoulder it was bending, "Tell me candidly, Mr. Weinstadt, which do you really prefer as a matter of color, *oils or worsteds?*"

The immortal whom we have elaborately veiled under that opaque nickname exhibits but two pictures, the largest of which, the "Yo Semite Landscape," No. 426, does full justice to his previous reputation. Church is only represented by one canvas, surnamed "Twilight" (No. 310), and a few inches behind his usual ability in color and effect. But we must not begin with individual notices, or the sweet beguiling duty will make us forget all other items of news. Suffice it to say that the private reception was a vast success, and the brilliant new edifice praised by all, now that the scaffolding is down and its delicate proportions fully revealed.

Pasta is dead! We had almost written Norma is dead—for the rôle of Norma was composed for her by Bellini, and her great genius made it authoritatively her own. Pasta was a wonderful example of the power of native ability in conquering all sorts of disadvantages and insults of nature. Most skilful of vocalists, she had originally a horrible voice, hard, unequal and fickle. A wonderful actress, she was obliged to contend against all the disadvantages of a fearfully plain face and an undignified figure. It was her heart of fire and brilliant intellect that brought her through. In introducing herself to any part, she was able to see intuitively the utmost expression of which it was capable, and then by the hardest sort of labor she brought herself as close as possible to that ideal conception. It was with all the modesty of the earnest artist that she used to declare that she had never succeeded in expressing her own notion of a part. Pasta died near where she was born, in the neighborhood of Lake Como. It is thirty years since she has trodden a stage; the latter part of her life has been prettily spent as an elderly Proserpine, among her flowery parterres on the banks of the Festive Lake, and they buried her the other day with immense ceremonial in the cathedral of Como. In the style and acting of Grisi, we have seen something of the transmitted glory of Pasta—for Grisi was Pasta's niece, and borrowed and stole as much as her nature could hold from her grand old aunt.

It is a great pity, but one never feels, perhaps, as if a theatrical or operatic performer was really dead, in the sense in which ordinary mortals die. These shining personages are so constantly slaughtered in masquerade, they so habitually leap into torrents, or bite themselves with poisoned rings, or decorously retire with scarlet fiends, or ascend among fireworks into an elysium of dust and cobwebs, that even the last serious exit acquires a tinge of romance, and one can hardly persuade himself that there will not be a few more positively farewell performances.

Still, to the subjects themselves, we suppose there is an appreciable difference. Pictures have been painted, and tales written in abundance, the motive of which is the intrusion among the painted and factitious horrors of the stage of this shadowy and powerful tragedian. The old painted actor, or the hectic young danseuse, is depicted staggering through the part, the assisting performers stammer and forget in their sympathies, the audience find something wrong, and stare with white faces, when suddenly from the coulisse, leaps upon her, with the flashing of cataracts, "Death, the crowned phantom, with all the equipage of his terrors, and with the tiger roar of his voice." (These superb words are De Quincey's.)

So—it seems but yesternight—in the tiny, tidy theatre of the capital, the shining and happy crowd upon the benches were inveigled. The lights are gay, and there is the soft buz and flutter of a comedy audience. Half are listening to the humane and friendly wit of Asa Trenchard. Half are studying the lines upon that good shrewd face in the President's box. The lines are more and deeper than were seen four years before, when the face first showed among those draperies, and every one had been chiselled by fatherly, anxious care for the people who are there looking up like loving children into the President's fine eyes. The good man had himself been playing a rôle which he felt was nearly over. One immortal laurel, for the Emancipator, was even then softly shadowing his great forehead; and the evergreen palms, for the Pacificator, were beginning to stir and salute him. And in this hour of his gentle triumph he died. For a sharp pistol-snap was heard, and the cruel King sprang from the hand of a silly boy into the citadel of his life whom the nation had learned to love so well.

Always unwelcome, always malapropos, as these visits are, when did Death ever before seem so ferociously inopportune? When was regicide ever rejected of a whole nation like Booth?

We are pleased to see a suggestion for building a church upon the site of the dishonored theatre. No less radical a change could possibly exorcise the hateful genius of that place. If the walls of some saintly chapel were now to rise, to the awful music of a country's tears, from the ground poisoned with the presence of murder, the place might indeed seem clean once more. How holy, how religious would such a shrine appear! How Catholic should be the creed! With what tender meaning would rise the prayers of the people for the welfare of "the President of these United States." It seems as if the harsh divisions of sect would melt away in such a place, and pilgrims from every fold be drawn to the national Mecca, to light their lamps from the pure flame of patriotism that would burn at that sad altar.

The theatrical diversions have received such a stunning blow as they never felt before, and at the time we write are hardly on their legs again. Edwin Forrest, in the higher drama, drew some fair houses at the close of his engagement, his farewell rendition of Spartcus being especially successful. He has given the *pas* to Miss Maggie Mitchell.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean have been playing a short engagement at the Broadway Theatre, reviving the traditions of a lost school of acting. The most striking piece produced was the historical French play entitled "Louis XI," expressly translated for and appropriated by Mr. Kean, and the delineation was a piece of most carefully studied and accomplished acting. The gentleman has, however, been quite overdone by his management, and finds himself at a loss to carry the stupendous reputation which was arranged for him on his appearance.

We are coming on nobly, in matters of luxury and extravagance. Here is the lament of a hungry Parisian, who weeps and bids adieu to his favorite *chef de cuisine*. After noticing the exodus from Paris of an army of the most aristocratic cooks, he remarks:

"It seems that in New York democracy has become so intensely aristocratic that that it cannot longer dine at *tables d'hôte*, accordingly all the larger hotels there are about to establish restaurants—hence there is a great demand for French cooks. The first division of this new army of occupation left Paris to-day. Their pay is very high, and begins from the time of leaving. A large order for *garçons* has also been forwarded, but as yet the supply has not been found."

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—According to Detroit papers, the full half of last years' crops is still in the hands of the farmers of Michigan and Illinois, who are holding it in hopes of a rise.

—The value of the estate left by the late President Lincoln is estimated at $25,000.

—At a large meeting of the citizens of Carroll county, Maryland, after resolutions of condolence with the family of Mr. Lincoln and of confidence in the administration of Mr. Johnson had been adopted, it was unanimously resolved that the young men of the county who went South at the beginning of the war and cast in their lot with the rebels will not be tolerated in the county again.

—In view of recent events and developments, it is believed in some quarters, that Andrew Johnson, who has endured so much undeserved obloquy for his singular aberration on the 4th of March, was on that occasion under the influence, not of spirituous liquors, nor either of a mere disturbing drug, intended only to disgrace him, but of a deadly poison, furtively insinuated in his drink with the view to take his life.

—When J. Wilkes Booth played in Buffalo, three years ago, he broke a plate glass window in the store of O. E. Sibley, where a lot of rebel trophies were exhibited. He was arrested, paid the damage and a fine of $50, and the affair was kept out of the papers. He broke the window in his rage at seeing the exhibition of weapons taken from rebels.

—The Richmond *Whig* of the 27th learns from intelligent persons who reached there on foot from Danville, that when the surrender of Lee's army became known in Danville, a crowd of citizens and soldiers collected, and after a short consultation made a general rush upon the buildings containing commissary stores, which were plundered. One building, containing ammunition, while being searched by the populace ignited, blowing the building and some 50 persons to pieces.

—It has been decided by Judge Clifford, of the United States Supreme Court, that a man who expressed his joy at the assassination of President Lincoln is not fit to serve as a juror in the Courts of the United States.

—The Rev. J. Hyatt Smith, of Philadelphia, in an address to his people the other night, said: "I have heard censure pronounced upon President Lincoln because he visited a theatre. My friends, I look upon a patriot in a theatre as better than a copperhead at a prayer-meeting."

—Port Royal, near where Booth was shot, is a post village of Caroline county, Va., on the right bank of the Rappahanock river, 22 miles below Fredericksburg. The place has been frequently mentioned during the war, in connection with army supplies.

—The public will be gratified to learn from the dispatches of Secretary Stanton and Gen. Halleck, that the enemy is to be vigorously pushed in every quarter, regardless of Sherman's orders.

—The Chicago Historical Society have purchased grounds for the purpose of erecting a building for the use of a society at $18,000. They propose erecting a building at a cost of $200,000.

—Among the incidents of the Federal occupation of Petersburg was the application of the blatant Roger A. Pryor to Major-Gen. Warren for an order upon the commissary for rations. Pryor is now the meekest of submissionists.

—Among the circumstances tending to show that the plot to assassinate Mr. Lincoln, and other members of the Administration, was encouraged by the secessionists, is the advertisement which appeared in the Selma *Dispatch*, an Alabama paper, last December, offering, for a stipulated reward, to murder Mr. Lincoln, Andrew Johnson and William H. Seward. That such an advertisement, instead of being rejected with indignation, as it would have been in any community not brutalised by slavery, should have been admitted into a newspaper, indicates an approbation of its purpose. The following is the advertisement:

"One Million Dollars Wanted, to have Peace by the 1st of March.—If the citizens of the Southern Confederacy will furnish me with the cash, or good securities for the sum of $1,000,000, I will cause the lives of Abraham Lincoln, William H. Seward and Andrew Johnson to be taken by the 1st of March next. This will give us peace and satisfy the world that cruel tyrants cannot live in a 'land of liberty.' If this is not accomplished, nothing will be claimed beyond the sum of $50,000, in advance, which is supposed to be necessary in order to reach and slaughter the three villains.

"I will give, myself, $1,000 towards this patriotic purpose.

"Every one wishing to contribute will address box X, Cahawba, Ala."

—Gen. Burnside was lately accosted by some friends, who chanced to remember that during the General's western command he was brought into intimate contact with Andrew Johnson, then military Governor of Tennessee, and must, therefore, know much about the character of the citizen who, by the death of Mr. Lincoln, suddenly becomes the head of the nation. Gen. Burnside was asked: "Can we trust Andrew Johnson? Is he a drunkard, as has been said?" The General replied: "I know Mr. Johnson well. He was military Governor of East Tennessee when I commanded in the West. For some time he was in Louisville and Cincinnati, where I met him at all hours of the day and night, and in most important consultations, and I can say that I never saw him taste liquor of any kind, and never saw him when I thought he had tasted liquor. He was no drunkard then. In my opinion, he is a firm, loyal and talented statesman."

—Our forces entered Mobile on the 14th of April, after its surrender by the Mayor. It was found that the rebels had destroyed all the valuable *materiel* in the navy-yard, and sunk their two most powerful rams in Spanish river. Four hundred guns were captured by the army and navy, and large quantities of ammunition and stores.

—A year ago, when there were reports of a conspiracy in Richmond to murder President Lincoln, he said to a friend, "Well, even if true, I do not see what the rebels would gain by either killing or getting possession of me. I am but a single individual and it would not help their cause or make the least difference in the progress of the war. Everything would go right on just the same."

—Gen. Sherman, at the close of his strange agreement with Joe Johnston, places his Government on the same level with the fugitive thief who is now on his way to Mexico, with the specie of the Confederates. "Not being fully empowered by our respective principals"—that is the language employed by our General to designate equally his Government and the collapsed league of treason.

—The following is the official account of the number of men and arms surrendered by Lee: Paroled prisoners, 26,115; small arms, 15,918; cannon, 159; colors, 71.

Obituary.—Andrew Jackson, Jr., adopted son of the late President Jackson, accidentally shot himself while hunting near the Hermitage, Tennessee, on Monday week, and died on the Sunday following of lockjaw. He was a son of Mrs. Jackson's brother, Samuel Donelson, and a cousin of A. J. Donelson. He took his adopted parent's name, and inherited, at his death, the Hermitage and a large cotton plantation in Mississippi, both of which, however, passed out of his hands. He was 56 years of age, and leaves a wife, daughter and two sons. The sons cast their lot with the rebels, both entering the army. Samuel, the younger, was an officer in the rebel service, and was killed beyond Chattanooga. The eldest brother, Andrew Jackson, is a Brigadier-General in the rebel army. He terminated his military career in the surrender of Fort Morgan, in Mobile harbor, to the United States forces, at which time he was taken prisoner, and is now in our hands.

Foreign.—The Montreal *Witness* says: "But our danger will be imminent if any of the scoundrels implicated in this assassination (of President Lincoln) make their escape to Lower Canada. They would undoubtedly meet here plenty of influential friends. There would be found here Judges and juries to decide that they had used only a belligerent right. Indeed it will argue a strange inconsistency if those papers which have been foremost in screening the raiders, and have excused as a belligerent right the assassination of an innocent civilian at St. Albans, find fault now with those concerned in the murder of the Commander-in-Chief of the Federal armies."

—Pasta, the once great opera singer—the original Norma—has died at her villa, on the banks of Lake Como. She was buried with much pomp in the Cathedral of Como.

—The music-dealer Haslinger in Vienna has dedicated a march to the Emperor Maximilian of Mexico. Some people think that Maximilian will soon march without music.

—They had a dark time down south April 26th, that is, in the South Pacific, and in the southern part of South America. There was a total eclipse of the sun. To some of the unfortunate people the sun was totally obscured for five and a quarter minutes.

—M. Sismondi has announced to the French Academy that he has discovered vegetable remains in the rock commonly known as gneiss.

—Placing photographs of deceased individuals in their coffins is now a custom of the Continent of Europe. The likenesses are warranted to last for centuries.

—Michelet, in "poker" parlance, sees the Emperor and goes him eleven better. He is writing the "Lives of the Twelve Cæsars."

—A number of empty bottle thrown into the sea on the west coast of Africa have been picked up on the Irish coast. One has been found after 16 years, another after 14, and a third after ten years.

—The Pope has ordered his censors to examine the French Emperor's "Life of Cæsar," and report whether it is fit for publication.

—German tanners have recently, with great success, adopted petroleum instead of fish oil in dressing leather.

—M. H. G. Ollendorf, the author of many well-known grammars of modern languages, has just died in Paris.

—A correspondent in London states that within a couple of years the Prince Imperial of France is to make a royal visit to the United States and take a tour in the country. He is to be attended by a splendid fleet and two or three Ministers of State, and move about with a brilliancy which will completely, it is said, eclipse our recollections of the Prince of Wales' pageant.

—England has forwarded to Washington "numerous claims" for compensation for damages growing out of the war. No claims had been made against England, within six months, for damages done to United States commerce by the Alabama.

—English sympathizers were seceding on every side from their advocacy of the rebel cause. Some of the newspapers acknowledge that Lee cannot maintain himself, and that Hood and other rebel Generals are *in nubibus*, or nowhere.

—An interesting discovery has been made in the registers of the parish of Sainte Croix, in Lyons, of an act of marriage, bearing date 1655, and witnessed by Molière, his brother-in-law Béjard, and other members of the same company of comedians. In the body of the entry the name of the great dramatist is written Jean Baptiste Poqueley, instead of Poquelin, as in the signature.

—The rage for diamonds in Paris in all circles at the present moment is very great. In court regions the ladies are in a blaze of jewellery, and the Empress, it is said, had on at the last ball diamonds of the value of nearly £700,000.

—The population of Paris for 1864 was 1,667,841 souls, exclusive of a garrison of 28,300 men.

—There were in existence at the close of the year 1864 exactly 7,728 Jesuits. Of these, 475 were in the Papal States; 2,329 in France; 296 in Asia; 213 in Africa; 726 in South America; 199 in North America, and 55 in Oceanica.

—The Princess of Wales has announced her intention of giving annually a Bible worth three guineas, with two guineas in money, as a prize to the female candidate at the examination of the Adult Education Society, who obtains a certificate of proficiency in needlework, and the highest marks in the examinations in elementary knowledge.

—Dr. Livingstone proposes to make another expedition to Africa. A private friend has contributed $5,000 to the cause, the Royal Geographical Society $2,500, and the Foreign Office $2,500. Dr. Livingstone also receives a yearly salary of $2,500 as Consul to the Eastern races in Africa.

Chit-Chat.—Sir Frederick Bruce has taken the house lately occupied in Washington by Lord Lyons.

—Ira Aldridge, the African tragedian, is starring at Kason, about 400 miles east of Moscow.

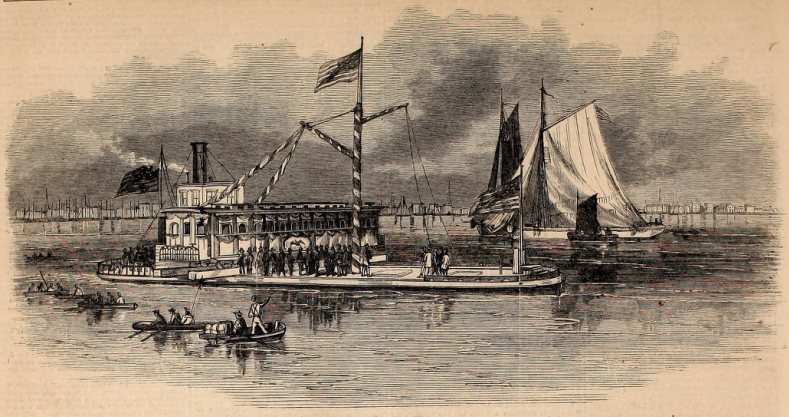
—Miss Sarah Sherman, niece of Major-Gen. Sherman, recently made her *debut* at the National Theatre, Cincinnati, as Lady Gay Spankar. Her merits as an actress were highly spoken of.

—Samuel Kniverton and Ann Serimshire, both of whom were deaf and dumb, were lately married at the parish church of St. Anne, Limehouse, England. An interpreter attended, and the responses were made through the finger alphabet. What a spirit of peace must rest upon that home, unless the finger alphabet is discarded and the fist introduced.

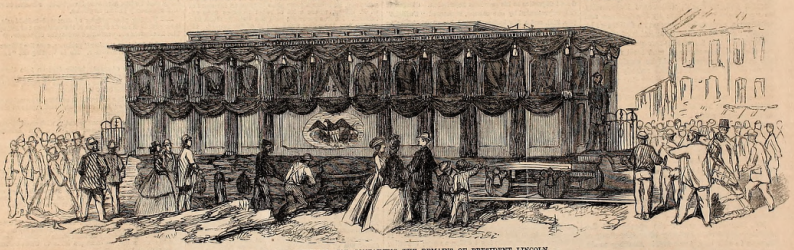
—A colossal statue of Vercingétroix, the celebrated Gaelic chieftain, is to be raised in the town of Alise, the ancient Alesia, where that hero made a desperate resistance to Julius Cæsar.

—Needs a work on punctuation—that private in the army, who sent a letter to his girl at home, closing with the following: "May heaven charish and keep you from yours truly John Smith."

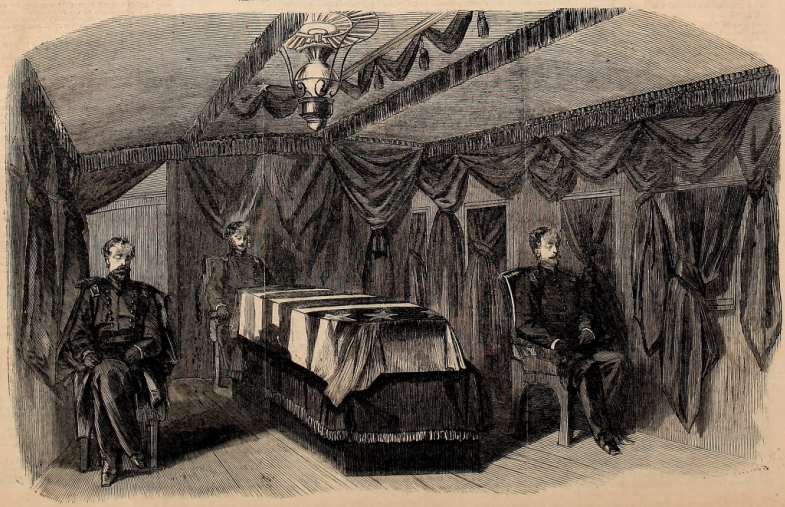
—A Massachusetts judge has decided that a husband may open his wife's letters, on the ground so often and so tersely stated by Mr. Theophilus Parsons, of Cambridge, that "the husband and the wife are one, and the husband is that one!"



THE PRESIDENT'S FUNERAL CAR, ON A STEAM LIGHTER, APPROACHING NEW YORK FROM JERSEY CITY, APRIL 24, 1865.



VIEW OF THE FUNERAL CAR CONTAINING THE REMAINS OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.



INTERIOR OF THE PRESIDENT'S FUNERAL CAR, WITH THE COFFIN AND GUARD OF HONOR.



BOOTH ESCAPING ON HORSEBACK FROM THE REAR OF THE THEATRE AFTER THE MURDER OF THE PRESIDENT.



MY CASTLE IN THE AIR.

BY MARY MARGARET.

WAKING, I dreamed, and dreaming saw
A castle rise in misty air,
With turrets in the far blue skies,
And many columns, grand and fair.
In the rich amber light it shone,
A fairy castle, all my own.

And borne upon the charmed air,
Rare music floated through its halls,
And floods of golden light illumed
The wondrous pictures on its walls.
Gay banners streamed from tower and hall,
And Fame was written on them all.

Bright fountains leaped from golden urns,
And fell in sparkling showers,
And the very air was tremulous
With the breath of many flowers.
Never in slumbers of the night,
Did sweeter vision bless my sight.

Around this lovely castle rose
Tall trees with vernal blossoms crowned,
Whence every drowsy wind that stirred
Diffused a sweet perfume around,
And bird songs fluttered, soft and clear,
Through all the dreamy atmosphere.

Each subtle spell of peace,
Beauty and music's witching tone,
Soft holy light, and flowery bloom,
Were round my willing spirit thrown.
The hopes that budded in Life's spring
Were there in radiant blossoming.

The friends that I had known and loved,
In early childhood's blessed years,
And when Fate bade our paths diverge,
Had parted from with many tears,
Those I deemed lost on Life's wide sea,
Were waiting there to welcome me.

Alas! while yet entranced I gazed
With a new sense of strange delight,
Slowly it faded in the air
And passed for ever from my sight,
Nor left one trace of sculptured tower,
Fountain or banner, tree or flower.



THE ROBBERS ALARMED.



RESCUE OF THE PRISONER IN THE STABLE.

THE HIGHWAYMAN OF THE BLACK HORSE;

Or, A Cure for Love and Suicide.

WHEN I was in England, something over twenty years ago, I encountered at the stage office in the Borough, London, a young man with whom I had made and enjoyed a casual intimacy about a year before in Philadelphia. There was a mutual surprise and cordial greeting. I was on my way to some friends in East Kent, and he just returning from a metropolitan trip to his residence near Dartford. Our routes were the same, though his extended only twelve miles out of London. Ten past it was just before the South Eastern Railway went into operation; hence the stage. We secured seats side by side on the front of the coach, and were presently whirling along behind a superb team of four-in-hand, charmingly held to their work by the knight of the ribbons, and apparently proud of and delighted with it.

Ah! what splendid coaching—and what marvellous roads were superseded by the rail. Surely this "fast age" will tolerate the lingering weakness of admiration which not even the circles velocity of the locomotive has completely eradicated in my mind and memory for that gay miracle of travel, the stage coach and four, with the master of the whip, self-poised and reliant amidst all the vicissitudes of the road; and those exquisitely graduated highway stones which reinculated the face of all England smooth as a parlor floor. I wonder in what condition they are now.

We were within three miles of Dartford, when

forme Trendell—Joseph Trendell—that was his name, spoke of his homestead. I have quite forgotten how the subject was introduced, but from some word that was dropped, I have remarked that there was an interesting bit of romance connected with his family heritage.

"It could be a story," he said, "but I shall not have time for the relation before we part. We are making Dartford at a staggering pace, and shall be there in seven or eight minutes. See, yonder are the mills."

"What mills?"

"The powder mills for the manufacture of the celebrated Dartford powder."

"Gunpowder?"

"To be sure—Oh! I forgot you are American. But you must have heard of the Dartford powder."

"Certainly, I have, and shot with it frequently. Yet I had no little associated with it the idea of Dartford, as a place, that I did not at the moment recognize the connection."

"Well, now, Berrison, stop at Dartford, and spend a day or two with me, and I'll tell you my story with illustrations on the spot, somewhat modified since the events transpired."

I hesitated a moment. I had paid my fare to Maidstone, but having time—perhaps rather more time than money to spare—I closed with his invitation. Besides, the romance of the scene was beginning upon apparently the most inconsiderable incidents of our lives!

Trendell, Berrison and Innis—fine property by the way, for England—were situated a mile, more and less out of Dartford. A pretty, dark green, sandy-soiled road led to the villa—the inn was for him, with seats for two infront and one behind. The latter accommodated the servant.

At the house I was introduced to Mrs. Trendell.

"My wife, Mr. Barrison," he said, with all the complacency of a young husband of a month or two.

"My name is Berrison," introducing a young lady, the sweet and gentle expression of whose face had first attracted my admiration as she had entered the room. And then, like lightning, the inquiring thought flashed up in my mind—is she maid or wife? It was answered by the supplementary introduction after my own name, "Miss Jane Trendell."

Had I inadvertently betrayed my own emotions? Her eyes fell before my earnest gaze, and her face grew crimson as she curtsied and resumed her seat.

"Mr. Berrison is from America, wifey," said Trendell, and then Jane looked up, her momentary embarrassment changed by a new expression. It was the key to "history of speech." And for an hour before tea was ready how we chatted away, and how I "studied my subject," and admired the country and her glorious institutions, and it occurred to me that I might be suspected of some slight prejudice in favor of the Dartford Institution with such an animated exhibition of interest in all that I said, and occasionally discredited. But of course with the most suggestive remarks, that she was to blame certainly if I did some out "rather strong" under the circumstances.

After tea Trendell proceeded to redeem his promise about the narrative, but first took me outside and pointed out a certain window of the house, and at about a hundred yards distance a building, which had formerly been the stabling of the premises, now used for some other purpose.

"There you pointe," said he, "constitute the locale of the story, have that in mind. Our family name at the time was in the time of Woolfe. It changed to Trendell soon after the occurrence I am about to relate. The last Mr. Woodly lived in this house. He had what was not to be called in it is now, the Trendell property having been added since. Mr. Woodly was my great grandfather, and at the time of which I speak, he had been two of the last century—was a widower, and with his son, a young man of about twenty, and a daughter two years younger, a housekeeper, and as a rule a couple of maid servants, dwelt on the premises. All occupied the house at night, except the male servant, whose special duties were connected with the stable, and he proffered to make his domicile in an upper room of that building which I showed you.

"It was a period at which the operations of the footpad and the highwayman were still carried on at Inderwell, a gradually increasing risk to the gentry engaged in these exploits. Within a year of the particular time to which I refer several very daring managed highway robberies had been successfully perpetrated within four or five miles of Dartford, above and below the town, the victims having always been relieved of a considerable amount of plunder. By no chance did the cheerful rogue find a cent worth in the victim's wallet. Their enterprise was never profitless.

"The most prominent villain in this vicinity, and he was a villain in the most exquisite, was notorious as the accomplished rider of a large, strong, swift black horse, and who was believed, from observation of his movements, to be about to extended by an assemption on foot. Certain it is that when his victim had turned to fly, on the sudden appearance of the black steed and his rider, he had been brought up within one or two hundred yards on his line of retreat by a follow with a short piece at his shoulder, a head drawn upon the rider, and a peremptory demand to 'Halt.' And upon yielding under those plausible circumstances, the footpad would quietly retire to the hedge or woods at the side of the road, while the form of the black horse coolly demanded and received the 'swag'—the flash term of the property stolen. On taking his departure, the fellow would gruffly command the pale-cheeked and frightened traveller to remain upon the spot for a quarter of an hour, assuring him that he was under the muzzle of a thunderbuss with half a dozen slugs in it, and he would have a taste of their quality if he disobeyed. Then he would spur off at a gallop without looking behind him. These robberies not only occurred at intervals, sometimes of months, and they were supposed to have been perpetrated by a couple of wandering but yet systematic scoundrels, who occasionally brought Dartford within their range of operations.

"Mr. Woodly, beside his agricultural interests was a minor partner in monetary affairs in a commercial house in London, and frequently passed a week or two at a time in the city. The facilities of travel were limited then and much less resorted to over the present day, and he was accustomed to ride on horseback. He never kept an amount of money in the house to tempt the burglar; and used very little cash. His son, Edward, was a plucky youth, and would, according to our tradition, have rather liked an adventure. Jesse Bradley, the male servant, occupied a room at the top of outpost, and there was really no danger to be apprehended.

"No story would be worth much, I suppose, without a tissue of love interwoven somewhere in the fabric.

I cast an involuntary glance at Jane, and I think her eye just escaped an encounter with mine. She would deny the imputation if I dare say, and I would not insist at this day.

"I told you," resumed Trendell, "that the Trendell estate joined the Woodly property. The Trendell estate, in fact, was only a little over a quarter of a mile from this house. Young Joseph Trendell, at the time of the occurrence I am about to mention, and the accepted suitor of Ann—called in the style of the day—Nancy Woodly. Clifton Woodly was a young girl, the daughter of a retired naval officer, residing about three miles below Dartford, Miss Pinkie spoiled, but was a fine-hearted, dashing young creature, and been quite beautiful, and very fascinating in her manners. She had bewitched young Woodly at a country ball given at the house of a friend, and enamored with her from that hour. He had repeatedly pressed her for a favorable response to his suit, and had at last received it, and from that moment Trendell accidentally discovered that she was deliberately trifling with his friend Clifton, and encouraging his hopes. He had a position in another quarter—the son of a London alderman, a larger and wealthier landowner. But Trendell failed to communicate the fact to Woodly just he was the type of Miss Speller, with by a little perseverance and bribery he was able to secure Clifton, that on a certain night Miss Spyder would give audience to his rival during the absence of her father.

"Upon this information Clifton called upon Woodly early in the day, though not well pleased with the part he was about to play. It was a pleasant night in October, with the moon at the full. The housekeeper and maid servant had retired, and Clifton told his sister his purpose, as he left the house, that he should not be back till late. At Captain Spyder's pretty Ritz cottage, whose surrounding shrubbery, hallowed by his youthful vows, was paradise of poor Clifton's only experience in life.

"There was no fight in Jesse Bradley's bit, and no Clifton had no doubt that he could ride the whole bed for an hour or two, he opened the stable with his own key, saddled his little bay and rode off.

"What really took place at Spyder Cottage never transpired. Suffice it that Helen Spyder married the alderman's son about three months afterwards. But as that evening Clifton Woodly rode down in a state bordering upon distraction. To his tortured spirit and excited imagination, there could be no relief but in suicide. He could not bear the thought of meeting any member of his family or one of his friends. He especially could not endure with his sister or with her lover, his best friend, young Trendell. He never deliberately resolved upon self-murder, but during a Bedlam left under similar circumstances, he seriously contemplated solving their knots, poison, pistols, &c., &c., and ultimately preferred the process of shutting off a worthless woman's love, not discerning the most rational way of disposing of such an article.

"Riding up to the stable he perceived a dim light in his sister's room, and concluded that she was either sitting up for him, or had left a lamp burning and dropped off to sleep, expecting to be roused when he came in, and to be relieved of the load of his confidence. He dismounted, led his horse into the stable, and then, by the aid of the moon, which was now high enough to throw a faint light which the moon in the horizon at its rise had not yet attained, he found the stall of his father's black horse was vacant?

"The moon was strange. He knew it was past the season when the horses were suffered to remain in the pasture all night. Two other horses were in the stable. These he fed, groomed and stabled there. What could possibly have become of the black? He called Jesse Bradley—but there was no response. He searched the harness room—no response. He mounted the ladder to the apartment above, and, to his still greater surprise and alarm, found the door open and Bradley absent. The first thought was that Bradley had taken the horse; then it occurred to him that the groom might have a love affair on hand, and was among the stars on a convenience of his amour. He was still puzzling himself for an explanation of the affair when he heard footsteps and voices about the stable door, which he had closed, however, before mounting the loft to explore the condition of his. He could not, therefore, hear what was said, but hastily reviewing all the facts and ascertaining the presence of two men where he expected only one, suspicion was aroused, and he determined to learn more before he discovered himself. Then, all at once, it flashed upon him, that Bradley and his uncle's black horse were the actual terrors of the road—the fiances of the highway exploits about Dartford. With this sudden conviction in his mind, he realised also the desperate character of the men, and the danger to which he was himself in a moment exposed. He carefully crept up into the loft—Bradley's room; or they might go into the harness-room, at the other end of the stable, and he was lost. Then, if it was unsafe to remain there; and as he knew that he could descend through a trap-door in the floor of the loft, upon a pyramid of hay in transom, piled below, he dropped through and quietly scrambled himself between a upper and lower bulk. In a moment afterwards he heard a key in the door, and a stranger's voice exclaim:

"Why, the door won't unlock it, and at the same instant the latch was lifted and the door thrown open. "Why, the door wasn't locked, Jesse.

"But it was locked, for I locked it when I came out,' Bradley replied, who had for some reason also entered the stable with his companion.

"I suppose you thought you did; but I didn't unlock it.'

"Well it don't matter whether I did or not; nobody's been here, of course. Strike a light, and let me get this ridiculous bridle out of my hand. Here, you rascal, you've been bridled, just beside the door; you know where to find it by this time, I suppose?'

"A little was produced, but transferred at once from the snatch to a dark lantern, and the two men proceeded to the harness room out of Clifton's view. They had been there, however, but a few minutes when, either in consequence of an attempt Clifton made to overthrow the chest of drawers or from his weight causing a gradual yielding of the pile of hay, several trusses gave way, and he was precipitated to the floor, but was still concealed in his position, though almost suffocated by the end of one as it had fallen upon his head. He could distinguish the two men from the stable, and they surveyed the fallen pile by the light of their lantern, as Clifton could perceive in the occasional flashes.

"'D——n, how it scared me,' said the stranger voice.

"'You are a chicken, Jack; I always said so,' was Bradley's remark. 'You can't make a Bow street officer out of a truss of hay.' And then they moved off to the room.

"This is a bad night's work, Jack. The swag is good. There is five hundred and eighty pounds in gold and bank notes, and every bit the killing of the d——dest fool ever lived—in these parts.'

"'Well,' was the response; 'if I hadn't smashed his cock he'd a shot me.'

"'Oh, 'twas all right; he choosed to be cantankerous, and—get it, Jack, bring blows over without their suspecting any of us, we'll move now. Eighteen months as a pretty good run. Heaved says there will be another good haul next week if this same sort—a travelling collector from a London house, as this poor devil was. But may be it won't be so well for us. I plant this bay, and we will meet to-morrow night at Swan top and divide. Would better get away, now.'

"'Don't like to ride in the dark.'

"'I'll get him in before daylight.'

"'Jesse, let me have five guineas to-night.'

"'D——n, you've had your share, Jack.'

"'Never you mind; I want a guinea for Sal.'

"'Yes, and Sal will fetch you some of these days.'

Then as they went back into the harness-room together, Clifton made an effort to relieve himself from his position, but was down again after a truss, leaving him fairly exposed, before he could make an attempt to conceal himself, or even to avoid being the recipient of a new fairly alarmed.

"'Hulle, whats this?' exclaimed Bradley, as he caught an indistinct view of Clifton's form in the hay. 'Jack, look!'

"'You scoun't put the light on me, Bradley; you know my voice.'

"'Mr. Clifton Woodly,' said Bradley, in a low, husky tone, and at the same time drawing a heavy horse-cloth, 'I beg pardon for you. Don't you make a whisper, only as I speak to you, or you're a dead young man. You know too much. How the devil did you get here, I wonder?'

"'I had been out with my own bay on pasture-business, and had just got home, when I missed my uncle's horse, and at that moment you came up.'

"'Is there anybody else by?

"'What do you mean?

"'Aint you here because we are suspected?'

"'No, on my honor. I have just returned from Captain Spyder's.'

"And as Clifton said this, he afterwards declared it was the first time he thought of his own position in relation to his father's horses. Was it amongst the hay he had never once thought of suicide. On the contrary, his whole mind had been occupied with the means made of escape from the stable, that he might affect the arrest of these cold-blooded villains; and now that he was fairly caught, he made no occasion to revert to the incident of his own trouble, instead of committing his self-respect to Pinkie Spyder, he sank into insignificance, and he grew intent upon the possibility of ending the imminent danger to which his sister would be exposed.

"'Mr. Clifton,' said Bradley, grasping him by the arm, 'come along into the harness-room, and you shall have my secret. I don't want to hit you, but we must take care of you, for a day or two. I've got a place where you can lodge a little while. We'll have to take a ride together before daylight. Now you get down there till we can settle affairs up here.'

"There was beneath the harness-room a cellar, commonly used for storing winter apples, potatoes, &c., for the use of the farm hands. To it was into this place that Clifton was directed to descend, as an extemporaneous prison. A square opening in the floor, and a ladder formed by inserting sticks in the ground at the bottom and nailed to the beam above, was the convenience of communication. He turned to speak, to suggest, in fact, that he might as well remain in the harness-room.

"'Never mind,' said Bradley, at the same time handling the gun pistol, 'you speak only when you are spoken to. Go down there, and keep yourself as still as a mouse. You won't have long to stay—when we've considered what's to be done. If you make a noise there to alarm the house, by——, you never see your life don't worth a straw—you know that?'

"And Clifton did know it. The contrast between the faithful, kindly, old-fashioned groom, Jesse Bradley, and the stern, cool, impassive, deliberate highwayman, was most significant and startling. Another flash, and he would be called him, was evidently but a passive tool in his hands.

"Clifton, quiet in his prison place, was soon intent upon a consultation carried on in whispers between his two fellow-captives. He could not catch all, for as every locality of his being seemed to have become, he could now distinguish a single word. Presently the thought occurred to him that the very best thing for them to do would be to knock out his brains, and bury him right there in the cellar, and he set about to see if it were possible that they would arrive at any other conclusion. It was just what he should do if he were in their place.

"At that moment his attention was arrested by a feeble glimmer upon the wall opposite to where he stood. It was small in space, but as he put out his hand towards it, and his fingers were visible in the slender ray. He turned, and perceived that the moon-light was shining through a small grating beneath the door of the harness room. The grating was, in fact, the only opening above the line of the cellar, and to the rest the dwelling-house. With the discovery of this aperture came a faint hope of escape—until checked in its upward bounds by the thought that it was about six inches square and crossed by three small rods of iron. It had been placed there as an air hole for effluvia of the fruit and vegetables, when the trapdoor was shut down above.

"In looking through the aperture he could distinctly see the horse and his sister's window, and again he thought he saw her figure there. But he was not mistaken. There was her white dress. It was indistinct, but he was sure she was there. In a moment all was relized. She had heard the noise impossible to contemplate. To be murdered within call of his own beloved sister. His father was in London, and there was no one in the house—no one but his sister, the housekeeper and maid-servant. He would not his own chance of life by any shout, and he would not for the world risk the cost of hers—nor hers alone; those monsters would sacrifice them all from the very necessity of their position.

"Still those murmurs above. Every minute was precious; every moment he was nearer to his fate, yet all powerless to act. He must submit to be hopelessly cut off. He took out his watch to endeavor to observe the time by the comparatively feeble light of the moon. He discovered that he did not remember looking for the time at all, for as the crystal of his watch glanced to the face, a thought flashed upon his mind, kindling in an instant a vague, indefinable hope of rescue. Again he looked towards his sister's window. There was nothing there. Nevertheless, he held his watch to the grating so that the beams of the moon should fall upon the face of it, and he took care that what they might be reflected against the window of his sister's room. By his dumb-show he rendered impossible to be observed by either the moonbeams were rigidly reflected or not, but he had the satisfaction presently again to perceive Nancy's figure at the window, and he knew from some time—longer than before. Then it disappeared, but returned again in less than a minute, and the window was shaken as before. He kept the watch in quick, short motion, so as to convey an idea of human agency and design. So he continued to do for half an hour, when he could just hear it. Fortunately, the villains over his head were too deeply interested in their discussion to observe the sound of the horse's hoofs upon the turf.

He persisted with the movement of the watch, and Nancy continued to observe it from her window. Then he ceased to observe them for a minute, and closed the window with a more distinct noise of the sash, as it went down upon the frame. There was a pause in the conversation above?

"You had better keep still there, Mr. Clifton Woodly, for your own sake.'

"There was no noise,' he replied, 'it must have been a rat; there seems to be plenty of them here.'

"When you are spoken to, don't you speak down there.'

Clifton kept his watch in motion and again saw a figure at that window of his hope, but it was now grayed in darkness. In a few minutes he saw a dim, shadowy passage from the interior at the side of the house, and more cautiously towards him, when he turned the reflected moonbeam downward upon her face and arm advanced. She drew towards him with noiseless step, and stooped to the grating without moving her head, when he found the watch between the bars into her hand. She started back, and he feared was about to speak, when, to prevent a calamitous ple, he audibly asked, in a subdued tone:

"Bradley, how long are you going to keep me here?'

"The response was immediate and distinct.

"'If you ask any more questions, or speak again, d——me if I don't finish you on the spot.'

"Nancy, with a chill at her heart, glided away as noiselessly as she had approached.

Then she was aware of a significant hiding done at the house, infinitely to the satisfaction of the

anxious prisoner. He could only guess what his sister would do, and he knew that whatever she determined upon would be done at once. But his solicitude now became painfully intense, as the chance for escape had assumed the hopeful aspect of probability, and time seemed to have become a very laggard and scoffer at his hope. There was presently a movement above, as if some decision had finally been concluded upon; yet nothing more occurred than a footstep pacing the floor two or three times, which Clifton felt confident was Bradley's. Presently he seemed to seat himself again, and Clifton distinctly heard the question, in a quick, sharp whisper:

"'Will you do it, Jack? I'll give you fifty guineas if you'll take it off my hand.'

"'Sh—, sh—' was the response, and there was a resumption of the murmurs, just as Clifton perceived several dark forms stealing through the shade of the tallest shrubbery towards the end of the stable in which the harness-room stood. There was a window at that end, which was closed in at night by a wooden shutter, but it appears that crevices in the shutter admitted a view of the interior from without.

"'Footsteps outside by ——,' exclaimed Bradley, in a low tone. 'Shut the lantern.' But it was too late. In the very next moment the window shutter and sash were dashed in by the blow of an axe; a lantern threw its light into the room, and a couple of double-barrelled guns were levelled at the heads of the two startled, trembling ruffians.

"'Surrender, you villains! If you move hand or foot you are dead men,' was shouted out in the clear ringing voice of Joseph Trendell, and in that instant Clifton Woodly sprang up the ladder from below, caught Bradley's pistol from the table and him by the collar, and thus the miserable wretches were secured at the very instant they had determined upon the perpetration of another crime. Never was retributive justice more complete.

"The rest of the story is very soon told. Hennell, the third member of this precious trio, turned out to be an office clerk and head waiter of the Swan Inn, Dartford, for at that time inn servants were not so 'bumptious' as they are now. He kept his two comrades posted about the good customers at the Swan, so that they never made a false or unprofitable move, unless they missed their man. In this last exploit they had killed their victim, in consequence of his resistance. They were conveyed to Maidstone jail, tried at the ensuing assizes, convicted, and executed on Penenden Heath.

"Nance explained her agency in the affair, which is no doubt apparent to you. Her attention was arrested by the flashing of the reflected moonbeams from the grating, and she was instantly impressed with the conviction that it was the effect of an intelligent design. After a few minutes observation, she was confident that it was intended to attract her notice. She had waited for Clifton until she had grown anxious about him, and at last thought that he might have fallen down by the stable, from some accident, and was unable to rise. But as she descended the stairs her thoughts took the form of a suspicion that there was some foul play on foot, and she accordingly resolved to approach cautiously. Upon ascertaining the actual state of affairs, she concluded to trust nobody in the house, and ran off at once to Trendell Place, where, upon informing Joseph of the facts, a little *posse comitatus* was improvised in a few minutes, with the result I have told you.

"Clifton never married. Joseph Trendell, soon after this affair, led Nance Woodly to the altar, and at Clifton's death, which occurred in his fortieth year, the estates were joined, and my grandfather, with his wife Nance, took up their residence here, as Trendell Place was falling into decay."

And so my friend finished his story. I have only to add that a branch of the Trendell family, in the female line, has from about that time flourished in America, with scions thereof to honor the parent stock, but known by an entirely different name.

SERGEANT BOSTON CORBETT,

The Avenger of Mr. Lincoln.

SERGEANT CORBETT, the soldier who shot Booth, the assassin, belongs to Co. L, 16th New York cavalry. He was born in London, England, in 1832; and came to this country when seven years of age. He has lived in Troy, N. Y., where he learned his trade as hat finisher, and subsequently worked in Albany, Boston, Richmond and New York, and enlisted in the latter city in the 12th New York State Militia, Col. Butterfield. While serving under Col. Butterfield he called the Colonel to order for swearing. The present is his fourth enlistment. Corbett is a regular Cromwellian and a devout Christian. About seven years ago he became converted, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church in Boston. Never having been baptised, he says he was at a loss what name to adopt, and he therefore made it a subject of prayer, when he believed himself instructed to take the name of Boston, the place of his conversion. He was accordingly baptised, upon joining the church, Boston; and his name stands upon the muster roll of the company as Boston Corbett. His religious faith would in the present age almost be called fanaticism. On Friday night he visited McKendry chapel and prayed with great earnestness that God would not lay innocent blood to our charge, but bring the guilty to punishment. He feels assured that Booth was delivered into his hands in answer to his prayers. He is a young man of great natural intelligence, and, aside from a modest reserve, converses with much freedom and interest.

In his statement describing the scene of the capture, he declares that he did not intend to kill Booth:

As he passed by one of the crevices in the barn I fired at him. I aimed at his body; I did not want to kill him; I took deliberate aim at his shoulder, but my aim was too high. The ball struck him in the head, just below the right ear, and, passing through, came out about an inch above the left ear. I think he stooped to pick up something just as I fired. That may probably account for his receiving the ball in the head. I was not over eight or ten yards distant from him when I fired. I was afraid that if I did not wound him he would kill some of our men. After he was wounded I went into the barn. Booth was lying in a reclining position on the floor. I asked him:

"Where are you wounded?"

He replied, in a very feeble voice, his eyeballs glaring with a peculiar brilliancy:

"In the head. You have finished me."

He was then carried out of the burning building into the open air, where he died about two hours and a half afterwards. About an hour before he breathed his last he prayed for us to shoot him through the heart and thus end his misery. His sufferings appeared to be intense.

THE FUNERAL HONORS TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

THE mournful interest which attaches to all the relics of our lost chief will be gratified by the various contributions made by our Artists. Besides the large engraving representing the funeral procession as it divided the sorrowful multitude in the heart of Broadway, we are able to present pictures in detail of the various accessories of the burial. Careful drawings have been prepared of the coffin which held the honored clay; of the car in which it traveled to its final resting-place in Springfield; of its transit by ferry to this city, and of every other particular and incident connected with the sad journey. These will be regularly laid before our readers as space permits, so that they will have the mortal part of their martyred chief constantly before their eyes, up to the moment when it mixes with the friendly dust of Illinois.

INTERVIEW BETWEEN SHERMAN AND JOE JOHNSTON.

ON the 18th of April Gen. Sherman arranged with the rebel Johnston his singular compact for the immediate suspension of hostilities, and memorandum for what he called a basis of peace. The action of Gen. Sherman was promptly rejected by the President, the Cabinet and the nation.

Our Artist, Mr. Taylor, was present at this scene. He says in his letter:

"Upon their arrival at the ground the two Generals proceeded to James Bennett's house, and between the four walls of the single groundfloor room which composes the main building was held their conference. The staff officers who accompanied their respective Generals remained outside, leaving the interview strictly private. Some of our officers made attempts at civility, but all overtures were rejected by the chivalry.

"Gens. Kilpatrick and Hampton, however, had quite an animated conversation regarding the campaign in which they had figured as foes."

In our engraving, the figure to the right exhibits the dogged attitude characteristic of Gen. Kilpatrick. The rather grandiose officer supported against the carpenter's bench is Gen. Hampton—his brother, the Major of that name, is sitting immediately to his left.

COLD WORSHIP.

No one asks of a man in New York, "Is he good? is he noble, self-sacrificing, intellectual, knowledgeful?" Oh no. The Manhattanites feel no need of all these things. They ask only one question, far more cognate than such trivial incidentals—"How much money has he got?" Naturally enough, too; for why should they be solicitous about the existence of qualities in another, when they know by experience that their possession makes not the smallest difference in this community either to him or to themselves? And why should they *not* be anxious about the solitary attribute which they have learned to believe is of far more consequence than all the rest put together?

I have read, that in the noble old commonwealths of Greece and Rome, it cost heroic deeds against the enemy, eminent virtue, transcendent ability, to raise one man above another, and that wealth had no share in it. I have read that, in the Middle Ages, when commerce was in its infancy, and men were either nobles or vassals, true knights disdained mere gold, and were honored by the world as by their peers, in proportion to their bravery and self-denial. I am afraid that, so far, in America, we have not improved in these matters upon antiquity, or upon the days of chivalry. It is a dreary thing to say, but no less a true one, that money has come to be regarded with us as the sole basis and measure of social position and influence. The results of so refined and elevated a system are tolerably conclusive as proving its existence, and are to be found in American manners and society both at home and abroad. We are behind nearly every other civilised nation as regards the standards and essentials of recognised good breeding in most of the various strata of our society. American families, who have been taught that money is the only god, bristling with *parvenue* airs and graces, squander and fritter and swagger about Europe, the laughingstock of every cultivated man or woman with whom they come in contact. This pervading gold worship, which, although it exists in old countries, finds its level in their more complicated social adjustments, is fearfully potent in sapping the principles and corrupting the heart of a new one. It vulgarises society; it crushes letters: it fosters the marriage of convenience; it degrades and casts down the graces of character and intellect, to set up in their stead the image of a coarse and sensual Mammon. The Constitution, indeed, says that men are born free and equal; but your gold worshippers say that is only true until some men have swept together more dollars than the rest. A low fellow comes back from California or Nevada with a fortune swiftly amassed, by dint of luck or rapacity, from the pockets of others less fortunate. Straightway arise pæans of praise from the delighted throng, and the incense of their adulation tickles the nostrils of Crœsus without ceasing while his money lasts. But suppose a sudden crash in stocks, suppose some unforeseen accumulation of disasters, and suppose these new got spoils of Mariposa take wings to themselves and fly away! I opine that nowhere in the world is Crœsus so quickly discovered to be a fool, or a knave, or both, as in New York; and that nowhere else can be found so shameless an ignorance of the fact that his faults were never discerned in his prosperity. It is an old, old story, I know, in other worlds beside the New, but more sharply pronounced, methinks, in a community where the only title to respect or consideration being snatched from him, the unfortunate has nothing else to requite a measure of condolence, or to soften the bitterness of his fall.

Money-worship afflicts us in the kitchen in America as well as in the drawing-room. Every ignorant foreigner who seeks a home here is soon taught to become insolent and self-asserting, first by our theoretical equality, and next by our practical exception in favor of riches. The uneducated are as quick to see and appreciate this fact as are their superiors. They understand clearly that we do not respect, set up, crown with honor, brain or worth, unless we can make them in some manner specially useful for our private ends, political or otherwise. But they see that we adore wealth! They see us dancing merrily and dutifully before the car of its possessor, with loyal homage and admiring genuflexions.

What wonder that Bridget flounces past her mistress, gorgeous in rainbow frippery, and thoroughly satisfied that if her dress be sufficiently costly, *she* is "as good as anybody" can be?—or that John the coachman, in his "black suit" and pinchbeck jewellery of a Sunday, imparts the same sentiment to his fellows with the usual masculine addendum? We are constantly living and acting as if to establish the principle, that it is safer and better to bow down to Rothschild or Astor than to Plato or Bacon; we must not be surprised if servants and children, and all other imitative animals, profit by the example. When we persuade the young that there is no country so great, so noble, so well-bred as their own, we may be cultivating patriotism, albeit at the expense of a respect for veracity: but there is no such saving clause, no such qualified compensation, when we teach them to love money for its own sake; we are then simply stimulating their greed and developing their selfish egoism at the cost of all that is most noble and chivalrous in the human soul. It is a sad thing to say, but I believe a strictly true one, that intellect is less respected and esteemed in America to-day than in any other civilised country. Perhaps, to define my meaning more exactly, I should qualify the statement, and write, intellect of the sort which cannot be made immediately available in the way of making money. That such a state of things should exist is, after all, not remarkable. It is the characteristic of a new country, where nearly all must labor, and few get time to think. In California and Australia it is more apparent than even in the Atlantic States. The newer the country, indeed, the more natural, and therefore perhaps the more pardonable, such a sentiment becomes. But America is old enough now, as the phrase goes, to know better. It is high time a social condition should be superseded which reminds you unpleasantly of the old days one reads of, when the parson and schoolmaster, as well as the clerk and the scrivener, fed in the servants' hall, and were lodged with butler and coachman; but so long as most rich men, who have made their own fortunes, behave in a way which convinces you of their secret belief that a return to those particular old-fashioned usages would be highly proper and desirable, a change for the better seems unlikely.

On the other hand, the social prejudice against people in trade finds small favor in a community where almost everybody is concerned in it. So little known, in truth, is such a prejudice, that I believe the majority of Americans never seriously consider, if they have ever even heard of, the fact that trade has sometimes been regarded as ignoble, and its followers as mean. And yet the proportion of reason and logic on which that prejudice has rested was never more broadly illustrated and confirmed than among the trading masses of the American people during the present generation.

Let me here, and to avoid being misunderstood, put my meaning into unmistakable terms. I know how much good trade has done for mankind. I know that the vast and ever-increasing exigencies of modern commerce have called into existence the most extended machinery for the comfort and sustenance of the masses of the world's inhabitants which has yet been known in its history. I admit that, if to make men "happy, comfortable, and rich, with time for reading and time for reflection," is worthy or noble, there is more credit due to trade than to any other agency, either before the age of chivalry or after it. I go further, and acknowledge that commercial necessity has given birth to a great number of those deeds and incidents which have most thoroughly touched the hearts of mankind, and stirred imaginative natures to the highest flights of which they are capable. To discover a shorter path to the Indies, Columbus steered the course which brought him to this new world of ours: and what more glorious or poetical than the associations which cluster around that memorable voyage? With a similar object were planned the expeditions in search of a north-west passage—those expeditions of Franklin and Kane and McClintock, so rich in interest, so heroic as examples, so sad in some of their conclusions. Commercial necessity too, has led to the paths opening into the vast treasures of Oriental knowledge, which otherwise had remained perhaps for ever unknown to us. It is trade which built the Great Eastern and Britannia Bridge. It is trade which extends its arms across the boiling Niagara, and which girdles the broad Atlantic. It is trade which brings down as servants the thunderbolts of Jove, and which carves itself a passage through the bosom of Mount Cenis. Hannibal and Napoleon scaled the Alps in pursuit of their vast schemes of glory and renown, but it remained for trade to consummate the mightier achievement of piercing their everlasting foundations.

I find, too, ideas of romance—images of vastness and of splendor conjured up by the recital of these achievements of commerce, these miracles of trade. Show me an instance, the grandest you can find in history, wherein the necessities of war or the ambition of a king has wrought some colossal labor, and I will surpass it with one yet more prodigious, called into existence by the exigencies of trade. What, too, endows most of the great charities and institutes of learning? What, for example, in America, establishes Girard colleges, Astor libraries, Lawrence scientific schools, Cooper institutes? Not the bloodbought gold of potentates or feudal proprietors, but the trade-gained contributions of successful merchants. Thus the works of commerce, whether for art, for education, or for charity, make a never-ending epic, which chants melodeously to the world the surpassing blessings of peace.

Thus much in proof that my opinions respecting trade are not altogether prejudiced or *ex parte* ones; as evidence that, if ready to point out and stigmatise its drawbacks and littleness, I am yet not unwilling to do homage to its vast achievements, its undeniable and beneficent services to mankind. I find no fault with the uses of trade, but with its abuses: and affirm that these latter are more likely to become sharply prominent in a democratic society than in any other, and to increase in the ratio of its years of successful establishment; and that, therefore it behooves the thoughtful and the educated, in a community like that of the United States, to take especial pains to combat and forestall its ill effects. It is not the effect of mercantile life as illustrated in the deeds and examples of Lawrences and Astors which is to be dreaded—these are the brilliant exceptions, which can be emulated by few, and which, it is not unjust to say, are conspicuous from their rarity—but it is the truckling, huckstering, shaving practices so eagerly followed by the great mass, and which, in the absence of any other considerable goal for ambition than mere wealth, must continue to entice and suck down the majority to the seductive Maelstrom. It is the peddling, haggling, overreaching spirit, so universally, and not always justly, attributed to the conventional Yankee, which is so degrading, so offensive, and yet so contagious. People questioned my facts, disputed my inferences, when I have said in private as much as this. They urge that in the mother country the dark side of trade is as lowering and repulsive as with themselves: I answer, not altogether so. For whatever the evils and the sorrows and the wrongs which exist in that old land, its people do still care for something besides the mere accumulation of gold: they do demand something more than its mere possession before according their respect. It is hard, however, to induce average Americans to believe or to concede such a distinction. Like Montaigne's secretary, they seem to think it impossible that a man should speak well of another country without hating his own; and their prejudice on such a score stiff as their incredulity. The difference between the money homage in the two countries—which appears to me so obvious as to amount to the merest commonplace, but to which my countrymen for the most part obstinately shut their eyes—seems to lie in this:—in England, where wealth remains in families for generation after generation, their representatives are tolerably certain to be at least educated and refined, and to constitute standards in such respects, if not in those of morality. If people there have fortune, then, it is safe to assume that, in the average, they are fit to mingle with good society. Such is not the case in America, where the *nouveaux riches* are notably in excess of the *haute noblesse*, and where, moreover, each starting fortuneless, a vulgar, ignorant, pushing fellow is about as certain to acquire wealth as a refined, educated and deserving gentleman is sure to miss it. For the poor gentleman, indeed, there is no niche in America. I am afraid that he is very much opposed in his inherent nature to the existing social organization. The eagerness with which the poor scribblers and poets of New York strive to scramble and twist themselves into the society of the vulgar rich of the city—what is called in current slang "the shoddy aristocracy"—is at once a sad commentary and a humiliating proof of the truth of what I describe.

Here fortunes are sometimes made in a day, and it is small wonder that the lucky ones give ear to the flatterers who make haste to convince them that it takes no longer to learn how to spend them. It is small wonder, in the all-pervading adoration paid to gold, that men should learn to believe that its possession implies a metamorphosis whereby the coarse and rude are changed in a trice to the gentle and refined. If there can be any mitigation of our regret over the horrors of our civil war, it may well rest on the conviction that it will foster and revivify some qualities which have too long lain dormant. The sacrifice of blood, pitiable as it is, cannot be deemed altogether in vain in a vast community hurrying in a frantic mass to the worship of the most degrading of idols—a community which, if ever such a necessity were indicated, positively required a powerful convulsion from some quarter to clarify its atmosphere, and infuse more wholesome elements into its political and social condition.

PROCLAMATION OF THE PRESIDENT.

Day of Humiliation and Prayer.

WHEREAS, by my proclamation of the 25th inst., Thursday, the 25th day of next month, was recommended as a day for special humiliation and prayer in consequence of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, late President of the United States; but whereas my attention has been called to the fact that the day aforesaid is sacred to large numbers of Christians as one of rejoicing for the ascension of the Saviour; now, therefore be it known that I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do hereby suggest that the religious services recommended as aforesaid should be postponed until Thursday, the 1st day of June next.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington this 29th day of April, in the year of our Lord 1865, and of the independence of the United States of America the eighty-ninth.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

By the President:
W. HUNTER, Acting-Secretary of State.

NEW BOOKS, MUSIC, &c.

AMONG the latest musical compositions of the amateur order, is "Far Awa," by Adam D. Logan, Esq. It is privately printed, but destined to publicity, not less from its melody than from its elegance of composition. It has a further appeal, that of Nationality, to the numerous sons (and daughters) of Scotia in our fair and regenerated land.

THE MANHATTAN LIFE INSURANCE

Company's New Building.

THIS building, recently completed, is one of the handsomest in New York. It is of white marble, in the Italian style, and was erected at an expense of one hundred thousand dollars. Situated in Broadway, between Liberty Street and Maiden Lane, it presents an imposing elevation with its fluted Corinthian pilasters and columns, and its semi-circular headed openings and pediments.

The first story is occupied by leading Fire Insurance Companies, on either side of the entrance, and the grand hall of the Manhattan Life Insurance Company at its termination. This hall is 60 feet deep, 40 feet wide, and 26 feet in height, enriched by pilasters, pedestals and entablature of the Corinthian order, surmounted by a covered ceiling, handsomely ornamented and lighted by a dome 20 feet in diameter.

The floor is of marqueterie of rich design, pleasingly inlaid with maple, walnut and other hard woods.

At the end of the apartment is a raised dais, surrounded by an ornamental enclosure, for the president, commanding the entire office. On the right of the entrance is the general agent's compartment, appropriately fitted. The fittings generally are of carved walnut; they include some three hundred drawers, and cost about five thousand dollars.

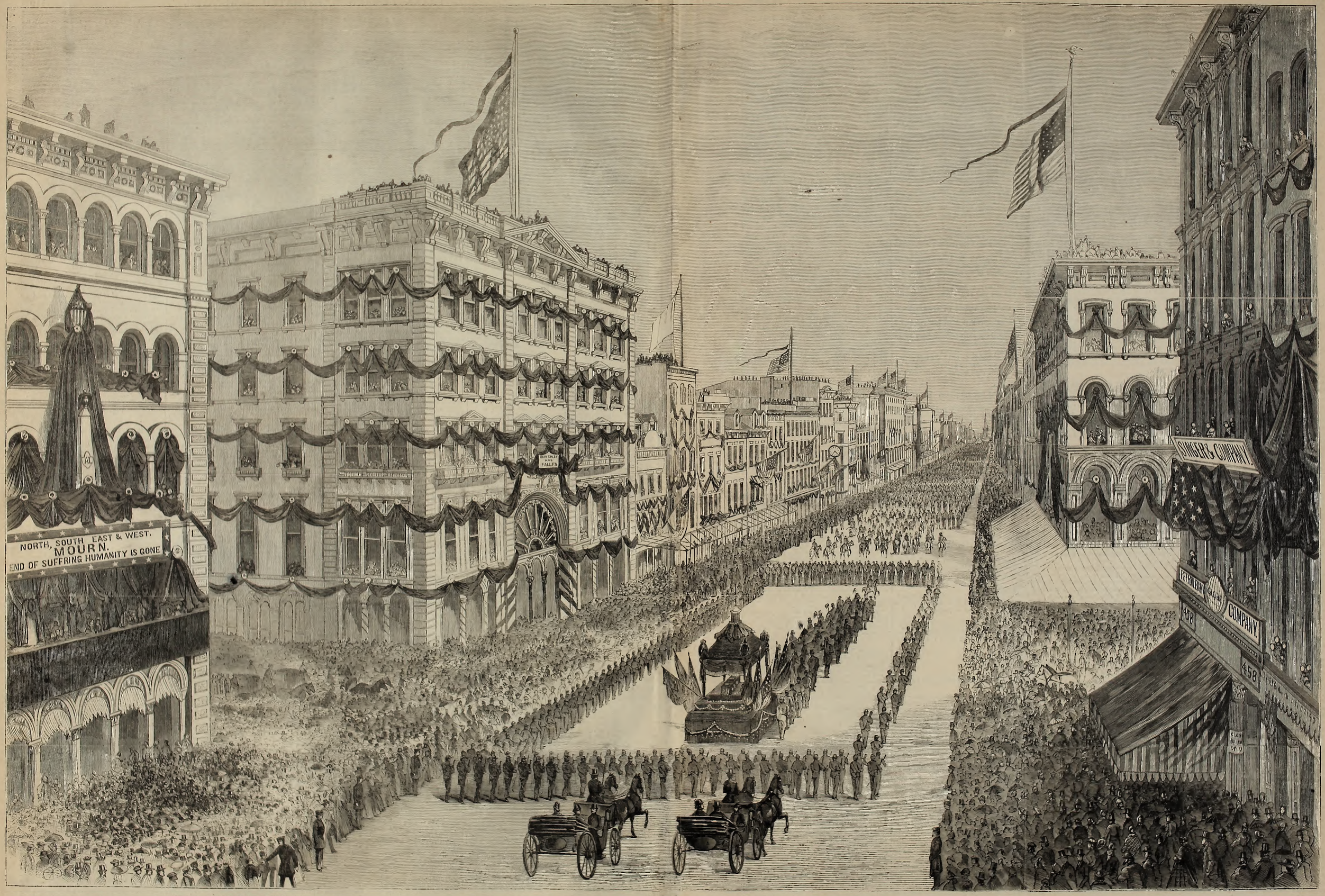
The physician's room is in close proximity to the president.

The building is of an ell form on plan, and has a front on Liberty street. Here is the directors' room, 40 feet by 18, tastily finished, opening into the large hall. The upper part of the edifice is occupied by insurance, mining and other offices, approached by an elliptical staircase. The lower storey is of iron, with Doric columns, and other prominent insurance companies have their offices on either side. The erection is 140 feet deep and 62 feet high, with sub-cellars to the depth of 18 feet. Mr. J. Butler Snooks, of Chambers Street, is the architect.

The furniture for the directors' room is exceedingly ornate; it was prepared expressly, and is inscribed with the monogram of the company.

DR. AGNEW, of the Sanitary Commission, describes the condition of the Union prisoners sent in to Wilmington from the prison pens of Salisbury:

"Filth, rags, nakedness, starvation were personified in their condition. Many of the men were in a state of mind resembling idiocy, unable to tell their names, and lost to all sense of modesty, unconscious of their nakedness and personal condition. Some of them moving about on their hands and knees, unable to stand upon their gangrenous feet, looking up like hungry dogs beseeching the observer for a bite of bread or a sup of water. Some of them hitched along on their hands, pushing gangrenous feet literally reduced to bone and shreds before them. Others leaned upon staves, and glared from sunken eyes through the parchment-like slits of their open eyelids into space, without having the power to fix an intelligent gaze upon passing objects. Others giggled and smirked and hobbled like starved idiots; while some adamantine figures walked erect, as though they meant to move the skeleton homewards so long as vitality enough remained to enable them to do so. To see the men who remain here in hospital would move a heart as hard and cold as marble. Their condition is that of men who have for months suffered chronic starvation. Their arms and legs look like coarse reeds with bulbous joints. Their faces look as though a skilful taxidermist had drawn tanned skin over the bare skull, and then placed false eyes in the orbital cavities. They defy description. It would take a pen expert in the use of every term known to the anatomist and the physician to begin to expose their fearful condition. May God, in his infinite mercy, forgive the creatures who have done this horrid thing."



FUNERAL HONORS TO PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—THE CATAFALQUE PASSING UP BROADWAY, NEW YORK, APRIL 25, 1865, IN THE PRESENCE OF NEARLY A MILLION SPECTATORS.—FROM A NUMBER OF SKETCHES TAKEN AT DIFFERENT POINTS BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS.

PREMONITIONS.

BY J. H. ELLIOT.

I heard a robin this morning,
Low piping to its mate;
And I said—"the spring is dawning,
So heart be still and wait."

The grass in my neighbor's garden
Is flecked with spots of green;
In the air are faint flower odors,
Though the buds are still unseen.

The wild March winds are sweeping
The pent streets through and through;
But the sun is warm at noon-time,
And the sky is deeply blue;

And the snow on the far-off hill-tops,
Grows less and less each day,
While the swift streams in the valleys
Sing its chill blood away.

Bareheaded out in the sunshine
The happy children play,
The first to welcome the spring-time,
With outstretched arms alway.

And the men wear on their faces
A rare unwonted smile,
And their steps grow more elastic,
And their hearts more light the while.

So I say to my heart and its longings,
"Patience—be still and wait,
For the spring is surely coming,
All the brighter for being late."

Providence Journal.

GUY'S FOLLY;

OR,

The Secret of Thornton Heath.

BY VANE IRETON ST. JOHN.

AUTHOR OF "THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL," "THE WORLD'S VERDICT," ETC.

CHAPTER V.—"COULD IT BE THAT HER HUSBAND HAD DESCENDED TO SUCH A CRIME?"

In the midst of one of the little scattered groups of trees in the most remote corner of Thornton Heath was an old and deserted well.

Constructed long, long ago, no one knew exactly when, it had fallen into decay; its sides were broken and covered with moss, its mouth overgrown with weeds and rank vegetation.

It had the unmistakable reputation of being haunted, and strange stories were told of pale ghosts and hideous hags seen by its side by belated rustics.

For murder had been done there, and ignorance always couples the supernatural with the criminal.

Many years ago a poor man living in the neighborhood had suddenly become possessed of a large sum of money, and, having no faith in banks, hoarded it all up in his little cottage.

The possession of a large sum naturally produced fear and suspicion, and the poor man hardly dared leave his cottage lest he should be plundered of his treasure.

His days and nights were spent in anxiety, and he constantly kept firearms in his room for the defence of his wealth.

Late one dark and stormy night he was awakened by the sound of some one trying to gain admittance through the little back window.

Cautiously creeping from his bed, pistol in hand, he waited the approach of the intruder.

At length a human form darkened the window—he fired—and with a yell, the supposed midnight robber fell to the ground.

Terror overcame the unhappy shedder of blood, and he hurried to conceal the consequences of his rash act.

On raising his victim from the ground, a low groan warned him that life was not extinct; and he dragged the poor unfortunate man to the well, and rolled him over into the water.

Conscience and the fear of discovery almost drove him mad; and, after a few days, he proceeded to the nearest police station and gave himself up.

The well was searched, the body found—it was his brother.

A trial took place, and the man pleading guilty, was condemned and executed.

The blackened, weather-stained remnants of the gallows still points its bare arms towards the well; and many a tale of terror is told—how one brother rises from the well every night, while the other descends from the gallows—of their meeting and shrieking as they re-enact the deadly scene, and finally disappearing in a whirlwind.

It was, in truth, as lonely, desolate a spot as could be found on all that wide, barren heath.

Few people ever passed that way—none, unless business compelled them to do so. The shepherd seldom led his flock in that direction.

Still more weird and wild it looked by night, when the moon occasionally showed her face in the sea of clouds through which she majestically sailed, throwing glimpses of light over the broad unenclosed tract of waste land.

The wild shriek of the owl, as it winged its heavy flight round the gallows, was the only sound heard, except the shrill whistle of the wind as it swept across the moor.

A pool or pond at some distance from the well was half sheltered on one side by an old tree, which appeared, from the immense size of its hollow trunk, to be a refuge to the wild birds and cattle, which were the usual trespassers on its hospitality.

There was something gnome-like and grotesque in the appearance of its naked spectral branches, which stretched forth like the arms of a man in the attitude of supplication; and the old moss-grown trunk, riven in twain like limbs, seemed to favor the supposition.

It was the only tree visible, with the exception of the stunted firs which were scattered all over the plain.

The dreary heath, the apparent absence of all human life or habitation, the rude features of the surrounding country, the rushy pool with its ghost-like guardian, together made a scene of a most striking desolation; and one might well imagine that the land for miles round was honored with as little of man's care and cultivation as the waste spot which still nourished the venerable knotted roots of that single old tree.

The clouds, which had been gathering all the evening, grew thicker and thicker, and at length the rain began to fall in short and occasional showers, between which the moon broke out, fair and smiling as a beautiful lady after a fall of tears.

In one of these fitful gleams of light, a human figure might have been seen pacing backwards and forwards by the side of the pool.

He wore a hat over his brow, and was closely enveloped in a long cloak.

He seemed a man of bold and fearless temper, for he paced up and down by the haunted spot as though he cared neither for man, nor ghost, nor devil.

The owl came suddenly from behind him, and screamed as it flapped across his path, but he merely smiled as he continued his walk—his nerves were not to be shaken by the bird of night.

The neighboring gallows and its rusty chain clanked and moaned as it swung in the midnight air, but neither sight nor sound appalled him.

He seemed, as he stalked along, more like one of the supernatural beings who were said to haunt the place, than a man of flesh and blood.

Suddenly he stopped.

A sound, as of some one approaching, fell upon his ear; and, after listening for a moment, he disappeared within the hollow tree.

If he had imagined, however, that he would perceive who the new comer was, he was mistaken.

The sounds of approaching steps came nearer and nearer, and seemed to pass along the edge of the dark pool.

But he saw no one.

Presently—startled and even terrified by the strangeness of the occurrence—he left his hiding-place, and walked boldly out into the moonlight.

But still he could perceive no one; up and down the road there was no sign of a human being; and shivering—not from cold, for the night was warm, though showery, but from deadly dread—he returned once more to his hiding-place near the well.

Before explaining who this man was, and what his purpose in thus concealing himself, I must return for a time to Ella Raymond.

She had taken Gideon Crawleigh's advice.

Not one word of Sir Arthur Arbuthnot's behavior had she breathed to her husband, nor one word as to Walter's mysterious conduct towards Rose Florey.

Yet it was a hard task.

Each moment in these two weary days she had felt her heart bursting with the desire to speak to him—to entreat him to clear away the doubts which clouded her spirit and obscured her happiness.

Better far would it have been had she done so.

Better far to chance the storm when there was a chance, too, of a calm.

Better far to face any tempest of the moment than risk an estrangement for ever.

But the advice of Gideon Crawleigh was definite.

It was given, too, as a friend—given in such a manner that she could not well gainsay the truth of his words—given insidiously, as he always did give advice; and he had contrived thoroughly to convince Ella that in this case, if in no other, he was acting uprightly.

On the evening of the second day, as she was crossing the drawing-room, a piece of paper on the floor attracted her attention, and she picked it up.

It contained but few words, but these words to her were full of significance.

They ran thus:

"Meet me to-night, at the old well, at the end of Thornton Heath, near Guy's Folly. Be there at nine o'clock. I have much to tell you.
"Rose Florey."

The pallor of death overspread Ella's features.

What could this mean?

There was no doubt that these words were addressed to her husband; if, at any other time, she would have been inclined to doubt it, his conduct at Lady Arbuthnot's ball tended to confirm her suspicion now.

Walter to meet her at nine o'clock at Purford's Well, and for what purpose?

She sank down upon the couch, pale and trembling, to think; but she was not long in coming to a decision.

The note was dated that day; that very night was the rendezvous.

Her mind, therefore, was at once made up.

She, too, would be at the rendezvous, and hear all that passed.

When night came, therefore, she dressed herself in dark clothes, so as to be as little noticeable as possible, and went out without telling either her husband or her servant that she was going.

She reached the place a little before the appointed time, and saw the figure of a man pacing to and fro near the well.

With a throbbing heart she hurried forward; but as she neared him, the moon fell upon his face.

Then she saw it was not her husband, but Gideon Crawleigh.

A strange suspicion invaded her heart.

Could Gideon Crawleigh be aiding her husband in deceiving her; and could he be striving, by telling her of his deception, to create a breach between them?

There was no time for reflection now, however.

The next move was to conceal herself from observation; and the moon, just then gliding behind a cloud, gave her ample opportunity for so doing.

So darting along the rough grass, she hid behind a large tree; and Gideon Crawleigh, when the moon shone again, saw no one.

Ella Raymond felt very desolate, and very doubtful as to the propriety of her mission.

Might not her husband even now be at home, wondering at her absence?

Might he not discover where she had been, and justly accuse her of suspicions—groundless, and proving absence of true love for him.

The place, too, was not one to induce pleasing thoughts.

The sky lowered dismally—the wind howled—the trees swayed and rustled, and the chains on the gallows near clanked gloomily, and caused a shiver ever and anon to run through her frame.

Presently her thoughts, however, were diverted into another channel.

A step was heard coming along the road—a light female form hurried up, and Rose Florey and Gideon Crawleigh met near the well.

They were so close to Ella, that she could hear all that passed.

"You are not punctual, Rose," said Crawleigh.

She was supposed to be a lady—was a visitor at Lady Arbuthnot's—and she met him here, and he called her Rose!

"No, I was detained. Sir Arthur came to see me, and I could not get away."

Ella's suspicions of the few nights before were confirmed.

Rose Florey was a friend of the libertine baronet, and her fear at his presence had been assumed.

Gideon Crawleigh uttered an exclamation of annoyance.

"You always allow that fellow to stand in the way of your best interests," he said. "Sir Arthur is a wretched little mountebank, and deserves the contempt of every woman."

Rose laughed.

"He is a wretched little fool," she said; "but then I am playing my cards well. Before six months are over I shall be Lady Arthur Arbuthnot."

"If I please."

"Yes—yes; but you will please. However, let me tell you my news."

"I hope it is important, since you have dragged me out to this miserable place at this hour of the night."

"It is indeed important," she answered. "At least you will say so, since it affects your own liberty."

"My liberty!" cried Crawleigh, laughing. "I had no idea I was so near prison."

"You are, then, nearer than you conceive. That cheque you gave me, drawn on Tillotson's bank, was returned to me yesterday, marked 'forged.'"

Gideon Crawleigh sprang back a step in surprise.

Rose Florey laughed.

"Don't act, Gideon," she said. "I suppose you will expect me to believe that you know nothing of this?"

"I swear it."

"Nonsense! Now don't let's lose time by taking or hearing oaths like that. I understand very well——"

"In this case you are wrong, Rose," he answered, earnestly. "That cheque was given to me as real; and given me, too, by Walter Raymond."

"Is it possible?"

"I can prove it. He has been in great difficulties lately, you know; and if he does try to fly a kite now and then it is not surprising."

Ella shuddered.

Was it possible that Walter was guilty?

"And how am I in danger?" asked Crawleigh.

"The officers are coming down to me about it to-morrow."

"And you?"

"Must give you up."

"You are joking."

"Indeed I am not."

"You mean to tell me deliberately you will give me up to justice?"

"Certainly; you gave me the cheque—why should I suffer for your misdeeds? I, too, who am just on the point of becoming Lady Arbuthnot? No, no, Gideon Crawleigh, I am not poor-spirited enough to allow myself to be played upon like that. There is only one method to avoid being shamefully compromised, and that is to pay in full."

"And when?"

"To-morrow."

"And why did not this meeting take place at your own house?"

Rose laughed.

"Because if it had been so I should have been compromising myself. Come, is it to be as I say?"

"Yes; Walter Raymond is too good a friend to give up."

"To-morrow, then, at twelve, I expect you. The amount is two hundred."

"Good. I will be there."

They then shook hands and parted, while Ella, sick at heart and weary, and terror-stricken at what she had heard, departed homewards.

Could it be true that her husband had descended to such a crime?

There lately died in Buenos Ayres a man of 78 years, whose will contained a clause leaving 10,000 cigars for those who might attend his funeral. The eccentric testator also expressed his desire that his friends should not leave the house of mourning without drinking to his memory all the wine left in his cellar. It is said that the wish of the deceased was perfectly fulfilled.

THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY SEPULCHRE.

A remarkable document has been published within the last few weeks, which places the Empress Eugénie in the category of royal authors; she has addressed a letter to all the Catholic Princesses of Europe on the subject of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. The Empress does not exactly propose a crusade to rescue the Holy Places from the hand of the infidel, but her proposition will be hardly less startling to the faithful—for it amounts not merely to reparation of the fabric, but to its demolition and reconstruction, after a plan of her own. We have not yet heard what reception the Empress's letter has received at the hands of her royal and imperial sisters, but it is to be hoped that some of these ladies will be found ready to protest against this very ambitious design. For is it not ambition surpassing even that of her husband? Louis Napoleon is content to trace his name in characters of stone across the map of Paris, but nothing less than the Holy City and the Church of the Holy Sepulchre will satisfy the pious aspirations of the devout Eugénie. Here is her letter in its integrity:

"Travellers to the Holy Land have been for many years astonished at the state of dilapidation presented by the dome surmounting the Holy Sepulchre. They naturally ask how it is that the Christian Powers have not long since put a stop to a state of things so shocking to all Christians. The real reason, it must be confessed, is that the Holy Land, though dyed with the blood of our Saviour, and the cradle of a religion which inculcates toleration, peace, and goodwill, is the scene of petty jealousies between the different sects of Christians—jealousies which have at length ripenened into serious quarrels.

"The dome was formerly built by the Latin Christians, who adorned it with emblems and inscriptions denoting the preference they then enjoyed in the occupation of the Church. In 1808, however, it was burnt down, and circumstances having given to the Greeks at that moment a certain preponderance in Palestine, they profited by their position so far as to rebuild the dome, to the exclusion of the Latins, and in their turn covered the structure with inscriptions in their own tongue and extracted from their liturgy.

"The two parties now find themselves face to face. On the one hand, the Latins claim to have rebuilt the dome as it was before the fire of 1808; on the other, the Greeks assert that its reconstruction gave them a right of possession, or some other claim which they call an 'acquired right.' The great Powers of France and Russia, with a feeling which does them honor, are desirous to put a stop to these deplorable contentions. After an understanding, first between themselves, and then with the Turkish Government, a protocol was signed at Constantinople on the 5th September last, recording the agreement of the three Powers, and naming the conditions on which common action might be taken in rebuilding the dome. When, however, the plans for the reconstruction had been made, and the time for action arrived, and it was necessary to put an exact interpretation on certain doubtful expressions in the protocol, fresh dissensions were engendered by the local jealousies, and the result is that nothing has been done and all is again in confusion. Meantime the dome is daily falling further and further into decay, the safety of the pilgrims who flock to the Sepulchre is endangered, and the inconvenience is ripening into a grave scandal. How is such a state of things to be put to an end to? It was a pious princess, St. Helena, the mother of Constantine, who, at the beginning of the fourth century, demolished the Pagan Temple which covered the grotto of the Holy Sepulchre, and constructed in its place the original sanctuary over the tomb of Christ. Why should not the princesses of all the Christian States follow the brilliant example of St. Helena, and come to such an understanding as should enable them, under conditions worthy of their position and of their common Christianity, to carry out an object which has hitherto baffled all the efforts of diplomacy? Standing outside the arena of politics, and ignoring all religious differences, they would speak in the name of Christian piety and charity alone, and thus would appeal to the faithful of the whole Christian world on an object equally dear to all, and in a voice to which none could fail to respond.

"But if the work is to be worthy of the spirit of Christian conciliation which inspires it, it must not be limited to the mere repair of the dome. The object must be, with the consent of the Sublime Porte, to rebuild the entire Church of the Sepulchre on a new plan, on a larger scale, and in such a manner, that it shall be able to accommodate all the communions. Thus, there would be a chapel, or even an aisle, for the Latins, and the same on the other side for the Greeks. The central nave would be common to all, and access to the Sepulchre itself, now so difficult, and often the occasion of such unseemly strife, would be thrown completely open. The new church, should, as far as possible, be in keeping with the grandeur of the associations of the sacred spots beneath its roof. With this view the architects and artists of all countries should be invited to compete, and their designs should be submitted to an international jury, with instructions to select the one which from a purely artistic point of view should be the noblest in conception.

"The cost of completing the new Church of the Holy Sepulchre at the earliest possible moment might be met by a general subscription, at the head of which every Christian princess will no doubt be too anxious to place her name."

Easter Eggs.—"Grace," asks for information about "*Pace* eggs."

Of eggs they brought her number nine,
All nicely marked and colored fine;
One was blacker than the sloe,
Another white as driven snow;
Red, crimson, purple, azure blue,
Green, pink, and yellow rose to view.
She closely peeled them one by one,
Broke this and that till all were done,
Then shrugged her shoulders, waved her head,
But not one syllable she said.

The old-fashioned way of preparing these eggs is as follows:—Immerse the eggs in hot water for a few minutes, then inscribe the names of individuals, dates, &c., on the shell with the end of a common tallow-candle—the warmth of the egg renders this easy. Thus inscribed, place them in a pan of hot water, saturated with cochineal or other dye-woods; the parts over which the tallow has been passed being quite impervious to the operation of the dye, the eggs come out of the pan presenting white inscriptions on colored grounds. There is, however, another, neater though more laborious way of preparing "*Pace* eggs." Dye the shells, then decorate them prettily by means of a pen-knife, with which the dye may be scraped off, and the effect will be the same as in the case of the tallow—a white design on a colored ground. I have seen some very pretty landscapes made in this way. An egg boiled within the coat of an onion will turn a beautiful brown color, but I do not really know the preparations specially used to obtain a good blue dye.

An imaginative contributor professes to have discovered somewhat singular evidence of the superior gallantry of our early ancestors over their immediate successors, and the revival of a respect for women in a still later age. "I have observed," he says, "that on most of the engraved brass-plates laid over gravestones, where they represent a man and his wife, among the ancient ones, the lady takes the right hand of her husband; but in those of more modern date, the husband lies on the right of his wife." The "reason why" of this change, he explains by adding that "when the high honors paid to the fair sex began to go out of fashion, the husbands seized the opportunity to assert their superiority, and their wives were removed from the place of honor which the male sex for many years maintained." Subsequently, as he tells us, this outrageous wrong was, in some degree, redressed, seeing that "all public addresses to a mixed assembly of both sexes, till sixty years ago, commenced, 'Gentlemen and Ladies!' while, at present it is 'Ladies and Gentlemen!'"

NOT YET.

Not yet—along the purpling sky
We see the dawning ray;
But leagues of cloudy distance lie
Between us and the sky.

Not yet—the aloe waits serene
Its promised advent hour;
A patient century of green
For one full perfect flower.

Not yet—no harvest song is sung
In the sweet ear of spring;
Nor hear we, while the blade is young,
The reaper's sickle swing.

Not yet—before the crown the cross;
The struggle ere the prize;
Before the gain the fearful loss;
The death ere Paradise.

ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "ELEANOR'S VICTORY," "AURORA FLOYD," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.—AN EXPLANATION.

Francis Tredethlyn, now so frequent a visitor at the Cedars, happened to present himself there upon the day after that on which Maude had come to an understanding with her father. The young man rode down to Twickenham in the afternoon, and found Miss Hillary occupied with two croquet-playing young ladies and a croquet-playing young gentleman, whose manners and opinions were of the same insipidly flaxen hue as their hair and eyebrows.

There was a tired look in Maude's face that afternoon, which was very perceptible to Francis Tredethlyn, although quite invisible to the neutral-tinted croquet-players. Her eyes wandered away sometimes from the balls and mallets, and fixed themselves, with a sad, dreamy look, upon the sunlit river or the distant woodland. Francis saw this, and that faithful Cornish heart grew heavy in sympathy with Miss Hillary's unknown trouble. There must be a little of the Newfoundland dog in the nature of a man who can love hopelessly, a little of that superhuman fidelity, a little of that canine endurance which has inspired so many odious comparisons, to the disparagement of the inferior animal called man. Francis Tredethlyn's eyes followed Miss Hillary with a doglike patience all this afternoon, during which he established himself in the estimation of the flaxen-haired droppers-in as one of the vilest of croquet-players and worst mannered of men.

But the croquet-players departed, after taking tea out of a very ugly Queen Anne teapot and some old Sèvres cups and saucers, which had been bought for Miss Hillary, at the sale of a defunct collector's goods and chattels at Messrs. Christie and Manson's. Francis stayed to dinner, and dined alone with Maude and her father, and found very little to say for himself. He was distracted by the sight of Maude's pale face and sadly thoughtful eyes. How changed she was from the bright and sparkling creature whom he remembered a few months ago in that house! How changed! What was the secret trouble which had worked that transformation? What could it be except Miss Hillary's sorrow for the circumstances that divided her from her distant lover? There could be no other cause for her unhappiness, since her father's commercial difficulties had been smoothed by that twenty thousand pounds so freely advanced to him; and it never occurred to Francis that Maude Hillary could possibly give herself any uneasiness about that money, so lightly parted from by him, nor could he think that any new trouble threatened the merchant's peace, for Mr. Hillary was specially gay and pleasant this evening.

After dinner Maude strolled out into the garden, and down to that delicious terrace by the river, where the big stone vases of geraniums looked dark and grim in the twilight. She walked slowly up and down the long esplanade with a filmy lace handkerchief tied coquettishly over her head, and her long muslin dress sweeping and rustling after her like the draperies of a fashionably attired ghost. Francis Tredethlyn furtively watched that white-robed figure in the shadowy distance as he sat at the dinner-table with Mr. Hillary, and would fain have left his glass, filled with the merchant's rarest Burgundy, for a stroll by the quiet river. Perhaps Mr. Hillary perceived this, for he presently gave the young man his release.

"Since you don't drink your wine, you may as well go for a stroll in the garden, Tredethlyn," he said, good-naturedly. "I see Maude yonder, and she'll be better company for you than I am."

Francis was by no means slow to take this hint. But once outside the dining-room windows, he went very slowly to the terrace on which Maude was walking. He walked in and out among the flower-beds, making a faint pretence of admiring nature in this twilight aspect. He stopped to caress one of Maude's Skye terriers. The animals were very fond of him now that he had learned to avoid that trampling on their toes which had been one of the earlier manifestations of his devotion to Miss Hillary. He loitered here and there on every possible pretext, and at last approached the fair deity in the muslin dress with very much the air of a schoolboy, who presents himself in that awful audience-chamber wherein a grim pedagogue is wont to pronounce terrible judgments upon youthful offenders.

He did not know that Miss Hillary had been expecting him all this time; and that her special purpose was to bring him to her side upon that solitary terrace walk, where she could talk to him freely without fear of eavesdroppers. He did not know that he was quite as much expected as the schoolboy who has been summoned to the parlor, and was to receive a sentence as terrible.

Maude welcomed him very graciously, and for a little while they strolled side by side, talking of the summer's night, and the flowers, and Skye terriers, and canary birds, and other subjects equally commonplace and harmless. Then they came to a stop, mechanically, as it is in the nature of people to do when they walk by the side of a river, and looked over the stone balustrade into the still water. And then a deathlike silence came down upon them; and Maude Hillary felt that the time had come in which she must utter whatever she had it in her mind to say. It was difficult to begin; but then all her duties of late had been difficult; and upon her knees the night before, in the midst of tearful prayers and meditations, she had resolved that there should be no more sailing under false colors as regarded this young man.

"Dear Mr. Tredethlyn," she began at last, "you have been so good to my father, so good to me—for to serve him is to render a double service to me—you have been so kind and generous a friend, that I have grown to think of you and trust you almost as I might if you had been my brother."

Poor Francis listened to this exordium with a very despondent air. Inexperienced as he was in the ways of the world, he was wise enough to know that there was nothing hopeful in such an address as this. When a young lady tells a gentleman that she can regard him as a brother, it is the plainest possible declaration that he can never be anything else. In this case it seemed an uncalled-for act of cruelty, for the Cornishman had never deluded himself by any false hope.

"I think of you almost as if you were my brother," Maude went on, with heartless repetition of the obnoxious word; "and I cannot help thinking, dear Mr. Tredethlyn, that you are scarcely employing your life as wisely or as well as you might. I don't think you were ever intended to be an idle man; and, again, with such a fortune as yours, a man has scarcely the right to be idle. There are so many people who may be benefited by a rich man's active life. Oh, forgive me, if I seem to lecture you. You will laugh at me, perhaps, and think I want to set myself up as a strong-minded woman, a political economist, or something of that kind. But I only venture to speak to you because I think you waste so much of your time down here, playing billiards with the empty-headed young men who haunt this place, and lounging in the drawing-room to hear the frivolous talk of half-a-dozen idle women, myself among the number."

She spoke lightly, but she was not the less earnest in her intention, she was only travelling gradually round to the point she wanted to reach.

"But I am so happy here," cried Francis Tredethlyn. "Ah, if you knew how I have tried to stop away—if you could only know what happiness it is to me to come—"

Maude Hillary interrupted him hastily.

"Yes, I know it is a pleasant life in its way," she said, "very pleasant and very useless. It is a little new to you perhaps, and seems pleasanter to you on that account. But if you knew what dreary work it is to look back at a long summer season of operas, and concerts, and horticultural meetings, and boat races, and not to be able to remember one action worthy of being recorded in all that time! I am getting very tired of my present life, Mr. Tredethlyn. It has ceased to be pleasant to me ever since I have known of papa's difficulties. It is altogether unsuited to me; for I am engaged to marry a poor man who would bitterly feel the burden of an expensive wife."

The bolt was launched, and Miss Hillary expected to see some evidence that it had gone home to its mark. But Francis Tredethlyn made no sign. There was just a little pause, and then he said very quietly:

"Yes, I know that you are to marry a poor man, but with such a wife a man could scarcely remain poor. I suppose it's only an ignorant, foolish notion, but I can't help thinking that for the sake of the woman he loves, any man could cut his way to fortune. I can always believe in those knights of the olden time, who used to put a badge in their helmets, and then ride off to the wars to do all sorts of miraculous things; and I fancy it must be the same now-a-days, somehow, and that a man who loves truly, and is truly loved again, can achieve anything."

Maude was inexpressibly relieved by this speech.

"You know of my engagement, then?" she said.

"Yes, I have known it for a very long time."

"Ah, of course, Julia told you?"

"Yes, it was Miss Desmond who told me."

"She had a perfect right to do so; there was no reason for any secrecy in the matter. I am very glad that you have known of it. You are so kind a friend that I should not like you to be ignorant of anything nearly relating to my father or myself."

"It is very good of you to call me a friend," Francis answered. It seemed to him as if some angelic creature was stooping from her own proper sphere to place herself for a brief interval by his side. "It is very good of you to take any interest in my welfare, and I feel that you are right. The life I lead is utterly idle and useless, but it shall be so no longer. Your father has very generously offered me a grand opportunity of turning both my time and money to account."

"My father! But how?"

"He has offered me a partnership in his own house."

"A partnership—a partnership in his difficulties—his liabilities?" cried Maude, in a tone of horror.

"Those difficulties were only temporary. The thirty thousand I advanced have wiped out all liabilities, and your father's business stands on a firmer basis than ever."

"Thirty thousand! You have lent papa thirty thousand pounds?"

"I have not lent it, my dear Miss Hillary. I have only invested it in your father's business. There is no obligation in the matter, believe me; or if there is, it is all on my side. I get a higher rate of interest for my money than I should get elsewhere."

He stopped suddenly, for Maude had burst into a passion of sobs.

"Oh, how could he do it? How could he?" she cried. "How could papa take so mean an advantage of your generosity? I love him so dearly, that it almost kills me to think that he should be base or dishonorable. I thought the twenty thousand pounds would soon be paid, and instead of that he has borrowed more money of you."

"My dear Miss Hillary, pray do not distress yourself. Believe me you misunderstand this business altogether. It is not a loan. It is only an equitable and friendly arrangement, quite as advantageous to me as to your father. Upon my word of honor you do Mr. Hillary a cruel wrong when you imagine otherwise."

Maude dried her tears, and listened to the voice of her consoler. She was so anxious to think well of her father, that she must have been something more than an ignorant, inexperienced girl, if she shut her ears to Francis Tredethlyn's arguments.

Those arguments were very convincing, very specious. Maude ought, perhaps, to have perceived that they were not the original ideas of Mr. Tredethlyn. She ought, perhaps, to have discovered the parrot-like nature of his discourse respecting all the grand prospects of the house of Hillary and Co.; but she wanted to think well of her father, and Francis Tredethlyn urged her to that conclusion. She listened to his discourse as eagerly as if he had been the most eloquent of living creatures. She felt a kind of tender friendship for him as he talked to her; never before had he seemed so nearly on a level with herself. She wanted to believe in his wisdom; she wanted to respect his sense and judgment, because he was the defender of her father, that beloved father against whom her own conscience had so lately arisen a stern and pitiless judge.

The quiet river rippled under the summer moonlight before Maude and her companion left the terrace, so much had Francis found to say about the house of Hillary and Co., and the wonderful advantages that must come to him from a partnership in that great firm. Surely his enthusiasm must have arisen from some vague idea that even that commercial alliance would be some kind of link between Miss Hillary and himself. He talked very freely to-night, for Maude's confidence had set him at his ease, and in almost every word he uttered he naively revealed some new depth in his devoted love.

Late that night, when the Cornishman had gone away, Maude stood at her open window, looking out at the river, and thinking of all that Francis Tredethlyn had said to her.

"Harcourt Lowther never loved me as this man loves me," she thought sadly. "Ah, what a pity that there should be so much wasted love and devotion in the world!"

And then the thought of Francis Tredethlyn's thirty thousand pounds arose in her mind—a terrible obligation, a heavy burden of debt—a debt that was perhaps never to be cancelled.

CHAPTER XXI.—HARCOURT LOWTHER'S WELCOME.

Within a month from that night on which the merchant's daughter and Francis Tredethlyn had lingered so long together on the terrace up the river, Maude Hillary sat at her desk in the little study, trying to begin the most difficult letter she had ever had occasion to write.

The letter was to be addressed to Harcourt Lowther, and the three words, "My dear Harcourt," were already written on the rose-tinted foreign note-paper; but beyond those preliminary words Maude found it very difficult to proceed.

That which she had to tell the distant soldier, sorely tried by inglorious idleness in a penal settlement, and inclined to resent every stroke of ill-fortune, was by no means a pleasant thing to tell. She had to announce to him that the promise she had made long ago in the twilight by the river had been deliberately broken. She had to tell him that she was the plighted wife of another man; and she was not free to reveal to him any one of the strange circumstances that had pressed so cruelly upon her, pushing her, little by little, into this renunciation of her first and only love.

It was only a very commonplace letter that Miss Hillary could write to her discarded lover. She could only tell the old, common story, and put in the hackneyed pleas, so often heard in the court of Cupid—her father's wishes; her desire to secure his happiness rather than her own; and then a wild, womanly prayer for pity; an entreaty that her lover would believe in the existence of stronger reasons—higher motives—the nature of which she was not free to reveal. And last of all, after many pages of passionate supplication for pardon, with not a little violation of the nicer laws propounded by Lindley Murray and his successors—at the very last there came one page blotted with tears, earnest yet incoherent, in which Miss Hillary implored Mr. Lowther to forget her, and to seek happiness with a happier woman. Never had she loved him so dearly as while she wrote that last page, in which she resigned him for ever. Surely Queen Guinevere's diamonds must have sparkled their very brightest just in that one angry moment in which she flung them into the river.

Yes, it had come this. Maude Hillary, like a modern Iphigenia, had sacrificed herself for the benefit of her father. The burden of that debt which had been incurred by her agency had weighed too heavily upon her girlish breast. Somehow or other Francis Tredethlyn must be paid; and since he loved her so devotedly, so foolishly—since he held her as the brightest treasure to be won by aspiring man—it was surely better that he should take this poor recompense than go altogether unrewarded. It may be that Maude Hillary would under no circumstances deliberately have broken faith with her betrothed lover. But these grand crises, upon which the fate of a lifetime may depend, are apt to come very suddenly upon us. The great floodtide of fate arises, and carries away the weak creatures afloat on its resistless waters. A moment of hesitation—a few faltering words—half doubtful, half imploring, and the thing is done.

It had all happened on the day on which Francis Tredethlyn accepted Mr. Hillary's magnanimous offer, and allowed himself to be created a sleeping partner in the Australian house. It was only natural that on such a day Francis should dine at the Cedars; and it was only natural that Lionel Hillary should make a little speech about the the young man, telling his daughter of the generosity of this noble-minded Cornishman, who had been something more than a son to him—a friend, a benefactor, a preserver. What praise could be loud enough for a man who would lend thirty thousand pounds without security? And then this noble-minded Cornishman, whose heart, like a great lump of tinder—only wanting the feeblest spark to kindle it into a blaze—burst out into a passionate declaration of his love. What was his fortune but so much dirt, which he was only too glad to fling under the feet of Miss Hillary? Would he not go out into world to-morrow, penniless, barefooted, a beggar, if by so doing he could add to her happiness? He asked a few such questions as these; and then cried out suddenly that he was a despicable wretch, and that that he was ashamed of himself for saying all this, when he knew that Miss Hillary's heart was given to another man. He would go, he said; she she should never again be tormented by him. She should not be annoyed by so much as the mention of his name. After which passionate speech Mr. Tredethlyn grasped the merchant's hand, and then made a rush towards the door. He would fain have suited the action to the word; he wanted to go away that moment, and hide himself for ever from Maude Hillary. But before he could reach the door Maude was by his side, with her hands clasped about his arm, her face looking upward at his, and drowned with tears.

"How good you are!" she cried. "Don't go away; we cannot part from you like this. You have been so good to my father. Ah, how can we ever recompense so much devotion! If my esteem—my gratitude—can make you happy, they are yours, they have long been yours. I renounce every other thought, every other duty. I can have no duty higher than this."

The last words were almost stifled on her lips, for Francis Tredethlyn caught her to his breast as passionately as in that last scene of the "Lady of Lyons."

"Maude, my love—my angel—you will renounce, for my sake—you—you—will be my own—my wife?" he gasped, incoherently. "No—no, I cannot accept such a sacrifice—I am not so mean—so selfish, as to—"

But Mr. Hillary, hovering over his daughter and the generous-minded young Cornishman, would not allow Francis to finish this sentence.

"My dear boy!" he exclaimed—"my darling Maude! nothing upon earth could give me greater pleasure than this, because I know that it is for your mutual happiness. What joy can be deeper or purer than that of a father who knows that his child has won for herself the devoted affection of a good man?"

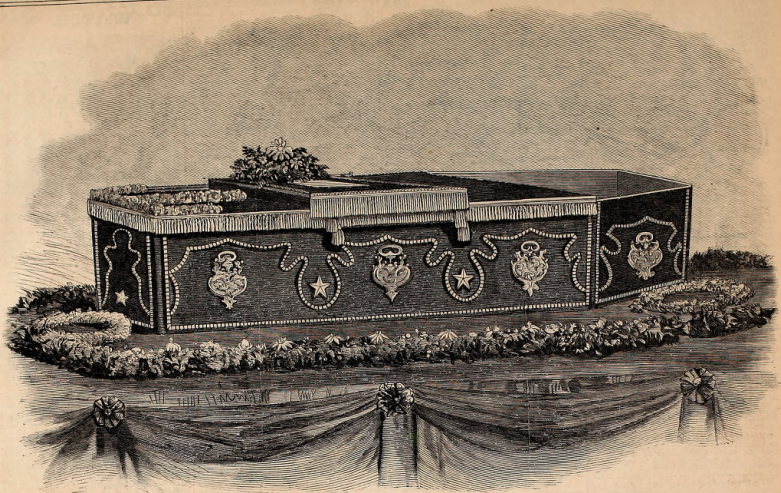
"And the thirty thousand pounds will be sunk for ever and ever in the firm of Hillary & Co.," the merchant may have thought at the close of that enthusiastic address.

Thus it was that Maude Hillary arrived at the very point towards which fate and her father had been pushing her for the last twelve months. After that passionate impulse of self-sacrifice had passed away, a dull, dead feeling of pain took possession of her breast. Alone in the quiet of her own pretty rooms; alone through the long sunny July mornings with her books, and Berlin wool work, and piano, she had only too much time to consider the step she had taken; she had only too much time to think of her broken vows, her scattered hopes. And she did think of these things—with cruel remorse and self-upbraiding, with bitter and unavailing regret.

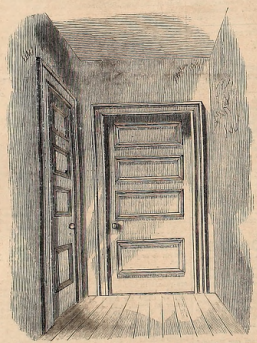
The Rapidity of Growth in Fungi.—Mr. Ward, in his work "On the Growth of Plants in closely-glazed Cases," says of it: "I had been struck with the published accounts of the extraordinary growth of *Phallus impudicus*. I therefore procured three or four specimens in an undeveloped state, and placed them in tesmall glazed case. All but one grew during my temporary absence from home. I was determined not to lose sight of the last specimen; and observing one evening that there was a small rent in the volva, indicating the approaching development of the plant, I watched it all night, and at eight o'clock in the morning the summit of the pileus began to push through the jelly-matter with which it was surrounded. In the course of 25 minutes it shot up three inches, and attained its full elevation of four inches in one hour and a half. Marvellous are the accounts of the rapid growth of cells in the fungi; but, in the above instance, it cannot for a moment be imagined that there was any increase in the number of cells, but merely an elongation of the erectile tissue of the plant." The force developed by this rapid growth and increase of the cells of fungi is truly astonishing. Monsieur Bulliard relates that, on placing a fungus within a glass vessel, the plant expanded so rapidly that it shivered the glass to pieces, with an explosive detonation as loud as that of a pistol; while Dr. Carpenter, in his "Elements of Physiology," mentions that, "in the neighborhood of Basingstoke, a paving-stone, measuring 21 inches square, and weighing 83 pounds, was completely raised an inch an a half out of its bed by a mass of toad-stools, of from six to seven inches in diameter; nearly the whole pavement of the town being heaved up by the same cause." Every one has heard of the portentous growth of the fungi in a gentleman's cellar, produced by the decomposing contents of a wine cask, which, being too sweet for immediate use, was allowed to stand unmolested for several years. The door in this case was blocked up and barricaded by the monstrous growth; and when forcible entrance was obtained, the whole cellar was found completely filled; the cask which had caused the vegetable revel, drained of its contents, being triumphantly elevated to the roof, as it were upon the shoulders of the bacchanalian fungi.



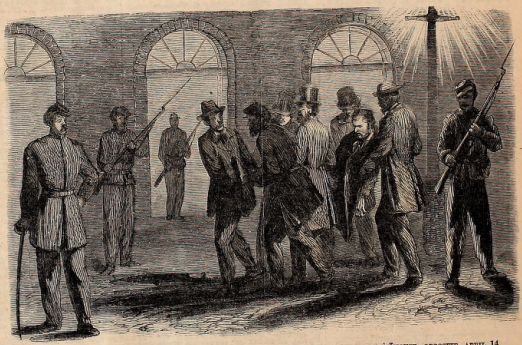
SCENE OF THE NEGOTIATIONS BETWEEN GENS. SHERMAN AND JOHNSTON, APRIL 18, 1865.—JAMES BENNETT'S HOUSE, WHERE THE INTERVIEW WAS HELD.—GENERAL KILPATRICK, WITH CONFEDERATE GEN. HAMPTON AND STAFF, DISCUSSING THE CAMPAIGN DURING THE MEETING BETWEEN THEIR CHIEFS.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.



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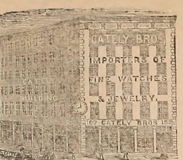
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100 Gold Hunting-case Watches	75	to	150
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300 Ladies' Gold Watches	60	to	85
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Diamond Pins, Gold Bracelets, Coral, Florentine Mosaic, Jet, Lava and Cameo Ladies' Sets, Gold Pens, with Gold and Silver Extension Holders, Sleeve Buttons, Sets of Studs, Neck Chains, Vest Chains, Plain and Chased Gold Rings, Gold Thimbles, Lockets, Silver Baskets and **FINE JEWELLERY** of of every description, of the best make and latest styles, valued at

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New Pistol is of best material and workmanship throughout. Parts interchangeable. Every pistol warranted one year. Finish and style unsurpassed. Being 8 cm. lighter than any pistol using Government cartridge.

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OF

Watches, Chains, Diamond Rings, Etc.

One Million Dollars!

To be Disposed of at One Dollar Each!!

WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE! NOT TO BE PAID FOR UNTIL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO GET.

Splendid List of Articles! All to be Sold for $1 each!

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250 Musical Boxes,	$20 to $150
100 " Gem Repeating Watches	20 " 50
" Sets,	20 " 50
500 Silver " and Coin Watches,	10 " 20
500 " Chasing Watches,	10 " 100
2,000 " Lever Watches,	25 " 50
2,000 " Syrup Cups with Silver,	25 " 50
2,000 " Goblets and Drinking Cups,	5 " 10
2,000 " Castors,	15 " 30
2,000 " Cake and Pie Baskets	5 " 10
	PER DOZEN.
5,000 Dozen Silver Tea Spoons,	$10 to 20
10,000 " Table Spoons & Forks	20 " 40
	EACH.
250 Gents' Gold Hunting-case Watches	$50 to $150
250 Ladies' Gold and Enamelled Watches	25 " 75
" Diamond Rings,	25 " 75
500 Gents' Heavy Massive Silver Watches	20 " 50
500 Diamond Rings,	$0 " 100
5,000 Gold Vest and Neck Chains,	4 " 10
5,000 " Oval Band Bracelets,	4 " 10
2,000 Jet and Gold Bracelets,	4 " 10
2,000 " Sable Inlay Chains & Guard Chains	4 " 10
2,000 " Sable Inlay Bracelets	4 " 10
5,000 Coral, Opal and Emerald Brooches	4 " 10
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7,000 Gents' Gold Sleeve Buttons,	4 " 10
4,000 Children's Diamond Breast Pins,	2.50 " 10
4,000 Ladies' Diamond Breast Pins,	2.50 " 10
4,000 Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides,	2 " 5
5,000 Sets of Studs, Sleeve Buttons and Shirt Studs,	3 " 8
2,000 Gold Lockets,	5 " 8
2,000 Gold Pencils,	4 " 10
10,000 Miniature Lockets,	2 " 5
5,000 Gold Thimbles, Single Spring,	10 " 20
5,000 " Double "	20 " 30
5,000 Pair Gold Rings,	4 " 10
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10,000 Sleeve Set and Shirt Rings,	2.50 " 10
5,000 Sets of Ladies' Jewelry,	3 " 10
7,000 Sets Ladies' Jewelry—Jet & Gold	3 " 15
" Coral and Gold,	3 " 15
" Opal and other stones,	4 " 15
10,000 Gents' Silver Hunting Watches, Solid Gold Cases and Pendants,	4 " 10
10,000 Gold Watch Keys, Gold Mounted Holders,	5 " 10
5,000 Gold Pens and Gold Pencil Holders,	15 " 20
5,000 Ladies' Gold Watches,	25 " 75
5,000 " " Hair Bows and Slides,	5 " 10

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Announce that all the above list of goods will be sold at *Last Sacrifice Prices!*

In consequence of the great depression of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, through the war having cut off the supply of cotton, the manufacturers have been compelled to greatly curtail the English market, but from sort of the entire country, and

THEY ARE DETERMINED TO SELL!

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On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you are to have, and then it is at your option to send us One Dollar and get the article named, or exchange it for any article in Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any lot of Jewelry on our list of Five Hundred Articles.

Send 25 Cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail, we will charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage and doing the business. Only one Certificate will be sent to a single address, unless a stamp for every Certificate desired is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for One Dollar. Twenty will be sent for Five Dollars, and a hundred for $15.

A LIBERAL CASH DISCOUNT will be allowed, in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed to sell goods at our Certificate prices for them, provided their remittance amounts to Five Dollars. Circulars, Terms to Agents, Price Lists, etc., sent free to all. Letters in cash or postage Stamps, 167 Broadway, New York.

What the "Press" say of Us.

GREAT GUN ENTERPRISE.—A new opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings, silverware, jewelry, musical boxes, etc., at a low rate. Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have an immense stock of articles, ranging in price from 25 cents to $150 each, which they propose to sell at one dollar each. The distribution is very fairly done—you agree to take a dollar article, you send for a certificate, which you get and are not required to pay your dollar unless you are satisfied that you will receive in exchange for it something more than that amount, and may be $50 or $100. As the enterprise is a novel one, it is deserving success.—*Boston, New York Daily, Feb. 19, 1863.*

Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have been personally known to us, and we believe them to be every way worthy of confidence.—*The Scottish American Journal, June 13, 1864.*

We have received from the office of Arrandale & Co.'s Agency, a most prepossessing announcing Jewellery, a large assortment of which they offer to Agents, Boys, and others to sell on commission. We also noticed a large quantity of Silver Ware, Watches, Chains, etc. The system of peddling goods appears to be disposed of on a novel principle. Instead of sending out the articles, they are sent to applicants on receipt of a Certificate, stating the value of the article, which the party purchasing can either buy or not, as he pleases. This is a decidedly novel way of disposing of goods, and if the articles are as represented, and the business transacted honorably, we can see no reason why it should not be successful.—*The Jewellers' Circular, Philadelphia, Feb. 20, 1863.*

We have received from the office of Arrandale & Co.'s Agency, a most prepossessing announcing Jewellery, a large assortment of which they offer to Agents, Boys, and others to sell on commission. We also noticed a large quantity of Silver Ware, Watches, Chains, etc. The system of peddling goods appears to be disposed of on a novel principle. Instead of sending out the articles, they are sent to applicants on receipt of a Certificate, stating the value of the article, which the party purchasing can either buy or not, as he pleases. This is a decidedly novel way of disposing of goods, and if the articles are as represented, and the business transacted honorably, we can see no reason why it should not be successful.—*New York Weekly News, Aug. 8, 1863.*

Parties desiring to secure the most eligible and profitable employment we have heard of for ladies in many years, should call at the office of Messrs. Arrandale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been in their employ for a few days only, during her own pursuit, but she is doing a good turn to close to whom she can recommend the business as being worthy of any company. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged.—*New York Weekly Review, Aug. 8, 1863.*

In our columns the reader will find an advertisement of Arrandale & Co., who are engaged in selling watches, jewellery and silverware. In payment of this advertisement they receive several columns of the paper gratuitously, and we are warranted in saying that, both in finish and quality, they quite exceeded our expectations. We have called to be sure what they had been represented.—*True Democrat (Jacksonville), Aug. 15, 1863.*

The British Whig of Kingston, C. W., says, Nov. 26, 1864, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request forwarded some 20 Articles, sent as prizes for her money, to this office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth twice the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

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To get a Fine Watch or some Fine Piece of Jewelry or Silver Ware, at a cost of ONLY ONE DOLLAR!

The Rich and Poor Treated Alike

95,000

Watches, Chains, Sets of Jewelry, Diamonds, Gold Pens and Cases, Lockets, &c., &c., &c.

TO BE SOLD FOR

95,000 DOLLARS

AND VALUED AT

750,000 DOLLARS!

We shall sell all these articles at ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to cost, and in no case to be paid for until you know what you are to get.

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100 Gold Hunting-Case Watches,	$100 to $200
100 Gold Watches,	50 " 100
100 Silver Hunting Watches,	25 " 50
500 Silver Lever Watches,	20 " 50
200 Assorted Diamonds, Pins, Rings,	$20 to 100
300 Gents' and Ladies' Gold Chains,	10 to 20
500 Solid Gold Vest Chains,	5 to 10
500 Vest, Neck and Guard Chains,	5 to 12
500 Gold Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides,	3 to 10
300 Long and Florentine Purses,	4 to 8
500 Gold Pens, Ivory Holders,	5 to 10
800 Gold Pens, Assorted Silver Cases	5 to 10
500 Gold Pens and Pencils, Mounted Holders,	5 to 10
1,000 Gold Lockets,	5 to 10
1,000 Gold Pencil Cases,	5 to 10
2,000 Mosaic, Cameo and Bead Bracelets	2 to 10
2,000 Gent's Gold Sleeve Buttons and Studs	2 to 10
3,000 Miscellaneous Articles,	2 to 10
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2,000 Sleeve Buttons,	2 to 5
500 Plate and Silver Cups,	2 to 10
700 Lockets,	2 to 15
500 Sets of Ladies' Jewelry,	3 to 10
500 Ladies' Belt Buckles,	3 to 10
500 Ladies' Gilt Belt Buckles,	2 to 10
500 Silver Pencil Cases,	5 to 10
500 Silver Fruit Knives,	5 to 10
1,000 Silver Castors,	12 to 25
400 Silver Cruets,	12 to 25
500 Silver Pickle Stands,	12 to 25
1,000 Ladies' Gilt and Pearl Combs,	5 to 10

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We shall sell all the above goods at $1 each; $5,000 Certificates will be issued, the articles will be put into envelopes, sealed up and mixed. When ordered, will be taken at random and sent to applicants, by mail, without giving a choice. Upon receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you are to have, and send a dollar for the article or not as you please.

Cash discount in all transactions by mail 20 cents for each single Certificate. We will send 6 for $1; 12 for $2; 40 for $5; 100 for $10.

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Shult's Curlicue, for Curling the Hair. Sent by mail, securely sealed. Avery neat.
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The most extraordinary of the above preparations have been endorsed by tens of thousands, who have used them for years.

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Do You Want Luxuriant Whiskers or Moustaches?

MY ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks, even on the smoothest face, without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address on receipt of $1. Address
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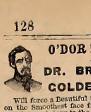
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No. 503— Vol. XX.] NEW YORK, MAY 20, 1865. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1 00.

THE sketch below was furnished by one of the two officers employed in the duty of sinking the body of Booth in the middle o the Potomac. Although not authorised to divulge his name, I am able to vouch for the truth of the representation.

F. LESLIE.

NEW YORK, May 10th, 1865.



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Admission 50 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents.

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Reward for the Assasins and their Accomplices.

THE country has been somewhat startled by a Proclamation from the President, which we publish in another column, offering a reward of $100,000 for the apprehension of Jefferson Davis, "late of Richmond, Virginia," and smaller reward for the arrest of Ex-Secretary of the Interior, Jacob Thompson, Ex-Senator Clay, of Alabama, and some others. It is stated in the Proclamation that there is evidence in the possession of the Government that these persons are not alone malignant traitors (for that is notorious), but subornors to assassination, and were more or less accessories to the plot which resulted in the murder of the late President. It is stated that the plot to assassinate the President was one deeply laid and long cherished, is sufficiently proved in the testimony of all of the criminals already arrested in Washington. That it was concocted in Canada, and was part of the same grand diabolical scheme of which the burning of New York was the last act, no doubt, admits of little doubt. It was not, as we all cheerfully supposed at the first, the act of one or two fools and lunatics, for which no class of men, or any one secret league to his own evil, could justly be held responsible, but a deliberate, concerted murder, known to a large number of persons, approved and known to and approved by the leaders of the rebellion, and by the head of the so-called Confederacy. Two of the miscreants, refugees in Canada, Payne and Booth, had scheduled Consul of the United States in Liverpool, and Mr. George Sanders, late defaulting Navy Agent of New York, one of the plotters with Grand Duke Alexander and Fenian Head Centre, and both Buchanan office-holders and adventurers; these two villains, who it is notorious were concerned in the St. Albans raid, and passed by Jacob Kennedy in his operations near Buffalo and in New York, have had the audacity to come before the public and deny, with circumstantial particulars, that any part of the murder committed by their less cowardly accomplice Booth! However the public may hesitate to believe Davis a consenting or approving party to the raid, it has no doubt that the arch-plotters Thompson, Clay, Sanders and Tucker. There might be some doubts as to Sanders' privacy, were it not for his notorious, lying, boasting, lying character, which renders him an unsafe depositary of secrets, great or small, and a man not likely to be trusted. But we know that he was the active and responsible agent of these very characteristics. When the malignant English scribbler Sala was over here, Sanders accompanied him with the schemes of ruffianism which the rebel refugees in Canada were concocting, and which Sala speaks of as "atrocities that would make the world shudder." Did Sala know of the plot against the life of the President? It would seem so; but his English sympathy with the rebellion was so strong as to make him the willing and guilty depositary of the secret. If not, let him tell us what were the meditated atrocities that were to make the world shudder? And let him tell us at the same time how it was, and under what code of morals he felt himself justified in withholding the word of warning from the intended victims of these atrocities.

It is to be presumed that with evidence of the complicity of the rebel refugees in Canada and Europe before it, requisitions will be made by the Government on the authorities of the countries where they have sought asylum only from the penalties of treason, for their retribution to justice. We know of but one possible act of hostility towards us, of which Canada and Great Britain have not been guilty, which could go to heap up the measure of their hate and animosity, and that would be the harboring and encouraging of the assassins of the American President. We are not prepared to believe that they will be guilty of this last and crowning act of injustice and injury. And yet any who had witnessed as regards the Alabama and the St. Albans' thieves and murderers, what reason have we for believing this infamy impossible?

Yet, we have one reason, and it is precisely this, that the rebellion is dead, and the power of the Union not only vindicated but irresistible. With the capture of a powerful army in Richmond, the case would be different; but with Grant's and Sherman's armies victorious, and still intact, and the navy still on our hands also, we are pecuniarily free for a compliance with international obligations on the part of our neighbors.

The Fall of Richmond in Europe.

NATIONS, equally with individuals, cannot be responsible for the opinions of others; but so far as we are concerned the day is past for us to care much for the criticisms of Europe. We know that as a rule we are cordially hated, by those beneath and over us governing power, by others because of our enterprise in commerce and industry, and by most because we are the exponents, exemplars, and unconquerable supporters of Republican institutions. The experiences of the four long dark years through which we have passed, have shown us that we were not wrong in our belief in the hatred of the Autocratic Russia and Italy, and some of the Scandinavian States have been negatively friendly; that is to say, they have afforded no open hostile action to the Republican, as England, France, Spain and paltry Portugal have done. We have worked out our own salvation with nothing of aid and but little of sympathy from the world, and we do not envy that earth in the fact. We have no obligations to pay off, no alliances, direct or implied, to embarrass us. Entirely independent of any what they may think of us one way or another. Our ire will not be greatly aroused by their misapprehensions and denunciations, nor will our good opinion of ourselves be greatly enhanced by their recommendations. The fact is, as a nation, we have learned precisely what we are, have a thorough conscientious knowledge of our strength and weakness, and read what is said of us outside rather from impulse of curiosity than feelings of real interest. Of this curiosity our readers may possess a sufficient share for this season we rely out a few brief passages from the foreign papers that have reached us by the last mail, merely observing that only the news of the fall of Richmond had reached Europe when they were written.

The London *Spectator*, which we have before seen our friend, says:

"And now the game is won, and in its first hour of triumph, with the smoke still hovering over the field, and its blast of its dead record, we seek in the nation's joy for signs of the temper in which the conquerors, proclaiming freedom to the slave, accept the conditions given to them by the defeated and unbroken enemies. The enemies are gone, but the nation is still in the hands of a people whose unsubduing feelings is the honest fruit of the love of their institutions. In the hour of triumph to ask pardon for their foes, for the leaders of their foes, for the rebel soldiers, and their comrades for plundering, democracy has given to slavery a lesson in the true conduct of the Master to people after the fall of Richmond."

The *Saturday Review*, one of our most malignant traducers, reluctantly admits that the "Northern democratic confederacy has "gone up," and is anxious about the "effects of universal emancipation," and how the result will affect the "prospects of cotton cultivation." It has a huge sneer at our personal about what is to be done with the disbanded soldiery, but takes comfort in the reflection that high wages and plenty for all must prevent them from typing their graves on outsiders. Still the prospect is not as clear as it would like:

"The great material strength and the intoxicating military success of the Federals, which seems to weigh its press and by its elections to proclaim all moral responsibility, are not encouraging objects of contemplation. Mr. Seward has characteristically improved the occasion by a circular to the effect that, under existing conditions, his Government will not perpetrate the political absurdity of recognizing Canada. It would, indeed, have been surprising if the occupation of Richmond had not been followed by fresh insults to England."

The London *Review* "throws up the sponge" for Davis, but with very bad grace:

"We may as well at once make our minds to the speedy restoration of Federal rule over the whole of the former United States. We cease but an opportunity of creating a balance of power on the American continent, we which have gained for England a grateful, stable, and powerful ally in the Southern Confederacy. We might even have done so without any war, because, if we had acted in combination with France when she resented our aggression, the North must have acquiesced in any terms of peace which the western nations had chose to impose. Considerations of humanity and of interest alike forbidden us to intervene. For we might have stayed a cruel conflict, we might have secured, alas for us, the safety of our Canadian possessions, permanently, but we should have put the seal on fratricidal statesmanship. One poor consolation will remain to us. We have saved ourselves from the fate that conquest of the South was framed with danger to this country. And we shall have escaped the duty of American dominion and power, which is that supposing, we, at least, shall be able to offer a refuge to the vanquished. The fall of cities if in one who have long had the will should be found the possession of the power to vanish and leave Augusta."

The London *Index* owes its one occasion of Richmond its highest kind of flattery and ground for renewed encouragement and hope for the rebels. Of course this was written before the "unconditional surrender of Lee" was squelched by his surrender. We shall look with some curiosity for the next number of the *Index*. Its says now:

"So far, then, from the occupation of Richmond putting the heart of the southern people ill with regret, some confidence and success attach to the capability of the city as a rallying point for the national cause. Abandoned without the slightest struggle, it has become the object of honor. Jefferson Davis is still the President of the Confederacy, and still the Government holds a loyal country what even an enemy must admit to be vast, at all events when the inclosure of his army must be less difficult than in a beleaguered city, and when he will be able to move more freely in its arcanic and stores. The Confederate armies are at present better equipped than during the first three years of the war, and with the exception of the heavy artillery, which is of little use in the field, are better supplied than the enemy's well provided transcas their chief source of supply.

The Newcastle *Chronicle*, oblast a provincial newspaper, nevertheless represents the feelings of a large part of the yeomanry of England. It exults in the fall of Richmond, for reasons which it expresses:

"Richmond has fallen! The main army of the slaveholders is flying before the victorious legions of the republic. And with the depression and dismay of rebellion, proclaim and unscrupulous rebels are fugitives. Their day of wild and gloomy triumph is over. Washington, Jefferson and Franklin, and their noble republican, humane, high, and free, if very sincere and intolerant sympathizers with freedom the world over will rejoice. Let us not forget that the first step of the destruction of the Bastille reached the country has been the overthrow of the entire feudal system and of the fall of the slaveholders' capital. The storming of the Bastille French prison marked the first step in the path of the grand struggle for political freedom initiated in France, and the fall of the capital city of the slave monarchy will mark an era in that great social conflict upon which the civilized world is now entered."

Le Temps of Paris, like the *Spectator* of London, has always been our friend:

"The decisive news from the United States will mark one of the most important dates in the history of the world. It is impossible to exaggerate its importance. It is not only the fall of the capital of the rebellion, but the duration and issuance of which admit immediately, as the result of which, have been so justly felt by Europe; it is not only the happy, abundant and rich soil of the country of slavery; it is the power of indomitable purpose for the liberal interests of the whole people, which, when they were threatened, take up arms, not weakened and diminished, but hampered and strengthened by the sacrifices which they make. It is what they will support loyally, and with a new consciousness of their power and solidity. Let forty expended forces, and even ten wasteful of resources in such a way as history has never seen, they have carried on peaceful works in the midst of a fratricidal war; while the South, which has been so much lauded, and then in the end found so contemptible, has only political liberties, slavery is lost, property is destroyed, the land is ruined, and, after having ruined a free country, has carried with it the ruin of a like liberty, has served only as a sad example of what there is in history and in human misery in the nations which have been subjected to slavery."

The London *Herald* would like to have the rebels protract hostilities through a guerrilla war:

"If active arms to strike pass on that a regular war is ended, and that guerrilla warfare, an irregular sort of petty system of resistance, that which is stigmatized as a species of warfare, is the last resource of a patriotic people in extremity, and one which has been known in all ages to be the last refuge of such. So long as there was the chance of conquest, evolve order out of chaos, and the reunion of our country, as it had been the Southern populations, if they are determined to be free, they will not submit to be slaves. If they are not possessed in a course which will entail so many sacrifices and so much suffering. We do not quarrel with their right to adopt any method of resistance to which their necessities may point. We applaud their courage and their opposition."

The London *Army and Navy Gazette* doesn't like the fall of Richmond, but pronounces the "Confederacy" dissolved in thin air:

"These great events have swallowed up or overshadowed the Confederacy. Its existence has become only a name that he wears the more. There is no news of its armies, and no news of its people, but that it progresses. There is news from Alabama that a Federal force has occupied Montgomery, the capital of Augusta, and there is news that Canby and the fleet were one day over Mobile, and that the garrison of Spanish Fort, at Lee's army, and it is justly considered that this defeat of Lee's army, and the fall of Richmond, will be what would be we have never doubted, and our readers know we have never ceased to think from the first, will prove now in the field, and that a weak one, it is impossible that Confederacy can long survive the defeat of Lee, Johnston, Grant and Sherman and Canada on a Thomas and Canby in the West, and the capture of Davis and the slave power has vanished into thin air."

The London *News*, always our friend, sees in the overthrow hope for mankind:

"The Republic is now brought to a new birth. Hitherto it has been taking with a strong hand cities, fortresses, and armies, and settling the fortunes of this generation, or by their sons, we shall see the Republic, as it was founded by its fathers, those who cherished in mind in those who had not contracted, or who had cast off the habit of thinking for themselves, proceed to choose for and their weakness. Consequently, while the masses of the nation has to reject slavery forever, and secured a new and better adopted the right to it, the nation has the opportunity to found in this generation the true republic it will afford a new and noble spectacle to mankind."

Finally, our ancient enemy, the *Times*:

"Not a year has elapsed since it was possible for a few governors of peace and compromise to call up and write in favor of them. Now, however, there is no mistake

ble cause of doubt or misgiving! Charleston and Richmond are again Federal cities! President Lincoln is lodged in the house of President Davis, and the army of Lee has retired to the interior. The catastrophe seems complete, and in all its accessories calculated to impress the people with a feeling that the work is accomplished, and that the civil war is really at an end!"

THE London *Saturday Review* closes an article on the United States, written before the fall of Richmond was known, as follows:

"The warlike vigor of democratic institutions has been abundantly illustrated. Experience must show whether the great military power which has been created will be hereafter used for the purposes of aggression. The cheapness of land, and the high rate of wages, will diminish the dangers which are to be apprehended on the disbandment of the contending armies. According to Mr. Disraeli, a territorial democracy is disposed to be peaceable. It is more certain that profitable employment at home disinclines men to enlist in the army."

WE mentioned a week or two since that a vegetable flannel was made in Germany from the *pinus silvestris*, or Scotch fir. We now learn that there have been since about 1860, two establishments near Breslau, in one of which pine leaves are converted into wool, while in the other, for invalids, the waters used in the manufacture of pine wool are employed as curative agents. The process for converting the pine needles into wool was discovered by Mr. Pannewitz. In the hospitals, penitentiaries and barracks of Vienna and Breslau, blankets made from that material are now exclusively used. One of their chief advantages is that no kind of vermin will lodge in them. The material is also used as stuffing, closely resembles horse hair, and is only one-third its cost. When spun and woven, the thread resembles that of hemp, and is made into jackets, spencers, drawers and stockings, flannel and twill for shirts, coverlets, body and chest warmers and knitting yarn. They keep the body warm without heating, and are very durable. The factories are lighted with gas made from the refuse of the above manufactures.

MR. CHARLES LANMAN writes, that while preparing his "Dictionary of Congress" for publication in 1858, he forwarded to Mr. Lincoln the usual request for a sketch of his life, and received the following reply:

"Born Feb. 12, 1809, in Hardin county, Kentucky.
"Education defective.
"Profession, a lawyer.
"Have been a captain of volunteers in the Black Hawk war.
"Postmaster at a very small office.
"Four times a member of the Illinois Legislature.
"And was a member of the lower house of Congress.
"Yours, etc., A. LINCOLN."

THE grave has closed over the murdered President and his assassin. One rests in honored and sacred ground, within sight of the humble home whence he came to take the helm of state; and the other festers in some obscure ditch, beside the carcase of the last rabid dog that was stoned to death in the byeways. Mankind has anticipated the great verdicts of history. The march of the corpse of Abraham Lincoln from the capitol of the nation to the little cemetery of Oak Hill was a triumph grander than was ever given to soldier or Statesman. As it passed through the great metropolis, heavy with funereal drapery, the marts of traffic were closed, and the pulses of the people were still, in unaffected homage to the dead; and as the train that carried it sped through field and hamlet, the simple ploughboy and country maiden knelt reverently with uncovered heads beside the track, paying thus their simple tribute to the memory of the President, who will share with Washington the title of Great and Good.

The grandeur of the national tribute to the memory of the dead is only paralleled by the magnificent spectacle of the Government passing quietly, unostentatiously, without a shock or jar, through a crisis which, anywhere else in the world, would have carried doubt into finance, commotion into politics, and disorder into the army. In a simple chamber, in an ordinary hotel, the Chief Justice of the nation, the body of the murdered President lying near, presents a well-worn Bible to the man chosen as the Vice-President of the nation; the oath of office is pronounced with no pageantry, no melo-dramatic intonation, no parade of priests, no display of soldiery, no voice of cannon, and the President of the nation walks quietly out from his hostelrie and takes up the mantle of power cast on him without warning and without aspiration, and the nation moves on with its wonted and steady motion. Where on earth have political institutions stood such a test as ours? Where has power passed, in times of turmoil and commotion, with great generals in the field and great admirals on the ocean; when every temptation of ambition might be supposed to be active, and when men might aspire to be Lucifers—when before has power so quietly, and with such simple dignity, passed into its constitutional hands, and absolutely without disturbance in any department of the Government, or in any branch of industry or trade? A slight and momentary vibration in the gold-room, made by foreigners only, was the exception to the general confidence and hope. Now the securities of the nation are absorbed at the rate of seven millions of dollars daily, and the faith of the nation in the strength and wisdom of its Government was never so profound. We have been weighed in the balance, and, thank God for the fact, and for the consciousness of the fact, we have not been found wanting.

TOWN GOSSIP.

The shadows lay along Broadway; 'twas at the twilight-tide, and slowly there a lady fair was walking in her—*trowsers*. We happened to be passing. She wore—besides the expression of a martyr—the apparel of the Sultan's most venerable and crossest Wife, being a pair of Turkish trowsers, brown, full and flowing. The little boys of New York considered her their choicest benefactor, and trooped in multitudes behind her. Well-dressed gentlemen paused and stared. Ladies widened their lovely eyelids. It was an ovation. The martyr was nettled, and in the haste of the moment a word or two of disgust escaped her. She said, "Oh, my patience." The accusing peri, who flew up to Mahomet's chancery with the expression, grinned as she gave it in; and the recording clerk dropped the veil of the nearest houri upon the words, and they were temporarily forgotten.

Now, why shouldn't a lady dress like the Sultana if she chooses? It is simply a matter of taste. Mrs. Ellen Beard Harman, M.D., finds the weight of publicity, of a sweeping train of little boys, of innovation, and of the trowsers, lighter to her loins than the ordinary duplex-elliptic steel skirt. The policeman who arrested her was a fool. This doctress—whom we should be happy to see if we were not perfectly well—begins as plain Ellen; she continues with a Beard, and she ends with a—man. But all that does not make her trowsers "male attire." The policeman was a dolt, and she says so, so spicily that we cannot help reproducing the most of her capital letter:

"The policeman who arrested me the other day has been reprimanded and discharged by President Acton. 'A man that does not know any better than that,' said he, 'has no business on the police.' 'I had never seen the dress before,' plead Patrick. 'Where have you been? It has been worn these ten years. And every woman wears an overcoat.' 'She had pants on.' 'What if she had? Haven't you got them on, and hasn't she as good a right to wear pants as you have? This is a pretty piece of business to arrest a woman for her dressing! This isn't male attire.' 'A crowd was following her.' 'Why didn't you stop them then, club them if necessary, and take them to the station-house and shut them up, instead of marching her off? She was not doing anything. Go and write your resignation. It will be accepted!' Thus the matter is settled; the rights of dress are maintained; and the New York public, I trust, will act in the spirit of this decision. If one woman may with impunity wear the fashionable burden of dress (and its machinery), at such a cost to herself of health and comfort, and trail it to the inconvenience of others, surely another should be allowed with equal respect and freedom to wear the Reform Dress. There is no principle in this matter, good people. 'A word to the wise,' &c.
ELLEN BEARD HARMAN, M.D."

We have been having a good time with Mr. Charles Kean and Mrs. Charles Kean, late Ellen Tree. The lady is a capital specimen of the lively Englishwoman. Her incurable vivacity is refreshing and instructive. Having some hours since abandoned all pretensions to youthful looks, this estimable lady frisks along the footlights, bearing her avoirdupois nimbly, and determined to show how well she can get along without them. She has a good arm, and we should suppose her to possess great physical strength. She tacks about the stage with the honest directness and angularity of a billiard ball. Her face is of a liberal circumference, and of a character we find it impossible to describe. We only know that when it was weeping we waited yearningly for it to laugh, and when it laughed we longed to fling it an onion and make it weep again. But the soubrette parts she adopts are played with capital intelligence and verve, and she fills the stage (in as many senses as you can possibly imagine), whenever she appears upon it. Middle-age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety. We thought her Queen Gertrude the most diverting of her performances.

Charles Kean requires a rather more serious notice. It is impossible to forget his famous father, who tyrannised over the stage 50 years ago with an imperative authority; especially can you not forget the father when the son, in some of his parts, as the Louis XI., represents the historic lineaments of the portraits almost line for line. The restless elder Kean seems to have flung impatiently out of the grave beneath the traps, shouldered away the actor and the modern system of acting, and come to show us how drama should be read and how a passion may be painted without losing dignity.

Mr. Kean's elocution has the repose of almost perfect art. It seems no effort to sharpen the words so well that they cut, even when whispered, into the most distant ears. But the voice that used to roll them is gone; no art can compensate for the loss of a chest-note to inflate the vowels; and no studied mien and expression can make verses perfectly dignified that come out thus:

"To sleep? Perchance to dream. Aye, there's the *reb*;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may *kem*—."

His representation of Louis XI., however, deserves all praise. It seemed to us intelligent, keen—(we never pun)—most carefully studied, and powerful. The despicable old tyrant, so false, and therefore so suspicious, so criminal, and therefore so superstitious, was terribly real. We observed modern actors and actresses going to school as it were, to this wonderful personation. And well they might. In respect to the by-play alone there is hardly an artist of the present day who can come near it. The idea always shone in the face before it was spoken, and the fingers often spoke more eloquently than the lips. On Tuesday night Mr. and Mrs. Kean yielded again to Mr. Owens, who had kindly retired for the 11 nights of their engagement.

The National Academy exhibition, with every incentive to a complete success, has dragged a little, and people are beginning to ask if the pictures really do form a competent exposition of American art. There are a number of good landscapes: there are a number of well-executed effigies of the beautiful ladies and intellectual men of whom the republic has such good reason to be proud. The eye that wanders around the delightful galleries reposes first upon a landscape, and then upon a lady; then a landscape and then a gentleman; and then a landscape with a number of gentlemen in the foreground. Who is painting the *historical pictures* of this nation? The human form seems to be hardly studied at all in this city, except as a model for portraiture, in which sense the photographer serves it with more fidelity than the artist.

In *genre* or ideal works, few of our artists appear to rise above a single figure, giving the affair more the look of a study than a picture. Among these studies, if we must call them so, we have dwelt with particular interest upon the productions of Mr. Vedder. This youthful poet, abandoning the fantastic conceptions which he has previously exhibited, has in this collection displayed a few sketches and studies from real life, which place him in an advanced rank among the pupils of the beautiful art. His head of the slave Jane Jackson (No. 589). is really excellent, while in his more ambitious works a poetic feeling of a rare and cultivable quality is encouragingly manifest. A sort of classical or ideal grace is thrown about the humblest subject, as "The Girl Feeding Chickens" (No. 76); while in his most ambitious performance, "The Lost Mind" (No. 601), although an artist over our shoulder says that it is *statuey*, we are sure we detect a very sure feeling for grace and repose. Mr. Vedders appears to be in some danger of being too much impressed by modern French realistic painters; but they can do him no harm if he will observe the direction in which they all point him—to *nature*.

The best studies from the camp by far are two by Homer. His "Quoit Players" (460), though rough and sketchy, is bursting with life and energy; the man throwing the missile is magnificent, and one or two of the distant figures—the one relieved against a tent for instance—have a felicity of that best sort which seems to be accident, and is in reality a noble art. His group of contrabands basking on the bright side of a tent (190), is as perfect a piece of restrained and delicious comedy as ever was painted; perhaps a group of half-a-dozen negroes was never before assembled in a picture so various in individuality, and perfect in character; it was a good work enough to get up a mass of attitudes, each variously and perfectly expressive of *dolce far niente* from the slipshod boot to the tip of the hat rim; but the richness of the thing is immeasurably increased by that endlessly long, dreadfully black, and profoundly knowing one who elongates himself through the tent door and reconnoitres the situation; so have we seen in white-hot summer noons, a single hen lift itself in profound silence from among its partners in the dust and cock an inexpressibly knowing eye at earth and heaven.

We have said nothing about the great landscapes which brighten the walls of the Academy. It seems as if they might be allowed to speak for themselves—"saying in odor and color" we don't know what—what *does* the odor of a fresh varnished canvas express? Some, thing very balsamic and balmy no doubt. There is Bierstadt, with his great "Yo Semite Valley" (436), not half so good as the small study for it previously exhibited; and his "Golden Gate," a tossing chaos of fluid gold; Kensett, always delicate and fresh; the poetic and melancholy McEntee; Gifford, whose brush may be said to dream while it paints; he contributes the "Coming Storm," a very dramatic picture, owned by a great dramatic star; "Hampton Beach;" and a shining and glorious scene among the Shawangunk Mountains (349); they are all beautiful, and they all speak louder of Gifford than they do of nature.

But we never speak about art.

The troupe of careful and conscientious artists belonging to the German Opera deserves every attention and patronage. The singers, if not people of genius, are reliable and accurate. Formes has been acting and singing with glorious spirit and renewing his youth like the eagle. The company attacks the most difficult operas with a pluck that is astonishing. They gave "The Huguenots" very successfully. The truly poetic and inspired "Fidelio" brought out Johannsen in a part worthy of her fine intelligence and genius. It is to be regretted that in the universal depression attendant upon the President's death, this worthy troupe did not receive all the encouragement its members deserved.

Wallack's theatre has had its interior once more illuminated by the countenance of that beautiful and perennial man, Mr. Lester Wallack. He appeared on Tuesday in "The Wonder."

Miss Maggie Mitchell, in her own character of Fanchon, has been delighting the patrons of Niblo's Garden.

The Hippotheatron still revolves. The gigantic attraction to its ring is just now a one-legged male dancer, advertised as the individual man who under the name of Donati or Donato lately amazed the politest circles of Vienna and Paris.

Barnum has found what Solomon sighed for, something new under the sun. Three full-grown and intelligent performers, a horse, a rider and a big snake have first tied themselves up in a great coil, and then had themselves converted into stone, to be purchased, at ever so much the ton, by the President of Showmen. The million of curiosities are as millennial and delightful as ever, and the performances in the Lecture Room fill the benches nightly and morningly with happy crowds.

If your friends insist upon your carte de visite, make them wait until you can go to Clarke's, 643 Broadway. We honestly think him the politest and most obliging artist in the city, and his pictures are all that can be desired for clearness and beauty.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The rebel floating battery which had come down the Roanoke river, N. C., intent on mischief, has been found sunk and abandoned, she having been blown up by a Confederate torpedo.

—— Among the appointments made by Governor Fenton is that of William P. Powell to be notary public. Mr. Powell is a well-educated man, of great respectability, well known to the commercial community as engaged for many years in the business of shipping sailors. He recently took the necessary oath of office at the City Hall. It is the first time a colored man has occupied the position of notary public in this city.

—— The Hon. Charles Sumner has accepted the invitation of the Boston municipal authorities to pronounce an oration on Mr. Lincoln in that city. The services will probably take place in the Music Hall, on Thursday, June 1.

—— Payne, the attempted assassin of the Seward family, has made a full confession of his crime.

—— The Senate of Tennessee has adopted a resolution offering $5,000 reward for the delivery of ex-Governor Isham G. Harris to the civil authorities of that State.

—— Application for National Banks at Richmond, Savannah, Petersburg and Charleston have been made to the Treasury Department.

—— The Government will pay $100,000,000 to discharged soldiers and others during the month of May. 40,000,000 of certificates of indebtedness were redeemed in April.

—— The executive order of January 20, 1865, prohibiting the exportation of hay, is rescinded from and after the 1st day of May, by order of the President.

—— An association has been formed in Washington for the purpose of erecting a suitable monument to the memory of President Lincoln. The following are the officers of the association: Richard Wallach, Mayor of Washington, president; Crosby S. Noyes, secretary; and George W. Riggs, treasurer. It is proposed to raise $100,000 dollars by subscription, to be limited in amount from $1 to $10 per individual contributor.

—— It was only last October that Jeff. Davis, in a speech at Columbia, S. C., vented his imbecile spite against the "Yankees" by saying to his hearers, "Do you not all know that the only way to make spaniels civil is to whip them?" He affected to believe that the Confederacy would be able to plant its banners on the banks of the Ohio, "where," added he, "we may say to the Yankee, 'Be quiet, or we shall teach you another lesson.'" And this poor stuff was uttered at a time when he knew that the fortunes of his bogus concern were utterly desperate.

—— The rebel ram Albemarle, which was sunk at Plymouth, N. C., has been raised, and is now at the Gosport Navy Yard. The cost of raising her was about $20,000. Her machinery was in excellent order, and she sustained but little damage by the explosion of the torpedo. It is intended to put her in seagoing order, and probably she will be sent to New York to be fitted out as a first-class ironclad.

—— It is reported that a torpedo, prepared to represent a lump of coal, was the cause of the explosion of the steamer Sultana, near Memphis, and the loss of about 1,500 lives.

—— It appears that the 40 or 50 negro soldiers enlisted by the rebels under their act of Congress, and who evacuated Richmond with Lee's army, going towards Amelia, dropped off at the rate of about one for every mile travelled, and when the rendezvous was reached the white captain and the colored corporal alone remained.

—— The President has rescinded the Executive order of November 21, 1862, prohibiting the exportation of arms and ammunition from the United States.

—— A mammoth navy gun is just completed at the Fort Pitt Works, Pittsburg. It is named Baelzebub. The bore is 20 inches in diameter; depth of chamber, 14 feet 8 inches; weight, 93,851 lbs.; charge of powder, 125 lbs.; weight of ball 1,080 lbs. The trial was a perfect success.

—— There is not a loyal American who will not cordially agree with the following remarks of the New York *Times*: "It is now greatly to be regretted that the rebel loan put on the market in England two years ago was not greater in amount. Not more than $15,000,000 of it, we believe, has ever been disposed of, and that is hardly sufficient to make the loss of it as widely and as severely felt as could be desired. It was all taken, and is probably most of it now held by the most unscrupulous, unprincipled, cynical and money-worshipping portion of the English business world; and we need hardly say that it would not only cause deep satisfaction to all good men everywhere to feel that this crew had been heavily mulcted, but would help the cause of morality all over Christendom. There is no way in which they can be so severely punished as through their pockets, and there is no kind of punishment so peculiarly appropriate."

—— The Providence *Journal*, in a vigorous article on the assassin Booth, closes with this paragraph: "Even at this hour let us not forget that the chief criminals are not Booth and Paine and Harold and Atzerot. Let us keep our eye on those unhung villains who are making their way southward through the Carolinas with the money they have stolen. Jeff Davis and Judah Benjamin and their associates are, it is believed, as guilty as Booth. Their hands are red and dripping with the blood of Abraham Lincoln. Thieves, murderers, tyrants, traitors, let Justice have her perfect work with them, and the whole nation will say, Amen."

—— Edward Ingersoll, of Philadelphia, was mobbed there a few days ago, on his return from New York, where he made a speech, from which this is an extract: "I yield to no man in sympathy for the people of the South, a gallant people, struggling nobly for their liberty against as sordid and vile a tyranny as ever proposed the degradation of our race. Nay, I go further, and with Jefferson, Madison and Livingston, I fully embrace the doctrine of secession as an American doctrine, without the element of which American institutions cannot permanently live."

—— Gen. Halleck, commanding in Richmond, has issued an order that, "No marriage license will be issued until the parties desiring to be married take the oath of allegiance to the United States, and no clergyman, magistrate or other person authorised by State laws to perform the marriage ceremony will officiate in such capacity, until he himself and the parties contracting matrimony have taken the prescribed oath of allegiance."

—— For the first time since the suspension of specie payments, the supply of cents at the Mint in Philadelphia, it is stated exceeds the demand.

—— The discontinuance of the drafting system will relieve from duty a force of persons estimated at 70,000.

—— Gen. Grant's house, which the denizens of the City of Brotherly Love have presented to that officer, has been thoroughly furnished in the best manner and was to have been occupied for the first time by the General's family May 1st.

—— "Extra Billy Smith" (Ex Gov. of Virginia) is now called "Surplus William," as he and the First Auditor of the State endeavored to carry off $100,000 in specie belonging to the Virginia Banks, when Davis fled from Richmond. They proceeded up the canal as far as Buckingham county, scattering the money along the wayside, and placing some of it in the jail in that county, where it has since been found. Gov. Pierpont proposes to offer a reward for "Surplus William."

—— It has always been a rebel boast that our losses in the campaign from the Rapidan to Richmond far exceeded their own; and hence they affected to sneer at the Lieutenant-General as Grant, the butcher. As to the relative losses, let Jackson Hospital speak from its official records for the months of May, June and July, 1864, as to the wounded admitted and the number returned to duty, premising that previous to the 6th of May no wounded appear:

	Admitted.	Returned to Duty.
May	3,917	97
June	2,883	1,370
July	1,849	662
Total	9,649	2,129

These grand totals for three months show this fact at least, that of the severely wounded of the rebel army alone, only one in four were returned to duty within the time covered by the statistics. That the other hospitals would show the same proportion there is no reason to doubt. It has been stated that there are 21 hospitals or more in and around Richmond. Give them in the three months 3,000 each, instead of the 9,649 the official records show Jackson Hospital to have received, and we got a total of wounded brought to Richmond of 63,000. Adding the usual killed in action, and deducting one-fourth as returned to duty, will give a disablement of the rebel army in May, June and July, 1864, of 57,750 men. Of course a portion of these men were in the after months of the year returned to duty, but making all allowance for these, and what becomes of the rebel boast that their losses were slight compared with Grant's?

—— In the last number of the *Lutheran and Missionary*, we find this beautiful idea: "Our country's faith has learned a new interpretation of her standard. The white typifies the purity of purpose which belongs to her true ruler; the red points to the crimson tide in which life flows forth a willing sacrifice; the blue points her to the home in heaven to which the good are gathered. The stars in her banner tell of light in darkness, and she shall learn to range them in a new and beautiful order, as the Constellation of the Cross."

—— A Springfield (Ill.) dispatch says the general impression seems to be that the extensive grounds known as the Mather property, in the south-eastern part of the city, will be purchased for the last resting-place of the honored remains, though many citizens are desirous that they should repose in the Oak Ridge Cemetery, naturally one of the most beautiful burying grounds in the United States, and just beyond the present city limits.

—— A Mr. Randall, of Providence, R. I., has made a design for a monument to Roger Williams, the founder of the State, and has deposited in one of the Providence institutions for savings $1,000, to remain on interest until the accumulated fund is sufficient to meet the estimated cost of the monument.

—— In San Francisco there is a Chinese doctor named Li-Po-Tai, who makes an income of $20,000 per year.

—— We have now 10 new territories waiting to be made States. They are: Wyoming, Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nebraska, New Mexico, Utah and Washington.

—— On Friday last, Mr. Dobroker, while digging a well for water on his farm, at Independence, Ohio, at the depth of 38 feet struck a vein of heavy lubricating oil.

NEW BOOKS, MUSIC, &c.

PERCY; OR, FORTUNE'S FROLICS. By Mrs. Gore. F. A. BRADY, No. 22 Ann street.

This is a story of a young man of genius struggling against disheartening circumstances amid the life of modern London. It contains some pretty strong pictures of literary experience. The type is good, and general style attractive.

REWARD FOR JEFF DAVIS.

A Proclamation.

Whereas, It appears from evidence in the Bureau of Military Justice that the atrocious murder of the late President, Abraham Lincoln, and the attempted assassination of the Hon. W. H. Seward, Secretary of State, were incited, concerted, and procured by and between Jefferson Davis, late of Richmond, Va., and Jacob Thompson, Clement C. Clay, Beverley Tucker, George N. Sanders, W. C. Cleary, and other rebels and traitors against the Government of the United States, harbored in Canada; now, therefore, to the end that justice may be done, I, Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, do offer and promise for the arrest of said persons, or either of them within the limits of the United States, so that they can be brought to trial, the following rewards: One hundred thousand dollars for the arrest of Jefferson Davis; twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Clement C. Clay; twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Jacob Thompson, late of Mississippi; twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of George N. Sanders; twenty-five thousand dollars for the arrest of Beverley Tucker, and ten thousand dollars for the arrest of William C. Cleary, late Clerk of Clement C. Clay.

The Provost-Marshal-General of the United States is directed to cause a description of said persons, with notice of the above rewards, to be published.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, [L. S.] and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, the second day of May, in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five, and of the Independence of the United States of America the eighty-ninth.

ANDREW JOHNSON.



HOUSE OF MR. PETTERSN, OPPOSITE FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON, D. C., WHERE THE PRESIDENT DIED.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. BERGHAUS.

THE FUNERAL CEREMONIES AT CHICAGO.

At about noon of the 1st of May, the funeral train containing the honored relics approached the depot, preceded by a pilot engine. The immense crowd, which had been waiting from an early hour, uncovered, and pressed as near as possible around the car which contained the coffin.

The engine was then separated from the train, leaving the funeral car standing in front of the platform. Presently the military guard of honor made their appearance and proceeded to take their appropriate station. Then the committee of one hundred citizens, who received the remains at Michigan City, descended from the cars and formed in order on the platform. Another pause ensued, during which the excitement of the people became more and more intense.

At length the coffin made its appearance, borne on the shoulders of eight sergeants of the guard, who proceeded slowly down the platform towards the funeral arch. The guard of honor from Washington were formed in order around the bier. The Great Western Light Guard band at the same moment played a solemn air with the soldiers carried the coffin up the staging platform erected in front of the arch, beneath which the funeral car was awaiting the remains.

After the coffin was placed upon the dais in the car, and while the solemn strains of the funeral march were pealing in the air, a most beautiful and touching rite was performed. This was the strewing of *immortelles* and garlands upon the bier, by 32 young ladies of the high school. Before the arrival of the funeral escort this fair company of maidens had been the object of universal admiration and remark. They were placed within the garden in front of one of the residences, where they awaited the coming of the train. Attired in snow white robes, with a simple sash of thin black crape tied with a rosette at the side, bare-headed and with a blue velvet wreath over their brows, in front of which sparkled a single star; some with fair, sunny ringlets hanging loosely around their shoulders; others with their hair arranged in neat plaits at the back—they looked the very emblems of purity.

The courthouse was decorated on the exterior with black and white flags depending from each window. The lower was also draped to the top with mourning. The spacious rotunda, where the remains were to be deposited, was decorated with mourning. Bays of black and white cloth covered all the roof, being gathered into a centre around the chandeliers. The walls were also covered with black and white cloth, and significant inscriptions placed over both entrances, and upon the walls. Over the north door, on the outside, were the words,

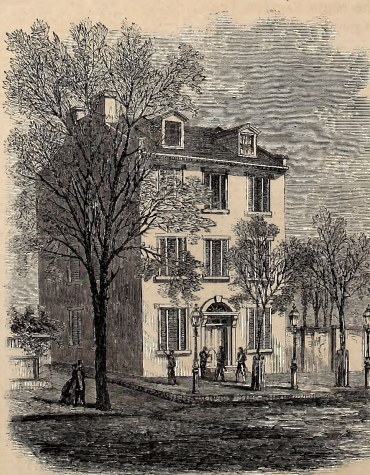
The Beauty of Israel is Slain upon thy High Places.

And on the inside, over the same door,

The Altar of Freedom has Borne no Nobler Sacrifice.

Over the south door, on the outside, was the inscription,

Illinois Clasps to her Bosom her Slain, but Glorified Son



HOUSE OF HON. WM. H. SEWARD, WASHINGTON D. C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, ALBERT BERGHAUS.

And inside, over the same entrance,

He was sustained by our prayers, and returns enshrined by our tears.

In the centre of the rotunda stood the catafalco upon which was to be deposited the remains.

THE COST OF PEACE IN EUROPE.—Those who are alarmed at the expense of carrying on the war against rebellion in this country may find comfort in the following extract from the Paris *Siècle*. While we are temporarily compelled to expend our money, in order that a permanent and prosperous condition of affairs may be re-established, is mere maintenance of a factitious peace among the jealous nations of Europe causes a constant and measureless outlay. The *Siècle* says: "In spite of the assurances which are given to us as the maintenance of peace, it is difficult to close one's eyes upon the feelings which animate the Governments one towards another. Distrust is the rule of conduct. Not one of them has confidence in the judgment but all are ill-assured as to defence. This disbelief in that definitive arrangements are such as to obviate movements, and in the excuse which result from these warlike precautions weigh heavily upon the peoples. I would not be surprised to find out that those should desire war through a love for peace. The peace that we enjoy, this armed peace, costing annually four or five thousand millions of francs to Europe, resembles war so much that a good war which would lead to a solid peace, to a disturbed peace, would certainly be preferable. Europe presents the spectacle of a sick man whom physicians would recommend to expect his cure from Chance: 'You are sick, be patient, you suffer, wait' and no other prescriptions. If politicians were to proceed scientifically, the remedy would soon be found. Europe is sick, they would say, and she is sick because her constitution is vitiated by the dirt to which she has been subjected so many years; let us change his diet. But politicians are practical men; they proceed slowly and wisely; they do not want to kill the patient; they much prefer to let him die!"

THE TRAGIC FATE OF A LION TAMER.—A letter from Wurtzburg, Bavaria, in the *Petit Journal*, gives the following account of a scene said to have taken place in that town on the 25th of January: "A Piedmontese, named Scolagne, a native of Chiuse, has for some time past been exhibiting, with great success, at Wurtzburg, as a lion tamer. On the day above-mentioned, he visited a den containing a lion and lioness, and made them go through various performances. The spectators loudly applauded. Elated by these plaudits, Scolagne determined to do something more extraordinary, and for this purpose he collected in one den a lioness, a lioness, a white bear, two black bears, four hyænas, two wolves and a tiger. He then, armed himself, whip in hand, but the door was hastily closed when the tiger made a spring at the white bear. This was the signal of a terrific struggle among all the beasts, which appeared at once to recover their natural ferocity. Scolagne, hoping to intimidate the animals, fired two shots at the tiger and white bear. This act sealed his fate, for the tiger, hating the bear, sprang on his keeper, threw him down, and began to tear him with his teeth and claws. The other beasts, rendered furious by the smell of blood, all fell on the unhappy man, and in a few minutes he was torn to pieces and almost entirely devoured, in the presence of the horror-struck spectators, who were powerless to render assistance.



INTERIOR OF CHIEF DETECTIVE COL. BAKER'S OFFICE, OPPOSITE WILLARD'S HOTEL, WASHINGTON, D. C.—COL. BAKER LAYING DOWN THE PLAN OF BOOTH'S CAPTURE TO HIS CHIEF SUBORDINATES. FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.



FLOATING ON THE LAKE.

BY AMANDA T. JONES.

FLOATING—floating on the lake,
All the merry, merry day;
How the swells arise and break,
Flash and toss their pearly spray!
While I dream—float and dream,
As the billows in my wake
Roll and bubble, glide and gleam,
Creep and vanish in the lake.

Green the shore and fair the lake;
Here the barque and there the glide;
Here the ripple, there the brake;
Here the sun and there the shade,
While I dream—float and dream—
Would my heart might never wake!
Swell and bubble, glide and gleam,
Creep and sparkle, laughing lake!

Sigh and murmur, swelling lake!
I've a lover on the shore;
There he waits my hand to take,
When my wayward mood is o'er.
Still I dream—dost and dream—
Shall I never, never wake?
Creep and darken, glide and gleam,
Sink and swell, O, tossing lake!

Hark! the wind is on the lake;
Shadows drift and veil the skies;
Yonder cloud begins to break;
Forth the baleful lightning flies.
Still I dream—float and dream—
O, my foolish heart awake!
See the billows roll and gleam,
Swell and dash across the lake!

Shoreward flying o'er the lake—
Ah, my friend, too long alone;
Faithful still, though all forsake—
Well my loving shall atone!
While we dream—sweetly dream,
Suns may blaze or storms may break;
Roll and bubble, glide and gleam—
Love is brighter, foaming lake!

The Night-Express Train:

A STORY TOLD BY A RAILROAD MAN.

IN TWO ACCIDENTS.

ACCIDENT THE FIRST.—HE SEES HER THE FIRST TIME.

I TAKE it to b but justice to myself to state here, at the very outset, that what I am about to relate I saw with my own eyes; that I do not ask any one's belief in a statement that has been handed about from mouth to mouth, and which, from its beginning, like ghost-stories, depends for its truth upon the veracity of a third party. I desire, also, that every one should be assured that I was neither mad nor dreaming, conditions in which story-writers often conclude it best to appear to be, knowing well that the majority of people would discredit tales that are really not half so marvellous as mine. And I would appeal to the car-loads of passengers, some of whose names I could name, who witnessed with horror, what even now, when they reflect upon, is not unaccompanied with feelings akin to awe and dread. So certain is it, that at some time where the eye o man fails the hand of God strikes.

I was then, and have been until lately, connected with one of the lines of road that reach from one end of our State to the other. Since the first pick was struck into the ground, preparatory to building the road, which was done by the president of the company, amidst much waving of the Star Spangled, many blasts from brass, and loud cheering from the throats of persons who had invested,



THE JILTED LOVER SPURNS THE FALSE ONE'S GIFT

now almost forty years ago, I have been connected with the road in one capacity or another, humble, to be sure, but I have always possessed the confidence of the company and superintendent in whatever way I may have been employed. I mention this as an additional reason, to show that myself and my statement are entitled to the confidence of those who may hear or read it. Besides, first, last and always, I like to speak the truth—a liking which has given me the nickname among the boys of "Old Veracity," which I take to be about as much of a compliment as can well be bestowed on a man. I don't believe, now, but what, if taking the hands all along the line of the road, you should ask at random, here and there, amongst them, for Jacob Cockroft, which is my name by rights, and which my father—blessed be his memory!—bore before me, there is one that could point me out to you; but if you should ask for Old Veracity, be sure that a hundred voices could direct you at once to the right spot, so generally have I become known by that name.

At the time of which I write I was, what you might call, in the prime of life; not that prime by which you would wish to indicate good looks nor sharpness of mind, for I never had either the one or the other, but the prime of my strength, when a hard day's work left no sore remembrancer next morning, when a long breath would swell out my hard chest and make me tingle all over with an excitement almost intoxicating, when my now weak, trembling arms sometimes turn open my shutterwork with the working of the close, compact muscles. I have read somewhere—and I don't do much else now-a-days but read—that a person impresses himself upon the inanimate



ATTEMPTED SUICIDE FROM THE RAILROAD TRAIN.

objects that surround his everyday life; that to look at a manufacturer, or his box of tools, or his desk, will tell one more than merely how he does his work: that you can make shrewd guesses at his character therefrom, at his habits, where he spends his evenings, whether or not he is married, and what his thoughts are mostly about. I think that the materials amidst which we spend the greater part of our time impress themselves on us; that if we dig coal not only our bodies grow dirty, but our minds and souls; if we work with iron, we grow hard, and sinewy, and pitiless even as is it; if we handle the gay fabrics of woman's apparel we grow more gentle, our very hands and bodies are not the only parts of us that grow soft and womanish. While engaged at last, whose hand was almost always on a piece of iron, I grew as hard, and sinewy, and stolid as my engine, when it stood still and appeared to be a horse. It took a more than common occasion to stir up my admiration, pity or anger; but still, like my engine, when the blast was open and the boat bellied up with mirth, I was as entirely different order of being, even as it was, when, with a full load of steam, and with the cylinders, aloft, sharp breathing, it danced through the meadows and green pastures.

I had come on the road, at first, young and gay as the hose of a gang of Irishmen, and when I had seen a few hundred miles of running and reckoning, I had been offered the position of fireman on one of the engines, which I took, and shortly afterwards got over a maidenly shame of my work, was not long before I was running the best engine the company had before the fastest train on the road. There were about the 700 (of the thousand that were numbered on our road), but her general favorite name was Sprightly.

Sprightly was a creature of your common eight-wheeled horses, and that admission, which perhaps I should have given to a wife, was all given to her. She was of my own age, and though she owns another master, the wind, and, like many another fickle mistress, may leave me in the hour of his extremity and need, Sprightly was a prodigious beside them, as beautiful, as prepossessing, more docile and proplicted, and, as I then thought, had no will but mine, no master but me. You should have seen her, with every rib and joint and every plate and bit of brass and steel polished and shining in the sun, like the bright eyes of a beautiful woman, with little flags, fluttering like ribbons from her hair or shoulder, fluttering in the breeze, and her bell-like whistle, with its silver-tipped antlers decorating her front. When she came from her house to be hooked to the train she looked like a sprightly lady, fully dressed, coming out for a stately promenade. She moved with the grace and dignity of a queen, and always acted with the decorum and full of a true loving wife. Inever called upon her for an extra effort but what she responded with more than I asked. We ran from miles to ten and a half minutes at one time, saving the company ten times the cost of a first-class engine, and she never grumbled nor strained, nor grew overheated. It seems that I patted her great black sides, as one would caress a child for a good deed, and was pleasant, even if untruthful, to imagine that she understood and appreciated me.

I had known Sprightly for almost five years over the same track, and we had met with not a single mishap, nor had we been behind time more than ten minutes in any one train during those years. We had become so used to the track, and the curves, and the switches, that if we were running in the darkest night, and with no headlight, she would tell me instantly, by her movements, on what particular square foot of track we were. We were running the fast day express at this time of which I speak. It was called the "lightning train," and it deserved the name, for within the time of light of day, during the long summer days, we could stand upon the shores of the great lakes and by the side of the Atlantic.

About 10 o'clock just before the termini of the road in now a city. It used to be a humble, unpretending little hamlet; but the leading men in its neighborhood had been so generous to the company, that in their turn nearly all of the machine shops, repairing depots, and the principal repairing depots had been stationed there, so that only a few years had sufficed to make it a city of considerable size and much beauty. Our fast running train east reached this place about noon, where it met the train west, and where there were accommodations for a twenty minutes' refreshment to the passengers.

It was a beautiful August Wednesday that Sprightly and I drove into this station from the west, before a magnificent train, and just on the notch of time. I saw that she was provided with a supply of that sustenance which was more necessary for her labor than food and drink is to man, namely, oil in sufficiency, and went to furnish myself with a bite or two and a cup of coffee.

"And thus shall ye eat it, with your loins girded, your shoes on your feet, and your staff in your hand, and ye shall eat it in haste."

That is the manner enjoined to the Jews about Passover time, and it would do right well to paint in large capital letters as a sign over the entrance door of every railway dining-saloon in the land. That is what I mean always thought of whenever I looked at a train of passengers gorging themselves with hot food and burning drinks. The haste and fear of staying too late that is displayed and the rushing noise and clatter of knives, forks and plates is hunger-disciplinary, and gives a well regulated stomach a shiver of horror. And to-day there, with the clash of hammer on hollow wheels, the calling of check numbers, the rumbling of baggage trucks along the platform, and the gush of steam were so ear-piercing that the Wood, the conductor, failed to make me hear, as he stood quite a distance up the platform, and it was only as I sat down to my cates and coffee that he made his way to me, asking pettishly why I did not answer him, and saying that I could not hurry, as the other train was delayed by an accident, and might not be in for some time. The westward-bound train was due at 12 to the road, and this was before telegraph times. The intelligence was not at all agreeable to me, and I laid out the ground plan of a fine dinner, and began deliberately eating very leisurely and very much. Everybody in the saloon was finishing his lunch, and I sat at the end of the long empty table, like a ghost in a banquet-hall deserted.

"I don't know," said Wood, from the frequency of its occurrence, a well-dressed gentleman pass rapidly by the entrance-door several times, scanning the countenances of every one with an eager look, and stepping to look up and down the hall. At length one of the people about the office came to the door to speak to him, and pointing towards me, had said, loud enough for me to hear—

"I don't know, sir; but there sits the engineer."

So that, in all probability he had been looking for the conductor. He came rapidly and directly towards me. His face was deadly pale, and he must have been a pleasing one to look upon. I would think so, for I remember remarking sure in his breast. For it was a very brilliant face, with every large and expressive, the mouth mobile and full, and the nostrils quivering. At the first look one I could plainly see a gleam of dissatisfaction, and the muscles of the other twitched in that manner that denotes a nervous temperament. He threw himself heavily into a chair directly opposite to me, tipped his hat on the back part of his head, and resting his elbow on the table, and his elbow on the table, grasped his head with his hands as if to check its throbbing, and in that manner stared at me for a moment before he said her, which seemed to say, "I believe you are guilty of some hideous thought; come, confess, now."

"You are the engineer?" he suddenly asked. "I am, sir."

"Engineer of this eastward-bound lightning express?" he continued, measuring each word with a look that I could feel on me.

"Just so," I answered; "which I also may consider being an honor."

"Yes, sir, under limited time," he went on, very slowly, "when you leave this station. Sometimes belated trains meet with misfortunes."

I set it down that he was in a state of anxiety respecting some dear friend, whose absence was necessary but deplored, and whose safety was thought to be endangered by delay.

"I am not usually considered to be a reckless individual, sir."

"Oh, no, no," he said, impatiently, "that is not what I intended to intimate. I would that you were," he added, in an undertone. "I think that I have you so well. Do you sell you—"

"Old Veracity," I put in.

"Just so, just so," he said, with an undoubted smile. "I see that I am right. Engineer, I have many times now out of—ten say, putting it arithmetically, do belated trains meet with misfortunes?"

"I don't know," I answered, tartly. "I never have had the greater misfortune at any time than a hot wheel."

"You're a lucky man," he said. "But did you ever have to kill or run over anything that came in the well ever so many times, and when at length it broke it all went to smash?" He brought his hand down before, as if to show that it was to be the dishes clatter and jump, as if he would illustrate his words. "And the dish ran away with the table, and the table ran away with the carpet, dragging he had caused. Then, as if growing very coincidental, he leaned over towards me, laid his hand on my shoulder, and put his face close to my ear. "If this is your time," he whispered, "may it be the same with you, and may you drive there, and back, and all the year 'round safely."

He repeated his expression, shrugging his shoulders, elevating his eyebrows and pointing to the floor with his finger, as if he was trying to understand such language or such actions. Such an occurrence never came within the range of my experience before, and I thought that it must be insane, a drunkard or an idiot that had spoken to me. But his face was as free from all excess and straightened himself. His breath was pure and his eye more than intelligently bright.

"You are sure you are not, Uncle Straightforward," he answered, emphasizing the pronoun as he proceeded. "Not you, but them.

"I am sure that I am not," I said, accordingly. "What do you come to me at host for? People do not, as a general thing, inflict their private ills upon strangers in public places, unless they are fools or something worse. I don't care a rusty filing for you or your wishes!"

"You seem to be moved by them," he said, calmly.

"I am not by them, and don't you think so," I answered, "but that you should tell me. I don't meddle in your affairs, what do you come amongst mine for? Be a sprightly man, and drive your train with speed, caution and safety as the advertisements say, to its destination, notwithstanding your foolishness!"

"You will not," he said, emphatically, "foolishness or not foolishness," and then added in a tone of the politest inquiry, "did it ever happen in the world, that a man's foolishness came after a time to be the world's wisdom? Remember, you will not. There, so much wasted steam is worked off, and I feel better."

He pulled his hat down over his forehead as he said this, and walked away. I muttered some angry exclamation of contempt, though I was just a little ill at ease—not that I feared the man contemplated any mischief to the train, but that I am just superstitious enough to dislike croakers or omens or prophecies.

When I came out upon the platform I very soon discovered what the gentleman wished me to know, that I thought, crack-brained soothsayer. He was leaning very carelessly, with his arms folded, against one of the brick pillars that held up the barrier in the sky, the names of the hotels of the city. He was looking with his great, blue, dissatisfied eyes upon the people who stood in front of the doorway of the ladies' waiting-room. The man's dullness. It was composed of a white-haired old gentleman, two old ladies, a young lady, who was leaning upon the arm of one of the gentlemen, and three or four other young ladies. At almost any other time, accustomed as I was to the sight of young strangers and striking faces, and pleasant groups, I would not have paid the slightest attention to these; but as it was, being so sorely and unaccountably disturbed, not at all in a hurry, and somewhat struck by the marvellous beauty of the young lady, who, as well, attracted the attention of all the passengers, I stopped and stared as earnestly as if I had been looking at Sprightly performing some remarkable feat. I had to think of nothing to speak plainly of but the radiant loveliness of this young creature; but I could not command my memory as she then stood, and I attempt to tell over one by one the outlines of her charms, I get myself bewildered. I remember that she was dressed in a very fascinating, radiant hue, a kind of glitter that attracted, fascinated and magnetized one. I know that she had a profusion of dark, curly hair, rippling back over her forehead, and with large, Jewess-looking, almond-shaped eyes; but whether her attractiveness was owing to a wicked, open beauty, or to a sublime proportion of them all, I cannot say. Old as I was, I felt drawn towards her by an irresistible impulse, and accompanied by many of those pleasant feelings that steal about one's heart and warm it to sympathy and kindness. There was nothing about her like a dread, a fatality, harm to oneself if he ventured within the charmed presence. No idea or remembrance, that, impressed upon my mind, never can be effaced or obliterated, came forcibly into my thoughts while I looked at her. She was a beautiful old Polyglot Bible, that possessed but one merit in my lofty opinion, had a picture of Dalilah, standing, as I thought, with her shears, behind the sandy arrayed, over the object of her treachery lying prone at her feet, and holding the means thereof in her hand. She was a beautiful old Polyglot Bible, and was an East India serpent-charmer drew from a reel.

The memory of these two and the young lady's face will always remain with me now associated together.

She was talking busily, and with much animation, to the gentleman on whose arm she was leaning; but ever and anon she turned her lustrous eyes towards him who had so curiously accosted me in the saloon, and with a look of such affection that came up into them reminded me of a golden goblet filled to overflowing with precious wine.

It needed not a very large stock of penetration to discover that the group was a wedding party. Although I had not the most appropriate guests in such a lovely bride as the young lady was, nor any of the finest appointments for a period of limited womanly display, there was such an air of refinement and gaiety, such a half-way shrinking from the public gaze, such a certain glance of pride from the eyes of the old gentleman towards her who was leaning on his arm, that I was not long in coming to that conclusion; and I was not wrong.

Ike Wood ran up to say that the train was ready, and that all I had to do was to back the engine came up from across the bridge that leads into the town. There was a hustle and stir upon the platform, and the party moved towards the coach that they were to take. I was in no particular hurry, for I was curious. Everything was ready, and all my duties at that end I mounted and spoke to Sprightly.

The gentleman to whom I had left the arm of her attendant, for she disappeared a moment, and then appeared on the edge of the crowd alone, looking towards me, and beckoning me to come. At the time been watching her with his bright, dissatisfied eyes. She went slowly, for both of the gentlemen were detaining from the crowd, and cried out, in surprised tones, "Genie!" She hesitated a moment, then, turning towards them, said, "I will speak to him just once," walking straight up towards the figure leaning against the post. A painful look shot across her face as she saw the change in him—a look that I could have described his pity and forbearance! She could only utter one word, and that seemed to be his name. "Ernest!" she said, in a voice that, by the glance from the blue eyes, that seemed as unfriendly and pitiless as the blue sky of a winter's day, and the sharp, cold, little plowed land, was plained rudely away, and the man swept past her with a sullen dignity. She watched him as he disappeared behind the water tank at the upper end of the platform. She standing motionless and pale, and with her hands clasped before her. Here her lip trembled, and her tiny foot heat restlessly upon the floor! For a scarcely noticeable moment she stood thus, and then, returning to where, to her compassion, and they all entered the coach.

It was high time for me to be gone too, as the western train was thundering up the track and rattling across the last switch. In a moment more sprightly and I were all ready. We were only a little over an hour behind time, but with the fine day and a clear line we could make up every moment. I opened the draft, pulled back the throttle valve, and with a spring we were off.

Just as we entered the deep cut, but a little way from the station, I saw again the mysterious individual, standing like a statue by the side of the track. With his arms folded and his head pulled down over his eyes. I don't know that I experienced any particular mischief from him, though I scanned more closely than usual the track, practicing meanwhile for miles before me. It was all clear, reaching in the sunlight like two slender streams of quicksilver, as seen from a jar in the fire distance. I looked from the window of the engine to the train as the train passed. From one of the windows of the rear coach I saw a small hand put out, and from it there dropped a handkerchief. The lady of the car caught it up, and it flew for a moment, like thistle down in the air, finally settling a few feet from the main. He picked it up quickly, and, as I passed him, and then, taking it in his hands, held it out at arm's length, as if taking its measure. As it passed with a sudden pause, to tore it into bits, cast it on the ground, and stamped it fiercely with his feet. We were leaving him very rapidly, so rapidly that he seemed to be shutting himself up into a statue so closed, and he became a mere speck on the horizon; but so long as I could make out his form I could see him throwing his arms wildly about, and stamping with an unnecessary ferocity upon the ground.

Sprightly did her work like a sentient human being. We glided along with the rapidity and ease of a bird upon the pinion in the air, when we had made the next station that gained more than twenty minutes of our lost time. While the men were piling in the wood, and fixing my fireman, was oiling Sprightly, Ike Wood, accompanied by my beautiful lady (I cannot help calling her so), came along side.

"Ask him," said Ike, smiling and pointing towards me, "ask the healthful lady, with permissive smiles dancing in her eyes and showing under her mouth, exclaimed, in a voice as sweet as her appearance.

"This man is, no doubt, a most excellent conductor, but he is perfectly insensible—a piece of machinery. She laughed a little laugh, and added, "but you are not, will you?"

I never was accosted of being a bashful man, but as she spoke to me the blood all ran to my face, and I felt very, very ill at ease. I looked over me. I managed, however, to look at her with a dogged stare, that concealed admiration and embarrassment, which was probably lost upon her by my knowledge of her situation, and my surmise concerning her and the young man whom she had left behind her. I answered in monosyllables, as if she had spoken in an unknown tongue, until she repeated her question, this time with considerable more emphasis, and I felt her earnestness. "But you won't be; will you?"

"Won't be what?" I said, as kindly and gently as I could, for now I was not afraid to speak to her. She clapped her hands together like a child, and looked up at the old gentleman standing by her side, with a look that I could not suffer appropriate, and, turning again to me, she spoke quickly, at the same time putting her foot on the side of the engine.

"Why, it has always been a desire of mine to ride upon an engine, especially when we are going very rapidly, and I have a friend now on board trying its best to catch up!"

I looked back and particularly will our minds catch hold of the ends of disconnected threads, and tie them together, when we least expect it! I had a most unaccountable appreciation of the young man, that I would not reach my destination in safety, flashed across my mind, and gave me a most unpleasant thrill. These words were the "them" that he had so emphasized. What if, unknowingly, he had prophesied, and she should be left to ride on the engine at the same time! I pointed towards a large printed placard hung behind me: "No one allowed to ride on the engine." I gave a saucy answer to her. The gallop made themselves into a most luxuriant pace.

"You are immovable, too," they said. "But I cannot be moved by you. You know of the laws of the company, don't you, if that is a law of the company?

"If I am ride I am taking, Madam," I answered. "I work on the engine."

"A sophistical engineer," she muttered, as she went back to her place.

If she had remained looking at me half a moment longer, I would have torn down the platform and thrown her in a seat by my side. As it was, it was too late, for the signal had been given, and the train had left the station upon the platform of the coach when we were off.

There was a long stretch of nearly eighty miles before us, with a single curve, and those made shorts, of a steady pull, over the roughest, roughest portion of the road, or perhaps my road, except it was the worst part of the whole line between the various coal fields, before we made another stop. A dreary, hard road, through a country of which, perhaps, the most could be said was picturesque, until the railroad was contemplated, when it suddenly assumed great value in the eyes of its possessors. Sprightly and I were both in our element. The track in the whole distance, but it was all very smooth and kept in perfect condition, and often I have made up an hour's lost time on it almost imperceptibly. I started out with the intention of doing it again, but scarcely had we run half an hour, and Sprightly and I were both glad enough when we got the signal at length from Ike to go on, as all was right.

As we got under weigh, and I felt certain that Sprightly was in good trim for increased exertion, I turned my face around at an exclamation of surprise that burst from Henry, my fireman, and there standing upon the step of the house of the engine, hanging by her delicate hands to the iron railing, with her clothes fluttering and flying in the air, was the beautiful lady! Her lovely face

was turned the way we were going, and was lit up with a glorious look. Her attitude and appearance were as if, with outspread wings, she was sailing along in the air by her own exertions. She hardly seemed to be a reality, but only a freak of my imagination; and laborers whom we flew past threw up their hands and cried out in amazement. How she came there I didn't stop to think; but why I too soon knew. I couldn't stop the train to put her back, and she exhibited so much enjoyment that I wouldn't. I carefully lifted her into a seat by my side on the tool-box.

I can neither forgive nor condemn myself for my actions. Though her absence might have averted much that followed, it could not have turned it all aside. Her presence did not attract me from my duty, though it gave me a new sensation in enjoying the exquisite enjoyment she seemed to experience.

The even stride of Sprightly's drivers, along the smooth track, almost like the running of a sleigh, scarcely jarred the lady at all, as she sat very silent and calm just at my elbow, filled with novel sensations. She was looking directly ahead, catching the breeze of the train full in her face, with every little ribbon fluttering out, and a stray curl, here and there, kissing the air.

We were flying along a precipice. Far above us reached the cold, bleak rocks, and birds, gliding about the top of them, seemed mere mites in the air, while away below us, the tumbling river, angrily churned itself into a foam, and seemed to be saying:

"Come down here, oh, come down here, and see how we will chop you into fine bits!"

Through the rocks and in amongst the gullies, it was like playing at hide-and-go-seek with the river. Now almost over it, then darting behind some tall pile of rocks, then hidden by a grove of trees, and then—once more beneath us.

Awaking the echoes with a clatter, we swept through a long cut, for a hundred feet blasted and hewn through rocks laid like masonry. At the further extremity of this cut, a broad, barren and desolate plateau spread out—relieved by only one solitary object—a charred, blackened tree. It stood near the track, tall, gaunt and spectre-like, bending over, as if with its one branch it was preparing to sweep the train over the rocks and down the precipice.

The air of the cut must have been cool and grateful, for as we came out upon the plateau, a deadly, sickening blast of hot air seemed to shoot out at us from the solitary tree, as poisonous as the breath of the vipers. A faintness came over me, and for an instant shut out the light of day, as if by an eclipse. I would have fallen, only I grasped the valve handle with my arm and with a great effort held it firmly. The feeling lasted scarcely during the time of one revolution of Sprightley's driving wheels, but it was terrible. And when the light came back to me again, it was as greatful and novel as if I had been rushed into a new existence.

I looked down towards the lady, and, foolish fellow, remembered my fascinations, the picture of Dalilah and the serpent charmer's music—and dreaded, lest I had been unduly influenced by some power she possessed. Poor lady! far from it. Her face was buried in her hands. Oh! beautiful hands! Her hat had fallen from her head, and the breeze of the train, playing with the ends of her hair, had loosened it, and it had rolled down, down her back, glossy, dark and thick, like water in a heavy mass, tumbling over bleak rocks. Oh! such hair! Glorious crown of beauty! Veil of exquisite delight! She could have buried herself in it, and being a second lady Godiva, could have ridden in her innocence from one end of the land to the other, with no covering but that; and some peeping Tom would not have been able to tell even the color of her skin!

Rich in its wavy folds, like nothing but itself in its magnificent plenty, the rapid motion of the train could only lift a few stray locks here and there, and flutter, like a helpless bird, amongst the rest.

I could not resist the temptation to take a strand of it gently between my fingers. It was like the finest silk, so delicate in its texture; like quicksilver, so soft and yielding to the touch.

She felt me, as I fondled it, as I would have done a specimen of the costliest fabric, shuddered slightly, took away her hands from her face, gazed at me timidly, with just a perceptible blush, for a moment, and then shrank from me, with upraised hands and shrugged shoulders. I was about to say that I begged her pardon for being so familiar, for I am bold to say, that there is no other man on the road who can any quicker tell a real lady than myself, but she seemed to come to her senses, and throwing up her hand and tossing back a lock that had tumbled over upon her forehead, she laughed aloud, and said that she wasn't afraid of such a great, honest-looking, good-natured fellow as I appeared to be.

"I wonder what was the matter with me?" she continued, looking back, as she spoke, with a shudder, "just there by that lone tree. One of the most singular sensations. A withering faintness, as if I was wandering about—a fearfully dark, sultry place, vainly trying to feel my way out."

"Madam!" I cried, in astonishment, for she had most accurately described my own feelings, and back to me came Dalilah and the music of the serpent charmer.

She laughed a shrill, musical laugh.

"You look frightened," she exclaimed. "Have you seen a ghost, or is a lady, with her hat off, and her back hair all down, such a doleful spectacle? Here, here. I'll have a toilet on an engine, going at the rate of sixty miles an hour! Hurrah! That's more than ever Marie Antoinette ever did or could do."

She spoke with great glee, and I obeyed every direction that she gave me, as if the engine had been her dressing room and I her maid-servant.

"Hand me that mirror. So. Hold it for me. What a great bother. So much hair—reach me that comb, will you? see, it has dropped on the floor—what is the good of so much? Puff it, and curl it, and friz it, and braid it, and one must needs make a perpetual barber of herself. It isn't to make little appear much—but a Samsonian exertion to make much seem little. And then to be asked, 'Where did you get it? How much did you pay for it?' Isn't it shameful? I like it in a net best, only Milton says it looks then like the miraculous draught of fishes! Once more, please, that pin there! How smooth this engine rides. I believe that I will always travel on an engine hereafter—you escape all the smoke, and dust, and cinders. Oh! isn't this de-light-ful! There, in that crack, take care, you will lose it, and I will be dis-consolate, the last hair pin."

In she goes, and the great bother is tied up again.

All the while that she had been speaking so rapidly, she had been, as rapidly with well tutored fingers, arranging her hair, and now, that it was at length in order, she put on her hat, folded her shawl about her person, and looked up at me with something such a leer as I have seen canary birds look at the hand that feeds them.

And I looked down at her. Looked! I stared! If a thing of beauty is a joy for ever, what an enviable eternity of bliss was in that face?

At first there was an earnestness and soberness of demeanor between us that was not put on. I saw at length a smile come dancing up into her eyes, and playing about the corners of her mouth. There was a contagion in it, against which I was not proof. Her smiles grew into a laugh, and so did mine. We both gave an audible chuckle, and she put out her hand towards me. I rubbed the palm of my hand upon my sleeve, and took the dainty little object. It was like laying a rose on a shovel! Without the remotest cause for even so much as a smile, both of us fell to laughing in such a vehement, incontrolable manner, that great tears forced themselves from our eyes and rolled down our cheeks! The unusual hysterical exertion for a few moments was so severe that I was weakened by it, and sat down beside her. She, too, could only gasp out, as it were, as she drew her hand from mine.

"Mrs. Gertrude Weyant I am—since this morning only—lately rude, wicked Gertie Cockroft. What is your name?"

"Cockroft! Cockroft!" I said, or rather panted, admiringly. "Why, that's my name too. I am Jacob Cockroft, at your service, mistress," for, with all of our mutual laugh, I could not forget the distance between us, and I arose to my feet to look after Sprightly, who, perhaps because she was a little jealous, had given vent to certain groans and creaks that are not at all pleasant for a machinist to bear.

Mrs. Weyant moved up on the seat nearer to me, and laid her tiny hand softly on my arm. A complete change had almost instantly appeared in her manner. Before she had seemed frivolous, girlish and rude—a hoyden out on a great frolic. A child tired of all its old playthings, enjoying with immense zest the discovery of a new sensation. Now there was a sudden overwhelming eagerness, a wild earnestness about her that I could not understand. And her face—one of those that the sun laughs at when the puzzled artist tries to fix it on the plate and never gets the same one twice—seemed another face entirely.

"Let me look at you," she said eagerly. "Are you really, really a Cockroft?"

I turned my face fully towards her, and said, with what I meant for dignity, and as a rebuke to her for an implied questioning of my truthfulness:

"All along the line of the road I am called 'Old Veracity.' I try to deserve the name, mistress. I never did anything yet to abuse it. What object could I possibly have for doing so now?"

"Don't be angry with me, please," she appealed, plucking at my sleeve. "If you only knew what an intense longing I have always had, a longing that has almost become a mania, to see one of my own old name, you would bear with me. How, for eighteen years now I have lived, the only one of my name that I ever knew, until I thought that I must be branded for some special purpose, that I should be singled out and marked with a name that no one else could hope or would dare to bear. Don't deceive me, please. I never saw another Cockroft until now—if you are really one. For to me there seems a tie between those that bear the same name, that neither interest, affection nor wealth should break. Think, perhaps in your veins and mine runs the same blood!"

The idea made me laugh, inwardly though, for there was too much earnest feeling in her looks and in the tones of her voice, for me to rudely break in with a laugh. What! I so coarse, uncouth, ugly; she so delicate and beautiful. Well, here is the iron. It makes a great coarse, strong anchor, but then out of it, too, one could fashion a lady's toy.

I, too, had lived alone and borne the name of Cockroft—not famously, to be sure, but honestly, if humbly—the only one I ever knew until now, excepting my father, blessed be his memory. And I had felt it neither strange, irksome, nor shameworthy.

And if our names were alike, what could she want with me? Though her misery was most miserable, and her anguish unsupportable, though I might sympathise with, how could I relieve her?

"Don't deceive me!" she said again. "Is your name really Cockroft?"

"Henry!" I cried to my fireman, who was stooping down at some of his labor, and I was a little nettled, "what is my name?"

He laughed, as he raised himself to an erect position, and cried out:

"Old Veracity!"

"Pshaw!" I said, "my real name."

"Jacob Cockroft!" he exclaimed.

I turned to the lady with a rebuking air and said nothing to her, for there were evidences of tears struggling up into her eyes. I could not tell what they betokened, gladness or sorrow.

She took hold of my great hard hand, and held it between hers, and looked wistfully into my face.

"I feel happy for once in my life," she said. "I feel as if I had been wandering, and at length had come home. Oh! this saves me! God is good to us, is he not? When our own motives would lead us into destruction, he stops the way and saves us. Shall I confess to you that I came here to find eternal forgetfulness! But see, I have found a friend—a near relative, perhaps, who will sympathise with me, and be my father."

She looked for a moment over the edge of the window of the engine as she spoke, just down from which yawned a jagged precipice that darted its rough perpendicular way for scores of feet down to the rugged bed of the river.

"Madam," I said, "do you need sympathy?" and it was more an exclamation than a question.

"Sympathy! Where is the creature that does not? Where one that needs it more than I? I am a wretch, a poor miserable creature, without friends, father, mother or relative."

She broke off abruptly, and asked:

"Your name is really Cockroft? Where did you come from? Who was your father? Did you know mine?"

I was not prepared to go into genealogy. It was a portion of my education quite as much neglected as the rest, or as here. And so I told her.

"Don't look at me so coldly," she said, "or my new hopes and happiness will all die out. I beg of you interpose with some excuse to save me from the doom that awaits me."

"What?" I asked.

She pointed back towards the train with a shudder of aversion.

"What can I do?" I asked again.

"Do! You will make me more insane than I am. Call me your sister, your niece, your daughter; tell them that it is an unholy thing to drag one into ties that fill her only with aversion. Tell them that by your right as a near relative, you break the bond with which I am tied. Tell them anything only to save me. Do you know I hate that old man in yonder, with a hate that would sooner direct a knife to his heart, than a kiss—bah!—to his lips?"

She spoke frantically, and her eyes fairly shone.

"And to think of yielding myself up to him!"

She shrugged her shoulders with a horror that made her whole form quiver, and covered her face with her hands, as if to shut herself out from herself. I scarcely knew what to do or say. I could not understand why she came there on the engine with me, or why, being there, because her name by chance was the same as mine, she should make me a receptacle into which her woes could be poured. What were they to me? I know now, that I was as nothing, and that she was simply using me to work herself up for the accomplishment of what she contemplated.

"No relative," she went on after a time, with now and then a sob, and as if she was communing with herself. "No relative, no friend, no mother to avert the blow. Where were they—father and mother? Had they done anything that they should hide themselves away from me, who would sooner have been with them in poverty, or even in crime, than with him with all his money. Who has given me to this wretch? Oh, miserable, miserable Gerty! cruel, cruel fate! Did you see Milton?" she asked suddenly, looking up towards me.

There must have been a decided yes in my countenance, for she went on:

"What is this one to him? Oh, my idol! my darling! Lost, lost, lost! See what Gerty suffers for you—what she will do, now that you are lost!"

I mostly feared hysterics. And it would have been so awkward, and so unexplainable in that place—for she was wringing her hands, and slowly edging herself towards the end of the seat, where one slip would have been immediate destruction. I would endeavor to calm her, I thought, stop the train, and send her back to her husband. With such good intentions, and putting as much of a fatherly tone into my voice as I knew how,

"Mistress," I said, "I think that I understand you, and my sympathies are very, very earnest. But do we not owe it to ourselves to make the best of the lot where God has placed us?"

I must have made a sad mistake in the tone or the sense, for she broke forth worse than before.

"Oh! what have I been saying? What have I been saying? I am so wretched, so utterly wretched!"

Once more I essayed my tongue, and thought to quiet her by humoring her own fancy, but again I fell into an error.

"You will lose everybody's sympathies by such displays, mistress. You are a Cockroft—so am I. Why not show the world that we can bear ills with a brave heart. We will win our own respect."

"This is no ill," she cried out desperately, "no common ill, and I don't want your sympathy. Keep it for some one else that bears our name and deserves it less than I. You talk like a man. What do you know of a woman's feelings. Can you measure diamond dust with a bushel measure? I've had enough of it, and I'll bear it no longer. My heart has been eating itself out, and I'll not have it."

She sprang to her feet as she spoke, and pushed me away from before the engine with so much force that I nearly lost my balance, speaking very rapidly as she tore off her hat and shawl:

"I have been a torment and a stumbling block to myself and all else, since the day I came into the world. It was by a mistake that I came, and a mistake I should be all my life. I see nothing but misery before me, and I have seen enough. God forgive me. Milton lost, it shall be no one!"

She rushed past me towards the engine steps, and unprepared as I was for her desperate action, I was almost too late for her. Oh! the sluggish, snail-like pen, the turgid tongue that takes ten minutes to tell what it took ten seconds to do! And those ten seconds so full of dizzy, unreal reality.

We were thundering along at a terrible rate. I had had no opportunity to check our speed, or even to notice particularly its headlong character. For a moment the beautiful lady hung over the steps, and my own steadiness had nearly deserted me. She struggled in my arms, and tore frantically at my clothes. Her eyes were closed, her lips motionless, and a whiteness as if of death, overspread her whole face. Suddenly, and with a heavy lurch, we turned one of the many curves that twisted about the miles where we were.

It was a high, earthen embankment, and a wide, level space, with the track running straight through the centre spread out before us. Not twenty rods ahead, in murderous ignorance that the belated express was thundering down upon them, stood a long gravel train, waiting its load to be completed.

Oh! the agony of that second! A weight of guilt, of inattention to duty, piled itself upon me, and death seemed to have started up all around me. Behind me coaches crowded with the living rushing on to their destruction unwarned, and myself powerless to avert or to alarm. I lived my life all over the second time. I was a child again, playing about my mother's knee, a boy, a man, and then—so old—so old; but I only remember one sight and two sounds.

The sight was an old man's face, white as the hair that surrounded it, looking with horror at me from the door of the baggage car.

The sounds were the words, "Jump, jump, for the good Christ's sake!" from Henry, as he leaped from the engine, and as I grasped the beautiful lady in my arms, and sprang into the bank, a horrible crash and crunching, and a mingling of shrieks.

A pain shot through my breast and arm, and a darkness more terrible than midnight, shut out, for the time, light and life and sense.

VANCOUVER'S ISLAND.

In May last an expedition was formed to obtain better knowledge of the interior of Vancouver Island, and also with a view to the discovery of agriculture, land and minerals. Mr. Frederick Whymper, who was attached to this expedition, has published a summary of discoveries. The expedition started from Victoria on the 7th of June, and commenced its work at the Great Cowichan Lake, returning from Nanaimo on the 21st of October. They crossed the island in several directions, and made lateral deviations at numerous points, passing altogether over 1340 miles of new country, and exploring, in a tolerably complete manner, the southern half. Of this distance, nearly 600 miles were travelled on foot, more than 700 by canoe, and the remainder by rafts. In the discovery of minerals the expedition met with great success, finding almost immediately valuable veins of copper, apparently inexhaustible in extent; gold was found on all bars of the Cowichan River up to three cents per pan, with indications of richer diggings; and this was followed by the discovery of very rich ironstone in large quantities. In the neighborhood of the Cowichan River they found open tracts of agricultural land, from 300 to 500 acres in extent, ready for the plough; in other districts yet larger spaces; and altogether many thousand acres. Traces of nickel and plumbago were met with; but probably the most valuable of all the discoveries was that of bituminous coal on the coast, close to deep water, and the outcropping of which showed a seam more than a foot in thickness. Many tracts were thinly wooded with scattered maple from twelve to twenty inches in diameter, and others more heavily with forests of the most magnificent spars of Douglas, hemlock and white pine, the latter, from its rarity on the coast, being of great value. Dr. Brown, the leader of the expedition, discovered an entirely new pine; and they brought down to Victoria, for carving purposes, a fine log of arbutus, which in the interior attains to considerable dimensions. To quote the words of Dr. Brown, 'the spars and lumber alone, with their capabilities of being floated to the sea, would prove a certain fortune to any man with capital enough to buy an axe and a grindstone." Many edible wild fruits were found, and a large collection of interesting seeds was made. Of the larger kinds of animals, they saw and shot deer and elk, the latter being in great droves; bears, beavers and wolves were very numerous; martens and raccoons were also plentiful; grouse and wild ducks are described as being found to any extent. The number of lakes in the interior is very considerable; at one place, from Comox at Alberni, a chain of seven reach nearly across the island—the largest of these is twenty-two miles in length. On Barclay Sound two rivers yielded good prospects of gold, paying at the rate of two or three dollars per man per day, and which, if worked by the usual machinery, would yield a much larger extent. The most important of the discoveries, in its immediate effect on the colony, was the finding of gold on the Sooke and Leech rivers. This almost depopulated Victoria for a time, and, within a few weeks of being known these diggings had yielded 40,000 dollars, the Government alone receiving £900 from the sale of licences. The gold from these rivers sold at $20 per ounce. Towards the end the expedition experienced considerable hardships from being imperfectly supplied with provisions, and near Barclay Sound had a narrow escape from coming to grief, owing to the recent chastisements of the Indians in that part by some of our gunboats. They, however, happily escaped all accidents, and arrived in safety at Victoria, having in their discoveries surpassed their expectations.

The Mercantile Library.—The efforts to establish the Mercantile Library on a more enlarged foundation promises to be entirely successful, more than $40,000 having been pledged for that purpose. Fifteen subscriptions amount to $1,000 each. The object of the present movement is to pay off the mortgage upon the building occupied by the library, and to apply the rentals to the purchase of books. By this plan the yearly increase of the number of books in the library—which is now about 6,000 volumes—will doubtless rise to 10,000 or 12,000 volumes. The value of this addition to all classes of the community could scarcely be overestimated.

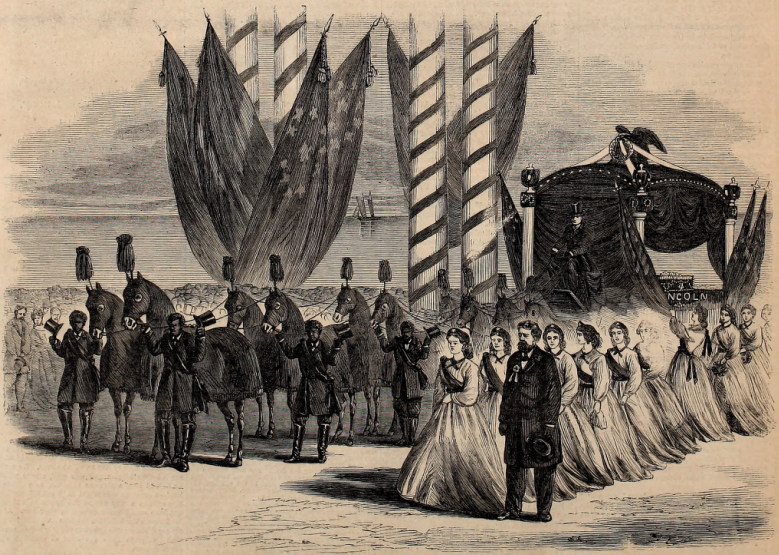
A curious discovery has recently been made in attempting to repair the basement of Pompey's Pillar. A French engineer, having been appointed by the Viceroy of Egypt to direct the work, caused a few of the loose stones forming the basement to be removed. It was soon found that the pillar rested entirely on a cube of very hard quartzose pudding-stone within the basement. That cube bore an inscription in hieroglyphics, and was, in fact, the capital of a column belonging to one of the temples of Upper Egypt, conveyed hither for the express purpose of serving for the base of the column. M. Mariette has deciphered the inscription, and found the name of Sesostris II., the father of the great Sesostris, mentioned in it; so that Pompey's Pillar, now 1,500 years old, rests on the fragment of a monument erected at least 17 centuries before the Christian era. A new basement has been constructed, with a passage round the stone, so that visitors may inspect the hieroglyphics, and the whole has been railed in to protect the monument from deterioration



FUNERAL SERVICE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, MAY 1—REMOVING THE COFFIN FROM THE FUNERAL TRAIN TO THE CATAFALQUE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDERSON.



FUNERAL SERVICE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN, AT CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, MAY 1—RECEPTION OF THE REMAINS AT THE COURT HOUSE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALSCHULER.



FUNERAL SERVICE AT CHICAGO, MAY 1—THIRTY-SIX YOUNG LADIES OF THE HIGH SCHOOL STREWING THE BIER WITH GARLANDS AND IMMORTELLES.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, THOS. HOGAN.

DIES IRÆ.

OH! not the man alone, nor yet the chief
He is, whose death hath robed the land in grief;
A myriad murders centre in the deed,
And with one wound a nation's arteries bleed!

The gory stains that streak the dusk of Time
Grow faint and pallid in this noon of crime,
And the Great Record shudders through its leaves
With the vast groan a People's bosom heaves!

From sea to sea an awful murmur flows,
And, as an avalanche, gathers as it goes,
Till, like volcanic thunder to the skies,
From the shaken earth the cries of vengeance rise!

We will have Justice! But we may not bring
Him back who was the guardian of our spring,
Who watched and toiled beneath the sombre skies,
Till from the waste he saw new bloom arise.

Patient and pure, one-minded, undismayed;
Of all the wisdom God vouchsafed, he made
A steadfast use, and if his judgment ran
Astray, or halted—he was but a man!

A simple man he was, who felt his way
Bravely through darkness, hoping for the day,
And praying for more light; yet constant still,
To one great purpose with his single will!

God rest him! He hath fallen at his post
As nobly as the noblest in our host
Of martyrs laurel-crowned! And we, bereft,
Look through the gloom, and murmur—"Who is left?"

April 18, 1865. G.

GUY'S FOLLY;

OR,

The Secret of Thornton Heath.

BY VANE IRETON ST. JOHN.

AUTHOR OF "THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL," "THE WORLD'S VERDICT," ETC.

CHAPTER VI.—"THERE WAS A FLASH AND A REPORT, AND THE PEN FELL, COVERED WITH BLOOD FROM THE CRUSHED HAND OF THE MISER."

GUY RAYMOND sat in his old-fashioned library in close conversation with his legal adviser.

Mr. Quilpen, the lawyer, was one of those pleasant old gentlemen who joined a perfect knowledge of their business with a large acquaintance with the world and the usages of good society.

A clever attorney and perfect gentleman, he was much sought after by all who knew him.

He was about sixty years of age, of medium height, always wore a white necktie and blue spectacles, his face was red and rosy as an apple, his nose just a tinge redder, and his closely cropped, snow-white hair was brushed off as noble a forehead as you would find in the county.

Guy Raymond looked serious and thoughtful; the subject of their conversation would naturally make him so.

He was performing one of the last solemn duties of mankind—he was making his will.

A large sheet of foolscap on the library table was covered with notes and memoranda, while an old will was in the lawyer's hands, and he was comparing some of its clauses with the alterations and suggestions which were now made by Guy Raymond.

These alterations appeared numerous and important—in fact a complete redistribution of his valuable property.

"With the exception of those little items for servants and so forth, the poor girl is to have everything," said Guy Raymond.

"Everything, sir?" exclaimed Mr. Quilpen, repeating his client's words.

Man of the world as he was, he could not understand why or how it was that a person—a poor girl, not even mentioned in the former will—should now be constituted sole heiress.

"As I say, she is to have everything," repeated the owner of Raymond Park.

"But you forget—surely you forget—your two nephews?"

"I do not forget. They both have forfeited all right to derive benefit from my death."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. One is disobedient—the other is ungrateful."

"But this girl—this Claudia Freshfield—no one knows anything about her. The will will probably be disputed."

"If such a thing should happen, it will be your duty to defend her rights."

The lawyer tapped his gold snuff-box, took a pinch, and offered it to Guy Raymond.

His professional pride was touched, and he resolved to draw out a will which should be beyond dispute.

But at the same time he was determined to make another effort on behalf of the two nephews—Walter Raymond and Ralph St. Clare, who were especial favorites of his—for being constantly in the habit of doing business with the owner of Raymond Park, he had seen much of the two young men, and loved them almost as much as his own sons.

"I wish, sir," he said, laying down his pen—"I wish I could persuade you to forego the resentful feeling you nourish towards those boys, and yield to the dictates of your better nature. Walter Raymond, I know, disobeyed you in his marriage, but I am at a loss to know how Mr. St. Clare has offended you."

"He has robbed me."

"Robbed you! Impossible!"

"Would it were impossible! But my suspicions are too well founded."

"I can scarcely conceive him guilty of such a crime. Depend upon it, Mr. Raymond, that there is some circumstance which, when cleared up, will prove him innocent of the crime of which you accuse him."

"Circumstances point too plainly to him as the thief."

"But pray explain, my dear sir. I am still ignorant of your reasons for suspecting him."

"I will tell you. On the night of the robbery which I told you of, Ralph St. Clare was lingering about in the neighborhood till past eleven. At half-past eleven the robbery was committed, and the thief or thieves escaped safely. The very next day this young man, in whom you seem so much interested, had a large sum of money—gold—in his pockets, and was unable, or unwilling, to give any very satisfactory account for its possession."

"After all, it may not have been your money," said the lawyer, after a pause.

"Where else could he have obtained it but from this house? No, Mr. Quilpen, I feel convinced that he is either the thief or an accomplice."

"But has poor Walter offended so deeply that he cannot be forgiven?"

"He has. By marrying against my expressed wishes he has forfeited his inheritance."

"But ——"

"But, Mr. Quilpen, it is useless pleading for them. My mind is fixed—all my property goes to Claudia Freshfield, who will make better use of it than either of my nephews."

"I am very sorry to hear your final determination," replied the somewhat disappointed lawyer.

For some time nothing more was said on either side.

Scratch, scratch went the pen across the paper, line after line, page after page.

The shades of night began to draw a nun-like veil across the face of the earth, bats began to flap their thin web wings about the old house, the drone of the beetle was heard as it whirled its humming flight round the treetops, and the night wind rustled mournfully among the ivy.

The day had been warm, and the lofty windows of the library of Raymond Park were left open, shaded only by Venetian blinds.

At length the lawyer threw down his pen, the darkness was too much for his eyes.

The master of Raymond Park rang for lights.

While the order was being obeyed, the undaunted lawyer returned once more to the attack on behalf of the nephews.

"There is yet time, Mr. Raymond," he said, "to insert a clause for the benefit of each or either of your nephews."

"Mr. Quilpen, you will oblige me by not mentioning either of their names to me again. Here are candles, so finish the document you are engaged upon. I am resolved that everything shall go to Claudia Freshfield."

The lawyer obeyed in silence, and again the sound of the pen was heard.

Some other sound was heard, too—a sound like a footfall upon the gravelwalk outside the house.

Guy Raymond rose from his seat, and walking to the window, looked out. No one could he see.

At length the lawyer threw down his pen—the document was finished.

"We want witnesses now, Mr. Raymond," he said. "Who shall they be?"

The owner of the house hesitated.

Whom could he trust not to divulge the important secret till after his death?

"If you like, I will send for my clerk; he is a trusty man, and holds his tongue."

"No," said Guy Raymond, "my old servant, John Grover, and yourself, shall be witnesses."

The old man was summoned to the library, and told to pay attention to what Mr. Quilpen would read.

The lawyer blew his nose, and commenced:

"I, Guy Raymond, Esquire, of Raymond Park, in the county of ——shire, do hereby give and bequeath all my estates and property, real and personal, to Claudia, my ward, now in the care of Julia Freshfield——"

"But I thought Mr. Walter and Mr. St. Clare were to have all the money?" exclaimed the old servant, in amazement.

"They have both disobeyed me, Grover, and consequently are disinherited. Proceed with your reading, Mr. Quilpen."

Several little unimportant clauses, bequeathing mourning rings and such trifles to friends, followed.

But the last clause of all was the strangest and strictest.

By it Claudia forfeited all her inheritance, which was to form the foundation of an alms-house, if she ever married Ralph St. Clare.

The lawyer looked inquiringly at Guy Raymond's face as he read it.

There were no signs of relenting there.

"Have you heard all, Grover?" inquired the master.

"Yes sir, but ——"

"No buts; I want you to sign your name as witness."

After this there was a pause.

The lawyer placed the parchment before Guy Raymond, and taking the pen, he prepared to sign the will which was to dispossess his nephews for ever of their property, and establish the poor mad girl as sole heiress of all.

A sudden gust of wind almost extinguished the lamp and fluttered the papers, so that the miser was compelled to lean on them to prevent their flying away.

He took the pen and again began writing.

Hardly had he placed upon the parchment the first letters of his name, when a loud voice at the window startled him.

"An iniquitous will!" it cried—"an iniquitous will, to which no name shall be placed!"

Then there was a flash and a report, and the pen fell, covered with blood, from the crushed hand of the miser.

"Heavens!" cried Mr. Quilpen, "who has done this crime?"

He and the serving-man rushed to the window, but there was no one there.

The miscreant, whoever he was, had fled.

"I see no one," said Mr. Quilpen, as he returned to the table, where Guy had already bound up his bruised hand.

"No matter!" he returned, from between his pale lips—"no matter! Whoever it may be, he has lost time! I will sign the will with my left hand!"

And so with his left hand Guy Raymond signed firmly and legibly; and Mr. Quilpen and John Grover signed their names as witnesses.

The miser dismissed them with a grim smile, and with a look of exultation placed the will in his drawer.

Then, as usual after any event of importance, he left his study through the secret panel, and entered the dazzlingly lighted room which he had visited on quitting Mrs. Freshfield's cottage.

Meanwhile the lawyer and the old servant scoured the grounds.

Their efforts, were, however, in vain; not a sign of the fugitive was to be found either in the grounds or without.

DEVILS ABROAD.

IT seems to be no longer the fashion for devils to distinguish themselves by the cloven foot. Fashions change everywhere, and there is no reason why devils should be behind the rest of the world. The horned and hoofed monster of our infancy has in truth almost become obsolete. In early times the Prince of Darkness was really a gentleman, with whom it was only not quite orthodox to have dealings. He gradually degenerated into the grotesque performer in popular legends. After he had retired into the background of cultivated imaginations, the quaint peculiarities ascribed to him in the fancy of the people still gave him a lease of vitality.

The devil whose nose was pulled by St. Dunstan's tongs, and at whom Luther threw his inkbottle, survived in obscure holes and corners. To the rising generation he is represented in the exclusively comic point of view. His innocuous character is marked by Burns's amiable wishes for his repentance and welfare.

We make, of course, no allusion to theological doctrines; but the devil of poetry and fiction is in danger of utter extinction. In one direction, he has been refined away to a mere empty shell, to a metaphysical abstraction without any concrete attributes; in another, he has been degraded into an old woman's story, which ceases to frighten even grown-up children. It is not, therefore, without a sense of something like satisfaction that we have witnessed some late attempts to galvanize him into temporary vitality. It would be a pity to lose sight of a character who, if not quite virtuous, was certainly amusing in his day.

Mr. Robert Montgomery depicted Satan, as we all know on Lord Macaulay's authority, as an elderly gentleman who had seen better days, and whose worst fault was a tendency to pious twaddle. But since that time he has attempted to come out in his old character. The theory that he raps on tables, and tells a variety of contemptible lies from that degrading position, is indeed little creditable to him. If he had anything to do with tying and untying the Davenport brothers, it was a misplaced effort of ingenuity. It was altogether below the reputation which he had established even as a prompter of the petty malevolence of genuine witchcraft.

Lately, it seems, he has been doing something in his earlier and more malignant style. The people of Morzine, in Savoy, a remote valley to the south of the Lake of Geneva, have for the last eight years been the victims of a series of trials like those which beset the Jansenist *convulsionnaires*. The first patient was a girl of ten years old, who was being prepared for her first communion, and who exhibited certain symptoms which were immediately attributed to diabolic agency. From her the infection seems to have spread until there were 120 cases of possession in a village of 2,000 inhabitants. The antics performed under this strange influence were alarming to the last degree. The afflicted persons went through extraordinary physical contortions. They turned over and over in one bound. They leapt like a steel spring suddenly released, bending backwards so that head and feet touched the ground together.

A boy of twelve ran up a pine tree eighty feet high. There he bent down the top shoot (so it is said), and stood on it head downwards, singing and gesticulating. Suddenly he came to his senses, and called for help. His elder brother cried out, "Devil, enter again into this child, that he may be able to come down again." The devil obeyed with singular good-nature, and the boy immediately ran down headforemost like a squirrel. The victims seized, who were of all ages and positions, invariably spoke of themselves in the third person and personated evil spirits. The voice of one woman exclaimed, during a religious service by a bishop, "Ah, damned carrion of a bishop, thou makest me depart. How dreadful to have to return to hell.....I must leave this fair body where I was so well off. But when I go, I have five more, and among them an old devil. It is not to-day that they will depart." As a rule, the devils professed to be the spirits of human beings, who were suffering for their sins on earth. The spirit which possessed one woman asserted that it had been damned for eating meat on a Friday. It impelled the woman to go every Friday to the Maire and ask for bacon, which she greedily devoured whilst raw. Every attempt was made to put a stop to the plague. Physicians were sent and could do nothing. Exorcisms were tried, and as might naturally be expected, the excitement only made matters worse. The préfet came and spoke to some of the women. They fell upon him and his gensdarmes. They lifted strong men in their arms and pinned them against the walls. Then, with a sudden bound, they sprang through the window, one after the other, and disappeared. The bishop came and tried the effects of a high mass. It produced a fearful scene of cries, oaths, blasphemies, and fearful convulsions, and the bishop was glad to escape without actual violence against himself. At last a doctor was sent to Morzine with a despotic power, and backed by the important aid of sixty soldiers, a brigade of gensdarmes and a fresh curé. The curé was to preach against the possibility of demoniacal possession, and the gensdarmes and soldiers to put down any overt acts. By dint of exiling all afflicted people to lunatic asylums and hospitals, he seems to have finally succeeded in beating the devil. For four months no new cases have occurred, and it is expected that French bayonets will be more successful in the spiritual encounter than holy water and high masses. Many curious symptoms, such as insensibility to pain, preternatural acuteness of the senses, and a power of predicting the phases of their disease, are mentioned as characterising this display of diabolic energy. One cannot but feel the deepest sympathy for two thousand people shut up in the recesses of an Alpine valley to be tortured by such an appalling complaint. To them it is, of course, witchcraft, and demoniacal power made visible. To be shut up in a madhouse, with a constant prospect of going mad yourself, would be scarcely more horrible. If, however, it were possible to cut oneself off from all feeling for the victims, one would almost regret that the experiment could not be continued.

It would be interesting to discover what are the causes that predispose a person to diabolical possession. The disease is now so rare that we regard its extirpation in this secluded spot with the feelings of a botanist witnessing the destruction of the last specimens of an uncommon plant in some favored habitat. When the devil was acting in all his vigor, no scientific observers traced his mode of action. Now that he has chosen to reappear with something of his old intensity, he is immediately suppressed, as though he were publishing a libel on the French Emperor. Few people, indeed, would wish the freedom of the press to be construed so liberally as to admit even the diabolic side of the question to be avowedly supported. But it would at any rate have the advantage that we should be able to appreciate the diabolic character a little better, and to account for the very singular propensities exhibited. The facts, indeed, of the Morzine demoniacs have not been quite settled. Delusions, and more or less intentional exaggerations, have probably distorted the account. There is a story of a pig refusing to cross a bridge until a priest's stole was laid upon his back, which seems to us suspicious. If he has any regard for his character, the devil should keep out of pigs; the most intelligent pig can scarcely obtain credit for distinguishing priests' stoles.

The strange phenomena which we have noticed have a curious bearing upon another topic. The prevailing scepticism of the period, though it has not affected the people of Morzine, has of course affected their observers. Scientific men have given a variety of names to the demons. They summarily set them down, not as Abaddon, Amaimon, and Lucifer, but as hysteria, epilepsy, mania, and gastric disturbance. These names sound very pretty, but they do not seem to throw much light upon the subject. It is quite clear that it is impossible to classify the causes of the mental disturbance under any of the recognised heads. Thus, to say that it is due to gastric disturbance is to say simply nothing, because, as far as has been observed, the stomachs of the patients were in remarkably good order. It is merely a roundabout way of concealing profound and utter ignorance. Perhaps, until a better theory has been discovered, it would be as well to leave the name of Demons to the occult cause. It does not mean very much, and it serves as well as any other to denote a mysterious agency of which we know nothing at all. Demons are now supposed to do a variety of very small tricks. They make arm-chairs prance, they usurp the place of conjurors, and they are evidently not above contributing to the smallest and most childish kind of amusement. It seems rather hard that when they do so little, and that little is so harmless, their personality should be denied in a way to touch the heart of an old-fashioned theologian. They might be allowed to drag out the small remainder of their days, and to have the credit of such a windfall as that at Morzine. For, after all, if the villagers had been so far enlightened as not to believe in their existence, they would probably have found some other pig upon which to hang the explanation of their strange disease. They did not go mad, because they believed in the devil, but they found the popular conception of the devil a convenient means of accounting for their insane freaks. It is impossible not to observe, in the process by which this was effected, an illustration of some of the legendary miracles of the middle ages.

"THOU HAST PUT ALL THINGS UNDER HIS FEET."

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

O NORTH, with all thy vales of green,
O South, with all thy palms,
From peopled towns, and fields between,
Uplift the voice of psalms;
Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,
And let the youthful West reply.

Lo! in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well-beloved Son;
He brings a train of brighter years—
His kingdom is begun;
He comes a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

O Father, haste the promised hour
When at his feet shall lie
All rule, authority and power
Beneath the ample sky.
When He shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul.

When all shall heed the words He said,
Amid their daily cares,
And by the loving life He led
Shall strive to pattern theirs;
And He who conquered Death shall win
The mighty conquest over Sin.

ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "ELEANOR'S VICTORY," "AURORA FLOYD," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," "THE RECTOR'S WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.—CONTINUED.

AND now Francis Tredethlyn appeared to her all at once in a new light. Alas! he was no longer the noble-hearted friend to whom she could appeal for help in the day of trouble. He was no longer the humble adorer, kneeling on the lowest step of the altar, remote and submissive. He was her affianced husband, and he had a right to her society. He had a right to attend her in her walks and rides, to linger near the piano when she sang, to hold perpetual skeins of Berlin wool during those tedious morning visits which he made now and again to the Cedars. All these privileges were his by right; and other people gave place when he approached Miss Hillary, and watched to see her face brighten as he drew near her. It was not that Francis himself was in any way altered. His adoration of his bright divinity was no less humble than of old—even now when he knew that the goddess was to descend from her pedestal and exchange her starry crown for the orange blossoms of an earthly bride. He was in no way changed; the distance between himself and Maude Hillary was as wide as ever. He could see it before him—a palpable gulf, across which he beheld her, a strange creature, in a strange land—a creature who might hold out her hand to him once in a way across the impassable abyss, but who could never draw him near her. Alas for Francis Tredethlyn's loveless betrothal! that dreary distance was growing wider every day now that Iphigenia knew the hour of sacrifice was drawing near.

It had been one thing to think of Mr. Tredethlyn as a friend—a dear and devoted friend, worthy to be regarded with an almost sisterly affection. It was another thing to contemplate him as a

future husband. All his ignorance, his homely ways of speaking and thinking, his little awkwardness and stupidities, his vacillating temperament in the matter of spoons and forks at those elaborate Russian dinners—all these things pained Maude Hillary now as cruelly as they had galled Miss Desmond's proud spirit some six months before. And then to the faint shivering pain of disgust was joined all the bitterness of contrast. Never had Harcourt Lowther's image seemed so near to this wayward girl as it seemed now, when she was the promised wife of another man, and tried most honestly to shut the memory of her old lover completely out of her mind. Never had he been so near to her. His graces of manner, his accomplishments, the light touch of his pointed fingers on the piano, the deep organ tone that he alone amongst amateurs could draw out of a flute, the free outlines of his pencil, the transparency of his water-color sketches, the graphic humor of his pen-and-ink caricatures; the airy wit, which never verged upon the borders of vulgarity; the fervid eloquence, which never degenerated into rant; the trenchant satire, which never sank to the vile level of personal spite; she thought of her discarded lover; and all the showy attributes that had won her girlish love arose before her in cruel contrast with the deficiencies of Francis Tredethlyn.

Yet all this time she was very kind to her betrothed husband. It was not in her to be scornfully indifferent to the man whom she regarded as her father's friend and benefactor. She was not a woman to sacrifice herself with an ill grace. The silent warfare went on within her breast. She struggled and suffered, but she had always the same kind, cold smile, the same gentle words for the man whom she had promised to marry.

And in the meantime the hands went steadily round upon all the clock dials, and the inevitable hour drew very near. Busy milliners and dressmakers, bootmakers and outfitters, came backwards and forwards from Wigmore street to the Cedars, and were busy and glad. Mr. Hillary's credit was unlimited, and it was almost as if a princess of the blood royal had been about to marry. Francis Tredethlyn bought the lease of a big, black-looking house in a new neighborhood near Hyde Park; and there were negotiations pending for the purchase of an estate within a few miles of Windsor.

August was melting into September. Already there were bright glimpses of red and yellow here and there among the sombre green of the woodlands. The wedding was to take place very early in October; the guests were bidden, the dresses of the bridesmaids were chosen, and in the still evening Iphigenia walked alone on the terrace. She was very seldom alone at this hour, but tonight her father had taken Francis Tredethlyn to a club dinner, given by a bachelor stockbroker of some eminence in Mr. Hillary's circle. To-night Maude was alone; and leaning upon the broad balustrade, with her elbow resting amongst the thick ivy that crept along the stone, she looked down at the still water—the dark, melancholy water—and thought of her past life.

It seemed so far away from her now, left so entirely behind, all that frivolous past. She seemed to have grown out of herself since the knowledge of her father's troubles had come upon her; and looking backwards she saw a careless and happy creature, who bore no relationship to this thoughtful woman, before whom all the future seemed a blank and dreary country, unillumined by one glimpse of sunshine.

She turned away from the water presently, and walked slowly up and down the long terrace. There seemed to be a melancholy influence in the evening stillness, the dusky shadow lying upon every object, the distant peal of bells floating across the river from some church where the ringers were practising; even the voices of passing boatmen and the low monotonous plash of oars took a pensive tone, in unison with the hour and Maude Hillary's sad, remorseful thoughts.

She was near the end of the terrace, close to that ivy-grown old summerhouse which had sheltered the patched and powdered beauties of King George II.'s Court, when she was startled by the sound of a chain grating against stonework, and rapid steps on the flight of stairs leading from the terrace to the river. The young men who came to the Cedars were very fond of making the journey by water, so there was nothing strange in the sound of a step on the river stair. Maude turned to meet the intruder with a sense of weariness and vexation. He would not be likely to stay long, whoever he was; but the prospect of even ten minutes' idle conventional discourse jarred upon her present frame of mind.

She turned to meet the unwelcome visitor with a languid sigh, and saw a man hurrying towards her in the twilight—a man in whose figure and dress there was a careless grace, an indefinable air of distinction, which, in Maude Hillary's eyes, stamped him as different from all the rest of the world.

He came hurrying towards her. In a moment he was close to her, holding out his arms, eager to take her to his breast. But she recoiled from him, deadly white, and with her hands extended, motioning him back.

"Don't touch me," she cried; "don't come near me. Ah, you don't know—you cannot have had my letter."

"What letter?" cried Mr. Lowther, staring almost fiercely at the shrinking girl. These sort of things so rapidly make themselves understood. Harcourt Lowther saw at once that something was wrong. "What letter?"

"My last; the letter in which I told you that —— Ah, how you will hate and despise me! But if you could know all, Harcourt, as you never can, you might excuse—you might forgive——"

A torrent of sobs broke the sentence.

"Oh, I think I understand," said Harcourt Lowther, very quietly. "You have thrown me over, Miss Hillary."

She held out her clasped hands towards him with an imploring gesture; and then, in broken sentences, in half-finished phrases, that were rendered incoherent by her sobs, she recapitulated something of her letter of explanation. Mr. Lowther's face had blanched before this, and his lower lip quivered now and then with a little spasmodic action, but he listened very quietly to all Maude had to say.

"I ought never to have expected anything else," he answered, when she had finished her piteous attempt to explain and justify her conduct without revealing her father's commercial secrets. "I don't know that I ever did expect anything else," he went on, very deliberately. "What has a penniless younger son to do among the children of Mammon? How can the earthen pot hope to sail down the stream with the big brazen vessels and escape wreck and ruin? Don't let there be any scene between us, Miss Hillary; I hate all domestic tragedy, and I think if my heart were breaking—and men's hearts have been known to break—I could take things quietly. You have grown tired of our long and apparently hopeless engagement, and you have promised to marry somebody else. It is all perfectly natural. May I know the name of my fortunate rival?"

"His name is Tredethlyn—Francis Tredethlyn."

"A Cornishman," added Harcourt Lowther—"a fellow who has lately come into a great fortune?"

"Yes. You know him then?"

"Intimately. I congratulate you on your choice, Miss Hillary. Francis Tredethlyn is a most excellent fellow. I have reason to speak well of him, for he was my servant for a year and a half out yonder in Van Diemen's Land."

"Your servant?"

"Yes. He was really the best of fellows; and in the art of brushing a coat or cleaning a pair of riding-boots positively unrivalled."

CHAPTER XXII.—TAKING IT QUIETLY.

"IF you could know all, Harcourt, as you never can, you might excuse—you might forgive——"

Harcourt Lowther, very quick of apprehension always, especially so where his own interests were concerned, had taken careful note of these broken sentences uttered by Maude Hillary, and, rowing Londonwards in the summer darkness, pondered on them long and deliberately, only arousing himself now and then from his sombre reverie, in order to express his profound contempt for some amateur waterman, who was just saved from a foul by the superior skill of the young officer.

What did it mean? That was the question which Mr. Lowther set himself to answer.

"It means something more than the caprice of a shallow-hearted jilt," he thought, as he rested on his oars and lighted his cigar. "How pale she grew at sight of me! That white, agonized look in her face was real despair. 'If I could know all,' she said. All what? There's a mystery somewhere. Maude Hillary is the last woman in the world to throw over a poor lover for the sake of a rich one. The sentimental girl, who was ready to keep her engagement with me at the sacrifice of her father's fortune, would scarcely marry a clownish rustic for the sake of his thirty thousand a-year. Besides, these heiresses, who have never known what it is to have a wish denied them, are the most romantic creatures in creation, and cherish sublimely absurd ideas upon the sordid dross question. No, I cannot think that Maude would be influenced by any mercenary considerations—and yet how else——"

The villas and villages on the river banks flitted past him like phantom habitations in the dim light. The flat shores of Battersea, the dingy roofs and chimneys of crowded Chelsea and manufacturing Lambeth, the bridges and barges, the low-lying prison, lurking, like some crouching beast, upon the swampy ground, shifted by as the oars dipped in the quiet water, while Harcourt Lowther's light wherry sped homeward with the tide. But all the length of his water journey he could find no satisfactory answer to that question about Maude Hillary; and when he relinquished his boat to its rightful owner at a certain landing-place in Westminster, he was still undecided as to the meaning of those broken phrases which had dropped from the lips of the merchant's daughter in the first moment of surprise and emotion.

"I dare say it is only the old story after all," he thought, as he walked towards the Strand, in the purlieus of which he had taken up his quarters. "Lionel Hillary, being as rich as Crœsus, is determined that no poor man shall profit by his daughter's fortune. Water runs to the river, and Maude's dowry will go to swell that old Cornish miser's savings. It's only my usual luck. I am engaged to a beautiful woman with a hundred thousand or so for a fortune, and I find a victorious rival in the man who cleans my boots."

But Mr. Lowther had not settled the question even yet. Lying awake and feverishly restless in his lodging in Norfolk street, Miss Hillary's pale face was still before him, the sound of her imploring tones was perpetually in his ear.

"'If I knew all, I might forgive—I might excuse!' There must have been some meaning in those words, some secret involved in them. Surely, if her father had forced this marriage upon her, after the manner of some tyrannical old parent in a stage play—surely, if that had been the case, she would have candidly told me the truth—she would have pleaded the best excuse a woman can have. There must be some secret reason for this marriage, and I must be a consummate fool if I fail in getting to the bottom of the mystery."

Mr. Lowther breakfasted early the next morning, and dressed himself with his accustomed neatness before going out. He had no body-servant now whom he could badger and worry when the world went ill with him, or that individual would most assuredly have paid the penalty of Miss Hillary's broken faith. Harcourt Lowther, the younger son, was too poor to keep or pay a valet. He had grown weary of waiting for promotion in the army, as he had sickened of hoping for advancement at the bar, and sold his commission. The world was all before him now, as it had been seven years ago, when he had first looked about him for a profession. The world was all before him, and his one chance of fortune, the possibility of a marriage with Maude Hillary, seemed entirely lost to him. It was scarcely strange if his spirits sank before the dismal blankness of the prospect which he contemplated that morning, as he loitered over his breakfast of London eggs and lodging-house toast and coffee.

He went out a little after twelve o'clock, hailed the first prowling Hansom he encountered in the Strand, and ordered the man to drive to a certain street in the city, sacred to the stockbroking and money-making interests. Here he alighted, dismissed the cab, turned into a narrow court, still more entirely sacred to stockbroking, and entered a little office, where there was a desk, two or three horsehair chairs, a great many bills hanging against the wall, all relating to the stockbroking interests, and a six foot screen of wooden panelling, dividing the small outer office from a larger inner office.

Mr. Lowther walked straight to this screen, and, standing on tiptoe, looked over into the second office.

A gentleman with sandy whiskers, a light overcoat, and a white hat, was standing at a desk, and jotting some pencil memoranda upon the margins of a file of documents, which he was turning over with a certain rapidity and precision of touch peculiar to a man of business.

"Can you spare a quarter of an hour of your valuable time from the calculation of last year's prices for the Fiji Island Grand Junction Stock, in order to devote it to the claims of friendship?" asked Mr. Lowther.

The clerks smiled as they looked up from their desks; and the gentleman in the white hat dropped his pencil and ran to a little wooden door in the partition, over which Harcourt Lowther's hat made itself visible.

"My dear Lowther," he exclaimed, presenting himself in the smaller office, and stretching out both his hands towards the intruder, "this is a surprise; I thought you were at the Antipodes."

"Yes, that's the way of the world," answered Mr. Lowther, rather peevishly; "a man is banished to some outlandish hole at the remotest end of the universe, *ergo*, he's never to return to the civilised half of the globe."

"But it seems only yesterday when—"

"And that's another cruel thing a man's friends say to him when he does turn up in the civilised hemisphere," interrupted Mr. Lowther. "'It seems only yesterday when you left us;' that is to say, life has been so pleasant and rapid for us, amidst all the gaieties and luxuries and successes of the most wonderful city of the world, that we are utterly unable to believe in the dreary months and years that you've had to drag out, poor devil, in your hole at the other side of the line. That's what a fellow's friends mean when they talk their confounded humbug about its only seeming yesterday."

Harcourt Lowther's city friend was not the most brilliant or original of men when you took him away from the stockbroking interests. He stared blankly during Mr. Lowther's discontented remarks upon the selfishness of mankind.

"Haw! that's good. Meant no offence by allusion to yesterday; only meant that I was jolly glad to see you, you know, and so on. But you see, a fellow turning up in the city when you've been given to understand that he's in Van Diemen's Land is rather a surprise, you know. Can I do anything for you? I'll tell you what, old fellow, I can put you up to a good thing in the Etruscan Loan—panic prices, nine per cent., and certain to turn up trumps in the long run."

Mr. Lowther smiled bitterly.

"Do you suppose I've any money to invest; or that if I had money, I'm the sort of man to sink the glorious principal for the sake of some miserable dribblings in the way of interest? No, my dear Wilderson, you can do me a good turn, but it's quite in another direction. Just step this way."

He had his hand upon the buttonhole of his friend's light overcoat, and led him to the door leading into the court. Here, safely out of the hearing of the clerks at work in the inner office, Mr. Lowther lowered his voice to a confidential tone.

"Wilderson," he said, "I think you know Lionel Hillary, the Australian merchant?"

"Hillary & Co.?" exclaimed Mr. Wilderson—"I should flatter myself I did."

"I want you to tell me all about him—how he stands—how he has stood for some time past; in short, all you know about him."

The stockbroker pulled his hay-colored whiskers thoughtfully, and shook his head.

"These sort of things are rather difficult to know," he said; "but a man may have his thoughts about 'em?"

"And what are your thoughts? Hang it, man, speak out. You talked just now of being ready to serve me. You can serve me in this matter, if you choose."

Mr. Wilderson shrugged his shoulders, and again pulled his whiskers in a reflective mood.

"Dear boy," he said presently, "come out into the court."

Evidently in Mr. Wilderson's mind the court was as some primeval forest, wherein no listener's ear could penetrate.

Out in the court the stockbroker hitched his arm through that of Harcourt Lowther, and began to discourse upon Lionel Hillary, or Hillary & Co., as Mr. Wilderson preferred to designate him. He said a great deal in a low, confidential voice, and Harcourt Lowther's lower jaw fell a little as he listened. One thing was made clear to the ex-officer, and that was, that Lionel Hillary's affairs had been hinted at by the knowing ones as rather shaky; that there had been even whispers of that awful word, "suspension;" but that, somehow or other, Hillary & Co. had contrived to right themselves; and that it was supposed by the aforesaid knowing ones that the Australian merchant had found a wealthy backer.

"There's fresh blood been let into his business, you may rely upon it, dear boy," said Mr. Wilderson. "I know that he was in a Queer Street last Christmas. Bills referred to drawer, and that sort of thing. The bankers were beginning to get shy of his paper. I held a little of it myself, and a deuced deal of trouble I had to plant it."

This and much more to hear did Harcourt Lowther seriously incline. Then he asked Mr. Wilderson to dine with him at a certain noted establishment in the Strand, and left the court, very grave of aspect, and slow of step.

"So my lovely Maude is not a millionaire's daughter after all," he thought. "And my friend Hillary has been dipping his capacious paw into Francis Tredethlyn's purse. I ought to have known that half these reputed rich men are as rotten as a pear. So this is the explanation of my simple Maude's heroics. Poor little girl, she has been the pretty fly with which that accomplished angler, Mr. Hillary, has whipped the stream for his big gudgeon! Any little card I may have arranged to play for myself has been very neatly taken out of my hands; and I find my friend provided with a needy father-in-law and an extravagant wife. However, I daresay there's some small part left for me to play; and perhaps the best thing I can do is to take it quietly.'

Harcourt Lowther's servant!

The man to whom Maude Hillary was now engaged had once been the valet of her discarded lover. This could scarcely be a pleasant thought to any young lady early imbued with all the ordinary prejudices of society. Miss Hillary was not a strong-minded woman; she could not console herself with a neat aphorism from Burns to the effect that "a man's a man for a' that;" and to her Harcourt Lowther's revelation seemed cruelly humiliating. She had heard of young women in her own position marrying grooms, or perhaps even footmen, for love, and she had shuddered at the very idea of their iniquity. But was it not quite as degrading to marry a valet for money as to elope with a groom for love?

"He blacked Harcourt's boots!" thought poor Maude; and it is impossible to describe the utter despair expressed in that brief sentence. She met her lover with a very pale face the next day, and seating himself in his accustomed place by her embroidery frame, Francis Tredethlyn saw that there was something wrong. Alas! poor Francis, he had already learned to watch every change upon that beautiful face; already, before the marriage vows had been spoken, all the miserable tortures of doubt had begun to prey upon his devoted heart. She had promised to marry him, but she had not promised to love him. He remembered that. She had given herself to him in payment of her father's debt. She had sacrificed herself in accordance with the loyal instincts of her noble nature. Francis, generous and loyal himself, could understand this, much better than it was understood by Lionel Hillary, for whose sake the sacrifice was made.

There were times when the young man reproached himself for his selfishness in accepting the supreme desire of his soul. Ought he not rather to have wrestled with himself and let this bright young creature go. But there were other times when Francis Tredethlyn suffered himself to be beguiled by delicious hopes. Had not true and honest love sometimes triumphed over circumstance? Might not the day come when Maude Hillary would be able to return his affection, to reward his patience?

"I can afford to be so patient," he thought, "for it will be such happiness to be her slave?' To-day, watching her pale face in pensive contemplation, Francis puzzled himself vainly to guess what was amiss with his promised wife. It was not only that she was paler than usual—and the brightness of her color had faded very much of late—but to-day there was a shade of coldness in her manner which was quite new to her affianced husband and which sent a chill to his heart, always ready to sink under some vague apprehension where Maude Hillary was concerned. We hold these supreme joys of life by so slender a thread, that half our delight in them is poisoned by the dread of their possible loss.

"Maude," he said by-and-bye, after a few commonplace phrases, and after he had watched her for some minutes in silence, "I am sure there is something amiss with you to-day. You are ill—you—"

"Oh no, not ill. Only a little worried!"

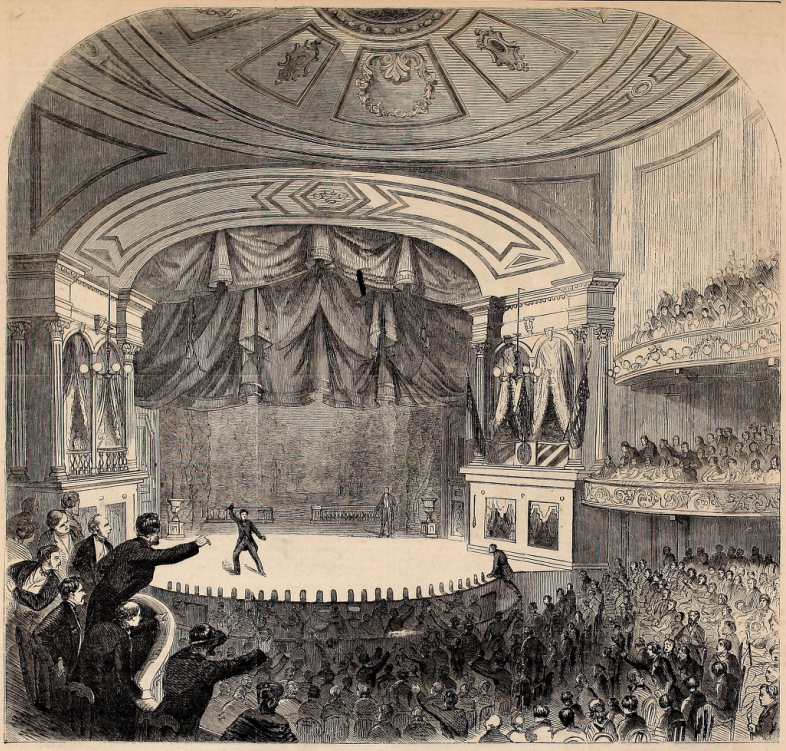
"Worried—but about what?"

"I heard something about you last night, Mr. Tredethlyn," said Miss Hillary—it was the first time she had called him Mr. Tredethlyn since their engagement—"something which you never told me yourself. Mr. Lowther—a—friend of papa's, who has just come home from Van Diemen's Land, told me—that you had been—"

"His servant! Yes, Maude, it is quite true. I was a soldier, and I was obliged to obey orders. I was ordered to attend upon Ensign Lowther, and I did my best to serve him well. When I enlisted in her Majesty's service I had all sorts of foolish fancies about fighting and glory, but they all dwindled down to the usual routine. No fighting, no glory, no desperate attacks upon Indian fortresses, no scaling walls to plant the British flag upon the enemies' ramparts; but any amount of drill and hard work, and a discontented fine gentleman to wait upon."

A flood of crimson rushed into Maude's face as Francis said this; but the young man's head was drooping over the embroidery frame, and he was trifling mechanically with the loose Berlin wool lying on Miss Hillary's canvas.

"I am afraid you think it a kind of degradation to you, that I should have been a servant, Maude—" he said presently.



MURDER OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN—THE ASSASSIN RETREATING ACROSS THE STAGE AND MR. STEWART CLIMBING UPON IT TO PURSUE HIM.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. BERGHAUS.

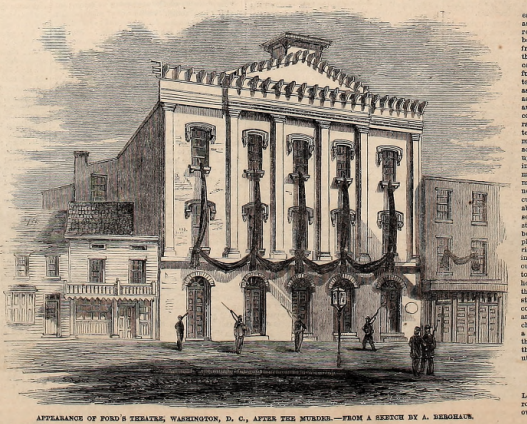
PEMMICAN.

In the narratives of Henry, Hearne, Carver, Ross and Parry, and in the North and Northwest, we read constantly of *Pemmican* as the principal article of food. Our readers will not be sorry to learn what this article was:

"Pemmican may be described as animal muscular fibre, either sun or kiln-dried, then ground to a powder and intimately mingled with animal fat. From a consideration of the nature of this material, it will be seen to comprise all the available elements of animal food: nitrogenous material for blood and flesh formation; adipose material for ministering to the respiratory function, and thus liberating animal heat.

"Baron Liebig, too, during the past seven or eight years, has been assiduously turning his profound chemical knowledge to account in a way that can hardly fail to make the South American animal food resources available, to an extent even greater than could be accomplished by any previously known mode of preparation. Some years ago the great German chemist published the fact that the most efficient means of extracting the nutriment from animal flure consisted in treating it with hydrochloric acid, and thus producing an essence.

"His first experiments were suggested through a domestic circumstance—an illness in his own family and the results were found so beneficial, so satisfactory in every way that the essence of meat has now been incorporated amongst the accredited medical agents of the Royal Bavarian pharmacopœia and, we believe, of certain other German pharmacopeias; though this is a point on which we cannot pronounce with certainty.



APPEARANCE OF FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON, D. C., AFTER THE MURDER.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. BERGHAUS.

"The nutritive power of this meat essence, according to French as well as German accounts which have reached us, is extraordinary. It may be that considerations of pleasure from eating would interpose a bar to the general employment of any concentrated meat essence, a teaspoonful of which possesses, according to testimony, as much nutritive virtue as a good beefsteak; but considered as an adjunct to military equipment and hospitals, the virtues of this new concentration are hardly to be overrated. A French military surgeon testifies that a single glassful of a mixture of this essence with wine, administered to a soldier wounded upon the field of battle, exercises an influence which may well be called magical; and when the point is remembered that solid viands could not be swallowed by one thus circumstanced, even were they procurable, the value of Liebig's meat essence may be readily inferred. We stated that the liquid in question has been introduced into the Bavarian pharmacopœia. It is sold in Bavarian apothecaries' shops at the seemingly high rate of two shillings the ounce, having been prepared hitherto in Germany, exclusively from home-bred cattle. Notwithstanding the high price of it, however, Liebig states that the Bavarians have discovered the economy of using it; and that they now constantly purchase it at the apothecaries' without a prescription, thus demonstrating that they obtain it in deference to their own convictions of its intrinsic utility.

THERE are 300,000 houses in London, England, which, if set in a row, would reach across France and over the Pyrenees.



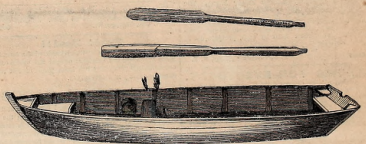
FEEDING THE NEEDY POPULACE OF CHARLESTON, S. C.—THE CROWD, AT NO. 5 HAYNE STREET, GETTING "FOOD TICKETS" AND SUPPLIES.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

RUINS OF THE SOUTH-SIDE RAILROAD DEPOT, PETERSBURG, VA.

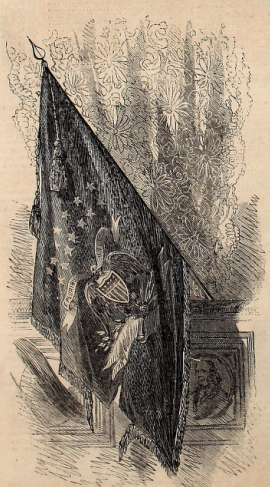
THE depot and other buildings fired by the rebels stood on the right bank of the Appomattox and faced the river. After our forces took possession the gauge of the road was narrowed so as to admit of the passage of our trains from City Point to Burkeville, at which latter point the army were there detained.

FEEDING THE NEEDY POPULACE AT CHARLESTON.

THERE is nothing that will mix a crowd so thoroughly as hunger. In Mr. Crane's Charleston sketch we see the memorable sable pastor and patriarch next to the somewhat seedy Southern belles. The hale "bummer" who has escaped the draft, or who deserting, has stolen to his home, shoulders away the crippled victim of a mad, civil war. The child of slavery puts in a plea by the side of the impoverished aristocrat. And all are equally and freely served by the benevolent power which no sooner



BOAT FOR WHICH BOOTH PAID $300, AND IN WHICH HE ESCAPED ACROSS THE POTOMAC. SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.



FLAG IN FRONT OF THE PRESIDENT'S BOX AT FORD'S THEATRE, WASHINGTON, TORN BY THE ASSASSIN AS HE LEAPED DOWN TO THE STAGE.—SKETCHED BY A BEHOLDER.



VIEW LOOKING DOWN THE SOUTH SIDE RAILROAD, PETERSBURG, VA., SHOWING THE RUINS OF THE DEPOT, AND TRAINS OF CARS FROM CITY POINT DELIVERING SUPPLIES FOR GRANT'S ARMY.—SKETCHED APRIL 25, BY JOSEPH BECKER.

enforces its authority in any misguided rebellion ...ity that it conceals the sword and clothes itself in the winning attributes of mercy.

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Fine Silverware; Elegant Vest, Curb, Neck, Fob and Chatelaine Chains; Patent Hinge and Oval Band Bracelets, Unique Sets of Ladies' Jewelry, Lockets, Charms, Heavy Seal Rings, Bronze Statues, Magic Brooches, Diamonds, Rubies, Emeralds, Pearls and Opals set in Pins, Rings, Charms, &c.; English Silver Cruet Stands, Butter Cooler, Dinner and Tea Services, Sewing Machines, &c., &c., valued at

$1,000,000!

Will be sold by

S. C. RICKARDS & CO.,

102 Nassau St., N. Y. (Established 1855.)

At ONE DOLLAR Each Article,

Without Selections, and no Articles to be paid for unless perfectly satisfactory.

The Catalogue embraces a large stock of valuable and useful articles—Rich and Costly Wares, eminently appropriate for Family use or presents, which will be disposed of on the following liberal terms: 1,000,000 CERTIFICATES, bearing upon their face the names of the articles as above enumerated, plainly printed with descriptions, and marked price, are each enclosed in plain envelopes, and sealed, undistinguishable one from another, MIXED and placed in a repository. The sealed envelopes containing Certificates marked with the name of the article, descriptions and marked price, it entitles the holder to, will be sent by mail to any address at 25 cents each; on receipt of the Certificates the purchaser ascertains the EXACT ARTICLE HE IS ENTITLED TO, which he can obtain upon the return of the Certificate and $1, to our office. When Certificates call for articles too large to be sent by mail, the full express charges must be forwarded, together with cost of boxing, &c.

One Certificate may obtain you a GOLD WATCH, Service of Silver Plate, or any other valuable article. THERE WILL BE NO BLANKS

PACKAGES OF CERTIFICATES

will be sent to CLUBS, SCHOOLS, AGENTS, &c., at the following rates:

One Certificate, sent to any address by mail, on receipt of		$ 25
6 Certificates		1 00
13	do	2 00
33	do	5 00
66	do	10 00
100	do	15 00

Postmasters, Agents, &c., will be allowed 10 cents commission on each Certificate, they collecting 25 cents each, and remitting 15 cents each to our office, providing not less than one dollar's worth is ordered at one time.

Ladies and Gentlemen wanted to act as Agents in every Regiment, Camp and Town through the Country.

Large orders for packages of Certificates or Articles from *Schools, Clubs,* the *Army,* &c., should be sent per Express. Drafts payable to our order, or *"Post-Office Money Orders,"* should be procured. All orders must be addressed to
S. C. RICKARDS & CO.,
Manufacturers of Jewelry,
Office, 102 Nassau St., N. Y.

Whiskers and Moustaches in 42 days, also Hair on Bald Heads in eight weeks. Address, with stamp, to Dr. C. BRIGGS, Drawer 6308, Chicago, Ill. 502-5

GOLD PENS retailing at Wholesale Prices. Pens, 50c. to $2; Pens, with Silver ext. Cases, $1 to $3. Pens repaired for 50c. Send stamp for circular. GEO. F. HAWKES, 64 Nassau street, N. Y. Also Fountain Pen. 500-3

Fun. Send your address to P. O. Drawer 6186, Chicago, Ill. Fun.

President Lincoln Mourning Badge. All should have one. Price 50 cents. Address UNION NEWS CO., Chicago, Ill. 502-5

Read! Read!!

The spirit of Nationality which has fired the American heart ever since the rebellion sought the overthrow of our country's prosperity has been productive of many changes—many new inventions.

THE UNION CARDS

have already revolutionized the card trade, and still the work is only commenced. So great has been the demand for these Cards that the Company has scarcely been able to supply one grade, without attempting the manufacture of other qualities. By the increased facilities which have been added, through great expense, they are now prepared to fill all orders on the day received, and the cordial co-operation of all who love the EAGLE, SHIELD, STARS and FLAG OF THE UNION is respectfully invited.

Of how much more significance are our National Emblems than the homely, meaningless characters used to designate the suits in the old style of cards. Kings, Queens and Jacks are played out! Clubs and Spades no more!!

COLONELS remove Kings; the GODDESS OF LIBERTY scorns Queens; and the MAJOR is *high* to any Jack in Christendom. In order to secure your interest in the general circulation of the UNION CARDS, the following prices have been established, at which you will be supplied:

2 Packs sent by mail, postpaid, for - $1 00
12 Packs sent by mail, postpaid, - $5 00

Address AMERICAN CARD COMPANY,
tf 14 Chambers street, N. Y.

5 cents.—"RICHMOND IS OURS!" and "IT'S ALL UP IN DIXIE!" two new and popular Songs, just out, mailed free for only FIVE CENTS. Address "BANNER," Hinsdale, N. H. 501-4

JEWELLERY! JEWELLERY!

$200,000 worth of

Watches, Chains and fine Jewellery, all to be sold for $1 each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1; then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any set of Jewellery on our list for $1, and in no case can they get less than a dollar's worth, as there are no blanks. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; 13 for $3; 35 for $6; 100 for 15. Great inducements offered those who act as agents. Catalogues, containing full list and particulars, sent with the Certificate. Address
FORWARDING AGENCY CO.,
58 Liberty street, New York City.

Royal Havana Lottery.

In Drawing of April 20, 1865,

No.	7905	drew	$100,000
No.	16649	"	50,000
No.	11814	"	25,000
No.	24418	"	10,000
No.	19381	"	5,000

Prizes paid in gold. Information furnished. Highest rates paid for Doubloons and all kinds of Gold and Silver.
TAYLOR & CO., Bankers,
16 Wall St., N. Y.

Dr. Talbot's Concentrated Medical PINEAPPLE CIDER

is a PREVENTIVE of SICKNESS. The experience that Dr. Talbot has had for the last Twenty-five years convinces him that it is time the public had an article offered that will prevent sickness. The article offered is Dr. Talbot's Medicated Pineapple Cider, designed for all classes, old and young. It is not new to the Doctor, but is entirely new to the public. One quart bottle will last a well person one year. This is rather a new mode of doctoring; nevertheless it will save millions from being sick. Is it not better to pay three dollars a year to keep from being sick, than to pay ten or twenty dollars in doctor's bills, and as much more for the loss of time and the inconvenience of being sick? To prevent sickness, use as follows: Add one teaspoonful of Medicated Pineapple Cider to a tumbler of cold water, and drink the first thing after you rise in the morning, and the same before you retire at night. It will increase the strength and give vigor and action to the system. A celebrated New York merchant, who has made a thorough trial of the Pineapple Cider, assures Dr. Talbot that he gained ten pounds of flesh in one month at the first trial. He continues its use as above directed, and finds it very beneficial; says it has proved an entire preventive to sickness in his case. Also, another well-known gentleman in New York has used the Medicated Cider constantly for ten years, and has not been sick one day during that time.

This wonderful Preparation will increase the strength, give vigor and action to the system, and regulate digestion. When taken internally, for pains of all kinds, Bilious Colic, Diarrhea, Diseases of the Throat, Pains in the Chest, Hoarseness, Coughs, Neuralgia, Rheumatic Pains, Dyspepsia, Acidity of the Stomach, etc., etc., its soothing and quieting effect on the system is most astonishing.

Dr. Wilcox, an eminent physician, employed it with great success in treating Fevers, Dyspepsia, Nervous Affections, Loss of Appetite, Weakness, Palpitation of the Heart, Chronic Diarrhea, Colic Dysentery, and Diseases of the Stomach and Bowels. It is also particularly recommended by physicians to delicate females, and as an excellent remedy for Enfeebled Digestion, Want of Appetite, Scrofula, Nephritic Affections, Rheumatism, etc., etc. It never fails to relieve Nervous Tremor, Wakefulness, Disturbed Sleep, etc. American ladies have used this article with great success to heighten their color and beauty. It imparts cheerfulness to the disposition and brilliancy to the complexion. To travellers especially it is of inestimable value, and should be provided as a medicine for every journey in which the water is likely to vary in quality and tendency. Persons residing in any part of the country may adopt it with the utmost confidence as a timely, efficacious remedy.

PRICES:
TEN DOLLAR FOR ONE GALLON.
THREE DOLLARS PER BOTTLE (FULL QUART).
TWO DOLLARS PER BOTTLE (FULL PINT).
ONE DOLLAR PER BOTTLE (FULL HALF-PINT.)

One quart bottle, two pint bottles, or four half-pint bottles sent free by express on receipt of price. For sale everywhere. One ounce sample bottle mailed free on receipt of 30 cents postage.
B. T. BABBITT, Sole Agent,
Nos. 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 72 and 74 Washington Street, New York.

Having donated $1,000 worth of my "N. Y. C." Soap to a former Fair at Chicago, I have now donated 6,000 sample bottles of the Pineapple Cider, to be sold at the Soldier's Fair, to be held at Chicago, May 30, 1865. Value of the above, $1,800. 502-7

To Beautify the Complexion use SANFORD'S WHITE LIQUID ENAMEL. The Enamel will remove the worst cases of Tan, Freckles, Pimples or Sunburn in from four to five days. It whitens the skin permanently, and imparts a freshness and transparency to the complexion which is perfectly natural, and without injury to the skin.
Sent, postpaid, for $1. Address
E. L. SANFORD,
503-6 Lansingburgh, N. Y.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.

250,000

Watches, Chains, Diamond Rings, &c.,

worth over

ONE MILLION DOLLARS!

All to be sold for $1 each, without regard to value. Not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive. During the month ending, March 31, 1865,

T. & H. GAUGHAN & CO.

have had the honor of distributing among their patrons *six hundred and ninety Gold and Silver Watches* at $1 each. Splendid list of articles, all to be sold for $1 each:

250	Solid Silver Dining Sets	$75 to	$300
500	Silver Salvers and Urns	50 to	250
500	Solid Silver Tea Sets, complete	50 to	300
150	Rosewood Musical Boxes, 32 airs	75 to	250
200	Mahogany Musical Boxes, 24 airs	60 to	200
250	Gold Hunting-Watches	75 to	250
250	Ladies' Enamelled Gold Watches	50 to	200
500	Gents' Hunting Silver Watches	35 to	100
500	Open-face Silver Watches	25 to	50
250	Diamond Rings	50 to	100
5,000	Photo. Albums, all sizes	5 to	50
2,000	Gold Vest and Neck Chains	15 to	30
3,000	Gold Oval Band Bracelets	5 to	10
5,000	Chased Gold Bracelets	6 to	12
2,000	Chatelaine and Guard Chains	5 to	20
7,000	Solitaire and Revolving Brooches	5 to	10
2,000	Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 to	10
5,000	Coral, Opal and Emerald Brooches	4 to	10
5,000	Mosaic and Jet and Lava Eardrops	4 to	10
7,500	Coral and Emerald Eardrops	3 to	8
5,000	California Diamond Pins	5 to	20
5,000	California Cluster Diamond Pins	3 to	10
3,000	Sets Solitaire Buttons and Studs	3 to	10
3,000	Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc	3 to	8
10,000	Lockets, double glass	3 to	5
5,000	Lockets for miniatures	5 to	10
3,000	Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc	3 to	8
5,000	Plain Gold Rings	4 to	10
5,000	Chased Gold Rings	4 to	10
10,000	Shield and Signet Rings	3 to	10
10,000	California and Diamond Rings	3 to	10
7,500	Sets Ladies' Jewellery, jet	5 to	10
5,000	Sets Ladies' Jewellery, coral	8 to	12
5,000	Sets Ladies' Jewellery, onyx	10 to	15
5,000	Sets Ladies' Jewellery, lava	12 to	20
2,500	Sets Ladies' Jewellery, mosaic	20 to	30
10,000	Gold Pens, with Silver Holders	5 to	10
5,000	Gold Pens, with Gold Holders	6 to	12
5,000	Gold Pens and Holders, superior	10 to	15
5,000	Silver Goblets and Drinking Cups	8 to	10
3,000	Silver Castors and Wine Holders	15 to	50
2,000	Silver Fruit and Cake Baskets	20 to	50

Messrs. T. & H. GAUGHAN & Co., No. 116 Broadway New York, extensive Manufacturers and Importers of all the leading and most fashionable styles of Watches and Jewellery, desiring to increase their business to an unlimited extent, have resolved upon a great Gift Distribution, subject to the regulations following: Certificates, naming each article and its value, are placed in sealed envelopes and well mixed. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail to any address, on receipts of 25 cents.

All articles sold at $1 each, without regard to value.

On receipt of the certificate you will see what you are going to have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any set of Jewellery on our list for $1, and in no case can they get less that $1's worth, as there are no blanks. The price of certificates is as follows: 1 for 25 cents; 5 for $1; 11 for $2; 30 for $5; 65 for $10; 100 for $15. Agents will be allowed 10 cents on every certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to $1. Agents will collect 25 cents for every certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps.
T. & H. GAUGHAN & CO, No. 116 Broadway, N. Y.

Whiskers and Moustaches in 42 days, also Hair on Bald Heads in eight weeks. Address, with stamp, to Dr. C. BRIGGS, Drawer 6308, Chicago, Ill. 502-5

$8 OFFICER'S WATCH. $10



Our Whole Stock of Imported Watches, being of rich and novel designs, durable and correct timekeepers, are now offered at reduced prices. Single Watches at Wholesale rates.

AN ELEGANT WATCH in Fine Gold Plated *Double Cases,* Richly Engraved, Turned Centre, Carved Balance Bridge, *English Full Plate Jewelled Movements,* adjusted Regulator, Spring Bolt, Spade Hands and Fine Enameled White Dial, *a serviceable article* in running order, with Key, Case, etc., complete, and a Gent's *Handsome Vest Chain* and beautiful MINIATURE GOLD LOCKET to match, with Double Cases, [illegible] Glass for *Two Likenesses.* Sent by mail to any part of the country for only $10.

A NEAT SILVER WATCH, especially adapted for Army use, in Heavy Double Cases, Small Size, *same as the above,* with Key, Case, etc., complete, and Gent's *Vest Chain, Engraved Double Case Locket, etc.* Sent by mail to any part of the U. S. for only $8.

The Imperial Watch,

OR BRITISH ARMY OFFICERS' TIMEKEEPER, containing a Rare and *Wonderful Combination of Mechanical Effects,* combining within its cases and attached to its machinery a beautiful and *correct working* THERMOMETER, an accurately adjusted *Mariner's Compass* in miniature, sunk in Dial, and a *Reliable Calendar,* indicating day of month, week, etc., in Case, rendering this Watch a perfect STORM, HEAT and TIME INDICATOR. The beautiful machinery of this valuable Watch is encased in *Finely Finished* DOUBLE HUNTING, *Magic Spring* 19 *Line Cases* (the outer cases being of fine 18 Carat *Gold,* inner cases of *Solid Gold Composite*), Richly Engraved top and bottom, with *Panel for Name,* Turned Neri, movable Pendant Bow, and Fancy Push Spring. *Genuine English Improved Jewelled Action,* M. J. Tobias *movements,* Polished Cap and Dome *Self-acting Click,* Equal Balance, Independent Actions, Fine White Dials, Polished Steel Cut Bands, and is an *Exact Imitation* of a $100 watch, and used by the ROYAL ENGINEERS and *Officers of* THE BRITISH ARMY. None Genuine unless bearing our private trade mark. Price per single one, all complete, with Case, Key, &c., sent anywhere by mail, $20.
CATELY BROTHERS, Sole Importers,
tf 102 Nassau St., N. Y. Established 1855.

Whiskers and Moustaches in 42 days, also Hair on Bald Heads in eight weeks. Address, with stamp, to Dr. C. BRIGGS, Drawer 6308, Chicago, Ill. 502-5

THE JAPANESE HAIR STAIN

Colors the Hair, Whiskers and Moustache a beautiful *black or brown.* It consists of only *one preparation.* Color will not fade or wash out. Only 50 cents a box. Mailed to any address for 75 cents, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth st., Phila., Pa. 498-510

GREAT PRIZE DISTRIBUTION

BY THE

NEW YORK GIFT ASSOCIATION,

599 BROADWAY, N. Y.

12	Elegant Rosewood Pianos, worth from	$250 to	$500
15	Melodeons, Rosewood Cases	125 to	225
150	Music Boxes	15 to	45
100	Silver Revolving Patent Castors	15 to	40
100	Silver Fruit and Cake Baskets	15 to	35
500	Sets Silver Tea and Table Spoons	15 to	30
100	Gold Hunting-case Watches	75 to	150
150	Diamond Rings	50 to	200
200	Gold Watches	60 to	100
300	Ladies' Gold Watches	60 to	85
500	Silver Watches	25 to	50

Diamond Pins, Gold Bracelets, Coral, Florentine Mosaic, Jet, Lava and Cameo Ladies' Sets, Gold Pens, with Gold and Silver Extension Holders, Sleeve Buttons, Sets of Studs, Neck Chains, Vest Chains, Plain and Chased Gold Rings, Gold Thimbles, Lockets, Silver Baskets and **FINE JEWELLERY** of of every description, of the best make and latest styles, valued at

$500,000!

To be Sold for One Dollar Each *without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you will receive.*

Distribution is made in the following manner:

CERTIFICATES, naming each Article and its value, are placed in SEALED ENVELOPES, which are well mixed. One of these Envelopes, containing the Certificate *or order* for some Article, worth at least One Dollar at retail, will be delivered at our office or sent by mail to any address, without regard to choice, on receipt of 25 cents. On receiving the Certificate the purchaser will see what Article it *draws,* and its value, which may be FROM ONE TO FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS, and can then send ONE DOLLAR and receive the Article named, or can choose *any other* one Article on our List of the same value.

☞ NO BLANKS.—Every purchaser gets value. Parties dealing with us may depend on having prompt returns, and the article drawn will be immediately sent to any address by return mail or express. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. Six Certificates for $1; thirteen for $2.

AGENTS WANTED. Send a stamp for a Circular. All letters should be addressed
T. BENTON & CO., Box 5567, P. O., New York.

President Lincoln Mourning Badge. Price 50 cents. All should have one. Address UNION NEWS CO., Chicago, Ill. 502-5

Wonderfully Strange!

Prof. HENRI LEVESQUE, who has astonished the scientific men of Paris and London, has now permanently located himself at Troy, N. Y. The professor, by aid of his wonderful instrument known as the Horoscopticon, guarantees to produce a life-like picture of the future husband or wife of the patron, together with the date of marriage, leading traits of character, occupation, etc. By stating age, height, complexion, color of eyes and hair, and inclosing 50 cents and stamped envelope, addressed to yourself, you will receive the picture by return mail. Address Prof. HENRI LEVESQUE, P. O. Box 177 Troy, N. Y. 503-6

$125 A MONTH! Agents wanted everywhere to introduce the improved *Shaw & Clark Family Sewing Machine,* the *only* low priced machine in the country, which *is licensed* by Grover & Baker, Wheeler & Wilson, Howe, Singer & Co., and Bachelder. *All* other machines now sold for less than forty dollars each are *infringements,* and the seller and user are *liable to fine and imprisonment.* Salary and expenses, or large commission allowed. Illustrated circulars sent *free.* Address SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine. 503-15

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.

THE GREATEST OPPORTUNITY EVER OFFERED TO SECURE GOOD JEWELLERY AT LOW PRICES.

100,000

WATCHES, CHAINS, SETS OF JEWELLERY, GOLD PENS, BRACELETS, LOCKETS, RINGS, GENTS' PINS, STUDS, BUTTONS, STUDS, &c.

Worth $500,000!

To be Sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you have seen and examined the article. Sent to any address C.O.D. subject to examination. Fill list and particulars, also terms to Agents, which are much in every household and Town in the Country.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
203 Broadway, New York.

Stereoscopic Views and Cartes de Visite.

Live subjects, from local stages for a limited time from $15 to $50 per day net profit. Send stamp for Circulars. Address F. O. DRIVER & Co., Troy, New York. 493-506

FREE READING!

Soldiers, Sailors, Marines, Everybody—send us your address. Will, in return, send you a large family newspaper, profusely illustrated, containing valuable reading. Sent Gratis.

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Courtship Made Easy. Love Making Explained. Letters, &c. $5,000 sold. 64 pp. Only 10 cents. Free by mail. Address HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H. 502-506

Whiskers and Moustaches in 42 days, also Hair on Bald Heads in eight weeks. Address, with stamp, to Dr. O. BRIGGS, Drawer 6306, Chicago, Ill.

MANHATTAN ARMS CO.,
Newark, N. J.—Our Colt Model Navy Pistol is of best material and wrought throughout. A strictly first-class article, and warranted one year. Best Pistol made for army officers, being 2 oz. lighter than any Pistol using Government cartridges. 476-519

12 kinds of Album Gem Pictures in 7 12 different styles, for 25 cents, or 100 for $1.00, by mail, postpaid, by
J. L. G. FERRIS, Nos. 27 and 29 Nassau St., N. Y.
490-502 Providence, R. I.

Golden Hair Curler,

That will Curl the most straight hair into Very Ringlets and will last an entire week. Price $1 each.
496-503 Address DR. FRANKLIN, Chilcoot, Ill.

For Every Loyal Breast.

LINCOLN MOURNING PINS in Gilver Plate; New Designs in Black and White Sashs. Perfect Pictures. By mail, 25c. or for $2.00 for 12. Also, Lincoln Pins for sale at the same rate for 60 days. Send your orders at once. Remember to send to SALISBURY BROS. & CO.,
Providence, R. I.
501-4

CARD PICTURES

Of all the distinguished Generals, such as *Gen. Grant, Phil Sheridan, Gen. Sherman, etc.* Send for a sample number. Price 25 cents per hundred, or $1 per dozen, to cover the half dozen. The cards are just the thing to carry in your Pocket Portfolio Albums. Any of the above cards will be sent by mail on receipt of price.

Address as ordered only to
C. L. BRIGGS, Publisher,
99 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

WHISKERS.

$1. For One Dollar I will send, sealed and postpaid, the "German Compound," highly perfumed, which will cause a luxuriant growth of hair upon the smoothest face in five weeks, or upon bald heads in eight weeks. Address, with stamp, for reply. If not the satisfaction given, or money refunded. Descriptive Circulars mailed free. **$1.**
499-511 E. L. SANFORD, Lansingburg, N. Y.

Whiskers and Moustaches in 42 days, also Hair on bald heads in eight weeks, with stamp, to Dr. O. BRIGGS, Drawer 6306, Chicago, Ill. 502-5

Whiskers! Moustaches !!—The celebrated HIMALAYA FLUID is warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in two weeks. An English chemist, who has no money to sell, has discovered, for 21 Stamps, Address Dr. H. DU FONTAINE, Albany, N. Y. 497-509

Photograph Cards for Gentlemen.—Sample and Catalogue sent for 20 cents. Send a envelope with your name and address.
M. P. HEMMETER, 69, Liberty St., N. Y.

J. Wilkes Booth Photograph. Price 25 cents. Address UNION NEWS CO., Chicago, Ill. 502-5

Cents, send address to PHIL ADAMS, Box 1108, Chicago, Ill.

Love and Matrimony.—Any lady or gentleman sending me an addressed envelope and stamp will receive full directions for gaining the affections of the opposite sex, and which will enable them to marry happily, irrespective of wealth, age or beauty. Address Mrs. MARIE LENOILLE, Harlem P. O., New York city.

3,000 COPIES SOLD.

La Decalcomanie.

A useful and profitable art, by which any person can clear from $5 to $10 per day. It requires no capital, and the materials cost but a trifle. A knowledge of this art is worth $100 to persons having leisure evenings. Full instructions, with materials, postpaid, for a satisfactory remittance of $1. M. GEORGE, Boston, Mass.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

GREAT SALE
OF
Watches, Chains, Diamond Rings, &c.
One Million Dollars!

To be Disposed of at One Dollar Each !

THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING BEEN APPOINTED BY PARTIES UNWILLING TO KNOW WHAT THEIR NAMES ARE TO RECEIVE Splendid List of Articles! All to be Sold for One Dollar!

		EACH.
500	Musical Boxes,	$10 to $100
1,000	Revolvers, with Bullet moulds, implements,	$20 " $30
500	Silver Hunting and Open Cases,	$10 " $20
1,000	Silver Watches,	$10 " $100
1,000	" Ice Pitchers,	$10 " $20
1,000	" Soup Cups and Ladles,	$10 " $20
2,000	" Goblets and Drinking Cups	$ " $9
2,000	" Castors,	$10 " $20
2,000	" Fruit, Card and Cake Baskets	$10 " $60
		PER DOZEN.
5,000	Dozen Silver Tea Spoons,	$12 " 20
10,000	" Table Forks and Dessert Spoons,	$17 " 40
250	Gents' Gold Hunting case Watches	$50 to $150
250	Ladies' Gold and Enamelled-case Watches,	$25 " 75
500	Gents' Hunting-case Silver Watches	$25 " 75
500	Diamond Rings,	$20 " 100
1,000	Gold Vest and Neck Chains,	$ " 30
2,000	" Gold Lead Pencils, with Seals,	$ " 10
1,000	Jet and Gold Bracelets,	$ " 10
1,000	Chameleon and Garnet Brooches,	$ " 10
1,000	Solitaire and Gold Brooches,	$ " 10
1,000	Coral, Opal and Diamond Brooches,	$ " 10
2,000	Mosaic, Jet, Lava and Florentine Brooches,	$ " 6
2,000	Coral, Opal & Emerald Ear Drops	$ " 6
1,000	Gold, Opal & Emerald Ear Drops	$ " 10
2,000	Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys,	$ " 10
2,000	Gold Pens and Pencil Cases,	$ " 10
1,000	Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons,	$ " 6
3,000	Sets Studs,	$ " 6
3,000	Mourning Brooches, Pencils, &c.,	$ " 6
500	Gold Watches,	$50 " 75
5,000	Mosaic, Coral and Lava Magic Springs,	$ " 10
5,000	Gold Toothpicks, Pencils and Keys,	$ " 6
5,000	Fairy Gold Rings,	$ " 10
5,000	Gold Pencil Cases,	$ " 10
10,000	Horse Shoe and Scarf Rings,	$ " 10
10,000	Gold Thimbles and Spectacles,	$ " 10
5,000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry, Pearl, Gold and Coral,	$ " 10
5,000	Sets Ladies' Jewelry, Cameo, Pearl, Coral and other stones,	$ " 15
10,000	Gold Pens, Silver Extension Holders,	$ " 10
10,000	Gold Pens and Gold Mounted Holders,	$ " 10
5,000	Gold Pens and Gold Extension Holders,	$ " 10
1,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Buckles,	$ " 10
2,000	" Gilt and Jet Slide Belts,	$ " 10
	Balls,	$ " 10

ARRANDALE & CO., Manufacturers' Agents,
No. 167 Broadway, New York.

Announce that all the above list of goods will be sold for *One Dollar* each.

In consequence of the great stimulation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, France and Germany, we have purchased, for cash, a large quantity of Valuable Jewellery, of every description, at less than half the usual prices, and will sell it for $1 in this country, and MUST BE SOLD AT ONE DOLLAR EACH.

Under these circumstances, ARRANDALE & CO., acting as agents for the manufacturers, have determined to open a *Great Gift Distribution*, subject to the following conditions:

CERTIFICATES of the various articles are first printed, and thoroughly mixed and sealed up in envelopes, and are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail to any address on receipt of $1.

On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you are to have, and then if it is not worth more than $3 in the dollar and to the article or not, Purchasers may then choose a GOLD WATCH, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewellery on our list for ONE DOLLAR.

Only 25 Cents for Certificates.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificate, to pay postage and cost of the business; from which must be enclosed when the Certificate is returned. Purchasers will be sent to all for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for 10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every locality, and will pay a liberal salary, and those parties such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate sold, provided the Certificate is returned to ascertain if One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents by every Certificate sent, and remit $1 certificate to each or postpaid Stamps.

ARRANDALE & CO.,
167 Broadway, New York.

What the "Press" say of Us.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, &c.—ARRANDALE & Co., at No. 167 Broadway, by whom we have received a list. Under Broadway. They have a list which are offered for $1 each. The distribution is very liberal, and parties who agree to take a certificate will receive a certificate, sealed in an envelope, and are forwarded by mail to any address on receipt of $1. Inclosed in the article, which will certainly be worth the money. Parties wishing to try their luck will find excellent means this of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Times, New York Saturday Press.*

MESSRS. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us, and to many of our friends, as honorable and reliable men in connection.—*New York Scottish American Journal, June 11, 1864.*

WE have received, at the office of Arrandale & Co.'s Agency for Exposition Manufactured Jewellery, a list of articles which are to be disposed of by the jewellery of the newest patterns we have seen, and the whole of these articles are to be sold for $1 each, that the whole of these newly imported articles are to be disposed of at once, and thereby introduce them to buyers, and thereby avoid the question to be a very respectable and honorable firm, and we can recommend our friends to send our friends to read their advertisement.—*New York Daily Times, June 11, 1864.*

BY Messrs. Arrandale & Co.'s arrangement, the advertisement is on the plan of the Art Union, and the list is appealing to gain, and nothing comparatively to lose. The articles are to be sold for $1 each, at the present hand, and he need not send it if he is not satisfied.—*New York Daily Times, June 11, 1864.*

EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and profitable employment for ladies is to act as advertisement of Arrandale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches, jewellery, &c. Many ladies in every part of the United States have received several sets of the jewellery advertised, and we are warranted in saying that, both in form and quality, the gifts exceeded our expectations. They turned out to be just what they had been represented.—*Irish Democrat (Londonderry), Aug. 31, 1864.*

The British Whig of Kingston, C. W., says, Nov. 26, 1864, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request himself issued 20 circulars, sent us prizes for her agency, to the office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them ten fold.

Madame Le Pierre's
ART OF PAINTING PHOTOGRAPHS
IN WATER COLORS,
Complete in one Volume, bound in cloth. Also a full set of

French Imported Colors,
in tin boxes, with powdered tints,
BRUSHES, &c.
AT PRICES ONE DOLLAR.
(Copyright secured.)

How beautiful how charming! to be able to color your own Photographs, without the assistance of a Professional Artist! Why not? Let your fortune be connected with works of your own genius.

Such is the fact. The work is now published, and public approbation gives flattering evidence of its success.

Only think what it is you can buy for $1 that will give you not only an interesting work, but a book which in our country possesses Madame Le Pierre's book and paints by one "perfect treasure."

To be able to color a photograph handsomely is certainly a most accomplishment, and therefore we are confined to a few. The object of Madame Le Pierre's treatise is to place within the power of everybody the means to Color Photographs both pleasing and satisfactory.

Parents, see that your children learn to paint. It is such a charming, healthy, artistic, instructive and refined accomplishment, and the method by which Madame Le Pierre simplifies the art is such that a child can understand it. It teaches how to color portraits, landscapes, flowers, fruits, fowers, etc. School Teachers can make money by acting as agents. Terms liberal to Canvassers and Agents.

Agents wanted everywhere throughout the country. Sample copies sent by mail postpaid. Agents are supplied with handsome sample pictures and cards, free, colored by Madame Le Pierre.

One copy of the Art, handsomely bound in cloth, a full set of Colors, Brushes, original portrait, and a set of brushes will be sent to any address, mailed free, on receipt of $1. Address, FOWLER & WELLS, No. 167 Broadway, New York City.

Whiskers and Moustaches in 42 days, also Hair on bald heads in eight weeks. Address, with stamp, to Dr. O. BRIGGS, Drawer 6306, Chicago, Ill. 502-5

Shultz's Curlique, for Curling the Hair. Price, by mail, $1. Warranted. Address
499-511 SHULTZ & SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

"How 'tis Done."—Whitens in 6 weeks. Gambling exposed. Fortune-telling. Ventriloquism. 100 other things. 100 pp. 25c. or 25 Cards. Address HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H. 503-506

Soldiers send Stamp for our Mammoth Catalogue. Address HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H. 505-506

The Great Money-Making Article.

Everybody wants it. Sells at sight. Agents make $10 a day. Sample, with particulars, sent free by mail, for 25 cts. Address E. H. MARTIN, Hinsdale, N. H. 503-506

Stereoscopic Pictures and Cartes de Visite of Prominent Actors, for Also, New Books and Sporting Articles. Send for Circular.
PIERRE BIBON, 36 Ann St., N. Y.

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Shultz's Ongent, warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in two weeks, or your purchase money paid for 6 cents. Address C. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y. 499-511

Fine Moustaches.—Moustaches 50 cents and $1; Licenses 50 cents and $1; Imperials 50 cents. Best, cheapest, most convenient and great Curiosities that ever one should have. Address
C. W. FIELD, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Whiskers and Moustaches produced in six weeks by HERRING'S ARTICLE. Address, with stamp, for injury to the skin. Price $1. Sent, post free, to any address on receipt of $1. Address
W. FEY, Drawer 40, Binghampton, N. Y.

Mourning Badges, Mourning Pins, &c., &c.

BADGES, Satin, 8 x 11, inscription

IN MEMORY OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN.
April 15th, 1865.

With neat PIN (with fine Portrait), the whole covered with Crape, Price, by mail, 50 cents; $2 per 100; Badges, without PIN, $1.50 per 100.

MOURNING BREAST PIN.—Fine Portrait of A. LINCOLN, in silver plate oval frame, with angle, flags, and inscription "*A Perfect Union*," and silk mourning ribbon attached. Price, by mail, 25 cents.

MOURNING PINS, 10 styles, from $10 to $25 per 100. Address
J. H. & CO.,
156 William street, New York.

Ladies' Department.

THE PATENT ELASTIQUE, for use on Corsets, Shoes, Gaiters, Corselet, Trousers, etc. They avoid the nuisance of long and unsightly Lacings and Buttons. Give them a trial. They are delivered post, useful and ornamental. Only 25 cents.
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PANORAMIZES arranged for the parlor, college, camp, or public exhibition. Complete explanations how to exhibit and simple theatres children could perform them. Sent by mail, postpaid, for 25 cents. Also, Comic Songs and popular ones, sent by mail, postpaid, for 25 cents. Address, as above, etc. Send stamp for Catalogue.
Agents wanted. Address, as above, Troy, N. Y.
J. WILKES BOOTH Prizes 25 cents each.

Young Man,

Would you expect a fee Rated or Merchantile? If so, then have it insured in the Legal Tender by the celebrated Dr. De Witt, of Paris. Warranted to prove a hearty growth of hair upon the smoothest face in six weeks or bald skin or injury to the skin. Send, postpaid, to any address on receipt of $1. Address R. S. GIBBS,
499-511 Cohoes, N. Y. P. O. Drawer, 959.

Matrimony.—Why every man should marry. Why every woman should marry. All may know. Read the Illustrated Marriage Guide and Model Lover. Address, by WM. FARR, M.D., 307 Sixth Avenue, sealed envelopes on receipt of 25c. Address 12 Waite Street, New York.

$70 A MONTH! I want Agents everywhere at $70 a month, expenses paid, to sell *Parlors Articles*, the best selling new article. Full particulars free. Address OTIS Y. CLARK, Bridgeport, Maine 499-513

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GOLD PENS.
PEN AND PENCIL CASES.

Also Manufacturers of BARD & WILSON'S Patent Arctic Gold Pens.
JAS. D. BARD, Agent, No. 22 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
Reporting Pens, 50 cents. Send for Circular and Price List.

Whiskers and Moustaches in 42 days, also Hair on bald heads in eight weeks. Address, with stamp, to Dr. O. BRIGGS, Drawer 6306, Chicago, Ill. 502-5

Six Dollars from Fifty Cents.

Agents, come and examine Invention, or Samples sent free by mail for 50 cents. Retails for readily. R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, New York. 473-524

THE CELEBRATED
SWISS ODARS, Manufactured by VAUTIER, FILLEUL, GRANGE, Switzerland. Solasse Flue, Figaro, Virginia. J. MARC MARTIN, Sole Importer for the United States, No. 303 Pearl Street, N. Y. 494-506

Harn Spreys Homeopathic Specifics for the People

A SPECIFIC for each disease, in force, for 25 cents or $1 per box. No. 8, Sanitual Emulsion and Involuntary Discharges. No. 10, Nervous Debility and Seminal Weakness, and for sale by all principal medicine dealers. HUMPHREYS' Homeopathic Medicine Office and Depot, 562 Broadway, New York.

Do You Want Luxuriant Whiskers or Moustaches?

MY ONGENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks upon the smoothest face without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address on receipt of price. Address
D. C. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau St., N. Y.

Do you want to Win at Square Cards?

My French Card Marker can be used with common cards, and the face of the cards can be seen by the dealer. This will enable you to know what your opponent holds in his hand. This will cause you to win any game. Will be sent to any address, by mail, on Rouf, Poker, Euchre, &c. Sent by mail, post free, to any address on receipt of $1. Address
C. L. BRIGGS, Importer,
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Chewing, Smoking and Snuffing Tobacco USED AND PREFERRED. Can be sent by mail for 80 cents, five for $3, or
S. F. SCOTT & SON,
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The Brazilian Hair Cure. One application warranted to curl the most straight, stubborn hair into wavy ringlets. Sent by express, or mail, postpaid, on receipt of $1. Address
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496-503

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ADVANTAGE OR MARKED CARDS.

Forty different kinds at $1.40 by mail; $12.00 per dozen by express. French cards (seven) $1.40; by mail $10 per dozen. Also Dealing Boxes, Cutting Sheets, Dice, Snaps, Chips, Rings, Pins, and all other
FORWARDING AGENCY.
82 Liberty street, New York.

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Anybody can make $10 to $15 per day selling our Writing Fluid and Pencils. Sample sent for 25 cents, or Catalogues from that sell for $1 to $5 each. Address C. F. BRADLEY & CO.,
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Agents Wanted everywhere, to sell the best and cheapest Family Knitting Machine ever tested and in use. For circulars, address (with stamp) J. W. SEIFERT, Sr., Reading, Pennsylvania.

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to be sold for $95,000, and valued at over $1,900,000, each article being worth from $2 to $100, and to be sold for $1 each.

We shall place Certificates, stating what each article is worth, in envelopes, sealing up, and send the first one drawn to any address, on receipt of $1. Five certificates will be sent for $3, thus sending the Certificate with 20 cents saved.

Sealed Certificates we shall send for 20 cents; 6 for $1; 13 for $2; 32 for $5; 70 for $10. Agents wanted in every town in the United States and Canada. Address
J. T. TOWLE & CO.,
497-509 25 John street, New York.

President Lincoln Mourning Badge. Price 10 cents. All should have one. Address UNION NEWS CO., Chicago, Ill. 502-5

J. Wilkes Booth Photograph. Price 25 cents. Address UNION NEWS CO., Chicago, Ill. 502-5

Badges.—All kinds of Army and Navy Badges on hand. A Gold Coin Silver Badge, with your name, company and regiment engraved thereon, sent on receipt of $1.50; or a Rosewood Gold Enameled Coin Badge, for either corps or division, sent for $3. Send for illustrated circular. J. W. NAESMITH & CO., 222 Hudson Street, New York. 502-513

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GOLDEN O'DOR

Will force a Beautiful Set of Whiskers or Mustache on the Smoothest face from five to eight weeks, whether on stout or lnjury to the skin, or Hair on Bald Heads in eight weeks (are no Humbugs). A reason! RECOMMENDATIONS most every day from persons that have used it and found it genuine. Testimonials of three sends. I will send Dr. Briggs's Golden O'Dor by mail, sealed and postpaid for $1.25. ☞ WARRANTED. Send orders to

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Will cure the Itch in 48 hours—also cures Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Chilblains, and all Eruptions of the Skin. Price 50 cents; by sending 60 cts. to Weeks & Potter, Boston, Mass., will be forwarded free by mail. For sale by all Druggists. 497-520o

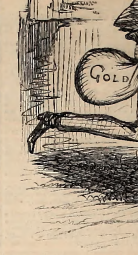
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GOLD PENS!

The Johnson Pen is acknowledged by all who have used them to be the best pen for the least money of any in use. They are made of 14 karats Fine Gold and warranted for one year (written guarantee when required). Pens in Gold Silver Extension Cases, $1 75; Ebony Slide Holders, $1 75; Rubber Reverse Holders, $1 50; Tortoise Extension Cases, $2 50; Duplex Silver Cases, $1; Ebony Holders and Rubber Reverse Rests, $1 50; Pens replaceable, cents each. Pens sent by mail, postage paid. Send for Circular.

E. S. JOHNSON, Manufactory and Office,
495-520o 15 Maiden Lane, N. Y.





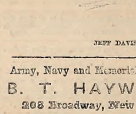
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JUST DAUB MAKING TRACES FOR THE LAST DITCH.

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B. T. HAYWARD,

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I have now THE REGULATION BADGE for every Corps and Division in the Army and Navy; also Artillery, Cavalry, Engineer, Pontoneer and Miscellaneous Pins.

AGENTS WANTED. Now's your time. Every officer and soldier in the army will want a Badge of his favorite Corps. I will send a sample Cross Silver Coin with your name, regiment and company handsomely engraved thereon, on the receipt of $1 50 (except the 15th Corps, which is $3). I will send a genuine 10 carat Gold Ring for either Division or Corps on the receipt of $1 or 2 two sizes.

The NEW MEMORIAL MEDAL of our late President, with his true Likeness on one side, and on the opposite the Date of his Birth, First and Second Inauguration, and of his Death. I will send on the receipt of 50 cents. There is no person in the Union who will not want one of these as a keepsake.

I will also send THE RICHMOND MEDAL, given by Date of its Capture and a true likeness of General Grant, suspended by the American Eagle, on receipt of 50 cents.

Gold Badges of every description made to order. With each order I will send my wholesale illustrated circular to Agents.

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THE BOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magifying 500 times, mailed to any address for 50 cts. Terms of different powers for $1. Address P. B. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass. 0000

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Warerooms, No. 71 & 73 East 14th St.,

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SOLDIERS, FARMERS, MECHANICS AND EVERYBODY throughout the Country, will receive by mail a *Two-Cent Advertising Newspaper*, ready, by sending their address to Editors *Army and Home Journal*, 40 Canal Street, New York. 4to



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Catalogue of Varieties, Notices of Press, Analysis of Surgeon-General, etc., etc., mailed upon receipt of two cent stamp. PERKINS, STERRY & CO.,

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WATCHES AND JEWELLERY,

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$1,000,000 WORTH!!

To be disposed of at ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive.

100 Gold Hunting-Case Watches - each $125
100 Gold Watches, various styles - each 75
200 Ladies' Gold Watches - each 50
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10,000 Gold and Silver Cases - each 5 to 15

A large assortment of Jewellery of every description, for Ladies' and Gents' wear, varying in value from $1 to $2 each.

The method of disposing of these goods at ONE DOLLAR each is as follows:

Certificates, naming each article and its value, are placed in sealed envelopes and well mixed. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail to any address on receipt of 25 cents.

On receipt of the Certificate you will see what you are going to have, and then if any option to send the dollar and take the article. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any set of Jewellery on our list for ONE DOLLAR, and in no case can they get less than One Dollar's worth, as there are no blanks. The Price of Certificates is as follows: 1 for 25 cents; 5 for $1; 11 for $2; 30 (with premium for choice) for $5; 65 (with premium) for $10; 150 (with a premium—Silver Watch) for $15.

The distribution is conducted fairly, and all have an equal chance of obtaining the valuable prizes by purchasing the certificates.

We guarantee entire satisfaction in all cases.

Agents wanted, to whom we offer special terms and premiums. Send 25 cents for one certificate and our circular, with terms. Address

A. H. ROWEN & CO.,
P. O. Box 4270, New York.

Langenheim's Improved Magic Lantern Pictures.

Stereoptican and Dissolving Views, artistically colored. Superior Lanterns and complete apparatus, etc., etc. For catalogue and information apply to W. LANGENHEIM, P. O. Box 1979, Philadelphia, Pa. 509-3o

Vineland Lands.

Large and thriving settlements, mild and healthful climate, 30 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, which produces large crops, which can now be seen growing. Ten, twenty and fifty acre tracts at from $25 to $35 per acre, payable within four years. Good business openings for manufacturers and others. Churches, schools and good society. It is now the most improving place East of West. Healthier are settling and building. The beauty with which the place is laid out is unsurpassed. Letters answered. Prices giving full information will be sent free. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Cumberland County, New Jersey.

From Report of Solon Robinson, Agriculturist, Editor of the Tribune:

"It is one of the most promising Fruit Farms, in every respect, position and suitable condition for pleasant farming, that we know of this side of the Western prairies."

To all wanting Farms.

$7 ARMY WATCH. $10

A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVED GOLD-PLATED WATCH, Double Case, Lever Cap, Small Size, White Enamelled Dial, Cut Hands, "*English Movements*," and Correct Timekeeper, with an accurate "*Miniature Calendar*," indicating the *Day of the Week, Month, &c.*, in back case. A single one sent free, by mail, to any part of the country, in neat case, with Certificate, for $10 only.

A neat SILVER WATCH, same as above, with the Miniature Calendar, &c., strongly adapted to the Army, sent free by mail, to any part of the country, for $7 only.

English and American LEVERS from $12 up. Good Watches of all descriptions.

Address CHAS. P. ROBTON & CO., Sole Importers,
o 38 and 40 Ann Street, N. Y.

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MANUFACTURERS OF

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BALTIMORE, MD.



Certificates of Excellence from Thalberg, Gottschalk, Strakosch, Setter, and other leading artists. Every instrument warranted for five years.

Price lists promptly sent on application. WM. KNABE & CO.,

A full assortment of the above celebrated Instruments to rent at J. DADER & CO.'S Warerooms,
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FRAGRANT SOZODONT

For Hardening & Invigorating the Gums.

Cleansing, Beautifying and Preserving the Teeth, Purifying and Sweetening the Breath. Each article convenient, efficacious and beneficial article for the Teeth ever offered for sale.

Sold by Druggists and Fancy Goods dealers everywhere. 509o

HALL & RUCKEL, Proprietors,
218 Greenwich St., N. Y.

ARCANA WATCH.

An Elegant Novelty in Watches.

The cases of this watch are an entirely new invention, composed of six different metals combined, rolled together and planished, producing a color resembling 18 carat gold, called Arcana, which will always keep its color. They are made perfectly watertight, and are sold, and are afforded at one-eighth the cost. The case is beautifully designed, with Hand and Hand for music, with Patent Push Pin, and engraved in the exact style of the celebrated Gold Hunting Lever, and are really handsome and desirable, and no exact an imitation of gold, as to defy detection. The movement is manufactured by the well-known St. Imier Watch Company of Europe, and are superbly finished, having compensated jewels, finery carved bridges, adjustive regulator, with gold balance, and the improved ruby jewelled action, with fine dial and skeleton hands, and is warranted a good timekeeper. These watches are of three different sizes, the smallest being for ladies, and are all Hunting Cases. A case of six will be sent by mail or Express for $125. A single one sent in an elegant Morocco Case for $25, will be sent by mail for $30, or C. O. D. We are the sole agents for this watch in the United States, and none are genuine which do not bear our Trade Mark.

Address DEVAUGH & CO., Importers.
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The energies of that important organ the Liver may be effectually restored, when in a sluggish state, by using Dr. Tobias's safe and effectual Remedy, by the use of TARRANT'S SELTZER APERIENT. It is also most wonderful remedy for Sick Headache, when taken with each bottle. For sale by all Druggists. o

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MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR

This invaluable Salve is a certain cure for PILES, COLDS, CORNS, BURNS, SCALDS and RHEUMATISM. Relief from Pain in Five Minutes. No one should be without it. Seven doctor's bills. 25 cents a box. Sent free by mail on receipt of 27 cents. Depot, 4 Dalley Street, N. Y. 497-509o

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Will Boil, Broil, Roast, Toast, Bake, Stew, Fry, Heat Irons, etc., etc.

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O'DOR'! O'DOR'!

DR. BRIGGS'S

GOLDEN O'DOR

Will force a Beautiful Set of Whiskers or Mustache on the Smoothest face from five to eight weeks, whether on stout or injury to the skin, or Hair on Bald Heads in eight weeks (are no Humbugs). A reason! RECOMMENDATIONS most every day from persons that have used it and found it genuine. Testimonials of three sends. I will send Dr. Briggs's Golden O'Dor by mail, sealed and postpaid for $1 25. ☞ WARRANTED. Send orders to

P.O. BRIGGS, Drawer 6968, Chicago, Ill.

460-520o

CALENBERG & VAUPEL'S

PIANOFORTES.

69 & 161 Elm Street, Second Block West of Broadway. Warranted Six Years.

493-506o

ITCH. ITCH. SCRATCH. SCRATCH.

WHEATON'S OINTMENT

Will cure the Itch in 48 hours—also cures Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Chilblains, and all Eruptions of the Skin. Price 50 cents; by sending 60 cts. to Weeks & Potter, Boston, Mass., will be forwarded free by mail. For sale by all Druggists. 497-520o

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1865, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 504—Vol. XX.] NEW YORK, MAY 27, 1865. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1 00.

Failure of the Conspiracy against Republicanism.

THE Spaniards, after an ineffectual struggle of four years, during which they expended many thousands of lives and millions of money, have been compelled to evacuate Santo Domingo. The last of their forces left the island on the 30th of March, a Provisional Republican Government having meantime been organised. So ends the first attempt to reduce the American Republics again under European rule. So end the hopes inspired by the outbreak of our great civil war, which it was supposed and believed would break up the whole Republican System on this continent, and leave all the American States an easy prey to European cupidity and rapacity. There is something like poetical justice in the fact that it was the weakest of all the republics assailed that was first to repel the attack. The Dominican Republic has an area of only about 18,000 square miles, and had a population little, if any, exceeding 150,000 inhabitants, mostly negroes and mulattos. Yet this handful, animated by an unconquerable spirit of independence, have not only been able to resist the whole power of Spain, but to drive Spanish authority from the island, even after it had been fully installed there through the treason of Santana and his accomplices. As observed by a daily contemporary: "For the future of the American continent and its position among the civilized nations of the world, the issue of the Dominican war of independence can have no consequences like those which will follow the restoration of the Union of these States. Still the triumph of the Dominicans will be hailed with cordial sympathy in this country. It is the most mortifying rebuke which has yet been administered to the European schemes of conquest on this continent, and both here and in Europe it will be regarded as foreshadowing the final issue of all similar attempts."

Simultaneously with the news from Santo Domingo, we get advices of the death of the tyrant of Central America, the ignorant and brutal Carrera, of Guatemala, the soul of the reactionary faction of that country, and the instrument relied on by the French to bring Central America within the fanciful Mexican Empire. His death will ensure a speedy revindication of the Liberal party in Central America, which Carrera only kept down through his influence with the ignorant and bigotted Indians, of whom he was a fair type, and with



LEWIS PAYNE, THE ASSASSIN OF MR. SEWARD, AWAITING HIS TRIAL IN THE PENITENTIARY AT WASHINGTON, GUARDED BY A SENTRY OF THE 2D RESERVE CORPS.—SKETCHED BY A CORRESPONDENT.

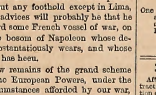
whom no other men ever had or can have equal power. His death will be a mortal blow to the schemes of the France-Austrians in Mexico, and will probably speedily result in the restoration of its really liberal and enlightened Barrios of San Salvador, to the Presidency of that thrifty little State, whence he was driven by the armed interference of Carrera, aided by local traitors and the emissaries of the plot for the Incorporation of Central America with Mexico. A similar reaction will take place in Honduras, which Carrera, through threats of invasion, had obtained in succession, if not real acquiescence to his plans and policy.

Owing to the imbecility of the late Government of Peru, Spain was enabled to retire from her ostentatious attempts on that country, with some show of dignity, instead of being driven out humiliated and disgraced, as she might have been, had that Government reflected the temper and spirit of the people. We say the *late* Government of Peru, inasmuch as the indignation of the people against the base surrender of their rights and honor by the wretched Perez, President through the death of Gen. San Roman, has led to a revolution so unanimous as to be bloodless. Latest accounts represent Perez and his band of cowards and deserters without any foothold except in Lima, and our next advices will probably be that he has fled aboard some French vessel of war, or his way to the bosom of Napoleon whose declarations he ostentatiously wears, and whose abject tool he has been.

Nothing now remains of the grand scheme devised by the European Powers, under the favorable circumstances afforded by our war, for the subversion of Republicanism and the partition of America, except the sickly offspring of their Unholy Alliance in Mexico. That feeble offshoot of imperialism only requires to be severed left alone by the United States in its national capacity. Maximilian, we know, is recruiting in Belgium and Austria, and has hired a Marshal or two and a number of soldiers in France, to sustain his usurpations. The legitimists Government of the country, it is said, proposes to do something of the sort elsewhere, if anything has an equal right to do. We will not have to wait long for the result.

PROSPECTUS

OF THE



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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, MAY 27, 1865.

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Emigration to Mexico.

The French paper in this city, which has not only read but abused the license that its thoughtlessness has accorded it during the four cruel years just closed, to misrepresent, belittle, and malign this country, is now in sore travail about what it calls the revival of "filibustering." An elementary paper in Paris conducted as this French concern has been conducted here, under reversed circumstances, would not only be suppressed and suppressed, but its publishers and editors would have been exemplarily punished. The American nation did its authorities, however, have had more confidence in their ability than to resort to gaolbirding or even shutting up a gang of garliceaters, who, while they revolved among the small and none too fragrant cook shops of the city, really imagined they were doing something to form if not control public opinion. That they have done their best in the cause of falsehood and detraction, both to help the South and serve the perjurer who keeps his iron bed on the meek necks of their countrymen at home, is not to be doubted; if they will not do it for the love of the thing they are not wanting nor the will. Tools more abject and unscrupulous could not be found, and we hope they will soon be able to vegetate in the coulisses of the theatres, that little red ribbon in the button-hole, which in France is awarded to whoever has wit enough to escape being run over by a omnibus or a cabriolet.

We said this French organ is distressed about the "revival of filibusterism," and it is therefore the interposition of the national morality against what it denounces the "shameful and sinister designs" on Mexico. It appears that President Juarrez, of our sister Republic, is engaged in a severe struggle with a mongrel herd of Frenchmen, Belgians and Austrians, who have been trying for some time to deprive him of power, and to supplant him by an adventurer, one Max. Hapsburg, but they have not yet been wholly successful. Mr. Juarrez is still in the field, and is trying with patriotic energy to drive out the adventurers aforesaid. And, it is said, although there is no public authority for the statement, that he proposes to do this in part by inviting to Mexico such emigrants as may be supposed to sympathies with him in this laudable purpose. To them it is also said that he offers a little money and much land, and it is presumable that a considerable number of people here and in Europe may find it equally convenient to sell their interests and feelings to go. We know of nothing to prevent them. Their right is as indisputable to go, as was that which has brought over to this country four hundred thousand men and women from Ireland and Germany, during the past year. If any of them chose to join the Mexican army it is their own affair. Were we to credit the statements of this French paper and its mendacious contemporaries of European origin, we should be compelled to believe that the Republican Government was mostly made up of men who came here under precisely such circumstances as it is alleged that men, these very men included, are now going to Mexico.

President Juarrez may come here and buy arms if he likes precisely as the rebels bought arms in every country of Europe. Mr. Max. Hapsburg may do the same. If he has where withal to pay for them, he will get them. We have a large supply, not now necessary for use, and we may add, to say that we will not be sorry if President Juarrez can buy them and use them successfully in driving out the French, Austrian and Belgian filibustere who have been trying to make the Government of which he is the lawful head.

The United States knows but one authority in Europe, and that is not Mr. Max Hapsburg. We know, and the Senate of the United States has declared that it knows no Empire of Mexico, but only the Republic of Mexico; a Republic whose people have sympathies and attractics, and whose officers are recognised in our capitol and in our ports. The foreign adventurers in that country are unknown to us, except in their character of filibusters. We do not even concede to them the cheap distinction of "belligerents." We have no quarrel with France, and we should like to understand a little more about the "Stonewall," and the aid and comfort extended to it in French ports; with Austria we have no cause of difference, and as for Belgium, the efforts of its imbecile old king to make his daughter, Mrs. Hapsburg, an Empress, are simply ridiculous, and we know they receive no sympathy from the people of Belgium, who are obliged, under the continental system, to accept the dotard Leopold as King. If France, or Austria, or Belgium, or all the three together desire a quarrel with us, they can be obliged with one on the shortest notice; but no threats or theirs can make the Government of the United States recede from its distinct position as the friend of the Republic of Mexico. Nor can they influence President Johnson to interfere with the privilege which is asserted, and the right which must be included, that of expatriation. If any of our people disbanded volunteers, North or South, decide to emigrate to Mexico, they can go there without violating any individual obligation of their own towards this country, and without affording any cause of complaint on the part of other nations of the earth. We have the right to ask whether they intend to attach themselves to the fortunes of Maximilian or Juarez; but we cannot prevent them if they do either the one thing or the other, they have undoubtedly to have a claim upon the United States for protection as American citizens. We think it probable that they will not rather incline towards Juarrez. We should have a very low opinion of their sense and foresight if they did not. Mounting our Gallic counterpocay had long and none too fragrant cook shops of the city, really imagined they were doing something to form if not control public opinion. That they have done their best in the cause of falsehood and detraction, both to help the South and serve the perjurer who keeps his iron bed on the meek necks of their countrymen at home, is not to be doubted; if they will not do it for the love of the thing they are not wanting nor the will. Tools more abject and unscrupulous could not be found, and we hope they will soon be able to vegetate in the coulisses of the theatres, that little red ribbon in the button-hole, which in France is awarded to whoever has wit enough to escape being run over by a omnibus or a cabriolet.

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An Inglorious End.

On the morning of the 10th of May, in a small patch of woods near Irwinville, Ga., about 75 miles south-east from Macon, and towards the confines of Florida, the fugitive rebel, Jeff. Davis, disguised in one of his wife's gowns, was captured by Lieut.-Col. Pritchard of the 4th Michigan cavalry. Hearing of the arrival of the Union forces in the neighborhood, it appears that he hastily put on female apparel, and ran for the woods. At first our men thought it was a woman, but the boots betrayed him, and, after brandishing a dagger, he surrendered. Reagan, the rebel postmaster, and several of his staff, were also captured at the same time.

The last rebel army to the eastward of the Mississippi river, that under Gen. Taylor, has surrendered to Gen. Canby. Every rebel capital, with the exception that of Texas, is now in possession of the national troops and under the government of military officers, who retain around them just enough troops to preserve order, achieve the national authority, and punish strolling bands of robbers and individual guerrillas. Our victorious armies themselves are on their homeward march. That of the south-west, under Sherman, is moving slowly and easily northward, and will soon report itself in Washington, having traversed triumphantly every Southern State east of the Mississippi, except Florida. Our public conveyances are crowded with soldiers, hearing their evidences of honorable discharge, bastening to their homes and to the pursuits of peace. The arsenals and manufactuers of arms, and the dockyards are relatively quiet, while economy and reduction of expenditures is the order of the day in every department of the Government. The recruiting booths have disappeared from the Park, and the long and sinister building in which the commissaries of the draft made out their lists for the conscription, is rapidly coming to decay. We never let us hope, to be used again. The plow is breaking up the hard trodden ground of the field of Gettysburg, Malvern hand under the feet of how many thousands of our brave soldiers —and it will soon be clothed once more in its accustomed garniture of corn. The rebellion is a impressing itself on every mind, and making itself felt in the mart and by the fireside. The men who fought it in the battle line, and the lands themselves disagreeably on the public attention are those arising from the presence of the Fraser-Trenholm agent, "Beverley," in the Confederate port of Nassau, and from the fact that the sole other pirate craft, the "Shenandoah," pirated and remained in Melbourne, after the news expected on our Pacific coast. They may still do some mischief; but it is something to know that if they do, the loss of our officers and crew will as certainly be hanged as pirates, as it is certain that Jeff. Davis, Johnson, & Co., are traitors, for President. They can offer no pretext that they are in the service of a Government of whatever kind, that is entitled to be treated as any of the Christendom where they present themselves. But we cannot expect such fair treatment from neutral nations, who were as prompt to recognise them as "belligerents." England and France and our "high and mighty friends," will be far slower to recognise these sea-rovers as "pirates."

CHIEF-JUSTICE CHASE has written a letter to the Union Convention of the Sixteenth Central Ward in Ohio, inclosing a contribution, in which he says: "I take this moment for making it, because just now many seem disposed to forget his great deservings, and remember only his recent convention with Johnston. But I did not, however regretted by many, approve that convention, nor, however, or even observe, his splendid services. His patriotism is no more doubted than his courage. No man's achievements here contributed more to the grand triumph of Union and freedom over rebellion and treason. His deeds among the archives and treasures of our own Ohio—as well as of our whole country."

With the consolidation of the nation, its enterprise and industry will receive a new impulse. Up from the ashes of the oppressive and invertive genius of our people was limited, for many causes, to one half of our territory. Now this could be expected from a nation which blindfolded all its labors. Ignorance and poverty are necessarily the result. Industry and enterprise, for the first time, has applied to the South and Southern staples, so that the product will, in a few years, be beyond all precedent.

The diabolical schemes of the rebels, of which the burning of New York was but one, and of which the robbery and murder in St. Albans, proved to be a consummation, and of which the assassination of Lincoln was but a subsidiary design, for he had their parallel in the now established plot to infect the Northern cities with the yellow fever. This was to be done by shipping large boxes of furniture, bedding and clothes of fever patients, in the belief that they would carry the deadly contagion to the North. The parties implicated were arrested, and the evidence in the case proved to be so strong that the Government decided to bring the parties to the Attorney-General for prosecution before the Court of General Assizes or Quarter Sessions. The prisoners were remanded for bail.

GEN. CANBY, in command of the army of the Mississippi, from Vicksburg to the Gulf of Mexico, has issued a General Order, which shows that the Emancipation Proclamation of the late President was not dictated by any "military necessity against the enemies," when some people affected to believe it to be, but a practical thing, ending slavery by the greatest blow as nothing the Gordian knot:

"All persons formerly held as slaves will be treated as every person is entitled to be, as rights of freedom, and such as desire their services will be required to pay wages. Care will be taken not to disturb promptly the connections now existing, and all colored persons who may desire to enter the employment are hereby referred to the persons by whom they are employed remaining their rights and agrees to compensate them for their services."

SENATOR SHERMAN, of Ohio, brother of the General, in a late speech on Abraham Lincoln, said:

"I do not now demand vengeance over the dead body of our murdered President, but I do demand that all he has promised shall be made good; that he be assisted as proclaimed the rebel flag and the rebel uniform shall be forever prohibited, and that now is the accepted time of the war. All the malignant passions of the rebels burn upon and feed them. They consecrated

the war to enforce the doctrine of Secession, and now the States are welded in an indestructible bond. They commenced it to perpetuate the despotism of slavery, and now their slaves are free and they are disfranchised. Their haughty aristocracy sneered at the early life and homely manners of Abraham Lincoln, and now they deplore his death, because he would have been merciful to them. They mobbed and spit upon Andrew Johnson at Lynchburg, and now they must submit to such terms as he grants them. South Carolina led off in this drama of death, and she has been visited with destruction. The lessons taught to the infamous Booth at the execution of John Brown made him the assassin of the President, and that crime closed the gates of mercy to his teachers. All their early victories have only prolonged the war to complete their ruin. So striking a manifestation of Divine Providence in the affairs of men must excite the serious reflections of mankind, and it exalts the high position attained by Mr. Lincoln, that he always regarded himself but as the instrument of Almighty God. May his ashes rest in peace, and the spirit of his counsels yet guide us through the perils of the future."

The doleful apprehensions of foreigners and of a considerable part of our dyspeptic citizens, about guerrillas and the impossibility of bringing back the participants in the rebellion into a cordial support of the Union, are likely to prove equally fallacious. The military authorities of Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee have declared all men in arms against the Union outlaws, and are proceeding to hang all they catch. The same *regime* will be adopted in the other lately rebellious States, and will effectually destroy the hopes of our European friends, who believe, or affect to believe, that we are to have a protracted guerrilla war, and who gloat with hypocritical horror over the scenes of cruelty and murder consequent on such a condition of things. In these respects they utterly misapprehend the character and temper of our people, even in the regions where the barbarism of slavery has worked its greatest demoralization. A North Carolina correspondent of the *Herald* reports a conversation which he had with the rebel General Hardee, at Greensborough, subsequent to the surrender of Johnston, in which the prevailing sentiment of the better class of Southerners is no doubt fairly expressed:

"Gen. Hardee received me in a very cordial, generous unreserved manner. He and I talked freely on all subjects of interest at the present time. In speaking of the war, he made this remarkable assertion: 'Sir, I accept this war as the providence of God. He intended that the slave should be free, and now he is free! Slavery was never a paying institution, I have often told my friends so. For instance, my wife owned about 100 negroes; 40 of the 100 were useless for work; yet she had to feed these 40 in order to get the work of the other 60. The negro will be worse off for this war. Will any of your Abolitionists of the North feed and clothe half-a-dozen little children in order to get the work of a man and woman? Sir, our people can pay the working negroes a fair compensation for their services, and let them take care of their own families, and then have as much left at the end of the year as we had under the old system.'

"'General, do you think we will soon have real peace?'

"'I do. I think the people of the South are anxious for it. They wanted it two years ago. I then saw that our cause could not succeed.'

"'Will we not have guerrilla warfare?'

"'So help me God, sir, if we do, I am willing and ready to fight to put an end to it.'

"'Is the same sentiment entertained by the other general officers who have been in the Confederate service?'

"'It is. I have not the slightest doubt but that they will use every means they can command to bring quietness and security again in the land. They will in no wise support those who do not obey the laws.'

"'How will it be in South Carolina?'

"'South Carolina is the worst whipped State in the Union.'

"'But will not her leading spirits control the masses?'

"'They, too, are crushed. She has no leading spirits now. Let me impress it upon you that the people of the South want to live in peace with the people of the North, and you will find they will do it. They will do it cheerfully, provided your Government does not resort to harsh measures. If it does resort to such measures, I cannot answer for the consequences. We staked our all on the success of our arms, and they failed us; and now we are willing to return to and live under the laws of the United States as we find them, although they may not be as we would desire to have them.'"

To the same effect is a letter from another rebel officer described as "on the staff of one of the ablest Confederate Generals," which came to light in the Boston *Journal*. We append an extract:

"The time has at length arrived when every honest Southern man may, without any scruples of conscience, come forward and give in his adhesion to the new order of affairs. And, indeed, I think it the duty of every good man to raise his voice emphatically in favor of the restoration of law and order in the shortest possible space of time. I think that those who, in taking arms against the old Government, were actuated by principle and not by passion, should, now that their efforts have proved useless, employ the same energies in quieting the disturbed elements of popular feeling and bringing the ignorant and wavering to an honest support of the new *régime*, I shall express freely my opinions to my fellow-prisoners whenever convenient, and endeavor to influence them as far as is possible. This war has been fought, not for the pulling down of one Government or the setting up of another, but for the solution of two great questions: First, that of State rights, and second, that of slavery; both these have now been brought to a final decision, and I do not find it expedient, nor do I feel inclined, longer to dispute the decision which has been so emphatically made. I do not think that we, either of the North or the South, should look with bitterness upon the past, or with passion to the future, and the blood that has been spilt will not have been shed in vain, but will serve to cement our national platform more firmly together than ever. Let bygones be bygones, I say. I intend to take the oath of allegiance as soon as it is offered to me, and shall leave prison a new man. I am still young and hopeful of the future. I go South to bury slavery and raise up new sources of wealth and prosperity."

At the commencement of the war, our respected and well affected uncle, J. Bull, under advice of his Mentor, the *Times*, very fussily and ostentatiously buttoned up his pockets, protruded his cheeks, pulled his hat over his eyes, and magisterially and gruffly told us that we had better not come to him for money to carry on our squabble—as the great war for nationality, republican institutions, and the extinction of human bondage was then irreverently called. Buttoning up the pockets was intended to be highly admonitary and reproving, and our uncle really supposed he was doing something very great in checking waywardness across the water. And he was not unnaturally a little amazed to find that nobody except the rebels called on him to untie his money bags. He consoled himself, however, with the notion that we would be obliged to go to him, sooner or later, and he carefully rehearsed the harsh and killing phrases in which he intended to repulse our applications. But two years, and three years, and even the fourth year of "the unhappy war" passed away, and yet the obnoxious and incorrigible Yankees not only abstained from begging money abroad, but went quietly to work, levied taxes, raised loans, and viciously put to shame all the melancholy prognostications of the British press. They maliciously refused to become bankrupt, and their armies was so mean-spirited as to fight persistently and uncomplainingly even when their pay was in arrears. And when Lee surrendered, and it became clear that the rebellion was moribund, so far so that even the British press could find no ray of hope for their Southern friends in the military situation, then the possible financial embarrasments of the country came in to comfort them. They rubbed their hands with secret delight, while they rolled up their eyes with poorly affected sympathy, over the "monetary prospects of the United States." "Now," they said, chokingly, "your real troubles begin! It is true you have annihilated an armed opposition of eight hundred thousand men, and it must be admitted that your forces have traversed in every direction a country as large as Europe, and fought terrific battles on land and sea, but you don't understand finance—you are absolutely ruined!" and, figuratively speaking, the convenient handkerchief of the hypocrite was applied to their overflowing eyes!

But the financial prognostications of our friends have come to grief in quite as exemplarily a manner as those which they ventured to promulgate about the war. Last week (ending May 6th) the subscriptions to the National loan amounted to more than $40,000,000 in the aggregate, and for May 9th, a single day, they ran up to over $15,000,000, only to be exceeded on the day following in the sum of over $17,000,000! On the 12th they again ran above $15,000,000. On the 13th to $15,500,000.

In the language of the penny-a-liners, "Comment is unnecessary!" There must, of course, be something of evil significance in these facts which will be duly pointed out to us by our prescient uncle, who seems to be utterly unconscious that he is making a portentous ass of himself in all that he says or writes about this country.

BOOK NOTICES, ETC.

Wright's Book; or, 3,000 Practical Receipts. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

That's it; or, Plain Teaching. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

Messrs. Dick & Fitzgerald have long been eminent for the number of the useful books they have published, and there is scarcely a branch of practical life they have not illustrated—among the most valuable are the two volumes at the head of this notice. The former contains over 3,000 Practical Receipts, forming a complete book of reference for cookary, pastry, preserving, pickleing, confectionary, distilling, perfumery, &c. Indeed, there is scarcely a department of human industry omitted.

"That's it; or, Plain Teaching," is, as it states, an encyclopædia of universal information, containing a large collection of curious and interesting facts in Nature, Art and Science. It is also illustrated with more then 1,000 wood engravings.

The Illustrated Handbook of Billiards. By Phelan and Berger. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

This is a very useful and reliable work on the fashionable game of the day—the two names of Phelan & Berger are sufficient guarantee of its excellence.

Historical View of the American Revolution. By G. W. Green. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The eminent publishers of Boston have performed a very acceptable work in publishing in one volume Mr. Green's admirable lectures, given in 1863. In their collected shape they cannot fail to be popular.

Graven Thoughts of a Country Parson. Second Series. Ticknor & Fields.

Another collection of every day sermons, ingeniously beguiled of *sermonizing*. They achieve the difficult feat of being readable and moral at the same time.

The National Hymn. By Clara M. Brinkerhoff. New York: Wm. A. Pond & Co., 547 Broadway.

A dignified and spirited composition.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A gentleman named Reffelt has recently patented an ingenious invention of frames and balls, by which the problems of arithmetic are solved with magical facility. It is intended for schools. The apparatus is manufactured at 490 Hudson street.

—— The subscriptions to the National loan for the week ending May 6th were over $40,000,000.

—— Gov. Andrew, of Massachusetts, has had presented to him the original of Lee's impudent and unrepentant address to his army, on the occasion of his surrender. It is suggested that the Government place the manuscript in some historical collection, together with an autograph letter of Benedict Arnold, in which that "gentleman," who went over to the enemies of his country in a former war, endeavored to persuade some of his countrymen to become traitors like himself.

—— The late President Taylor's son, a Major in the rebel army, has been paroled for ten days at Louisville, in order to enable him to leave the United States—he having refused to take the oath of allegiance.

—— Now Jeff. Davis is caught, pains should be taken not to wound his sensitive Southern honor. He should at least be allowed to express his preference, whether to be hung for treason or complicity in murder.

—— Just before the last Presidential election Mr. A. Belmont, Chairman of the National Democratic Committee, make a public offer to bet $10,000 that if Mr. Lincoln should be re-elected, the war would out-last his second term. What does Mr. B. think about the matter now?

—— The Stuyvesant pear tree in Third avenue is in full blossom for the 220th season.

—— An American artist, Mr. J. Heads, long established in London, has recently obtained some good commissions for the Prince of Wales. Mr. Heade is quite unrivalled in the more gorgeous kind of ornithological studies, as humming-birds, &c. He spent some years in South America.

—— Gen. Carleton, commanding in New Mexico, keeps an account current with the savage tribes which he is sent to keep in order. The report for 1864 shows 12,284 sheep and 2,472 horses taken from the Indians, and 4,250 sheep and 26 horses taken by the Indians.

—— Mrs. Moulton's concert, at Mr. Jerome's private theatre, resulted in adding $1,200 to the funds of the Woman's Infirmary, at Washington Heights. Mrs. Moulton sailed for Europe, last week, where, by her fine abilities and graceful manners, she will shine to great advantage in the social circle.

—— As the Providence *Journal* well says: "The rebels can't get rid of Booth. He is their man, and will stick to them for ever. He was employed to do their work, and he will be the representative of their cause to the end of time."

—— The editor of the Ibury *Herald*, in Mississippi, has furnished to the press a record of the daily deaths at the rebel prison-pen in Andersonville, Ga., from the 1st of March, 1864, to the 10th of March, 1865, a little over one year. The total number was nearly 13,000, or more than 1,000 a month.

—— The new three cent pieces authorised by Act of Congress, March 3d, are making their appearance. They are legal tender in sums not exceeding 60 cents, are intended to replace the three cent shinplasters, the further issue of which is prohibited. The size of the piece is precisely that of the dime, which may not have been wholly forgotten. The obverse bears the head of Liberty, with the legend "United States of America," and the date "1865." The reverse has the Roman numerals "III," surrounded by a wreath. The edge of the coin is plain, unlike that of the ten-cent piece, which is milled.

—— The great National Cemetery for the reception of the soldiers slain at Gettysburg, is rapidly progressing, and it is believed will be completed this summer.

—— Edwin Booth, in a private letter to a friend in Washington, announces his determination to quit the stage for ever.

—— Maj.-Gen. Terry has been rewarded with the honor of a Brigadiership in the regular army, being the only volunteer thus distinguished.

—— The striped bug, so destructive in melon and cucumber beds, may be effectually got rid of by cooping a hen with a brood of small chickens near the vines. The little chicks will hunt and destroy the bugs, without injury to the plants.

—— The Department of Agriculture is in the receipt, from Japan, of a sample of sugar-cane, somewhat resembling sorghum, for propagation and testing in this climate. It is cut in sections of three joints, one of which is planted in a hill, thus growing in layers instead of seed. It was forwarded by Thomas Hogg, an officer of this Government at Yokohama, who deems it worthy of trial in this climate. He says it is extensively grown there, especially on the Island of Kiusiu, and thinks it will succeed here wherever Indian corn comes to maturity.

—— The rage for relics in this country is something astounding. A respectably dressed man was noticed the other day putting in his pocket a brick from the wall in front of Mr. Lincoln's house; and this is but one of ten thousand follies. The entire stairway upon which Col. Ellsworth was killed, in Alexandria, has been cut into chips and carried away. The tree, at the foot of which Sickles shot Key, in Washington, has been barked and cut until it is dead. The oak tree, under which Gen. Grant talked with Pemberton and arranged the terms of the surrender of Vicksburg, has been annihilated, and recently a party dug into the ground ten feet for the roots of the historic oak. An elm tree which Abraham Lincoln planted stands in front of his old house in Springfield. Of course it will be torn in pieces and destroyed.

—— Why is the Southern Confederacy like a maiden lady? Because she is enjoying a single State—Texas.

—— A barber of Savannah says he has used up more than $100,000 of rebel money for shaving-paper.

—— The Louisville (Ky.) *Journal* says: "The doom of slavery is sealed. There cannot be a question about it. It is no matter whether we like it or don't like it. Its continued existence in this State is an absolute impossibility. The attempt to prop it up and save it, now that the avalanche is so near the base of the mountain, is to act the part of the old man who shakes his staff at the descending glacier, and expects thereby to stop it."

Obituary.—Edwin J. De Haven, a lieutenant in the United States Navy, died recently in Philadelphia, in the 45th year of his age. He has been repeatedly noticed for his gallantry and skill, and was also celebrated for his fine scientific attainments. He was attached to the Washington Observatory, and constructed the famous ocean charts for which the rebel Maury received so much credit. He was selected to command the expedition to the North Sea in 1850, and on his return was employed in the Survey Department on the Southern coast. In 1857, his eyesight became so much impaired that he was compelled to retire from active service.

—— By the last number of the *Overland Gazette* of Port Louis, Mauritius, intelligence was received of the death, by dropsy, of William V. Marks, at Tamatave, Madagascar. His name will often be mentioned in the history of an island destined soon to become of importance in our foreign relations. Born at Salem, Mass., he went out to Madagascar some 18 years ago to join an uncle who had been there some 40 years. Mr. Marks acquired a thorough acquaintance with the language and customs of the various tribes, married and settled there. He was a great friend of the late King Radama II., who appointed him his Secretary for Foreign Affairs; and even after the murder of the King he retained much influence with the chiefs.

Foreign.—An English temperance paper of a dismal temperament, estimates that there are half a million drunkards in Great Britain.

—— The latest news from Caprera states that Gen. Garibaldi has perfectly recovered from his wound, and walks freely without limping, though he still uses a cane. The General is surrounded by the members of his family.

—— The King of Italy intends sending to the International Exhibition at Dublin a topaz weighing several pounds and eight or nine inches long, having on it a beautiful engraving of "The Last Supper." The committee are expected to provide, at their own expense, a suitable show-case, plate-glass, and an iron safe, with iron railings like a cage all round.

—— News comes to us from London of the death, in his 54th year, of Gen. Kmety, who was one of the leaders of the Hungarian rebellion, and who, with Kossuth, found a refuge in Turkey. Kmety, after the failure of the Hungarian struggle for independence, entered the Turkish army, and, under the name of Ismail Pasha, took a prominent part in the defence of Kars. Since the Crimean war Kmety has lived in England.

—— Carl Kiss, the celebrated sculptor, died at Berlin on the 24th April. He is well-known by his statue, the Amazon, which was exhibited in the London Exhibition of 1862, and in the New York Crystal Palace. It has been extensively copied on a smaller scale.

—— At about the same time when our nation was mourning over the death of its ruler, the Russian people were informed of the death of one to whom they had looked as their future monarch. The eldest son of the Czar died at Nice on the 23d of April, and the promising ability shown by the young man was such as to render his death a real calamity.

—— The London *Times*, of April 26, says: "Emigration has commenced at this early period of the year from the mining districts of the Kingdom, and in South Wales it is beginning to be a frequent occurrence for 40 or 50 hands to leave at every pay day from the principal iron and coal works of the district. A few emigrate to Australia, Canada, New Zealand, and other British colonies, but at least 90 per cent. are bound for the Northern States." The Cork *Constitution* adds: "Emigration has, within the last few days, experienced unwonted intensity. Notwithstanding the numbers carried out by the last National and Inman boats, there are supposed to be 1,500 at this moment waiting in Queenstown, hundreds of whom will, even after the next dispatch, have to wait still further. They come from Galway, Mayo, Limerick, Clare, Kerry and the west of this county."

—— The Suez canal is not yet by any means finished. The two ends of the canal, that is to say the works required for the entry from the two seas, remain yet to be built, and it is exactly these which the English engineers declared to be the most important and impracticable part of the enterprise. There never was any doubt in any one's mind that the ditch through the level sands of Egypt could be dug from one end to the other, if the money was provided to pay the workmen, nor even that water enough could be found to supply it; this, in fact, has been accomplished, and it is only to see his central ditch, with three or four feet of water in it, that M. de Lessep has invited delegates from all parts of the world. The ends of the two seas are yet to be built, and the practicability of their serving as entries is yet to be proven.

—— In Italy and Germany the satires and burlesques on the French Emperor's "Life of Cæsar" sell more readily than the work itself, and are vastly more popular.

—— The French are in the habit, and not altogether without reason, of asserting their infantry to be unsurpassed in the armies of the world, but as marksmen, confessedly, no troops are worse. One of the Paris journals devotes a long article to the subject, in which we find it stated that, at Solferino, it required not less than 15,000,000 of cartridges to "knock over" 10,000 Austrians, thus proving that it took 1,500 bullets, which represent a weight of 200 pounds, to kill a single man.

—— The organ of the English Tories, the London *Standard*, says, in speaking of the defeat of the Confederates, "It cannot be denied that whatever may be the ultimate event, to them belong the moral trophies of the war." We trust that England will soon have an opportunity of welcoming a large portion of these gentlemen, and that they will take their "moral trophies" with them.

—— A handsome testimonial has been presented to Prince Gortschakoff by the Russian navy in memory of his diplomatic triumph over the Western Powers in 1863. The testimonial is in the shape of a Corinthian column, at the foot of which are inscribed the dates of the Prince's three famous dispatches (April 14, July 1, and Aug. 26). The column rests on four rocks armed with cannon. On the pedestal is represented the Pervenets, the first iron-plated vessel built by the Russian Government for the defence of Cronstadt.

—— The Consul-General for the negro republic of Liberia, Mr. Gerard Ralston, and the Portuguese Ambassador, Count Lavradio, have just signed a treaty of commerce between the two States which contains the following clause:—"Art. 10.—As, by the laws of the kingdom of Portugal and of the republic of Liberia, the slave trade is assimilated to piracy, the vessels or subjects of both the aforesaid countries that may be found employed in this infamous trade shall be tried and punished by the courts of their respective countries according to the aforesaid laws." It is remarkable that the two negro republics of Hayti and Liberia were the first States which set the example of introducing this provision into an international treaty of commerce, though England, America, and other States have long declared the slave trade to be piracy by their statute law, and several of the Powers have made special treaties for the suppression of the slave trade. The republic of Liberia, as our readers are probably aware, owed its existence to the efforts of the American Colonization Society, which has from time to time, since it was established, some 40 years ago, sent out large numbers of emancipated negroes from the United States, and settled them on the coast of Africa, to form an independent political community. The President is now Mr. Warner since the death of the late President Benson, who was an able and enlightened man. The population is about half a million, chiefly speaking English. Their little capital city, named Monrovia, is a place of some trade, and furnished with churches, schools, colleges, newspapers, and other civilised institutions, besides being the seat of Government, with a Senate and a House of Representatives holding session there. This Republic has no standing army, but all its citizens, except clergymen and judges, are bound to serve in the militia, to which the Emperor of the French has presented 1,500 muskets; while the sole vessel of the Liberian navy, a schooner of five guns, is a gift from the Queen of Great Britain. It is gratifying to hear good accounts of this experiment of self-government for the negro race.

—— The John Ericsson, the first Swedish monitor, has been launched at Stockholm. She measures 205 ft. long by 46 ft. wide. The side plating is five inches thick, and around the tower, where the cannons are, it is 12 inches, as is also that which protects the rudder. The vessel will be provided with six steam-engines.

In 1861 the King of Belgium accredited a minister to the Government of President Juarrez, and in 1862 a treaty of the most liberal character, and based upon the most advantageous terms, was concluded. Nothing up to that time had occurred on the part of the people or the Government of Mexico to give the slightest cause of offence to the people or to the King of Belgium; nor has anything been done since that time by the people or the Government of Mexico to change those relations.

Yet to-day we witness the fact that armed forces, openly enlisted and dispatched without hindrance from Belgium, composed of officers who still hold their rank and position in the Belgian army, and of soldiers who still retain their citizenship as Belgian subjects, are now in Mexico engaged in making war upon the legitimate and rightful Government of that country—recognised and honored as such by the United States—and in shedding the blood of a people whose only offence is that they are defending the free institutions and the independence of their native land. Stripped of sophistry, this is to-day the position Belgium occupies towards Mexico, and, we have a right to add, towards the United States.

If Belgium has no cause of complaint against Mexico, what right has she to make war upon that country? And, in any case, what right has she to interfere in the civil war now in progress there? The position of Maximilian, as the son-in-law of the King of Belgium, confers no right, at least, in this age of the world. Wars are not now made for the benefit of individuals; it is the interest of the people that is to be consulted. Nor is there any excuse for this intervention to be found in the interests of Belgium. On the contrary, Belgium has been supposed to be a Power whose interests clearly dictated a policy of uniform neutrality. We do not imagine that King Leopold can contemplate an exception to this rule in a case where the United States may possibly be drawn in to be a party, or that he can desire that Belgium should assume the position of chief defender of Maximilian in Mexico, particularly after the United States has successfully emerged from a vital struggle in which no principle has been found to be a more necessary part of its foreign policy than that no European intervention can be permitted in the civil wars on this continent.

It is, therefore, a source of the greatest surprise that so prudent a people as the Belgians, should have allowed themselves, simply on account of private relationships personal to the King alone, to have been drawn into a position which may prove not only very embarrassing, but even dangerous. Some official correspondence on this subject has passed between the Mexican Minister and his Government, in which the feelings of the Mexican Government with regard to this matter are shown, and which also shows that the subject has excited grave debate in the Belgian legislative chambers, and is the source of serious apprehensions in the minds of intelligent writers in that country. Should President Juarez, a little later, choose to retaliate, he will have it in his power, perhaps, to inflict as serious a damage upon Belgian commerce as has been inflicted upon that of the United States by the privateers which have been fitted out in England, only in this case President Juarrez will have the advantage that his privateers will be those of a lawful, legitimate and recognised Government.

In fact the only safe course for foreign nations is to withdraw their forces entirely from Mexico. The principle upon which they are there is unsound; and if Maximilian cannot safely rely upon his own alleged subjects, the Mexicans, for support, then it is the best evidence in the world that the people of Mexico desire neither to adopt an imperial form of Government, nor to have an Austrian to rule over them.—N. Y. *Herald*.

"They don't make as good mirrors as they used to," remarked an old maid, as she observed a sunken eye, wrinkled face and livid complexion, in a glass that she usually looked into.



SURRENDER OF LEE'S ARMY.—COLLECTING THE CAPTURED REBEL MUSKETS AT BURKESVILLE STATION, VA., PREVIOUS TO SENDING THEM NORTH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. BECKER.

SCENES IN RICHMOND, VA.

Now that the war is over it is the wish of all true Americans to let bygones be bygones, and when a few of the leading traitors are punished, to forgive, even if our deceived households will not allow us to forget. Still human nature is human nature, and the most magnanimous and Christian of our readers will, no doubt, feel a half suppressed glow of satisfaction at the illustrations we publish to-day, representing the interior of the infamous Libby Prison, now filled with rebel prisoners, among whom there are over 100 of the most desperate criminals in the South—being convicts who were released from jail on condition of serving in the rebel ranks.

Another sketch represents a scene in front of the prison, when the Secesh ladies are visiting their friends. Our Artist says they generally bring some refreshments in small baskets with them, and not being allowed to enter the prison, the baskets are handed up by the grated outside, with such remarks as

those:

"William, I have brought you some dinner!"

"Say, Mary, can't you get me out of the cursed hole?"

"No, Ben, is that you? When did you get in?"

"Sam, tell mother that I am here!"

Now and then some impertinent rebel salutes one of the colored soldiers in such complimentary terms as these:

"Say, you black ape, go and wash your face!"

The third sketch is one belonging to the old regime of Davidsonville—since it represents the navy hybrid in that black hole of Richmond congallant fellows had for washing, &c. As the suffering is over, and we have triumphed, we will say nothing about it, certainly, which must have been known to Gen. Lee.

TRIAL OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

THE secrecy in which the proceedings have been conducted has rendered it a matter of difficulty to obtain sketches and information respecting the great trial. We are happy to state, however, that, through the attention of officials and the pluck of our agents in "going evidence," we are able to hold our own in this, as in every other public event that has heretofore claimed the attention of the chronicler.

The criminals are confined in chains, in separate cells, in the Penitentiary Building, at the Arsenal, Washington. A large room in the second story has been fitted up for the court-room. It is large enough to hold 100 persons, and is in the north-east corner of the building, and has four windows covered with grated iron bars. The room has a high ceiling, and except the tables, chairs and matting upon the floor, and half a dozen benches, is perfectly plain. The walls are white, the whole building having been newly renovated. No maps, pictures or anything is to be seen, save the hastily constructed pine furniture needed by the court.

Judge-Advocate Holt presides at the court, which is ranged around a long table, upon the north side of the room. Parallel to it are the tables for the official reporters, who are sworn, and will reduce the testimony each day to writing.

Maj.-Gen. Hartauff has command of the jail and its surroundings, and his dispositions are such that it would be impossible for any attempt to get possession of the prisoners by a mob to succeed.

His forces are encamped just outside the outer walls, while thick cordons of sentries surround the red brick building which confines the wretched criminals, who, in chains, with sacrifices over their heads, are already undergoing a living death. They are not allowed any communication with the outside world, and the guards who feed them are not allowed to converse with them on any pretence.

The padded mesha, covering their entire head except the mouth, are put on to prevent them from committing suicide. A sentinel over each one attends to them day and night. All are very much dejected, and fear that at any moment they may be executed by the people.

THE REBEL ARMY OF GEN. LEE STACKING ARMS.

To our readers who have followed, week by week, for four years, the varying fortune of the great struggle from which we have just emerged, but whose final result no rational being could for a moment doubt, the sketch we give on this page will be truly welcome. For the surrender of Gen. Lee was to the rebels what the flight of Napoleon from Waterloo was—the solemn surrender of the accursed cause, which, while it has made us the observed of all observers, has done so at such a fearful cost of our best blood, saying nothing of the suffering caused by the waste of money, that it will ever be considered as "the baptism of blood" of our great Republic. It was a gushing fitting punishment for that over-rated soldier and cold blooded rebel, Gen. Lee, who, by what merit had been raised to the bad eminence of Commander-in-Chief, that he should have to undergo the painful ordeal of surrendering the right arm of the rebellion, and our Artist has recorded that event in the sketch we publish of his troops stacking their arms. The place where it occurred is about four miles west of Mallory's Church, which is in the southern part of Buckingham county, on the Lynchburg and Farmville road, on the north side of the Appomattox, five miles north west of Farmville. Our Artist says that "if the stacking of arms was humiliating to Gen. Lee it was ordinary very gratifying to the men."

CHARQUI.—In many regions of the pampas and llanos of this vast continent, cattle have long been slaughtered for their fat and hides alone. Good beef has been given over to the catchers; and when these winged gleidons have filled themselves, the bones remaining, when dried by the sun exposure, become the only fuel which the gauchos, or wild herdsmen, are for cooking their meals. The North American grass lands—the prairies—and treats corresponding to the pampas or llanos of South America were well tenanted by indigenous horned animals—bisons, improperly called buffaloes—when the Spaniards first set foot on the new continent. The magnificent grass-lands of South America were devoid of those animals, and indeed were scarcely tenanted by large animals of any sort. Wild horses and wild oxen have increased prodigiously all over those plains. Any number of either may be had for the trouble of catching, and referring solely to the horned cattle, this circumstance explains the phenomenon of beef at six cents per pound in the Cuban market. Charqui (whence comes our word jerked), when prepared as usual in South America, is not very agreeable to look upon. It appears under two forms, the novelty of two different modes of preparation. In either case the beginning is similar. The flesh is cut away from the bones in long ribbon-like strips, then dried. In one case it is acted to a different degree. Charqui dulce, or sweet charqui, is slightly sprinkled with salt, then sun-dried, and rolled into the form of a hard cylinder. The other sort is more highly salted—corned, as we should term it—then withdrawn from pickle, the excess of moisture squeezed out, finally, the meat rolled similarly to the charqui dulce. Both sorts have been brought here on trial; and hitherto popular appreciation has rather inclined to the fully salted variety, though, weight for weight, it is not so nutritious as the charqui dulce, and hence not so profitable.

HARRIET HOSMER'S bronze statue of Col. Benton has arrived in St. Louis, and will be publicly inaugurated at an early day. The Legislature of Missouri appropriated $2,500 for this statue in 1860, and the remainder sum needed for the work was subscribed by individuals.



PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE OFFICE OF THE RICHMOND EXAMINER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



LIBBEY PRISON, RICHMOND, VA.—THE FRIENDS OF LEE'S SOLDIERS COMING TO THE WINDOWS WITH PROVISIONS AND COMFORTS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

THE CAPTAIN:

A Legend of the Navy.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

He that only rules by terror
Doth grievous wrong
Deep as Hell I count his error,
Let him hear my song:



Brave the Captain was; the seamen
Made a gallant crew,
Gallant sons of English freemen,
Sailors bold and true.
But they hated his oppression,
Stern he was and rash;
So for every light transgression
Doomed them to the lash.

Day by day more harsh and cruel
Seemed the Captain's mood,
Secret wrath, like smothered fuel,
Burnt in each man's blood.
Yet he hoped to purchase glory,
Hoped to make the name
Of his vessel great in story
Wheresoe'er he came.
So they passed by capes and islands,
Many a harbor mouth,
Sailing under palmy high lands,
Far within the South.

On a day when they were going
O'er the vast expanse,
In the North, her canvas flowing,
Rose a ship of France.
Then the Captain's color heightened,
Joyful came his speech;
But a cloudy gladness lightened
In the eyes of each.
"Chase," he said; the ship flew forward,
And the wind did blow
Stately, lightly, went the Norward,
Till she neared the foe.

When they looked at him they hated,
Had what they desired:
Mute with folded arms they waited—
Not a gun was fired.
But they heard the foeman's thunder
Roaring out their doom;
All the air was torn in sunder,
Crashing went the boom,
Spars were splintered, decks were shattered,
Bullets fell like rain,
Over mast and deck were scattered
Blood and brains of men.
Spars were splintered—decks were broken—
Every mother's son—
Down they dropt—no word was spoken—
Each beside his gun.

On the decks, as they were lying,
Were their faces grim;
In their blood, as they lay dying,
Did they smile on him.
Those in whom he had rehance
For his noble name,
With one smile of still defiance
Sold him unto shame.

Shame and wrath his heart confounded,
Pale he turned and red,
Till himself was deadly wounded,
Falling on the dead.

Dismal error! fearful slaughter!
Years have wandered by—
Side by side, beneath the water
Crew and Captain lie,
There the sunlit ocean tosses
O'er them mouldering,
And the lonely seabird crosses
With one watt of the wing.

The Night-Express Train.

A STORY TOLD BY A RAILROAD MAN.

IN TWO ACCIDENTS.

ACCIDENT THE SECOND—HE SEES HER THE LAST TIME.

It was many, weary months before I again got about. My arm was broken in two places, and my breast was beat internally, in a manner that the doctor's say, will yet cause my death. She was not injured in the least, only stunned and frightened. I remember the first question that I asked, when I came to my senses, was, not of my own condition, but concerning her. I had fallen underneath, in the soft, yielding sand, and would, doubtless, have escaped with only a bruise or so, only her weight broke my arm and crushed my side. She had been carried away to a neighboring farm-house, and I was sent back on the



"DEAD, DEAD, SO COLD—SO COLD!"

engine of a night train, to the city of which I have spoken.

I lingered along for some time, got better and worse, and worse and better, for the matter of a year or more, and at length, feeling sufficiently strong to go about my work, applied for a position. It was only after much persuasion and many promises that an engine was at length given me. But it wasn't spright!y. She, battard and bruised, had been degraded into a common station dredge, and this new one I had, I could not agree with. Myself or it was continually out of order. Scarcely a trip did we make, but what something broke, or my patience was outraged at the ill manner it worked. After a month or two, I gave up in despair, and went on as baggage master on the night train, as it was called, that is, "the Night Express," a through train, and a very rapid one.

For more than six years, my life was like the flowing of deep water, so quiet and monotonous, and withal accompanied with so little effort. I was on the middle division—there was scarcely any local travel, the baggage was all booked and stowed at either end of the line—I handled but little, and those small pieces, and my soverest task was that of keeping awake. For, every other night, I took the train about nine o'clock, and left it about four in the morning.

We had very long baggage cars on this train, and usually, the trunks, and valises, and carpet-bags through, were stowed in the forward part of the car, and in the back part were put the mail



THE BAGGAGE MASTER'S DISCOVERY.

bags. We carried the through mail from the car, ay to the larger phaeton on the road, going west, and picked up the bags at the same stations for the city, going east.

These cars, though apparently slender, being so long and narrow for their length, were built very compactly and strong, for the traffic of the train was very extensive, as it was a favorite one with through passengers.

On each end of the car there was a small office, that had a wide shelf and some pigeon holes in it. I never knew for what those were intended—for though there was labeled—"Conductor's office," I never knew a conductor yet to use one.

For three long years this, I did a very easy life, gradually increasing my store for the wintry day of old age, and believing that I had finally struck my mission in life. I needed no consideration because it was humble, though I could have found some, in the fact that the world makes use of more little men than it does of great ones.

I don't care about being very particular as to dates, or time, for neither are very necessary, but it was about the year eight years after the accident, that I took my train, at the usual place and time, going east. It had been a growing lively all day, but the snow was light and flaky, and did not impede the motion of the train, so we were on time. The train would have passed safely, the holders of the road, for it was a long one and well filled with passengers, while my territory, the baggage car, was by far weak and light, but I look at and think, what is I had had the handling of so many large trunks, for it seemed as if some strong party had been delayed at the depot, or until mid-winter, and were just making their way home.

I took the baggage train from my mate, stowed away what few pieces were put on, pulled to the door of the car, spread my blankets over my feet, and with my feet towards the red little demon of a stove, lay down when the train moved on.

It was not quite an hour's run altogether to the next station, and I think I must have been dozing, for I was abruptly startled by a terrible slam or crash, as if there had been some sharp concussion, or something brittle had broken suddenly. I arose hastily and rubbed my eyes. I can tell you, there is nothing that will startle one quicker than to hear a mysterious noise on a train of cars, when he has once been caught in an accident, where he has been fairly escaped with but a life. I looked eagerly about me. The trunks were all right, piled as before and systematically in order. I took the ear—the outer door was closed—we were moving along smoothly and rapidly, and I heard nothing at that presumptuous hour that betokens an abatement of speed, preparatory to a full stop. After a moment, I lay down again. Credit! came the philosophic-like reasoning, it is now being awake, I knew what it was. The door of the conductor's office in the forward part of the car, had popped open, had slammed back, and the movement of the train had brought it sharply together again, but not strong enough to latch it. There are long springs towards which it has a perversion. The slam of a door, the creak of a door and a heavy footfall behind me. I went forward, stumbling over or the baggage in my way, and latched the refractory door—that is, I meant to latch it and thought I latched it, for I am under swear that I did, or wouldn't, for neither is a door nor a latch a sectional thing—yet latch or no latch, door or no door, I think I got up three times during the next hour and a half to fasten that door. And I was engaged in a fruitless endeavor to secure a string through the keyhole and the handle of a trunk, when we drove into the station, where, more than eight years before, I had first been set on lawful duty, when together and myself, had stumbled even up to the very portals of death.

I had never passed this station without thinking of her, her mute-born beauty, and her rash suicidal career, which had so nearly cost me my life. And there so often thinking of her, and having, besides, my work ears as a never ceasing reminder, I had been longing to be where I did know what her life had been during the eight years and more passed away.

I hoped everything for the good, when I remembered her beauty.

I feared everything for her unhappiness when I remembered her rashness and her temper.

Often I had, by her memory, to reflect upon the occasion of a woman who marries where her heart is not, for I can say that of what I am sure can have no correct conception, who yields to one that she hates, whatever to one that she loves is given only because she loves him; my sympathy gave large towards her, and I came daily to wish that I could find her in my range of travel, and had once shielded her from death, so for ever afterwards, I could shield her from what she thought was worse than death.

This was always a busy station—three or four connections were made here, from the north and south, from the south-east and south-west, but tonight, either because the lateness hinked more freely or the rapidly falling flakes of snow deceived the eye, or I was wider awake than usual, there seemed to be much more moving to and fro, and shouting and hurrying of feet. I looked up and down the front platform, spoke to several acquaintances who passed me, did my duty by the few pieces of baggage that had to go out, and pulled the door abut, and stretched myself out on my box.

There seemed to be some uncertainty about starting, as if the steam had given out, or a brake had been left on, for we went ahead a little, then backed up for a fresh start and went ahead again, while the engine gave two or three times those sharp, successive barks as if it was impatient to be going. But I heard the station master in an authoritative tone of voice, cry out, "Hold on," when we stopped, backed up once more and stood still. Then a train of cars, came a thumping at my car door. I am always impatient with travellers who come just exactly on time, or a moment too late, so I made no haste to get to my feet, until it suddenly struck me that perhaps some of the dignitaries of the road might be in the case, else why was the station master so imperative. But the door had been rudely shoved open before I had time to think these far. I heard one curse, and "shut it," whereupon "I must shenzhe," and "most horribly," amongst a group of men who had evidently shoved my door. A crowd was rapidly collecting around them, and my wonder was momentarily increased, for each one as he came up unprofessedly nudged his neighbor with his elbow, and looked from one another into the car. Foremost amongst them all, was the conductor, who, as he entered hastily into the car, nodded to me, but said nothing, a policeman with bright eyes and rapid motions, and an old gentleman, who I knew by his air was the one that fell upon it. His hands were crossed over his breast in a resigned way, but his expression of agony found its way to his face, and hurt his brow as if with a physical pain. As the light from the conductor's lantern flashed full in my face, one eyes met, and he started so suddenly that his folded arms fell by his side.

"Not in here! Not in here!" he said, quickly. "Why here? Make haste if you must. Do?"

As he spoke, I could see the same face, that I had seen once before, and I knew, by recalling, and it showed the same agony and the same horror.

"We will make it thorough and complete, sir, Complete," said the policeman, as all three stepped into the car, the conductor to be aided, as or explaining his conduct to the old man. "It is too easy to be gainsayed, and I shall leave nothing. It would be complete."

The quick eye of the trained officer ran over every trunk with a professional speed, and into every corner with a practiced and thorough glance. His quick sight, aided by the lantern of the conductor. They went out at the forward door and back, and I heard the footfall of the engineer. On their way back, they caught sight of my unfortunate strung and the aggravating door.

It was severely fastened! and not until some effort did the many lock yield to the key and disclose an empty space beyond. Examining the door, I asked the conductor what all of this meant. The short, quick reply was then turned quickly towards me, and they both answered at once, the first:

"A desperate runaway!" and the second,

"No harm to you, sir."

I shut the door, with a sense of relief to know that I was safe, and latched, when they turned away from me, passed out of the car by the rear door, and, as I suppose, through the train. I saw no more of them, for I was soon fast asleep again on the ground, with a lantern, looking into every trunk and wheel.

But I did not long sought could be found there!

Once more I closed the outer door, fastened it with the strap, and mumbled myself out upon my box, and I have no doubt, revelled once more, to explain the recent occurrence. That it had been reformatory and had done me good, I verily believe, for the old man's look beside that too painfully, but that she was blameless, whatever the cause, was my own wishes for her good made me too certain of.

I imagined her in the luxurious home to which the old man had taken her, and I hoped it was so, and, at the same time, most miserable object. I thought him harsh and her patient. She, living under compulsion, and I knew that I was full of caprices, looking forward with pleasure and hope to only one moment of her being, the time of her escape, and I knew mine also, for I thought that the one single thought, and that thought a misery, had led to the attempt, and the fear of its success sure. I could put no worse construction than this upon what I had seen. How fearfully I misjudged that fearful design!

We were under way again, and swinging along at a happy pace, but the clock of the whole as a dreary one, for the snow was falling fast, and the office done, by their monotonous music, sing me to sleep. As often as I would close my eyes so often would I see that face, and the look of fear that was aware, staring into the cold blackness of the car that the rays of my lamp could not penetrate, and I would start from my half doze before me, so plainly that I brushed my hand before my eyes, as if driving away cobwebs. The figure of a hooded woman, with long, bright hair, flowing down to her feet, with her hands crossed and her eyes penetrating the darkness, and the expression of blackness weeping, while still further in the darkness, from one of the side windows, looked the shrieking face of a child, and I heard the piercing, clutching complacently at the wreck he had wrought. A vision disturbed by a loud crash—that terrible cry of real agony—that fearful fact as it was, and I sprang to my feet.

Meaning to come up gradually to kindness, and prompted by an uncertain feeling that I cannot explain, although I think it to some line of dignity or lecturing, I went on:

"We do not always our own torments, and fashion our lives in misery or happiness."

"We do not," she cried impatiently. "We are the creatures of circumstances, subjected to our father's caprice—others who are stronger than we, who would mould our lives according to their will and not to our own, and we are helpless in our estate. But they are not my sins, they are his, and he must answer for them. In the halls or the ballet that stays guilty, or the heart and hand that guides them? I have been the knife" she exclaimed, drawing herself up and looking from eye that shone with almost maniac gleam. "I have been the knife, and I have cut deep; but his has been the hand that guided me."

She sank down again weeping, as if overcome by the weight of some fearful remembrance. I took her hand in mine to soothe her, and spoke some words of kindness, when pleading once more, she went on:

"But you will not give me up to my pursuers, will you? Promise me that. Take me away—far away. Wrap your arms about me as you did, not long ago, and protect me. Save me. I beseech you, by the arms which we took from me by the memory of your mother, who, like me, was a woman, save me from worse than what you have already saved me. Help me away. Don't even in whispers say that I am here. Take me to the great city, where no one shall imagine that I am as a rain-drop falls into the ocean unrecognizable. Don't give me up. I have been wicked—wrong—unwomanly—but I am now young yet—for years to grow better, and deserve at least a corner of heaven!"

All the exalone, pleading voice, the falling eyes, that said volumes more than the lips. If her life had been in my hands, she could not have been more earnest and appealing. And while my sympathy already all hers, it needed no such further incentive to complete my resolve. Give her up! Shield her! Save her! Guide me, you have placed in her hands, and her heavenly eyes looking into mine! Would I have thrown my own child to the wolves?

What could she have done to have merited even the slightest disapprobation from me? But I neglected, ruined, perhaps lisse and even criminal, my whole soul had gone out to her, and while I could not forgive, as I knew I could, she could suffer no harm. It resolved itself with a ready thought the plan I would pursue. I took her hand in mine again, and drew her closer to me.

"Mistress," I said, "you have done me no harm, and I could do you none, for I would not, nor dare not, do you one. You are safe with me. I contented. Don't tell me what you have done; I don't want to know it. Keep a drop over it, and never, even in your memory, dwell upon it. I will trust you, and do you trust me."

She was in earnest, with steady, unmoved eyes, she gazed into mine, which kindled not, and then, once more she nestled close down at my side like a scared bird that at length has found a secure retreat.

Poor and heart, she sinned against, I thought, and others sinned against her, and I was growing, and further cast out from the pale of the good.

She watched me as I fixed a bed for her, and thanked me with many expressions when I had completed it. I placed three or four of the softest mat bags in the passage-way of the car, near the forward door, and with a blanket and my pillow. I covered her with my blanket, and piled trunks all about her feet. She was hidden completely from view of a casual observer, the whole forward part of the car was a mass of trunks. Not even a prejudiced eye would have imagined that I had selected a resting place for a human in the forward door, and that a gentle creature was sleeping, what from its almost utter silence must be in a smoothed sleep.

Then I went slowly back to my box and revolved the matter in my mind.

In the darkness of the early morning it would be an easy matter to get her unseen from my car to the outer door, once on the bank of the river, where my little colored boy always awaited me with a hot cup of coffee and a warm bedroom. She could remain concealed there, and I bright day the garden would bloom with a new radiance for me, as day by day the beautiful lady, casting off her wretchedness as a garment, grew more and better. And together we would tread, humble and quiet, the reward paths of peace and goodness and I would be rewarded for my sins in the Eternal for which she seemed so much to long. Perhaps my selfishness was too largely in the accordant, but I thought of no other way even remotely open for her regeneration. There was for me in those of sickness, the soft hand and tender care, as time for me in the bright smile and cheerful welcome, that spoke of gratitude and happiness, for my old age, and I thought examples, patient advice, and for all times a sweet presence that would be as grateful as the perfume of roses. I did not contemplate the overwhelming influence that close would bring her from her elevated position down to my hard level. If I had reflected for a moment on that fact, I should human nature, its natural and repentant amidst circumstances which, in comparison, may be degrading, and which are forced upon it by the hands, how weak our love would have at once seemed all of my imaginings.

I went and looked over my barricade of trunks at her. She was in the slight dreamy state that is up her pale face, on which even in her sleep there seemed to be resting an expression that moved me to pity. Her dark hair and fallen locks, and in tangled masses fell over the head and was above her head, and trailed on the floor beyond. Her clenched, beautiful profile, was like the face of an angel seen in the midst of dark clouds.

I had been looking on her a few moments, when the numerous trunks and bags about me just then, for I heard the rear door open and shut, and looking over my shoulder, saw Old, the conductor, come into my car, put his lantern on the floor and sent himself on my box. It was an unusual time for him to come to my car so early in my car, especially at that hour of the night. He rubbed his hands one over the other for awhile, looking at the fire that was with a hearty, cosy air at my stove.

"Pre-ra-ther!" he cried, at length, looking up towards me, "but it's a cold night, Jake."

I knew that he was not thinking of the cold, although the bitter air seemed to make of the steam that rushed through the crevices of the door, a beswork of frost without any intermediate stage of water. And when I assented to his proposition he heard me not, for he had rapidly gone into a brown study again.

When a sufficiently long time had elapsed to give color to my being engaged only in properly fixing the baggage, I came and sat down by his side, but was very first exclamation alarmed me.

"Her name is the same as yours," was what he said, turning to me from his meditations, and bringing his hand roughly down on my knee. I can tell you that I looked suddenly around at the trunks that hid my uninvited but not unwelcome guest. O'Neil noticed my quick movement, and afterwards remembered it, but at the time it passed off for an appearance of anxiety lest the baggage should be tumbling down, or at least a resentment for being so sharply struck on the knee.

"It's almighty queer," he continued. "And I'll be darned if I know which is the most to blame."

A very mild way had O'Neil of using expletives.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"You don't know what the white-haired old chap and the officer came on the train for, and are now on the train for?" he asked, answering.

"I am as innocent as a baby," I said, nervously.

"They are looking for a woman. Well a great many men are looking for women—that's so—but precious few are looking for them the way they look—or such a woman either, I guess. She's one of the devil's sisters, I think. And why? Because she has been around seeking whom she might destroy."

"In what way?" I asked.

"Well, in a good many. But what was strange to me, and that is what I was meditating upon, was whether she was a relative of yours. Her maiden name was Cockroft, so is yours, old fellow. But she's another breed of dogs entirely, for you are as mild and gentle as watered whiskey. But you need not take on in that manner, for I did not intend to insult you by connecting you with such a thing!"

I had arisen from my seat, and was walking up and down the car to conceal my agitation.

"Thing!" I repeated after him. "What are you talking about, O'Neil?"

"Ha, ha!" he laughed. "I guess the old man wants his sleep. He's as cross as a dog fed on fresh meat. Look here. That bright-eyed chap in back there, is a mighty fine talker, and claims that duty or no duty, he always goes provided with some prime cigars and a shooting instrument, that invariably hits a man straight in the mouth. Let's have him in here, get him uncorked, and listen to some of his experience."

"I want to sleep," I objected.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, "keep awake once, it won't hurt you, and perhaps he'll let on about your unfortunate namesake."

That was what I most especially desired to hear, but not in that place.

"I don't want him or any one else in my car, but I believe I will go back and listen to him," I said, after a moment.

Though the cigars and the shooting instrument were what would be particularly delightful to O'Neil, yet, as I was monarch of that territory, he knew that it would be useless to attempt to bring any one there without my consent. I followed him out, and very carefully locked the door behind me. For some trifling excuse, however, I returned and looked once more at my unconscious charge sleeping peacefully behind the barricade. With her pale face upturned, as if watching the recording of the vow I made, I determined that whatever it was that I should hear, unless of a fearfully criminal character, and that, I thought, I never should hear, something that was stamped with something besides mere social disgrace, I would protect and hide her from all pursuers.

There was one from whom I could not hide her.

When I found O'Neil again, he was standing in one of the coaches beside an empty seat.

Behind it sat the old gentleman, bolt upright and motionless, but his eyes wandered anxiously and restlessly about the car.

He was much disturbed, when he caught sight of me, which was probably increased by my own ill-concealed agitation, for although he did not stir, his face flushed, and his lips quivered.

O'Neil and myself sat down on the empty seat before him, opposite the officer, who slightly nodded to both of us.

The conductor said, in a very low tone:

"This is Cockroft."

But, low as it was, the old gentleman behind us, caught the sound of the name, and for a moment leaned over towards us.

"Ah, ha!" said the officer, looking at me for a moment, very intently, biting his words off short and speaking very sharp and quick, "Ah, ha! But not at all like her. Eh, O'Neil?"

O'Neil shook his head approvingly.

"Did you ever see her?"

I nodded.

"Where?"

In reply to which, I told him what had happened when I had first seen her.

"That's her," he exclaimed, eagerly, "all over. She is a gay, giddy girl! Always has been. Such are the kind that make all the misery there is in this little world. Because they cannot have things according to their own imperial likings or dislikings. I have watched these things repeatedly. They always run in the same line, you may depend. In grooves like——"

"What did she do subsequently?" I interrupted, impatiently. For if a man is tiresome and tedious, it is on a system of common philosophy, that he thinks he has discovered in the course of his own profession, and I was fairly aching to know her subsequent history. The impetuous Blue Coat having long possessed that power over his fellow-man with which the law clothed him, was somewhat egotistical, as such men are apt to become. He stopped very suddenly, rolled his eyes around at me at the interruption, and became silent.

"Because I may in one event—I may, I say," which I emphasized, "be able to help you somewhat."

"One event!" he exclaimed, turning suddenly towards me, "One event! What can that be? Soap? Do you know what an accessory is, sir? and that he can exist after as well as before a crime, sir?"

He said this harshly and sharply, in the same manner that I have heard judges on the bench address themselves to witnesses. But it did not intimidate me, nor disturb my calmness, under which, however, still burned that eagerness to know the subsequent history of the beautiful lady.

Crime? I thought. What would he give, did he know, that bounding along only a few feet ahead of him, was she whom he had just intimated was guilty of a crime? I don't know, however, that I felt any self-importance in being more knowing than this sharp officer of the law, whose success in his peculiar business had made him somewhat famous about the country.

"Ho, ho!" I laughed, with an effort, endeavoring to drive away his seeming displeasure. "I never yet, that I know of, did anything in my life that I knew to be wrong. I don't think I could do so now."

He looked at me as if he was puzzled, as if he was trying to read an enigma that I had given him. But O'Neil nodded approvingly, exclaimed:

"That's so, old Veracity."

And I continued:

"I said that I might help you somewhat, as one honest man might easily say to another. But likely my curiosity to know what became of one, who, with me had so narrowly escaped death, and whom I"—I hesitated, for I came near saying whom I had never seen since, but changed into—"whom I would earnestly like to see again, in all her young, magnificent beauty, as she was then, gave a stronger turn to my remark than it deserved, or than I meant."

"Look here," he said, after he had stared me full in the face for a whole minute, "look at that old man there, with his head bared and bowed as for a blow. He is bent down with sorrow. He has lost everything that is dear to him. And his life, which used to be as pleasant as a summer dream, and as precious as a good man's hope of heaven, has become useless to him now. He would give it up gladly. She, your namesake, is the immediate cause of all of this. He has told me repeatedly that he felt her presence on this train. He believes that he will meet her before it is morning. We have been through the train at every station. At the next, to satisfy him, and myself too, I shall go from engine to the bumper of the last coach—and send him back home on the up train. But I will never cease until I find her."

"She must be guilty of something more than infidelity to her husband," I half asked, half suggested, "that should cause so much of a charge."

"Husband!" he exclaimed. "Well, here. Give me your hand. You're a fair spoken fellow—and an honest. I thought you one of those sharp rogues that know more than they dare tell. It isn't perhaps quite right to be always on the alert. But don't you know that it isn't quite fair to cut a fellow's belly-band when he has mounted his hobby, especially if you want to learn anything from him."

Then he stopped short and folded his arms.

"Well," I said, after a pause, and taking a look at my watch, "It's nearly an hour to the next station. Will you tell me that which you know I am burning to hear?

He just smiled a little, as if complimented by the earnest tone in which I had spoken, leaned forwards towards me, and in a voice, like a whisper, so as not to attract the attention of the old man behind us, but in a [illegible] tone that made it as impressive as the service for the dea[illegible] he told me what seemed more like a nightmare than a rea[illegible]

"It makes me hate beautiful women," he said; "or rather dread them. I feel now, when I see one, like this. Keep away from it. It's a leopard asleep—graceful and lovely in repose. The soft feet, like velvet, seem made to tread only on moss. The gentle mouth only to lap up milk. But aroused, out comes the claws and the sharp teeth! How they will tear and rave and gnaw at the vitals of that which thwarts them; and more dreadful, because unexpected; more horrible, because it is hard to couple beauty with such ferocity. But no matter. Short and quick is the word. Listen.

"Perhaps I take more interest in the case because Milton Haylwood was an old school-mate of mine. The old gentleman's name is not Haylwood. It is Weyant, Michael Weyant. Haylwood was always what we used to call sweet on Gertie Cockroft, which was her name. A little too much fond a sensible one would have said too—as I did. I have, many a time, long ago—never lately, rallied him on the matter, but got a sharp answer or a cuffed ear for my pains—and she was such an unconscionable tyrant to him. He, the quietest, most patient subject, as if he delighted in being tyranized over. Strange, too, for he was high-blooded, mettlesome enough elsewhere. Sometimes he made me think of a high-spirited horse, held down by a snaffle bit and a tight rein. He'll champ, and paw, and fret, and worry, but the bit and the rein conquer him at length. It is as children that I am speaking of them now, too. I have known her to throw her cap into the river just to see him swim after it and bring it back to her. While we fellows on the bank only dared to laugh amongst ourselves, and call him "Gerty's pup" on the sly, lest he punish us. For he could master us all, I believe. I have known him to whip soundly the best friend he had in school because Gertie told him to, out of pure mischief. And I have seen him stand up, unflinchingly, and be punished by the master, most severely punished, in the face of the whole school, for mischief which Gertie had done, of which he was ignorant, but which she said was Milton's fault! I could not and cannot account for the control that she had over him. I know it was not with the feeling on his part, that at some time or other the tables would be turned, and he be the tyrant. He was too young to understand that masculine philosophy. Nor was it the effect of his great love for her. For many a thing he did, which, had it been only love, his great pride would have kept him from doing. Though that there was strong, deep, abiding love between them, pure love, that was knit into their being from their earliest childhood, they afterwards fully proved to me, though in an awful manner.

"Of course, everybody laid out the future lives of these two children. They were to be man and wife. Or, as there was every indication of it, woman and husband. Alas! for the good of the world, that there should be as many as there are.

"The reality didn't follow as closely and smoothly on the heels of the prophesy, as the unanimity of the prophets might lead one to expect. There was evidently a whole hatch of false prophets. A hitch occurred in the plan proposed by disinterested friends, when Gertie became of a marriageable age. The thing wouldn't work. Gertie's uncle interfered, somewhat to the discomfiture of all concerned. He decreed, autocratically, that she must marry his old friend, Weyant, who had an eye for youth and beauty, and when he said must, it meant that it was already done.

"Of course we can't tell now, and I don't care to know, what means the old obstinate took to bring about such a result. I am sure I don't know how I should go to work to do it. But done it was, and Squire Haylwood was left out in the cold.

"This seems to me the most singular thing of all. For Gertie loved Milton with all of that force of which such a hot-blooded, desperate-headed creature as she is, is capable. And when such a woman loves! Well, it is unnecessary to talk of the noon-day sun in the tropics, or the Desert of Sahara. I know that I thought of runaway matches, elopements, and such old-fashioned ways as the termination of her uncle's plans. But the wild, barum-scarum girl disappointed us all. She was very quietly married; went away. It was then that you saw her—came back, and seemed to settle down to a tame, wifely woman."

THE LELAND OPERA HOUSE,

At Saratoga Springs.

Is located within the delightful grove of elms, on the Union Hotel grounds, the front facing the hotel, with the rear on Federal street. Its dimensions are 125 feet in length by 65 in breadth; height from first tier of boxes to ceiling, 36 feet. The whole building is surrounded by two piazzas 20 feet broad, each piazza corresponding with the tiers, and forming lobbies and standing room for spectators and promenaders. The piazzas open to the tiers by some 30 large glass doors, which can be thrown open at any time for purposes of ventilation or ingress and egress. The piazzas are supported by 60 columns, artistically fashioned upon the Corinthian order. The whole edifice is elevated six feet from the surface of the ground, for the purpose of giving stage room and depth of parquette, which is seven feet below the sills, where the parquette joins the orchestra. The whole of the space under the piazzas and auditorium is devoted to two apartments, one of which is used as a ladies' and the other as a gentlemen's billiard-saloon. There is room for six tables in the gentlemen's part, and for four in that of the ladies'. Both these apartments are elegantly carpeted, and furnished with cushioned chairs and settees. These saloons are nine feet high in the clear. In the day time they are lighted by large side windows, and in the evening by gas.

The main entrance of the house is approached by a flight of nine steps, 30 feet in length, with handsome architectural ornaments on each side, surmounted by a number of brilliant gas lights. The main entrance to the body of the house is through three spacious arched doors, on either side of which are broad stairs leading to the second circle.

The auditorium is 75 feet deep by 65 broad, capable of comfortably seating in both circles and parquette 1,400 people. The seats are oak cane-seat chairs, and each arranged so that the occupant has plenty of room and a good view of the stage. The chairs form half a true circle, with the lines carefully converging to the [illegible]ium boxes. [illegible] the circles are richly painted in white [illegible] with appropriate devices in gold. prosce[illegible] The panels [illegible] by 12 iron columns, and pearl, ornamented [illegible] painted white and The second circle is suppo[illegible] six in front and six in the rear, p[illegible] gilded.

The side walls are chastely colored white and pearl, similar to the panellings of the circles. The ceiling is arched to the centre from all sides, converging to the top of the proscenium, which is arranged with pilasters and columns on each side of the stage, leaving an opening 36 feet broad and 36 feet high for stage business. On each side of this are a number of large and comfortable private boxes, elegantly fitted up with damask curtains. The entire auditorium is illuminated by side gas brackets and chandeliers of bronze and gilt. The auditorium is ventilated from the top by spacious openings leading up directly from the roof partially concealed by the ornamental work of the ceiling. By this arrangement, in addition to the doors opening from the piazzas, a constant circulation of pure air is secured, rendering the place in the most sultry weather at once cool and comfortable.

The orchestra is enclosed by a railing, and is eight feet deep by thirty-six feet wide, capable of accommodating the largest of opera orchestras. The footlights extend the whole width of the stage, and are so sunk in the floor as not to be seen from the front, but at the same time throwing a very powerful light upon the stage.

The stage is fifty feet deep and sixty-five feet broad. On each side is apportioned the usual space for scenery. At this part of the building the piazzas are enclosed, giving ample room for green-room, dressing-rooms, property rooms etc., on the first floor and basement. Under the stage a clear space is left for the operations of stage machinery.

The scenery and properties are all entirely new, and very extensive, sufficient for all operatic and dramatic performances.

The drop curtain represents a view through an open arch, supported by columns that belong to a gallery or extension back of the proscenium, in a serene Grecian landscape. In the middle ground of the landscape passes the festive procession of Muses moving, with Apollo in their midst, towards a temple seen in the distance. A rich uplifted drapery nearly surrounds the main scene, and represents the appearance of a gorgeous framework to a splendid picture. It is altogether a charming painting, and was executed by Mr. Henry Youngling, of New York, who has also had charge of the painting of the scenery, as well as the fresco work in the body of the house.

The outside ornaments of the edifice are in the highest degree classical and artistic; and with a large gilded American eagle, and the American colors flying from elevated flagstaffs, adds a national as well as a truly attractive feature to the whole structure. The architect of this gem of an Opera House, this temple of music and beauty, this centre of attraction for fashion and grace the coming season, is Mr. William T. Beer, of this city. The builder is Mr. John Benedict, of Saratoga. The masonry was executed by Mr. Seymour Ainsworth, also of Saratoga. The gas fittings and fixtures were prepared by George H. Kitchen & Co., of New York.

The cost of the structure complete was $60,000, exclusive of the land. The building has been leased to Mr. Leonard Grover, the well-known operatic and dramatic manager, which is a guarantee that the performances will be of a character commensurate with the elegance of the entire establishment. Two nights have been reserved by the Messrs. Leland for the purpose of giving a grand opening ball, and for closing the season with a grand fancy dress ball and masquerade.

TOWN GOSSIP.

The Park is in full dress and receiving visitors. It is the only Boccaccio Garden in America. It is Italy imprisoned. There are the lakes, bright and silent, with sailing swans and flecks of graceful boats. There are groves, and tangled walks, bridges, vistas—the whole repertory of landscape gardening. High in air is the hanging sea, the Reservoir, a laver of stainless crystal that melts away in the warm bright atmosphere. But to describe the garden one needs to be Boccaccio, and the story would fill out the books of the Decameron.

The city mouse, bound to show to the country mouse the richness and extent of the cheese in which he burrows, will naturally choose the Fifth avenue approach to the Park. How the little rustic's heart quakes as he steals up between those high, frigid, unfriendly walls! There is nothing that makes a stranger feel more strange and farther from home, Jemima, and the amenities, than these gloomy cañons, where the rock, fretted into stairways and portals for conquerors to pass, rushes up to the sky on either side. And his extermination is complete, if, perchance, at some loop-hole where cascades of lace are trickling, the New York girl, in all the terrors of style and innate snobbishness looks him into the ground.

Then there is the flunkey. He goes to the Park clinging like a gilded fly as he rolls behind the children of petroleum. He feels his calves quiver, and would be willing to exhibit them. He is solemn, superb and vain. But he is unappreciated, and he is unhappy. He feels like an exotic, and pines among his halls and towers. The hardy indigenous plants of American institutions spring up and choke him. May he continue to pine and to be sprung upon and choked to all eternity!

There is one class of public servants who are giving great dissatisfaction, and who must be trembling in their shoes lest an indignant city should oust them entirely. These are the postmen. The papers are publishing complaining and almost tearful letters. Frederick, whose daily billets to Robertine, are a matter of ardent necessity to him, and of many meaning winks to the carrier whom he is abusing, finds that those tender lines to his mistress' Grecian curls did not reach their destination for two days, so he tunefully ventilates his complaint (dexterously disguising it—the deep fellow—with a story about a legal appointment with Judge Brady) in the columns of the *Blason*. It is certainly sad. We took his wrongs deeply to heart—it was about the time of the great tornado, in which we journeyed from near the Park to Courtlandt street to meet our wife's aunt, whose letter of regrets had unfortunately been delayed—and turning it over in our stupid head could hit upon no brighter way of avenging society than to "lick" or chastise the various postmen as we might meet them at dark corners in detail. But coming upon one when every opportunity was favorable, and getting near with a wicked feeling in our boot, we were brought to a stop by the look of the man—little and heavy-headed, the low cores of the mouth drawing down its corners, and the weary grasp of a huge span of papers in a hand made extra large for the business. We disdained to hurt such a poor representative of tyranny, and so the public wrong is unavenged.

The discharged military have been in a state of great agitation about the Sonora expedition. We heard of it through a warrior, a friend of ours, who deserves well of his country, having defended with incredible valor the post of secretary in the commissariat department, down in South Carolina. He was full of enthusiasm. He proposed to get a pecuniary inducement in the shape of a sum of money, variously stated at from forty-five to eight thousand dollars, notes for the payment of which had already been printed from the neat plates discovered in the vaults of the Charleston Bank. In addition, there was a grant of eight hundred acres of gold mine, eligibly situated on the cool side of the moon. He had neither the money nor the patent about him, unfortunately, for we wished to inspect them; but apologised for their absence by the statement that Gen. Ortega had gone to Washington, and that Col. Allen was so pestered with demands for vouchers and a definite explanation of his scheme, that he had unhappily lost his patience, and revenged himself by referring all inquirers to the public prints for information. The pavement all around Howard and Crosby streets, our friend declared, was strewn with countless fragments of *Heralds*, *Tribunes*, *Worlds* and other dailies, viciously torn across and trampled by goaded querists. He left us to seek a personal interview, having a letter of introduction from one of Barnum's giants, who speaks Spanish. He was sanguine of suc[illegible] but we have not seen him since.

On Tu[illegible]day night week we obtained, by means of [illegible]mmering with the Peruvian Consul, a [illegible] Hon. E. G. Squier, late Commissioner to that country, where [illegible] some ingenious [illegible] meeting of the Ethnological Society was transpiring. pass into the residence o[illegible] Of course we [illegible] Now, [illegible] know well what ethnology is; it is disagreeable [illegible] pressed, but we do not, in this instance, mind unearthing our firm conviction that it is a science of a culinary nature, with bearings upon the cookery of the ancient Britons, and the Etrurian method of introducing the apple into the dumpling. Among the curiosities displayed by Mr. Squier as the result of his researches into the ethnology of the ancient Peruvians, we observed specimens of maize, with grains larger than a horse's teeth (from which we inferred that popping corn was doubtless a favorite and exciting amusement among the Incas), also an endless variety of flasks, pocket-pistols, carafes, decanters, etc.—all unfortunately empty—and rollingpins made of a stone whose crystal and fracture resembled hard tack. There were also quantities of Peruvian skulls, likewise empty—one had actually been trepanned, probably the Inca method of getting an idea in, but that skull was as empty as the rest. The point of interest in these heads of a highly ingenious people seemed to us to be that they manufactured their own phrenology, trimming the skull into favorite bumps while the bones were young and pliable. Some tribes exhibited these skulls neatly dressed—possibly with the rolling-pins—into the figure of an elongated noodle, such as dodge the ladle in a tureen; while the true Inca heads appeared to have been much sat upon by the mothers in early youth, giving fine lateral development to the temporal regions. Mr. Squier made use of these relics to illustrate a learned and delightful narrative, of which we distinctly remember the peroration. It was "Come into the dining-room!" and if we were better arithmeticians we would tell you what two waiters divided into forty ethnologists, and what was to carry.

We omitted an important item in our little notice of the National Academy last week. We mean the *sculpture* of the American Republic, whose sculptors are famous the world over. We take an early opportunity for the *amende*, and devote the conclusion of this twaddle to the triumphs of the American chisel during the past year. There are no such triumphs of the American chisel on exhibition, and now our story is done. Remember the liveliest chapter in old Von Tromp's History of Iceland: "Chapter VI, the Snakes of Iceland. In Iceland there are no snakes of any description."

There is, however, a model of Bryant's head, by Launt Thompson, which is good. It is noble, expressive, the very ideal of a bard, and, in fine, adequate to its intended position in the Park—with which good word, excellent for head-piece or tail-piece, we begin and end this park-ling chapter, and rest on our nibs for another week.



INTERIOR OF LIBBEY PRISON, WITH LEE'S SOLDIERS CONFINED AFTER THE SURRENDER.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.



MRS. SURRATT, WITH THE CONSPIRATORS AND ASSASSINS, HOODED AND IRONED, PROCEEDING TO THE PENITENTIARY AT WASHINGTON, FROM THE STEAMER KEYPORT, WHICH BROUGHT THEM TO THE WHARF FROM THE GUNBOAT IN THE POTOMAC.—FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT.

ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC., ETC.

"You never told me—"

"No—I told you I had been a private in the Staff. The other business was only a part my duty."

Maude was silent for some moments after this. She sat looking steadily out of the window, while Francis still trusted the Berlin wools in his strong fingers. Maude was the first to speak.

"Was it Mr. Lowther you meant just now, when you spoke of a discontented fine gentleman?" she asked, with some slight hesitation.

"Yes; I never served any other master. Ensign Lowther was horribly discontented. He was one of those men who can't take things easily; but I can understand a good deal of his peevish restlessness now. I can sympathise with him now, Maude."

His voice grew low and tender as he said this.

"Why?" asked Miss Hillary, rather coldly.

"He was in love, Maude—an unhappy attachment, as I understand, to some lady—an heiress, I think—whose money was a hindrance to a marriage between them."

From the beginning to the end of this conversation Maude Hillary's thoughts had been employed in debating one question—should she, or should she not, tell her future husband that Hascomb Lowther was the man to whom she had been previously engaged? He knew of that broken engagement, but he did not know the name of her lover. Was it her duty to tell him? It would be very unpleasant to do so; but then duty is so often unpleasant. She was still silently debating this subject; the weight of which she should speak were forming themselves in her mind; when the drawing-room door was opened, and a servant announced Mr. Lowther. Maude's heart beat violently. Would there be a scene? Why had Hascomb come, when he knew that Mr. Lowther very especially relieved her fears upon this subject. Nothing could be more delightful than his manners. He was cordial to his old servant, without attempting any airs of patronage. He could not have been more entirely at his ease with Maude, had he been the most indifferent of first cousins.

Mr. Lowther was only acting up to his determination to take things easily. He had met Maude Hillary in the city that morning, and had surprised the young lady by speaking of Maude's engagement to Francis Tredethlyn.

"But don't alarm yourself, my dear Hillary," he said, with a frank smile. "I'm not going to indorse, and do adore your daughter, in only to admit a fact to which, I daresay, every male visitor at Sandhurst would be happy to subscribe with round-robin. Miss Hillary is made to be worshipped. I have only been one among a score of worshippers; and I would be happy to renew my very natural prejudice against my disgusting perfection. I have long ceased to hope it, as it was scarcely such a worthy love to be returned as it had happened during my exile. Will you let me renew my old relations with your household? Will you let me be one of the male angels? I know now that the candle will burn, and that its dangerous glare alone, and not its tender warmth, is received for me, so I shall have my wits about me. I shall be a comparatively safe visitor."

Mr. Hillary did reply to this rather sentimental speech was a hearty invitation to dinner.

"I can give you your favorite Rhenish-cheimer with the cygnets. Dinner is at six, which you can get good luck. Sharp seven, remember; but you may go earlier if you care for croquet. I daresay you'll find Tredethlyn there."

"The poor fellow is very hard hit, I say one!" Mr. Hillary smiled, and shrugged his shoulders, "I never saw such a devoted creature. Good day."

The merchant hurried off, and Harcourt walked slowly away, pondering as he went.

"A devoted creature. Yes, and there has been new blood let into the commercial anatomy of Hillary & Co. since the day the poor devil, Tredethlyn, has been laid to a lifeless extent."

The dinner at the Cedars went off very pleasantly. What dinner could fail to go off pleasantly well, enlivened by Harcourt Lowther, when that gentleman cared to exercise his genius for making conversation? There were other guests at the merchant's round table, and after dinner people showed a disposition to stroll out of the dining-room drawing-room on to the dusky lawn, and down to the terrace, drawn perhaps by the magnetic influence of the moon, which will be looked at.

It happened somehow—I suppose Mr. Lowther himself managed it—that he and Maude were left a little way behind the rest of the hilarious party she fondly terrace. All her vividly in the memory of both was the picture of a time long ago, when they had stood there side by side, by the same river, in a twilight calm like this, with the same star glittering steadily in a pure cloudless western sky. In Maude's breast that moment awakened cruel pangs of shame and remorse. In Harcourt Lowther's breast there was a slightly mingled feeling of bitterness and regret—bitterness against the Destiny which had given him so few of life's probable possessions, regret for the vanished time in which some natural carelessness, some touch of fresh and manly feeling, had yet lingered in his heart.

"Poor, simple, unworldly Maude," he thought, as he contemplated the girl's pale face, "what a penitent look she had and yet if she knew—"

He smiled, and left the thought unfinished. Then, turning to Maude, he said with a little touch of melancholy solemnity, worthy of Edgar Ravenswood himself,

"Miss Hillary, let us be friends. If you can bury the past, so can I. We may yet grow sweet flowers of friendship on the grave of our dead love."

"And I really don't want to let Francis Tredethlyn slip through my fingers altogether," Mr. Lowther added mentally, as a sort of order to that pesky little speech.

Maude looked at him with rather a puzzled expression.

"You are very generous," she faltered, embarrassed, and at a loss how to express herself, "but —don't you think it would be better for us—to say good-bye to each other—for ever? I—I hope you will marry some one—worthy of you—some one who is less the slave of circumstance than I am. I want to do my duty to Mr. Tredethlyn—and I think it is a part of my duty to tell him of our broken engagement."

"My dear Miss Hillary, you would surely never do anything so foolish. Poor Francis is the best fellow in the world, but he is just the man to be ferociously jealous if he once got any foolish scruple into his head. I have lived in the same house with him, remember, and must therefore know him better than you do. As for saying farewell for ever, and all that kind of thing, your eternal parting reads remarkably well in a novel, but it isn't practicable between civilised people who belong to the same set society. Georgina hits Algeron an irrevocable adieu on Thursday morning, and there is a burning of letters and knocking to Brompton Cemetery; and on Saturday evening the same Algernon takes her down to dinner in Westbourne Terrace. We can bury the past as a deep a grave as we please, but we shall be ghosts of memory with any exorcism you please, and we can't pledge ourselves not to meet any day we like to walk in the houses of our common friends."

Maude was quite unable to frame with so specious a reasoner as Mr. Lowther. She did her best to defend her position, and urged the necessity of telling Francis Tredethlyn of the whole truth. But Harcourt overruled her objections, and when he obtained from her a promise that she would still remain silent as to the name of her discarded lover.

CHAPTER XXIII.—HINTS OF SUSAN.

ASSORBED in the conflicting tortures and delights of his bondage, Francis Tredethlyn had thought very little of that mysterious visitor who had once been so near and dear to him. Now and then, indeed, he had been most entirely under the spell of Maude Hillary's fascinations, and had thought of a rosy rustic face, framed in a little dimity bonnet, had suddenly forced before him, with a reproachful or his forgetfulness and neglect, and he had resolved that on the very next day some one should be dispatched in search for Susan Tredethlyn. But then, on that next day, Francis generally some flower-show or matinee musicale, or some hostess at Fulham or Putney to play croquet at Twickenham, in short, some other pretty other for devoting himself to Maude Hillary, and her pretty image would be driven from his mind. But Mr. Tredethlyn was suddenly startled into recollection of his neglected duty by the receipt of a letter from Susan soliciting, with many blots and misspellings, an early interview, and announcing that she had an important communication to make respecting Miss Susan Tredethlyn, otherwise Miss Susan Turner.

The letter was a communication. The gentleman felt his face grow hot as he read the letter. Susan was found, perhaps, he thought. He had never mentioned Susan to Maude Hillary, and now it might be that she would need all the discretion of a loving protector, perhaps even the strong arm of an avenger, to do it. Such a contingency thought was absorbed by his approaching marriage. The young man did not wait for any ceremonious appointment, but hurried off to see Mr. Kurzdale, and presented himself before Mr. Kurzdale, the senior partner.

In the outer office Francis Tredethlyn's hot eagerness tamed down a little before the matter-of-fact manner of the solicitor. There was a sober tranquility in the aspect of the room in which he was placed, which seemed to have a singularly soothing effect upon all those who entered it. The busy little clerks ticking on the gray stone mantelpiece, a skeleton clock, exhibiting its entire anatomy to the public eye, and superior to all human curiosity or amusement, seemed perpetually ticking out in the stillness:

"Let me advise you to take it easily; let me recommend you to take it easily; let me advise you Law can do for you will be done for you here; but it must be done in the Lawe own way, which is slow, and very complicated, and rather injury to human patience."

Mr. Kurzdale received Francis with calm cordiality, and after a few unduly complimentary preceded at once to business.

"I need not remember that my opinion and that of my partner—for I never act in any matter of importance in the matter—you will, no doubt, recollect, was entirely opposed to the policy of the manuscript or journal which you confided to me, I came to the conclusion that the writer of that journal had been unconsciously imposing upon some considerable city by a mock marriage, a sham ceremonial, performed before some person falsely representing himself to be a district curate. That person was never really forced upon me by the wording of the diary. Look at the diary in what light I would, and I assure you I weighed the matter most carefully—I could not see my way to any other conclusion."

"I understand," answered Francis. "I knew the man was a scoundrel. I made that out somewhat clearly from the journal. I knew he meant mischief and treachery upon little Susy; but I couldn't make out what treachery till you opened my eyes to the truth."

"But suppose that, after all my care, I was too hasty in forming a conclusion. Suppose that we have been mistaken, Mr. Tredethlyn."

"How do you mean, sir?"

"Some days since, I happened to open a drawer which had been unopened for a long time, and hidden under a lot of other documents I found the diary which you entrusted to me. The sight of the manuscript reminded me of you and your missing cousin, so I suppose it was only natural that I should turn over the pages, not in the hope of finding any new meaning in them, however, for I had studied them too carefully for that. I turned them over, and while debating the question of a mock marriage the thought suddenly flashed upon me that it would be at least very easy to ascertain if any genuine ceremonial had taken place in London. Remember, Mr. Tredethlyn, I did not for one moment imagine that there had been a real marriage, and I fully believed that the trouble I was about to take would be a mere formality. I had not from the first been firmly convinced that the writer of the diary contemplated a sham marriage, and nothing but a sham marriage. Indeed, at the outset, have done that which I only did the next day."

Francis Tredethlyn's impatience was so very evident, that the lawyer, slow as he generally was, quickened his pace a little as he went on.

"I was determined to institute an investigation of the books of every registrar's office in the metropolis during the months of January, February, and March, 1849. I entrusted a confidential clerk with the task, and three days afterwards he brought me the result of his investigations. On the fifth of February, 1849, Robert Lesley was married to Susan Turner, in the office of the district registrar for Marylebone. The registrar's name was Joseph Pepper; the names of the witnesses to the marriage Jacob and Jemima Banks, of No. 7 Woolcote Villas, St. John's Wood."

"Thank God!" ejaculated Francis Tredethlyn, reverently, and then, after a pause, "my little Susan's safe, that this man was not the scoundrel to betray him, for—"

"My brother such a marriage, contracted under a false name on your cousin's part, and it is very possible, also under a false name on the part of the writer of the diary, that your cousin, Susan, might not be open to dispute, is another question. However, the ceremonial, as far as it went, was genuine, and I thought there would be some little difficulty in setting it aside."

"It shall be set aside!" cried Francis, "if Heave the power to enforce it. Thank God for this, Mr. Kurzdale, and thank you for the thought, and the tact same, that led to the discovery of the truth."

"You must remember, though, my dear Mr. Tredethlyn, that a marriage is a solemn thing, and almost alarmed by the young man's vehemence. "you must bear in mind that it is just possible that Susan Turner may have taken Robert Lesley and some other Robert Lesley married in the month of February, 1849, and that this registrar-ship may prove to be a blind."

"I am not afraid of that," Francis answered, decisively. "No, the man meant to be a scoundrel, I daresay; but he was Susan's husband, and therefore touched her heart at the very last, perhaps, and he could not be such a villain as to deceive her. Mr. Kurzdale, I thank you for the advice you have given me, and I shall live to thank you for it, and to divide my uncle Oliver's money with her."

Mr. Kurzdale stared at his client in blank astonishment.

"You would—do that?" he asked, after a pause.

"Of course I would. Poor little, ill-used darling! The money was hers, every penny of it, by right. I—I meant at first to have married it all after to buy, but now alters have arisen for me, and I can gladly give up half the fortune that should belong to her own."

The solicitor smiled a grave smile.

"And now how are we to find Susie?" asked Francis. "This registration business gives us a new clue, does it not?"

"Unquestionably. We can at any rate hope to find the two witnesses, Mary and Jemima Banks, and from them we may learn your cousin's present whereabouts. I'll send a clerk to those Banks people to-morrow."

"No, no, no; you shall! I'd rather go and look for them myself, and at once," and Francis. "I've been very neglectful of Susie's interests lately, and I want to do something by way of trying to make up for my neglect. I'll go myself, Mr. Kurzdale, and try to find out those people. If they live in London I shall find them. If not, I'll come here to-morrow morning and tell you the result."

The young man wrote the address of the people in St. John's Wood in his pocketbook, shook hands with the solicitor, and hurried away. He was so eager to atone for the neglect of the past by the activity of the present. He hailed a Hansom in the street, and was on his way to St. John's Wood five minutes after he left the lawyer's office. He sat with his watch open in his hand, and was very much astonished when at the time it would take him to find the females, Mary and Jemima Banks, extort from them all the information they had to give, drive back to his hotel, reorganise his toilet, and then make his way to Twickenham. Mr. Tredethlyn had some faint recollection of a lady of late, and employed a Wesleyan tailor, hababoned his honest face with a grizzly-backed brushes, and believed his cambric handkerchief with the odoriferous lotions of that necromancer of the flower garden, Jockey Club. Nevertheless, the big Cornishman smiled at his reflection in the glass somewhat wondering at his own frivolity. But it was for Maude Hillary's sake that he was thus lavishing exboriously every day, and grew critical in the choice of a waistcoat. He had even hired a man to wait upon him, and had a little regiment of boot-trees in his dressing-room.

St. John's Wood proper is perhaps one of the most delightful suburban retreats in which the man who, yearning for the waving of green trees about his shade, is yet obliged to live within an easy cab drive from the city, can make a pleasant temple for his tares and pastures. Dear little villas, embowered in foliage; stately mansions, towering prenily out of half an acre of trimly-kept garden, invite the wealthy citizen to retirement and repose. The young Blues and labyrinths of to-day may represent but poorly the honky ravines of the past, but still the Wood of St. John is a cool and pleasant oasis in the great desert of London.

But there are outskirts and dependencies of St. John that are not quite so pleasant—ragged wastes and shabby little boxes, that bring the tattered elves disgracing a nearby garment. These dismal streets and dreary terraces may not belong of right to St. John, but they hang about him, and cling to him, and shelter themselves under the grandeur of his name, nevertheless.

Woolcote Villas, St. John's Wood, were very pretentious little dwelling-places, fronted with damp stucco, and with a tendency to a mossy greenness of aspect that was remarkably depressing. Woolcote Villas were of the Elizabethan order of architecture, and went off abruptly into peaks and angles wherever a peak or an angle was possible. How small household deeds required the massive stacks of Elizabethan chimneys which made Woolcote Villas appear tophazy and ingenginers to the eye of the stranger, was an enigma not solved by the architect who adapted those habitations; and why Woolcote Villas should each be furnished off with a stanchel matted pot, popularly known as a Chinese Puzzle, which was not Elizabethan, and not practicable for habitation, luring upon the four winds of heaven, was another problem perpetually puzzling the same individual's solution.

Francis Tredethlyn, after driving through all the intricacies of St. John's Wood on different false scents, came at last upon Woolcote Villas, and found No. 7 at the end of a straight row, and pulled up his horse before the door of number six.

Francis alighted and rang the bell—a bell with a stark wire, which required to be pulled a great deal harder than any effect was produced. At last, however, the bell rang, and then, after a pause and another peal, the door was up and, and a slatternly servant girl, with a flapping crake of dirty cat hanging from the back of her untidy head, emerged from number seven. Woolcote Villas, be it remembered, was at the back gate before which Francis Tredethlyn was waiting.

The young man asked if Mrs. Banks was at home, and was told that she was, and Francis also. Did he please to want the apartments?

Mr. Tredethlyn told her that he had particular business with Mrs. Banks, and that if she was at home he wished to see. The girl looked disappointed, and there were a good many bills in the Elizabethan windows of Woolcote Villas, up the demands of lodgers were not equal to the supply of London apartments.

The sound of a thrilling piano, played very badly, greeted Mr. Tredethlyn as he entered the passage of No. 7. The door of the parlor was opened the door of the apartment whence the sound came, and Francis found himself in a shabby parlor, occupied by a young lady and gentleman. The piano he entered, and who was very fine and yet very shabby, and a trifle dirty, like the parlor, and the house in Woolcote Villas generally. The lady were a greasy-looking black silk, relieved by a cooquettish little apron of Smart plaid, and ornamented with a profusion of cheap jewelry and velvets, with a good deal of mosaic jewellery in the way of chains and crosses, and anchors and lockets, and had her hair in very much frizzled head-dress, and dowed in general ringlets of the corkscrew order, which were already shoddies. She was altogether a very extensively adorned young lady; and she gave a little start expressive of surprise when Francis came in. But a slight admixture of pleasure, as Mr. Tredethlyn presently perceived before her. Many single gentlemen had inspected the apartments in Woolcote Villas, but here was at one among them so good-looking, or so splendid of aspect, as this tall, broad-shouldered Cornishman, who moved and corrected by his West-end tailor.

The gentleman, I suppose," the young lady said, curtsying and simpering, "has come for a long hour, perhaps you will allow me to show them to the parlor. It is the parlor. If the one-a sitting-room only is required, with a bedroom. Including dinner on Sundays, the terms would be a trifle more than the parlor. The apartments, without board, fifteen shillings, or with board—"

The young lady would have proceeded further, but Francis Tredethlyn interrupted her.

"I beg your pardon," he said, "I don't require apartments; my business is with Mrs. Banks, if I rightly understand that is the elderly lady who—"

"Mary—or Jemima—Banks?" asked Francis.

"Miss Mary Jemima Banks," the young lady replied, with considerable dignity. "Did you think the good-looking stranger inclined to be familiar with the servant girl? I am not to be proceeded to be aware of the intended report."

"I am very glad that I have been so fortunate as to find you," he said. "Can you tell me or give me the information I want. You were present at a marriage before the registrar, at an office in Fulham-row, Hamphrow, on the 5th of February, 1849. Can you tell me where the bride and bridegroom lived? Their names, I think, comprised out of her statelinen. "Poor Susan was your cousin, was she? Way, she came home from a fortnight's honeymoon!"

"She came here?"

"Yes; she was lodging here before that, and she and her husband went off to Paris after the ceremony, and there was no breakfast and no nothing; and Mr. Lesley, he was always very high and mighty-like in his ways, he flung down a twenty-pound note upon the desk before the registrar, and when the man said something about change, he threw on his head scornfully—a-la

was a way he had if anything vexed him—"There's your money,' he said, 'and don't let's have any humbug,' and then he dropped his poor little wife's hand through his arm, just nodded to me and mother, and walked off to the establishment at the corner, not as a member in the registrar's office. The registrar was full of praises of the gentlemanly generosity, and said he'd like to tip half-a-dozen such couples every week, but mother was regularly cross about that twenty-pound note, and went on about it all the way home, saying that Mr. Lesley had grunted her down cheap enough about the routine these rooms, and a deal too much owing off his genuinely extravagant relations."

"And no cousin Susan went to Paris?"

"Yes, but only for a fortnight, and we was to keep the apartments for her, which we did, and at the end of a fortnight she came back, dressed beautiful, and with all sorts of lovely things in her boxes, and she was humble as well and so happy, and anybody would have thought she was the happiest woman in the world. But, mother, she used to shake her head short it, and say she never knew these secret sort of marriages to come to any good, because, when a gentleman begins by not wanting to own his wife, he's very apt to end by wishing he hadn't married her; but mother always looks at the black side of things, whether it's cases or whether it's history, or whatever it is, and don't take much notice. Mrs. Lesley seemed very happy, and Mr. Lesley, for the first week or so, he stopped at home a good deal, and scarcely ever went out, except to take his wife out to dine, or to a theatre, or something of that sort, and they really seemed the happiest couple that ever was; but by-and-bye Mr. Lesley went away; to college, he with told me; and I shall never know who picked out that thing, the night he left her, or how closely she looked sitting in this room, where they'd been so happy together, and then their little quiet supper after the theatre, and everything that heart could wish. She'd got some books that he'd left behind him evening before he left the table, and she was turning one of them over when I went in to see her.

"Maybe very hard to understand, Miss Burke,' she said, 'but I try to read them, because I want to be clever, and able to talk to Robert when he comes home.'

"After this she was almost always reading, poor little thing, and she'd sit in this room for hours and days together; for she didn't like to go out alone, and mother does drive and worry so, that it wasn't much good out with her. Mr. Lesley was to be away three months, she told me; and I'm sure that poor thing used to count the hours, and minutes almost, waiting for time to go; but when the three months was up, there was no Mr. Lesley; he was going sailing somewhere in Wales with some grand friends, she told me, and wouldn't be home till the next vacation. I never saw any one so cut up as she was by the disappointment, though she couldn't ask short it, only I could see every morning by her face, that she'd been lying awake half the night, crying her poor eyes out.

"Poor girl, poor girl!" murmured Francis Trodethyn.

LOVE.

THE gay young earth,
World of the sun, would break its heart with joy,
But that its joy doth rest itself in flowers.
So when young Love holds in a maiden's heart,
And builds a bower for his nest, and waves his hood
Of twittering loves as did a magi mages,
Thereon I trust with rapture were it not for song.
Song it is for sure that tears to sorrow owe.
Tears sweeten grief, as song doth sweeten love,
And love doth ever voice itself in song,
As rills in music. So this Song of Love,
Shaped like an Indian maid, sgaun did sing.

GUY'S FOLLY;

OR,

The Secret of Thornton Heath.

BY VANE HERTON ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER VII.—ROSE FLOREY AT HOME.

MY readers will remember that the second attempt upon Guy's Folly was fixed for the sixth night after the fete.

To some extent, however, the robbers had reckoned without their host.

Walter Raymond had imagined that his uncle, amid his profusion of treasures, would not so soon miss his pelf.

It was, as we have seen, for otherwise, for the robbery had at once been perceived, though, under the guise of a Bridge St. Claire, the old miser disgraced deed had fallen upon the wrong shoulders.

For one thing Walter congratulated himself—he had heard the robbery talked of in the neighborhood. He therefore knew that his uncle was aware of the theft, and was thus prevented from running himself heedlessly into danger.

On the other hand, Gideon Crawleigh came to see him, smiling as ever, and quite prepared for any villainy.

Thus the conference took place in the grounds, where all interference was impossible.

"Well," began Crawleigh, "this is to be the night of our second trial."

Walter glanced at him in complete astonishment.

"Our second trial!" he said. "You must be mad."

"Why so?"

"To ask me to go again to my uncle's house, when the robbery is the talk of the neighborhood, is the act of a madman. Why, Guy Raymond will watch his gold like a lynx; he will have sentinels posted at the doors, he will never sleep nor rest until we are discovered. We must defer this till all is quiet, or no has passed."

Gideon's countenance fell.

"I am sorry to hear you speak thus, Walter," he said. "I had hoped you had more courage."

"Courage! Yes, I have abundance of courage; but that is one thing and madness is another. Come, tell me, why are you so eager? Surely you are not yet in want of money."

"I am indeed! I have to tell—"

"Look ah! If you spend two thousand pounds in two days, the Bank of England will not supply your wants. However, as no one thing I am determined—I will act, so go to Guy Raymond's house again and all this matter has been hushed up."

"Very well," returned Crawleigh. "Only, as you command, perhaps you can lend me a few pounds—say a hundred until this proper moment arrives."

Walter took out his pocket-book and drew thence ten ten-pound notes, which he handed to his companion.

Gideon placed them in his pocketbook with a smile.

"They seem little in comparison with what I expected," he said; "but still they are better than nothing. Good evening; I will not come in. Raymond will be glad enough to see me back for me."

With these words he turned upon his heel and left the place.

To explain the unperceived state into which Gideon Crawleigh had fallen is easy.

He had come down to have an interview with Rose Florey at the well he was to carry to her house. He found her seated luxuriously in her drawing-room, surrounded by her books.

She was a handsome girl this Rose Florey, tall and well-proportioned, and walking with considerable dignity.

She had dark hazel eyes and brown hair, a cherry mouth, a full form, and a manner which awed the half-educated.

And now, as she sat in her easy-chair in her morning dress, low in front, and displaying her neck, carved in ivory, dark hair, short like a man's, and whole air of elegance and grace, she was a picture of a finished beauty.

She smiled graciously as Gideon Crawleigh entered, and, removing a cigarette from her cherry lips, said:

"You are punctual, I see, Mr. Crawleigh."

"Yes. Indeed I have need to be, Fancy, under such circumstances."

She laughed slightly.

"Well, perhaps it is," she said. "At any rate, Mr. Fisher is charmed with him as an officer."

Gideon frowned.

"You have deserved me," he said.

"Yes, I have," she replied with candor.

"And you have induced me to come hither in order that I may be outrepped?"

"Not so. Have you the money?"

"Yes."

"Where is it?"

"I have it in my purse."

"Give it to me, then."

He did so.

She rang the bell.

In another moment Mr. Fisher entered the room, and with him a stout man of middle age, whom Gideon regarded with offense.

Mr. Fisher bowed stiffly.

"Mr. Crawleigh, I presume?"

"Yes."

"I have a choice of yours: it has been—then I—influenced. Are you prepared to meet it?"

"Yes; I have this moment given Miss Florey the money."

Rose handed it to Mr. Fisher.

"You see, Mr. Fisher," she said, with one of her blandest smiles, "you see I am a woman of my word."

"Yes, indeed," he answered, as he pocketed the money: "I do so am I a man of my word. Here is the choice."

She handed it to Gideon.

"Is it correct?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, and took it in the fire.

Then her whole aspect suddenly changed. Her eyes became alive of anger, her nostrils dilated into a bitter wreath of scorn, her bosom heaved with emotion, but this time emotion of hate and indignation.

"Now, Mr. Fisher," she cried, "now you can leave my house! Gideon Crawleigh is my friend—my friend because he is a woman's way had, but still a friend. You know well how you have wormed yourself into my confidence, and betrayed it. Go down to my house; and never let me see your face again!"

"But—"

"Say nothing, but go! Your presence is hateful to me. Gideon, ring the bell."

He did so, and in another moment a servant appeared.

"Show these persons out," cried Rose Florey; "and see that they do not enter again."

Mr. Fisher did not think it worth while to make any opposition; so, like a dog with his tail between his legs, he left the room.

Gideon Crawleigh, rendered more comfortable by their departure, sat by the manner which Rose Florey had adopted, drew his chair up close to her side.

"Well, Rosey," he said, "you have done me a great service."

He took her soft little hand in his as he spoke. She drew it away.

"There, don't be making love to me, Gideon," she said. "Those days are over. I expect Sir Arthur here every moment."

"Then why make an appointment with me at this hour?" he said, in a tone of of evident vexation.

"Because I could not help it. Father—the wretch!—would make no other time do for him; so it was necessary that compelled me to choose this hour."

"And what is your special grudge against Fisher?"

"That is my business," said Rose Florey. "It is a secret. How much money have you left?"

"Not much."

"Let me have a hundred."

He took ten crisply drew the required sum from his pocket.

"You will clear me out," he said. "You will, indeed."

Nevertheless he handed it to her, and she placed it in her pocket.

"Clear me out!" she remarked, as she did so—"cleared out! It is better to be so than in prison. And now that I have done with you, be off to think for Gideon, and clear my door now."

Gideon rose.

"With Rose Florey, when at home, he knew this it was absolute madness to argue.

He cast one glance of regretful admiration upon the splendid creature, who he had once deemed all his own, shook her warmly by the hand, and departed.

He went to see of hearing Rose Florey throw her purse in the air in childish play, and laughed merrily.

"What a fool Gideon is," she said to herself, "to fancy that I would allow Sir Arthur Arbuthnot —wretched impostor—to visit me. If I fail everywhere else, I have him for a husband. And I could not endure him for a lover."

So, after a moment, instead of waiting the arrival of Sir Arthur, she went to her dressing-room, prepared herself for a walk, and went out.

Gideon Crawleigh, meanwhile, went towards home, pondered himself for a journey also, and took his way towards a neighboring town.

There he dined, and at six o'clock entered Bevan's Hotel.

Bevan's Hotel was the resort of all the black sheep of the fashionable world and its surroundings, speculative tradesmen on the verge of bankruptcy, swells from London who were compelled to avoid their creditors, and everybody else who belonged to country families who considered it "the thing" to associate with ideologies.

To gain entrance to Bevan's" must have appeared a nothing beyond an ordinary hotel, having its usual large coffee and dining-rooms, reading-room, and private suites, as well as its elegant waiters.

But to the initiated, the rear only of the premises presented attractions.

There was a billiard and a skittle-alley, a billiard-room, a roulette-table, and various other minor sources of improvishment and wealth.

It was in the latter that Gideon Crawleigh took his way on quitting Rose Florey.

He was a desperate gambler, and was considered lucky.

Such, however, had turned against him of late; and since his acquisition of stolen property, his fortune had been worse than ever.

He had only fifty pounds left when Rose Florey dismissed her loan; but Rose possessed over him, as she did over every one, an apparently unlimited power, and he could not refuse her a fiver.

Here, however, at the roulette-table, where he made no pretence of being very particular, he hoped to recover his losses, and he entered the room with a sort of defiant air, which effectually proved to all present his determination to play.

The "pigeons" were plucked. The "rooks" were disgusted.

The former looked upon him as a new boon companion, but the others regarded him as an interference to their own particular game.

But again Fortune frowned on Gideon.

Every coin left his pocket ere he quitted the room.

One hundred pounds which he afterwards borrowed from Walter Raymond was carried to the same room, but with a different effect.

He won back his losses.

Then among the crowd there appeared a new face. This was Ralph St. Clare, and upon him Gideon Crawleigh at once fixed as his special victim.

HOW THE ROTHSCHILDS MANAGED.

WHEN Napoleon returned from the Isle of Elba, the anxiety of Nathan Rothschild knew no bounds, and during the great days he went to Belgium, following in the wake of Wellington's army. Eager to gather the earliest information of events, which, he felt, would settle the fate of Europe for years to come, he did not even shrink from the perils of the field of battle. On the morning of the 18th of June, 1815, he rode on a quiet house, listed at Brussels, over the ground in front of the Chateau of Hougoumont, close to the village of Waterloo. He was in company with a number of men all worth nothing. The first was Count Bernstorff, Prussian Ambassador to the British Court; the second Nathan Rothschild and the third Hougoumont; and the fourth a man worth hundreds of millions. All are agreed the whole field was enveloped in smoke, which rendered it impossible for either army to see what the French Emperor were now in full retreat. It was not until the Duke of Wellington perceived the advance of the great battle of Waterloo was won—was won for him by the indomitable courage of the British troops, and the skill and coolness of his generals. Here a cavalier was ready to ride off with the news. At the break of day on the 19th of June, Nathan Rothschild found himself at the coast of Ostend, and there he hired a fishing-boat, in which he and all the Stock Exchange by a furious sea and waves destroyed everything in their path. It was in the year 500, 000 francs to be carried across the stormy from the Channel. Off Margate the wind fell, and they would gave 2,000 francs, and the bargain was struck, a poor fisherman undertaking at the risk to gain 2,000 francs his wife and children.

The news which cavalry Cæsar and his fortune sped swiftly over the waves a sudden change in the Stock Exchange, and the astonishing the prospects to unexpected degrees. The sun was still on the horizon when Nathan Rothschild, with a heart lightened without waiting, engaged the swiftest horses to carry him on to London.

There was gloom in Threadneedle street, and gloom in the Stock Exchange, when Nathan arrived. Nathan Rothschild when he appeared on the morning of the 20th was a disappointed man in the Stock Exchange. He whispered to a few of his most intimate friends that the battle was lost and won by the Duke Wellington, and he had been defeated by Napoleon in the great battle of the day before. The report spread like fire and gloom—no one knew what had become of the handful of men who had crossed the sea.

The funds were opened the whole day, and fell to the lowest depths. Then, at three o'clock, Nathan Rothschild's known agents sold with the rest, more than 1,000,000 of money. Then, at four o'clock, Nathan Rothschild was known agents bought at forty-five. The funds rose to fifty-five by the evening of the following day, and on the 21st they were at the 53rd of the 22nd nearly two days after the arrival of Nathan in London, the news arrived of the complete overthrow of Waterloo, and the utter rout of the Napoleonic host not however, Nathan Rothschild, with his spy, was the first to inform his friends at the stock Exchange of the victory of the Duke of Wellington, and to whom the hour before it was given, to his general public. Needless to say that Nathan's profits from the day had fallen so soon as the official reports were published of the battle of Waterloo.

Waterloo enriched the house of Rothschild by about four millions sterling, and laid the foundation of a house upon power for the descendants of Meyer Amschel, the poor broker of Frankfort-on-the-Maine.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A TRAVELLER inquired at one of the railroad stations what time the 7.45 train would start, and was told at a quarter to ten minutes. "Why," he exclaimed, "you are always changing the time on this road."

WHY is a scandal like a baby? Because the more crying it is the more the laborers are apt to bush it.

A WOMAN'S grief is very short. If she loses her husband, she gets a boy for a second.

A MAN to speak his mind, must have one to speak.

OF the crews, women jump clean thronob hoops. In society they jump into them and stick there.

"STUFF your heart," said a considerate boarder to a man who was going away leaving some fascinating girls behind.

"Can't do it," replied the unhappy young man.

THE sittings of criminal courts are trying affairs.

THE woman who rejects an offer of marriage, practices short-hand.

THE man who has not ambitions of fame, but the very wind blows their horns for them.

AN Indiana paper refused lately to publish an obituary notice of alcohol.

"WE will publish the simple announcement of the death of any man for a dollar."

A LADY who would please herself in matrimony, was warned that her husband was very singular.

"Well," replied the lady, "if he is not a little odder than he is most men likely to be a good husband."

JUDGE ROGER, in going the western circuit, had a great case thrown at his head; but from the ordinary course of practice was not aware of it until after.

"You see," he said, "had I been an upright judge, I might have been killed."

THE following were written on seeing the vanes and on a church used as wine cellars:

"A spirit above, and a spirit below,
A spirit of work and a spirit of woe,
The spirit above is the spirit divine,
The spirit below is the spirit of wine."

HOW to prevent flies from entering your parlor when company first it all in the early spring.

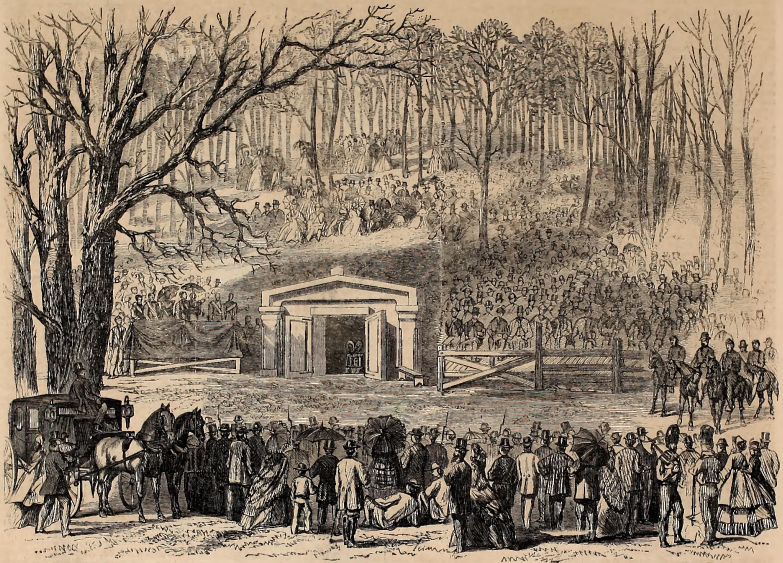
"WELL, my son, what is bunting?"

"It is," replied papa, "whenian pretends to be very fond of you, and puts on buttons on my shirts."

WHEN is an author most like a puppy? When he carries his tale with him.

AS Irish lady, in her will, ordered her body to be burned after her death, as she was afraid of being buried alive.

THE weatherboard, after all, points to the building most worthy, for it shows man that it is a vain thing to a spire.



THE TOMB OF THE PRESIDENT.—FUNERAL SERVICE AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, THOMAS HOGAN.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.—The words of the English language are a compound of several foreign languages. The English language may be looked upon as a compilation, both in words and expressions, of various dialects. Their origin is from the Saxon language. Our laws were derived from the Normans, our military terms from the French, scientific names from the Greek, and our stock of nouns from the Latin, through the medium of the French. Almost all the verbs in the English language are taken from the German, and nearly every noun or adjective is taken from other dialects. The English language is composed of 15,753 words—of which 6,732 are from the Latin, 4,613 from the French, 1,505 from the Saxon, 1,000 from the Greek, 691 from the Dutch, 214 from the Danish, 106 from the German (not including verbs) 90 from the Welch, 74 from the Scotch, 66 from the Spanish, 60 from the Icelandic, 51 from the Hebrew, 15 from the Teutonic, and the remainder from the Arabic, Syriac, Turkish, Portuguese, Irish, Scotch, and other languages.



RECRUITING TO MEXICO.—HEADQUARTERS OF COL. WM. N. ALLEN, HOWARD AND CROSBY STREETS, NEW YORK, WITH THE ENROLLMENT OF DISCHARGED OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



LELAND'S NEW OPERA HOUSE, UNION HOTEL GROUNDS, SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y.—SEE PAGE 151.

TOMB OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

IN February, 1861, Abraham Lincoln, the President elect, left Springfield to assume one of the most perplexing positions ever occupied by man. Nobly has he gone through the ordeal, sanctified by his martyrdom. On May 3rd, 1865, his mortal remains were solemnly conveyed to that same little county town, and deposited in the tomb erected since his assassination.

The place where his loved and honored remains repose is Oak Ridge Cemetery, a public burial place, about two miles from Springfield, and here the monument will be raised to the memory of a man who will always rank after Washington in the memory of every true American. Bishop Simpson made a very appropriate address on the occasion, in which he feelingly drew the honest patriot, who, at the same time, was as regardful as he was simple-minded. Our space will only permit us to add what our Special Artist says: "Nothing could exceed the solemnity and deep sorrow that hung on every face of the great crowd of spectators that witnessed the close of the funeral honors to our departed President. It seemed as though they had lost not only their chief magistrate, but their most valued friend."



THE SOLITARY HYDRANT IN LIBBEY PRISON.

We were betrayed into an inaccuracy last week in giving credit to the wrong photographers in our captions to the Chicago pictures. The very brilliant views, of which we exhibit ourselves for these engravings, were not by Anschutz, as stated, but by Mr. S. M. Fassett, 114 and 116 South Clark street, Chicago, who was too modest at first to put his name to his pictures.

EMIGRATION TO MEXICO.

THE headquarters of Col. W. H. Allen, corner of Howard and Crosby streets, were opened the beginning of last week for the enrollment of emigrants for Mexico, and were immediately besieged with applicants eager to join in the movement; hundreds of starved men registered their names on the books. Among the applicants were numbers of sailors and other persons who have seen service in the United States navy. The rush of discharged soldiers and army officers to join in the expedition was perfectly surprising. The enrolment clerks were kept busy, and the enthusiasm continuing, if became necessary for Col. Allen to establish branch offices in various parts of the city. The success of this quiet appeal to the American public, it is said, has astounded the agents of President Juarez, who had no idea when they commenced operations here that the response would be so over whelming. Gen. Creigh, it is stated, expresses himself as immensely satisfied over the manner in which his plans are working, and apprehends no serious obstacles to the triumphal issue of his expedition.

AMBULANCE OWNED BY THE U. S. ENGINE CO., PHILADELPHIA.

THE good people of Philadelphia, ever since the war broke out, have been very sensitive to the soldiers passing through their city. Two large restaurants have been in constant operation for four years in feeding the brave boys; and a number of hospitals, some of them very large, are located either in the city or in the healthiest part of the suburbs. A want occurred, in removing the invalid heroes from the railroad depots to these charitable institutions, and this has been met by the firemen of Philadelphia in the manner represented in our engraving. The various fire companies vie with each other in the splendor and luxury of these carriages. There are 36 of them altogether. They can be summoned all at once from their various locations, for immediate duty in transporting wounded men from the hospital near the Baltimore railroad depot to the large one at a distance—the most commodious of which is at Chestnut Hill, 10 miles north-west of the city.

The Chief-Engineer of the Philadelphia Fire Department, David M. Lyle, has shown himself creditably active in attending to these duties of mercy, which, in a technical sense, are altogether outside of the claims of his office. In May also-a, 1864, 24,000 men were safely and commodiously transported by his means.



AMBULANCE OF THE U. S. FIRE ENGINE COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA, PA., FOR TRANSPORTING WOUNDED SOLDIERS TO THE HOSPITALS.—SKETCHED BY F. SCHELL.

THAT most flippant of diplomatic sages, Prince Schwarzenburg, was so greatly important as to remark sneeringly to Lord Ward, that English diplomatists spoke shocking bad French. "Ah," said the English noblesse to the Austrian statesman, "you must remember that we have not had the advantage of having our capital cities so often occupied by French troops as some of the continental nations."

ONE of the officers investigating the case of the murder in question a few days since, who is in some way connected with the affair, she kept diligently asserting that "Shady me feared I don't know anything about it, and whoby me heaven I don't tell an untruth, for I never told a lie in my life," keeping on in her voluble assertions till at length the officer quietly interrupted her with the assurance that it did not much matter to him what she revealed, but it might be better for her, at which she became a little

indignant and asked what they could do with her if she knew about the matter and wouldn't tell it. "Why," responded the officer, "in case you prove to be implicated as much as I am afraid you are, you might be hanged." At this reply she was a trifle moved and said: "Justice should be tempered with clemency." Said the officer in conclusion: "Ah, yes, my dear madam, but you forget that the clemency man is dead." For the first time the lady saw it in that light and wept.

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PATENT CYCLOID PIANOFORTES

Have superiority of actual melodious power, and a purity and vocality of tone, a perfection of touch, a just mechanical construction, securing

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THE

NATION'S LOSS.

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APRIL 15, 1865.

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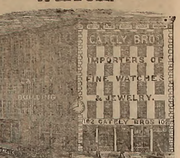
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A charming, delicate and perfect natural color for the cheeks or lips; does not wash off or injure the skin; remains permanent for years and cannot be detected. Price $1. 18 cents by mail, securely packed from observation. HUNT & CO., PERFUMERS,
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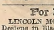
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Of all the distinguished Generals, such as *Gen. Grant, Phil Sheridan, Gen. Sherman*, etc. Send for a sample hundred. Price only $6 *per hundred*, or $1 per dozen, 60 cents the half dozen. The cards are just the thing to carry in your Photograph Album. Any of the above cards will be sent by mail on receipt of price.
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$1. WHISKERS. $1. For One Dollar I will send, sealed and postpaid, the "Grecian Compound," highly perfumed, which I warrant to force a heavy growth of hair upon the smoothest face in five weeks, or upon bald heads in eight weeks, without stain or injury to the skin. Entire satisfaction given, or money refunded. Descriptive Circulars mailed free. Address
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OF

Watches, Chains, Diamond Rings, Etc.

One Million Dollars!

To be Disposed of at One Dollar Each!

WITHOUT REGARD TO VALUE! NOT TO BE PAID FOR UNTIL YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE TO RECEIVE!

Splendid List of Articles! All to be Sold for $1 each!

		EACH.
300	Musical Boxes	$20 to $150
150	" " with Bells and Castanets	200 " 500
500	Silver Teapots and Coffee Urns	20 " 50
500	" Chafing Dishes	30 " 100
1,000	" Ice Pitchers	20 " 50
2,500	" Syrup Cups with Salvers	20 " 50
5,000	" Goblets and Drinking Cups	5 " 50
3,000	" Castors	15 " 50
2,000	" Fruit, Card and Cake Baskets	20 " 50
		PER DOZEN.
5,000	Dozen Silver Tea Spoons	$10 " 20
10,000	" " Table Spoons & Forks	20 " 40
		EACH.
250	Gents' Gold Hunting-case Watches	$50 to $150
250	Ladies' Gold and Enameled-case Watches	35 " 70
500	Gents' Hunting-case Silver Watches	35 " 70
200	Diamond Rings	50 " 100
5,000	Gold Vest and Neck Chains	4 " 30
3,000	" Oval Band Bracelets	4 " 8
5,000	Jet and Gold Bracelets	6 " 10
2,000	Chatelaine Chains & Guard Chains	5 " 20
7,000	Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4 " 10
5,000	Coral, Opal and Emerald Brooches	4 " 8
5,000	Mosaic, Jet, Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 " 8
7,500	Coral, Opal & Emerald Ear Drops	4 " 6
4,000	California Diamond Breast Pins	2 50 " 10
3,000	Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys	2 50 " 8
4,000	Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides	3 " 10
5,000	Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, etc	3 " 8
3,000	Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc	4 " 8
10,000	Miniature Lockets	2 50 " 10
4,000	" " Magic Spring	10 " 20
3,000	Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc	2 " 8
5,000	Plain Gold Rings	4 " 10
5,000	Chased Gold Rings	4 " 11
10,000	Stone Set and Signet Rings	2 50 " 10
10,000	California Diamond Rings	2 " 10
7,500	Sets Ladies' Jewellery—Jet & Gold	5 " 15
6,000	" " " Cameo, Pearl, Opal and other stones	4 " 15
10,000	Gold Pens, Silver Extension-holders and Pencils	4 " 10
10,000	Gold Pens and Gold Mounted Holders	6 " 10
5,000	Gold Pens and Gold Extension Holders	15 " 25
5,000	Ladies' Gilt and Jet Buckles	5 " 15
5,000	" " " Hair Bars and Balls	5 " 10

ARRANDALE & CO., Manufacturers' Agents,
No. 167 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

Announce that all the above list of goods will be sold for *One Dollar* each.

In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, through the war having cut off the supply of cotton, a large quantity of Valuable Jewellery, originally intended for the English market, has been sent off for sale in this country, and MUST BE SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE!

Under these circumstances, ARRANDALE & CO., acting as Agents for the principal European Manufacturers, have resolved upon a *Great Gift Distribution*, subject to the following regulations:

CERTIFICATES of the various articles are first put into envelopes indiscriminately, sealed up, and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus showing no favoritism.

On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you are to have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewellery on our list for ONE DOLLAR.

Send 25 Cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for 10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered for them, provided their remittance amounts to One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents by every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage Stamps.
ARRANDALE & CO.,
167 Broadway, New York.

What the "Press" say of Us.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings, silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 167 Broadway. They have an immense stock of articles, varying in value, and all are offered for $1 each. The distribution is very fairly done—you agree to take a certificate of a certain article, enclosed in an envelope, and are not required to pay your dollar unless you are satisfied with the article, which will certainly be worth more than that amount, and may be $50 or $100. An excellent mode this of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Times, New York City, Feb.* 19, 1865.

Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we believe them to be every way worthy of public confidence.—*New York Scottish American Journal, June* 11, 1864.

We have inspected, at the office of Arrandale & Co.'s Agency for European Manufacturing Jewellery, a large assortment of fashionable and valuable jewellery of the newest patterns. We also noticed a large quantity of silver-plate, and understand that the whole of those newly-imported articles are to be disposed of on a novel principle, giving great advantages to buyers, and affording extensive employment to agents. We know the firm in question to be a very respectable and thoroughly worthy of public confidence, and recommend our friends to read their advertisement.—*New York Albion, Sept.* 3, 1864.

By Messrs. Arrandale & Co's arrangement, the advantages must be on the side of the customer, for he has everything to gain, and nothing comparatively to lose. He knows what he will get for his dollar beforehand, and he need not send it if he is not satisfied.—*New York Weekly News, Aug.* 6, 1864.

EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and profitable employment we have heard of for ladies is the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution" of Arrandale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this way, not only filling her own purse, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom she sold the Certificates, as will be seen from our advertising columns. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged.—*New York Sunday Mercury, Aug.* 14, 1864.

In our columns the reader will find an advertisement of Arrandale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches, jewellery and silver-ware. In payment of that advertisement we received several sets of the jewellery advertised, and we are warranted in saying that, both in finish and quality, they quite exceeded our expectations. They turned out to be just what they had been represented.—*True Democrat (Lewistown), Aug.* 17, 1864.

The British Whig of Kingston, C. W., says, Nov. 26, 1864, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some 20 articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.

250,000

Watches, Chains, Diamond Rings, &c.,
worth over

ONE MILLION DOLLARS!

All to be sold for $1 each, without regard to value. Not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive. During the month ending, March 31, 1865,

T. & H. GAUGHAN & CO.

have had the honor of distributing among their patrons *six hundred and ninety Gold and Silver Watches* at $1 each. Splendid list of articles, all to be sold for $1 each:

250	Solid Silver Dining Sets	$75 to	$300
500	Silver Salvers and Urns	50 to	250
500	Solid Silver Tea Sets, complete	50 to	300
150	Rosewood Musical Boxes, 32 airs	75 to	250
200	Mahogany Musical Boxes, 24 airs	50 to	200
250	Gold Hunting-Watches	75 to	250
250	Ladies' Enamelled Gold Watches	50 to	200
500	Gents' Hunting Silver Watches	35 to	100
500	Open-face Silver Watches	25 to	50
250	Diamond Rings	50 to	100
5,000	Photo. Albums, all sizes	5 to	50
2,000	Gold Vest and Neck Chains	15 to	30
3,000	Gold Oval Band Bracelets	5 to	10
5,000	Chased Gold Bracelets	6 to	12
2,000	Chatelaine and Guard Chains	5 to	20
7,000	Solitaire and Revolving Brooches	5 to	10
2,000	Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 to	10
5,000	Coral, Opal and Emerald Brooches	4 to	10
5,000	Mosaic and Jet and Lava Eardrops	4 to	10
7,500	Coral and Emerald Eardrops	3 to	8
5,000	California Diamond Pins	5 to	20
5,000	California Cluster Diamond Pins	3 to	10
3,000	Sets Solitaire Buttons and Studs	3 to	10
3,000	Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc	3 to	8
10,000	Lockets, double glass	3 to	5
5,000	Lockets for miniatures	5 to	10
3,000	Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc	3 to	8
5,000	Plain Gold Rings	4 to	10
5,000	Chased Gold Rings	4 to	10
10,000	Shield and Signet Rings	3 to	10
10,000	California and Diamond Rings	3 to	10
7,500	Sets Ladies' Jewellery, jet	5 to	10
5,000	Sets Ladies' Jewellery, coral	8 to	12
5,000	Sets Ladies' Jewellery, onyx	10 to	15
5,000	Sets Ladies' Jewellery, lava	12 to	20
2,500	Sets Ladies' Jewellery, mosaic	20 to	30
10,000	Gold Pens, with Silver Holders	5 to	10
5,000	Gold Pens, with Gold Holders	6 to	12
5,000	Gold Pens and Holders, superior	10 to	15
5,000	Silver Goblets and Drinking Cups	8 to	10
3,000	Silver Castors and Wine Holders	15 to	50
2,000	Silver Fruit and Cake Baskets	20 to	50

Messrs. T. & H. GAUGHAN & Co., No. 116 Broadway New York, extensive Manufacturers and Importers of all the leading and most fashionable styles of Watches and Jewellery, desiring to increase their business to an unlimited extent, have resolved upon a great Gift Distribution, subject to the regulations following: Certificates, naming each article and its value, are placed in sealed envelopes and well mixed. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail to any address, on receipts of 25 cents.

All articles sold at $1 each, without regard to value.

On receipt of the certificate you will see what you are going to have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any set of Jewellery on our list for $1, and in no case can they get less that $1's worth, as there are no blanks. The price of certificates is as follows: 1 for 25 cents; 5 for £1; 11 for $2; 30 for $5; 65 for $10; 100 for $15. Agents will be allowed 10 cents on every certificate ordered by them, provided their remittance amounts to $1. Agents will collect 25 cents for every certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage stamps.
T. & H. GAUGHAN & CO, No. 116 Broadway, N. Y.

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Italian Medicated Soap,

it is well known, cures Tan, Pimples, Freckles, Salt Rheum, Barber's Itch, Chaps, Chafes, Tender Flesh, etc., beside being the very best shaving compound ever invented. GOURAUD'S POUDRE SUBTILE uproots hair from low foreheads, upper lip, or any part of the body safely and quickly—warranted. LIQUID ROUGE, for pale lips and cheeks. LILY WHITE for flushed, red and heated faces. HAIR DYE, instantly converts red, gray or light hair to a beautiful black or brown, without staining the skin. HAIR RESTORATIVE for the hair to grow, and make stiff, wiry hair soft, glossy and silky. Found at DR. GOURAUD'S old established depot, 453 Broadway.

The purity and efficacy of the above preparations have been endorsed by tens of thousands, who have used them the past twenty-five years.

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Agents — Callender, Philadelphia; Bates, Boston; Johnson, Detroit; Keyser, Pittsburgh; and Druggists generally. tf

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PEN AND PENCIL CASES.

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Repointing Pens, 50 cents. Send for Circular and Price List.

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Six Dollars from Fifty Cents.

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My French Card Magnifier can be used with common cards, and the face of the cards can be seen by the dealer. This will enable you to know just what your opponent holds in his hand. This will cause you to win every time, at any game you wish to play, such as Bluff, Poker, Euchre, &c. Sent by mail, sealed and postpaid, on receipt of price, $1 50.
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Chewing, Smoking and Snuffing To-BACCO CURED AND PREVENTED. The medicine sent free by mail for 50 cents, five for $2, by
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Forty different kinds at $1 50 by mail; $12 00 per dozen. Also, French cards (52 views) $1 25, by mail; $10 per dozen. Also Dealing boxes, Cutting Shears, Dice, Tops, Chips, Bugs, Spiss, etc. Address
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95,000 Watches, Chains, Sets of Jewellery, Gold Pens, Sleeve-Buttons, Rings, Bracelets, Silver Ware, etc.,

to be sold for $95,000, and valued at over $1,000,000, each article being worth from $2 to $100, and to be sold for $1.

We shall place Certificates, calling for each article in envelopes, and, after mixing up, shall send the first one drawn to any address, on receipt of 20 cents, showing what you can have upon sending the Certificate with $1 enclosed.

Single Certificates we shall send for 20 cents; 6 for $1; 15 for $2; 100 for $10. Agents wanted in every town in the United States and Canada. Address
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15 John street, New York.

President Lincoln Mourning Badge. Price 50 cents. All should have one. Address UNION NEWS CO., Chicago, Ill. 502-5

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One of Dr. Humphreys' cases of medicines, containing thirty-five vials, embraces remedies for every well known disease, and costs $10. A family provided with one of them, will save during the year, ten times the amount of their cost, by avoiding the necessity of medical attendance, besides securing its members from protracted and serious illness.

Specific boxes for any particular disease, 25 cents to $1.

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HUMPHREYS' SPECIFIC HOMŒOPATHIC MEDICINE COMPANY,
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PRIZE STATIONERY PACKETS.

Splendid Steel Engravings, and Photograph Card Pictures.

We want Agents everywhere to sell our goods, which will pay 200 per cent. profit, and our Stationery Packets contain good paper and envelopes, and a fine assortment of Jewellery. GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES given as premiums to Agents. $17 will obtain a Watch and a fine Silver Watch. A sample packet, also one containing the our great Dollar sale of Jewellery, together with circulars and full particulars to Agents, sent on receipt of 50 cents. Circular mailed free.

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ITCH. (WHEATON'S ITCH OINTMENT SCRATCH.) SCRATCH.

Will cure the Itch in 48 hours—also cures Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Chilblains, and all Eruptions of the Skin. Price 50 cents; by sending 60 cts. to Wells & Potter, Boston, Mass., will be forwarded free by mail. For sale by all Druggists. 497-2320

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Cured by Bates's Appliances. For descriptive pamphlet, &c., address H. C. B. MEARS, 277 W. 23d St., N. Y. 00000

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May 20 See advertisement on page 250.

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A DECIDEDLY ENGRAVED GOLD-PLATED WATCH, Double Case, Lever Cap, Small Size, White Enamelled Dial, Out Hands, "*English Movement*," and Correct Timekeeper, with the words "*Manufacture Coleraine*," indicating the *Day of the Week, Month, &c.*, in back case. A splendid time piece, for, until to any part of the country, in neat case, with a Beautiful Vine Chain, for only $10.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 505—Vol. XX.] NEW YORK, JUNE 3, 1865. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. (3 WEEKS $1 00.

The Assassination—Complicity of Davis.

THE evidence elicited in the great trial of the persons arrested for complicity in the murder of the President, and in the attempt on the life of Mr. Seward, establishes the fact that there existed a deeply-laid and widespread conspiracy, more than a year in maturing first, for the abduction or assassination of the President; and secondly, for wholesale piracy on the Lakes and incendiarism in our Northern cities. The agents in this conspiracy had their headquarters in Washington, and the leaders revolved between Richmond and Canada. It is proved that both Booth and Surratt went often within the rebel lines, and had communication with the rebel authorities. It is proved that Booth and Beale, who was hung, for, among other things, the attempt to burn New York, not only met in conference in the Shenandoah Valley, but that the latter was sent, with the Lake pirates and St. Albans raiders into Canada, by authority of the rebel government, on what was called "detached service." The connection between the gang in Canada, for whom, it will be remembered, Mr. Davis claimed the rights of "belligerents," on the ground that they were commissioned by him and assigned by him on special service—we say the connection between these robbers, incendiaries, and murderers, and the gang assigned to the "detached service" of abducting or murdering the President is complete. That Mr. Davis knew about the scheme of burning our cities, and of "carrying alarm and consternation throughout the North," is shown by documents under his own hand. The testimony is not yet all in, and there is some which has not yet been made public, which may prove direct complicity on the part of Mr. Davis in the plot to assassinate Mr. Lincoln and his Cabinet. Be that as it may, it is established by evidence and logical deduction that he was fully acquainted with and approved that part of the conspiracy, which Beale and Kennedy and their associates failed to accomplish in New York, but in which Burley and the St. Albans robbers and murderers were more successful. Cognizant of one part of the plot, he could not be ignorant of the other. Viewed as a crime, the heinousness of attempting to burn crowded



CAPTURE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, AT IRWINSVILLE, GA., AT DAYBREAK OF MAY 10TH, BY COL. PRITCHARD AND MEN, OF WILSON'S CORPS.

hotels and theatres, and threw railway trains from the track, far exceeds that of the murderer of any man, even though he be a President. The man who would not shrink from the former crime, certainly would not hesitate at the latter. The man who could commission ruffians for such kind of "detached service," would look upon assassination with complacency if not approval. The moral obliquity and unscrupulousness which could tolerate the one would not reject the other.

The greater crime involves the less, and if Jefferson Davis could entertain in his black heart, corroded by treason, the monstrous scheme of wholesale and indiscriminate murders for which he commissioned men, whose subsequent acts he approved and avowed, the world will be prepared to believe him not only a consenting but co-operating party to a scheme of assassination, which, if carried out successfully, would enure most to his benefit, real or supposed. Especially will men believe it, when they find the instruments of incendiarism and those to whom was assigned the work of assassination, not only frequenting the same haunts and retreats, but in almost constant conference and consultation—now in Richmond, now in the Shenandoah Valley, and anon in Canada, obtaining their supplies from the same source, and steadily acting in concert. The frontier was to be invaded, the torch to be applied in New York, and the President and his Cabinet were to fall, simultaneously. It was thus that "horror and consternation were to be carried into the North; such was the plan which Sanders wholly or in part revealed to the British spy, Sala, and which he said, if carried out, would "make the world shudder."

The leaders of the rebellion, writhing under defeat and disgrace, seek naturally enough to shake off the onus of this last and monstrous crime. But it will be without avail. It occurred too late to be of service to them—there is the rub—and its weight sinks to a lower depth of infamy a cause already borne down by deeds of blackness unparalleled in human history—Fort Pillow massacres, systematic starvation of prisoners, piratical burning on the high seas, St. Albans raids and incendiary schemes. Had the above plot been successful, six months ago, before Sherman had cut his way through the very vitals of the rebellion, while yet there was an imposing army in the field, Mr. Mason would not have been so fast to express his detestation of the deed, and we should have had none of the abhorrence of it which the rebel leaders now affect with so much ostentation. Their "sentiments of horror and indignation" would have never made themselves heard through the wild yell of delight and exultation which would have rung out from the printing houses of Richmond. The death of the "ape," the "baboon," "besotted idiot," "brutal tyrant,"—these are the phrases by which the simple, earnest and faithful Lincoln was always designated in the Southern press—would have been hailed with frantic and demoniac joy through the South, and we shall deceive ourselves if we accept any expressions of regret or sorrow over the foul deed, on the part of the rebel leaders in general, as anything beyond an effort to rid themselves of the odium of an act which they regret only because it came too late to be serviceable, but not too late to grave deep in the heart of the nation the great truth which it was all too likely to forget, that "treason is the greatest of all crimes and should be punished accordingly."

CAPTURE OF JEFF. DAVIS.

The correspondent of the *Tribune* gives the following graphic account of the arch traitor:

"Through the kindness of Lieut.-Col. Pritchard, in charge of the prisoners, your correspondent was permitted to visit the steamer, and learned from the colonel and others the particulars of the capture, which was made by a detachment of 128 men of the 4th Michigan cavalry, under Lieut.-Col. B. D. Pritchard, about one mile from Irwinsville, Ga., and about 100 miles southeast from Macon. The colonel learned on the 9th inst. where they were encamped, and just before daylight on the 10th surrounded the camp. It was supposed that Davis had a considerable force as guard, and a severe fight was expected. By an unfortunate and so far unaccountable accident, one part of the force fired upon another, and before the mistake was discovered two men were killed and six others slightly wounded. Capt. Hudson had placed a strong guard around the tent where Davis was supposed to to be, and when the firing commenced, thinking his duty called him to the fight, he left the tent in charge of a corporal with orders to let no one pass out. The corporal went to the door, where he was met by a lady, who proved to be Mrs. Davis, and who said that the tent was occupied by ladies, and she hoped they would be permitted to dress without being disturbed.

"Very soon, she again and voluntarily appeared at the door, with another person in petticoats, morning dress and a woollen cloak, with a hood closely drawn over the head and a pail on her arm.

"Corporal ordered halt! which was of course obeyed, but Mrs. D. feelingly appealed to the corporal to allow her mother to go to the spring for a pail of water—it was hard, even if they were prisoners, not to be allowed to get a little water for their morning ablutions. Mr. corporal just then observed that the morning dress was not quite long enough to conceal a pair of boots looking rather too heavy for "mother" to wear, and, with his Spencer carbine presented to the aged lady's head, ordered her to remove that cloak. The argument was persuasive, even to the chivalry. The disguise was removed and Jeff. Davis appeared in full view.

"Davis said that he should have defended himself if he had been armed—even if he had had a revolver he would have fought with it as long as he could. The colonel replied to him, that he didn't appear to be in a very good fighting condition just at that time."

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The Chimney Corner will have always a continuous tale of a superior and unexceptionable order. It opens with a most exciting story from one of the most popular authors of the day. Each number will also have a variety of shorter stories from our best American writers, Sketches of Travel and of Society, Anecdotes of Natural History, Biography, Poetry, Agricultural and Horticultural Suggestions and Illustrations, Recipes, Family Medical Prescriptions, Notes and Queries, Parlor Pastimes, Merry Thoughts, Comic Pictures, Portraits and Illustrations, in the best style of American art.

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With Nos. 1 and 2 of The Chimney Corner will be presented, gratuitously, a magnificent plate, entitled:

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The picture contains nearly 100 portraits of our most celebrated Generals, Statesmen and Civilians, also of many of our most distinguished American ladies. The likenesses are admirable, having been taken from photographs by Brady.

This is the most costly gift plate ever presented by any publisher in the United States, having been produced at an expense of

$10,000.

Every family should possess this truly national picture, and carefully preserve it, as it will transmit to future generations the men who have restored our great national unity. It is especially valuable, as it contains an excellent likeness of our late lamented President, introducing General Grant and his wife to Mrs. Lincoln. This costly plate is the first of a series which it is our intention to present to our regular subscribers.

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It is electrotyped, and back numbers can be had by ordering the same of any News Agent.

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A Double Tragedy, (illustrated)—Cleveland Hall; or, Fatal Vengeance (2 illustrations)—A Day's Hunt in Georgia (4 illustrations)—A Night's Work: a Tale of Woman's Daring (2 illustrations)—The Self-Made Men of Our Times: Senator E. D. Morgan, with a splendid Portrait and original Memoir—Playing with a Crocodile, with large illustration—Fashions for May (4 illustrations)—Manners and Customs of Different Nations: China (3 illustrations)—The Dogs of Mount St. Bernard: The Child Saved (with illustration)—The Ladies of Lima (with 3 illustrations)—Grandfather Whitehead's Lectures for Little Folks)—Food and Its Adulterations: Coffee (with illustrations)—Parlor Pastimes, Enigmas, Charades, Conundrums, Parlor Gardening, Hints for Housekeepers, Universal Information, Management of the Nursery, Ladies' Conversazioni, Essay on the Art of Saying Disagreeable Things, with Poetry, numerous Anecdotes, Bon-Mots, Facetiæ, etc., and a series of 6 Comic Illustrations, called the Playfulness of the dear Children.

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Afternoon, at 3; Evening, at 7½. Immense Attraction, immense Attraction. Enormous outlay. First appearance of the beautiful and gifted artiste, Miss Emilie Melville, in a Grand Dramatic Romance, founded on Mrs. Southworth's celebrated Story, "Heiress of the Hidden House," produced in a style of unqualified excellence. First appearance also of the great American One-Legged Dancer, in a picturesque and brilliant dance. Classical Readings, Comic Songs, Duets, Dialogues, etc., in character. Now on exhibition in the Mammoth Whale Tank, an enormous Living Alligator, Man Eaters, 20 feet long, a Horse and Rider entwined by an enormous Serpent, converted into Stone; Prof. Hutchings, Lightning Calculator; Woodroffe's Bohemian Glassblowers; a Glass Steam-Engine in motion; Fifty Life-Size Moving Wax Figures, Jeff Davis in Petticoats. Fat Woman, Giantess, Circassian Girl, Living Otters, Grand Aquaria, a Million Curiosities.

Admission 30 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents.

The Third Series of Seven-Thirties.

The great success of the 7-30 Loan must always be looked upon as one of the most powerful evidences of the strength of the United States Government, and of its strong hold upon the confidence and affections of the people. On Saturday, May 13th, the subscriptions were over *thirty million dollars*, and for the week ending on that day, over *ninety-eight million dollars*, and in the three months that the Loan has been in charge of Mr. Jay Cooke, *over five hundred million dollars.* These large receipts will enable the Treasury to pay off our armies as they are disbanded, and to rapidly discharge the various obligations that have been incurred during the war. This will show that a great war-debt to individuals has never before been so promptly paid; and we think all will agree that Secretary McCulloch deserves great credit for the ability he has manifested, not only in securing the means, but for the financial skill he has displayed in so directing these vast receipts and disbursments as not for a moment to disturb the equilibrium of commerce, embarrass individuals, or in any way tighten the money market. It is doubtless true that the Secretary of the Treasury might have negotiated the remainder of his loans at six per cent. interest instead of 7-30, but so much valuable time would necessarily have been lost in popularizing a new loan that the great object of the Government, viz., an immediate supply of money sufficient to pay all the debts incident to the war, would have been defeated; and besides, the difference of interest would not have been equal to three days' expenses. The policy may have looked "penny wise," but the best financial authorities, as well as common sense, pronounced it "pound foolish." As it is—and will be, no soldier will go home without his greenbacks, and the floating debt in the shape of vouchers, requisitions, &c., will be wiped out as rapidly as the proper officers can audit and adjust the accounts.

The Second Series of the 7-30 Loan was exhausted on Saturday, May 13th. On Monday, the Secretary of the Treasury authorized Jay Cooke, the general Subscription Agent for U. S. Securities, to receive subscriptions for $230,000,000 of a Third Series, which is all that is authorized by Congress, and is without doubt the last loan at this high rate of interest that will be offered by the Government.

There is no change in the terms or conditions of this Third Series, except that the Government reserves the right of paying interest at six per cent. in gold instead of seven and three-tenths in currency—a right which would pre-suppose a return to specie payments, and make six per cent. in gold even better than the higher rate in currency—a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

The privilege of converting the notes into 5-20 six per cent. gold bonds at the end of three years, or receiving payment at maturity, at the holder's option, is retained.

The first day of the Third Series opened with a subscription of a fraction of five millions, and the month of June will certainly see the last of the 7-30's out of market. How early in June we cannot predict, but parties who wish to make *sure* of a portion would do well to be in time.

Full particulars may be found in our advertising columns.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JUNE 3, 1865.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl street, New York.

Andrew Johnson.

There is, we think, little danger that Mr. Johnson will be so much misunderstood, misrepresented, or maligned abroad as his predecessor. In the first place, because Europe cannot fail to feel the stings and repinings of conscience as regards its wanton injustice to President Lincoln; and in the second place, because Mr. Johnson stands in control of a power never so formidable as now, and has proved himself capable of wielding it with the greatest effect. The London *Times* never committed so great a blunder as when, on the receipt of the news of President Lincoln's assassination, it called on Mr. Johnson "to resign." That journal is painfully conscious of its error. It has found out that an experienced, firm and steady hand is at the helm of State in America. It has found out, and all Europe has suddenly made the discovery, that the President of the United States is not the illiterate, drunken boor which even Mr. Lincoln was at one time represented to be, but a practiced statesman, with a public career much longer and wider than that of his predecessor, and with a record marked throughout by distinguished ability, unsullied purity, lofty patriotism, and rare decision and persistence. A legislator in his own State, thrice its Governor through the choice of its people in times of peace, twice its Senator in Congress, and subsequently its military Governor, and filling all these positions with judgment, energy and dignity—a man who has been all this can be no ordinary politician. And when we consider that he was all this, with no advantages of birth, in spite of a defective early education, but rose from a humble and contemned occupation, to be the head of a State in which all political positions have been regarded as almost the exclusive heritage of an overbearing social and landed aristocracy, when we consider all this, we must discern in Andrew Johnson the elements of a man born to be a leader of men, and eminently fitted to be President of the United States, at a time when the qualities for which he is most distinguished are precisely those which are most required in the Executive of the nation.

The London *Spectator* of the 6th of May, has a very able and appreciative article on the new President. It does not fail to see that we have a very original, able and powerful man, (it suggests the possibility of "a very dangerous one") in Andrew Johnson. It warns European statesmen that, "He is no feeble ruler, sure to be a tool in the hands of his secretaries or the parties around him, any more than the drunken rough elevated by an accident and incapable of an idea, but a strong, self-reliant man, accustomed to rule, and to rule in a revolution, with a policy as distinct as that of the oldest European statesman, and a will which, be that policy wise or rash, will assuredly make resistance to it a most dangerous task."

"He is a ruler," it continues, "who, whatever else he may do or leave undone, will most assuredly rule; who will borrow knowledge, but accept advice only when it harmonizes with his own convictions. A man who, born a Southerner, raised himself into the idol of slaveowning democrats, and then, convinced that slavery was an evil, flung himself down from his position, down to the very bottom, a homeless, landless, friendless man, and then fought his way back to the very top as chief of the anti-slavery democrats, is not the man to be 'guided' by softer politicians. Andrew Johnson, unless we mistake utterly all the indications of his life, is simply Andrew Jackson over again, and we are not certain whether the repetition of the character is not conscious, whether Mr. Johnson has not recognised his resemblance to that prototype and modelled himself to make the resemblance visible. He is always talking of him, always quoting him, and the accidental analogy of careers must frequently have struck him. Like Jackson, Mr. Johnson was born in the Carolinas, a poor, if not a 'mean' white, he says—'I picked cotton as an apprentice, and picked twice as much as any slave'—and like him emigrated to Tennessee, and there became the idol of the Democracy. Like him, too, he contracted, apparently through the force of an imagination which requires strong ideas to stir it, a passion for the Union, and therefore a resolution to defend it at all times by all means legal and lawless equally. Had Jackson been encountered, as he was threatened, with a slaveholders' revolt, he would, we can hardly doubt, have passed, as Mr. Johnson has done, onwards from resisting slaveowners to an iron determination that slavery should end—end, as the new President says, 'now, unconditionally, for ever,' so that no State shall have the power to re-establish it. On that point there is in Mr. Johnson's mind no possibility of truce or compromise."

We think the *Spectator* is wrong in supposing, that while Mr. Johnson has, from the begining of his career, been an ardent and unflinching advocate of the sovereignty of the people, and of the doctrine that all government should only be the expressed and tangible form of the people's will, that therefore he would carry out that doctrine which is knit into the very texture of his mind and is supreme in his heart, "by the majesty of mere volition which laws human and divine were alike intended to limit." Respect for the Constitution and laws, nor yet our duty of obedience, does not compel us to submit to national extinction and the destruction of the very system for which the Constitution and laws were formed. Self-preservation is the first instinct and duty of nations as well as individuals.

The strong expressions used by Johnson, and from which the *Spectator* draws very wide inferences, were uttered when Jefferson Davis, the plotters of treason and the leaders of the rebellion, were standing defiantly in their places in the Senate, proclaiming that the nation must die, *because* there was nothing in the Constitution to authorise it to attempt to save its existence; just as though the people could be deceived by fallacies like these, or led to slaughter bound helplessly with cords twisted of the wind. Mr. Johnson maintained that the Constitution and the laws of the country did authorise the Government to maintain its integrity and put down treason. If it did not, he was ready, and the people behind him, to assert themselves in their primary capacity, and let Constitutions perish so that the people survived. Mr. Johnson only expressed the sense and determination of the American people when he asked unanswerably—"What are Governments? They come from the people; you are the people, hence you can do no wrong! * * The people must sometimes take the law into their own hands, and do desperate and irregular acts to save the life of the nation."

The *Spectator* proceeds as follows, quoting an extract from one of Mr. Johnson's speeches

in Nashville, a paragraph which proclaims bugle-like notes, what manner of man is he who stands to-day at the head of the American people. "The *salus reipublicæ* is as supreme an object in his mind as ever it was in the mind of a Roman patrician or a Parisian Septembrisor. There is nothing that we know of in that which Englishmen can blame. We also should do strong acts if the life of the nation required them, we also indeed *did* do them when only the future of a dependency was in the question. But the tendency of Mr. Johnson's mind is to do them when it is possible to dispense with them, to prefer strong measures to legal means as the swifter and more direct road. Thus he rejected Mr. Lincoln's plan of emancipating for service to the Union as too tardy and incomplete, and hurried back to Tennessee to secure permanent, uncompensated emancipation by a constitutional change. To secure it he had almost to overturn society by a system of test oaths, but he thought the 'emergency' warranted that 'desperate' remedy, and he succeeded in his design. A convention of loyal men abolished slavery for ever, but even this was too slow for the self-willed Governor. While the discussion was still going on, he stood one evening on the steps of the State Capitol, and there uttered these remarkable words:

"Colored men of Nashville, you have all heard of the President's proclamation, by which he announced to the world that the slaves in a large portion of the seceded States were thenceforth and for ever free. For certain reasons, which seemed wise to the President, the benefits of that proclamation did not extend to you or to your native State. Many of you, consequently, were left in bondage. The taskmaster's scourge was not yet broken, and the fetters still galled your limbs. Gradually this iniquity has been passing away, but the hour has come when the last vestiges of it must be removed. Consequently, I, too, without reference to the President or any other person, have a proclamation to make, and, standing here upon the steps of the Capitol, with the past history of the State to witness, the present condition to guide, and its future to encourage me, I, Andrew Johnson, do hereby proclaim freedom, full, broad and unconditional, to every man in Tennessee!"

On the arrival of the news of the murder of President Lincoln in London, the members of the House of Commons present in the day session signed the following address and sent it at once to Mr. Adams:

"We, the undersigned members of the British House of Commons, have learned with the deepest horror and regret, that the President of the United States of America has been deprived of life by an act of violence, and we desire to express our sympathy on the sad event with the American Minister now in London, as well as to declare our hope and confidence in the future of that great country, which we trust will continue to be associated with enlightened freedom and peaceful relations with this and every other country.
"*London*, April 26, 1865."

The subject of a new National Hymn has been started again in Boston, notwithstanding the wretched failure of the attempt of a few years ago to elicit one through the vulgar means of a prize—one thousand dollars, for "the best." The absence of a really good National Hymn may perhaps be admitted, but as we are mere New York sinners (and New York is the wickedest place in the world, of course), we regard "Hail Columbia," the "Star Spangled Banner," or even "Old John Brown," with Mrs. Howe's words, or with the refrain:

"We'll hang Jeff. Davis on a sour apple tree,"

as good enough for us. We are not insensible, however, to the criticism of a correspondent of our lively contemporary, the Boston *Transcript*, who says:

"An objection to the use of the music of the "Star-Spangle Banner" is the very wide range of the notes, they running over nearly an octave and a half of the scale, far too great a range for general voices. Both the words and the music of a proper American National Anthem are yet unwritten, and there remains yet unused the opportunity of a very desirable good repute to both the poet and the musician who shall accomplish the needed good work."

If we have had a more hostile and malignant critic abroad, whether as regards our politics, our military operations or our literature, than the London *Saturday Review*, we have failed to ascertain the fact. There is no periodical in Europe written with more general ability, certainly none with less fairness than this *Saturday Review*. There has been no possible prediction of disaster to the armies of the nation, no possible laudation of those whom we have stigmatised as "rebels," in which this able, prejudiced and unscrupulous periodical has not indulged. But circumstances alter cases; and circumstances have of late bravely altered. The tone and logic of the *Saturday Review* have altered accordingly. Its issue of 6th of May is a marvellous illustration of the "heigh—presto—change!" Our limits would not permit us to reproduce, even if so inclined, its latest article on "American affairs," and we content ourselves like the Jack Horner of the nursery canticles, with "picking out the plums." Imprimis: "It would have been absurd to expect that the Government of Washington should acquiesce in the secession of a large section of the Federal Republic, merely because coercion was inconsistent with the shallow theories of platforms and school-books. Both parties, disregarding logic, appealed to the decision of force, and the energy of the North has fairly earned a final triumph, but not a right of vengeance." [Who talks vengeance or feels it? Is there such a thing as Justice? "Murder is a crime, arson is a crime, and treason is the greatest of crimes," is the annunciation of a President who knows and feels that heaven-born Mercy may under certain circumstances be, "Not only a crime but a blunder."] "The attempt to divide the Union into two parts would have been not less bitterly resented if the Constitution had expressly reserved the right of secession. The American character is, however, in ordinary times, essentially good-natured, and the attainment of the main object of the war will relax the popular determination to stigmatize as a crime what falls, according to Lord Derby's theory, within the still graver definition of a blunder." [We hope the American character is misrepresented.] "There is, fortunately, no probability that irregular warfare will follow the dissolution or surrender of the principal armies. The Southern States are not well adapted for operations which would in any case be more injurious to the inhabitants than to the Federal troops. It is also to be presumed that the population must be tired of a contest which has involved unprecedented sacrifices, and that submission will be preferred to a purposeless exhibition of dislike." [So all European prophets of evil are to be disappointed, and the Union is to survive even guerrillas! Comforting, truly, but not novel.] "The rapid conclusion of the war has surprised both Americans and foreigners, and it is impossible for the acutest politician to foresee the nature or importance of the political complications which can scarcely fail to ensue; but the termination of domestic discord will happily not involve any risk of collision with foreign Governments." [That depends on how foreign Governments behave themselves.] "The great civil war has proved that a democracy is capable of acting with extraordinary vigor." [That's so! But now comes in the shopkeeper, the fellow who did all he could to help cut your throat, failing in which would like to strike a bargain in trade. Blockade-running being now unprofitable, by all means let us open trade—"Free Trade" is the term, and sounds well. Is it possible that the prospect of an *export* duty of ten cents per pound on cotton has anything to do with the promulgation of the entirely unselfish advice which follows?] "Its patience," [that of the "democracy" aforesaid] "in the discharge of less exciting duties will be more severely tested by peace. It will be necessary for a considerable period to bear a heavy burden of unaccustomed taxation, and it would obviously be prudent to reduce the protective tariff at least to the point at which, *at the expense of the consumer*, it would produce the largest amount of revenue. When peace is definitely restored, the pressure of the debt may be considerably diminished by the unobjectionable process of re-borrowing a large portion of the amount at a lower rate of interest." ["Finally, and in conclusion," as profoundly observed by the Ethiopian preacher:] "If the Secretary of the Treasury can tide over two or three years of sudden and violent change, he will find no insuperable difficulty in dealing with a debt which will gradually be lightened by the increase in the resources of the country. Twenty years of prosperity, by doubling the population, will diminish in corresponding proportion the liability of each separate tax-payer. Europeans must endure, as well as they can, the self-satisfaction of a nation which attributes to its character and institutions the results of a boundless territory and of consequently unlimited resources. It will henceforth be impossible to exercise the salutary check on American complacency which has hitherto been imperfectly provided by English criticism." [Yes; it is very likely that "American complacency" will be very little affected in future by foreign, and especially "English criticism." To express it mildly there is a profound contempt for it even now.]

The "representative" or "commissioner," "agent" or "commissary," it is hard to say what he is, whom Mr. Max Hapsburg of Mexico, and styled Emperor of the same by a few Mexican traitors and a considerable body of foreign mercenaries or filibusters, now in that country—this "agent," or what not, is out in the papers with an express and anxious denial that this so-called Emperor has disposed of Sonora and some of the silver States to Louis Napoleon Bonaparte; just as if he had the power to do anything of the sort. These States, we believe, belong to the Mexican Republic; and if Mr. Hapsburg should undertake to dispose of them, he would probably find it difficult to give a valid title, and still more difficult to put the purchaser in possession. We quite credit the disclaimer which Señor Arroyo puts forward on behalf of his "august master," and we have no fears, *now*, that Sonora will ever become a French colony, or ever materially alter her relations with the Mexican Republic.

NEW BOOKS, MUSIC, &c.

The Art of Painting Photographs in Water-Colors. By Madame Le Pierre. New York: Crawford & Willis.

This appears to be a complete guide, so far as its small size permits, to the manipulation of photograph-coloring. It is evidently the result of practical knowledge.

OUR NATIONAL SECURITIES.

These are represented by Government issues, as follows:

1. The *Seven-thirties* represent a Currency Loan, having three years to run, then convertible into a Gold Interest 6 ℘ cent. Stock having 20 years to run, but with the right reserved to the Government of paying off the Loan, in Gold, at any time after five years. The term *Seven-thirties* is derived from the rate of Interest which these three years' convertible notes bear, to wit: two cents per day on each $100, or for 365 days seven dollars and thirty cents on each $100.

2. The term *Five-twenties* is applied to the 6 ℘ cent. Gold-bearing Bonds of the United States, to which 20 years half-yearly Coupons are attached, but which may be paid off, in Gold, by the Government, on due notice to the holders, at any time after five years, in the not improbable event that the Government should be offered the Money on a new Loan at a cheaper rate than 6 ℘ cent.

3. The term *Ten-forties* is applied to the 5 ℘ cent. Gold-bearing Bonds of the United States, to which half-yearly Coupons are attached for 40 years, but which may be paid off, in Gold, on notice to the holders, at any time after 10 years, in the possible event the Government should be offered the money on a new Loan at a less rate of Interest than 5 ℘ cent.

4. The Long or unconditional 6 per cent. Gold-bearing Loan, known as the 6 ℘ cents of 1881, cannot be redeemed by the Government at all, except by purchase, until after the year 1881, making this the most desirable of all the United States Loans as a permanent investment.

5. The present outstanding totals of each of the above Loans are as follows:

1—Seven-Thirties	$800,000,000
2—Five-Twenties	596,545,900
3—Ten-Forties	172,770,100
4—Sixes of Eighty-one	281,561,400
Total	$1,650,877,400
Interest in Currency on	$600,000,000
Interest in Gold on	1,050,877,400

In addition to the Gold Interest Stocks here classified, there is outstanding $48,868,891 of the old Funded 5 and 6 per cents of the United States, upon which the Interest is paid in Gold, and the Principal of which will be redeemed in Gold, when due.

6. The terms "Greenbacks" and "Legal-Tender" are convertible. All the Greenbacks are Legal-Tender; but $433,160,569 are of the ordinary circulation free of interest, and $296,000,000 bear simple or compound Interest, payable on the maturity of the Notes, most of them, 6 ℘ cents, payable three years after 1864, the Interest compounded in a table on the back of the Note every six months.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The Washington correspondent of the Springfield *Republican* has the following remarks on Mr. Stanton's method of dealing with thieves: "There is one good thing that Mr. Stanton is doing at least. He is economising in the public expenditures. Say that he is rude, a boor sometimes, reckless and rash; yet add that he is the terror of thieves. I know this to be true. All the thieves hate Mr. Stanton. I would not say that every man who hates Mr. Stanton is a thief; for that is not true, but it is true that a very large proportion of his enemies are persons who have attempted to get their fingers into the treasury in one way or another, and the ugly Secretary has put his big boots upon them. He is not always fair, that is the worst of it, and occasionally abuses an honest man."

—— The University of Chicago possesses the largest, and it is believed the finest, telescope in the world. Heretofore Harvard College has held that honor, but the "Clarke telescope" of Chicago is to the Harvard as 34 to 21—more than one-half larger. Its cost was $11,187 for the object-glass, and $7,000 for the tube and mounting. The focal length of the telescope is 23 feet.

—— The Russian Government has contracted with Messrs. Collins and Sibley, two American gentlemen, for an electric telegraph to be laid from the mouth of the Amoor to California, *via* Behring's Strait. The line is to be opened on the 3d of April, 1870, the permission of the English and American Governments having already been obtained for their respective territories, and every assistance promised by the three Cabinets concerned.

—— Some of the wicked editors are now applying to Jeff. Davis the words he used in the Senate in reference to John Brown. "Who would seek to dull the sword of justice in favor of him whose crime connects with it all that is most abhorrent to humanity, the violation of every obligation to the social compact, the laws, the constitution, the requirements of public virtue and personal honor?"

—— The Richmond negroes say that Bishop Moore, in addressing them on one occasion, said: "Now, ye servants, keep your kitchen clean, make good, light bread, season and cook your meats to the tastes of your masters, and perhaps by-and-bye you may be admitted to the kitchen of heaven."

—— The Richmond correspondent of the London *Times*, in describing the evacuation of the rebel capital by Jeff. Davis and his supporters, mentions the following incident as occurring at Davis's church, which illustrates how, completely the Virginia chivalry had put under their feet all regard for perishable riches: "It will be believed that the excitement among those who remained was at its highest, but it was remarked by sly observers that the excellent clergymen, who has endeared himself to his congregation by four years of brave and hearty sympathy with their trials, did not omit to make the usual collection—possibly with the design of impressing upon his congregation that nothing unusual had happened—possibly to give credit to a currency from which all felt that every semblance of value was passing away."

—— The Philadelphia *Press* says: "Both branches of our State Legislature have passed an act declaring that if any employee of a railroad company shall violate any rule of such company, and injury or loss of life shall thereby result, the offender shall be immediately arrested by the prosecuting attorney of the city or county where the accident happened, and if found guilty, shall be convicted of misdemeanor, and punished, at the discretion of the court.

—— A judge out West recently observed that while it might be insanity to sign another man's name in place of your own, yet when he draws out the money, and spends it, there is a great deal of sanity in the proceeding.

—— In a little patch of wood lately near Ramapo, Rockland county, a den of black snakes was found by a party of hunters. A few escaped, but 86 of the reptiles were killed.

—— There is great stagnation in the hose trade, owing to the cessation of the army demand.

—— Two litigious persons in Connecticut went to law two years ago about the ownership of a grindstone. It has just been settled, and the costs come to over $3,000.

—— Fox and Kavanagh have agreed to play a game for the possession of the golden cue.

—— On the 15th May, the 30 days of mourning having expired, the mourning was removed from most of the stores in Broadway, and the flags were restored to full mast.

—— A Catholic church has been opened in Utah—Gen. Conner having undertaken to obtain and secure religious toleration in the Mormon Territory.

—— Gen. Halleck has offered a reward of $25,000 for the arrest of extra Billy Smith, rebel Governor of Virginia.

—— Nearly 5,000 emigrants arrived in New York last week.

—— Money has been raised in Baltimore to pay counsel to defend the conspirators in the Booth assassination plot.

—— The Rev. Mr. Blanchard, of Brooklyn, has been defending the theatrical profession from the recent attacks made on it in consequence of the Booth murder. The Rev. Mr. Hubbell of the same city rejoins that the theatre is the hot-bed of immorality.

—— The history of the world has nothing like the recent investments in the 7-30's—$30,000,000 were subscribed in one day, and the average for the week has been $13,000,000 a day.

—— The deaths in New York for the week ending May 13th was 460—males, 116; females, 117—boys, 116; girls, 111; a singularly equal distribution of mortality.

—— The opening of the South has already commenced to stir up Northern industry. A house in Springfield has received orders for three cotton presses to be sent to Charleston and Savannah.

—— The Deseret *News* informs us that when the news of President Lincoln's assassination reached Salt Lake City all business was suspended, the public buildings draped in mourning, and the performances at the theatre were postponed.

—— Barnum offers $500 for the dress in which Jeff. Davis was captured.

—— The Government has resolved to reduce the army to 150,000 men—we have now about 520,000 man in pay.

—— The Queen of England has written a private letter of condolence to Mrs. Lincoln. It is said that she most feelingly alludes to the similarity of their sudden bereavements.

—— The officers of the Mercantile Library Association have raised over $60,000 during the past year towards paying off the debt still owing by that most flourishing and valuable institution. Much of its success is owing to Mr. Bastings Grant, the principal librarian, who has occupied that position from the commencement.

—— The idea has been seized upon by a speculative house of business to have handkerchiefs marked with photographs of the owner. The process "will wash." The idea might be extended upon the knob of an umbrella—it would carry conviction at once, and be patent circumstantial evidence against the purloiner.

—— An order has been issued from the War Department, announcing that all persons found in arms against the United States, east of the Mississippi river, after June 1st, will be considered as guerillas, and punished with death.

—— Gen. Franz Sigel has laid down the sword for the pen, and will henceforth edit the *Wrecker*, a German paper in Baltimore.

—— The Aries lately captured a blockade-runner off the Florida coast, bound for Nassau, with a 109 bales of cotton on board, $300,000 in specie, and two men not on the crew or passenger list, and who refuse to give their names.

—— A dispatch from Newbern, N. C., says that trains are now running daily on the Wilmington and Weldon Railroad. Trains are also running daily from Morehead City to Raleigh, Salisbury, Charlotte, Danville and Richmond. Gen. Schofield has extended the use of these roads to refugees and rebel soldiers returning to their homes. Union meetings are being held all over the State.

—— The American Numismatic and Archæological Society have in preparation a bronze medal designed to "commemorate the life and perpetuate the name of Abraham Lincoln." It will be three inches in diameter, and will bear on the obverse a bust of the late President and on the reverse an inscription.

—— William Y. Ripley, Esq., of Rutland, Vt., has in his possession an ingeniously contrived torpedo, made to exactly resemble a large lump of coal. This was the artful contrivance employed with so much success by the rebels in blowing up our transports on the Mississippi, and it is suspected that the awful disaster to the Sultana was accomplished by one of these diabolical things. The one in possession of Mr. Ripley was sent to him from Richmond by his son, Brevet Brig.-Gen E. H. Ripley, and was found in the private cabinet of Jefferson Davis after his flight from the city.

—— Gov. Vance has been arrested at the house of his father-in-law, in Buncombe county, N. C. It is said he is to be tried for treason.

—— Mayor Lincoln, of Boston, has refused to sign the order authorizing the opening of the Public Library on Sunday.

—— It is reported that a detachment of cavalry is in pursuit of Gov. Magrath, of South Carolina, who was heard from when about leaving Spartanburg.

—— According to an order from the War Department, the Adjutant-General has been directed to commence mustering honorably out of service all general, field and staff officers who are unemployed, or whose service is no longer needed.

—— A delegation of twenty citizens of North Carolina, invited by President Johnson to confer on the subject of reconstruction, have arrived at Washington. They report the greatest destitution prevailing in the State.

—— The rolls of the officers and enlisted men of Gen. Johnston's rebel army, paroled in North Carolina, have been received at the War Department, in Washington, and comprise a list of 37,000 names. This, of course, does not include those rebel soldiers who deserted their organization on learning of their surrender to Gen. Sherman, without waiting for the form of paroling.

Personal.—Marquis Montholon, the new French Minister, was formally introduced to the President on the 13th of May. They mutually expressed the friendliest feelings.

—— Gen. Warren has been appointed by Gen. Grant to the command of the Department of the Mississippi.

—— Among the persons captured with Jeff Davis was Benton N. Harrison, his private secretary. He is a native of Mississippi, and was educated in Yale College. Till 1861 he had always been considered a strong Union man.

—— Robert Lincoln will resign his commission in the army, and will enter upon the practice of the law at Chicago.

—— "Five years ago," says the Philadelphia *Enquirer*, "Andrew Johnson voted for John C. Breckenridge for President. Now, Andrew Johnson is President himself, and will hang Breckenridge, if he can catch him."

—— Mrs. Julia Dean Hayne is now performing in Oregon. She was not very successful in California.

—— Gen. Lee is busy in Richmond upon a history of his four years rebel campaign.

—— George D. Prentice, of the Louisville *Journal*, is lying very sick at Nashville. Clarence Prentice, his son, late in the rebel service, has taken the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government.

—— Miss Laura Barrie, the young American cantatrice, has made a great hit in London. The critics all speak of her as one of the most promising young artists they have heard.

Foreign.—The luxury now prevalent in Paris in the article of dress was brilliantly apparent lately at two balls, one given at the Grand Hotel, for the benefit of the British Charitable Fund, established in Paris, in 1822, the other at the British Embassy. The toilettes at the latter were of the most magnificent description. But reckless prodigality in dress is not confined to that worn in public. A leading house at the Boulevards has lately executed an order for 10 pairs of sheets, the same number of pillow-cases, and 12 night-chemises, the total cost of which, by reason of the lace and embroidery used, amounted to 32,800 francs. A married lady who saw the articles, and, perhaps rather indiscretely, inquired who was the object of this monstrous extravagance, received the following answer, which I will not attempt to translate: "*Hélas! Madame; ce n'est pas pour une de vos égales—l'Hymen ne se couche pas dans des draps pareils.*"

—— At length the light of veracious official statistics has been thrown on the losses sustained by the French army during a portion of the Crimean war. Dr. Chenu, Physician-in-Chief to the army, has just sent his official medical report to the Government, by whom it is published. Here are the figures; they apply to the period between April 1 and Dec. 31, 1857, inclusive: Killed on the field of battle, or missing, 10,240; lost in the Semilante, 702; died of cold and apoplexy, 4,342; of various diseases, 8,084; died on the field, or in hospitals, 72,247; total, 95,615. It will be seen that the mortality from the effects of the disease and climate is very high.

—— At one of the last sittings of the Court of Assizes, Paris, the President made the following observation: "I see here several advocates with trousers of various colors. For to-day it is well, but henceforth the practice must be discontinued.

—— Arsenic is prescribed by Homœopathists for those attacked by the new Russian epidemic.

—— The Paris *Presse* states that the Pirate Admiral Semmes has arrived at Havre.

—— Madame Ludwika Lesniowska, editress of the Polish journal, the *News of the World*, has just been liberated by the Austrian Government, after having passed three months in prison for an offence against the laws of the press.

—— The French Government has received official information that the land cultivated with cotton in the province of Bona, Algeria, has increased within two years from 150 to 1,250 acres; 942 quintals of raw cotton were sent from that province to France previous to the 14th of March in the present year.

—— It is said that the Empress of France, instead of writing the life of Marie Antoinette, is deeply engaged in preparing for a revival of the classic and clinging style of drapery which ignores crinoline.



NEW BUILDING ERECTED FOR THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, CORNER OF FOURTH AVENUE AND TWENTY-THIRD STREET, NEW YORK.



RECEPTION OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC AT RICHMOND, VA., MAY 9TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.



NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, NEW BUILDING.—GRAND HALL AND STAIRWAY.

LIGHTHOUSE.

Marblehead, Massachusetts.

BY BEN. BURLEIGH STANTON.

WHERE break with angry motion,
The foam-crown'd waves of ocean
On the rocks of Marblehead,
Stands the Lighthouse, white and dreary,
Sadly, lonely, and as weary
As the tombstone on the dead!

Where the white-winged snow-gulls clatter
Along the coast, and shatter
The ice-fields into foam,
Still it stands there: ever throwing
Light to guide the sailor going
In before the storm.

In the tranquil nights of summer,
When all earth is wrapt in slumber,
As the shroud around the dead—
Still it stands there: ever watching
For the fishermen, approaching
The shores of Marblehead.

Though 'tis ever full of sadness,
And though ne'er a ray of gladness
Ever falls upon that shore,
Yet we love, above to wander,
By that Lighthouse, and to ponder
On the dear ones gone before.

Yes, it stands there, ever keeping
Watch above the sailors, sleeping
'Neath the waves on ocean's bed;
'Tis the tombstone of the sailors,
Who are resting from their labors
Till the sea gives up its dead.

CHECK-MATE:

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY CHARLES D. GARDETTE.

CHAPTER I.

Two persons, a lady and a gentleman, sat together in a lawyer's office one morning, not very long ago, in earnest consultation. The gentleman, who was a young man of some six or eight-and-twenty, and the legal occupant of the office, announced himself upon the customary sign on the window as "Maurice Dace, Attorney-at-Law." The lady, some three or four years his senior, was his sister, Mrs. Bullen.

"It is a very strange affair, Maria," said the young lawyer; "in fact, scarcely conceivable——"

"But true, Maurice," interrupted his sister, earnestly. "I need to know Grace well when I lived in Grandville, and always thought her the victim of her brother's and sister's tyranny, though she never complained, poor child, unless a sort of appealing timidity and melancholy in her manner could be construed into a mute complaint. But that they would or could even carry that tyranny to such a horrible pitch of wickedness I never dreamt. How can such things be done with impunity in a country and age like this?"

"It is certainly a heinous piece of villainy, if true," said Maurice, musingly. Then, rousing himself and speaking with energy, "And it shall be sifted to the bottom, I swear to you, Maria. Give me the letter again. You must leave it with me. I may find it of use."

"And I will find means to let Grace know that her cause is undertaken by one who will pursue it to the one without faltering," said Mrs. Bullen, joyfully, at the same time rising. And having handed him the letter referred to, she left the office.

The young man read the letter over once more. Thus it ran:

"Dr. Mantouffel's Private Asylum,
Yew street,

"DEAR, DEAR MRS. BULLEN—If you remember Grace Forster with any affection, oh, have pity upon her and come to her assistance now. I—that is, Grace—have been imprisoned in this horrible place for two whole years by the—by my brother, who obtained a physician's certificate that I was insane. Do no believe it, dear Mrs. Bullen. He did this terrible thing to get my fortune, of which he was administrator. I am, and have ever been perfectly sane, though nearly driven mad at times, God knows, by the treatment I have suffered. I cannot explain here, having to write this by stealth, how I have been thus sequestered successfully so long; but if you will apply to see me as a friend of my brother's perhaps they will let me see you. I have written you six times before, but have never been able to get the letter out of the house; perhaps this even will

"IT IS TERRIBLE, TERRIBLE! DEAR MAURICE!"

not go. But I wish and beseech you, dear Mrs. Bullen, whether you are permitted to visit me or not, to apply to some honorable and experienced lawyer, on my behalf, immediately, and to show him this, in which I hereby solemnly promise to pay him ten thousand dollars upon his setting me legally at liberty, and putting me in possession of my fortune. Once more, do not forsake me, I beseech you, for you are my last and only hope.

"GRACE FORSTER."

"It cannot be!" murmured Maurice. "And yet—yet it must be. There is no madness there. Ten thousand dollars! Pshaw! It is not the money that moves me, I swear! But how shall I—— Ha! I have it! A bold, a very bold move; but, if it succeed, a check-mate at once, and even if it fail the law is left. It shall go hard but I pluck this dark deed into light somehow."

He called his office boy, and telling him he was going out of town for a few days, bade him lock-up the rooms and go home. Then stepping into his bedchamber, which adjoined the office—he was a bachelor, and lived *en garçon*—he filled a small portmanteau with toilet necessaries, and in less than an hour was rattling over the rails towards the metropolis of Grandville.



INTERVIEW BETWEEN STEPHEN FORSTER AND THE LAWYER.

CHAPTER II.

STEPHEN FORSTER sate smoking a mild havana in his cosy library, which was a quiet room in the rear of the house, looking upon a small but well-

appointed garden (for he dwelt in the suburbs of the city), with a few fine trees, and a summer pavilion in the centre.

In spite of the soothing influence of the weed, however, his brow was clouded and his eye troubled. He held a letter in his hand.

"Manteuffel is a fool, or rather knave," muttered he. "It is not likely that I am going to be thwarted now, after all the trouble I have had to succeed. D——nation! why didn't my father make a will? I was his favorite. He would certainly have left the bulk of his estate to me, and I should have had half a million at least, instead of a mere third. Curse the law of this 'free country!' The idea of dividing the father's fortune equally—*equally*—between his children, without regard to age or sex, just because he made no will. However, they made me administrator, and though Sarah was married, and I had to pay over her portion, I have taken good care of Grace's. Ha! ha! ha! That idea of insanity was a splendid dodge, though it has cost me dear! Nearly ten thousand dollars, by heaven! It's lucky that Sarah's husband has taken her abroad to live. I shouldn't have been able to accomplish it, perhaps, if they'd been here. Not that Sarah would have said anything probably; she hated Grace as much as I did, I believe, but her husband was one of your prying, preaching fellows. And it's luckier still that Henkins went into the army as surgeon and was gobbled up by the rebels; he was always threatening to peach, if I didn't give him more money for that certificate. And yet everybody thought him a respectable physician, the rascal! But now comes this cursed Dutch doctor, and writes me that he 'feels assured that Miss Forster has recovered her reason sufficiently to bear removal,' and 'recommends that I take her under my protection again.' He is getting frightened, that's what's the matter—or rather, he wants to extort more money. Yes, that's it! Curse him! I'll—no I won't; I'll run down and see him to-morrow, and if he isn't reasonable, I'll find another 'retreat' for Grace. That won't be very difficult, I fancy, with the proofs I have of her—— Who's there?"

"There's a gentleman wishes to see you, sir," said the servant, opening the door at which he had just knocked.

"A gentleman? What's his name?"

"I don't know, sir; here's his card."

"Maurice Dace; Dace? humph! Don't know him. Well, ask him to step in, Joseph. Wants me to subscribe to something, I suppose. Sanitary commission, or something. I've given all I intend to, and I'll be—— Good afternoon, sir. Pray, to what am I indebted for the honor of your visit? Will—ahem!" (perceiving that the stranger was undoubtedly a gentleman) "will you take a seat, sir?"

"I have the honor to address Mr. Stephen Forster, I believe?" said Mr. Dace, seating himself, but keeping his eyes fixed upon the countenance of his host.

"Certainly, that is my name, Mr.——Dace."

"I have called upon you, Mr. Forster, on behalf of my client, Miss Grace Forster, your younger sister, and joint heritrix, with your elder sister and yourself, in the estate of your father, John Forster, deceased," said Maurice, speaking with emphasis.

As he spoke, Forster started, flushed and grew pale; but mastering his emotion, waited in silence until he concluded. Then, coldly:

"Indeed! And may I ask what business my poor sister Grace, who has for more than two years been bereft of her reason, alas! can have with me, her brother and natural guardian, in which the intervention of a—an attorney, as I suppose you to be, is necessary?"

"I am, as you conjecture, an attorney, Mr. Forster, and in that capacity am retained by your sister, who is, and has always been, in full possession of her reason, with instructions—in case milder means fail—to bring suit against you for false imprisonment, perjury, and conspiracy to defraud her of her portion of her father's estate, of which, by decision of court, she was, and is entitled to one full third, the said father having died intestate."

During this sentence, which Maurice delivered calmly, and with legal distinctness, Mr. Forster's feelings, spite of himself, worked fiercely. As the lawyer uttered the last word, the other sprang from his seat, and pacing up and down the room, with heavy footsteps, exclaimed:

"What, sir! What do you mean, sir, by thus coming to insult me in my own house—to—to—to accuse me—*me*—of perjury, of conspiring against my own sister—my—my——"

Again he made a violent effort, and succeeded in recovering an external calmness; for violence, he foresaw, would avail him nothing, and might betray him. He reseated himself, and resumed:

"You will oblige me, sir, by instantly explaining your motive in thus daring to intrude upon me with an absurd and insulting story of—of— In short, sir, if, as I presume, your object in threatening me with a suit, based upon the wild wanderings of our unfortunate lunatic—for upon some communication, direct or indirect, from the crazed brain of my poor sister, I must suppose your scheme based—if your object, I repeat, is to extort money from me, allow me to tell you, sir——"

"Stop! Mr. Forster!" interrupted Maurice, peremptorily. "You are wasting words and feelings worse than idly. Let us be reasonable a few moments, and listen to me, calmly. I desire no money from you. What I do desire, and mark me, sir, what I mean to have, is justice! Justice to your innocent victim—to your sister! Whether that justice is to be obtained without public infamy to yourself, remains with you alone! Here is my case, and my proposal, from which nothing shall make me deviate a hair's breadth! I am in possession of proofs of what I advance. Namely: That upon your father's death, and the consequent division of his property, you began a deliberate system of persecution of your sister Grace, then under your tutelage, and of tender age. That the result of that treatment was to render the child gradually timid, silent and melancholy; that as she grew into womanhood, this melancholy became more fixed, and that her state of mind and and actions suggested to you a plan by which you could obtain possession of her portion of your father's estate. That you followed this devilish suggestion with success. That you suborned a physician to give a certificate of lunacy, swore to your sister's mania before the court, and obtained thus fraudulently the authority to immure her and take the exclusive guardianship of her person and property. That, further, you caused, by equally villainous means, your sister to undergo such so-called medical treatment, while in the asylum where she was placed, by you, as in your hope, would actually accomplish the mental ruin you had sworn to have already taken place. And finally, that you have, during her seclusion, made use of the interest of her property for your own benefit, and virtually made yourself the possessor and beneficiary of her whole estate."

Here Maurice paused for a double object—to take breath, and to observe the effect of his accusation upon Forster.

The lawyer had, as he had said in his office, made a very bold move. He had, in fact, assumed the legal proofs to exist of the villainy as he detailed it; his legal acumen and the information he had been able hastily and secretly to gather, giving him the clue to the whole probable course of the conspiracy. But these legal proofs he was, as yet, wholly without, and it remained to be seen whether the moral weight of his accusation as he had boldly made it, would terrify the man into performing the act of justice demanded of him, without daring the open infamy and punishment that a public trial would, in case of conviction, entail upon him. So he waited a moment.

But Forster sat breathing hard, and evidently unable to control his thoughts sufficiently to make a decided answer at the instant, or perhaps unwilling to hazard one till he had heard all.

"Now for my proposal," resumed Maurice. "I am authorized to say, that if you will at once, by the proper means, free your sister—Miss Grace Forster—from restraint, and have her full restoration—restoration, do you hear, sir? she spares you by that word—a reason properly certified and legally established; and if you will, as speedily thereafter as may be, restore to her the undiminished principal of her estate, being one full third of that left by her father, she will take no proceedings whatever against you for the past; she will bind herself not to mention it, even in her future intercourse with the world, and she will overlook and forgive you all and any sums arising from her property in the way of back interest and income, for which you stand her debtor. This is all I am empowered to say, sir. I await your decision."

For full five minutes the two men sat facing each other in silence. Maurice's face was calm and impenetrable, while his eye never for an instant lost sight of the varying emotions that played over the agitated countenance of the guilty brother. At length Forster drew a deep breath, passed his hand over his brow, and said in a low, hoarse voice, which he strove in vain to render clear:

"The strange, the outrageous accusation of which you are the vehicle, sir, has so astounded me, that I am utterly unable to look at it and reply to it as I ought. It is, however, thank heaven! of little importance now, and I shall school myself to look upon it as a dream which never had a firmer foundation than a fancy of my dear sister's formerly diseased imagination. I—do not, I beg of you, interrupt me, sir—a moment's patience only, (for Maurice was going to make an indignant rejoinder). By one of those coincidences that so often fix superstition, I had a few moments before your arrival, received a letter from the—from Dr. Manteuffel—in whose care poor Grace has been for about two years, giving me the joyful intelligence of her complete restoration, and advising her withdrawal from restraint. Do you doubt me, sir? You do me wrong. Here is the letter; read it, examine the postmark, the date—satisfy yourself."

Maurice, wonderingly took the letter, and looked it quickly over. "Hypocrite!" he muttered to himself, as he handed it back with a gesture of assent.

"Thus, sir," continued Forster, "you see that this very painful scene might have been spared, had I believed for a moment it would turn out to be other than a mere attempt—pardon me, sir—to levy black mail, by an audaciously concocted—but no matter! You have been deceived, but only in listening to the last lingerings of my sister's folly. A few days later, and she would have undeceived you——"

"Mr. Forster," interrupted Maurice, sternly, "if you fancy, sir, that I am to——"

"Well! well!" exclaimed Forster, quickly, "let us speak no more of what is past, let us forget it, I beg! If you have no objection, I will accompany you to-morrow to ——, and will, in conjunction with yourself as my sister's counsel, take immediate and proper means to release her, and reinstate her in her social position and fortune. I assure you, sir, I shall do this with unfeigned——"

"I will meet you at the railway, sir," said Maurice, coldly, cutting him short. "Good evening!"

And so, with a formal face, but a joyful heart, the young man left the house of the baffled brother.

"Can it be—can it possibly be, after all, that we—that Maria and I were mistaken—and that Miss Forster was really——? But no, no! The man is a double-dyed hypocrite and scoundrel, that's all!" And arriving at this conclusion, Dace went to bed and slept sweetly upon it.

CHAPTER III.

"WELL, Maria, are you not satisfied?" asked Maurice, as they sat together in Mrs. Bullen's dining-room, one evening, a week after the interview described just above.

"I am indeed, and exceedingly rejoiced for poor Grace's sake! And, Maurice, I'll tell you what," added she, as if struck with a brilliant idea, "there's only one thing more you ought to do, to complete your good work!"

"One thing more? Why, I think my part of the business is happily over. Miss Forster is set at liberty, her sanity thoroughly established, and her fortune in process of being restored to her. She has been of legal age several months, is her own mistress, and worth nearly a quarter of a million. Upon my word I don't see—perhaps you mean that I ought to bring her brother to punishment? But you know, Miss Foster expressly—"

"No! I don't mean that, though I really think we are all almost guilty in not unmasking that bad man, and if it was not poor Grace's urgent entreaties, I certainly should let my friends know, at any rate—however, I don't refer to him now, but to you and Grace."

"What can you mean, my dear Maria? I've done everything it was my duty to do."

"Oh! duty! no doubt you have, Maurice, but —well, I won't plague you. I mean you ought—to—marry her!"

Maurice sprang up, as if a hornet had suddenly stung him!

"What an utterly absurd idea!" cried he.

"Not the least absurd!" retorted his sister, "Sit down, and listen to me. Grace is free, Grace is sane, Grace is rich. True! thanks to you! But Grace is timid, Grace is alone, Grace is unprotected. Give her strength, courage, protection, by giving her a husband! You needn't look vexed, nor shake your head. Grace is filled with enthusiastic gratitude towards you. She regards you as her champion and defender, she is exactly in the condition of feeling, to fall earnestly in love with you. Moreover, she is amiable, pretty, pure-hearted, intelligent and thoroughly good. She is worthy of you, and I will say it to your face, you are worthy of her! And finally, sir, she is at this very moment waiting in the parlor to see you on 'particular business,' having requested me to send for you half an hour ago, as she wished to ask you further counsel before leaving us, which she insists upon doing to-morrow morning, from some ridiculous notion of giving me trouble by being longer my guest."

"Ah!—I—she really ought not to leave you; at least not so soon!" exclaimed Maurice, hastily. "Her brother may—or at least her property is not yet—"

"Exactly!" said his sister, smiling. "So go, now, and convince her that she should not leave. She will listen to you."

"But, Maria—"

"But, Maurice! Go, I tell you. Will you keep a lady waiting, sir?"

And Maurice went.

CHAPTER IV.

SIX months have passed since Grace Forster waited for Maurice Dace in Mrs. Bullon's parlor, and there she sits once more with the young lawyer by her side. Her melancholy has certainly fled, for she is smiling sweetly, and her timidity, too, is gone, for Maurice holds one of her little hands in his, and she does not withdraw it; his arm is round her waist, yet she does not shrink from him. Truly she should not, for she is no longer Grace Forster the victim, and his client, but Mrs. Maurice Dace, his beloved wife! They have been married a fortnight! Yet there is a sadness about her, too, and she shudders, as she says, in a low voice:

"It is terrible, terrible! dear Maurice! And yet I scarcely know how to grieve as I ought!"

And Maurice presses her closer, and kisses her brow, and whispers:

"Let it pass, dearest! Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof!"

What mean they? Alas! Stephen Forster is before his Judge! He has perished by his own hand!

LAMARTINE AND DUMAS.

POOR M. de Lamartine has come before us again as a borrower. It is distressing. I never think of him without considering Death as man's best friend: for, had the dusky angel borne him away to the ebony chambers amid the turmoil of 1848, what a grand position would De Lamartine have for all time occupied in French history! The literary hack, and the lamenter, and the beggar would not have darkened the splendid scene. I cannot find it in my heart to blame M. de Lamartine. I pity him. I am grieved. I blame Death for playing the churl, and pushing himself into so many abodes of prosperity and happiness to snatch loved ones from cradle and bed, when he might heighten the glory of an immortal genius, and ease an aching heart by bearing the poet to his soft bed. The new loan is to be for $30,000 in the shape of $40 bonds, carrying 5 per cent. interest, payable in the sum of $50, and extinguished annually by drawing and paying a given number. His estates will be mortgaged to secure the bondholders. I am afraid it may not be successful. If the Athenians were tired of hearing Aristides called the Just, what would have been their fatigue had they so often heard him called the money-borrower? The poor man has published also this advertisement: "Reduction of price; 120f. off. Complete Works of Lamartine. M. de Lamartine, constrained by unexpected circumstances to prompt payments, is obliged to offer to the public the remaining 450 remaining copies of his complete works, with a reduction of 120f. a copy. Time given for payment. Address M. de Lamartine 43 Rue de la Ville l'Evêque, for all demands at the rate of 200f. the copy." This sale, he hopes, may bring him 54,000f.

Shall I say, too, poor M. Alex. Dumas? He raises our smiles. In the theatres, in other public places, and in society, he is forward, easy to impudence, and not without something like swagger. He has taken to lecturing to procure money. He bounces to his chair, swallows glass after glass of sugared water, before he can float up his voice to an audible pitch; then he buries his nose in his manuscript, and, without raising his head once, reads—reads—reads—as if the happiest moment of his life would be that in which "The End" was reached. And what do you think is the subject of his lecture? The history of France in the reign of Henry II.! Can't you see us shaking with laughter?—*Paris Letter.*

No doubt a lady may be expected to make a great noise in the world when her dress is covered all over with bugles

THE CREATION OF MAN.

(FROM THE GREEK.)

Before the beginning of years
  There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
  Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
  Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance fallen from heaven,
  And madness risen from hell;
Strength without hands to smite;
  Love that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light,
  And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
  Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
  From under the feet of the years;
And froth and drift of the sea;
  And dust of the laboring earth;
And bodies of things to be
  In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
  And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after,
  And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
  That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
  The holy spirit of man.
From the winds of the north and the south
  They gathered us unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
  They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
  For the veils of the soul therein,
A time for labor and thought,
  A time to serve and to sin;
They gave him light in his ways,
  And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty and length of days,
  And night, and sleep in the night.
His speech is a burning fire;
  With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
  In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
  Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
  Between a sleep and a sleep.

GUY'S FOLLY;

OR,

The Secret of Thornton Heath.

BY VANE IRETON ST. JOHN.

AUTHOR OF "THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL," "THE WORLD'S VERDICT," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.—MARY WINTER.

ON rushing away across the moor from the cottage of Mrs. Freshfield, Ralph St. Clare went straight towards his own home.

This home and its inmates I must describe.

It was a little cottage, situated about a mile west of Thornton Heath, and nestling in a perfect forest of verdure.

Lying a little below the level of the road, you could look down upon crowded *parterres* of flowers, and tiny beds between, and green turf plots, and pretty meandering paths.

The cottage had white walls, and borderings of stained wood, and little windows of all imaginable shapes, with small diamond-shaped panes.

The inmates were four: Ralph St. Clare, his mother, his cousin, Mary Winter, and a servant-maid.

Mary Winter was a pretty girl, with dark hazel eyes and brown hair, and a sweet mouth, a figure of excellent grace, and a voice melodious and low.

There was no mistake as to her being beautiful and attractive, and there was less mistake about her heart.

She was gentle-hearted, good-natured, kind to every one; not one of your passive tempers, be it said, but one who knew well the proper dignity of woman.

Mrs. St. Clare herself, who had adopted this girl when quite a child, was a quiet woman, who took life very easy, floating along life's stream indeed, much like a fallen tree riding on the bosom of a river, rebounding against rocks and falling over precipices, but always floating out again without injury or concern into mid-water.

Mary Winter was seated in the bow window overlooking the front garden when Ralph St. Clare entered the room, pale and agitated.

He did not observe her, but walked straight to the fireplace and sat down, burying his face in his hands.

"What is the matter, Ralph?" asked the gentle voice, as the gentle eyes beamed over upon him.

He started at the sound, and looked up almost savagely.

He had recognised the sound only, not the voice. He softened down at once on seeing Mary Winter.

"Is that you, Mary, dear?" he said. "Why what are you doing up at this time of night?"

"Waiting for you, Ralph."

"Waiting for me! Why, I might have been out half the night."

She rose, and, crossing the room, sat down beside him.

"You are in grief, Ralph," she said. "Tell me what it is?"

He looked at her half-angrily.

"I am only ill. I have a headache, and don't want to talk."

Mary was astonished. She had never seen him in such a mood before.

"Why, Ralph, dear, what can ail you?" she said. "Surely you are not angry with me, who have never given cause for anger?"

She slid her arm around his neck as she spoke. She had been used to do this for years; she loved him so dearly, and saw in all his actions such evidences of affection that she considered him as her affianced husband, although the actual offer had never been made.

Her words and manner roused him to a sense of injustice.

"Dear Mary," he said, kissing her fondly, "you must, indeed, exercise my behavior to-night. I have had a disappointment, and it has upset me."

"What is it?"

"I have lost the chance of a large sum of money," paused Ralph. "I had expected, besides, a great favor from a friend to-night, and I have been disappointed in both. Upon these two chances my best hopes were set, and it has almost destroyed my faith in human kindness, Mary—indeed it has."

Mary's tears started to her eyes.

"Not in mine?"

"No, my own, Mary. You are always good, and kind, and loving."

He rose suddenly.

"Good-night, Mary," he said. "I am going away early in the morning."

"Going away?"

"Yes; to London."

"What for?"

"On business. I shall not be gone long; so do not fret. Good-night. Heaven bless you, Mary!"

He stooped over her and kissed her lips.

Oh, how that kiss thrilled through every nerve of her body.

"Good-night, Ralph," she murmured. "I am very sorry—very sorry, indeed, you are going away; but I am sure while you are away you will not forget me?"

"Forget you? Never, dear Mary."

Those words were her companions that night—sweet companions—bringing honeyed visions to her mind, over which had been always her starring-points of happiness.

And as she passed along the corridor, with her lamp borne by the red-room, she met Ralph walking towards his.

He did not see her, but she heard him murmur as he went by:

"Oh! how I love her!"

The next morning he was gone.

Yet Mary was not unhappy.

The last words and the last kiss were still impressed so fully on her mind, that she had no room for unhappiness.

Meanwhile, Ralph St. Clare did not go at once to London.

He made his appearance at Bevan's, and after various unsuccessful evenings, suddenly disappeared.

Gideon Crawleigh had, as I have said, marked him as his special victim; and as Ralph was a novice in gaming, he soon entered the snare laid.

Ralph St. Clare left Bevan's ruined—as far as a poor man can be ruined—on the very same evening that Gideon Crawleigh, resplendent in his black cloth coat and white choker, made his appearance at Raymond Park.

Guy Raymond was seated in his old study, very quiet and pale, with his arm in a sling, when Gideon entered.

He bowed, however, with his usual courtesy.

"Good evening, Mr. Crawleigh," he said—"good evening. Have you brought me any news?"

Gideon took the chair to which the miser motioned him.

"I have news, such as it is. In the first case I fear your suspicions are correct."

"As to what?"

"As to your nephew's guilt. He has had large sums of money lately, and has wasted them on shameful extravagances—gambling and other things."

The miser's brief face flushed.

"And where is he now? he asked.

"He has fled to London."

"Gone—another sin," muttered Guy Raymond. "Better that he should avoid my anger, than bring disgrace on all connected with him. You did not attempt to stay his flight," he added, aloud.

"I did not. Why should I? had not your order to do so?"

"True—true."

He mused awhile.

Gideon, who saw that he had relapsed into one of his endless fits of abstraction spoke again.

"Is there another, sir," muttered Guy Raymond? he said.

The miser made a clutching movement with his hand, as if to grasp and secure the money which Gideon Crawleigh was proposing to rob him of.

Then, with a sigh, he rose and quitted the room.

This was the moment for which Gideon Crawleigh watched.

No sooner had Guy Raymond's step grown fainter and fainter, and faded away, than Gideon sprung up, and rushing to the window, unlocked it.

The snap flew back easily, and the curtains were rearranged as before when the old miser returned.

"Here, are ten pounds, Mr. Crawleigh," he said. "Give them, and make good use of them. Gold is not found every day."

Gideon smiled, placed them in his pocket, and in a few minutes he was making his way hurriedly towards Walter Raymond's house.

It was with some surprise that Walter greeted him, for the look of pleasure upon Guy's face was quite unusual.

"Have you good news," he asked, that you come here with such a smiling countenance?"

"I have."

"Of what kind?"

"I bring you the news that this very night we can enter Guy's Folly without fear, for I have arranged our entrance."

Walter turned pale

"The risk is great," he said.

"There is no risk at all," returned Gideon. "I have left the door of the study open. In his desk there he keeps all his bank-notes. Step—I anticipate your objection. If he has the numbers, I know where to dispose of the notes without fear of detection."

Walter paced the room agitatedly.

"I fear I cannot go," he said. "I did not like the other business; this time I dislike it more."

"What have you to fear?"

"Discovery, which means everything—ruin, disgrace—even death."

"Pooh, pooh! You have the times because, like me, you have no money. Really I am in sad straits, indeed, this trial must be made to-night."

"Then go alone."

"I cannot."

"Well, I, at least, will not accompany you. Command either of your friends to go with you."

Gideon started.

This resolution on Walter's part did not in any way suit his plans.

"You refuse?" he cried.

"Yes."

"And ask me to choose another friend to go with me?"

"Yes."

"Are you mad? Do you want the whole neighborhood let into our secrets? Do you want me to put you and myself in the power of some fellow, who at any moment can betray us? No; if you are thus insensate, I at least, am prudent. You and I must be the sole repositories of this scene."

Still Walter was resolute.

"Let it remain so, then," he said. "But you must go alone. Keep the produce of the robbery entirely yourself, if you please, but do not expect any assistance from me."

Gideon put his hip in anger.

"And pray, may I ask the cause of this strange resolution?"

Walter lowered his voice.

"I will," he said. "When I married my wife, you know I loved her?"

"Yes; I believe so; else you were a fool for doing so, for she brought you nothing."

Walter was seizing now indeed.

"You mistake, sir," he said, "she brought me happiness. Well, now, I fear, much as she loved me once, she is beginning to suspect me. She has taken a dislike to Ralph St. Clare, and seeks that on the very night of our mysterious journey the theft was committed and my pockets full, she has connected the two and implicated me. Another such affair, and I lose her love at once and for ever."

"Better that than lose it gradually—wearing it away in the long, slow years of poverty."

"Poverty! that is not the necessary result. I must work; better that than disgraceful wealth and the loss of my wife's love."

Gideon stamped impatiently.

"Will you not do it for friendship—for the sake of my friendship?"

"I begin to doubt it."

"Why?"

"Because your advice is bad, and you will not listen to my wishes for reformation."

"Your wishes! my friend—my friend! You have given me the right to command."

"The right to command?"

"Yes; and I will use it for your own good. Either you consent to do as I wish, or I go this moment to your wife and tell her all."

Walter grew ashy pale.

"You cannot be so cruel—so selfishly cruel?"

Gideon moved towards the door.

"I will do it—I swear it. Rather than suffer you and myself to lapse into utter poverty, I will give this moment."

He was at the door ere Walter stopped him.

Then the man who was deluded by a wrong sense of love, dropped into a chair, and said, gasp ingly:

"Stay, stay, I will go with you, but tell her not, tell her not."

Gideon resumed his seat with a smile, and as was always the case with him, said no more of his disinclination.

The only allusion, in fact, that he made to the subject of his visit was that as he meet the 9.40 Greenbury, I shall be here at the usual hour or, better still, meet me at the 'Greyhound' at eleven, that your wife may not know you are with me."

CHAPTER IX.—"IT WAS A SKELETON; YES A LIVING ONE."

LADY ARDUTHNOT'S house—as it was called by every one, for Sir Arthur was locked upon as a mere cipher—had a quiet and retired look at the back, of which no one knew the use.

Every servant in the place was aware that Lady Arduthnot visited that red-house twice a day; but as she kept the key, and there was no window, no one knew what it contained.

It was a small place, built of brick, and leaned, as it were, against the wall of the stable; but there was no communication between the two, and if living; for the stablemen swore positively to the servants' hall that no sounds emanated from it.

Out of the house no one had heard of the circumstance.

Once she had found one of her servants tattling in the vicinity. She had discharged the girl at once with a warning together the others, she told them distinctly that similar conduct on the part of any one of them would be visited with similar punishment.

"My affairs are my own," she said; "it is unnecessary for my servants to discuss them, or speak of them abroad."

The consequence was, that the servants did discuss them; but there was no more chattering away from home.

About four days after the second robbery at Guy's Folly—for Walter Raymond and Gideon Crawleigh succeeded beyond their hopes—Lady Arbuthnot took her way from her drawing-room, and crossing the stable-yard, entered the little out-house.

Let us follow her.

The out-house, when she had entered it, presented to view a bareness of two doors, carefully covered with green baize, and padded with leather, so as to exclude all air and sound.

On passing through these, you entered a little room, warm, but subdued by a light of day.

A little room, ventilated in a strange manner; for the air had to penetrate through corded fantastic, which draped like the out ceilings of Mexico.

By a fire in a corner of the room sat an old man.

A skeleton, truly, yet a living one; with hollows sunk above hollow cheeks; and a forehead which looked like bone; and a mouth like the unfleshed lips of a skull; and long, shiny fingers; and a thin, wasted form.

The eye alone seemed to proclaim that life resided in this attenuated, wasted body; and these eyes, dewed of expression as they were, were now lighted with delight as Lady Arduthnot as she entered.

The room was square now and dreary; its furniture consisted of a table, a bed, two chairs, a washing-stand, a carpet, and that was all.

The walls were of the plainest kind, and had seemed once dingy and miserable enough.

Now they were very different; for on all sides a hideously-executed set of ornamentation met your eye in the form of pictures of every sort, shape and size, pasted on the walls.

There were pictures of kings, empresses, and kings and queens, and princes and princesses, and harlequins and clowns, and columbines and ballet-girls of all kinds; there were accurately-painted sultans and rajahs, chimney-sweeps and disconsolate maidens, heads of heathen clipped from old books, Popes, and Jews, and Turks, and wild, heavy soldiers, very stiff and fierce; scenes from theatres, operas and tragedies, strangely mingled together.

This was the only amusement for the poor prisoner, and he loved it dearly.

For years now he had been immured in this solitary dungeon.

Gideon was very lonely, for none knew that he was there, and none therefore visited him.

His story was a strange one.

An early life he had married a girl whom he loved dearly.

He had known her from a child—had been brought up with her and loved her; and the boyish admiration when he became a man was warmed into love and passion by the contemplation of her glorious form.

They were married when very young, and despite her Indian, where for some time they lived happily.

When business called him to England, on arriving there he found that his wife, during his absence, his uncle—to whom he was heir—had become created a baronet, and had died, leaving him a fortune and a title.

After disposing of his business he wrote to his wife, acquainting her with the joyful news, and requesting her to come to England at once.

He received no answer.

Again and again he wrote with the same result; and at length he heard that the terrible news that his wife was dead, and his child also.

During his stay in England he remained at the house of his uncle, where he met a woman whom he had never seen for years, but who once had been a friend, and to be possessed with a great partiality for him.

This woman—a dark-browned, haughty beauty of fifty-and-more, was the wife of Sir Arthur Arbuthnot, the country residence of the family.

For six years they lived happily, having one son and a daughter born.

When one day a man called at the Abbey, and requested to see the baronet.

He was conducted to Gideon in his lady head.

It was that the report of the death of his wife and child was untrue—that she was yet alive, and once at the house of a friend, very ill; and if he desired to see her alive he must come at once.

A servant followed him, and they hastened upon accompanying him to Florence, and they went together.

She returned alone.

TOWN COSSIP.

THE woman of France! How the novelists of that land have reproduced her women, some with brutal flattery, some with mawkish pity, all with what to us seems a disgusting and shameful mixture of degradation from the proud throne she occupies here as Queen of Hearts.

As we read the pages of Victor Hugo we are filled with a sense of the dramatic, how original, in the figure of Esmeralda as she plays at the fountain, or the other prices of romances whose highest illustrator of sainthood was Queen Anne among the mystics of England before the shrine of Our Lady of Loretto. It is the mingling of the sensual and the spiritual in the character, by the French women is most poignant.

But go abroad in France, with a tube Americanizing mind and consciousness above you, look at her surrounded sons who endure him and sighs with mutual weariness. Some swagger offensive has been adopted among them all, and cannot their manliness and sincerity up at the first glance, like a wall built in a net, drunken, but not with wine. In this aspect, woman seems remorseless, pestiferous, corrosive, dragging down with her in her own incomfortable defeat the nation's hope, the really young souls of France. Paris lies, as Paris lay of old, in the lap of Helen, and no thunder of battle can draw him out to the plain of Troy.

Never has any civilization decreed into such a wormhood as that of France. Now intelligent, how vright, sympathetic, inviting, deadly! Years alone you find months that are at the same time gates for wisdom and pitfalls for blood.

A good and noble Frenchwoman is the rose of all the world.

We were looking at a head of such as one at Goupil's the other day. It was by Edouard Frere, *Nobody Else*, the man who can ask just what price he likes for his portraits in Paris. Dubufe himself, a sexagenarian fellow in patent leathers, can get his palette and his pencil loaded with more than a king's ransom for them, and be splendidly rewarded for the intrusion.

A fifteen-foot Bisbing, painted with perfect art in a natural event. Dubufe paints heads and hands with a perfect touch. He considers that as long as you would think he could paint but those extremities he is safe. The man who can paint a head could now compose a picture, and blow that one like Orpheus. She was a woman we saw but have gazed on in a private house by Mr. George B. Bryant, of Philadelphia. Mr. Bryant has a gallery, every one knows, best in whole painter, called "Spring" and "Autumn."

The portrait attracted us instantly by grappling boldly with what lesser men consider the premise part of their work, and that is—truthfulness in beauty. Once—a fourth-rate man—was afraid of the shadow, and rescued his subject from it, and then, as the face was rescued, has closely imitated the cheek bones, and a picture of Spring—and Spring is an expression of freshness. Hair is brunette, with quiet plaited eyes, clouded belt, and a bosom swelling with the promise of the future. Her hands are clasped away from the crossed temples by a sleeve of lace, and the whole of the treatment is the perfection of simplicity, always the deeper lip is most the picturesque element of a woman's beauty. Let her be with the quiet repose of expression, while never even correct, distracting, provoking, while never even beauty spoil the beautiful, fade the beautiful.

The hands of Dubufe's women are almost terrible like all his other accessories, and with a perfection of physical strength without an effort, they repose or hang at their sides, and are ready to wake and perform their duties with the utmost ease. We have seen these hands most we are the promises; we had rather know a woman's hand than the name of the woman who owns it.

"Her steady eyes," says Oscar Beil, somewhere, "of a dark blue, are fringed with long, dusky eyelashes, her lips are lifted and full of warmth, they trouble with the perfection of the outline of the mouth." That will do if you leave out the "prayer;" that Gothic prayer which is the quintessence of all Christian expression.

But are there really such women in France? Why, a man will and himself painting and painting and really never believe that there is a woman in the world to stand in the day of the late woman of France?

In the Academy of Design, Newman, "Lady Clare at the parchment by Mr. Rogy, was placed on Monday again on the line, and will attract a vast crowd. It is still in retire to a private gallery, and the public will lose one of the best specimens of modern art in America.

We noticed the other day at the running establishment of Mr. Earle, on Broadway, a Dying Gaul, the most serene by G. Perkins. It represents the rocky shores of Crete, with the Dying Gaul in the foreground, and nothing against the crumbling bastion of the rocks, and weeping with the sympathy of the sea-gulls that seek Kansas upon a spar. The whole picture is full of action, and the Dying Gaul, as he falls, points to the wounds in his breast. Several painters who worked away at easels, and they seemed to be copying from the picture, but it was a mistake. The composition in the whole picture is controlled by one master mind, and the copyists were only there to define the story and accommodate the effect.

Mr. Bierstadt, the great exponent of Nature in all the conservatories at Paris has enlisted the numerous lovers of art in the country by collecting his most representative pieces for the organ, carefully figured and not over-colored.

It is of incalculable service to possess the selections of a man who has had experience in so vast a field of creative pieces for the organ, carefully figured and not over-colored.

Lippincott, of Philadelphia, is about to issue a collection of the Lyrical Poems of Alfred Tennyson, and very great interest. It may be that no very immortal poetry has been written in the nineteenth, but we have noticed several that were to say the least very beautiful, and that have become a part of popular song. The publishers have already collected nearly 300 specimens, and have issued a very handsome prospectus of the work.

One of the sights of Greenwich is the "cigar tree" displayed in the new establishment of Mr. Hall, Connolly, at the corner of Howard street—a raw variety of the Havana, and the Key West cigar. Mr. Connolly decided upon the results of the labeled—all of which are of the Havana and Key West cigar manufacture, as they gave upon the miraculous growth, and beyond it the tobacco looked upon as a curiosity.

But we are receiving our pet epicurean this week, the Marquis of Lorne, who will study the artistic and social aspects of the arena, and who, in the miraculous realities of the Coliseum, will be reminded of the old Roman days of Corcoloseum for tearing butchering to pieces, may be the Christians who were thrown to the lions to make breathing in the nineteenth century. The civilization of the world has made a vast improvement since the days of crowded death heads of horses, an undred cats with their tails on fire, and the whole days of the Iron Duke of Wellington, and we have only included that there is no passion at stone to be found in the Coliseum. Now we have the Marquis coming to England, and an endless multitude of noble fronts wearing the dress of the Highlanders. Of course, if they are not to have the dress of knighthood, their action impeded by the kilt, and their powers of locomotion by the dress, the services like use in the arrows erect to hold their feet and their hands to separate stones.

One cannot walk these blocks without witnessing the display of some of these beautiful dresses. The most beautiful young chicks, who appear to pass the day in the most delightful manner, and to spend their time in the most delightful manner, and to spend their time in enjoying life with languid, superior eyes, must been seen to be believed. The most striking thing about the society is the fact that which deprives their faces of the least expression. If they are as cold as stone as a tragic mantle. But the poor animals, is there no one to tell them that they are in the land of liberty, and that no one is under the necessity of being a slave to any sort of influence, who are those accidents before their eyes every day? Let them do this thing on Fifth avenue, and nothing is more than the most needless gravity and waste of walking the streets.

We observe that at the Sun Rise places have undergone their annual alterations, and that it is the thing to do to their pretty legs to the beautiful new saloon-on, 679 Broadway, were they will be found in the most magnificent display. Mesdames Brace have done themselves great credit in the new saloon, and we advise the ladies to the perpetrators ought to build. We have always considered that the Broadway was the most beautiful of the boulevard.

There is nothing very startling to say about these beloveds.

The Winter Garden theatre are playing one romantic drama every night, and on Tuesday "Cora; or the Forsaken Child," by Mr. Hutton Hill. Mrs. Wallack, and Miss Gannon. It is a strong bulgaria to get such a thing for a week, and we have been long enough without a Wallack in the Winter Garden.

At Niblo's they have Maggie Mitchell. Margaret Gaynor is a sweet little shadow, and she and Miss Mitchell's pretty ways are a complete combination. In the new drama which is to be brought out on the evening of the Messrs. Lonn's improvements by the luminosity of the gas, and the whole house will be filled with sunlight, gas-light by the pale moonlight, New moons, new lights, new sunlight and lunacies, new to the moonlight—who, after all, are at the bottom of all our troubles—are to be kept perfect, fragrant and sentimentalists. Then there is to be that recurring wonder of modern inventions, the clearing-out sale, which you lose your gravity and float up to the chimney pots like an enthusiast. Trip the Lebrede, who comes and knows just how to make a guest comfortable, sunshine, pleasant days, and the Lebrede, Long Branch, are a charming family now. Their guests are soon with a perpetual bland smile dressed upon their faces. Fire Island!

SCENE IN THE COURT-ROOM IN THE OLD PENITENTIARY BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D. C., DURING THE TRIAL OF THE CONSPIRATORS, PAINE, ATZEROT, HAROLD, ARNOLD, McLAUGHLIN, MUDD AND SURRATT, BEFORE THE MILITARY COMMISSION.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

A HYMN.

BY HIRAM E. GRIFFITH.

Now God be praised for joyful news,
  The lightning sends to-day,
How it has thrilled our hearts and souls,
  This news from far away;
With gladsome hearts send out a shout,
  And make the walkin ring.
Hurrah! hurrah! 'tis glorious news,
  And 'tis a glorious thing.

Now glory to the God of all,
  Who blessed our arms to-day,
No more o'er ruined Sumpter's walls
  Shall rebel flag display;
And glory to our leaders brave,
  And glory to the men,
And glory to our country,
  When peace shall come again.

Now glory to the land we love,
  For never such a day
Has come to greet our vision,
  Has come to cheer our way;
Well washed has been our starry flag,
  In a long drenching rain,
And now it waves a glorious thing,
  Without a blot or stain.

Thank God that we have lived to see
  That trampled flag upraised
And placed again on Sumter's walls,
  Now God again be praised!
Now Glory to our Generals,
  And glory to our men,
And glory to our country,
  When peace shall come again.

The Night-Express Train:

A STORY TOLD BY A RAILROAD MAN.

IN TWO ACCIDENTS.

THE officer stopped. He had been talking in a rapid, pleasant way, as if, thus far, he had been recalling only the happiest recollections. When he went on again, a sadness fell upon his voice, he talked much slower and more earnestly, as if though accustomed to speak lightly of crime and criminals, when affecting other people, he was touched, like a man when it concerned a friend of his.

"Did I say that Milton was a school-mate of mine? He was more than that. He was a dear friend, to whom I owe my present position. Shall I go on?"

"Yes—do," I said. "You have only just commenced. Let me know the whole matter."

"Milton took the matter much to heart, at first. It was said that his brain was touched, that there was danger of its unsettling his reason. But when it was all over, and he had the courage to look it square in the face, he came out all right, stronger, I thought, than before. He didn't go moping about, as if all of his earthly hopes had been blasted—nor take to drink—as many a poor wretch here, but took a straight-forward course, with his head up, attending to his business, as if be was contented. And more than contented now. For he lost that careworn, hesitating air, that he had always had, that seemed to betray an anxiety, lest he should do something to displease somebody.

"You know that it seems as if misery and sorrow like best to drop down where there is most of happiness. Adam and Eve were not long in Paradise before the devil came. Like that ancient couple, to all the outer world, seemed Mr. and Mrs. Weyant. He was more than comfortably well-to-do, as far as money goes. He was sole owner of a large match factory at the foot of the hill, that paid him, what, for the country, was a princely income. She was in the height of her beauty—tasty, loved to dress, and had all of her whims and caprices more than gratified. To look at her face, said to be the surest index of one's daily life, no one could discover any evidence, except those that betokened the most complete connubial happiness. Milton and she—they were sociable beings, and had always moved in the same circle—met very often. But between them, there was only that distant, polite intercourse which a bachelor is allowed to hold with a married female friend. For almost two years they were no more to each other than any other two people of opposite sexes, who met frequently at neighbor's houses, and sit down together at hospitable boards. At about that time Milton's attentions had become very pointed towards a beautiful little creature, in every way worthy of him. And the rumor—I knew that he was to marry her—had a much stronger foundation than the usual gauzy guess-work of gossips. After it had become definitely determined that such was really to be the case, those that knew Milton began to see a change in him. As for myself, I could see that the snaffle-bit had once more been thrown upon him, and that the rein was being pulled tighter and tighter, and that he felt it too sensibly for a man of any true spirit.

"It was not long, and you know how quickly a bad smell circulates through the air, before people began to cut Mrs. Weyant, to leave her out from their invitations, and to say that she was too much with Milton. She had no business to be quite so intimate. Nothing good could come from it. For although society sometimes winks at such an infraction of its discipline when there is gold to dim the sight, Mrs. Weyant's independence and seeming utter contempt for its usages, gradually alienated from her all of her best friends who believed her in all respects to be innocent, and who would always have proudly and willingly stood up in her defence.

"But there was another motive for the ill-opinion of all. The two were never mentioned together, without an allusion, besides, to the poor, frail creature, the delicate bud, whom Milton had faithlessly deserted in the height of her happy expectations, and who withered and died with a disappointed, broken heart, who laid her head upon her mother's bosom, and with the name of the man she loved upon her lips, passed away from a bad world, that she thought all deceit, into a purer place, where she hoped to find only purity and truth. Was it Milton's fault? He had been brought again under a mysterious influence that had controlled him his whole life-time, and was in a condition so natural, that be seemed to have no wish, even if he had had the power, to break it off. If one can have no sympathy with him for being so weak, what can be the feeling towards her who was so wicked?

"It was only a little more than two years after the marriage of Mr. Weyant that an end came to all of this. He had been making preparations to go to Europe for a long visit. He came originally from Scotland, and thither he intended to take his wife. He went. But as regarded her, he altered his original plans. She was left behind, a disgraced, deserted wife, abandoned by all the good, except Milton. Nothing left, except her magnificent beauty, her impetuous heart and her sin. I have his word for it, that she came to him after it was all over—came to him suddenly and unawares, as if a ghost—when he was alone in his room. He expected some violence. Said as much, and rang the bell for a servant. But she only laughed at his fears, and said to him, fiercely, and with wild eyes, 'You have been my ruin—you have made my life a vast waste of wretchedness. I will make the wretched remnant of yours a hell!'

"She said no more, but glided noiselessly from the room and from the house. For as much of his life, as has already passed, although we have no means of openly convicting her of anything, except of her last fearful act, she has mournfully succeeded."

Thus far, as the voluble, wiry, quick-eyed man went on, I felt my sympathies all gradually dying out for the pale-faced creature sleeping—how could she sleep?—so quietly in my car. I had regarded her as one who had been driven into a distasteful marriage, and who, goaded by wrongs heaped upon her, such as only women can know, and which a man would not endure, and unwilling to wait for death to release her, had taken the matter in her own hands and fled. Out of the way of her melting eye and pleading tones, I had forgotten the influence of the one and the fascination of the other. My pity and determination to shield and protect, which had had such a rapid conception and birth, were as rapidly dying out, and once more came those two impressions into my mind which had come with the first sight of her — the picture of Delilah and the serpent-charmer's music.

"After Mr. Weyant's departure"—I had not interrupted him, he had only stopped to change his position—"she left the city, and shortly after Milton followed her. All three did not go in the same direction, although their return was nearly simultaneous. And what a life she led! Magnificent misery! I heard of her in some of the Western cities. She played upon the stage, and her great beauty attracted multitudes to admire her person more than to applaud her art. But her life was a sham. From house to house, from city to city, she passed like a meteor, that flashes with a lurid, unhealthy glare, and drops at length into the darkest darkness. Down, down, she went that inevitable descent, and when she returned she was a wretched creature indeed. No longer Gertie, playful name of innocence and beauty, but 'White Gert,' vulgar from its shortness, and expressive of the dead paleness that even brandy had no effect upon.

"She could never have returned save for one purpose:

"Mr. Weynant, as if to tempt misfortune, brought back with him a buxom-looking Scotch woman for a wife. He seemed to have succeeded admirably in consoling himself for his first unfortunate marriage. He looked jolly and rotund, at ease with himself and the whole world. And with him there came, as he stepped upon the platform of the station on his arrival, a chubby little lad of some four or five years, on every feature of whose face was indelibly stamped Weyant. In the arm, too, of a servant behind them reposed easily an infant, bearing equally undubitable marks of its parentage.

"Though I had known Milton and Gertie for a long time, never until now had I been called upon to know them professionally. They were suspicious characters, half-way vagrants, and I must keep an eye upon them. With deep sorrow and more as a preventative did I do this. I am very thankful that, wretched as Milton had become—for he, too, had been dragged down so low with her, that not a spark of the spirit of manhood was in him—I am very thankful that be was never a criminal. Alas! that ever I should be obliged to arrest, as one guilty of a crime, a school-boy friend, who had oftentimes caressed me and always stood as my protector. I am sure, had such a thing ever become necessary, I would leave the force sooner than have another officer witness his degradation. Only get her out of the way once, and we can redeem Milton. Nothing else will do it.

"Then followed a series of remarkable misfortunes to Mr. Weyant—remarkable for their completeness, the impossibility of discovering their origin, and the rapidity of their occurrence. His match factory was burned to the ground; this alone was not strange, for it was a large wooden building, far outside the city limits. The engines with difficulty reached it, and then only to find it a blaze that was the quickest exhausted from the combustible materials of which it was composed that increased its fierceness. In less than a week afterwards his dwelling-house was destroyed. Neither of these, taken separately, were singular; but together, were ominous, and in answer to the first inquiry as to who were Mr. Weyant's enemies, Milton and Gertie were hauled up. They lived far away in a distant and low part of the city, and nothing could be proved against them. In fact, it appeared that neither of them, since their return, had been anywhere near the scene of either conflagration. I know, as well as I know that there is such a place as China, though not from my own knowledge, that both of these buildings were burned by the help of a human hand, and that hand was Gertie's; but it reaches through such deep darkness that I cannot pierce its way. Light must fall upon it one of these days.

"Then came a double blow: One sunny afternoon, not three months since, the tall, raw-boned Scotch nurse had taken Mrs. Weyant's children down on the river slope, to catch the cool breeze from the water, and amuse them in their play. After a time she had some help. A youth, such an one as go about the streets, and are as difficult to recognise or distinguish in a crowd, as to find a particular grain of wheat in a bag, who was so shabbily and yet fantastically dressed as to excite the loud laughter of the elder Weyant boy, came rolling and tumbling about the grass. He stood upon his head and walked about upon his hands, turned summersaults and cart-wheels, until even the baby in the nurse's arms crowed with delight. Exhausted with feats that would have done honor to any sawdust ring, the youth leaned himself up against one of the large trees near by, took a remarkably long piece of candy from his pocket, and after regarding it complacently for a moment, began sucking it, with a gusto that started the envy of the young Weyant, meanwhile leering at them all from under the broken forepiece of his cap with that perfectly-at-ease air that is so consonant with childhood, whether in rags or in silks, but most particularly in rags.

"Young Weyant's desire to be partaker in the seeming bliss enjoyed by the stranger allowed him not a moment's rest until his object was fatally accomplished. He made regular approaches, advanced with his hand behind his back, and then retreated rapidly and in good order towards the nurse. Advancing again as if approaching a member of a ferocious and hostile nation, and retreating again to the cover of nurse's plentiful skirts. All the while, the animated tatter, stood back up against the tree, with one leg carelessly crossed over the other, one hand in his pocket, and the other holding the remarkable piece of candy. Always with the same satisfied leer upon his face. At last, the succulent sugar growing larger and larger and sweeter and sweeter in the eyes and imagination of young Weyant, he made one bold push, overcame all fear, and marching up to the wretched vagrant, still holding one hand behind him, he put out another in a manner that could not be mistaken. The vagrant never smiled, nor lost his unpleasant leer, but taking his hand from his pocket, and looking at what it contained with a regretful gaze offered it to young Weyant. It was the counterpart of the piece that seemed to be so delightful. It was eagerly seized and borne in triumph towards nurse, while the vagrant with a yell that would have done no discredit to a wild Indian, turned three or four summersaults, and disappeared among the trees and rapidly gathering shades of night.

"Nurse arose slowly to go home. It was very quiet; scarcely a footfall could be heard anywhere on the slope. Suddenly, as she tells it, from behind one of the trees, there darted a tall, dark man, who jostled rudely up against her as if he might be intoxicated. In the midst of her alarm and agitation, and as quick as thought, he snatched the babe from her arms, and was gone. Which way he went, or even a slight description of him she was too much agitated to notice or give. Her screams of terror soon brought about her a crowd, who, disinterested beings! thought her more drunk than injured, for in the agony of her fright, with her apron tossed over her head she could say nothing but:

"'They're stown him awa; they're stown him awa," wringing her hands in the wildness of her despair.'

"The misery of Mr. Weyant's household was doubled during the night, for while he and his wife were still awake, eagerly watching with sore hearts for some tidings of the lost one, the eldest crept quietly into the room, saying that he couldn't sleep, and wanted to be rocked in his mama's lap. He kissed them both and softly laid himself across his mother's arms. Wishing for the one that was gone, never to return, and too sad, even to hum even a motherly tune, Mrs. Weyant noticed no change, at first in the little one whom she held. Disturbed at length by the perfect composure of all its limbs, she put her lips to his.

"The little one was dead!

"The poison in the candy had worked silently, but none the less rapidly nor surely.

"Is the torment of the wicked worse than what Mr. Weyant suffered?

"Not one, not two, but scores of vagabond boys have been submitted to the inspection of the Scotch nurse. But it has avaded nothing. No clue has yet been discovered. And the chagrin felt by our folks at this complete baffling of their energies, I think, makes one less likely to be discovered. Sometimes we begin at the wrong end. I would have begun, if I had had my way, with shutting up 'White Gert.'

"Such a display of fiendish malignity seemed to render the mover of it a satisfaction for some months. But one more stroke was left to complete the poor man's misery. He is a very charitable man, and last evening, with a carlessness that was almost criminal, he was down in the obscure and wretched part of the city. His wife was with him, hoping perhaps to gain some tidings of her lost child, or to assuage her own deep grief, by alleviating the misfortunes of others. They stayed late at the bedside of a poor dying country-woman of theirs, and it was not till after the gas was lit in the streets, that they started on their homeward way, to meet what they very little expected. A man and woman blocked the way in a narrow path, and Weyant turned to step into the gutter to pass them. The woman grasped him fiercely by the shoulder and looked at him a moment, so savagely, that her face nearly touched his. She laughed a bitter laugh, and with an oath, cried out:

"'No, you don't, old man. We'll settle our little affair right here, and immediately. Your time has passed, now mine has come.'

"There was a slight struggle between the strange man and woman, only a brief one, in which time, Weyant pushed hard to get away. Mrs. Weyant saw the flash of a pistol-barrel, protruding from underneath the woman's shawl, threw herself, with a loud shriek for help upon her husband's breast—the pistol was exploded, and the ball, entering Mrs. Weyant's shoulder, cut clean through to her breast. The strange man seemed horrified, threw his companion from him and ran rapidly up the street. The woman pitched the exploded pistol into the gutter, folded her arms about her bosom, looked a moment and walked haughtily away. The terror of Mr. Weyant, and the very critical condition of his wife, enabled him only to shout for help, and pay no attention to the way which the attempted murderers had fled. But he caught one full glimpse of her face; and it was Gertie Weyant's!'"

I know very well, that for a moment, I stared ghastly and frightened at the officer, for he caught me by the arm, and said that the narration affected me strangely, or was I weak and sick?

I was guilty.

Trembling, I arose to my feet.

"Come, come," I whispered, for my voice had died away in my throat, and I seemed to hear the voice of some one else speaking. Come. What have I escaped doing? Come with me. Hurry. She is nearer than you think!"

He shook my hand from his shoulder roughly, all the while, keeping his eye steadily fixed on mine. He seemed alarmed, and O'Neil leaned forward in the glimmer of the car, and spoke my name, as if he were awaking one from the nightmare.

"What's the matter with the man?" said the officer.

Was the fright upon all of us, only a premonition of what was coming?

On the still echoes around about, a dreadful prolonged shriek burst from the steam-whistle. A cry of warning and fate—a scream as if made by a gigantic human creature in the intensest agony. O'Neil grasped his lantern, and tried to peer out from the window into the impenetrable darkness about us. All in the car sprang to their feet; we heard the click of the whirling braker on the bumpers. And then, in an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, there came a great, horrible crash, and rumbling and tearing, as if the earth was being torn in pieces. With it, and far above the din and turmoil, the cry of passengers or the shivering of bolts, there was one long, quivering shriek, and then, for a moment, the silence was oppressive. The long busy train lay a helpless, quiet mass of ruins. O'Neil was still on his feet, and asked if we were hurt.

"Not a bit," I cried, which was echoed by the officer.

We sprang out into the darkness to see the extent of the damage, and to extricate our passengers from the wreck. It was bitter, bitter cold, and we were in the midst of the mountains, where no one ever thought of living. The groans of the passengers, and the cries of suddenly awaked children were doubly wretched sounds to hear in that gloomy spot. One after another, the uninjured, shaking themselves with a glad sort of surprise, clambered out. A huge fire was built, and about it we all clustered to count up the broken bones. They were not many. There were severe bruises, and some fearful scratches, but out of the whole train of passengers not one was seriously injured. It began to take the shape of an hysterical joke, as we all crept close up the fire, preparing to wait with a commendable patience, the coming of the day or the next train.

Wait! and as I thought of it, I started as if I had been stung. In the excitement of the moment I had forgotten all about her. Where was she? With shaking limbs I made my way towards what had been the baggage-car. One each side of the track lay trunks and bags and valises, with their contents scattered here and there, and nearest the fire, sat a dainty youth, cursing to find his valise burst open, his linen soiled—and his life saved! The frost had heaved up and loosened the track, and for several rods the engine had ploughed up the rails, and at length dug into the ground and stopped. On had driven the baggage-car, climbing over the tender, forced by the forward passenger-car off from the tracks, and held firmly in an upright position. The bottom I saw had been torn out, and the empty box stared towards the glimmering fire.

O'Neil had been to the engine to assure himself of its utter uselessness, and the safety of the engineer. He was coming slowly back, shaking his lantern in his hand.

As I came up with him, the officer, with a frightened look in his face, had grasped his arm and staring upward, was pointing at the top of the baggage-car that loomed up like the black tower of some ill-omened fortress. Close beside it, lowering away above it, so that its shadow fell directly across it, with its one solitary branch pointing down at its shattered frame, ominous of dreadful things, stood a blackened, charred tree.

"See, see," whispered the officer; "what is that dark thing up there, swaying in the air?"

O'Neil held up his lantern. I could tell by the blanched look on his face that it was something terrible, but I did not dare to raise my eyes. Weak from my agitation and fright, from the physical memory of my former hurt, and from a dread of I knew not what, I sank down at their feet in a swoon.

It was long afterwards, after I had left the road for good, that I could explain the matter—as far as my own presumed guilt was concerned—and when I did, I learned that a woman had been hung by her most luxuriant hair. That that ominous door of the conductor's office had caught the rich heavy strands in its grasp, had latched itself, and held her firmly to her death.

IN MEMORIAM. A. L.

Gone where the angels are singing
In the light of eternal day;
Gone to join the angels are smiling,
High over the starry way;
Gone where the throngs of spiritual
Groups irrigate the hale shores,
Far away from earth's red passion,
To the realms of endless love.

He may bless the hand that sent him
(Through sad, mysterious ways),
To be freed from cares wrod-laden,
In this weary land below;
Yet we crave the hand that robbed us
Of the soul of his beaming eye,
And not death's darkest night seal
With a mantle of darker dye.

The big world's breast is heaving
With a weight that none may say;
And its eyes are cold and joyless
As the clamy shroud to-day;
And its heart is beating sadly,
As the sombret of a funeral bell,
For he was one of his betting
While rending the chains of hell.

Gull-winged commerce, crape thy pinning;
Turret deep thy silky hue;
Sullen cannon, speak the morning;
Gbstening harrow, spurn the plough;
For the land is filled with gladness,
City, hamlet, valley, hill,
Now are hushed as summer twilight,
And its heart is still.

River glide through the weeping willows,
And moan on your winding way;
For you'll miss his voice, aye, sadly,
When your current wavelets play;
Ocean, spread in trackless grandeur,
Neath the dome of the spring-time sky
Rid your rocking on the night wind,
When the rushing storm is nigh.

Thunder, growl from your airy cloud home
That the nation's pride is fled;
Lightning, blaze your darkest hue,
For mine's best brother's dead;
May dews, fall in pearly beauty,
Lightly on the grass that soon sleeps,
For he smiles from above on a morning people,
And o'er his country a good guard keeps.

His name will blaze in the roll of story,
And a page in history all bright and fair,
How he nobly fought in the cause of Freedom,
And in the cause of Freedom fell.

BY M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "ELEANOR'S VICTORY," "ARCHIA LOVELL," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.—CONTINUED.

Time all-absorbing passion called love was a sorrowful thing then, he thought, let it seem to whom it would, a one-sided frenzy, a perpetual sacrifice, a self-imposed immolation.

"Poor, poor child! I am sure my cousin," he said to Miss Banks. "You cannot imagine how anxious I am to hear of her."

"I am sure she and me was always the best of friends," answered the fair Jemima, with a touch of diplomacy, "and I am sure I did think of taking the apartments, me and mother would do all in our power to make you comfortable, if it was only on account of Miss Lucy; for she was one of the sweetest young creatures I ever know. She stayed with us three weeks before she was married, and I never shall forget her pretty face the day she first came up from the country after the lodgings had been took for her."

"Mr. Lesley stopped the lodgings, I suppose?"

"No, it was Mr. Lesley's brother."

"Oh, he had a brother, then?"

"Yes, he brother was something in the law, I think—a very nice gentleman, and almost the living image of Mr. Lesley himself."

"Can you give me a description of Mr. Lesley? I never saw him, and I want very much to know what kind of man he is."

Miss Banks hesitated for some moments.

"It's so difficult to give an exact description of any one," she said. "Mr. Lesley was a tall, handsome-looking man, with fair hair and blue eyes. I don't think I could describe him any nearer than that."

Francis Tredethlyn sighed. There are so many tall, handsome-looking men with fair hair and blue eyes; and it is chiefly in melodrama that people go about the world conveniently marked with a strong personal description.

"Answer me one question," said Francis, eagerly, "before you tell me the rest of my cousin's history. I want to know where she is now."

Miss Banks shook her head, and sighed despondently.

"No more than you do, sir," she exhaimed. "It's ten years and a half ago since I set eyes upon Miss Lesley, and I don't know no more than the dead what's become of her since."

"Then she is as much lost to me to-day as she was yesterday," said Francis, sadly. "But you can at least tell me all you know of my poor cousin. It may help me to some clue by which to find her."

Jemima was evidently a good-natured girl. She begged Mr. Tredethlyn to be seated, and placed herself opposite to him.

"I'll call mother if you like," she said, "but I think I can tell you more about Mr. Lesley; mother is such a one to wander, and when one's annoue to know anything quick, it don't do to have to deal with a person whose mind's always harping upon lodgers and their ways. Of course everybody knows lodgers are tiresome, and nobody lets apartments for pleasure, and nobody would pay taxes if they could help it, and poor rates are not expected to raise people's spirits; but if facts are disagreeable, that's no reason you should keep thinking and grumbling on in every style of conversation. Till now it used to be a relief to me to come and sit with Mrs. Lesley of an evening, and hear her troubles if it was only for the sake of a change."

"I thank you heartily for having been good to my cousin," Francis Tredethlyn said, earnestly. He was thinking that he would drop into a jeweler's shop on his way homeward, and choose the handsomest diamond ring in the man's stock for Miss Jemima Banks.

"I don't know as I deserve any thanks, sir" answered the girl. "I could like talking to Mrs. Lesley, and I couldn't help feeling for her when I saw how sorry-ashamed and sad Mr. Lesley treated her. He never had her husband come back to her, and when he did come her baby was born, and there was the two of them in the room just as you're sitting, and she seemed as if she couldn't make enough of me child."

"A child!" repeated Francis. "Mrs. Burfield never told me of the child."

"But Mr. Lesley, he didn't seem to wrapped up in the baby as she did," continued Miss Banks, "and I used to fancy she saw it, and fretted about it. He couldn't take her out to dinner anywhere this time, because of her having to attend to the child. She asked him once to take her for a drive somewhere in the country, and to take the child with him; and he looked at her, and said, 'I don't think there's a pleasanter sight in creation than an estimable mechanic in his Sunday clothes, with three children, the eldest about five, and a fourth in arms; but don't you think we may as well leave that sort of thing to the mechanic, Susan? He earns his bread by it, and we don't distinguish himself.' That was just the sort of speech Mr. Lesley used to make to her, and very galling, and scornful, he was always going on in a sneering way about the baby, and her being so fond of it, and never thinking of me at all. He send sometimes one of those nasty speeches of his would set his wife off crying, for her health wasn't very good at that time, and she'd go up into her room, and then he'd look at her with a hard, cruel look that he'd get sometimes, and throw his book into a corner, and get up and walk out of the house, banging the door to that degree that mother would be answered for the rest of the evening, for fear the lodgers should suppose it was a row. At this time, and used to let himself in with a latchkey, long after me and mother had gone to bed, for I never liked leaving the street door on, and I know that he used to be angry with her for doing it; for he used to say he wasn't going to have his wife talking to her as if she was a servant. He was at home for some months the time of the child was born, and I used to go up to see her, and when he was at home he had a tired way like, that made me feel uncomfortable somehow to see him. He was always sitting in the arm-chair, and sitting over his books, or lying asleep upon the sofa; and I'm sure if I'd been Mrs. Lesley, I would have given my child to the parish to get rid of. But for these your heart poor little thing, she fretted about the going away, just as if had been a human creature; and when I used to come back to college say more he was going to Germany this time. I know she was fretting, for I used to hear her kind-hearted thing; and I heard her say to him, so pitiful like, once, 'Oh, Robert, what will become of me and the baby, if you do?' you would only take me!' But he only laughed at her, and cried out, 'What! abandon the baby? Not for the world!' and then he'd look at the child, poor wife got paler and paler every day, till I'm sure she looked like a living corpse walking about the house," said Miss Banks, unconsciously varying phrasing Shelley.

"And this man left her?"

"Lor, yes, to take care for her looking white and sorrowful? He was more wrapped up in his new portmanteaus, and traveling bags, and dressing-cases, and things, than he ever was in his child. He went on as say as could be, though he left her a hundred pounds to spend while he was gone; he didn't leave her too well off either, I know, though she always paid mother to a moment; but he was always buying something or other, and they had bought her in Paris had grown shabby, and he hadn't bought her any new ones. He had so many expenses, he said, and he was always making excuses for him like, and pretended that he was very good to her. Poor dear thing! after he was gone she was only confined a month or two, and I'm sure if it hadn't been for that child she'd have fretted herself away into the grave. Well, you see, the baby was a year old when Mr. Lesley went away to Germany, and he was only to be away three months at the longest, Susan told me in a new hopeful way with me, and I fancy, with her Susan. And she used to count the days just as sure as a schoolboy, and was always saying how long time was going, and her husband would soon be back. She used to write him letters—such long letters, and then she'd get a letter back from him, taking notice, and growing, and such like; but she didn't have many letters from him. You see, Jemima, he's very fond of some place he always she said; 'and then my letters lie at the post-offices where I direct them, and half the time he doesn't receive them at all, or I don't receive at not hearing very often from him.' She used to be so pleased, poor dear, when a letter did come, though I'm sure they were short enough, for I've seen her open them; but, ah! when the three months went by, and Mr. Lesley didn't come back, how dreadfully she did fret!—always secretly, though, for she didn't seem to like that anybody should know her troubles; for fear they should blame him, the brute. 'He's gone to Germany,' she told me; 'Germany's such a big country, you know, Jemima,' and I'm afraid, from what Robert says, he thinks of going beyond Germany, to St. Petersburg, perhaps. You see, it's necessary for him to travel in order to complete his education. I couldn't help laughing outright at this; for I thought if Mr. Lesley wasn't educated enough with all his books and colleges, and examiner languages, and such like, he never would be educated. However, that was no business of mine, and I kept my thoughts to myself. The time went by, and still Mr. Lesley was at the Mr. Lesley coming home. He was always going further and further north, Susan told me, when she spoke of him; but she'd got to talk of him very little now, though I know she was thinking of him and fretting about him all the time, and night too, for I've slept with her sometimes, and heard her moan in her sleep, and speak her name, oh, so pitiful!"

"You're a very good child!" she was little more than a child!" murmured Francis Tredethlyn.

"No more she was," answered Miss Banks, with energy, "and as she showed her was a child, for I'm sure I never thought much of him, with his scornful, sneering ways, treating me and mother as if we was no better than dirt under his feet. And that poor young thing, it was a sorrowful day for her when she first set eyes upon him, the gentlemanthought-himself-to-be-her to distress, and that she was always telling me as a kind of excuse for him, and to keep me quiet, I suppose, as I got fewer and fewer, and still Susan kept her troubles to herself, and only told me was going further north, and that she expected a letter before the year was out. But the year passed, and he didn't come back, and he'd been away nearly ten months and more, when he suddenly popped in one day, with a letter came for Susan, with St. Petersburg on the postmark. I never shall forget that day. It was dull, I remember, and there was wind howling and moaning enough to give the liveliest person the dismals, and Mrs. Lesley had been sitting by the fire-side in a dreadful state, looking for the postman. She was beginning to be nervous about her health, she told me, and I'm sure she was, ever since she had heard from him. The postman came at last, and I was downstairs with mother in the room, when Susan came into the passage and took the letter herself. We heard the parlor door shut, and then five minutes afterwards we heard a scream as never I heard in me and mother rushed upstairs, and there was poor Susan lying on the floor, with a letter clutched in her hand, and her face as white as chalk. I'm sure she was no more mother could loosen them. We lifted her up and laid her on the sofa. She didn't seem to know us, though, and cried for she opened her eyes directly, and said, 'Oh, my child!' and then she lay there quite still dead. And it was enough to make her, for she'd got to hear her husband was living married again, and that he'd been living married again all through the troubles of the world. She asked her if there was bad news in the letter. 'Oh, mother!' she cried; 'cruel news—dreadful news!' And then mother asked her, was Mr. Lesley dead? Was he killed? Had he sent for me? Mother fancied she meant he was really dead, and said she hoped Mrs. Lesley was left comfortably provided for. You see, having seen a deal of trouble herself, mother will think things in that light. And then Susan cried out that her husband was living, and was no more understood. I couldn't bear to leave her; but I get mother out of the way—for her ways are apt to be wearing to a sick person—and I sat down by the side of poor Susan all the evening. But she never spoke once; she only lay quite quiet upon the sofa, with her face turned to the wall, and I knew that she was crying all the time; and when I took her the baby, which was awake, she might comfort herself, she only waved him away like, with her hand. I didn't leave her till twelve o'clock that night; but she never spoke to me, but kept with her face turned to the wall. But just as I was going away she stretched out her hand and said, 'God bless you, Jemima, for your kindness to me; you've been kind, but there is nothing upon this wide earth that can give me any comfort now.' I didn't see her the next morning, for I was busy with my own child and took the baby with her, and she didn't come back till late at night, and then she came back without the baby. She'd been to see Mrs. Lesley, and left her with a feather when I opened the door to her and saw her come in without the child. 'Oh, Susan,' I said, 'what have you done with Robert?' for I'd been christened Robert after his pa, and I'd stood godmother to him. Susan said he was quite well, but she said very quietly, 'I've put him out to nurse in the country, Jemima. I was obliged to provide for him, and I've done it away. I thought till a moment that she was going abroad to her husband, and that her grief had been about parting with her child, and that I'd misunderstood her; but she'd said the night before, about Mr. Lesley being dead to her, and do what I would I couldn't make it out. I'm afraid she has made much of the thought of her going away as if she'd been my own sister."

"I wish to heaven she had stopped with you," exclaimed Francis Tredethlyn. "She had few friends, poor girl, and had no need to leave any one who felt a kindness for her."

"But she did leave us," replied Miss Banks; "she paid mother every farthing she owed her, and packed up her few little things. She would make me take some of her pretty ribbons and collars, that had been bought in Paris, and never said one word to me about her intentions, and when Mr. Lesley was not at home; and then she sent for a cab and went away. I heard her tell the driver Southampton railway station, for I went out to the cab and kissed her the last thing, and begged her to come back soon whenever she came back to London; and she promised that if she lived, and things went well with her, she would. But from that day to this we've never set eyes upon her."

And this was the end of what Miss Banks had to tell Francis Tredethlyn's thoughts wandered back to Mrs. Burfield; it was to her that Susan Tredethlyn had gone in the hour of her need. So far the girl's history was complete; but the grand question still remained, Where was she now to be found? A deserted wife, a friendless and propless penniless mother; what had become of the lonely, much-neglected girl between the March of 1851 and this present autumn of 1853.

"But surely you can give me some clue by which I may trace my cousin?" said Francis, after a pause; "you can give me the address of some friend, some intimate acquaintance of Mrs. Lesley's, to whom she had visited while he had been here?"

Jemima shook her head decisively.

"Not one," she answered; except for bringing his brother home to dinner once or twice, when I was there myself, and remember him admiring, as Mr. Lesley ever darkened mother's door. Mother and me used to think it odd, and of course there always was a reason for people bringing their friends company, which makes up for extra trouble; and the most audacious lookers-up that ever were one's got to look up under visitors' very noses. But we supposed, as Mr. Lesley's marriage was a secret one, he didn't care to bring his friends home."

"But his brother came?"

"Yes, only when they were first married; he never came after."

"Did you hear the brother's address?"

"Well, I have heard that it was in some of those low places, the Temple, or Gray's Inn; but I never heard say nearer than that."

Francis Tredethlyn gave a despairing sigh; he thought of Mrs. Burfield's description of his cousin, pale and wan, waving her little hand out of the window as the coach set off, and of Susan, friendless and poor. Was it not more than likely that she had gone away to die, and that his search for her would end at last in the discovery of a grave?

But might not the man, the husband who had deserted his innocent and confiding wife, might not he be found and made to pay a heavy penalty for his sin? Vengeance seems but a poor thing when the sin is past; it is at best considered; and Francis Tredethlyn felt a fierce desire for revenge against the cold-blooded destroyer of his cousin Susan's happiness.

He asked Miss Banks many more questions, but she could tell him no more than she had already told him. She had never heard Mrs. Burfield or Mr. Lesley's family or antecedents, directly or indirectly. She knew no more to college, than she never remembered hearing what college. She had decided sometimes that Mr. Lesley's name was not Lesley at all, but some other name which, for when his brother had come to dine at Woodcote Villas the first time, he had inquired for Mr. Smith by every one except Mrs. Burfield, and that other name had entirely escaped Miss Jemima's recollection.

Francis found himself up short," she said, "and he was vexed with himself for having let slip that other name, and I never heard it again the whole time they were lodgers. I'm sure I've often and often thought since how much more about her husband's affairs than I did, for he always treated her like a child, and never spoke to her on any thing of any importance, and I'm sure she never seemed to have a high and mighty way with her, that would have kept any timid person from asking questions."

Francis thanked Miss Banks very heartily for the trouble she had taken to enlighten him to the extent of her power, and then bade her good afternoon.

"If you should meet with any one wanting apartments, my good friend, you can tell them," you'll perhaps be kind enough to bear mother in mind," the young lady said, as she escorted him to the door.

He murmured some polite assurance that he would neglect no opportunity of promoting Mrs. Burfield's interest, and returned to the Hermon which had been waiting for him during his prolonged interview with the pretty Jemima.

From Woolcote Villa he drove to the office of the Marylebone registrar, and from that official he obtained the information that the marriage between Robert Lesley and Susan Turner, on the twenty-fifth of February, 1850, was, so far as his part of the business went, legally performed; but that the ceremony had been performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury within the solemn precincts of Westminster Abbey.

"If they chose to be married in false names, that was their business," said the registrar, "and I thought the gentleman looked honorable in byand-bye. But, except where there's property, it isn't often that a person's called upon to prove their identity, I suppose, by us; during the inquiry, there is property in the case?"

Francis Tredethlyn shook his head.

"I can't say more about that than you do," he said.

"Well, I don't forget that business in a hurry," said the registrar, who was inclined to be communicative. "In the first place, the man was one of a pretty middling, shabby-genteel sort, and one of party we don't often see here; and in the next place he gave me a twenty pound note, which is not a thing we're overrun with, and was ever dropped into my pocket, and is more than likely to be the last."

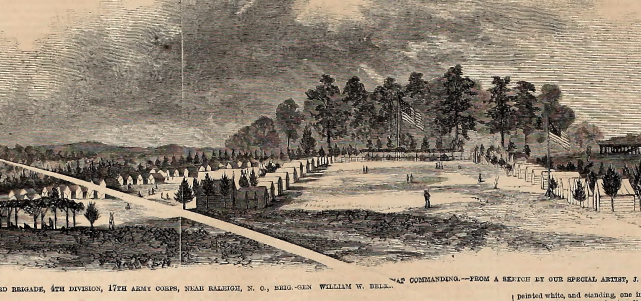
"Can you tell me what the man was like?"

"Tall and fair, with blue eyes and light hair; your regular swell; not the heavy military guild of swell at all, but something that way with him; but such as you may see by the dozen any afternoon in St. James's Street or Pall Mall."

The description was no clearer than that given by Jemima Banks. Francis could scarcely walk through a London street without meeting with some man who might be described in the same words. He left the registrar's office, and went back to his hotel, and, absorbed in his ominous fancies of his sister, thought alternately of lost Susan Tredethlyn, alias Susan Leslie, and of deserted Maude Hillary, who was soon to be his wife.

(To be continued.)

ONLY A CLOD.



CAMP OF THE 3RD BRIGADE, 4TH DIVISION, 17TH ARMY CORPS, NEAR RALEIGH, N. C.; BRIG.-GEN. WILLIAM W. BELK... ...AP COMMANDING.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

CAMP OF GEN. BELKNAP'S BRIGADE.

On this page is a sketch of the beautiful camp of the 3d brigade, 4th division, 17th army corps, of Sherman's army, near Raleigh, N. C. This famous brigade is commanded by Brig.-Gen. William W. Belknap, of Iowa, and was originally organized by Brig.-Gen. M. M. Crocker, at Pittsburg Landing, Tennessee, shortly after the battle of Shiloh, in which, as well as in Sherman's marches and battles, all these regiments participated. This camp has attracted great attention on account of its admirable arrangements and the manner in which it has been ornamented. In camp, as well as in battle, Sherman's heroes are invincible. The following regiments compose the brigade:—13th Iowa Vet. Vol., Lieut.-Col. Don. Beach; 13th Iowa Vet. Vol., Lieut.-Col. J. C. Kennedy; 15th Iowa Vet. Vol., Lieut.-Col. George Pomutz; 16th Iowa Vet. Vol., Major J. Henry Smith; 32d Illinois Vet. Vol., Lieut.-Col. John J. Rider.

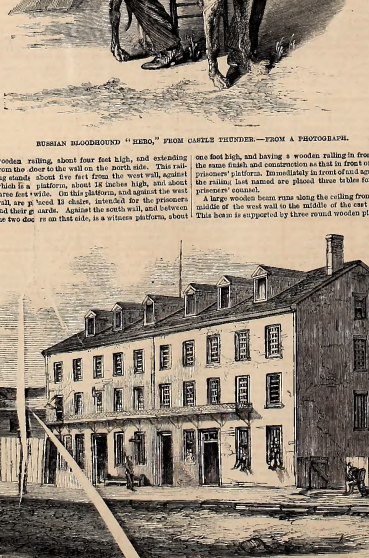
THE TRIALS OF THE ASSASSINS.

The picture we publish to-day on page 168, representing the all-absorbing topic of the day, the trial of the conspirators and assassins of President Lincoln, is one of historical interest. The Court is held in the Arsenal building, Washington, and is composed of a Military Commission, of which Gen. Hunter is President, and Gen. Joseph Holt is Judge-Advocate and Recorder. The names of the prisoners are: David E. Harrold, George A. Atzerott, Lewis Payne, Michael O'Laughlin, Edward Spangler, Samuel Arnold, Mary E. Surratt and Samuel A. Mudd. They have all pleaded not guilty, though it is said that Payne, who made the assault on Secretary Seward, has made a full confession of his guilt. He is described as tall, almost boardless, broad-shouldered, and would make a model from which to paint a gladiator. He is kept well ironed, a bar of steel about a foot long separates his wrists. Mrs. Mary E. Surratt, who is now represented as the arch criminal among those before the commission, is a native of Maryland, and at the time of her arrest was keeping a boarding-house in Washington, which was the resort of the conspirators. Mrs. Surratt is a woman of imperious will, and has maintained a defiant and unrelenting bearing, but is said now to be quite dejected, having evidently begun to realize her position. Her daughter, who appears not to be seriously implicated, is very sick. Her son is believed to have made his escape to Canada. Hon. Reverdy Johnson appears as her counsel, and several lawyers have been retained as counsel for the other prisoners. Dr. Mudd is the physician who set Booth's broken leg on the night of the murder. Arnold is the correspondent of Booth's, whose letter was found in the latter's trunk. Spangler is the stage carpenter at Ford's theatre, who held the horse on which Booth escaped on the night of the murder.

The trial commenced on the 9th of May, and still continues. On the first day the proceedings were in secret, but on Saturday the court was thrown open and the suppressed evidence published. The ceiling of the room in which the trial is held is ten feet from the floor, which is covered with thick drab matting. There are two windows of medium size opening upon the east, and two square large looking out to the north. Across these windows, on the outside, run heavy flat iron bars crossing each other perpendicularly and horizontally, leaving openings between them about eight inches square. On the south side of this room there are two doors, each opening on the adjoining corridor, painted and fitted up in similar character to those below, but having in addition in each a neat bedstead and bedding and washstand. In the west end of the court-room, near the south-west corner, is a heavy prison door, leading to the cells in the adjacent part of the building. Through the door the prisoners are brought to and taken from the presence of the commission.

In the west end of the room, commencing immediately at the east side of the door last named, is a painted white, and standing, one in the middle of the beam and the others each at a distance of eight feet from the centre pillar. A table, about 12 feet long and three feet wide, stands between these pillars and the north wall, and is surrounding this table are the chairs for the members of the commission. At the foot of this table, and between it and the attorney's table, is another for the Judge-Advocate General and his two assistants. A table of the same dimensions and finish as that at which the [illegible] sat, is placed in a corresponding position between the pillars and south wall of the room. Here sit the official reporters and the representatives of the press. Immediately adjoining the door by which the prisoners enter is the usual seat and table, at which he enters the room, the "general aide," which the special Provost-Marshal [illegible] last mentioned.

Entering the court-room from the door last mentioned, you are met first by Gen. Hartuff. Upon stepping a few feet to the left, and facing the west, the eye is first attracted to the assemblage, in brilliant full dress uniforms, ranged round the table on the right. At the east end of this table sits Maj.-Gen. David Hunter, the presiding officer. On his right, at the south side of the table, sits Maj.-Gen. Lew Wallace. On the opposite side, and to the left of the President, is Brevet Maj.-Gen. August V. Kautz, and so on, on either side, are ranged the other members of the commission, in the order of their rank. Judge Advocate-General Holt sits at the north end of the table, and at the right are his assistants, Col. H. L. Burnett and Judge Bingham. Facing the commission, near these, is Hon. Reverdy Johnson. Arnold is around him are the other counsel for the prisoners.



RUSSIAN BLOODHOUND "HERO," FROM CASTLE THUNDER.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

wooden railing, about four feet high, and extending from the door to the wall on the north side. This railing stands about five feet from the west wall, against which is a platform, about 14 inches high, and about three feet wide. On this platform, and against the west wall, are placed 13 chairs, intended for the prisoners and their guards. Against the south wall, and between the two doors on that side, is a witness platform, about one foot high, and having a wooden railing in front, of the same finish and construction as that in front of the prisoners' platform. Immediately in front of and against the railing last named are placed three tables for the prisoners' counsel.

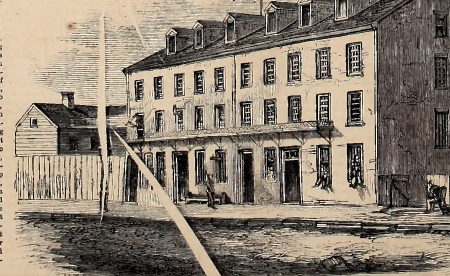
A large wooden beam runs along the ceiling from the middle of the west wall to the middle of the east wall. This beam is supported by three round wooden pillars,

CASTLE THUNDER, RICHMOND.

This famous rebel prison, the scene of countless atrocities, is at the corner of 19th and Cary streets, Richmond, and is used at this present time for the confinement of civil offenders. It is full of rebel-horse outcasts, with a sprinkling of refractory colored individuals.

Russian Bloodhound from Castle Thunder.

The famous Russian bloodhound Hero, from Castle Thunder, has been sent to Washington in a close carriage, creating quite a sensation in the capital. Hero was formerly owned by one of the keepers of Castle Thunder, and kept there as one of the preventives against prisoners escaping. He belongs originally to the tribe of "heavy dogs," stands feet long from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail, is three feet eight inches tall, measuring from the fore-shoulder down, and weighs 178 pounds. On two occasions, before he was three years old, he whipped what was then a Duke Island. A royal dog would hardly give a better growl. Mr. Munn, editor, 140th New York, brought Hero. He commenced only a few days ago. At first he had an intense dislike—the result of his previous teachings no doubt —to one of our soldiers' blue uniforms; but he is rapidly overcoming this antipathy, and daily gives indication of growing tolerance of Union soldiers and Union sentiment.



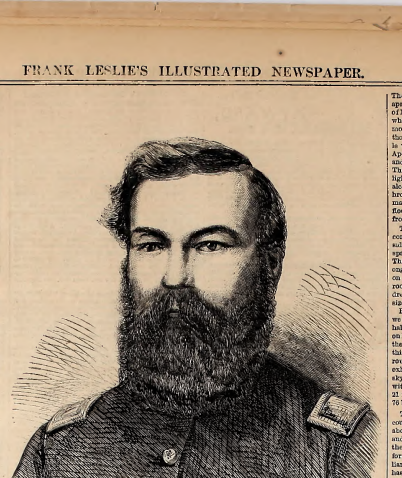
CASTLE THUNDER, REBEL PRISON IN RICHMOND, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

The introduction of the style of riding sideways on horseback is attributed to Anne of Bohemia, consort of Richard II. She it was (according to Stow) who originally showed the women of England how gracefully and conveniently they might ride on horseback sideways. And the old historian, enumerating the new fashions of Richard II.'s reign, observes: "Likewise noble ladies then used high bonds, and coverts, and rebos with long trains, and rode on side-saddles on their horses, by the example of the honourable Queen Anna, daughter of the King of Bohemia, who first introduced the custom into the kingdoms; for before, women of every rank rode as men." Shetland, in his beautiful illustrative picture of Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims, appears (according to the above-quoted authorities) to have committed an anachronism in placing the most conspicuous female character of his fine composition sideways on her steed. That the lady ought to have been depicted riding in the male fashion, might have been inferred, without any historical research on the subject, from the poet's describing her as having "on her foot," "a pair of spurres sharpe."

LIEUT.-COL. BENJ. D. PRITCHARD, FOURTH MICHIGAN CAVALRY.

By the official announcement of the capture of Jeff. Davis, the 4th Michigan cavalry, commanded by Lieut.-Col. Benjamin D. Pritchard, has the glory of this crowning act. Col. Pritchard entered the service as captain in the 4th Michigan cavalry, his commission dating August 18, 1862. His regiment rendezvoused at Detroit, was mustered into the United States service on August 20, and left for Kentucky in September following. Col. Pritchard, during his captaincy, took part in the advance during the attack on Morgan's guerillas at Stanford, and joined in the pursuit as far as Owl's Orchard, Kentucky. On November 3, 1862, he took part in the chase after Morgan, in which the rebel chief was driven across the Cumberland, and nearly captured to rout. Subsequently he participated in the operations against Murfreesboro and in the pursuit of Forrest and Wheeler towards Fort Donelson. During the campaigns of 1863 and 1864, in Tennessee and Georgia, the 4th Michigan took again a conspicuous part. For gallantry in the various actions of his regiment Capt. Pritchard was promoted to the rank which he now holds.

It is unnecessary to repeat here the series of skilful and quickly executed movements, under the immediate command of Col. Pritchard, which have resulted in Davis's capture. It is hoped this satisfactory success is but the forerunner of a more definite termination of the ex-Presidential rebel's career.



LIEUT.-COL. BENJAMIN D. PRITCHARD, FOURTH MICHIGAN CAVALRY.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY THOMAS J. MERRITT.

RECEPTION OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,

At Richmond, Virginia.

On the 5th of May, Richmond was enlivened by the passage through the city of a considerable portion of the Army of the Potomac, consisting of the 2d and 5th corps, commanded respectively by Gen. Humphreys and Gen. Griffin. In the absence of Major-Gen. Ord, commanding the department, and Major-Gen. Gibbon, commanding the 24th army corps, Major-Gen. J. W. Turner, accompanied by Gen. Ord's staff, undertook the honors of the honorary reception of the veterans by the Army of the James. The troops representing the Army of the Potomac entered the city by the pontoon bridge spanning the James between Richmond and Manchester.

DESCRIPTION OF PLAN.

1.—Spot in the theatre where Booth was seen first by Mr. Ferguson from G.
2.—Door of French-in's Box, A, with peep hole in it, through which Booth ascertained the exact position of President Lincoln.
3.—Door through which Booth escaped.
4.—Spot where he jumped from the box.
5.—Spot where he landed on stage.
6.—Door in the rear through which he escaped.
7.—Spot where he mounted his horse.
8.—Spot where Mr. Lincoln sat.
9.—Spot where Mrs. Lincoln sat.
10.—Spot where Miss Harris sat.
11.—Spot where Major Rathbun sat.
A.—President's Box.
B.—Box opposite.
C.—Partition dividing the box in two—this partition was removed in A.
D.—Entrance to box.
E.—Large door in rear of theatre, bolted.
F.—Proscenium arch.
G.—Spot where Stewart followed Booth after climbing on the stage.
H.—Footlights.
I.—Prompter's desk.
J.—Ferguson's house, where Booth used to lie.
K.—Tavern.
L.—Parlor in which actors waited for their appearance on the stage.
N.—Door which Booth passed when seen by Miss Laura Keene.
O.—Movable scenes on stage.
P.—Booth's stable.
Q.—Tan-yard house in rear of theatre occupied by negroes.
R.—Open square between the rear buildings leading to F street across a fence.—S.
S.—Fences intersecting square.
T.—Spot near fence where a rider was seen leaving simultaneously with Booth.
U.—Entrance to Petersen's house.
V.—Staircase leading to upper story.
W.—Room in which Mr. Lincoln died.
X.—Small room adjoining.
Y.—Petersen's parlor, where Mrs. Lincoln stayed.
Z.—Entrance to theatre from Tenth street.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

THE new building of the National Academy was formally opened on the evening of the 27th ultimo, and with this inauguration the institution may be fairly said to enter upon a new era of its existence.

The design of the building was furnished by Mr. P. B. Wright, and the work has been executed under his supervision. The site, which consists of an entire lot, at the corner of 4th Avenue and 23d street, was purchased in 1860, at a cost of $50,000. The building is 86 feet long on the avenue, and 80 feet wide on 23d street, and when fully completed will cost, in the aggregate, $175,000. It is three stories high, besides the cellar. The basement story contains, on 23d street, the janitor's apartments, and on the avenue the rooms of the School of Design. The latter occupy about three-fourths of the whole area of this story, and furnish quite ample accommodations. The entrance to the School of Design is on the avenue. The collection of casts of ancient statuary is very large, embracing such works as the Laocoon, Apollo Belvidere, Venus de Medici, Silenus and Bacchus, and many others equally valuable to the student in art. This department occupies three large alcoves, well lighted, and covering a space of 47 by 66 feet. The alcoves are supported by tasteful columns, of a rich brown tint, with golden-leaved capitals. The department of the Life School occupies a hall on the same floor, 37 by 54 feet, fronting the north, and partly lighted from a cupola.

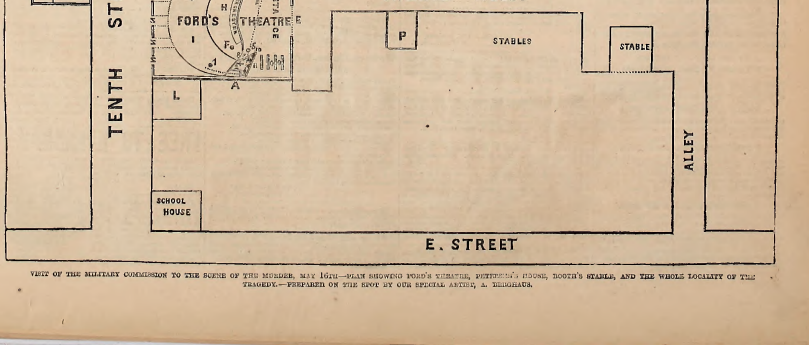
The entrance to the upper stories is on 23d street, and consists of a double flight of marble steps, rising outside the building, and leading through a beautiful and spacious doorway into the hall on the second floor. This hall is 12 feet wide, and runs nearly the entire length of the building. East of the hall, and fronting on the avenue, are the reception-room, the two library rooms, and the council-room. On the other side are two dressing-rooms for ladies and gentlemen, and a good-sized lecture-room.

Rising from this hall by a grand balustraded stairway, we ascend to the third story. We enter at first a sort of hall, 34 by 40 feet, divided by a double arcade, resting on beautiful columns of various-colored marble. Around the walls are hung a goodly number of pictures. From this hall three are entrances to the galleries which surround it on all sides. This story is devoted entirely to exhibition purposes. The galleries are all lighted by skylights, and for the present are sufficiently spacious, with the exception of the sculpture-room, which is only 21 feet square. The other four galleries are, severally, 76 by 36, 46 by 72, 40 by 30 and 76 by 21 feet.

The walls of the basement story are of Westchester county marble, banded with North River brownstone; above, they are of white marble, with similar bands, and at the third story they are of white and gray marble, the latter color being arranged in diamond outlines, forming a sort of checkerwork. This work gives a peculiar, wavy appearance to the masonry, which no one who has seen the walls can fail to have noticed. Some are extravagant enough to think this is a beauty. Although manifestly a defect, it is not a serious one. In the Doge's palace, in Venice, from which this building was modelled, this diamond work is on a much larger scale, and is made of a warm-tinted stone, which does not cross the lines of masonry with so violent a contrast. In other words, its tone of color and luminosity being of about the same degree as that of the surrounding wall, the whole appears to the eye more nearly on the same plane.

The building, as we have just stated, was modelled after the Doge's palace at Venice, and is of that mixed style of architecture sometimes called Venetian Gothic. It is much smaller than the original, and the reduced proportions and strange surroundings into which it has been translated, give but a poor idea of the grandeur and beauty of its prototype. The architecture of the building has, first and last, provoked a great deal of adverse criticism; and its advocates seem to have found but one impregnable position—and that is in its uniqueness.

It is not the most graceful and ennobling sight in the world to behold one's hero at his roast beef. A lady relates that having long worshipped Fanny Kemble afar off, some friend contrived to procure her a nearer glimpse at a dinner-party. That view revealed the queen of tragedy with open mouth and a respectable morsel of meat labouring before it. The sublime attitudes all how down before this. Charlotte Bronte fared no better with her "Lion of Judah." She was seated opposite Mr. Thackeray at table, and herself always eating lightly, was doomed to nervously watch her mighty men. He



VIEW OF THE MILITARY COMMISSION TO THE SCENE OF THE MURDER, MAY 16TH—PLAN SHOWING FORD'S THEATRE, PETTERSEN'S HOUSE, BOOTH'S STABLE, AND THE WHOLE LOCALITY OF THE TRAGEDY.—PREPARED ON THE SPOT BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, A. BERGHAUS.

still humorous as well as hungry, and not unwilling to work for a little, and never a word. The head reminds one of Shirley Hibbers quantities of food. At last, almost breathless, she demanded impiously, "Did Mr. Tandeyer, please come?"

Shult's Instantaneous Hair Dye. The most effective Dye in use—a simple application produces the very choice of color, from brown to black; does not discolor nor the number of applications, producing a permanent and natural color; and is beautiful in effect and always appearance. Sent by mail, postpaid, for $5 cents. Address

C. F. SHULT,
6054 P. O. Drawer 12, Troy, N. Y.

U. S. 7-30 LOAN.

THIRD SERIES.

$250,000,00.

Be authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned, the General Subscription Agent for the sale of United States Securities, offers to the public the third series of Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three cents per cent. interest per annum, known as the

Seven-Thirty Loan.

These Notes are issued under date of July 15th, 1865 and are payable three years from that date in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 Six per cent.

GOLD-BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are now worth a handsome premium, and are exempt, as are all the securities named herein, from *State, County, and Municipal taxation, which adds from one to three per cent. per annum, to their value, according to the rate of taxation in other property.* The interest is payable semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest at 7 30 per cent. amounts to

One cent per day on a $50 note,		
Two cents " " "	"	$100 "
Ten " " "	"	$500 "
20 " " "	"	$1000 "
$1 " " "	"	$5,000 "

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions.

The Notice of this Loan is but a mere particular similar to those and exchange at the lowest current rates, except that the interest commences from the day of paying interest in gold coin at 6 per cent. instead of 7 3-10ths in currency. Subscribers will therefore lose the amount of interest on the gold value of the bonds subscribed.

The delivery of the notes of this third series of the Seven-thirties will commence on the 1st of June, and will be made promptly in the order of time in which the subscriptions are received.

The above offer made in the conditions of this Third series affects only the matter of interest. The payment in all respects will be equivalent to the currency interest of the higher rate.

The return to specie payments, in the event of which only will the option to pay interest in gold be availed of would so reduce and equalize prices, that purchases made with a par in gold would be found to be equal to those made with seven and three-tenths per cent. in currency. [sic]

THE ONLY LOAN IN MARKET

now offered by the Government, and its superior advantages will make it the

Great Popular Loan of the People.

Less than $230,000,000 of the Loan authorized by Congress are now on the market. This amount, at the rate at which it is being absorbed, will be all subscribed for within sixty days when the notes will undoubtedly command a premium, as has already been the case on closing the subscriptions to other Loans.

In order that citizens of every town and section of the country may be allowed facilities for taking the loan the National Banks, State Banks, and Private Bankers throughout the country have generally agreed to receive subscriptions at par. Subscribers will select their own agents, in whom they have confidence, and who only are to be responsible for the delivery of the notes for which they receive orders.

J. COOKE,
Subscription Agent,
No. 114 South Third Street,
Philadelphia.

605-599

LUBIN'S

FRANGIPANNI TOILET POWDER.

This widely and justly celebrated article, which is used throughout Europe, is now introduced

A NECESSITY IN THE TOILET OF EVERY LADY,

is now, for the first time, introduced

TO THE LADIES OF AMERICA.

FRANGIPANNI POWDER

is unrivaled for removing CHAPS, BLOTCHES, PIMPLES, TAN, FRECKLES, and all impurities of the skin, rendering it SOFT, CLEAR, SMOOTH and BEAUTIFUL.

FRANGIPANNI POWDER

is used to remove TAN and FRECKLES, giving FRESHNESS to the COMPLEXION, and a healthy hue to the skin, with PERFECT SOFTNESS.

FRANGIPANNI POWDER

is used by the ladies of France to sprinkle on the inside of KID GLOVES, smelling a small piece to be drawn on the hand previously to putting on the glove, thereby giving a perfumation. The odor given to the hand will remain the hands all day. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS, and by the manufacturer,

W. H. WILCOX, 810 Acorn,
163 Water street, New York, and by Perfumers and
605-600 Druggists generally.

Army, Navy and Memorial Badges.

B. T. HAYWARD,
208 Broadway, New York.

I have now THE REGULATION BADGE for every Regiment and Battery in the Army and Navy, also Artillery, Cavalry, Engineer, Sutler's and Musicis' INS.

Also, the NAVY'S. Every private, Non-Commissioned officer and soldier in the army will want a Badge of his Invincible Corps. I will send a sample Badge, Gold, with your name, regiment and company handsomely engraved thereon, on receipt of $1 50 (regular price $2 50), for which is $2. I will send a genuine 10 carat Gold Ring for each Private or Corps on the receipt of $1 or $1 per dozen.

I have a new one, Sherman Medal, giving a true likeness of him on one side, and a representation of the 14th, 15th, 17th and 20th Corps on the other, designed by the American eagle. I will send a sample on the receipt of one dollar, or $10 a dozen. Also a new Corps Badge, beautiful, elaborately suspended from Cross Sutlers. I will send a sample for $1 50.

THE NEW MEMORIAL MEDAL of our late President, with his true likeness, and the inscription "Born 1809, died the Date of his Birth, First and Second Inauguration, and of his Death," I have now ready for sale at once. There is no person in the Union who will not want one of these. Price $1 50.

I will also send THE RICHMOND MEDAL, giving the Rise of Jeff. Davis, and the Fall of the City of Richmond, recognized by the American Eagle, on receipt of $1 50.

Gold Badges of every description made to order. With each order for Badges I will send wholesale Illustrated Circular to Agents.

B. T. HAYWARD,
Manufacturing Jeweller, 208 Broadway, N. Y.

$1 Gold Watches. $1
Silver Watches.

Fine Silver-case Elegant Vest, Curb, Neck, Fob and Chatelaine Chains! Patent Ring and Dial Hand Bracelets! Gents' Pocket Knives! Ladies' Gold Pens! Gold Lockets! Heavy Seal Rings, Bronze Statues, Magic Brooches, Revolving Pencils, Gold Thimbles, Ear Drops, Studs, Scarf Pins, Rings, Canes, Key Rings! Silver Cased Watches, Revolvers, Accordeons and 1000 Articles, Sewing Machines, &c., &c., valued at

$1,000,000!

Will be sold by

S. C. RICKARDS & CO.,
103 Nassau St., N. Y. (Established 1853.)

AT ONE DOLLAR Each Article,

Without Selection, and no Article to be paid for unless perfectly satisfactory.

The Catalogue includes a number of valuable and useful articles—Both and Costly Watches, eminently attractive, and of the best manufacture. It will be disposed of on the following liberal terms: Lowest number of Articles, at One Dollar each. On receipt of the articles as above enumerated, plainly printed with name, address and nearest Post Office, we will forward them envelopes, and sealed, unmistakeable one from the Catalogue, which we return by mail. Upon receipt of sealed envelope containing Certificate marked with the number of the article desired, we will forward it at once the holder to will be sent by mail to any address, upon receipt of One Dollar, and no Certificate for purchaser so selling the EXACT ARTICLE HE IS SEEKING. Certificates are 25 cents each, or 6 for $1. Send for Certificate and $1, to our office. When Certificates are sent by mail, 2 cents each must be added to cover postage. Agents wanted everywhere. Liberal terms to Agents.

Our Certificate may obtain you a GOLD WATCH, Diamond or Silver Ring, or other Valuable Article. THERE WILL BE NO BLANKS.

Circulars containing full list of Certificates will be sent to Clubs, Schools, Agents, &c., at the following rates:

One Hundred sent to any address by mail, on receipt of..... $ 25
" Five Hundred..... " 1 00
" Ten..... " 2 00
" Fifty..... " 4 00
" Two Hundred..... " 10 00
" Five Hundred..... " 15 00

Postmasters, Agents, &c., will be allowed 10 cents each for Certificates. Circulars sent free to all who call.

Letters and Communications should be addressed to

S. C. RICKARDS & CO.,
Manufacturers of Jewelry,
103 Nassau St., New York, N. Y.

Whiskers and Moustaches in 45 days, also Hair on Bald Heads or smooth faces. Address, with stamp, to Dr. C. BRIGGS, Drawer 6208, Chicago, Ill.

1	2
Send your address to P. O. Drawer 6188, Chicago, Ill.	3

Royal Havana Lottery.

In Drawing of April 29, 1865,

No. 7780	Prize of	$100,000
No. 18689	"	50,000
No. 31078	"	20,000
No. 24451	"	10,000
No. 15000	"	5,000

Prizes paid in gold. Information furnished. Highest rates paid for Doubloons and all kinds of Gold and Silver.

TAYLOR & CO., Bankers,
16 Wall St., N. Y.

$70 A MONTH! I want Agents everywhere to sell my Patent Lightning Plater. Sells by sight. Action, the best selling ever offered. Full particulars free. Address GOLD T. DARBY, Rutherford, Maine.
605-15

Upon Receipt of 50 cents and postpaid address on plain paper, I will send you a package containing several photographs of their future wife or husband, Address, (which will be returned in 30 days), Miss BESSIE M. FRANKLIN, Box 38, West Troy, N. Y.
604-600

President Lincoln Mourning Badge. All mourn have one. Price 50 cents. Address DIXON BROS. CO., Chicago, Ill.
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$125 A MONTH! Agents wanted everywhere to introduce the improved *Shaw & Clark Sewing Machine*, the only low-priced machine in the country, which is licensed by Grover & Baker, Wheeler & Wilson, Howe, Singer & Co., and Bachelder. All their machines now sold for less than *one-third* their cost. *Wholesale*, at the factory, and *retail*, in every city throughout the country. Many agents are making from $200 to $500 per month. Address SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

President Lincoln Mourning Badge. Just out. All mourn have one. Address DIXON BROS. CO., Chicago, Ill.
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Dr. Talbot's Concentrated Medical PINEAPPLE CIDER
Is a PREVENTIVE OF SICKNESS. The experience that Dr. Talbot has had for the last twenty-five years in addressing the public as the manufacturer of the celebrated Talbot's Odontalgic Carbon, entitles the articles offered by Dr. Talbot's Medicinal Pineapple Cider, confidence from all classes, old and young. It is not new to the public, but has been before them for years. One quart bottle will last a week person one year. This is rather a new mode of doctoring—preventing sickness rather than curing sick. Is it not better to pay five dollars a year to keep well—better than paying a day ten or twenty dollars to doctor's bills, and sometimes more for the loss of time and the suffering and anguish which it entails. To prevent sickness, use as follows: Add one spoonful of Medicated Pineapple Cider to a tumbler of cold water, and drink the first thing after you rise in the morning, and the same before you retire at night. This will increase the vitality and give vigor and action to the system. A celebrated New York physician says he would make a fortune if he had the Pineapple Cider, assures Dr. Talbot that he gained one person every day in consequence of the first trial. He continues its use as severe disorders, and finds it very beneficial; says it has proved an entire preventive to sickness in his case. Also, another well-known gentleman of New York says that the Medicated Cider never disorders or tires, and has not been sick one day during last time.

This wonderful Preparation will increase the digestive powers, give new action to the system, and regulate the secretions. When taken internally, for pallors of the heart, Dyspepsia, Diarrhœa, Diseases of the Kidneys, Pains in the Chest, Hoarseness, Coughs, Neuralgia, &c., &c., for soothing and quieting effect on the system, it is unequaled by any medicine.

Externally, as a wash for the face, it is surprising with what success it is treating Severe Dyspepsia, Nervous Headache, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Palpitation of the Heart, Chronic Diarrhœa, Cold Dysentery, and Disorders of the Kidneys and Liver. It is also particularly recommended by physicians to delicate females, as an invigorating tonic, and for Bed-ridden Invalids. Wear of Appetite, Sciatica, Neuralgic Affections, Headaches, &c., &c. Also, for Sore Throats, Sore Eyes, Tumors, Wakefulness, Disturbed Sleep, etc. American Ladies! Here is a remedy with great success in Southern climate and beauty. It imparts cheerfulness to the countenance, and is a delightful companion to travelers especially in a of fastidious taste, and should be provided with a bottle for every journey, to which the water is likely to vary in quality and temperature. Every family should have a bottle always kept it with the utmost confidence as a family, cheerful companion.

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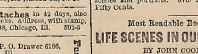
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250	Gold Hunting-Watches	75 to 250
250	Ladies' Enamelled Gold Watches	50 to 200
500	Gents' Hunting Silver Watches	35 to 100
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3,000	Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc	3 to 8
5,000	Plain Gold Rings	4 to 10
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10,000	Shield and Signet Rings	3 to 10
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7,500	Sets Ladies' Jewellery, jet	5 to 10
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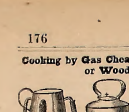
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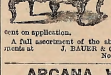
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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1865, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 506—Vol. XX.] NEW YORK, JUNE 10, 1865. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly, 13 Weeks $1 00.

The Grand Review.

Tuesday and Wednesday, the 23d and 24th of May, were proud days for our gallant soldiers of the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the West. On these days there passed through the streets of the National Capital, in review before the President, an army of 200,000 veteran soldiers, the finest, most experienced, and most effective on the globe. They were on their return to their homes, which they left voluntarily at their country's call, after having marched more miles and fought more battles—severe and bloody battles—than any equal number of men in history. These were the men who, starting from the banks of the Ohio, beyond the Alleghanies, fought their way to the Gulf, swept around the mountains and up between them and the Atlantic, until they reached again the parallel of latitude from which they set forth, fighting their way for 2,000 miles through and through the so-called Confederacy, and trampling its vaunted power into the very dust. There was that veteran army, sometimes shattered but never broken, that heroic, patient, invincible army of the Potomac, which, in spite of bad generalship, faithlessness even, on the part of some of its officers in the early period of the war—in spite of disaster and circumstances of greatest discouragement, has interposed itself between the capital and the enemy, and not only resisted the shock of his greatest power, wielded by his greatest generals, but has flung itself always with undiminished courage and a valor truly heroic, upon the very stronghold and citadel of rebel strength, until it fell at last before their heavy and reiterated blows. It is no disparagement of the other grand national armies in the field to say that it was the Army of the Potomac that had to resist the weight of the rebel strength. Against them the power of the rebellion was mainly concentrated and consumed. Whether attacking or defending, it was the Army of the Potomac,



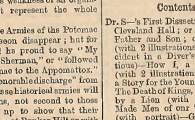
THE GRAND REVIEW AT WASHINGTON, MAY 24—PRESIDENT JOHNSON, LIEUT.-GEN. GRANT AND OTHERS INSPECTING SHERMAN'S ARMY FROM THE REVIEWING STAND ON PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE, NEAR THE WHITE HOUSE—SHERMAN SALUTING AT THE HEAD OF HIS STAFF.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

with its mighty sledge, that battered the traitor fabric into the dust. Look at Williamsburg, Fair Oaks, Seven Pines, Malvern Hill, the second Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorville, Gettysburg, the Rappahannock, the Wilderness, Cold Harbor and Petersburg! Here it was that the flower of the rebel armies was gradually consumed and finally destroyed. With the Army of the Potomac, always vigilant and undismayed, prodigal of its blood, crouching like a lion before Richmond, the Confederate Government was unable to adopt those swift and overwhelming combinations of forces, which their possession of inner lines of communication would otherwise have made feasible, and thus it was that the work of subjugation in other fields was made more easy. The Army of the Potomac received the first blow of the war; it struck the last, and the rebellion went down before it. The humiliations of Bull Run were a hundred times avenged. Glory and honor to the heroes of the Army of the Potomac, that battered down the rebel fortunes! Honor and glory to the victors of Murfreesboro, Chattanooga, Missionary Ridge, Atlanta and Nashville—that gallant and notable army that proved, by an act of daring unparalleled in the history of war, the hollowness of a Government based on injustice to men, and the weakness of an organization which did not represent the whole people.

As organizations, the Armies of the Potomac and of the West will soon disappear; but for all time the men will be proud to say "My father marched with Sherman," or "followed Grant from the Potomac to the Appomattox." The confidence of a benumbed conscience, a famine or the other of these historical armies will be cherished heirloom, not second to those which men transmit up to show that their fathers stood by Putnam at Bunker Hill or with Washington, at Yorktown. "All is quiet on the Potomac" now. Its army has gone into history.

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JUNE 10, 1865.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

The Yellow Fever Plot.

Among the schemes of the rebel plotters in Canada, where traitors had asylum and sympathy, and whence they levied war with impunity, was one to spread the loyal States with that most dreaded of diseases, the yellow fever. When it was announced some weeks ago that a Dr. Blackburn had been arrested in Toronto, Canada West, and put under bonds to answer a charge of having been engaged in a plan to scatter clothing infected with the virus of yellow fever in the principal Northern cities, and in the towns occupied by our armies, the public was not inclined to look on the matter seriously. In the first place the question whether the yellow fever is infectious, like that whether saltpetre will explode, is an open one; and secondly it was difficult to imagine a malignity so demoniac as that which would involve whole communities in the horrors of an epidemic, which tradition as well as experience has led us to regard as most fatal and terrible. But the evidence in the case of Blackburn shows positively not only that an attempt of the most diabolical kind was actually made last year, but was intended to be renewed this summer. Its realization was only prevented by the sudden collapse of the rebel power and the extinction of the so-called Confederacy. Like the plot of hotel and theatre burning in New York, and the more successful one of assassination in Washington, this was probably one of those schemes which Sanders explained to Sala, and which were to "make the world stand agape at with horror!" Of the complicity of the rebel gang in Canada with the incendiary and murderous plans that have come to light, and which still almost paralyze us by their atrocity, there is no doubt: but the direct proof has not been in all respects complete. Not unnaturally, for the participants in such crimes have generally sufficient cunning to leave as few tangible evidence of their guilt available for the ends of justice. Their work, as a rule, is in the dark and without witnesses. But in the case of Blackburn, with his yellow fever scheme, the usual precautions of cunning crime seem to have been strangely omitted. It has come out clearly, by positive and abundant evidence, that the principal conception and part of a plot to infect our cities and camps was not only entertained and perfected, but put in execution. Blackburn, with a Southern physician named Dunlap, a Canadian conspirator, went to the Bermudas and sent thence to an agent named Hyams, in Halifax, Nova Scotia, a number of trunks containing rebel clothing from yellow fever subjects, and with every stage, guide post and milestone, from Halifax to Boston, with yellow fever hospitals and patients, which were smuggled into the United States by the latter, and sold by another for a trifle, or, as the witness explained, "as a present for the ladies," in Washington, Norfolk, Newberne and elsewhere. About the same time, or shortly after, the yellow fever did break out in Bermuda—how far as the consequence of the attempt at infection it is, of course, impossible to say.

The evidence, which is far too long to be reproduced, and less reproduced, also shows that this plan of Blackburn was not only known to Clay, Thompson, Cleary and others, alleged to be implicated in the scheme of assassinating the President, but that these rebel agents and conspirators furnished advice and money towards carrying it out. Cleary, who was the bearer of Clay and Thompson's despatches, admits they both knew the scheme. They do not appear to have fully believed that the yellow fever was infectious, but they were willing to risk the experiment, and his associates to make the attempt to carry the pestilence not alone into the armies of the Union, but among the Northern population, and to fill our cemeteries with the corpses of our women and children. Thompson furnished more or less money for the purpose. His checks on the Bank of Montreal, where he had at one time a deposit of more than $200,000 to be used in the rebel interest, are positively proven to. In fact, the evidence of the guilt of Blackburn, the principal in the premises, is so clear and absolute, that even a Canadian judge can find no excuse or pretext for discharging him from custody. In some States whether there is any statute under which he can be convicted, inasmuch as it will be difficult, we may say impossible, to prove that any one died through his instrumentality or connivance.

Like the plot to burn New York, this scheme of infection seems to have been a failure; our city was not burned, nor were our armies smitten down by the "pestilence that walketh at noonday." But the guilt of the conception is none the less strongly inferred plans, which so contravert the humanities of the age, and carry us back to the depths of barbarism, and to the days when the dark ages, and to the days when the dark ages, if we may coin a word, the crime of individual assassination becomes one of minor magnitude, and it is simply ridiculous affectation and hypocrisy on the part of the promoters and abettors of schemes so diabolically atrocious, to slander and clasp their hands over their foreheads in horror at the murder of the President. The men who paid Blackburn and his subordinates, who supplied Beale, Kennedy, Burley, and the St. Albans robbers and murderers with means, besides assigning them their work in the first instance—these men make a most despicable exhibition of themselves, and gain no credit for their cant or bravery by denying acquaintanceship or complicity with Booth, who was by far their best educated, ablest, and most daring instrument—a man morally no worse than themselves.

In view of the atrocities of these men, the proportions of which we see slowly and almost unwillingly coming to comprehend, we may well credit the allegation that the terrible mortality of Union prisoners of war, in the Southern prison-pens, was the result of a deliberate purpose, and that our men were murdered not alone through wilful and unnecessary exposure in unhealthy localities, and through insufficient food and clothing, but through means more direct. The number of strongly constituted men who have survived the horrors of their captivity, but have come back to us in a condition of idiocy, starks a horrible suspicion of the employment by the rebel authorities of means to destroy them, or to render their return to the field impossible, which it is the duty of Government to investigate. After what we now know we cannot be expected to regard any act of theirs impossible. The more heinous and inhuman, the more probable.

"It is Finished!"

THE Secretary of War announces the surrender of the last organized force of the rebellion, in the following official dispatch:

"A dispatch from Gen. Canby, dated at New Orleans, May 26th, states that arrangements for the surrender of the Rebel trans-forces in the Trans-Mississippi Department have been completed. They include the men and material of the army and navy."

The authority of the United States is now completely re-established throughout the entire country. The rebellion is dead; the great Civil War is over. Peace has returned again to bless the land.

The rebel ram Stonewall was given up on the 11th of May to the authorities of Cuba, in Havana, and will probably be surrendered to the United States on demand. The only remaining rebel cruiser on the ocean is the "Shenandoah," but heard of in the East Indies.

We are pleased to see, and our satisfaction, we are sure, will be shared by all right-thinking men in the country, that President Johnson has decided to accept a pair of splendid horses and a corresponding carriage, offered to him as a present by a number of the so-called "merchant princes" of New York. The species of obnoxious disloyalism—that of swindling officers of the Government—has become very prevalent, and we are glad to see it discouraged by one whose position makes him the "first man of the nation." In the salaries of public men, at the present time and matured talents to the service of the country, are generally too small. Most of them have risen from the early years of the Republic, when, there is no exaggeration in saying, one dollar was relatively more valuable, as a purchasing medium, than three dollars are now. Our Secretaries of State, War, Navy, etc., absolutely receive less salary than is paid to hundreds of men in the city which they have to keep up with the representatives of foreign Governments. Our President is inadequately paid, considering the expenses of his position, and his $25,000 a year looks wonderfully, we had almost said proudly diminutive in comparison with the princely revenues which the Emperor of Austrian adventurer in Mexico has decreed himself and his family. The purely and solely services of which may possibly repay the weekly returns of the Custom-house in New York! But if Congress and the Government are opposed on the principal ones, for the minor ones are rather over than under paid—are not adequately remunerated, and there is no sin to be found in any salary supplied through the means of "round-robins," too often, and with too much reason, supposed to represent a process necessary to candor. Such tokens of appreciation or evidences of generosity would come with more propriety after the retirement of the recipient from public life. Those who have held high and honorable position, and devoted the best years of their lives to the public service, and who, in the days of dangers in their old age, or be subjected to the inconveniences and humiliations of cramped resources, when their services to the country are evident in every man's mind, and when there is no reason to suppose any retired public man of substance will be called to fill a like honorable position, there there can be no objection to the bestowal of some "testimonial," which shall help to make his declining years easy, and enable him to prosecute some scheme of common good. But no man in office should receive presents. Such gratuities are but an indirect method to *save your, save expenses.* If national niggardness will not permit him to keep a carriage of his own, let him walk, or pay his fare in a street car. If his salary be really too small to enable him to live like a gentleman, let it be increased. We do not like to see the American President made an implied, if not a real object of charity, by a set of snobs in New York or elsewhere, who boast of their wealth, and care not to ascertain by consideration, except through the open columns of their greasy dollars. They have been contriving, but not the less effectively, snubbed by the President, and we hope the lesson may not be lost on them. Their desire for notoriety, and probably the best regardless of the motives which actuated them in bothering the President, is, no doubt, as well gratified by his refusal as by his acceptance. They boast of the acceptance of their "mark of consideration." Their names—have they not been published in all the daily papers? Is there an attitude of immortality, or pinnacle of glory beyond? Possibly, but doubtful!

Among the sensation reports of the day, having no foundation in fact, is the story of the attempt of the negro troops in Memphis to massacre the paroled rebel prisoners in that city, in retaliation for the Fort Pillow massacre. The account, I appears, was manufactured from whole cloth with no conceivable object except to create anxiety

against negro soldiers, and apprehension in the public mind as to future disorders. Nothing chafes domestic traitors and foreign enemies so much as the sudden return of the United States to order and the conditions of peace. The fact gives the lie to all their gloomy prognostications, and annoys them. Of similar origin, if not with precisely the same purpose, is the story that Jeff. Davis is not only in duress but has been roughly and wantonly placed in irons. This story, like that of the negro conspiracy, is utterly without foundation. Both will obtain currency in the press of Europe, but the contradiction will never be given. We have learned to expect no better treatment, and shall live down calumny as well as armed assault.

A CANADIAN gentleman, who is an ardent annexationist, exclaimed on receiving the news of the surrender of Lee's army, "Now, then, Canada will be annexed to the United States, and share in the glories of the regenerated and disenthralled Republic." A refugee rebel officer standing by, replied: "Go slow, my friend; it is very easy to get into the Union, but it's d——d hard to get out."

MR. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, who wrote a life of Napoleon for the purpose seemingly of proving that the great object of his career was the establishment of Sunday schools, has come out lately in an explanation of the reason for his championship of that imperial philanthropist. Napoleon, according to Abbott, was the great foe of aristocratic usurpation. Abbott is going to prove next that Toombs was an original abolitionist.

THE New York *Herald* has a plan for paying off the national debt, so as to get rid of the present stupendous and costly machinery for collecting the internal revenue. It affirms that it can be done before the first of July next, in this wise: Let 150,000 persons contribute $20,000 each for the purpose, making the round sum of $3,000,000,000. The *Herald* pledges itself to take two shares, or $40,000, and thinks it will make money by the operation, as it now pays at least that amount in taxes direct and indirect. It thinks the Astors would take 20 shares, and intimates that the Vanderbilts, Laws, Stewarts, &c., to say nothing of sundry contractors, could afford to take at least 20 each.

AN attempt was made to assassinate President Jackson on the 30th of February, 1835, while the President and Cabinet were passing from the rotunda of the Capitol, in the funeral procession of ex-Congressman Warren R. Davis, a person stepped from the crowd, levelled a pistol at a distance of eight feet, and fired twice at the President. Fortunately, the pistol missed fire each time. The man was immediately arrested. Upon examination, it appeared that he was a house-painter out of employment, by name Richard Lawrence. As it appeared evident that the man was insane, he was never brought to trial. Benton considered this an instance of a diseased mind acted upon by a general outcry against a public man. Lawrence had read that the general financial distress, at this time, was caused by President Jackson, and therefore considered that by putting an end to the President's life he would restore prosperity to the land, and gain employment for himself. This was the only case of attempted assassination in this country up to April last, when the murderer's pistol was employed once more against a President, and this time with fatal effect.

MR. C. C. CLAY, JR., formerly Senator from Alabama, and lately one of the rebel agents in Canada, on hearing of the reward of $25,000 for his apprehension, as party to or privy of the murder of President Lincoln, wrote May 10 to the U. S. General commanding in Macon, Ga., saying; "Conscious of my innocence, unwilling even to fly from justice, and confident of my entire vindication from so foul an imputation upon the full, fair and impartial trial which I expect to receive, I shall go as soon as practicable to Macon, to deliver myself up to your custody." He delivered himself up accordingly, and is now confined at Fortress Monroe. Discharged on the indictment of subornation to murder, he may nevertheless be arrested and tried for the crime of treason.

WE reprint the following advertisements from the Augusta S. C. *Sentinel*, of May 2d, as probably the last of their kind that will ever disgrace the columns of an American newspaper:

"TAKEN UP NEGRO.—Boy Jim, dark complexion, about sixteen years of age, and says that he is a free boy, and was brought from Greensboro', N. C., by a soldier whose name was Caully; any body owning such a boy can have him by paying expenses and proving property. The boy can be found at the residence of W. P. Tanford, nine miles from Augusta, near the Washington road.

"ONE HUNDRED NEGROES WANTED.—I will pay a liberal price for any number of likely negroes—such as boys, girls, and a few men and families."

On the 6th of May the same paper published an article from which we subjoin an extract. Need we add that meanwhile Augusta had been occupied by the Federal troops:

"We are now living under the Constitution of the United States. That is the Government of the country. This is the fact we must all admit whether agreeable or not to our feelings. This is a fact which cannot be controverted.

"There is only one course then left for every sensible man to pursue. The course is a plain one. It is simply to support the Government under which we live. If any man has come or does come to the conclusion that he cannot live under the Government of the United States, the remedy for his imagined grievances can be easily applied. He can leave the country for a more congenial clime. If he does not wish to conform to the laws of the land, let him go to a land whose laws he prefers to obey. If dissatisfied persons will do this promptly, truly it can be said of them that 'they left their country for their country's good.'

* * * "Our people ought now to be fully convinced that it is folly, yea more, that it is madness for any one to suppose that the United States Government can be successfully resisted by force of arms. It formerly had equals. But now it stands at the head of nations—the greatest and most formidable of any earthly power. Its resources have not been impaired in the least by the late gigantic war—they are inexhaustible. In short, as a Government, it is stronger now, and has a firmer position than when the late lamentable struggle was inaugurated."

THE great woe that has fallen on the South is thus described by a clergyman there, in the *Church Journal*:

"We accept our destiny. Whether right or wrong, we are powerless to resist. Our agriculture is utterly broken up; our estates are ruined; many hundreds of our oldest and proudest mansions are in ashes; our people are homeless in the land of their birth; hundreds of our rural churches have been burned; the same has been the fate of a great number of school-houses and court-houses. There is no description that can fully convey to you an idea of the destruction to our mills, foundries, railroads and canals. Our forests have been levelled and consumed; our fields are without laborers; our towns and cities are without trade; our people are without employment or the means of support; our children are growing up without education; our wives and maidens are sick with watchings by the bedside of the dying and mourning by the graves of the dead; and thousands of our young men are either in exile or prison."

OUR readers will pardon the iteration and reiteration of that paragraph from President Lincoln's last inaugural address, which sounds so much like an extract from the sermon on the Mount, and which will live and command the admiration of mankind so long as the world endures:

"With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphans, and to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

WHATEVER may be alleged against the legislation of the late General Assembly of this State in other respects, it must be admitted it did a good thing in enacting a law to prevent the defacement of the natural scenery of the State by advertisers and bill-posters. The law is now in effect, and we subjoin its essential provisions for the information of our readers, in the hope that they will all exert themselves to see that the penalties are enforced against all offenders. Massachusetts and New Hampshire have the same or a similar law. It has been suggested that hotel proprietors in our summer and rural resorts should see that all the disgusting and other advertisements that disfigure the scenery around them be removed before summer travel commences. Railway companies, especially the Hudson River company, cannot spend a couple of thousand dollars better than in scrubbing off the painted advertisements from the rocks that border their road—more especially that part of it between Sing Sing and Poughkeepsie. The law on this subject is as follows:

"SECTION 1. Any person who shall maliciously or wantonly injure or deface any monument or work of art, building, fence or other structure; or destroy or injure any ornamental tree, shrub or plant, whether situated on any private ground, or on any street, public place, public or private way or cemetery; or who shall paint or print upon, or in any other manner place upon or affix to any stone or rock, not a part of a building, or upon or to any bridge or tree, any word, letter, character or device, stating, referring to or advertising, or intended to state, refer to or advertise the sale or manufacture of any property or article, profession, business, exhibition, amusement, or place of amusement or other thing: and any person who shall directly or indirectly cause any such act to be done, or shall aid therein, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor; and, upon conviction, for each and every such offence be punished by a fine not exceeding two hundred and fifty dollars, or by imprisonment not exceeding six months, or by both such fine or imprisonment. Every such person shall, moreover, be liable, whether before or after conviction as aforesaid, to an action in favor of any person injured, or owning or possessing any land or premises upon which any such act has been done; in which action damages may be recovered of not less than five dollars, and, in addition to that sum, of not more than five times the amount of the actual damage sustained; provided, however, that nothing hereinbefore contained shall apply to any word, letter, character or device relating to any sale, manufacture, profession, business, exhibition or amusement held, carried on, or to take place within fifty rods of the place where such word, letter, character or device shall be painted, printed, placed or affixed, and which may be so painted, printed, placed or affixed upon the lands or premises owned or possessed by the person who shall have, by himself or by any other, painted, printed, placed or affixed the same.

"SEC. 2. This act shall take effect immediately."

THE wild and reckless system on which the petroleum business was conducted for the past year is giving way to legitimate operations. Gambling in lands and shares has almost entirely ceased. The business is entering on its second, and what will prove to be its most profitable stage. It is getting into the hands of men who mean work, and will prosecute it as offering a proper and lucrative employment of capital. "THE GLOBE PETROLEUM COMPANY," the prospectus of which we publish in another column, is among the first to enter the field under the new and more regular system of operations. It is composed of men who know no such word as "fail," and whose position before the world will justify public confidence. Small capitalists will find this company a safe and prudent administrator of their investments.

AMONG the most indefatigable collectors of what may be called the "Literature of the Rebellion," is Hon. John H. Bartlett, Secretary of State of Rhode Island, whose address is "Providence, R. I." Besides a documentary epitome of the war, cut from newspapers far and wide, Mr. Bartlett has formed a collection of more than 2,500 books and pamphlets, such as sermons, addresses, reports, &c., &c., of which he is now preparing a catalogue for publication. This announcement will interest all authors and publishers; and all authors of pamphlets upon judicial, political, financial, commercial and military topics; of sermons and speeches; of biographical sketches, &c., relating to the war, or which have been called forth by it, will do well to forward copies of the same to him, in order that he may give their full titles in the forthcoming "Literature of the Rebellion." The reports of benevolent societies, the objects of which appertain to the war, and eulogies or addresses on the death of President Lincoln, will also be acceptable and be properly noticed.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The rebel fleet in the Tombigbee river, consisting of 12 vessels, was surrendered to Commander Simpson, fleet captain of the West Gulf squadron, on the 9th of May. Two commodores and 150 other officers of the rebel navy surrendered with their vessels and were paroled.

—— President Johnson has issued a very important proclamation. It declares all ports of the United States, with the exception of those of Texas, open to foreign trade and commerce after July 1 next. All restrictions upon trade east of the Mississippi, with the exception of articles contraband of war, are removed after that date. The President having, in a former proclamation, declared that all enemies of the United States found in arms east of the Mississippi will be treated as guerrillas, possessing none of the rights of war, now declares that all so-called Confederate privateers will be treated after date of July 1 as pirates.

—— An instance of filial affection among the Piute Indians we find recorded in a Nevada paper: "Two young 'braves,' under the assurance of being hanged, propose to give five ponies to the authorities if they will allow their aged fathers to be hung in their place."

—— Pike's Opera House, at Cincinnati, is to be lighted with gas made from petroleum.

—— Seventy disabled and discharged soldiers are now employed as clerks, messengers, carriers, collectors, etc., in the New York Post-Office. The Collector has also given places to a number in the Custom House.

—— It is proposed that the authorities adopt the Confederate uniform as the garb to be worn by convicts in the different penitentiaries.

—— Ninety-three large boxes, packed with the papers of the late rebel Government, have been dispatched from Richmond to Washington.

—— A letter from Memphis states that in the month of March, 1840 colored children were connected with the schools in that city; that in the course of a few months 1,000 negroes had learned to read.

—— "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is played in Williamsburg by a company composed entirely of colored persons.

—— The Massachusetts Senate has passed a law imposing $50 fine for making discrimination on account of color in any inn, place of amusement, public conveyance or public meeting.

—— A citizen of Massachusetts has written to Washington suggesting that the gallows on which John Brown was hung should be secured and taken to Washington for future use.

—— It is commonly stated that the wife of Jeff. Davis is a daughter of the late President Taylor. This is not so. Miss Taylor became the first wife of Davis, but his present wife's maiden name was Verina Howell, said to be a grand-daughter of Gen. Howell, of New Jersey. Davis has three children now living by his second wife.

—— A large mechanical establishment in Springfield has already received orders for three cotton presses, to be sent to three different States in the South.

—— A colored woman in Marietta, Ohio, brought recently to her minister $5. It was the first money she had ever earned. She wanted it to begin a monument for Abraham Lincoln, she said, without whom she would have remained nothing but a slave.

—— A correspondent of the New York Evening *Post* says: "Some years ago it was quite the fashion to take the initials of any two or more names and twist them in such a way as to produce from them a meaning applicable to the times. With this excuse I offer the initials of our beloved martyr President and our President—A. L.: All Lenity; A. J.: All Justice."

—— The following is a comparative statement of the National Debt of the United States, at different times, since 1791:

January 1, 1791	$75,463,476 52
January 1, 1812	45,209,737 90
January 1, 1816	127,334,933 74
January 1, 1826	89,985,537 72
January 1, 1830	291,089 05
July 1, 1846	16,759,926 33
November 15, 1856	30,963,909 64
July 1, 1860	64,769,769 08
July 1, 1861	90,867,828 68
July 1, 1862	514,210,371 93
July 1, 1863	1,098,793,181 37
July 1, 1864	1,740,690,489 49
January 31, 1865	2,279,579,486 10

—— Fifty-five deserters from the draft were drummed out of camp at Augusta, Me., on Sunday, to the tune of the "Rogue's March," after receiving a dishonorable discharge.

—— Mr. Oliver Johnson has withdrawn from the editorship of the *Anti-Slavery Standard*, after a long and faithful service of twelve years. He says: "Thank God, the work of Abolitionists, so far as slavery is concerned, is done. Why run the mill after the grist is out? What if the Constitutional Amendment is not yet tied up in the official red tape? There is nothing that Abolitionists can do to make its ratification more certain. Society action is no more needful to this end than to ensure the vernal equinox or the next eclipse, or to make fire burn or water run down hill."

—— The Raleigh correspondent of the New York *Tribune* gives the following illustration of the immense wasting of Johnston's army in the late campaign, drawn from an inspection of muster-rolls:

The 46th North Carolina volunteers had 3 officers, 3 non-commissioned officers and 8 men—total, 14.

The 47th North Carolina volunteers had 2 officers, 3 non-commissioned officers and 3 men—total, 7.

The 48th North Carolina volunteers had 3 officers, 3 non-commissioned officers and 14 men—total, 20.

It required nine regiments of North Carolina troops to make a battalion of 61 officers and men.

The original number of these regiments was, maximum, 1,000 men each.

The muster-roll of the 2d North Carolina Reserves had indorsed upon it "18 men." This was scratched out and the word "boys" substituted for men. They were all squirrel-hunting boys.

Five regiments of North Carolina troops had only, footed up, 157 men, including brigade headquarters.

The 1st, 4th, 5th and 6th South Carolina cavalry, mustered, all told, 260 men.

—— The whole number of snow storms in Boston the past 22 years, is 644; depth of snow during the same period, 91 feet 9⅝ inches. The average number of snow storms during the same period (22 years), is a fraction over 29, and the average depth of snow for the same number of years is a fraction over four feet.

—— The following legal holidays were established by the last Legislature of this State: Any day recommended by the Governor or by the President as a day of fasting or thanksgiving; the 4th of July; the 25th day of December; the 1st day of January; the 22d of February.

—— A correspondent of the Cincinnati *Gazette* describes an interview with Roger A. Pryor at General Logan's headquarters in North Carolina. In the course of conversation, Pryor said: "We have been fairly whipped, and I think that such men in Lee's and Johnston's armies as do not lay down their arms and return at once to their duties as law-abiding citizens, should be treated as outlaws. For myself, I yield that the cause is hopeless, and Logan, if you will only leave me two old mules to work a few acres of land with, in part pay for those that Sheridan's men took from me, I will go back to the plough and my duty as a loyal citizen."

—— The Hon. Jere. Clemens, ex-United States Senator from Alabama, died at his residence at Huntsville, Ala., on the 21st of May. When the republic of Texas was involved in war with Mexico, he served as a lieutenant-colonel in the Texan army. Although elected to the Confederate Congress, he never took his seat. He was opposed to the ultra policy of Yancy and other leaders of the secession ranks. He took no part in the war, and there is reason to believe that he was a Union man. Mr. Clemens was the author of several novels, the best known of which are "Mustang Gray," and "Bernard Lyle."

—— The colored woman is still living at the Freedmen's village, upon the Arlington estate, who was whipped by Gen. Lee after the overseer had refused the job because he thought she did not deserve it.

—— Free soup, of an excellent quality, is daily dealt out to the citizens of Richmond by the United States Christian Commission.

—— Curiosity hunters are as destructive as locusts. Woe to the tree under which, the stoop on which, or the house in which, any memorable event of the late war has occurred. Everything within hailing distance will be—if it has not already been—gobbled up by these relentless hunters for relics. The tree under which Grant and Pemberton met near Vicksburg has been totally obliterated, even to the roots, by relic gatherers. The last illustration of the merciless character of these people is furnished by intelligence from North Carolina. A Mr. Bennett owned an unpretending cottage where Gens. Sherman and Johnston met to arrange the terms of capitulation of the rebel army. The table on which the memoranda was written has been cut to fragments, and is in the hands of the soldiers. The house will unquestionably be carried off piecemeal. After the cottage, fence and trees will go, and in due time there will be an excavation to mark the spot where the disappearing Bennett cottage now stands. Bennett's name will go into history, but his house and furniture will fill the cabinets of curiosity hunters.

—— The Daily *Rebel*, printed at Selma, Ala., rejoiced over the murder of the President and the assault on Mr. Seward. That rebel has since died, as our forces have occupied Selma.

—— We have now ten Territories waiting to be made States—they are Wyoming, Arizona, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nebraska, New Mexico, Utah and Washington.

—— Mrs. Surratt, who has become notorious in connection with the assassination of the President, is about 50 to 55 years old, though she does not appear to be over 45. She is large in form; very stout; has a keen gray eye; a resolute look; rather ugly; has light hair, and any man would set her down at once for a perfect virago.

—— Hiram Powers announces his intention of making a full length marble statue of Edward Everett, for whom he had the highest admiration.

—— Gov. Fenton has vetoed the Broadway Tunnel Railroad Bill.

—— The Hoboken races, held at the new racecourse, commenced on the Tuesday and lasted for three days. The attendance was very large and fashionable. John M. Francis, as superintendent, was very efficient.

—— The President has declined the present of a new carriage and horses, purchased by a number of New York citizens. He gives as a reason the objection he has to any official receiving favors from any person or persons.

—— Robert Dale Owen has received from one of our enterprising and successful publishing houses, and has accepted, a liberal offer to prepare and complete, within the next two years, a life of Abraham Lincoln, to be comprised in two duodecimo volumes of 500 pages each, for general circulation; a library edition also, in larger form, to be issued.

—— The number of trees and shrubs planted in the New York Central Park during the past year was 20,000; of which 8,370 were taken from the Park nurseries. Preference is given to young trees rather than to those of larger growth. The former are less liable to die from transplanting, and become better and stronger. The expense as well as the risk is less.

—— The brother and sister of the late lamented Major-Gen. John Sedgwick have presented to the State the battle sword of that gallant and honored officer.

—— An important treaty has just been concluded between our Government and the United States of Columbia, by which the latter grants to the United States in perpetuity the exclusive privilege of transporting military and naval stores over the Panama Railroad. England, France and Spain are shut out except in a commercial way. The United States Government alone has the right to use the line as a military road.

—— The following are the dates of the first 10 seceding States, and their order of secession. Would it not be well for them to make the day the anniversary on which they should return to the Union:

South Carolina seceded	Dec. 20, 1860
Mississippi	Jan. 9, 1861
Alabama	Jan. 11, 1861
Florida	Jan. 11, 1861
Georgia	Jan. 19, 1861
Louisiana	Jan. 26, 1861
Texas	Mch. 4, 1861
Virginia	Apr. 24, 1861
North Carolina	May 21, 1861
Tennessee	June 9, 1861

—— The Liverpool *Post* says that "J. Wilkes Booth was the first actor to whose Romeo Miss Bateman ever played Juliet, and so good was he in the part that Mr. Bateman had serious thoughts of engaging him for the *jeune premier* characters, and bringing him to England to act with Miss Bateman. Some little trifle interrupted this engagement, which, had it been carried out, might perhaps have prevented the execution of a feat by which one of the greatest men of the time has fallen a victim, and might have influenced the welfare of a hemisphere."

Obituary.—Mr. W. T. Pinckney, an old and well-known New Yorker, died on the 21st of May. He was a prominent member of the Board of Education, and one of the Ten Governors. He was also President of the Astor Fire Insurance Company, which position he held from the commencement.

Foreign.—The Earl of Lovelace, whose first wife was "Ada, sole daughter of my house and heart," has married a widow *Jenkyns*. Lovelace in youth was no doubt sentimental and romantic. In his age he probably goes for comfort and good nursing, however called.

—— In his speech at the meeting of the Anti-Slavery Society in New York, Mr. Garrison facetiously remarked: "Where is and what has become of Jeff. Davis? One hundred thousand dollars reward are offered for him, and the money will be paid. In my case it is different. Thirty years ago the State of Georgia offered $5,000 for me. When Sherman was making his march through Georgia I thought of going there and claiming the reward, but it occurred to me that I should have to take Confederate bonds, and so it would hardly pay expenses. Recently I was in Georgia, and not even a sixpence was offered for me."

—— It is said that no fewer than 252 persons are annually killed in London in the streets; a very large percentage of these suffer through the arrangements which compel people to cross crowded thoroughfares at the risk of their limbs and lives. Mike Walsh used to say that it required more sense to keep out of the way of the omnibusses in the city than to be Justice of the Peace in the country.

—— In 1856 Sir George Cornwall Lewis wrote thus of the assault of Brooks upon Sumner: "People here speak of the outrage on Sumner as a proof of the brutal manners of the Americans and their low morality. To me it seems the first blow in a civil war. It betokens the advent of a state of things in which political differences cannot be settled by argument, and can only be settled by force."

—— The Pall Mall *Gazette* has been so often confiscated, at Paris, that it has nicknamed Napoleon "The Imperial Seizer."

—— The *Phare de la Loire*, of Nantes, France, which appeared in mourning when it published the news of Mr Lincoln's murder, now suggests that a penny subscription should be collected for the purpose of presenting to Mrs. Lincoln a gold medal.



THE GRAND REVIEW AT WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 23—HEADQUARTERS OF GEN. AUGER—SHERMAN'S BUMMERS AND FORAGERS PASSING.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

THE GRAND REVIEW.

ALEXANDER and Cyrus never gazed upon nobler armies or more heroic legions than those which passed through Washington during Tuesday and Wednesday, the 23d and 24th of May.

These returned from the field covered with the glory which appertains to those who fight for the rights of man and the estimable privileges belonging to freedom. The war through which they have fought, and in which they have so signally triumphed, was not a contest for supremacy and territory, but a contest for the maintenance of national integrity and the destruction of a rebellion against law, order, and the dictates of humanity.

On Tuesday the veterans of Gen. Meade's army, the Army of the Potomac, an army which has faced the most powerful force of the rebellion for four years, defeating it at Fair Oaks, Antietam and Gettysburg, and finally compelling its surrender at Appomattox Court-house, marched through the capital, their banners unrolled and their arms flashing in the light of victory.

The following day Sherman's splendid army passed in review before the President and Lieutenant-General, and the scores of thousands who had come from near and far to look upon a spectacle which will never again be recorded them. The sight was one to be remembered.

Logan and Howard, and Jefferson C. Davis, one of Sumter's gallant defenders, were there and shared with their Commander-in-Chief the honors of the hour. Wreaths and bouquets were showered upon them, while the noble men of the West, who followed their banners, were cheered and congratulated by the immense throngs upon the sidewalks.

The scene was one of extraordinary interest, and the veterans who had marched under Sherman from Chattanooga, via Atlanta, Savannah, Charleston, Columbia, Raleigh and Richmond, felt somewhat repaid for their toil, privations and tedious marches, in the enthusiastic welcome extended them by the people of Washington.

They deserved an ovation of no ordinary character, and they received such an one as will for ever remain green in their memories. The noble men of Sherman's glorious army will carry to their far western homes, in Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, Missouri, Michigan, and Ohio, grateful remembrances of the day when they marched through the capitol of the nation, and were crowned with flowers and heard the publick words of welcome which greeted them on every hand.



CEMETERY ON SOUTH BROAD STREET, CHARLESTON, S.C.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.



SWEETS FROM THE SWEET—THE GRAND REVIEW—LADIES PRESENTING FLOWERS TO SHERMAN'S COLOR-BEARERS NEAR THE WHITE HOUSE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

GEN. AUGUR'S HEADQUARTERS.

In depicting the scene at Gen. Augur's headquarters, on Pennsylvania avenue, during the review, our Artist has chosen to represent the passage of some of Sherman's "bummers" and the indigenous fruits of the sacred Southern soil collected by their industry. Says the *Herald*: "The most notable feature of the late grand review at Washington was Gen. Sherman's moving base of supplies, his unique and amusing, but highly efficient division of foragers and bummers—those industrious gleaners of horses, mules, donkeys, cattle, flour, corn, potatoes, pigs, sheep, goats, turkeys, chickens, ducks and other 'unconsidered trifles' which supplied the fighting legions of Sherman on their marches through Georgia down to the sea, and thence through the Carolinas to the fallen capital of the defunct Southern Confederacy. The ludicrous grand division of foragers and bummers furnished a life-like picture of an army of invasion carrying the terrors of the law into the wilds of rebellious States."

MAY people in perfect health, who have never abused their constitutions, be said to be "no better than they should be?"



REMAINS OF THE NEW BRIDGE OVER ASHLEY RIVER, CHARLESTON, S. C., PARTIALLY DESTROYED BY THE REBELS ON THE EVACUATION OF THE CITY, FEB 18, 1865.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, T. W. C. CRANE.

THE SONG ON THE SEA-SHORE.

BY A. ALPHONSO DAYTON.

'Tis twilight's purple shafts
Spread o'er the shadowy sky,
The sea is moaning restlessly,
And phantom clouds flit by.
The soft-winged zephyrs sighing,
While shadows thickly lying,
Bedim the starlit sky.



I stand upon the shore
Beside the darkling bay,
And gaze upon its restless flood
The wavelets, loitering play.
The waters softly gleaming,
Methinks are gently dreaming
Of other days.

Hark! on the perfum'd breeze
Floats out a trembling song;
The echoes ring melodiously,
The soft strains waft along.
They float along upon the tide,
And die upon the other side
In trembling waves.

The mellow song has ceased,
But still its echo rings;
My thoughts go back to other days,
And memory round them clings.
Those days when love was dreaming,
When youthful skies were gleaming
With stars of hope.

Alas! those stars have set
Beneath the clouds of woe,
And dark despair is swooping down
To hide the sunset's glow.
My heart grows faint and weary,
My path looks dark and dreary
Where'er I go.

Adèb Brudois, Magician.

BY H. L. ABBEY.

CHAPTER I.

It is a city near the sea. From the high hills which surround the broad and level valley, it is impossible to distinguish the line of the shore and waters, save when the wind comes up angrily, and tosses the spray in glittering whiteness far along the coast. Then the waves clutch ineffectually, and with void fingers, at the town. Nestled in safety it lies, sleeping with its spires like a warrior with his spears. The stars come out, gather above the hills, pass on with the night, and make way for the dawn. This comes with its songs of a thousand birds, its fresh free air sweet as liberty, and the city's sounds of awakening life, with the main bells throbbing their iron hearts with joy.

Where the shore plunges into the sea like a doughty swimmer, wrecks have been strewn by the giant winds, and now when the tide slinks away, on the bare bosom of the coast loom up decaying hulks, strange with their sad suggestions. At twilight to creep away from the town, with its clamor and trade and life, to stand on the shore with the cool breeze allaying the thirst-like heat, and watch the shadowy and but dimly seen wrecks, causes them to take new shapes, and be peopled again. Vague forms whose spirit inhabitants have long since passed beyond the verge of a mightier sea than this, rise up and re-enact the scenes of long ago. The wrecks are vast ships again, cargoed with costly barter, products of loom and field, and doubly precious with their freight of beings. The sails bulge out like great eyes of fear, staring at the beacon that has just been passed. Mather's phantom ship of the Magnalia Christi is not more real than this. The vessel is like a soul which having yielded to crime, is now driven before it, and no more heeds the ruin to which it is tending. The night covers before the tempest. The mighty sea is thundering along the strand like the tramp of an invading army. Its banners are liquid darkness, and the storm taunts them to the sky.



THE MEETING BETWEEN CARL AND REGNALD.



THE RESCUE OF THE BOY.

On such a night as this, many a year ago, a ship from a land unknown came ashore and went down in full view of the sea-side villagers, and all on board perished, save one child—a pretty boy, lashed to a spar. He could scarcely have been more than five years old. To those who rescued him the tongue he lisped was as unintelligible as the babble of water over stones. His costume was eastern, of bright colors, and rich with braids of golden texture. About his neck hung a pearl necklace from which depended a signet ring with a seal of onyx. In his belt had been secured a dagger, on whose fine and narrow blade an inscription was engraved similar to that on the ring. Strange waif from a wild gulf of ruin and despair! The ringlets clustered about his face, with no mother any more to part them back and kiss the sun-tinged forehead. From the lips, and the head high and sloping with an imperious will, yet the eye was blue and clear like a glimpse of heaven between clouds, and the soul which looked forth loved by nature all beautiful things. And the boy grew. The lithe form became sinewy and strong. The brow broadened, and with it the spirit within. Not many years before our own tongue was mastered, and at last so engrafted that the mother language seemed to him the speech of some far-off world, some star he might once have inhabited. While yet a child great minds of the past spoke to him in tools with their noblest thoughts. He held communion

with them, pondered their truths, and whatever pointed to daily life compared with his own. But in the supernatural and mysterious was his chief delight. Tomes of magic were sought out and devoured. All things strange enchanted him. For this reason he grappled with mysteries from which so many less ambitious would shrink. He became a painter that the secret of art might be understood. He puzzled over tricks of legerdemain, and withal longed for the golden secret of the alchemist. In such a variety of pursuits it is not remarkable that he did not make himself notorious in any. But who will say he possessed no genius? That power, that effluxus is too often made synonymous with success. The boy artist did not know that he was his own foe, for all that he had no care. The pleasure he derived from one day's study of heraldry, and in subsequently blazoning on delicate cards some semi-symbolic insignia—a splash ron on a shield, topped with two arched knights with enfolded spears, under the cum of which ran the old motto, *Deus Amidet et Nos*, and over all, "Isabel Vane," was at that time an ample matter to explore and from the attainment of renown would have been. The little lady could undoubtedly be charmed with the device, and would she not give a kingdom that he who had wrought it so cunningly? Promise and Reluctation. The logic was certainly good. Archbishop Trench would have done no better under the circumstances. So it was plain there was another secret the boy-scholar, with his poetic nature as his it must surely mean life or despair. Nor had he always read works that carefully aside would learn of for him. An old volume of Boccacio was well thumbed. Shakespeare he loved, and fancied he saw something of himself in "Hamlet" and "Othello," more than in the "Lear" of "Manfred" and Goethe's "Faust" seemed his own ideals. Keats' "Eve of St. Agnes" he knew by heart, and would gladly dispose of one of his arms for "Hesperides." The effect of such knowledge on a precocious and sensitive disposition not interspersedly favorable to make him unhappy. Happily if they have not had time to become well grounded, Carl knew his right intuitively, and would battle for it if need be. So his practical, not represented promised antagonistic results; he might love Isabel Vane more deeply in silence, or his whole nature would be wrecked.

As for Carl's friends he was not particular though in a measure select. He chose such as were the best of the village, which did not impress any too favorably a certain free aristocratic odore, who in the main is not to be much complained of from what comes they will. No reason was to be assigned for this choice, save his quotation of Cesay, that it was better to be first in a Gallician village than last in Rome. Other but not human associates he had; a kobof and smaller scylds, who were attentive to his every whim, reasonably he, and another that he was wont to improve when it failed at command to rattle in a wild manner to amuse. His father also intervened between his friends and ideals. His body of the mountain was of Dutch. Land of mountain he called her, partly because to him she seemed so far above him, and partly from the fact that who she dwelt on the cold sea of blue, and of light splinter like broken gold against her mansion on the hill.

Thither often a smack he went to study the varying glow and shade in the valley and on the sea, and most his one embodied Rosalind Ideal (Carlyle) entertained and discovered. Here in Rome Isabel gave warm welcome to Carl; here she lounged, indolent as an Eastern princess, planned sports impossible in impossible spots, or dwarf, and herd, and flower, or in a more serious mood sympathized with him in admiration of the master and the sea. She gave him studies from her boudoir, furnished to faster his own dainty taste, and at all times was gracious to him. Here were coubles meet for a Sybarite. Draped about the stained glass oriel, curtains of the finest texture hung in rich folds, and the carpet was the silken summer of Shiraz. On the Parian mantel, but in rossier marble, the stalactite of a peering fairy lamp, whose strongly baleful light would be caught in some elm more opprobrious than that of the culprit Fay. A lamp of incense, which may kept odor sufficiently to fill the room with the bewildering sweetness, repressed a swelled and dumpy Esquimaux, on the verge of a huge cake of ice, and a polar bear, and the light of the sun was flame. The light flooded in, filtered in all prismatic colors, and was the sun itself like a garment woven by fairy fingers. When the casement opened, in the fields could be seen the scores scattering the, the town with its jaunty roofs, sail, further off, the broad sweep of the blue sea. From the garden arose the odor of early flowers, and with a call, and the tinkling hum of a dusky of bees. Over the muted hung one or two of Carl's own fancies.

In the former, upon a splendid charger, gaily caparisoned, a youth rode, clad in armor. His eyes are bent towards the battlements of a castle, high on a mountain, where all the day long expend wide to welcome him, and where one to whom he is pledged awaits his return. The castle crowns a beetling bridges, each upheld by a dwarf, and these form the hill towards whose crest the knight is now riding. It is the knight of the Red Cross.

Had Isabel known Carl's thoughts, she would have loaned the castle was his own as well as that the rocks were but difficulties he forced some dwarf of evil might throw down, and that she was the lady he desired was a seeing welcome to him from the hunnered battlements.

And so the days passed, glorious with dawn and dusk. Weeks, held together by God's golden links of the Sabbath, came and went; moons withered and grew, seasons hunkered or ended, and three years rolled away—three years of heart-awaiting to Carl and Isabel. In all this time, if his affection was other than Platonic, he never discovered it to her. Without she had promised to be his in a hundred pretty ways. They were together almost every day, she visiting his studio to praise some revived work, or greeting him at Epicrech, as she named her mountain home. The valley gossips nodded significantly over their provorbial hen-scape, and relished the idea with each delectable sip, only quoting the pious and somewhat ancient proverb, that such studies, though taught out of Satan's lexicon, were manufactured above. Had they known on what a volcano their hopes were resting they would not have wasted for them to be made a second Herculaneum. For with the Spring, who, like a zephyr displacing his wraps, opened her May shrine of the valley, a strange face to Epricrech, a cousin of Isabel. Immediately Carl hastily hated him, though perhaps the dislike may have been partly due to their mode of introduction. Carl had been hunting nearly all day without any success, and, sitting down, had leaned against a great monarch of the woods to rest or dream, when suddenly a fine gray squirrel dashed before him. At the same moment appeared the near report of a rifle, and a bullet, that seemed as though hilleted, grazed his forehead with a most prescindent, but by no means slight scratch. Of course the diamonded individual who had unwittingly done the deed, apologized; he hoped the gentleman's pardon for his mistake in the excitement of the moment he had not observed him; he trusted he was not seriously hurt. Carl answered the hurried with his usual, but believing in first impressions, made up his mind at once. Keith Rendon, as he called himself, was away the low droops of blood that had trickled over his cheek, he saw his gentleman inspecting him from head to foot with a critical, half-amused look, and his own face also, long hair that clustered about it forehead not too high, where the perceptive faculty than the reasoning, and a slight moustache—slip with a deep brown moustache, clear cut features, handsome as Apollos, and without a sunny glance which had been so pleasing in the boy, but was now cold and calculating. Rising up, the two parted, Carl plunging still further down the glen, starting a whole herd of coloured with its dark, and Keith Rendon pointing aside in another direction the briery network that opposed his path.

The shooting affrayment again found Carl absent from his studio, and wandering towards the mountains. Not finding Isabel at home, he strolled to Epricrech, where he found her in the garden. The pure green grass, matted warm the terrace steps and the walks, and the trees, the flowers, the rather a pet deer grazed; a marble statue of Juno stood sentinel at granite steps which led gentle to the sea, and a Corinthian temple, open to the land, a bust of Venus a voluptuary would adore, arose from the trunk of a stainless sea of flowers. Venerable as ages, the oaks and elms put forth fresh dress in their white blossoms. The vagabond singers, the birds, kept up a ceaseless symphony—Isabel and Carl were in Paradise. Nobody are they, with a hundred others, trombador and band. There, near an oried balustrade of heavy woodwork, were a man and a lady, the latter sitting on the top of a growing cedar. If Valhalla is in the branches of the Tree of Existence, this vine is the branches of the golden bough of Virgil. Here looms a fanciful statue of Triptolemus, whom Ceres sent to all the world to teach the art of tillage and of planting in furrows; and there, bending over a stream, which issues from a concealed grotto to flow in a graceful silver curve, for over watching the image that the water, as it passes, grows more beautiful in portraying.

Among the lovely flowers Carl lounged. He bent over them and caressed them. They possessed to him a vague sweet sense, which though not sadness, was not joy. Then he looked at him, with perfumed voices, the nature of that one solemn feeling, but failed. We know there are other senses than the five which connect the soul to creatures of a higher existence—senses that we perhaps may have in the life, after we shall have cast off the mortal which confines us. Carl was not possible, because they are so lovely, that the flowers knew he was not human, and were in a sense that we have not, and can but blindly understand.

Carl closed the garden gate behind him and recrossed his steps down the mountain. There, in a wayward mood, wishing the world might afford another adventure, and that he might himself be a participate, he fancied the day itself a mighty warrior battling with the night, and now its great wrath, the sun, had slain the foe, and was dead darkness, and under the shock was staggering backward, wounded and falling to the ground. But the ghost of the foe, the night, fled, and night the fields of Error. Carl saw the streets of red lamps and swinging signs, they veins where the blood of traffic coursed-fed. The boys had there played and pranks with his hair and soothed his troubled brain. Then he walked on, where the mountain a stream purled and gurgled an inarticulate prayer, like a pilgrim that wounds after a long journey in sight of his native village. Then a little stream a bridge ran, and as the wall Carl paused to look down into the clear water. Soon he found the stream was a river, and the bridge was and her cousin dashed past. Both seemed too lost in some pleasure to regard him. A gang stabbed at his heart in pain. Instead of this he dreamed that Isabel could treat him coolly, or that at any time would ever come when they would part. How the thought spread him. He walked on blindly, past the suburbs of the town, and entered a small hillside cemetery. Here he lighted on a tree which had been laid on a table he saw on the floor, swept off by some one who had passed. His mind was turned more than his light, and he threw under, whoever it had been, might see the painting lit up by the sunset. Though quaint in conception, and somewhat grotesque, the subject was Antony and Cleopatra.

A group of pure white water-lilies lay on the clear surface of a crystal stream. No natural water more limpid and shadowy; no natural lilies more real. In the foremost lily-barge, a fairy Titania, shading herself with a red-rosed, sailed and leaned languidly back on her downy couch. Upon the bank opposite, stood Oberon, now Antony, with all his pride, his great love Egyptian queen.

Carl laid down upon his lounge, and hurled his face in his hands. For a time he seemed lost in moody abstraction, but at last, rising up, paced his apartment to and fro. On a corner whatshelf a row of books like a row of kings in purple and gold looked down from their common throne. A small treasure of the world of Art and of Letters lured into any position balanced itself on the edge of his mantel. In a close case at another side of the room, were unbroken plaids and bits of metal.

"The fire beneath the crucible was out.

"Carl Rendon, you are a coward!" he cried, throwing that Carl devoted his thoughts at time to other things than painting. Near the alembic stood a dark-colored, and he started the moment he saw what was upon it. A silver-hilted dagger, scarcely broader than a heavy needle, yet long, and of the finest Damascene temper, formed a spear in a central square. In an instant he was reading the alchemist written words:

"Carl,—My liege lord and master to be, Reginald Booth, demands that I avow you from the books of my remembrance, and renounce you for ever. I obey. May your own folly of the valley grow as loyal to you. This dagger—your gift—I return.

ISABEL.

Carl felt that he was deeply wronged. A blind passion seized him, and for the time he was driven by a fiend. Isabel was false. All that was beautiful in his nature in that hour was transformed. The angel of light became the angel of darkness. He opened a little drawer in the stand with the dagger, and took an oath alone and with the night for a witness, that as in the past he had never consented a deadly wrong, so in the future he would not, though it, ever act should be devoted to the most malicious evil. While he thus to himself make love to his affections, he regret crawled from his chair and rattled its length across the table. As near as he could, Carl destroyed everything in his studio. Not a picture was spared. The glasses were broken, and their contents scattered. Paintings which at most him labor and thought he cut and defaced. Then, with a firm but deliberate the square ring, and the sudden, he went out into the twilight. Where he went, no one knew, but after a number of days his name was placed upon the coast, and though it was impossible to identify the body, it was believed it Carl. It was buried near the shore, and his name was placed above it on a slab of marble. And the wind came up out of the sea and moaned about the cliffs, the breakers dowed it with their tears, and the white gulls, like spirits hovering over, spread their wings in the night. And the years passed on till at last the dust of the body and shore were one.

CHAPTER II.

TWENTY years had changed a thriving town to a city. Twenty years had covered the grave by which he was usually grass, and written its name in ashes on the little headstone. Long ago Reginald Booth had led Isabel to the altar, a not unwilling bride, and Carl's unfinished—had been given them, and for four sweet years her presence decored them, but in the night she had been stolen, a night of storm and rain, and there ever after a night of tears and loss.

After the belief of other days. Possessing, as did Reginald Booth, a large and various domestication, life had not been as smiling as the summer see her dreams had pictured. Much further down in the social scale was he than she would have supposed her ideal could ever be, and her old fancies in her heart, going up and down, were as sad shadows of the night morning and never to be realized. Yet the latter thoughts often came a vague desire, and but half expressed, to wonder if Carl once more, for she felt, she knew not why, that he was not dead, and yet refused to believe it plain away the apparent wrong he had done her. Or late she had gone down into the city and into some obscure shop to buy some trifle, and there Almost as it was left. The building being uninteranded, no one seemed to heed it. He owner was absent, and Carl's promises in the form of pictures of litigation had ensued. Premention whispered to Isabel that here Carl would yet again come. But the table where the work of the dagger remained, she fastened a note—a few words—which she left there, that in the hand that wrote them had stabbed into the wood years before. They ran thus:

"Isabel,—In a little while I lead to the alter one for life's love of ever valley. I shall not see you as I promised to-day, because I am to commence her portrait, which is a wedding gift.

After this visit to the studio, she crossed the bridge on her way to Epricrech, where she had been absent almost the last three days, and she wondered if he, too, like these days, had really passed away, and if it was indeed he who had left her so peculiarly in the cold grave by the coast of the sea.

While now the summer season was at its height, and the fashionable world concerned, was on opportunity for the people of the city to witness the pageantry of Arch Pendleton. The placards stated the day, and, as usual, the house at Arabian, and the feats were acknowledged to be most wonderful. When the time for the show transpired, the large theatre was filled to overflowing.

The curtain rose and revealed only the stage, from which every vestige had been removed, except the magician appeared, dressed in Eastern costume. From beneath the folds of his turban the long white hair escaped, and fell about his shoulders. His form was tall and erect; the eye sharp and piercing, and his step like one accustomed to command. He walked to the centre of the stage and made a low bow to the assembly; then drawing a plaid from his pocket, about half made a circle of it on the ground—a dark green plaid. This was touched with a heated taper, and suddenly he was surrounded with a ring of flame that exhaled the most delicious incense, filling the entire hall with its odor. No Lotus more potent. The whole audience became obedient to the will of the magician. What he would have them see, or fancy they saw, became real to them as any event of every-day life. The ring of flame slowly arose, a circular cone, like a thread of silver. It passed above the height of the magician, but he stood unharmed. When the flame flickered and went out against the ceiling, he came in unceremoniously from a door back of the stage.

His flowing sleeves were confined by the shoulders, displaying his dark, brawny arms. In his hand he held the seed of an orange. He raised it up, commanding the concentration, and the orange-seed burst from it. A tub of earth was brought in, from which the seed was placed. Gradually the germ grew before the eyes of the people, until it had become a tree. Bud petaled and fruit followed, ripening in luscious profusion from the branches. Plucking his hands full, the juggler stood on the verge of the stage and tossed the oranges to the children in front.

At the silver tinkle of a bell came another form upon the stage, a beautiful girl of perhaps eighteen summers. Her arms and shoulders were of marvelous where the long black curls clustered. The robe of crimson satin fell scarcely to the ankles, revealing and half concealing the symmetry of a perfect form. She made no sign to the audience, but walked to the tree, and stood upon one of its lower branches. Then, by the motion, drawing a pistol from his robe, passed to the opposite side of the stage, and, taking deliberate aim, fired at the girl, with an armed ball directly at her heart. There was a prolonged shriek. She raised an arm, and, catching the bullet, placed her chin. The branch of the tree alone detained her from falling. In the whole audience rose to secure the murderer. He waved the pistol with a smile for a reply, turned upon it. The eyes were translated with a strong expression, yet the lips were parted, and she spoke:

"It is night. I see an artist in his room. He is walking to and fro. He grasps a letter from the table. He kneels before it. He tears it and as if making a vow. He goes out into the street.

I see a man followed by the sea. He sees some man at the door of a fisherman's hut. He talks with this fisherman. They bargained to exchange clothing.

"I see a great ship far off. The artist, in the dress of a fisherman, is going towards the vessel with a skiff. A storm is coming on the skies.

"It is night again, and a street. The wind is blowing. Some of the shutters of the houses whistle. A man is walking slowly along. He stops his cloak about him. It is the fisherman in the dress of the artist. There is some one approaching. There are two men. They are following the fisherman. They run up behind him suddenly. They seize him by the throat, and are clubbing him. He is down. He struggles violently. Murder! He is dead.

"I see a carriage driving towards the seat in coach. I can hear them talk. I hear the words: 'Only a Booth shall inherit Eyrieerock.'

"The coach door is shut. Once more I see the eyes fixed, from the moment the curtain rose, on the magician; and when the girl appeared he started, and from that moment his eyes never left her, only the most intense interest. As each sentence was spoken, he trembled violently. His face became pale with dismay and anger. Over the back of the forward seat as he leaned, his hand was clenched, and when the last words had been spoken, he shrieked out: "It's a lie!" and fell back and fainted away. Quietly he was restored; and with the conclusion of the momentary disturbance, resumed:

"I see the great desert, and the sky. There is a caravan, and among the camels a man riding along with their thinking bells. The artist is with them. I see him drinking water from a leathern bag. I see him eating a piece of coarse sausage. They are Bedouins. They have attacked the caravan. In the fight the artist is struck down. He has taken a bundle like a pack from his back. He draws from the belt a dagger, from the finger a ring, and holds them in a necklace. He is examining the inscriptions on each. He shows them to his companions. They kneel uncover their heads, and kiss the ring and the dagger. They are trying to restore it. It is raised upon a horse in front of the chief. The Bedouins have gone.

"I see a city. There are a thousand streets. A palace, fronted by a lake enclosed in a vast cup of rock. I see a great square of the city. The concourse of people surround the building. I see the crowns within. The young man wounded in the fight with the Bedouins is upon a throne. He is made king. A marquer and driven his mother, while he was in prison. Another enters stealthily, and with a dagger. It is the dagger of the—"

In an instant the magician dashed the liquid to the floor. The girl looked up wonderingly into his eyes as if awakening from a trance. The deathly silence seemed to oppress him. He raised his hand, and suddenly burst forth the flute-like notes of a choir of voices, filling the air with strains of the most delicious melody. More lovely the music than that sung by the voices in the little church on whose steps Margaret knelt

in the opera of Faust. While the magician hand was raised the symphony continued, but when it fell it ceased. Then he bowed kindly again to the audience, and the dark curtain descended amid a storm of applause.

When the rose of dawn flowered in the east the following morning, it lit the windows of Eyriecroft, and shone in on the face of one who lay with white lips and closed eyes, never more to waken. The servants, rushing in, found over his heart a single drop of blood, where an instrument had pierced—a dagger, perhaps, long and almost as fine as a needle. On the breast was a solitary white hair, and at once the magician was remembered. He, in the night, had fled, no one knew whither, and with him Isabel. She had passed the room where lay her murdered husband.

"They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall!
Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,
Where lay the porter, in uneasy sprawl,
With a huge empty flagon by his side;
The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,
But his sagacious eye an inmate owns;
By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide—
The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;
The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans."

The forged note, years before so artfully used by Reginald Booth, was gone from the little table in the deserted studio.

For a time the town was alive with stories of the mysterious tragedy; but after a little while rumor found other subjects to employ her busy tongue, and the people who figured in this strange drama were forgotten.

Only the mansion stands for a monument of what has been. It is untenanted, and desolation is about the place. Rank weeds choke up the once luxuriant garden growths, and the swallows and bats make the eaves populous. A vague horror clings to the house, and the simpler folk of the valley, as they pass, whisper their supernatural fancies of its wide halls, and the room in which the murder was committed. The spiders have spun their webs across the panes, and a noisome vine has reached up its long skeleton fingers to obscure the light. But as of old the sunset strikes against the window, and as of old the dew falls, and the white stars come out and hold their vigils over the valley and the sea.

What thereafter became of Carl, Isabel and her daughter, matters little to us. For even if they lived, rulers of a tribe or numbers of Bedouin tribes, ere this their dust is buried in the hot sands of the desert, and the great Simoons sweep over them. The Arabian, eagerly listening, with his ear bent close to the lips of the Sphinx, waits no more vainly for speech, than we at the lips of oblivion.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* and *Our Young Folks* are so firmly established in the consideration of the public that it seems needless to praise them. The *Atlantic* is the periodical to which every one now applies for the reception of the brightest passing ideas of the day, and the soundest political and intellectual teaching. The essays, stories, etc., of the June number are fully up to the difficult standard which Messrs. Ticknor & Fields have set for themselves. *Our Young Folks* is peculiarly happy in leading up the youthful intellect towards a healthy maturity of taste and opinion.

MESSRS. APPLETON have brought out a careful copy of the Emperor's "*Vie de Jules César*," in French. It is in different bindings, from pamphlet form up, and leaves nothing to be desired for beauty and correctness. The acknowledged perfection of the Imperial author's literary style renders this, in some respects, a capital text book.

MR. SUMNER, of Park Row, whose sufferings in the rebel prisons of Texas we illustrated last year, has published an engraving, on tinted paper of the popular photograph of President Lincoln reading the Bible to his little son Tad. This touching home picture cannot fail to have a large sale.

BOOK NOTICES, ETC.

FAMILY FAILINGS. By Mrs. GRAY, author of the Henpecked Husband, &c. New York: F. A. Brady, 22 Ann street.

This novel has been called by a London authority, "A truthful panorama of the world of fashion."

SYBIL: a Tragedy in Five Acts. By JOHN SAVAGE. New York: James B. Kirker.

NEW MUSIC.

MERRY CHIMES. Boston: Oliver Ditson.

This is a good collection of songs, duets, trios and sacred choruses, intended for schools. A useful set of exercises and instructions, by L. O. Emerson prefaces the work.

VICTORY AT LAST. As sung at the Flag Raising on Fort Sumter. Words by Mrs. M. A. KIDDER; Music by WM. B. BRADBURY. New York: Bradbury, 425 Broome street.

PETROLEUM.

ONE of the latest reported sayings of our lamented President was addressed to Senator Colfax, who was on the eve of departure for California: "Don't forget to tell them all, Colfax, now that peace has come, what I said to you about developments," or words to that effect. The sagacious mind of Mr. Lincoln, endowed, perhaps, with something of prophetic spirit as his great task drew near to its close and his reward was at hand, foresaw clearly in what direction the returning industry of the country would most profitably flow; already, to his view, the great pageant now displayed in Washington, was past. The bronzed veterans were dismissed, with the thanks and homage of a grateful country, and as they streamed homewards, Northward and Westward, to the towns, hamlets and hill-sides from which they had sprung, he foresaw wisely the kind of labor which would be the most attractive to them and most useful to the country. For, beyond a doubt, the excitement of mind and body which for many dreary months past had been led by camp life, and all its various incidents, till it had become almost a second nature, would calm down to the monotony of peace more easily when engaged in mining, with all its varied features, than when brought down at once to the drudgery and routine of farm life.

But a more important consideration even than this was no doubt present in the mind of the good President. He knew, no one better, that Providence had so blessed these United States, that not alone whenever on its varied surface the farmer drove his plough, a bounteous harvest rewarded his labor, but, also, that beneath that surface, there lay the wealth of empires waiting only to be gathered in.

For years past all have been familiar with the details of Jones' Silver Mining and the history of that wonderful country beyond the Rocky Mountains with its strange forms of regulation, and its vast, and almost inexhaustible deserts. Yet, dazzled with the ceaseless flow of mineral wealth from California, (obtained with so much risk and so many privations), how few of us, two years ago, imagined that within a few hours' journey from this city there lay literally fountains of wealth, rivalling the products of the gold diggings in their money value, while far exceeding them in the ease with which they could be wrought, to say nothing of the comforts of civilization which do not require to be transported to the scene of labor, for they are already there.

On the one hand you undertake a long and costly journey, and after that the field of your explorations lies in deserts far away from your fellow-man, where even your food must be transported for hundreds of miles. You toil painfully on a ledge of rock, and the fragments you dig out must undergo many processes before you know whether or not your labor has been in vain.

On the other hand, you step into the rail cars at Jersey City—and within 24 hours you are at the scene of your labor. Underneath your feet lies the wealth you seek, you bore downwards, it may be a hundred feet, or it may be more, but when you have pierced deep enough, out gushes the hidden treasure, which, as it comes to the surface, hundreds of people are waiting to carry away, and give you greenbacks in exchange. Meanwhile, in the intervals of work, you have lived with all the luxuries of life around you, and if your health, or courage should fail you, you are within easy reach of your family and friends.

It is no wonder, then, that petroleum developments are outstripping all other mineral enterprises, and we propose, in our next number, to lay briefly before our readers still stronger reasons that exist, why these rightfully take the precedence.

TOWN GOSSIP.

THE scheme proposed by Mr. James Gordon Bennett, to lift the national debt by dividing it among the monied men of America, has met with considerable success, the subscriptions up to last Monday approaching two million dollars. It is but a few days since the plan was ventilated in the *Herald*, and Com. Vanderbilt, on hearing of it instantly retorted "Put me down for five hundred thousand dollars!" the neatest repartee, as we said at the time, ever recorded in history. These Crœsuses have the brains to perceive that, by advancing by a few years' time their immense taxation, they gain divers solid advantages—one of the most obvious of which is the saving of the salaries of tax-officers and all the machinery of that beastly collection business. As for us, in our cosy corner here, we see the financial giants at their Titanic game, and, half-dazzled at the magnitude of the thing, just find breath to ejaculate a shaky "hear, hear!" as we have seen diminutive clowns at the circus running round after gigantic horses, and breathlessly doing the applause while the monsters attend to the work.

It seems, by the last Inspector's Report, that we are paying considerably more than $800,000 a-year for our ash-carts and our dust carts, for dumping the ashes and freighting the ashes, for sweepers and bellmen, and, above all, for the services of those gentlemen of a censorious and critical turn of mind, who review the works of the other *litter*-ateurs, and are handsomely feed for their "inspecting." Meantime the cleaning is not at all obvious, and one thinks with a sigh of the foreign cities that are well kept by speculators who find enough in their sweepings to enable them to pay a considerable revenue to the municipality, instead of citizens being taxed to support the men of litters and their critics.

A Frenchman has established himself in front of the Maison Dorée with a quantity of small vehicles—just room for two in each. You engage one, introduce the soul's adored to her seat, with infinite attention, or allow the *placens uxor* to help herself; the attentive driver arranges her skirts, or your own if you happen to be in mourning for Jefferson Davis, and fastens the door; and so away you go, to the Park, to the ferry, or shopping up and down Broadway, hours and hours. Every 60 minutes the proprietor earns a dollar; and you have all the consciousness of aristocracy at a very small comparative expense. A dollar an hour, or half a dollar to the Battery, is such a reasonable and delicate appeal to your purse, that the *amour propre* of that most sensitive human organ is not wounded in the least; the driver is happy, for he is strongly discouraged, by the prospect of dismissal, from intriguing for extra fees—so that the most distracting labor of the cabmanly intellect is lifted from it, and his mind disports peacefully in healthful speculations. That the dear one at your side is suited, needs no demonstration; and the imagination wanders in vain to discover any party to the ingenious arrangement whom it does not bless with unfancied comforts, until it lights upon the large and recusant body of cabmen of the old *regime*, who with one will and an extraordinary number of theological terms, assert that the brilliant Gallic idea is a shameful foreign swindle, and an outrage upon all the honest men who earn their bread by the sweat of their horses.

Now the fact is, these gentry have conducted themselves with such an overweening sense of their own intrinsic loveliness and the abject reliance of the public upon their generous and merciful qualities, that their constituency had begun to feel the least bit tired of the game, and to pine for a change. These decent little one-seat carriages are, if we may so express ourself, the coming man. Everybody has been longing for something, with vague internal desires, yet ignorant of the precise shape in which the deliverer was to appear; and every soul, at sight of the pretty little carriages drawn up along Union Square, has felt that this now is the embodied dream of years, and exclaimed gladly, "Oh, my prophetic soul, my hansoms."

The widow of ex-President Tyler, it seems, has had her peaceful retreat at Staten Island outraged by a party of over-ardent young patriots, who darted frantically into her parlor, where some children were playing alone, and bore off a small decorative tricolor, which they supposed to be a representation of the now faded-out colors of the Confederacy. The points are, that the ornament was not a rebel flag, and that the invaders got upon Mrs. Tyler's cushions with their boots. Both these mistakes the lady has been ventilating at great length, in typographical shrieks both long and piercing, all through the daily press; and the outrage has passed from the domains of martyrdom to those of boredom. Mob-law is in every instance to be deprecated, but it occurs to us that the wife of an ex-functionary who died under such a doubtful cloud as covered the later career of Mr. Tyler, would be wise to hold the privileges of her grief in silence, or at least be appeased by the published retractation of Gen. Dix.

At the Olympic Theatre the ever-young Mrs. John Wood continues her successful drama and spectacle, "The Sleeping Beauty in the Wood." This brilliant extravaganza has now run about 40 nights, without any abatement of success. There are such immense quantities of theatre-goers to whom the attractions of graceful dancing, fine tableaux and Gustave Doré scenery are paramount attractions, that the sylvan Mrs. John is secure of her audience for a long time to come.

Another spectacle has been inaugurated at the Broadway Theatre—the audacious "Seven Daughters of Satan," under the direction of handsome Mr. J. E. McDonough. The action includes a Zouave exercise by a score of youthful Graces, in full costume and perfect drill, and a representation of storming the earthworks before Richmond.

Mr. Wallack, at his own beautiful house, announces his "last nine nights"—a statement which is almost able to turn the fine old comedies he produces into tragedy. On Saturday next the sensation will be the ingenious new drama entitled "Central Park."

Mr. Wheatley finds the attractions of the fair young Maggie Mitchell so powerful that he has permitted the exquisite drama of "Fanchon" to be prolonged through the present week, so for six nights more the fair round face and the blonde curls will shine as the Cricket, in the eyes of the delighted auditors. May their shadow never grow less. On June 6, Miss Mitchell will begin to play in the "Pearl of Savoy."

At the Circus—or, if you prefer a title which is all Greek to us, the Hippotheatron—the perennial Zanfretta still twinkles over her tightrope, but the one-legged dancer has got tired and sat down. Harlequin is born every night, in company with a very comical French clown, and the acrobatics, tricks, horses, &c., continue very well indeed.

An "uncontrollable public excitement" has been burning in Mr. Barnum's lecture-room (we have his own word for it.) The sublime showman produces a most romantic drama, called the "Heiress of the Hidden House," which is the immediate occasion of this popular frenzy: but the saltations of Mr. Denier, who dances as uniped or centipede at will, probably has a good deal to do with the enthusiasm.

At the Winter Garden, on Monday night, Miss Hosmer opened in "Camille." We have not yet seen her.

Bryant's Minstrels are having a splendid run, with the unapproachable comedian, Mr. Frank Moran. There has perhaps never been an Ethiopian *farceur* whose studies of African characters were so careful and felicitous; listening to Mr. Moran, the vital negro mind, in all its unique originality, simplicity, and precious transparence, along with the irresistible tricks of the face and tongue, are all understood in their inmost perfection, and a better feeling towards a whole race of kindly beings is the effect. A comic actor at whom even the philosophic Autocrat did not disdain to smile when he paused among the minstrels after his "Hunt for the Captain," may fairly claim a consideration for a higher class of auditory than are always to be found before the Knights of Cork.

On the day in which this paper will come before the public, a trotting match is to be held on the Union Course, L. I., for a purse and stake of $1,100, mile heats, in harness. A great field of first-class horses are to be brought together.

On the next day, at the Fashion Course, the first trot will come off for a purse of $1,000, George Wilkes entering Flora Temple.

WORDS, WORDS, WORDS.

SOME men talk little, and will not be forced to talk more. Others are perfect fountains of talk, it rushes out in an incessant stream. When once the fire-plug of their utterance is drawn, everything around is inundated, and there is no possibility of stopping it. You may wait for ever, *dum defluat amnis*, while the river is emptying itself. Such talk is necessarily desultory, touching upon all things, and something else besides. There are hosts who consider a supply of it useful: it has at least the advantage of allowing you to ponder your own private concerns.

In England this variety of talker is mostly a male; but Paris abounds with female specimens. Of one who has been photographed in print, Madame de S., the photographer says that the inside of her head is as muddled as the outside is smooth:

"A woman in gracefulness, a man in acquired information, a Parisienne in heedlessness and confusion of ideas, giddy and serious, frivolous and grave, clever and absurd, restless, capricious, this person is a perfect summary of the chaos and convulsive starts of the French political, social and literary world. She has long fits of silence; she listens. All at once she explodes like a bombshell. Her conversation is then a soliloquy. Follow the thread of her discourse, if you can; for her ideas are shuffled and shaken in her head, like the cards in a pack or the numbers in a loto bag:

"'Ah, here you are!' she says. 'You are come to-night. Much obliged; but I don't want you. You may go home again. Your last article was good for nothing. No, no; remain where you are. What a piece of business, the Pope's Encyclical! Monstrous! I have not read it; but our philosopher says that it is more improbable than Jack and the Beanstalk. German affairs are very entangled. Impossible to get a box at the Gymnase for another fortnight. They might as well have allowed the bishops to have their say. How do you like my dress? It was immensely admired at the Admiralty. At the Hotel Lambert it is thought that the Poles may make a struggle in spring. *Mon Dieu*, how badly your cravat is tied! You are aware that the comte loses three hundred thousand francs by the stockbroker who ran away last Thursday. The duchess believes Spain is ripe for revolution. That poor fellow's death gave me a good fit of crying. He was an immense ass, nevertheless. Once upon a time he wanted to marry me; I laughed so heartily that he left the house without his hat. He came to inquire for it a twelvemonth afterwards. I had given it to my coachman. Do you travel this summer? I do not; I have had enough of it. Baden-Baden is always the same. When shall we travel in balloons? Is Nadar really a man of genius? Here is my *carte de visite* which he took. How I am aged! Will you let me speak? I cannot get a word in. Politics are wearisome; everything is wearisome. I have half a mind to go into a convent. Do not suppose I am speaking seriously. I have been to five balls this week. The foreign minister's was a complete success. It seems the King of Portugal is very popular. I am glad to hear it; but it's all one to me. What a pity poor Flandrin is dead! I wanted him to paint my portrait. Will you take any tea? After all, it is not so easy to remain a widow as you fancy. I am very much courted. You don't believe it? Word of honor! It is hard to choose. I should have no objection to the baron. He is rich, and only forty. But he makes too much noise when he blows his nose; which is curious, as he is not fond of music. Do you know why Edgar left his wife? It is incomprehensible. They married only a couple of years ago, and adored each other. However, people cannot be always adoring. What a lovely country Italy is! Perhaps, rather too many brigands. You have never been assassinated? The sensation must be far from pleasant. You are as silent as a parrot in the sulks. Ah, Poetry! daughter of heaven, exiled on earth, without coat, coals, or candles. I should like to find a caravanserai for all those travellers in the land of dreams. Poets should be lodged and boarded in it, with the monthly supply of a golden lyre and a pair of boots. Confess, now, that you consider me a wonder, and say, 'Here's a perfectly senseless woman!' No such thing; only I don't like to talk of the same thing three minutes together. What makes revolutions? *Ennui*. Lamartine says so. Come and dine on Tuesday; and try and be a little brighter than you are to-night. And now I have a secret to tell you. It is half-past ten o'clock. Good-bye. If you see Madame Desfontaines, don't ask how her husband is. She takes no interest in his health, considering that he died a twelvemonth ago. Good-night. Stop. I have one thing more to say to you. Prices have risen enormously; and it is a great mistake to be plagued with servants.'"

Undoubtedly madame can talk; but it is not so self-evident that she can reason.

MANY would esteem it an act of vandalism to remove a well-known tree from the neighborhood of a dwelling. But, although we love the pleasant green trees as much as any one, observations made from time to time in various situations show that, in respect of health, a large quantity of foliage too close to a house is not desirable. In the first instance, it leads to dampness; the drip, without very careful drainage, saps the foundations; and, under the branches, long after the sun or wind has dried up the other surface, all remains dank, and in some seasons uncomfortable. The foliage also abstracts the light to a greater extent than at first may be supposed. Those accustomed to the apartments do not notice this so particularly; but strangers seldom fail to note the unusual dimness, even at mid-day. The leaves and boughs also stop the proper current of air, and prevent ventilation; and in autumn, if the dead leaves are not removed, there is the chance of a bad atmosphere, which has often been a cause of a sickness.

JEFF.

"Oh, contradictory Jeff!
A Paradox you remain;
Had your last Shift been Bootless
It had not been in vain."

"I say, old fellow, what do you think of Jeff. Davis in crinoline?"

"Think," replied Jones, "I think it is the last *war-hoop* of the rebellion!"

J. D.'s last "Great Combination"—Beauty and Boot-y.

When Mrs. Lot from Sodom fled,
She was ordered not to halt;
For looking back, and not a-head,
She became a pillar of salt!

With Nebuchadnezzar, that wicked king,
This evil came to pass;
With cows and oxen—fearful thing—
He was turned out "to grass!"

The traitor Jeff, with milder doom,
Though he deserved it less,
Was simply sent on a quick run,
Attired in woman's dress!

The women protest that Jeff. not only made gross political assumptions, but interfered finally with *their* vested rights, and degraded their honorable and ancient garb.

The *run* of J. D. in the vicinity of Irwinsville, Ga., so completely eclipses Bull *Run*, that we doubt whether of the latter we shall hereafter hear much, even from rebel sources.

"Go it, Boots," is one of the classical phrases belonging to the vocabulary of the street, the origin or meaning whereof we do not altogether comprehend. Since these pedal appendages have led to the detection and arrest of Davis, the phrase will possess additional significance.

The attention of a distinguished communicant, "late of Richmond," is invited to the last clause of the 22d verse of the 13th chapter of Jeremiah. The verse is as follows: "And if thou say in thine heart, Wherefore come these things upon me? For by the greatness of thine iniquity are thy skirts discovered, and thy heels made bare."

London papers note the disappearance of crinoline. It will become unpopular enough when the latest news from Dixie reaches Europe.

The next edition of the Confederate Geography will correct the location of "Davis's Straits," so that he who runs may read.

Jeff. Davis cannot figure as a military hero in history, but he has made his mark on a dress-parade.

Surely, if Davis had recalled his old experience at cards, he would have remembered that a Knave is known from a King by his boots.

Ancient warriors were accustomed to have armor-bearers, who followed them in their long marches. On the approach of danger the armor was adjusted to their persons. Jeff. Davis's wife seems to have acted in that capacity during the late travels of the rebel chief.

While one of the soldiers was searching Davis, his private secretary, Harrison, came up, and in a very indignant tone, said:

"Ain't you ashamed to treat our President so?"

"President—h——ll" said the soldier, "what's he President of?"

Under the title of "Davis in Texas," the New York *Commercial Advertiser* has the following: "The theory of the *Daily News* that Jeff. Davis has not been captured, but that a lay figure personating him was taken, is utterly overthrown by the statement officially made, that Jeff. was really captured in Texas. When found he was in *Gal-vest-on*.

The Hungarian Diet, when the Empress Maria Theresa implored their assistance, shouted: "We will die for our king—Maria Theresa." This confusion of the sexes may have another historic illustration; and we should not be surprised if the Texas Legislature, with that chivalrous feeling for women which distinguishes all knightly spirits, should cry out: "We will die for our Queen—Jefferson Davis."

Was Jeff. promoted when he left the regular line for the crinoline?

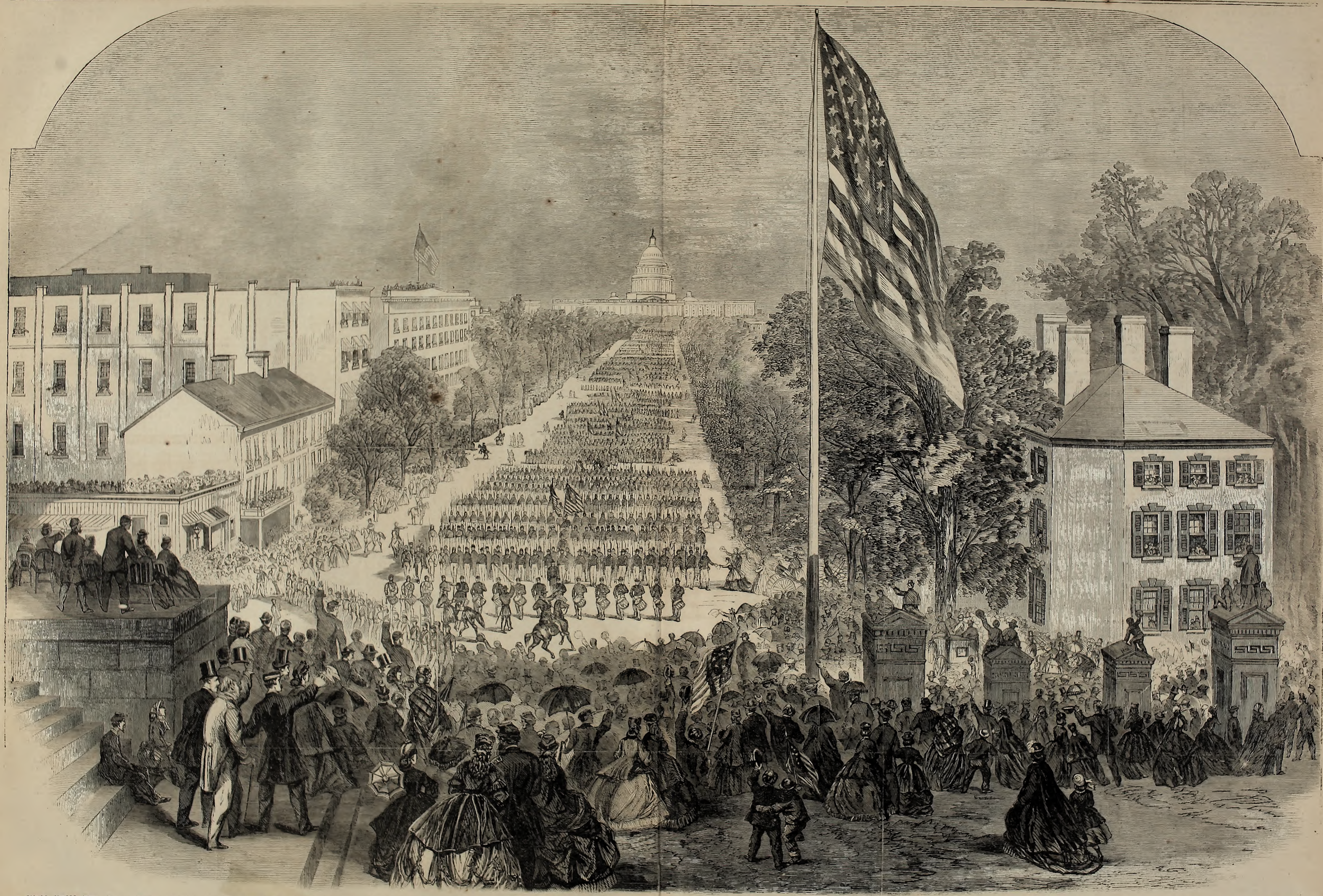
"Et arma cedunt togæ,"
Said a Roman of renown—
"When the din of war is over
Arms yield unto the gown!"

But this motto Jeff reverses;
For, arrayed in female charms,
When the din of war is over,
In his gown he yields to arms!

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER.—The first published newspaper bears the date of Nuremberg, 1457; the first English one was in 1622; and the first French in 1631. A very ancient printed sheet was offered for sale in the Libri collection, and of which a duplicate exists in the British Museum. It is entitled, *Neue Zeitung, aus Hispahan und Italien* ("News from Spain and Italy"), and bears the date of February, 1534. The catalogue gave the following description of it: "An exceedingly rare journal, which appears to have been printed at Nuremberg. It contains the first announcement of the discovery of Peru, and has remained unknown to all the bibliographists that we have been able to consult. In this printed sheet it is said that the Governor of Panumyra (Panama) in the Indies, wrote to his majesty (Charles V.) that a vessel had arrived from Peru, with a letter from the Regent, Francisco Piscara (Pizarro), announcing that he had taken possession of the country; that with about 200 Spaniards, infantry and cavalry, he had repaired to the possessions of a great seignor named Cassiko (who refused peace), and attacked him, that the Spaniards were the victors, and that he had seized upon 5,000 castillanos (gold pieces), and of 20,000 silver marks, and lastly, that he had obtained 2,000,000 in gold from the said Cassiko."

JOHN RANDOLPH, of Roanoke, was the strongest leader that the radicals of Virginia ever had. He was the warrior who prepared the way for the formation of a new school of politics under Mr. Calhoun. He was a small, dark man, with a beardless face, and an intensely black eye. He was proud of his descent from Pocahontas, and his Indian blood was easily discernable. His voice had a very peculiar ringing quality, which gave the listener the feeling that the fine weapon which he used was twisted around after entering his antagonist. He did not use the tomahawk, but the finest of rapiers. He was remorseless in his sarcasms, and was ready to stand by them in the field. He was not bad-hearted, however. In a duel with Henry Clay, he received Mr. Clay's fire and then discharged his own pistol in the air, exclaiming: "I would not make a widow and orphans for all the Ohio and its tributaries." His caustic and witty sayings were reported throughout the country, like those of Dr. Johnson, as when a writhing antagonist meeting him full on the main avenue at Washington, said: "I do not give the way to puppies." "I do, sir," said Randolph, yielding the path and walking on. Many assertions have been circulated against Randolph's personal character, which are utterly unfounded. They are traceable in part to the hate he excited by his relentless attacks, but still more to his contempt for the ignorant and fanatical sects by which he was surrounded. He has for many years served the religious fanatics of Virginia, as Voltaire has elsewhere, to point their exhortations, the allegation being that on his deathbed, when he could speak no longer, he wrote the word Remorse! It has since been proved that he simply wrote the name of a neighbor—R. E. Morse—whom he desired to see. Mr. Randolph was kind to his slaves while he lived, and liberated them at his death.

"MY character," said an alderman, who had cleared himself from a charge of jobbery, "my character, sir, is like my boots—all the brighter for blacking."



HOME FROM THE WARS—GRAND REVIEW OF THE RETURNED ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES, AT WASHINGTON, MAY 23.—VIEW FROM THE TREASURY BUILDING, SHOWING TROOPS MARCHING UP PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE ON THEIR WAY TO THE GRAND REVIEWING STAND.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRADY, AND SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

NATIONAL HYMN

BY GEORGE W. WEST.

Given of every perfect gift!
Before Thy throne we lend the knee,
And thankful for the past, we lift
Our hymns of solemn joy to Thee.
We offer praise—for Thou hast given
To us the freedom of our sires—
And brighter yet shall flash to Heaven
Devotion's thousand altar-fires!

To Thee we owe this goodly land,
Freed from the stern oppressor's rod,
And here we pour, with willing hand,
Our incense to our father's God!
Accept the grateful sacrifice,
Jehovah, in the hour of bliss,
While anthems ring and hymns arise
From many an humble shrine like this.

In glossier hues, when Freedom's ring
Was shrouded in Oppression's gale;
When darkly from each beetling crag,
Formed down the tyrant's wrath like hail,
Our father's locked to Thee for aid,
And dimly through the storm of war
Thy bow of promise was displayed,
Hope-bearing token from afar!

So God, then, be our praises poured,
Hymns of the heart to Thee we lift;
Worthy of Thee are not Thou, Lord!
Other of earth's offerings gift!
Songs of thanksgiving shall be Thine,
And altars for Thy worship set—
Wherever VICTORY hath a shrine—
Wherever FREEDOM lingers yet!

GUY'S FOLLY;

OR,

The Secret of Thornton Heath.

BY VANE IRBON ST. JOHN.

AUTHOR OF "THE LAIRS OF RICHMOND HILL," "THE WORLD'S VERDICT," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

Her husband, she said, had died abroad, and was buried in Milan; but soon after her arrival at Thornton Heath—her new residence—a carriage drove up to the door in the middle of the night—a decrepit man was helped from it, and hurried into the darkness.

This man was Sir Robert Arbuthnot, Lady Arbuthnot's husband, as he was supposed by the world—but in reality the husband of the one whom he had seen in terrible grief at Tavistock, and who had consigned to his care a child whom he could not care for—could not, because with the conflict of emotions which had left him, and he now no more with the light of reason.

For sixteen years Sir Robert Arbuthnot nothing more had been heard, immediately upon the madness of Sir Robert who had disappeared entirely.

Lady Arbuthnot's reason—I must call her for the present Lady Arbuthnot—was plain enough. If the Duchess could only make her appearance on the scene, and the Baronet recognised her, her own claims would be cast at once to the winds, and her son Arthur would be declared illegitimate and penniless.

So, although not possessing the courage to destroy him at once, she placed him in this lingering imprisonment, hoping every day might be his last, and that in his coffin might be buried with him the secret of her false position.

On this day—when I introduced Sir Robert to my readers—she had scarcely dared to possible that he would be alive, for the previous evening had seen him in the agony of a terrible disorder.

On this morning she had for the first time for many a long year hoped that he was living, and her hope was gratified.

He looked at her, as I have said, with a wistful glance as she entered.

"I feel cold and hungry, Anne," he said; "have you brought me food?"

She sat down and opened a parcel she had brought.

"Yes," she said; "I have some food and good wine for you; but I must get you to do something for me first."

"What is that?"

"You must sign this."

The Baronet grinned foolishly.

"What is the use? I am dead."

"Yes—yes. Never mind. Sign it, as I tell you."

She spread it out before him.

It was a copy of a document which had been partially destroyed.

It conveyed to Arthur—the illegitimate son—the entire property.

"I don't sign that!" cried the madman, peevishly. "That won't give me warmth, or light, or satisfy my hunger! Give me meat and wine!"

He rose, and approached that part of the table where the food was placed.

"Down—down!" cried Lady Arbuthnot, as if she were speaking to a dog. "If you refuse to sign, I will take the food away!"

Tears stood in the man's hollow eyes, and he growled down on the ground near his instructor.

"I will sign anything!" he whined out; "only give me a little food and light! "Don't you think, now, Anne—" don't you think that you could let me go out once, just to look round the garden, and see the flowers? I wouldn't be troublesome, and I won't stop long."

She did not answer.

She did not even hear him; for she was reading over the parchment, to see that all the clauses were right.

"Don't you think you could let me go out for a few minutes?" he persisted. "Where is the parchment? There! I will sign it! I will do anything for you, if you will let me go out into the fresh air again! You know, I've a deal of property coming to me some day, and you shall have it all —all; only let me out for a while—just for a while!"

"I cannot!" returned Lady Arbuthnot, hurriedly—"I cannot! After this long confinement, it would kill you. The doctors have told me so repeatedly. Come, sign this, and let me go."

The madman took the pen with a sigh, and prepared to sign the paper, as he was directed.

As he did so, a word in the manuscript caught his eye.

That word was "Holmsford."

It was merely the name of a place; but it seemed to bring back to his mind some strange reminiscence of the past.

"Helen—Helen!" he murmured, in a sad, low, plaintive voice, as his eyes wandered again over the parchment.

Then a flash of reason seemed to light up his face, and he looked keenly at his companion.

"Who is that Helen?" he asked, with savage earnestness upon the table exclaimed;

"Take the food away, if you like, I will not sign it."

Lady Arbuthnot turned sickly pale.

"Why not?" she asked.

But he would not reply.

He returned to his seat, and sat there moodily, with his head leaning on his hands.

Lady Arbuthnot looked at him for a moment, as gathering up the meat intended for him, she passed again to the door.

Then she paused, and smile, and locked the door carefully upon the wretched prisoner.

In her drawing-room her lawyer, Mr. F. A. Davis, was awaiting her—a man who seemed as if he would have made an affidavit to anything.

"Well, my lady," he said; "is it all correct?"

"Yes—he has refused!"

"Yes; he often has these obstinate fits."

"Which may last for a considerable time, I presume?"

"No; doubtless it will be gone to-morrow. Till then, Sir. F. A. Davit, we must be patient."

The lawyer bowed.

"Certainly; but the old mette still holds good —'put not off till to-morrow what can be done today.'"

On the evening of this day, Guy Raymond left, that he might be on board the boat to the hamlet well on Thornton Heath.

The dismal place looked more dark and dismal than ever in the fading light; the fir trees seemed more gloomy; the wind howled through them with a more mournful noise: the clouds seemed to take more weird and fantastic forms, as they were driven through the sky, rushing wildly on their way, the witches hurrying to keep their tryst by the dismal pool. Everything looked creaked and groaned with a most doleful sound, while the remnants of the rusty chain swung to and fro in the dreary sky, and made everything as if a legion of unseen demons were wheeling in a wild dance round the dread emblem of past cruelty and present fear.

Guy Raymond shuddered as he beheld the ugly spot which had the unpleasant sounds, as if they had a double significance for his excited spirit.

He paused to and fro with hurried, uneven steps; he seemed to be waiting for the arrival of some one, and yet appeared unwilling to wait.

At length the dull sound of a horse's hoofs was heard on the turf, and the forms of both horse and rider were seen looming darkly in the dusky light at the edge of the thornton brushwood which the German peasant so feare.

The rider stopped his headlong career as he reached the well, and, dismounting from his horse, led him to the gallows, to the huge upright post of which he securely fastened him.

Then he advanced to the spot where Guy Raymond stood waiting.

The newcomer was a man of middle age and height, with long black hair and whiskers, a face bronzed by exposure to the sun and wind, and eyes which glowed like live coals beneath his shaggy brows.

His dress consisted of trousers and coat of pilot cloth, and a sou'wester cap.

"Cool evening, Mr. Raymond," was the first salutation.

"Good evening, Captain Mellish. You are punctual"

"I generally am, sir."

"It is a good habit to acquire. But come, to business. What is this you have to tell me?"

"Simply that Richard Freshfield has arrived in England."

"In England?"

"Yes. He is now in Liverpool."

"You are not deceiving me, Captain? How do you know this?"

"I know it as a fact that he came home in my ship from Melbourne."

"Home at last!" muttered Guy.

He stepped a few paces upon each of his thighs in the hush, and has amassed a considerable sum of money."

"And what does he want in England? Why not stay where he has been so successful?" demanded Guy Raymond, fiercely.

"I know not, except that, from a conversation I overheard on the homeward voyage, he intends paying you a visit."

"Paying me a visit?"

"Yes. He was talking with one of the crew who knows this neighborhood, your name was mentioned, and he said that he should certainly make a point of seeing you when he reached England."

"Well, Captain, I thank you for the news you have brought me. Meet me at Devin's Hotel at two o'clock to-morrow."

The Captain departed, mounted his horse, and galloped away.

"Coming here, is he?" muttered Guy Raymond. "His coming must be prepared for, at all events."

So saying, he was about to return home, when a footstep was heard nearing him, and a loud, manly voice shouted:

"Who waits abroad so late?"

"A friend," answered Guy Raymond.

The childhood was quenched, and in a few moments the owner of Raymond's Park stood on Thornton Heath, face to face with his nephew Walter Raymond.

CHAPTER X.—JUST IN TIME.

WHETHER or not the meeting between Guy Raymond and his nephew Walter was a preconcerted one on the part of the latter, it is impossible to say. At any rate, he did not appear surprised.

"We are well met," he said. "This is an opportunity I have long sought."

Guy's face was very white, and his voice trembled as he answered:

"Let me pass! I want no speech with you."

But Walter, having once secured his mate, sat eyes, was determined exactly to let him escape.

"Stay!" he cried, intercepting him. "You cannot pass yet. I wish to speak to you, and I will."

For a moment Guy hesitated, as if doubting whether to attempt to force a passage or force his way. He decided on the former.

"I will remain," he said, in a firm voice; "but I warn you, Walter Raymond, that my patience is a useless one. I know all I desire to know, and nothing you can say can alter my conviction."

"Then I will speak," said Walter. "What I wish to understand is this: Can you suppose me sufficiently dastardly to have shot the coward's shot which shattered your right hand?"

"I can think so. I do. I do.

"Have I ever given you reason to believe so?"

"Yes."

"In what way?"

"You have thwarted me in every way. You have marshalled against my wishes—you have hourly lived near home, and squandered your money as you have lived upon grandeur, and made me a byword by your wanton and reckless."

"But this has nothing to do with the attempted murder. I am innocent of that?"

"I believe you are."

"Yet just now—"

"I spoke hastily. I said the actions were not too infamous an action for you to be guilty of; but I never gave you credit for the courage which was necessary for the undertaking. That is, in an act which would have suggested itself to you, but would never have been carried out. Is this all you wish to say?"

"No. Do you intend to persist in thus depriving me of every farthing which is my due?"

"I have left you the shilling."

"And that will—"

"Leaves all to Charlie Freshfield."

"What! Charlie Freshfield, the half-bred?"

Guy Raymond muttered an angry oath.

"If she is mad now, it will not always be so. At any rate, I will be his guardian, and shall inherit all."

"If my dead father were but here he would punish you for your impiety," cried Walter fiercely. "The money of which you are depriving me is my own. I have a right to everything of it—to me, and to take it from me is to rob me. Remember my word—your miser's sin will yet bring its curse upon you."

Guy Raymond made no reply.

"Are you not afraid?" said Walter, in a low tone.

"Afraid! Why should I be afraid, and of whom?"

"Afraid of the man you have robbed—of the man whom you are dragging down, step by step, become be indicted in one white—the marrying a woman for gold."

Guy laughed.

"Is that your game?" he said. "Not at all. There," he continued, pointing to the gallows, "there is your punishment if you murder me. You would receive only my share of my wealth."

"And who would be my accuser?"

"I will tell you."

Guy whistled three times, and in a moment a dark form issued from among the trees and approached.

It was his servant.

"You see," said the miser, "I am never unprepared. A murder just now would be excessively inconvenient. Strangle that person, my valet it, and for the present say 'Good-night.'"

Walter Raymond made no remark; but, turning on his heel, walked away.

For an instant the hot blood had mounted to his brain, and he had felt inclined to destroy the man who was the cause of his disgrace and shame; but his good genius was now watching over him, and he escaped such a hasty gratification at the opportune arrival of the man-servant.

Yet his heart, as he retired away towards home, was full of bitterness.

There was no doubting the thorough determination of Guy Raymond not to yield one farthing of the property he had gained, and there seemed no prospect whatever of wringing from him even a promise for the future.

Under these circumstances, the system of depredation which he had commenced would have to proceed, unless he escaped from the clutches of Gideon Mellish, whose exile had now severed themselves around him more strongly than ever.

How this was to be done was a problem which he had not succeeded in solving when he reached home, and found Ella waiting for him at the gate.

"You here, Ella?" he said, in unusual surprise.

"Why, what on earth brings you out in the night air?"

She took his arm and nestled up to him as they walked in, after he had fondly kissed her.

"I have felt nervous and ill all the evening, dearest," she said, "and I could not bear to be alone." Then she added, suddenly, "Have you been there again?"

"Where, dearest?"

"To Guy's Folly."

"No; but I remember my uncle."

"And received the same answer, of course?"

"Yes; he is as determined and as bitter against me as ever. But never mind, the day will come when he will repent it."

The night was dark and cloudy, and not over pleasant; and as Walter entered the house with his wife, and saw the bright fire and the cosy room, warm and cheery-looking, he felt that he would rule anything rather than lose that home.

It was on the following evening that a card was brought up to Ella Raymond, bearing the name of Gideon Crawleigh.

She had learned to receive this man in a friendly manner, because Walter stated that he was necessary to him; and, accordingly, when she saw the name, she at once gave orders that he should be admitted.

In a few minutes the door opened and a gentleman entered.

In the uncertain light of evening she did not at first recognise him; but his voice was enough to undeceive her.

It was Arthur Arbuthnot.

She started up with anger when he spoke to her, saying: "Good evening, Ella!" in an easy, expert-like, gliding tone, which was infinitely annoying to her.

"What do you want here, Sir Arthur?" she cried.

"I wish," he said, with studied politeness, "I wish for a few moments' conversation with you!"

"My husband is not in," she answered, still standing up. "Your business here must be with him, unless it concerns me. In either case it would be best either to postpone your visit to another time."

He seated himself coolly.

"I beg your pardon, my charmer," he said, "but my business is with you, and I would much rather not see your husband. Only a few moments will I detain you—after that, I will go at once."

She made a gesture as if she would have rushed to the door.

He grasped her wrist and detained her.

"It is of no use," he said. "I must and will speak to you."

"Unhand me, sir!" she exclaimed, while her eyes flashed fire and her face became red with excitement—"unhand me, sir, or I will call my servants to eject you."

He laughed lightly.

"I take my precautions better than that," he answered. "Your maid-servant, Emma has gone to Richmond with a letter to Miss Ingleton, your husband, the other servant, Mark, is dispatched to the town with a note from you to your husband, We are alone, Ella, you and I, in this house, and you must, therefore, listen to me."

It required but little force on his part to compel her to sit down, and for a while overcome by announcement he had made completely deprived her of all strength.

"You know your villainy well, sir," she said, in a low, suppressed voice of anger; "but it will not succeed with me. I expect the return of my husband every moment."

"I have but little to say," returned Sir Arthur; "and even should you find me with him, I shall not be gone. You remember that at my mother's house, the other evening, I told you that I loved you. All you replied to me was to remind me that a rich man and a title—as I offered you once—would have been better for you than a gambling debt?"

Ella's face turned deadly pale as he said these words.

"I shall not, sir, if you please," she cried, "but do not ask me to listen to you while you insult my husband. If you came here to repeat what you said the other night, you have wasted your time simply."

"Not by a moment," said Arthur, "that is not all I have to say. I came to tell you something for your own good. In the first place, however, let me ask you a few questions. Are you aware how your husband obtains his money?"

A hot flush mounted to Ella's cheek.

"Yes; I do not."

"Doubtless; but if you do ask, you will find that the manner is disgraceful. Secondly—where is he now?"

"I do not know."

"I will answer, then, both questions. In the first place, your husband obtains his money by robbery and fraud, and spends it in shameful waste and gambling at Devonia scheme."

"How do you know this to me? Why do you tell me this?"

"Because I wish to prove to you to what a reptile you are living. Believe me, Ella," he added, in tones which were intended to be tender, "believe me that I am fond of almost all beautiful things, and not the ugliest. You will see your husband dragged away from you to gaol, and you will be the cast-off, the object of all who know you. I have offered you my love before, I offer to you again; quit this house and fly with me, and I will give you home and comfort."

Again the bold fresh crimson shot her face, and cheek, and bosom—again her breast rose and fell tumultuously.

Then it was with angry shame.

"Coward!" she murmured; "pitiful coward! to thus insult a woman because she is alone and unprotected!"

"I have no longer alone and unprotected," said a voice suddenly, and a man entered the room.

It was Gideon Crawleigh.

His face was very pale, his whole appearance that of a man labouring under strong excitement.

He bowed to Miss Raymond, and then turned towards the young baronet, whose features were now as pale as his.

"Sir Arthur Arbuthnot, I have been a chance

listener to your conversation—at least the latter part of it. There are two modes of exit from this room—the door and the window: choose quickly by which you will go out."

Sir Arthur rose.

He was evidently disposed to choose the more pleasant mode of retiring.

"You hear, Mr. Crawleigh!" he said. "This is most strange."

Then he added, with a sneer:

"I thought when you were with Mr. Raymond on one of his merry-making expeditions in Gideon Crawleigh never lost his temper or his presence of mind."

His nerves were like iron; his inner passions never once were let out their awful signs of his will.

He walked quietly to the door, opened it, and said:

"Sir Arthur, Mrs. Raymond desires you to go. Now, not another word, or I pitch you headlong out into the garden."

"*Au revoir*, Ella!" said Sir Arthur, and passed out quickly.

Ella burst into a fit of tears when he had departed, and staggered away, as if to reach the couch near the fire.

But her strength was gone now, the effort was too much for her; and with a low moan she fell back and fainted, as Gideon, rushing forward, caught her in his arms.

A look of triumph passed over the features of Gideon at this moment, then he glanced round to see if any one was near, and imprinted one passionate kiss upon her lips.

In another moment he had carried her to the couch.

He was just in time, for, as he crossed the hearthrug to reach the bellrope, Walter Raymond entered the room.

THE HOUR OF NORTHERN VICTORY.

BY FANNY EMBLE.

Roll not a drum, sound not a clarion note
Of haughty triumph o'er the silent sky;
Think'st be the silent of joy in every throat,
And veil'd the flash of pride in every eye.

Not with Te Deums lend and high Hosannas,
Greet we the awful victory we have won,
But with our mournful, and lower'd banners,
We stand—our work is done!

Thy work is done, God, terrible and just,
Who laid'st upon our hearts and hands this task,
And kneeling, with our foreheads in the dust,
We venture Amen to ask.

Bleeding and writhing and beneath our sword,
Prostrate our Northern foe, Thy fallen foe,
Struck down by Thee through us, avenging Lord,
By Thy dread hand laid low.

For our own guilt have we been doomed to smite
Those of our own kindred, Thy great wrath to defend;
These, our own flesh and blood, who now unite
In one thing only with us—bravely dying.

Dying how bravely, yet how bitterly!
Not for the better side, but for the worse,
Unholy and unforgiving against Thee
For the bad cause where thou hast set Thy curse.

At whose defeat we may not raise our voice,
Save in the deep thanksgiving of our prayers,
"Lord, we have fought the fight!" But to rejoice
Is ours not in their fears.

Call back Thy dreadful ministers of wrath
Who have laid on our hosts to this great day;
Let our foot halt now in the avenger's path,
And bid our weapons stay.

Upon our land, Peace's inheritance,
Turn Christ, the Conqueror, the splendour of Thy face,
Where nations serving Thee to light shall advance,
Give us again our place.

Not our bewildering past prosperity,
Not all Thy former ill-requited grace,
But that which shall grant us still to be
The home of Hope to the whole human race.

ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "HENRIETTA'S VICTORY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.—FRANCIS TREDETHLYN'S DISINHERITED ADVISER.

SIR THOMAS SOMERVILLE'S wife! Yes, October was near at hand. Already the woods and hills beyond the Star and Garter were bright with autumnal tints of yellow and glowing crimson. Already the milliners and dressmakers, the outfitters and bootmakers, were perpetually appearing in the hall and on the staircase at the Cedars. Mother Seabrook lived with odekin second continually passing in and out of Mr. Hillary's abode, and Maude could rarely enjoy a quiet half-hour undisturbed by a mysterious summons, entreating her to inspect or try on some garment newly brought home by a "young person" from town. Havoort Lowther made himself quite at home both at the Cedars and at Francis Tredethlyn's chambers during this period of preparation. Francis took very kindly to his old master in his new capacity of friend and mentor. The habits of his past made a link between them. The old half-friendly, half-supercilious familiarity which had characterised Havcourt Lowther's treatment of his servant melted now into a playful and almost caressing fondness.

Mr. Lowther was a thoroughly selfish man, and he found himself called upon in the instance to sacrifice his pride in the cause of his interest. He affected a hearty interest in Francis Tredethlyn's affairs, and contrived somehow, by a series of manœuvres, so subtle as to be imperceptible, to install himself in the part of chief adviser to the inexperienced young Cornishman. Mr. Lowther was in the main a very clever man, and a good judge of greatness, or even for any celebrity beyond that species of drawing-room reputation which women are able to bestow on the men who are not too noble to waste a lifetime in small accomplishments and shilly-shallies. He was very plainspoken and rather cynical, very much inclined to quarrel with the decrees of Providence; and in Francis Tredethlyn he found a person with whom he could be himself most ardently desired—a great fortune and Maude Hillary for a wife!

But he was true to his resolution to take matters quietly; and he assisted in the preparations for the wedding with as much outward show of pleasure as if he had been a fashionable mother, rejoicing in the happy dispersal of a whole brood of daughters.

The big mansion in the new district of palatial streets and squares lying between Kensington and Brompton was fitted and furnished under Mr. Lowther's superintendence. Bills had meeting with architects, gilders, decorators and upholsterers; and, with an occasional pretence to Francis, "for form," as he orders as freely as if the house had been his own. Sometimes, walking up and down the drawing-room during these consultations, a strange smile flickered over his face—a contemplative smile, which faded away in the next moment, giving place to the usual expression of fashionable indifference to all things in heaven and earth which was his ordinary expression.

The appointed day came at last, and poor Francis drove down to Twickenham, looking as pale as his light waistcoat, but supported by his friend Harcourt Lowther as best man. Once, and once only, Maude Hillary looked at her discarded lover while she remained Maude Hillary; but there was a world of thought and meaning in that one look. Ah, how different his love must have been from hers! she thought. For her, the fulfilment for which her bride also would have gone far way from the sound of his weddingbells and the sight of his wedding dress! For him, the pain that had seen that he was almost spoken the bridegroom, but she could not forgive him for being there.

There was all the usual fuss. Autumn flowers scattered under the feet of the bride and bridegroom; shawly children, in clean pinafores, cheering as the bride went by; the old familiar carriage drove away; and then a breakfast, and the popping of champagne corks, and the crowning of delicious confusion. Francis was passing forward to caress the bride, loud-voiced young men congratulating the bridegroom, and Maude, white from standing on tiptoe to get a peep at the show; and then the positions crack their whips, and the whole noisy throng is left behind.

Francis was driving, and Maude sees Twickenham town spin by her in a dim glimmer of comfortable English, vanishing redly in cottage windows.

The wedding tour had been amongst the many things which Harcourt Lowther had closely attended to plan for his friend, and after a great deal of deliberation, that gentleman had pitched upon one of the old-world and old-fashioned towns of Devonshire, as the one spot upon all this earth best suited for Mr. Tredethlyn and his bride.

"You don't want to see Continental architecture; the Rhine steamers are crowded with Cockneys, who find it easier to go to Cologne than to negotiate the administration of their tea. What do you know about the ancient crag of Drachenfels, or the purple mists of the Seven? All the hackneyed sentimentality about heavy old knights and battered old castles? You don't specially want to see hobgoblins in their native land, and you would be bothered one of your life before your travels were over—unless you took a courier —and that would be a more serious bother in the eyes of a courier! No, my dear Tredethlyn; the sort of thing for you is some quiet little watering-place—a fashionable one, of course, but not too distant view of the changing sea,' and all that sort of thing; in other words, a tranquil little retreat, where you will have time to learn your bride's tastes, and become acquainted with one another."

Francis was only too glad to take such pleasant advice. He was alone with Maude, and, in the still grey sea in the quiet autumn evenings, seemed to him the highest bliss that earth could hold for any human being. And Francis blessed his generous friend for the sound judgment which had come into such happiness.

"I dare say I should have gone scampering all over the Continent but for you, Lowther," he exclaimed, gratefully. "What shows and sights Cobars advised a tour through half Europe. 'See plenty of life,' they said; 'reckon yourself lucky if you can manage to get through the whole lot!' I began to think that the old country was a regular out-and-out Murray, so as to be able to hold your own in society. Everybody travels nowadays, and it doesn't do for a fellow with lots of time to be behind the rest of the world.' But I'll take your advice, Lowther. I wanted Maude to choose the place for our bridal trip, but she wouldn't, so she says to the Devonshire village."

It is not to be supposed, of course, that Mr. Lowther had any other than the most friendly intention when he selected Combe Western as the residence of Francis Tredethlyn's chaste bride. But on the other hand, it must be confessed that had Harcourt wished to inspire Maude with a weariness of her husband's society, he could have scarcely selected any place better calculated to assist him in the carrying out of his design. At Combe Western the rosy autumn days were unbroken by any change, save the slow changes of the hours, and the gradual darkening of the sky, and there were pleasant drives and romantic scenery to be found in the neighborhood of Combe Western; but Devonshire is a rainy country, and as it rained with little intermission during the whole of that honeymoon period, Francis and Maude's bride was compelled to find her chief amusement in the prim lodging-house drawing-room and the society of her husband.

And this society was not congenial to her. He was handsome, and pleasant to look at; manly, good-tempered, generous. No mean or unworthy sentiment ever dropped from his lips. She respected him, and was grateful to him; nay, even beyond this there was a certain latent affection for him lurking in some corner of her heart, but she was very tired of him nevertheless. To be quite truthful, as we are pledged to tell you of them, is not altogether an impossibility. Are we not sometimes weary of ourselves, when we yet love so dearly? When you get tired of a book you have nothing to do but close the volume and put it on the shelf. But you cannot shut off your friend when he becomes tedious; you must needs go on, wading through page after page of his conversation till you yawn in his face, and arouse him to the unpleasant conviction that he is a nuisance.

Maude was very gratefully and affectionately disposed towards her father's benefactor; but she grew terribly tired of his sole companionship during this rainy week in the quiet Devonian watering-place. If the bride and bridegroom had gone on that stereotyped foreign tour so strongly protested against by Mr. Lowther, Maude's sunny nature would speedily have asserted itself. She would have found in the rapid diversity of scene, in all the incessant excitement of quick travelling, plenty of subject-matter for conversation with her husband; and there would have been always some common ground on which they could have met, some little incident, among the hundred incidents of a traveller's day, which would have aroused a sympathy between them. But thrown on their own resources at Combe Western, a House with Maude and a Maude-Defand might have exhausted their conversational powers, and yawned-them up in each other's faces. Mr. Lowther's quiet wedding for this one of her honeymoon before the first week thereof had drawn to its close; and Francis, always timid and shy with the fair beautiful face, felt a child languish at his heart as he perceived her weariness of spirit.

Then it was that, when they returned to London, the husband and wife were little nearer to each other than on the wedding day. So Francis and Francis' wife each other's thoughts and feelings had arisen during that dull residence at Combe Western. The subtle process of assimilation by which—except in some dismal examples—husband and wife grow like each other in mind and character had not yet begun. They were strangers still; in spite of Maude's esteem for her husband's character, in spite of Francis's doglike devotion to the object of his wife's portions; and Harcourt Lowther, who was one of the guests at their first dinner-party, was not slow to perceive that they were so.

"You'll get on admirably together by-and-bye, dear boy," he said to Francis, as they smoked their cigars after a luxurious little meal shared behind the big library, some days after the great dinner. "You'll get on superbly with your bride by-and-bye, if you only cure your cards shyness. There must be no Darby and Joan business, you know—no sentimentalism. Remember, my daughter is to be brought up to be disgusted by that sort of thing. It was all very well, of course, to do the romantic during the honeymoon; but that's all over and done. Your wife will go her way, and you'll go yours. Her friends will absorb a great deal of her time, and your friends will absorb a great deal of yours. You'll have your club, your horses, your race's parties, and perhaps, by-and-bye, the Commons' seat, which you decided to get for Parliament—and it will be utterly impossible for you to spend all your mornings lounging about your wife's boudoir, and your wife's carriage horses, as you seem to have done hitherto."

"But I like so much to be with her," Francis remonstrated, piteously. "It's very friendly of you to give me these hints, and I dare say you're right, to some degree. I know Maude used to seem very tired of me at Western, and we both got into the habit of looking at our watches in a despairing kind of way every quarter of an hour; but since we've arrived here she has quite recovered her spirits, and we are so happy together; you should see how heartily she laughs at the Punch and Judy show on the Esplanade, and how she runs after the dogs!"

Francis plainly confided himself at this recollection of this fact. Harcourt Lowther shrugged his shoulders, and a frown, or the passing shadow of a frown, darkened his handsome face.

There are some natures in which there is a certain element of childishness, and between such extreme are desperate antagonism is ever likely to arise.

"We were dull at Combe Western," said Mr. Tredethlyn, presently, "but since we've been in London we've got on capitally. I've been everywhere with Maude—shopping even; and I've written out the lists for her parties, and begun a round of calls; and, in short, I've been the happiest fellow in all creation."

"No doubt, my dear boy; that sort of thing's delightful for a fortnight; but look out for the day when you'll get tired of parties and dragon will arise to willing all these Arcadian delights."

Francis pondered gravely. He had been happy in the society of his wife, and, for he had not Maude bright and lively, pleased with the novelty of her position, happy in her father's affectionate welcome, serene in the consciousness of pure intentions, and grateful for the devotion, of which some new evidence met her at every turn. Poor Francis had been entirely happy; but it needed only a whisper from an elegant Mephistopheles in modern costume to render this simple Cornishman very pleased to be discontented and unhappy. It needed only a sham and delusion after all, and Maude's smallest smile might be the smile of a victim consigned to the sacrifice.

"If you think that Maude is likely to grow tired—" Francis began, in a very melancholy tone; but Mr. Lowther interrupted him,

"If I think, my dear boy. How dare I do otherwise than think what is obvious to the dullest apprehension. Take life as other people take it, my dear, unspeculated. Particularly, I say, and find it my sincerity enough with you. Try to live on a plain and practical basis—without romance. You are a man, and no man living in the world could exist without seeing a horse to be sold at Tattersall's, a well-mixed collection of pictures at Christie and Manson's; a bachelor's dinner at a club; a review at Wimbledon—somehow or other there was always something to be seen, or something to be done, or a nature in which Mrs. Tredethlyn could not have her own part and her own interest; and when Francis and his friend dined alone with her, as they did very often, it happened somehow that on no occasion was she a source of dreamy and masculine character, painfully wearisome to the ordinary female mind. If Mr. Lowther had been short on walking the natural gulf which circumstance had set between these two people, he could scarcely have gone to work more skilfully than he did to widen it. It is of course to be presumed that he was only an unconscious instrument, an involuntary agent of mischief and ruin.

* * *

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A BIRD that always faces the storm.—The weathercock.

THE voyage from Ireland here is a long one, but it certainly ought to be finished in a day.—*Punch*.

"PA, can you tell what brought about this great war?"

"Well, darling. It was caused by the mistaken leading of a vessel called the Mayflower, at Plymouth Rock in the year 1620."

THERE is a man of our acquaintance who suggestion so hatefully, that we fear he will learn to go without suggestion, and live by his own genius.

A LADY wished a seat in a crowded hall. A handsome gentleman brought her a chair.

"You are a lovely man!" she said.

"Yes, I know I am," he replied. "I have just see the proof."

A COURTLY gentleman, walking in his garden, saw his gardener busy in the strawberry bed.

"What!" says the master, "though you title dogs have set me up a fine bit on the arts, can do you!"

"It is truly sensible of my unworthiness," answered the man, "and therefore I had myself down in the dirt."

THE following verse commemorates the not uncommon misfortune of a hungry waiter:

"Given was a waiter to a dinner party,
He handed him an orange to suck it;
He put in his mouth
And, says the sly rogue,
'Into the middle I've squeezed it.'"

PARIS AND PASTURES.—An amusing circumstance occurred in a sporting school some years ago. A lad, who was very fond of boxing, and a little vain of the profile, in the course of the evening the teacher gave out that he would box with any

"Come, gentle patience, smile on pain."

The pupils were so excited by the notice that it was found impossible to keep them in order. The master gave out another, in which were the following words:

"Any gentleman for my nose?"

And patience for my eyes."

The sidelights of the school were so affected that all teaching was deferred until another occasion.

"IS it possible, miss, that you do not know what constitutes a pair?" asked a young man.

"Certainly; I don't even know what any man may be, much less a pair."

"DID you ever see a lunar bow, miss?"

"I have see a great many bows by moonlight, if that is what you mean."

Dogma is a strong believer in guardian angels. "If heaven never lets them," he says, "what would keep us from running over and out of the way of hats going?"

OUR own correspondent who went up to the "Big-Gay Beacon," in a shower of rain, says that after having been in a chamber all night with a cataract, and found that the party consisted of five ranidæra and 1,000 flies.

WHAT time is that which, spelt backwards or forwards, is the same?—Noon.

"I SAY, madam, that the fools are not at home?"

"If they were sir, you would not be alive to tell it."

IT is a remarkable fact that however well persons may be dressed, they are sure to appear ill-clad if there can decide curiosity.

THE Irish have a proverb to the effect that for every man who does not swear, and for every woman that is not, somebody must be under the necessity of doing both.

IN large quarters make a yard, how many will make a garden?—Heaven days make a week, how many will make a year?—*Punch*.

THERE is an old proverb that says that contentments is the true philosopher's stone. Known says that very likely, he probably has several one or the other.

IN the days when rogues and thieves were branded on the cheek, Sir Boyle Roche, addressed a new more common than they are now.

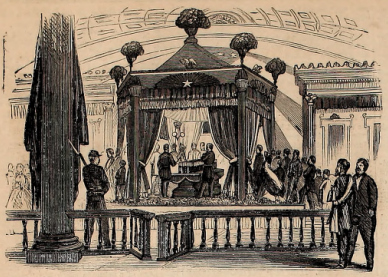
AT Irish gentleman, at cards, having, on inspection, found the pack deficient, exclaimed:

"Here's a calling short; why pack is it?"

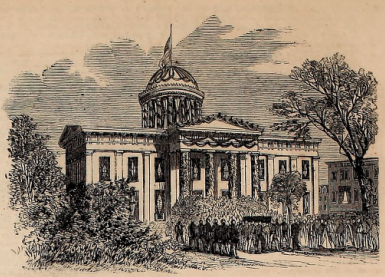
"I WRITE," said an anxious man to his care-taken son, "I wish you would pay a little attention to your arithmetic."

"Well, Ido," was the reply; "I pay as little attention to it as I possibly can."

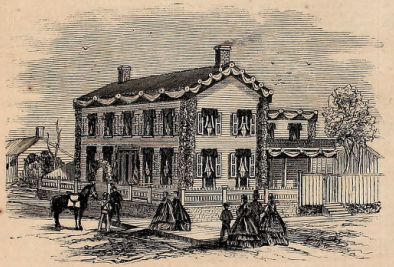
WHAT day in Spring is a command to go abroad? March fourth.



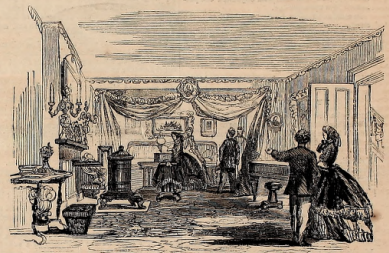
THE FUNERAL CATAFALQUE AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.



REMOVING THE REMAINS FROM THE CAPITOL, SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS



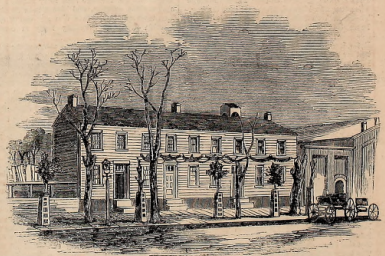
MR. LINCOLN'S FORMER RESIDENCE AT SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.



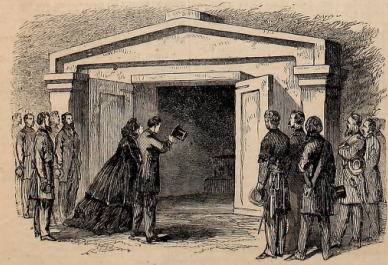
PARLOR OF MR. LINCOLN'S FORMER RESIDENCE AT SPRINGFIELD,



INTENDED TOMB OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN, SPRINGFIELD,



HOUSE WHERE ROBERT LINCOLN WAS BORN, SPRINGFIELD,

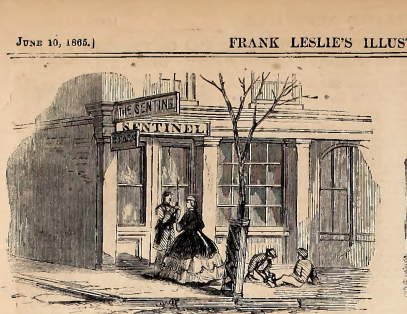


ROBERT LINCOLN AT THE TOMB OF HIS FATHER.



COLLECTION BOX FOR MONUMENT FUND IN THE FORMER RESIDENCE OF MR. LINCOLN, SPRINGFIELD.

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, THE LATE AND LATEST HOME OF THE MARTYR PRESIDENT.—A SERIES OF SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, THOS. HOGAN.



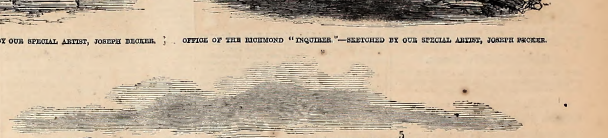
OFFICE OF THE RICHMOND "SENTINEL"—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.



OFFICE OF THE RICHMOND "INQUIRER"—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

VIEWS IN RICHMOND.

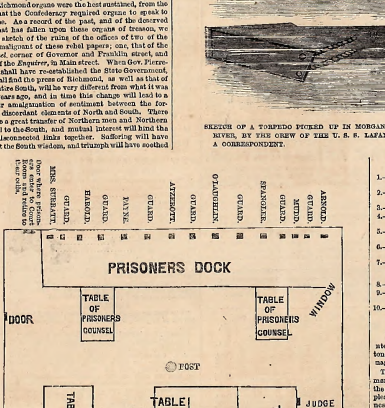
THE newspapers of the South took, from the commencement, the greatest pleasure in fanning the flame of rebellion, and they were the first to feel the evil effects of rebellion. One after another had to discontinue their publication, until, two years ago, there were but very few of these pestilent organs existing. The Richmond organs were the best sustained, from the fact that the Confederacy required organs to speak to Europe. As a record of the past, and of the deserved fate that has fallen upon these organs of treason, we give a sketch of the ruins of the offices of two of the most malignant of these rebel papers; one, that of the *Sentinel*, corner of Governor and Franklin street, and that of the *Inquirer*, in Main street. When Gov. Pierrepoint shall have re-established the State Government, we shall find the press of Richmond, as well as that of the entire South, will be very different from what it was four years ago, and in time this change will lead to a greater amalgamation of sentiment between the formerly dissentient elements of North and South. There will be a great transfer of Northern men and Northern capital to the South, and mutual interest will bind the now disconnected links together. Suffering will have taught the South wisdom, and triumph will have soothed



SKETCH OF A TORPEDO PICKED UP IN MORGANZA BEND, MISSISSIPPI RIVER, BY THE CREW OF THE U. S. S. LAFAYETTE.—SKETCHED BY A CORRESPONDENT.

REFERENCES TO SKETCH:

1.—Detonation containing 65 pounds powder.
2.—Framework to which Torpedo is inclosed.
3.—Trigger.
4.—Lines attached to primers inside.
5.—Buoy (fence rail) buoying Torpedo.
6.—Buoys to swing Torpedo against ship.
7.—Piece of iron to keep Torpedo in one position.
8.—Trigger lines.
9.—Rest on which trigger line was wound.
10.—Float with fuse to catch current and explode Torpedo.



TRIAL OF THE CONSPIRATORS—PLAN OF THE COURT ROOM OCCUPIED BY THE MILITARY COMMISSION.

the Northern mind and induce forgiveness, if not forefathers of the cruelties practiced by Jeff Davis and his fellow-conspirators.

THE GOLD PEN "VICKSBURG,"

Presented to Gen. Grant.

ON Thursday, May 25th, Mr. John Foley, the manufacturer, No 166 Broadway, New York, presented to Gen. Grant his celebrated gold pen "Vicksburg," which was formerly a striking object at the sanitary Fair. In responding, the hero remarked that "the question as to whether the pen is mightier than the sword has not yet been definitely settled." The handle of this masterpiece is of ivory. The pen itself is of 18 carat gold, and weighs one ounce; cost to manufacture, $75.

VIEWS IN CHARLESTON, S. C

SO many of our citizens are going southwards, now that the Government has thrown the rest of the "Confederacy" open to Northern enterprise, that sketches of Southern cities cannot fail to be useful and interesting. We give to-day two sketches in Charleston, a city which offers the most signal instance of magnanimity in history.

The old cemetery on South Broad street possesses many monuments belonging to the oldest families in the city, and their variety of architecture gives it a pleasant look somewhat out of keeping with the gloominess and silence of death. The trees also invest it with an additional feature, and altogether, since death is inevitable, there are fewer calmer spots for one wearied of the world to take his rest in, and exemplify the oft quoted verse:

After life's fitful fever he sleeps well.

The sketch we publish of the remains of the new bridge over Ashley river affords another to the myriad others, of the utter recklessness with which the rebels destroyed everything they came near when they had no immediate use for it. The new bridge was built about 10 years ago, and was a great convenience to the Charlestonians. When the rebels evacuated the city on the 18th of February they partially destroyed it, more, it is said, out of spite to the inhabitants than to retard the Federal forces.

Our artist has made his sketch from the foot of Bee street; and introduced a characteristic sight, and one common enough to the time of his visit—a comical old crab tossing a slave family from some plantation up the river to the military protection of the city.

ARMENIAN WOMEN.—It would appear that nowhere is the patriarchal system carried to a greater extent than among the Armenians. During the lifetime of the father, all the sons and their descendants live together in one common dwelling; and thus houses may be constructed, from the number of their inhabitants, resemble bee-hives, often comprising three or four generations. All the property is held in common by the descendants of the head of the house. Brothers and sisters inherit equally, but until the death of the head no one can possess anything separate from all the others. Until marriage the Armenian girls go about in the streets; they are unveiled, and enjoy as much freedom as they could do in European countries. Eating, love-making and marrying is pleasantly intermingled in their existence. But once married, and all is changed. From that time until she bears a child she is a mere drudge to her mother-in-law's household, and takes no part in private. After she becomes a mother, she may speak to her mother-in-law first, and, after the lapse of certain periods, to her own mother, her sisters-in-law, and her own sisters. She is always veiled, even in her own house; she never speaks to male strangers, and she seldom or never leaves the house. Her finery, jewellery and ornaments can be shown only to those of her own sex; and in every way her seclusion is as complete as that of the Turkish women. On the other hand, the Armenian women seldom do any hard work; they remain at home while their husbands labor in the fields, and they enjoy, probably on account of their acquaintance prior to marriage, much more respect and confidence from their husbands than falls to the share of the Turkish wife, who, moreover, has to divide with two or three rivals the little affection or respect which her husband deigns to bestow on her. As the Armenian woman can only talk in her own house below her breath, that some of her male relatives may hear what she says, it follows that the colloquence which usually results from the residence of so many women in one house, frequent quarrelling, is quite avoided. Custom, the strongest of all laws, forbids them to speak above a whisper. A war of words could only be carried on under great difficulties; and as yet, at least, wrestling on the fingers, which would likewise require a knowledge of spelling, an accomplishment very few of them possess, has not introduced to facilitate the interchange of hostilities between the ancient enemies, mother and daughter-in-law. Yet it is not easy to realize the idea of a large family circle at which all the latest scandal, only conversing among themselves in whispers.

ROCKS YIELDING PETROLEUM.—In a paper upon this subject in the scientific press, the following conclusions relative to the proper method of working the petroleum rocks are stated:

1.—Each widely-separated locality must be governed by its own laws, as developed by boring and observation.

2.—Each geological horizon of oil-bearing rock, receives its supply and from another, but from causes operating at the time of its deposition.

3.—Each rock may be supposed to be of one, or several, strata from fountains filled of oil.

4.—Strata are so thoroughly saturated with oil as to form a subterranean sheet of rocks where petroleum is sure to be found. The oil occurs in frequent isolated masses, at various depths, and of various sizes, and containing different grades of oil.

THE Brazilian journals would seem to entvie Baron Munchausen in the discoveries of natural wonders. They tell of a tree on the banks of the Branco, a tributary of the river Amazon, under the canopy of which 10,000 human beings may find shelter, and the height of which is such, that a gigantic bird, the Condor-Jumbo, another wonder of the basin of the Amazon, perches itself so high up the branches, as to



"IS THE PEN MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD?"—FOLEY'S CELEBRATED GOLD PEN "VICKSBURG," PRESENTED TO GEN. GRANT AT WASHINGTON, MAY 25.

Do not Waste your Money buying any of the numerous worthless articles called Gold Pens, which have flooded the market for the last few years, when at lower prices you can get pens which are acknowledged to be the best in the world. Send for illustrated circulars, which look of bronze compels them to attempt fabrications never to be successfully imitated. Call and see full value of your money, call at S. MORTON, 25 Maiden Lane, New York, or order same by mail.

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Ten " " "	$500 "
20 " " "	$1,000 "
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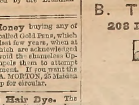
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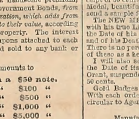
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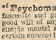
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250 Ladies' Gold and Enameled-case Watches	35 " 70
500 Gents' Hunting-case Silver Watches	35 " 70
200 Diamond Rings	50 " 100
5,000 Gold Vest and Neck Chains	4 " 30
3,000 " Oval Band Bracelets	4 " 8
5,000 Jet and Gold Bracelets	6 " 10
2,000 Chatelaine Chains & Guard Chains	5 " 20
7,000 Solitaire and Gold Brooches	4 " 10
5,000 Coral, Opal and Emerald Brooches	4 " 8
5,000 Mosaic, Jet, Lava and Florentine Ear Drops	4 " 8
7,500 Coral, Opal & Emerald Ear Drops	4 " 6
4,000 California Diamond Breast Pins	2 50 " 10
3,000 Gold Fob and Vest Watch Keys	2 50 " 8
4,000 Fob and Vest Ribbon Slides	3 " 10
5,000 Sets of Solitaire Sleeve Buttons, Studs, etc	3 " 8
3,000 Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc	4 " 6
10,000 Miniature Lockets	2 50 " 10
4,000 " " Magic Spring	10 " 20
3,000 Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc	2 " 8
5,000 Plain Gold Rings	4 " 10
5,000 Chased Gold Rings	4 " 11
10,000 Stone Set and Signet Rings	2 50 " 10
10,000 California Diamond Rings	2 " 10
7,500 Sets Ladies' Jewellery—Jet & Gold	5 " 15
6,000 " " " Cameo, Pearl, Opal and other stones	4 " 15
10,000 Gold Pens, Silver Extension-holders and Pencils	4 " 10
10,000 Gold Pens and Gold Mounted Holders	0 " 10
5,000 Gold Pens and Gold Extension Holders	15 " 25
5,000 Ladies' Gilt and Jet Buckles	5 " 15
5,000 " " " Hair Bars and Balls	6 " 10

ARRANDALE & CO., Manufacturers' Agents,
No. 167 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,

Announce that all the above list of goods will be sold for *One Dollar* each.

In consequence of the great stagnation of trade in the manufacturing districts of England, through the war having cut off the supply of cotton, a large quantity of Valuable Jewellery, originally intended for the English market, has been sent off for sale in this country, and MUST BE SOLD AT ANY SACRIFICE!

Under these circumstances, ARRANDALE & CO., acting as Agents for the principal European Manufacturers, have resolved upon a *Great Gift Apportionment* to be divided according to the following regulations:

CERTIFICATES of the various articles are first put into envelopes indiscriminately, sealed up, and when ordered, are taken out without regard to choice, and sent by mail, thus showing *no favoritism.*

On receipt of the Certificate, you will see what you are to have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any Set of Jewellery on our list for ONE DOLLAR.

Send 25 Cents for Certificate.

In all transactions by mail, we shall charge for forwarding the Certificates, paying postage and doing the business, 25 cents each, which must be enclosed when the Certificate is sent for. Five Certificates will be sent for $1; eleven for $2; thirty for $5; sixty-five for 10; and a hundred for $15.

AGENTS.—We want agents in every regiment, and in every town and county in the country, and those acting as such will be allowed ten cents on every Certificate ordered for them, provided their remittance amounts to One Dollar. Agents will collect 25 cents by every Certificate, and remit 15 cents to us, either in cash or postage Stamps.
ARRANDALE & CO.,
167 Broadway, New York.

What the "Press" say of Us.

GREAT GIFT DISTRIBUTION.—A rare opportunity is offered for obtaining watches, chains, diamond rings, silverware, etc., by Messrs. Arrandale & Co., at No. 167 Broadway. They have an immense stock of articles, varying in value, and all are offered for $1 each. The distribution is very fairly done—you agree to take a certificate of a certain article, enclosed in an envelope, and are not required to pay your dollar unless you are satisfied with the article, which will certainly be worth more than that amount, and may be $50 or $100. An excellent mode this of investing a dollar.—*Sunday Times, New York City, Feb.* 19, 1865.

Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been personally known to us, and we believe them to be every way worthy of public confidence.—*New York Scottish American Journal, June* 11, 1864.

We have inspected, at the office of Arrandale & Co.'s Agency for European Manufacturing Jewellery, a large assortment of fashionable and valuable jewellery of the newest patterns. We also noticed a large quantity of silver-plate, and understand that the whole of these newly-imported articles are to be disposed of on a novel principle, giving great advantages to buyers, and affording extensive employment to agents. We know the firm in question to be a very respectable and thoroughly worthy of public confidence, and recommend our friends to read their advertisement.—*New York Albion, Sept.* 3, 1864.

By Messrs. Arrandale & Co's arrangement, the advantages must be on the side of the customer, for he has everything to gain, and nothing comparatively to lose. He knows what he will get for his dollar beforehand, and he need not send it if he is not satisfied.—*New York Weekly News, Aug.* 6, 1864.

EMPLOYMENT FOR LADIES.—The most eligible and profitable employment we have heard of for ladies is the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution" of Arrandale & Co. A lady of our acquaintance has been very successful in this way, not only filling her own purse, but also in doing a good turn to those to whom she sold the Certificates, as will be seen from our advertising columns. Gentlemen can also be thus engaged.—*New York Sunday Mercury, Aug.* 14, 1864.

In our columns the reader will find an advertisement of Arrandale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches, jewellery and silver-ware. In payment of that advertisement we received several sets of the jewellery advertised, and we are warranted in saying that, both in finish and quality, they quite exceeded our expectations. They turned out to be just what they had been represented.—*True Democrat (Lewistown), Aug.* 17, 1864.

The British Whig of Kingston, C. W., says, Nov. 26, 1864, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some 20 articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

250,000

Watches, Chains, Diamond Rings, &c.,

worth over

ONE MILLION DOLLARS!

All to be sold for $1 each, without regard to value. Not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive. During the month ending, March 31, 1865, T. & H. Gaughan & Co., have had the honor of selling their patrons *six hundred and ninety Gold and Silver Watches* at the price of $1 each. We subjoin a few of the many favorable "Opinions of the Press. Splendid list of articles, all to be sold for $1 each:

250 Solid Silver Dining Sets	$75 to $300
500 Silver Salvers and Urns	50 to 250
500 Solid Silver Tea Sets, complete	50 to 300
150 Rosewood Musical Boxes, 32 airs	75 to 250
200 Mahogany Musical Boxes, 24 airs	50 to 200
250 Gold Hunting-Watches	75 to 250
250 Ladies' Enamelled Gold Watches	50 to 200
500 Gents' Hunting Silver Watches	35 to 100
500 Open-face Silver Watches	25 to 50
250 Diamond Rings	50 to 100
5,000 Photo. Albums, all sizes	5 to 50
2,000 Gold Vest and Neck Chains	15 to 30
3,000 Gold Oval Band Bracelets	5 to 10
5,000 Chased Gold Bracelets	6 to 12
2,000 Chatelaine and Guard Chains	5 to 20
7,000 Solitaire and Revolving Brooches	5 to 10
2,000 Lava and Florentine Brooches	4 to 10
5,000 Coral, Opal and Emerald Brooches	4 to 10
5,000 Mosaic and Jet and Lava Eardrops	4 to 10
7,500 Coral and Emerald Eardrops	3 to 8
5,000 California Diamond Pins	5 to 20
5,000 California Cluster Diamond Pins	3 to 10
3,000 Sets Solitaire Buttons and Studs	3 to 10
3,000 Gold Thimbles, Pencils, etc	3 to 8
10,000 Lockets, double glass	3 to 5
5,000 Lockets for miniatures	5 to 10
3,000 Gold Toothpicks, Crosses, etc	3 to 8
5,000 Plain Gold Rings	4 to 10
5,000 Chased Gold Rings	4 to 10
10,000 Shield and Signet Rings	3 to 10
10,000 California and Diamond Rings	3 to 10
7,500 Sets Ladies' Jewellery, jet	5 to 10
5,000 Sets Ladies' Jewellery, coral	8 to 12
5,000 Sets Ladies' Jewellery, onyx	10 to 15
5,000 Sets Ladies' Jewellery, lava	12 to 20
2,500 Sets Ladies' Jewellery, mosaic	20 to 30
10,000 Gold Pens, with Silver Holders	5 to 10
5,000 Gold Pens, with Gold Holders	6 to 12
5,000 Gold Pens and Holders, superior	10 to 15
5,000 Silver Goblets and Drinking Cups	8 to 10
3,000 Silver Castors and Wine Holders	15 to 50
2,000 Silver Fruit and Cake Baskets	20 to 50

Messrs. T. & H. GAUGHAN & Co., No. 116 Broadway, New York, extensive Manufacturers and Importers of many leading and fashionable styles of Watches and Jewellery, desiring to increase their business to an unlimited extent, have resolved upon a great Sale subject to the regulations following: Certificates, naming each article and its value, are placed in sealed envelopes and well mixed. One of these envelopes will be sent by mail to any address, on receipts of 25 cents. All articles sold at $1 each, without regard to value. On receipt of the certificate you will see what you are going to have, and then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any set of Jewellery on our list for $1, and in no case can they get less that $1's worth. The price of certificates is as follows: 1 for 25 cents; 5 for $1; 11 for $2; 30 for $5; 65 for $10; 100 for $15.
T. & H. GAUGHAN & CO,
No. 116 Broadway, Y. N.

Shults's Curlique, for Curling the Hair. Price, by mail, $1. Warranted. Address
499-511 C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

"How 'tis Done."—Whiskers in 6 weeks. Gambling exposed. Fortune-telling. Ventriloquism, &c. **100** great secrets. Free for 25 cents. Address HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H. 503-506

Soldiers send Stamp for our Mammoth Catalogue. Address HUNTER & CO., Hinsdale, N. H. 503-506

The Great Money-Making Article. Everybody needs it. Agents or Soldiers can make $10 a day. Sample, with particulars, sent free by mail, for 25 cents. Address
000 E. H. MARTIN, Hinsdale, N. H.

Stereoscopic Pictures and Cartes de VISITE, latest importations. Also, New Books and Sporting Articles. Send for Circular.
000 PIERRE BIBON, 25 Ann St., N. Y.

Shults's Ongnont, warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks, or money refunded. Sent postpaid for 50 cents. Address C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.
499-511

Young Man,

Would you sport a fine Beard or Moustache? If so, use the Parisian Compound, prepared by the celebrated Dr. De Ville, of Paris. Warranted to force a heavy growth of hair upon the smoothest face in six weeks without stain or injury to the skin. Sent, postpaid, to any address on receipt of $1. Address S. S. CHASE,
499-511 Cohoes, N. Y., P. O. Drawer, 359.

Matrimony.—Why every man should marry. Why every woman should marry. All may marry to know. Read the Illustrated Marriage Guide and Medical Adviser, by WM. EARL, M.D., 200 pages. Mailed in sealed envelopes on receipt of 25 cts. Address 12 White Street, New York.

The West Indian Hair Curler, warranted to curl the most straight and stiff hair, on the first application, into short ringlets or waving massive curls. Sent to any address on receipt of $1. Address
THE HENDERTON HAIR CURLING CO.,
Box 5251, New York Post Office.

THE GEM ALBUMS,

For holding 40 Pictures, $1 25; 80 Pictures, $1 50.

Ladies—Gentlemen.

THE PATENT FASTENER, for use on Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, Corsets, Trusses, etc. They avoid the nuisance of tying and untying, or getting into knots. Give them a trial. They are (silvered) neat, useful and ornamental. Only 35 cents a pair.

AMUSEMENT.

PANTOMIMES arranged for the parlor, college, camp, etc., with full directions. The explanations are so explicit and simple that even children could perform them after reading. The Book, containing 13 different and and popular ones, sent for $1. Send cash orders.

Books, Pictures, Music, etc. Send stamp for Catalogues. W. C. WEMYSS, 575 Broadway, New York.
J. WILKES BOOTH Pictures 25 cents each.
504-506

The Brazilian Hair Curler. One application warranted to curl the most straight, stubborn hair into wavy ringlets or heavy massive curls. Sent, postpaid, on receipt of $1. Address
499-511 S. S. CHASE, Cohoes, N. Y.

PLAYING CARDS.

ADVANTAGE OR MARKED CARDS,

Forty different kinds at $1 50 by mail; $12 00 per dozen. Also, French cards (52 views) $1 25, by mail; $10 per dozen. Also Dealing boxes, Cutting Shears, Dice, Tops, Chips, Bugs, Spies, etc. Address
FORWARDING AGENCY,
58 Liberty street, New York.

The Great New England Remedy!

Dr. J. W. Poland's

WHITE PINE COMPOUND!!

Is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years in the New England States, where its merits have become as well-known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues. The White Pine Compound cures

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidney and Bladder, Gravel, and other Complaints.

For Piles and Scurvy it will be found very valuable. Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a good and tried medicine. It is pleasant, safe and sure. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally.

GEO. W. SWETT, M. D., Proprietor, Boston, Mass. Burnhams & Van Schaack, Chicago, Ill.; John D. Park, Cincinnati, Ohio, General Agents for the West; Petro F. Romero, Havana, agent for Cuba.

BARD & BROTHERS'

(ESTABLISHED 1845)

GOLD PENS.

PEN AND PENCIL CASES.

Also Manufacturers of BARD & WILSON'S Patent Angular-Nib Gold Pens.
JAS. D. BARD, Agent, No. 22 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
Repointing Pens, 50 cents. Send for Circular and Price List.

Six Dollars from Fifty Cents.

Agents, come and examine Invention, or Samples sent free by mail for 50 cents. Retails for $6 easily. R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, New York. 473-524

Do You Want Luxuriant Whiskers or Moustaches?

MY ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address on receipt of an order.
R. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau St., N. Y.

Chewing, Smoking and Snuffing ToBACCO CURED AND PREVENTED. The medicine sent free by mail for 50 cents, five for $2, by
DAY & SON,
497-509 76 Church St., New Haven, Conn.

HOW ALL MAY MARRY.

Courtship Made Easy. New Edition—Illustrated

Treating on "Psychologic Fascination," showing how any person of either sex can fascinate, win the undying love, *and marry* any person they wish, irrespective of age or personal appearance. Sent by mail for 50 cents, by E. B. LOCKE & CO., Box 1525, Portland, Maine.
405-8

GREAT CLOSING SALE!

$650,000 Worth of

Watches, Chains and Fine Jewellery, all to be sold for $1 each without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 20 cents for a certificate, which will inform you what you can have for $1; then it is at your option to send the dollar and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Ring, or any set of Jewellery on our list for $1, and in *no* case can they get *less* than a dollar's worth, as there are no blanks. Six certificates will be sent for $1; 13 for $2; 35 for $5; 100 for $12. Great inducements offered those who act as Agents. Catalogues, containing full list and particulars, mailed free. Address
JEWELLERS' ASSOCIATION,
P. O. Drawer 12. 285 River St., Troy, N. Y.

Wonderfully Strange!

Prof. HENRI LEVESQUE, who has astonished the scientific men of Paris and London, has now permanently located himself at Troy, N. Y. The professor, by aid of his wonderful instrument known as the Horoscopticon, guarantees to produce a life-like picture of the future husband or wife of the patron, together with the date of marriage, leading traits of character, occupation, etc. By stating age, height, complexion, color of eyes and hair, and inclosing 50 cents and stamped envelope, addressed to yourself, you will receive the picture by return mail. Address Prof. HENRI LEVESQUE, P. O. Box 177 Troy, N. Y. 503-6

Card Photographs

Of our lamented President, also of Mrs. Lincoln, President Johnson, Lee, Seward, Gens. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Stoneman, Hooker, Hancock, Howard, Meade, Kilpatrick, Commodore Farragut, Tom Thumb's Wife and Baby, J. Wilkes Booth, Coming Through the Rye, Love at First Sight, Matrimonial Joys, Matrimonial Sufferings, etc. Price 10 cents each; wholesale, $6 per 100.

New Pocket Albums,

Holding 16 pictures, the *cheapest* and *the most desirable* Album in the market. Price only 75 cents.
Agents wanted. Catalogues sent free.
G. W. TOMLINSON, Publisher,
tf 221 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

Something New.

For Agents and Dealers.—Patent Pin Cushion, Postage Stamp Box, and 20 more novel and useful Articles. Send stamp for circular. S. W. RICE & CO., 83 Nassau Street, N. Y.

SELPHO'S PATENT LEG and ARM.

516 BROADWAY.



The most perfect substitutes for lost limbs ever invented. ESTABLISHED 25 YEARS. Send for a Pamphlet. SOLDIERS SUPPLIED FREE by order of the SURGEON-GENERAL. 505-6

FREE TO EVERBODY.

Anybody sending their address will receive by return mail a sample and catalogue of articles of value to every one; sure to please all. Address
C. F. BRIDGES & CO.,
505-509 658 Broadway, New York.

THE JAPANESE HAIR STAIN

Colors the Hair, Whiskers and Moustache a beautiful *black or brown.* It consists of only *one preparation.* Color will not fade or wash out. Only 50 cents a box. Mailed to any address for 75 cents, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth st., Phila., Pa. 498-510

Army and Navy Badges, with your Name, Company and Regiment, Silver, $1 50; Gold, $5. Gold Rings, $3 to $5. Sent by mail. Send Stamp for Circular. NAISMITH & CO., 527 Hudson street, N. Y.
504-514

Cooking by Gas Cheaper than Coal or Wood.



EAGLE GAS COOKING STOVES AND RANGES

Will Boil, Broil, Roast, Toast, Bake, Stew, Fry, Heat Irons, etc., etc.

☞ Send descriptive Catalogue.

Eagle Gas Stove Manufacturing Company, 374 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

0 60-64

PRIZE STATIONERY PACKETS.

Splendid Steel Engravings, and Photograph Card Pictures.

We want Agents everywhere to sell our goods, which will pay 300 per cent. profit, and our Stationery Packets contain gold pens, paper and envelopes, and a fine assortment of Jewellery. GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES given as premiums to Agents. $17 will obtain 100 packets and a fine Silver Watch. A sample packet, also our certificate in our great Dollar sale of Jewellery, together with circulars and full particulars to Agents, sent on receipt of 50 cts. Circulars mailed free.

o G. S. HARRIS & CO., 25 Beekman street, N. Y.

CALENBERG & VAUPEL'S PIANOFORTES.

29 & 101 Bleecker Street, Second Block West of Broadway. Warranted for Six Years.

ITCH. (WHATON'S) ITCH. SCRATCH. OINTMENT SCRATCH.

Will cure the Itch in 48 hours—also cures Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Blotches, and all Eruptions of the Skin. Price 50 cents; by sending it 60 cts. to Weeks & Potter, Boston, Mass., will be forwarded free by mail. For sale by all Druggists. 407-1256

WARD'S PATENT FRENCH PRINTED PAPER COLLARS

387 B'WAY, N.Y. & ALL GENTS. FURNISHING STORES.

CAUTION TO THE PUBLIC.

Certain parties are infringing on my rights by selling a common Worthless printed paper collar.

All collars made by me have my name on the collars and box also.

The proper word for my superior collars is made from linen rags, which makes them very strong in the unbleached.

The Trade supplied by the following agents.

New York, E. J. MURRAY & CO.

Chicago, Ill.: Tyler Block, La Salle Street, CHAS. N. WARD.

Baltimore, Md.: ISAAC COALE, JR. & BROTHER.

Boston, Mass.: D. LYONS & CO.

Buffalo, Mass.: H. CONE & CO.

Cincinnati, Ohio: LEAVITT & DEVIS and OTTINGER BLATT & CO.

Cleveland, Ohio: ROCH, LEVI, MEYER & CO.

Oswego, N. Y.: KLOCK & OULD.

Utica, N. Y.: J. F. HOWELL & CO.

Albany, N. Y.: FITZE & KNOWLTON.

Lowell, Mass.: J. F. HOWELL & CO.

Washington, D. C.: WALL, STEVENS & CO.

Manufactory, 387 Broadway, N. Y.

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STEINWAY & SONS,

Manufacturers of

Grand, Square and Upright Pianos,

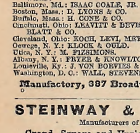
Warerooms, No. 71 & 73 East 14th St.!

Between Union Square and Irving Place,

NEW YORK. 0

DALEY'S MAGICAL PAIN EXTRACTOR

This invaluable Salve is a certain cure for Fever Sores, Cuts, Bruises, Sores and Rheumatism. Relieves Burns Pains in five minutes. Is harmless, but without it. Saves doctor's bills. 25 cents a box. Sent free by mail on receipt of 27 cents. Depot, 49 Liberty Street, N. Y. 407-1200



Restore your Sight.—Dr J. Ball & Co's Patent Improved Perfected Spectacles restored and preserved to the latest period of life. Spectacles renovated. Numbers, 9,000 certificates are published at our office. The most eminent Physicians and Oculists recommend the Patent Eye Cups. Any one can use them without the least fear of injury to the eye. Price $6. Money can be sent by mail or express. Send for a circular. Address J. HALL & CO., Manufactory, No. 74 John street, New York. o

WHISKERS.

$1. For One Dollar I will send, sealed and postpaid, the "Grecian Compound," lately purchased, which I warrant to force a heavy growth of hair upon the smoothest face in five weeks, or upon bald heads in eight weeks, without stain or injury to the skin. Entire satisfaction given, or money refunded. Descriptive circulars free. Address

459-511 E. L. SANFORD, Lansingburg, N. Y.



AN OBLIGING OFFER.

UNCLE SAM—"*Now, William, you can tell Mr. Bull, that if it will be any convenience to him, I will take some of the amount he owes me out in Colonies.*"

PINEAPPLE CIDER.

102-to See advertisement on page 174.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS OF THE WAR!

Obtained at great expense and forming a complete PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE GREAT UNION CONTEST.

Bull Run,	Nashville,
Yorktown,	Strawberry Plains,
Gettysburg,	Deep Bottom,
Fair Oaks,	Belle Plain,
Harper's Station,	Stanton,
Fredericksburg,	Chattanooga,
Fairfax,	Fort Wagner,
Dutch Gap,	Atlanta,
Pontoon Trains,	Richmond,
Hanover Junction,	Petersburg,
Lookout Mountain,	Charleston,
Chickahominy,	Mobile,
City Points,	&c., &c.

Every body is interested in these memorable scenes.

Catalogue sent on receipt of stamp.

Just published by

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
501 Broadway, N.Y.

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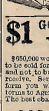
GOLD PENS!

The Johnson Pen is acknowledged by all who have used them to be the best pen for the hand money of any in use. They are made of a hitherto Pen Gold and warranted for one year, written guarantee when required. Pens in Gold Silver Extension Cases, $1.25; Heavy Silver Holders $1 75; Rubber Reserve Holders, $2 50; Telescopic Extension Cases, $2 50; Pocket Silver Cases, $1; Pencil Holders and Mercury Pens, $1 50; Pens repointed, 50 cents each. Pens sent by mail, postage paid. Send for Circular.

S. JOHNSON, Manufactory and Office,
10 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

476-508o

ALBUMS FOR THE PEOPLE.



Holding 24 Pictures, and sold at 75 cents. Albums of all designs sent free by mail on receipt of the price.

Photograph Cards 10 cents each, 13 for $1.

C. HUGHES,
Album Manufacturer,
102 Centre St., N. Y.

$1 GOLD AND SILVER $1 WATCHES.

$250,000 worth of Watches, Diamond Pins, Chains, etc., to be sold for One Dollar each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to receive. Send 25 cents for one Certificate, which will inform you what you can have, and our circular with terms to Agents. We give a Watch free to every Agent. The best chance to make money ever offered.

Address A. H. BOWEN & CO.,
P. O. Box 4,740. 102 Nassau st., New York.

FREE.—A PHOTOGRAPH of GEN. GRANT will be sent, free, to any address, upon application to CRAWFORD & WILLIS, No 167 Broadway, N. Y. 203-50

STAMMERING

Cured by Bates's Appliances. For descriptive pamphlet, &c., address H. C. L. BATES, 377 W. 23d St., N. Y. 4-cow

Vineland Lands.

Large and thriving settlements, mild and healthful climate, 30 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, which produces large crops, which can now be seen growing. Tea, tweety and hilly acre lands at from $20 to $30 per acre, payable within four years. Good business openings for manufacturers and others. Churches, schools and good society. It is now the most improving place East of West. Manufactories are setting and building. Business with which the place is laid out is encouraged. Letters answered. Papers giving full information will be sent free. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Landis Township, New Jersey.

FROM REPORT OF SOLON ROBINSON, Agricultural Editor of the *Tribune*:

"*It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, in an almost perfect position and suitable condition for pleasant farming, that we know of this side of the Western prairies.*"

SPECIALTY.

See D. T. HAYWARD'S Army Badge notice inside.



Self-adjusting Beautiful "Star Style" Steel Enabled, $7 and $8 per doz. Swing Steel, Lock, Lever, Thorn Riveted, $9 and $10. Rivets, with back $9 50. *Gents' Steel Shirt Bosoms,* $15; Cuffs, $12 per doz. Send for Circular. No. 1 Steel Collar, $1 50; Lock, $1 75; Lever, $2; Rivets, $2 50. Sent by mail, postage paid. Agents Wanted. Manufactured by the AMERICAN STEEL COLLAR Co., 37 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Children's Fine Carriages,

Spring Arm Carriages, Rocking Horses, Baby Tenders, Self-Operating Swings and Toys. L. TIDDALL'S, 510 Broadway, directly opposite St. Nicholas. 509-50

Views of the Celebration at Fort Sumter, Henry Ward Beecher's Address, etc., 60 cents per set. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Address H. C. FOSTER, Photographer, Charleston, S. C. 502-5o

A NEW PUBLISHING HOUSE.

The cheapest place to buy books in the country. Have you seen Beadle's publications? Booksellers, newsmen, and the public generally can buy your books cheaper of us than from us any other place. Have you seen "Dime Speaker," "Dime Song Books" (4 books now done—illustrated covers—the largest, best and cheapest 25 cent series in the world), "Dime Novels" (at 25 to 75 per hundred, or $25 per thousand. Eight numbers now issued).

No. 1.—The Two Rivals; or, Man and Money.
No. 2.—Dare-Devil Dick; or, the Curse of Gold.
No. 3.—The Forester's Prize.
No. 4.—Spunking Rifle.
No. 5.—Seth Slocum, the Indian Captive.
No. 6.—Jaro, the Forest Rifle.
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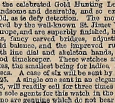
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No. 507 — Vol. XX.] NEW YORK, JUNE 17, 1865. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 10 YEARLY. 13 NUMBERS $1 00.

Proclamation of Amnesty.

THE President has issued his Amnesty Proclamation, dated May 29th. It is a most important document, and will probably greatly disappoint a considerable body of men in the lately rebellious States, who are excluded by its provisions from taking a part in the reorganization of those States. Under this proclamation the "restoration of the Union as it was," in which smooth and apparently harmless phrase is concealed all that the rebels now desire, namely, the perpetuation of slavery, slave representation, "States rights," and all other evils and heresies that originated the war, become an impossibility. The leaders and promoters of the rebellion can take no part in making the Union what it ought to be and was designed to be by its founders. The President makes the acceptance of Mr. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation that "impotent Pope's bull against the comet," of which we heard so much) a potential reality. No man can resume his rights in the Union or exercise any political privileges who does not accept that proclamation as a final and irrevocable act.

President Johnson extends amnesty and pardon, and restoration of all rights of property, *except as to slaves*, to all persons who have directly or indirectly participated in the rebellion, on condition of taking the following oath:

"I, ——, do solemnly swear (or affirm) in presence of Almighty God, that I will henceforth faithfully support and defend the Constitution of the United States and the Union of the States thereunder, and that I will, in like manner, abide by and faithfully support all laws and proclamations which have been made during the existing rebellion with reference to the emancipation of slaves; so help me God."

Those exempted from amnesty and pardon are classified as follows:

"*First*. All who are or shall have been pretended civil or diplomatic officers, or otherwise domestic or foreign agents, of the pretended Confederate Government.

"*Second*. All who left judicial stations under the United States to aid the rebellion.

"*Third*. All who shall have been military or naval officers of said pretended Confederate Government above the rank of colonel in the army, or lieutenant in the navy.

"*Fourth*. All who left seats in the Congress of the United States to aid the rebellion.

"*Fifth*. All who resigned or tendered resignations of their commissions in the army or navy of the United States, to evade duty in resisting the rebellion.

"*Sixth*. All who have engaged in any way in treating otherwise than lawfully, as prisoners of war, persons found in the United States service as officers, soldiers, seamen, or in other capacities.

"*Seventh*. All persons who have been or are absentees from the United States for the purpose of aiding the rebellion.

"*Eighth*. All military and naval officers in the rebel service who were educated by the Government in the Military Academy at West Point, or the United States Naval Academy.

"*Ninth*. All persons who held the pretended offices of Governors of States in insurrection against the United States.

"*Tenth*. All persons who left their homes within the jurisdiction and protection of the United States, and passed beyond the Federal military lines into the so-called Confederate States, for the purpose of aiding the rebellion.

"*Eleventh*. All persons who have been engaged in the destruction of the commerce of the United States upon the high seas, and all persons who have made raids into the United States from Canada, or been engaged in destroying the commerce of the United States upon the lakes and rivers that separate the British Provinces from the United States.

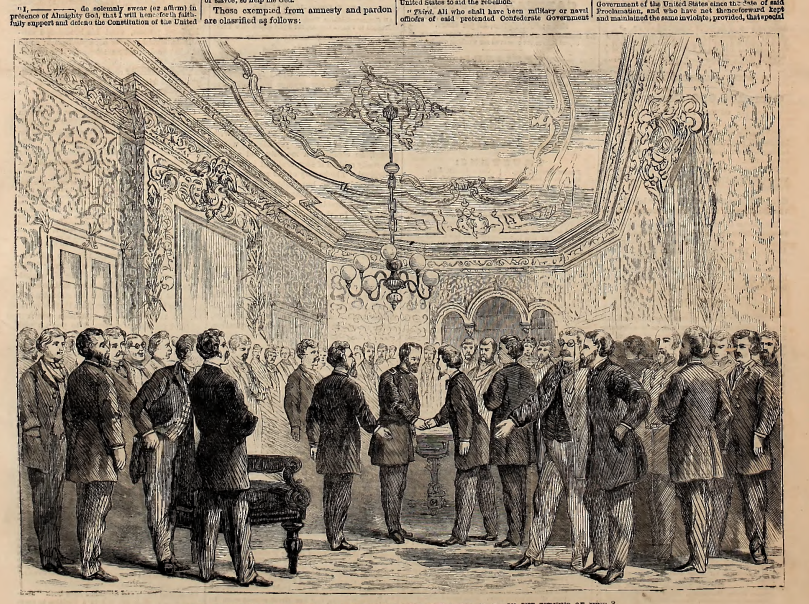
"*Twelfth*. All persons who, at the time when they seek to obtain the benefit hereof by taking the oath herein prescribed, are in military, naval or civil confinement or custody, or under bonds of the civil, military or naval authorities or agents of the United States, as prisoners of war, or persons charged for offences of any kind either before or after conviction.

"*Thirteenth*. All persons who have voluntarily participated in said rebellion, and the estimated value of whose taxable property is over twenty thousand dollars.

"*Fourteenth*. All persons who have taken the oath of amnesty as prescribed in the President's proclamation of December 8, A.D. 1863, or an oath of allegiance to the Government of the United States since the date of said Proclamation, and who have not thereafter kept and maintained the same inviolate; provided, that special



EXTERIOR VIEW OF UNION LEAGUE CLUB HOUSE, UNION SQUARE, N. Y.—SCENE OF THE MAGNIFICENT RECEPTION TENDERED TO GEN. SHERMAN, ON SATURDAY NIGHT, JUNE 3.



GRAND RECEPTION TO GEN. SHERMAN, AT THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB HOUSE, N. Y., ON THE EVENING OF JUNE 3.

application may be made to the President for pardon by any person belonging to the excepted classes, and such clemency will be liberally extended as may be consistent with the facts of the case and the peace and dignity of the United States."

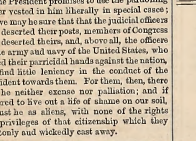
The thirteenth exception is one of great significance. It is intended to exclude from participation in the reorganization of the rebellious States that influential class of large property holders, who, before the war, held almost exclusive political control in the South, overbearing equally the wishes and interests of the masses of the people, and who kept alive the restless, selfish, intractable spirit which developed itself finally in civil war. The course of reconstruction will probably be shaped by the means of conventions, called together by legislatures elected by loyal men and those who accept the oath above prescribed, under the protection of the military authority of the Government, which is bound to guarantee to each State a republican form of government. Such a constitution will, no doubt, entirely revise the old State constitutions, making them conform to the new order of things, and to the state of facts created by the Emancipation Proclamation of Mr. Lincoln. The Government, in all its departments, recognises that proclamation as vital and final in the revolutionary process. The military authorities recognise no such condition as slavery, or any class of men as slaves. The acceptance of the Constitutional Amendment by the requisite number of States would only abolish slavery in Kentucky and Delaware. Mr. Lincoln's proclamation as understood and enforced by the Government, has finished it everywhere else.

The President promises to use the pardoning power vested in him liberally in special cases; but we may be sure that the judicial officers who described their posts, members of Congress who deserted theirs, and, above all, the officers of the army and navy of the United States, who raised their parricidal hands against the nation, will find little leniency in the conduct of the President towards them. For them, then, there can be neither excuse nor palliation; and if suffered to live out a life of shame on our soil, it must be as aliens, with none of the rights and privileges of that citizenship which they wantonly and wickedly cast away.

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NEW YORK, JUNE 17, 1865.

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Grant and Sherman.

THE calm, steadfast, self-sacrificing, generous spirit of Lieut. Gen. Grant is hardly yet appreciated by his countrymen, but it will give him ultimately the highest place in American military history. As a soldier he struck the first, the second, the third and the last great blows of the war—at Fort Donelson, at Vicksburg, at Chattanooga and at Petersburg. With a courage, decision and persistency unsurpassed, he combines a modesty and a large generosity which never centered in a single individual. The history of his relations with his able and daring, but flighty and ambitious lieutenant, Sherman, brings out his prominent and most admirable traits with wonderful distinctness. In the great Western campaign which resulted in the capture of Vicksburg, and with it the opening of the Mississippi and the severance of the so-called Confederacy, Sherman by no means endorsed the plans of Grant. He had his own notions, and was so strongly impressed with them that he was almost to the limits of insubordination in his hostility to the operations of his superior. The New York *Times* of May 29th publishes an interesting account of the Vicksburg campaign, which no one has ventured to call in question, which does Sherman's impetuous temper and selfish wrong-headedness full justice, and equally illustrates the majestic calmness of Grant, his forbearance, judgment and generosity. The scrap of history published by the *Times* is as follows:

"Just before Gen. Grant initiated his splendid campaign against Vicksburg, in the spring of 1863, and after the final decision had been made for swinging clear from the base of supplies on the Mississippi river, to the rear of Vicksburg, and to make a decisive attack, to the rear of Vicksburg, he was called upon by Gen. Sherman to meet him at Memphis.

"Gen. Grant, I feel it to be my duty to say that as a subordinate officer, I do not approve of the present co-operation in this movement; but having no command, I feel it my duty to only lower rank on all such. The position and prospects of this trust are unsurpassed.

Lot 2.—Eighty acres, also on the Pew Pew, of equal value and corresponding indications.

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"Sherman, I will not be any party to any such campaign against Vicksburg, in the spring of 1863, and after the final decision had been made for swinging clear from the base of supplies on the Mississippi river, to the rear of Vicksburg, and to make a decisive attack, to the rear of Vicksburg, he was called upon by Gen. Sherman to meet him at Memphis.

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"Very well, Sherman, I have no more to say. If you are determined to go along your project, I'll take care of you."

"The next day Gen. Grant received Gen. Sherman's letter, in which the latter announced that he had started, in fact, in less than three months, in the surrender of Vicksburg, and the opening of the Mississippi. From Johnston to Pemberton's capitulation, but after it was morally certain that the rebel stronghold must fall, Gen. Sherman rode up to Gen. Grant's headquarters one day, and found his chief stretched on the ground beneath his tent, endeavoring to keep as cool as possible in the sultry midsummer weather. They were chatting pleasantly on the prospects of the quickly approaching success, when Gen. Grant's Assistant Adjutant-General came up and asked him for a certain paper of official importance.

"It is well known that Gen. Grant entered upon the campaign without any personal bias save that a boldness, and thus accounts for the fact that his official records were carried in the breast-pocket of his military blouse. Taking a handful of documents from the receptacle, he selected the one that had been asked for, and before putting the rest away drew forth a second paper from the pocket. Then, turning to Sherman, with a merry twinkle in his eye, he said: 'Bye-bye, General, here is something which will interest you.' Sherman took it, and saw the 'protest' which a little more than two days before he had handed to him. Grant to be forwarded to Washington through the proper channels. Sherman's face flushed with mingled vexation, dismay and surprise. Sherman's nervous fingers, with their usual energy, tore the document into fragments. Grant took the paper from his hand, and, rising, walked quietly to the nearest window to the window. No further allusion to the matter was made between them.

This was perhaps the first, but it was by no means the last time that Grant undertook to bear the brunt of the gallant and impetuous subordinate. When Sherman made his astounding truce and "arrangement" with Johnston, which caused the whole loyal North to hold its breath with surprise and alarm, it will be remembered that the act was not only unanimously repudiated by the Government, with the concurrence of Gen. Grant, but also by the people. There never was such an unanimity of disapproval, not to say censure. The rudest ejaculation of the public was, "Is the man mad?" As for the unrestrained language that made thinking men shudder. The Government not only rejected the whole "arrangement" but sent Gen. Grant to the North-West to assume command and press Johnston on to immediate surrender. Gen. Halleck took occasion, at this time, to make himself unnecessarily offensive by a general order which, as a regret to say, the Government did not openly repudiate then, but which it has practically censured since. It was this order that made respectable banishment anywhere, as the Pacific coast, where his opportunities for evil will be too limited to be dangerous. With Grant's usual promptness concerning Gen. Grant, on his arrival in Sherman's camp, did not remove that officer, but permitted him to carry out the peremptory orders of the Government and receive Johnston's surrender. It was only the natural and inevitable consequence of Lee's capitulation.

Immediately Sherman made his report—and a very intemperate one it was—which was sent to Gen. Grant (not to the Secretary of War as has been said, and who has been wrongfully accused of censuring it). Gen. Grant, more anxious for Gen. Sherman's reputation than Sherman himself, withheld it until he could communicate with him, and then, May 25th, addressed him a letter through his Adjutant, suggesting that he (Sherman) should amend his report. Circumstances would not permit him quickly to forget. It is he did the Vicksburg protest, until his hot-headed subordinate should recover his equilibrium; so he did what he deemed next best for the reputation of his most meritorious officer. But Sherman's quick temper could not be calmed even by his best friend, and his report is before the country—characteristic, but damaging to no one but its author.

Gen. Grant, after calling Sherman's attention to some points in his report, added with characteristic delicacy: "If you should wish, the report will be returned for any change you deem best." To this Sherman replied declining the opportunity to change his report, thus generously offered him. His language is:

"I wish to renew the assurance of my entire confidence and respect for the President and for you, Grant, and that in all matters I will be most willing to receive official and private orders from their wishes. The past is beyond my control, and the manner of rendering official reports is fixed by custom and are finished. It is but just the reasons that actuated me at the time should stand as my excuse. In all future cases, should any arise, I will respect the decisions of my superiors." (Sherman's underscore.)

Gen. Sherman's assurance that he will "respect" the decisions of his superiors "in all future cases" is refreshing. The American people and all the United States can find means to *command* that respect from his subordinates, however high they may imagine themselves to be. The reception of all the gallantry and a grateful people can command to put up with language like this even from one of its ablest, most successful and most distinguished generals. Sherman's "arrangement" with Johnston was received with angry derision by the whole country, and the prompt and decisive action of the Government upon it was not, as Gen. Sherman supposes, the act of Mr. Stanton or the personal inspiration of any one. It was a mild rebuke of the most unanimous and overwhelming judgment of the whole people. As observed by the London *Spectator*:

"The first attempt of a general to assume individual responsibility for the settlement of a war is a stupid as well as a dangerous one. We have never doubted that such would be the result of Sherman's attempt to play the statesman character which this war has made clear, is something very much greater than genius, and that the relations and the Union armies are merely those of commander and commanded. Sherman, called Gen. Grant made the same mistake, and attempted to carry out a popular policy without first asking directly against it, the result would be the same. Mr. Johnson's policy is not yet obeyed. That reverence for the law which once enabled the South to snatch a fugitive slave from the midst of the population of Massachusetts, all collected in Boston and a shining with grief and rage, now makes the North strong to enforce the purpose of putting an end to slavery."

Now that Davis and Stephens have both "abdicated," or at least are not in a position to exer-

cise much authority, the Presidency of the Southern Confederacy devolves upon the Speaker of the rebel House of Congress, Thomas S. Bocock, of Virginia, is the fortunate individual. He has not yet risen to his appearance to receive the oath of office, but is supposed, in anticipation of the event of his ascension, to be busily employed, in retirement, on his inaugural. Among the first documents submitted to his consideration will doubtless be a certain able report from Gens. Lee, Johnston, Taylor and Kirby Smith.

VICTOR HUGO has written a letter on the death of President Lincoln, in which he says:

"At the moment when I was writing, the North was victorious and Lincoln alive. To-day Lincoln is dead. The North remains victorious, and remains the victor. The South has gained nothing by this crime.

"Slavery is dead.

"It is abolished by the glorious means with which it has been attacked, through the excessive strain by which it has been defended.

"Long live liberty! Long live the republic!"

CAPT. FERGUS, in his testimony in the assassination case now going on in Washington, declared that he was in Montreal last February; that he knew Sanders and Cleary by sight very well; and that on one occasion they stood near him and he heard their conversation.

"The conversation I heard took place at St. Lawrence Hall in the evening; was not certain whether it was the 16th or 17th of February. I was sitting in a chair at the door, and Sanders and William Cleary walked in the door; they stopped about ten feet from me; I heard Cleary say: 'I suppose we're getting ready for the inauguration of Lincoln next month.' Sanders said, 'Yes, but if the papers have been lying, Lincoln will not live to see much longer.' Cleary said, 'If everything will do Sanders replied, 'Oh, yes, Booth is keeping the job.'"

IT appears in evidence before the court trying the assassins that the President, the Vice-President, Buchanan's Secretary of the Interior, and one of the rebel gang of operators in Canada, on several occasions purchased greenbacks, in considerable amounts, direct from the bank; and he, doubtless, forgot to make purchases of currency secured by the brokers of Montreal. The significance of these conversions arises from the fact that one national currency would be dear to the rebels as only within our borders, and they therefore prove the employment of agents who solicited the loyal States as the source of their nefarious operations.

GEN. CRES. G. HALPIN, not unknown as "MAJ. O'REILLY," publishes a card in the N. Y. *Citizen*, in doing which (and as indication of his own purposes) he is "reminded of a little story," and that of Mr. Lincoln:

"Our late President was once speaking about an attack made on him by the committee on the conduct of the War for a certain alleged blunder, or something worse, in the management of the military affairs, about which had fallen directly under the observation of the officer to whom he was talking, who expressed official evidence completely upsetting all the conclusions of the committee.

"'Shall it not be well for me,' queried the officer, 'to set this matter right by a letter for some paper stating the facts as they actually transpired?'

"'No, my friend,' replied President Lincoln, 'not now. If I were to try to read, much less answer, all the attacks made on me, the days would not suffice for me for any other business. I do the very best I know how, the very best I can, and mean to keep doing so to the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me will amount to nothing. If the end brings me out wrong, no angels swearing I was right would make no difference.'"

THE coincidences of history are sometimes not only curious, but amusing. If one were to attempt a parallel between the despotic characters of Andros, the colonial governor of Massachusetts, and Jeff. Davis, he could light upon one of those ludicrous coincidences. The captors of the southern republican and slaveocratic reproved "that he hastily put on one of his wife's dresses and attached to the woods, closely followed by our men, who at first thought it was a woman, but seeing the fellow while running, they suspected his sex at once," and he was immediately captured in spite of petticoats.

During the revolution of the 17th century, in New England, brought about by the tyrannical conduct of the governor, Gov. Andros, Jeff. Davis's own despot tried to escape from the exasperated men of Boston, and nearly succeeded. "Disguised in woman's clothes he had ridely passed two sentries, but was stopped by a third, who observed his shoes, which he had neglected to change."

Verily the boots and shoes are small tell-tales, and remind one of the lines in Edward Moore's fable, "The Spider and the Bee":

"But your fine airy handicraft is found
The very same his power to wound."

EUTAPH.

Fame, for an instant, loyal reader,
Here lies *Jeff.*, the great secesher.
Move, as a wayfarer, you know,
And view the place he lies below.
His bow was furnished with two strings.
He hated Cæsarism, and fiercely on Slaves
Rigged his country's care with evil:
And proof it is that God says well the Devil.
The South could whip the Yankee nation,
So he proposed Secession!
Their bludgeon were so everlasting.
"Then I am Boss, for prayer and fasting!
The record may be search'd, in vain,
From Wit to Precedent, to Sain,
To find a more atrocious knave,
Unless it be Jesse Georgia grave.

THE magistrates of Canada have singular notions of the degrees of crime. After the preliminary examination taken at Toronto of Blackburn's plot to infect our cities with yellow fever—compared with which any other rebel atrocity seems light—the magistrate before whom the case was brought accepted bail for Blackburn's appearance for trial at the next assizes, in the sum of $8,000! We suppose that if Booth had been in Blackburn's place, Dick Ingleberry Jeffreys would have let him off for $1,000, and taken George Sanders as security.

THE receipts for customs in San Francisco for 1864 were $6,978,600; in Boston, $8,088,000; in Philadelphia, $3,620,000. Thus it appears that in respect of amount of duties collected, San Francisco has, in 11 years, passed Philadelphia, and nearly reached Boston. From being quite recently the fifth city ranking behind New Orleans and Baltimore, it has become the third in point of commercial importance, and in two or three years will be second to New York alone. Besides direct trade with Europe and the Pacific colonies of Great Britain, San Francisco has been gradually attracting a portion of that Asiatic commerce which we have thought to make it equal in wealth and importance to New York, and one of the three greatest commercial emporiums of the world. The fact that it has located in the best and almost the only harbor on a coast line of 1,500 miles in length, partly accounts for its concentration of population and trade; but the reasons for it permanently the ascendency it already enjoys

The following story is told of Mr. Chase, while in Key West: "A distinguished negro known as "Sandy," he promised a carte-de-visite and a hundred dollars one dollar bill. "Ahs," says Sandy, "now I know you, massa, you are 'cold greenbacks.'"

THE London *Spectator* says that photographs of Mr. Adams may be purchased in the United States, an item greatly demand in London, where this country is now looked on as one of the first great powers of the earth. The London *Times* says:

"These photographs show a strongly-built man, with a square head, overhanging brows, full lips, heavy jaw, and flat cheeks. A strong man evidently; but not, we should say, a genial one, a man not to be opposed, but also not much to be loved, certainly not one to be loved with the maternal force whatever. Every incident recorded on this deepens our conviction that in him we have an American statesman, who, for good or for evil thing, so he told a Pennsylvania deputation, that he was born for war, and will sometimes be apt to believe *l'etat c'est moi*."

A CAPT. ROSS, of the Austrian service, has published a book entitled "A Year on the Staff of the Camps of the Confederate States." It is thoroughly European, Austrian and rebel, and comes rather late to serve the Confederate cause, which appears to have been its purpose. The author never heard of Mr. Lincoln's plan for giving slavel According to Ross, from childhood to old age the slave on a Southern plantation led a life of unbroken happiness, was never whipped, never over-worked, never punished with stripes, and only on rare occasions torn from his wife and children. Ross is a fool, and his book is a fool, no other human lot would endure comparison with the luxurious existence of a negro whom a benign fortune had cast into the hands of so humane an employer. Of the slaves, the Austrian captain observes, "They are singularly attached to their masters, and would shed the last drop of blood in greatest kindness." These kind masters not only feed, clothe and shelter their own darlings, but they would promptly shoot the man who presumed to molest them: "If any one in the South wished to make quiet sure of getting into trouble, he need only abuse or illtreat a negro; and though the 'boy' might be submissive, he would soon have every white man in the neighborhood down upon him, and perhaps a revolver or two emptied into his body." "The Charlestonians," says the author, "are fully determined never to give up their city to the Yankees except in ruins, and would provided themselves with the means of setting fire to their houses, so that the enemy should become possessthe ashes." Brave worldlings! Brave and humane! Kind feeding, although *all* the Charlestonians laid in this abundance of fuel.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic—The General Assembly of the new State of Nevada, which met at Carson City in September, assembled, voted unanimously to recommend the ratification of the Constitution of the United States. The discussion was spirited, and after the amendment was carried, the House sang the National anthem in singing "My country, 'tis of thee." The Senate is unanimous.

—Power's celebrated Mask and Statue of Washington has arrived at the late fire in Richmond.

—As Sherman's army was marching from Richmond to Washington, it passed through the Old Dominion. They found the house of about 1,200 Hebrew citizens of Richmond. Of these, 1,000 were contracted with a man who lived near by to bury them remains.

—The first negro who ever testified in any of the courts of record in Georgia was examined as a witness for the people in the Recorder's Court, in the case of the U.S.A. vs. Jesse Cureton, charging his evidence bearing strongly against the prisoner, which fact was subsequently corroborated by Lindsay Family.

—What California needs most to-day is rain. What she wants to-morrow is 75,000 females, which would make her male population according to the last census.

—With in 10 years, more than 100,000 persons have emigrated to Kansas and more than 100,000 to Minnesota.

—Real estate in Richmond is very high—higher even than in New York, and rents are said to be twice as high as it was before the war. So much for Yankee occupation.

—Lubbock, who was captured with Davis, declared Governor of Texas in 1862, that party opinion of that State was worth just as much as that of a "last white man who was drowned."

—Jeff. Davis has had a number of himself Woman have their trials, and Prentice supposes Jeff. will be acquitted.

—The F. F. V. second Judge of Richmond have so far cast their sympathies with the Yankees as to boycott them. One with applications for appointment to clerkships in the Government, is a negro.

—Some of the finest soil territory in West Virginia was overrun by the rebel army, and the wells destroyed. The return of peace has created a scarcity in those regions.

—The Secessionists carried most of the counties in Virginia, where an election was held, last week, for members of the Legislature. The simple intimation that the white population of the State are not yet to be again received back into the Union. They have not been sufficiently humbled to perceive that the national

—Whatever may be said of trying Jeff. Davis for treason, or for complicity in the assassination of the President, it is certain that he has violated the laws of some ordinance against persons of either sex appearing in the garments of the other.

—There is a woman in Quebec 115 years old. Her children, grand-children and great-grandchildren number 726.

—A banner bears in the great procession at Wilmington, N. C., on the 4th inst., appropriate inscription, "George Washington, the father of his country; Jeff. Davis, the father of this country; Abraham Lincoln, the redeemer of his country."

—A gentleman who attended Gen. Joe Johnston, at his home in Charlotte, N. C., last week, reports that he was informed by Gen. J. that the proclamation offering a reward for the capture of Jeff. Davis, Clement C. Clay, &c., was by Andy Johnson's own confession, not thoroughly well, the character of Clement C. Clay, for which fact that he was a party to some conspiracy in regard to the assassination." This is based on the declaration of Gen. Johnson, that the military authorities, instituted by the people of the North, will never retreat that the re-organization of the different 36 Governments of the South shall be effected by the men who have ever been staunch to that the United States from the toll of nations.

—Ex-Governor Letcher, C.S.A., of Tennessee, Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and a Kentucky, are all pardoned.

—The Boston *Transcript* says that Gen. Banks has been ordered to report at Washington, May (the time of the assassination) for the purpose of making a Close investigation.

—At a public meeting recently held at Raleigh, N. C., the following resolution was adopted: "that we accept of Andrew Johnson as a part of the wise and settled situation of affairs, and the acceptance is believed to be the best guarantee that the individual has been made a handle of by the Secession politicians in the days past, and that he is now willing to reconcile the dissensions state of affairs which now exist in the country."

—Gen. Halleck has issued an order directing Congressmen and newspaper men to be allowed to pass between negroes, and to prevent, as far as possible, the recurrence of the disgraceful scene which took place at Richmond when the negroes were welcomed.

—Gen. Sherman has issued an order to colonists, and hides have taken the oath of allegiance to the United States, and will be protected.

—Mr. Cresse, the Peruvian minister, lately presented to President Johnson a gold medal, sent to him by the Peruvian Government, commemorative of the inauguration of the South American international Congress, on the side of the medal is a figure of Peru, surrounded by the several branches of industry, emerged by the genius of Commerce. The reverse represents in the centre a shield, on which are the names of eight republics, encircled by a wreath of laurel. Above is the word Republic, Peruvian and Congress, inaugurated in Lima the 28th of October, 1864."

—Eugene Millemore, who became notorious in this city last winter by defrauding county by voting as young lady, and carrying off a diamond ring he had borrowed, took the steamer for London, and has recently been convicted of robbing several West End merchants.

—The quantity of lead tobacco in Virginia is a matter of guess, but it is certainly approximate. Commission merchants estimate it at 50,000 hogsheads.

—The receipts of treasure at the mint in San Francisco, \$1,150,000 in gold, the whole 23,000 ounces of gold and 21,000 ounces of silver.

—Hundreds of the officers and soldiers of our army are going into business in towns along the railroads which they helped to build.

—Mrs. B. F. Lee, wife of the late Gen. Lee, has written to the Secretary of War, asking a pension for as her property. She complains that the grounds have been given to the Freedmen's Bureaucrat, and states that she will visit Washington in a few days for the purpose of consulting with the authorities.

—The San Francisco publishers intend to use Chilian paper.

—Minnesota sent to the war more than half her voting population, or 25,321 boys in blue out of 49,417 voters.

—Chloride and bedding used in hospitals, formerly used for extinguishing diseases, is to be destroyed by order.

—Dr. J. Hatch, M. D., the husband of the celebrated Con L. V. Hatch, has obtained a legal divorce at the bands of the law in the State of Rhode Island.

—Gen. Dix has ordered a returned soldier purchased a new pair of boots at a store in Halifax, and has paid for it, but was refused the privilege of wearing them. When they were brought him he ripped open the lining, and took from each boot \$500 in greenbacks. A denominations of \$10, \$100 and \$1,000, which he has placed there to escape duty.

—A jeweller in Bridgport, Conn., is manufacturing gold pens, with the monogram accidentally cut by a pretended to Mrs. Lincoln. It is to be richly mounted in gold, and is intended as a present to Queen Victoria, representing the 13 original States, and 30 pearls to represent the 30 States now in the Union. Looking Glass, Gen. Lee on one side is to be seen the photograph from his Confederate Generals, and on the other, in the form of a shield, the letters A. L. over which is a single star, representing the Territories.

Foreign—A London cabman was lately fined in London for wearing a shocking bad hat while on duty. He protested that it was the best he had for some time at least covered his head with a cloth cap of somewhat shabby appearance. The judge was pleased to admire the propriety of appearing in respectable style, and imposed a fine of forty shillings.

—On the site of Sedan and Geneguah, English engineers have been engaged for the past month in recommending instructions to the troops are sent to Canada.

—Those Continental Governments who have had the most experience of the working of the system of State railways, are now almost unanimous in the opinion that it is decidedly in favor of leaving such matters in the hands of public companies.

—In the British House of Commons on the 10th of May, Mr. H. Griffin asked the First Lord of the Treasury whether his attention had been drawn to the proclamation of the President of the United States offering $100,000 for the arrest of Mr. Jefferson Davis and, in order to prevent any misunderstanding, to make any representations to the Government of the United States, and to ask whether any steps would be taken by Her Majesty's Government with reference to the matter. Lord Palmerston said: The only answer I can give to the question of the honorable gentleman is that my noble friend the Secretary for Foreign Affairs has not any intelligence on the subject of the proclamation referred to.

—A meeting of ladies of rank and fortune has been held in Paris, to take into consideration the desirable condition of the negroes emancipated by the late events in the United States. They resolved to turn themselves into schoolmistresses, and to occupy themselves in making clothing for the unhappy slaves at present deprived of all means of procuring any.

—A friend in South America writes to us that he is now spending a month with a family, who own 1,000 miles of pasture, and a patch of corn larger than some Long Island farms. He says every table that he has to look the fodder for them in a volcano.

PETROLEUM AS AN INVESTMENT.

IN our last number we pointed out the probability that the huge manufacturing industry evolved from the permits of war would tend towards the exercise of skill and energy, rather than to the monotony and drudgery of farming.

And we, further, gave some reasons why such pursuits, besides being more congenial to the returned sailor or soldier, would also be more profitable. Let us look a little more closely into it, and see how this kind of investment compares with others. The average value of the gold mines in California, in the 13 years since their first discovery, is $30,000,000. The value of the entire mines of Petersburg, in the third year of its development, is $40,000,000, and to this must be added the value of what was consumed at home; and the yield is still increasing. But, even some earlier, look at the enormous number of companies which were formed, or are continuing to have organized, for obtaining; can there possibly be any reasonable doubt that, as we advised upon the hundreds of millions of dollars which the published lists tell us are already invested in the enterprise? Certainly not, we reply. You must make an enormous allowance for what you see in print. Sixty out the so-called "reliable companies" in Petersburg, there are at present but 20 paying; merely paying basis, the owners of many have given up all hope of realizing within a certain time, if money can be obtained for them. And during the past week or two the prices of the companies, who own their lands, have risen considerably in the market. But in any manner of doubt concerning a world, and we may add, that without such security and such ample margin we ought to succeed.

We are bound, also, to keep out of view, that the fortunes made by single individuals by striking veins of petroleum are fabulous. The possibility of such a thing lure on many, but a fair return for the time and money expended is the general rule. It is not absolutely, or even least; and the probability of finding this well-stocked region, is shown by its extent, to be very great.

The remarkable article is not worth imitating, and if there were not an actual and substantial value to offer, namely, the oil and its products, we should have discovered the columns of the newspapers, would never secure a dollar. Nothing is more easy than to make a prospectus in no doubt very great; but it is no more reasonable to say you can get rich by it than to say authors because so many are "begun," than to say you would be rich if you could write a book which would be read, or that you would not plant a crop of wheat, because you had a failure last year.

As with all men because exhausted from time to time, and because it is not always the best that succeeds, so with petroleum. Every year it is but small, and must soon be pumped out. So there will, that we state as the truth in Chicago, but there was one day out, the gold in California would be exhausted. Some 20,000,000 tons of petroleum have already been produced, and no signs of exhaustion. Coal mines have been worked out, but it is never found upon upland consequently a new strata, that is almost sure by exhaustion, may be found beneath. Gold is found in the sands and gravels of the United States, and that, some day, may be very scarce, but we shall be past all, and in a what shall we do with our money? Buy land, as the saying is. But the petroleum companies, by their mining, properly conducted, presents no greater risk than any other legitimate business. There may be great prizes, but the chances of these are so small that we can safely leave them out. The profits are to be attained are, first, a favorable location of land; and, secondly, a well managed, but not extravagant and diligent search, the choice Petroleum Company will be the one which has the most favorable land, and the soundness of this plan of action has been proved by the rapidly increasing value of the Oil Creek lots, in consequence of good productive wells having been struck in their vicinity. The public have also learned confidence that the money invested will bring a good return. The Pithole City Company, of Philadelphia, a six Broadway, Brook Leslie, Esq., President, whose all the information we observed given, and chance, if cash, can be obtained.

GEN. SHERMAN AT THE UNION LEAGUE CLUB.

THERE has been a heartiness about the New York reception of the hero of the grandest and most triumphant march in the history of the world that is peculiarly American. Among the honors paid him was the reception to him by the members of the Union League Club. This took place on Saturday evening, when at eight o'clock the main room of the club was filled, and a large crowd was noticed Generals Sherman and Butterfield, Hunt, Cushing, E. S. N. Thomas, Dr. Peter Cooper, Gen. Sherman, Judge Davis, Postmaster Kelly, and about 500 others. The band played a selection of national airs, when

A Committee of Gen. Sherman arrived; he was accompanied by Gen. Meigs. The reception was enthusiastic. Despite his well-known repugnance to speaking, Gen. Sherman was induced to say a few words but he confined himself to complimenting his command, and to thanking his soldiers for their services, after partaking of a bountiful entertainment the party retired after 10 o'clock, P. M.

JEFF. DAVIS EN ROUTE FOR FORTRESS MONROE.

We engrave two sketches, furnished by special correspondent, of a scene in the sad, tragic party, of the miserable traitor's progress towards Fortress Monroe. The wretched and now friendless rebel's strength soon gave out, and within a short distance of the scene of his arrest he was placed in an ambulance, which was the easiest mode. In the new state carriage the ex-president rode alone—"revolving in his mind, and in his heart, the past, the present, and the attentive escort kept a sharp look-out for any enemies that might be lurking in the bushes, or skulking in the woods, and the sleight was ruefully spent by Davis in anxious gaze. The first sketch shows the ambulance occupied a second—the strong force of very soldiers surrounding the party.

FRIGHTFUL EXPLOSION

At Mobile, May 24, 1865.

On the evening of the 24th ult., the main Ordnance Department in Mobile, Ala., exploded, at Mobile, blew up with a terrific explosion.

The shock was felt throughout the city, many wounded. Thousands are buried in the ruins.

A square entire square of the city were demolished, and about 8,000 bales of cotton destroyed.

The steamers Col. Cowles and Kate Dale, with all on board, were entirely destroyed.

A great portion of the Dutchess centre is badly damaged.

The total loss is estimated at $5,000,000.

Gen. Granger rendered prompt relief to the sufferers.

The ordnance stores, which were a portion of the munitions of war surrendered by Rich Taylor, were in course of removal when it occurred.

The entire city is more or less injured by the explosion.

The cause of the explosion is uncertain.



JEFFERSON DAVIS EN ROUTE FOR FORTRESS MONROE.—ENTERING AN AMBULANCE NEAR THE SCENE OF HIS ARREST.—FROM A SKETCH FURNISHED BY ONE OF HIS CAPTORS.

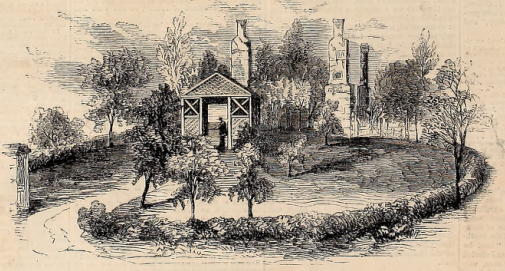
LEE'S HEADQUARTERS.

GEN. LEE'S headquarters were about a mile and a half from Petersburg, and were small and incommodious. The hard-pressed rebel had little time for the refinements of housekeeping, and our boys made a number of remarks, more critical than complimentary, on the condition the place was in when they assumed possession.

SHERMAN'S BUMMERS FORAGING.

SHERMAN, our great general, has, like the English general, Wellington, whom in many respects he resembles, given his name to many "articles" to which his nature is most akin—among these is that class of adventurers, which has won immortal renown by preceding his armies.

Our Artist, in sending us the sketch we have published of "Bummers foraging," accompanies it with a graphic account of their *modus operandi*. He says: "These active and unscrupulous fellows generally start out every morning mounted on very mean horse flesh, and, as a general rule, they always come back very well mounted, with the animals they rode in the morning laden even to breaking down with all the good things of this world. In one place in South Carolina they came to a large plantation, owned by a leading rebel named Fitzgerald—here our soldiers found, buried in various out-of-the-way places, an immense quantity of gold and silver-plate, of the aggregate value of over $70,000—here they also found a large quantity of the finest Madeira wine, which had been stowed away in the old gentleman's wine cellars for nearly 30 years. Indeed, as a general thing, it may be said that our brave fellows had plenty of good old wine to drink in their memorable march through Georgia and South Carolina."



GEN. ROBERT E. LEE'S HEADQUARTERS, NEAR PETERSBURG, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.

THE hunger for company is keen; it should be discriminating. The great fault of our social custom is, that there is no limit to our calls and visits. To inflict any one with a compulsory interview of more than 10 minutes, indicates a crude state of civilization. Never should a call be prolonged over this limit, unless a request is made by the visited, or permission expressly asked by the visitor.

A PRETTY girl and a wild horse are liable to do much mischief, for the one runs away with a fellow's body, and the other runs away with his heart.



JEFFERSON DAVIS EN ROUTE FOR FORTRESS MONROE—UNDER GUARD AT ABBEVILLE.—FROM A SKETCH FURNISHED BY ONE OF HIS CAPTORS.



TRIAL OF THE CONSPIRATORS—STRONG GUARD POSTED IN FRONT OF MAIN ENTRANCE TO PENITENTIARY, WASHINGTON.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE



THE LITTLE ONES IN BED.

... now of little faces by the bed—
A row of little hands upon the spread—
A row of little roguish eyes all closed—
A row of little naked feet exposed.

A gentle mother leads them in their praise,
Teaching their feet to tread in heavenly ways,
And takes this lull in childhood's tiny tide,
The little errors of the day to chide.

Then tumbling headlong into waiting beds,
Beneath the sheets they hide their timid heads;
Till slumber steals away their idle fears,
And like a peeping bud each face appears.

All dressed like angels in their gowns of white,
They're wafted to the skies in dreams of night;
And heaven will sparkle in their eyes at morn,
And stolen graces all their ways adorn.

ROSSITOR HOUSE.

BY ETTA W. PIERCE.

"Have you Prayed To-night, Desdemona?"

CHAPTER I.

WANTED.—In the family of a gentleman, a Governess to superintend the education of a small child. Salary liberal. Address Judge Rossitor, Rossitor House, Black Beach.

That was how the words ran; plain, simple, concise. I have them still—just as they were cut from the columns of a daily journal, and tucked away in a corner of my pocket-book, as something which might possibly insure me the living which it had become a settled fact that I now must earn.

I had been fashionably reared and educated by a relative, deceased. If in life he had pitied my youth and orphanage and poverty, that pity was not made public in the legacies of his will. With my existence ignored in that important document, I found my future narrowing suddenly to this prospect—work for my own maintenance, as became the proud blood and independence of the Darrows, and by-and-by, perhaps, when such an alliance could no longer clog the way of his ambition, a marriage with Grant Wyvil, my betrothed husband. Tame and commonplace enough, was it not?

So it was, that on a dreary twilight, deepening gradually through long rows of gnant poplar trees, and dying down the long hall in a darkness full of vague echoes, I sat at the window in my travelling dress, listening for the first rattle of the carriage in the street below. The purple sweep of the curtain made a black shadow in the recess. Outside the thick white rain fell like sheets of crystals, trickling down the pane and through the bleak pale light, each with a voice of warning, perhaps, if I had thought to listen.

I was to go in the evening boat for Black Beach. I unfolded and read again, there in the lonesome dying day, Judge Rossitor's advertisement for a governess, and also the letter which he had written me, accepting the services which I had tendered as such. Both pleased me. The letter was a model of polite elegance. The salary he offered much exceeded my expectations. Moreover, the Rossitors were old friends of Grant Wyvil, and would be sure to welcome me kindly for his sake. There was no possible reason why I should sit in that dreary window watching the falling rain with the heaviest heart I had ever known, yet I did.

Some one came leaping up the staircase through the shadows, clearing their silence with a snatch of song, that blithe and strong as it was, rang in my ear till this day, like a dirge:

"Oh! I loved in my youth a lady fair,
For her azure eyes and her golden hair;
Oh! truly, oh! truly, I loved her then,
And naught shall I ever so love again,
Save my hawk, and my hound, and my red-roan steed——



ROSSITOR HOUSE.



THE GOVERNESS AND HER PUPIL.

I turned.

"Dame Hubbard," said Wyvil, underhis breath, as I sunking eyes at me, "there's a carriage at the door and a boat at the wharf, and you—what! No you don't—eying?"

"No!" indignantly.

Down splashed a great tear on my betrothal ring.

"Dew for the diamonds!" clasping fast the ring and the hand that wore it. "Little Jessie, you shall not go!"

He had brown eyes, as dark and brilliant as a falcon's. I saw down in their dusk a sudden trouble leap up.

"Not go! and you cloaked, and booted and spurred, and ——"

"Homesick already?" with a grimace.

"Not homesick."

"Flo!"

I held the hand that wore his ring on one broad shoulder, and crossed the other hand upon it.

"But half afraid of my new life, Grant. Tell me about the Rossiters."

He towered above me head and shoulders, flushing suddenly through his tawny skin; then he bent, and with an unspeakably tender gesture, touched his lips to my eyelids.

"There is little enough to tell. The judge is an aristocrat, proud of his blue blood and old estate. For the child, she is a delicate little sprite, you will pet her and she will love you" and Mrs. Rossiter—wife, she is simply a magnificent chattel."

The word came out after a pause, slow and bitter.

"Grant!"

He laughed, but with the flush still on his face.

"Little pet, are you shocked? I call fashionable women so that, more or less. Mrs. Rossiter is a distant cousin of mine. I believe I can afford to abuse my relatives, you know. However, she is my have changed."

"But, Grant——"

"But Ruth——" he mimicked, drawing out his watch.

"Is it time to go?"

"The tide serves in fifteen minutes," curly.

It was a woman's question that came next. I was tying my bonnet before the mirror, and gazing at the reflection there of my own sober face, with its low forehead and pale cheeks.

"Is she—is Mrs. Rossiter handsome, Grant?"

"The handsomest woman I ever saw," gravely.

A subtle pang, so sharp and strange that it frightened me, made me turn to him with a quick gesture.

"Love me, Grant," I cried out.

The brown eyes dilated, he tucked me under his arm with a light laugh.

"Love you! that is good, little pose. Who should I love, pray, if not you? I shall be only about to locate myself within ten miles of Block Beach for your especial delight; as if I did not own it from my window in the country; as if you would not be blessed with a view of my visage every fine day—pshaw, Ruth Darrow!"

I can hear the clear, rollicking voice still, as it rang down the staircase on that night so fraught with fatality. The carriage rolled away from the house that I was never to enter again. I looked back and saw its lamps shining through the rain with a tremulous, uncertain glimmer. Homeshad been, but were no more.

The boat lay at the wharf, outlined like a giant thing in the darkness. At the last moment in its crowded cabin, Grant Wyvil had me good-bye. He tossed back his hair with the petulance of a boy, saying:

"Rossiter will be sure to meet you at the Beach. I wish I could go with you, Ruth, but I am to speak to-night—it would be impossible—hang politics! I will be at Rossiter House to-morrow—good-night little love."

Gay, dashing and talented, with the world already recognizing his name as a rising star in a political horizon, was it wonder that I was proud of this handsome lover of mine? Yet something in his manner—I would hardly tell what—left me sitting lonely and dissatisfied in a throng of figures that I saw, yet did not see, and shrinking at every motion of the boat, pacing upon deck as if my love lay as if it had been some hand laid on an unhealed wound.

It was a dreary night of scudding clouds and rain drifting sharp from the east. Along the distant shores red lights winked tipsily in the mist, each like a cyclop's eye. How the wind wailed across the wide bay! and now and then a frightened young moon shook out of some rift in the dark the storm-rack far to westward, like the face of a ghost. I sat and waited. The storm beat upon the cabin windows, or, lulled for the moment, sighed across them in faint moanings. Leaning back against the wall I listed until both night and sound departed together, and in a swarming and uneasy a position as possible, I think I fell asleep.

The boat neared Block Beach at midnight. Something woke me, either an instinctive perception of the fact, or the friendly jerk of some fellow-passenger. The rain, indeed, had ceased; but the wind like certainly still, and of Block Beach all I can see nothing, save a few low faint outlines, hugging close the black darkness, and a lighthouse star that cast some distance down the shore with its fiery eye glaring redly across the waves.

I stepped upon the landing, one of many. The passengers were crowding out thick and fast; it was singular that among them all my attention should have fastened solely upon one figure standing near by, watching the boat disgorge, tall, stately, with his gray cloak fluttering in the wind.

He was a handsome man, hardly past thirty-five, with a grave face, clear cut, and delicately dark and cavernous. I noticed that the hand which had drawn his cloak together from the wind, gleamed white as a woman's, unjolored, and with a signet diamond flashing upon it in a circle of quivering light.

"This," said I to myself, "is Judge Rossiter."

He advanced one step toward me, only one.

"Miss Darrow?"

I stopped, looked at him long enough to take in the peculiarities that I have described above, and then I bowed.

"Will you take my arm?" he said, quickly, "The carriage is waiting near by. Heavens! what a stilling rabble!"

The tone was as important as if I had been sole queen of crowd and wailing, and storm. I accepted his proffered civility, and the result was that I found it next to impossible to keep pace with his long strides, as he stalked through said "rabble," like one who felt himself master, dragging me after him, quite helpless and unresisting. For there who did not know him, and the contemporting with that deference that is always paid to rank and wealth, my conductor lifted a small brazilian body into the barrier and sprang in after her.

"Drive home!" I heard, sharp and quick to the coachman. Then this autocrat of Black Beach subsided into a corner, shivering under his gray cloak.

I looked from the window and saw that we were bobbing off on a sandy beachroad, with low white cottages passing along on the narrow sweep. Presently, out from the dusk of the corner opposite, come a low laugh, and a voice grown irresistibly smooth and pleasant.

"Perhaps you would like to know who and what I am, Miss Darrow?"

"I think I may guess you."

"Ah? Pardon me, then, for taking such forcible possession of you. The boat was late; I had been willing all Sunday hold you in my arms."

Not feeling particularly sorry, I continued to stare absently from the window.

"Did that speak plain?" said Rossitor, with a shrug of the shoulders.

That was the extent of our conversation during the ride. He sat grim and stately in his corner, and having curled myself into a remarkably small heap in mine, I held fast to the carriage arm-rest, till the carriage, turning through an iron gateway and up an avenue of poplars, warned me that we had reached Rossiter House.

It was an old mansion of gray stone, which had undergone so many alterations with the freaks of succeeding generations that the original style of architecture was now completely lost. It had been the birth-place of many a Rossiter, I afterwards learned, and it were useless to attempt to describe and long, dim galleries, much of the inherent pride and aristocracy of the race.

I was ushered into a room in the west wing, which looked out on the sea. The walls were long and low, panelled in black oak. The floor glittered in its swing-mosaics as a pool of light, with its carpet of velvet tapestry. There were curtains of the same soft emerald tints, sweeping down in long, narrow windows, and a few luxurious chairs, and over everything a sweet, subtle scent of mignonette, lingering, like a mysterious presence. To the day the room had flower in fragrant with all things deadly to me.

Was I servant or guest? The delusion which accepted me as the latter was a very strong one, as I sat in a low, sumptuous chair, drawn up to the fire, several from the old Rossiter plate and Bohemian glass, up a little mantelshelf of the house. Outside, the poplars tapped, in the sweep of the sea-wind, skeleton fingers, against the shutters. The room by half-past eleven, dim wavering, as if they had just stepped from the dusk without, and the grim old pictures, in rows on the wall, seemed staring and frowning fitfully. Presently I looked up, and at the other end of the mantle stood a child.

He had in his arms what at first sight appeared to be a small bundle, wrapped in a gorgeous Indian shawl, and presently I saw that an arm were two three long ringlets of light hair. As the bundle was carefully deposited upon the hearth, however, two large, weird eyes looked out at me curiously, and as it assumed erect proportions, I saw a child of some six or seven years, but so slight and pale as to appear younger, clinging to the judge, half frightened, half-wistful.

"Miss Darrow," and he smiled quietly, "allow me to present my little daughter. Miss Ada Rossiter. The hour is unseasonable; but she was not reconciled to sleep without making your acquaintance."

"I am very glad to see Miss Rossitor," I answered.

The child dropped his hand, and, advancing slowly, put up her small, pale face.

"Kiss me," she said, in a low voice.

The warm lips met mine eagerly.

"Indeed" said Rossitor, still smiling as he looked on, "I am afraid you will be pampering her spoiling lesson to-morrow, or running away on the shore."

The little face contracted. This sole daughter of the house and heart of Rossitor looked at me with large, weird eyes.

"I will not," she said, fretfully. "My throat was sore, and no one came to hear my prayer, and—I wanted to see you."

And I—folded the big palm.

The little hand passed softly down my face.

"She will be pretty as mama," thoughtfully. "but—but—she is sore not like you."

He blushed, but his face grew unspeakably tender.

"And you are sure you will not tear your spelling lessons now?" arching his eyebrows at her.

"Oh, yes!" solemnly.

He laughed.

"Then bid Miss Darrow good-night. She is too tired to begin her duties before to-morrow. Come!"

"Mamma said I was a little one," grieved the child, clasping her arms around his neck, as he lifted her up, "because my throat was sore, and I heard the music and I couldn't sleep."

"Hush!" said Rossitor, pressing her close in the Indian shawl.

She kissed her tiny hand to me from the doorway. Her pale face leaned towards me in the light, his was dark in shadow behind it; then the door closed, and both were gone.

I fell asleep that night listening to the ocean wind howling through the poplars, just outside the stately room which I had been assigned to me. Like all the rooms of Rossitor House, it was long and low, with a dark, slippery, shining floor, unwarped, save for its Persian rugs, and over the mantle of Egyptian marble was painted a scene from Holbein's "Dance of Death." There were fringed hangings of purple satin sweeping around the great bed, and odd black chairs, upholstered with the same material, standing stiff against the walls. It was like sleeping in a chamber, somewhere in the "ewe smal' hours," that I had a vision.

The echoes of the hall clock had not died away in the dusky corners of the House; it was its loud, shrill strokes, I think, which awoke me. At the head of the bed hung, as I said, had torn the shutters asunder, and a long arrowy streak of moonlight, like a ghostly finger, lay white upon the polished floor. Said sheets, grave the purple bed-hangings, wavered and gleamed another light, like that of a lamp, held and shaded by an uncertain hand. The satin bed-curtains were torn aside, and half concealed in its folds, half revealed in that tremulous glow, I saw, with bewildered and half open eyes, the face of a woman.

Never, while I live, shall I forget it. Twas a face more perfect than those of the Greek antiques, set on a pillow of lace, that flowed loosely down her shoulders, and was lost in the purple satin." The head was inclined to one side, classic, ugly mould, and presenting to me its exquisite outlines of wide, waxen forehead and large nose, full mouth, and scarlet lips. You have heard the old story of snake and bird? As all, as fascinated, as helpless, I lay, half-dreaming still, between the folds of this midnight vision—large, almond-shaped eyes they were, fiercely and intensely sad, and, in spite of the golden hair, the cheek must have had color in them for their eyelashes were dark lines. I heard the rustle of the satin, as, with a quick movement, she bent above me, above the hand that held the lamp. Softly rang, lying idly on the counterpane, and then a sigh, so deep, so unspeakably bit or that it might have parted body from soul. Then the curtains fell once sharply fold of the yellow light, and the yellow light faltered and disappeared above the purple hangings, as they swung back into their place without a sound.

I started up with a smothered cry. Something that was like the quick closing of a door jarred the silence; I ran into a room in the hall and tapped upon the panel! I listened. All was as still as the grave. The moonlight and I were alone together.

"I have been dreaming," I said, and fell asleep again.

CHAPTER II.

GRANT WYVIL came next day as he had promised.

I date the commencement of my life at Rossitor House from that morning.

The sunshine like a broken gleame upon the sea, rolling in dark and heavy with the recent storm. In the full fresh wind there was a scent of the near ocean, its brawn, and wild flowers blowing among them, and some dewy roses that grew on the verandah; each hummed its crimson cup of incense, drunk in the sunlight. The house by the town by nestled on its sandy ridges above the long beach, and was old and there a white sail decked the horizon, fading into its blue distance, even as one gazed, like a stately dream.

I had risen early that day. The house was as still as if it had been tenantless. Mrs. Rossitor, the servant said, was indisposed; the judge had gone to his study; and Miss Ada was on the bay, sailing a weird little pupil came creeping down the staircase in her white night-dress an hour after, to say good-morning to me, and was carried back screaming by her French nurserymaid.

There comes to me, as I write, a vision of the fair grave-yard, lying to the west wing of Rossitor House, which had been allotted to me as the place wherein to cultivate poor little Ada Rossitor with the necessary, and which, after day for weeks and months, the task was fulfilled, and she sat beside me, as still as the grave, half buried in an easy chair, her books on the floor, and her solemn little face, sod beyond its years, gazing with large, wistful eyes, out of the window, at the sea and clouds, perhaps, her father, ever quite understood the child, I think. He was her idol; and beyond her love for him she was curiously shy and almost demonstrative. That morning—but here I am brought unconsciously to Grant Wyvil's coming.

The sound of his voice, as he curled up from the verandah and clung in mid-air to the hot sunlight, pale and powdery, like wreaths of faint blue incense. I should have known by the delicate face who it was, lingering thus in the shadow of his own fig-tree, even if I had not seen, now and then, the flutter of a Spanish bandana, pacing out into view, with hands clasped behind him, and receding again, always with that same restless, feverish step. Perhaps I had grown infected. I arose, and went to the window, and looked down the long, sunny vista of poplar trees beyond, toward the motionless sea.

Two figures were advancing up that same vista. One was Rossitor, in his long, grimace, hands, some, and sat ing in his saddle like a centaur. I knew my level. The other a lady, in a black velvet habit, with a cloud of white ostrich plumes fastened in her cap, and streaming behind her in the wind, like a golden serpent, one long tress of pale hair, curling loosely as it floated.

Tramp, tramp, came the horses' feet straight past the west wing. I felt my cheeks burning. He looked up and saw me, lifting his cap with a quick, hot flush. The lady's eyes followed his, and I—I started back from the window, with a cry that was half of astonishment, half of terror, for the deadly-fair face uplifted thus to mine was the one that had looked at me through the purple satin bangings, sad and pale as a spectre's, upon the preceding night.

"Mamma," said Ada, quietly kissing her little hand to the lady.

Grant Wyvil came leaping through the window at a bound, and caught the child gayly in his arms.

"Two lonely little princesses making eyes at the sea. You make an ungracked centre to-day? The mermen will carry you off. Ruth, what is the matter?"

I do not know," with my hands in his.

"You are white as a ghost. Did I frighten you?"

"No. Where is your—where is the lady who was with you?"

"Miss Rossitor?" carelessly. "Oh, you saw her, then—Agnes, the Magnificent, as poor Jack Brynes used to call her. We met on the beach this morning. She has gone to make her toilette, I fancy."

"Such a face—"

"Lovely, isn't it? So are many things that we don't care to handle. The Wyvils are all good-looking, you know," arching his eyebrows; "and she is a cousin, four or five times removed."

"Are you talking about mamma?" said the child, looking at him protectingly grave.

He ruffled his mustache with a shrug.

"Little pitcher, you have large ears. Take me to the shadows and run and feed the chickens."

She opened the pockets of her little French apron, still searching his face with those wonderful eyes.

"What a child!" he said petulantly, turning his back upon her.

"Grant, when last night, Grant," I whispered, touching his arm. The broad brow cleared in a moment.

"Last night? All was as it should have been—a story soon told, little girl. Applause—laurels—a dreadful grievance, and one shy little face missed from the audience. Ruth, what—Ruth, why didn't you marry me a year ago?"

"Grant!"

"Yes, I am a fool—that is candid," turning me to the light. "Do you know, Dame Hubbard, that you are to-day the handsomest woman in Rossitor House—by-and-by, and you in sober gray from head to foot?—come here."

"But I don't care to see any one but you, Grant."

He drew me into the sunshine, smiling down at me.

"The purest, truest, tenderest child a man ever trusted in," he quoted softly, as if to himself, and then kissed me, and, with his hand upon the sill, he fastened it awkwardly in my hair.

"Sweets to the sweet. Bonny brown tresses, I have fondled them, haven't I, getting a kiss in the disorder.

I heard a step behind us—soft, light as a step could be, but still, I heard it.

She stood, framed in the low, dark doorway, like a picture—across Rossitor House. Her size was tall, but her perfect grace of motion, and the imperial carriage of the slender figure, made one forget it. I remember her dress—it was of Persian silk, creamy and trailing in every fold, with the matchless white arms fully revealed in its wide, flowing sleeves, and bare, except for a broad bands of African gold. From her low, waxen forehead, all the magnificent hair had been brushed back and knotted upon the crown, and fastened there by a singular *bijou*, I thought—a long, slender shaft, like a dagger, with a hilt alive with the subtle blue eyes of a thousand precious gems. The sunshine shot like a streak of fire across it, blending its consistencies in a weird chaos of jewels, and, for a full light, as she crossed the room, and held out a hand to me like snow—as white and as cold.

"If Grant's sake, as well as your own," spoke the low, withering voice, "I should have sought you before. Pardon, me—but it was not late when you arrived last night, and to-day I have been—busy."

She laughed a little as she pronounced the word.

"You have, indeed," said Grant, drily.

She looked at him, scowling over her fan of scarlet feathers. Those languishing eyes! so large, so dark, that I could but think it was for this cause black Anthony flung a world away.

"You will not mind Grant," to me, while her gaze still rested on him, as if she knew his power over. "I have known Mr. Wyvil so long. We have been famous for our family quarrels ever since childhood."

She shrugged his shoulders. The next words were not intended for my ears, but I heard them.

"I have brought my wild rose as a hostage for future conduct. See that you keep her safe or—"

"She is a violet,"

"Let no one seek to transplant her, then."

She turned with a quick shiv to the window. The long, rolling swell of the surf hovered loudly up the cancle to us, and the still fading sunset lay on the horizon and the little fishing boats above the beach.

"It is so dreary here!" she said, under her breath.

"Dreary!" echoed Wyvil, with a touch of sarcasm. "I have heard that when one loved and was beloved, that spot became an Eden."

A flush, as faint as a seashell's, stained the beauty cheeks.

"You should know"—coldly—"you are *au fait* in such matters."

He winced. The next moment the hall was all in a bustle. The sound of footsteps and fluttering dress threw out a warning. Judge Rossitor himself stood in the doorway, quietly regarding us. The guests of the house were assembling.

From my quiet corner I could watch them unnoticed. I had nothing in common with them. If my presence there was remarked at all, it was by surprise alone, for the abundance of a gov-

ernese to those drawing-rooms must have been a rare novelty. I feel it. My gray dress looked oddly among their satins, but I took the position assigned me, and asked no questions.

Wyvil was in his element. I was proud and content to watch his triumphs, taking them for my own. In the love of every young girl there is more or less of an undercurrent of hero-worship. He was my hero. Gay, brilliant, fascinating—I had never seen these qualities shine more brightly than on this day. The life of table and company—the keen cynical wit, sounding even where he dazzled, and attracting to him whomsoever he would in the whim of the moment. I was ignored, yes, forgotten for the time, and there was not one in the gay circle, I think, who envied me our relationship. My womanhood might have asserted itself in a brief pang, perhaps, but that was all. I remained quietly in my shawry, musk-like and dusky by a variety of purple damask and the shadow of a poplar tree just outside the window.

Mrs. Rosstior was at the piano, playing. Soon the long length of the drawing-room I could see the flash of the dagger-bill in her magnificent hair—she was a splendid-looking girl. It was an old German love song that she sang—every note brimming with sad, passionate sweetness. Her voice had a certain depth and pathos that I never heard excelled. As she performed air throbbed, sympathetic, to its dreaming, pleading pulsations, there came to me a memory of that old German legend of the Lurlei maids, wafting from the rocks of enchanted whirlpools their syren lays of destruction and death. Wyvil stood at the piano beside her, his face turned partially, his form unmarked. Something like a shudder swelled behind in the alcove—a faint scent of heliotrope, then a whisper, like the sing of a snake.

"Don't you ever hear the story?"

"Not, mademoiselle," gulpy.

"That is odd—it is everywhere known. Wyvil was in love with her years ago—she jilted him for the judge—poor fellow!"

"He thrives upon it."

"To his own heartbreak, of course, like all the rest of his sex!"—a sharper rustling of silk—"I hear that he is engaged now to some little unknown country dab. Isn't she lovely?—"

The whisper died. I sat staring listlessly into space, half dazed by the low, sweeping rolling of straight before me in an opening of the damask, one pale, worn face, that must have been the mirror of my own expression, with its dark, perturbed eyes. Judge Rosstior. Had he heard, too? I shrank back shivering. There was no need. He turned on his chair the next moment and looked in the crowd.

A revulsion of feeling soon came. Poor Grant! Why had he never told me? Could I blame him because he had once loved that gorgeous, goldenhaired woman? How passionate and keen must have been—what must he have suffered! Shall I tell you how beautiful Agnes Rosstior was that day in my memory—how she overtopped the vision to enrapture and bewilder, than a being of common mould? How could Grant, I thought, ever have turned to love me after loving such a woman as this?

He found me in the east room with little Ada Rosstior, my head bent down and my hands clasped me mutely from the door, when he came to his me good-by. It was fast growing dusk, I remember, and the wood-fire blazed low shadows, flushed radiant, triumphant, his ridng whip in his hand.

"Hiding away from me, Dame Richard?—so godly"—touching me with his whip, and let me look at you."

He drew the curtain back, blasting the hand that fell into his own.

"Grant," I said, "I want you to tell me something."

"Do you?"—mockingly.

"Indeed—indeed I do."

"To-day?"

"Did you ever love anyone before me, Grant?" He laughed, taking my face in his two hands.

"Jealous?"

"Please answer."

"My little girl, I am afraid I have loved a great many—more than I deserve. I began at an early age. It was my first step towards jackets. You are my one wee rose culled from a long tract of thorns."

I looked down on the marbles—to Grant's to the young mournful moon, set like a broken ring against the purple tints of the mist, and somehow, but not and yolked down my cheeks.

"Who has been talking nonsense to you?" he said, lightly, after a pause. "Don't weep. I shall drive over to the beach, to-morrow, and take you rowing—you are pale as a Nisbet—good-night."

Gone in a moment. I heard his horses' hoofs clatter ring down the avenue, and I leaned from the window, watching him, till he was out of sight. Over the sandy road, across the ridges, down the long gray beach—he turned at the farthest point, and lifted his cap. Then from the balcony above me some one lifted for a breathing, respected—I might have been a white handkerchief, or a white hand. It flashed through the gray shadows but an instant, and then was gone. I drew back from my watch and closed the window.

CHAPTER III.

A CHARMED place was Rosstior House in the long, sunny summer days following. Its round, rich lawns, its long, long lawn reverently with the tide of gilded human butterflies set in the direction of Black Beach and this hive of honey, flowed and ebbed again, day after day, for a week the sunset autumn. The first to come, the longest to linger, was Grant. We were to be married in the winter, he said. He had told Judge Rosstior—that little chit of an Ada must find another governess—I was growing as thin as a shadow—to which sensitive remarks all my objections availed me nothing.

We were sitting on the shore one afternoon in early September—he stretched at my feet, his hat off, lazy and handsome, sketching in the shelter of my parasol, whose ivory handle he had stuck unceremoniously into a crevice of rock, idle seashore scenes—half-hurried hulks in a reach of gray sand; clusters of black reefs, with dead drowned sailors lying at their base; a ghastly half-moon setting on a low, purple coastline: some weird islands lying dim and distant, with a few pallid, fog-petals flying through a rising mist—a hundred fantastic, dreamy things.

I turned a few loose leaves from his sketchbook, something that all his naiads, mermaids and syrens were the same face, and that one as familiar to me as my own now.

"Grant, you would not picture her half lovely enough, could you?"

"Who?"

"Mrs. Rosstior."

He laughed, gushing.

"I am in earnest."

I touched his arm, pointing down the rocks to a strip of yellow sand, against which a pointed scallop was gently rocking. Judge Rosstior, standing in its bow, tall and dark, flung down an oar that dipped with crystals in the sunlight, and was the first to leap ashore. Directly the boat was rocking empty in the foam, and the rocks swarmed.

"*Judge for nicute*," said the dreamy voice of Agnes Rosstior, close beside me.

I had seen her coming—I was prepared. Grant looked up, laughing, and stood in the verge of the rock, her dark boating dress looped up, a long white feather flowing from her hat, white, stylish, with no glimmering of color, except a bright scarlet vine that she was trailing listlessly from her right hand.

"*Ma belle cousine*, shall I sketch you?" asked Grant, lazily.

She shook her head, smiling at me with her beautiful dark eyes.

"There was a step stranded on the shore last night," she said, in the same dreamy voice.

"I saw the wreck as I came across the beach," answered Grant, carelessly.

She gave a slight shivering sigh.

"We rowed down to the point this afternoon. It is terrible. There was a young girl hung in the wreck rowed for her an hour ago. Oh, Grant, what a dreadful death!"

The look of horror in the large eyes, brimming with sudden tears, I shall never forget. It was a strange mood for the mistress of Rosstior House, and spread, in fact, like a contagion over her host, as she stood that day, leaning against the gray, jagged rock, the scarlet vine coiled like a coral snake down her dress, with its singular sadness in her face—she that was a part of all the beauty and life of that wild shore—if its sunshine and haze and gray, wet sands, its thundering and silver sands? Grant sprung up from the rocks, his face clouded, his chin fire almost as pale as his own.

"Agnes!"

She waved him back with a light hand.

"Where it is pretty now. Some one was walking on my grave, I think."

"How can you tell so?"

"Oh, it is quite as easy to talk as to think. There! some one else is calling me. You shall stay here and tell Miss Darrow about the grand Rosstior family ghost, while I go and rave—"

"A precious set of maskers we all are!" muttered Grant, following her down the rocks.

Her dark eyes, with the tears still in them, smiled on me archly.

"Cynic! Hark! Grant, somebody must cure you of this disagreeable disease of yours, by-and-bye. The world is well enough, in its way; so is society at large, if you take it as it comes."

"If, indeed!" he answered, ironically; well, Mrs. Rosstior, will you accept my assistance from this perch?"

I watched them disappear round the rocks together, her grey plume fluttering, and a word and strain of her silver-sad laugh drifted back. I picked up Grant's sketch-book, lying as he had thrown it, at my feet, and replacing the loose leaves, would listlessly turn the pages.

The sun sank lower and lower, reddening a belt of mist behind the distant islands, and the tide was coast line. A fiery, crowd crimson glowed upon the sea. Some fishermen's boats were creeping in from out over, and the solemn sets of the boatmen, dreamy and far off, like music in one's sleep. Still no Grant.

I pressed my face against the lines of the incoming tide began to lash the foot of the rocks on which I sat. A great, red star dashed suddenly from the hills behind some dark gray lodges along the shore—they had lighted its warning lamp. The little wherry still rocked at its moorings, but all the boats, all sounds of gay voices along the beach, except a group of bare-footed fishers' children playing in the sands, had gone.

I sat, looking out over the lonely waste of waters, following now and then, the gleam of some idle sail adown the horizon, or a steamer's heavy smoke shivering over into the west, and the fast increasing damp, and half deafened by the roar of the tide. What could have become of Grant that he should have left me there so long?

I heard a shout from the summit of the rocks just above my head. I looked up and saw Judge Rosstior standing there, looking down at me, curiously.

"What are you sitting there for?" he roared.

Under other circumstances I might have laughed at him. I felt only indignant.

"I was waiting," I began, raising up from my seat, with dignity.

"Child, indeed! and the tide just ready to sweep you off."

My head whirled as I leaned forward and looked over the rocks. The black sea, hissing at me, and flashing its foam full in my face, lay almost even with the shelving ledge on which I stood.

"Give me your hand—quick!" cried Rosstior.

He was leaning above me, braced firmly and leaning down with a stern, displeased face, and one arm extended imperiously.

I scrambled up the rocks, through slow difficulties, and by all the time, the swirling tide advancing swiftly after. He leaned forward still farther, his arm passed around me, like a bar of iron, and I felt myself drawn up to his side. Blue, pinched and shivering, I confronted him.

"Go home now, Miss Darrow, and change your boots," he said, drily.

I was really too much afraid of the man to ask for Grant, but I ventured on a very faint, "Thank you. Mr. Rosstior."

"Wyvil came back to the drawing-room an hour ago. Never sit freezing here again after dinner. Good-night, my unmeltable!"

His eyes were full of conchant scorn. I smarted for the time. Grant was always making me always neglectful, but this was a drop too much. He should know that my patience had its limits, like those of other mortals.

A thorough woman, was I not? for he glided into a neighboring seat at the tea-table that night, with such a pleasing, penitent face that he was quite forgiven, even before he spoke.

"Ruth," in a low whisper, "look at me, won't you? I know I have been barbarous! Confound Rosstior! why did he not tell me that he thought you were still on the shore?"

"He did not tell me, Wyvil find out the fact for himself?" I answered, severely.

"But, my dear child, I did not think you would wait so long, indeed—"

"Oh, certainly not!"

"I really did forget you," naively.

"Greatly flattered."

"Don't quarrel with me—please! Mrs. Rosstior says you are to be Amy Robsart at the masque ball."

"A little mistake. I shall be a mere spectator in my usual 'hodden gray,' instead.

"And disarrange the music for the maskers."

"That depends—"

"You do forgive me?"

"Nonsense! Look at Miss Drummond's bracelets."

Miss Darrow shall wear a pair like them to-morrow," gaily.

I shook my head, smiling. So it ended like all our lovers' quarrels did. Not, just then, however. He did not come next day, but in his place, a dainty shore casket, with a grotesque device carved on its lid, and a bond its way to my dressing table; I had become so used to Grant's oddities that he seldom surprised me now. I opened the casket—there was no mistake. Lead away among other mementoes of that summer, I have them yet, the same as when he gave them, for they were the first—two gay scalp serpents of yellow Arrian gold, their broad flat crests studded red and black with shimmering rubies. As I lifted them from their bed of sunshine how near I to think of Cleopatra and her asp? Every crusted scale flashed at me weirdly; the broad crests seemed endowed for a deadly purpose; the cruel red of the Indian rubies glowed like drops of blood, freshly spilled. I dropped them back on the pearl-powder velvet cushion. My brace bela did not please me. Grant was princely in his gifts. I closed the little casket, and put it away quickly.

A dark, dreary autumn night in the last of September came down on Rosstior Hall at Rosstior House. The sun had gone down hurid and threatening, in a bank of watery western clouds, like wind moaning, and the tide broke at the rocks, and flying along the shore, like an anguished spirit, dird far out in the low marshes and the sea-moors, moaning still in a dreary way that made the heart ache. Half crushing among the purples of my great dark chamber, for the fire-light, I sat listening to the long, loud lamentation of the surf on the beach, and the shrieks of the sea gusts in the corners, as it rushed with them, and wrenches away the dying leaves, tossed them at my pane face, pressed against the dripping glass. Within, I could hear the active notes of preparation, such as doors opening and closing, light footsteps passing through the long passages, a rustling of dresses on the stairs, and presently, a knock at the door, and a summons.

I rose up, smoothed down my hair, twitched my collar into place, and hastened to answer it—that is, I flitted across a narrow gallery, and through a small door opposite, into the dressing-room of Mrs. Rosstior. It might have been a flower-bee one of Grant's naiads, with its sea-green and gold hair, its green and gold dress, and its green shirt with golden bibs; its soft couch, and low chairs, all shining with the same hues in the fire light, and as I stood at the window, sweeping with a marble urn, full of half-withered flowers, the heavy shimmering curtain tassled heavily with gold.

Mrs. Rosstior sat at a little inlaid table before a large mirror, her head bent, her head resting on her hand. She had been writing, I think, for a sealed note lay at her elbow, and the little table was strewn with letters and papers.

She started at my footsteps, and looked up smiling, and I thought—I was almost certain, that her lashes were glimmering over, as with tears.

"First of all, I beg to be pardoned, for sending for you, Miss Darrow," she began, with that sweet easy grace which she knew so well how to assume, "but, as you see, I am late already for this night's ball. I am a little nervous, I think, and fallen ill, and what am I to do?" with the pretty perplexity of a child.

"Shall I help you to dress?" I asked, divining her meaning at once.

"Ah, if you would?" she answered, with that flattering eagerness which implied that I was conferring a great favor. "My dress is very simple you see—a lady abbess—you will not betray me?" archly.

I wondered at his selection it was so grave, so unlike her; but who is accountable for freaks at a fancy ball? A moment after, and I was absorbed in combing out and adorning in the meantime, her long, lustrous, golden hair which curled around my hands, and swept down her sea-green cloak, like floss silk, in the firelight.

"You wear no ornaments?" I asked, quite forgetful, as I fastened its last rich coil.

"And I a lady abbess? No, indeed!" with a quick shiver.

She drew back the curtain of the window, and looked out. The white hand trembled a little.

"What a dismal night!" with her forehead.

"Now, Miss Darrow, if you will help me into this austere dress, and bring my rosary, I will tax your good-nature no longer."

Her cheeks turned forcibly, her eyes shone like stars. Her lips were full of the words seemed reluctant to hide so perfect a face. Her dress itself was of black velvet, sweeping long and heavy from the perfect form; her rosary blood-red, with an antique cornelian cross swinging from it. She held it up in a hattess, unconscious of me in the fire-light.

"Please go now, Miss Darrow," quickly; "they will want you in the drawing-room to play for the dancers. I have kept you too long already."

"Is there nothing more that I can do?"

"Nothing," catching her breath.

And so I went away.

I lingered just long enough in the silence and gloom of my purple chamber to fasten in the lace at my throat a small brooch—the gift of Grant. Then I was ready. In passing the nursery door, I noticed that it stood ajar, and that the lamp within was faintly burning. Had Ada awakened? I hesitated a moment—then pushed it open. Ada was sleeping, sometime fainted by me out into the passage, and disappeared down its darkness. I might never have known what it was, the sudden sense of loneliness and misery that my eyes were caught by something red and shining that clung around it, twisting as it swung a scarlet rosary. Vaguely wondering, I went up to the child. She lay fast asleep on her white pillow; her cheek on her hand; her light curls tossed upon her face. I bent to extract, and soon back, and my hand met a warm wet dew sprinkled adown them here and there. It was a novelty indeed for Mrs. Rosstior to forget her children at all—and more so such a night; and a novelty, also, for the token of her presence to be left behind for her governess.

The first rooms of Rosstior House, in halls, every dark niche, was ablaze with light, as I went down the stairs. There was not a guest there except my own, that had not joined the masquerade. I wondered what the dead and buried ancestors, whose portraits hung in dusky rows in my corner, *tête-à-tête* with Charlotte Corday; Mark Antony bobbinghing in a free and easy manner with Queen Elizabeth; Sir Walter Raleigh whirling in a gay waltz down the room with Marie Therese; Charles I making love to a pretty Quaker in the shadow of a curtain; Izey Lammermoor chattering like a magpie to Cardinal Woolsey; priests, fortune-tellers, cavaliers, sisters of charity, kings, queens, and fairy peasant girls mixing together in grotesque familiarity, ogling, grimacing, dancing at each other through their glasses. I sat at one piano; at another, far down the room, a cowled monk had taken his station, and was pouring out from his sleeved keys, the maddest, merriest music that ever set feet to walking. Some enchantment possessed the man. His head and hands seemed the sum of like a shot into the manes of a German polka; Robert Bruce and a full jawess fell to dancing a redowa in a corner; an Indian juggler seized upon Rose Bradmardine, and whirled round in a crazy, many waltzes—each master was adapting the melody to his own whim, even a lady abbess came sauntering past, with a scarlet rosary at her girdle, and her arm in that of a tall, cowled monk. A moment after, and the monk's music had ceased. I turned to find his seat at the piano occupied by a flower-girl, and he gone, I know not where.

A spray of heliotrope fell down into my lap from the hand of the cavalier. I recognised him with a little thrill.

"*Dieu vous garde!*" I heard like a sigh.

"Holy mother! how pourtrayed a gypsy, at the lady abbess' side; "with them that I unfold to thee the mysteries of thy future?"

The lady abbess laid her head, but the cavalier's hand was thrust forth instead.

"Mine, then," lightly, "and see that they proceed right if you would be a bright one."

The gypsy crossed herself over the jewelled hand.

"Ah, the fates foretend! what is here?—

"'There lurks with love,
A deep and darksome treachery.'

The hand dropped.

"Come!" said the lady abbess.

"Many thanks" muttered the cavalier, nodding as he stalked away; "I wise spell, there's a grave gypsy can't wonder watching you. Maybe he would like his mind enlightened on the same subject."

But the monk was like a will-o'-the-wisp in a log, appearing and disappearing with like ease. My heliotrope fell to the floor. I went to recover it—my family during its deadly sweetness. Fans flirted, satins and embroideries brushed against me—it lay crushed underfoot in a breath. Then I looked again, cavalier and lady abbess were no longer to be seen.

A CONVENTMAN once brought a piece of board to an artist, with the request that he would paint upon it St. Christopher as large as life. "Pshaw!" returned the artist, "that board is much too small for that purpose." The countryman looked perplexed at this unexpected answer. "Why," said he, "not look-ee, sir, ye can let his feet hang down over the edge."

AWFUL CALAMITY AT MOBILE, ALA.—SCENE AMONG THE RUINS AFTER THE EXPLOSION OF THE ORDNANCE DEPOT AND MAGAZINE, MAY 25.—FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT.

LOOKING FOR DAY.

BY JENNIE E. GRIFFITH.

Is it almost over—the terrible night?
Is the morning beckoning, serene and white?
May we lift up our faces with one accord,
Secured from his smiting, and thank the Lord?

Since no poems ring out so for victory won,
Since his will had decreed that this thing should be done,
That for ravings like ours and clotted anger, must run—

Awed by his presence, and clothed anew,
With hearts that patice and truth press through,
Lest we break, we bend, we are penitent too!

For our inpions daring what fell price paid,
The lost graves where our dear dead are laid,
Desires for ever from march and from sight!
By the feet of the hosts that swept on in the flight;

And of blooms left torn by the awful fear
That they cured for aid when no aid was near,
Whenever the Lord seemed not to favor?
So is the price of slaves and blood
Lapped by Southern sands, in his sight made good?

Then might not his hared arm be withstood?

Soldiers, return not with trumpet's loud glee,
Thanksgiving, to-day, though the victory be;
Come as we walk from the tombe of our kin,
Grave to observance, and saddened within.

But that nations may know how a foul wrong dies,
Shake out the old flag that from henceforth flies.

An attainable heaven to languishing eyes!
We will put off our weeds for his dear sake alone,
God holds the lost graves till each occupant wakes,
We will welcome you home. Lo! the morning breaks!

ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "ELEANOR'S VICTORY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.—THE ROAD TO RUIN.

MAUDE TREDETHLYN took her new life very pleasantly. Her father was happy. There had been a reaction in the city; things were going very well for the absolutist incendiaries, and Francis Tredethlyn was receiving handsome interest for his thirty thousand pounds.

He brought these tidings to his wife's mother one morning early in the new year.

"I have good luck to offer you, Mr. Maude," he said; "and now you see that it was a very fine thing for me to get into your father's business. So you must have been uncosy about the matter, my darling."

Mrs. Tredethlyn lifted herself upon tiptoe, and pursed up her sweet lips in Cardinal-snow, a kiss, transient as the passing flutter of a butterfly's wing, alighted somewhere amid the thickets of the Cornishman's beard.

"You dear, good old Francis! That is the pleasantest news I ever heard, except——"

"Except what, darling?"

"The news that pugs brought me home a year ago, when a generous friend stepped in between him and ruin."

Francis Tredethlyn blushed like a school-girl.

"Oh! Frank, if I should ever regret it had day!" said Maude, in a low voice, that had something of sadness in its tone.

Was she thinking that there had been occasions since her marriage when she had almost forgotten how much she owed to the devotion of her lover, occasions on which some little show of love, some small omission or commission, some petty sin against the laws of the Belgravians and Tyburnians, had been bad enough to blot out all memory of her husband's goodness? How can you remember that a man has a noble heart, when, for want of the daily food by which that heart is nourished, gators steer their barks amid the trembled waters of society, he thirsts qut some unlucky allusion to which purgatory is conversantly applied, or an entire dinner-table, and brings blight and ruin down upon an assemblage which had fairly promised to be a success? Or how can you be expected to appreciate the generous spirit of a being whose income has been killed dead by the *mauvaise honte* *timides de gôter* into the ruby velvet lap of your most important guest?

There were times when Maude was forgetful of everything except her husband—genial good-nature and undying devotion. There were other times when her heart sank within her, and she saw his candid face beaming at her from the remote end of a long dinner-table, and heard his sonorous laugh quite loud and long above the hushed accompaniment of Belgravia.

He was her slave. If she loved him—as really it was impossible that she could accept so much idolatry, and render no still tribute of affection in return—her love for him was pretty much of the same quality as that which she bestowed on her favorite Skye terrier.

He was such a dear, devoted creature—so unselfish, so obedient; and if he did not quite stand up in a corner to beg, with a bit of bread upon his nose, it was only because he was never required to do so. He was the best of creatures—a big, amiable Newfoundland, ready to lie down in the dirt to be trodden upon by his mistress's pretty slipper, or to fly at the throat of the foe who dared to assail her. He was a faithful slave and defender, and it was very pleasant to know that he was always at hand, to be patted on the head now and then when he was specially good, to be a little neglected when his mistress was absorbed by the agreeable distraction of society, to be blushed for, and even disowned now and then, when his big awkward paws went ruthlessly trampling upon some of the choicest flowers in the conventional flower garden.

He was her slave—her own. He loved her with an idolatrous devotion which she could rarely think of without smiling at his exaggerated estimate of her charms and graces. He was here—so entirely that no possibility of loving him ever entered into her mind. He was hers, and we are apt to be just a little indifferent about the possessions we have forever. Besides, he became a matter of course that her husband should scatter all the measures of affection at her feet, and hold himself richly repaid by the mere fact that her tenderness she might choose to bestow upon him. She had no uneasiness about him—none of those sharp stings of jealousy—those chilling fears of doubt—those foolish and morbid fears which are the distinguishing grace of even the happiest wife. She knew that he had loved her from the very hour of their first meeting, against his will, in despite of all his resolves. She knew that he had been content to stand afar and worship her in utter hopelessness; and having now rewarded his fidelity, she fancied that she had no more to do, except to receive his idolatry, and smile upon him now and then when it pleased her to be gracious.

There was folly, and great presumption in her nature, but she had lived all her life in one narrow circle, and she could not help being unconsciously patronizing in her intercourse with the man who had taken her Majesty's shilling and blacked Harcourt Lowther's boots.

Francis Tredethlyn might perhaps have been entirely satisfied by brightly patronizing smiles and gentle pattings on the head, if he had not been blessed with a friend and adviser, whose life is his chief, always ready to step in with an intelligent suggestion, half-penciled aloft, and a mocking finger pointed, when the poor Cornishman's perception failed to show him the uncomfortable side of the subject.

"What a darling she is!" exclaimed Mr. Tredethlyn, as he left the house with Harcourt Lowther, after the latter had handed him into the staircase all in a flutter of silk and lace, with a flattery bunch of golden hair framed in the last Parisian absurdity in the way of bonnets.

"Mrs. Tredethlyn is just the sort of wife for a man of the world," Harcourt answered, with a slight curve of his well-shaped nostrils. "Of course I can't help fancying sometimes that you're too good a fellow to be thrown away upon the loveliest creature who ever walked from the nursery to the rest of the human race in the remote centre of a continent of *inane outlook*. Of course I can't for a moment deny that a man who has the choice of crested heiress; but—there is always a 'but,' you know—even if one is a beautiful wife and thirty thousand pounds—I suppose it is natural for a man to quarrel with perfection—I think if I were you I should be tempted to find fault with Mrs. Tredethlyn, I should yearn for something nearer and dearer to me than a fashionable wife."

The figure of speech was peculiar, and painting generally contrived to touch a sore place. Francis Tredethlyn, even when he had been happiest in the society of his beautiful wife, had had a vague sense of chat on bitter truth. She was no nearer to him than of old. The impassable gulf still yawned between them, and he was hardly ever by pretty little courtesies or patronizing smiles.

But, in spite of all inward misgivings, Mr. Tredethlyn repeated the words of his friend, believing the truth of that gentleman's observations.

Harcourt Lowther was quite resigned to a little temporary obscurity. The *coup* which he went home to the mark it had been shot at and rubbed out, and all discussion of the matter forgotten between the two men; and however firmly Francis might argue with his friend in the day time, he was sure to be overcome by the end of the day like false coin in the pocm, when the rain was pattering on the roofs of the palatial district, not unlikely with a head-ache, and in any case with remedy, and the remedy was—dissipation.

Harcourt Lowther, in whose few years of boyhood he had been cast upon the world in the capacity of a lifetime, was eager to perform the promise he had made to Francis Tredethlyn as soon as possible. He had written to Mr. Maude, and received the tidings of his uncle Oliver's hopeless.

"I was a fool to expect it, poor boy," he said, "and I mean to keep my word. While Mrs. Tredethlyn amuses herself with the usual social distractions, I will endeavor to find out what is never getting any further—you and I will see a world in which life is worth living."

It was a year since Harcourt Lowther had lived away from a home in which he was taught to believe himself unappreciated, and introduced for the first time with the unholy pecuniare into the kingdom of Bohemia.

He entered the mysterious region with considerable reluctance. He had the ignorant pastor's notion of Vice, and fancied that she would show herself in sable undress; but he found her with her most natural face hidden under a plaster mask, modelled from the fair countenance of Virtue. It was sometimes a pretty face, perhaps, for all imitations are so apt to become exaggerations. He found that Bohemia was a kind of Belgravia in disguise. There were the same distinctions of properties, only a little tarnished and faded, the same effects, always considerably overdone, the same jargon, but louder and coarser. Life in Bohemia seemed like a transpontine version of a West-End drama, with cheaper scenery and actors, and a more mysterious audience.

This was the kingdom with whose inner mysteries Harcourt Lowther affected a fashionable familiarity. He was the bosom friend of many of the potentates of the kingdom, and carried him hither and thither to worship at numerous toutemples, whose distinguishing features were the flare of gas-lamps and the popping of champagne corks, invaded with the obscurest senses in the catalogue of wine-growers, and paid for at the highest rate known in the London market.

Perhaps in all his wanderings in the darksome wilderness which his mentor called London life, Francis Tredethlyn's worst eye was the purpled, "standing" of quarrelling wine, and the worst waste of a deal of money lost at unlimited loo or hand hockey, as the case might be. He had high animal spirits and thirty thousand a-year, which common report exaggerated into sixty thousand, and he was the most generous and expansive of Bohemia multiplied into fabulous and incalculable riches, so he met with a very cordial welcome from the magnates of the land. But the descent of Averno, however easy it may be, is a gradual slope, and not a precipitous mountain side, down which a man can be flung headlong by one push from a friendly hand. Francis Tredethlyn yawned in the faces of his bright-eyed sister of the Bohemian hemisphere. His face was reddened against the shallow falsehoods around and about him, and the glare of the gas seemed to have no brilliancy, the illusion upon the dancers' faces was only a much vermilion and crimson lake brought at the cheapest shop, and ghastly to look at in a side light. The laughter had the falsering of spurious coin; the music was out of tune. In all this little world, the realest thing was that of spontaneity, except, perhaps, in the uproarious gaiety of some heroic country squire making a reckless journey through the metropolis, in the property shirt-front kept secured and unbroken for half a dozen centuries, to be squandered on a handful of pearls in Cleopatra's cup, or thrown away on the soups and perfumerie of a modern Lamia.

There was neither bloom nor freshness on any one face within the wide verge of a few pigeons-wing turned i to the haulis of the vulture tribe. Everything else was false, and withered, and faded. The smiles of the women, the friendship of the men, were as spurious as rhubarb Champagnes and gooseberry Moselles, and were bought and sold in the same haunts. Repleseshire may lead his pupil to the Brocken, but he cannot compel the young man to enjoy himself amongst the wicked. You may lead your sly adoptive preceptor into perceiving such small *inconvenances* as occasional red nice hopping out of the mouths of otherwise handsome young damsels.

Harcourt Lowther found it very hard work to keep Francis Tredethlyn amused, night after night, in the remote and unapproachable regions whose very names were to be spoken in hushed accents over the fourth bottle of Chambertin or Veuve Veuquet in a bachelor's dinner. Poor Frank would rather have been dancing attendance on his wife, and trampling on the silken trains of her flounced skirts in the waltz, or at the drilled "Wednesday," or "Tuesday," or "Saturday," in all the succeed mansions in which Maude's pretty face found constant manors, and his own good old Cornish name and comfortable income had secured his footing. He was very good-natured, and did not know how much bad wine he was called upon to pay for. He could lose a heavy sum at billiards without the faintest contraction of his black eyebrows, or the smallest depression of his lower jaw. But he did not enjoy himself.

He did not enjoy himself—and yet somehow or other he went again and again with the same temples, always under the auspices of his friend Harcourt, and generally very firmly resolved that each visit should be the last. But there was always some excuse for each visit—an appointment with some elegant acquaintance of the vulture tribe, who wanted his revenge at écarté, or a dinner to be given at the rooms at "Star and Garter," in honor of some beautiful Fire-Lance, whose chief fascinations were the possession of a handsome equipage, and a vivacious disregard of Lindley Murray. There was was always some engagement of this kind; and as it happened—and Frank Francis Tredethlyn generally found himself pledged to act as paymaster, it would of course have been very unmanly to desert at the last moment but my friend Lowther and a blank cheque as a substitute for his own presence, he would gladly have done so; but the Cornishman's heart was slow to make the impossible. So the matter always ended in Mr. Tredethlyn finding himself one afternoon on wrong side of midnight, seated at the head of a glittering dinner-table; with the ruins of a sumptuous repast all about him, and the guests only dimly visible athwart a thick and stifling vapor of cigar smoke; while the chimes of some neighboring church were occasionally clashing and clattering of glass, or some applauding hand thumped its owner's approval of the lewd sentiments in an eloquent poor-prading oration.

It is impossible to be perpetually paying for supper, time after time, the accumulated drinking of little too freely of their hobbling vintage. Francis Tredethlyn, under the influence of animating champagne, found the Bohemian a much pleasanter kind of people than when he contemplated them in a dull, gray morning light of sobriety. Harcourt Lowther took care that his friend should pretty generally look at things through a rose-colored medium composed of the juice of the grape, for he found that it was by this means alone that he could retain his hold upon his victim.

So where he might, the Cornishman carried his wife's image in his heart, and he would have left the most brilliant assemblage in Bohemia for a quiet *tête-à-tête* in Maude's boudoir, if his friend Harcourt had not carefully impressed upon him that his entrance into that pretty little chamber was an intrusion only tolerated by Mrs. Tredethlyn's good nature.

Hence it was that he enter very minutely upon the details of the work which Harcourt Lowther was doing. The art of ruining a well-disposed young man is not a very difficult one; but Mr. Lowther had reduced the art into a science. His great effects were not the sublime hazards of genius, but the calculated results of a carefully studied process. So many nights in a tainted atmosphere; so many "Star and Garter" dinners; so many subtle insinuations of Maude's indifference, must produce such and such an effect. Mr. Lowther doubted more of the simple and vulgar haste with which a meaner man might ruin his friend. He never hurried his work by so much as a single step taken before its time. He never wavered, or reiented, or turned aside even for a moment from the course which he had mapped out for himself. So, in the course of that London season, it became quite a common thing for a cab-driver to bring Mr. Tredethlyn to the gigantic stuccoed mansion which he called his own in the early sunlight of a spring morning. Then there was the time when the returning weather found it no easy matter to open a door with a patent lock-key, which would go meandering impishly over the panel of the door, in a sinuous all manner of eccentric circles and parabolas on the surface, instead of finding its way into the key-hole. There was one still night on which Maude, coming home from some very late assembly, was startled up against by a young man who was groping his way up the great stone staircase, and found to her interable horror, that the young man was apologizing profusely for tearing half a dozen yards of medium from the hem of her skirt, declaring that he was "very sorry," for a "thousand pardons," and "Maury, I" will wear dress d'long, mum' he uprise got tore t' pieces"—was her husband.

A MEMORY.

We walked on the terrace together,
With sighing of roses there came
Faint voices in mellowing moonlight,
Softly repeating her name.

It kindled the night air around her,
And silvered her hair like a light,
And tangled her hair with its jewels,
Till her beauty dazzled my sight.

We walked on the terrace together,
With sighing of roses there came,
And breath of the new Bride of Summer—
In whispers, so softly, her name.

By sweet summer's breath it was echoed,
Through myrtle and roses it came;
Love will remember the moment
How well I remember that name.

GUY'S FOLLY;

OR,

The Secret of Thornton Heath.

BY VANE HETTON ST. JOHN.

AUTHOR OF "THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL," "THE WORLD'S VERDICT," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—"WHAT! NO TITLE, AFTER ALL!" AN ACTRESS'S FORTUNE.—A SURPRISE!

SIR ARTHUR ARMSTHROP, foaming with rage, left the house of Ella Raymond at a rapid pace, and hurried along the lane, snatching his cane almost angrily, as he did so, from the hands of tender twigs and leaves on the hedges.

When he reached home he paused in, with the intention of going straight up to his own room, but voices in the drawing-room arrested him.

They were those of Lady Armsthrop and Mr. A. Trail, the lawyer.

It was the mention of his own name, in a peculiar way, which had arrested Sir Arthur's progress.

"Arthur is out," said Lady Anne, "so there is no fear of its being here to listen."

"Oh, oh!" thought Sir Arthur; "the old hen is in that direction, does it? Good! then it is time I did listen, mother-mine."

Adjoining the drawing-room was an ante-room, with two doors, the one leading into the aforesaid chamber, the other into the passage.

Sir Arthur opened the latter very gently, so as not to be overheard, and noiselessly opening the door, crouched down near it.

Then he thought he'd do.

"You then, he will sign to-night?" said Mr. F. A. David.

"Yes," replied Lady Anne, "he has become tired of his short provisions, I think, although he is very much in love with Ella, he is too fond of me, before. I will go down to him in a few moments, and see what I can do with him. But first of all tell us papers for him to sign."

"Ah, my lady!" said the lawyer, as he rearranged his papers, and took a pinch of snuff, "something more than a settlement of £5,000 my dear lady, you are very clever, very discreet! Only think of your keeping the fumatic in that subordinate station for years, and Arthur never once suspecting it was his own father!"

"Why, then, is the secret," thought Arthur, as a shudder ran through his frame; "my father is still alive—alive in a living tomb!"

The lawyer spoke again, taking no notice of the lawyer's compliment.

"I have heard, upon good authority, that Sir Edward Guy is in England at the present moment, having with her her child."

The lawyer whistled.

"Whew! that is awkward!"

"Very, unless something is done. I have no doubt I shall get the signature to-night; and when that is obtained, Sir Robert must be ordered hence and taken abroad."

"Good! of course, if this person, the real Lady Armsthrop, were to present herself, and prove her identity, you lose your money and he his title?"

"Of course."

"What!" muttered Arthur, "no title—no fortune—no friends?"

And he hated the mother who was fighting for him.

Mr. F. A. Davit spoke.

"Have you any reason for supposing that Lady Arbuthnot knows or has any inkling whatever of your secret?"

"No; on the contrary, she has no conception of my existence, or of the fact that Robert Arbuthnot has come into a title. She has heard that there is property left in the family, but she is not aware how, or where, to come at it, or at her husband's place of residence."

"Then what do you fear?"

"I fear this: she may, in some way or another, discover the title which fell to her husband, and may then hear of us. If this does not arouse her suspicions, the fact of the secret of my house may do so notwithstanding."

"True. And you wish, therefore, after having obtained his signature, to spirit him away?"

"Yes; and keep up the secret of the outhouse, visiting it daily, as before; so that if any inquiry is made, a search shall be instituted, and nothing found."

She rose as she spoke.

"I shall not be long, Mr. F. A. Davit," she added. "Please wait for me here."

With these words she left the room.

Sir Arthur then took a prudent resolution.

To follow his mother would be useless; for he could not, without betraying himself, enter the outhouse with her.

He therefore resolved to remain where he was until her return, and learn from her own lips her success or failure.

Meanwhile, Lady Arbuthnot proceeded quietly towards the back portion of the premises, and made her way to the outhouse without being observed by any of the servants.

In her hand she bore the dark lantern which she always carried on such occasions, and by the aid of its light she had soon discovered the keyhole, and effected an entrance.

When she stood within the outer door, and was closing it, as usual behind her, a singularity was discernible.

This was, the entire absence of sound within the prisoner's room.

There was usually a scratching sound, as if he were pasting his pictures on the walls; or a rustling of paper, as he cut them out; or a pacing to and fro; or the rattling of fire irons; or, more usually, the dull, monotonous frame of some childish song.

Now, as I have said, there was not the slightest indication of life within.

With trembling hands she unlocked the door, and looked in.

There was no light in the room.

No living being was there.

Sir Robert Arbuthnot had escaped!

She lit the lamp and sat down despairingly.

Sixteen years of cruelty was rendered as nothing. One glimpse of reason had cast away the fruits of a long and painful martyrdom.

It was easy to see where Robert had escaped, for on the table a chair had been placed, and, by standing on this, he had succeeded, by some means, in reaching the place where the skylight had been. The question was, how he had succeeded in removing the slating, and then forcing his way up upon the roof.

Tired with speculating upon the probable manner of his flight, its object, and its result; sick at heart, and terror-stricken, too, by the contemplation of the future, Lady Arbuthnot at length rose, and returned to the drawing-room, where Mr. F. A. Davit, in his easy chair, had nodded off to sleep, and Sir Arthur, in his concealment, was chafing with impatience.

"Mr. F. A. Davit!" cried Lady Anne, abruptly, irritated that he should sleep while her mind was in such a state of turmoil.

The lawyer started and rubbed his eyes.

"Eh, eh, my lady!" he said, fidgeting about with his spectacles; "have you the signature?"

"I have not! He has escaped!"

It required no more than this thoroughly to wake up the before-somnolent attorney.

"Escaped, Lady Arbuthnot!" he cried, "surely you are jesting with me?"

"I am not! I solemnly declare that he has escaped, and that recently!"

The lawyer started up.

"Something must be done!" he said. "Let us send out the servants, and say that a lunatic has escaped! He will soon be discovered."

Lady Anne sat down wearily, an expression of disgust mingling with her disappointment.

"You are the lunatic now, I fancy, Mr. F. A. Davit!" she said. "Do you imagine I shall tell my servants that a lunatic has escaped from my house? Do you think that, after keeping this secret for sixteen years, I would betray it in a moment of fear? No, Mr. F. A. Davit; lawyer, and clever lawyer as you may be, here you are wrong!"

Mr. F. A. Davit quietly sat down again.

"Then what do you propose?" he said.

"Wait a moment, and I will tell you!" she said, and sat down by the fire to think.

Only a few minutes' thought had she; then she turned to her companion with a look of intense satisfaction.

"I have it!" she said, "I have it! Sir Robert Arbuthnot is supposed to have died in Florence—let it still be supposed so! If any one calling himself Sir Robert Arbuthnot makes his appearance now to claim anything, we will dispute his indentity!"

"Good! That is certainly a good plan! I presume confinement and lapse of time have much altered him?"

"So much so, that had I not been near him constantly, I should have denied his identity myself!"

"For the present, then, you will take no active steps in the matter?"

"None whatever! I will watch, and wait!"

"Thank heaven, then, my father will escape!" murmured Sir Arthur, as he crept away from his concealment.

For a moment a feeling of filial love came into his heart, driving away all his selfish thoughts—banishing awhile the remembrance that the escape of his father meant his own loss of title, of money and position.

Just for the time, the young libertine halted on the threshold of crime, and turned his face towards the memories of the past.

CHAPTER XII.—CLARA.

Before narrating the exact method of escape adopted by Sir Robert Arbuthnot, after the accidental using of his wife's name had restored him to reason, I must bring before my readers a character who materially aided in the development of the life drama we are describing.

Clara Arbuthnot was the youngest sister of Sir Arthur.

I have before spoken of Lady Anne and her tall daughters; but Clara was not one of these.

She was scarcely ever included in the description of the family, for she was so quiet, so gentle, so inoffensive, so utterly without the pale of the turmoil of match-making and petty jealousies, that people came to regard her as an outsider, and never thought either of scandalizing her or the reverse.

She was a very different person to either of her sisters.

Rebecca was tall and dark; Barbara was tall and fair; Clara was a medium between the two in color, though not in height.

Her figure was *petite*, beautifully rounded, with an exquisitely moulded bust and tapering waist, limbs which a Venus might have envied, and delicate hands and feet.

A world of love and tenderness lay in the depths of her glorious blue eyes, and her voice, sweet and low, seemed fitted only to speak words of gentle affection.

Such she was made by nature. Let us now see into what circumstances converted her.

On the evening on which Sir Robert Arbuthnot escaped from his solitary confinement, Clara, finding that her two sisters had retired to their room, that Sir Arthur was out, and that her mother was closeted with her lawyer, concluded, naturally, that she was free from observation.

Upon this idea she proceeded at once to act.

She was dressed, as she usually was in the summer, in a light muslin dress, low in the neck, and displaying the rise of her magnificent bosom.

In spite, however, of the weather, which was somewhat inclement, an east wind blowing sharply, she did not stay to change her dress, but casting a heavy shawl over her shoulders, and putting on her head, over her glossy auburn curls, a pretty hat, she glided down the stairs, and passed out into the road.

The night was dark and heavy, as I have said, and the trees swayed to and fro with a sighing, moaning sound, and the country was bleak and dismal around, and the stars were hidden behind a dense canopy of clouds.

But the beautiful girl was undismayed by the aspect of nature.

Her errand was one in which she saw no harm, and she had no reason, therefore, to regard anything as warning or dismal.

She hurried along eagerly on her secret errand, until, passing beyond the last house on the heath, she approached the corner of the winding lane which joined the high road to London.

Here, just at the turning of the little road, stood a cottage, or rather cabin, built of brick, and thatched, truly, but so unevenly built that it would have been regarded by any chance traveler as a mud-hut.

There was a light in the window of the cottage, and Clara Arbuthnot, entering the small garden, knocked unhesitatingly at the door.

An old woman answered the summons—a queer old woman, about fifty years of age, with one of those young and pleasant faces which seem so out of place when connected with grey hair and a decrepid form.

She welcomed Clara with a smile.

"Is he come?" asked the girl, anxiously.

"No, my dear Miss Arbuthnot, he is not," answered the woman; "but I have no doubt he will be here directly. Come in!"

Clara went in as asked, and the door was closed upon a pleasant little room, furnished in true cottagers' style.

"I have other visitors here," whispered the old woman—Mother Jameson, as she was called in the neighborhood—"they are here by accident almost. You need take no notice of them."

She pointed towards the inner door as she spoke—a door through which the murmur of voices was plainly distinguishable.

The girl flushed.

"I am sorry there is any one here," she said. "They may see and recognise me."

"You need not fear that," returned the old woman, in a low voice. "They are not persons whom you know at all, my dear; and, besides, one of them is ill in bed, and the other is watching by her side."

Mrs. Jameson, as if perfectly satisfied with her explanation, then sat down by the fire, and continued her knitting, which she had interrupted to admit Clara.

Clara, however, was uneasy, and fidgeted upon her chair, and when at length a voice called Mrs. Jameson from within, she arose and peeped in.

The door was left half open, and Clara could see all within.

On the bed lay a woman in the middle age of life, whose pale and somewhat emaciated features still bore the imprese of beauty.

Near her sat an old man, bent and decrepid with age, whose long white hair hung meekly and thinly over his shoulders.

Though his body was thus bowed and borne down by time, however, his eyes burned with an eager, impulsive fire, as if reason had long lain dormant, and had now burst forth with renewed vigor.

The woman was different.

Her eyes seemed dimmed by constant tears—her face and form wasted by long and impatient watchings—her mouth hardened with firm lines, because no smile had wreathed itself for years over her lips.

These two persons were Sir Robert Arbuthnot and his wife, Helen.

Clara little knew who sat there before her, or she would have rushed in, and clasped her father in her arms.

As it was, an instinct of curiosity, not unblended with interest and sympathy, induced her to regard the couple so earnestly, that Dame Jameson saw her as she came back, and closed the door behind her.

"Poor old people!" murmured Clara. "Who are they?"

Dame Jameson was busy at her stocking again, and did not raise her face as she answered:

"It is a man and wife, who have not met for nearly twenty years."

At this moment, a knock at the door interrupted her, and the entrance of a gentleman put an end to all further conversation on the subject.

The new-comer was a young man—perhaps five-and-twenty—with curling black hair, and a black moustache, and black eyes, and a dark skin, and a tall, strongly-built form—as great a contrast as could possibly be conceived to the *petite* elegance of Clara Arbuthnot's figure.

He was not a pleasant-looking fellow by any means; but then the God of Love is blind, and Clara saw not the man as he was, but as he seemed.

It was strange, indeed, to see how the sarcastic mouth could wreath itself into smiles, and the piercing eyes melt into tenderness, and the stormy face relax into softness, as he glanced down upon the fair young girl who loved him.

Clara nestled up, then, as he came in, as if he were love itself; and the strong man's face was flushed with a glow of pleasure as he stooped to kiss her.

To her heart it was the beginning of a long life of love and joy—these pleasant meetings of an evening with the man she idolized. To others, it seemed too truly the story of the hawk and the dove.

Sitting by the fire, and drawing her down by his side on a chair, he pressed her fondly to him.

"My dear one," he said, "I am come to tell you that I am about to quit England."

A deadly pallor overspread the young girl's face; her bosom heaved heavily, and a suffocating feeling oppressed her heart.

"About to quit England?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, dear one: but I need not go alone."

She knew well what he meant by this, but she did not answer.

He proceeded, drawing her still more closely to him, and looking fondly on her downcast face.

"You have promised me, my dearest, that when I came to claim you, you would be mine. I come to claim you—to-morrow you must fly with me."

"And must it be thus?" she murmured, sadly. "Is there no possible method of making my mother's heart turn towards you?"

The stranger's face flushed deeply.

"No," he cried, "no! The name of Denzil Harcourt is hateful to her. You know well how she received the mention of my name before. It would be madness even to speak of me again. No my dear Clara," he added, "you must trust me wholly, or not at all."

"I do trust you, dear Denzil," she said, "but oh, I dread this flight! I fear so much that I shall be doing a great wrong."

He smiled satirically.

"A great wrong, Clara? The only great wrong you can commit in this matter is to deceive me. However, Clara, what I tell you is correct. I must leave England in one week; and, although I have set my heart on making you my wife, yet, if you refuse to accompany me, I must go alone. We can be married within an hour after you quit home."

"And when do you wish me to come?" asked Clara.

"To-morrow night."

"And will you ask my mother once more, and urge upon her compliance with our wishes?"

"I cannot and will not, dear Clara; it is simply useless. She would turn me with insult from the door. To-morrow, my own one, I will await you here, at nine o'clock in the evening."

She glanced up hurriedly.

"Can we, then, be married at night?" she asked.

"Yes; but it matters not. If you think we shall not be discovered, I will meet you at nine in the morning after to-morrow, in the field just beyond the first stile. Will that suit you better, dear one?"

"Yes, Denzil."

"And you will come?"

Need we say how the interview ended?

Dame Jameson had quitted the room to attend to her other friends, and the lovers had the place to themselves.

So, after a deal of persuasion, and kissing, and coaxing, Clara, amid tears and smiles, consented to meet him, and leave her home.

Then Denzil Harcourt passed out of the house triumphantly, and walked rapidly towards the town.

As he left the cottage, a man who had been watching saw his face.

That man was Gideon Crawleigh.

An eminent judge said to a jury who had passed a sleepless night in their room, unable to agree upon a verdict;

"Gentlemen, I am surprised that you cannot agree in this case. I could agree either way in five minutes."

TOWN GOSSIP.

Sherman has been here, and we have made the most of him. We had no notion of letting him off cheaply, but feted and feasted him until with our attentions we completely routed the gallant General. He was glad to get away on Monday, on our own terms.

Sherman has been the people's pet. The cautious have praised his rashness; the illiterate have read his correspondence: the exacting have condoned his mistakes; the daring have admiringly confessed themselves outdone. Of the two mighty leaders developed by our struggle, Sherman collects the sympathy of the nation, while the silent and mysterious Grant compels their awe. That solemn Trismegistus, who knows everything and tells nothing, and who separates himself from the access of lesser minds in such a blue cloud-land of contemplative tobacco, is looked at askance by most of us, as children pass a dark entry. He wraps himself in thoughts and thunders, and from time to time an oracle comes out from the darkness. We do not understand him until the word is said and the thing is done. But the awful shining sword of Sherman, whirling over the South in the sun, was a spectacle paraded before every eye, and we could watch and criticise and wonder to our heart's content.

So when we found that the hand which had driven that sword was here among us, and in a shakable situation, we New Yorkers gave our whole minds to the duty of struggling through each other's elbows that we might pluck it, if possible, from the parent trunk.

First there was a magnificent private reception on Friday night at the house of his relative, Mr. Scott, where Gens. Dix and Rosecrans contemplated with great amazement their novel vis-a-vie, the Very Rev. Bishop Potter and Dr. Cummings. All coalesced at the supper-table in the friendliest manner, and Sherman's dry wit was the life of the occasion. In the evening there were serenades by the National Guard Band and Grafulla's Seventh Regiment Band, and Sherman with a wry face accepted his most distasteful duty, that of making a speech. These soldiers have been so long in the habit of delegating that service to their artillery, that it is almost impossible to get a word out of them.

On Saturday night Sherman was entertained more terrifically than before, by the Union League. And on Monday the man whom the American monarch delights to honor effected one of his rapid marches out of the city.

On Thursday we all observed a fast. That is we went in a body to the Park, and there and then ate up every oyster, sandwich and ice we could lay our teeth upon. The day was perfect; the grounds crowded with the well-dressed populace of America; the barouches and liveries superb; the gondoliers active; and, on the whole, fasting and humiliation seemed very good things to take.

It has been Yearly Meeting week, and on every side, in these golden afternoons of early June, we have seen the sober and placid platoons of Friends inspecting the town, walking about with chins well elevated and hats firmly set back. We like to meet them, as we would like to meet a breeze from a clover-field. They have cultivated faculties that we know nothing about. To them it is nothing to fight all the elements together, as Achilles combated the deities. Every spring they drop the concerns in which their worldly interest lies, and troop to the city to attend their great Sanhedrim, looking not back to the plough-handles they have left in the furrows. Their co-religionists in town receive them with fine antique hospitality, and at many a heavy-laden board, up and down the city, the innocent pastoral flock might be seen feeding daily, the males with much unnecessary smacking of the lips, and the ewes more quietly, their cap-ears softly shaking over the fodder.

On Monday, the 29th, and Tuesday, the 30th, the Schools of Art at the Cooper Institute held their receptions. There were quantities of paintings in oil and water-colors, and crayons and pencil drawings in still greater profusion. In the female department male portraits, and in the male female, showed that even from these austere cloisters of study and the arts it has been impossible to exclude the tender blind warrior. Faces of ideal beauty on the walls vied with the animated reality which promenaded to the strains of Dodworth's band, stationed in the reading-room. Streamers of the Union colors radiated from the dome, with surrounding festoons of the most tasteful upholstery. On Wednesday the pretty show was all thrown open to the public.

We rejoice to observe that the act passed in March for protecting natural scenery from the defacement of advertising, is going to have some practical effect. Mr. Putnam, of 140 Fifth avenue, entered a complaint the other day against a patent medicine proprietor and a trio of bill-stickers, for advertising on his curbstones and posts, the natural scenery of which had been greatly ravaged by the process; and sensible Justice Dodge held the guilty iconoclasts to answer at court. Would that the Carthagenians who corrode in this way all the rocks they can find over our vast railroad lines could be served in the same manner. There is nothing that so promptly corrects the notion that you are having a good time and have got into the country, as to see these miserable heraldries, dregs of the civilization of the town, blazoned on every rock at either side.

The theatres of New York are suffering from their summer decline, and have mostly gone into spectacle and sensation business. Wallack's, however, keeps up its endless succession of sterling comedies, which the excellent company very efficiently represent.

At the Winter Garden, Miss Hosmer played "Camille" all last week. Her Camille is what they call a "chaste" rendition of that very wilful lady's career, and is as graceful and classic a rendition as can be applied to that highly Frenchy character. Miss Hosmer is stately, graceful, handsome, and has a voice that King Lear himself would have considered an excellent thing.

The San Francisco Minstrels, at Heller's Hall, have had capital success, and they are really a funny set of boys. It does one good to hear manly Billy Birch pour out his "I am Here, Staunch and True!"

Barnum is making the most of the beauty and talents of Miss Emilie Melville, whose Dot is a charming impersonation. The Boone family and Tony Denier contend with the caymans for the affection of the public, and the so-called petrifaction of horseman and snake has not moved, we understand, since we first saw it.

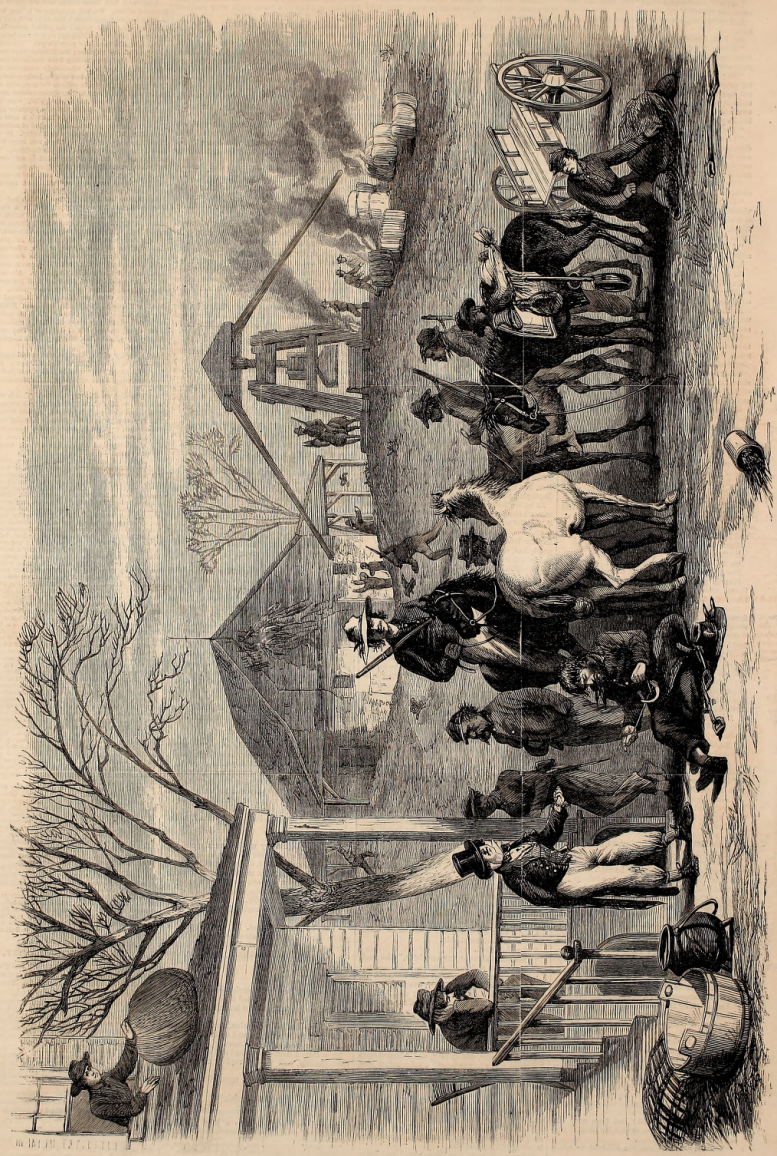
THE NATIONAL DEBT.

The Secretary of the Treasury has published an official statement of the public debt, as it was known to exist on the 1st of the present month. The following are the details:

Total indebtedness	$2,635,205,753
Interest, both in gold and paper	124,033,874
Amount bearing interest in coin	1,108,113,842
Interest	64,480,189
Bearing interest in lawful money	1,053,176,371
Interest	60,158,384
Amount on which interest has ceased	786,270
Amount bearing no interest	472,829,270
Legal tender notes in circulation	659,160,569
Fractional currency	24,667,000
Uncalled-for pay requisitions	40,000,000
Treasury notes over	25,000,000

It thus appears that we have already a debt of over two thousand six hundred and thirty-five millions, with an aggregate interest, in gold and currency, of one hundred and twenty-four millions.

The reason why policemen are never run over is, that they are never in the way.



SHERMAN'S HUMMERS FORAGING IN SOUTH CAROLINA.—FROM A SKETCH BY WAR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. E. TAYLOR.



FUGITIVE SLAVES ESCAPING TO THE PROTECTION OF OUR ARMY AT WILMINGTON—SCENE ON THE CAPE FEAR RIVER.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

SLAVES ESCAPING TO WILMINGTON, N. C.

On this page we see, among the tropical scenery of North Carolina, a little family, of escaping slaves making the best of their way down the tepid waters of Cape Fear River to Wilmington and liberty. Behind are the rice fields near Fayetteville—from which town our Artist went out to sketch—and on either side the low, boggy shores of the Cape Fear. The mother nurses her small piccaninny, the father sturdily paddles along, their poor little canoe or "dug-out" is loaded to the water's edge with their crazy wardrobe and effects. To-day all is suspense, and they listen for the rifle or the bloodhound; to-morrow it is manhood and liberty; next year, perhaps, citizenship and the vote.

FEEDING THE NEEDY AT CHARLESTON, S. C.

It will ever be a great satisfaction to the North that during the long and sanguinary struggle that we have just passed through, whatever may have been the isolated and exceptional excess of individuals, the conduct of the Government at Washington, and of all the military commanders has been dictated by a forbearance which has no parallel in the history of the world. Our Artists have, in their sketches, repeatedly illustrated the fatherly care which Uncle Sam has displayed towards his rebellious and prodigate sons of the South. We give to-day an interesting sketch of a scene at the corner of Calhoun and Lucas streets, in Charleston, S. C., where the Federal authorities had established a depot for feeding the needy and destitute inhabitants of that haughty city.



THE NEEDY INHABITANTS OF CHARLESTON, S. C., BEARING AWAY THEIR RATIONS—SCENE AT THE CORNER OF CALHOUN AND LUCAS STREETS.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.

Our Artist says it is somewhat singular that there are so few of the colored people to be seen here; there are separate days for them, but still the majority are whites.

Do not Waste your Money buying any of the numerous worthless articles called Gold Pens, which have flooded the market for the last few years, when at lower prices you can get pens which are acknowledged to be the Best in the World. Avoid the shameless Upstarts, whose lack of brains compels them to attempt Imitations, even to the advertisement. If you want the full value of your money, call on A. MORTON, 25 Maiden Lane, New York, or inclose stamp for circular.

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By authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, the undersigned, the General Subscription Agent for the sale of United States Securities, offers to the public the third series of Treasury Notes, bearing seven and three tenths per cent. interest per annum, known as the

Seven-Thirty Loan.

These Notes are issued under date of July 15th, 1865 and are payable three years from that date, in currency, or are convertible at the option of the holder into

U. S. 5-20 Six per cent.

GOLD-BEARING BONDS.

These bonds are now worth a handsome premium, and are exempt, as are all the Government Bonds, *from State, County, and Municipal taxation, which adds from one to three per cent. per annum, to their value,* according to the rate levied upon other property. The interest is payable semi-annually by coupons attached to each note, which may be cut off and sold to any bank or banker.

The interest at 7-30 per cent. amounts to

One cent	**per**	**day**	**on a**	**$50**	**note.**
Two cents	"	"	"	**$100**	"
Ten	"	"	"	**$500**	"
20	"	"	"	**$1,000**	"
$1	"	"	"	**$5,000**	"

Notes of all the denominations named will be promptly furnished upon receipt of subscriptions.

The Notes of this Third Series are precisely similar in form and privileges to the Seven-Thirties already sold, except that the Government reserves to itself the option of paying interest in gold coin at 6 per cent. instead of 7 3-10ths in currency. Subscribers will deduct the interest in currency up to July 15th, at the time when they subscribe.

The delivery of the notes of this third series of the Seven-thirties will commence on the 1st of June, and will be made promptly and continuously after that date.

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The return to specie payments, in the event of which only will the option to pay interest in gold be availed of, would so reduce and equalise prices, that purchases made with six per cent. in gold would be fully equal to those made with seven and three-tenths per cent. in currency. This is

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100	Acres Pine and Hemlock Timber Land on Lehigh River, Pennsylvannia - -	3,000
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50	Gents' " Silver " " $40	2,000
100	Ladies' " Gold Lockets, large $10, 100 do. do. small, $7	1,700
1,000	Sets " " Jewellery, Breast Pins and Ear-rings, $15 - - - - -	15,000
1,000	Ladies' Fine Gold Finger Rings $6 - -	6,000
1,000	Pairs Ladies' and Gents' Gold and Stone Sleeve Buttons - - - - - - -	5,000
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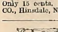
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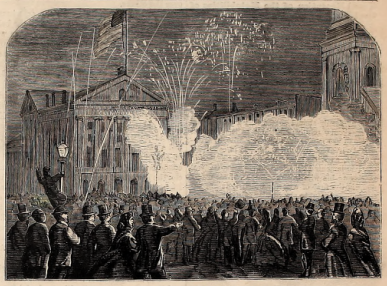
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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

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No. 508 Vol. XX.] NEW YORK, JUNE 24, 1865. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY, IN ADVANCE



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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JUNE 24, 1865.

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Republican Reaction in Europe.

THE material effect produced by our late war in some parts of Europe is only typical of the relatively grander moral results which it will yet produce—results which we already anticipate. Our war of the Revolution was not the precursor alone of the great French Revolution, but its direct and obvious cause. It enlisted a nation which changed the whole aspect of the world and perhaps gave it, in ideas, principles and popular advancement, its most conspicuous impulse. The re-vindication of the principles of Republicanism in the United States, through means of the most gigantic struggle known in the annals of the human race, must have confirmed those who doubted, and convinced those who scouted the pretension that men may not only govern themselves, but sustain and give permanence to the institutions of their choice. The experiment of Republicanism, before the war, was generally admitted to be a partial success, but the admission was always qualified by the observation that it had never undergone any of the tests which go to prove vitality or permanence. "Only wait until some great shock shall occur, or some difficult problem shall arise in the administration of the government of the United States, and then you will see how this great and gaudy bubble will collapse. Its apparent success is only the result of a wonderful series of concurrent favorable circumstances. It is but a piece of, as yet, unexposed and unexploded quackery—a sham, delusion and snare."

Such have been the criticisms and such the predictions regarding the United States, with which the world has been treated for three quarters of a century. All that our foes could say, all that the devotees of Republicanism could say, was limited to an expression of the belief that the model Republic would be able to withstand all the assaults and survive all the perils to which governments are exposed, and would prove, in its hour of trial, that it had all the elements of strength necessary to its protection from the first, and of triumph over the others.

We have now passed through the *experiences and trials*. We have been weighed in the balances and tried in the furnace; nor have we been found wanting, but have come out "pure gold" from the fiery ordeal. We have received the last and most effectual blow at the friends of Human Liberty, and have closed the mouths of the prophets of evil.

It is not to be wondered that, since the Spirit of Freedom has secured new life from its triumph here, and has electrified anew its votaries in the old world.

It is no wonder that the peoples of Europe feel a thrill in their veins that the oracles of Liberty speak with a new emphasis and a confidence which they had not before. What can the dynasties of Europe oppose to this spirit, but the world-be dynasties, red-handed and perjured, conjuring with the cant phrase of "Law and Order"—what can these avail against the intelligence of the people? with which every manly heart, beating under smock or blouse, can combat all their devices of government and all their plausible pretexts for the repression of mankind?

The American triumph, gained by such efforts of energy and patience, and such cost of blood and treasure, must react, with tremendous force, in behalf of the cause of which America is the exponent and head. It must be felt in the loyest cottage and in the proudest palace, and must unhesitatingly—say, may speedily be felt in the politics of Europe. Of this the indications are not only strong but numerous. Already it has compelled a change in the policy of France, which is only the suppositions descendant of the great general, and Prince Napoleon, who is more impressed upon his face the proofs of his victorious blood. With a people among which his more powerful relative, or putative relative, would do well to respect, he reminds the French nation of the anthem affirmed to be the United States, and tells it that it is here it must look for an example of progress, material and political, and for a true and advantageous freedom. Already it has begun to apply to word establishing an empire and "balance of power" in Mexico must not only imperil, but change into a deadly and hostile opposition. The cry of alarm from Europe be true, this has led to rupture between the two heads of the house of Bonaparte, which may widen into a split in the family.

One English journal tells us that the news from America "has filled Austria and Germany with the spirit of Transatlantic democracy." The Volks Zeitung (People's Gazette) of Berlin, the Prussian capital, confirms the statement:

"Every Republican in Europe now holds up his head, speaks out bolder; he is not afraid to look at his foes before the most incarnate monarchist; for never, since the commencement of history, did such a victory as has been proved ever less than now. The echo of the liberal press becomes more confident and bolder, while the organs of the aristocracy can hardly suppress their fears and fail to find consolation. The whole of Europe, the home of military despotism, France, too, received her European consciousness—for it is reported from all districts that a new spirit has prevailed the masses since the fall of Richmond, and particularly since the death of Lincoln, and the spirit comes mainly and surely to the front in favor of liberty and against tyranny and barbarism for both worlds, and as fall was the beginning of the downfall of the South."

The proscribed citizens of France resident in Belgium, many of them men who once held high civil and military positions, but now exiled by the perjurer and traitor who holds a temporary lease of power in France, recognize not the dawn, but the full blaze of day in the American war. "The great Republic," they say, in an address to the American nation, "is restored to herself; she will continue the living lesson to the nations—the pledge of the future, the example of the world. * * We, conquered Republicans, salute your victorious Republic; we salute, through you, our recollections—our hopes. We cheer the triumph of your cause, which is ours; we accept your victory as a presage, your success as a promise. The triumph cannot be isolated; gained by one only, it benefits all. Justice cannot chime on one spot without irradiating others."

The same feeling finds expression in a hundred ways. "The reflection," thus runs a private letter, "now in all circles is, that we have accomplished, with our democratic government, results that never could have been accomplished with any other. It is impossible for the governments of Europe to resist the effect of the lessons taught by the United States within the past four years."

Not in words alone is the effect of our triumph made manifest. Already the ports of Europe are crowded with stalwart men and women seeking for a home in the land that has proved itself in war as great as it is in the arts of peace.

A letter from Hamburg tells us that on the 29th of April the throng of emigrants from Mecklenburg was so large that the cars could not run on the railway from Hagenow to Hamburg because necessary. Five thousand emigrants from the different small duchy of Mecklenburg had packed at the former place—all young, fresh and merry people. This number was chiefly recruited from the rich, feudal districts of Mecklenburg and Holstein, where the social and political condition of the people, with the exception of the nobles, is greatly depressed."

The *Irish Times* swells the evidence which reaches us from every European port. It says: "We believe that, when peace comes between the belligerents, the emigration to America which has hitherto taken place, compared with what will certainly ensue, will be as the leakage of a weir to the opening of a sluice. There is not a city, town or hamlet in Ireland, in which a large proportion of the able bodied population is not determined to emigrate the moment peace is restored."

Peace *has* come, and the predictions of the *Irish Times* are more than verified. The Cork *Examiner* adds to the testimony. It tells that the ports is crowded with emigrants, whose only question is where to go, which they have to submit in obtaining passage to the "Fair Lands of the West." These represent, it adds, "the health and strength of the nation, about to depart from it. Brawny and able-set men, strong and vigorous women—men, albeit, in awkwardly cut frieze and gawkish of gait; women, albeit, decked out in rough homespun, with, perhaps, a bunch of garish finery, demanded by the occasion, added—yet both strong of arm and sound of limb, and doubtless, as Irishmen and Irishwomen, warm of heart, are the chief constituents of this crowd. It is true there are old men and women, and there are children, but the percentage of these is marvellously small."

The question of negro suffrage is the next which the nation will be called upon to solve. It practically resolves itself into whether the loyal men of the South, white and black, shall have the control in the reorganization of those States, or whether the power shall be handed to the traitors who have, "from the force of circumstances," just laid down their arms. *Apropos* of this point, the Washington *Chronicle* says:

"The following facts may will be submitted to public consideration. The Declaration of Rights, prefixed to the constitution of Delaware, declared:

"Every freeman, having sufficient evidence of permanent common interest with, or attachment to the community, hath a right of suffrage."

The Constitution of Maryland provided:

"Every white man, of the age of twenty-one years, having a freehold of fifty acres of land in the county in which he may offer to vote, and residing therein, and all freeman having property in this state above the value of forty pounds current money, and having resided in the county in which they offer to vote one whole year next preceding the election, shall have a right of suffrage in the election of delegates for each county."

The Virginia Declaration of Rights provided:

"All men have sufficient evidence of permanent common interest with, and attachment to the community, have the right of suffrage."

The constitution of North Carolina contained this provision:

"All freemen of the age of twenty-one years, who have been inhabitants of any one county within the State twelve months immediately preceding the day of any election, and shall have paid public taxes, shall be entitled to vote for members of the House of Commons for the county in which they reside."

The Constitution of Georgia declared that

"The electors of the members of both branches of the legislature shall be citizens and inhabitants of this state, and shall have attained to the age of twenty-one years, shall have paid all taxes for the year preceding the election, and shall have resided six months within the county."

So far not a word short distinctions on account of color. "All freemen," "every freeman," this is the phrase.

The people voted in Pennsylvania till 1838, in Connecticut they voted till 1857. In New York, original freehold and black stood upon the same ground, the right to vote in both being dependent upon a property qualification. About the year 1821 the constitution of that State abolished all the property test as regards the white man, but left it unrepealed as regards the blacks. That is to say it was a half reform.

Within the memory of men now living, negroes voted regularly in North Carolina and in Tennessee. In the former state, it is related that a wealthy slaveowner secured his election to Congress by setting free a considerable number of his slaves, who went to the polls and voted for him in a body.

In Maryland, colored men voted until 1838. In North Carolina, as we have said, they originally voted. Judge Gaston, in a legal opinion, in 1833, said:

"The very Congress which framed our constitution (the 8 secessionists excepted) was chosen by its electors. That constitution extended the elective franchise to every freeman who had arrived at the age of twenty-one and paid a public tax; and it is a matter of universal notoriety that under it free persons, without regard to color, claimed and exercised the franchise until it was taken from free men of color, a few years since, by our amended constitution."

It was not long ago that "Admiral" Semmes, the individual who commanded the Alabama, but who did ever capture the Kearsarge, wrote his paragraph which follows for the London *Morning Herald*. It reads well in connection with Kirby Smith's surrender of the entire rebel army in Texas. The sea-dog Semmes (by the way, where is Semmes?) ventilated himself in the *Herald* in search (letter known as "Sairey Gamp") as follows:

"The State of Texas alone has within her limits all the materials, and is fast getting the appliances for equipping and maintaining armies; and when you reflect that she has been overrun as much territory as the empire of France, and that countless herds of horse and beef cattle wander over her boundless prairies, you can well imagine with what contempt this warlike people regard the insane threat of subjugation. A few articles were driven to narrow across the Mississippi river, we could get the enemy for a century to come in Texas alone."

THE empire of South Carolina, as represented by its fire-eating Governor Magrath, is at present, we are happy to say, the Old Capital prison, Washington. Just before his arrest, the lately truculent embodiment of "all the chivalry" seems to have had a "bad interval." We infer so from his address to the people of the state, from which the following is an extract:

"Let me assure you your condition, awaiting restitution on your part will not make it worse. With an unconquerable spirit of humanity at which I bend, and give the assurance, I urge upon you the resumption of your peaceful pursuits, and the early return of repentance to those changes which may be made in your conditions. Let me say to you in conclusion, I give my pledge to protect: deal resolutely with fruits; look the truth calmly in the face; and, with a firmer bosom, meet with the charity which even misfortune can command, the confident wisdom which prosperity."

A CHARLESTON correspondent of the *Tribune* says of the prisoner Magrath, late rebel Governor of South Carolina, that

"He has the reputation of being able to throw himself into a passion at will, and is, probably, in short space of time, as any other distinguished man in this state."

THE amounts of cotton, resin and other staples of the South that have come to light since the restoration of peace surpasses all previous estimates. The Vicksburg *Herald*, of the 28th ult., describes the scene at the Court House in that city: "White with cotton-bales and crammed with wagons," and poetically describes the "broadbacked mules, with their long tails and drowsy gaze, patiently drawing heavy cotton-wagons, passing and repassing our window, from early dawn till late at night, and the drivers making the air weird with their voices shouting the word of command."

It is stated on very good authority that the reactionary government of Guatemala has made application to have that state incorporated in the French Empire of Mexico. The request was seconded by the reactionary government of San Salvador, but the people refused to follow, and the revolution which has been a revolution in that state, which will probably result in restoring to power that enlightened statesman, Gen. Barrios.

THE discussion with regard to Buchanan's responsibility for the rebellion has called up his message, as given to Congress, Dec. 4, 1860, upon the right of the general government to coerce a state. In his last annual message, Mr. Buchanan said:

"The question, fairly stated is, has the Constitution delegated to Congress the power to coerce a state into submission, which is attempting to withdraw, or has actually withdrawn from the Confederacy? I answer that in the affirmative, it must be on the principle that the power has been conferred on Congress to make war on a state. After much serious reflection, I have arrived at a conclusion clear and strong that no such power existed to Congress, nor to any other department of the Federal Government."

It is fortunate for the integrity of the nation that the people of the United States did not share in Buchanan's views. The "Old Public Functionaries" that a nation has not the constitutional right to live has such credit as may come from Mr. Buchanan's endorsement.

THE Paris correspondent of the N. Y. *Times*, of Saturday, makes the following suggestions as to the disposition of the building in which the President was assassinated:

"In 1800, when the Duke de Berry, brother of the Prince who was assassinated in Paris at the door of the Opera House, was murdered, the citizens and authorities of Paris made the ground for ever afterwards free from any habitation. Around the Duke's Tower, as it stands to-day in the Rue Richelieu, with its beautiful garden and fountain, there is a space where the Opera House stood. Why does not the Federal Government in like manner purchase and demolish the house, and erect on the site either a monument, a statue, a fountain or a chapel? I make the suggestion of that description, as it would be in the place if there be money enough in the treasury to indemnify Mr. Seward."

A PETITION signed by upwards of 200 colored citizens of South Carolina has been sent to President Johnson. In it the signers say:

"As you were once a citizen of South Carolina, we feel that you will remember that up to 1835 free colored men voted in this State, before the Constitution was changed to exclude them from the polls. It seems to us that men who are willing on the field of battle to carry the musket and wear the gray of grape cannot be be permitted to carry the ballot, which is certainly a less dangerous exercise of denying the elective franchise to men who have been faithful to the Government, while it freely admits to men who have just returned from four years' fighting against it."

WHEN Jeff. Davis became Pierce's Secretary of War his antecedents attracted some attention. One who knew him at West Point stated:

"Col. Davis was distinguished for nothing as a student at West Point, except in being at the foot of his class in the department of rhetoric and moral philosophy, which constitutes the literary portion of the course. In mathematics and natural philosophy he was little below, being in the former the 37th and in the latter the 39th in his class, which numbered 52 graduates."

The London *News* noticing his arrest says of him:

"Not only did he plan this war, but on him rests the chief responsibility of continuing it months and years after the hopes of success had passed away. From what Lee and Johnston and Hardee have stated since the fall of the Confederacy it is now clear that Mr. Davis prolonged the war after his best generals had urged him to make peace. If he were answerable for nothing worse than the great sacrifice of life caused by the rejection of Mr. Lincoln's proposals at Hampton Roads, the weight of such a load of responsibility might well break down the stoutest heart. His language and acts during the nine months preceding his flight from Richmond sufficiently disclosed the ruin of his hopes. Until then a habit of self-restraint had concealed to a great extent his real character.

"But from the time he visited Georgia, after the fall of Atlanta, and called Gov. Brown a scoundrel in public speech, down to the address of March last, in which he referred to Grant and Sherman as spaniels whom he would whip, the coarseness of the man's nature has been apparent. It was about the time of the reckless Macon speech that he began to authorize those atrocious outrages, which have made it less difficult to believe in his complicity with the plot which resulted in Mr. Lincoln's death."

The London *Times* doesn't want Davis hanged, but does not regard him, by any means, as merely an unsuccessful Washington:

"The inhabitants of these islands have little reason to sympathize with Mr. Jefferson Davis. He is known to us as one of the most inveterate calumniators of this country, whose policy it was to stir up the feelings of every class of his countrymen against us. We also remember him as the author and originator of the famous Mississippi scheme of repudiation. His plan of rebellion was founded on the idea that the deprivation of cotton would be intolerable, and that, driven by hard necessity, we should feel ourselves compelled to support the South with the whole force of the Empire. For the person who can thus speculate as his means of success on the miseries he can inflict on his neighbors we have little respect, and if we plead for the life of Mr. Jefferson Davis it is not from any esteem for his motives or sympathy with his character."

The London *Herald*, after calling Mr. Johnson a "drunken blackguard," whom "the American people after the fashion of an ignorant African tribe have chosen their ruler," proceeds to eulogise Davis, and to prophesy:

"Whatever fate his enemies may prepare for him, he will meet it, doubtless, with the courage which has sustained him during the trying, but glorious, years of his Presidency. He has done his duty. He has defended the cause of freedom and of right with almost superhuman energy; and having seen the noblest of his countrymen lay down their lives for that cause, sacrifice themselves in the hope and the trust that their country would be successful in her fight, now that the struggle is seemingly over, and the South has sunk into despair, he must rather desire to seal his testimony with his blood. To such a man there must be something inspirating and consoling in the prospect of such a death. His blood, he will feel assured, will not flow in vain. Broken as may now be the strength, crushed as may now be the spirit of the South, the spirit is not dead; the strength will be recovered, and the cruel martyrdom of its great chief, kindling it to revenge, will keep alive the love of liberty until the hour comes in which to renew the fight, which for a race of freemen can only finally end with victory."

The total national indebtedness of Mexico exceeds $317,000,000; the interest payable on this amounts to $20,000,000; the entire revenue of the country, from all ordinary sources, is much below $10,000,000, or half the interest on the debt, without leaving a single dollar to maintain the government and support the army. These facts show a condition of financial affairs in Mexico to which, for feebleness and instability, a parallel can no where be found. Such a condition can have only one result—a speedy dissolution of the mushroom empire, and an early return of the Archduke Maximilian to his amiable relations and affectionate friends in Austria. The "empire" cannot stand. The point most to be wondered at is, Napoleon's having allowed any of his subjects to trust their money in the lottery loan for $50,000,000 just subscribed for, chiefly in Paris. He has not guaranteed, however, that the interest on this new loan will be paid.

Two weeks before Kirby Smith surrendered his army of cotton robbers and speculators in Texas, his lieutenant, Magruder, addressed the aforesaid army as follows:

"Come what may I shall stand by my country, and I will never be a slave to Yankee power. I had rather be a Camanche Indian chief than bow the knee to Yankeedom. I will only add that we have a neighbor near at hand. I do not feel at liberty to say anything further concerning the matter at present. But it may be that we may have aid from a source unexpected, and at a time when we least dream of it. Therefore let us stand by our leaders and all will yet be well. I do not feel at all discouraged at the present position of matters, and I am certain you would not if you realized all the facts which will develop themselves."

The infallibility of reporters is beautifully illustrated in the following three distinct reports of the speech (if speech it may be called) of Gen. Sherman at the Union League Club, on the occasion of his recent visit:

No. 1.—"I think no feeling so kindly to the heart as the welcome home of a single tie, and when welcomed to this home by the men I see before me, it is doubly, trebly dear to my feelings."

No. 2.—"I know of no feeling so kindly to the heart of the soldier as a welcome home by his fellow-citizens, and to be welcomed to this home by the men I see before me is doubly, trebly dear to my feelings."

No. 3.—I know of no feeling so kindly to the heart as the welcome home by *a little child*; but when welcomed to this home by the men I see before me, it is doubly, trebly dear to my feelings."

The Congressional Committee on the conduct of the war has entirely exhonerated Gen. Hooker from the charge of drunkenness during the battle of Chancellorsville. In concluding their report on his case, they say:

"Nor can the committee doubt that had Gen. Hooker been clothed with the power at once conferred upon his successor, and had been given the assistance which was so freely accorded to him, the result of the campaign would have been far more decisive than it was. Why the General-in-Chief should have shown more desire to co-operate with and assist the one commander than the other, perhaps involves questions of motives and feelings which your committee refrain from commenting upon."

The Count de Paris, grandson of Louis Philippe and present head of the Orleans family, has written a letter to Hon. Charles Sumner on the death of President Lincoln, from which we make an extract:

"Those who saw Mr. Lincoln during that great ordeal when everything seemed to conspire against the salvation of the Republic, will never forget the honest man who, without personal ambition, always supported by a strong perception of his duties, deserved to be called emphatically a great citizen. And when the dreadful crisis during which he presided over the destinies of America will belong to history, when its bloody track will disappear under the rapid growth of an invigorated nation and a regenerated community, people will only remember its beneficial results, the destruction of slavery, the preservation of free institutions, and will ever associate with them the name of Mr. Lincoln. In this struggle with slavery his name will remain illustrious among those of the indefatigable apostles who fought before him and who will achieve his work. But it will also be said of him that he secured the preservation of the Union through a tremendous civil war, without ceasing to respect the authority of the law and the liberty of his fellow-citizens; that in the hour of trial, he was the Chief Magistrate of a people who knew how to seek in the fullest use of the broadest liberties the spring of national endurance and energy."

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The State debt of New Hampshire is $3,978,000. She has furnished 33,427 men in the war for the Union, of whom 5,818 have fallen, and 11,039 been permanently disabled.

—— The present indications are that Lake Superior travel will be something unprecedented this year. People seem to be just realising the beauties of this delightful region.

—— Duff Green, the notorious Washingtonian, has returned from the South, and is an applicant for a special pardon before the President, his property being over $20,000.

—— The Union Hotel, at Saratoga, will be opened to the public on the 15th inst. From present appearances, this place will be more crowded than last year, nearly every room having been engaged. The opera-house will be opened by the Lelands on the 1st of July.

—— General Hartwell, commanding at Orangeburg, S. C., has issued the following order, addressed "To the Colored People: You know that you are free and are to be treated like free men and women; but there is no one to support you and your families besides yourselves, and any arrangements you can make with people who will treat you kindly and pay you for your work will be the best thing you can do. The bargains that you make to work for a share of the crops will be kept. You cannot be sent to Charleston; and if you went there you could find nothing to do to get a living. No one will be allowed to abuse you or treat you like slaves; and you will not be allowed to take what does not belong to you; and you had better make a bargain for work as soon as you can."

—— A South Carolina correspondent of a daily contemporary draws the following picture of the population of that state: "The hopeless apathy of the poor whites, which is described by officers and refugees as something appalling, renders the planters disposed to do the best they can with the blacks; but there are large numbers who evidently intend to do as the Jamaica planters did—swindle the freed slaves under any and every pretext. Their conversation shows it. Unless all South Carolina is garrisoned by anti-slavery troops, this state will either become a desert by the desertion of the laborers or pass into other hands. It is very desirable, for the good of all parties, that it should change owners, for the planter, that he may learn to work for his own living; for the black, that he may become an honest laborer, which under the present capitalists he has no inducement to become; for the poor white that he may have and see an opportunity to rise in the social scale. No man in the North, who has not lived among these planters, can understand what a brutal and vicious class of persons they are. The New York Five Points could turn out at random a more intellectual, and as moral-looking a delegation any day as I have seen here in conference with General Hartwell."

—— No reply has yet been received to the formal demand of our Government for the surrender of the rebel ram Stonewall, as the Cuban authorities must, of course, refer the question to the Spanish government at Madrid and await instructions.

—— The New York *Herald* states that the cost of its war correspondence, during the past four years, was over half a million dollars.

—— Railroad men have long sought for some plan of carrying butter in summer, without damage. At last a car has been invented which will meet the desired end. They have an inside lining of inch board, placed three inches from the outside covering; the space between is packed with sawdust, making five inches in thickness for the ends, roof and sides of the cars, entirely protecting the contents from heat in the warmest weather. The doors are also double.

—— Among Mr. Lincoln's papers has been found a package of letters, in his own handwriting, "Assassination letters."

—— Decora, a famous Winnebago chief, died recently at Lincoln, Wisconsin, aged 133 years. He aided the United States in the Black Hawk war, and was rewarded by Gen. Jackson with a small United States flag. He kept it as long as he lived, and now it waves over his grave.

—— It is alleged that the terrible calamity at Mobile, by which 500 persons are reported to have lost their lives, was the work of rebel incendiaries, and the military authorities are blamed for allowing such a quantity of powder as to blow up eight blocks of houses, to remain in the heart of a great city.

—— Old engravings are pressed into service to commemorate Mr. Lincoln. An old picture of Calhoun and another of Fremont have received new heads and are doing duty.

—— George D. Prentice says that he heard rebel leaders say unreservedly in Richmond last December, when Jeff Davis' health was very bad, that, if he should die, assassination would be resorted to as a means of preventing Stephens from being President.

—— The Hartford *Post* says a gentleman in that city has five nephews in the army who have served out a three years' enlistment and promised them $5,000 each if they would re-enlist, which all of them did. Three of them are in Sherman's army and will be home within a very few days, and he is prepared to pay down $15,000 to them, and $10,000 to the other two, whose term of service will expire the coming fall.

—— The Wheeling *Register* says a novel suit will come before the Brooke county Circuit Court at its next session. A Mrs. O'Brien, whose husband was killed to one of the West Virginia regiments, sues Mr. James Palmer for $5,000 damage for the injury she has sustained by the death of her husband. She claims that Palmer was a sympathizer with the South, and contends that he should therefore be held accountable to the extent of $5,000 for the death of her husband.

—— The government has under advisement the question of colonizing all the Indian tribes between Minnesota and Iowa and the Rocky Mountains, in a reservation somewhere on the northern border of Montana and Dacota with the British possessions adjoining as unlimited hunting grounds.

—— The soldiers in the grand review at Washington, if marshaled 30 abreast in solid column, would exceed 42 miles.

—— The New York *Tribune*, in an article on Mr. Wendell Phillips, says: "But for his misfortune in having received his moral and religious training from a Bible wherefrom the 13th chapter of I. Corinthians was unaccountably omitted, he might have taken rank among the very foremost men of our age."

—— At a Union meeting held in Guntersville, Marshall county, Alabama, on the 16th of May, Major A. C. Baird, late of the rebel army, made the following speech: "We have met to bury the tomahawk—to smoke the calumet of peace. All of us ought to reverence that government which we could not destroy, and to which we have been compelled to submit. I shall do it cheerfully."

Foreign.—A drunken soldier in the army in India, having been confined in the blackhole for intoxication, felt something crawling over him. Knowing it to be a serpent, and fearing its deadly bite, he kept quite still, while the reptile crawled inside of his jacket and coiled himself up for a nap. When the guard came to release him some hours after, a snake—a cobra—quickly glided away. The guard noticed with surprise that the prisoner's hair had turned white, and he died a few hours after telling his story.

—— A fearful scene at an execution in Athens, Greece, recently took place. The condemned man, on arriving at the scaffold, appeared to feel awaken in him an instinctive clinging to life, and having his hands free (as permitted by the Greek law), he suddenly felled one of the two executioners to the ground. The second at once drew a poignard and plunged it into the breast of the criminal, who still continued to make a violent resistance. The man's arms were at length bound, and his head laid on the sliding plank, but in consequence of his violently moving, the blade of the guillotine fell only on his shoulder. A second attempt severed the head from the body.

—— The London *Standard* says:—"There is no question but that the Federal Government is urgently pressing upon that of England its demand for compensation for the captures made by the Confederate cruisers." Now this is nothing new. The United States Government, there is every reason to believe, has regularly sent a bill to the British Government for each new depredation of this pirate, and it was as regularly filed away in the archives of the foreign office.

—— The *Pungolo*, of Milan, publishes an explanation of the miracle of the statue of the Magdalen, which stands in one of the most populous suburbs of that city, and which was in the habit of weeping from time to time on account of the impieties of the day. The authorities having caused the statue, formed of baked clay, to be examined, discovered in its interior a reservoir for water, intended to be heated. Whenever the clergy wished to make the Magdalen weep, they had a fire lighted beneath the reservoir, which caused the hot water to evaporate and rise into the upper parts of the statue, and the steam there being condensed, was directed towards the eyes by means of pipes.

—— A Paris correspondent writes: "Last Thursday I saw one bonnet which I am sure must be the extreme of the present fashion. Madame De Z——'s bonnet consisted of two ounces of gold beaten into a band, and four square inches of black lace, the whole to conclude with a gold button, which fastened one end of the lace over the other. Just then come by the Marquis De T——, the greatest Anglo-maniac in France. 'Marquis, did you ever see nothing?' 'Nothing, my good boy—how see nothing?' 'Then come and look at one of your countrywomen's bonnets?'"

TOWN GOSSIP.

They have been having a terribly hot affair up in the heavens, and of course the consequences fall upon the poor little earth, which being in the subordinate position always gets the worst of it. Phaeton has got the reins again, and driven his weak-minded father's coach ever so many miles nearer our world, which has been perching and cracking for a week. The track of the blazing chariot appears to us to have been directly over Broadway. Everybody goes home now-a-days and finds his wife gymnasticating with a fan. Everybody's wife says, "Oh, dear, how hot it is!" Everybody responds to this safe ejaculation "Indeed it might be cooler," and everybody's wife retorts sharply "Yes, but it ain't!" and the conversation closes with the exit of the stricken husband into the bath-room.

The coolest people we know are Mr. and Mrs. Swan, and their relatives, the distinguished Swan family. We met them recently at a fashionable watering place, and we were greatly struck by the strength and dignity of Mr. Swan and the graceful gait and exquisite blonde complexion of Mrs. Swan. You should just see her come swimming into a place through a crowd!

These lordly creatures, the aristocracy of the Central Park, completely color the expanse of the lake, resembling lily pods as they repose together on the blue. In the little coves and bays you occasionally find a misanthropical solitary, circulating alone among the flowers, and apparently engaged in composing its own death-ode. These exclusive Timons have a rapt and inspired look. But where the magnificent birds congregate in a sort of galaxy, you may consider them as a race of moving flowers, "finding in beauty their excuse for being." Every attitude of grace is seen in the carriage of the head and the pliant neck. A large swan floating towards you with its great deep wings disheveled, and the head bent away back until half lost in the milky foliage they carry, is one of the most perfect examples of the *otium cum dignitate* in existence. Often they will rouse themselves into frolicsome action, and their play is very imposing. You may see one come rushing along, quite out of the water, his enormous fans beating the air, and his black feet rapidly running upon the lake, which they agitate like a steamboat. Over a rod will they go, buzzing and clamoring in their unnatural elevation, and finally with a long slide launch themselves into the whirling water again, the whole feat reminding one of the career of a large rocket. In another mood your swan will pass for an hour with an easy slide over his own mirrored reflection, the sails half drooping, and the head idly swinging upon its arrowy ivory mast, whose height is redoubled by the dipping image below. Then, perhaps, the creature will sink its whole neck beneath the surface for many minutes, lying half-blown upon the water like a gigantic lily-bud.

We wonder with what feelings the great general beheld those garden fields of peace, after all the marred and blasted acres of Virginia!

We *hope* that they neither taught him a lesson, nor pointed a contrast, nor inculcated a moral, nor inspired a sentiment, nor afflicted the honest warrior with any agitation of that sort, but simply cooled him with their breezes and shaded him with their groves, without giving him the additional bother of thinking how he could turn a smart reflection on the subject.

As for his previous "ovation," as the enthusiasts term it, all we have to say is, that we hope we shall never be famous at such an expense.

Fancy getting the hand shaken, till the ordeal develops the wrist to the size of a *figurante's* ankle; meanwhile listening or replying to a succession of gentlemen who have come up with prepared epigrams, and continuing the pleasing process until the time comes for a dinner, which is quite as much speeches as victuals! Is glory worth all this? Meantime—

"The capture of Mr. Jefferson Davis will be considered an unmixed misfortune by every thoughtful American, and by every friend of America." Thus says the *Saturday Review* on receipt of the news. To a portion of the British press, for the present, the dead-and-gone functionary of a lost cause is still decorated with some little prestige of importance—is still "Mr.," and wears, instead of the practical and convenient water-proof goods in which he was captured, the livery of a lately supreme civil and military dictator. Not an English sheet deigns to believe that he actually enveloped his limbs in those serviceable weeds of state, or that his mind had been brought down by harassment and neuralgia, to the point of scolding, at the want of magnanimity of his captors.

The singular and unintelligent disbelief of American news, when it has not happened to meet the previously conceived British idea, will be unintelligible to the next age. With what astounded eyes will the succeeding generation of Englishmen—necessarily men of a wider cultivation than their fathers—review the course of their native press during the crucial struggle of the nineteenth century! Not only in its suppression or distortion of the most reasonable facts, but in its massive and shameless ignorance, its lack of historic and geographic culture, paraded openly, or half concealed under the baldest platitudes, has the indoctrinator of British opinion covered itself from day to day with deeper and deeper shame for the admiration of posterity. As to its fancies about the expediency of capturing Jefferson Davis or no, they are in the highest degree uninteresting to us, the embarrassment of the situation resting compactly upon that individual himself.

A vicious and deprecable habit has been springing up and strengthening itself of late in New York and other places; it is the trick of interrupting public speakers and endeavoring to make those gentlemen change oration into debate. At the speech of Gerrit Smith, on Thursday night, he was constantly stopped by persons who had come with elaborate questions on matters of the gravest import, which they proposed to have answered by the lecturer at a moment's notice. Now this thing should be understood in advance. If orators appear before their audiences on that basis, they will indeed learn to respond easily and fluently to the demands of their interlocutors, and many will gain immense temporary fame by a display of combative skill under such circumstances. But the habit of severe and consistent argument will cease. There will be no more measured Tullian utterances, fit for posterity. A great oration is an orderly sequence of arguments, persuasions and illustrations, and no suggester from among the hearers will be likely to hit upon thoughts which will flow on easily into the course of the discourse. We shall have more and more of the accidental, or George Francis Train rhapsody, in place of the classical perfection of the great orators who are now either dead or dying out.

Among the most interesting souvenirs of the great rebellion are the photographic views of Southern battle-fields and other scenes upon which the war has left its imprint. We must not forget that the hand of progress is beginning even now to sweep away with inconceivable rapidity the traces of rebellion, and that in a very short time there will be no record upon the face of the Southern land of the terrific devastation of treason. The Messrs. Anthony have arranged a series of views representing scenes of immortal interest in this connection. The pictures are adapted for the stereoscope, and are of exquisite clearness and beauty. The collection is already large, and will be complete in a short time. There is no more vivid light to be imagined for the page of history than a stereoscopic collection of this sort. We should think every man who could afford the trifling price would determine to possess a case fitted with these fresh and brilliant miniatures of the war.

We all want a memorial of the country's latest martyr—Abraham Lincoln. The different photographs are of the highest interest, but any one of them is but a partial record, and leaves untold a great many aspects of that rugged and kindly face. A statuette which we noticed at Schaus, by the celebrated sculptor, J. A. Bailly, has been eminently successful in blending the different characteristics in one consistent result, and presenting the effigy of the President in the dignity of simplicity and charm of truth. It is a full-length figure, cast in a natural standing attitude, and full of the kindness, the honor, the domestic divinity of the man. It is such an image as no nation would blush to recognize for its father.

Among the most sparkling and original periodicals of the day, we place the *Phrenological Journal*, issued by Fowler and Wells. It differs from other magazines of its price and class in having ideas of its own. There is always something fresh to light upon. The student of character can have no better guide to assist him in his investigations. It is charmingly personal, having a series of the most piquant biographies of people conspicuous in society or the public world, and in its original illustrations and excellent typographic style, it offers a constant invitation to the eye.

The theatrical matters of the city are languishing a little with the enervation of the season, but there is still a decent circle of attractions.

The classical style, noble figure, and expressive face of Miss Hosmer have been lent this week, to a new series of representations at the Winter Garden. She has appeared in the dramas of "Evadne and Fazio," and has not disappointed the high expectations raised by her original translation of the "Traviata." She has a sweet voice, enthusiasm, and the charming faults of youth.

Maggie Mitchell has made a success of the romantic drama, entitled "The Pearl of Savoy." It is a *mélange* of acting, singing and dancing. The romantic fancy, adapted from Linda, of depicting the lunatic Savoyard, tempted home all the way from Paris by a familiar air from Pierro's organ, is hardly probable enough for the stage, but Miss Mitchell renders it with considerable pathos and effect.

Barnum's beautiful capture, Miss Emilie Melville, crowds his lecture room from night to night with faces eagerly bent on her graceful representation of "Dot." She is really a beautiful creature, and will not long remain outside of the brighter triumphs of the regular stage.

We notice that Wm. Knabe & Co., have donated a splendid Knabe piano to the Chicago fair. A finer instrument never saw the light, and the visitors to the exposition were fairly astounded at the volume of melody which rolled from it through the vast building. Looking at this magnificent donation as a specimen of their work, we cease to wonder at the universal appreciation met with, or the fact that though constantly increasing their facilities, the Messrs. Knabe are unable to keep pace with the demand for their pianos.

A Good Opportunity for a Profitable Investment.

THE GLOBE PETROLEUM CO.

This is a company made up of gentlemen, who have combined for the purpose of working a large and fine Petroleum property, consisting of 200 acres of land in f e, and 405 acres in 20 year leases, situated in the best oil districts of Ohio and Western Virginia, and in close proximity to river navigation and railways. A principal part of the property is in Washington county, Ohio, but a few miles from Marietta. Within a few days a sixty-barrel well has been struck, only a few rods from the lower boundary of the property of the Company, on Newell's Run. There are also fine wells above the property, and it is regarded as *certain* that the wells now going down on this property, which is only a small part of the aggregate held by the company, will yield a splendid return. The lands and leases are all paid for, and clear of every incumbrance. The members of the company only desire to dispose of their reserved shares for the purpose of sinking more wells on their lands and leases. They desire to put down at least twenty wells this summer. The success of a single one would be all the shareholders could wish for in the way of return on their investments. The oil in the part of Ohio where the Globe Company's property is situated, is found at much less depth than in Pennsylvania, and is generally of a denser quality and of double or treble value. There is room on the company's lands for hundreds of wells, with no risk of interference one with another.

The best guarantee of the *bona fide* character of the Globe Company is the known energetic character and unquestioned position of its founders. Mr. Frank Leslie is President, and Hon. E. G. Squier, late U. S. Minister in Central America and Commissioner in Peru, is Vice-President. The other directors are eminent business men, and the General Superintendent, Mr. Murray, one of the most experienced Petroleum men in the United States.

Thirty-five thousand shares, out of the total $100,000, are offered to the public at $2 per share, subject to no further call or assessment, as the property is paid for. The money, as already said, is only wanted for the further and full development of the lands.

Address John Clapp, Secretary Globe Petroleum Co., 458 Broadway, New York.



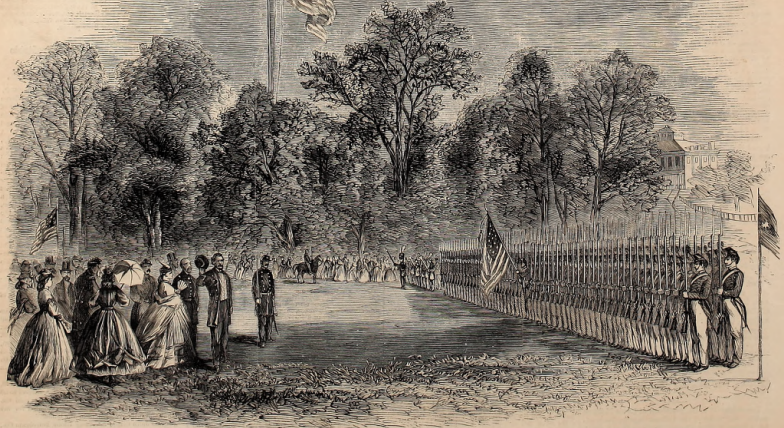
SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL REGATTA OF THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB, JUNE 8.—ROUNDING THE BUOY OF THE S. W. SPIT, GOING DOWN.—SKETCHED F. H. SCHELL.

BELLE ISLAND, JAMES RIVER,
One of the Prisons of Union Soldiers.

In a recent number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, we gave a sketch of the camp on Belle Island where our brave lads were imprisoned. This view was taken on the island itself. We now present a view of it taken from the banks of the James river, and certainly a pleasanter spot can hardly be pictured. As we have before described, Belle Island is about half a mile long, and is situated nearly in the middle of the stream. It will now, doubtless, return to its ancient occupation, as a pleasant place for pic-nics and courting—hence its name; but it will indeed be a very dull and unimpassioned nature that does not think, as he treads in future years this beautiful spot, of the thousands who have been slowly put to death by that miserable sullen tyrant who now awaits trial in his cell in Fortress Monroe.

RUINS OF THE CONFEDERATE ARSENAL, RICHMOND, VA.

As an interesting reminiscence of the mightiest struggle that ever took place in the world, and as a proof how malignant in its dying throes the slave rebellion was, we give a sketch of the ruins of the Confederate Arsenal, which was fired by the rebels when they evacuated Richmond. Our sketch represents it as it appeared on the 13th of April, nearly a fortnight after the last of the rebel army had marched out, only to find their last ditch to surrender, not to die in. Many thousand small arms were destroyed, the remains of which are shown in our picture.



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL GRANT REVIEWING THE CADETS AT WEST POINT, JUNE 8.



VIEW OF BELLE ISLAND ON THE JAMES RIVER, OPPOSITE RICHMOND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

THE LOVE LETTER.

BY JENNIE E. GRIFFITH.

SHE wanted—she felt her pen poising over
The satin sheet's creamy glow—
Newly invented words, to express to her lover
Something he longed to know.



Something to melt from the snow of its pages
Limpid as water and clear,
Sweet as bird song is, when nature presages
The robins for May to hear.

Chaste as the missals wild flowers illumine,
In the cloisters of early spring,
Saintly hovered vestals, with eyes half human,
Whose each look is worshiping.

The pink of her cheek, as she sat and pondered,
White lids veiling her eyes—
Over her forehead and temples wandered,
In happy heart ecstacies.

Oh! timid soul, regal in womanly ermine,
Love hut for love should he,
Can you not on some gracious speech determine
For the liege who gave royally.

I read, as she wrote in her smiles and blushes,
That bright-winged as humming-birds,
Her thoughts sipped at fountains where nectar gushes
In the honey of tender words.

The Modern Cinderella.

BY LIZZIE CAMPBELL.

I STOOD in the bright May sunshine, in the yet early morning, and looking over the cow fence, into the narrow backyard, watched her at her work—a pretty a little maiden as you could find in all the great city of New York. Her torn dress showed her little bare ancles, and the tiny little feet thrust into great boots—"too wide, a peek!" the sunbeams played hide-and-seek among the waves and tangled curls of her uncovered hair, and losing themselves in its yellow glitter, forgot to come out any more; and her slender little fingers picked the cinders from the ash heap and flung them into the pan beside her with all the skill of an adept in the employment. I looked and speculated about the pretty little cinder-picker till my eyes grew moist, and a tear rolling down my cheek awoke me from my reverie. Then I remembered that I was that morning engaged in the cheerful occupation of looking up a boarding-house for myself, and in order to be successful in the pursuit I must move on. I did so; I wandered down the whole length of the street, and into another one, stopping now and then to question at the doors from whence stared the information: "A room to let for a single gentleman." "Boarding for single gentlemen only. "Rooms to let, to gentlemen." "Front room and board for one gentleman" and other such intimations, all invariable to gentlemen only. "What a fortunate sex I belong to," I thought, "and what in the world, I wonder, becomes of all the poor, nemarried ladies—or married either, for that matter? What can be the reason that no one advertises for lady-boarders? O, now I have it—boarding-houses are always superintended by women. That must be the secret of the apparent disinclination on the part of housekeepers in general to offer shelter to the female heart."

Thus ruminating I had traversed half-a-dozen streets, so far unsuccessful in my search.

Presently I found myself in front of an old-fashioned, but very neat and cosy brick cottage. On the left-hand side, and just beneath the bell-knob, was the following information, inscribed on very white, clean paper, in a free, bold hand-writing:

"A small front parlor, with bedroom adjoining, to let. Meals sent up if required."

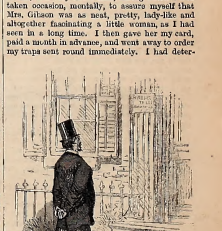
No preference was expressed for either sex; and I hesitated for a moment before pulling the bell-knob—perchance a gentleman boarder might not be acceptable.

"The place will suit me, I know," was my remark, made in an undertone to myself; "and—here goes!" I rang the bell with unnecessary violence. Presently it was answered by a tidy maid-servant, and I was ushered into the coziest of parlors and informed that "missus would be down in a minute." The minute passed, and was multiplied by the figure 5, and then "missus" entered.



"DRESS SHOWED HER LITTLE BARE ANCLES,"

We agreed about terms, and I engaged the room, in a very short time, during which I had taken occasion, mentally, to assure myself that Mrs. Gibson was as neat, pretty, lady-like and altogether fascinating a little woman, as I had seen in a long time. I then gave her my card, paid a month in advance, and went away to order my trups sent round immediately. I had determined at first to have my meals sent up to my room; but on consideration I changed my mind, and at six o'clock that evening I dined at the family table. There were but four other boarders besides myself, and though, as I subsequently learned, all had had the same option with regard to meals that had been offered to myself, none had availed themselves of it, and all four dined with us. A gentleman and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien, and two other gentlemen, named, respectively, Grimsby and Nailly, myself and our landlady made up the dinner party. And a very cosy little party we made; the gentlemen were social and friendly, and the ladies were both pretty and witty. Before the end of the week we were all like one family, and I declared a dozen times a day that never in my life had I been so comfortable.



IN SEARCH OF A HOME.

"I never see Mr. Gibson, Molly," I said to the tidy maid-servant one day, "is your mistress' husband never at home?"

"Husband, sir? O lor' bless you missus is a widdy, sir, and has been, goin' on to four year now."

"Whew!" was the elegant and very long drawn whistling exclamation with which I greeted this intelligence; and if the truth must be told I just slipped a dollar into Molly's hand, and told her she was a "jolly girl."

"Yes, sir, thank you—anything else, sir?"

"Not just now, Molly—by the way, did you say you've lived with Mrs. Gibson all those four years?"

"Five year, sir; I was here when poor Mr

Gibson died, and didn't misuse tabs on awful, though! Why, sir, I never see a woman go on like she did—it was cry and sob and walk the floor all day, and sob and cry and walk the floor all night, with her, for weeks and months. I do sometimes think it wonderful how she got over it at all, and I think I be dreaming to see her so chipp'y and pretty now-a-days."

"Yes, a charmed little soul!" I thought, with a throb of admiration and pity and love for the fair widow.

"Well, Molly, one can't go on mourning for ever, you know; and if your mistress had continued to do so she would have been with her husband before this, and you wouldn't have such a nice place, nor I such a jolly little parlor."

"That be just true, Mr. Timford—for I how I am washing my linen—yes, sir," said Molly caught up her dust-brush and hurried away to answer Mrs. Gibson's call, leaving me to my reflections.

Now I observed Mrs. Gibson—pretty little Widow Gibson as I pleased myself by calling her now—I admired her greatly; so, too, did Ormsby and Nailly—that I had seen from the first, and had smiled to see the sheer way wh ich she, well aware of the admiration of both had managed to keep neither; and yet remained on the most friendly relations with both. Then I thought it was a combination of shrewdness and policy, on the part of a pretty married woman, who was not disposed to quarrel with a man for simply admiring her; but now I was not quite decided in my opinion for being a widow she was entitled to the love and admiration of any man disposed to bestow it on her. Was it a coquette, or did she like me better than either of them? I had once or twice been tempted to think so, but a wonderful sense of becoming vain had always stepped between me and the flattering fancy. I thought a long time, unconsciously, now I really did not intend to waste my time so unprofitably. At last I decided to be guided by future indications of her preference, and so to take off my mind from a weight of worrisome conjecture.

Mrs. Gibson decidedly favored my existence; clearly my attentions were agreeable to her. I was more than pleased at the progress I made, and I heartily pitied my less fortunate rivals, Ormsby and Nailly.

The last charm was added to the lovely widow, and this was it: I was wold-do in the matter of goods, in fact, I was richer than either of my rivals, and the disagreeable suspicion had sometimes darted across my mind that I was loved only because of this advantage over the others. It was about this time that a rich uncle died, and left me hair to a large fortune. The uncle was the former wealth four times, and instead of showing greater pleasure in my society, or in any way encouraging my suit, Mrs. Gibson manoeuvred that we was characterized by a sort of pensive regret, that I felt sure I interpreted aright. She was evidently sorry that I was not a richer lover before, as fearing that increase of worldly goods might put a barrier between us. This was indeed flattering to me, but, I felt like deceiving her and myself alone, and I encouraged the belief. My mind was made up. I resolved to lay my hand and fortune at my mistress's feet.

This resolve was taken one morning while I sat waiting for my shaving water to be brought me, just as I had arranged in what words to make my proposal, the maid tripped lightly in.

"Please, sir, Mr. Nailly," I said, without turning towards her.

"Yes, sir," said a voice, but not Molly's—a voice so fresh and sweet that I turned and saw—the pretty little cinder-wench of weeks before, and whom I recognised immediately.

"Hilla, Cinderella! Why, my dear, where in the world do you come from?"

"From the kitchen, sir. Molly was very busy, and she told me to bring up the holding water."

"But how do you come to be in the kitchen, pray?"

"In the kitchen, sir? Why, I am always there?"

"Do you live here?"

"Yes, sir."

"Bless me! How long have you lived here?"

"Ever since I can remember, sir."

"Indeed! And what shall do you do?"

"Why, I wash dishes, and sweep sometimes, and pick the cinders—anything they tell me to do."

"You do, eh? Excuse my astonishment, but you're amazed me. And now you're going to wash dishes and sweep, and do anything you're told, instead of being the princess you were a month ago?"

She turned pale and the room with a quick, light, firm step, and it's a wonder I did not shave my chin off as well as my beard, while I stood watching the graceful motion of her form in the glass and thinking of little Cinderella. She was dressed much the same and looked much the same as on her arrival. I had first seen her, but colder than I had then thought her. As she stood before me and talked with me she must have been about fifteen—so it was in Mrs. Gibson's backyard I had first seen her, picking cinders, doubtless some poor wood-horse wild that my kind-hearted Julia—I learned her name by that time—had picked up, and was trying to rear in honesty and industry. Dear little widow! I smiled at the thoughts given up to my fair Julia and her little protégée, that I was far down the street ere I remembered the commission prepared I was to have made that morning. To go back was bad luck; and so that opportunity passed by. Several more days passed away, and uncertainty was still my portion; I could find no fitting opportunity to declare my passion to Julia.

I had seen Cinderella—that is, Jessie, for that was her name—once or twice since the morning on which her unexpected appearance so surprised me, and I had spoken once to Mrs. Gibson about her. Julia was not pleased with the subject of conversation I had chosen.

"Has that lazy, slovenly child been bothering you, Mr. Timford?" she exclaimed.

"Not bothering me, dear Mrs. Gibson—not bothering me at all, I assure you. She merely brought some hot water to my room the other day."

"I told her never to enter any of the rooms, Mr. Timford. I would not have any one annoyed by her shatterly appearance for the world; and it was very stupid of Molly to let her go to your room. I will forbid it more strictly than before."

"Pray don't do that; it doesn't annoy me to have her about me at all, dear Mrs. Gibson—I like the child."

"I have noticed your kindness in saying that, George" (once or twice she had called me George before, but on this occasion my heart did not palpitate at the familiarity), "and I am sorry that I am worried by her, and you wish to put your own feelings out of the question. That child is the innocent cause of my life; for years I have been trying to make something of her, but her indolence and untidy habits baffle my efforts."

"Is it possible? And yet she looks a very sweet and gentle little girl."

"That is the most provoking part of it. I was taken in by her sweet looks when I first took charge of her; and she deceives every one in the same way. She never dared to be lazy and untidy in the rigor she deserves, and which might, perhaps, cubdue her properly, lest I might seem harsh towards her. Oh, my life is worn out with her," and a few sudden tears of vexation sprang to Julia's bright eyes, making them brighter than before. I was overjoyed to see my fair lady so moved, and have been decided in the next minute, but for the inopportune entrances of Nailly. I believe the good-natured fellow thought himself sent and was glad of it, for a smile lingered about his lips.

A few days later I had left the house earlier than usual, and was walking down the street when I forgotten my gloves. I ran back, letting myself in with my latch-key, and was coming through the hall when I heard a sound of sobbing, a smothered sob caught my ear, and I stood and listened. The sound came from the dining-room on the left, and was presently succeeded by tender indications of grief. It was my love—some sorrow had befallen her, and I must comfort her with Cinderella as I generally called her—her head bent upon her arms, crying and sobbing as though her heart would break. I crept out over her stood Mrs. Gibson. Julia, my Julia, as I had often fondly called her when alone—white with rage, trembling, and her eyes blazing with passion.

My head whirled, and a positive thrill of horror, succeeded by loathing and disgust, swept over me. Oh, you would wait on Mr. Timford, little toad, would you? Have I not told you again and again never to enter the rooms? Answer me, little viper! Speak!"

"Yes—mother," sobbed the child, and I had not heard that my ears deceived me, that I was the fool of fancy or a dream, when I heard the word. Two years passed by, and I had never heard sir Julia Gibson did at that name. She caught the poor trembling child by the arm and forced her to look at her, with a malicious jerk, and then, shaking her violently, she said:

"How many times have I forbade you to call me by that name? If you value your life, never call me mother again."

"My father bade me call you so, and I sometimes forget."

"Forget again at peril of your life. Your father, indeed? Your father is in his grave, poor fool, and you will be there soon."

"And so do I—so do I," and the poor child sank down again, and wept afresh.

Mrs. Gibson gave a short, heartless, insulting laugh, and turned suddenly. I had but just time to slip around the hall and into the parlor myself ere before she came out, and passing the room in which I was, I hear her run upstairs to her own apartment. In the next moment I was in the dining-room, and had raised Jessie from the floor. She looked at me with a shudder, and pushed me away with one hand, and covered her face of terror.

"Don't be afraid, my child, I have witnessed the scene between you and that bad, cruel woman. Jessie—you are Jessie, are you not?—and I will make it my care that never again shall any harsh hand be raised against you while I live. That woman is not your mother!"

"Oh no, no, sir, she is not."

"Then her husband that was, Mr. Gibson, was your father?"

"Yes, sir."

"And she always treated you cruelly?"

"Ever since papa's death—before that, from the time that papa married her, I was a slave."

"Where is your mother, Jessie?"

"Fifteen, next January."

"Who took you away from her?"

"Mrs. Gibson."

"When?"

"Immediately after my father died. Death" (she shuddered) "was brought you home here, immediately?"

"Yes, sir, she put me to board in a farm-house, for a whole year, with very poor people and she told me if I ever told any one my name she would punish me dreadfully. But, oh, sir I don't stay here—don't speak to me any more, please, or what will become of me?"

"You cannot stay—you are not happy here? You would not be content to go away from here to school where you would be well-cared for, well-treated, and free from your cruel step-mother's tyranny."

"Oh, sir, if I might—it would be like going to heaven."

"My child, you shall. You are not afraid of me? Look at me—I have no little sister—you shall be my sister. Meet me at the corner of this street to-night at eight o'clock; I have a kind, good friend, a lady, who will be as a mother to you, and with her advice and assistance a suitable school shall be collected for you. Say good-bye to me, and dry your tears, for you shall never know them any more. Good-bye. Remember eight o'clock."

Hurriedly and mistakenly I left the house; and it was not till I had walked far down the street that I took time for calm reflection on what I had done. I was not sorry—no, but I did not regret it; and if I had it would have been useless, for I would not have gone back in what I had considered my life; for I knew that I should have disappointed the relinat hope I had seen flash into poor little Jessie's eyes when she realised that her freedom wrested her that night.

I proceeded directly to Mrs. Ashburton's, and briefly related to her what I have told my readers. She half shook her head, and smiled; and then, as I knew she would, finally consented to become the protectress of my adopted sister till I could find a suitable school to place her in.

That evening I did not return to dinner at my boarding-house, as had been my invariable custom to do up to that time; resolved to give no ground for suspicion on the part of my landlady I dined at the "Cosmopolitan," and proceeded to my room at eight o'clock. The child was waiting for me, pale, trembling, but resolute; and I at once made her understand the duty of my friend.

I kept a close watch on Mrs. Gibson for the first few days immediately following Jessie's disappearance. The signs of her anxiety, uneasiness, and whiever her state of mind might be concerning the child, I was glad to think I might not have observed them at all, had I not known that there were reasons for her feeling at least uneasy. She was not long in, and I satisfied myself that whatever uneasiness she might feel was solely on her own account, and more than counterbalanced in mine by the same cause of it.

"Heartless, unfeeling, brazen—oh! I was fast growing to despise and hate my lovely, fascinating widow!

The weeks flew on. Not once had Mrs. Gibson alluded to Jessie's disappearance, and I seemed to have utterly ignored the fact of her ever having existed.

In the meantime my pretty little protégée was snugly disposed of in a flourishing seminary in Troy, since become rather famous as a place of learning, this seminary rapidly; I received every fortnight the most satisfactory news concerning her from the head of the establishment, and every week a little letter from Jessie herself. I had not changed my boarding-house, for I felt convinced that there was more in the little Cinderella than I had discovered with my life's love appeared on the surface; so I lost no opportunity of studying Mrs. Gibson. Incessibly I had failed to find the slightest clue wherewith to unravel the mystery of her character, and I was beginning to despair of ever finding out what she is beloved; and I was not hated by her. Mrs. Gibson grew more pensive and made strenuous efforts to win back my allegiance.

Ormsby had completely resigned the position I had taken so much pains to obtain; and Nailly and Ormsby were left to contest the field alone.

A year passed away, and Troy once, to see my little protégée; and found a lovely young girl, in elegant summer attire, with golden hair clustering in curls all down her back, and told with a bow of pale blue ribbon, and whose eloquent blue eyes thanked me so sweetly, so tenderly, for what I had done for her, that I was not conscious that I bent forward and taking her in my arms kissed the fresh, rosy lips. Then Miss Jessie Gibson blushed rosy as the morning, and extricated herself from my arms with a pretty embarrassment that reminded me of her former lady. On my way back to New York the next day I thought much more of the fair Cinderella than in my warmest friends I had on the subject of her step-mother. Months passed on, and nothing happened—that is, nothing of moment, and I was impatiently waiting for something to happen—for that there was something, and that of considerable importance, to happen soon I felt such a presentiment was almost amounted to certainty. I had lunched at a certain restaurant down town, where I was known, and where I had a table set apart for me that up to my meal removed from general observation. I was taking my lunch there one day, when I heard my name spoken in a voice by where I sat, and the sound of it awoke my attention.

"I tell you," said the voice, "she is doing her utmost to entrap this rich young sprig, Timford; and I hear that he was or is rather sweet on her boy-baby or word for it. Russel, the pretty little widow, will throw you over for the rich swell, and so you lose your Julia."

"She dare not; I have her in my power," was the confident reply.

"Wasn't there a child of Gibson's, at the time of his death?"

"Yes, a girl; but she is dead."

"Dead! Is there any proof to the proofs of that?"

"No; but Julia has told me that she died of scarlet fever at a farm-house somewhere—a place she sent her to board, I believe, after taking her from school."

"It is my opinion your sweet Julia is a perfect devil of a woman; but yet I don't think her bold enough to have put the child out of the way."

"If quiet, Hendrix, for heaven's sake! What should non-sense you talk; yet I wouldn't wish strangers to hear even such idiotic remarks about the lady soon to be Mrs. Russel."

"Be advised by a friend, then, and look sharply after the future Mrs. Russel before she becomes Mrs. Timford."

With this remark they rose from their table and left the restaurant together, having thrown me into a far from pleasurable state of mind. I was now convinced of what I had already suspected; there was between Mrs. Gibson and Mr. Russel, who was, no doubt, her legal adviser, a conspiracy to rob the child, Jessie Gibson, of her inheritance, and as a reward for his share in the transaction, the lawyer had been promised the hand of the step-mother. Did he believe the girl dead? I asked myself; and if he did, was I able to prove that she was not so; I thought of the farm-house with the name of which Jessie and which she had remembered well enough to tell me the name of the people, and to give me a tolerably clear description of where the place was situated.

I resolved to look it up at once. That evening I dressed to go home. Mr. Russel was there, and I saw Mrs. Gibson leave the table. Dinner was just over. With the least perceptible degree of agitation I approached the mistress of herself, as she, I detected the signs. What would I not have given to have heard the conversation that passed between them in that little back parlor—but it was impossible. Much as they deserved it, and greatly as I desired to be of service to Jessie, I could not play the part of spy or eavesdropper. One thing was clear, however, I must act quickly, if I would act at all; for it was evident that matters were reaching a crisis between the widow and the lawyer. No longer sure of me, she would conclude the bargain with the lawyer. She would be his wife; and his reasons for justifying himself in whatever course he had pursued, or intended to pursue, he will succeed in a high strung.

Strategy! I said, to myself. Yes, I answered. It is the only card left me, and I must stake all upon the issue of that card.

Instead of coming out in search of the farmhouse, I went a cruder agent, in search of my attentions to the widow. This time with a degree of warmth that was unmistakable, and successfully returned my lover. She left me that night more than she had ever done before. Lawyer Russel called frequently; but his insincerity, instead of becoming more marked as time went by, on the part, rapidly became from coldly polite to freezingly distant, and to my infinite joy I perceived that her manner to me constantly became cordial. This was the event towards the accomplishment of which I now bent all my arts and energies. My fortune I felt sure would turn against her, and in revenge reveal the entire plot to me.

How kindly fate was the matter in hand at this juncture, and managed yet more skilfully, and in this manner:

The lady whom I had sent to the farm-house, and who was also my very dear friend, had returned triumphantly. Matters of that nature are and in her self-reliance, speaking from experience, they are generally quite easy, especially so when one has the law and a tolerably long purse on one's side.

At the farm-house my friend Barlow was informed that a little girl, Jessie Gibson, had been laid low with scarlet fever, had died of scarlet fever, and had been buried from their house; but with the aid of threats and money the conscientious Mr. Bunnister, stated at last that the country people had no further evidence about the child. Jessie Gibson had been sold by the lady who had given her in charge to them, that she had died suddenly of scarlet fever after they had received the money before. Of course was no proof that Jessie was dead, while I possessed strong proofs that she was living. My friend had a quiet chat with the landlord after dinner, and went to my room to discuss the subject that now engrossed my thoughts to the exclusion of all others. We were interrupted by Mrs. Gibson to have gone out, I think, by a curious coincidence, every one else was out. Sir and Mrs. O'Brien had gone to the opera, and the two girls, deluded by me, had gone out arm in arm, drawn together, probably, through mutual sympathy. I had a reason in remaining in my room, and a reason for making it supposed that I had gone out. I had heard Molly call her mistress down a low tone, that Mr. Russel was waiting to see her in the back parlor. Mrs. Gibson would probably have thought me horribly impolite that I did not hasten to pay my respects after hearing that name. I was rewarded. The conference in the back parlor had lasted about half an hour when the silence was broken by the violent opening of the door, and the voice of Mr. Russell, as he came into the hall:

"I tell you I understand you at last, madam," he said furiously. "But it is not yet too late. You may have thought me fool enough to believe in your girl's death—it was my policy to make you think so. But she lives, and I will find her."

"You may find her if you can, sir, but she is in my possession."

"I have seriously thought of telling her that myself," was the calm reply.

At this I made a gesture to Barlow, and on tiptoe he approached my door.

"You are welcome, if you really willing," resumed the lawyer, "to have her informed that you forgot sworn oath and bargained to bring all your child's property to yourself, and that I was to prove it the genuine last will and testament of her father?"

"You may even do that. I don't think that her severe opinion—when you have found her—will give me much trouble. As to the property, I can afford to lose it."

"Indeed! You can afford to lose the love, too, of that infatuated fool whose money you hope to get instead of it? I shall tell Mr. Timford also, all that you are so willing I should tell Miss Gibson."

"He would not believe you."

Again I had acted on impulse, and it served me well. By this time Barlow and myself were but a yard from the belligerents. I stepped forward and confronted my landlady.

"Pardon me, Mrs. Gibson," I said, "that I believe every word of what this gentleman has threatened you with."

She looked at me wildly; an expression of the deepest rage passed over her face, and then she

gave a sudden, sharp scream, and fainted. She unfortunately could not to the last, I must admit. I did not show so much consideration as I might once have done to my insensible landlady. I merely rang the bell and gave her over to the care of Molly, who was so utterly amazed as to be almost good for nothing.

With the lawyer we made quick work. Denial was useless in the presence of a witness who could ready to vouch for all he had heard; and so Mr. Bussel came to terms very easily.

I will not linger over this part of my little Cinderella's fortunes, for though it was in its way a triumph, it does not give me that satisfaction to look back upon that triumphs usually do. For the sake of the heartless scheme—who vainly deserved state prison I thought—I was at last persuaded to let the affair quietly drop, on consideration that my protégée should, without trouble, and immediately, recover all her rights.

The fascinating widow broke up her charming little establishment very suddenly, and all but two of her boarders were lost in expressing their regret. Those two were myself and Mr. Ormsby. Unhappy Ormsby! He was richer than Nailly, and in the desperation of her changed fortunes, Mrs. Gibson consented to accept his hand in lieu of my own. When I see Nailly disconsolate, down-cast and looking daggers at his successful rival, I am sometimes half tempted to offer him a word of consolation. Perhaps I shall some time.

When I next visited Foy, it was to bring Jessie to the house where she had so long been drudge in general and cinder-picker in ordinary to her mighthave-been. Ghosts. And a second time I pressed my lips to that fair brow as I congratulated her on coming into her little fortune. Then some charity urged me to say,

"I don't at all like going away from my old boarding-house, Jessie. Couldn't you be persuaded to turn boarding-house keeper?"

But she shook her head decidedly, and declined stepping into that flourishing business.

"But you won't send me away, Jessie, dear?" I said, with a warm glow at my heart.

And she looked up into my face with a glance half shy, half sunny. The golden opportunity was mine at last. At last I had conquered temptation, had its own way. And when my pretty little Cinderella said "Yes—I love you, dear George!" oh! how I blessed myself that I had not come between me and the utterance of that proposal three years before!

HEARTS AND FACES.

CAN you judge, by a smile, who is gay,
Nor once be misled by the token?
I know that I laughed aloud one day,
From a heart that was almost broken.

But my laughter ran false, do you say?
Or tears followed very soon after,
You are wrong; for I wept not that day,
And my laugh was the merriest laughter.

That my grief was not deep, you maintain,
Since I found it so easy to cover;
But I tell you I writhed with the pain,
And one writhes not when anguish is over.

For my own part, I scarcely believe
That sighing can only mean sadness;
And I would not, myself, you perceive,
That laughter must always prove gladness.

Are you sure it is grief when a tear starts?
Can you trust smiles of truth in all places?
If aught can be falser than human hearts,
It surely must be human faces!

ROSSITOR HOUSE.

BY ETTA. W. PIERCE.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

I PLAYED on. Somehow the music sounded so strangely to me—so solemn and mournful and deep!—the same undertone running through everything, a spasmodic piece after piece, plunged into gay polkas and gayer waltzes. Oh for that monk's magic fingers! Still the same dirge-like note clung to all.

"Go and rest," whispered a voice behind me.

A circle of dancers were whirling by. I waited until their dance was over. Then, the heat and perfume of the room began to tell upon me in a sensation of faintness. I left my seat, and gliding through the masked and glittering figures, found refuge in a room adjoining, through whose half-open door I could still watch the masters, still sit in the dazzle and laughter and sweet sounds of the magicians.

Good heaven! what a night it was outside! The wind groaned drearily in the shutters; the heavy blinding rain beat against panes of the long, wild roar of the lashed and aroused sea, rose up misinterruptedly. Restless, uneasy, I knew not why, and half-shuddering at every sound of the storm, I paced back and forth across the floor, listening. A shutter had blown loose—I paused at the window, only to be driven back the next moment by a blue, blinding flash of light that cast its lurid glare through all the room. I sank against the wall, wondering and half-stunned.

"Wondering, because just below the casement that pale flash had shown me a saddled horse standing in the rain, pawing the earth fiercely, his bridle held by a groom. Who could be going abroad on such a night from Rossitor House? A sound from the drawing-room aroused me—little ripples of laughter, exclamations of triumph or surprise, mingling voices—they were unmasking. Then followed a quick, portentious hush, and a clatter of feet in the hall. I looked up, and halfway down the stair-case saw the figure of the monk, his mask in his hand, his black robe slipping down behind him, and his face—the face of Judge Rossitor—set, white, terrible, advancing towards me like a spectre's.

"Miss Darrow!"

"Sir!"

I rose up. My heart gave a great bound, then stood still.

He came in, closing the door behind him. One hand fallen at his side, crushed something white; like paper.

"I think I can trust you," he said, advancing close to me, and in the other hand grasping my arm like a vise. "You will not faint or shriek? We shall have enough of that when the news is told in the house. A man who was found lying on on Mrs. Rossitor's dressing-table ten minutes ago —read it."

The great drops of agony stood on his forehead, his eyes were like living coals, but he smoothed the crushed paper out with a hand that never trembled, and stood by to see me read. The note ran thus:

"MR HUSBAND—I may call you that for the last time—for ever. For years I have loved Gerald Wyvil; we were plighted long ago. If I was then false to him and to my own heart, this horror is my punishment. I go with him from beneath your roof, never to return. I have never loved you as I ought, never been the wife you have deserved; you know this only too well. I do not ask you to forgive me for wrenching your happine.s, for bringing disgrace on your good name and on our child. But would that I could reach you, I say, Do not seek to follow me. When you read this I shall be far beyond your reach. God bless you. Ask Miss Darrow to pray for me.

ADELE."

Pled—gone together! No, I did not shriek or faint. My eyes went from the letter to those of the other's eyes one moment, each seeing in the other the desolation of a terrible loss; then I turned away, and, with my head throbbing blindly at the black, pitiless wall.

God knows what passed next. To me it was all like the dim, uncertain things seen darkly in a dream. The galloping away of that half-demented man in the storm; then, through the din of the wild storm, the quick scattering of the gay masters, in the breath of evil tidings, as chaff is scattered by the whirlwind; the gathering of the family servants peering in at the doors, the dreadful silence and darkness that settled down in the long halls and chambers of Rossitor House, all quiet—all—but where the feet of the revelers had been, and the child that awakened in the lonely nursery and cried herself to sleep again for the echo would come no more.

From upon the floor, with my face in the dust, I lay till the first grey gleam of morning; then, drenched, haggard and ghastly, Judge Rossitor came back. This much, and this only, he had learned regarding the fugitives: they had hired a boat for Rossville Harbor, ten miles farther down the coast, and departed from there at midnight, with two seamen and Mrs. Rossitor's French maid. Beyond that nothing was known; but the daylight, perhaps, might bring further tidings.

A flight across that wild, tossing bay in the darkness! Good Heaven! they were lost!

Gloomy and expectant, in the still dawn, the old house stood waiting. The poplars stretched forth their skeleton arms in warning towards the sea. Then—ah, what then!

Two fishermen, crossing the beach at early daybreak, floated up under the lee of a small, rocky wood, a scarlet rosary, with a cornelian cross hanging from it. The sea had given back the dead.

Her cheek lay pillowed on her hand, they told me—that tender, snow-white hand! About the dead, drowned face dripped and clung the tangled golden hair. The dark eyes were closed, the passionate was at rest. So they brought her back to Rossitor House.

God judges all. It was enough to know that all error, all crime were punished. The past, with whatever it held of light or darkness, had passed into a higher and a holier hand. His judgments are not ours. His mercy is not our mercy.

I asked no question. Perhaps they had shared a common doom—perhaps not. Days escaped. In the dull, dreary apathy succeeding hours of torture, I scarcely cared to know which, for in either case my woe for ever dead to me. The sea had stroke as sharp and sudden as lightning. One moment had sufficed to strip my life of all that was dear, and to leave the husk of love, all trust, all happiness gone like a breath! I looked at my gray-white face in the mirror, and I knew—I knew by its rules. Years had passed over it, not hours.

"There is nothing more," I said.

They had left Rossitor House—never to look upon it more. It was the night after the burial, when that wronged and sorrow-stricken man led to me a little sister, and bade me be a mother to her, with the large tears standing in her solemn eyes.

"I am going abroad, Miss Darrow," he said, quietly, "I may be absent for years—I may never return. There is no one to whom I can confide the care of this child, unless it be yourself. I trust and respect you. I shall feel easier of her welfare if I know you are watching over it. You can remain here, or you can choose a happier home, handed by no associations."

"I will remain here," I answered.

"And you accept the charge?"

I took the little hand of the child, as it came nestling softly into my own, and looked at his pale, stern, sorrowful face.

"My God deal by me as I deal by her."

"I am satisfied," he said, simply, drawing a deep breath.

So he went away; so, also, my new duty began—new, rather than the old continued. He went to Europe, Rossitor House, closed to all visitors, stood up among its poplars, like a great gray phantom, by the stormy, restless sea, and there we lived our quiet, uneventful life with the old family servants, Ada and I. I took no note of time; it was of little and in love marked like ours. The summer birds came and went across the sea. The long, low marshes grew verdant in the spring time, then faded, sere and yellow, again and again. A walk along the sandy shore, some row across the treacherous bay, some gift of fruit or flowers from the kind-hearted people of the long hours of patient thought and study in the still rooms of Rossitor House, made up the sum of weeks, and months, and years. The child at my side was growing taller every day. I had, too, another warning in the streaks of gray beginning to show in the hair about my temples.

Now and then we came from over the sea. He was wandering still, and further away, a hopeless, uneasy spirit, seeking the rest and forgetfulness he could not find. I knew only too well how the quest strong.

"When papa comes back," Ada would say, looking at me with wistful eyes; "do you think he will come, Miss Darrow? Poor papa!" tremulously.

My heart ached for her. No, I did not think he would come.

It was the last day of a long and lovely autumn I was coming up from the shore in a cold, leaden light, with a gray dress on my arm—for I often brought my dresses home to be mended—and a bundle of fancy work in the other hand, for, in the new dreariness of my life, I took a dreadful dislike to idleness, when I suddenly met the rain-dark cloaks. In a clump of evergreens, standing up from the beach, glimmered what was the grave of Agnes Rossitor. There was a broken shaft of purest marble at its head, with the one word, "Agnes," and below, the name of Gerald, and the dead shamefully rustled with a plaintive, solemn sound about the enclosure. The gate was a-swing. I went through, and stood at the head of the grave.

Oh, passionate, ill-fated heart, doomed so early! and low the mocking voice of the surf came booming up in my ears, and I was the grave of Agnes Rossitor. There was a broken shaft of purest marble at its head, with the one word, "Agnes," and below, the name of Gerald, and the dead shamefully rustled with a plaintive, solemn sound about the enclosure. The gate was a-swing. I went through, and stood at the head of the grave.

Oh, passionate, ill-fated heart, doomed so early! and low the mocking voice of the surf came booming up in my ears, and I was the grave of Agnes Rossitor. There was a plaintive, dying cry. Weak and weary with an unspeakable sadness, I leaned against the shaft, and shut and dropped a sprig of holly upon the grave.

"Ruth?" said a voice.

It might have risen up from the grave beneath, it was so low and deep. I started up. A tall, dark shadow stood between me and that streak of living light among the evergreens—the shadow of a man, in a dark cloak, standing there like a statue.

"Ruth!" once more.

Can the sea give up its dead? My brain whirled, I caught blindly at the cold burial stone, as he lifted his cap and stood there before me in the dying light. It was Grant Wyvil!

"Ruth!" he said, "Ruth!"

That low grave at my feet had been made five years before. Slowly from its sere brown outline my dazed eyes rose to his face. Changed, yes, but still the same; worn with many woes, brown, bearded, the hair streaked here and there with silver, the eyes full of a sorrowful remorse.

"Grant!" I answered, as if groping in a dream.

He took one step toward me.

"Don't touch me!" I cried, passionately. "You have not forgotten me? Thank God for this, at least."

Something stirred in my heart faintly, then grew still. I looked at the burial shaft, at the evergreens, at that dark, remorseful face, without speaking.

"I thought you dead," after a long, dreary pause.

"Dead?" bitterly. "I could not die. Death does not come to the few who seek it; and—do you think I could have rested in a grave even, without seeing you once more, without once praying your forgiveness?"

He kept his face turned away from the grave and made a quick, passionate gesture.

"I forgave you long ago, Grant," I answered, hardly recognizing my own quiet voice.

"Ruth!" with fierce eagerness.

"It was the last thing left for either; why should I not?"

A long broken moan; the next moment he was down in the grass at my feet, the brown grass matted and tangled with it, his look in his eyes that I shall never forget. Oh, how dim and far away the twilight and the faint autumn moon seemed—how unspeakably sad and dreary sounded the hoarse, restless sea.

"Ruth, wronged, deserted, yet loved better than woman ever was or will before, have pity! I have sinned, I have also suffered—God alone knows how much—these long, desolate years. See, I am a wreck—I am old. Give me back but the tithe of the old love, but a shadow of the old tenderness, and I will be content. By Ruth!"

The hand he had seized in his fierce, ardent pleading, I drew gently, yes, sorrowfully away.

"Grant, Grant! This grave is between us; it will be between us for ever."

He clenched his hands fiercely together. The white lips were set and cruel.

"But you loved me once, girl?"

"Yes, Grant, once. I pity you now."

"Nothing more?"

"Nothing more."

The clenched hands parted, and fell loosely at his side.

"My God, I have lost all!" he said,

I turned my face away. The tears were thick in my eyes, but they did not fall.

"Not all, Grant. There is truth to live for, and right and duty. For the rest—"

"For the rest?" he echoed, drearily.

"God will take care of it."

His wild, despairing blaze fell on my hands, imprisoned for the last time in his own; the haggard, mournful face, pale to the lips, searched mine for the moment with eager, passionate, wistfulness; then he turned slowly.

"It is our last meeting, Ruth. Farewell."

I heard the crisp rustle of the dry grasses, one last look cast backward after grave, and he opened the little gate and passed through, his head bowed on his bosom, with the slow, faltering step of an old man, and Grant Wyvil and I had met for the last time on earth.

Autumn deepened into the white, cheerless winter. It was when the snow lay drifted on the lonely shore that tires of welcome were lighted on the hearths of Rossitor House, frightening away their gloom and evanescence once more, and a feast was spread, and a fired and lovely wanderer came home.

Dark with the sun of tropic lands, the furrows deeper since he last parched, the sad eyes grave now whose they had once been stern, he entered again into his own halls, like a stranger, and sat down in his old place at his own table.

I held aloof, waiting. Would he find in the tall, graceful girl, who flung her tender, loving arms around him at the threshold, all that he had hoped for, a worthy record of the five long years in which I had watched him? It was a proud face that he wore, I thought, in the white flush of those arms.

He came into the still green room one day, where Ada sat at my feet, with the winter sunshine on her hair, it was a few weeks after his return, and the drooping head rose with pride and shining, and the last of many costly gifts which he had brought her, an Indian necklace of purest coral pearls. Her cheek flushed a little, then she looked up, half shy, half pleading, twisting the spotless coil around her hand.

"Papa, you are a good pupil, but—too partial. Don't give all your treasures to me."

"I will not," he answered, smiling.

But all the while, as I sat at my task, her slender fingers were busy with mine.

"I will, papa—"

"Well?"

"You know."

"Yes," gravely. "You wish I had been kind enough, or grateful enough, to have remembered Miss Darrow. Perhaps I have; who knows?"

The girl's face was glad, earnest then.

He held her back, half playful, half mocking.

"Who was going down to the shore for sea shells, this very morning, little bird? I knew of a horse that stood saddled and bridled half an hour ago, and he does not like to wait. Run away and get your hat."

He stood at the window, his dark, grave, profile turned toward me, gazing out on the desolate shore till the glad echo of the child's eager feet had died away, then he turned suddenly, his face transfigured, his eyes darkening and deep-ning with a new, strange tenderness. The blood leaped from my heart to my brain in one hot, mad bound.

"Ruth," said the grave voice, "I have a gift, hardly worthy of your acceptance, I know, and yet the costliest that I can offer. Will you take it?"

Vaguely wondering, I looked up. What I saw in his face, what deeps unknown, unguessed-of in before, broke on me. Heaven! trust and love have been born of pain and so purified, to dazzle me which has, at last, found faith, and hope, and forgiveness, through your own, and, Ruth, a home—here!"

He opened his arms, with sad, passionate pleading. One quick cry in which my heart answered heart, and I stood in the winter sunlight with my face hidden upon his breast.

Then, over mine, murmured the deep, tender voice, "pain or suffering for either. No good or ill which we may not share together now. Thank God that I could in one moment for the losses of a life!"

Nestling close to his heart, in the happy light, I saw the milk-white seagulls circling slowly over a ridge through the poplars, side by side. Beyond the sea, and inland even, and far off, were ships, stately as dreams. Then, hot, glad, blinding, welled up to my eyes. It was a prophecy, a promise. Heaven knew, I was so utterly at rest, so happy after years, my womanhood crowned and perfected, the pure gold won from all worthless dross, that I could not doubt. I was content, even, that through all the life to come were never, never to fail.

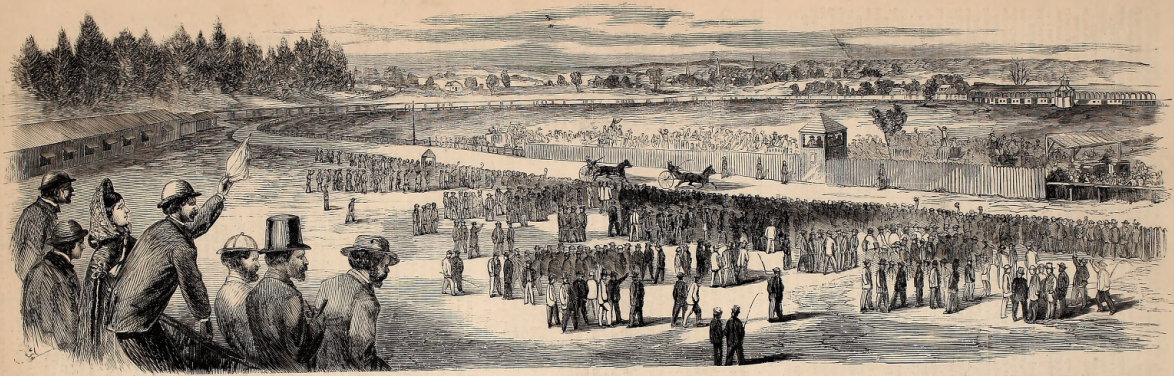
ODD TITLES.—The following selection of titles of novels has been published as the result of a competition among the London booksellers, "for the feeling somewhat:" "Alone in the World;" "Betrought at Last;" "Cousin Kate;" "Dora Darling;" "Dreams of the Churchyard;" and, after trampling down the "Fatal Error," "Married in Haste," "Repented at Leisure," and "Too Late to Mend," arrived at the goal, as it were, advancing "Against Wind and Tide," to "Nobody's Darling," "Sunshine and Storm," and "Wife or Mistress?" This was "A Bad Beginning;" a kind of "Motive to Make Both Ends Meet;" "Harry's Wife;" "Lost Sensation;" and heard "Carry's Confession." "Here he Shattered and Scarred" and "Singing Mollie," "Quick by" "Only poor Nettie," but "Look Before you Leap," for "Who Breaks, Pays," and "Love me True" to the "Old Christian was "Paid in Full," and Carry was "Recommended to Mercy." Then "Dorothy Darling's Secret Down," but Bella perceived "The Woman in White" "Wonderful and Fearful Tales;" "Fatal Secrets;" "Old Chains," and "How to Manage It" she did not know. Then "Sunshine and Storm" and "Wife or Mistress?" and at last she indicated the Crudest Wrong of All," and had "Fifteen Years Ago" "Under a Cloud" "Out of Sight" "Left Behind" "Alone" "Lost to be," and "Hidden Things Aver," for, though "Wife or Mistress?" they are "Strange Bedfellows" and "Never to Be Told."

CUTTING BEETLE.—Blackguard state that the cards of a country-fair, was one of the wise laws of Alfred the Great's proclamation against the Danes. If a man conquered only received a less fallen out of the ranks he had been accustomed to run over hard, ground, for the purpose of recalling the inhabitants of walled cities to their homes before the gates closed. Portland in an English summer lingers until after nine o'clock, and the curfew which "toll'd the knell of parting day" was the very nine o'clock bell, which the Pilgrim Fathers caused to be placed in their new settlement, where household fires were covered over in good season.

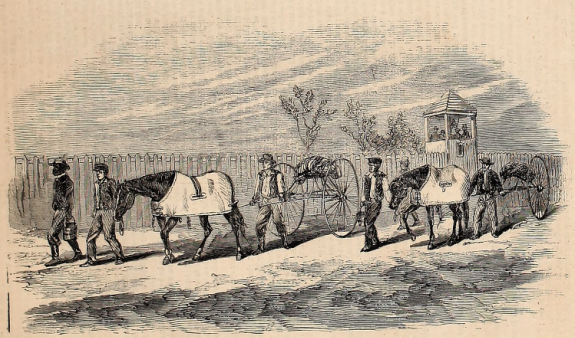
AN important adjunct of the Naval School.—A Monitor.



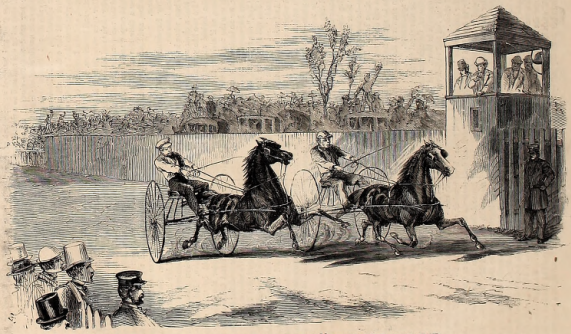
FLEET OF GUNBOATS AND MONITORS AT HAVANA, MAY 23.—THE HAVANESE VISITING AND EXAMINING THE MONITORS.—FROM A SKETCH BY A CORRESPONDENT.



TROT ON THE FASHION RACE COURSE, L. I., MAY 30.



TROTTING ON THE FASHION RACE COURSE, L. I., MAY 30—BRINGING THE HORSES ON THE GROUND.



TROTTING ON THE FASHION RACE COURSE, L. I., MAY 30—PASSING THE GRAND STAND.

THE DEATH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

BY GEORGE ADAMS.

Sons of freedom bow the head—
Silently and softly tread,
Let no sound of joy arise—
Sorrow dims a nation's eyes.
See, her mighty chief lies low,
See, her leader's life-blood flow,
And within her stately halls,
Dark as night the shadow falls.
Sons of freedom bow the head,
Silently and softly tread.

Chosen by a nation's voice,
Leader of his people's choice,
In his country's darkest hour
See him wield her mighty power,
Mid her best and bravest stand,
Freely giving heart and hand—
Wise in council, brave in deed,
See him for a children bleed.
Chosen by a nation's voice,
Leader of his people's choice.

Not 'mid battle's raging strife
Did her chieftain yield his life,
For with thousands round him lying,
Bleeding, fainting, groaning, dying—
Not while gathering overhead,
Far and near the war-clouds spread;
While a world in wonder gazed,
Awe-struck, breathless and amazed.
Not in battle's raging strife,
Did he there yield his life.

But in midst of victory—
On the day of jubilee,
While triumphal shouts were ringing,
Every voice in gladness singing—
Bright rose as the starlight beaming,
Every face with sunshine gleaming,
Young and old their praise bestowing,
And each heart with joy overflowing.
In the midst of victory,
On the day of jubilee.

Rise! ye brave of every nation—
Rise, and bound with execration,
Foulest deed and basest plan
E'er conceived by man 'gainst man.
Let your voice to the skies
Like Niagara's thunder rise,
Breathing curses loud and long
'Gainst the hands that did the wrong.
Rise, ye brave of every nation,
Brand the deed with execration.

Bright around the mighty dead
See a glorious halo shed;
Hark! a myriad voices rise—
Wafi his name beyond the skies,
Mingling their glad songs of praise
With high Heaven's angelic lays;
'Tis dark Africa sends have cried,
For in Lincoln they lived and died.
Bright around the mighty dead,
See a glorious halo shed.

Now he's entered into rest
With earth's noblest, bravest, best,
Hears the Master's words: "Well done,
Good and faithful servant, come,
Enter thou into my joy.
Dwell in bliss without alloy,
Heaven's great joy shall fill thy soul,
While eternal ages roll.
He has entered into rest
With earth's noblest, bravest, best.

GUY'S FOLLY;

OR,

The Secret of Thornton Heath.

BY VANE IRETON ST JOHN.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE MISTAKE OF YEARS.

On the evening following that on which Guy Raymond paid his short and mysterious visit to the well on Thornton Heath, Claudia and Mrs. Freshfield were sitting together near the fire, in their little cottage, when a loud knock summoned the latter to the door.

Claudia, who looked listlessly at the fire, and noted not the sound, which was loud enough to have roused any one from the deepest reverie.

Mrs. Freshfield opened the door, she saw Guy Raymond standing in the moonlight.

"Are you alone?" he asked.

"Claudia is here."

"No one else?"

"With the exception of Ralph St. Clare, who has fled away, we never have any visitors."

Upon this Guy entered the room, locked the door behind him, and carefully avoiding Claudia's notice, sat down near the door.

Mrs. Freshfield saw at once that something had happened, or was on the eve of happening.

Guy's face was deadly pale. It always was so, more or less; but, upon this occasion, it was of an ashen hue, which denoted intense mental suffering.

"You seem ill, Mr. Raymond," said Mrs. Freshfield, as she took a seat near him.

"I am, indeed," he answered; "but I cannot stay now to think of illness. I am come to take Claudia away."

Mrs. Freshfield started, and grasped the edge of the table convulsively.

"Take her away? take Claudia away?" she repeated.

"Yes; it has become necessary—it must be done! Your brother-in-law has returned, and every moment—this night, perhaps—I expect him at Raymond Park."

Tears started to Mrs. Freshfield's eyes, and she trembled violently.

"I knew it would come to this some day," she murmured sadly; "but I had no conception it would come now."

"As well now as at any time," returned Guy. "You had better at once prepare her for going. I have a carriage at the door."

Mrs. Freshfield smiled painfully as she rose.

"Prepare her, poor child!" she said. "Very little preparation is needed by her. She will understand nothing, except that she is going away from me."

As she spoke, she passed across the room, and neared the spot where Claudia sat.

"Claudia," she said, "you are going out."

The girl understood this at once, and rose up gladly.

It was very seldom that she was permitted to pass beyond the precincts of the cottage, and a chance of a glimpse of heaven, in the free, unshackled atmosphere, was a chance of heaven itself to her.

Mrs. Freshfield speedily attired her in a warm cloak and a pretty little hat, and led her up to Guy Raymond, who took her hand, and, rising, began to conduct her towards the door.

Claudia looked round in vacant surprise.

"Are you not coming mamma?" she said, wistfully.

"No, dear, not now; I will come after you presently. Mr. Raymond will take you home now, where you will find the dark room for you, and such pretty flowers, and he able to do as you like!"

She appealed to the childishness of the beautiful girl of eighteen, whose mind had long since wandered away into the realms of darkness, and the appeal was not thrown away.

Claudia stepped forward, and, kissing her tenderly, said:

"Then you will come soon, dear mamma?"

"Yes, dear, soon."

Guy Raymond, no common courtesy, could bet second the child's invitation, and he did so, accordingly.

"Claudia is right, Mrs. Freshfield," he said. "As soon as matters are a little more clearly settled, you, too, must come to Raymond Park. There is room for you there, as well as for her; but when Freshfield comes to Thornton Heath, it will be as well for you to be here alone. Remember I did not send for her—not one word of Claudia!"

"You need not fear that!" said Mrs. Freshfield. "The ruin is to me more hateful, if possible, than he is to you!"

Guy smiled as he shook her by the hand, and departed.

"That can scarcely be," he said; for that man is more hateful to me than poison—more loath some than even your husband was."

With these strange words he drew Claudia out of the door into the night, and helped her into a carriage.

When he had done so, he bade the coachman drive on, giving him directions how to take; and then, after again saying farewell to Mrs. Freshfield, he entered the carriage himself.

There was now one seat side by side, he drew the girl upon his knee, as he would have done a child, and pressing her closely to him, kissed her fondly again and again, holding her face so that the moonlight fell full upon her features.

Long he held her thus, kissing her rapturously; while Claudia, who understood nothing, returned the caresses willingly.

Then suddenly, something in the look of her beautiful eyes, something in her delicate mouth, seemed to remind him of other days, and pushing her from off his lap on to the seat by his side, he fell back against the cushions of the carriage, and clasped into a reverie.

A reverie, be it said, during which the tears stole from his eyes and trickled treacherously down his unchecked cheek.

Tears! Guy Raymond shed tears!

Yes; blame him not, reader, for when men weep, they weep tears of blood.

Tears are sanctified offerings of love—a relief to the weary and afflicted—a solace where smiles would be mocked at.

The carriage did not take the road to Raymond Park, which, indeed, was but a few miles distant, but skirting the dark palings of the enclosure, passed rapidly away to towards Cumberston, a village six miles further on on the metropolis.

Here, about half a mile from the village, stood Woodbine Cottage, the spot to which Claudia was being rapidly driven.

Woodbine Cottage was a long, low place; in fact, it looked more like a range of buildings than a single house.

A row of dirty brown palings separated it from the road, and the fact of their being four windows on the ground floor gave it all the appearance of an almshouse.

One end, and part of the front of the house was covered with roses, or, rather, creepers, which probably gave it its name of Woodbine Cottage.

The roof was of thatch, and beneath the broad overhanging eaves of which the inhabitants of the nests of a whole tribe of swallows, who, in summer time, made the old house their own, building under the roof, on the gable ends—while some of the more adventurous of them boldly descended the chimney, and attempted to plant a colony in the bedroom fireplaces.

But the pretty, graceful birds were no longer to be seen; they no longer winged their swift flight across the fields, or indulged in amicable chattering on the house-tops.

Behind the house was a long, large garden, which had once been well cultivated, but was now choked with weeds and nettles, which flourished in profusion on the ground which had once been trimly kept, and planted with all kinds of delicious and pleasant-looking vegetables.

The gravel paths had run a long way on the road to ruin—the gooseberry and currant bushes, by which they were bordered, untrimmed by the pruning knife, extended their branches in every direction, in friendly salutation to each other.

At the bottom of the garden was a deep stream, which formed the boundary of the premises.

Though deep and rapid, it was of no very great breadth, and was spanned by a rustic wooden bridge, formed in a very primitive method, by driving a pole in either bank, with another in the middle of the stream. These poles were connected by strong planks, guarded by a hand-rail.

On the other side of the stream was a wild tangled copse of beech, and other forest bushes, among which fir trees, willows and poplars, reared their tall heads, as if in disdain of their dwarfish neighbors, while the river banks were fringed with bulrushes, sedge and osiers.

The wood was the favorite resort of a variety of wild fowl.

The snipe rose from the reeds, and winged his rapid, zig-zag, eccentric flight away to some quieter neighborhood; the wild duck sat closely on her nest in the long grass and osiers; while, on moonlight nights, the hoarse, booming voice of the bittern might have been heard by the inmates of the cottage, even though doors and windows were closed.

Strange stories were told of it; wild, weird, supernatural forms were said to walk the tangled paths of the wood. On dark nights the ruins of the neighborhood scarcely dared venture within it, after the hour of nine—the hour of curfew—at which, the unquiet spirit of a murderer was supposed to wander—for murder had been done in the Woodbine Cottage.

At least, so said tradition, pointing to an old wooden cross, moss-grown and blackened by time, which stood in the centre of the wood.

This antique memorial was supposed to mark the spot of a crime of more than usual horror and cruelty; and in the fond fashion of the ignorant rustic, it was haunted by the spirits of the criminal and his victim, who made their nightly appearance on the scene of their former deeds and death.

The cottage, too, had a curious history, dating from a far-back period.

First built in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, it was endowed by a rich merchant as an almshouse.

But during the civil war, and the republican form of government which followed, the endowment was lost.

Then, the residence of a celebrated mathematician and philosopher, it became the resort of men of genius and learning from every part of the country, and not a few important scientific discoveries were made within those low walls.

It was next inhabited by a physician, and then strange reports were circulated—stories of the queer patients the doctor kept there—moping, chattering idiots and raving madmen.

It was a private lunatic asylum.

But two of the heights were to happening to die, people said not a natural death, and the consequence was that the doctor was obliged to leave.

Then, for years, the cottage found no fresh subject of interest in the old house.

Alighting at the cottage door, Guy Raymond and Claudia left the carriage, and led her in.

The poor girl was not surprised at anything. She took all he did and said as a matter of course.

Her mind was too clouded to comprehend change or novelties of any kind.

So she did not observe his caresses, or his tender attentions, or his kind words; nor did she notice that the cottage she now entered was far different from that which she had been accustomed to, and the furniture of the rooms far more costly and luxurious.

Guy Raymond ordered, it is true, gladly over the pretty chairs and tables, and the delicate glasses, and the vases on the broad mantel-piece, and the bright fire that blazed and flickered in the corners; but after a time she sought out her old companion, the fire, and then relapsed into a heavy arm-chair reverie.

Guy Raymond watched her proceedings with much interest.

When he had seen her sit down quietly, he took a chair near her, and spoke to her.

"Do you like your new home, Claudia?"

She looked at him for a painful inquiring glance, as if striving to comprehend his meaning.

"It was like home" which seemed to give her, for an instant, a gleam of intelligence.

Guy Raymond repeated his question.

"Yes," she answered, in a dreamy tone before.

"You will stop here for some time, my child," he said; "so I hope you will make yourself happy."

"Where is mamma?" she asked, suddenly and vehemently.

In an instant all life seemed to have fled from her face—all expression, it seemed to one as beauty —the room appeared suddenly vacant, and cold, and dismal, in spite of all the gay trappings and ornamentation.

Guy kissed her tenderly, and said:

"Your mother shall be with you soon, my dear one—be assured of that. Meanwhile, you will not be alone here. There is some one in the house who will attend to all your wishes and attention."

As he spoke he rang the bell.

In answer to the summons a young woman made her appearance.

She was about twenty-eight, tall and finely proportioned, though her limbs had a vulgar degree of strength in them, and the neck, which sloped into her full and well-developed breast, was short and thick.

Her hands were large, though well made; her body, in fact, had been evidently matured and developed by hard work.

Her face was pretty, though not in every way pleasing.

Her eyes were large and blue, her nose *retroussé*, her face oval, and her mouth, though large, well-shaped; but it was this last-mentioned feature which sometimes spoiled the face.

Over she full lips a carnesie smile would wreath itself when least expected, and a hard expression fly into her naturally soft eyes.

This girl was named Julia Farren. She was the daughter of poor parents, and she had come to the housekeeper to the new tenant of Woodbine Cottage.

So much for her at present. We shall hear more of her in the future.

She smiled most graciously to Claudia and Guy Raymond as she entered the room.

"This," said Guy—"this, Julia, is your new mistress. Behave to her in all kindness, for she has need of it."

Julia glanced at the new comer, and then returned her gaze to the fire.

The girl was not her mother, and that being so, she cared not who she was.

Guy Raymond soon after left the house, and returned hastily, leaving back in his carriage with a feeling of pleasure and triumph at his heart.

He felt he was at last left at the cottage—the lone woman, from whom he had taken her only companion.

Mrs. Freshfield had stood for some time gazing after the carriage as it rolled away across the moonlight land, and then, returning to her lonely room, she closed the door, and sat down near the table.

Upon this table her eye caught an object.

It was a letter.

Seizing it eagerly, she tore it open and perused it.

It was from Guy Raymond, and ran as follows:

"My Dear Madam—The girl whom you have loved and educated under the name of Claudia is not your child; therefore, grieve not for her. In all she were your child, the assurance that she will be happy and well treated would ease your mind considerably. GUY RAYMOND."

"Not my child!"

The words were grasped out despairingly; and then, with a low cry of anguish, the poor woman fell back upon her chair, weeping and sobbing in her great sorrow.

BLIND.

They say the sun hath backward rolled
The earth-enshrouding pall of night;
The east hath veiled its face in gold;
And morn hath hid her star in light.

The mist is open curtain-wise,
For entrance of the golden ray;
There is bet warmth upon mine eyes;
Upon all other eyes a day.

They say the woodman seeks his hearth,
About his home inspect insect swarms;
And out of day's dine ebbing bath,
The pale stars slowly lift their forms.

But I abide in changeless night,
Without a beacon in my room;
Who found a joy in feeding light,
In forms' green, in wild-flowers' bloom I
Will my dear heart in darkness stay
Beneath the archway of the tomb?

ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "FLEMON'S VICTORY," "AURORA FLOYD," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVI.—A CHILLING RECONCILIATION.

THAT unfortunate meeting on the stairs made a very deep impression upon Maude Tredethlyn. She had never before encountered drunkenness; and it was one of those sights which seemed an horror to belong to a region of outer darkness, in which decent people had no place. Her father had often been as sober as an archdeacon before the guests were gentlemen. She had heard, now and then, in the course of her life at the desire of a drunken gentleman dismissed with ignominy from the gardens—a drunken groom degraded from the box of the stables. But French and her husband—that he should be think of speech and unsteady of foot under the influence of strong drink! it was almost too horrible to be beheld. She lay awake in the morning sunlight, thinking of Francis Tredethlyn's misdemeanor.

"And just as I had decided that I was learning to love him!" she thought, regretfully. Would they meet at breakfast? she wondered. And if they did meet, what would Francis say to her? A sickly dread of that meeting took possession of her mind. If he apologized, how was she to respond? She could not be possible for her to forget that?

But the inevitable meeting at the breakfast-table was very easily avoided. Mrs. Tredethlyn had a headache, and took her strong green tea and dry toast in the pretty little bedroom, all lace and draperies and Parian statuettes, the satin-wood cabinets and book-cases, the Persian carpets and pale brocades rugs, the *marqueterie pardoises* and toy Sèvres cottage bindings, selected by Lucretia Lowther. It was altogether a most little boudoir, eminently adapted for the pursuit of French novels, and the neglect of all the duties of life. Mrs. Tredethlyn breakfasted in her boudoir, so there was no uncomfortable meeting between the husband and wife. Francis left the house before noon, in order to keep an appointment with his friend Mr. Lowther. They were going together to the Doncaster spring meeting, where Bohemianism would be rampant, and was to be away for some days. Poor Francis ramble in the library, while his friend waited for him, and scribbled a hasty note to his wife, full of penitence and self-humiliation. He gave the minutes to Mrs. Tredethlyn's maid at the foot of the stairs, while Harcourt was standing in the carriage-way.

ing out of the hall, arranging the strap of a race-glass across his light overcoat. Mr. Tredethlyn went back to the library in search of a railway rug which he had flung off his arm when he sat down to write the letter, and during his brief absence there was a flutter of silk in the hall, and a little conference between Mr. Lowther and the abigail.

Half an hour afterwards when the two men were walking up and down the platform at the King's Cross station, with cigars in their mouths, Mr. Lowther handed his friend the identical letter which Francis had entrusted to his wife's maid.

"You can post that to its address, if you like, dear boy; but I think I should light my cigar with it. The seal is unbroken, you see; but I fancy I can make a tolerable guess at the contents of the epistle. Dear old Frank, if you want to preserve the merest semblance of manhood, the poorest remnant of independence, never beg your wife's pardon."

Of course Mr. Tredethlyn was very angry. Harcourt Lowther was prepared to encounter a given amount of resistance. The wave may lash and beat itself against the quiet breast of the rock; and the rock secure in its supremacy, has only to stand still until that poor worn-out wave crawls meekly to the stony bosom, a conquered and a placid thing. Mr. Lowther had his work to do, and he took his own time about doing it. The apologetic little epistle was not sent to Mrs. Tredethlyn; and at an uproarious after-dinner assemblage at the "Reindeer," Francis abandoned such frivolous stuff as sparkling Moselles and Burgundies for fierce libations of brandy punch. He made a tremendous book for all manner of events, always under the advice of his friend; indeed, its pages contained many rather heavy engagements with Mr. Lowther himself, who effected extreme simplicity amongst the magnates of the turf, but who was nevertheless eminently respected by those gentlemen, as being of the deep and dangerous class—a dark horse, secretly exercised on lonely commons at weird hours of the early morning, and winning with a rush when he was least expected to do so.

While Francis was seeing life through the medium provided for him by his experienced adviser, Maude enjoyed herself after her own fashion. She had been very happy at Twickenham, but she had never until now been entirely her own mistress, with unlimited credit and unlimited ready money, and all the privileges of a matron. At the Cedars she had been always more or less under the father's direction. She had acted very much as she pleased upon all occasions; but she had made a point of consulting him about the smallest step in her simple life; a round of calls, a day's shopping, a little musical gathering after a dinner-party, the amount of a subscription to a charity—even the color of a dress.

But now the young matron shook off even the gentle fetters which had held the girl, and spread her pinions for a bolder flight. A much wider world had opened itself to the merchant's daughter since her marriage. The story of Mr. Tredethlyn's fortune—always multiplied by the liberal tongue of rumor—was one of the most popular topics amongst the denizens of the new district in which Mr. Tredethlyn's house was situated. None of these West End people knew that Lionel Hillary's position had ever endured a dreadful crisis of uncertainty and terror. The marriage between Maude and Francis was supposed to be one of those sublime unions in which wealth is united to wealth—the alliance of a Miss Rothschild with a Master Lafitte—a grand commercial combination for the consolidation of capital.

So Maude took her place as one of the most important novelties of the current year. She gave great receptions in her three drawing-rooms, whose gorgeous decorations were just a little too much like the velvet and ormolu magnificence of a public room at a gigantic hotel. She organized dinner-parties, and revised and corrected a *menu* with the *savoir faire* of a Brillat Savarin in petticoats. Always accustomed to a reckless expenditure, she had no idea of the necessity for some regulation in the expenses of a large household. Left a great deal to herself, and frequently at a loss for occupation, she often spent her husband's money from sheer desire for amusement. After that unlucky encounter on the stairs, she resigned herself entirely to the position of a fashionable wife. Her husband went his way unmolested, and she went hers. She was tolerably happy, for the life was a very pleasant one to live; but oh, what a vain, empty, profitless existence to look back upon!—the success of a dinner, the triumph of an audacious toilette, the only landmarks on a great flat of frivolity. But Mrs. Tredethlyn was not at the age in which people are given to looking back; she was rich, beautiful, accomplished, agreeable, with that dash of recklessness in her gaiety which makes a woman such an acquisition in a drawing-room, and the fumes of the incense which her admirers burned before her were just a little intoxicating. The Twickenham loungers, who had worshiped her mutely and reverently from afar off, found themselves distanced now by bolder adorers, and, conversing amongst themselves upon the staircases and on the outer edges of crowded drawing-rooms in the stuccoed district, shook their heads and pulled their whiskers, gravely opining that Mrs. Tredethlyn was "going the pace."

Maude had been Francis Tredethlyn's wife more than six months, and the London season was at its fullest height, when an accidental meeting with Julia Desmond brought about that young lady's restoration to her old position of *confidante* and companion to the pampered daughter of her dead father's friend. The two women met in the Pantheon, and it was a terrible shock to Maude to see her old companion dawdling listlessly before a stall of toys, dressed in shabby black silk and a doubtful bonnet, and attended by two ungainly girls in short petticoats and scarlet stockings.

The proud spirit of the Desmonds had been crushed by the iron hand of necessity. In these perpetual duels between pride and poverty, the result seems only a question of time. Poverty must have the best of it, unless, indeed, death steps between the combatants to give poor pride a doubtful victory. Julia Desmond had carried her pride and her anger away from the luxurious idleness of the Cedars, to nurse them in a London lodging. The only money she had in the world was a ten-pound note, left out of a sum which the liberal merchant had given her for the payment of a dressmaker's bill. She had the jewels given her by Francis Tredethlyn—the diamonds which she had thrown at his feet in the little study at the Cedars, on the night of the amateur theatricals—but which the sober reflections of the following morning prompted her to retain amongst her possessions. She had these, and upon these she might have raised a considerable sum of money. But the angry Julia had no desire to raise money. A life of idleness in a London lodging was the very last existence to suit her energetic nature. She inserted an advertisement in the *Times* upon the very day after her departure from Twickenham, and she went on advertising until she succeeded in getting a situation as governess in a gentleman's family. But, ah! then came the bitterest of all her trials. She fancied that her life, wherever she went, would be more or less like her life at the Cedars. There would be a great deal more work, perhaps; there might be less luxury, less gaiety, but it would be the same kind of life; while on any day the lucky chance might arise, and the beauty of the Desmonds might win her some great prize in the matrimonial lottery.

Alas for Julia's inexperienced notion of a governess' existence! She found herself the drudge of an exacting mistress, with every hour of her dreary life mapped out and allotted for her, with less share in the social pleasures of the house she lived in, than if she had been the kitchen-maid, and with two small tyrants in crinkled hair and holland pinafores, always on the watch to detect her shortcomings, and to twist them into excuses for their own. The dreadful monotony of her life would alone have made it odious; but Julia had "a sorrow's crown of sorrow" perpetually pressing on her tortured brow. She had the recollection of happier things—the pleasant idleness at the Cedars, the position of Francis Tredethlyn's affianced wife. And she had given up this position in one moment of ungovernable rage and jealousy; she had suffered one mad impulse of her proud nature to undo the slow work of months. Miss Desmond had ample leisure for the contemplation of her folly during the long winter evenings which she spent in a third-floor sitting-room at Bayswater, hearing unwilling children grind hopelessly at a German grammar by the light of two guttering tallow candles. She did contemplate her folly, while the guttural verbs and declensions fell with a droning noise on her unlistening ears; but the rage which swelled her bosom was against Maude Hillary, and Maude alone.

She saw Maude's carriage in the park sometimes while she took her allotted walk with the unwilling children, who might have been pleasant children enough, perhaps, if they had not been weighed down by intellectual exercises, compared to which the enforced physical labors of Toulon would have seemed light and agreeable. Julia saw her old companion, and her mind went back to the sunny afternoons on the lawn at Twickenham; and the sight of the pretty face and golden hair, the Skye terriers and neatly appointed equipage, stirred the fire of hatred always burning in her breast, until she could almost have shaken her small fist at the merchant's daughter.

She saw the announcement of Maud's marriage in the *Times*, and hated her still more. She saw Maude in the park, after her marriage, in a more splendid equipage than the landau from the Cedars, and she hated her even more and more. She set her teeth together and drew back under the shadow of the trees to watch Francis Tredethlyn's wife drive by.

"She has cheated me out of it all," she thought; "it would all have been mine but for her treachery."

Then one bright sunny afternoon in early May the two women met—Julia, a wan shadow of her former self, worn out with hard work, depressed by the monotony of her life, indifferent as to her dress and appearance; Maude, a beaming creature in gauzy mauve muslin, with a Watteau skirt, all a-flutter with ribbons, and a voluminous train sweeping in the dust behind her.

"Dear Julia—"

"Maude—Mrs. Tredethlyn!"

Miss Desmond turned as pale as death. The encounter had come upon her very suddenly, and she was neither physically nor mentally able to bear it. She set her teeth and tried to flash the old defiance from her dark eyes. But the light of that once fiery glance died out like the flame of a candle which burns feebly in the glare of the morning sun. Julia was quite worn out by the life she had been leading for the last year and a half. The pride of a Somerset might give way beneath a long course of overwork and indifferent diet.

After that first exclamation of surprise she drew herself to her fullest height, and tried to pass Mrs. Tredethlyn with a bow, and a faint, cold smile of recognition, but Maude stopped her:

"Dearest Julia, if you knew how anxious and unhappy I have been about you, I'm sure you wouldn't want to pass me by. Do let us be friends. The past is forgotten, isn't it? Yes, I'm sure it is. Will you come up-stairs to the picture gallery? that's always a nice solitary place where one can talk. Are those young ladies with you? What very nice little girls! Miss Desmond and I are going up-stairs, dear, to have a chat. Will you come with us?"

The elder of Julia's pupils, to whom this question was addressed, replied only by a stony glare. She was petrified by the audacity of this smiling creature in mauve who dared to take possession of her governess. The youthful mind, soured by a long course of German declensions, is apt to contemplate everything in a gloomy aspect.

Maude and Julia went past poor Haydon's big cold picture, and made their way to a small room which was quite empty. Julia's face had a stern darkness upon it, which might have frightened any one less hopeful than Maude; but that young lady had been surrounded by an atmosphere of love from her cradle upwards, and was entirely unacquainted with the diagnosis of hatred. She despatched the children to look at the pictures in the larger rooms, and then laying her hand caressingly upon Miss Desmond's arm, she said, very earnestly:

"Dearest Julia, I hope you have forgiven me?"

Miss Desmond locked her lips, and stood for some moments with her face quite fixed, staring at vacancy. There were hollow rings round the dark eyes now, and the oval cheeks had lost their smooth outline. Perpetual drudgery and friendless solitude had brought Julia very low; but the Desmond pride still struggled for the mastery over its grim assailant—necessity.

"I don't know that I have anything to forgive," she said after an ominous pause; "Mr. Tredethlyn was free to transfer his affections as often as he chose. I was very glad to read of your marriage, for it was at least satisfactory to find that he had not changed his mind a second time. I do not blame any one but myself, Mrs. Tredethlyn. I should have been wiser than to entrust my happiness to a man who——"

Miss Desmond stopped abruptly. She made a long pause, during which she contemplated Maude almost as if she had been looking for some tender spot in which to plant her dagger.

"I must not forget that he is your husband, and I do not wish to say anything humiliating to you; but I cannot forget that he is not a gentleman. No gentleman would have treated any woman as Mr. Tredethlyn treated me."

If Julia's conscience had a voice it might perhaps have chimed in with an awkward question here—"And would any lady have spread a net to catch a rich husband, Julia, trading on the generosity of his simple nature, and angling for the fortune of a man whose heart was obviously given to another?"

Mrs. Tredethlyn's bright face crimsoned, and her lower lip fell a little. It is not to be supposed that she could be very fond of her husband, but she felt any allusion to his shortcomings almost as keenly as if he had been the incarnation of her girlish dreams. Whatever he was, he was hers, and she was responsible for him.

"If generosity of heart could make a gentleman, Julia," she said, almost entreatingly, "I think Francis would be the first of gentlemen."

Miss Desmond did not condescend to reply to this observation.

"Oh, Julia," Mrs. Tredethlyn said, after another little pause, "how can you be so unkind and unforgiving? Have you forgotten how happy we used to be together long ago at the Cedars? If—if I thought you were pleasantly circumstanced now, I would not worry you with any proffers of friendship; but somehow I cannot think that you are happy. Dear Julia, forgive me for the past and trust me once more."

The stony look in Miss Desmond's face did not melt away under the influence of Maude's tenderness; but presently, with an almost awful suddenness, she sank upon the nearest chair, dropped her face upon her clasped hands, and burst into a passion of tears—convulsive sobs that shook her with their hysterical force. The strong will of the Desmonds asserted itself to the very last, for this passionate outburst was almost noiseless. The slender frame writhed and trembled, the chest heaved, the small hands were clenched convulsively, but there was no vulgar outcry. Miss Desmond recovered herself almost as suddenly as she had given way to her emotion, and drew up her head proudly, though her face was blotted with tears.

"Heaven help me!" she exclaimed, "what a poor weak wretch I am!"

"You will let me be your friend again, won't you, Julia? You'll come and live with me once more? You need see very little of Mr. Tredethlyn if you dislike him. He and I are quite fashionable people I assure you, and he is very seldom at home. I shall be so glad to have you with me. I go a great deal into society, and I know you like society, Julia. Come, dear, let us be friends again, just as we used to be in the dear old times."

Maude gave a little sigh—she was apt now and then to think sentimentally of that remote period of her existence, some four or five years back, when she had believed that the happiest fate that heaven could award her would be a union with Harcourt Lowther. Even now, though she had schooled herself to think of him coldly, though she tried very hard not to think of him at all, the memory of the old time would come back; the picture of the home that might have been—the little cottage in St. John's Wood—the long quiet evenings, made delightful by genial companionship—the pleasant hours devoted to art—the dear old concertante duets by Mozart and Beethoven—the "two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one," the images of these things were apt to arise suddenly before her in the midst of her frivolous pleasure in her fine dresses, and gorgeous house, and admiring friends.

"Dear Julia," she said, winding one arm caressingly about the Irish girl, "you will come, won't you?"

"Yes," Miss Desmond answered, "I will come if you want me. But I must come upon a new footing. This time I must work for my wages. I have been a hired slave ever since I left your father's house. I will be your servant, Mrs. Tredethlyn, if you choose to hire me."

"Julia, you will be my friend, just as you used to be."

"No," cried Miss Desmond, with a resolute gesture of her hand, "no; if you want a companion to keep your keys and attend to your lap-dogs, to finish fancy work that you have begun and grown tired of, to read French novels to you when you want to be read to sleep, to write your letters of invitation, to take the bass in your duets, or carry an occasional message to your milliner—if you want a person of this kind, I am quite willing to be that person."

"Julia!"

"I will come to you on these terms, or not all."

"You shall come to me on any terms you please so long as you come."

"Very well, then, I will come. My present employer gives me sixty guineas a year, and makes me work harder than a pack-horse. You can give me the same money if you think my services worth so much. I will make arrangements for leaving my present situation. A housemaid left the other day, and I believe she gave her mistress a month's notice—I suppose the same rule will hold good with me—I will come to you at the end of that time, unless you change your mind in the meanwhile."

"I shall not change my mind; I only wish you could come to me to-day. Take my card, dear, and give me yours."

"I have no cards," answered Miss Desmond. "I have neither name nor place in the world, and have no need of visiting cards."

She wrote her address upon the back of an envelope and gave it to Mrs. Tredethlyn. To the last her manner was cold and ungracious; but Maude parted from her, happy in the idea that she had rescued her old companion from a life of drudgery.

"Why should I not be her hired slave? I shall still have the right to hate her," thought Miss Desmond, as she went back to Bayswater with her gloomy charges.

NEW BOOKS, MUSIC, &c.

ONLY A CLOD. By MISS BRADDON. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

The readers of our paper have had a chance to estimate this absorbing production as it has appeared from week to week in our columns. Many of them will echo the prevailing opinion that it stands foremost among the thrilling creations of Miss Braddon's genius.

FRANK B. CONVERSE'S BANJO INSTRUCTOR WITHOUT A MASTER. New York: Dick & Fitzgerald.

This is a popular work, intended to instruct tyros in the agreeable art of banjo-playing. A number of popular tunes are analyzed and thoroughly explained.

ILLUSTRATED LIFE, SERVICES, MARTYRDOM AND FUNERAL OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

A most convenient compendium of events which are all fresh and stirring in the public mind. The compiler has done his duty with fairness and a considerable degree of ability.

The house of Petersons is one of the most enterprising in the world. They are always foremost in producing reading for the million—that which is *not* "caviare to the general," but which any person of sense can enjoy and appreciate. Their stock is immense, their enterprise unflagging, and their success eminent and increasing. Their editions of novels and standard works are conspicuous for correctness and beauty.

THE NATIONAL DEBT.

THE entire debt of the United States is officially reported, under date of May 31st, at a little over twenty-six hundred and thirty-five millions of dollars. The exact figures are as follows:

$1,108,113,842	interest payable in gold.
1,053,476,371	interest payable in currency.
472,829,270	treasury notes not bearing interest.
789,270	past due, and interest ceased.
$2,635,208,753.	

The annual interest in coin and currency together is over one hundred and twenty-four millions, which is an inconsiderable fraction less than six per cent. on the interest-paying portion. We are now able, for the first time, to assign a proximate limit to the debt, and to estimate very closely its yearly burden on the country. When all the expenses of the war are settled, the mass will doubtless be near three thousand millions of dollars. The policy of the Government will be to convert the Treasury notes into bonds with as little delay as possible. At six per cent., which is the present average rate, our annual interest will be one hundred and eighty millions of dollars. The estimated receipts for the year ending June 30, 1866, are three hundred and ninety-six millions, as follows:

From Customs	$70,000,000
From Internal Duties	300,000,000
From Lands	1,000,000
From Miscellaneous sources	25,000,000
	$396,000,000

The Treasury estimate of expenses for the same year, exclusive of war and navy purposes, is:

For the civil service	$33,082,097
For pensions and Indians	14,196,050
	$47,278,147

If we add to this amount the interest on the debt, and allow seventy-five millions for army and navy expenses, we have a total requirement of three hundred and two millions. We may, therefore, either reduce our taxes one-third, or have an excess of near one hundred millions to apply in liquidation of the debt. Sound policy dictates that we shall reduce the scale of taxation and keep it low until the productive powers of the country are fully restored to activity, rather than to push immediately upon liquidation. We shall then have the whole country from which to reap income, instead of the half as now, and the reduced scale, spread over double the surface, will not need to be enlarged.

This is certainly a very satisfactory exhibition. We announce it as a fact capable of demonstration, that our taxation might this day be reduced one-third, or, if the five hundred millions of treasury notes be not funded, to fully one-half of the present rates, and the gradual extinction of the debt go on successfully. If our allowance for the army and navy appears small, we have, on the other hand, made none for increased revenue from imports, on which we may probably depend for twenty-five millions more than is officially set down. The treasury estimate of but one million of receipts from the sale of public lands was made under the depression of war. Now that is relieved and peace is established, and with an active tide of emigration, we may expect them to assume something like the old proportions of eight millions a year.—*Evening Post.*

A YOUNG New England mamma, on the important occasion of making her little boy his first pair of colored trowsers, conceived the idea that it would be more economical to make them of the same dimensions behind and before, so that they might be changed about and wear evenly—and so fashioned them. Their effect, when donned by the little victim, was ridiculous in the extreme. Papa, at first sight of the baggy garment, so "fearfully and wonderfully made," burst into a roar of laughter, and exclaimed: "Oh, my dear, how could you have the heart to do it? Why, the poor little fellow won't know whether he's going to school or coming home."



RUINS OF THE CONFEDERATE ARSENAL, RICHMOND, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

GEN. GRANT IN NEW YORK.

LIEUT. GEN. GRANT arrived in this city at six o'clock Wednesday morning, June 7th, accompanied by his family and part of his staff. The entire party put up at the Astor House, an enthusiastic ovation was tendered the lieutenant general by our citizens. In the forenoon and afternoon he held levees in the parlors of the Astor House, at which some 6,000 persons attended. The usual custom of hand-shaking was adopted, and the general was compelled to undergo this severe ordeal for several hours. At four o'clock a dinner took place at the hotel, at which 80 gentlemen sat down. In the afternoon the general drove out to the Central Park, and at eight o'clock called at the rooms of the Union League. At night the general was serenaded by the Seventh Regiment Band. Speeches were made upon the occasion by Major Gen. John A. Logan and Senator Chandler.

An immense meeting was held the same night at the Cooper Institute for the purpose of expressing the joy of the people over the restoration of peace and the unity of the nation, their determination to uphold the Government and their confidence in President Johnson. The proceedings were most enthusiastic. Gen. Grant was present, and was wildly welcomed by the audience. Speeches were made by a number of gentlemen, including Major Gen. Logan, commander of the Army of the Tennessee, and Major Gen. Frank P. Blair, commanding the 17th army corps.

On Thursday morning the general proceeded in a little dispatch steamer to West Point.

Here he had an interesting meeting with Gen. Scott, in which the opposing parties strove to outdo each other in kindness.

After an excellent dinner, the general proceeded to Culburn's residence to await the review.

This review and exhibition drill of the cadets of the academy deserves a more extended notice than our limits will permit. Suffice it to say that the music was splendid; the appearance of the cadets, in their neat uniform of gray and white, was admirable, and their drill and movements the acme of perfection. The programme consisted of the regulation review in column, at "rear open order," the marching calls in common time and at the double-quick. The battalion was afterwards put through a choice variety of tactical manœuvres, by their commandant, Col. Black. The performance evinced the careful drill and discipline of the cadets to a remarkable degree. After the review and drill, the customary dress parade was gone through with, and the parade being dismissed by the cadet-adjutant, Mr. Hull, the graduating class for the present year ground arms, and marched forward to greet the lieutenant general, who was supported by Lieut. Gen. Scott. This part of the day's proceedings was a most pleasing sight. Gen. Grant then shook hands with the class in turn, addressing each, as they were introduced by Gen. Culburn, in a few kind words, sending each young cadet away with a cheerful and happy face.

THE NEW YORK YACHT CLUB.

THE regular annual regatta of this old and excellent Yachting Association came off on the 8th instant, from their starting place, opposite a point known as the Orr's Head, on Long Island shore, about two miles this side of Fort Hamilton.

SLOOPS.

Names.	*Owners.*	Port.	Tun-nage.	Area. sq. ft.	Allowance of Time, m. s.
Bonita...R. Center,		N.Y.	52.5	1041.2	Subt. 36.41
Annie...A. Livingston,		N.Y.	39.9	864.4	Subt. 36.36

SCHOONERS.

Magic...W. H. McVickar,	N.Y.	112.5	1670.0	7.16
Brenda...A. E. Kingsl'd,	N.Y.	97.7	688.3	Subt. 45.39
Haze...J. Van Schaick,	N.Y.	91.1	1262.6	Subt. 15.36
Calypso...J. H. Bache,	N.Y.	109.7	1624.0	Subt. 15.15
Maria...E. A. Stevens,	N.Y.	221.4	2026.6	Add 12.15
Juanita...I. W. Grice,	Phila.	81.7	1359.0	Subt. 15.06

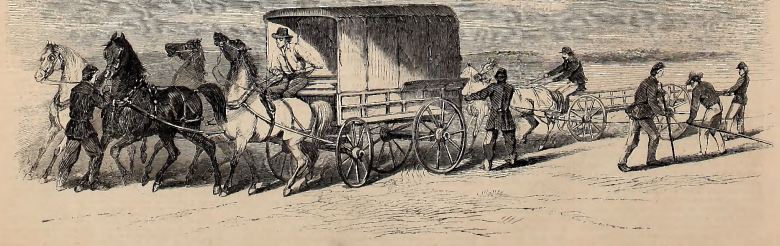
The sloop Geraldine (also out-rod) did not make her appearance, the illness of her owner, Mr. Dickerson, preventing.

At half-past 11 o'clock the signal was given for the start—both classes at once. The Annie gained something over the Bonita, by deferring hoisting her jib until after she had swung her head down with the tide and started ahead, while the Calypso took the lead of the schooners, followed by the Brenda, both setting their main-top-mast-stay-sails, flying-jibs, and jib-topsails, and the others following suit until they seemed almost hidden under the clouds of canvas. The sight preceded at this time was very beautiful.

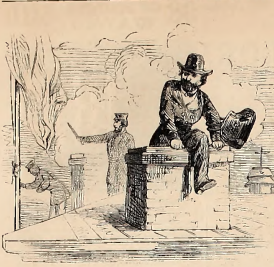
Shortly after leaving the Narrows, the wind freshened, but it did not last long, and soon the boats were again almost drifting along, the huge sails barely filled, and colors clinging to the mast. Suddenly the Magic, which had worked well over to the east bank, had a fine breeze from the S. S. E., and laid her course direct for the Spit Buoy without tacking. The Annie's catching the breeze soon after, there instantly arises a question as to which will turn the buoy first, which is soon decided by the Annie reaching it at 1:21.7, followed by the Magic, Maria, Wakeman, Bonita, Juanita, Chance, Haze, Calypso, Cornelia, Silvia, Breeze, Pauline and Josephine, which all turned the buoy, although not all in the race. The time taken at the buoy was:

Schooner Annie...	1: 21.07	Sloop Juanita.....	1: 19.10
Schooner Magic...	1: 21.41	Schooner Haze.....	1: 14.00
Schooner Maria...	1: 14.32	Schooner Calypso..	1: 25.07
Sloop Bonita.....	1: 19.10	Schooner Breeze....	1: 30.40

The turn of the Bonita and Juanita was remarkably close, and elicited much admiration for the former. After turning the buoy, the wind again became light and hauled a little more to the east, obliging all the yachts to make a tack before weathering the lightship, which was the next point to be gained. After getting outside of the point of the Hook, the wind freshened considerably again, and some of the most exciting sail-



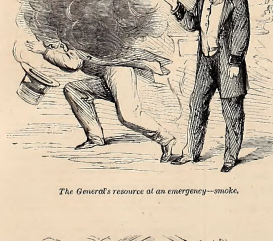
THE NEW ARMY SIGNAL TELEGRAPH—PUTTING UP THE LINE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, W. T. CRANE.



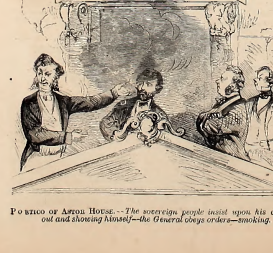
The way it is presumed Gen. Grant got into the Astor House, all other avenues being blocked.



The pump-handle shake.



The General's resource at an emergency—smoke.



PUBLICO OF ASTOR HOUSE.—*The sovereign people insist upon his coming out and showing himself—the General obeys orders—smoking.*

ling of the day took place. The Magic had shot well ahead, but somewhat to leeward, followed at some distance by the Maria, while the Annie, although astern, was far to windward, and the question was again raised as to which would turn first, and was again decided in favor of the Annie, the little Eclipse being again in company, and turning almost at the same minute, followed by the Edna, Magic and Maria. The turning of these boats was a very pleasant sight—as everything was close-hauled, everything set, and everything drawing.

Soon after the leading yachts reached the Spit, however, the wind again became light, and at times almost died away. At two o'clock, the Maria and Magic were near Fort Lafayette, the latter some distance ahead, when, with a heavy thunder shower to the west—of which only a few drops reached us—the Maria got a nice little breeze and began to overhaul the Magic. In vain the latter reset her main-topmast, cap'sail and jib top-sail, which she had just taken in. The Maria slowly but surely gained on her, and passed her a short distance above the forts. The breeze of wind which had been of such service to Commodore Stevens' yacht, soon spent its force, and the remainder of the race was pretty much adrift. The time only of the three first boats was taken, the others being so far behind as to render it certain that they could not be winners. The result is as follows:

	Allowance				
	Start.	Arrive.	Time.	m. s.	Net Time.
Schr. Maria	11.39	5.11.50	5.31.50	add 31.17	5.19.07
Schr. Magic	11.39	5.11.05	5.44.05	sub. 7.29	5.36.36
Sloop Annie	11.50	5.39	6 0. 0	sub. 36.26	5.23.34

The winners in their respective classes are the Magic and the Annie, both old favorites, and to whom success is no stranger. The Maria was sailed by Commodore Barker, and the Magic by Captain Brown, both well known among yachtsmen, while we believe the Annie was handled by her owners, the Messrs. Livingstone. The prizes consist of a very elegant but quite plain silver pumabowl and a cigar casket of the same material. The feet of the latter are formed by four dolphins standing, as in mast with that queer fish, on their heads. On the lid of it is an ornamental snatch-cake is formed by a sailor sitting on a capstan playing a fife: to the capstan is attached the end of a small coil of cable, on which is a snatch-block.

A FLEET OF AMERICAN WAR VESSELS IN HAVANA.

On the morning of the 29th ultimo a fleet, composed of the United States steamer Susquehanna, the gunboats Chippewa, Pahkee, Monticello, Hendo, and the monitors Monadnock and Canonicus, arrived at Havana, under command of Admiral R. Gordon.

About 3,000 persons visited the squadron in one day. Many of the foreign consuls went to pay their respects to the admiral, and received the usual salutes.

THE NEW ARMY TELEGRAPH.

In the Crimean war the French and English did many things which demonstrated how largely science had become a very important part of war. The laying down a railroad from Balaklava to the harbor was considered a grand achievement, and the feat of Marshal Canrobert telegraphing from Constantinople to Paris for orders was looked upon as the *ne plus ultra* of science. The last four years, however, have shown that, with our usual go-aheadiveness, we have outstripped all the world in our constrivances, and so far as war can be divested of its horror by science and the arts, we have done so. Railroads have been laid through forests till then impassable, and the telegraph has followed, as a matter of course. We give a sketch of General Gillmore's engineers putting up the telegraph wires on Morris Island beach. The modus operandi is so plain that it needs no description. The wire, the poles, and everything, requisite to form a perfect telegraph are carried on the wagon, and as the poles are fixed the wire is paid out, and the thing is complete.

TROTTING ON THE FASHION COURSE, L. I.

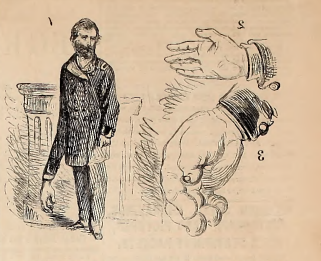
A CAPITAL trot came off on the above course on Tuesday afternoon, May 30, for a purse of $200, with a stake of $50 each, play or pay, mile heats, best three in five, in harness. There were four entries, to Dairy g. m. Blonde, Hiram Woodruff's g. g., better known as Cregan's gray jobking; J. Lovett's b. g. Shark, and Dan Mace's b. g. Hambletonian; the latter, however, did not start. Shark was the favorite, selling in pools before the first heat for $120; Blonde, $115, and the gray gelding for $80. Blonde won very easily in three straight heats in 2:36, 2:35, 2:33.

The winner, who made her first and successful debut on the turf in the above race, was sired by Mr. Sam Hoagland's Grey Messenger, dam by Abdallah, and is six years old. Gray Messenger died some four years ago, but his fine blood and pedigree is well maintained by his son Ledger, dam Lady Moscow.

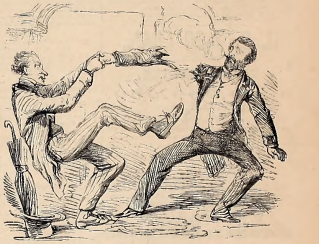
ANECDOTE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—A woman in a faded shawl and hood, somewhat advanced in life, at length was admitted in her turn to the President. Her husband and three sons—all she had in the world—enlisted. Her husband had been killed, and she had come to ask the President to release to her the oldest son. Being satisfied of the truthfulness of her story, he said, "Certainly, if her prop was taken away she was justly entitled to one of her boys." He immediately wrote an order for the discharge of the young man. The poor woman thanked him very gratefully, and went away. On reaching the army she found that this son had been in a recent engagement, was wounded, and taken to an hospital. She found the hospital, but the boy was dead, or died while she was there. The person in charge made a memorandum of the facts upon the back of the President's order, and almost because bereaved, the poor woman found her way again into his presence.

He was much affected by her appearance and story, and said, "I know what you wish her to do now, and I shall do it without your asking. I shall release to you your second son." Upon this he took up his pen and commenced writing the order. While he was writing, the poor woman stood by his side, the tears trickling down her face, and passed her hand softly over his head, stroking his locks as I have seen a fond mother do to a son. By the time he had finished writing, his own heart and eyes were full. He handed her the paper, "Now," said he, "you have one and I one of the other two left: this is no more than right." She took the paper, and reverently placing her hand again upon his head, she tearfully, upon her checks, said—"God Almighty bless you, Mr. President. May you live a thousand years, and may you always be the head of this great nation!"

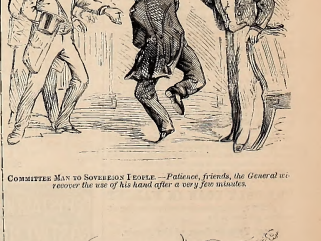
OF Apes the Hamadryad is the largest, and his strength and cunning are such, that it is said he sometimes kills the lion. United in large packs, leaping from tree to tree in the jungles, keeping up a incessant clamor, and pelting him with sticks and stones, this baboon may double as dog and worry the lion until he is exhausted, and falls a prey to their combined craft and ferocity. The Langoor apes of India among the royal keep in the same way, following his stealthy path in the tree-tops over head, hovering over his lair, and



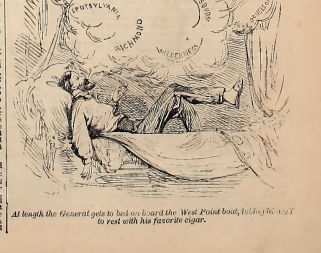
1.—*The General after the reception.* 2.—*General G.'s hand at* 10 *A. M.* 3.—*Ditto at* 2 *P. M., after four hours' shaking—(slightly swelled).*



What would have resulted if the police had not interfered.



COMMITTEE MAN TO SOVEREIGN PEOPLE.—*Patience, friends, the General will recover the use of his hand after a very few minutes.*



At length the General gets to bed on board the West Point boat, bids his wife to rest with his favorite cigar.

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10 " " " 50 " . . 500
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50 " " " " " " $100 . . 5,000
50 " " Silver " " " $50 . . 2,500
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1,000 Sets " and Gents' Gold Studs, $5 . . 5,000
1,000 Photographic Albums $2.50 2,500
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10,000 Packages Assorted Stationery, 50 cents . 5,000
5,000 Fine Rosewood Pipes (our own manufacture) $1.50 each 7,500
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10,000 Sets Gold Stone Studs, 50 cents . . . 5,000
4,728 Photographic Portraits of President Lincoln, 50 cents 2,364

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" " Gillott's, (303) " "
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No. 509 — Vol. XX.] NEW YORK, JULY 1, 1865. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. 12 Weeks $1 0

France in Mexico.

Mexico promises to be the rock on which the bark bearing the fortunes of the Third Napoleon will be wrecked. Successful up to this time, not from great foresight or profound judgment, but rather from luck and happy combinations of circumstances, Louis Napoleon now finds himself for the first time enveloped in difficulties which thicken rather than dissolve before his eyes, and which are not limited to a distant field, but invade his palace and involve his family. Not only does Mexico obstinately refuse to be "regenerated" through the persuasion of French bayonets, but offers a resistance probably more vigorous now than ever before. This calls for men and money, for the Austrian puppet who mimics imperial state in Mexico, is as barren of one as he is bankrupt of the other. Both these must be supplied by France—if at all—for Austria takes no real interest in the French scheme, as this Mexican affair exclusively is, and besides has no resources to spare. Poor old Leopold can only furnish a handful of mercenaries, who must also be paid by France, and who have proved to be no match for the Mexican soldiers, by whom they have been very effectually cut up. The annual revenues of Mexico are insufficient to cover a month's cost of the ridiculous empire.

Here, then, is the first, and perhaps grandest of all the difficulties that beset Napoleon—the financial one. France is now restive under any addition to her burthens, for an object in which the nation has failed to discover either honor or profit, and money for Maximilian's current expenses can only be raised through a gambling lottery scheme, which, if started here, would subject its originators and management to indictment and the penitentiary. The notion that the invasion of Mexico was going to result in making the country another California, has been rudely dispelled. No one believes in the permanency or power of the "empire," and all the *bona fide* emigrants who have gone there from Europe during the three years the French have been in the country, do not number as many as land in New York in a single day.

Another Napoleonic difficulty is the restiveness of the so-called Mexican emperor, who sees better than any one else, the absurdity of his position and its untenableness. He feels that he is only a puppet in the hands of a French marshal, with little of volition, and less of power, and if report speaks truly, has already intimated to his master his desire to withdraw from his uncomfortable, not to say perilous position. Perilous he evidently regards it, in view of the close of our civil war, as evinced in the haste with which his confidential agents flew to Europe to sound the alarm, and appeal for men and money. It is stated on as good authority as could be adduced in matters of this kind, that he has asked for a reinforcement of 100,000 men as a *sine qua non* in the reduction of the country, and to meet the forces of the republic, which it is supposed will be greatly augmented and strengthened by recruits from the United States. Such a contribution would not be sanctioned by the public opinion of France, and the cost would be a serious addition to the already heavy burthens of the country.

This public opinion has already found expression, not through the feeble voice of a weak opposition in the French Chambers, but in the imperial circle itself. Prince Napoleon in a public speech, since widely distributed in pamphlet form, has not only extolled the Monroe Doctrine as one right and proper for the United States to maintain, but claims for it the sanctity (in French eyes) of being one of the "*idées Napoleonnes*." He affirms that it was the policy of the great emperor to make the United States great, and the friend and ally of France in America, and hence he gave up Louisiana to her for a song and without a sigh. His policy, according to this interpreter, is as much to-day the policy of France as it was half a century ago.

For this speech Prince Napoleon has been



END OF THE POOR.—FUNERAL FROM A TENEMENT HOUSE IN BAXTER STREET, FIVE POINTS, NEW YORK.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR ARTIST.

harshly rebuked by the emperor, and he has consequently, in curt terms, resigned his position as vice-president of the Imperial Council and all his other positions under the Empire, and, it is said, retired to Switzerland. This action of the prince is important, if in no other sense than that it furnishes a nucleus around which the opponents of Louis Napoleon's power in Mexico may centre. It gives a form and prestige to the opposition in France that it could not otherwise secure, and which will find expression, in spite of the machinery through which free thought is kept down in the French capitol.

The course of the emperor, under these difficulties, cannot be predicted. Many believe that he will leave Maximilian to his own resources, in which case his tenure of power would be only a question of hours. He cannot exist a day except with the support of French bayonets. If, on the other hand, Louis Napoleon persists in supporting a government alien in every sense to the Mexicans, he must be prepared to maintain a long, expensive and bloody war. The Mexicans are far from being subdued; they have taken new vigor from the happy termination of our civil war, and without any direct aid from this country, can sustain themselves against any force that any European power could bring against them, except at cost of bankruptcy and revolution at home. The people of the United States believe and expect that the French will retire from Mexico quietly and in season. They have no wish, by word or deed, to raise any questions of pride in the matter, or to have it appear to be anything else than the result of sound judgment and prudence, on the part of the emperor. They do not wish to have the act considered as in any degree compelled, or even hastened by them. The American Government desires it to be effected in this way, for it wants to avoid any issue with France, which, however, it well knows must sooner or later arise in case the French insist on keeping up a farcical empire on our borders. Louis Napoleon cannot be unaware that the Monroe Doctrine is a principle fixed and permanent in the American policy, receiving the fullest approval and sanction in the hearts and heads of Americans. It will never be surrendered, and all that we desire is not to be compelled by wanton and persistent violations of it, to enforce it. France has no business in Mexico. She has no interests there, at all comparable with ours. She went there thinking us powerless, dead, and that the principle most sacred in our national creed had disappeared with our unity. The result has proved otherwise. She has also found that the benefits she thought to obtain in Mexico are unreal and illusive. Why then persist in a profitless occupation which outrages the sense of a powerful and friendly nation, and is fraught with constant and mighty danger abroad, and threatens dynastic revolution at home?

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JULY 1, 1865.

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Reconstruction—Suffrage.

The question of the day is that of reconstruction, or how, and under what conditions the rebel states shall resume their place in the Union. The President, all the officers of the Government, the Judiciary, the Army and the Navy, and the nation itself accepts the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln as final and conclusive. That Proclamation, as a military necessity, abolished slavery in all the rebellious States. Slavery exists, therefore, only in Delaware and Kentucky, inasmuch as Maryland and Missouri, the other loyal States that had slaves, have liberated them by their own act. The only object, therefore, that could be gained by the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment prohibiting slavery, would be to free the slaves in Delaware and Kentucky, and to prevent any of the existing or prospective states of the Union from re-establishing slavery as a local institution.

The question now arises, what, under this new order of things, shall be the *status* of the colored men of the South? In the re-organization of the rebel states, shall they, as a considerable part of the population, have a voice?

Now it is no evidence of hostility to the freedmen—no evidence that a man may not have been a thorough abolitionist—the fact that he may hesitate to put in the hands of the lately emancipated and uneducated slave, that powerful instrument for good or for evil, the ballot. There are many of our best and wisest men—we may, perhaps, say the great mass of American citizens—feeling the responsibilities of government, and seeking the welfare of the nation, who believe that the sacred right of suffrage has been too greatly extended, and that laxity of political morality, and rank corruption generally have been the consequence. The loose extension of this inestimable privilege has been the work of demagogues, who derive their position and influence from the votes of the ignorant and the vile. Look at the infamy which characterises the politics and enters into every department of the government of this city! Does any one doubt that it is the consequence of a reckless and indiscriminate extension of the suffrage to the uneducated, irresponsible, corrupt mass of riff-raff, alien and domestic, felons and paupers, which crowds the metropolis? These are the mere instruments of unscrupulous demagogues, and their votes are given without discrimination, influenced only by prejudice, passion or bribes.

It is true that under a system like ours, it is difficult to fix justly the qualifications of a voter. It is probably too late to revise our existing system, and it is perhaps best to submit to its evils, and trust to counteracting influences, than to attempt to change it. But there are evils grave and patent to all men, and in any question of the extension of the franchise, these ought to be considered, and their augmentation, if possible, prevented.

A republic is the highest effort of human intelligence and honesty. It is based on popular education and morality, which find expression and take effect through the ballot. Suffrage is the *toga virilis*, and should be held as the highest and most sacred privilege of republican manhood. Its exercise, abstractly speaking, should be conceded only to those who comprehend the principles of republicanism, appreciate and cherish its objects, and whom education and reflection have qualified to decide on public affairs with intelligence. That the late slaves of the South, with few exceptions, do not meet these conditions is certain, not through their own fault, but of the system which denied them the rights of men, denied them the institution of marriage, and made any attempt at their education penal.

If therefore, the question of extending to them the right of suffrage were to come before the nation, pure and simple, it would undoubtedly be negatived by nine-tenths of our people as inexpedient, if not dangerous. We should consider, and rightly, that the mental and moral condition of the present generation of freedmen disqualifies them, as a whole, for the exercise of a privilege so important and potential.

But unfortunately the war has surrounded what would otherwise have been an easy question with considerations of such great and pressing moment, that we cannot act on it in the abstract. The circumstances of the South are such, that a reorganization of the rebel states, their re-consolidation in the Union, and the security of the national integrity—in fact everything we have fought for—may depend upon our at once investing that large part of the southern people, lately slaves, with a power at the polls corresponding with that which they brought to the standard of the nation in the field. They helped to fight our battles; they must help to secure the fruits of our victory. They helped to solve the questions of war; they must help to resolve those of peace. Such, at any rate, is the opinion of a large part of our people, and it is gaining ground among all classes and parties.

The fact is that the doctrine of secession and four years of bloody war have corrupted and demoralised the rebel states, and although it is the avowed purpose of the government to confine their reorganization in the hands of loyal men, yet it is notorious that these, *unless the colored men, who are all loyal, are called in*, will be voted down ten to one by the men who participated in the butchery at Fort Pillow, stood guard at Andersonville, and since the disappearance of the last armed resistance in the field have blown up the Sultana, laid a fourth of Mobile in ruins, and sought to effect similar hellish results in Nashville and Chattanooga. To subdue these enemies of the nation in the field we called the negro to our aid, and to secure the fruits of our struggle, against the same enemies now armed with the ballot instead of the bayonet, we must again appeal to the same faithful ally. The participants in the rebellion will not be converted into *loyal* citizens by any machinery of oaths; they will subscribe to anything you may frame, swear to abide by anything you may dictate, and then cut your throat if they can, or, with perjury black on their souls, vote you down at the polls. Weak, good-natured people may disbelieve this; but ask any returned soldier, any man who was in the South before the war, or has been there since its commencement, if he does not believe this to be literally true. We will rest the case on his answer.

This is a matter of immediate and vital importance. The abolition of slavery augments the basis of representation in the South to the extent of *fourteen* new members of Congress, and as many presidential electors. Not three-fifths of the blacks, as before, but the whole number must now be counted in the representative population. What have we gained in the war—we speak now apart from the rights of the black man—if we are to have seventeen representatives of southern chivalry, such as we used to see in Washington, added to the number formerly to be found in the halls of Congress? How long before allying themselves with some doughface or traitorous Northern minority, or should find them in the ascendant in the nation, and planning another rebellion?

We must kill, not scotch the serpent. Lopping off the tail will not answer, we must crush the head. We shall evince unparalleled ignorance and inexcusable blindness, if we leave this task to the handful of *loyal white men* in the lately insurgent states. They are unequal to the task. They must be strengthened, and that can only be through an extension of suffrage to the *loyal black men*. We cannot shirk the alternative. It is puerile and cowardly to shut our eyes to the issue.

In thus strengthening and giving life and power to loyalty in the South, it is not necessary, and it certainly would not be wise, to bestow the suffrage indiscriminately. A large part of the negroes are unquestionably unfit to exercise it intelligently. But there is another great part quite as capable of exercising it intelligently as the major portion of southern whites, restored to citizenship by the amnesty proclamation. To those we may turn with propriety *now*, and leave further concessions to be made gradually and under conditions such as experience may suggest as just and feasible.

A daily contemporary, recognising, as we do, the exigencies of the time, suggests:

"We would give the suffrage at once to four classes of southern negroes. First and emphatically, to every negro who has borne arms in the cause of the United States; second, to every negro who owns real estate; third, to every negro who can read and write; and fourth, to every negro who had belonged to any religious organization or church for five years before the war. These points would cover every one that ought to vote, and they would insure, in every negro voter, a spirit of manhood as well as discipline, some practical shrewdness, intellectual development, and moral consciousness and culture. It is well worth the consideration of the President whether something like this should not be included in the scheme of reconstruction."

This, or something like, would probably excuse the return of a large majority of loyal men to Congress, from the Southern States, when they shall be reinstated in the Union. Without this, or something like it, we may look for confusion and disorder in Congress and the country, if not disaster to the nation. Men must look at the prospect before them steadily and calmly, and not with bigotry or prejudice. We have sacrificed many cherished proclivities to save the country; we can afford to lay a few more on the altar of patriotism to perpetuate it.

The French empire has escaped a great calamity. The emperor has made a demonstration that is worthy of Cæsar and his historian. The glories of Boulogne and Strasburg fade before his later achievement. He is a vigilant as well as an energetic ruler, is this Napoleon III. He is not appalled in the face of danger. He knew how to preserve law and order, and secure the stability of his throne. Not long ago a popular two-cent subscription was started by the workmen of the city of Nantes for a gold medal, to be presented to Mrs. Lincoln, and to bear the following inscription:

"Liberty, equality, fraternity. To Lincoln, twice chosen President of the United States. From the grateful democracy of France. Lincoln, the honest, abolished slavery, re-established the Union, saved the republic without veiling the statute of liberty. He was assassinated the 14th of April, 1865."

About the 30th of April, when the number of the subscriptions had reached 11,120, the subscriptions were seized by the police, who stated that the scheme was to be stopped everywhere in France. We hope the imperial slumbers are no longer disturbed. The imperial treasury is richer by several bushels of bronze *sous*. We suggest that they be handed over to the pauper Maximilian in Mexico, who needs them. What if the workmen had succeeded in sending a medal to a widow in the west? Who can conceive what the empire has escaped through the timely vigor of its ruler?

In reply to a letter from our minister in Italy, thanking him for having named his grandson "Lincoln," Garibaldi wrote:

"The name of Lincoln, like that of Christ, makes the beginning of a glorious era in the history of humanity, and I am proud to perpetuate in my family the name of the great emancipator. The journals and the men who have opposed the cause of the great Republic are like the ass of the fable that kicked the lion, thinking him dead; but now that they see her rise again in all her majesty, they will change their language. The American question is vital for the liberty of the world, and its approaching solution must rejoice the hearts of honest men."

The people of Leon, the capital of Nicaragua, have published an address on the death of President Lincoln, from which we quote the following paragraph:

"Rest in peace, illustrious chief of liberty! Thy name will stand crowned high with virtues, foremost among future generations, and be immortal as the heroes! Thy compatriots will turn their eyes from the bloody sight that represents the rebellion of the South, and follow the path which thou hast traced, until, in spite of oligarchies, monarchies and aristocracies, republican equality, the American Union, the absolute abolition of slavery, and the triumph of democracy which the God-man inaugurated at Golgotha, shall be realized on the continent."

There is no concession likely to be so fatal as that of limiting the punishment of treason to mere disappointment in effecting its objects. John Mitchell, an Irish refugee, who came to this country and took the oath of allegiance, afterwards repudiated it and cast his lot with the rebels. He was one of the most virulent and vindictive of the Richmond editors, while the war lasted. At the close, with rare impudence, he came to this city and became one of the editors of a notorious copperhead journal, in the office of which he was arrested some days ago and sent to Fortress Monroe to stand his trial for treason. Before going he published a letter unmatched in sophistry and impudence. We give an extract:

"So long as a Southern Confederacy existed I was a Confederate, a secessionist, or what some persons choose to term a rebel. From the moment of Gen. Johnston's surrender to Gen. Sherman, at Greensborough, I perceived that the cause of the Confederacy was utterly lost. There was no longer a Confederate government; it had disappeared from human eyes; and inasmuch as a country cannot be without a government, and the only government then in fact subsisting being the Federal government of the United States, I owed to it, from that instant, full obedience, which obedience I at once yielded in good faith, as I think my fellow citizens at the South very generally did at the same time, and for the same reason. I am therefore no longer a secessionist nor a rebel, but a Unionist and a lawful citizen."

He will yield the United States "full obedience," and be "a Unionist and a lawful citizen" until he can get up, or help to get up another rebellion! In case that fails, all right, "a Unionist and lawful citizen" again, until the next chance, and so on "without end."

Prof. Agassiz, with the scientific gentlemen accompanying him, arrived at Rio de Janeiro on the 22d of April and were most kindly received. The Emperor sent a boat alongside of the steamer to take the party on shore, and in the evening had a long interview with Mr. Agassiz. The Secretary of the Treasury of Brazil, gave orders to have the baggage and instruments of the party passed unopened at the Custom House, and every courtesy

was extended to the members of the expedition by the officials of the Brazilian Government.

THE following *jeu d'esprit* is published in a London paper *apropos* of the success of the French horse "Gladiator" in winning the great Derby race:

Cockadoodledo, Jean!
Ha! mon Bull cheri
Ciel! je ne moque pas mal
Des Anglais sans esprit.
Vanquished on your proper ground
N'est-ce pas, mon chou?
Cockadoodledo, Jean,
Cockadoodledo!

Que je suis content, Jean!
Heureux dans cette chance,
Vive le Gladiateur, Jean,
Vive toujours La France!
Enfin she evenge herself,
Ce Sacre Vaterloo!
Cockadoodledoo, Jean,
Cockadoodledo!

THE London *Spectator* correctly indicates some of the motives of the systematic misrepresentation of the United States in England during the war—misrepresentations hushed only for the moment by the shock of President Lincoln's death. It says:

"The great sources of the radical perversion of English public opinion hitherto on American affairs—sources again showing signs of fresh activity—have been two: the excessive tact, secresy and activity of the Confederate agents in this country in poisoning the sources of opinion, and the immense vantage-ground given to them by the predisposing dread felt in England of the growing power of the Union, and the wish to see it broken up. The latter, or selfish ground, has far too much hold on the comfortable classes of this country; but it would not have twisted the English estimate of everything, as it has done, without a mocking Confederate Mephistopheles to pre-occupy the middle class ear with his interpretations of the past and anticipations of the future. * * * * The Confederates see that English eyes are beginning to open to the true state of the political issues between North and South, and accordingly they strike again the old chords of national fear and pique, and try to push us back into the old unjust frame of thought towards the Union, by persuading us that we are palpably threatened, and stirring us to defiance. But they go too far. They counsel us to rely on joint action with France on American affairs—in other words, to mix ourselves up in the Mexican imbroglio, in order that France may support us in resisting a demand for compensation. This is scarcely a course that will recommend itself to a sagacious middle class. England has never understood the merits of the Mexican case, and has always been heartily glad that we withdrew in time from the French expedition. To purchase an alliance with France in resisting an action for damages, by offering her an alliance in resisting the invasion by another of a vast territory, so recently invaded and conquered by herself, would be indeed to copy the conduct of Glaucus to Diomede, 'to give gold for brass—that which is worth a hundred oxen for that which is worth nine.'"

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER owes an apology to General Hooker. He took an opportunity, at a temperance breakfast in London, when there, to speak of General Hooker as having been intoxicated at the time of the battle of Chancellorsville, leaving the inference, if not conveying it directly, that that disaster was a consequence of the general's fault. The Committee on the Conduct of the War investigated this allegation against General Hooker, and finding no evidence to support it, applied to Mr. Beecher for his authority. This the reverend gentleman declined to give, but tells the committee that "*his* authority in the case was such as to produce moral conviction." The committee find the allegation false, not upon negative but upon positive testimony. Mr. Beecher had better produce his authority, or stand in the unpleasant position of personally slandering an able and patriotic officer.

THE Franco-Mexican loan, notwithstanding its gambling lottery features, cannot be forced down the throats of the French people. No "gift" scheme could be got up more takingly, but still it will not succeed, for no one has any confidence in the permanency of the Mexican empire. The empire may end in ten days, pretty certainly in as many months. The sickly loan, although bearing a six per cent. interest, vibrates between 46 and 47. In other words, "Max" cannot obtain money, even under a French guarantee, at less than 13 to 14 per cent. per annum, and not much at that. The whole loan, if taken up, including the gross revenues of Mexico, will not keep Maximilian afloat for the current year. And then?

AMONG the recent deaths of notable characters abroad is announced that of Charles Waterton, of Walton Hall, Yorkshire, England. He will be remembered as the author of "Wanderings in South America, the Antilles, and North-west of the United States," published in 1812—the last of the old-fashioned picturesque books of travel. His account of skinning a boa-constrictor, with a picture of a negro *shinning* up the monster, which is suspended to the limb of a high tree, is familiar to "the rising generation," as is also his story of riding an alligator, with its wonderfully archaic woodcut illustration. We are accustomed to think of Waterton as a contemporary of Mungo Park and Captain Cook, and the writer of this was amazed to meet him, some years ago, at an English country-house, hale, fresh and entertaining. He related his experiences as if they were things of yesterday, and we gladly paid him a visit at his curious retreat, Walton Hall, on an island in a lake. The land rises gently from the water on all sides, and is crowned with fine timber. The whole park is inclosed by a formidable wall, to protect the numerous pets which the late owner had collected around him. Birds, beasts and fishes were allowed to range undisturbed in this domain, and were never allowed to be destroyed. It was while watching some of these, on a rustic bridge, that he had a fall, which terminated fatally. He was an elegant Latin scholar, and long ago he wrote his epitaph in that language, a translation of which runs thus: "Pray for the soul of Charles Waterton, born June, 1782, died 18—, whose wearied bones rest here." Waterton died at the age of eighty-three.

ANDREW JOHNSON, of Tennessee, who, though long since a man of fortune and an occupant of the highest offices his state could bestow, would never allow the old sign that was over his door when he was a tailor twenty-one years of age, to be taken down. It still hangs there—"Andrew Johnson, Tailor."

AN original letter of Mr. Howell Cobb, has been brought to light, dated 1857, during the period of the Kansas troubles. Mr. Buchanan will hardly feel complimented now by the following endorsement of his administration which the letter contains. "I repeat to you," says Mr. Cobb, "that the administration of Mr. Buchanan is the most thoroughly identified with our principles and our rights of any that has ever preceded it, and I am willing to stand or fall by the issue."

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE veil of diplomatic reserve hides the real chagrin of Europe at the restoration of the Union. It is, however, beginning to treat the downfall of the slave rebellion as *une fait accompli*, since Holland, France and England have withdrawn from the so-called Confederate power "belligerent rights." Russell, in his official notification, acknowledges that "peace has been restored within the whole territory of which the United States of North America before the commencement of the civil war were in undisturbed possession," and states that as a necessary consequence "her Majesty's several authorities in all ports, harbors and waters must henceforth refuse permission to any vessel of war carrying a Confederate flag to enter such ports, harbors and waters," and must require any such vessels forthwith to depart therefrom within 24 hours. There is, however, an added proviso that the commander of any rebel vessel may divest his vessel of her warlike character and remain within British waters at his own risk.

France continued to be violently agitated on the Mexican question. M. Thiers, the leader of the opposition in the French Chambers, in a speech on the budget, strongly deprecated the continuance of the French intervention in Mexico, urging that by its cessation an annual saving of at least 50,000,000 francs might be effected. *La France* consoles its readers by arguing that the Monroe doctrine does not apply to Mexico, and that America is too exhausted by previous efforts to engage in a foreign war.

On the authority of the London *Times* it is stated that France has notified the Washington government that Mexico is under French protection, and that filibustering will be dealt with without mercy.

Details of the war among the South American republics confirm the successes of the Paraguayan forces. The Paraguayan army is estimated at 60,000—the allied forces opposed to them at 75,000 men.

The Princess of Wales has presented to the British nation another prince.

The Empress has refused to accept the resignation of Prince Jerome Napoleon, till she has received the Emperor's instructions. In the meantime Victor Emanuel has suggested a postponement of the prince's visit to his court for the present, as it might complicate his negotiations with his Holiness, with whom Jerome Napoleon is in bad repute.

TOWN GOSSIP.

IF Bishop Berkley were a resident of New York at this time he would probably amend his celebrated aphorism so as to read, "Eastward the Star of Empire takes its way." All the American stars seem to be gravitating towards Europe. The theatrical stars, military stars, literary stars, fashionable stars, and the Star Spangled Banner are all cutting loose from their American moorings and steering eastward. If any one doubts that the last named star is now tending eastward, let him read the account of Commodore Goldsborough's preparations for a naval expedition to the Mediterranean—fifty of our most powerful war vessels, including half a dozen monitors. If the advent of all this Americanism in Europe does not awaken our somnolent transatlantic neighbors to the fact that we are a "great beeples," then we may write them down as the genuine Rip Van Winkles.

The closing of the war is, of course, the primary cause of this general migration to Europe. During the past four years the financial uncertainty in this country, the anxiety about the issue of the contest, and, perhaps, more particularly the sympathy which nearly every European state has manifested for the rebellion, doubtless caused the suspension of visits to those countries from American tourists. But all these things have passed away. Foreign nations have learned that as a people we are in the military van instead of rear, and that man will now be honored in Europe who can say, "I am an American citizen."

But summer attractions at home are not forgotten. The watering places and the various other resorts to which citizens rush to escape the torrid and pestilential atmosphere that characterizes New York during the heated term, are likely to be well patronized during the season which is just opening. The old *habitués* will, of course, be there, and there will be a large addition from that class who have been thrown to the financial surface by the force of war. The majority of this class are of somewhat uncertain antecedents, to be sure, but relying on their metalic talismans—gold and brass—they expect to be shown to a high seat in the temple of fashion.

As a natural consequence to this outflow to Europe and the domestic summer resorts, the city is already becoming dull and insipid. The warm rays of the sun seem to operate upon the vivacity of New York very much as upon paper collars—causing both to wilt. It is true that the past week has been rather coolish for this stage of the season, but our adipose readers should not deceive themselves with the belief that the mercury will long continue in this depressed mood. We are rather inclined to believe the mercury has something of the feline element in its nature, and is only crouching low in the thermometer as preliminary to a tremendous leap.

This calls to mind the bronzed heroes who have so long braved the fierce rays of a Southern sun, and who are now thronging our streets, enjoying the attractions of the city, and being fleeced by the whole fraternity of swindlers. It is a shame—a *burning* shame at this season—that these brave fellows who have just received their hard-earned money from the government, should be so outrageously victimised by city sharpers. The thieves, gamblers and rogues, of every degree, seem to devote their entire attention to disbanded soldiers and not a day passes in which cases of soldier-robbing do not occur. One of these victimised heroes—a western man—remarked in our hearing a few days ago that "the rebel capital might have been taken much more easily than it was." How so?" asked a bystander. "If the government," continued the soldier, "had sent a delegation of New York rascals there they would have swindled the rebels out of it."

Speaking of the soldiers reminds us that the conscription bureau—an institution that was organised to aid modest patriots in their military aspirations—has passed away. Its death-knell was sounded on Thursday by an auctioneer who held up the draft-wheels to an appreciative public, and stated that they were "going—going—gone!" Barnum bought one as an addition to his collection of curiosities. It would be a good idea for Barnum to put the draft-wheel in the enclosure with the "learned seal," and let that amphibious prodigy turn it instead of the hand-organ with which it now delights and amazes the curious. But then it might frighten the "able-bodied of the first-class," who are of nervous temperament—we had not thought of that.

Gossip is about equally divided between the unhealthful condition of the streets and the arrest of John Mitchel. This shows that the public are averse to pestiferous influences of whatever character. Mitchel has been transported to Fortress Monroe, and the quidnuncs are in a quandary to know why he was taken so far away, when good accommodations are available in Fort Lafayette. The only plausible solution of this query is, that Government has adopted this mode of punishing Jeff Davis, giving him Mitchel for company. Our humanitarian friends in England may, however, protest against this scurvy treatment of Jeff.

Although we have alluded to Barnum's in connection with the draft wheels, we must not forget to say that Miss Melville continues to attract crowds thither, and the public admiration of the Boone family has in no wise diminished.

The Broadway Theatre has changed proprietors for the season, Mr. Sam Colville having assumed the summer management. Mr. Colville has had the good fortune to secure the services of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Watkins, who are announced to play a limited engagement. They made their first appearance on Monday evening, June 12th, in a new comedy, with the romantic title of the "Peasant Peeress." Mr. and Mrs. Watkins are so well known to the *habitués* of metropolitan theatres (the latter in former times as Mrs. Charles Howard), that the mere mention of the fact of their presence at the Broadway, should be sufficient to attract nightly a houseful of their admirers.

Miss Bosmer continues her engagement at the Winter Garden, and Miss Maggie Mitchell is still at Niblo's. Those who do not frequent theatres and music halls, and prefer healthy out-door pleasures, turn their faces to Central Park, where they are always welcomed with puffs of fresh country-like breezes, and the odor of all the flowers of the season.

NEW BOOKS, MUSIC, &c.

ATLANTIC MONTHLY, for July. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

This is an average number of this, the first of American monthlies. The names of Bayard Taylor, John G. Whittier, Mrs. Stowe, are sufficient guarantees of its excellence. The simply told story of "Ellen," by the author of "Life in the Iron Mills," brings tears to our eyes as we read. We wonder if it is true. Bayard Taylor contributes "Winter Life in St. Petersburg," and the genial Ike Marvel, Donald G. Mitchell—the continuation of "Doctor Johns."

"OUR YOUNG FOLKS," for July. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

It is quite delightful to think that our little folks have at last found some one to take pity on them and write capital articles of all descriptions for their exclusive perusal. In the present number we see the name of Maria L. Child—dear to all our hearts. John G. Whittier comes forward with the "Fish" he "did not catch," and Mrs. Stowe discourses pleasantly on "Dogs." Mayne Reid gives us "Afloat in the Forest," and Carleton "Winning his Way." We have long needed a magazine like this, in America, and we are glad to see that it is welcomed warmly in thousands of homes.

FREDERICK BRADY has just published Mrs. Gore's new novel, "Mothers and Daughters." It contains some of the most delightful pictures of female character that have been drawn by the pen of that clever authoress. The London *Spectator* pronounces the book a *chef d'œuvre*.

THE MATCHMAKER. By BEATRICE REYNOLDS, author of "Charles Anchester," "Counterparts," &c. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

SILENT STRUGGLES. By MRS. STEPHENS. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

These novels are published by Peterson in his usual excellent style, and have had a large sale.

There is always a power and a keen insight into character in the novels of the author of "Fashion and Famine," and the one before us is in Mrs. Stephens' best style. Like all first-rate writers, every novel gives her a greater artistic finish, and does not diminish her freshness as is the case with those young and crude dabblers in ink who gush themselves out in their early efforts. We advise all who wish to take some pleasant reading into the country this warm weather to send for "Silent Struggles" and "The Matchmaker."

THE LIFE, SPEECHES AND SERVICES OF ANDREW JOHNSON, Seventeenth President of the United States, with a Portrait of President Andrew Johnson. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

This is a very timely publication, and cannot fail to set at rest many of the absurd stories floating about respecting a president whose conduct hitherto has endeared him to every loyal citizen.

PERSONS about leaving town, either in the pursuit of pleasure or in the more serious interests of business, will be gratified to learn that Messrs. Benedict Brothers, of 171 Broadway, have issued cards containing the time-tables of all the railways centering in the metropolis.

TRUMP'S AMERICA HOYLE, OR GENTLEMEN'S HAND-BOOK OF GAMES.

Like so many of Dick & Fitzgerald's publications, this is a complete *multum in parvo* of the subject, and we can cordially recommend this American Hoyle as the best of the kind published.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—President Johnson has issued a proclamation still further opening the South to commerce, recognizing that armed rebellion has ceased in Tennessee, and annulling previous disqualifying proclamations, which applied only to an insurrectionary state.

—— The new treaty between the United States and Honduras provides for perpetual amity and a reciprocal freedom of commerce and navigation. The right of way of the contemplated Honduras inter-oceanic railway is also secured to us.

—— The 33d Massachusetts regiment, which bore so honorable a part in Sherman's grand raiding expedition through Georgia and the Carolinas, met with an enthusiastic reception on their arrival in Boston on Wednesday, the 13th ult.

—— A serious railway accident occurred about a mile and a half this side of Washington, on the evening of the 13th ult. Five or six persons were killed, and between 30 and 40 wounded, many of them fatally. Careless conductor said to have been the cause.

—— A terrible explosion took place at Chattanooga on Saturday, the 10th ult. Several persons were killed and wounded. The Quartermaster's and Commissary's buildings also caught fire and were consumed. The conflagration is supposed to have been caused by dishonest officials to hide defective accounts. Loss $250,000.

—— On Tuesday, the 13th of June, the sentence of death was passed on Michael Kenny, in the Brooklyn Court of Oyer and Terminer, for the murder in that city of John Ravensburg, on the 19th of April, 1863.

—— Preparations are making at San Francisco for the grandest celebration of the 4th of July ever known on the Pacific coast.

—— The Secretary of War has ordered the release of all the prisoners of war in Fort McHenry, including those sentenced during the war.

—— The Indians recently attacked a Mormon train at North Platte crossing and Eagle Creek station, on the overland route, killing and wounding all the stock-tenders and soldiers. Gen. Conner has sent troops to keep the mail route open.

—— The persons charged with an attempt to seize the steamer Colon, have been held to answer before the County Court in San Francisco, on the charge of grand larceny. The evidence does not clearly show what was the purpose of the intended seizure.

—— Great distress is reported to prevail among the people of North Carolina, owing to the scarcity of food.

—— Large numbers of soldiers are deserting from their regiments at Washington, and going home on the ground that they enlisted "for the war," and that the war is now ended.

—— A band of guerillas, numbering 500, have lately collected in Patrick county, Virginia, threatening the people with vengeance. Four of them have been arrested and tried by the military justices of the peace, and two of them sentenced to be hung or shot, and the others sent to the penitentiary.

—— Gen. Halleck, in a letter dated Military Division of the James, Richmond, June 7, replies in detail to the statements of Gen. Sherman, made in the latter's letters dated May 9 and May 26, with other papers on the same subject. These statements and reflections Gen. Halleck pronounces incorrect and entirely unjustified by the facts in the case. Gen. Halleck makes nine points of reply to the charges of Gen. Sherman, his strongest ones being those in which he states that he acted directly under the orders of the Lieut.-General, and closes his letter by saying, that Gen. Sherman's report is "unjust, unkind, and contrary to military usage, and that his statements are contrary to the real facts of the case."

—— Gens. Ed. Johnson and P. T. Moore, A. O. P. Nicholson, Arnold, the Mayor of Savannah, Gen. J. R. Anderson, of the Tredegar Iron Works, and many other leading rebels are applicants for pardon under the Amnesty proclamation.

—— It is said that Ford's theatre—the scene of President Lincoln's assassination—has been purchased by a society of Congregationalists, and will speedily be converted into a house of worship.

—— It was estimated by the Quartermaster-General in his last annual report, that there were in the service of the army about 170,000 horses and 130,000 mules. The supply of cavalry horses averaged about 500 a day which was also the measure of the destruction of these animals in service. During the first eight months of the year 1864, the cavalry of the Potomac received nearly 40,000 horses, and there was issued to the army of Gen. Sherman through the Nashville depot, between the 1st of November, 1863, and the 14th of September, 1864, 41,122 horses.

—— In response to a query about his speaking at the Cooper Institute, Gen. Grant said: "I made up my mind about that many years ago. I never have spoken and I am too old to begin; not that I feel so very old, either; but I can't speak, and I certainly shall not dictate anything for any one else to say for me."

—— David Goodrich, of Williamstown, recently set 70 eggs under two Brahma Pootra hens, and the same successfully hatched out 71 live chickens. These biddies must have worn crinoline of very broad dimensions to cover so many eggs.

—— Two gentlemen of this city, Messrs. Trevor and Colgate, have recently given to Madison University the sum of $60,000, one-half of which amount is to be applied to the endowment of 20 permanent and free scholarships for the benefit of young soldiers.

—— During the past ten days no less than 106,505 troops have been furnished with transportation and left Washington.

—— Attorney-General Speed has issued a circular to the effect that applicants for pardon under the "special" clause in the Amnesty proclamation, must first take the oath and transmit the original with the application.

—— A conference took place in Richmond on the 16th of June between Governor Pierpoint and the members of the Virginia Legislature, the subject under consideration being a proposition to extend the right of suffrage beyond the limits imposed by the Alexandria constitution, by which all who have taken part in the rebellion are excluded from the privilege of voting. If Virginia is not represented in the next session of Congress, it will not be because Virginians willing to fill seats in that body cannot be found. Candidates for these positions are coming to light rapidly, including some gentlemen who, a short time ago, would have considered themselves insulted by being called citizens of the United States. It is even said that the late rebel Governor, Extra Billy Smith, proposes to run for election, if he can first get President Johnson to pardon him.

—— Governor Brownlow, of Tennessee, has issued a proclamation, ordering the election, on the first Thursday of August (the 3d) next, of a full delegation to Congress and members of the Legislature in certain districts in which there are vacancies.

—— Orders have been issued for the dismantling of all the defensive works around Washington, excepting twenty-two forts and three or four batteries, so located as to form a complete defence to the capital on all sides. These, it is said, will be strengthened and improved, and permanently garrisoned.

—— Another terrible fire occurred in Saratoga, on Sunday, June 18, when, about four in the afternoon, the United States Hotel caught fire near the centre of the the building. So rapid was the progress of the flames that in less than three hours all was nearly consumed. The Marvin House was also destroyed, as well as three Club Houses, the Telegraph, Express Offices, &c. It is supposed to be the work of incendiaries.

—— It is said in Washington that both Alexander H. Stephens, the ex-rebel vice-president, and R. E. Lee, ex-rebel commander, are penitent applicants to President Johnson for pardon.

—— Gen. Alfred H. Terry has recently, by direction of the War Department, assumed command of the Department of Virginia, with headquarters at Richmond.

—— Mrs. Lincoln has taken up her residence for the summer at Hyde Park, six miles out of Chicago.

Personal.—Major Gen. Ord has been appointed to the military command of the State of Oregon.

—— Judah P. Benjamin, and John C. Breckinridge, late of the rebel cabinet, have thrown up their portfolios. The former has turned up in Bermuda; the latter is resting from his flight in Cuba.

—— Mark Lamon, who has been for so many years U. S. Marshal, has resigned his position. One of Mr. Forney's editors has received the appointment.

—— M. F. Maury, quondam rebel commander in the rebel navy, recently addressed a letter to Admiral Gordon, U. S. N., while the latter was stationed at Havana, offering to surrender himself to the U. S. authorities on the same terms as those granted to Gen. Lee.

—— Hon. Schuyler Colfax, and party, arrived at Salt Lake City, on the 11th inst. On the following evening he addressed a large concourse of people, predicting a brilliant future for Utah.

—— Hon. William L. Sharkey, has been appointed Provisional Governor of Mississippi.

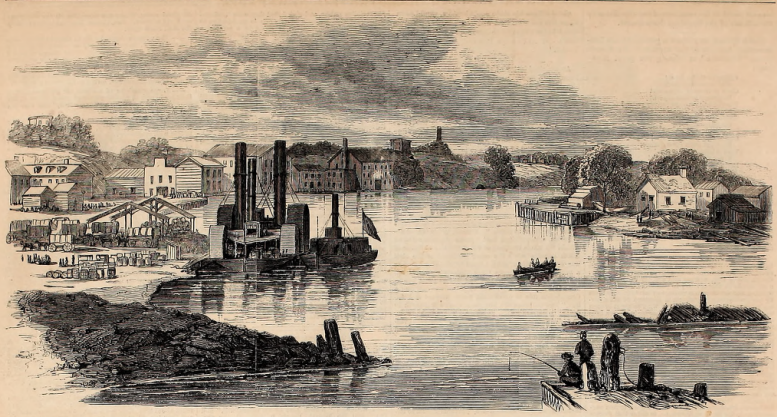
—— Ex-President Buchanan is about to publish a history of his administration, prepared by himself.

—— John Mitchell was arrested at the *Daily News* office in this city on the afternoon of June 14. He was at once taken on board a government steamer, which sailed immediately for Fortress Monroe.

—— Clarence A. Seward, of this city has been appointed Acting Assistant Secretary of State, in consequence of the continued illness of Frederick W. Seward.

—— The late Tyler Bigelow, Esq., of Watertown, New York, by his last will, left the sum of $10,000 to Harvard College, as a fund for the maintenance and support of indigent and meritorious students.

—— Mr. Joseph Lawrence, long known as the President of the United States Trust Company, died at his residence, in this city, on Sunday evening, the 11th of June,



THE STEAMBOAT LANDING OF THE CONFEDERATE NAVY YARD, RICHMOND, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.

SCENE IN THE FIVE POINTS, N. Y.

Funeral from a Tenement House.

OUR present number contains a correct picture of one of these monumoth enormities called tenement houses. In that our readers can see the every-day living death of the poor. Let our wealthier citizens ponder over that picture, and see in it the great fever manufactory, whose shafts reach their marble palaces, and strike down their fairest and dearest treasures. Let them also see in it the school of burglars and courtezans, whose bludgeons and blandishments destroy them and their sons.

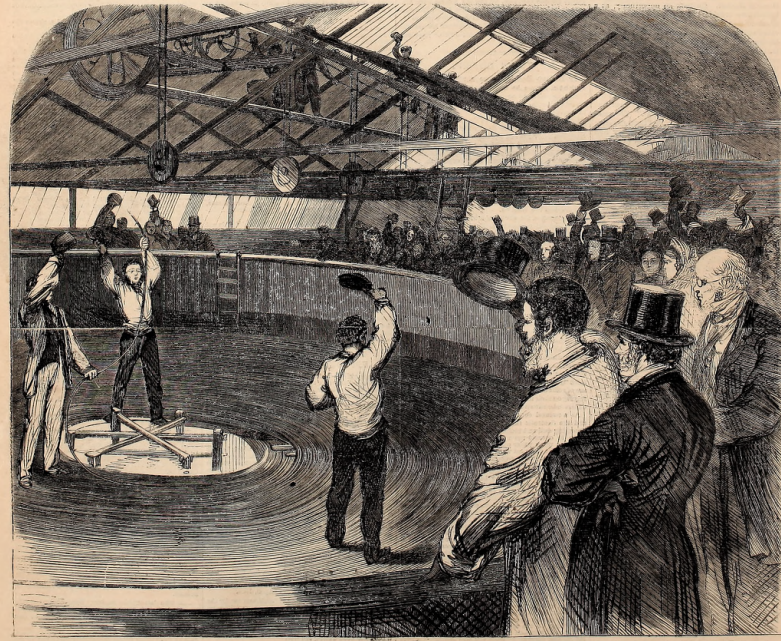
On our first page we give the last scene of all, the funeral of one of the wretched inmates of these pestilential dwellings—most certainly to this class the grim visitor must come as a releasing angel, to unlock the den of misery.

An English writer, in some powerful verses on this very subject, says, in a sort of refrain to his poem:

Rattle his bones
Over the stones,
It is only a pauper that nobody owns.

The picture is a sad one, and we hope all who see it will do what they can to amend the condition of the poor, if only from the selfish consideration that they are heightening the life of those they love, and also adding to the security of their own property.

WATCHES are often stolen. Every watch should be kept upon its guard.



CONSTRUCTION OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE, AT THE FACTORY OF GLASS, ELLIOT & CO., EAST GREENWICH, ENGLAND, MONDAY, MAY 29, 1865.



VOLUNTARY DISPERSION OF KIRBY SMITH'S REBEL ARMY AT SHREVEPORT, LA., MAY 23.

BEFORE THE BATTLE.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

COMRADES, see the foe before us,
See their standard flout the air,
See the banner waving o'er us,
We must plant our banner there.



Death is near;
Comrades, soldiers, never fear;
I may die, and you may fall,
We may heed an angel's call,
But the day must first be won
If we'd call our mission done;
We must crush the traitors low,
Ere across the lake we go.
God will spare us strength and life
Till we win, to-day, the strife.
Soldiers all,
If amid the fray we fall,
With our face toward the foe,
Nobler death we cannot know.
Freedom's cause is that of Right,
Right is Truth, and Truth is Might.
If we give our life, our all,
And we win the funeral pall,
Who can know that evermore—
Evermore—
On the grand, great roll of Fame
Shall be writ each soldier's name
Who in Freedom's battle died,
Grand, and great, and glorified.
Comrades all,
If it be my lot to fall,
Let my humble grave be made
Where I fell; I'd there be laid
In the soldier's resting-place,
With the sods above my face.
If I fall in Freedom's fray,
Tell the loved ones, far away,
That I did my duty well,
And for Right and Freedom fell.
That is all.

Hark, I hear the bugles' call!
Forward, boys, into the fight,
Strike for God and strike for Right,
Strike till victory is won,
Or the life God gave is done.

A TIMELY DISCOVERY.

How it was Made and the Result.

BY W. JARED HALL

CHAPTER I.—AN OLD WOMAN ASKING FOR ALMS.

GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR, with his victorious army, crossed the Rio Grande on the morning of May 18th, 1846, and took formal possession of Matamorse, Arista, the Mexican commander, having fallen back to Monterey. The Rio Grande, at this time, was the theatre of momentous military events. Every ear was turned thitherwards for the latest intelligence; every other interest was absorbed in the eager desire for information from the armies.

Santa Anna was putting forth every exertion to stay the progress of the invaders, who, like a mighty avalanche, rolled on and on despite every opposition. The country was as a place with a blighting scourge by the Mexican hordes. Every man capable of bearing arms was drawn into their ranks; every hearth was made desolate, and thousands of hearts were bereaved.

Notwithstanding all this, there were in the same locality, and at the same time, incidents and interests peculiar to individuals, outside the terrible scenes of war, which were of vital importance, and which marked an epoch in their lives as strongly as great victories did in that of the nation.

On the south bank of the Rio Grande, nearly a league above Matamoras, yet within the Federal lines, stood an old Spanish villa—the only residence of any importance in the vicinity. The proprietor, entirely at variance with the people among whom he lived, had expended large sums of money in arranging and beautifying his estate. The villa was in the centre of a park, perhaps five acres in extent, over which were gracefully disposed, trees, shrubs, bowers and ornaments.

Winding paths and carriage-ways of fine white gravel extended through the grounds. Fountains with jets sparkling in the sunlight could be seen at intervals. Artificial lakes with floating islands, crowned with rare tropical flowers, were interspersed amid the scene. The fish sported in the crystal water, and birds sang from every bush. This highly embellished homestead remained untouched in the midst of the bloody carnage that deluged the land.

Don Sebastian and his aged wife had lived there upwards of fifty years, and were loved and esteemed. They had no children, but there was living with them a young lady, sixteen years of age, whom they had adopted.

Arista, when at Matamoras, issued an order



VERANDO AND ELOISE.

prohibiting trespass on this estate. It is not improbable that the dark-eyed Eloise, the adopted daughter, whose good will the Mexican general had endeavored to secure, had much to do with the promulgation of this edict. General Taylor, on taking command, ordered that all private property within his lines should be unmolested. Thus we find it on the afternoon of August 15th, 1846.

The sun was sinking in the west, a cool breeze played among the foliage, the atmosphere was fragrant with the odors of myriad blossoms, and Eloise sat beneath the shade of a tree in the great park. She had been forming a bouquet of rich and rare flowers, but it lay on the grass before her. Her hands were clasped together, her gaze was fixed on the ground, and she was thinking—thinking of her mother whom she had never seen. As she sat there, sad and thoughtful, the past came up before her like a great moving panorama, and there was but one blemish on it—that was the uncertainty of her birth. Since her earliest recollection she had been the darling pet of two as true and loving hearts as ever beat—Don Sebastian and his wife. They had bestowed on her every gift, every pleasure, every wish. She had asked for nothing that they had not granted cheerfully. She loved them as she would have loved her own parents. Their precepts and examples had grown and ripened in her character, until she was a young lady of moral excellence unsurpassed. Yet despite all these advantages and happy surroundings, there were times when she longed to see her true parents. Who were they, or where was she to look for them? The old Don had told her,



ELOISE AND THE STRANGE WOMAN.

time and again, all that he knew of them. It was this: sixteen years before, a man and woman with an infant, disembarked from a New York and Panama steamer that came into the port of Matamoras in a gale. The following morning, the storm having subsided, the steamer again put to sea. The strangers had taken rooms at a hotel, and it was not known whether they had designed to remain in the city or to continue on in the steamer. They had, unfortunately, neglected to register their names. About ten o'clock in the forenoon, the infant was found alone and heavily drugged in the room they had occupied. There were marks of blood on the bed clothes, a large spot on the floor, and the door-latch was hammered with the same weapon. These facts were all known, much excitement was created, but no definite information obtained. The child was placed in the hands of a physician, who restored it from the effects of the drug, when it was offered to any responsible family desirous of adopting it. Don Sebastian took the babe home with him, made out the necessary papers, and assumed the responsibility of its guardianship. The child was beautiful, and those dark, gory spots may have been the blood-red of her parents. It was said that made her sad and shy, but the flowers which she had been arranging.

Dona had gathered in her eyes, and the mantilla around her mouth worked nervously, as the sound of a footstep fell on her ear. She looked up and discovered in the room, wrapped in a heavy cloak hood, and leaning on a cane, standing before her.

"Pardon me, miss, for this intrusion," said she, "if I was in search of Don Sebastian's residence, and took the nearest route across the country from Matamoras. Is his dwelling near?"

Elcie's face grew very dy in an instant. Her emotions were aroused, and she stood before the strange woman, whose pallid frame shook until she could scarcely speak.

"Be seated, good lady," Elcise said, taking hold of her arm.

"You are tired and trouble, ...ay you come far?"

"From the city," she answered. "It is far to the Don's house, I fear? If so, I shall not be able to reach it. My limbs almost refuse to carry me."

"You are on the Don's estate now," Elcise replied. "It is but a little way to the house. Sit down and rest a moment, then I will go with you."

"On the Don's estate now!" reiterated the woman, with a gasp, leaning heavily on her cane, but a figure entered, with a commanding air, and her eyes fixed steadily on Elcise. "On the Don's estate, you say, miss, is well?"

"I am," Elcise answered, wondering at the singular exhibition of feeling.

"God strengthen me now!" the woman ejaculated fervently, and reached out a hand.

It was quickly withdrawn, and a sudden calmness came over her. For an instant she did not breathe. Her eyes were like balls of fire, and fixed in a steady gaze on a man approaching. The blood rushed to her face, her lips were compressed as with a spasm of pain, and her hands grasped the cane till the ends of her fingers were purple.

Elcise looked at her in mute astonishment. She saw how the figure, she heard words issue from between them that seemed to come from a heart all crushed and bleeding.

"Recall me not a word to that man of what I have said to you. If he asks who I am, tell him I was a poor woman asking alms. But stay here till he has gone; I would not see you again."

With this she drew her hood close around her face, turned and walked away. She was soon concealed from view behind the shrubbery.

CHAPTER II.—THE OLD WOMAN IN ELOISE'S GROVE.

The man advancing, and whose presence had affected the woman so strangely, was about fifty years of age, and named Don Lorenzo Varango. He was well educated, and his manners were calculated to inspire confidence. He was an agreeable conversationalist, had travelled extensively, and delighted to relate his adventures while pouring the wine for his friends. He was a man who, like Eloise's pure, confiding, trusting one, was not altogether an unpleasant companion. There had been a time, however, during that acquaintance, a period of nearly one year, when her heart was really depressed in his presence. He had given utterance to sentiments in moments of moments that had made her start and tremble. He always seemed to control, and with a cunning peculiarity his own so effaced those impressions from her mind that she was ready to trust him again. Then, as the storm-cloud disappeared, she sank on the grass, and her flowers, and did not look up until he spoke.

"How is it that I have been frightened by the old merchant?" he asked, dropping on the grass beside her. "A fury in the midst of roses!" he added, with a laugh, and gently placed a flower in the braid of her hair.

"I have!" Eloise replied. "She is a poor woman, and I wish I could help her; she seems to be much distressed."

"Which women always are," he answered, lightly. "I have seen thousands in Italy and France who would draw tears from a marble statue by their lamentations, and laugh in their sleeves the moment one's back was turned. But come, let us talk of another matter more interesting; Julian has been to Matamoras to make arrangements for your and his wedding."

"Who gave him such directions?" Eloise asked, with a start.

"The old Don," was the reply. "He said he was willing, if you were, to have the ceremony take place to-morrow."

"But I am not willing."

She spoke calmly, but with decision.

"Why not?" he urged. "Everything is ready."

"No, I am not ready," and taking the flower from her hair she began pulling it to pieces.

"You are a strange girl," he added, with more show of feeling than was advisable.

"Perhaps so," she said, coolly. "I am in no hurry to be married. I have too good a home here to desire a change. Julian was very anxious this morning that I should say 'yes' to every one of his propositions; yet not one of them pleased me or had my assent. It is only about six months since we first met. You brought him to me, and we have him only to pour out upon. Julian Lorette. My guardian is old and childish; he is easily persuaded, and always evasive and to please me. His peculiarities cannot simply because he thought I desired it. Indeed, I do not. If I was undecided this morning, I am now more so than ever. Julian, I fear, has not a very much impolite or improprietous and illutined."

"Will you not reconsider this decision?" he asked, after a short pause.

"There is nothing to reconsider," she replied. "I have made no promises yet, it is quite than probable, had not the movement of Julian and Julian's to-day occurred, I should have pledged my heart and hand to him before many weeks. Now I view my situation in a different light; I think I see something in this haste and urgency that is not genuine."

"You are pleased to be somewhat over suspicious," he remarked, coolly.

"You can consider it very polite," she answered. "For the present I desire to be alone."

"You are tired, I should say, more than he intended, and was surprised to find her mistress of a spirit and firmness that he had thought her incapable of exhibiting. Rising to his feet, he said:

"I will return to the house, and, if Julian is there, will send him to plead his own suit."

"Pardon me once more," she replied, and do not wish to be disturbed," was the sharp rejoinder.

"As it pleases you," and he was soon out of sight.

For a few moments after Varango left, Eloise sat as one stunned. Her eyes were fixed on the spot of the past few months, with a whirl that startled her. Every incident of that period came up fresh in her memory. She remembered well the day Varango came to the villa, his ostensible errand, seeking her friends, and yet she had never heard him make any mention of them since. She expected to receive the good will of her guardian, and had done so, but Varango, in his cautious examination of her connection with these men, who had always been kind and generous, alone, I will unburden my heart."

Eloise hesitated, not from fear or doubt; she was thinking. The woman added:

"I am a poor old woman, honest before heaven. I have no fear of men. When I have spoken to you as I would, you will have no cause to complain."

"That was not what made me silent," Eloise replied. "My mind is straying in directions. Come, I will lead you to the house. We will pass around and enter at the back door."

Time is precious, and I will briefly the arm to steady her. A short walk brought them to the building, when they entered, closing and bolting the door. Varango and Lorette, at this time, were in the family sitting-room in consultation with the old Don.

"I have nothing more to say in connection with this matter," remarked the old Don, as in connclusion of a conversation that we will not relate. It would grieve us sorely if she were to leave us, yet I would not lay a straw in the way of her happiness."

"She need not leave you," interrupted Julian. "She can remain if it is desirable."

"Most certainly!" interjected Varango. "It is not necessary that she should leave you, simply because she is married. I am only anxious to have this matter settled before I leave for Europe, and I must go next week. My interests there have been so long neglected that I shall be the loser by a large amount. My own affairs and my estates in Italy are sadly in need of my presence. I trust you will excuse my haste, and that it is only modestly shyness that makes her hesitate. The ceremony once performed, everything will go to your and her satisfaction."

"I do not doubt you gentlemen; but as I said before, her will must be considered."

"I have no doubt it will be in my favor," remarked Julian. "For the present we will drop the subject, but this evening at ten, Eloise being present, we will arrange the final settlement."

"That is satisfactory to me," replied the Don, and the two gentlemen arose to depart. They passed out into the park, and arm in arm, walked along a carriage-way, engaged in earnest conversation.

They had not been gone ten minutes when Eloise came down from her chamber. Her garments sat in his favorite seat by a window, while his wife lay asleep in an adjoining apartment. There was a glow on Eloise's cheek, and her eye sparkled with unusual brilliancy. The old Don did not observe it, however—he was wrapped in meditation. She approached him quickly, laid an arm around his neck, kissed him and whispered in his ear. He started, gazed inquiringly into her face, then followed her silently from the room. An hour later the Don's carriage—a closely covered vehicle—left the rear entrance, with a black servant, carrying away Eloise and the strange woman. It was evident something of importance had occurred. In the carriage the latter was seated forward at a rapid pace, and their course lay toward Matamoras.

CHAPTER III.—DISCOVERY AND A HUSBAND.

The sun rose oddest at night. Varango and Lorette, with the Don's wife, sat in the family sitting-room. Old Sebastian seemed to have received a shock in which the past few hours. He was happy, and did not seek to conceal his enjoyment. His wife, possessing a less demonstrative nature, was also happy, though she could not keep pale the face of her husband, and from him to the two men, who, ignorant of any cause for the manifestation of gratification, looked it to be the result of Eloise that the marriage should take place.

They were elated with expectations all their own.

Half past ten, yet Eloise had not come into the room. Varango ventured an inquiry.

"I will see if she is prepared," and the Don rang a silver bell. A servant appeared, to whom he said:

"Go see if Eloise is in her chamber. If she is, ask her to come down to the sitting-room."

The servant left the room, and after the door re-opened, when Eloise, leaning on the arm of a young man, a cloak over his shoulders, entered the apartment.

The presence of the stranger gave the two men a momentary start, but they affected unconcern, and awaited Eloise's explanation. No movement was made to gratify them in this respect. Eloise, with a little, saucy air, led the young man sat down by Madam Sebastian. She old lady laid aside her knitting, and entered familiarly into conversation.

Eloise talked and chatted gaily with Varango, Lorette and her guardian, when Varango made a considered remark in reference to admitting a stranger when they had selected the time to settle an important question.

"That is the second question to settle with either of you, gentlemen," she replied, coloring. "This young officer is authorized to transact the business matter this evening."

"I am sorry, gentlemen," observed the individual alluded to, rising and laying aside his cloak, "extremely sorry to disappoint either of you in the scheme you had in contemplation; but as a commissioned officer I hold an order from the commanding-general for your arrest. Will you submit peaceably, or shall I call a guard?"

Five minutes elapsed, gave an entire new aspect to affairs, and a short time more secured. Varango was the first to speak. His words fairly hissed as they came from his lips.

"I see how matters stand without further explanation. We have simply failed, and are powerless to struggle against it. We will be ready for the present, and bide our time. It will come! I will say, however, that it was not the want we need fear. Eloise, I will be certain to settle that at our leisure some future day. Draw your weapons Lorette, and we will cut our way out."

Just then a door opened, and the strange woman, leaning on her cane, stood, an elderly man, came into the room. It was Don Sebastian's brother, a prominent citizen of Matamoras. Eloise had gone to him for protection, and he was present as the authority he applied to General Taylor, who had sent a lieutenant and guard.

"I see you have arrested a lieutenant?" he acted, addressing the young officer.

"Yes; it is as you ordered," was the prompt reply.

"Very well—we will proceed without delay. The lady," placing her a seat, "will give us her testimony."

Her eyes were upon Varango since she entered the room, and, as he moved beneath her scrutiny, Eloise came nearer the lieutenant. The Don and his wife witnessed the scene with wonder.

Whether Eloise had overheard what the woman would say, or waiting for an opportunity to escape, the prisoners remained passive, even exhibited a calm indifference. The woman spoke:

"Seventeen years ago, in company with my husband, we were on our return from Brazil to the United States. We had been quite a long number of years, and had accumulated a handsome property. Being well pleased with the country or government, we decided to turn our possessions into money, and return to New Orleans—or native land. We entered this design, so far as carrying it homeward. We took a steamer at Rio Janeiro for Panama, at which place we arrived safely. Here we stopped a few days at a New York packet, and continued our journey. The day following our embarkation at Panama, my husband discovered a suspicious-looking man stealthily watching him. This gave us much uneasiness, and to add to our fears, the man left the ship. Eloise birth to a daughter. Shortly after this event, we came on a fearful storm. It lasted for several days, and it was feared the ship, with all on board, would be lost. Still, in the midst of these terrible scenes, that strange man hung about us. We decided that he was a robber, who had some way learned of our money, and only waited an opportunity to secure it. The storm finally drove us into the port of Matamoras. Here, quickly, and as we thought unobserved, we went ashore. Our first movement was to secure rooms at a hotel, intending to let the packet pass on, and go ourselves by the next steamer.

"The first night at the hotel, that same man, with another whom I had not before seen, entered our room and struck my husband a blow that made him senseless. I sprang out of bed, when a liquid from a vial was forced into my mouth, and immediately I was helpless—unconscious. When my reason returned, my husband and I were in a sailing vessel, and out at sea. My child was not with us. I was told it was dead, but I never fully believed it. My husband was alive, but it was evident he could not live. His skull was badly fractured, and he did not know me. During the day he was thrown overboard before my eyes. The men said me that they had been hired to throw both of us into the sea, but if I would behave myself and seek for them, my life should be spared. I do not know how I lived, or what happened during the days that followed. All that I remembered of that terrible pastis that I was landed at night, surrounded in a lunatic asylum in Mexico, Sicily. I now think that for a period I was actually crazy, but when I recovered the past all came back to me. My husband and my child, all—all were remembered. Oh, God! how I suffered! I could not tell how long I had been there. I was not kept badly treated, but allowed no privilege whatever. I begged for pen and paper that I might write to my friends and apprise them of my situation, but this was refused. Shortly after by a party of Americans visited. I saw them, heard them speak, and oh, how my heart leaped for joy! They believed my story: I was released and furnished with money to return to my native country. Recently, that my husband was dead, yet hoping that my child had been saved, I came directly to New Orleans and from there to Matamoras. Here, a little, inquiry I learned that my daughter was living, and where she could be seen. I came here, but not a day too soon. The same man—that villain—was standing between me and my child!"

The woman, pointing to Varango, spoke. "not content with the destruction of the property which has been plotting against the child. Yes, it was he that entered our room that fatal night, and struck the fearful blow. I know him; a fiend never forgets a face."

She ceased speaking, and her eye wandered to Eloise. Then reaching out both arms the two women locked in a fervent embrace.

"My child! My darling child!" the mother moaned.

"Yes, mother! Dear, dear mother!" She sobbed a moment, then added: "I have been so happy here all the days of my life, while you have been in misery. Can we ever unmerable? but we both will be happy now and hereafter."

"Do you have heard the evidence," remarked the lieutenant, addressing the culprits. "You can consider yourselves under arrest."

"Who are you," asked Varango with a sneer, "that you have so great an interest in the affairs belonging to others?"

"I am simply a lieutenant obeying the command of my superior officer."

The sentence was scarcely spoken when there was a flash, a report, and a ball whizzed past the lieutenant's head, lodging in the wall. Then, unintentionally, a preconcerted signal was given, and a volley leading into the apartment was thrown open and each presented a goodly array of loaded muskets.

"Dash through the window," shouted Varango, "it's our only chance."

It was the last sentence he ever uttered. He had hardly done speak, and raised himself upon the window-sill, when he dropped back into the room, pierced by a bullet from the lieutenant's pistol. Lorette attempted to escape through the same opening, but fell back across the body of his late companion. Both were dead. Vengeance had been swift.

"Remove the bodies from the room and bury them," commanded the lieutenant, "then return to your quarters."

The soldiers obeyed with alacrity, and quiet was soon restored.

Then followed a scene of congratulation to her who had suffered so much, and who had at last reached a haven of rest. It was evident she would not be able to enjoy it for some days, for the fullness of his heart, declared that she should never leave them, and that if kindness and love could do anything for the dear child, she would be happy again. Eloise cried and laughed alternately.

"Why should I not be happy?" she said. "I have now two mothers—two dear, dear mothers."

Sebastian's brother and the lieutenant, did not leave the house until the next morning, when they returned to Matamoras. From that time on, for several months, the lieutenant was an almost daily visitor. Eloise was not disinclined to his preference, and grew to watch his coming—even to look at it as a duty. Then came an attachment one formed, and at the time the Federal army moved on Monterey, they were openly engaged.

Their marriage, however, did not take place until after the war, when the lieutenant resigned his commission and settled down in the villa, the hopes of years.

In the fulness of time, Eloise's mother was taken from them, and soon afterwards the Don and his wife followed. Eloise and her husband were then sole possessors of the Sebastian estate, and after many misgivings they decided to dispose of it, and remove to the North.

They came and selected a pleasant home on the banks of the Ohio, where they were happy and contented when the first gun was fired on Sumter. This roused the martial spirit of the commander, and off to the front he and Brady, and girding on the armor he went forth again to fight the battles for the Union. On his sword-blade to-day is the simple inscription, "For Eloise and my country!"

The following is the world-renowned epitaph of the Irish Elizabeth O'Conner:

"First county to Burke, commonly called the Sultan, she was kind, passionate and de-ep religious. Also she painted in water-colors, and sent many pictures to the great exhibition, and of which is the kingdom of heaven."

LIFE OR DEATH FOR TRAITORS?

Arnold.

BY H. OAKES SMITH.

TRAITORS! hand by heavy judgment saved
The human race from human due to cancel
Compound to see big lochs grow white with thine,
And thy unhonored head, that might have craved
A little pity, for its blossoms laved
And frosted over with their wintry rime,
Weighed with the patriotic curse of every clime;
Unmitigated execration graved
Upon big name unto all coming years.
Had death thus claimed, our human hearts had known
A human pang to hold redeem thy name.
The stoic virtue of thy stern composure
Had with a less resplendent lustre shone;
But then, condemned to live, was doomed to deeper shame.

GUY'S FOLLY;

OR,

The Secret of Thornton Heath.

BY VANE HERTON ST. JOHN.

AUTHOR OF "THE EARS OF RICHMOND HILL," "THE WORLD'S VERDICT," ETC.

CHAPTER XIV.—THE NEW ARRIVAL.

WHEN Guy Raymond reached Raymond Park it was ten o'clock, and he found, to his surprise, that the old servant was waiting at the gate for him.

John Grover, indeed, seemed eagerly awaiting him.

"What ails you, John?" cried Guy, who had left the hired carriage at the end of the lane. "Have you seen a ghost?"

"No; I think of the two, I'd rather have seen a ghost, sir," he answered; for he could not have uttered as much, and forced me to bring him a supper?

Guy laughed.

"Why, Grover, you're cheerful!"

"Some rough fellow, with a hoarse yard bow, who came up swaggering, with a great stick in his hand!"

"Is Guy Raymond here?" he asked, in an unpolished manner.

"No sir," I said.

"Then I'll come in and wait."

"I objected, saying that we never allowed strangers to stay in the house while you were absent.

"But there was no getting rid of him. He looked so fiercely at me, that I was obliged to give up my duties as watchman; and I was just thinking of making a virtue of necessity, and asking him to enter, when he thrust himself past me, and entered the house.

"He went into the dining-room, flung himself into an arm chair, and ringing the bell furiously, soon brought me with some trepidation into the room. He then ordered me at once to bring up supper, which I did; and there he is now."

"And you have come out here to deliver with cold and fear, while he robs me, perhaps, of half my money and plate?"

John Grover chuckled knowingly.

"No, no, sir; I am not such a fool as that!" he said. "I crept into the two doors, and, unless he gets out of the window over there, or picks the locks, he can't escape. He's had no time for this yet."

"And did he give no name?" asked Guy, as they stood on the broad steps.

"Only this: 'I'll say Freshfield.'"

"I thought as much," he said, as, stepping in, he unlocked the dining-room, and entered.

The man made no effort, or rather felling back in his chair, with his feet on the mantlepiece, and he glanced round, quite leisurely and coolly, as Guy Raymond entered.

He was a man of about forty-five years of age, apparently of a brisk, wiry nature, with an amount of hair, and beard, and moustache, and a strong look of determination on his bronzed countenance.

His head was covered with an old wide awake hat, his legs were encased in leathern knickerbockers, and his clothes altogether were rough, and with a view rather to comfort and strength than to ornament.

Guy Raymond, smothering the rage he felt at the man's insolence, walked across the room and drew a chair up to him, and called John Grover.

"Prepare some brandy!" he said.

John Grover brought it, poured out a glass, handed it to his master to drink, and he drank accordingly.

And all this time the stranger kept his eye fixed on Guy Raymond, and never spoke a word.

When John Grover had quitted the room, Guy spoke.

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"Do you pretend not to know me?"

"I do not know you."

"You mean me to believe that you do not remember me?"

"I only remember those in whom, at one period of my life I was a brother, I have taken interest; those persons are few, and among those few you are not reckoned."

"Well, then, I will remind you. My name is Freshfield."

Guy Raymond nodded.

"I thought it might be," he said.

The man ground his teeth in vexation; he had evidently anticipated that his words would take a far greater effect.

"Well, and as you know my name, you know what I've come for?" he cried, fiercely.

"Not in the slightest."

"You lie, Guy Raymond—lie miserably and foolishly!" cried George Freshfield. "You do know why I am here! I am come for Claudia!"

A slight betrayal of emotion there was, truly, on Guy Raymond's face as Freshfield said those words betraying anger.

The answer he made was given calmly, firmly, collectedly.

"Come for Claudia? If so, why do you come to me?"

"Because she is with you—because you are hiding her away!"

"And if I am, what then?"

"You have no right to hide her."

"Indeed! what right, then, have you?"

"I am her father's brother, the one whom her father trusted to be distributed as her guardian, and I will have her."

"And when you find her, what will you do with her?"

"Do with her. Find her a husband, to be sure."

Raymond smiled.

"And, meanwhile, spend all her money for your own use. Yes, yes, Mr. George Freshfield, I understand your game well. You play for heavy stakes, but I assure you will lose more than you gain."

Freshfield uttered an oath.

"Hark'e my lad! only be civil. I don't ask you to look after my good or bad fortune; I can take care of that myself."

"And what, then, do you want me to do? Why have you come here at all?"

"To ask to see Claudia; to demand from you her delivery to me."

"And if I refuse?"

"Refuse! you will not refuse; she is not here. I cannot help you."

Freshfield withdrew his legs from their graceful position, and leaning roundly fixed Guy Raymond, at the same time bringing his fist down angrily on the table.

"Look here, Guy Raymond," he said—"look here! I'm not the man you take me for. I am no simpleton, and I know well that you have come to stand off my self-love that I have served my time. If you don't deliver up my niece to me within two days from this, I'll have you up for justice after you, as sure as I am a living man."

"And supposing I tell you that Claudia is not your niece, what then?"

"I should say you lied."

"What if I proved it?"

"Ashow me your proofs, and prove it."

"I will do so; only listen to me. When I was a young man, I fell in love—madly in love with a girl named Lucy Grey. She was a governess, I should detain you by a long and detailed account of her country her worth, and her accomplishments; but I will but say that we loved, and resolved to be married. But my father, to whom ever love was a laughing matter, and who looked on the match as a folly, refused his consent, and declared that if I married Lucy Grey, he would disinherit me.

"I was poor in comparison to my father, and could ill afford to lose his wealth; but I was resolved to marry her, and I did so.

"Then he ordered me at once to bring up supper, which I did; and there he is now."

"And you have come out here to shiver with cold and fear, while he robs me, perhaps, of half my money and plate?"

John Grover chuckled knowingly.

"No, no, sir; I am not such a fool as that!" he said. "I crept into the two doors, and, unless he gets out of the window over there, or picks the locks, he can't escape. He's had no time for this yet."

"And did he give no name?" asked Guy, as they stood on the broad steps.

"Only this: 'I'll say Freshfield.'"

"I thought as much," he said, as, stepping in, he unlocked the dining-room, and entered.

The man made no effort, or rather falling back in his chair, with his feet on the mantlepiece, and he glanced round, quite leisurely and coolly, as Guy Raymond entered.

He was a man of about forty-five years of age, apparently of a brisk, wiry nature, with an amount of hair, and beard, and moustache, and a strong look of determination on his bronzed countenance.

His head was covered with an old wide awake hat, his legs were encased in leathern knickerbockers, and his clothes altogether were rough, and with a view rather to comfort and strength than to ornament.

Guy Raymond, smothering the rage he felt at the man's insolence, walked across the room, and drew a chair up to him, and called John Grover.

"Prepare some brandy!" he said.

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"Well, and as you know my name, you know what I've come for?" he cried, fiercely.

"Not in the slightest."

"As to that, you must please yourself," said Guy Raymond, quietly.

He saw him out, and locked the heavy door carefully after him, and returned to his seat by the fire-side.

"Ah," he murmured, as he sank down, and folded his arms; "the will tell her all, and my revenge will be nearly complete."

Before, however, he heard the interview between Freshfield and the stranger-lady, I must follow the footsteps of another character, who takes a very prominent position in my story.

THE GRAND MATCH

Between the Athletic Base Ball Club, of Philadelphia, and the Resolute Club, of Brooklyn.

THE most numerous assemblage yet seen on the Union ground assembled on Thursday, 19th June, when the contest for championship and for equally costly Bookmakers, a meeting which ended in two discomfitures of the latter. It is estimated that there were over 6,000 persons present to witness the match, many of the number coming to-day for sea.

The weather was exceedingly propitious for the game, and the ground in better order for batting. It was expected that that would be to the interest of the match; and it was, the game being one of the most displayed batting ever seen on the grounds. The game opened in a manner very favorable for the Brooklyn club, but in the second inning there became evident to the experienced observer that the Philadelphians were altogether too strong for the Brooklyn patties, and the result—a defeat of the Resolutes by a very creditable display on their part, of 31 to 8—was a foregone one. Both clubs had creditable scores round to be above the Resolutes' mark.

The disparity in the total scores of the match—the Athletes winning by 23 to 14—does not by any means convey the true degree of skill manifested by either of the two departments of the game, the Resolutes really equalling the opposite in many respects, both in batting and fielding. But the superiority of the Athletes in pitching did the deed in this contest.

At the close of the game the Resolute club and their guests were escorted to the Malleon House, where an elegant collation was prepared for them, and where they were joined by the Athletes and enjoyable time was had. The Philadelphians played their last game at Brooklyn, and left for home on the evening train, carrying golden chalk. The reception given the Philadelphians by the Brooklyn boys is the best of any. We spend the score of the match:

ATHLETIC.	R.	BROOKLYN.	O.	R.
Fisher, c.	2	Rogers, c.	1	1
Meyerle, c.	4	Smith, p.	4	1
Reach, 2 b.	2	Allen, 2 b.	4	1
Sensenderfer, 1 b.	4	Leonard, 1 b.	4	1
Berkenstock, 1 b.	4	Bowe, 1 b.	4	1
Wood, s. s.	4	Hastings, s. s.	4	1
Hayhurst, s. s.	4	Pearsall, s. s.	4	1
Cuthbert, r. f.	4	Mercer, r. f.	4	0
O. Caskill, r. f.	3	Kelly, r. f.	4	0
Total.	31	Total.	27	14

INNINGS.									
Clubs.	1st.	2d.	3d.	4th.	5th.	6th.	7th.	8th.	9th.
Athletic	3	4	3	4	4	4	4	3	4
Brooklyn	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Umpire—Jeff Sutton, of the Atlantic Club. Scorers—Messrs. Lovett and Phelps. Time of game, two hours and thirty minutes. Fly catches—Athletic, 13; Resolute, 12.

DINWIDDIE COURT-HOUSE, VA.

ALTHOUGH this edition is less interesting to the ordinary class of readers than the last, it contains as much with some of the most stirring events of the rebellion unless it worthy of particular notice. In his original and rapid style Mr. Gen. Sheridan reviewed several days in the town and had his headquarters opposite the court-house. Several important skirmishes occurred in the vicinity of the town, between our troops and the rebels, and the building itself will always be a place of interest to the visitor. It may not be reasonable that many of its brick defenders bound their last resting place in the unsolicited neighborhood.

REBEL NAVY YARD AT RICHMOND, VA.

OUR readers will doubtless like to see the navy yard where the rebels constructed their iron clads and other vessels of war, which they pretended that they drive the Union troops from Richmond. The view we have given of the yard is from a sketch made by one of the James river. When the rebel government evacuated the city they set fire to it, and to damage anything that might be useful to the victors, but until there was a large amount of stores unconsumed.

In Australia, Chinamen are beginning to agree largely in criminal and civil cases, the consequence is that many Europeans are losing their cases. In one case, in which several Chinese were concerned, the judge asked a witness for the prosecution whether they would be sworn, each of the Celestials replied: "Probably not."

This caused a hitch in the proceedings there being no necessary oath to administer to the witness. The views of the bench was thus invoked as to where the witness should be sworn, and the reply was as usual expensive: it was to be sworn in. A discussion ensued, which resulted in the witness being sworn in accordance of the gods. A consultation was then despatched to make the necessary arrangements, and the Roman officers awaited the arrival of the chinaware deemed to be necessary. At last the jug, bowl, and chopsticks, the other arrived, having invoiced 2s. 6d. of the public money. In the presence of two policemen the witness then ate plates. The following form of oath was then administered:

"You are to take the whole bowl, and break it; then put the crash; this cup to crack, and you will be cut in two."

The plates were then brought to pieces on the backof a chair.

The importance of ventilating bedrooms is a fact which especially is vitally important in, and which few attend to. If we have to remain in a close room a considerable time, it might let them expect, we may open a window and have some fresh air, but during sleep we are unconscious of the necessity of ventilation. In this case, in which several Chinese were concerned, the judge asked a witness for the prosecution whether they would be sworn, each of the Celestials replied: "Probably not."

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REVIEW OF RETURNED PENNSYLVANIA VETERANS.

PHILADELPHIA was the scene of a grand military display on Saturday, June 16th, on occasion being the welcome home of several veteran Pennsylvania regiments. They were received by General Curtin, in the presence of General Meade and his staff. The late commander of the army of the Potomac was received with most lively demonstrations of enthusiasm wherever he appeared. Our illustration represents him as he was passing the reviewing stand at Penn square. On his arrival at this point he was almost literally covered with flowers, the ladies in the stands having been presented to him on the route. During the entire march the streets were densely thronged, and to such a degree, in spite of which the following many persons were injured by the pressure of the crowd, at the Union and Cooper shop saloons, at both of which General Meade and his staff partook of refreshments, and expressed themselves highly gratified with their visit.

THE CITIZENS' ASSOCIATION

Of New York, and their Labors—One of the Monster Evils of the City.

AMONG the many evils which the Citizens' Association of New York has undertaken to demolish—if it cannot be altogether relieved—that monster immorality, the tenement house system is the most exaggeration to declare, that the garbs of evil never invented by the most depraved imagination of the worst human nature, than that promiscuous herding together of men, women and children, which is the inevitable result of the most decent style of tenement. The Association has vindicated both its necessity for its existence, and its ability to combat and break up the operation of countenanced evils, among which is the one we have referred to. The following extract from the Association's Executive Committee—by the unanimous good in this study achieved.

"The Executive Committee would seem to come two years since by a number of wealthy and influential men, who were impressed with the necessity of the city of rescuing from the crowded tenants and oppressions which have too long been allowed, by the apathy of the public, to occupy the most wretched and unhealthy portion of that which ten years ago would have been pronounced habitable. An association was formed, and its objects were seen first among Mr. Simon Hallman, Charles O'Conner, Daniel Lord, Durham B. Eaton, Jerome J. Woodruff, Edward W. Bonney, Alexander Hamilton, jun., Charles Tracy, John A. Weeks, Benjamin D. Silliman, Joseph M. Smith, M.D., Benjamin Ogden, M.D., William Hall, M.D., Alonzo Clark, M.D., Gurdon Buck, M.D., James R. Wood, M.D., Charles Leupp, M.D., Alfred C. Post, M.D., and Isaac E. Taylor, M.D. John W. Draper, M.D., Gulian W. Boerum, M.D., Henry Goulden, M.D., Stephen Smith, M.D., Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. Thomas Hall, M.D., James Brown, V. V. Varnilye, James M. Brown, Robert Ray Hamilton, David Wells, Edward Cooper, Peter Cooper, Jonathan Sturges, Edwin Hoyt, Morris Ketchum, James Bowman Johnston, Nathaniel Smith, M.D., Dr. Stephen Smith, and others, in all about fifty of the public and philanthropic ladies of the city, who have rendered the Association all the assistance in their power, and to visit Albany, and maintain a properly qualified agent there throughout the session of the Legislature, so as to control the various improper schemes that are annually introduced.

The number of tenements hitherto attended over the whole of Manhattan Island, which was divided into 10 districts, each assigned to a practising physician.

The number of tenements visited by the first month visits less than three families, is 16,811, while the total population of these said tenements is 80,344, and the total resident upon the islands the houses averaging 5½ families, and 27½ persons. Of these, 5,114 are Irish families, and 19,673 persons inhabit them. It is hard to tell how they live without violating the decencies of life, and yet they do it. The rent will give a reasonable further on.

Of these, fifth ward has a death-rate of 1 in 19; the fifteenth—the crowded and busy ward—of 1 in 36, while the last of the city at large is 1 in 45. Of the 16,811 visits of May 1st, 1866, we brought up to this standard, over 7,000 might be annually saved. These horrible pestilence-breeding dens, which disgrace a Christian city, are to be swept away, and the tenants provided with decent and healthful homes. The Association has already achieved a great extent as good an idea as though we were to say that 1,000 or 2,000 families were saved from the terrible horrors of pestilence. The engravings, while they technically represent a particular locality, in reality illustrate the social condition of many of the worst districts in our cities. They are stern pictures of real life, without the smallest shadow of fancy or the faintest touch of romance. They are photographs taken on the spot, and represent two tenement houses, which are situated in Cherry street, near the East Broadway street. When our artist first visited these houses they presented a scene of squalor and misery that language is unequal fever and small-pox had entered many of the apartments, and a fearful harvest of death they reaped before the Association interfered.

If the reader would like to know what terrible people who live in these dens can be driven to for the sole purpose of gratifying an "etching palate," and into what wretched dens and pestilence breeding holes they can be driven, we would refer him to the engraving of purple and fine linen, and live sumptuously every day."

The upper engraving represents the interior of one of these tenements with us.

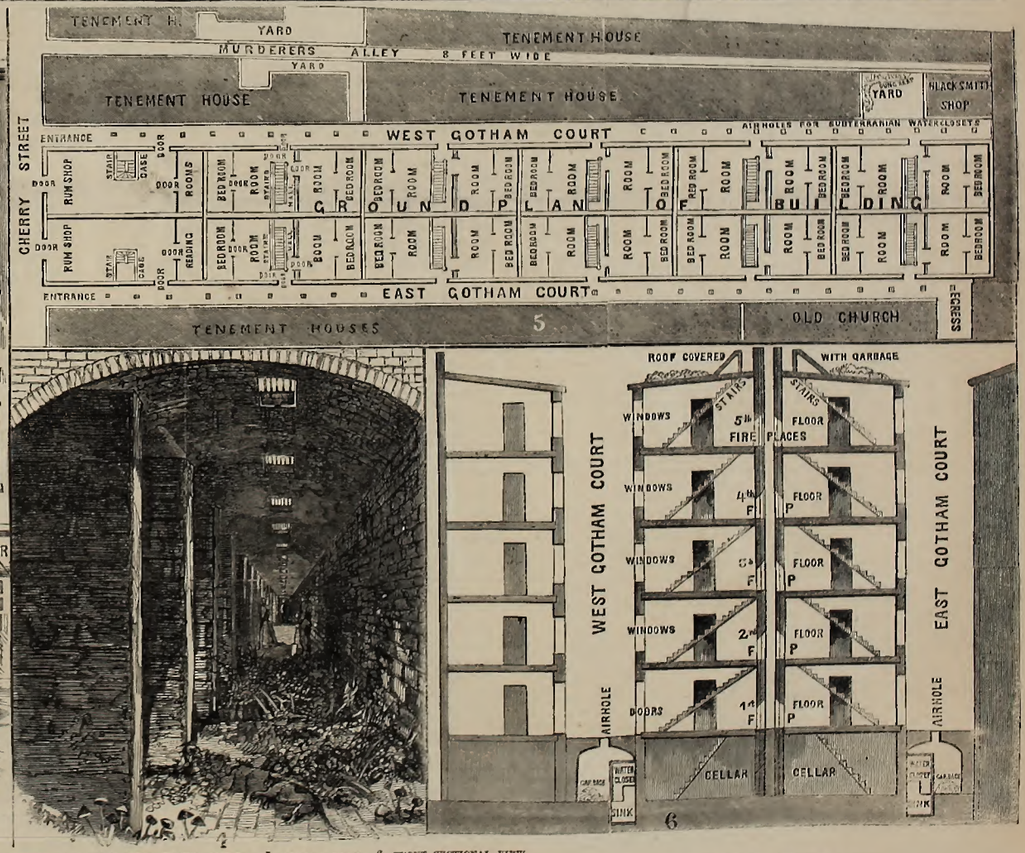
We turn out of Cherry street into a narrow, blind passage, known in the neighborhood as West Gotham Court. On either side of the entrance stands a grim, lofty, the friend of famine and pestilence. Above each of the court answer to a pump, hung over, half-immersed in a gutter at the doorway; unfitnesses has always its elements of ferm. We step at last from out the row, and ask permission of one of the tenants to enter into her habitation. It consists of two small rooms, the other one of which serves as kitchen, parlor, pantry, and sleeping apartment for the family, consisting of about nine by fourteen feet. The inmates are the

A GENTLEMAN once sent for an artist to draw the portrait of his wife, who was dying, and requested that the picture might be a very









1. SIDE SECTIONAL VIEW OF TENEMENT HOUSE, 38 CHERRY STREET, N. Y. 2. AN ACTUAL SCENE IN ONE OF THE ROOMS, AS WITNESSED BY OUR ARTIST. 3. LOOKING UP WEST GOTHAM COURT. 4. VAULTS BENEATH THE COURTS. 5. GROUND PLAN. 6. FRONT SECTIONAL VIEW.

THE TENEMENT HOUSES OF NEW YORK—HOW THE POOR LIVE IN CROWDED CITIES—HOW PESTILENCE IS GENERATED—HOW THE PARENTS ARE DEMORALIZED AND THEIR CHILDREN DEPRAVED—THE GREAT SOURCE OF DESTITUTION AND CRIME.—FROM SKETCHES BY MR. ALBERT BERGHAUS.

of the same length, but narrower by about at least three feet, and is the sleeping-room of the entire family. In this particular instance it contains two beds, which, with the walls, were until lately swarming with disgusting vermin. The occupant informs us now, however, that the agent had given her some "powther," and told her to keep the "door and window closed and burn time in the room, and she would soon get rid of the boogs;" that before she "was most ate up wid 'em."

We next descended, by a steep, slimy staircase, to the subterranean regions. The floor of the cellar (soft, spongy earth) is covered with blue mould and the depository of heaps of nameless filth. Under the court are the privy vaults and sewer. The former have undergone a process of purification since our artist's first visit; the latter remains pretty nearly the same—a stagnant pool, breeding contagion and death. Escaping from this worse than inquisitorial dungeon as soon as a proper survey will permit, we ascend to the roof. Some improvements have also been made here since our artist's introductory visit his presence, with his sketch-book and pencil, having, we understand, been reported to the landlord or his agent.

After a careful inspection of this block of houses, and ascertaining that each family, no matter what the number of its members, has the same space—two rooms—we pass on to make a call at another of the same class in Murderer's alley. Here, as in the other inferno, the entrance is guarded by two grog shops. It makes one shudder to reflect that helpless innocent childhood must be continually surrounded by the vitiating magnetism of such a locality, and that men and women, through a whole life, can never escape from the disgrace of having been reared in a place that bears the mark of Cain upon its front. The passage is about six feet in width at the entrance, gradually contracting as we advance, until, at the farther exit it cannot be more than two and a half or three feet wide. The houses here are in a more cleanly condition than the ones we have just left; but their occupants have the same squalid, filthy appearance. The space occupied by each family is about the same as in West Gotham court, and the price per month similar, running from $4 50 to $6 per month, according to the floor.

Now let us compute the number of human souls crowded into the first block of houses which we first inspected. Fronting on West Gotham court are six double houses, each containing 10 families; back of this, in the same block, fronting on West Gotham court, is a like number of houses, containing a like number of families, in all 240; each family will average five members; so that we have in this one block no less than 1,200 persons, all huddled within a space which, if the locality was wholesome, is not sufficiently large to properly accommodate one-tenth of the number.

The consequences of such a state of things are worthy of the most serious consideration. Stagnant water and decaying garbage generate contagion, disease spreads, and a whole neighborhood soon becomes infected by the unhealthy condition of a single tenement. This is a matter which affects the lofty as well as the lowly, for all are contiguous in crowded cities. The pestilence radiates from the courts and alleys to the squares and avenues. We do not know exactly what the rate of yearly mortality is in the houses that we describe; but in some of a similar character it is one in seven, while in the more habitable portions of the metropolis it is one in sixty—the rate in the whole city being one in thirty-five.

The condition of a large proportion of the tenement houses is one that ought to be brought before the proper authorities in a manner that will not permit them longer to shrink from their proportion of the responsibility. It is a burning shame that New York, the metropolis of a comparatively new country, a city that pays more money than London, Paris and Berlin inclusive, for the maintenance of her municipal government, does not insist upon having the sanitary regulations so administered, that the rate of mortality would not be eight and a half times greater in one locality than another.

WIDOW MYSIE.

O SWEET was Widow Mysie, sweet and blest,
The peach's blush and down were on her cheek,
And there were dimples in her tender chin
For Cupid's small to hunt for honey in;
Dark silvery were her eyelids, curls a prize,
And wicked, wicked were her braided eyes
Flung you her figure, rounded and complete,
And look—as for a free inviting feast!
All this was nothing to the warmth and light
That seemed to hover o'er her day and night;
Winsome in all moved, she seemed to soothe and please
With honeyed murmurs as of honeyed bees.
Her smile was sunshine on pebble-mirrored flow
Like snow-white doves that flying crow and coo;
Her feet fell patter, chirp, the little rules,
Her breath was soft as south escape and wins repose;
And when in danger—so!—your hand would press,
You'd feel her heart with trembling throb
While her dark eyes, with beseeching aims in scorn,
Plead all mankind on the mercy of your own,
Declaring your spirit such a wicked man
That scemed more innocent than innocence!

Sure one so beauteous and so sweet had grieved
And cheer'd the scene, wherever by Fortune placed;
But with a background of the poorer bright,
Whose every line was a theme of rosy light,
With jingling glasses round her, and a sound
Of spice and aromas-pots where'er she went,
What wonder she should be the cynosure soon
An angel in a cloud of tobacco-smoke!
What wonder, I said, it got up close one day,
She and the white boy stole my heart away?

ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "RESCUED," "VICTORY," "ASPHODEL FLOWER," "FIGHT MARGARET'S FREEDOM," "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.—BEING A CLOD.

Despite the perpetual influence of his friend and lender, Harcourt Lowther, Mr. Tredethlyn's days and nights were not fully occupied that he had ever little leisure for reflection. Day by day the fashionable master tanght his deadly lesson; day by day the luckless pupil took his lesson's prescription without demur. The single, perfect exception was he malleable as clay under the practised hand of a modeller, and took any shape Mr. Lowther chose to give it.

Friends was fully impressed with the idea that his young kinsman had developed a lovely vein of benevolence never be given to him. All that fastidious of hopes and dreams which had been in which he had once fondly hidden had vanished, but surely understood, and there was nothing left to its nightmares but the memory that it once had been. A thought of Sophy Gilbert brought now with anger and bitterness. Could he have ever been so mad, so blind, so besotted, as to believe that in that girl's strange, perplexingly fascinating an atmosphere of frivolity and adulation, would never fail her? Was he quite tenderly in his first love? Oddly, recalled to the sense of his declining years and penny wisdom by their friendly Mr. Lang, actually managing more thoughtfully of his lovely Venetian inside than Frances Hamilton of Mandeville or months' duration, as by his old friend's desire, and the young was sent to do the work which, the midnight was chosen as hour. With thirty thousand a year, and a handsome estate, he need have no anxiety for reflection? It is all very well for Mr. Kenney Hayward, having failed to obtain wealth or prefer ment, to prate from a world which has cast him off, and meditate upon the transitory nature of such things; but he has been amiable as nobody but old youth and lately tormented per sonally, and can need be hoped by such a fortunate man as Mr. Lowther. Harcourt Lowther had his best friend from the gloomy interior to assuming that Francis Tredethlyn's misfortune had made her perpetual lover of never and resentment. But though you may carry a man from one corner to race course, by driving, you cannot get through the luggage of the mind; though you may steep him to the brain and drowning that; though you may drug him above the reach of mind nurse to leave him, his mind exhibits have lost their power, to accompany him to the most desperate conflicts and gaslight cabin, you cannot prevent him thinking. The involuntary process goes on in spite of him. He will dream, and dreaming of Sophy Gilbert, and of the Haymarket, in an express train rushing towards Newmarket at sixty miles an hour, on the last night of a gambler's drag, on the rattling interior of an aristocratic amateur Brougham, on the downs at Epsom; yes, even as the final flash, which was to set a wizard to control the power of sight upon one speck of color, the man's mind, in spite of himself, was drawn to fasten on the chestnut colt association, will wander away in spite of him—to moon above a bishop's grave, to sit amidst a parliament of horrors and a cabinet in a still summer twilight, trifling with the rings on a woman's hand.

There were times when thought would come to Francis Tredethlyn, in spite of all his friends's watchful care. He would sit at the head of a dinner-table, at the Crown and Sceptre, at any vacancy of the fussy wine-bubbles in his shallow glass, and thinking how pretty he might have been at Marble Hall only last—Ah, this poor substitute of mine instead of mine—this pitiful friend of a daughter in place of the pure gold of happiness—how miserable a mockery it was even at the best!

Mr. Lowther generally broke up such gloomy reveries as these by calling to the waiter to encourage his friend's shallow glass for a tumbler. But there are people of regret which cannot be lulled to slumber by all the sparkling wines that were ever grown in the fair champagne country, and Harcourt Lowther sometimes found his work very difficult.

But amidst such perpetual hurry and excitement it was only natural that some things should be also entirely forgotten by Francis Tredethlyn, and amongst these forgotten things were the services of his amusing cousin. The Gray's Inn lawyers had ever been, and would have employed all the decisive machinery in London in a search for Susan Tredethlyn, after Susan Leahy, had they so chosen, but were intensely respectable family solicitors in the west of few coaches, and Messrs. Ingoldby, having once conducted the business with the insertion of an occasional advertisement in the second column of the *Times* supplement, informing their cousin that a young lady in search of service to her advantage on applying at their office; and further offering a liberal reward for any information respecting the whereabouts of the young lady.

The advertisement did not entirely escape notice. A good many Susan Leahys presented themselves; one a fat old woman of seventy, who kept a tobacconist's shop in the neighborhood of Seven Dials; another a fierce and pugilistic-looking Irishwoman with fiery red hair and a fine south of friend brogue, who threatened dire vengeance on the lawyers when he refused her exorbitant sum to swear to her of something to her advantage. All the Susan Leahys were ready to swear anything, in order to get the money, and to take advantage of whatever might be anything, from a five pound note to a million of money, or a dormant peerage. Over all these applicants Mr. Ingoldby, under Mr. Rusable's cross-questioning, and he did not even mention Francis Tredethlyn to confirm the false agents.

So, amid November meetings and Greenwich dinners, debauch, and Haymarket, and Cremorne, boy, poor Susan's route image melted quite away, and Francis forgot the solemn promise he had had made, and never kept to his dying mother's befriend Harcourt Lowther. Francis had been left by his father a small sum of money to be changed hands after the Derby, the Leger, part of it finding its way into the pockets of Mr. Tredethlyn's creditors, part of it into those of Mr. Lowther, redeemed his fortune, but the day was over, and Francis drove home amongst the noisy rush of London and the fog, with a few hundred pounds in cards, and heavily linked sociables, tax-carts and contemporaries borrows, with the outer leaves of an attenuated dividend-warrant in his waistcoat pocket, and the dim consciousness that he had distributed hastily scribbled cheques to the amount of some thousands of pounds, which were floating in his brain. He drove to town through the spring twilight with Dick Sheridan in his hat and a heavy pain in his heart. *The poignet needs* of many of his companions were scarcely more false and hollow than their gaiety.

Of course it would be impossible to conclude such a day without a dinner. The sort of people who generally dine together on the Derby evening, dining and giving dinners, only the dinner-giver no as one to wonty of the diners; so at some time or other every one of the Derby dinners had found himself to his mutual place at the head of a glittering table, in an odorous atmosphere of champagne and cigar-smoke, and with the dining-up headache, that was intensified by every jingle of glasses and rattle of knives and forks.

At last at last, and Mr. Tredethlyn crept under the warm May sunshine on the Downs. To lose cheerfully is given to many men, but how very few of them can preserve their self-possession when their pockets opportunities in a rather uproarious spirit. Francis Tredethlyn was not one of these wonder, and making new engagements right and left, he was the same losing by whose shortcomings he had lost his own. Perhaps he was the only one of the soundness of his own judgment in despite of the misfortune of to-day.

He was in the house now at the head of the dinner-table, though the sound of his own voice by no means improved the splitting pain in his head. He was in the house now at the head of no more voices, through which one sober and distinct tone, sitting next Mr. Tredethlyn, made a vain effort to attract his attention. It was the voice of a waiter, waiting on the coming events, gave general invitation to the Grand Stand at Virginia Water on the Ascot cup day, and galloped madly away on the road to ruin in which Harcourt Lowther had not long gone. That galling headache of his was getting worse every minute, when some one proposed an adjournment to a adjacent theatre.

Francis had been sitting next to the waiter. A West End waiter is no mean dramatic critic though he never sees a play; the opinion of which he has overheard so usually decides the success more loudly than the speech of the actor. The waiter opinion that the best entertainment in London was to be had at Drury Lane, where a melo-laamatic spectacle of some celebrity was being played that evening for the last time but one.

Inspired by the waiter, Mr. Tredethlyn's party voted that very thing, leaving Mr. Vere Devilish along with them, indifferent where he went, and carrying his headache with him every where.

It was past ten o'clock, and the last scene of the great spectacle was on, when Francis was full, and the audience was chiefly of that mature and vociferous order we to drop into a theatre at midnight on great race nights. Mr. Tredethlyn and his party could only and standing-room at the back of the dress circle, and from the position Francis beheld the grand final tableau.

The piece was an adaptation of some great Parisian success—some story of the Reign of Terror—and in the last scene the stage was crowded by a champagne populace. Upwards of three hundred men, women and children were engaged in the scene. Heroes and mirfons, the picturesque well-dressed of the provincial peasantry, the scarlet cap of liberty, the cocked hats of the sansculottes—all blended in one grand mass of movement and color, which the royal action of the piece drew to its triumphant close.

Mr. Tredethlyn did not trouble himself to wonder what the piece had been about. He saw somebody killed—a villain it was to be supposed, and a hero rescued by a well organized pell-mell of fighting; then there was a reconciliation, an embrace, a young lady in white muslin clasped to the bosom of a young man in a leopard-skin cloak and low top-boots, adorned with many-colored bunches of ribbon. Then the band broke into the lively measure of the Marseillaise Hymn, the crowd clamored a shrill chorus, and the curtain fell.

It was while the curtain was descending very slowly to that triumphant music that Francis Tredethlyn saw something which startled him like the sight of a ghost.

It was a face—a woman's face in a high Norman cap, shining over the many faces in the crowd—a thin, worn, melancholy countenance, very sad to look upon, among all those other faces flushing for the moment with a stereotyped smile.

"My God!" cried Mr. Tredethlyn, clasping his two hands upon his hot forehead, and pushing back the hair from all his face in his astonishment. "What is the matter with me? I look as if I'll seen a ghost!"

There were a few minutes before the melo-dramatic finale little production popularly known as a "scene-shifting" farce. It was not the most studious audience, but the conversation, and his distinguished gentleman in certain tartan trousers being perpetually mistaken for another gentleman in tartan trousers, while both gentlemen were alternately sitting upon bonnet-boxes and dropping trays of crockery.

There was nothing in that very much in the farce, but the audience laughed impetuously, and Francis Tredethlyn's party joined in the laughter. A friend named Hamilton, so, and loudly as the rest of them, but amidst all that confusion and clamor he was, at last, able to see plainly again the face of rouge upon his hollow cheek kept surging up over and anon out of the chaos of his brain, and haunting him like the face of a ghost.

Who was it? What was it? Was it some accidental likeness? Was it a face that he had seen and known in his boyhood? Was it possibly, Clara's dead sister, who had been so prompt to obey nobilary orders, so strict in the performance of Sheridan's wife? Was it a modified scene of his fancy? Was he mad, or was he only drunk? He paused to ship him to-night. The author of "What will he do with it?" tells us that Francis Tredethlyn was the most temperate of topers; "there was the brain like ice, while making on the palate like fire." Mr. Tredethlyn had been drinking a mixture of drivers-champagne and Moselles all day long, and he tried in vain to fix the vague image which had startled him in the midst of a laugh.

He went home in the early gray of the May morning, but not to sleep. He lay tossing from side to side, tormented by that preternatural wakefulness which is apt to succeed a long period of riot and excitement. The scenes at Epsom, the gypsy fortune-teller, the betting man in white hats and green vels, the Dutch dolls and gilt cakes pincushions, the dust and clamor of the locomotive, the jingling of bridle chains, the popping of corks, the revolutionary crowd in the drama, the certain trousers and broken tunic-bodice in the farce—all mixed themselves in his brain, falling to pieces and putting themselves together and mixing up with the face of the rouge.

Mr. Lowther, coming to see his friend at the earliest visiting hour, found Francis still in bed, and with a headache like Ossa, which he had inflicted up for himself at Harcourt's instigation, as a bedroom and dressing-room, a kind of refuge to which he had retired when he was unable any longer to encounter the calm gaze of Maude's clear blue eyes fixed upon him in sovereign wonder. Her woman's love had not quite recovered the cold kindness since that unlucky encounter on the stairs. She was still kind to him, but he could see that it was kindness only, and that she believed nothing of her old friendliness. He could see this, and the confidence of it galled him to the quick. Harcourt Lowther's work was more than half done by this time. He had no longer any reason to fear Francis Tredethlyn's success at the Carnisham no longer caused him uneasiness.

Mr. Tredethlyn had not very long fallen into a heavy sleep after receiving his usual morning's weariness, when his friend called upon him. Harcourt seated himself by the side of the morning table, and began a contemplation of the sleeper, while he spoke to the valet who had admitted him to the darkened chamber.

"You must have been up all four o'clock, Jervis," he said. "At four give him some soda water, and at five make an appointment with me at half-past five. Take care that he doesn't oversleep himself. I have to dine him by way of reminder."

He wrote a little memorandum to remind him, and wrote a few lines on a sheet of note-paper:

"DEAR TREDETHLYN,—Remember your engagement at my chambers at half-past 5.30 always. You had better bring the mail phaeton, and can give me a lift to the 'S. and S.'

"Yours faithfully,

"H. L."

He slipped the note in an envelope, and dipped his pen into the ink, but before writing the address he stopped suddenly, and tore the note into fragments.

"He might see it!" he muttered, thoughtfully "and that might show him the nature of my cards. The only wise man in the one who can do his work without that most dangerous of all machinery—pen and paper. Poor Francis! he looks a little worn."

Mr. Lowther looked down upon the sleeper with the most benign expression. He had no dislike whatever to the simple Cornishman; he had only to do with the plans.

These fellows who come suddenly into a large fortune are sure to kill themselves before they have done spending it," he murmured, consequently. "Harcourt," he said, as he went out, "don't forget your master's engagement. Hold better drive up to my place in the mail phaeton."

Mr. Lowther's "place" was the same lodging which he had taken for himself when he first returned to England. He was in a position now as he was not a vulgar advantage; and in all his dealings with Francis Tredethlyn he had engaged upon that gentleman's purse for so much as five-pound notes. He had his plans; but like your pet's the plans of a man who never has hand to mouth. He won a good deal of his friend's money; but he never cheated Francis out of a sixpence. His winnings were fair, and which must always accompany skill and experience as opposed to ignorance and inexperience. In the meantime, Harcourt Lowther had made the best he might on his winnings and a small allowance made him by his mother.

The Lowthers were great people in their way, and Harcourt had admission to some of the best houses in London. He was very well received as that circle in which Maude Tredethlyn had taken her place, and contrived somehow or other to be present for an hour or so at most of the parties in which she appeared; though to break away from the haunts of fashionmism, to drop into a public club, and then to appear in Belgravia in the same evening, was almost as difficult as a telegraphic jump in a pantomime. Harcourt Lowther did this very frequently, and left very often and Maude Tredethlyn, enjoying all the privileges of a matron, and having herself constantly about amongst the statues and candles on a crowded staircase in Tyburnia, talking with Harcourt Lowther about the weather, and what he talked in the old summer evenings by the quiet river.

Sometimes Lowther back upon such a meeting, Maude felt that there was a very great wonder for having taken something of the old tone; but could she blame him for the lowered accents of his voice, for the light in his eyes, for the unconscious tenderness into which he was betrayed in those public meetings, when she remembered how he had left her in the cold winter in her home? Never yet had he presumed upon his intimacy with the husband in order to intrude himself on the privacy of the wife. Was there room or danger, then, if, in crowded assemblies, he surrounded all manner of small difficulties to get to her side by way to ferret out a word? Was it matter if he flowered just a little longer than he was, or could say all sorts of pretty things? It is rather a pleasant thing for a friendless young married woman, secure in the consciousness of her own purity, to know that a man who is not breaking for her as a gentlemanly way. Award too much, a toast, a book, and Maude would have been a dreary world indeed from which she was from the venomous fangs of some deadly reptile; but Harcourt Lowther knew better than to speak to her of love, and his own plans, and he was carrying them out in his own way; neither by word nor deed he ever set foot upon the soil of Tredethlyn; but now, when he tried to cut a path for himself through the convolutions of her friendship he found himself in a position which he found to make way for him, and it was considered a settled thing that he should be found somewhere near Maude. He had very offended her; he had only compromised her.

Francis awoke before the hour at which his friend had left word that he was to be called, and a glance was almost a sunscreen, for the Cornishman still retained, of his old nature, the simple, undemonstrative habit of the country man with upon himself. He got up at four o'clock, and had nearly completed his toilet when the servant brought the soda and found his prescribing Harcourt Lowther.

"And if you please, sir, you were to be so good as to make an appointment with Mr. Lowther at half past five, and was so please to drive the mail phaeton to his place," said the valet, while his master drank the revivifying beverage.

"Very good," muttered Mr. Tredethlyn, with something like a groan; "you can tell Mr. Lowther the pleasure for five o'clock. Is Mrs. Tredethlyn at home?"

"No, sir."

The man departed, and Francis finished dressing. He had ten minutes to spare after finishing his toilet, and he sat down to look at the newspaper which lay ready cut on his writing-table. He took up the paper, but ever stood steadily at the advertisement sheet. His head still ached, in spite of a shower-bath, and a vigorous application of hard hair-brushes; but his intellect was a good deal clearer than it had been before he dressed.

Suddenly, as he ran the advertisement sheet, vivid as the figure of Banquo at Macbeth's unconformable supper-party, there arose before him a face—was it the face of the rouge?

"Great heavens!" he cried; "I didn't know her!"

The ghost that he had seen upon the previous night was the ghost of the woman he had so long been looking for—his cousin Susan.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—"OH, MY ANN, MINE NO SOUND!"

FRANCIS TREDETHLYN drove his friend down to Richmond in a hansom cab, and in the leisurely spoke half a dozen words throughout the journey, and Harcourt Lowther, leaving the watchful eye of the master upon his pupil, saw that something was amiss.

Now although Mr. Cornishman's guide and counsel had his pious, very dubious plans, as closely drawn out as the great Duke's arrangements for Waterloo, which nonsuccess victory was not quite the lucky accident our neighbors imagine it to have been—yet he was far too wise a diplomatist

not to ignore the the sublime opportunities which chance sometimes throws in the way of a schemer, chattering the complicated machinery so dexterously and patiently put together, and opening a new and easy way to success over the ruins of the old road.

Mr. Lowther was quite prepared to make good use of any accident which seemed likely to help him. He was like a chess-player who takes his place before the board with a perfect plan of action mapped out in his mind, and who may use his entire scheme overthrown, his most brilliant arrangements mystified by the first move of his adversary; but who will win the game nevertheless, after his enemy's fashion, if not after his own, being no stickler for the advice of old players, but only a man of the world, resolutely bent on success. Upon this particular affair Harcourt was not that omnibus had gone amiss with his friend, and he was bent on discovering what the something was. With this view he had resort to the wonderful creature Iago was, by the-by, to precisely what one considers that he took all that trouble for no better motive than jealous whisper about a wife, but considered like a dog in the envious grudge of Cassio's advancement. Ah, my divine William, that's the only flaw in your masterwork—you have no power last with you for your ponderous machinery! Now if Othello had been the owner of thirty thousand a year and a beautiful wife, as Iago lived, there might have been some reason for the exhibition of a little Italian diplomacy. But Iago! Iago! Oh, the beauty of a motive. The pet wickedness of a woman. Your novelist cannot write a story, your playwright cannot devise a drama, but he must have recourse to revenge to keep the action going. Yet in the history of men, how small and pitiful a part the human passion has played! A General condemns a Charles Stuart to the scaffold. For revenge? No; simply because Charles is in his way. A Robespierre sends everyone to the scaffold of his enemies, and yet I doubt if he bore a hearty grudge against one of his victims—a little political jealousy perhaps at the worst. A Napoleon extinguishes the haughty noblesse of France —out of revenge? No; but the noblesse interfere with the existence of my lord Napoleon. A Cromwell or Essex pounces her husband—revenge—not a bit of it, but because she wants to marry some one else; and even Sir Thomas Overbury must die, not that any one hates the man, but the creature he so favors must. Isabella Stuart pines in a prison; and the heads of the regicides rot on Temple Bar; and Charles, oh merry monarch, the pet of the puritans and romancers, the man whose sins have been dealt with so lightly that we are apt to mistake them for virtues—can be as hard as Nero, when he sees him that the guards Russell and Sidney should perish in their prime; and James II. sends young Monmouth to the block. Why? Is it from the impulse that makes these men's hearts? Not at all. Not man's passionate hatred of his neighbor, but man's cooler love of himself is the motive power that moves the headsman's arm, and hide the swooping eye descend upon fair young necks from which the lovelocks have been newly shorn. Revenge. Pshaw! Hasit a feather's weight in the balance of misery? Is the forgery of our land, with the revenge to answer for? A semi-mythical Rossmond poisoned in her bower—an Essex condemned to punishment, and lamented in dreary league by the queen who loved him—a Konigsmark's handsome face trampled upon by a German tigress!

With such random reflections as these, Mr. Lowther beguiled the time of the drive to Richmond. During dinner, and throughout the evening he watched his friends closely; but all the fascinations of the fair Rose were powerless to make Francis Tredethlyn from the thoughtful mood. Indeed the Bohemian had a charming faculty for enjoying himself under all circumstances and with any reference to the host and paymaster, who was generally looked at rather in the light of a bore and an interloper, by a head at the lower end of the board. Some of Mr. Tredethlyn's new friends had christened him the Sorrowful Evil; and to-night, while he sat moodily brooding over the sorrow of his cousin, pretty lips made faces at the company over his shoulder; and two or three gentlemen were playful than the rest, amused herself and her acquaintances by filling the pockets of his dress coat with the empty shells of the lobsters and the corks of the champagne.

For the rest, what did it matter in what dreary regions his thoughts wandered, so long as he was there to write a cheque for the bill. Only one pair of eyes looked at him, and any sheet of notepaper, and those eyes watched him as the serpent watches the bird, with an deadly a purpose, with as quiet a stare, and with as much as slowly as he was to-night, there was something in Francis Tredethlyn's mind which Harcourt Lowther could not read quite as easily as a page in an open book, and as it was his habit to read most things relating to the Cornishman.

"What does it matter?" thought Mr. Lowther, abandoning himself to reflection again during the homeward drive. "Let him keep his secret from me if he likes, and I'll use it for my own benefit when he plays against me. He is my dummy, and he plays my game. When he hands a suit of his own choosing I am ready on his right hand with a master of small trumps. Play as he will he can scarcely throw me out. What does it matter how the game is won, so long as one scores the odd trick ?"

The day after this Richmond dinner was Sunday. But even that circumstance did not prevent Francis Tredethlyn from talking preliminary steps towards finding the missing girl, whom he fancied was now within his reach now, since it seemed certain that she face he had seen on the stage of Drury Lane was the face of his uncle Oliver's daughter, and no other. It had been his habit, until very lately, to accompany Maude every Sunday morning to a certain fashionable place of worship, and before the divine service, which always fancies lamented their iniquities and their wretchedness, and the subdued rustling of silk at a sermon's end, and an atmosphere that was odorous with Jookey Club and Eau Rouquet. But Star and Garter dinners, and other dissipations of mysterious localities at the West End are by no means conducive to early rising; and now the Sabbath bells that Mr. Tredethlyn had been wont to hear ringing blithely in the morning air while he breakfasted with his wife, were apt to mingle with his dreams, and sometimes he would awaken to find himself into the veil of an alarm bell summoning the firemen's succor for pertaining watches in the dreary habitations of the bell on board a boat leaving a pier—a boat which the dreamer was, oh, so eagerly striving to reach, but never could reach; just as his foot was going to step upon the deck, the plank on which he trod would give way and fall into the water. Sometimes it was a raging headache perhaps, and a dull, ceaseless pain in his breast, which he scarcely cared to acknowledge even to himself, that troubled him.

So now Mr. Tredethlyn was apt to spend the earlier part of his Sunday morning in fitful slumber, and that a very portion of the day in the society of his devoted friends. Unhappily Mr. Phipstophelus his such a knack of thrusting himself upon one at all hours, and paying his society Faust is apt to find life very dreary without that fatal companionship. Perhaps the Bohemian, whose manners were natural to him, Francis was only a helpless creature, with all the dismal blank of an unoccupied day before him, and no one to share it.

But upon this particular Sunday he had a purpose of his own, and the honest energy with which he set about carrying out that purpose transformed him into a new being.

Harcourt Lowther might have felt a little twinge of jealousy had he known with what a bright face from the stuccoed district, with the old light in his eyes, the old lightness in his firm tread, Francis Tredethlyn left the house on the wing out, and an idyllied wife who did not love him. He forgot everything, except that he was free, and that he had something new, to fulfil a long-neglected duty.

For Uncle Oliver's money brought her peace of mind, and prosperity for the father she loves so dearly," thought Mr. Tredethlyn. "Let me remember that when I think of his disinherited daughter."

Crumpled in one of the pockets of his overcoat was a playbill announcing the name of the performances at Drury Lane, and in the long list of names crowded together at the bottom of the bewildering London, he discovered the name of Percies and Vavasours, Vane Tempests and Lewesson Gowers, and such appellations as the corps de ballet modestly conceal under the plain, single name of Turner. He concluded, therefore, that his cousin had declined being known at the Drury Lane theatre, as well as at Coltonclough, and he did not anticipate much difficulty in finding her, for remembering that she had confided to him certain matters might have seemed rather a hopeless thing on a Sunday, but Francis Tredethlyn's character was not that of a hopeless thing.

"I have wasted too many hours already," he thought. "Where my poor lost girl is concerned every moment is of importance to me now."

He took a hansom and drove straight to the theatre, but Drury Lane on a Sunday seems as much deserted as the Coltonclough moors, the stage door was closed. The box office might have been the tomb of the Pharaohs, for all the response of it by within its portals. Happily Francis was not to be disheartened. He walked up and down the pavement for half an hour, and at last was able to tell him where the stage doorkeeper lived, but she was not able to give him any information as to the habitation of the leader of the ballet.

"Most of them live out at Camberwell, or up Islington way; though how they manage it, poor things! seems a mystery to me," said the woman, with all sorts of weather, is more than I can tell. They don't even get a cab, most of them, but walk with their half pint of porter and their sandwich, and that's about all the dinner they get on such days, I dare say."

Thus, discursively, the barmaid. Francis left her, and made his way to the adjacent court, in which the doorkeeper lived, and he was in his private capacity. That gentleman was in the midst of a very greasy dinner and in the bosom of his family when Mr. Tredethlyn knocked at the door, and was at first inclined to resent the interruption.

"I'm not a-going to be disturbed and forty times addressed in my blessed head," he remarked in an injured tone, "which our company, as the beginning of the season we ever was hunted and forty-nine; and I don't care to be hunted upon Sundays, when I'm eating my dinner, for a pack of ballet girls. I don't get paid for that when I take my salary. If any young swell wants to find out one of our ladies' address, to leave 'em a book, or to take a ticket for their benefit, or such like, I should think they could find it out of a week-day and not come chirping of a man over his Sunday's victuals."

But a judiciously administered half-sovereign had a very soothing effect upon the mind and manners of the doorkeeper. There are so few things in a small way which cannot be done with half a sovereign. The man laid down his knife and fork and applied himself to serious reflection, while his wife and family suspended their operations to stare admiringly at the fashionably-dressed intruder.

"Let me see," said the doorkeeper, scraping his stubbly chin as he mused, "there's such a many of 'em that I may sit here trying to remember where this here Miss Turner lives till doomday, and not be no nearer. I'll tell you what I'll do sir, you sir; I've got the addresses of every member of the company in my book over the way. I'll slip over and get Miss Turner's direction, while you wait here, if you like."

"Over the way" was Drury Lane theatre. The doorkeeper took some penknives from a nail over the mantelpiece, and put on his hat. Francis Tredethlyn went with him.

"Turner?" said the man—"Turner? A pale-faced young woman, ain't she? Looks as if she has gone through an end of trouble. She's only an extra, took on for this here great piece what's just done with."

"An extra?" inquired Francis.

"Yes; a sort of supernumerary—not a regular ballet-girl—can't dance, or anything of that sort, but they're pretty enough to do on. I remember her—a very quiet, civil-spoken young person."

The address was soon found; it was at a house in Bryant-street, Pimlico. Francis left the doorkeeper with his heart beating tumultuously, his face pale as the cambric that was held up, half spine-fy at finding her at last, when hope had almost died out into forgetfulness—pain at finding her thus. Ah, you! you who have to remember the interests of every free peeping out of a dainty bonnet, and to know that sorrow had set its undesirable hand upon that pretty face, and that she face he remembered had no more a place upon this earth.

"Miss Turner and Miss Willoughby live together in a very respectable way," answered the shoemaker's wife, with the further information to spell the spelt twice. Mr. Tredethlyn found that the house was detached, and that the door of the shop was ajar, and the atmosphere about and around it seemed greasy with the steam of cabbage and boiled meat. The bell which Francis rang was answered by a care-worn looking woman of middle age, who had a look of Adelaide Neilson, a flimsy smartness of appeal, which was more plainly demonstrative of poverty than absolute shabbiness. She was never known to wear gloves, and her hands were always covered with rings.

"Miss Turner lives here, I believe?" Francis said, standing on the threshold of the passage.

"Miss Turner did live here," the woman answered, "but she has left."

"Why? Where?" for at the theatre only the night before last, and the doorkeeper has just directed me here."

"Miss Turner's engagement expired last night, sir, and she left London this morning."

"This morning—only this morning! But of course you know her address. She has gone? I am her first cousin, her only surviving relative. If I had known that there was the least chance of her leaving London, I should have tried to find her last night. Will you be kind enough to direct me to her?"

The woman shook her head.

"I don't know where Miss Turner has gone, she said.

Francis Tredethlyn's face whitened to the very lips.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "is there a fatality in this business? Am I never to find her?"

Then, addressing himself to the woman with a more curious look, he said:

"For pity's sake, if you can help me in my difficulty, do so with all your might. You do not know how my mind is disturbed by finding her. I scarcely think I should say too much if I were to tell you that I am her nearest friend and death, for I was my cousin's face the night before last, and it looked to me like a face that is fading away from this world. Pray, pray tell me where she has gone, to give no one her address; but she did not think her cousin Francis would come to ask for it. Pray trust me, and tell me where I am the only friend that poor girl has in this world."

"I have told you the truth, sir," answered the woman, firmly, "and I do not know where Miss Turner has gone. Anything I can tell you about her, I shall be happy to tell," she added, as a thought struck her, "but I am sleepy in Francis Tredethlyn's face; "but it is very little. Will you step upstairs to my room? It is only an humble one, but it is better than none here."

This could scarcely fail to be true, for during the very brief interview which had just taken place, Francis had been hemmed against and pushed some half-dozen times by young persons with jaunty, flaring bonnets, on their way to and from a neighboring public-house. It was the popular dinner-hour in Drury Lane, and four separate floors, with their inmates differing as to their habits, were more or less engaged in the business of dining.

Francis followed his cousin's late associate, Miss Willoughby, up the narrow, dirty stair-case, with its pipe upon which little colonies of children had established themselves here and there with their toys. One large family, consisting of a tender years was trying to fly a kite in the well of the staircase, with a perseveringly interrupted and unsuccessful issue and the heads of the parents below, while a young lady, belonging to an adjacent tribe or section, was heard to sing a song in a shrill, wheezy, cracked voice, from the topmost floor.

Miss Willoughby conducted Francis to a back room upon the third floor, a dark, gloomy little room, hung with chocolate and drab paper, bay cultivened by a little gallery of theatrical photographs, and some engraved portraits cut out of Ladies' Companions, neatly arranged over the mantelpiece.

It was not very difficult to perceive that the anomalous piece of furniture, which was too vividly brown for mahogany, too elaborately grained for oak, and which was neither the one nor the other, nor all together a wardrobe, was neither more nor less than a member of the mysterious family of pseudo-bedsteads. It was not difficult to perceive that industrious poverty and simple industrious respect in that three pair back, whose pitiful gentility and shabby, and worthless scraps of ornament, were arranged with an exquisite neatness as to partake the appearance of a bachelor in the Albany, or a gem of the Foundours St. Hospet.

"I shall make your cousin very well," said Miss Willoughby; "we got on so nicely together."

"She lived with you? Here?" asked Francis.

"Yes; we shared the expenses equally, the rent came lighter for both of us, and apartments are so dear in London; and of course it was the same advantage to each, not that we wanted many for our little bit of cooking, but one can't even boil a kettle without a fire; and savings and economies are apt to pull upon one after a long continuance; so having Miss Turner to live with me made it both cheap and very much pleasanter besides which we always were the best of friends."

Mr. Tredethlyn was slow to answer. He was looking round the room, and on the hidden bed floating on the surface of a dingy leaden ocean, visible athwart some scarecrow garniture, which looked like the sails of a ship upon a short allowance of mould. Everything in the place, from the uninspired morsel of worn carpet, which only made a patch of Kidderminster in a dreary desert of boards, to the handful of red coals that burned brightly between massive enamelments of brick, from the dresses in the wardrobe which struggles and outlaws. An open cupboard stored Francis's eye, and he saw, on a shelf, a pitiful morsel of shiny complexioned ham, lying cheek by jowl with the leg end of a stale half-quartern loaf. He looked at these things, and remembered the house in which he lived, the reckless extravagance that pervaded all his life.

"Does she sing to the gold of a miser?" he thought; "and is my uncle Oliver's child never to know any profit from the wealth her father scraped and plodded together, at the cost of everything that makes life endurable?"

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH AND ITS COMPLETION IN ENGLAND.

On Monday, May 29th, the bulk of the great new vessel to be named the Great Eastern World was completed, and went through the last of the preliminary trials in England, in the presence of a large number of distinguished electrician engineers, and scientific men, as well as the leading scientific gentlemen, including the Directors of the Telegraph Maintance Company.

Only one steamer had half a mile to complete—that is to say, to ease the core with Mr. Walpole's most ingenious and elaborate machine of wire lines with apparatus to keep, when from the outer coverings. When all the distance were streamlined this was six feet, and the core passed through it with a steady velocity of a few of the machine, which, revolving at a great speed, coiled on the outer core of tarpaulin and hemp. The great portion of the cable had passed from the machine, and the end was held out by the aid of a rope, and in an electrical condition noted with a care and completeness that have certainly never yet been applied to any other cable, and from the time it left the machine it passed, in a series of the most searching electrical tests, the standard of which was fixed at a resistance of not more than a mile equal to 250,000,000 of Siemens units, at a temperature of 75 degrees Fahrenheit, a degree unprecedented in any former work of the kind. In addition to these tests, great as they were, have been considerably exceeded, and the present Atlantic cable has been successfully from centres of trials of the most crucial character.

Towards the outlook on Monday the last few fathoms of the great coil began to be drawn into the machine, and at the end of the day the end was in sight, with a splicing ball rung to give notice that the machine was about to stop, and at the same moment the men came down on the tank, and the last coil of the cable was shoved away. The cable was then coiled in tanks, and the process of the paying out apparatus, which has been already fixed up, and by means of an endless band, kept constantly running.

The present cable is just 2,300 nautical miles, or about 2,600 statute miles long. The coiled arrangement is composed of seven fine copper wires, twisted into one complete strand, which is insulated with Gutta-percha and Chatterton's patent compound. These wires are first covered in gutta-percha, each one insulated with the same material, and then twisted round the central wire. This gutta-percha again are wound 11 strand on wires, each of which is before being twisted on, as strand carefully wound round with strands of rope soaked with tar. It is stated very in three bullets, the first consists of 7 wires, the second of 10, and the third of 15 wires of 22. All the tanks are kept filled with water, and when each length is coiled down it is tested, and the ends spliced on, and a constant system of signals kept through every part from the moment the expedition starts till the end of the voyage is in sight. The weight of the tanks, with their contents, including the cable, is 5,000 tons. Two decks further will rise 30 feet with a carrying power of 10,000 tons.

A Mormon preacher said, "I have forty-eight children, and a week hence to hope that heaven will multiply me a good many more. Before a hundred years my direct descendants will exceed in number the population of the State of New York, which consists of four millions of souls."



REVIEW OF THE RETURNED VETERANS BY GOV. CURTIN—GEN. MEADE AND STAFF PASSING THE GRAND STAND, PENN. SQUARE, PHILA.—SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. [illegible]

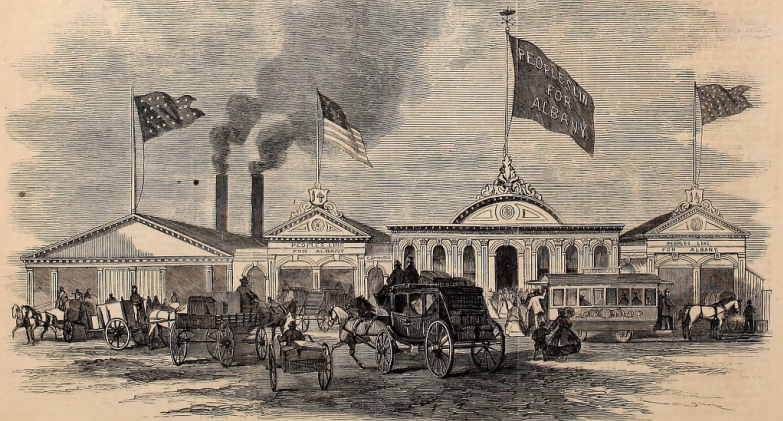
DISPERSION OF KIRBY SMITH'S REBEL ARMY.

THERE was a great difference between the surrenders of Gen. Lee and Kirby Smith. The former surrendered his army to Gen. Grant, while the army under Kirby Smith dispersed itself, leaving the rebel leader no army. We give a sketch of the manner in which these remnant of the rebels broke up their military organization, and scattered to their homes and haunts. This renders Kirby Smith's order, dated Houston, May 30, very intelligible.

SOLDIERS—The day after I refused the demand of the Federal government to surrender this department, I left Shreveport for Houston. I ordered the Missouri, Arkansas and Louisiana troops to follow. My purpose was to concentrate the entire strength of the department, await negotiations, and if possible, secure terms alike honorable to soldier and citizen. Failing in this, I intended to struggle to the last, and with an army united in purpose, firm in resolve, and battling for the right, I believed that God would yet give us the victory. I reached here to find the Texas troops disbanded and hastening to their homes. They had forsaken their colors and commanders; had abandoned the cause for which we were struggling, and appropriated the public property to their personal use. Soldiers, I am left a commander without an army, a general without troops. You have made your choice. It was unwise and unpatriotic, but it is final. I pray you may not live to regret it. The enemy will now possess your country, and dictate his own laws. You have voluntarily destroyed your organization, and thrown away all means of resistance. Your present duty is plain. Return to your families. Resume the occupations of peace. Yield obedience to the laws. Labor to restore order. Strive both by counsel and example to give security to life and property. And may God in his mercy direct you aright and heal the wounds of our distracted country.

E. KIRBY SMITH, General.

The last news we have of this malignant rebel is that he has surrendered himself and the remains of his command to our forces, and awaits, a prisoner, the action of the authorities he has so long defied.



OFFICES OF THE PEOPLE'S LINE OF STEAMBOATS, WEST STREET, NEAR CANAL, NEW YORK.



GRAND MATCH BETWEEN THE ATHLETIC BASE BALL CLUB OF PHILADELPHIA, AND THE RESOLUTE CLUB OF BROOKLYN, N. Y., THURSDAY, JUNE 15TH, AT THE UNION GROUND, BROOKLYN.

THE PEOPLE'S LINE OF STEAMBOATS.

We published in a former number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, a correct picture of the new Albany steamer, the St. John, Capt. Peck. We here now to illustrate the new building erected by the Directors of the People's Line, situated in West street, near Canal. This enterprising company have widened West street over 50 feet, between Canal and Watts, and made a fine carriage way, 50 feet wide, upon their own premises—their whole arrangements are very elegant, as can be seen by our illustration.

The offices, store-rooms, passenger rooms, &c., extend from pier 39 to 41, these three piers have been entirely rooted in, and afford ample facilities for the immense business of this concern.

The general appearance of the buildings and docks is superior to anything along the water front of the city. The former are two stories in height, and display equal taste and convenience. Their dimensions are 70 feet by 93. They are painted outside in rich petroleum color, while the wood-work of the interior is oiled walnut, alternating with polished pine.

The next receiving pier is 450 feet long and 65 feet wide. The corresponding delivery pier is 300 feet long and 65 feet wide. These two wharves are for the accommodation of the Albany boats only, but as the company has bought up the steamers of the Troy line, it was necessary to fit up extra slips and docks for those vessels. The Troy pier, 39, is 300 feet long and 100 wide.

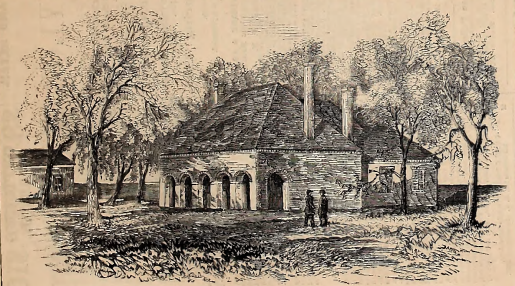
The slips between the piers are each 90 feet in width. The entire water front occupied by the company is 410 feet long, and the dock and slip area covers about 150,000 square feet.

The roofs over the piers are elevated between 20 and 30 feet from the floor. The cost of these improvements has been over $200,000.

The People's Line consists, at present, of the famous magnificent steamer St. John, Capt. Peck, the Hendrick Hudson, Capt. Roe, the C. Vanderbilt, Capt. Christopher, the Rip Van Winkle, Capt. Simmonds. Another boat, a companion to the St. John, is now nearly completed at the yard of John Englis & Son, the well known shipbuilders.

The People's Line is one of the oldest in the country, and is also one of the most popular. When the new boats is finished the capital will be over $2,000,000. Last year, with only two boats, it carried over 300,000 passengers.

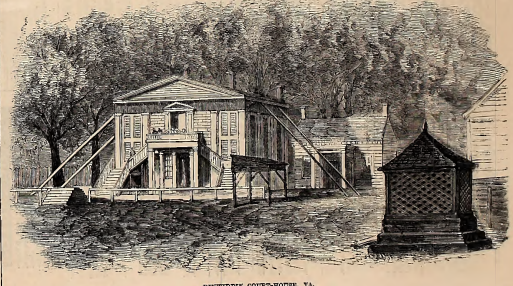
Tickets for the People's Line are for sale at all the Central railroad ticket-offices in New York. The Company ships freight direct to any point east of the Rocky mountains, by rail, lake, river or canal, as the shipper may desire. All the boats have been thoroughly renovated and newly furnished this winter. The public will not fail to appreciate the enterprise which is directed toward heightening the comfort and pleasure of traveling without increasing the cost. Mr. Percy C. Smith continues to hold the office of New York agent of this splendid line, and to his attention to the public interests its success is largely due.



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HANOVER COURT-HOUSE, VA.

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DINWIDDIE COURT-HOUSE, VA.

speeches under its roof Henry Clay, another o America's greatest ones, also came into the world within three miles of this venerable edifice. Our Artist visited the spot about a month after Sheridan's army evacuated the town. As a souvenir of his visit, he brought away with him a court summons, which commences: "George II., by the Grace of God, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, King," &c. This document is issued against Peter Ross, and summonses him to "appear before our justices of our said county court, at the court-house of the said county, on the third Monday in May next, then and there to answer the petition of John Threodgill exhibited against him." The summons is dated "the twenty-third day of April, 1760, in the XXXIIId year of our reign," and signed Geo. Nicholss. The ink with which the filling in is done is as fresh and bright as if it had been used yesterday.

To see a Britisher scalp a Britisher, says Sam Slick, talking of Parliamentary conflicts, is equal to a bull-fight, any time. "You don't keer whether the bull, or the horse, or the rider is killed, none of them is nothin' to you; so you can enjoy it, and hurrar for him that wins. I don't keer who carries the day, the valy of a treat of julep, but I want to see the sport. It's excitin', them things." As to killing, the more the merrier.

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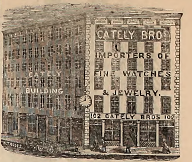
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Messrs. Arrandale & Co. have long been supposed to have been in a state of insolvency, but they are worthy of public confidence.—*New York Sporting Life, Saturday, July 15, 1865.*

We have received, at the office of Arrandale & Co's Great Gift Enterprise, a circular, stating that they have assortment of fashionable and valuable jewellery at the low price of one dollar each. We have not seen the articles, but understand that the whole of them are warranted to be as represented, and that the sale is principally for the purpose of introducing their goods to agents, who intend their services to sell their goods.—*New York Evening Mail, July 15, 1865.*

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Destitution, per Express.—The most eligible and profitable mode of obtaining a fortune is that offered in the sale of certificates for the "Great Gift Distribution" of jewellery, &c., now going on at Arrandale & Co.'s. The very accessible in this way, not only those who own stock in our own country, but the foreign holders to whom the sale of the certificates will be sent from our extensive exchanges with the principal cities of the world.—*The New York Sunday Mercury, Aug. 14, 1864.*

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The British Army of Absolute, C. W., says, Nov. 26, 1864, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and by persistent solicitation obtained orders, and as prizes for the agents, she received a gold watch and chain. We can state that the articles were worth the amount of cost to the recipients, and some of them ten times.

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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 510 — Vol. XX.] NEW YORK, JULY 8, 1865. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 17 WEEKS $1 00.

Schools of Practical Science.

GENERAL ROSECRANS is doing good service, through public addresses and letters to the press, in calling attention to the importance of establishing schools in all the states, in which the practical sciences shall be taught, and which shall be governed by military discipline. A double object, General Rosecrans conceives, would be secured through schools of this kind. They would open new avenues to wealth and honor by the application of science to agriculture, engineering, mining, metal working, and all the arts and trades, and would prove an inestimable blessing to many who would otherwise be crowded into the professions of law, medicine and theology, to pine and starve in penury, under all the incentives to dishonest practices which spring from it when associated with talent and disappointed ambition. Placed under military discipline, such military instruction would be conveyed in these schools as would qualify the pupils to be efficient officers of the militia, and capable of responding at once and intelligently to the calls of the country in case of danger.

"I would recommend," says General Rosecrans, "the establishment of schools of technology throughout the country, wherein our young men could learn the sciences and their application to agriculture, manufactures, and all the useful and ornamental arts and professions, so that the best and continually increasing lights of science might at once be brought to aid in developing the mighty resources of our young but giant country; that thus we should ennoble the minds of our youth, and direct their ambition into channels of peaceful, industrial progress, bringing honor to themselves and prosperity to the nation. The Emperor of Russia made Demidoff prince for his improvements in iron working, and I do not know why our great republic, or our free states, should be behind him in encouraging scientific industry."

The general is of opinion that the donation of proceeds of public lands lately made to the states by the general government for schools of agriculture and arts, might be applied in the foundation of such schools as he recommends, which should be under the control of the several states, as the military academy at West Point is under that of the nation. He suggests that there should be some free scholarships, and that as many paying scholars should be admitted as might choose to come.

There is no doubt that our collegiate system is a relic of monasticism, and fails to meet the requirements of the time. For most of the purposes of life, in a country like ours, the course of instruction in our colleges is utterly worthless. A few colleges have endeavored to graft a "scientific course" on the old middle-age system, but the trunk is rotten, and yields no sap to the uncongenial shoot. We need new



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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JULY 9, 1865.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

Interesting Statistics.

THE WAR Department has issued a report of the military strength of the country for the past year. It contains some interesting and instructive statistics. In the first place the Adjutant-General carefully revises newspapers, that the Union armies were principally recruited from among emigrants, is effectively disproved by such evidence as that of 5,711 soldiers who died in hospitals in and around Washington, 4,010 were natives of the U. S.; 444 of Ireland; 306 of Germany; 142 of England; 40 of Scotland; 22 of France, and 17 of Wales.

Among the volunteers and conscripted men the proportion rejected on account of physical or mental disabilities was in the ratio of 23 in a thousand, or something less than 50 per cent. Statistics running over a series years show that the proportion in France has been 83, in Great Britain 337, and in Belgium 339 per thousand. In Maine the number rejected was higher than in any other state, being 43 in the thousand. The ratio was least in Wisconsin, namely 218 in the thousand.

The average height of the men entering the army from the various states was five feet six and one-third inches. Those from Michigan were tallest; those from Vermont next, &c., as shown in following table:

STATES.	Feet.	Inches.	Tenths.
Michigan	5	7	8
Vermont	5	7	6
Pennsylvania	5	7	5
Kentucky	5	7	4
New Hampshire	5	7	3
Massachusetts	5	7	2
New York	5	7	2
New Jersey	5	6	8
Delaware	5	6	7
Maryland	5	6	6
Minnesota	5	6	5
Ohio	5	6	0

In regard to rebel Vermont heads off Minnesota. Solomon Northup, Michigan coming third. The measurement at registration, and the states, stand as follows:

STATES.	Inches.	Hundredths.
Vermont	38	10
Minnesota	38	10
Michigan	38	03
Massachusetts	38	02
New York	38	01
New Jersey	38	00
Pennsylvania	37	99
Delaware	37	98
Maryland	37	97
Kentucky	37	93
Ohio	37	93
The average	38	10

At the close of the year the proportion of sick and wounded in the entire army was 6.3 per cent., a ratio of six strength, of which 3.3 per cent. were sick, and 6.4 wounded. This proportion is less than at the close of any preceding year, and shows that the sanitary measures adopted in the army were becoming more and more effective. Chronic diseases and diseases of the heart were the most prolific causes of the discharge of soldiers from the army.

THE process of "reconstruction" is going on. Provisional governors have been appointed in North Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Texas, and the next step is to call the first meeting of the states, who are instructed and expected to establish civil governments for the following, and, "at the earliest practicable period prescribed by them, to cause to be elected by the qualified voters, composed of delegates to be chosen by *that portion of the people who are loyal to the United States*, and no others, in the precise mode of altering or amending said constitutions, etc." No person, however, can exercise the privileges of voting or holding office in any of the states "*who in any state laws as they existed before the rebellion*, nor unless he takes the Amnesty oath. Such are the unending provisions of the several of the proclamations, providing provisional governments for the states lately in rebellion.

Here we have interwoven with these proclamations, my well look grave, for although they are couched in such paragraph that only loyal men, "and no others" shall have a voice in the organization of the several states, yet, in another place, it is provided that at the next state election and implicable, may convert the people into "loyal men" *by taking the oath of Amnesty!* Men who have refused to break their allegiance, men, and who have stood, musket in hand, in hostile array against the government for four years, will be allowed the obligation of the same oath from endeavoring to regain their lost power and carrying out the spirit of their treason in their respective states, although their delegations in Congress! It will be noticed further, that none can vote, except they enjoyed the right under the preexisting laws of the states in question. As some of these states gave the negroes this right, they will have no voice in determining the future condition of the states in which they live, and in which many of them have fought the battles of liberty so gallantly.

Disguise it we may, shut our eyes if we like, but the fact is, the proclamations of the President are but the means of reorganizing the power of the insurgents, strengthened, in consequence of the extension of the basis of representation by the enfranchisement of the slaves, to the extent of necessitas additional representatives in the halls of Congress! Does any one suppose that the blackskinned citizens will be slaves to their old lord to death more than eighty thousand of our brothers in dungeons and pestiferous prison-pens are to be murdered by the starvation of "loyal men," through the wondrous efficacy of the "Amnesty oath?" No man who knows a man, he defrauds the asylum for idiots while he remains outside its walls.

The bird may, those truly and demonstrably such, and who can be no other, are deprived of any voice in public affairs by the terms of the proclamation; that political annihilation is the worst sight of by the hallots of the Amnesty oath men, just as effectively as they were by the boycotts of the same men four years ago. To rebel these bayonets we were obliged to confront them with the bayonets of loyal black men; to resist their ballots is an even more necessary act, and one with the ballots of the same loyal black men. Otherwise, there can be no peace; we shall have a constant and embittered moral and political war, ready to break out, at the first favorable opportunity, in the form of a military revolt, a renewal of the agitation, and a repetition of the scenes which disturbed and shocked the country from 1861 to 1865, and which made a very Pandemonium of the national capital?

If so, we have only to "reconstruct" on the present basis. Let traitors revote you an outlaw; they will swear you twenty if you like, erase you with a sponge, and vote you down an hour after, wards—send up again their Toombses, Davises Keitts, Masons and Slidells, backed by seventeen more of the same prevalence, and thus you will see what "reconstruction" means under a scheme which only suspends perjury to treason in the qualifications of an elector. We have been told by President Johnson, that treason is the greatest of all crimes. The greater involves the less, and such a small encroachment on the conscience of a traitor as is involved in a false oath, will prevent none of Lee's, or Johnston's, or Taylor's, or Kirby Smith's men from renewing the war with bullets, now that bullets have failed.

THE new constitution "Missouri, now ratified by the people, makes the state free forever, establishes the equality…"all men before the law, and declares that Missouri must remain a member of the Union for ever. It excludes from the ballot-box and from office, traitors, rebels, rebel sympathizers, guerrilla marauders, bushwhackers, and their aiders and abettors. It in the like manner excludes Knights of the Golden Circle, Sons of Liberty and O. A. Is.

SENATOR SUMNER, of Ohio, in a recent speech, on the subject of the future condition concerning our national debt which will bear repetition, and which must interest all classes of readers. At the outset he remarked that our wealth was nearly doubles in every ten years and our population in every thirty years, so that every year the debt, although increasing, is to be paid off, however every year more diffused, and the per centage of burthen, whether on property or persons, diminished. The debt of the United States in 1816 was $127,000,000, or 14.67 per cent. on the total property of the people. Now the debt is $3,000,000,000 or 20 per cent. on the property of the loyal states, and we mean the South shall help us to pay it.

The very dollar of that former debt was paid in less than twenty years, and we were quarrelling about the proper mode of paying the debt of the present hands. In 1816 the debt of Great Britain was over $4,000,000,000, or $218.20 per head, 40-5-10 per cent. on the aggregate property of the empire. Now it is only 12 per cent of the property.

There are some incidental advantages of the present debt; it is a source of union extending to all classes of people; it is a convenient medium of exchange, a test of standard of the money market, a remedy in financial crises in France; it is a secure deposit for trust funds—widows, children, colleges and societies—heretofore endangered by the private securities pledged to guardians and trustees. By registering the debt the principal is beyond the danger of loss, and the interest promptly paid. A portion of it will form the basis and security of our national currency. The national banknotes are but another form of national debt.

WE read in the London journals, of the date of May 27th, "Mr. Lincoln's assassination our troubles over here," "have just commenced." Letters from "a trustworthy gentleman, just from the region beyond the Mississippi," and which reached England, conveying the important information that General Kirby Smith had "150,000 men on his muster-rolls," and that the rebellion was not yet crushed. It is admitted that the rebels in the east have met with some reverses, but the real business of fighting may now be said to be done when this unpublished Kirby Smith's 150,000 men in buckram had not only surrendered, but were scattered to their homes. As early as April 4, the rebel Governor Pendleton was shortly to make a little military promenade through Ohio, and Vallandigham, Morgan's friend, behind him a bushy-nose manifesto, complaining that his, according to the London newspaper correspondent, "large, well-disciplined and victorious army," had not only deserted him, but taken enthusiastically to the chivalrous business of freeing the negroes, and was marching, Sherman's Bay wall of disappointment, which is dated from Roanoke, the Texan capital:

"I trust you will find the Texan troops undaunted and hastening to their homes. They had treasonable intentions when they entered, but abandoned the cause of which were struggling, and appreciated the public blessings of peace. Gen. Wilcox, Texas, will be commander with our an army, a general without troops, and Gen. Magruder, Texas, will be governor of a population, but in fact, I pray you may not be to prove it. The people have returned to their allegiance, and take his own arms. You have voluntarily destroyed your military power, and have no longer the means of resistance. Your present duty is plain. Return to your families, resume the occupations of peace, and submit to all the laws. Labor to restore order. Strive, both by precept and example, to secure quiet and peace to the party. And may God in his mercy direct you aright, and heal the wounds of our distracted country."

THE government is sending men to the great battlefields of the west to have proper sepulture to the bones of the unburied dead. A body of 200 men, started lately for Chancellorsville and the Wilderness, to save some of skeletons have lain for so many months bleaching in the sun and storm. The pitying earth will soon shield these and relics from still greater indignities. A body of rebel rots over the bloody field of Chickamauga tells us:

"It was plainly evident where the rebel dead had been buried in the spring, the few of them that were granted that poor boon. The rebel soldiers but scratched a little sand over the gallop, and sometimes covered a foot or more. Of the spot marked by the rebel dead, there was not a vestige left, save a few rotten rags, and a bone or skull that even boys had not thrown about. Over the rebel dead lay the hard dirt of battle-field, and the dead were not even buried, one by one, as they fell, but were piled in rows, or in groups of two and three, upon the top of the ground, and then scraped over with a little earth over them. I do not suppose that one-half of our dead were buried, even in the slight, and hasty manner. I paid and exposed the extremities of bones. At one end of these little mounds lay a face skull, blackened by the sun, and at the other, two pairs of shoes full of bones, showing that there have also been feet. Here lay, wrapped in their blood-stained blankets, that no have been stabbed to take money. In one of these graves the wasps had built their nest. In another place lay a rebel in a row, by a little knapsack of tin, on which some soldier had perished, and remained unburied."

WE all remember the picture in *Punch*, of the American at a public table pointing a revolver at his neighbor opposite, and ejaculating fiercely, "I pass the salt!" The average Englishman, no doubt, believes that is the usual American way of asking for civilities. Sala, in his book about the United States paraphrases *Punch*. He says:

"If your next neighbor requires the salt-cellar, he extends his arm, points a grisly finger towards the blunderbuss dish, and in a scrubbed and utters the monosyllable 'say'—meaning, 'Give me that.'"

Sala, evidently, fell into congenial company. "Birds of a feather, etc."

THE distinguished French statesman and publicist, Count Montalembert, has written a very able and appreciative essay on "The Victory of the North in the United States." In response to his own question, "Ought we to bless God for this victory?" he answers:

"Yes! It is right to thank God, because a great nation has succeed best and, for ever punished, even if unjustly, by which gave to every enemy of liberty throughout the world a pretext for refusing it, because it did this moment passing all the hopes that were reposed in it, because we have freed ourselves, and all nations, from an execrable, triumphant and sated. Yes, it is right to thank God because that victory of slavery has been prepared under the word of the conquerors of Richmond, because it has been won from the very first moment, hand in hand together with Spain, we still intended by it the cause the most worthy of men to succeed for ever, and because, in the present time, upon the glorious continent of America shall be established, during the image of God, a new era of liberty, founded on the ruins of a given over, with his filth over his head, and his face in the dirt, to the cruel vengeance of the soldiers, who, in famous guise, or the vile passions of one of their officers. Yet it did not end. Because in this great and terrible struggle before an enviable and free people, there has not appeared wanting one which, although carrying ourselves has often been the victim of blunders and of errors, and has so often been calumniated, misled and dishonored by false friends and unswerving allegiance, has preserved, in the midst of every calamity of fortune which perforce open the eyes of all men to the truth and righteousness. Yes, it is right to thank God, because according to the most trustworthy testimony that we have heard, the moral and political causes has not been tarnished by any excuse, or stained by any crime; because its adversaries have no excuse to plead for its soldiers, no crimes to offer in their defence, no shelter for their cause, nor any guilt of having crowned base desires or wicked plots."

The Confederates had formerly been spoken of by an illustrious Frenchman as "an infant in swaddling clothes."

"Well," he replies, "it is now our work to cut this infant into pieces, and to consume it with fire, and that most quickly. This people, the subject of scorn, misfortune and calumny, has grown in a few years to be the most glorious nation which any nation could possibly pass, for which every one of every school of thought, intelligence and heart can look and glad to shake its old wishes and astounded the world with its prodigies. It is the most powerful, the most prosperous people of the world. Above all, we need to be ashamed of this people, and to be sorry on a new day, and at once whether valorous or conquered, it will fall a prey to some fortunate preparer, and will be ruined for ever by being a cultivator and ending being a despot; who will be called by the nations to whom we owe them, and encharge for saving them will demand what the Courts of Europe refused to us. Let us not forget this one point at least the experiment has been tried, and never was proclamation more stunningly united."

MR. CARPENTER, the artist who painted the picture of the Cabinet of the Emancipation proclamation, relates the following incident concerning Mr. Lincoln:

"Mr. Chase told me that, at a cabinet meeting, immediately after the battle of Antietam, and just prior to the issue of the September proclamation, the President uttered the following words, before them by saying that "the time for the emancipation of the emancipation policy of the government had arrived." The President, he thought, would establish—many of the warmest friends of the administration thought it, and he had promised it on the battle ground as it. The last part of this was uttered in a low tone, as if to himself, and he may or may not have intended that the cabinet should hear him. He asked the president if he correctly understood him, and Lincoln replied that he had. I asked him how he said that, if General Lee was driven back from Pennsylvania, he would issue his result by the declaration of freedom to the slaves!"

THE number of cannon found in the fortifications around Richmond is much greater than was anticipated. At the time four or five acres at the landing below Richmond were covered with cannon, caissons, army wagons, etc. Five vessels were set down in the James and Richmond, and, mingling with them, including the beautiful Whitworth battery of rifled cast-steel 12-pounders surrendered by the rebels at Danville, Va., which was presented to the rebels at the beginning of the war, by sympathizing friends in England. At Petersburg, just below its entrance, 40 heavy cannon were buried, and head-boards put up at each end, to remember soldiers' graves. The negroes, among them the 1st South Carolina, unearthed the treat, and upwards of 100 field pieces have already been exhumed. The amount of war material now accumulated by the government at both of its own armies and captured from the rebels, is almost incalculable. The rebel army was in a miserable way, an artillery officer lately intimated that the cannon, caissons, smithsmen, army wagons, etc., of the rebels were worse than those of a caravan reaching from New York to California.

A CORRESPONDENT of a Philadelphia paper states that Jeff. Davis appears to be already suffering the penalty of his crimes. His appetite has failed him, "liquid nourishment is with great power refuse to please him, and his days and nights pass on in wretched wakefulness. Those who saw him on Monday report that his eyes are sunken, his brow furrowed, his cheeks sunken, his eye lustless, meaning on that small walls of his face are a sweet horror before him and a pallid terror behind him.

His nerves are gone; he starts at the slightest noise like a fevered child; his physical organism is prostrated almost beyond recuperation. His apprehension, under consultation, proposed that the chamber-house quiet in his casement, and now the guards of the prisoner pace his cell in slippers, and their footfalls must give a sound. The prisoner never reads, never talks except to utter ejaculations of fear, and his last he indulges in much less frequently than he did.

DURING our war, when most of the productive interests of the country were paralyzed, by one of the singular coincidences which seem too pertinent for chance, petroleum came in when cotton failed to balance our exchanges with the world and may we not reverently believe that the unlocking of the exhaustless treasures which our rocks

contain, when we are called to pay the immense cost of eradicating our great national sin, is the timely gift of an overwhelming power. Surely our history is showing that, with nations as individuals,

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will."

The French empire still lives. It has survived the shock given to it by opening a penny subscription for a medal to Mrs. Lincoln.—We do not know if it was decided by a Consul of State or if the Emperor himself reached the momentous conclusion unaided, but it has nevertheless been decided that the subscription may go on. The empire is evidently regarded as strong enough to survive the ridicule aroused by a penny subscription for a medal, to be given to a widow in the West.

Some time in January last an advertisement appeared in a Sydney (Ala.) paper, headed, "One million of dollars wanted to have peace by the 1st of March." The advertiser proposed for the sum named to secure the lives of Abraham Lincoln, Wm. H. Seward and Andrew Johnson to be taken by the 1st of March then ensuing, and offered himself to contribute $10,000 towards the purpose. The person who inserted the advertisement is a lawyer of Selma named Gale. He has been arrested and is now confined in Washington. He is described as "a tall, raw-boned individual; coarse features, well bronzed with the Southern climate; he is dressed in light grey pants, butternut-colored coat, over which is a linen garment, and wears a wide-brimmed black slouch hat." Gale appears to be about 45 years of age, and his gray hawk-like eyes, with strongly-marked crow-feet in their corners, give him the appearance of a shrewd, cold-blooded rascal."

The London *Herald* speaks as follows of the colored statue of "Isaac" under the influence of the evil spirit," by Mr. Story, of Boston, now in the Dublin International Exhibition:

"This is a great work, the fruit of many years' thought, culminating in a happy inspiration. Mostly, even among angry passers in the hands of Satan, and yet knowing that he ought to struggle against his conscience, with averted face, but inch-meter eyes and quivering cruelty rising from his nethermost heart, still Satan, standing at the back of the most malignant sneer, and affording material for study to one who cares to look at him, is the great Tempter. Another effort which, I believe, by Mr. Story, is grand. It is Judith, the daughter of Jephthah, lamenting unconsolably."

Gerrit Smith is thrown upon the early New-Englanders in these days because they hanged witches and banished Quakers. Inexplicable as their conduct may appear to us, yet it was only a mistaken reflection, after all, of the ideas and prejudices prevalent in Europe in those days. Five hundred people are said to have been executed as witches in three months of 1515. More than a thousand were burnt within a year in the district of Como; and one of the most learned witch-finders died of having himself sentenced to death 500 persons within 15 years. The first English statute upon witchcraft appears to have been in 1541, when two Acts of Parliament were passed. The preamble alone, however, did not become frequent until the accession of James, although we are told that Queen Elizabeth's toothache was the effect either of witchcraft or of some natural cause. Witches might be arrested on simple rumor. A fit, a shock or a heretic (the worst criminals in the eye of ecclesiastical authority) might be given evidence by wives might hear witness against each other. The advocate, if he defended his client beyond what was necessary, was to be himself considered guilty as a patron of witches and heretics. These provisions would be enough to make a conviction certain by ordinary rules; but in witch cases the burden of torture remained. If the wretched witch did not confess, it was because the devil made his servant insensible to pain. In order to extort a confession from obdurate persons, their lives might be promised to them, and the promise might afterwards be broken. Torture was not to be continued without fresh evidence, but it might be repeated according to judgment. In short, it seems that anybody might be accused of witchcraft, and thereupon tortured at discretion and afterwards burnt at the stake.

A society has recently been formed in Paris, the object of which is to publish rare works on ancient history and archæology. The early Spanish expeditions, and the organization of the various colonies, will be fully illustrated in a series of volumes, and, in the meanwhile, the society has thought that it could not do better than to commence the series by the publication in a cheap form of the letter of Christopher Columbus on the discovery of the New World. This document is the earliest relating to America with which we are at present acquainted. A Latin translation of it was printed in 1493, Italian and German versions speedily followed, and now M. Leon de Rosny presents it to us in a French dress. The editor explains in the preface what were the relations of Columbus; his scientific theories, no thought of discovering a new world, ever entered into his head. He wanted merely to find another road to India, instead of that which travelers followed by Egypt and the Red Sea. For that reason he designated by the name of India the country where he landed; on his arrival at Cuba he believed himself to be in India, and was surprised at not meeting with the Khan of Tartary. Political conquest, commercial enterprise, and religious proselytism were the three leading motives which guided the Genoese admiral, and from this point of view the brochure published by M. de Rosny is extremely interesting. Copious notes have been added, all borrowed from original sources.

The London *Saturday Review* tells us, with an emphasis too well justified by the truth, that "the essence of American humor lies in that habitual strain of exaggeration which is for ever clothing the ridiculous in the language of the sublime. Whether in journalism or in stump oratory, that which seems to form the highest standard of national taste is what is popularly known as 'tall talk,' or the 'high falutin' style.

NEW MUSIC.

THE BOYS ARE MARCHING HOME.—THE PEACH JUBILEE.—GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST. New York: Horace Waters.

The first of these is "new in every sense," the spirited music-publisher named above is anticipating the wishes of the million, by presenting, in this number, the Hymn and its Tenors, in time for the celebration of the next glorious 4th of July, which will see a grander hope once more united. Both the words and music cannot fail to please the popular ear and taste.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE news from Europe is not of much importance, but we may mention that Lord Brougham, at a dinner given to the Prince of Wales, at Edinburgh's Hall, after passing a high eulogium on President Johnson, when he said was admirably fitted to succeed the past and merciful ruler, Abraham Lincoln, hoped his wise counsels would prevail over the clamor and commercial mercy to the rebel chiefs.

Lord Clarence Paget, in responding to a toast of "The Navy," raised much merriment by the remark that invited the English armor-plated fleet to make a tour around the world, to show that it is invincible. The noble Lord fancied he had been asked to make a similar tour around the English coast. The Prince of Wales was present, and at Ryswick together about the middle of July. It is reported that the Prince of Wales will probably review the fleet at Plymouth, and at Spithead previous to Cherbourg.

The Fenian raps Parliament will probably be dissolved on the 10th of July.

The *Morning Post* denies the rumor that Lord Palmerston is about to resign public life.

The Great Eastern will probably sail from the Nore on the 8th of July, and from Plymouth on the 10th or 11th.

The London *Times* says that Gen. Rollin, the special envoy of the Emperor Maximilian, had arrived in Paris from Vienna, where, it is said, with the aid of King Leopold, he succeeded in negotiating a loan of 200,000,000 francs to reinstate his brother Maximilian in all his agnatic rights, in the event of his returning to Austria.

TOWN SCUDS.

THE great topic of the past week has been the intensely warm weather, which has woefully interfered with the usual amusements of the season, and kept by the sentiment and the young. It has also been a perpetual theme of hot lectures on the prominence of the cuticle, and numerous prescriptions for the prevention of sun-stroke on that point. *Apropos* of porosity, the Chinese Review has a curious statement in relation to that subject. An Irish philosophy of our acquaintance stunningly illustrates the fact of porosity in a single. It must be porous the other, and that, consequently, it is easy to drown a man by immersing him in water, although not so deep as to cover his mouth. The Chinese, however, in such warm weather, on such a subject, it is alleged that you can drown a man by immersing him in a tub of liquor, more especially if the liquor be made warm. A slight elevation of spirits may therefore be induced by immersing the feet, &c.

But we will languidly drop this subject, and observe that it is said that the rebel chiefs are not to be executed for the sake of health or for the sake of fashion, that mercenary consideration which has such influence, the best society, the opera, and every other mundane enjoyment, to give existence that zest which is *par excellence* life.

What but the highest enthusiasm in the cause of republican freedom could bring a Polish refugee from house to Fourteenth street, and live in the back of it for the sake of being near to the Union? Their fertility of notion, and the still more bending inducement of a living, is the fact that the Polish Hotel is "Kosciusko at Saratoga."

There is an advantage of going out of town in, that it rubs a little of the rust off a man. It also affords the very reverse of a rest to the mind, and therefore is a positive advantage. We are, consequently, informed by a young lady, a Cherokee of the Far West, that she is at home and at ease with the Indian question, and that the Indian as an ancient settler has no claim to be that which he is, and that the young lady has really undertaken to pay the board of a young lady, who is a native of the soil, and who is most comfortable up among good browns, by the little effort she has to make in order to get rid of her previous incumbrance. It is of life are the same now, when gold is 141, as when it was 100. It is very much the same thing as to the abstain from beef for one week, or from butter for one week, in order to relieve the poor. The consumption of the best-eaters and the butter-eaters unanimous. Both the butter and the beef are unanimous in the confession declared there were so many, that if they had been unanimous they would have carried him downstairs.

As farm as the weather has been, it has not been too warm for a very pretty little military review of the 2nd Division of the National Guard, which took place on Thursday. This affair came off at the armory in 14th street, and did great credit to the officers and men. Among the many causes "whose bright eyes rain influence and sighed every maiden's heart," was the presence of Miss Hattie M. Carr, a rosy-cheeked young lady, from the Emerald Isle, who, it is said, is the belle of the season. We presume it is on the principle of *media medicina*, that a touch of Hibernian is the best cure for the many recklessness of sieges.

Among the guests the general was serenaded at the Metropolitan Hotel, and, during the evening, Tilda saluted the gallant military men to become orators, stating every man to be a soldier, and every soldier, a public-talking national spirit, considering what it has done. Gen. Sickles was called upon, and, after a brief allusion to the days of Julius Cæsar and the result that many of his generals were found to quarrel with his success and finally to be assassinated, concluded with a few remarks upon the necessity of a standing army, and the duty of the militia to defend it.

Despite the warm weather there have been found several thousands of the salamander race to visit the theatres.

Barnum's, as usual, has been comparatively crowded, but not angelically so, that is to Mark's Patent Ventilator, which dispenses 10,000 feet of pure cool air every minute. The new work of Maddison Morton, or the Belle of the Faubourg," Barnum, like Wallack, understands management; and economy has been with him for years, and they know how to play into each others hands: hence all his dramas are well played, while the agreeable novelty of a star comes upon this well ordered scene like a beautiful fairy ship crowning the wave. There are two windows now on view and well worth a visit.

Mrs. Watkins has been charming her old friends at the Broadway, while Margie Mitchell at Niblo's, Miss Hosmer at the Winter Garden, and Wallack and company, at Wallack's Theatre, offer a choice of summer meats not often seen in one city.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—In Nevada City, Montana, flour rose one day recently, from $25 to $125 per 100 pounds. A "Grand Consolidated Gathering" is an imposition, formed a club, sensed what they required, and paid for it at the rate of $22 per 100 pounds.

Kirby Smith carries to Mexico, according to the Natchez *Courier*, $7,000,000 in specie. With this sum he ought to be able to buy out the bankrupt Maximilian, and have his place as the Emperor Napoleon's agent to extend the influence of "the great Latin race" on this continent.

The Secretary of State is issuing passports at the rate of 1,000 a month—some of which come on American soil, and are duly registered as No. 26.

The heat in one portion of California are having a very bad effect upon the rebel Vallejo. Wine, once in a government military ground, and the fancy of heavy contributions upon the Indians, are missed.

Connecticut has furnished 54,408 men during the war.

Goldwin Smith begins an article with the remark that in the city of New York, "America has produced the one mere ideal character, the most precious and inspiring of national possessions."

The rebel Lord Beauchamp having returned from the rebel army, the old man asked him in his quaint way, "Well, my lord, have you seen what you have been fighting for?" "Yes, father, we have been trying to force our slaves into freedom."

The Kansas City (Mo.) *Journal* says that peace reigns unbroken on the plains. The Indian hatchets have given up their inhuman business; the roads are safe for travel, and the farmers are restoring the waste places and putting in large crops.

The Legislature adopts by a large majority Senator Sumner's resolution in favor of the Chicago *Republican* says: "Mr. Lincoln has written a letter to the National Union convention, declining their nomination. Before the document was arched over the President's remains at the White House, it was read by Mr. Lincoln. Not to which it was to be placed, she would accept a proposition for the removal of the body to the legislature."

The watchfull room by the ladies is not without its uses. During the excitement of the fire, Mrs. Hamilton, a lady connected her jewelry and $1,000 in money in her hair, and then saved it to herself and husband.

The government undertaker at Nashville, since the federal occupation, has buried "the wife of one federal soldier and employer; also about 8,000 rebel soldiers and citizens, and 1,000 negroes."

The Raleigh *Record* says that in 1860 the population of the State was 992,622 whites, 361,522 free colored persons and 331,059 slaves, and that in 20 of the counter in the first district, 1,000 votes were cast for the whites, and that if negro suffrage is allowed, 54 votes would be cast for the blacks to the legislature.

The estate of our late President Lincoln is officially returned by Judge Davis, his friend and executor, as of the value of $75,000.

Bishop Andrews, of the M. E. Church, South, has issued a pastoral letter to the connexion advocating and a peaceful acquiescence in the new order of things.

The Treasury has resolved on cutting down expenses to the lowest point. He is known to favor reimbursement to the loyal men of the South of taxes which he will recommend to Congress. It is expected that the army will be reduced to 100,000 men by the new year.

Penn 17th, Edmund Ruffin, who achieved an unenviable notoriety by firing the first gun gun at Fort Sumter, committed suicide at his residence, near Petersburg upon the Richmond and Danville railroad. He intended to be present at the capture of Richmond, and taking a seat in a chair, took a gun, seated with also in the muzzle, and with his foot on the trigger, discharged the piece by pushing the trigger with a stick. He was found dead in the sitting room of his house. In a diary of his was found a memorandum stating that the social system of the United States must be overthrown, and took death in preference. In the same memorandum he said he would not survive the defeat of the South on the 4th of April (the day Gen. Lee surrendered) but that he would live to see the restoration of the Confederacy.

Havana advices of June 17th announce the arrival on the 8th of the U. S. steamer Tuscarora, Capt. Wilson (aid-de-camp to Jeff. Davis), and Gen. Slaughter. His party will proceed to Mexico to accept from the Emperor court in an open boat. They landed at Cardenas, whence they will go by land to Batabano, and thence by steamer to Belize. He was treated with great attention by the officer.

The Court of Appeals has declared that the new Constitution of Virginia abolishing the county courts of corporates are to be disbanded. The recent riot at Lynchburg was the result of the necessity of the claim to about be carried into effect.

Fort's Theatre, at Washington, the scene of the assassination of President Lincoln, has been sold to the Young Men's Christian Association for $25,000.

The Rebel Generals and Colonels of Augusta, Ga., announce that if any of their subscribers prefer to pay their subscriptions in anything in preference to gold, they are willing on these terms! Incom. 10 cents a bushel for corn, 25 cents a bushel for wheat, and 50 cents a flour, 5 cents a pound.

Saturday, June 30th, there was a very severe riot at Flushing, on the occasion of some private excursion parties returning from the sea. It is said that several were killed, and over 40 wounded.

Fire in Chicago.—There was quite a patherine of people on Saturday, June 30, at North Avenue, to witness the burning of the mansion of Mr. Cyrus H. McCormick's. The bridesmaid was Miss Hattie M. Carr, of Chicago, who took her place. After the ceremony a reception was given to the bridal party at the residence of Mr. Hedges, who was assisted by her charming daughter alma.

A flock of butterflies, four miles long, lately made its appearance in Kansas.

Idaho city, Idaho territory, was destroyed by fire, June 10th, causing a loss in the way of $1,000,000. The damage is over a million of dollars.

The funeral of Surgeon Cyrus of a Union soldier was buried in the cemetery at Andersonville; it was numbered 13,000 in the register. The bodies of deceased prisoners will be away for two years.

The military cemetery at Fort Royal contains the graves of 10,000 Union soldiers.

The seventeen year locusts are devouring everything that is green, in some parts of New York.

The largest Indian tribe now in the country is the Cherokees, which numbers about 19,000, including women and children.

Idaho does not seem to be much given to obey the law. The governor having ordered the removal of the capital to another town, the offended inhabitants drove him away.

On the 26th of June Gov. Pierpoint's message was received by the Virginia legislature sitting in Richmond. It treats of many subjects, the most important passage being, "Regarding negro slavery, as nothing now I have any control over that matter, it will, of course, not be a subject of your deliberations." He recommends the extension of the elective franchise to the white citizens now deprived of it.

A Frenchman has introduced into New York a one-horse power, non-explosive gas machine, and reduces the charge to $3 an hour, which includes everything.

A large deputation of Iowa farmers waited President Johnson on the 23d. They protested against the reinstatement of Governors, restoration of a writ habeas, and all the privileges of truly loyal men, to those who have been in arms. They were indefinite for their reasonable comfort.

The Rebel Brigadier-General Rhodes' brother, Rhodes, of Brooklyn, has disappeared, taking with him a large amount of money.

A New York Democratic Congressional convention estimate that $750,000 will be required for next year.

Charles H. Wilson, who was to have been executed in the Tombs, on the 23d of June, for the murder of his wife Frances, has been respited by Governor Seelon for two weeks.

A Richmond paper of Wednesday has the following:—"The funeral procession, yesterday, of a well known Major Wilmer Mcclean, the owner of a farm known as the battle-field where the first battle was fought in the late war, July 18, 1861, known as Bull Run. He is also owner of the house at Appomattox Court House, upon which the surrender of the famous and heroic army of Northern Virginia was signed."

A dispatch from New Westminster, the capital of British Columbia, says that the work of death in the wires of the Russian telegraph has commenced in that region. The line will soon be thrown into connection with the missing camps of Carriboo and the interior settlements.

The navy department has received information of the destruction of the rebel ram Stonewall, on the 5th inst., and its actual occupation on the 6th. The other vessels of the rebel fleet are also in the same condition. The occupation of Brownsville by Union forces is confirmed.

Personal.—The body of Colonel Charles Townsend was found in the river, on the 29th inst., and will shortly have been recovered from the south. He was only 23 years old. He fell from a boat during his sail.

Guizot, while walking in the dark from one room to another in his house, lately, fell, and has injured his left leg severely.

The Philadelphia *Press* says that the original writer of the Letters of Quiz, which are now going the rounds of the Democratic press, is a well known lawyer of that city, and a gentleman of great ability and of unquestionable honor.

Mr. Edward Vanloo, the Swiss Cavalinian, who off-red a reward of $10,000 for Butler's head, is living an object of terror at Geneva. He has taken the name of Brown.

Mr. Lundy has arrived at Halifax, *en route* for Hearth's Content, Newfoundland, to get all ready at that point for the reception of the cable.

General Pryor, Heintzelman and Banks, have resigned their commissions in the rebel army.

General Rousseau has received the nomination for United States Senator for Kentucky from a number of mass respectable citizens of that state, many of them having thought of him for Governor.

General Sickles is on his way home from Bogota.

Lieutenant-General Scott has published a contradiction to the effect that he has received any telegraphic murders will ever him.

Mr. Jefferson Booth, who was arrested in consequence of a letter of his to Wilkes Booth, has been unconditionally released from custody.

Obituary.—Sir Joseph Paxton, the famous architect of the next London Crystal Palace, now removed at Sydenham, died on the 8th inst., aged 61. He was born in 1803, and was head gardener to the Duke of Devonshire, at Chatsworth, when he built the first house in the line and laid to send in a design for the great International Exhibition of 1851, and he received the knighthood.

Mrs. W. H. Seward, wife of Secretary Seward, died on the 21st inst., at Washington, aged 61. She was daughter of the Hon. Elijah Miller, of Orange county, New York.

Rear-Admiral Samuel Francis Dupont died at the Delaware House, Philadelphia, on the 23d inst. He was born at Bergen, N. J., on the 27th of Sept., 1803, and entered the navy in 1815. In 1861 Capt. Dupont was in command of the Warren, and on the West India station. He was subsequently ordered to the coast and placed to the Pacific on the frigate Congress. In February, 1861, he was appointed to the command of the Pacific Mexican war; in 1856 he was made full captain; in 1857, to the Mediterranean; in 1858 to the Brooklyn navy yard; in China; in 1862 he was appointed to the command of the Philadelphia navy yard; in 1863 he was placed in command of the South Atlantic blockading squadron, and supported Fort Sumter; in 1862 he took Fernandina, Fla.; in 1863 he commanded our fleet in the battle in Charleston harbor, and was relieved by Admiral Dahlgren. He was succeeded by Admiral Lardner, and has been during the war United States District Court for Western Pennsylvania.

Gen. Charles Ellet died of the death of Governor J. D. Doty, of Utah territory.

Foreign.—A new magazine, called the *Argosy*, is announced to be edited by Charles Reade, Mrs. Mulock, and the *Temple Bar* writers are among its contributors.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says the picture gallery amounted to $50,000.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* announces that Prince Napoleon Jerome has become reconciled to the emperor on the question of the annexation, on condition of over doing so again.

Le Journal de Nice publishes the following rather good reparte: A person of fat whom the enemy fired last night is represented to call at the Prefect of Police, and asks him his name.

The late approach to the Shah of Persia is about to be carried out in the course of Europe, during a 6th Peterzhop.

The abolition society has been started in Spain. The plan is to be practical, not immediate. They intend to begin at once by purchasing the freedom of a certain Abolitionist.

An English missionary was recently destroyed by some of his associated parishioners in New Zealand.

Over 5,000 photographs of Booth have been sold by one firm in London.

PHOTOGENICS.—As the glorious Fourth will soon be here, and as it is the usual time for the most unusual enthusiasm, it is well to know that Eagle's Panorama Emporium can be purchased at 54 Broadway.

SONGS FOR ALL SEASONS.—We have received a very beautiful little book, illustrated, published by Richard & Dublin, Boston, entitled "Songs for all Seasons," by Alfred Tennyson.

There are not that the time devoted to pastime is unproductive of good results; for, if well chosen, it proves a medium for exercising imaginative powers, diverting the mind, and often conveying deeper impressions than the reading a sound chapter of reading on such subjects would do.



FRONT VIEW OF THE UNION HOTEL, BROADWAY, SARATOGA, N. Y., AS RECENTLY ENLARGED BY THE PROPRIETORS, LELAND BROTHERS.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. ALBERT BERGHAUS.

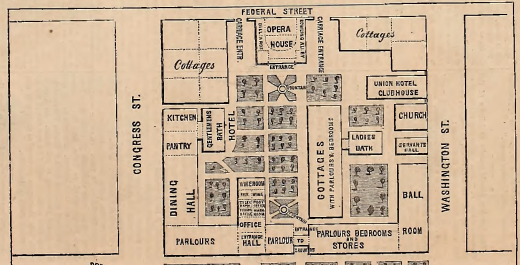
UNION HOTEL AT SARATOGA.

Of one many summer resorts—all of them delightful in their way—Saratoga may be considered the *crême de la crême*—the Baden of America. Next in importance to the Springs, so celebrated all over the world, is the great Union Hotel, hardly less celebrated, of which the Messrs. Lelands are proprietors. Under the enterprising management of those gentlemen, the Union Hotel has become one of the institutions of the land, and may be considered fairly to contrival the celebrated *Hotel de Louvre*, in Paris. An idea of the immensity of the establishment may be formed from the fact that it covers an area of about seven acres, and was built and stocked at a cost of more than half a million of dollars. The following is a brief history of the hotel and its appurtenants: In the spring 1865 the Messrs. Lelands purchased the Putnam and Payne property, known as Union Hall property, for $300,000, and also a block of lots for the purpose of obtaining fresh spring water. Last spring they purchased the Ainsworth property (the north wing), corner of Broadway and Washington street, for $120,000, the Washington Putnam property, for extending the grounds and for a few houses, for $20,000; for the Gold spring, with lying necessary pipe, $7,000; and six lots for enlarging the barns, $6,500. They have erected two substantial brick building, 30 by 80 feet, four stories high, French slate roof—for plunge, shower, hot and cold-water baths—at an expense of $40,000; have extended the dining-room on Congress street, five stories high, 70 by 80 feet, after the style of the Tuileries of Paris, at an expense of $40,000, and built an opera-house, with a capacity for accommodating 1,500 persons, at an expense of $60,000.

As an evidence of the expenditures on the inside of the building, it is only necessary to say that the bills for carpets, silverware and crockery alone, amounted to $46,000.

The dining-room proper, of the Union, with wide and airy spaces through the hall and between the tables, accommodates 1,000 persons, while by the addition of the north piazza, expressly designed as an auxiliary, the dining-room capacity is increased to 1,400. The number of rooms of the Union—most of them spacious, and many of them in suits for the accommodation of families—is 797; of which 250 have been added by the Lelands.

The buildings, surrounded by a beautiful park, which is shaded with elm trees (some of which have, at full growth, been recently transplanted upon the grounds), are to be illuminated with gas.



The first great event of the season at the Union, will be the grand military ball of July 4th, which will be attended by scores of distinguished characters, among them Gen. Grant, it is said.

FIRE AT NASHVILLE.

At two o'clock P.M., on the 9th inst., Nashville was visited by one of the most destructive conflagrations that ever occurred in that city. The flames were first discovered proceeding from the south half of the immense government building, known as Taylor's depot, on Summer street, below Broad, and in less than three hours the entire structure, and its contents, amounting to about $4,000,000 worth of quarter-master's stores, was destroyed. The origin of the fire is not known; some attribute it to sparks ejected from a locomotive, others to the work of an incendiary. The consternation of the populace congregated in the vicinity of the conflagration, is said to have been beyond description. The heat was so great that the firemen could not stand within 100 feet of the building.

The following, which is but a partial list of the property destroyed, will convey some idea of the extent of the damage done by the fire:

In the list of the building there were 800,000 pounds of wagon grease, 100 barrels of tar, 10,000 pounds of oakum, and 300 bales of oakum, 200 pounds of rosin, 20,000 pounds of pitch about 7,000 pounds of harness' grease, 1,000 wheelbarrows, 3,000 water-buckets, 500 sets of blacksmiths' tools, 300 anvils, 200 bellows, 300 portable forges, 300 vices, an immense amount of running gear for wagons, and 4 600 heating stoves.

On the first floor there were 75,000 pounds of harness leather, 60,000 kegs of horse-shoe and cut nails, 6,000 boxes of sheet tin, 25,000 pounds of iron washers, 25,000 pounds of rope, 2,000 pounds of paint, 20,000 feet of lead pipes, 2,500 gallons of mannfoot oil, 2,000 pounds of bridle leather, 15,000 feet of belting, 200 circular saws, 7,000 picks and handles, 3,000 lanterns, 12,000 files, 2,500 hay-forks, 13,000 axes and handles, 10,000 augurs, about 300 chests of valuable horse medicines, 6,000 wagon covers, 3,000 sets of harness, 3,000 horse-brushes, 4,000 jockey whips, 11,000 neck-straps, 5,000 halter-chains, 3,500 bridle bits, 2,000 wagon spokes, and an immense quantity of boxes containing glass.

A JERSEY man was lately arrested for flogging a woman, and excused the act by saying he was near-sighted, and thought it was his wife!



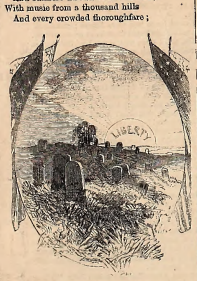
GROUNDS OF THE UNION HOTEL, SARATOGA, N. Y., SHOWING THE NEW OPERA-HOUSE, BATH-HOUSES, ETC.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. ALBERT BERGHAUS.

FOR THE NATION'S BIRTHDAY.

July 4th, 1865.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

WITH roar of guns, and clang of bells,
And banners thrown to kiss the air,
With music from a thousand hills
And every crowded thoroughfare;



With hearts that chant the jubilee,
Alight with freedom's holy ray,
We sing the anthem of the free,
And usher in our natal day.

We hear the cannon's thund'rous roar,
As from some Southern battle plain;
Thank God! our battle days are o'er,
We hope to never come again.
We lift our eyes toward the sky
And see the flag our father's gave,
And think how sweet 'twould be to die
Where'er its grand old folds could wave.

We think of all—the night of war,
Our flag's disgrace, our nation's pain,
And look toward the Union star,
Whose light shall not be dimmed again.
And through the values of our souls,
We feel a thankful, grateful joy;
But ah! a shadow backward rolls,
Our gladness has a dark alloy.

Where are the heroes, true and tried,
Who went to freedom's battle forth?
Hark to the answer—they have died
As die the heroes of the north;
Some on the blood-red battle plain,
Where cannons rang their funeral knell,
And some with sickness' lingering pain,
Have hid the world and life farewell,
And they are heroes—every one—
No matter where their graves are made;
The warfare of their life is done;
Where'er a soldier's form is laid,
The springs, through coming peaceful years,
Shall bend to kiss the sacred sod—
The skies shall drop their tender'st tears,
O'er those who died for right and God.

Ah! many a heart will ache to-day,
And many an eye grow dim with tears,
As down the future's lonesome way
They look upon the shadowed years.
Oh! weeping mothers of the North,
Oh! wives who miss your husband's kiss,
'Twas God who called your loved ones forth;
Look up and see His hand in this.
Fling out thy folds to greet the sky,
Oh! grandest flag the world e'er knew,
For thee the nation's heroes die,
For thee have died the tried and true
The blot that dimmed thy hues, is gone;
From out the red baptismal flood
Arise, new-born, at freedom's dawn,
Thy stain is washed away in blood.

THE PRAIRIE GIRLS' DUEL.

BY MRS. LILLIE DEVEREAUX UMPSTEAD.

OUT on the prairies, almost west of sundown, was a little settlement. Far around it, stretched miles and miles of wild country, primeval forests, unexplored hills and vast plains, seemingly boundless as the ocean, and quite as trackless. It stood nearly under the shadow of the Rocky Mountains, a last outpost of civilization between the Missouri and the Pacific.

Life in this frontier village was not the effeminate existence of an eastern city, where every pleasure is enervating, and the only excitement that of money-making, but a stirring episode, in which each day was crowded with incident, while the constant presence of danger lent a zest to any



THE DUEL.

amusement, and a wild delight to the pursuit of the hunt or the chase. Here any man's house was built, not for display but for safety, so that each one was a little citadel well stored with arms, for here various terrors constantly threatened the settlers. Treated Indians, whose land they subdued, might at any time attack them, to seek, in a frightful massacre, revenge for their forefathers' wrongs; from the mountains, prowling bears watched for the lives of any who strayed far and alone, and all night the long howl of the wolves warned them of the perpetual vicinity of a deadly foe.

In such a community, where men and women alike were inured to hardships, and accustomed to danger, the young girls were more hardy than most young men at the east. Here were none of the delicate belles with fair complexions and delicate hands, to whom every exertion is a weariness and labor an impossibility, but a race of stalwart damsels, broad-shouldered and firmly knit in frame, with eyes as bright as a mountain eagle's, skins that were bronzed with sun and wind, and hands that could manage a rifle better than a parasol.

Among those who most excelled in all employments which we should call masculine, were the two rival belles of Rocktown, as this village was called. Aurora Field was the only child of a widowed mother; her father had died very soon after he brought his young wife to this western settlement, and for many years Mrs. Field had



"DO YOU THINK HE IS DYING."

found it a hard and desperate struggle to support her young child and herself; but from the time Aurora grew up all this was changed. She early showed a passionate ambition to learn to excel in all the parents by which the settlers earned a living, and her persistent perseverance, joined to great natural ability, before long crowned her efforts with success. At twenty she had, by her own exertions, been enabled to build a cottage for her mother and herself. Her garden was the best and most productive in the village; the wheat in her fields seemed greener than in any others; but best of all, Aurora was as skilful a hunter as any in Rocktown. Yes, this young girl had the heart of a lion's mane in her virgin breast, and the stories of her prowess in the chase were the favorite theme of her mother. The rooms of her little cottage were adorned with the spreading antlers of the deer she had shot, and the packet of furs she sold to the traders every spring, were most of them the spoils of her dexterity and ingenuity. This young amazon stood a good five feet six, with a figure as faultless as Diana's, "iron-jointed and supple-sinewed." Her face was very handsome, for under the brown skin the rich blood flushed out in the roses of youth and health, her dark eyes flashed with the laughing light of good nature and quick intelligence, and her chestnut hair hung in thick, unbraided curls, that had never known hairpin or tucking comb, but were kept trimmed for neatness and convenience, so that they adorned her well-shaped head like a flowing coronet.

Julia Dalton, the rival queen, was the daughter of the wealthiest settler in Rocktown. With her no necessity had urged to learn the use of a rifle or how to manage a restive horse, but a natural desire for superiority, which in her ambitious spirit made it hard to endure a rival or acknowledge a better. She was the spoiled child of her father's heart, and he had taken great pains to teach her to excel in all the hardy sports of the village, so that as a matter of pride she was the best rider, the swiftest horse, and pull a better oar on the turbid river, than any other girl in Rocktown but Aurora Field; here she was forced to own an equal, and in some respects a superior. Never yet had Julia outdone Aurora in anything; many times, when pitted against each other, their success had been alike, but more than once Aurora had come out the victor, and while Julia could forgive, she could hardly she grew to hate with a desperate dislike this girl who, in the midst of her triumphs, was always so amiable, coming back a laughing word to every annoying word, and generally offering to share the fruits of her prowess with her defeated antagonist. Julia knew, too, that Aurora was far more of a favorite then she; her frank manners, and the delicate tact in that was always looming around her pretty mouth and dimpling up her cheek, made her more popular than Julia's more reserved address, and yet, perhaps, the latter was strictly speaking, the handsomer of the two. She was an inch taller than Aurora, and her figure was more elegant, for she had not yet outgrown girlhood. Her face was a faultless oval, with features more regularly harmonious than Aurora could boast; her complexion was dark, but from every cheek but a clear olive naturally; her hair, as black as night, was coiled around her head in lustrous masses, and her large black eyes were sparkling in combe color and length of shading lash.

There was one point in which Julia was incontestably superior to Aurora, and that was in education. She had been away from home for two years at a boarding-school, and had acquired a fair average education, while Aurora's literary accomplishments amounted to nothing more than knowing how to read, and being able to keep her accounts. But at this sort of attainment Aurora only laughed; she cared little enough for what she called such nonsense, and was quite content that Julia should know more of history, or geography, than she did, provided she could beat her at riding or rowing, and at shargeshooting.

Of course the two girls had each of them suitors enough. Julia's small mirror and her own high mind made desperate work with the hearts of half-a-dozen young men, and Julia's extraordinary beauty, joined to her accomplishments, had made her some of the best offers that Rocktown or even some of the nearest frontier towns could boast. Thus far no young lady seemed to have any charm in the least impressed by any of her admirers. It is true that Aurora gave some encouragement to the devotions of Hugh Wallace, the most elegant young hunter in Rocktown, but thus far he had been unable to draw her an assurance that his hopes would one day be crowned with success. And yet it seemed a strange that Aurora could resist him. For he was handsome enough to turn with fearless gray eyes, and thick, curling, dark hair and beard, standing a clear six feet three in his stockings, erect and finely proportioned was his figure. But up to this time Aurora had only laughed at him when he had urged her to promise to be his wife, and told him that she did like the confidence too well, to give it up for any man.

And now, dear reader, to introduce my favorite pair some, I will proceed to relate my story, always premising that these prairie girls are not to be judged by the standard we should apply to our city ladies.

One day Aurora and Julia had a famous race on the prairie. Of late the dislike between them had grown so great that they rarely met where they could avoid it, and this cmulty sprang up, it must be confessed, principally from Julia. Aurora knew she did not like her, but she would not have cared much for this, had it not been that she found Julia's manner gradually growing so disagreeable that, in self-defence, she thought it best to keep out of her way. But this afternoon accident brought about a meeting. Aurora had been out for a day of grouse-shooting on the prairies, when just after she had commanded her horse to ride home, she encountered Julia. Aurora looked the handsomer in dress and equipment. She wore a short dress of dark green cloth, and full wide trousers, her ordinary costume being in this style, for in Rocktown bloomers were the rule and not the exception, and long skirts would have been absurd in the sort of life she lead. She had stout boots on her well shaped feet, and heavy gauntlets on her fine-knit hands; on her head she wore a round cap that suited admirably her pretty face and dimpling curls. The only speck of coquetry in her toilette was in the scarlet bow that properly confined her neat white collar. She rode a strongly-built Mustang pony, and had her bag of game in front of her, her powder-flask and shot-pouch in her belt, and her rifle slung at her back, looked a veritable young Nimrod.

Julia's dress was much more in accordance with the notions of propriety it was a well made habit, with long skirts, a rolling hat adorned with black feathers, and quite a stylish standing collar and cravat. She was mounted on the handsomest bay horse in her father's stables.

Aurora was trotting down the road towards Rocktown, whistling merrily, when she encountered her rival.

"Good afternoon, Julia," she cried, with a little friendly nod.

Julia responded with a cold bow, and then, as Aurora was in the same direction for a little, she added pleasantly:

"Nice afternoon for a ride, isn't it?"

"Yes, Miss Aurora," said Julia, "but your horse is pretty well used-up by a day's work I suppose."

"Not a bit of it—fresh as a lark; he's been tied up pretty much all day long, while you been walking the prairies for grouse."

"I heard the other day that you and your mustang could beat the best horse I owned."

"So I did," replied Aurora, with a little allowance of censure.

"Well, I believe this is about as good a horse as I have—are you afraid to try?"

"No, Miss Dalton, you know I'm not afraid of anything," returned Aurora, with her eyes flashing; "although my pony can't near the size of your horse, he's a better built horse than he, and will beat yours all to pieces."

"We'll see," said Julia, with her teeth set. "It's five miles from here to the river, let's see who'll be there first."

"Agreed!" cried Aurora, without more words the two girls turned their horses, and started like the wind down the road. Julia had a little the advantage in the start, Aurora's pony would not go at once after her, but as they dashed down the prairie path she urged on her little mustang with so much spirit that she soon regained the distance and was neck and neck with her antagonist; for some distance the girls rode on in silence, their horses, never looking right or left, but flying along like two rival nymphs of Diana. But the contest was not to be decided by speed of foot. Aurora began to have a misgiving that all was not right with her pony, and had not taken her from defeat before the end of the five miles, when, as they dashed past a little clump of trees that grew on the bank of the river, Aurora was caught what seemed to be a faint groan.

Instantly she slackened rein; careless of the result of the race, she drew up her pony and listened. Yes, that was surely a human groan, and Aurora turned her pony to a halt. Julia, for a moment, thought she had really beaten her rival defeated, but in an instant glancing around she saw what had occasioned it.

"Ah, ha!" she laughed. "You have stopped; you are beat!"

But Aurora did cried Aurora, impatiently, "but don't you hear? there is some one groaning here."

Julia instantly rode back to the copse where Aurora had paused, forgetting her enmity. She drew up her horse almost as soon as Aurora, and the two entered the bushes together. Both had, for the moment, laid aside all dislike, and were united in the common humanity.

A little, search and distressing the sound of the groans, they soon came to the sufferer. It was a boy of ten or twelve years, apparently, in appearance. He was young and handsome. Both the girls saw that at a glance. He had clear-cut, regular features, fair hair and complexion, and his skin was pale, not merely from loss of blood, but from the delicacy of a city life.

"Poor child!" said Aurora, as she dropped on her knees beside him; "his jacket is all stained with blood; he must have been shot."

"Do you think he is dead?"

"Not yet, I hope; but we must stop this bleeding. Here, Julia, give me your handkerchief, and even her shirt, with hands that did not falter in the work of humanity from any false delicacy.

Julia threw a little silk companion exposed the white chest; but for all that she helped to staunch the hemmorrhage with her handkerchief as well as Aurora.

"That will do better," said Aurora, as she bound the cost; "it's rough doctoring, but it's better than none. What can have shot the child?"

Lo! look at his hands, why they are whiter even than yours, Julia!"

Julia smiled at the compliment.

"And now what's to be done next?"

"We must put him on my horse and carry him home."

"Why your horse?" asked Julia, jealously.

"Because he is lower than yours, and he can get on better."

But just at this moment the young man opened a pair of fine blue eyes, and gazed with astonishment on his two preservers.

"Water!" he gasped; "for God's sake give me some water!"

"Water!" repeated Julia, in dismay. "What shall we do? there is none nearer than the river or the village."

"Yes there is," said Aurora." Do you suppose I go out on a long day's hunt without water?" and as she spoke she drew out a pocket flask, and raising the young man's head on her knee, gave him a draught of what truth compels me to state was undied water, but well tempered with whisky. It seemed to revive him wonderfully; he spoke quite strongly this time.

"Thank you," he said; "thank you; you have saved my life."

A slight frown contracted Julia's brow, as she saw that he looked only at the pretty face bending over him; but Aurora hastened to say:

"You must thank us both for that, if you thank either."

Then the stranger looked at Julia, and this time there was so much admiration in his blue eyes that she colored again.

"And you, too, must let me take you home?" Aurora added.

"Yes," I shall be most grateful for your help, for I fear I can hardly go on alone with. I was shot by an Indian," he explained. "In the fight the other day, and in the confusion, I crawled in here to save myself from sculping. It was a awful scene," and he closed his eyes, as if to shut out his horror. "There has been a fright and massacre; I believe I am the only survivor of the mail party to Rocktown."

"Oh!" exclaimed Aurora, "what is heavy news indeed!"

One or two more questions on a theme of so much interest, and then the two girls addressed themselves to the task of removing the young stranger. It was able to walk with their help, though very slowly and feebly, and by their joint efforts was placed on Aurora's pony. She walked beside it, supporting him on one side while Julia gave him what help she could on the other. Then going on slowly, a discussion soon arose as to who should take him home; each she proffered her house as his asylum, but he set the matter at rest by saying, with many thanks:

"I have relations in Rocktown, and by my faith, I'll be so old friend of mine, and I was on my way to see them when this happened. "My name is Charlie Walton," he added, "I live in New York, but my health has not been good, of late, and I was sent out here on a journey across the plains. On my way I thought I would visit my old friend Niebol, and see how he liked frontier life; so I joined the mail party to Rocktown, and then came near losing my life."

Perhaps both the girls were disappointed by the information that the stranger was glad to visit his her rival would not have possession of the handsome stranger. And so, after conveying Charlie to the house of Niebol, a very physician in Rocktown, and seeing him warmly received they bade him good-by, and with more than usual cordiality parted from each other, to return to their distinct houses.

Charlie's wound proved to be not at all severe, and under his friend's skillful nursing he soon recovered. Indeed Dr. Niebol found it, on the third day, so much advanced that there was other wise, this shot in the chest, as it turned out to be a cure, though some what severe yet quite slight. But the young stranger's convalescence he had before suffered from. So that in a few weeks Charlie was about the village, feeling better than he had for many months before, with his pale cheeks lighted with a delicate rose tint of health, his fair hair and mustache carefully dressed, and his handsome face and stylish air full of appearance that he was the wonder and admiration of the young girls in the town. He was good friends with their fathers, and he had devoted as he paid only to those two who had first saved him.

Of course Aurora was puzzled, his attentions were so equally divided. If he walked about with one day with Julia, he was of coming the next morning to Aurora's house. And one afternoon beside Julia on her handsome bay horse, he was seen the next morning grouse-shooting with Aurora. Of course, he could see no preference, for even the girls themselves, not even Charlie himself, to tell the truth. He liked them both amazingly, they were something irresistibly fascinating to him in Aurora's frank manner, her bright face, and perfectly unconventional style of proceeding, to the young girl trained to hide herself fearlessly with him on all sorts of distant excursions, and the novelty of the possible danger as she was careless of the terror of possible beast or lurking Indian. To watch her as in her young amazonian dress, all of the sex, her loose shirt with its rolling collar displaying shapely her well rounded form, her face flushed with exercise, and her eyes sparkling with excitement, to mark the unstudied grace of her attitudes as she brought the rifle to her shoulder, and to note the unerring aim with which she fired, was a very charming to a man of the world, accustomed to the world manners and artificial attractions of city women.

But, then, with Julia there was perhaps even a more dangerous fascination; this girl was as unaffected as her rival, but she had much more study of the rules of society, and to see her check pride at his admiration, and that only made Aurora laugh, and to watch the deep lustre that those splendid black eyes grow humid at his approach—and then to appear so harmless as the innocent flirtation with Aurora.

In the midst of all this was very nice for Charlie, it was likely, at any time, to prove anything but a harmless sport to the girls. Julia was desperately and hopelessly in love with him almost from the first moment of their meeting, and Aurora had well enough to encourage very decidedly his attentions. If Julia had disliked Aurora, she had counted the hours when Charlie was with Aurora—every second an age of pain. There was still another person who was miserable about this time, and that was Hugh Wallace. He detested this handsome young New Yorker, who had come there and absorbed so much of the time of the woman he loved. It is true Aurora was always kind, and seemed glad as ever to see him, but then all knew he had not the polish and grace of this city stranger, and he feared desperately that her heart would be wiled away from him by his fascinating manners.

Thus matters stood when a grand picnic and shooting match came off near Rocktown. Charlie Walton was the principle mover in this affair. He was such a general favorite that it was not very hard for him to induce young people to join him in a day of frolic; he wanted to see something of the far-famed skill of the men at rifle-shooting, and it was agreed to make this a great day, which should begin with a picnic, be continued by a shooting match, and end with a dance in the evening.

The spot selected for the excursion was a lovely glen, distant only about half a mile from the village, as it was not safe for the male population to absent itself extensively on any great distance. This place was so near home that the ladies could easily be informed if any danger threatened their unarmed homes. The day chosen proved a lovely one. A clear September morning ushered in long bright hours of warm sunshine and cloudless beauty.

The collation, which came off at noon, was entirely successful; it was partaken of with immense gusto. Many groups of young people lounging among the rocks, and using stones for tables, and the prairie grass for plates. Among these Charlie was gayest of the gay, flying from one place to another, carrying laughter and mirth with him wherever he appeared. He flattered about like a handsome butterfly, from flower to flower, and there was scarcely a girl's cheek there but received a blush at a deeper flush at his approach, but with all his manner was so frank that their own vanity or love of them objected to his gay compliments.

Julia had that morning achieved a great triumph, and she had come with her. Yes, he was her escort, and she had conducted herself so well, would have him with her all day; but in this she was grievously disappointed, for as we have seen, as soon as he had reached the scene of the picnic his attentions spirit second to possess him, and he went wandering off with Aurora to another, often deserting Julia for a long time together. She sat watching him, with pale face and glittering eyes, as, after passing a group of young ladies, he flung himself down at last beside Aurora. There she saw his handsome face turned towards her lovely rival with most unmistakable admiration; she saw her look down to whisper in his ear, and even heard their merry laughter come ringing across the glen to her ears, like a knell of wretchedness.

It was very wrong for Aurora to be flirting thus openly, for she had come over this morning with Hugh Wallace, and the poor fellow was looking against a tree just back of her, quite as wretched as Julia herself. Aurora hated, and had broken up by the signal for the beginning of the shooting match.

"I must leave you now, Aurora; you know I came with Julia," said Charlie, as he started up.

"Yes, I came with Hugh," replied Aurora; and added, a little maliciously, "Poor girl, she has been forlorn enough while you have been away."

"Indeed!" Well, then, I must do my best to console her."

As Charlie ran off Aurora turned to Hugh. He met her with such a woe-begone expression on his face that she was deeply touched.

"Oh, Hugh, you don't mind my talking to Charlie, do you?"

"I don't know, Aurora, whether I ought to or not, but you know how much I love you, and you may guess how much I like to see you seem to prefer anyone."

Aurora frowned slightly at the ardent tone of the last words.

"Charlie Walton and I are good friends, that's all; but think Hugh Wallace, I don't give you the right to ask my questions at all."

"I know it, Aurora," sighed Hugh. "You know that I love you with all my heart, yet you will not give you care for me at all."

Aurora laughed as she took his arm, and the glance of her merry eyes was kind enough to console Hugh very considerably for any melancholy he might have felt.

"Now, Hugh, when Charlie rejoined Julia, she took of utter misery went to his heart; he saw and knew how great a love she had for him, and while yet he could not help whispering to her that all sorts of tender words, that brought the color back to her dark cheek, and the light to her eyes, long before they reached the village green, where the shooting match was to come off. Here Hugh Wallace had everything his own way; he could shoot with ease, and brought them to Aurora, who was flushed with delight at his victory, and welcomed him with a smile that made his heart proved her deep interest in his success.

Then these prizes were over, the young girls had their meal of chat. This was the part of the day upon which Charlie had especially counted, and he was resolved he was off. He took place at Julia's side, with a hasty apology, to stand beside each one of the fair competitors, with a cheering word and gay smile. The prize which Aurora gained was his own watch and chain, a very elegant affair, so elaborately wrought as to be more suitable for a lady's wear than a man's. He had bought it in a caprice, and was now heartily glad that he had it to offer as the contending damsels.

It was surprising what good shots they nearly all were—these young amazons of the west. One after another they stepped out, and, with excellent aim, sent the bullets away into the target, and generally close to the bull's eye. They had all tried their luck but Julia and Aurora, who, with the easy assurance of victory, chose to be last. Julia was a little nervous as she advanced. It was Charlie who loaded her rifle for her, and he was by her side, whispering, in his sweetest tones:

"For my sake, Julia, you must be sure to win."

But that eloquent look, those earnest words, were not calculated to steady her nerves, and when she raised her rifle to her shoulder her hand trembled and her shots were all three of them unusually bad. She turned away her face, dark as death in passion and rage, as she heard Charlie's voice exclaiming:

"Oh, terrible, horrible! Why no one to try to look for those shots!"

She ran alone to her seat and sat down with a heart full of anger and hatred for the haughty girl who had taken her place. Hugh Wallace had loaded Aurora's rifle and stood by her side, but Charlie was forgiving none her aid. As she took her place, he stepped close to her with some low words, but she stopped him by turning upon him her clear eyes, full of reproof, in a very audible tone:

"Stand back, Charlie Walton. I don't mean you to come here and upset my aim with some of your nonsensical flattery, as you did Julia Bolton's just now."

Julia groaned her teeth with rage at the words and started to her feet. Just then Aurora lifted her rifle, and with the coolness of a practised shot adjusted the aim, and sent a ball right through the bull's-eye. A shout proclaimed her victory, and Julia, with glittering eyes and white face, drew a little nearer. Charlie was loud in his congratulations; Julia could hear every word of his eager praise. Aurora only laughed, while Hugh's deep eyes grieved with an earnest pleasure that made it to have been better than all Charlie's extravagant expressions.

Again Aurora took her reloaded rifle, and again the ball flew straight to the mark. Julia was crazed beyond reason by this and Charlie's fresh burst of delight in her prowess. For the third and last time Aurora raised her rifle, but just as she had adjusted the sight and had her finger on the trigger, Julia uttered her name in a quick, hoarse voice:

"Aurora!"

Any lower less calmly steady than Aurora's would have been upset. Had her finger on the delicate trigger trembled in the least, the ball would have lodged outside of the mark, inside that, for Aurora had nerves of steel and a will of iron, and she slowly dropped the rifle and turned a resolute face, with no angry eyes, to Julia.

"Stand back, Julia Bolton," she said; "you have no business here."

"I will stand where I please," retorted Julia, with pallid lips.

"How can you?" exclaimed Aurora. "Don't you know it's cause to try to spoil my aim?"

"Ah, ah!" laughed Julia. "Are you afraid of me? After all, they, Aurora Field, you are a coward."

Aurora's eyes fairly blazed indignant lightning.

"I'll not stop to pay you words now," she said. "But this quarrel is disgraceful now; to-morrow we will settle it."

"To-morrow," repeated Julia, with trembling lips. "No; to-night" and she dropped back a pace.

Then Aurora set her teeth tight, and turned again to the target. Once more she raised the rifle to her shoulder, and, adjusting it carefully, shot her ball half as unerringly to the centre as the two first. Cheer after cheer summoned her victory. Julia, with a face dark as Nemisis, unseconded her success, and saw Charlie drop on his knees before Aurora, and present her the box containing the chain.

Aurora for once more all smiles and blushes, her momentary anger seemingly forgotten. Julia could endure it no more, and with a heart full of almost despairing envy and jealousy, stole away.

Neither of the young men had heard enough of the dialogue between the two girls to see how serious it was. Charlie liked Aurora so well that he was heartily glad of her success, and this time Hugh was very jealous, for he saw how Aurora's bright eyes had looked first towards him amid the triumph, and he offered her his arm to lead her away—a proud, loud, happy man. When the excitement had a little subsided, Charlie turned to look for Julia; but she had disappeared, and a good deal annoyed at the neglect he thought she had seemed very pointed, he went off in search of her.

Meantime Aurora walked home with Hugh to change her dress for the evening. A regret at the moment at the gate of the cottage, and then bade her goodby, with the promise to rejoin him at home. Aurora started up the little bordered path to the door, but was arrested after a few steps by a dark shadow which started out from behind the bushes.

"Julia Bolton!" she exclaimed. "What brought you here?"

"Revenge!" said Julia, and her eyes glistened as she spoke with a fierce fire. "You told me my words were false and abhorrent; I have come to prove them true."

"You said I was a coward," replied Aurora, with sudden anger, "and you know that was a lie."

"Alie!" hissed Julia. "Prove it, then, Aurora Field. We are two women, and so long as neither of say we must fight; but I dare you to stand before me, and let us test by which is the best shot in a struggle of life and death."

"You want to fight a duel!" exclaimed Aurora.

"Yes; I want to end this long contest. I hate you, Aurora Field, and you hate me;" she added passionately: "I will not live any longer to suffer from your taunting successes. I will either kill you or die in the attempt."

"Oh, but it's absurd for me two girls to fight a duel," urged Aurora.

"Ah, then you are afraid," sneered Julia. "You are a coward!"

Aurora's cheek flushed at the word with ready anger.

"I am not a coward; but, Julia, remember, I am a better shot than you."

"So you boast; but I will prove that false, too! Ah, you think to frighten me; but I had better die than endure this life another day, and if you will not fight with me I will denounce you throughout the village for a coward and a liar!"

Aurora's will prairie blood was on fire now.

"Well, let us end this at once, then," she said: "I do not know why I should endure such insults more than a man. Your blood be on your own head!"

"Come then," was all the reply that Julia made. She cannot, of course have any seconds; we must fight it out alone."

"Go on," replied Aurora, in a resolute voice; "choose the place yourself—our weapons we have with us."

Julia went out of the little gate, and Aurora followed in silence. The sunset was beginning to fade, but it was still light enough for their purpose, as they walked rapidly away from the village, and soon reached a spot screened from view by a little copse. Here Julia halted when she had reached an open space, sheltered on all sides by small trees, and came to a stand.

"This is the moment," said Julia, and she came close up to her antagonist, her dark eyes glittering, and her white teeth set. "Whoever loses this day shall live no longer."

"Ah!" cried Aurora, "that then is your real reason. You want to fight for the love of that man Conrad stranger."

"Yes," replied Julia; "I care not if you know it now that I do not mean to be robbed of him by yours or mine this night, wholly and for ever."

"You shall see!" and a faint smile curled Aurora's lovely lips. He exasperated Julia intensely.

"Go in" said she, "if the village clock will strike eight, and I will count the moments, as the fourth stroke I shall fire, and we will see if at last your pride will not be humbled."

Aurora coldly smiled, but she looked earnestly at Julia, and said:

"Won't you shake hands? I never fought a duel before, but I have heard that antagonists do it."

"No!" retorted Julia angrily, "I detest you, and I will not pretend to be friends with you. I will kill you if I can, or you may kill me—it's no use keeping terms."

And without another word, she turned her back and walked resolutely off the twenty steps. Again Aurora's eyes swept over Aurora's face, and then she, too, measured off the distance, and turning at the agreed point, the two rivals faced each other.

They each wore the hunting costume that had won admiration from Charlie's pen, with full buttons, pink ribbon under her white collar, and a black hat and feather on her shining curls, while Aurora's had a cockade pinned from a button of her jacket. Julia watched the light shine on it in the moments of waiting, and set her heart to her deadly purpose.

So these two girls stood there, the shadow of the trees brooding over them on one side, on the other the sun, just sinking in splendor, reflected the crowning sky gleaming brightly with the vanishing hues of sunset, and the sound alternately of the quiet and the faint sigh of the wind through the trees, or the cry of some bird flying low to seek its nest. Then Aurora seemed to drop themselves out slowly to the two figures standing there motionless, leaning on their rifles; but suddenly there fell still on every ear the sound of the Rocktown clock. In an instant both girls were on the alert, the two rifles were brought to the shoulder at the same second.

One! two! three!

Aurora was taking steady, cool aim, while Julia, with eyes glowing like fire, adjusted her piece with deadly desperation.

Four!

There were two simultaneous shots. Aurora reeled and her hat was dashed from her head, but Julia dropped on the ground. Aurora's ball had missed her by half an inch; the hat was shot, though low in the crown; the curly head beneath had narrowly escaped.

Aurora dropped her piece and rushed to her rival's side. She lay on the ground gasping, and pale.

"My God, Julia!" she exclaimed, "I have not missed my aim after all, and hurt you badly."

"It is my arm," screamed Julia, "I cannot move it."

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Aurora. "I did not mean to do anything more than wing you; I should have been miserable if I had really injured you."

"And you are not hit?"

"No; but you came very near doing for me. It has set my blood on fire, indeed; half an inch lower and I should have been gone."

"I am glad I did not kill you," moaned Julia, in a faint voice. "I am sorry you did not kill me, for now you will triumph in everything."

"Not a bit of it," laughed Aurora. "Let me help you up, and you will be all right in a day or two, and we shall be friends yet."

"Help me up!" cried Julia: "leave me here to die, and go you to be happy with Charlie."

"With Charlie!" repeated Aurora, this time laughing out. "Why my dear girl, I don't want him any more than he wants me. I am engaged to Hugh Wallace."

"You are! Oh, forgive me, Aurora," cried Julia, with a glad happy light in her face. "Why did you not tell me, and save all this folly?"

"I would if you had not been so insulting then, Julia. I don't want to talk of it, but you know you were rather hard on me."

"Yes, yes, it was all my fault," replied Julia. "But you would forgive me if you knew how I have suffered."

"Well, well, it is all over now, and you must let me help you home."

But just at this moment, two new actors appeared on the scene; Charlie Walton and Hugh Wallace dashed through the grove.

"Here they are!" cried Hugh, as he came plunging to the spot where the two girls were. Charlie followed close behind, and came up to see the strange group—both lying on the ground, Julia white, Aurora kneeling beside her. In an instant all his bright smiles were gone, and he was down beside the wounded girl.

"Julia, my darling! my darling! what has happened?"

As those tender words, Julia turned her large black eyes on Charlie with a look of unspeakable affection, and suffered him unresistingly to clasp her in his arms.

"We have been fighting a duel," said Aurora, as she rose to her feet, "and I believe I am the victor."

"A duel!" exclaimed Charlie, in blank amazement.

"Yes, sir—a duel for you, and as I am the successful one, you ought, of rights, to belong to me."

Charlie stared Julia tighter, with a look of bewildered horror, that made Aurora herself give a little mocking laugh.

"You need not look so alarmed," she said. "I don't want you. I am but a still prairie girl, and I had rather have a prairie hunter for my mate, and she pretty well for me. Hugh's with a proud smile; "but as for you, you are a city man, and I am a prairie girl. You will need a tame, gentle love, or fairer, or better one than she whom you have won this day. Julia, you have staked her life and your love."

There is little need to relate all the particulars of the rest of the story. A few words of explanation, and it is done. It seems that when Hugh discovered Julia's duel, he was not at home, her strange absence, which her mother could not explain, frightened her, and he went off in search of her, where he encountered Charlie employed in carrying the fatal challenge to two pistol meetings, with a vague misgiving that they might be together. A few words explained the peril of their self-appointed position, and discovered the direction in which they had gone. Just then came the report of guns, and the sound of the rifle shots quickened their speed when they reached the wood, and lead them to the scene of the duel.

Julia was so happy in her second love, and so grateful to Aurora, that she took all the chances of the strange affair on herself. She wound proved her arm herself, which delayed the ball-cure by the help of Dr. Nichol's ears and Charlie's devotion, but in a short time, and nothing will satisfy her, but that her own wedding and Aurora's should take place on the same day.

The double marriage was the most splendid affair that had ever been seen in Rocktown, and for many days the traditions of the beauty of the two brides, the magnificence of the presents Charlie had sent on purpose for them, and the gaiety of the grand hall afterwards, form the sequel to every recital of the romance of the Prairie Girls' Duel.

GUY'S FOLLY,

OR,

The Secret of Thornton Heath.

BY VANE HERTON ST JOHN.

CHAPTER XV.—THE "ROSE AND ANCHOR."

THERE is a low road (but it is not much frequented for all that, as it is only round-about) that passes at the foot of the range of hills which skirts the Cornish coast for a distance of about twenty miles or so from Thornton Heath; and as you go along this road, either up or down, the sea is always in view, and you can see the vessels sailing on, and you are beneath the shadow of the great white cliffs, that sweep in many masses, or jut out in lofty crags and bold picturesque coast line.

You may view the scene with what feelings you please, because steamboats have of late years put the sailing vessels out of fashion, and deprived an air with filthy puffs of coal smoke; and because an unfortunate mail packet and all her passengers were sent to the bottom of this very bay, during a very heavy gale; but if you were to walk this way on any fine summer afternoon, you would say, as the sunlight danced on the rocks, and outwards at the sea, that there are few scenes more unpicturesque and romantic than it. If you are a stranger in the neighborhood, you would hardly deem it possible that those tiny wavelets which glide and sparkle in the sunshine, till they fret themselves to pieces on the soft sands at your feet, could be lashed by the fury of the storm into mountains of water, which hurl themselves and ocean serpents the tall barrier of rock, as if they could hear everything before them in their resistless fury.

On the opposite side of the bay is a little village, which contains the thriving place of a wide family in the county, surrounded by a green patch of cultivated land, sloping pleasantly upwards from the bay, and sweeping gently by itself, with its picturesque cemetery, under the great blue hills frowning behind, those hills which form the bay, absolutely like a natural little haunt of the capricious sprite of romance. And the fishing smacks gliding about the bay with their white sails glistening in the sun, and the grey sea-gulls lazily flap their wings over head, or rapidly dive downwards after their fleet prey, give the whole place an appearance which can hardly be depicted by poet's pen or painter's brush.

Well, between this road and the water's edge, and before it winds off by the old castle—which forms such a prominent landmark to the passing mariner—there stands a little cluster of five or six fishermen's cottages, which, from the hill above them, or from the sea as you sailed past, looked just like great white shells at a larger size than usually dropped down upon the green commons between the hills and the sandy beach.

The passer-by might have seen plenty of rural beauty, for the fishermen generally had numerous families; and the girls were so wild in their costume—I mention that of any stranger on the road stopped to observe them as they sat in groups on the green, mending their father's nets, they would rise and run off like startled fawns, hide amongst the rocks, or trip back into the cottages.

Nearly opposite this little fishing hamlet a winding pathway led right upwards among the hills to the lonely mansion.

And here stood an old inn, perched, like an eagle's nest on the top of a crag.

It was called the "Rose and Anchor," and was kept by an old man, part farmer, part fisherman, and partly by his wife and daughter.

For people who had tasted his liquors said that best sugar-brandy was to be procured there, and that the rich, ripe wines of Portugal and Spain were stored up in profusion in his cellar, along with the sparkling champagne and ruby claret of the French vineyards.

It was a queer old place: its walls were composed of huge blocks of chalk, interspersed with the brown timbers of wood; its roof was also loosely piled on the crooked rafters. It looked as if a strong hand would scatter it in fragments at all the hill-side.

In the kitchen of this inn five men were seated one evening along with the landlord.

They were rough, weather-beaten men, apparently from the fishing village beneath; and as they sat by the huge fire that took off the chill of the weather, and of the grey November fog which was swiftly and steadily rolling upwards from the sea.

In attendance on the party was the landlord's pretty daughter.

Jane, as her father called her, was a pretty girl, about eighteen years of age.

She was a brunette, with long ringlets down her back, was of a bright golden hue, reminding the beholder of a shower of bright sunbeams; her eyes were of a deep violet blue, which, in contrast of unfathomable depth, were large and bright; her skin fair and delicate; her figure well proportioned, neither too tall nor yet too short.

Her face was pleasant to behold. Her rosy cheeks, cherry lips, and the row of pearly white teeth, with the smile that showed them to advantage, made a picture which few could look upon without admiration.

The men who were sitting in the kitchen, rough and uncouth though they looked, treated her with respect and civility; and no rough jest and ribald jibe was uttered at her expense as she tripped about the kitchen.

One of the men seemed to pay her the most marked attention.

He was a bold, handsome-looking sailor, with curling black hair, a ruddy face, deep-toned by exposure to sun and wind, and a pair of piercing black eyes.

"Well, a gale will do us no harm," replied another man, "there will be sure something to pick up afterwards."

"If the fog continues, we shall be able to do something more," said the handsome sailor.

"But supposing he does not come?" suggested the landlord.

"He will not fail to come, I should think," said the first speaker.

"And if he does not come, we can manage without him," said the sailor's bold, handsome face.

"Here, Jenny, fill all these glasses;" cried the landlord, "and bring me my tobacco-pouch."

The pretty girl hurried to obey the order, and left the room.

The gentleman continued to look anxiously towards the door for the person they expected, and then he rose, opened the door, and looked out. A candle in the window, to guide the coming visitor to the house.

But, in spite of their anxiety, he came not, and the party returned to their grog, to their pipes, and conversation.

Meanwhile, through the fog and the misty atmosphere, up the steep hills, and down the steep inclines, a young man was toiling.

He was dressed in a rough suit of clothes with leather gaiters, and in his hand a heavy stick, which he used with many more for the purpose of support.

He was very travel-stained he was, and ever and anon he leaned upon his staff or against the gates that he reached, to rest at once his weary limbs, and even on the damp earth itself.

The night had overtaken him on once early in the morning from the town some miles distant; and now, having left the last village far behind, he was becoming in despair of meeting any place where he might rest for the night.

The fog, which, while it lasted, shrouded, he discovered what seemed at first a ball of fire.

The light appeared to be about two miles from him, and he hailed it with fresh strength, for he gave a few vigorous strides forward, and then, as the fog rolled away, the place, which promised soon to shorten the distance between him and his night's rest, developed itself to his eyes like an *ignis fatuus*.

Thank heaven! he sneered it, he saw that it was a light streaming from a window of an inn.

"Thank heaven!" he said, aloud, "this is, indeed, a welcome sight."

And swinging his stick joyfully around his head, he quickened his pace through mist and mist.

It was not long before the sounds of revelry within the house reached his ears, and not long before he stood at the bar of the inn, asking for accommodation.

The host eyed him inquiringly.

"Is that Jane, I suppose," he whispered to his daughter, who had now entered the bar. "I'd better go and look after the customer."

Jane Turner eyed the new-comer inquiringly; he was more so because he was handsome and well shaped.

Then, without any further words with her father, she moved down the bar-door, and coming out, said, gently:

"This way, sir; your friends are expecting you."

There was a smile of astonishment on the young stranger's handsome features as the girl addressed him; but, before he could answer, she had half led, half pushed him into the room where the apartment party of fishermen were assembled.

Whether they had expected him or not will be seen presently. At any rate, the new-comer was received with a cheer.

EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE GREAT NORTH-WESTERN SANITARY FAIR BUILDINGS, CHICAGO, ILL., HELD IN JUNE, 1865.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. L. HUBZ.

CHICAGO SANITARY FAIR.

THE great North-western Sanitary Fair—Illustrations of which we give this week—has closed, and Chicago has added her mite—a few hundred thousand dollars—for the relief of our sick and wounded soldiers. On the 30th of May last, the day of opening, the weather was most propitious, and the inaugural ceremonies, consisting of a grand procession of troops from Camp Douglass, independent of military organizations, firemen and civic societies, were very imposing. The opening exercises commenced at 8 P. M., in the spacious Dearborn Park Hall. Music, social and instrumental, a poem written and delivered by Thomas Buchanan Read, and an oration by Governor Oglesby, were the features of the day.

The buildings—erected especially for the purpose—were more extensive, and in point of design, more beautiful than any structure ever raised for the same purpose in this country. The grand attraction was Union Hall, in the main building, where articles of virtue and contributions from nearly every State in the Union were displayed. The visit of Gens. Grant and Sherman to the fair tended materially to swell the receipts, and was the occasion of a grand demonstration of regard on the part of the people of Chicago for those great soldiers.

DEDICATION OF THE LOWELL MONUMENT.

THE anniversary of Bunker Hill was fitly chosen by the citizens of Lowell for the dedication of their monument to the memory of Luther C. Ladd and Addison O. Whitney, who were among the very first to fall in the great rebellion, being killed by the rebel mob of Baltimore on the 17th of April—another anniversary, it being that of Lexington.

The cowardly and brutal attack on the 6th regiment, as they passed through Baltimore on their way to Washington, in response to President Lincoln's proclamation, is too well remembered to need any but the briefest allusion. The attack was made in Pratt street on the troops as they were marching from the cars to the Washington depot. In the encounter Ladd and Whitney of Company D, Lowell, and Charles A. Taylor, of Boston, were killed, and S. H. Needham of Company I, Lawrence, was mortally wounded, and survived but a few days.

On May 6th, 1861, the bodies of Ladd and Whitney were taken to Lowell, and buried with most impressive funeral ceremonies.

Soon after their death it was proposed to erect a monument to their memory, and the legislature of 1863 appropriated $3,000 for that purpose, on condition that Lowell would do the same. This was done, and early in 1864, the design of Woodcock and Meacham, of Boston, was adopted, and Merrimac square, hereafter to be called Monument square, was chosen as the site. The memorial was erected early last April, and the dedication decided to be held on the 19th of June.

The monument is of Concord granite—the plan is cruciform, measuring 15 feet on the longer arms, and 12 feet on the shorter. The whole height is 27 feet 6 inches.

The prominent features of the design consist of a central shaft placed upon a plinth, and also of a high base, upon two sides of which, forming the longer arms, are two sarcophagi, having on each side, respectively, the names of the martyred soldiers, L. C. Ladd and A. O. Whitney, and inserted in the ends are raised laurel wreaths.

The cornices of the sarcophagi are ornamented with 13 raised stars. Upon the other two sides of the base, forming the shorter arms, are two plinths, the same height as the sarcophagi, with the inscriptions. On the Merrimac street side are the words:

"Addison O. Whitney, born in Waldo, Me., Oct. 30, 1839; Luther C. Ladd born in Alexandria, N. H., Dec. 22, 1843; marched from Lowell in the 6th M. V. M. to the defence of the national capital, and fell illegally slain by a mob in the attack on their regiment while passing through Baltimore, April 19th, 1861. The Commonwealth of Massachusetts and the city of Lowell dedicated this monument to their memory.

"April 19, 1865."

On the Moody street side is the following:

"Nothing is here for tears, nothing to wail
Or knock the breast; no weakness, no contempt,
Dispraise or blame; nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.
"1861."

The horizontal are merged into the vertical lines by fluted trusses, with raised stars resting upon the four arms, and above these is a plinth with a moulded base and ornamented cornice, on two sides of which are bronze medallions of the coat of arms of the state of Massachusetts and of the city of Lowell. Upon this plinth is a shaft terminating with a pyramid, below which there are four stars, one on each side. The composition has a pleasing outline, and is highly creditable to the taste of the committee and the skill of the designers.

The procession was a very long one and made a fine appearance. It reached Monument square at 1¼ o'clock, and the Masonic ceremonies were the first in order, which were under the direction of Wyseman Marshall, Esq., M. W. Grand Master, after which the civic ceremonies took place.

The decorations along the route of procession, and in many other parts of the city are quite extensive and appropriate.

WARWICK MILLS, RICHMOND, VA.

THESE renowned mills present a very melancholy spectacle compared to what they did before the rebellion. We give a sketch, made by our artist just after the occupation of the city by our troops. These mills have been filled with produce throughout the war, and considerable stores were left there when the rebels abandoned their capital.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE UNION HALL, NORTH-WESTERN SANITARY FAIR BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILL.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. L. HUBZ.

A LONDON FOG.

MOST of our readers, we have no doubt, will have heard of that famous but foul congregation of vapors called a London fog, which, when it chooses to appear, casts a pall of thickest darkness over the great metropolis, changing day into night, and mystifying and confounding the myriads of human beings that dwell therein. This phenomenon, however, does not present itself every day, or even every year; it arrives only during certain states of the weather, and chiefly in winter, when the wind brings up the cold thick vapors from the German ocean, and mingles them with the smoke of the metropolis. When the fog hangs over the streets to only a partial extent, there is produced a peculiar opacity in the air overhead, which is humorously but correctly defined as a "pea-soup atmosphere," from its resemblance to that dull yellow liquid. But when the fog arrives in all its force and substantiality, the atmosphere is beyond pea-soup pitch; and it is so dense and murky, that it may almost be felt and handled; and passengers on the streets can no more see through it than could fishes see through perfectly muddy water.

On the 23d of December, 1813, London was enveloped in a fog, the most dense that had been witnessed for several years. The thickness of the vapor in the early part of the day was not so very great as to be attended with extraordinary inconvenience; but the opacity gradually increased, and in the city, where the fog is always the most dense, there was, about four o'clock, no possibility of discerning an object at the distance of a few paces. The carriages and wagons moving along the street were not discoverable from the flagways, and the passengers on the latter derived very little aid from the lights in the windows, or from the lamps, as most of the shops, from fear of accidents, were shut, and the lamps afforded but a very feeble twinkling light, not visible until a near approach. The coachmen alighted from their boxes to lead their horses, and the link boys were in great numbers to offer their assistance; but with every possible care and precaution, the passengers, both on foot and in carriages, seldom succeeded in making their way without mistakes—and horses and carriages frequently deviated from the streets to the flagways, to the imminent danger of foot-passengers.

The noises made by the people in the streets were frightful—some shrieking from fear or terror when surprised by the sudden approach of a horse or a carriage; others calling out to their fellow-travelers to warn them of danger, or anxiously inquiring their way, and many whistling and singing to make known that they were approaching. In a number of cases, the company deserted their carriages, which remained stationary, the coachmen not knowing where they were. Various sums, from half-a-crown to ten shillings, were obtained by link-boys for conducting a carriage through a single street. Nor was the presence and influence of the dense accumulation of vapors felt only out of doors. In the theatres, the actors on the stage were barely visible to the audience; and even private houses, though closed, and well furnished with fires, were filled and darkened by this unwelcome visitant. Between eleven and twelve o'clock, however, the rolling of carriages which had regained the power of motion, indicated the departure of the fog, and by midnight the metropolis had nearly resumed the appearance usually presented by it at that hour. Many, many thousands, who had been surprised at a distance from home, were thus able for the first time to make their way to their firesides, and rejoin their anxious and alarmed families.

The fog, while it lasted, afforded a golden opportunity to thieves and pickpockets, and of this they failed not to avail themselves. A most daring gang of thieves paraded Piccadilly, and committed extensive depredations on the public with impunity. About the hour of five o'clock, several ladies, who had hired a coach, alighted near the barracks at Knightsbridge, and in consequence of the intense fog, they employed a link-boy to light them as far as the Strand. While they were proceeding along near the Cannon Brewhouse, a dastardly fellow came up with a link blazing in his hand, and dashed it among the ladies, six in number, which threw them into the utmost confusion. The lighted stuff that was annexed to the link, stuck to the ladies' dresses, and burned them very much. At this instant a great many persons came up, who attempted to save the female's dresses from burning, and cried shame at the fellow's wanton act. In the confusion—which was evidently created for the purpose of robbery—one of the ladies was deprived of a scarf, and several persons around also lost their property at the same moment. Various other depredations were committed about the same period, along Piccadilly and elsewhere. The different roads leading to Kensington, Hammersmith, and other suburbs, were rendered most dangerous by foot-pads. It was a benefit night for the coachmakers. A foreign gentleman driving through Temple Bar, met a broad-wheeled wagon on the city side, which, coming in contact with his chaise, dashed it to pieces. Almost every street presented a similar misfortune. Two of the mails, passing along the Strand about seven o'clock, ran against each other, and were both stopped with a shock by the locking of the wheels. The coachman was thrown from one of them by the concussion, but escaped, fortunately, with a few bruises. There were various cases, nevertheless, where the injury was of a more deplorable character. Several persons were run over by carriages and killed in the attempt to cross streets.

These are but a few of the misfortunes attendant upon a London fog. The robberies in shops and houses were without number. Thieves would enter a place of business, ask for some article under pretence of purchasing it, and in an instant snatch up something and make off with it. If they once got into the fog, pursuit was out of the question.

AN American lady, in very reduced circumstances, but who had once occupied a superior station, formed a collection of the varied leaves of the magnificent trees for which the forests of America are so celebrated, and whose brilliant tints are well known to exceed in vivid coloring even the foliage of tropical plants. Part of this curious collection was placed in an album, and sent to Queen Victoria, and a precisely similar album was sent by the same steamer to the Empress of the French. But the reception of the poor lady's offering at the different courts in question was very different. From the first arrived an acknowledgment, penned by an official, stating that "for once" the sovereign "had consented to accept the offering, which, however, it was hoped, would not be considered as a precedent or encouragement for any future similar gifts." From the second the donor had the infinite gratification of receiving a few lines from the pen of her imperial majesty, expressing her surprise at the extreme beauty of the specimens contained in the album, *qu'elle trouvait ravissante*, and requesting the lady to accept the ring which she inclosed, as a token of her *reconnaissance*.

DESERTED.

The river flowed past with the light on its breast,
And the weeds went oddying by,
And the round red sun sank down in the west
When my love's loving lips to my lips were prest,
Under the evening sky.

Now weeping alone for the river I stray,
For my love he has left me this many a day,
Left me to droop and die!

As the river flowed then the river flows still,
In ripple, and foam, and spray,
On by the church, and round by the hill,
And under the shiver of the old burnt mill,
And out to the fading day.

But I live it is no more, for delight grows cold
When the song is sung, and the tale is told,
And the heart is given away!

Oh, river run fast! Oh, river run fast!
To where the sea is the soul
For the sun has gone down on my beautiful past,
And the hopes that like bread on the waters I cast
Have died away like the!

So the dream it is fled, and the day it is done,
And my life still murmurs the name of one
Who will never come back to me!

ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "ELEANOR'S VICTORY," "AURORA FLOYD," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII—CONTINUED.

He roused himself from his brief reverie to appeal once more to the elderly ballet girl, who had seated herself by the little Pembroke table, on which her newspaper evidently borrowed from the establishment below, and transformed into a kind of parliament by her action of grease.

"Give me what information you can about my cousin," he said, imploringly; "and if you will accept any little present from me in acknowledgment of your kindness, I will send you a cheque to-morrow morning, and you shall purchase what you please as a memorial of your friendship for my poor little Susy."

A faint flush kindled in Miss Willoughby's pale cheeks. It stopped. Oh, bright representative of an El Dorado, only to be thought of in some happy dream, Clara Willoughby, otherwise Mary Ann Jones, had never seen a thing in a cheque since the happy time in which she had been solumnine at the tumultuous bride theatre in a morning dress, and the colonel himself had taken five pounds' worth of tickets for her benefit.

"You are very kind," she said, "but I don't want a payment for the little help I can give you. Miss Turner is a very quiet young person; and though we are friendly together by and by, and though we chat nothing of her history; and when she went away this morning, having only been taken on as an extra, and her engagement expiring last night, she said, 'You've been very good to me Clara, and I shall always remember you kindly, and if there's ever anything in my power to do for you I'll write and tell you where I am.' You mustn't be offended because I don't tell you where I am going. I don't quite know myself. I have one string to my mind yet; there's a place I want to go to, and friends I want to see, but I don't think I shall bring myself to it there, or to see them."

"But how did she come to be at the theatre with you?" inquired Francis. "I should think at all ways of getting a living, that must be the very last that would occur to my cousin Susan."

"That's very true," answered Miss Willoughby: "but it takes a woman long to come to the last way by which she can earn her bread; the way must be so many. I can tell you, I should not remain came to be at Drury Lane, for I was the means of getting her engaged; and it all came about, as most things, quite promiscuously. I suppose you know that Susan Turner is a married woman, and has a child?"

"Yes, I do know of her unhappy marriage."

"It was at the house of a respectable elderly person who took care of her child and mine, that I first met Susan Turner, and got friendly off and on, I was a good deal of your cousin; but see her as often as you would, she was so quiet and so reserved, that you never got anything like intimate with her. At first she was dressed like a lady, and she had a very little gold watch and chain, and many things that had cost money; but little by little all these disappeared, and she seemed to get very poor. One day, when I was there, it came out somehow, that she was doing plain needlework for one of the great city outfitting houses in the city; and it came out what a hard life it was, and, worse than hard—uncertain; so then, between you and me and the gatepost, for the new piece, I proposed to her that she should try and get engaged with my help. It would be much lighter work than the plain sewing, and better pay. Well, at first she was very much against it, but after a deal of persuasion she gave way, and I got her the engagement. That was full five months ago; for the piece had a long run. She had been lodging in one room at Chelsea until then, for the sake of being near her boy, and she left that lodging to come and share mine."

"And do you think she will go back to the old lodging?"

"I doubt it. She seemed so uncertain that I really don't think she'd made up her mind where to go."

"But she is likely to have gone straight to her child!" cried Francis. "Will you give me the address of the old woman at Chelsea? Oh, I thank you so much for giving me this clue. I must find my poor girl now!"

She handed Francis the address, which was a very low one.

He grasped the dancer's hand in his heartiest way, and left Drydene street in impetuous haste.

The door of the house to which he was directed stood ajar. Francis pushed it open and went into the passage. Three steps brought him to the door of the little room, which was the common property of shop and parlor, with a slight flavor of bedroom. A woman—a gurlish creature still, but pale and worn-looked—was sitting by the window sewing, with a child of four years old in her arms. Also for the handiwork of sorrow, the destroyer the soft brown hair, the tender hazel eyes, alone remained of the rustic beauty which Francis Trelethlyn remembered smiling at him upon the threshold of his native county.

His childhood came back to him with all its unconscious happiness, and he felt on him knees by his cousin's chair in a tumult of emotion.

"Susie, my darling, my pet. At last, at last I have found you!"

The boy slid from his mother's arms, frightened by this tumultuous stranger. Susan rose pale and trembling, and clutched up her basket and spread before her face, as if even now she would have hidden herself from her cousin.

"Oh, Francis," she cried, "don't come near me—don't look at me. Oh, heaven have pity on me! I have so prayed that now before ever knew me in what childhood should see me now."

"But, my darling, why, why should you hide yourself from me, and the sister of his brother would apply itself to plotting against him?

But the coldness so apparent in Harcourt's reception of the stranger's wanderer made no impression whatever on that gentleman. Roderick Lowther stretched his long legs upon his brother's hearth-rug, and contemplated his brother's cigars, with a serene indifference as to his brother's feelings.

"If you dine anywhere to-day you can take me with you," he said, blandly; "and tomorrow I'll introduce you to a splendid set of fellows at the Travellers'. You haven't thought of an heiress lately, I suppose?"

"No."

"Ah, you will bit upon something in that way presently, I dare say, if you run your mind's eye over your visiting list. I'm in no hurry. There's nothing I like generally in these days of railroads and photography."

"And you really would marry?" said Harcourt, with a look of infinite curiosity. "I suppose you have heard nothing of——"

"Not a word," answered Roderick, rather hastily. "I know that she is going to talk about, and as that's rather an unpleasant subject to me, we may as well agree to avoid it. I wrote a letter would, perhaps, be more to the point, promising to do what I considered my duty. I don't profess to be a generous man, and I freely acknowledge that I am not. I wrote that letter, and I consider that which I considered my duty was—well, very generous: I gave her more than I could afford. However, as I observed before, we'll agree to avoid the subject. Suppose we discuss your affairs?"

"I have none to discuss, as you did not."

"Of course, my dear boy; but as I am carefully disposed myself, I don't mean to be kept in the dark by the more sanguine of brothers who ever skulked in the face of an amiable relative. You used to be engaged to an heiress—something in Yorkshire, wasn't it—Miss Hilderson, or Hilbury, or Hilbrow? Hilbrow, I should be something of that sort on the cards, I believe?"

"There used to be, but there has ceased to be any thing between Miss Hilbrow and me."

"Ah, Miss Hilderson—or Hilbury—has fallen you, I suppose?"

"No, indeed."

"And the man who has married——"

"Is my very good friend, the happy possessor of a handsome face, a large fortune, and the man at whose house I dine to-day."

"Oh!" exclaimed Roderick Lowther, lengthening his face into a look of extremest capacity of extension; "oh, I think I begin to understand your policy. You have married a rich man, and have become intimate with the husband and coalesce with the wife. The husband is a sickly fellow—consumptive, perhaps, and never long?"

"The husband is something over six feet high, and has the shoulders of a Hegardeman; and if you are not for his dissipated habits, might live to be ninety."

"Ah, if it were not for his dissipated habits, I should be inclined to think! My dear Harcourt, what a very transparent game you are playing, and what a consummate fool you must be under every circumstance to let me through it. Why not a bond of union between us; all for one and one for all, like Dumas' musketeers? Help me to the heiress, and I'll help you on *après le dîner*——; what's the lady's name by-the-by?"

There was a look of affection between these two here, the likeness which they bore to each other morally as well as physically, seemed to have a kindly feeling between their relations. Francis knew each other and they distrusted each other. Perhaps it would have been scarcely too much to say that they loved each other.

But they went out to dinner together, nevertheless, and Harcourt smilingly introduced his brother to Mrs. Trelethlyn and Miss Desmond. They had plenty of time to grow quite intimate in the drawing-room while they were waiting for Francis, who came in, flushed with a hurried toilet, at ten minutes to eight. He had been absent upon one of his mysterious errands during the whole afternoon.

Roderick Lowther was received very graciously by the two ladies, and cordially welcomed by Mr. Trelethlyn. One of Mr. Trelethlyn's pompous retainers opened the drawing-room door soon after and announced:

"Mr. and Miss Grunderson."

"Egad!" thought Harcourt Lowther, "there's the solution of my difficulty. Why not Miss Grunderson? Miss Grunderson is an heiress, or ought to be, if there is stability in any part of the commercial universe."

A young lady with a very rosy face, a young lady decidedly inclined to that quality which in the fair sex is elegantly entitled *embonpoint*, a young lady who was surrounded by surging flounces of pink arrophane, dotted sheet with more pink rosebuds and larger full-blown roses than were ever worn by any young lady with a judicious recollection of the sweeps on Hayday, bounced into the room, and bounced up to Mrs. Trelethlyn, while an elderly gentleman, who was evidently the young lady's papa, beamed mildly at the company across the enormous expanse of embroidered sheet front and black trousers.

That ponderous Mr. Grunderson had begun life as a shadow-painter. The art-world of civilization, however, had contrived to push Mr. Grunderson's gardens off the face of the earth, and in so doing had struck a Pactolian fountain of wealth for Grunderson's pocket. The wealth poured in upon him with a rapidity which was like nothing but a baby tap, and the shadow-painter found himself, at fifty years of age, proprietor of ground rents that made him a millionaire. He had only one child, a daughter, who had been educated for some fifty pounds a-year, at a seminary for young ladies, in which she had been cruelly snubbed on account of her father's calling, and where no one would attend to revenge herself on the compulsions of her childhood youth by the splendor of her womanhood.

But there was a red worn womanly heart beating under those rose-buds and flounces, and here a bad more meaning in them than the raptures of enthusiastic young ladies are apt to have. She watched herself most affectionately in that she Mrs. Trelethlyn was fain to forget, or at any rate to forgive the occasional lapses in her grammar, the unpleasant warmth of her fat little hands, which always came dropping down on the hands of her companion.

CHAPTER XXIX.—HARCOURT GATHERS HIS FIRST ROSES.

FRANCIS TRELETHLYN'S conduct for the last few weeks had quite baffled his friend's penetration. The Cornishman had grown suddenly preoccupied and reserved. He might stand by one in the haunts of the Bohemians, for Harcourt Lowther took care that he should not easily extricate himself from the hands that had allured him to be twisted about him; but Francis, always unwilling to be led into the scenes where he found no pleasure, and where he once revolted as a cox, and Harcourt Lowther found it very difficult to play the game he wanted to play without showing his hand.

While waiting a note a this friends desk one night in early April, he observed a letter in course of a cottage, the sum total of which came to little more than three hundred pounds.

"Ah," exclaimed Mr. Lowther, "I think I have fallen upon the clue to the mystery. We will go and look at Mr. Tredethlyn's furnished cottage."

He rested his elbows upon a table at the *gentlemanaire*, where he found Roderick intolerably at his ease in the society of the three ladies. There was the solemn approach made for a meeting in Maud's roomy box at Covent Garden, to which Mrs. Trelethlyn had taken a little affectionate fancy, who clung to her with peculiar fondness to-day, and then the two gentlemen took their departure, Harcourt to look in at the "Cave of Harmony" and the "St. James's," Harcourt to bury pastmate—or rather haunch-oak haste—to the Waterloo terminus, whence he took the train for Richmond.

The party in Mrs. Trelethlyn's opera-box that evening was a very pleasant one. Whatever business had taken Harcourt Lowther to Richmond must have been tolerably satisfactory in its result, for that gentleman's manners were more than usual as he stood behind Maude's chair in the shadow of the crimson curtain, talking to her under cover of the loud conversation Harcourt and grand orchestral effects which Heyrotzer must have thought peculiarly favorable to confidential conversation. Miss Grunderson was gorgeous in thirty guineas' worth of the moire antique en la Pompadour, and exhibited a very liberal way of face and artificial flowers upon her plump little person. Her diamond carrings were the largest in the house—handsome, Harcourt had confessed that a straw-colored tint, which the connoisseur repudiates, pervaded the gems that the market-gardener had bought for his daughter—size, rather than purity or water, being the quality for which Mr. Grunderson admired her diamonds. Nothing could be more striking than the contrast between Maude's simple toilet of white silk and opals and Rose Grunderson's splendor.

But Miss Grunderson was very happy this evening, for the delightful Roderick condescended to talk to her, and his brother was engrossed by Mrs. Trelethlyn.

"With the exception of public characters," remarked the elder gentleman to Harcourt, "I don't think I was ever really in love until now."

And thus it fell out that when Mrs. Trelethlyn said in the course of the evening that she was going to spend the following day at Twickenham, Rose gave such broad hints about the loveliness of the weather, and the delights of suburban scenery, that good-natured Maude promised to take her down for a long afternoon among the roses in the little old garden which was part of her own happy youth had been idled away.

"And Scipyon is to be permitted to join Arcadia, ladies?" demanded Harcourt; "and will the halls and mallets be considered out of place upon the lawn by the river?"

This was quite enough for Miss Grunderson, who cried out directly that of all things in the world she adored croquet, and that "par" Pall height her a set of Crowey's mask magnetic walnut-wood balls and mallets. There were three sets in the drawing-room, called her intelligent parent par, in spite of their half-dozen annual

accounts which he had paid for the young lady's education.

"Does Tredethlyn go with you to-morrow?" asked Harcourt Lowther, irritably.

He had been very thoughtful for the last few minutes.

"No," Maude answered rather sadly. "I asked Frank to drive me down in the mail phaeton, but he told me he was going a little way out of town on business."

She was thinking how very great a change had come to pass since her husband had been in the sulking state, only to appear to follow wherever she pleased to lead him. Now there was no quarrel, no sotto! misunderstanding between them. Frank was quite a wide breach, as if they had agreed to separate after a long series of domestic battles.

The next day was one of the brightest in a brilliant July, and Mrs. Tredethlyn's shell-shaped barouche was seldom before the pondents in her coed portico at eleven o'clock. France had left house half an hour before on foot, for that mysterious expedition a little way of town which he took so frequently now. Maude and Julia came downstairs at a little after eleven, and Miss Grundemore signed up the stone steps two minutes afterwards, with the basest homes and the pinkest parasol in London.

"How do you like the new contrast?" she inquired, twirling the pink parasol triumphantly, when she had greeted her chances and friends to the best of her ability, on the front seat of Mrs. Tredethlyn's carriage. "I remember, when I was at school, Julia and I were together very much of bad taste, but now they're quite de rigger. Ness pas her say jolli dong sy'ptite embonpoint," she mumbled this last triumph, hurrying into French.

"Ungt-huit shillings, ma chère, neza pas tres expensif, et le bonnetier ne voulait pas prendre un sir sous de moins, quoique j'ai le marchandé comme un fuif," she added, with a slap-dash rendering of the language which she imagined to be French.

Yes, it had come to this, Maude Tredethlyn deeply felt her husband's palpable avoidance of her: so deeply that she had absolutely devised she had been just a little inclined to despise him; but now that the treasure of an honest man's love seemed to have slipped from her keeping, there was to the consciousness that it was a treasure, and that she had need to be unhappy in the loss of it, lewd that it gave to every woman to possess. She sickened at the thought of the wealth which her marriage had given her, now that it had become valueless in the eyes of the giver. Was it gone, that devoted affection which she had held so lightly when it was hers to throw away?

It was about four o'clock, and the afternoon had lapsed into a sultry, sleepy brightness, that was almost oppressive in that green country lane beside the river, when the two gentlemen suggested the water.

"Of all things in the world the most delightful," screamed Miss Grundemore.

Harcourt placed Miss Tredethlyn and Julia Desmond in one boat, and to another descended Miss Grundemore, with more small shrieks of terror and tremulous admiration, and a greater display of flannel boots and embroidered flounces, than were absolutely necessary to the embarkation.

While Rodenick rowed his fair companion swiftly past the verdant bank, Harcourt in his boat drift slowly down with the current, only plying the oars now and then in the intervals of his discourse.

After a time he unshipped his oars and proposed a stroll in the Petersham meadows. Maude looked at her watch; it was a quarter to five, and Mr. Hilbury always dined at half-past seven, so there was plenty of time for a stroll across those verdant meadows, and Mrs. Tredethlyn, knowing the interval to be one of seachess, had only to choose in wasting it in the way or in some other fashion. Harcourt and his wife, therefore, first assisted the two ladies to disembark, gave his cock into the custody of one of the lounging watermen at the water-side steps, and then strolled on with his two companions into the meadows leading towards Petersham.

"I wish there would hey a nice old house down here. I should he near papa here, and all my old friends. In town I seem to know everybody, and yet I have only a single friend."

There was a rustic bench in the lime through which they were walking as Maude said this. The two ladies sat down to rest for a few minutes, and Harcourt Lowther took out his cigar case.

"I shall leave you and your companion to rest a cigarette," he said, "and then I will take you back to the water-side by a still prettier road, if you like."

He went away at a leisurely pace, lighting his cigar as he went; but he walked a good deal faster after he was out of Maude Tredethlyn's ken, and he was flushed with heat when he returned after a quarter of an hour's absence.

"Now, ladies," he said, "if we are to be Mr. Hilbury waiting for his dinner, it is high time for us to go back to the boat."

Maude and Julia rose, and the little party strolled into the road at the end of the lane, in the straggling order usual to people who walk for their own pleasure in a country village. Mrs. Tredethlyn's white umbrella was a little way ahead of the companions, when Harcourt Lowther laid his gloved hand lightly upon Julia's shoulder.

She looked up at him, startled by the gesture.

"You have had some reason to complain of her friends, Miss Hillary and Francis Tredethlyn," he said. "I am going to give you your revenge."

Julia stared in amazement at the speaker; but he did not wait to be interrogated.

"Come, Mrs. Tredethlyn," he said "your papa will have to wait for his dinner unless you walk a little faster."

He had not much reason to complain of Maude, who had been ahead of him until this moment, but he hurried her along the dusty road until, at a spot where it crossed to the river, he stopped suddenly, pointing to a cottage garden, seen through the iron rails of a high, old-fashioned gate set in a frame-work of clematis.

"Look at that, Mrs. Tredethlyn! Isn't it a pretty picture?"

It was a little rustic *tableau* composed of two figures grouped under a mulberry tree—a woman with a delicate face and soft brown hair, touched here and there with a glimmer of gold, seated on a rustic bench, and looking up at a man who leaned against the trunk of the tree. It was only a glimpse of this picture which Maude caught between the iron scroll-work of the gate, but she saw quite enough.

The man was Francis Tredethlyn.

"My God!" exclaimed Harcourt Lowther, in an audible whisper, "it is France!"

Maude looked at him with a vague alarm in her face, which had grown almost as white the unhealthy white that it had been. Harcourt's whisper had frightened her a hundred fold more than the sight of her husband, as home in that unknown garden with a woman she had never seen or heard of.

"Who is that lady?" she asked, when they had passed the house. "Do you know her, Mr. Lowther? You know all my husband's associates much better than I do."

He tried to speak quite calmly, but failed miserably in the effort. Harcourt's whisper had expressed much.

"Yes, I do not know the lady," he answered, gravely.

I think you had better make no inquiries about her. Mr. Tredethlyn did not tell you that he was to spend the day at Petersham?"

"No; he only said that he was going a little way out of town.

"Then in that case it will be better for you to leave him to explain his own actions, unless you have made no arrangement for meeting him here, and do not know the lady."

Maude did not answer him just then. She walked on a little faster than before, and Harcourt kept by her side, looking furtively every now and then at the pale face that the tremulous lower lip. He could see that Mrs. Tredethlyn was profoundly agitated, and that she was trying to conceal her agitation. He could see this, and he was determined to make her speak, and speak freely.

"I am waiting, Mrs. Tredethlyn, to suffer in silence," he thought. "This kind of trouble is new to her, and she will cry out presently."

Mr. Lowther knew Maude's fault in his estimate of Maude's heroism. She spoke to him when they were a few paces from John, whose face was lighted by a leak of triumph under her gauzy veil.

"You say you do not know that lady. You must at least know her name, Mr. Lowther."

This was said in a tone of almost piteous entreaty.

"Upon my honor, no," Harcourt answered gravely.

There was a pause for some moments. They were in one of the meadows by this time, nearing the water's edge, Julia still in the rear, and Maude still walking very fast, as if the habit of most people to walk under the influence of agitation.

All at once Maude turned to Harcourt Lowther and laid her hand upon his arm.

"Tell me what it all means," she cried—"tell me the worst, however bad it is. I know that you are losing something more than time by this manner just now that there is some horrible meaning in Frank's presence in that garden with that woman."

"My dear Mrs. Tredethlyn, you ask me to interfere in a matter which I have no right to approach. It may be everything or nothing where your husband goes—when he associates with. I have not been brought into such close intimacy as to give my best to keep him clear of dangerous acquaintances and dangerous amusements—still for your sake. I can tell you that I will endeavor to know him out of mischief, and may have regretted the natural tendencies of his character—always for your sake. Now, if you wish me to go back to him with him, I had good reason for being sorry when you married him—on my own account. Of late I have been still more sorry for your sake."

Maude looked at him, white and trembling.

"Speak to me plainly, Mrs. Tredethlyn cried passionately, "or I shall think that cowardly and ask my husband himself for an explanation. Perhaps that would be best. He has a better right to explain his conduct than any one else."

She walked a few paces from her companion, and Harcourt Lowther followed her, and caught her gently by the arm.

"Will Francis Tredethlyn tell you the truth if you question him?" he asked. "My dear Mrs. Tredethlyn, how could you endure the *scandale* of such a scene as must ensue if you went back to that house, and confronted your husband in the presence of that woman?"

"Why should there be a scene, or any *scandale*? She may be the wife or daughter of some friend of my husband's. Have I any right to imagine something horrible because I see Frank quietly engaged in a stroll with a lady? It was only your manner that frightened me."

"It is very sorry that I have been so foolish. Let us drop the subject. Only—take my advice—don't go back to that house."

"Why should I not, if husband is innocent—as I am sure he is?"

Mr. Lowther shrugged his shoulders.

"Because it is an unpleasant thing to intrude where one is not invited," he answered.

Mrs. Tredethlyn turned upon him fiercely. He had never seen the woman he loved in a passion until this moment, and though he had so much else to think about, he could not help pausing for a moment to think how beautiful she looked with that new light in her eyes—that feverish glow so suddenly kindled in the cheeks that had just now been deadly pale.

"I will not let the matter drop," she cried. "You are keeping some hideous secret hidden from me. I know you are. I could not be mistaken in your tone just now when you saw Francis in that garden. If there was no harm in his being there, why should you express such amazement? Harcourt Lowther, we were friends once, and you affect to be my friend now. If you are what you pretend to be, tell me the meaning of my husband's conduct."

"You love him very much, Maude, to feel his conduct so deeply."

She was too agitated to notice that her old lover had called her by her christian name. He had, perhaps, been scarcely aware of it himself.

"You know that I love him well enough to love him, he repeated, bitterly; "and yet I should have scarcely thought it possible you could care for that sort of a person."

"He is my husband," answered Maude, "and I have a right to be angry if he does me any wrong."

"I acknowledge your right to be as angry as you please; I am sorry to see you are so agitated. I am very sorry you consented to walk this way."

"Will you tell me the truth? I have appealed to you as an old friend. Shabby as I am, I would not believe in you as a friend unless you speak plainly to-day."

"I can say *that*, you oblige me to speak. Will you take my arm and walk up and down by the hedge yonder. I see people coming into the meadow, and we look rather conspicuous standing just here."

Mrs. Tredethlyn accepted the offered arm. Harcourt Lowther walked with her some moments while they strolled slowly under the shelter of the tall hawthorn hedge. He was waiting until Maude should have recovered somewhat from her alarm, and be in a condition to appreciate the full value of what he had to tell her.

"It would be going over very old ground, and awakening very bitter recollections—on my part, at least—if I began at last, in a subdued and passive tone, "were I to tell you what I thought of your marriage with Francis Tredethlyn. All I could do now is to say that you might not be entirely miserable with the man you married—to my mind, the man of all others least adapted to make you a happy husband. Another man might have been good enough to keep aloof from you and your husband after that unhappy marriage. I was so mad as to imagine that you would accept the friendship of my rival, in the belief that I might save the vessel in which you had embarked, from sport of the storm. Forgive me for a little shred of the pride hay from which you seiled, with all the stereotyped prejudices of a Pharisee flying and grain living. I have saved you from a good deal; but I have not been able to change your husband's nature, and he has taken his own way in spite of me."

"What do you mean?" Maude demanded, breathlessly.

"I speak, and will not, enter into the details of Francis Tredethlyn's life for the last twelve-months. There are places in London whose names I have never heard, whose life—places whose very existence might never be known to honest people if men did not write about them in the newspapers and magazines. Archives of those places your husband has been conspicuous from the first week of his return from the villare where you found him. He has been known to play at dinners given up at that hotel yonder to women whose costume is an extravagant copy of yours, and who is everything except their dress and fortune from yonas entirely as darkness differs from light; and Francis Tredethlyn has been conspicuous among the dinner-givers ever since he has had a fortune to squander. So long as he was amused by open riots and debauchery, I cherished a lurking hope that custom would bring weariness, and that the very monotony of those poisonous pleasures would render them unattractive. And then you moved also, that your loveliness, your purity, rendered all the more obvious by contrast with the women he associated with, led to his desiring here him back to your side. How could I think otherwise than this?—I who had loved and lost you!"

It never occurred to Mrs. Tredethlyn that these were the very last words that Harcourt Lowther should have spoken to her at this moment, above all other moments. It seemed as if she scarcely heard them after the first few sentences—scarcely had heard her old love's frequent utterance of her christian name.

"I think my husband loved me once," she murmured, in a low sorrowful voice. "He was so noble in his conduct—so generous to my father."

"My poor girl! considered Harcourt, in the supreme compassion, "how should you know the difference between a good man's generosity and a contemptible fellow's? How should you know which happens to be the fancy of the moment? There are men who will give as great a price for a picture as ever Correggio painted, and who would have won you for his wife; but you would scarcely call a man's generosity generous because he extravagantly as a Raffaelo or a Murillo, at Christie's. I am so creature in this world so selfish as a profligate man."

Maude turned sick and cold to the very heart as Mr. Lowther said this.

A profligate man! The horrible word wounded her like the stroke of a dagger. The generosity she had believed in was a sham. The noble nature which had commanded her regard and esteem—even when it could not win her love—had never existed except for own imagination. She had been grossly betrayed, humiliated; while in her school-girl simplicity she had been lamenting her unworthiness of a devoted husband's love. She had been taught for money like a slave in some Oriental marketplace, when she had imagined herself a free sacrifice offered as the recompense of a sacred duty.

She did not speak; but looking at her face, Harcourt Lowther saw that his words had gone home.

But Mr. Lowther had not finished yet.

"I thought I could win you back your husband, Maude, and restore him to you a better man," he said; "that I soon discovered how futile such a hope was. I have been by his side in scenes that were horribly repugnant to my own nature, in order that I might hold him back from the verge of deeper guilt than those into which he had already fallen. Within the last few months I have known that he kept a secret from me, and I knew that it must be a disgraceful one. Only a few days ago it came to my knowledge that he had lately furnished a house somewhere in the suburbs. His game was a close one—those mysterious absences, those journeys on business a little way out of town, about which your husband had been so curious, the visits of Francis Tredethlyn's cabman to not furnish houses from benevolent motives. I had no means of knowing where the house was—how little other people knew that it was a bachelor's hood, or that accident should lead our footsteps to the very threshold. Mrs. Tredethlyn, you shall not wring another word from me. I am sorry that you have tempted me to tell you so much."

exclaimed Mr. Harcourt, who had said all he wanted to say.

It was a long time before Maude answered him; and then she said, very slowly, and with a painful effort:

"I thank you—for having told me the truth. It is always best to know the truth."

CHAPTER XXXI.—ROSA'S REVELATIONS.

THEY walked slowly back to the side, where Julia was sitting as patiently as it was in her to be that monumental patience of whom the poet has told us.

"Julia, dear," Maude said, wearily, as they walked to the river-side, "would you mind going home in the boat, as soon as we can get to the carriage? I have such an intolerable headache, that I'm sure I shall be quite unfit to dine with papa."

"I am sorry, dear," Lowther said; I have kept you waiting an unreasonable time," and Julia looked, looking at her sweet.

"Not at all," replied Miss Desmond; "I rather like waiting."

Roderick Lowther and Miss Grundemore were loitering by the little landing-place; the young lady's showy draperies pre-Raffaelite in the many edges which she exhibited against the hot lime trees.

"Oh, you darling Mrs. Tredethlyn!" exclaimed Rosa; "I thought you never were coming! If your pa is half as particular about his dinner as mine is, won't he be cross with us all? It's close upon seven o'clock."

Maude looked piteously at Harcourt Lowther. He understood that appealing glance.

"Mrs. Tredethlyn has a frightful headache," he said; "she has asked me to request you to make a hroiling sun," he said, "and then kegaling her to the shade of the trees, and I have to be horribly whiped for my stupidity. If you have any message for your friend's health, Miss Grundemore, you will have the pleasure of dining with Mr. Hilbury, and get her home as quietly as you can."

Rosa Grunderon might be silly, but she was by no means stupid, and, looking at Maude's pallid face, she saw that something more than a headache had caused the change in her friend. She saw that there was some dreadful secret in the air, about the brother of the man she adored, shaped itself into a positive dislike.

"That Mr. Lowther is the most horrid thing to annoy her," thought Miss Grunderon; "and I hate him."

Lionel Hillary was in the drawing-room when the water-party returned to the Cedars; but he received his daughter's message that she was too tired and too ill to dine with him, and escorted her to her carriage as soon as it was ready for her.

"It was foolish of you to go on the water in the hottest part of the day, darling," he said; "and I wish you would give a little too much in town; but the season will soon be over, and I suppose you will be leaving London."

"I think so, papa," Maude had ever yet confessed had been so bitter as that which had come upon her that day, the humiliation, the unutterable horror of that discovery made on the summer sunshine, amidst the perfume of flowers, the pleasant voices of a sylvan way up in the warm blue sky. She did not love her husband; and the agony which crushed her heart during those few minutes of agitation was due to no selfish feelings to wounded pride rather than to betrayed affection. At least this was what she said to herself when she was alone, and she was free to indulge her brow, those sneering remarks of Mr. Lowther's about her love for such a man as Francis Tredethlyn.

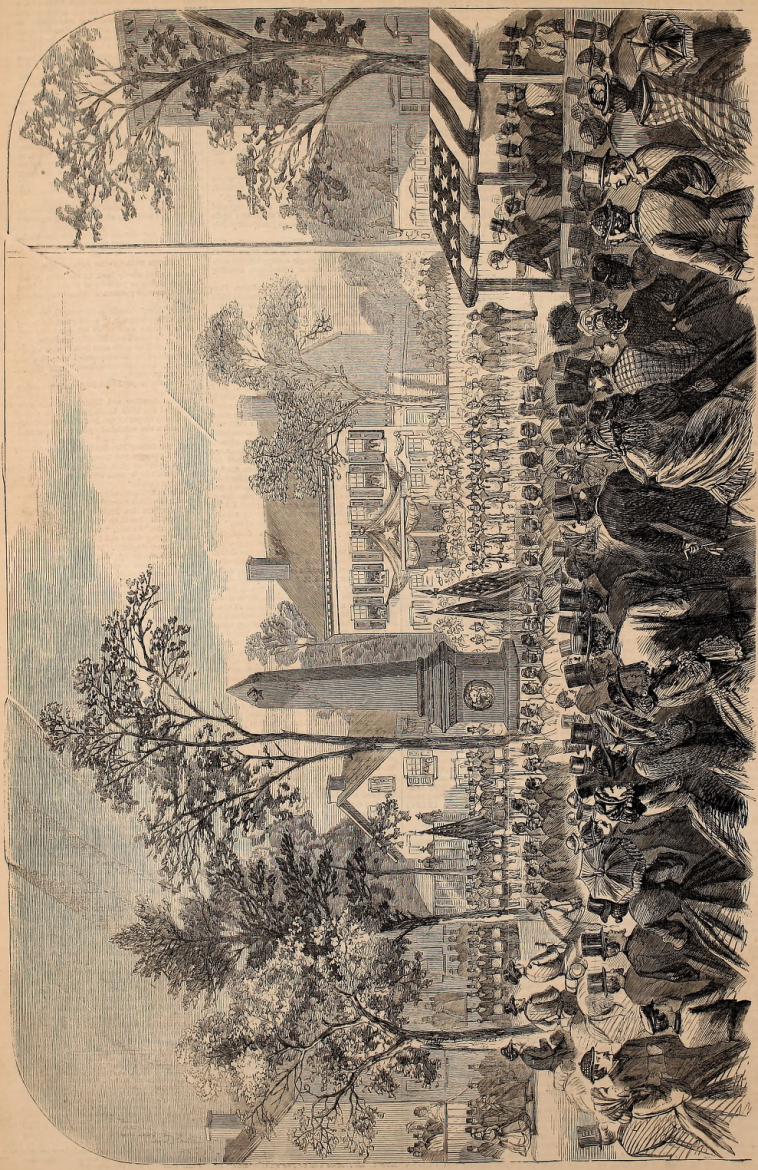
"I do believe he loved me once, let Harcourt Lowther say what he will; and he was wilfully generous to my father—and now he is a thief altogether, and devotes himself to some horrible vice—and Harcourt Lowther, whose whole class were not particularly sequential this example.

She meditated upon so much as she knew of the life that Francis had led since the close of his honeymoon. His fate hours, his frequent absences, all seemed to confirm Harcourt's account of his associates and his pursuits.

Yes, everything combined to prove the miserable truth. She was a neglected wife—abandoned by the man who had once sworn that she was dearer than ever bowed beneath the supreme dominion of love.

A RECENT for a new kind of indestructible ink is given in one of the German scientific journals, which is said to be very good. The ink is said to be composed of 20 grains of sugar dissolved in 30 grains of water, to which are said to be added a few drops of concentrated sulphuric acid. Upon heating this mixture the sugar becomes carbonized by the acid, and with applied to the paper, it leaves a coating of carbon which cannot be washed out. This ink is rendered more permanent by the accompanying action of the tar itself upon the paper, and also makes it secure from action of chemical agents.

MRS. PUCKEN says R's with bachelors as with old wench: it's hard to get them started, but when they do take time they carry on prodigiously.



DEDICATION OF THE LADD AND WHITNEY MONUMENT, MONUMENT SQUARE, LOWELL, MASS, JUNE 17.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. W. H. HAM.



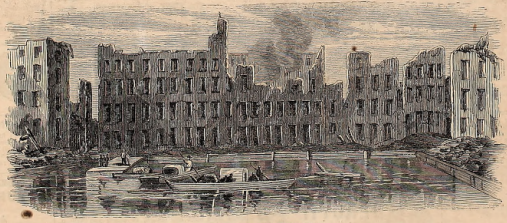
GREAT FIRE AT NASHVILLE, TENN., DESTRUCTION OF GOVERNMENT PROPERTY, JUNE 27TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. C. GREEN.

ROBBERY OF RICHMOND GOLD.

A FEW days since two officers of the Richmond banks, whose assets were removed from that city upon its evacuation by the rebels in April, started from Washington, Ga., on their return to Richmond with $136,000 in specie, under guard.

At the end of the first day's journey they encamped on the grounds of Mrs. Morse, 16 miles from Washington and three from the Savannah river. The officers retired, and the guard fell asleep. About midnight, a party of 20 mounted men, who were evidently aware of the value of the train, suddenly dashed upon it, and the guards surrendered without firing a gun or making the slightest show of resistance. The freebooters immediately went to work, bursting open the specie kegs and helping themselves to the glittering contents. One fellow, it is related, had a large leathern haversack which he filled; but just as he was mounting his horse the straps gave way, and the precious metal fell clinking to the ground. He eagerly scraped up the gold and sand, leaving a number of pieces, and placing the coin in a bag rode off. The next morning a negro teamster found 51 pieces scattered in profusion all about the ground.

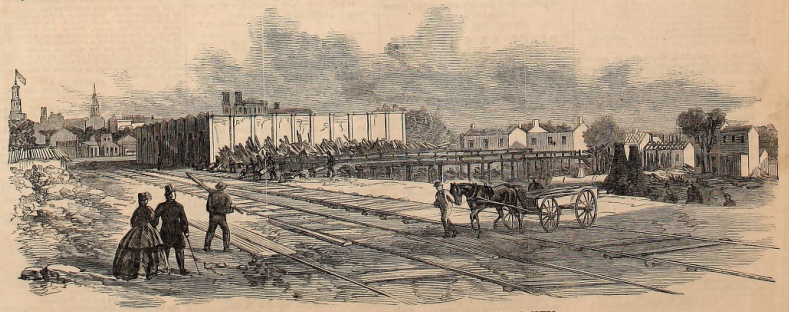
Some $100,000 were stolen, leaving about $150,000. With this amount the bank officers journeyed on, safer but wiser men.



WARWICK MILLS, RICHMOND, VA.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S LOG CABIN.

AT the Sanitary Fair, recently held in Chicago, there was on exhibition a log-cabin, which President Lincoln helped to build with his own hands, in the days of his youth and poverty. It was brought piecemeal from its original location, in Kentucky, and was erected inside a broad inclosure, at the corner of Randolph



RUINS AFTER THE GREAT FIRE AT NASHVILLE, TENN.—FROM A SKETCH BY C. C. GREEN.

streesend Wabash avenue. It is a quadrangular building, about 16 by 16 feet, and is a veritable log-cabin, an aboriginal backwoodsman's dwelling.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

Love! the buttons from a coat of paint.

"After me," as the needle said to the thread.

"Who are you named after, my boy?" we asked of a little fellow of seven years. "My father, only I have not had his name."

"How is that, my boy? I thought all children have their father's first name, a few others excepted."

"Oh! but I have not. My father's name is Edward Marsh *Frazee* Sunkle, and mine is Edward Marsh *Frazee* Junior."

A CORRESPONDENT writes to know how much the waist of the ocean turns round.

THE head of a turtle, for several days after its separation from the body, retains and exhibits animal life and sensation. An Irishman had decapitated one, and some days afterward was amusing himself by putting it to its mouth, which it bit vigorously. A lady who saw the proceeding exclaimed:

"Why, Patrick, I thought the turtle was dead!"

"So he is, madam, but the crayther's not sensible of it."

"THEN words wonders," for the lady said when she got master's letter on a "dark years" courtship.

A FRENCHMAN wishing to say of a young lady that she was as gentle as a lamb, then expressed himself: "She is not sweet, but like the prime lamb."

In a country churchyard this epitaph may be seen: "Here lies the body of James Robinson, and Ruth, his wife," and underneath, "Their varieties is accomplished."

ALL beholders are not entirely lost to the refinement of nature, for the following has been intelligently given by one of them as a public diversion: "The ladies sweep the streets in garden of Eden."

HARDY TURN married his cousin of the same name. When interrogated as to why he did so, he replied, "Well, I suppose it's been a maxim of his that good Turn deserves another."

A MOTHER one day called a man out of what sort of thing opodeum was. "It is a thing," he replied, "which can give a casual the advantage over an honest man."

A LITTLE fellow going to church for the first time, where the service was very high, saw a lad coming out what he did in church, when he replied—

"I went and stopped, and took a seat in the gallery."

WHY is wit like a Chinese lady's foot? Because brevity is the sole of it.

WHEN a landlord shows you excessive civility, be sure that he expects to put it down in the bill.

A VERY absent gentleman in Kentucky in a fit of abstraction, one day put his cradle to bed, and inadvertently blew himself out.

WHY is a beggar like a lawyer?—He pleads.

WHY are rattlesnakes like cabbages?—Nowadays rattlesnakes are like cabbages—they make a noise in the world.

WHY would a man named Brooks make a very poor soldier?—Because Brooks generally run.

MISS BETSY PRIM thinks that "legs" should be called "abdominal supporters" by all genteel people.

WHY cannot two slender persons ever become one friends?—Because they will always be slight acquaintances.

MR. MOORE, who derived his pedigree from Noah, explains it in this manner: "Noah, Shem, Ham, Japhet, Sam, and one more.

THERE is no safer protection against burglars than to leave your hair before going to bed with great noises. It will begin hollowing before midnight, and it is a story that it could be stopped afterwards.

AN elderly lady is apt to think that of all the years she has seen in life, that the present one is the lower in the greenest that ever embrace memory's watch.

THE following parties are respectfully requested not to attend any of our places of public amusement: The man with the creaking boots. The woman with the cough. The man who insists upon procuring a better seat for the ladies and children. The woman who cannot refrain from audible criticisms on the dress of the actresses. The man who smells rum. The man who laughs in the wrong place. The man who goes out and has a drum corps playing to keep his mouths his day. The fool young lady who is occasionally seen at opera-glass at the "fifers."

THE great en-gravor.—Death.

WHY is a lady's belt like a scavenger? Because it goes round and gathers up the swill.

THE following old recipe for the chalice of a wife seems to be a very good one:

"An inch of beauty as preserve affection,
Of modest dimples as charm protection;
A cheek and nubservient to correction,
A temper firm reason and reflection;
And every passion heart in due subjection;
Just sense enough to keep her from perfection;
Find this, my friend, and then make your selection."

WHAT is there in a name, supposing its greatest breath be for four inches, length nine inches, and depth three inches, contains a solid foot? A shoe.

A poet after looking about over life, has come to the following rhyming conclusion:

"Oh! I wouldn't live for ever—I wouldn't if I could;
But I wouldn't live a minute if, for it I could."

GRASS, dull as they are, imitate men. Notice, that in one of the tie fields, it is always mowed.

THE reason is but day getting black in the face from drinking night-shade.

EVERY bird pleases us with its fay—especially the hen.

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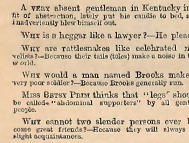
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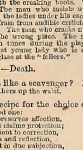
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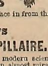
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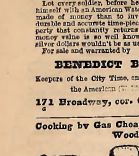
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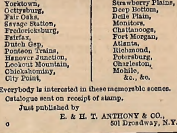
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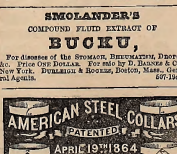
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ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 511—Vol. XX.] NEW YORK, JULY 15, 1865. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly, 13 Weeks $1 0

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.

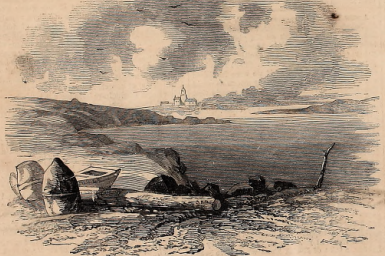
The magnificent enterprise of extending telegraphic communication across the Atlantic Ocean bids fair to be completed very soon. The public will remember the previous attempt, which, after a brief and partial success, resulted so unfortunately. This time additional skill has been brought into operation, and the experience of the past is expected to lead the way to success.

On the morning of June the 1st, the scientific corps, chosen to select a site for the British terminus of the great cable, left London for Valentia bay, on the west coast of Ireland. The corps consists of the Hon. Cyrus W. Field, of New York, on behalf of the Atlantic Telegraph Company; Mr. C. F. Varley, Assistant Electrician to the same company; Mr. John Tremble, Engineer to the Telegraph and Maintenance Company; Mr. B. Dawson Wardlock, Superintendent in Ireland of the Atlantic Telegraph Company; Mr. W. Q. Ansell, Superintendent Engineer and Inspector to the International Electric Telegraph Company; the Knight of Kerry, a gentleman who has taken great interest in the project; and our Special Artist, with one or two newspaper correspondents. The party passed through the counties of Dublin, Kildare, Kings, Queens, Kilkenny, Tipperary, Limerick, Waterford and Cork, and passed the beautiful lakes of Killarney, reaching Reenard Point, extending into the harbor of Valentia, at eleven o'clock at night. Doulas bay, the place where the shore end of the cable of 1858 was fastened, is near this place. Knightstown, Valentia island, is selected for the place on this occasion, a pretty little village, cosily resting at the foot of huge cliffs on the shore.

We present this week some spirited sketches by our Special Artist, who was present during this trip, and will add on the Great Eastern to witness the laying of the cable.

THE CORPUS CHRISTI CELEBRATION.

To the active, bustling American, French Canada is but a part of Europe of the middle ages. Its clergy, its convents, hospitals, its social life, its content and freedom from ambition, are points worthy of study. Among the objects most striking to an American is the Corpus Christi celebration which took place this year in Quebec, on the 11th of June. This procession formed to commemorate the burial of Christ commenced to move early in the morning from the



THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.—DOULAS BAY, NEAR VALENTIA, IRELAND, WHERE THE SHORE END OF THE CABLE OF 1858 WAS LANDED.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. BECKER.



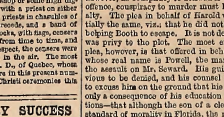
THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.—THE TELEGRAPH COMPANY'S OFFICE, KNIGHTSTOWN, VALENTIA, IRELAND, IN 1865.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. BECKER.



THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.—VIEW OF KNIGHTSTOWN, FORMERLY CALLED VALENTIA, IRELAND, THE TERMINUS OF THE CABLE.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—J. BECKER.

parish church, and wended its way through the principal thoroughfares of the city. Triumphal arches were raised along the route, and trees were planted to shade the streets through which the procession passed. The colleges, with their faculties and students, the aldermen in their curious dresses, with their pages—all bearing appropriate banners, and sometimes recipients of British favors lead the line. The Host was borne beneath a rich canopy by the bishop or some high dignitary, in a cope of cloth of gold, with a priest on either hand in a rich chasuble. Other priests in chasubles of rich stuff, or simple surplices, precede, and a band of young acolytes in gay satin cassocks, with flags, censers and baskets of flowers, attend from time to time, and while the flags were bowed in respect, the censers were swung and flowers were thrown in the air. The most Rev. Peter Flavian Turgeon, D. D., of Quebec, whose portrait we present to our readers in this present number, presided over the Corpus Christi ceremonies this year.

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With No. 4 was presented an outline engraving, being a key to the gift plate.

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, JULY 15, 1865.

All Communications, BOOKS for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

The trial of the conspirators in Washington, at the time we write, has been concluded. As regards Atzerott, his counsel presented a statement or confession, acting forth that he had conspired with Booth, but had not done what was assigned to him to do, namely, to murder Vice-president Johnson. His counsel insisted that having committed no overt act, nor been a criminal except in intent, he could not be held accountable before the law. He claimed, in his behalf, that he was a low, cowardly wretch, promising great things and buoying himself up with stimulants, but when the hour to strike arrived, skulking away, and leaving his accomplices to their fate. If this plea, in its technicalities, shall save the scoundrel, then we may relinquish our native ideas of justice. We believe, however, as conspiracy to defraud is a punishable offence, conspiracy to murder must have its penalty. This plea in behalf of Harold was unquestionably the same, viz., that he did nothing beyond helping Booth to escape. It is no denial that he was privy to the plot. The same exculpatory plea, however, is that offered in behalf of Payne, whose real name is Powell, the man who made the assault on Mr. Seward. That it is not as frivolous to be denied, and his counsel is compelled to excuse him on the ground that his conduct was only a consequence of his devotion and sacrifices—that although the son of a clergyman, the standard of morality in Florida, the cradle of the slave system, is such that murder is regarded only as a venial offence in general, and sometimes a duty! The response of the South, "the barbarism of slavery," had made the prisoner a murderer, and therefore he was not accountable for the attempts to kill Mr. Seward. The argument of the counsel for stating that the accused had been thus educated, by the unavoidable influence of Southern social habits, as the most prominent character. He says, among other things, that "Payne was trained in a slave community, where it was the custom to defend the honor of every lady in meeting-houses, at political gatherings and in family places, where it was the practice to *fight and burn men* who preached against the institutions, and to hunt fugitives with bloodhounds, and whose code helped him to his crime."

This arraignment of Southern society is unquestionably true—although it is a poor defence for Payne—and attests the value of slavery and the safety of Northern communities, that the system producing such educational effects, should be prohibited from every portion of the South. No vestige of it should be left, either in statute or constitution. Nowhere else could such a defence from legal skill with any effect be found.

THE views of Mr. Lincoln upon the questions before the country must have, and deservedly, a solemn weight. Upon the reorganization of Louisiana, his friend, Mr. Michael Hahn, then elected Governor, as follows:

EXECUTIVE MANSION,
WASHINGTON, March 13, 1864.

HON. MICHAEL HAHN:

My dear Sir—I congratulate you on having fixed your name in history as the first free State Governor of Louisiana, save you accept a merely temporary position, which, among other things, will probably deline the public estimate of you.

I warmly suggest, for your private consideration, whether some practical mode, to which you can be reconciled, may not be devised for the benefit of the colored man the highest privilege of citizenship.

Next to the views of the late President, those of Gen. Grant must have most weight in the country. According to the Chicago *Tribune*, Gen. Grant thinks it a mistake to declare that the loyal blacks in the South shall not be allowed to vote. Aside from the natural repugnance of the people to any such authority can confer or withhold the franchise—whether it be Congress or the States—the measure may assume the shape of a political necessity.

The government and people may have to choose between keeping the colored man in slavery and at an expense of $100,000,000 a year to the taxpayers, to support the white minority in the South, and giving the white rebel the option of abandoning the blacks, and thereby enabling them to support the white loyalists. Gen. Grant believes that the sufferage question may take this form.

At the very moment the New York correspondent of the Chicago *Times* was exciting to that journal, the ability of Kirby Smith to prolong the war in Texas for years, the London *Times*, the leading organ of England, this wonderful general, with his ability, for the first discovered by this veracious correspondent, was "hiding under the cover of a pine thicket" in Florida, in the garb of a woman! All the more astounding as the London *Times* and its correspondent had been "the leading influence?" We hope they have suffered roundly. It may cure them of their absurd confidence in "the leading organ."

The American Republic, which was supposed to be absorbed in trade and agriculture, overcome by wealth and prosperity, incapable of the efforts and sacrifices which are required for war—this republic has already shown itself upon the battle-fields, the rival of the republics of Rome and Greece. Like the Grecian republics, it has already had its two Servilius's—as Persian and its Peloponnesian war. The war of 1774 to 1782, which created its nationality, and the war 1861 to 1865, which has put an end to slavery, has engraved its name in the first class among the records of martial glory. —*London Spectator.*

"ARELIGANATION?"—This is the appalling word with which every step towards investing the negro with civil rights is met, and supposed to be utterly confounded. And that, too, in face of the fact, that about all the mixing of the blooded the black and white races has occurred in the South, and was the direct consequence of the relations of those races as fixed by slavery. Few white men in Indiana, many natives, and a hundred years only one white woman is known to have done so; but the two races possess absolutely equal privileges; the richest can neither be served, nor forbidden, nor interfered with in any way whatever. If it is in him to get to the top he gets to the top, and the native member of council takes precedence of the highest white in the empire not belonging to that body.

A CERTAIN Dr. Smith, of England, has just published a "Practical Dinner Book," which, we are sure, will secure for him a monument, to be raised by penny contributions from the great fraternity of Cookdom. For there, in two, four-meal schedules he provided daily, and at two at least of those half a pint of milk should be given to each child, with unlimited bread and butter. The dinner should consist of hot fresh meat, with soup or broth when the meat is boiled. "The quantity of meat should be moderate," and, in order that the pupils may be encouraged to ask again, it is better, in large schools, that separate joints be distributed to each table, so that one shall be near each knot of pupils, and each pupil be specially invited to put his or her separate plate forward. Besides this, there should be plenty of fresh vegetables and a constant variety of puddings! With such diet assured, one might not object to be "a boy again."

HISTORY OF INDEPENDENCE.—The South Carolina delegation, which recently waited on the President, to discuss the subject of "reconstruction," very modestly asked that the government should recommend to the people a day of fasting prayer, which amount, according to their calculation, to about two hundred million dollars.

A NEW English astronomer, Mr. R. Proctor, of St. John's College, Cambridge, has just published an elaborate book on the planet Saturn, believes Saturn's rings to be not continuous bodies, either solid or fluid, but a multitude of small planets, grouped like a head necklace round his equatorial regions, just as if we were to crowd all the fish we could get into a canny moone as would span the whole earth. Mr. Proctor asserts that this hypothesis explains completely the whole phenomena of the case than any other. This supposition somehow gives a larger idea of the opulence of the universe in worlds than any other known fact. To keep such a multitude of little worlds strung close together round one planets proves the Almighty's having a more vivid impression on the mind than many times the same number of fixed stars distributed over the infinitude of space.

THE head of the mass of the Southern people, and of most persons naturalised here, towards the negro is pale by the side of the hatred once borne by all Europe towards the Jew, for if he was, as that had, the support of a religious instinct. It is not a hundred years since, in any country of Europe, a man of this blood would have been considered a disgrace, and to-day there is not a free country in Europe, except Spain, in which a man of that blood is not eagerly chosen as representative of the people; in Austria, Prussia and France the spread of Jewish intellect exercises a marked effect on politics.

NOW that slavery is dead, if the negro be not industrious, or accumulating, or inventive, then he ought not to have, and certainly will not have, the right to vote. And, of course, any man of this similarly disqualified white man. He must find his place for himself, and, provided that the law protects him, he can have no right to complain of the social disadvantage of color than of the social disadvantage of short stature. All he can ask, or should ask, is to be a clear field and no favor, and that once obtained he must reach his goal for himself. But he must be protected by the law, and by the Church, as he is by the new constitution of Tennessee, from giving his testimony in courts of law against a white man. Jesus will not be apt to give undue weight to a black man's testimony. The danger would all be the other way.

THE finances of France are in a bad way. The expenditure, under the empire, have risen $100,000,000 above the receipts, and become hopelessly out $70,000,000. There is now an annual deficit of $30,000,000.

A CANADIAN correspondent of the *Tribune* says that Canada cannot avoid a serious increase in the interest of manifest destiny. Before this visit I neither thought or cared much about Canadian affairs, and now I see that it is plainly written in the sky. Public sentiment here is rapidly crystalizing in its favor, and a few years will give us the peaceful annexation of the magnificent valley of the St. Lawrence, with the North Pole for our boundary. The price is not to be sneered at; a great country, a great land of forests, numerous mines of copper and lead on Lake Superior, and of gold near Quebec; no European crutches on the great lakes.

THE late English papers bring us the news of the death of Sir Henry Dymoke, the "Queen's Champion." The duty of the champion is this:—At the coronation banquet, armed *cap-a-pie*, he is to ride up Westminster Hall, while the sovereign is feasting there, and by proclamation of herald throw down his challenge to the whole world. The challenge given is to this effect: "If any man denies the monarch's title to the crown of the three realms, he (the champion) is ready to give him battle, and defend the royal claim in single combat." The challenge being given, which, of course, is now a mere form, the sovereign drinks to his champion, and sends him a golden goblet full of wine. The champion drain the wine, and keeps the goblet as his personal fee. The championship now falls to a clergyman, Rev. John Dymoke, who will be the eighteenth of the name who has borne the somewhat supererogatory office, since 1377. The last time the champion was called in "to perform" was at the coronation of George IV. in 1821.

THE World's Fair for 1867 is to be held in Paris, where a building will be erected capable of holding 200,000 persons. It is to be in the shape of a gigantic amphitheatre, but will be only one story in height. The adoption of this form of structure is rendered to be secure a large distribution of light and air throughout the whole of the interior, besides enabling objects to be rendered visible from any part of the view. The estimated cost of the building is about $4,000,000.

THE old-fashioned plan of presenting everybody to everybody at dinner is quite gone out, but a judicious hostess never omits the opportunity of making introductions where two people are likely to be interested in each other—if they have friends in the same state or city, or are interested in the same objects; in fact a very little thing is considered reason enough for an introduction.

A FRUGLISH work shortly to be published in Paris is one on "literary frauds," which will contain a list of the French writers whose published works under assumed names, viz., anagrams, asterisks, cryptonyms, initials, literary names, facetious or old pen-de-nom (a leather covered or not), apocryphal and supposed authors, plagiarists, and unfaithful publishers, during the last two centuries. No less than 50,000 entries are quoted.

A DAILY contemporary, after an elaborate calculation, reaches the conclusion that the total losses of the North by the consequence of war reach five thousand eight hundred millions of dollars, namely twenty-five hundred millions by loss of what was called slave property, nine hundred millions by ravages of war, nine hundred millions by loss of staple crops, five hundred millions of property sunk in Confederate bonds, and one thousand millions by what must hereafter be paid by the South to extinguish the principal and interest of national debt. This, of course, is a very rough estimate. Other items might have been included, involving millions more, but not less approximate. Enough as the estimate is, it falls short of the actual truth.

GEN. JEFF. THOMPSON, one of the most active of rebel officers, west of the Mississippi, had a bad name with the Federals, and now beats them. In an address to his late soldiers he tells them that there is no such thing as "peace, all peace is hostile to freedom," and that when they reach home they had better behave themselves in a civil and orderly manner. He says, "Let each man determine when he leaves the place, that he will go to his home, there to remain, and work hard each day to repair the damage that has been done by the war, and never go off his farm except to work or to hunt; if there be private quarrels between himself and neighbors, he had better go pack up, and hunt another neighborhood; and, if he will follow this advice, he will soon find the United States, he had better leave the country."

THERE is no country in which the want of harmony between the inhabitants and the place they inhabit is more felt than in America. In Europe there is room for not have been so. The red Indian, and even the trapper, were thoroughly appropriate to the boundless forests in which their wives have not yet been profaned by the axe of the emigrant. But the traveller in the western states now feels at every step that the natural glory of the country has departed, and no fresh associations have yet grown up in its place. The population is merely a heterogeneous fat that which remains on New York, or possibly of the peasantry of Galway or the Black Forest. In seeming to make no part of the land they love to the country in which it lives. The beauty of the virgin prairie is gone; it is half broken up into small agricultural holdings, or defiled by gigantic but still embryo cities. You reach outof a disfigured but not destroyed forest into a disfigured but not finished boundary of a town. You have neither wildness nor any full-grown civilization in its place. The scenery of the more settled parts is more and more dull. A watering-place is enough to destroy the charm of almost any scenery. Even the mere absence of the human beauty which has been lost sight of in the computation of the number of gallons of water and the number of feet over which they fall—is almost neutralized by the row of monster hotels. It is scarcely possible to taste from the stirring romance of a cigarette inn in a $\frac{1}{4}$ state of mind to enjoy the beauties of nature.

ON the 16th of February, 1864, the following resolution was presented to the rebel Congress by a Mr. Curry, of Alabama. Whether it was adopted or not we do not know, but it was made a special order for secret session. It derives importance shortly from the light of recent events, and is as follows:

"Resolved by the House of Representatives of the Confederate States, the Senate concurring, That we do adhere to our opinion that the so-called Emancipation proclamation of the President of the United States, and the enlistment of negro slaves in several Federal armies now opposed to us, are not among the acts of legitimate warfare, but are property classed among such acts as

the right to put to death prisoners of war without special cause, the right to use poisoned weapons and the right to assassinate, and if persisted in will justify the government in the adoption of measures of retaliation."

BOOK NOTICES, ETC.

MILDRED ARKELL. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

These publishers have issued a new work by Mrs. Henry Wood, author of "East Lynn," &c. The work is highly spoken of by the reading public.

TOWN GOSSIP.

HEAT, which has a host of disadvantages, has this one recommendation: it makes the readers of newspapers mercifully-disposed (from experience of their own necessary short-comings) towards the warm-weather infirmities of editors, reporters, *et id genus omne*. The *man* knows full well that he escapes as soon as possible from the "office" and seeks his "country" residence; the *woman* is conscious that she endeavors with all her might to do nothing—and generally succeeds in her attempt. Consequently, possessed of this consciousness, certainly neither the bearded nor the crinolined sex can have the bad heart to demand, in July, those elaborate articles which charm them in their papers so appropriately in December. Taking, then, the advantage of the season, we will follow in this *resumé* the advice of the immortal William—"Brief let me be!"

Outside of the heat there is not much to record. The great Assassination trial is over, much to the relief of everybody, saving very possibly the criminals themselves. President Johnson ardently devotes himself to *reconstruction*, while those who luckily are not presidents as zealously devote themselves to *recreation*.

Some speculative individuals intend to create on the banks of the North river, a sort of fairy garden, which shall combine the principle *al fresco* delights. These establishments have been common in England for the last 150 years, under the names of Ranelagh, Vauxhall, Surrey Zoological and Cremore Gardens. At these summer resorts there were music, concerts, dancing, ballets and theatrical performances, besides supper-rooms, and rustic bowers, where wine and refreshments were served by civil ganymedes. If such a mixed Arcadia is planted in our great city, the danger will be the irruption of those disturbers of all such places—the rowdies—a class which is never allowed to disturb in London the places we have named. Our police, however, is now becoming so efficient that even this turbulent element may be kept *in terrorem*. Vauxhall, on the banks of the Thames, about five miles above London Bridge, was, for nearly a century, the evening resort of all classes of English society, from the Prince of Wales to the costermonger in his holiday clothes. Quite a fairy scene appears when the boughs of the shady walks are hung with variegated lamps and Chinese lanterns.

As for business, there is none, saving in the ice-cream line and soda-water department—always including the Teutonic lager beer element. Fans sell well, we are told, and straw hats ditto. The city railroads drive a good trade, and the hack-drivers continue to turn an honest penny. But all our merchants and leading professional men have "vanished"—you will find them all over the world, saving New York; yet Broadway is full—full to overflowing; with city clerks and country cousins—God bless them—we mean the cousins; and the theatre managers doubtless re-echo our benediction, for were it not for our country cousins not a theatrical establishment in the city could sustain itself a week; but as it is they are all in a full tide of prosperity and perspiration. Oliver Twist suffers nightly at Wallack's; Jessie Brown suffers ditto at Mrs. Wood's; Miss Hosmer is pathetic at the Winter Garden; Maggie Mitchell goes "barefoot" at Niblo's; Mr. and Mrs. Watkins are at the Broadway, and we are at the end of our—Town Gossip.

THE PROFITS OF PETROLEUM.

THE "Petroleum fever," as an epidemic, is over, and every one who has the development of this great department of national wealth at heart, is glad of it. The sooner the bubble companies explode, and the sooner the petroleum business comes to be managed as all other legitimate kinds of business are managed, the better. Already several bubble companies have been punctured with the legal needle, and collapsed. But of the fact of the existence of great petroleum wealth, and of the fact that petroleum stands next to gold in its contribution to the aggregate wealth of the country, derived from mining, there is no doubt. It has made whole districts and numberless individuals rich, and will continue to do so. The day for mere speculators, however, is over. They have realised all the piles they can expect to reach through the public credulity, well manipulated with flaming prospectuses. It is now a question of digging, and the straightforward digger, guided by fair intelligence, is pretty sure to achieve his object.

The oil business, which was very much depressed by the floods of last spring, which filled up the wells and the great fissures in the rock in which the oil collects, is now reviving. Wells that were supposed to be utterly ruined are yielding again, since the water has been pumped out. New wells are going down in all directions, and within a few days a large number have "struck oil." On a single creek we hear of three, of a yield of 150, 400 and 960 barrels per day! One well has changed from pure water to over 200 barrels of oil per day! Illuminating oil is now worth from $6 to $7 per barrel, and lubricating oil as high as $30. A 5-barrel well, yielding illuminating oil, may be pumped at a good profit; one of the same capacity, yielding lubricating oil, is a splendid property. Wells yielding from 20 to 50 barrels per day are very common; many run from 50 to 100; a less number from that to 400 or 500; and one—the United States—yields over 900. The larger wells, those yielding over 10 barrels, are estimated to be worth $4,000 for each barrel of the daily flow, thus: a 10-barrel well is worth (land and working interest together) $40,000; a 100-barrel well, $400,000; a 500-barrel well, $2,000,000, etc. With these possible large prices, and with the fact established that the good wells are to-day worth many times the cost of all the worthless ones, it is absurd to talk of the petroleum business as "played out." The yield of petroleum, up to date, has been more than a hundred times in value all that has been legitimately spent in producing it.

Men will naturally and justly look well before they embark in any petroleum company, and the *Tribune* very justly advises not to put too many eggs in one basket—that is to say, not to invest too much in any one concern. Any well-managed company which strikes oil is bound to get back a royal return on its investment, and it is best to distribute one's capital among two or three sound working companies.

One of this kind, of which we have several times had occasion to speak, is the GLOBE PETROLEUM COMPANY, 458 Broadway, in this city, Frank Leslie, Esq., President. It has 200 acres of good petroleum lands in fee simple, and 405 in 20-year leases, carrying an average of *five-sixths* of the oil. The property is all paid for, and no money is required for any purpose except for putting down wells and developing the property. For this purpose 35,000 shares are offered to the public, out of the total 100,000, at $2 per share. This, if taken up, will enable the company to put down about 20 wells.

For full information, apply to John Clapp, Esq., Secretary, 458 Broadway, over Singer's Sewing Machine Company.

THE CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE UNITED STATES.

MR. CHASE has always had the recommendation of a handsome face and a noble person. Perhaps a finer-looking man could not be found in the States. He is in height about six feet four inches, is admirably built and erect. His face is pale, his complexion blonde, his forehead full, and his head in every way well formed. His eye is blue, clear and remarkably serene—his features regular and at the same time strong, and the expression of his face is that of seriousness and benevolence. His manner is kind without being at all warm, he is always courteous, and there is about him an air of refinement and culture. As a speaker he is plain, straightforward, and at times blunt. He has a slight lisp when he begins to speak, which is afterwards not heard, and his voice is vigorous, argumentative in its tone, and always quiet. Without being fluent he chooses his words well, and without pathos he impresses his audience deeply by the force of his own conviction. He has considerable humor, and now and then coins his thoughts into odd and telling phrases.

Mr. Chase has always been regarded as one of the most ambitious of American statesmen, and perhaps justly. His ambition is of that kind which Mr. Fox (afterwards Lord Holland) had when he said "he must have the Treasury; he had served up to it, and would have it." Mr. Chase firmly adhered to the cause of justice in America when it could give nothing and demanded all; step by step he has battled for its advancement, and it is scarcely wonderful that he should feel that his claim to the highest office, which, in its day of triumph, the cause for which he toiled 30 weary years can give, is valid. But it should not be forgotten that his ambition has never led to his shrinking from the task which is never popular—that of leading, and to that end combating the public mind. He has never been a popular man, and has been put in office because his ability was needed. At this moment, when every eminent self-seeker in America is waiting and hanging back to see if the popular breath will be for negro suffrage, the man who unhesitatingly commits the highest judicial opinion of the nation to the just side, and risks his personal prospects for it, is Salmon Portland Chase.
—*London Spectator*.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The editor of the Chattanooga *Gazette* visited the ruins where the fire occurred in that place a few days ago, and saw boys trying to knock the plugs out of the shells lying near the late fire, and one poured the powder out upon the hot bricks. He did not stop to remonstrate with them.

—— That was a queer freak the lightning took at a store in Rockville, Connecticut, one Saturday afternoon, a week or two ago. It entered at the door in a livid flash, which actually lighted an oil lamp, and left it burning, without leaving any other visible marks of its passage.

—— Col. James M. Sanderson, of New York, has been restored to his rank by the War Department. He was charged with disclosing to the rebel authorities at Richmond a plan of escape, devised by the other Federal prisoners there. The special order revoking his dismissal from the service says, that his conduct at Richmond deserves praise rather than censure.

—— A member of the Alabama delegation, now in Washington, brings the intelligence from that state that most of the Union citizens are unarmed, while the rebel element is well supplied with the arms formerly used by them in the army. He was present at the surrender of the rebel Rhoddy's command, and states that out of 2,000 men, but 80 delivered up their arms, accounting for the balance as lost, whereas they had been hidden, only to be afterwards reclaimed by the rebels.

—— It is said that L. P. Walker, the rebel secretary of war, who informed the world, that if the United States resisted the capture of Sumter, the rebel flag would soon float over Faneuil Hall, is soon to be an applicant for executive pardon.

—— It has been calculated that during the traveling season which has just set in, and which lasts from May to November, only six months, the expenditure of American tourists in Europe will not be less than $3,000,000.

—— The number of births in the state of Connecticut in 1864 was 9,734—151 less than in 1863, and 2,200 less than in 1861. There is an excess of 8,158 females in the total population of the state. There was a very large increase in the number of marriages, the returns showing 4,107, which is greater than any year preceding, except 1855. It is a gain of 1,969 over 1863. There were 9,109 deaths, or 669 more than in 1863. The proportion of males annually dying seems to be increasing.

—— A large and elegant hotel is to be erected in the Central Park, New York, in place of the little stone restaurant known as the Casino, which is inadequate to accommodate the countless thousands that throng the park every day. The new hotel will be without sleeping-rooms, and used exclusively as a house of refreshment. It will be kept under the stringent rules of the park.

—— A project is on foot at Leavenworth, Kansas, under the auspices of the American Union Cattle Association, for the capture, on the plains, of from 5,000 to 10,000 buffaloes, with the view of ultimately driving them to the States.

—— Forty-four gunboats, seven tugs and a number of other vessels, lately composing a portion of the Mississippi squadron, will be sold at Mound City, on August 17, to the highest bidder.

—— A furious tornado, moving from north-west to the south-east, swept over portions of Minnesota and Iowa on the 18th ult., covering, in some parts of its route, a breadth of fifty miles. Houses were blown down, trees wrenched off and uprooted, a number of persons killed, carriages and horses passing along the road seized and whisked off like bundles of straw, and havoc played in a multiplicity of forms.

—— Major General George H. Thomas, on the 20th of June, issued at Nashville, his headquarters, his official order on assuming charge of his new command, the Military Division of the Tennessee, embracing the states of Kentucky, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama and Florida. His subordinate departmental commanders will be Generals J. M. Palmer, in Kentucky; Stoneman, in Tennessee; J. B. Steedman, in Georgia; C. R. Wood, in Alabama; and A. A. Humphreys, in Florida.

—— The country is now divided into five grand military divisions. The following are their names and commanders: Division of the Atlantic, Major General Meade; Division of the Mississippi, Major General Sherman; Division of the Tennessee, Major General Thomas; Division of the South-west, Major General Sheridan; Division of the Pacific, Major General Halleck.

—— The President, in his instructions to Indian Commissioner Dole, who is about to proceed to the Far West, for the purpose of effecting important treaties with the red men, directs him to press upon these wild and roving people the importance and necessity of abandoning their present savage and unsettled mode of life, and applying themselves to industry and the habits of civilization.

—— A proclamation has been issued by Governor Smythe, of New Hampshire, recommending the people of that state to embrace the approaching Fourth of July as a most appropriate day and occasion to extend to the returned soldiers a cordial and enthusiastic welcome, and to commemorate their patriotic deeds. Other Governors, including Governor Fenton, of this State, have made similar suggestions to the people of their respective commonwealths.

—— The following resolution was adopted by the great meeting at the Cooper Institute:

Resolved, That we hold this truth to be self-evident, that he with whom we can intrust the bullet to save the life of the nation, we can likewise intrust the ballot to preserve it; and we invoke the co-operation of the Federal and State Governments, and the people throughout the Union, to use all lawful means to establish a system of suffrage which shall be equal and just to all, black as well as white.

—— The Grand Jury of the United States District Court at Norfolk have found indictments for treason against some 40 well known rebels—among them Gen. Lee, Henry A. Wise, Gov. Letcher, Extra Billy Smith, Wm. N. McVeigh, formerly of Alexandria, David Funston, formerly of Alexandria, Wm. B. Richards, Jr., James Lyon, of Richmond, and Generals Breckinridge, Early and Kemper.

—— It is reported that Gen. Lee and A. H. Stevens have made special applications to President Johnson for pardon.

—— Neither Grant nor Sherman were among the "good boys" of the Military Academy at West Point, Sherman standing No. 124 in the order of good behavior and Gen. Grant falling as low as 147. In scholarship, too, neither of them obtained a place among the honored five. Sherman, who stood the first year at No. 9, did, indeed, graduate at No. 6, but Grant, beginning with 23 above him, rose only at graduation to No. 21.

—— Miss Maria Mitchell, of Nantucket, whose labors in astronomy have made her name well known, is to have charge of the astronomical department in Vassar Female College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

—— A. O. P. Nicholson, who was United States Senator from Tennessee, when the war broke out, petitions the President, who was then his colleague, most earnestly for pardon.

—— A woman called on an attorney in Williamsport, N. Y., one day last week, and requested his assistance in collecting bounty and pay for two husbands who had been killed during the rebellion. Her third husband accompanied her.

—— It appears from the testimony before the Military Commission, that the tremendous explosion of vessels discharging stores at City Point on the 9th of August, was caused by an infernal machine introduced by John Maxwell, of the rebel secret service, who left Richmond on the 20th of July in company with R. R. Dillard.

—— The number of letters which are now received at the Dead Letter Office in Washington, sent there under the new law which makes prepayment of postage compulsory, amounts to more than 15,000 a week.

—— The treaty between the United States and the Republic of Honduras is officially proclaimed. It provides for perpetual amity and reciprocal freedom of commerce and navigation. Honduras engages to open negotions with the various governments with which it may have relations, for their separate recognition of the perpetual neutrality, and for the protection of the contemplated Honduras Inter-Oceanic Railway, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Oceans. Honduras agrees that the right of way or transit over such route, shall be at all times open and free to the government and citizens of the United States for all lawful purposes whatever; and, in consideration of these concessions, the United States engages, in conjunction with Honduras, to protect the same from interruption, seizure or unjust confiscation, in whatever quarter the attempt may proceed so long as the spirit and intention of this article, on this subject, shall be preserved.

—— It is well remembered that when the war for the suppression of the rebellion broke out the Northern sympathisers in our midst gathered the old copper cents and had them transferred into breast-pins, to indicate that they were "copperheads." "Now," says an exchange, "that the chief of rebels has adopted the 'petticoat,' would it not be well for them to get a new badge? No suggestion is needed as to what it should be."

—— In digging a well in Cedar Falls, Iowa, a black walnut log was found 20 feet below the surface of the ground.

—— Brigham Young has ordered a bell from a foundry in Troy, probably to call his flock of wives together.

—— The "Hermitage," the last dwelling-place of General Jackson, is in a very dilapidated condition. It was purchased by the state of Tennessee, in 1856, for $48,000. Mrs. A. Jackson, widow of the late proprietor, has appealed to President Johnson for a permanent home at the Hermitage. The President referred her application to Governor Brownlow.

—— The editor of the *Universalist* having been censured by a correspondent for intimating that Jeff. Davis should be hung, replies: "After the excitement has passed, and Jefferson Davis is hung, we may be sorry! But, in all soberness, let us say, if Jefferson Davis is not hung, the hand that in this land ever after signs a death-warrant should drop from its socket. If he is pardoned, let every prison door open."

—— Two young men on board the steamer St. John, from New York for Albany, set a good example by their presence of mind and cool determination the other night. A kerosene lamp broke in a closet, and the burning fluid covered the floor. Intense alarm, of course, ensued; but the young fellows stood at the door, and refused to allow even the officers of the boat to enter until the kerosene was burned out. The theory was, that if the door was opened and water poured in the flames would not be extinguished, but would be floated to other combustible material, at the risk of destruction to all.

Obituary.—One of the most prominent as well as one of the most able and respected among our authoresses, Lydia H. Sigourney, has recently passed from the life in which her talent and power and delicate fancy had made her so great a reputation. It is many years since we last saw Mrs. Sigourney, and had the pleasure of listening to her graceful and pleasant voice, yet it scarcely seems more than yesterday, so accustomed had we been to regard her as a positive celebrity, without calculating her age or reckoning her probable duration, still among us. Yet she is now dead—dead in the fullness of her years, 76—having barely overrun the allotted time, and preserved her literary reputation untarnished by one of those pure and virtuous lives which typify the literary character in its most blameless and perfect form.

Foreign.—A play entitled "Four years of civil war in America; or the Death of Lincoln," has been presented at a theatre in Vienna."

—— The demonstrations of all kinds in favor of Mr. Lincoln continue in England. A biography of 160 pages, illustrated, has reached a sale of more than 100,000 copies, and photographs are sold by the thousand. The portraits and biography of President Johnston are also such much sought after.

—— The painter Rothmeun, of Duesseldorf, has made a will, in which he bequeathed $400 to four friends to "go on a spree" with, and $100 to his colleagues, to drink a "memorial punch" for him.

—— "How I managed my children from infancy to marriage," is the title of a "Mother's own book" just issued in London.

—— It is stated that the Empress of Russia "only" spent $300,000 during her seven months' stay at Nice.

—— The number of fires in London last year exceeded the number of fires in Paris, Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg and Philadelphia put together.

—— The Duchess of Argyle's little girls have sent a box of clothing to the colored children in America, worth about $100, which they made themselves.

—— The rents of the London theatres are enormous. That of the Haymarket is nearly £4,000 a year; of Drury Lane, £7,800; the Princess' is sub-let at £4,000; the Adelphi is £4,500; and the Lyceum £4,000.

—— Two English newspapers are now published at Yokohama, in Japan—one the daily Japan *Herald*, the motto of which is "Onward, prese onward;" and the other is the weekly Japan *Herald*.

—— We have at length the official report of the evacuation of the Island of San Domingo by the Spanish troops. The news that the Spanish Government had finally decided on the abandonment of the island, was received on May 28, and as everything was ready for embarkation, the evacuation began at once. It seems that the partisans of Spain were leaving simultaneously with the Spanish troops.

—— The latest dates from Chihuahua show that on the 8th of May the French troops were at least 300 miles from that city, which is strongly fortified, and, therefore, it is not probable they would move in that direction. There is reason for believing, from semi-official sources, that the recently published report that President Juarez was on his way to the United States is untrue. The prospects of the Liberals as represented as encouraging.

—— Several great historical personages have recently been introduced in the mimic life of the European stage. At Geneva a play has been produced, in which Calvin figures. At Vienna another drama has been acted, in which Pitt, Fox, and George III. are characters. At Turin a new play introduces Struensee, the unhappy lover of the beautiful young Queen of Denmark, the sister of George III.

—— No less than 5,000 photographs of Booth, the assassin, have been sold by one firm in London.

—— A suicide was recently committed by a young woman employed as saleswoman in a shop in the Rue de Rivoli, Paris. Before lighting a pan of charcoal, with which she put an end to her existence, she had decorated her room with flowers, and then dressed herself in white. When found, she was lying on her bed, her hands folded on her breast, and her countenance bearing a looking so placid that she might have been supposed to be sleeping. She had written a letter to her mother, asking for forgiveness, and stating the motive which had prompted her suicide.

—— A few days ago an Englishman went to Paris to take out a patent in France for an invention to detect pickpockets. He entered an omnibus and sat by the side of an elegantly dressed lady, with a very charming face. Soon the Englishman saw an expression of distress and dismay come over that face, and felt a tugging at his pocket. With a cruel smile he looked at the fair creature, who, crimson with shame, implored him to let her go. With true gallantry he released her hand, and she thereupon stopped the omnibus, leaped out, and ran down the street with most unfeminine speed. The Englishman was highly pleased with the success of his device, which consists of a strong calico diaphragm stretched across the pocket with an India rubber opening that expands to permit the entrance of a strange hand, but will not do so to permit it to withdraw.

AT SPRINGFIELD, MAY 4TH, 1865.

BY THEODORE P. COOKE.

You have brought him back to his friends and
former neighbors,
To those who knew him in an earlier day;
You have brought him back, for he hath wrought
his labors,
And trod his way.

We will lay him down in grief and lamentations,
Beneath the trees where the white blossoms
blow;
We will lay him down, and on his grave, a nation's
Hot tears shall flow.

'Twas winter when he left, we all remember
His parting words, his smile, the kindly face,
Whose loss hath made May bleaker than December
In every place.

There was so much of quiet calm sedateness
About this man, that few had ever guessed,
The power of thought, and all the wealth of greatness
That he possessed.

But we who grasped his rugged hand full often,
Did love him much—how much we now may tell,
As bending reverently above his coffin,
We say farewell.

Farewell! his work is done; the tragic story
Too well we know; so let us lay him down,
And wrap him in the purple shroud of glory—
His is the crown.

WHITE WHALES.—The ever curious public will be gratified to learn that Mr. Barnum has, at an expense that would buy any similar establishment in the United States, added to his million curiosities two White Whales. Consequently the increased rush to the Museum.

LUTHER'S WIFE.—Luther married Catherine de Bora, an escaped nun—a remarkably handsome woman. In his letters to his friends, he spoke of her as "My rib Kitty, my loved Kitty, my empress Kitty." A year after his marriage, when struggling with poverty, he said, in one of these letters, "Catherine, my dear rib, salutes you. She is quite well, thank heaven; gentle, obedient, and kind in all things—quite beyond my hopes. I would not exchange my poverty with her, for all the riches of Crœsus without her." A dozen years after, he said: "Catherine, thou hast a pious man who loves thee: thou art a very empress!" Yet Luther had his little troubles in connection with his married life. Catherine was fond of small talk, and when Luther was busily engaged in solving the difficulties of the Bible, she would interrupt him with such questions as—Whether the King of France was richer than his cousin the Emperor of Germany? If the Italian women were more beautiful than the German? If Rome was as big as Wittenberg? and so on. To escape these little inquiries, Luther saw no other way than to lock himself up in his study, with a quantity of bread and cheese and there hold his work. But Catherine still pursued him. One day, when he was thus locked up, laboring at his translation of the twenty-second psalm, the door was assailed by his wife. No answer was given. More knocking followed, accompanied by Catherine's voice, shouting: "If you don't open the door, I will go and fetch the locksmith." The doctor entreated his wife not to interrupt his labors. "Open, open!" repeated Catherine. The doctor obeyed. "I was afraid," said she, on entering, "that something bad vexed you, locked up in this room alone." To which Luther replied, "The only thing that vexes me now is yourself." But Luther, doubtless, entertained a steady, though sober affection for his wife: and in his will, in which he left her sole executrix, bequeathing to her all his property, he speaks of her as "always a gentle, pious, and faithful wife to me, and that has loved me tenderly." "Whatever," he adds, "may happen to her after my death, I have, I say, full confidence that she will ever conduct herself as a good mother towards her children."

CURIOUS ACTION OF A GLASS ROD.—Place a tube, say two feet long, before a fire, in a horizontal position, having the position properly supported, say by putting in a cork at each end supported by pins for an axis; the rod will acquire a rotary motion round the axis, and also a progressive motion towards the fire, even if the supporters are declined from the fire. When the progressive motion of the tube towards the fire is stopped by any obstacle, the rotation is still continued. When the tubes are placed in nearly an upright position, leaning to the right hand, the motion will be from east to west; but if they lean to the left hand, their motion will be from west to east; and the nearer they are placed to an upright position the less will be their motion either way. If the tubes be placed on a sheet of glass, instead of moving towards the fire they will move from it, and about the axis in a contrary direction from what they did before; nay, they will recede from the fire, and move a little upwards when the plane inclines towards the fire."



ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.—VALENTIA, IRELAND, THE TERMINUS OF THE CABLE.—SKETCHED FROM THE OLD SIGNAL TOWER ON HART HEAD, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. JOSEPH BECKER.

The Point at which the shore end of the Cable will be landed. Cuvah's Point. Fort Hayes.



John Temple, B. Wardlock. C. F. Varley. Cyrus W. Field. Knight of Kerry.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH CABLE.—MR. CYRUS W. FIELD AND PARTY SELECTING A SPOT FOR LANDING THE SHORE END OF THE CABLE ON THE COAST OF VALENTIA, IRELAND, SUNDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 4.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, JOSEPH BECKER.

A KNIGHT OF THE NEW CRUSADE.

Among my comrades here I stand
An orphan and alone,
No father's care, no mother's love
Can claim me for its own.



My lips are pure from kiss of wine,
Or maiden's lips as red,
No home is sad for loss of me,
No heart will mourn me dead.

My comrades talk of distant friends,
Of wives and children dear;
They hear will them into the fray
A thought of love and fear.
I love my men; I love my sword,
No other love have I,
But in my country's cause I fight,
And for her sake would die.

And if I watch with longing eyes
What time the mail comes in,
To see the poorest soldier hid
The loved "home-letter" win,
I know that it is better so;
If death should be my fate,
No woman's heart will break for me,
No home be desolate.

For I have vowed me with a vow
(As did the knight of old),
That while the land is rent with war,
And I my sword can hold,
No home shall lure me from the camp,
No dearer duties rise,
No woman tempt me to forsake
For her the high emprise.

But sometimes when, as now, I lie
A dreaming in my tent,
Fair maiden faces, tender-eyed,
Above my couch have bent,
And murmured in low voices sweet
Of happy days in store—
Of peace, and rest, and joy, and love,
Mine when the war is o'er.

It may be so. God grant it may!
It is a pleasant dream;
It shines upon my darker hours
As with a heavenly gleam.
"Up! up! to arms! the enemy!"
Swift fly the visions blest.
Oh God! protect me through the fight,
Or take me to thy rest!

A Monomaniac's Story.

I CANNOT tell how or precisely at what time the feeling first overtook me; I can only ascribe its origin to the fact that we were so perfectly happy. I knew that our lives had reached the culminating point—so happy, that only death could preserve to us the bliss in which we had reveled during the past months.



"IT HAS COME; IT HAS COME!"

I wish to tell my story plainly and clearly; there is no confusion in my mind. I can remember distinctly every minute detail of that season, and I shall set them all down here, to be read by those who may chance to discover this record.

We had been married three months. Our wedtook place in June, and we came immediately to



ON THE WATER.

this quiet cottage, where there was no one to intrude upon our solitude—where all through the summer days no sound met our ears but the tones of each other's voice, and the soft whispers of the sycamores that grew close to the porch, and the long, musical lap of the sea against the beach beyond.

We had attained to our happiness through trouble and grief; we had been separated for a season by false friends. I had been a wanderer in distant climes, and Marian a silent watcher in her darkened home. Without any premonition which would have given us strength to prepare for our great bliss—for sudden joy unnerves the soul as suffering can never do—the clouds broke away, the terrible night flushed into a morning bright as that which first glorified Eden, and we found ourselves united, faint, delirious under the magic spell which had so unexpectedly swept aside the darkness, and left us standing in our new world together.

We were married and came hither. There might be words found strong enough to paint the lowest depth of human woe, but no human language can depict the ecstasy of happiness which was ours during those first weeks.

Never such heavenly days unfolded on earth as

those were; never such a moon will shine again as hung its tremulous globe over the gold-tinted sea. How many were there? I cannot tell; weeks, whole weeks, perhaps. Then, in the midst of my joy, there came over my soul, at intervals, a vague shudder, a faint dread, inexplicable—how shall I describe it?

Can you fancy a man walking through some magic cavern in a dream, entranced by the beauty of the scene, lulled to forgetfulness of the whole world, yet at times startled by a warning from beyond those flower-wreathed portals stood some horrible shape, ready to seize him in its bony grasp as he passed the last of the fragrant mazes? I can picture that feeling, which began to haunt me in no other way; it is clear to you and me. You who read these pages will read it then with your souls, and be able to comprehend the suffering pen has never critically.

I remember the night when the fear and the horror just became palpable—when it started up before me like a living shape, and froze my very soul with its glance. We were sitting in the little room that looked out upon the sea; the moon was past the full, and hung, golden and misty, above the fleecy white clouds that bordered the horizon. There was no wind. The color of the pavement at side in all the casement, the low murmur of the waves was like the hymns of angels. No other sound save my whispered voices, which died away at last in one kiss of ecstacy when words were too feeble.

Marian was lying with her head upon my knees; I was playing with her long fair hair, dizzy, faint with my happiness. That strange dread had not awakened my self for days. On a sudden it came back. I felt myself shiver, not outwardly, down, in the core of my being. Stronger grew the fear, colder the chill. I waited, like a man who waits the coming of a ghost; yet all the while the hand that clasped Marian's did not tremble, and I could she lay, with her glorious face upturned in the moonlight, a half-smile on its lips, and her eyes filled with a light which no mortal passion ever possessed before.

Then I heard the voice—once, or twice, when that horror came to me, I had heard a faint whisper, but now the tones were perfectly distinct:

"Kill her! Your happiness is consuming her! Kill her, before the heaven of these weeks fades like the bliss of common men."

I think I must have touched my hand. Certainly it was an involuntary movement which my fingers twist themselves in the long curls, and wind them about her throat in a slight wreath.

She raised her eyes to mine with a heavenly smile, saying:

"Do you wish to strangle me, Gerald?"

My hand dropped; her voice broke the spell.

"Perhaps it would be better," I answered; "we can never be so happy again as now."

"Darling," she whispered, "we are together; only a moment's pain enough to separate us could deprive us of our happiness."

But it has reached its fulness, Marian; if it should pale and wane like the moon we have watched over the sea yonder?"

She trembled and grew pale.

"If I should die, Gerald—if I believed it possible—I would beg you to kill me; death at your hands would be sweet, compared to life with any change."

"Could you bear to die, Marian?"

"With you, yes; how could I fear? Do I not know that our souls are so joined even eternity will not separate us?"

Then I heard the voice again, but an instant after Marian's light laugh drowned its whisper.

"Really we are growing too fanciful," she said. "We have nothing in our dreams, half so fair and more like people of this world than if we were an enchanted pair in fairyland."

"But it is so terrible to think of any change."

She raised herself, and twined one arm about my neck, pushing my head back with her other hand to look full in my eyes.

"Dear Gerald," she said, in her low, earnest voice, that always, in the most momentous, had a little tremor in it, which made her words sound like music; "I thought you had cured yourself of, or I thought happiness had made you forget, the old morbid melancholy. Don't ever think of such a possibility. God has been very good to us; do not let us be thankful and wicked enough to doubt Him now."

She brought quiet and peace with her words—I forgot everything but the present. We went out and walked up and down the garden porch in the moonlight, and under the spell of her presence my soul was as calm as though no shadow had ever troubled it.

But late that night, when the moon was hidden under a sweep of cloud, that hung down like the folds of a shroud, and Marian slept in the stillest gloom, with her face shut out from my love, I arose and to rise and pace the chamber with stealthy steps, troubled again by the unseen spirit that had before haunted me.

I passed by the window and looked out across the sea, but my limbs and soul refused. Several times I stooped over the bed where Marian lay, and gazed at her helpless beauty; but always that one thought was with me, and I could not drive it from my mind. At last I put the thing resolutely aside. I promised to think of it later—whether a promise given to myself or some power that was urging me on, I could not tell. When the dawn began to break gray and cold, I lay down and slept—kept soundly for hours till the chamber was all aglow with the sun, and Marian's voice roused me from that dreamless slumber.

"You lazy, lazy boy!" she cried. "Get up; get up! It is the most heavenly morning, and I want to go out on the water."

We had a happy day. From this time forth I could begin to number many such.

We rowed for miles along the beach to a little cove that was one of our favorite resting-places. On one side the rocks rose up, gray and bare, crowned upon their summits with a knot of pines that had been watchers there for ages; below, the sand lay white and pure, dotted with sea shells and strange weeds; at that back there was a long view inland, with green pastures and woodlands shutting in the distance, and in front the restless sea, without a single sail in sight to break the majestic solitude.

Sometimes a troop of hood-winged birds would dart past, or a flock of gulls would swim close to shore and rest on the long swell, regarding us quietly, while Marian attempted to hold a conversation with them in a language she had invented for their benefit; but there were no other intruders upon our retirement.

We had our books and papers; I sketched and Marian read to me, or we talked together about the sand, or climbed the cliffs; we put aside both past and future; life had nothing for us save the fullness of present joy.

But the dread, the horror—it hung about me; day after day it loomed up blacker and more tangible; night after night it held me firm in its grasp, and even the sight of Marian's face, the sound of Marian's voice, which at first could always drive it away, would sometimes nerve the tempest in my soul.

I will not dwell on it all, I could reason perfectly; there was no trouble; my mind seemed clearer and more acute than it had ever been. I was able to grasp the rarest and firmest theories; I wrote several of the clearest papers I ever produced. I remember being able to demonstrate to some professors a discovering which a friend wrote me; my memory grew so perfect that I could repeat whole pages of old Greek poets after I had read them but a few hours; minute events connected with my childhood came back, and I could remember all the children among the strange efforts which cost me no trouble whatever.

In mention these things to show you how clear my mind was, and how completely my reasoning faculties were under my control.

But the fear grew more and more strangely acute. I could hear a footstep long before it was distinguishable to another, and this increased until I actually dreaded to hear a voice from no visible disease, only from the sudden development of the mental qualities which seemed to be the most dreadful to me. I had the need which had taken possession of me—to carry my happiness out of this world, before it should change, before the fear that grew always stronger. I argued the matter; I tried to decide whether it was the thought of change or death that I most dreaded; but Marian influenced me as at work to direct me. In that case was the power a good or evil one?

Sometimes when I had been happy for hours I was thrown into paroxysms of distress by the idea that it might be possible some creature who could influence me, by simply changing me, so that some of those impalpable beings which exist, without doubt, in the universe, hostile to human joy, might be able to put its power into my mind.

I thought a great deal about that; I read some strange old German books upon such subjects, but I could arrive at no conclusion.

I have spoken often of the time when Marian began to tremble under the shadow; this was the hastening of the consummation.

I was perfectly conscious that I could not close my eyes until daylight, and Marian grew restless and watched. She said, too, that my appetite failed, and that I grew worn and pale, and always vexed me with her importunities; it seemed so unkind when I suffered more in her behalf than for my own, for I knew it all deeply enough.

We were out in the boat; it was a rather gloomy day, and I was complaining of the heat. Suddenly the wind came up and rocked the frail bark to and fro, but Marian never had any fear.

"You are frightened, Gerald," she said.

"Never with you, darling," she answered, and either to re-assure me or carrying out some superstition of her own, she began to sing, and sing in a low voice fragments of a song that I had written long before.

I dropped the oars, and started up with a bound that sent the boat over on its side. I caught Marian in my arms, crying out:

"It is come! it is come! Let us go together; come, Marian, come; there is no parting now!"

She was struggling in my arms and looking up in my face, with an expression in her eyes I had never seen before there—fear and horror, and of me—oh, my God, of me!

"Gerald," she moaned, "Gerald! Are you mad? You shall drown! Not suicide, Gerald—not suicide!"

Then she clung a dead weight in my arms—she had fainted. I never could recall the reaction in my mind, it troubled me for days afterwards; but when I saw her white face drop lifeless on my shoulder, and for an instant believed her dead, it seemed to me that I must go mad.

I tried to revive her; I dashed the salt foam in her face; I kissed her cheek and lips; I was wild in frenzy; but there was no response.

The tide had drifted us near the shore. I sprang into the water, carrying her in my arms, and ran towards the house.

We laid her upon the bed; I drove away the officious servants and attended her myself, but before she recovered, the physician, for whom they had sent unauthorized, made his appearance.

When Marian lay back on the pillows weak and faint, but able to smile in answer to my entreaties, she to raise her dear eyes to mine, the doctor drew me out of the chamber, and after many leading questions, warned me that it was like an attack of heart disease; great care must be exercised; she must have quiet—kept far from agitation, or the malady might declare itself suddenly and fatal.

From that time, peace and serenity were gone from Marian's soul; not that she changed; not that her love altered; she was gentle and tender as ever; nay, if that had been possible, I believe she loved me better than before; but she could not forget the events of that day; she could not recover from the wild fear which had wakened in her mind.

I was lying on the sofa one afternoon, in the the little room where we liked so much to linger, and Marian sat on a low stool at my feet. She had been reading to me. I recollect the book—Bailey's Festus, always so great a favorite with me—and I had been musing over and vaguely applying after a new life. I could even recal the very passage I read, so distinctly are all things connected with those days impressed upon my mind. I had closed my eyes—perhaps she thought I was sleeping, for her voice grew heavy and lower and at last died away entirely. I glanced furtively at her; she was regarding me with a tenderness of which pained me beyond expression. I could not forbear stretching out my hand and grasping hers; the one hold I had left me.

"Gerald," she said, in a hesitating way.

"What is it?" I asked.

"I want to say something to you, dear," striking my head gently with her velvety fingers. "You know, love, that I would tear you for the world; but I am afraid you are not well. You don't sleep; you grow thin and pale—"

"Marian!" I cried, impatiently, calmly enough; "you are fanciful, darling, I am never ill, you know."

"But if you would only consult a physician—just to gratify me, dear."

"Marian!" I said, in the whole exclamation race, Marian," I answered; "don't ask me such a thing."

"Because, please do," she urged; "for my sake, Gerald; it is so little a thing to do."

"What should I tell him? I am perfectly well."

"But you have sleepless nights, you want of appetite, your—your—"

"Well?" I asked, coldly, for it is that."

"Not that I am aware of; I don't even know whom you mean."

"Oh, Gerald, you start at the least sound; you have such a strange way of looking as if you saw something which no one else in the room but ourselves; only don't be vexed."

"Indeed I am not; but tell me what it is you fear?"

"That you are going to have some severe illness—some fever."

"You think I am going mad," I interrupted, coldly. "Really, Marian, a wife ought to be the last person to entertain such a fancy."

She gave a sort of gasping cry; oh, I knew by her face that I struck home, but she said quickly—

"No, no! I am not such a horrible world—dear, dear Gerald, don't cver again."

"They came me no terror," I answered. "Don't be alarmed, my darling; Marian, my mind was never so clear as now. I don't think I reason, talk or write much like a madman."

"No, no, I am foolish and silly; oh, I couldn't bear such a horrible thought, even in jest."

"Then, child," I said kindly enough, though I felt irritated and sore—in that mood when one must hurt the being one loves best.

"I have spoken of what would have me be, Gerald," she answered, kissing my hand.

"Now that I think of it," I continued, "it did seem to me that you had got into a morbid, melancholy way, that people called madness, but I never believed it was such."

"For the love of heaven, stop!" she exclaimed, pale as a ghost, and shaking from head to foot. "Gerald, you will kill me!"

"Because you think I am going mad," I said, raising myself on one arm, and looking full in her face.

She uttered passionate denials, threw herself on my bosom, and burst into an agony of tears.

"Would to heaven I were of me if it were so?" I went on. "Would you do as so many women have done—try to place me in confinement?"

"Gerald, Gerald!" she moaned, "not ever death can part you and me—never question me again."

"That's all I desired—death!" I said.

"But we are so happy, Gerald—so happy! Why should we wish to die?"

"To preserve our happiness, to carry it beyond the reach of earthly peril."

"Life and death are in God's hands," she replied. "I will trust in him as you say—please don't."

She forced herself to be calm; by and-bye she was capable of strong self-control, and the suffering of the past had increased it to a degree of which I never could have dreamed women capable.

"Then you shall read to me again," I said; "no, you shall sing, that is better."

She looked at me with a wistful, inquiring look, as though she would read my soul, but I only repeated my words calmly.

I stepped noiselessly out of bed; for a moment I thought the time had come; then I knew I must wait—one more trial for the morrow.

The morning came and passed; the afternoon wore on beyond sunset. We had been out to walk; we came in and sat down in the darkened room, and the voice of the sea came up with a sorrowful murmur I had never heard in its tone.

Marian moved to the mantel to light the lamp; I followed her noiselessly, and caught her in both arms, she uttered a cry, more like beyond her terror.

"You are afraid," I exclaimed, for a sort of frenzy overtook me so find that my suspicions were true. "You are afraid—you feel the other day—you do think me mad!"

She was gasping for breath; I could hear her striving to pray in broken words.

"Where is your love?" I demanded. "You lied—you do fear me."

"Gerald, Gerald!" she moaned. "Help us both; oh, my God—let me go—I am afraid!"

When she made this avowal I grew calm; I laid her on the sofa and she fell back, not fainting, but perfectly helpless.

I lighted the lamp, made the room cheerful and bright, and then returned to her side. I took her in my arms; I cuild her by every endearing name; I told her how great my love was—I believe I even had those words to him my soul so completely as then—and after a time she grew quiet.

But the fear was not gone; no, no, I saw that only her love was so great, her soul so strong, that it mastered its power. She acknowledged that she had suffered, that she believed me ill, and again begged me to consult a physician.

It had come, the moment had arrived, we must leave this world, or I must lose her forever. From the instant I made this resolution I was content. I was never more wholly happy than during that evening. Everything was arranged; we should leave this earth; in the existence beyond nothing could ever sever our love. I only wished that I had taken her and gone before, in the first week of our beautiful dream, when no shadow had dared to fall upon it. But even in the cold time the chain that bound us was not yet broken—mine, not for this poor world only, but above, forever, in a blaze that never should grow dim.

It was in the middle of the night. I was so calm, a serene joy sat in my soul, such as one might feel when they put forth into a new land where purer happiness awaits him—nothing more.

I lighted a lamp, kept this earthly shape without pain, especially, instantly, so that she should go straight from her dream into the new life, and bending over her I gently compressed the change, find my soul standing by her side.

I had in my room a case of strange instruments which my father—whom men called a mad—like idiots—had brought from some far-off clime; even the uses or names were not known to me, so far from my boyhood had they been fashioned.

Among these were two long slender needles, no thicker than a hair, but with a hard and keen that would pierce through all but the hardest substance.

I selected one of these together—but there was no way—if I could spare her the momentary pang men call death, the wrenching of the soul from the bonds that so closely united it to mine.

I was standing by the bed. I bent over to press a kiss upon her mouth, the last time my lips would touch hers on earth—and I recoil! How strange it was to think that in a few instants our disembodied spirits would stand beyond the stars, looking down upon the world and surveying the two cold figures that a little time before held us in thrall.

I had raised her in her sleep, as smile softened her mouth, she murmured my name.

"Gerald, Gerald!"

Her hand rested on mine, the one that held the blessed means of freedom, and for a while I was forced to remain motionless lest I should rouse her from her happy dream.

Again she whispered:

"Gerald, Gerald!"

Her fingers loosened their hold; the smile still lingered on her lips.

My hand was steadied, I had no fear; it was no parting. Like a flash of lightning the tiny thread penetrated the skull. There was a faint shiver of the whole frame, nothing more. I raised the twin weapon, I raised it—

"Wait for me, Marian!" I cried; "I am coming—I follow!"

My hand was seized and held in a grasp that seemed to crush the very bone. I could feel my sister and her husband, I could hear their voices in the invisible thing. I could breathe still. I could see. I could live. I heard it has—

"Lost! lost!"

Then I comprehended. I had been lured on by this power that I dreaded. Marian was lost to me! I did not go mad—even then I would not. I summoned all my energies, I battled fiercely, but all in vain.

I must have fallen insensible. When I woke, the chamber was light as day. I was lying half across the body, half on the bed, and close to my cheek was the cold face of Marian.

I understood the uselessness of further effort. I had forgotten nothing. I felt no grief; only stormed and lost—Marian was gone!

I called her—shook her arm; it was useless—gone beyond the far waters.

I went out and summoned the servants—no effort could restore her. The physician came; I was sitting by the bed when he entered, but I paid no heed to him, I kept him away.

"It was as I thought—she had heart disease."

I know they questioned me. I wanted to tell the truth. If I saved myself her murderer they would give me the death I desired.

I tried to shriek the words—not a syllable would come—my tongue was paralyzed. I could not move—could only lie there and watch the white face of my Marian.

Always trying to die—always guarded by those unseen agents and compelled to linger here. I

cannot tell whether hours or days or weeks went by. After that long blank I find myself in this lonely room; a man watches me—it is idle—I never wish to go out—what is his poor watching compared to the guardians he cannot see? I ask him no questions—I do not wish to speak to any one. I am here in the room from whence Marian's soul went forth.

Oh, the poor wife, the darling! She is waiting for me—she pines for me and I cannot go!

If I could only speak—a single word—but no—if I would talk of ordinary things they would permit, but the secret they will not allow to pass my lips, so I am silent.

I see them now—that is only very lately—it gives me a little hope. I shall be able to know if they even by any chance leave me—it only needs an instant—I have the weapon always concealed in my breast. They do not know that I have gained the power of watching them in turn—I never raise my eyes toward them—the moment will come.

I have found this paper again—I believe for some time past I have written nothing. To think that men would call me mad—perhaps have—but these pages will set all right when they are found.

One of them is in the room—his back is toward me—sometimes I think if I could spring upon him—could overpower him—was that Marian's voice?

The record ended here.

After the sudden and mysterious death of Marian he had been placed under restraint in the little dwelling where their brief happiness went out in a tragedy so terrible.

Upon that last day Gerald seemed unusually engaged with the manuscript which he so carefully hid from his keepers, and they had left him alone for a time. One of them passing through the hall heard the struggle, the fierce cry as the poor wretch sprang upon his fancied or unseen enemies—who shall decide which they were? When he entered the apartment Gerald lay motionless upon the floor, a stream of blood issuing from his mouth and nostrils. He had burst some artery about the heart in that last frenzied effort, and death followed almost instantly.

[Although rather late in the day, the following ought to go on record only as a deserved tribute to one of our ablest and most efficient generals.]

SHERMAN.

THE mountain ridges caught the hail
Sent from the distant sea,
"Know ye a man who cannot fail,
Send him to me."

"I beat the hostile coast in vain,
My teeth gnash on the sand,
Send on whose genius mounts to pain
And high command.

The ridges answered, "We of late
Have felt a mighty tread,
And hosts have passed us strong as fate
To victory led."

"And he whose thought upheld their hands
Turned every rocky key,
And ope'd the gates to sunny lands
Nearer the sea."

"The man is strong in self-control,
And genius is his mail—
An earnest and resistless soul—
He cannot fail."

"Though perils gather far and near
Between our common blue,
We send, without a doubt or fear,
This man to you."

And Sherman went along the west—
The mountain chains are free;
While now he takes his mighty rest
Beside the sea.

GUY'S FOLLY;

OR,

The Secret of Thornton Heath.

BY VANE IRETON ST. JOHN.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE FIRST ABDUCTION.

IT was merry morning—a smiling morning, when the sunlight danced and shimmered on the flowers.

A morning it was when all nature seemed to have let itself loose for enjoyment—when the birds went mad with enjoyment, and the very flowers seemed to give out a fresher and purer perfume—a morning when one could scarcely feel dispirited at will; when the heart could be nothing but elastic; when every leaf, and branch, and stone in your path seemed to invite you out "into the merry sunshine"—into the green and bejeweled meadows.

This was the morning when Clara Arbuthnot had chosen to leave her home and fly with Denzil Harcourt.

She looked sweetly pretty as she tripped along, attired in her light dress, her jaunty hat, and her little mantle, not concealing her plump and rounded shoulders.

The gaiety of nature appeared to instil itself into her mind; for never thinking of those she left behind, or the danger she was seeking, she tripped merrily, even eagerly along; imagining to herself only the pleasure of her journey's end, and not once its perils or the suspicion it would arouse.

I may be accused of exaggerating here; but I am not.

Every girl who runs away with a man at his request alone, and not with her own consent, incurs danger—a danger so great as to warrant her refusal on any terms.

This reasoning may, and no doubt will, offend many young lovers; but it is, nevertheless, the proper reasoning.

Not that I advocate long courtships—hopeless ones, too often—where parents on both sides are inexorable; but at least the day after the ceremony it should be a rule to return home; and even if consent be not given then, an open residence in the vicinity of home would rob life of much of its sorrows and perils.

It will be remembered, that when on the eve of departure from the cottage, Denzil had whispered to her the necessity of altering the place of meeting.

It was, therefore, at the Hazel Dell, near Ennistone church, that Clara Arbuthnot expected to meet her lover.

It was a pretty spot, infinitely wild and romantic in its appearance.

Fancy a circular glade in the midst of a dense copse, crossed by a little narrow, rapid brook, which rushed, and bubbled, and rattled on its noisy course over the rough, stony ground.

The soft grass twinkled in the rays of the morning sun with thousands of diamond-like dewdrops; the broad green leaves of the bushes, which gave the place its name, rustled with a gentle sound in the soft, balmy breeze; here and there a tall ash tree raised its graceful head above the mass of underwood; the ground was dotted with wild flowers of every scent and hue.

Birds fluttered about the bushes, or warbled their love-song from the tree-top, while a splendid pheasant strutted about, displaying his radiant plumage, conscious of the security which the game laws afforded him.

When she arrived at the extremity of the dell, she had not long to wait.

Hardly had she been there a moment, before she observed her lover walking down the lane.

He advanced eagerly to meet her, and taking both of her hands, kissed her fondly.

"Dear Clara, you have not deceived me," he cried. "See—I believed in your truth, for yonder is the carriage, which will take us swiftly from the reach of danger."

She looked surprised.

"The carriage!" she said. "What is that for, dear Denzil?"

He laughed lightly.

"Why, Clara, my darling, you could not walk to London, you know."

"To London, Denzil! Why need we go to London? I thought we were to be married here!"

He seemed quite astonished.

"Married here! No, dear Clara, that would be madness. It would be courting discovery and danger. No—we shall arrive in London in three hours, and can be married at once."

Clara hesitated, and blushed.

But how could she recede now?

She had hoped, and indeed wished, that she would be married at Ennistone Church—would live in the neighborhood, and be reconciled soon to their friends; and now it was evident that, though her lover had listened and understood her words, he had not observed them, or, at any rate, paid no attention to them.

However, as I have said, she could not recede now; and, indeed, the idea of receding never entered her mind.

The hesitation was nothing—it was gone in a moment.

Come, then, Clara," he said; "we must not linger here. Your absence may be discovered, and then all chance of our union will be gone."

She took his proffered arm, and walked on with him hastily while he proceeded:

"If our marriage had taken place at Ennistone Church, it would certainly have been interrupted. Even now, as I glance up the hill, I fancy I see figures moving in the distance. See!" he cried, stopping for a moment.

Clara glanced eagerly in the direction in which he pointed.

There were certainly forms on horseback rushing in the direction of Ennistone.

She turned to her lover in distress, her eyes gazing wildly at him, her pretty bosom heaving tumultuously, and her whole form trembling so greatly, that she was compelled to lean on him for support.

"Come, let us hasten, Denzil," she whispered; "we are pursued. That is Sir Arthur, I know him even at this distance."

Without another word, he took her unresisting form in his arms, and fled across the road towards the spot where the carriage was awaiting them.

In another moment they were inside, and were being conveyed rapidly towards London.

Those who pursued seemed at first determined to carry out their object.

But after a time, they came to a dead halt, from some reason unaccountable to the pursued, who could not distinguish what was passing in the distance.

The lovers, while the pursuit was continued, kept looking out on either side of the carriage, as it rocked and swayed in its rapid progress along the rough road; but when it ceased, they withdrew by common consent, as it were, from contemplation of outward things, and addressed themselves to the enjoyment of the moment.

Denzil Harcourt's handsome though saturnine face was lit up with a smile of triumph and eager joy, as the young girl sank into his arms, and laying her head on his breast, sobbed violently,

"Clara, dearest," he said, in a low and tender voice, "why weep now, when the danger is past?"

She still clung there.

"I am not weeping at the danger," she said; "I am weeping for joy to think that we have escaped."

Poor girl! she thought only of the roses—nothing of the thorns.

And so they sat for hours, until the green fields had merged into the towns, and the towns into the villages, and the coming presence of the great Babylon was indicated by the immense clouds of smoke which were visible in the horizon, and the distant hum and the disappearance of everything green.

Yet the distinction was scarcely discernible to Clara Arbuthnot; for in the fullness of her young heart she only thought of the exquisite pleasure she experienced from the fact that she was pressed in Denzil's arms, and was soon to be his own for ever.

On the banks of the river Thames, on the Middlesex side, some distance above Vauxhall bridge, stood an old house.

From its peculiar aspect and construction, it formed a landmark or milestone for the bargemen, who slowly floated up and down in their clumsy boats, on the muddy surface of the river.

For the side which faced the river was built out on piles over the water, and the red brick wall stared the navigators full in the face, without a window to enliven and lighten its gloomy appearance.

On the landward side it looked quite as dismal, and much more dilapidated.

For the house was enclosed by a high brick wall, through the iron gateway of which the passer-by might catch glimpses of the tottering chimney-stack; the roof, from which the tiles were dropping one by one; the window-frames rotten and broken; the door, with its rusty iron knocker and blistered paint; the blackened, smoky walls, from which the once carefully trained vine had dropped, as if in disgust at the neglect it had experienced.

The garden was gone to decay; the flower beds were choked with weeds; the lawn appeared not to have been mown for many years, and was overgrown with a long, dank vegetation, and the gravel walk was covered with green moss.

It was a large house, and contained a great many apartments.

But it stood for a long time uninhabited, and various rumors were circulated as to the reason.

The superstitious said that the house was haunted; the more morbid-minded said that terrible crimes had been committed there, and that gory stains marked the floor.

Great, therefore, was the surprise of the neighbors when one day two huge vans, laden with furniture, drove up to the gate, and, after some delay, were admitted by an old man, who brought the rusty key in his hand.

But the drivers and attendant men refused to give any information about the house, although they were strictly cross-examined by the publican who supplied them with beer.

From that time, three rooms in the old house were furnished.

The old drawing-room, and its dull, paneled walls, were once more lit up by the cheerful light of a fire; and the large apartment looked splendid with its luxurious easy chairs, sofas, pictures, and Brussels carpets.

One of the bedrooms, too, was furnished in a most magnificent style, with every luxury and convenience that could invite sleep and make dark night pleasant.

Another bedroom was fitted up more plainly, being intended for a servant.

So that the old house was to be again inhabited was a matter of profound speculation to the neighbors, and no one seemed able to solve the mystery.

It was at the door of this house that the carriage containing Denzil Harcourt and Clara Arbuthnot drew up about four in the afternoon.

It was growing dark, yet Clara could see, as she glanced from the carriage window, how gloomy and dismal were the walls, and how old and dilapidated was its general appearance.

She could see, too, the muddy river beyond—more wretched-looking from the fact that it was low water, and that mud islands showed themselves in its centre, while great wastes of ooze and slime constituted its banks.

An involuntary shudder passed through the frame of Clara Arbuthnot as Denzil handed her down from the carriage, and led her through the wild and tangled garden into the house.

"Where is this, Denzil?" she asked, timidly.

"This is my house, dearest!" he said. "It is a little out of repair, but that will soon be remedied."

"But the church, Denzil? Remember, you promised we were to be married before I entered your home!"

Denzil smiled.

"Poor little dove!" he said; "why, we could not be married at any church so late as this! In my drawing-room a priest is waiting; in a few moments we shall be man and wife!"

As he spoke, he led her into the drawing-room, where a tall man, attired in a black suit and a white "choker," stood leaning over the fire.

He was a young man, with very light hair, a sallow complexion, and restless eyes.

He bowed lowly and respectfully as the couple entered.

"You are late, Mr. Harcourt!" he said. "I had begun to fear that some accident had happened."

Denzil smiled.

"No," he said; "we were pursued; but our enemies gave it up as a bad job, and here we are."

The priest now lost no time; and in less than half an hour the solemn ceremony had been read, and the ring placed on Clara's finger, and the trio had drawn up to the fire, awaiting dinner.

When, after dinner and coffee, the priest left the newly-married pair together, he contrived to slip a piece of paper into Clara's hand, and to whisper, "Keep this secret—it may be of use to you in the future!"

When Clara retired to the nuptial chamber that night, she eagerly scanned the paper.

It was the marriage certificate.

What could the Rev. John Tollemache mean?

LAST February Mr. Jefferson Davis was urging his armies to "whip the Yankee spaniels back to their kennels." That sentiment he must now feel to be unworthy of his gown.

OFF DUTY.

BEAR him gently along o'er the blood-crimsoned sod,
His spirit has passed to its giver;
With unfaltering feet late the green turf he trod,
And now he's "off duty" for ever.
Smooth back the damp locks from the cold, pallid brow
Of him who to slumber you're leaving,
Bear him lightly along though he'll heed you not now,
Nor waken for sorrow or grieving.
May the soft breezes blow and the bright flowers wave
In the pride of their freshness and beauty;
And the birds of the summer-time sing o'er the grave
Of the soldier of Union "off duty."

Oh, lower him tenderly down to his rest,
And smooth the bright green turf above him,
How still is the heart in the warrior's breast,
No wild storm of battle can move him,
How nobly he fought in his strength and his pride
'Mid the roar of the batteries' thunder.
Lay him silently down near the spot where he died,
The turf of the battlefield under.
May the soft breezes blow and the bright flowers wave
In the pride of their freshness and beauty,
And the birds of the summer-time sing o'er the grave
Of the soldier of Union "off duty."

May-be far away in some fair Northern home
They wait for the soldier who's sleeping;
They will wait and will watch for their hero to come,
Till watching is turned into weeping,
They will wait and they'll weep for the one that they love,
Who far on the battlefield's lying,
Till they join his freed soul in the regions above
Where is never more sorrow nor dying.
May the soft breezes blow and the bright flowers wave
In the pride of their freshness and beauty,
And the birds of the summer-time sing o'er the grave
Of the soldier of Union "off duty."

Let him rest, let him rest, in his slumber so deep,
Where the bright Southern sky arches over,
Far, far from the spot where his kindred will sleep,
'Mid the Northern lands, daisies and clover.
All nerveless the arm that has battled so well,
While the tall grasses over him quiver,
In his warrior grave on the field where he fell,
Let him rest now off duty for ever.
May the soft breezes blow and the bright flowers wave
In the pride of their freshness and beauty,
And the birds of the summer-time sing o'er the grave
Of the soldier of Union "off duty."

A WONDERFUL FISHING STORY.

THE ladies of Paris are great anglers—that is, for small fish. And the gentlemen of highest *ton* regard the sport with considerable favor. Both ladies and gentlemen admire a drive to the beautiful suburbs of Neuilly and Corbeille, or even to the charming lake at Enghien. I once accompanied a lady to fish at Neuilly, where we purchased *gentles* for bait, which are the common maggot, bred in meat, and by a peculiarly French process these gentles grow to the length of nearly an inch, and, as they are washed quite clean and white, they form a very attractive bait for either surface or bottom fish. There were many fashionable persons angling there, and while fishing, I was told the following story:

A most accomplished and beautiful young lady of Paris became so fascinated with the refreshing recreation of angling that she was to be seen every fair day at Neuilly with her driver, footman and domestics. Of the numerous gentlemen who visited there to angle, there was one so powerfully smitten by her beauty and grace of manners as to make him desire—above all things—an introduction to her. For that purpose he went day after day a-fishing, in the hope that heaven would point out some way for him to become acquainted with her. Thus he went daily a-fishing until his friends thought him suffering from a *coup de soleil* which had softened his brain. In vain they endeavored to dissuade him from it. He became so taciturn and almost morose, that his companions of the club thought seriously of taking medical advice in his case. But every day that he went fishing and saw the lady, he was paid for all the taunts and questionable glances of his city associates; while he every day became more anxious as the fishing season was drawing to a close, yet he could meet no one who knew her, and she was so closely barricaded by her servants that he could not approach her to tender her any civility should an occasion offer.

After anxiously waiting and longing each day, the carriage would stop for her, and her servants help her to her seat, and thus hopelessly close the door to her ardent admirer for another day. Thus the hopes of each morning would end in the same cause for despair; and besides, some days he would await her coming all day, and most reluctantly return at night without having even seen her.

His anxiety became very great, and the case hopeless unless he could hit upon some expedient. He had thought of all the modern methods of declaring his passion, but none of them would stand the test of his intellectual crucible, when one morning he was smitten with an inspiration! "I have it!" said he. "I'll do it! She's mine!" He resolved to write a love-letter and swim under the water and catch it to her hook, and give her line a jerk to resemble the bite of a fish, and then retire unperceived and watch the effect of the experiment. He at once commenced practising swimming and remaining under water, and continued practising until he felt sufficient confidence to try the experiment. He wrote the letter, attached it to her hook, gave the line a jerk, and returned up under the bridge, donned his clothes, and arrived in sight of the lady just in time to see her reading the letter, and, swooning, she was caught in her servant's arms and conveyed to her coach.

The next day she went again a-fishing, to see what new dispensation heaven had in store for her. She felt another bite and caught another letter. After several days, and catching a letter each day, she finally saw the fish in the act of biting, and beckoned him to her. In a few minutes he was by her side in tremulous submission, but her responsive look inspired him with hope. She entered her carriage and invited him to a seat; and on their return to Paris (she ordered her coachman to drive slow) an *éclaircissement* took place, which proved that their families had long been favorably acquainted with each other. Just one month from that day the lady felt again the singular bite, and took the mysterious fish, amidst the congratulations of friends, in the Church of Notre Dame.



THE ROXBURY TRAGEDY.—POSITION OF THE BODY OF MISS ISABELLA N. JOYCE, WHEN FIRST DISCOVERED AFTER THE MURDER IN BUSSEY'S WOODS, WEST ROXBURY, MASS.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. ROBERT D. WILKIE.

THE ROXBURY TRAGEDY.

THE atrocious tragedy which took place in Roxbury, Mass., on the 11th ult., involving the death of John S. and Isabella N. Joyce—the former twelve, the latter fifteen years of age—has, as might naturally be expected, produced a profound impression of sadness and indignation in the public mind. That in a civilized, Christian community, there should live human beings capable of such cruelty savage and fiendish deeds, is almost past belief.

The circumstances of the double murder are briefly as follow: the mother of the children left her residence in Boston early on the morning of the fatal day, for West Roxbury, with the intention of remaining absent from her home three days. She placed her children in charge of their grandmother, who lived on the corner of Newland and Concord streets, Boston. On the day of the murder, Master John S. Joyce went to school as usual, but came home at 11 o'clock in the morning, to go with his sister to May's woods, she having expressed a wish to see if those woods were as lovely as those in Lynn. They were furnished by their grandmother with sufficient change to enable them to pay their fares, and left the roof of that beloved grandparent in high glee, little thinking of the terrible fate awaiting them. It is supposed, that instead of taking the Warren street car, which would have carried them near May's woods, the children took the Forest Hill car, and went to Bussey's woods by mistake, where, during the afternoon, they were murdered by some unknown fiend, who, previous to taking the lives of the children, violated the person of the girl.

The monster who committed the murder, literally cut the children in pieces. The wounds on the person of the girl—twenty-seven in number—were in different places, extending from the hips to the breast-bone, and one or two on the back. From an examination of the body, Dr. Stedman was led to infer that but one person was engaged in the outrage. The wounds were deep, and were made evidently by the same instrument that killed the boy. The young girl must have made a desperate struggle to free herself from the hands of the villain, as the leaves and ground near the rock are clotted with blood, from the twenty-seven wounds received upon her body, from a large dirk knife, sixteen of them being upon her back. The excitement is intense in the vicinity of the murder, and hundreds of sympathizing people visit Bussey's woods daily, many of them decorating the spot where the children lost their lives, with flowers. Suspicion rest on several parties as knowing something in connection with the crime, and several arrests have been made.

The following letter from our special artist, gives some additional particulars concerning the tragedy:



ROXBURY TRAGEDY.—POSITION OF THE BODY OF JOHN S. JOYCE, BROTHER OF ISABELLA, WHEN FIRST DISCOVERED AFTER THE MURDER IN BUSSEY'S WOODS.



THE ROXBURY TRAGEDY.—APPEARANCE OF THE SPOT, AS DECORATED BY SYMPATHISING VISITORS, WHERE THE BODY OF MISS ISABELLA N. JOYCE WAS FOUND.—SKETCHED BY ROBT. D. WILKIE.



LOSS OF THE CENTRAL AMERICAN TRANSIT COMPANY'S STEAMSHIP GOLDEN RULE, CAPT. DENNIS, ON ROncador REEF, CARIBBEAN SEA, MAY 30.—FROM A SKETCH BY A PASSENGER.

BOSTON, June 23d, 1865.

MR. LESLIE:—I send you some most interesting sketches concerning the recent murder; they are correct in every particular—as far as the land and woods, and position of the bodies as found, are concerned. On reaching the spot yesterday, I was unfortunately prevented from making more than one sketch, on account of a severe thunder-storm, so had to go again this morning, and found that some kind hands had placed a wreath of flowers on the spot where the poor girl's head had rested, and beneath was strewn in a circle a profuse quantity of flowers, which completely hid from view the blood-saturated moss and leaves which lie crushed around, expressive of the shocking agony the unfortunate young girl must have suffered. The body of the brother was found in the spot which I have represented, lying on his face, evidently dragged there after the fiendish deed was done. The place is very swampy, with small pools of standing water; this spot is some distance from the murder scene of the sister. The public road running directly behind the ledge of rocks, you will note standing up behind the wreath in the sketch. The whole affair is wrapped in the most profound mystery, and unnumbered police are working night and day on it. Arrests are still continuing, to what effect remains to be seen. In haste, yours obediently,

ROBERT WILKIE.

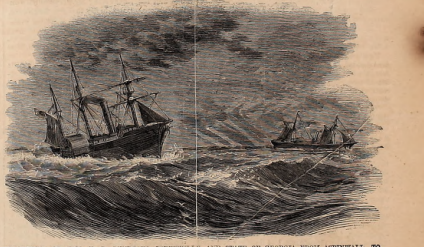
THERE is an allegorical story current, that once, immediately after Theodore Parker had parted from Ralph Waldo Emerson, on the road to Boston, a crazy Millerite encountered Parker, and cried, "Sir, do you know the world is coming to an end?" Upon which Parker replied: "My good man, that doesn't concern me, I live in Boston." The same fanatic, overtaking Emerson, announced in the same terms the approach of the end of the world; upon which, Emerson replied: "I am glad of it, sir; man will get along much better without it!"

DR. SCHWARZ communicates the following simple method of preserving small quantities of ice which he has practised with success. Put the ice in a deep dish or jug, cover it with a plate, place the vessel on a pillow stuffed with feathers, and cover the top with another pillow carefully, by this means excluding the external air. Feathers are, it is well known, bad conductors of heat, and in consequence the ice is preserved from melting. Dr. Schwarz states that he has thus preserved six pounds of ice for eight days. The plan is simple, and within the reach of every household.

WHAT letter is it that is never used more than twice in America?—Letter A, of course.



THE PASSENGERS LEAVING THE STEAMSHIP GOLDEN RULE ON RAFTS FOR THE ISLAND OF RONCADOR. FROM A SKETCH BY A PASSENGER.



DEPARTURE OF THE U. S. GUNBOATS HUNTSVILLE AND STATE OF GEORGIA FROM ASPINWALL, TO RESCUE THE PASSENGERS OF THE GOLDEN RULE.—FROM A SKETCH BY AN OFFICER.



THE SHIPWRECKED PASSENGERS OF THE GOLDEN RULE CAMPING ON THE ISLAND OF RONCADOR.

THE CROSS.

BY C. G. ROSENBERG.

He who through the world would go
Stainless with its dust and woe,
Like the Christ the cross must bear—
The gall must taste—the thorn must wear,
Whose pains his throbbing forehead tear—
Yet, like the Christ, knew no despair.

Hard the riddle is to know—
Hard, unsolved through life to go—
Hard, that heavy cross to bear—
The gall to taste—the thorn to wear
Yet not to find what signs the air,
But sings the riddle's answer there.

Not a flower on earth can blow—
Not a single fountain flow—
Not a rivulet make flow
Its tender green to ray and air—
Not one green leaf the sunshine share,
But must it that riddle's key declare.

He who through the world will go
Open-eyed, may shun the woe.
Love is working everywhere—
In fire, in water, in air;
Love alone the cross may bear,
Yet, like the Christ, know no despair.

CLEVE A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "ELEANOR'S VICTORY," "HENRY DUNBAR," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.—CONTINUED.

The drive between Twickenham to Stanscroville is not a very long one; and Mrs. Trodethyn's hays got over the ground at a pace that did credit to the judgment of Mr. Lowther, who had chosen the animals for his friend. It was nearly nine o'clock when the hansoms drew up before the dorie colonnade, where a group of fluttering damsels to Maude's dining-room; and before the three ladies could alight, a handsome cab flashed up to the carriage, a pair of steaming doors were flung open, and Francis Trodethyn sprang out upon the pavement.

His wife's face flushed crimson, and then grew deadly pale. She turned to Rose Grunderson, and murmured in faint, hurried accents:

"Will you dine with us, Rosa? or shall Marmaduke drive you home?"

"Thank you, my darling," Miss Grunderson answered promptly; "I think I'll come in just for a few moments."

Maude nodded and entered the hall. Francis had handed her from the carriage, and followed her into the house. He threw away his cigar as he stepped on the hall, and regarded his wife with rapidly with good spirits and perfumed with tobacco.

"I'm so glad you've come home," he said. "I thought you were going to dine with the governor, and that I should have to sit in that dreary room all by myself, with only Landseer's staghounds to keep me company; though if half the people one calls company were as much alive as they are, a dinner-party wouldn't be such a dismal business as it is. Of course you haven't dined—you must have I am perfectly sure there doesn't seem to be any dinner," added Mr. Trodethyn, as he opened the door and looked into the dining-room, where the table was bare and ghastly under the faint glimmer of gas. "No one was expected, I suppose? However, they can get me something, Geoffreyes, just see about dinner, will you? How do you do, Miss Grundersen? I dare say you are hungry after your drive. Are you going upstairs, Maude?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Trodethyn.

The syllable had a startling effect as it fell from her lips, like one solitary drop of ball falling suddenly on a summer day.

"I am upstairs," said Miss Desmond confidentially to Rosa; "will you come with me and take off your things?"

"So, thanks, dear," answered Miss Grundersen, who would have endured tortures rather than say "thank you" after the fashion required that she should say "thanks." "I don't think I will take off my things. Mrs. Trodethyn doesn't seem very well, and it's almost late for dinner; so I think I'll just go up to the morning-room and rest for a few minutes before I go home. His carriage need not be kept, you know, please," added Miss Grundersen to a maid somewhat hovering in the shadowy depths of the hall; "for I can have a cab fetched when I want to go."

Mr. Trodethyn had followed his wife to the drawing-room door, the two girls standing at the foot of the staircase heard one of the doors close with a sonorous bang.

Miss Desmond went upstairs, and Miss Grundersen followed slowly. The morning-room of which Rosa had spoken was on the second floor, but the young lady did not go any further than the first landing-place. The door of the front drawing-room was closed, but the door of the back drawing-room was half wide open, and peering into the lighted apartment, Rosa saw that it was quite empty. She paused for a moment, looked about her, and then went quietly into the back drawing-room, and closed the door very softly behind her.

Francis Trodethyn followed his wife to the drawing-room beacons that one frozen syllable, together with the strange expression of her face, had been quite enough to tell him that something was wrong.

"Maude," he said, as he closed the drawing-room door, "you speak to me and look at me as if you were offended. And yet I have no consciousness of having done anything to displease you."

Mrs. Trodethyn looked at her husband with su-

preme contempt; not the cool scorn which is akin to indifference, but rather a passionate disdainfulness. Taking into consideration the fact that Maude did not care for her husband, all disdainful nine rage seemed a sad waste of feeling.

"Do not add hypocrisy to the wrong that you have done me," said Mrs. Trodethyn. "I have been most cruelly awakened this day to a knowledge of the life you have been leading—ever since our marriage. I cannot speak of this subject; it is too horrible; I think the words would choke me. I thought that I should have been able to write what I had to tell you; but since I have been so unfortunate as to meet you, I may as well say with my own lips what I meant to have said in a letter. It is very little. I have only to tell you that from this moment we must be strangers to each other. After my discovery of to-day, I should consider myself a base and degraded creature if I ever suffered your hand to touch mine in friendship again. The obligation of my father's debt to you must rest upon him henceforward, and not upon me."

"But, Maude, explain yourself! your discovery of to-day, you say! What discovery?"

"Your affections of unworthy treachery is deeper insult than your—No, I will not discuss this subject with you!" cried Maude, passionately. "It is shameful—it is cruel—that I should have been wronged so basely, when I trusted you as completely. Do not speak to me again, I beg; not touch me!" she exclaimed, shrinking away from him with a shudder; your presence inspires me with disgust and abhorrence. Why do you not take your own presence of inhabiting this house, which has only afforded you an outsidable shelter, while your amusements and your friends have been found elsewhere? I set you free from this hour, Mr. Trodethyn. Seek for happiness after your own fashion—which is that of a fool—but spending none to say to you."

Francis from the room before her husband could arrest her. Unspeakably bewildered by her passionate words, which were almost meaningless to him, Francis Trodethyn stood motionless as a statue a few paces from the doorway by which his wife had just left him. He was standing there when the luminous curtains which hung in folds across the archway between the drawing-rooms were cautiously divided, and a plump little figure in black satin appeared between the crimson draperies. The Cornishman heard the rustling, and turned abruptly towards the portière.

"Yes," exclaimed Miss Grundersen, "it's me no, it's I—yes, and I've been listening," continued the young lady, with charming candour, in reply to inquiring stare. "But do say that you forgive me, please, and believe that I meant it for the best," she added, with a little pitying upon my face, a somewhat rather obscure under the influence of excitement.

"What, in heaven's name, does it all mean, Miss Grundersen?" asked Francis piteously.

"Goodness gracious knows—I don't; but it's very certain there is something wrong, and whatever it is, that Mr. Lowther is at the bottom of it."

"Harcourt Lowther?"

"Yes. He has been a great deal of gossip at the Bell and Horns clubs, and such places; and he always tells me every thing he hears. And, Mr. Trodethyn, if you know any how I have wished to speak my mind to you, I am sure you would forgive me for listening just now."

"Oh, I forgive you, certainly; could you have to say to me?" asked the bewildered Cornishman.

"Oh, lots of things. But then you know the grand maxim in society is that you mustn't speak your minds. But to-night the case has come, and I've spoken it. Oh, you poor dear thing," cried Rose, in a sudden outburst of sympathy, "how could you ever suppose that I would abet it?"

"Talked about—by whom, when, and where?"

"By everybody, always, everywhere. You don't know—how could you, I'm sure? But I've just listened to what was going on around you—how people do talk. They've talked about your dissipation, and your going to the play when you have been seen at, the people you have been seen with—about your coming home in hansom cabs in the middle of the night—and about your having vehicles could be invented for people who stay out late, or at least for dears made to open differently. I have wished to be one myself sometimes. They've talked about your getting tipsy," exclaimed Rose, adding that last accusation with a hurrying of wordons stress upon the obnoxious word; "and they've said you were drinking yourself into an early grave, and that false friend—you'll excuse my using you on to your death in order that he might marry your wife afterwards."

Harcourt Lowther—to my death—and—marry Maude! oh, no, no, no; it is too horrible!" gasped Francis, staring at Miss Grundersen, with his head clasped in his hands, and his heads of perspiration upon his brow.

"I know it is horrible," cried Rosa; "but they say it; and you must own it was not a wise thing for you to be so very intimate with a man who was such a favourite with your wife, you know her."

"Engaged to my wife! Who was engaged to my wife?"

"Why, Harcourt Lowther, of course! Didn't you know all about it?"

"No, so help me heaven!"

"Then I'm very sorry I've spoken," said Rose, who had said had been spoken in perfect good faith; but, all at once, she began to see that mischief might come of this free interchange of confidences.

"I thought that you knew it," she stammered, somewhat unable confusion, "or I'm sure I should never have said one word about—"

How did you come to know it?" asked Francis, turning fiercely upon the terrified Rosa.

"Miss Desmond told me."

"It is a lie, a malicious lie, invented by Julia Desmond!"

"I dare say it is something in the way of a story," responded Miss Grundersen, who was very anxious to extinguish the sudden conflagration which her unconscious hand had fired; "people do tell such stories, you know; not that I think Miss Desmond would speak so positively unless but I'm sure if Mrs. Trodethyn says ever engaged to Mr. Lowther she had quite forgotten him when she married you; sairy, if it was so, I don't think it was quite honorable of him to be so friendly with you without telling you all about it."

"Yes," he thought, as he sank moodily down into the nearest chair, and covered his face with his hands, as heedless of Miss Grundersen's presence as if that young lady had been one of her father's cabbage—yes, it is no lie of Julia Desmond's. A hundred recollections arise in my mind to bear witness to its truth. Maude's confession that there was a man whom she had loved, but whose poverty was a hindrance to a marriage with him. Harcourt Lowther's letters from that beautiful heiress—Lowther's return to Cornwall with her him and happiness. I know that they had known each other before he called for Mr. Dimond's Lord; but I believed him implicitly when he told me casually one day that they had never been more than the most indifferent acquaintances. O, God of heaven! what a fool I have been; and how clearly I can see my folly, now when it is too late! False wife, false friend! so Maude's words had only helped trusted."

"Miss Grundersen," said Francis, presently, "whatever the world may have said against Harcourt Lowther, it is a false and lying world if it ever slandered the goodness and purity of my wife."

"I know that," answered Rose, becoming oneself again, and looking up at the sweet daughter that ever were, she's the sweetest and the dearest. And how should she know that people made nasty remarks? I'm sure that Mr. Lowther's always happening to go to the parties she went to, and having here cleiner than other people, and so on—"

"He went to parties!" cried Francis. "He told me that his lateal parties; that he scarcely went any where."

"Ah, but he did, though; and it has been his habit ever since he came to be a swell, you know, but his way of saying them; his empressancing, you know, that has caused these ill-natured remarks about him," added Rose, thinking she was speaking like empressancing."

Francis did not answer. Little by little the mists cleared away from his mental vision; and he saw that Harcourt Lowther had been from first to last the subtlest enemy who ever plotted the ruin of an honest blockhead.

"I have thought—when my tempter gave me the to think that Mr. Lowther's coldness and reserve which separated us; but I know now that it was the schemer's work from first to last. She did not love me. O, God! I have pity upon my poor fool-hood heart. She loved him perhaps; but I might have had some little chance of winning her love if I had remained a friend to—for—her slave, her worshipper; but he has held me away from her, and now she abhors me. She has no feeling but disgust and horror for the man who has deliberately used her to waste his days on a race-course, his hours in the society of a gunning-master."

"If Maude had loved me," Francis agreed, brooding moodily upon his wrongs, "my money would have tempted me to no villainy; my ingenuity would have beguiled me into no danger. Her vices would have regulated my life; her counsel would have given me wisdom. For such love as I wish would have been my law. And it would have been very hard if the companionship of a lady had led me into evil courses, or into a gambler's hell. But what are the people with whom I have herded since my marriage—the sharpers and sinners whom Harcourt Lowther has chosen for me.

"I thank you heartily," he said at last to Miss Grundersen, who had been spoken so frankly to that it is only right that I should be acquainted with the common talk about the man whose hand I have accepted in friendship. I know, if you say for the last twelve months. But I hope you will believe that, whatever Mr. Lowther may or may not be, my wife is good and pure, worthy of the warmest affection you can feel for her. Your warmth of feeling has touched me deeply, Miss Grundersen. I have been true to you as an atmosphere lately. But that I must be dull indeed if I were not affected by your friendly candour. If—if anything should happen to separate Maude and me, I should be very glad to think she had such a friend as you. Shall—if ever I am—if anything so sad as I have trusted, in the truth and honor of Harcourt Lowther, you would stand between her and that dangerous adventurer, what false friend—would you, Miss Grundersen?"

"I would," answered Rosa valiantly; "I should speak up right to her and to Mr. Lowther into the bargain, as candidly as I have spoken it to you so-night."

"I believe you would," said Francis; "and now, my dear, God bless you, and good-night."

He took both his hands and clasped Rosa's pudgy little paws in a brief grasp, and then stood past her on his way towards the door.

"You're not going to dine with me, you, Mr. Trodethyn?" she asked anxiously, "it is so very late."

Poor little Rosa was rather alarmed by that resolute stride towards the door, which might only be the first step in some ghastly vengeance to be taken upon Harcourt Lowther by the stalwart Cornishman.

"I am only going to my room to write a letter," answered Mr. Trodethyn; "shall I ordermy wife's carriage for you?"

"No, thank you; as our house is so near, I think I'll ask one of your servants to see me home," replied Rosa, who had no idea of leaving the ground just yet. "I'll run up to Mrs. Trodethyn's room and say good-by. Shall I take her any message from you?"

"None, thank you; good-night."

"Good-night,"

CHAPTER XXXII.—THE LADY AN ESTIEMAN.

THE letter which Francis Trodethyn wrote in his study was a long one—a very painful one to write, as it seemed from the face of the writer, and the weary sigh which every now and then escaped from his lips, as his hurrying pen paused for a moment. It was close upon ten o'clock when he finished the letter. The clock chimed the half hour after eleven while he was sealing it. He addressed the envelope, and then threw himself back in his chair to think. He had so much to think of. Maude's extraordinary conduct, Rosa Grundersen's revelation, had overthrow the whole fabric of his life; and he found himself surrounded by ruins, and no other chaos he could not contemplate without bewilderment.

For the last few weeks his thoughts had been almost exclusively devoted to his cousin Susan and her wrongs. She had a sad story to tell Robert Leslay, and in musing how to tell it that Francis Trodethyn had put together, piece by piece, was the letter which had been written from St. Petersburg by the man whom Susan had loved and trusted—the man whose diary had revealed to Francis the utter worthlessness of his character.

Robert Leslay's letter was only a worthy communication to Bellair's diary. In it he coldly and deliberately told the girl who loved him, that she was not his wife; that the Marylebone marriage was a mockery; that the registrar was a retired official, but a scoundrel hired for a twenty-pound note to play the part of that functionary; that the registrar's office had been an office, but a lodging-house parlor hired for the occasion, and half-a-dozen doors from the office. This statement was, of course, accompanied by all the harsh locksmen sophistries which can so glibly from the pen, as if all he could learn from the lips of an utterly heartless man. The self-confessed betrayer pleaded the weakness of an all-absorbing love, the storm and sweetness of a timid poverty, the pressure of family circumstances, the fear of a father's rage; and then, in conclusion, the writer stated the pitiful stipend which he was prepared to offer to the woman he had abandoned and the child he had deserted.

Susan showed her cousin this letter, and told him how, after receiving it, her mind had almost overwhelmed by the burden of her great agony. Then it was that she had gone to Mrs. Dimond, and had written to her father a long letter, telling them something of her story, but not all, appealing piteously to the only friend in the world could appeal, for faithful Frank was far away in some unknown quarter. She did not receive the letter she had waited, at first with a faint sickly hope, then with a blank despair, for some answer from the old farm to which she had appealed. Day succeeded day and when her little stock of money had sunk to the lowest ebb, she left the dull quiet of Cotton-ales gh to begin a weary, lonely, miserable period, which had endured, without one ray of sunlight or illumine to the misery, until the summer Sunday afternoon on which Francis Trodethyn found her sitting in the nurse's cottage with her baby in her arms.

It was so sad a story, and so sadly common, that there is little need to dwell upon the unvarnished record of a woman's battle with poverty in the heart of a great city.

"Perhaps I ought to think myself very happy, Frank," Susan had said, when she had told her story, "for I was always able to pay the nurse somehow for the care of my darling; and the deadly fear of the last few days is one that was the worst I knew in all that dreary time. I have been face to face with starvation, Frank, very often within the last two years, but it is not a horror that any one is used to it. I have sometimes thought that their strange fear of me must have been only a blessing in disguise, for it kept me from borrowing upon my great sorrow—it sometimes shut out from me the thought of Robert's cruelty and my own disgrace."

"Disgrace!" cried the Cornishman; "no, Susan, there is no disgrace or degree upon you, except the disgrace of being united to a scoundrel and a liar. The marriage before the registrar was a mere fide mockery, as binding as if it had been performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury."

And then Francis told Susan of his visit to the registrar's office. This was the balm which he was able to pour into the deepest wound that ever bled a woman's heart. But the identity of the husband who had left her was a consideration in her was entirely unknown to Susan. In all the familiar correspondence of that period in which the trusting girl had been a petted and happy child, Robert Leslay had not let fall one careless word relating to his family or his prospects. When first consulted by Francis upon the contents of the diary, Mesgra. Dimond & Sandbach had instituted inquiries as to whether a Mr. Robert Leslay had been inscribed on the books of St. Boniface any time between the years 1843 and the summer of 1844, but in the negative. No person of the name had been a member of that college within the last ten years. Francis could only conclude, therefore, that Mrs. Bartfield had been right in her suppostion that the name assumed by himself Robert Leslay shielded his identity under a false name.

"But your husband was visited by his brother, was he not, Susan?" when this subject was discussed between the cousins.

"Yes; but I know no more of Robert's brother than of Robert himself. He did not come to us often. I have heard that he was a lawyer—a barrister, I think, and that he lived in the Temple. I heard even that by accident, and Robert seemed almost vexed that I should know so much."

All those trifling circumstances seemed to point inevitably to one conclusion: Robert Leslay had intended from the first to abandon his wife, whenever his own interests rendered it advisable that he should throw off the tie that bound him to her. Love and selfishness go very badly hand-in-hand together; and love had even left selfishness sole master of the field.

"But this man shall be made to acknowledge

his wife, to give a name to his child," cried Francis, "if he can be found."

"If my husband is alive, Providence may throw him across my path some day," Susan said resignedly. "He could not be more dead to me than he is now, if he were buried in the deepest grave that ever held the ashes of the lost; but if he gave my boy the name that is his right, I think I could forgive him all the past."

It was quite in vain that Francis Tredethlyn sought to carry his cousin and her son home to his own house.

"I am used to poverty, Francis," she said; "let me be poor still. Nobody is inquisitive about me, because I am beneath people's curiosity. No one questions me about the husband who has deserted me, or extorts my story from me only to doubt it when it is told. My father would not believe me; can I expect strangers to be more trusting than he was? No, Francis; leave me alone in my obscurity. I have a lodging near here, and I can see my darling every day. I will freely accept from you a little income which will enable me to live as I have lived, without working as hard as I have worked; but I will accept no more. I am delighted to think that my father left his fortune to you, Frank; and I thank and bless you for having taken so much trouble to find me out."

Francis Tredethlyn found it hard work to win Susan away from this determination, so quietly expressed. But he did at last persuade her to agree to his own plans for her life, on condition that he should tell Maude nothing, nor ask Susan to meet her until the missing husband was found and compelled to acknowledge his wife and son. Francis consented to promise this; but he cherished a hope that Susan would relent by-and-by, when she heard more of Maude's tender and amiable nature, and that he would be able to win his wife's friendship for the simple country girl, who had played with him amongst the daisies in Laudersdale churchyard.

Susan consented to let her cousin do what he liked with regard to the place in which she was to live henceforward. What mother could refuse a bright home for the child she loves?

Energetic though Mr. Tredethlyn was in the carrying out of his arrangements, Susan had been established little more than a week at the cottage, and the paint on the Venetian shutters was still rather sticky, when Harcourt Lowther found the upholsterer's bill, which gave him the clue to his pupil's mysterious conduct. To hasten down to Petersham, find the cottage, refresh himself with dry sherry and soda-water at the nearest tavern was all incomparably easy to Mr. Lowther. From the landlord he had heard all about Brook Cottage. How it had been to let for nearly a twelvemonth; how it had been taken all in a hurry at the end of May by a dashing-looking gentleman from town, who had been reported scouring the neighborhood in hansom cabs, inquiring for houses to let, at three days at a stretch; how painters and glaziers, carpenters and gardeners, had set to work, in hot haste, to renew and revivify everything indoors and out; how wagon-loads of the finest gravel from Wimbledon, and cart-loads of the finest turf from Ham, had been laid down in the garden; how furniture, that was every bit of it new, had been brought down from London; how the tall, dashing, energetic gentleman in the handsome cab had been perpetually on the ground with his officious finger for ever in the pie; and how larger cans of half-and-half had been consumed by the workmen at the cost of the dashing gentleman than the landlord of the Prince's Feathers remembered to have chalked up against any one customer since he had traded as a licensed victualer.

All this Mr. Lowther was told; and beyond this, he heard how a lady, very pretty and quite young, but a little pale and worn-looking, had arrived at last to take possession of "the prettiest little box that was ever put together, without regard to expense;" how she was attended by an elderly female in black, who had evidently seen better days, and who acted as nurse to a little boy; how two respectable women had been hired in the neighborhood, to act as cook and housemaid, and how, coming regularly to the Feathers in quest of the kitchen-beer, they had already reported their mistress as the sweetest and pleasantest of ladies, and first cousin to the dashing gentleman in the hansom cab. The landlord tried to look as if he had no uncharitable thoughts about this cousinship; but Harcourt Lowther saw that Francis Tredethlyn and the lady had been subjects of grave scandal in that quiet country-place. He heard that the dashing gentleman had been at Petersham almost every day for the last week; and that he and the lady passed the greater part of their time in the garden, where they might be seen at any time from the highroad—the gentleman smoking and playing with the little boy, and the lady working, at a rustic table, under a mulberry tree. A potboy, coming in from his rounds as Harcourt lounged at the bar, confirmed the landlord's statement when appealed to. He had passed Brook Cottage not five minutes before, and had seen the lady and gentleman talking to a gardener, who was doing something to a rose tree.

"She's a rare one for flowers, the lady is," the potman said in conclusion.

A rare one for flowers, Harcourt Lowther mused gravely.

"Secrecy is only another name for guilt," thought Mr. Lowther. "Our friend has gone to the bad in real earnest this time, and I can make a *coup*. I was getting very tired of the slow game."

Armed with this information, the schemer went back to town, to take his place in Maude's opera-box, and to lead up to that idea of a morning at the Cedars, which seemed to originate in Mrs. Tredethlyn's own brain. Chance had been constant to the schemer even in that interview between Francis and Rosa; for it happened that, in all Miss Grunderson's candid outpourings, she had not dropped a word about Mrs. Tredethlyn's stroll in the Petersham meadows; though, even if she had done so, the Cornishman might have been very slow to perceive that an accidental glimpse of himself and gentle Susie, in friendly companionship, could have been the primary cause of that stormy greeting which he had received at the hands of his wife. Francis accepted his wife's passionate outbursts as only the climax of the disgust and weariness with which he had inspired her.

"She reproaches me for the life I have been leading lately," he said bitterly; "but she does not understand her own feelings. It is not my life, but me she hates. It is myself that inspires the loathing and contempt which she talked of, and not my late hours or my gambling and horse-racing."

After sitting for some time plunged in a gloomy reverie, in the dreary library, the little black-marble clock on the mantel-piece chimed a quarter after twelve; he felt in his waistcoat-pocket for a note which he had found waiting for him, on his table, the previous night. It was a tiny twisted *poulet* from Harcourt Lowther.

"DEAR FRANK,—A line to remind you of to-morrow night. You will be expected any time of after nine, Yours always,
"H. L."

This reminder referred to a bachelor's supper which Mr. Lowther had arranged at his lodgings—a party at which there was to be what the host called a quiet rubber. Francis looked from the clock on the chimney-piece to the scrap of paper in his hand; hesitated for a few moments, with a black frown upon his face, and then started hastily from his lounging attitude, and looked about for his hat.

"There couldn't be a better opportunity," he muttered, "for saying what I want to say to him."

CHAPTER XXXIII.—A HASTY RECKONING.

HARCOURT LOWTHER had never played so bad a rubber as that with which he beguiled the evening while waiting Francis Tredethlyn's appearance at the little bachelor-party assembled in his rooms.

He was thinking of Maude.

Was he near his triumph? He had been playing for two stakes—the woman he loved and the fortune he envied. He knew Maude Tredethlyn well enough to know that so long as her husband lived she was as far beyond his reach as the stars which shone down upon him as he walked home from Stuccoville, and of whose light he thought so little. Maude, as the daughter of an insolvent trader, was a lovely being whom he had felt no reluctance to resign; for he had looked forward, with a horrible foresight, to the day when the girl he loved should be again within his reach, no longer as a penniless spinster, but a wealthy widow. This had been the goal which Harcourt had seen at the end of that weary road along which he conducted the young man who trusted him. No physician ever watched a patient more intently than Mr. Lowther watched the slow undermining of the Cornishman's glorious constitution under the influence of late hours and hard drinking.

Before twelve o'clock Mr. Lowther had abandoned his place at the whist-table to his brother; and after lounging behind the chair of a young man who was playing *écarté*, and making a random bet now and then, the host proposed supper—a proposition which was received very warmly by the men who were losing money, and very cooly by the winners.

So far as the guests went, the supper was a success. There was just the amount of confusion which gives a picnic flavor to a meal, and which seems an invaluable stimulant of animal spirits. Mr. Lowther's visitors enjoyed themselves immensely, and the party was becoming boisterous in its gaiety, when the door was opened and Francis Tredethlyn walked in.

Harcourt Lowther pushed away the Moselle case, which was now only filled with tumbled straw and empty bottles, and called for a chair, which was edged into a corner at the host's right hand.

"You'll have some supper Tredethlyn?"

"You needn't order anything more—for me. I shan't eat supper to-night," was the reply.

The Cornishman's colorless face and disordered hair and dress might have suggested the idea that he had been drinking; but there was an inscrutable something in that white face which was not compatible with drunkenness. Harcourt Lowther looked at him nervously. The marital quarrel had come off, evidently, and Francis took matters very seriously.

"Come, Mr. Troublefeast," cried the host, "we're not going to stand this sort of thing, you know. We'll have no statue of the commander stalking in upon us in the midst of our fun—without Mozart. What the deuce is the matter with you, dear boy? Roderick, pass that tankard this way, will you? Take a long dip into that, old fellow, and come up bright again."

Mr. Lowther struck his small white hand lightly upon his friend's shoulder as he concluded. Francis had dropped into the place offered to him, and sat there looking like nothing but the commander in his stony rigidity of face and figure. As Harcourt Lowther's hand alighted on his shoulder, he startled every one by throwing it deliberately away from him.

"I have had enough of your friendship, thank you," he said; "henceforward, if we are to be anything at all to each other, I had rather we should be foes—I may have better luck perhaps that way."

"Tredethlyn! are you drunk, or mad?"

"Neither; but I *have* been both, for I have trusted you. You needn't ask me what I mean," said Francis, interrupting Harcourt Lowther's exclamation by a rapid gesture of his uplifted hand, "I am going to tell you, and very plainly. Gentlemen, you were going to listen to a song just now; have you any objection to hearing a story instead? There will be time for your ballad afterwards, you know, Philcote. My story is not a long one."

"Sing your song, Philcote," said Harcourt Lowther, resolutely, "we want no stories—we've no time for twaddle of that sort. Let's have a good song or two, and then we'll go into the next room for a rubber."

"Let's have the story first and the 'Last Rose' afterwards," suggested some one. "Fire away, Tredethlyn; your audience have supped luxuriously, and are in good humor."

"I daresay it's a common story enough in your set, Boystock," answered Francis; "but it isn't a long one. It is the story of a man who was lifted one day from poverty to wealth, and found himself all at once alone in a world as strange to him as if he had been transported out of this planet into another inhabited by a different species."

"Egad," muttered Mr. Boystock, "I wish somebody would transport me."

"Ah, it isn't likely, old fellow, in *that* way," murmured his neighbor.

"For some time the country-bred cub—he was country-bred, and what you would call a cub—got on well enough. He floundered into a few mistakes, and he floundered out of them, after his own ignorant fashion. I think there is a providence for such men, as there is for drunkards, and so long as they stagger along *alone*, they come to very little grief. He did a great many silly things with his money, I daresay; but I think he *once* did a generous thing—though God knows, in doing it, he only followed the blind impulse of his undisciplined heart as ignorantly as if he had been some blundering Newfoundland dog that pulls the mistress he loves out of the water where he sees her drowning. His wealth prospered with him, though he had cared little enough for it when it fell into his hands. By means of it he was able to save the woman he loved from a great trouble; and in her boundless gratitude for the service which he valued so lightly, she abandoned herself to the purest impulse that ever stirred a noble breast, and offered him her hand. If he had been generous or wise, he would have refused the hand which could not give him a heart. He was only—in love. Selfishly, stupidly, he seized the proffered sacrifice; too besotted in his blind passion to perceive that it was a sacrifice."

"The country-bred cub was still fresh to the intoxication of his fancied happiness, when a man who had been familiar with him in his poverty, came from the distant part of the world, where they had met and known each other, and offered to be his friend. The cub's ignorance of life was so complete that he did not know it was possible for a man who bore her majesty's commission, and called himself a gentleman, to be a liar and a villain. He trusted his old acquaintance implicitly, and accepted him as a friend—believing still, in his boorish ignorance, that there was such a thing as friendship, or, at the worst, an honorable good fellowship between honest men. His friend did not tell him that he had been the engaged lover of the woman the boor was going to marry, and when the young couple began their new life, he planted himself in their house; and his first act was to shut the husband from the home whose dingiest room was a paradise, so long as it was sanctified by the presence of an idolised wife. Will any one at this table guess the plot which the boor's friend hatched against him in the hour when their hands first met in friendship? I think not. The gentleman—polished, well-born, highly educated—allowed the country cub to marry the woman he loved, reserving to himself the hope of marrying her, enriched by the cub's money, when the cub was dead. This once arranged, there was only one thing more to be settled, and that was the cub's life. Unluckily he was a brawny six-feet fellow, with the constitution of a prize-fighter. But then prize-fighters are not always long-lived. The gentleman resolved that the boor should drink himself to death,"

"Is this the plot of a French novel?" asked Roderick superciliously, after a brief silence, in which Francis Tredethlyn had paused to take breath; "if it is, you had better tell us the title of the book, and let us read it in the original. There may be some chance of our thinking it interesting *then*."

"There are shameful things done out of novels as well as in them, Mr. Lowther," answered Francis. "What I am telling you is the truth. The gentleman took the wealthy boor under his protection, and from that hour the cub's mind and the cub's body began to wither under the influence of a vice, which, of himself, he held in abhorrence, but which, in the dull indifference of a man who has no hope to elevate him, no aim to strive for, he was weak enough to accept as the cure for all his troubles. What did it matter how many glasses of brandy he drank, or how often he staggered across his dreary threshold in the early morning, stupefied by foul gas-lit atmosphere and bad wines? His friend took care to remind him that there was no one to be sorry for his misdeeds, or to rejoice in his repentance if he repented. He could not sink so low that his wife would be affected by his degradation; he could not rise so high that she would be proud of his elevation. His friend dinned the bitter truth into the wretch's ear. The beautiful young wife despised him; the wealth that other men envied was useless to him, except in its power to buy the oblivion of the brandy-bottle. From the hour in which his well-born friend took him under his protection, the boor never did a generous action, or heard a noble sentiment; and he very rarely went home sober. He was drinking himself to death as fast as a strong man can, when Providence took compassion on him, and gave him a duty to fulfill. A helpless girl, his kinswoman, was thrown across his path, and all at once he found himself of use in the world. From that moment his friend's scheme was overthrown. Good-bye to the brandy-bottle and the bad wines! The boor had a friendless woman dependent on his protection, and he had something to live for. He determined to sink the past, bid farewell to the wife whose affection he was unable to win, turn his back upon the circle he had lived in, and the people who had known him, and finish his days honestly among honest men."

"So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber," exclaimed Mr. Boystock. "It's a very good story, I daresay, but *apropos* to what?" demanded the gentleman, looking at Harcourt Lowther with a malicious twinkle in his little black eyes. "I don't see the connection with the proverbial *bottes*. What does it all mean?"

"It means, gentlemen, that I am the boor who has been the dupe of a villain, and will be so no longer; and the name of the villain is Harcourt Lowther."

There was a moment's silence, followed by a sudden smashing of glass. A pair of small sinewy white hands fastened cat-like upon Francis Tredethlyn's throat, and he and Harcourt Lowther were grappling each other in a fierce struggle. It was very long since the gentleman had been weak enough to get into a passion. He had sat as still as a statue while the Cornishman set forth his indictment, waiting to see how completely he had failed; and now he knew that his plot, so deliberately laid, so patiently carried out, was only a bungling business after all—for the man *must* have bungled who fails so utterly—Mr. Lowther lost his head all in a moment, and abandoned himself to a sudden access of rage, that reduced him to the level of a wounded tiger.

It was scarcely with Francis that he was angry. What did it matter how this man spoke of him or thought of him? It was against himself—against his own failure—that Harcourt Lowther's fury was raging; only, like all fury of that kind, it was ravenous for vengeance of some sort. It was only for about twenty seconds that his claws were fastened on Francis Tredethlyn's throat. A Cornish heavy-weight is not exactly the kind of person for a delicately-built Sybarite to wrestle with very successfully.

"We are rather celebrated for this sort of thing in my country," Mr. Tredethlyn muttered between his set teeth, as he loosened Harcourt Lowther's grasp from his throat, and hurled him in a kind of bundle to a corner of the room, where he fell crashing down amongst the ruins of a dumb-waiter, half-buried under a chaos of broken bottles and lobster shells.

Roderick Lowther would have sprung upon his brother's foe in the next minute, but the other men hustled round him and hemmed him in.

"Don't you see the fellow's a Hercules?" cried one of them; "let him alone, Lowther."

"Let me go," roared the diplomatist, "I know my brother's a false-hearted rascal, but I won't stand by and see a Lowther played at ball with by any boor in Christendom. Let me get at him, Boystock, or I shall hurt you." But Francis had walked quietly to the door, and turning, with his hand upon the lock, waited for a moment's pause in the confusion before he spoke.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you are witnesses that your friend attacked me. I have no quarrel with Mr. Roderick Lowther; and as I am the bigger man of the two, there would be no credit for either him or me in a scuffle between us. If Harcourt Lowther wants to see me, he will be able to find me any time this week at the Grand Hotel, Covent Garden; after this week I shall sail for South America by the first packet that leaves for Liverpool."

He paused a second time. There was no answer. The diplomatist had thought better of his thirst for fraternal retribution.

POLITICAL ASSASSINATION.

THE Queen of England: Queen Victoria can count four attempts on her life. On June 28, 1850, she received a violent blow with a stick from one Robert Pate, a retired lieutenant of the 10th hussars. The Kings of Prussia: In May, 1850, the late King of Prussia received, as he was mounting a railway carriage, a shot from a holster pistol of large bore, in the forearm; the assassin, Sefelage, of Wetzlow, cried out as he fired: "Liberty for ever!" The life of the present King of Prussia was in danger at Baden, on the morning of July 14, 1861. Two pistol shots were fired at him by Oscar Becker, a law student of Leipsic. The regicide declared that he wished to kill the King because he was not capable of effecting the unity of Germany. The Emperor of Austria: On February 18, 1853, at Vienna, Francis Joseph I. was struck with a knife in the nape of the neck. The murderer's name was Libeny, of Albe, in Hungary aged 20, resident at Vienna, and a tailor by trade. The Duke of Parma; On March 20, 1854, Ferdinand Charles III., Duke of Parma, returning from an excursion, was hustled by an individual who at the same time stabbed him in the abdomen, left the poignard in the wound, and subsequently escaped. The Duke expired in cruel torture at the end of 23 hours. The Queen of Spain (a second attempt): On May 28, 1856, as Queen Isabella was passing in her carriage along the Rue de l'Arsenal, at Madrid, a young man named Raymond Fuentes drew a pistol from his pocket, and would have discharged it at her head had not his arm been caught and his weapon taken from him by an agent of the police. The King of Naples: On December 8, 1856, whilst Ferdinand II. was reviewing his troops at Naples, a soldier named Agesilas Milano struck him with his bayonet, and, at a later period Garibaldi honored the memory of the regicide. Napoleon III: In October, 1852, when Napoleon, who was on the eve of becoming Emperor, was at Marseilles, there had been prepared an infernal machine, formed by 250 gun barrels charged with 1,500 balls, intended to go off all at once against the Prince and his *cortège*. But the attempt was not carried out. On July 5, 1853, a fresh attempt was made to assassinate him as he was going to the Opera Comique. Twelve Frenchmen were arrested as concerned in the conspiracy. On April 28, 1855, Jean Liverani fired two shots at the Emperor in the Grand Avenue of the Champs Elysées. In 1857, Tibaldi, Bartolotti and Grilli, came from England to Paris to assassinate the Emperor, but were discovered, arrested, tried and punished. On January 14, 1858, Orsini, Gomez, Pieri and Rudio, threw their murderous shells at the Emperor of the French, and shed the blood of a great number of honest citizens in Paris. On December 24, 1863, Greco, Trabucco, Imperatore and Scaglioni, who had come over from London with the intention of killing the French Emperor, were arrested in Paris. The Queen of Greece: On September 18, 1862, the Queen of Greece, directing public affairs during the King's absence, was returning from a ride on horseback, when she was fired at without effect, near the palace, by Aristide Dousios, a student, aged 19 years. Victor Emanuel II: In 1858, an attempt was made on the life of this sovereign, and Count Cavour gave an account of it in the sitting of April 16. President Lincoln: On April 14, 1865, at Ford's theatre, Washington, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States of America, was assassinated by Booth.



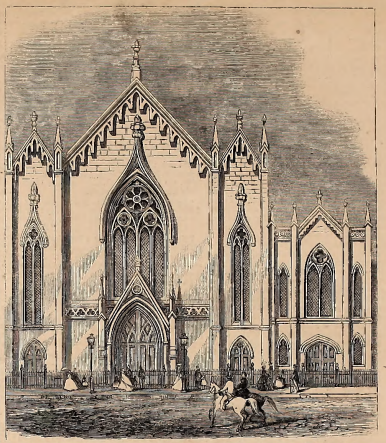
REV. THOS ARMITAGE, PASTOR OF THE FIFTH AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH, CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE AND 45TH STREET, NEW YORK.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.

REV. THOMAS ARMITAGE, D.D.

We present in this number the portrait of the Rev. Thomas Armitage, D.D., rector of the Fifth avenue Baptist church, at the intersection of 46th street and 5th avenue, New York. Dr. Armitage was born in England in 1819, and came to America in 1836, at the age of 19 years. He is a scion of the old Armitage stock, which sprang from Sir John Armitage, of Bromley, England, who was made a baron by Charles I. in 1640.

The mother of Dr. Armitage was an exceedingly pious woman of the Methodist persuasion, who died when he was six years of age, making it an especial prayer that her eldest son Thomas "might be converted, and become a good minister of the gospel of Christ."

Dr. Armitage may be justly considered one of the most eminent divines in this country. He is of medium height, well-proportioned, erect figure and bright hazel eyes, which convey an expression of mingled intelligence and kindliness. There are few men of more prepossessing powers of mien and speech. He fascinates strangers and delights friends. The heart and mind fall at once under the influence of his impulsive, generous warmth of manner, and of his kindly, just and liberal sentiments. He stands to the gaze a polished gentleman, and he wins his way to your esteem and affection by exalted worthiness as a man.



FIFTH AVENUE BAPTIST CHURCH, CORNER OF FIFTH AVENUE AND 46TH STREET, NEW YORK. REV. DR. ARMITAGE, PASTOR.

The Fifth Avenue Baptist Church.

This edifice owned by the society formerly known as the Norfolk street Baptist Church, was dedicated on the 18th ultimo. The church and lecture-room buildings occupy an area of 85 by 100 feet, 62 by 75 feet of which is covered by the church edifice proper.

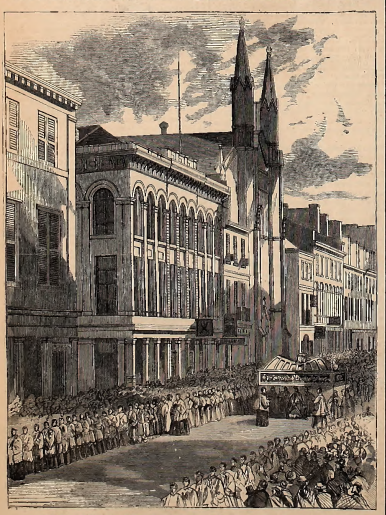
The interior of main building is constructed with side aisles, skeiny columns, and spacious clear story 70 feet high, the ceiling of which is lighted by 14 tracery and stained-glass windows, giving a very pleasing effect. The clear story and side ceilings are richly finished, with groined arches, heavy rib mouldings, etc., and the timber is laid out in blocks, in imitation of stone, and colored gray, three tints. The general style, and the absence of side galleries, present an elegant and cathedral-like appearance.

The lecture-room building is two stories high, the first story being used for lecture-room, committee-room, pastor's and robing-rooms, the whole communicating with the church auditory in the rear. The second story is used exclusively for Sunday-school purposes.

The edifice, which is gothic in style, was built from plans prepared by Messrs. D. & J. Jardine, architects, 1261 Broadway, and under their supervision.



ARCHBISHOP TURGEON, OF QUEBEC, CANADA. FROM A PHOT. BY EMELTON.



CORPUS CHRISTI PROCESSION PASSING THE AMERICAN CHURCH, MONTREAL, C. E.

LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP GOLDEN RULE.

THE steamship Golden Rule, belonging to the Central American Transit Company line of California steamers via Nicaragua, left New York May 23d, with 235 passengers, and 4 crew of 190 all told, for San Juan (Greytown). Everything proceeded favorably until the afternoon of the 29th, when the weather became very dark and squally with torrents of rain, which continued through the night. On the morning of May 30, at 5:30, the ship struck on Roncador reef, in the Caribbean sea, in latitude 13 25, longitude 80 54, and in 20 minutes she lifted. About two minutes before the ship struck, he reef was seen, the helm was put hard-a-starboard, the engines stopped, and had made a half-turn back when she struck. Every exertion was made to save the ship, but she came broadside on the reef. At the same time, the engineer reported the breaking of the main steampipe, and the water gaining very fast. The boats were immediately lowered and brought under the lee-side of the ship.

The masts were cut away, and the ship's company at once commenced building rafts for the safety of the passengers and crew. During the day there was a high breeze from the southward with heavy rain squalls and a very heavy swell which completely broke over the ship. In the afternoon Roncador island, about six miles distant from the wreck, was discovered by Mr. Underhill, Chief Engineer, who visited it, and reported it to be some 12 acres in extent, without shrubbery of any kind and uninhabited, except by birds and land crabs.

On the night of the 31st, the ship commenced to break up, and from that time until June 5, the crew were entirely occupied in securing provisions, stores, baggage, mattresses, blankets, etc.

The work of transportation was accomplished without the loss of life.

About half of the baggage and stores was saved, the latter in a very bad condition. At 1, P. M., June 5, a boat was despatched in charge of second officer, Mr. Reid, with the purser, Mr. Rogers, to Aspinwall, 260 miles distant, for assistance.

After being 11 days on the island the passengers and crew of the ill-fated vessel were rescued by the United States gunboats Huntsville and the State of Georgia, which were sent from Aspinwall to their relief. They reached the latter on Sunday, the 11th ultimo, all in good health, and were forwarded at once to San Francisco by the fine steamer America.

The loss of the Golden Rule appears to have been purely accidental, the ship being carried off her course by strong currents.

THE MANSION HOUSE, LONG BRANCH, N. J.

Among the fashionable Summer Hotels of our great Republic, the Mansion House, Long Branch



FABRIC CHURCH, QUEBEC.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY EMELTON.



OUR SUMMER WAVERING PLACES.—LAIRD'S MANSION HOUSE, LONG BRANCH, NEW JERSEY.

occupies a prominent position, not only on account of the spaciousness of the building, the airiness and comfort of the rooms, the healthfulness of the spot and the beauty of the location, but for that genial air of home which the proprietor, Mr. Laird, throws over it. Our engraving is so accurate, that it relieves us from the trouble of describing the exterior of the building. We shall, therefore, confine our remarks to the dining-room, which is one of the most spacious in this country.

Our readers may get some idea of its size, when we state that its dimensions are 150 feet by 80, and that it will seat over 350 persons. This model dining-room has also the unspeakable advantage of being so situated that the sun cannot reach it, a fact which can be fully appreciated in summer. It is also most effectually ventilated from the roof, with Miller's patent ventilator. All these advantages make it indisputably one of the coolest and pleasantest dining-rooms in the United States. Having already borne our tribute of acknowledgment to the courteous and liberal proprietor, we trust the hostess, Mrs. Laird, will excuse us if we add that she is the greatest attraction of the house, making, by her winning and lady-like manner, her guests, more especially the fairer portion of them, feel like old friends.

Mr. Laird, like all those "who really know how to keep a hotel," has selected able assistants, such as Messrs. Tyler and Fletcher, and Mr. Allen, the steward, one of the most judicious of providers.

Long Branch is so easy of access, and the trip there had back is so pleasant and invigorating, that we know of no other sea resort so admirably adapted for our citizens, as Laird's Mansion House.

POMPEIAN SKELETONS.

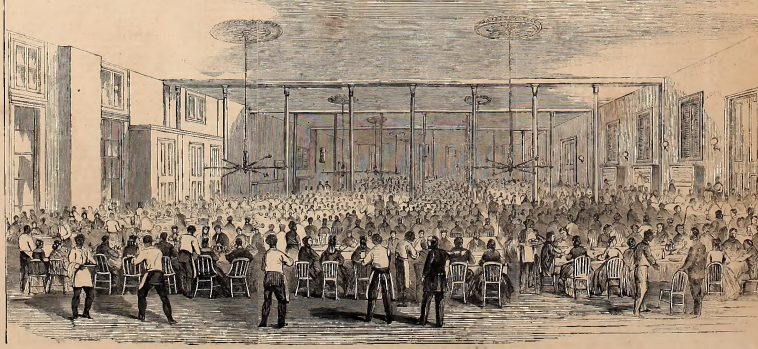
ABOUT two years ago, in a small street, the workmen employed in the excavations discovered an empty space of an unusual form, in which were some skeletons. Before disturbing them they called Signor Fiorelli, who was fortunately at hand. A singularly happy thought struck him. He had the empty space filled with liquid plaster of Paris, and repeated the process in the case of some other openings which presented a similar appearance. As soon as the plaster was hardened, the surrounding ashes were carefully removed, and displayed the perfect casts of four human bodies. All four are now placed in the Museum, and a more singular and affecting sight is perhaps not to be seen in the whole world. The plaster was hardened around the ashes so perfectly in the shape of what may be termed the mould formed by the falling ashes round the living bodies, that the whole aspect of the dying frame is preserved, even to the minutest details, except that here and there the bones of the skeleton within are partially uncovered. M. Mo[illegible] contrasts them with Egyptian mummies, which [illegible] and linen, and arranged in an artificial manner for their burial, while in the entombed Pompeii, a few see human beings in the very act of dying.

One of them is the body of a woman, close to whom were found a large number of coins, two silver vases, some keys and some jewels, which she was carrying with her when the falling ashes arrested her flight. It is easy to trace her head-dress and the material of her clothing; and on one of her fingers are two silver rings. Her hands were so clasped in agony that the nails had pierced the flesh. With the exception of her legs, the whole body is swollen and contracted; it is plain that she strove violently in her dying struggle. Her attitude, says M. Mommsen, is that of the last agony, and not that of death. Behind her lay another woman and a girl, evidently of humble rank. On a clasp of the two, probably the mother, has an iron ring on one of her fingers. The signs of a dying struggle are evident, but the death seems to have been easier than in the case of the victim last described. Close to her lies the girl, almost a child in age. The details of her dress are presented with startling faithfulness. One fold sets forward and stitching of her frock. The ornamented coin in her long necklace, the comb over her head, a wisp of the tresses of her hair, and falling locks on her face had rested evidently on one of her arms, and so died apparently without a struggle.

The fourth body is that of a large and powerful man who had sat down to die with his arms and legs straight and fixed. His dress is completely preserved; his hair is close, his sandals are laced to the feet, with nails in their soles. On one finger is an iron ring; his mouth is open, and shows that he had lost some of his teeth; his bone and muscles are strongly marked; the eyes and the hair have disappeared, but the moustache remains. The whole sight is tragic to the last degree. After the hours of it contained the terrible death seems to be enacting itself before us with all its appalling suffering.

We may add what M. Mommsen does not seem to be aware of, that stereoscopic views were taken of the bodies, and that we have seen them in London. The minute details which the actual plaster casts present, are, of course, less visible, even with all the respective powers of the stereoscope; but enough is to be discerned to suggest all the terrors of the dying moments.

GAMBLING IN CHINA.—The Chinese are passionately addicted to gambling, and the endless variety of the games of chance in common use among them does credit to their ingenuity and invention, for it is not likely that they have learned anything from their neighbors. The respectable merchant, who devotes the hours of daylight assiduously to his business, sparing no labor in adjusting trifling items of account, will win or lose thousands of dollars over night with the greatest complacency. Every grade of society is imbued with the passion. I have amused myself by watching the coolie



DINING ROOM OF LAIRD'S MANSION HOUSE, LONG BRANCH, NEW JERSEY.

in the streets of Yeddo, gambling for their dinner. The gamblers cooks carry with them, as part of the professional egotism of a culinary establishment, with which they personalize the street, a cylinder of bamboo, round the circumference of which are the described ceremonial characters. These rapidly whirl, shaken up in the tube. So smaller or but imagining drawn one, and according to the writing found on it so does he pay for his repast. So attractive is gambling in any form to the Chinese, that a keen-sighted people will generally prefer to risk paying double for the remote chances of gaining a meal for nothing. On one occasion I volunteered to act as proxy for a hungry cooley, who was about to try his luck. The offer was accepted with enjoyment, and I was fortunate enough to win my countenance without for nothing. I was at once put down as a partner in the black art, and literally found myself a crowd to conduct all begging me to do them a similar favor, which, of course, I gracefully declined. But, indeed be remembered a second time, the dispenser of the bowl of rice would certainly have proved a failure, against my interference as an invasion of his prerogative. Chinese are to win, and not to lose. The success punishes, as, of course, frequently raised by the practice. The cooley who has lost his bowl of rice and every one of his clothes actually undressed in order that they may be sold, and which have started over the Russian boats, who used the gambling table. In the last cruise of all, a dose of opium settles all accounts forthwith of the world. In games of skill the Chinese are no less accomplished. Dominoes, draughts, chess, and cards, are to be seen in full swing at every tea-house, where the people repair to while away the evening. The Chinese are now in these days exhibit intense interest in their competition; the victory is celebrated by a distinctive exhibition of the emotions of any pair of Chinese draught-players may have not to Wilde's sentimental pattern.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

SIR FREDERICK NORTON was noted for his want of courtesy. When pleading before Lord Mansfield on some question of manners right, he observed, in the course of his argument, that "a gentleman in an inn is in my own person." "I have seen fifty," said Lord Mansfield.

The jokes immediately interposed, with one of his blandest smiles, "I have seen it, Sir Fredrick."

WHY should there be more marriages in winter than summer? Because in winter the gentlemen require comforts, and the ladies muffs.

AT a debating society a wheelwright was said to be the best orator.

WHY are ladies who ride in railway carriages reserved? Because they are afraid to ask a gent to put Tilt to you. It is because ladies' trains are always behind.

AN old gentleman recently had his servant of having stolen his stick. The man protested perfect innocence.

"Why," replied his master, "the stick could never have walked away."

"Certainly not, sir; unless it was a walking-stick."

"I say, my dear Miss Partington, "how do they find out the difference between the earth and the sun?"

"Oh," said the young hopeful, "they calculate a quarter of an inch, and then multiply by four."

AN itinerant preacher, who rambled in his sermon, was requested to stick to his text, replied, "that sentiment of would hit the most bricks."

"How is it," said one miss to another, "that John Peel never has a cold?"

"Because he's got a Roman nose, and feels safe, don't you see, for my cold that it has always been said that a Roman knows—no dodge."

A MAN who had brutally assaulted his wife was brought before Judge Cole, of Albany, July and had a good deal to say about "getting justice."

"Prisoner," said Judge Cole, "you can't have; the court has no power to hang you."

A FEW days since a fellow was tried for stealing a wood saw. He applied for the only book in the dock. The gentleman asked how far he had carried it, and the reply was two miles. That is quite enough, said the judge, and he was convicted, and committed the prisoner.

A NEGRO in Georgia, who was sold at Hill 1000 Bond, which is more some of his acquaintances, who had never seen such an idea of it said: "Why, what is the power of hearing with the eyes instead of the ears."

A MAN who counts a young woman in the starlight generally expects to get a win in a twinkling.

WHY are books our best friends? Because, when they're in, you can always shut them up without offence.

"I say, Pat," said a Yankee, "why don't you sue the railroad corporation for the damages you have received? I think your legs broken all to smash. Sue them for damages."

"Sue them, musha, eh, boy! I have had damages enough already—I see them for repairs."

WHAT is that which a man may have never possessed, and yet have behind him?—A will.

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500 Sets Ivory and Table Spoons	10 to	20
100 Gold Hunting-case Watches	70 to	150
150 Diamond Rings	50 to	200
200 Gold Watches	60 to	100
300 Ladies' Watches	40 to	75
500 Silver Watches	25 to	50

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☞ NO CHANGE.—Every purchaser gets value. Parties dealing with us may depend on having prompt returns, and the article drawn will be immediately sent to any address by return mail or express. Entire satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. Six Certificates for $1; thirteen for $2.

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The best as well as the cheapest of any in use. Retail price, $2 each.
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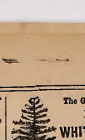
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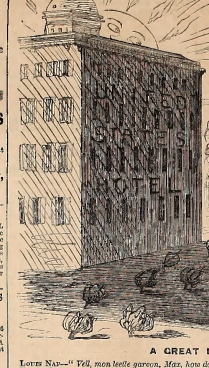
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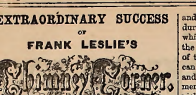
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The Last Act of the Tragedy.

THE last act of the tragedy, beginning with the assassination of President Lincoln, on the 14th of April, and ending on the 7th of July, the execution of four of the criminals directly implicated, viz., Mrs. SURRATT, Powell (alias Payne), Harold and Atzerodt. Of the others arrested and tried, Dr. Mudd, Arnold and McLaughlin were sentenced to imprisonment for life, and Spangler to six years' imprisonment. The verdict of the court met the approval of the public judgment, and the country feels a real relief in the knowledge that it has been carried out. Men seek to draw a veil over an incident which is without parallel in our history, and which, while it crowns the ignominy and atrocity of the rebellion, of which it was a natural sequence and a part, is still felt to be an injurious reflection on the national character. It has gone into history, in which a future generation will assign to it its true place and position. That it will be found to have been a part of that widespread and desperate scheme of incendiarism and murder which was organized in Canada during the spring and summer of 1864, and in which the Chicago plot, the St. Albans raid, the firing of New York, and the introduction of the yellow fever were only incidents, there can be no doubt. And as these acts were known and approved by the Confederate government, if not originated by it, and as it furnished money and commissioned men "on detached service," for their execution, there is no exaggeration or credulity in believing that Jefferson Davis and his cabinet were parties to the assassination of the President. That assassination, and with it the murder of the Vice-President, the Lieutenant General, and the Secretaries of State and War, were logically, and almost necessarily, part of the great scheme of demoralizing and paralyzing the nation, already effshet before pestilence, fire, internal outbreak, and unexpected and successful invasion from a neutral soil. The gigantic villainy, conceived in Richmond, and organized in Canada, would have been incomplete, and its objects but half accomplished, unless the head and heart of the government in Washington received a deadly blow. That, and that alone, could give complete success to the elaborate combinations which were to divide and thus destroy the loyal north. The conspiracy, however failed in many of its parts. The attempted revolution in Chicago was thwarted by vigilant officers; the burning of New York failed through Providential interposition; the raid across the border was only a partial success; the yellow fever was a terrible scourge, but equally a failure. The deadly design on the members of the government came nearer success, but too late to serve any purpose but that of revenge.

The rebellion and its apologists can never rid themselves of the black blotch of assassination. It will be forever fixed upon them. The "damned spot" will "out" never.

The punishment of the criminals has followed close on their condemnation. This is as it should be. It has created the shock of horror that maudlin sentimentality which a part of our people are always ready to expend on behalf of any criminal, however guilty, has not given the President appeals and importunities to set against his judgment and defeat justice, and it has shown that justice is swift and certain. It has, moreover, dropped the veil from the past and shut the bolt of the prison between the nation and the constant contemplation of the participants in its most revolting crime known to history. We shall hear their names no more, and to be permitted to think of our dead President only as a great and good man and statesman, and of the assassins only under his name with the names of the wretches who have paid the penalty of their crimes with their worthless lives.

"The Republic of Washington."

AMONG the mass of rebel archives and documents which have fallen into the hands of the government, and which will illustrate the history of the rebellion, is the original minutes of the original rebel convention, held at Montgomery, Alabama. They were discovered in private hands in Georgia, and contain many interesting facts connected with the secession movement. The original draft of the so-called Confederate constitution was made by Mr. Memminger, who was chairman of the Committee on the Constitution, and subsequently Davis' Secretary of the Treasury. The parts copied from the constitution of the United States are in the form of slips cut from a printed copy of that instrument. As regards a name for the union of rebel states, it was at first proposed to call it "The United States of America," which came within one vote of being adopted, but finally, and after much discussion, the title of "The Confederate States of America" was decided on. It was the South Carolina delegation were hostile to the name of "Republic" in any connection. The preamble to the constitution was also changed with it. The first expression, "invoking the aid of Almighty God," did not get dovetailed in permanently until after much talk. The motion would be to amend by the words "invoking the aid of Almighty God, who is the God of the Bible, and the rightful source of all power and government, as taught in the Old and New Testament as a part of the Bible and thus admit the divinity of the Saviour, and this was shocking to Jew Benjamin, and it was finally voted down. The attempt was made to have a recognition of the Christian Sabbath, thus: "No man shall be compelled to do civil service on Sunday." But it was voted down. Subsequently, an attempt was made to have a recognition of the Sabbath engrafted on the law with reference to carrying and delivering the mails. A member from Louisiana moved as an amendment that, inasmuch as the people of Louisiana believed in permitting everybody to worship God on the days and in the ways preferred, therefore the state of Louisiana should be excepted from said provision. Texas desired the same exception, and in this way the motion was killed. An attempt was made, and nearly carried, prohibiting the admission of new states, unless these recognised slavery in their constitutions, and provided for its protection by law. The proposition, it seems, was voted down, simply as impolitic and likely to repel foreign sympathy. The same motive led the convention to prohibit the slave trade, but then it was declared that any states who might be engaged in, contrary to the prohibition, should be sold to the highest bidder. All the votes in this connection were taken by states, without regard to the number of delegates representing them.

We preserve these curious documents, giving so deep an insight into the history of the rebellion, will be published, if not for the instruction of mankind, as a warning to the disaffected. A strange episode in the annals of our country will be the story of this great rebellion, which we are now beginning to regard as a thing of the far past.

THE European press is full of advice to this country, the burthen of which is leniency and moderation. Our excellent and disinterested friends of London, mainly following the lead of the *Times*, are especially solicitous. The fervent parishioner, they tell us, that ought to be the model of a nation who plunged the country in war, should be political disability. By making the punishment of "the greatest of all crimes" consist only in future inability to deposit a ballot, we may be setting "a glorious example," but it is certain we would be committing a great and unnecessary error. We cannot with due regard to our future safety, afford to the world a spectacle so grossly indisposed to grant practical immunity to treason, and make the punishment of traitors nominal. Great Britain has had some experience in framing and setting the world a "glorious example" in this respect, which she has strangely neglected. It is little over twenty years since the Queen was an insurgent in Canada, which was forcibly put down. Does the London press remember what was done with the participants in that affair, who surrendered? Can it tell us how many were hung and how many banished? It was fully two years, we believe, after all was over before a general amnesty was granted. Do our kind monitors remember that there was a treasonable outbreak in India not long ago. We know no act of atrocity by which it was characterised, that has not its parallel in the rebellion in this country. The massacres of Cawnpore was not more bellish in the spirit which inspired it, than the scheme to burn down our cities, or destroy them by pestilence. How did the British authorities treat the "erring" Sepoys? Were they washed with rose water, and told to "go and sin no more?" Were they blown away from the cannon, or executed, as were the princes of Dahli —in such wise did Great Britain set the world an "example" of "mercy and clemency?" In a time she did not stoop to execute John Mitchel for his part in the Young Ireland and the Irish "Potato-garden Rebellion." But had that apostle of liberty used his pike more and his tongue less, had a dozen of the British soldiery by him and his followers, does any one suppose he would have escaped the gallows to save our self-wish his detested premier?

Strangely enough we are told to be magnanimous and merciful because of the magnitude of the rebellion. Because we have the hope of reconquerors, for four years, cost hundreds of thousands of lives and uncounted treasure; therefore those who incited and carried it on should be released from the punishment of treason. The reverse of this proposition is unfortunately in proportion! The statement of the proposition suffices to condemn it. Foreign concern for us should have no undue influence on the question of the disposition that is to be made of him and the Toombses and Wises, who were his principal agents. We do not permit murderers to doubt for an instant, that if convicted of treason he will be punished as a traitor. Certainly the United States is the greatest of nations, should not shield him from the punishment due "to the greatest of crimes."

RECTORISM everywhere speak as if it were a little disproportionate for them to find all the armed rebellion once over, everything done, and relapse into peace and amity. Do they suppose that a war of this kind could have been fought without a radical diffurance of social principle, and that that radical difference will disappear with the close? Do they suppose that the South would be—not mercy but criminal weakness, in the American government—to allow the future political life of the southern states to be moulded anew under the same influences which governed them before the war. To accept the test of loyalty to be right with a great principle is treason; and, after victory, to let the seeds of disloyalty remain in the soil, would be to invite a cynical contempt for the sacredness both of political duty and human life, simply indocile, if not criminal.

In a pretty country studio, seven miles from Fontainebleau, a great woman was at work on a colony day in June—dressed as French ladies, who wear their ankles, uncles, shoes, in a loose and petticoat. The swordsman was Millet, the Rembrant, and she was painting cattle and resting ground. Suddenly the door of her studio opened, and without announcement of any kind a charming woman entered the room, threw her arms around Mille. Rosa's neck, clasped a ribbon around it, from which depended a little cross well known in France. The visitor was the Empress Eugenia. Mille. Bonheur had never heard a word of this visit or of this decoration being intended for her; and she sat down on a low stool and enjoyed a good cry, while the empress chatted with her about her palettes, her pencils, and the delightful trifles of her art. Certes, the Empress Eugenia knows how to bestow a graceful act by the added grace of doing it well.

TREASON has stimulated all the other crimes in the decalogue. It has revealed human depravity in its most revolting aspects. To the ordinary horrors of a temporary war, rebellion has superadded piracy on the seas, and conspiracies to rob and murder non-combatants, bring pestilence among us, and kindle incendiary fires in our cities. And more and worse, it has atrociously outraged the usages of civilized warfare, by starving and poisoning Union prisoners by tens of thousands! And all this, in the common desire to reconstruct and restore the Union as it is, is being practically forgotten. We are not at all likely to visit crimes with sufficient punishment, either to vindicate the laws or to create wholesome precedents.

It is not surprising that the political structure, of which Jefferson Davis was the so-called president, should have meditated a "perpetual" strife game" which that arch traitor invented. Nor is it surprising that the state-sovereignty that "Confederacy" should have been imbued with a similar contempt for morality. Among the papers of Colonel B. Earth, the rebel Secretary of Tennessee, under whose malignant influence that state was forced into secession, there has been found a letter, directed by him to Enoch Thompson, Buchanan's Secretary of the Interior, and Davis's pureholder in Canada, dated Nashville, June 9, 1861, in which he says:

"The probability is that Tennessee will adopt the ordinance of secession. The convention will meet in the house of Northern constitute during the continuance of the session. The ordinance should be passed by a large majority at its meeting on the 17th inst., It will be proper to have the ordinance submitted to the people, under the fact that you are a citizen of the State of Mississippi, and not bona fide citizen."

THE Excel year closed on June 30th. The Treasury had a surplus, on that date, of $35,000,000 in gold and silver. Its annual payments, on account of interest on gold-bearing bonds, amount to about $30,000,000.

THE sales of the second and last series of "seven-thirties" have averaged over $12,000,000 per week since the loan was offered to the public, and the rate of interest is increasing. There are only $125,000,000 remaining to be disposed of, which, at the rates of last week ($15,000,000) will be taken up by the first of September. No further loan will be necessary.

A GRAND Hotel has been erected, at a cost of over $1,500,000, in Portland place, London, called the Langham Hotel. The Prince of Wales is among the proprietors. The general arrangements of the hotel is on the American plan, with this exception—that the guests dine together, and clean and comfortable bed. Every improvement suggested by our American hotel system, as well as by the Continental hotels, has been introduced. The building is perfectly fireproof; hits as an extra precaution against all sorts of risks, water is supplied throughout, and the hydrants will contain distributed throughout the building, that anything in the shape of a fire could be quenched in a minute. It is stated in the papers that the London hotel will accommodate 2,000 guests.

IN Newberne, N. C., there are 5,000 negroes who have incomes of from $200 to $1,000; 15 with incomes of from $1,000 to $2,000; 4 of from $2,000 to $3,000, and 1 over $3,000. We suppose the principles enunciated by our forefathers, and for which they fought, more were more conspicuous than with the unenlightened negroes who have a voice in levying them and in expending the proceeds—the go required to obey laws should be fairly represented by the bodies which make or modify those laws. We are now called on to apply these principles, and shall studify ourselves and bring contempt on our class if we fail to do so justly.

REV. PETTIGREW V. NASH, "Lull Pastor to the Church of the Holy Communion," has received his circulars to the "Peace Dimocrisy." He informs them that

"Peace on earth we won't do no good, for before the next election the last war you ever will be disavowed that the war was a failure, and that the South is gone in some parts as Pennsylvany and sullens flimsy for sum time yet; but that can't be depended on."

SENATOR SUMNER has received from colored citizens of Georgia a petition in the following words, with the request that he would present it to President Johnson:

To his Excellency Andrew Johnson, President of the United States:

SIR—We, the undersigned, colored citizens of the state of Georgia, respectfully represent that we are loyal, always have been loyal, and always will remain loyal to the United States government, and desire to take service of the government, we humbly petition to be allowed to examine the rebel archives.

There are upwards of 300 signatures. GEN. SICKLES, who forwards the petition, writes that "every signature is genuine."

THE captured personal correspondence of Jefferson Davis affords materials for many a paragraph and epigram. Among other things, Mrs. Davis, in a letter to her husband, dated March, 1863, at Montgomery, gives an odd glimpse at an incident commonplace enough in a slaveholding commu-

nifty, and reproves herself very naively for a bit of inconsistent humanity:

"The poor girl I thought of buying appealed to me as the wife of the president to take her out of the tavern, and, looking so weary, said, 'I am so tired of being bought by first one negro-trader and then another. If you have a little girl, as they say you have, I will wait upon her till I die if she will only be good to me.' It was an extravagant kind of sympathy, which I felt self-reproved for afterwards, though upon inquiry her character proved unexceptionable."

A DAILY Copperhead journal, always careful of the fame of the rebel, repudiating Mississippian, gives three reasons why the "petticoat story" should be regarded as a fiction: 1st. Improbable on its face, it is destitute of proof; 2d. It has become stale as a joke; 3d. There would be nothing very discreditable to Davis in it if it were true.

A MOTHER in Ohio had a son with Sherman in his march *via* Atlanta, Savannah, Columbia, etc., to Washington. His correspondence with her was as follows:

"ATLANTA,

"*Dear Mother*:—Bully boy all right.

"BOB."

"SAVANNAH,

"*Dear Mother*:—Bully boy got a hole in his hide—not bad,

"BOB."

"COLUMBUS, —.

"*Dear Mother*:—Bully boy home to-morrow.

"BOB."

When asked by a friend, to whom the infrequency and brevity of his epistles home had been mentioned, why he did not write oftener and at greater length, answered:

"Bully boy's got his haversack full. Keep it all to tell by word of mouth. Won't he have a good time talking up the old today?"

THE city of New York has furnished during the war just closed 116,382 soldiers. Of these 37,730 received bounties. The cost, to the city and county, of raising these men, was $17,512,000. The number of years of service represented by the contingent of the city was 261,000 years. As all the men accepted were able-bodied men, and counting their earnings at the low rate of one dollar per day, the value of their labor lost to the city, excluding Sundays and holidays, would be upwards of $78,000,000, which, with the amount directly contributed, would make nearly $100,000,000 as the amount contributed by the city, irrespective of private contributions, and the vast sums paid in taxes. In one way and another, the city of New York has contributed not less than $400,000,000 to the support of the war.

A GENTLEMAN connected with the Confederate government, and who accompanied Jeff. Davis in his flight from Richmond, has published a full and vivid account of the incidents of that famous *hegira*. He tells us of the alternate hopes and fears that beset the party, how its members fell off as the dangers clustered around it, of the coldness of the people, and the insubordination of the soldiery, who defied the authority of the rebel president and treated his person with contumely, and finally how Davis, abandoned by Breckinridge, by Mallory and Benjamin, finally sought the camp of his wife, who was in danger of attack and robbery from the rebel soldiers themselves, who believed that some portions of the Richmond treasures were in her charge. A little guard, it seems, remained with her for her personal protection. Although the narrator does not appear to have been present at the capture of the president, his relation of the circumstance has a *vraisemblance* which will probably ensure its acceptance as authentic.

"When the musketry firing was heard in the morning, at dim gray dawn, it was supposed to be between the rebel marauders and Mrs. Davis' few camp defenders. Upon this impression Davis hurriedly put on his boots and prepared to go out for the purpose of interposing, saying:

"'They will at least as yet respect me.'

"As he got to the tent door thus hastily equipped, and with this good intention of preventing an effusion of blood by an appeal in the name of a fading but not wholly faded authority, he saw a few cavalry ride up the road and deploy in front.

"'Ha, Federals!' was his exclamation.

"'Then you are captured,' cried Mrs. Davis, with emotion.

"In a moment she caught an idea—a woman's idea—and as quickly as women in an emergency execute their designs, it was done. He slept in a wrapper—a loose one. It was yet around him. This she fastened, ere he was aware of it, and then, bidding him adieu, urged him to go to the spring, a short distance off, where his horses and arms were. Strange as it may seem, there was not even a pistol in the tent. Davis felt that his only course was to reach his horse and arms, and complied. As he was leaving the door, followed by a servant with a water bucket, Miss Howell flung a shawl over his head! There was no time to remove it without exposure and embarrassment, and, as he had not far to go, he ran the chance exactly as it was devised for him. In these two articles consisted the woman's attire of which so much nonsense has been spoken and written, and under these circumstances and in this way was Jefferson Davis going forth to perfect his escape. No bonnet, no gown, no petticoats, no crinoline, nothing of all these. And what there was happened to be excusable under ordinary circumstances, and perfectly natural as things were.

"But it was too late for any effort to reach his horses, and the Confederate president was at last a prisoner in the hands of the United States."

TOWN GOSSIP.

IF it were not so trite a remark, we should feel inclined to say, "that there has been nothing moving except stagnation" since the thermometer has been over 90 in the ice box, which is about the temperature of the equinoctial of Quibos," so learnedly referred to by Shakespeare in his Twelfth Night. But really when the weather is more adapted for cucumbers than man, it requires a considerable approximation to the vegetable nature, to preserve one's equanimity of mind in days like those we have just had. To be sure a thankful man might say, that as the cucumber was ripened for man the weather thus directly made for the one was indirectly made for the other, since he received the benefit of the growth. Our readers will understand the pleasure we derive from rolling among a Barmecide feasts of ice creams, cucumbers, lobster salads, cooled clarets, ice water, and every other description of frozen condiments.

With regard to the places of public amusement now open we shall be very brief, for the simple reason that the seaside has more attractions for all. Niblo's has gone into the Irish drama, and Barnum has commenced his usual summer season of pantomime, which after all is the proper dramatic entertainment for equatorial weather. For strange to say the renowned Fox, Tony Denier, and his admirable troupe, spring about so coolly that it is really refreshing to look at them. Since Francois and Gabriel Ravel we have had no funnier pantomimist than Denier, whose powers of grimace beat Gutta Percha, India Rubber, or a politician's conscience out of the field. Next to pantomimes we admire the whales the most, and refer to another part of our paper for "portraits of these interesting twins."

Now that the Central Park has become a fixed institution, it seems wonderful to us that we ever existed without that most natural and indispensable luxury. What did our aristocracy do for their drives? and where did all the tea-table tabbies of Fifth avenoodledom pick up their gossip? As for the music in the open air, the graceful swans, the quiet walks, and all the moving panorama of life, seen in its heaviest, deepest, and yet most frivolous pulse, every Saturday afternoon, we question if Hyde Park can offer a more splendid sight than is presented now in our Central Park. It has, also, the additional interest of being a complete contrast. As our cousins on the other side of the Atlantic trot out their aristocracy as the oldest in the world, we exhibit ours as the youngest. There is more repose in the one, but there is infinitely more glitter in the other. Both have their peculiar excellencies; one represents national solemnity, the other national energy and restlessness—— But we must drop our parallel, or it would never end, the aristocracy of old and new Anglo-Saxondom being so provocative of antagonistic comment.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—It is said that the project of purchasing Ford's Theatre by the Loyal Leaguers, for the purpose of converting it into a Literary Institution, has fallen through, and that it will be soon re-opened as a theatre.

—— The illustrious Admiral Dupont, United States Navy, whose unexpected death is so deeply mourned by the government and the country, bequeathed in his will the sum of $175,000 to the great asylum for the education and relief of the orphan children of the sailors and soldiers of the republic, soon to be organized at Washington by an act of Congress. That is the amount of Admiral Dupont's prize-money during his brilliant services on the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron; although he died possessed of a handsome fortune of his own, the merit of this noble deed is equally conspicuous.

—— A farmer states that the milk venders only pay them five cents a quart for pure milk, for which they charge 10 cents, when diluted with 50 per cent. of water and salt.

—— The German Connecticut *Staat's Zeitung* has, at the close of an editorial about the Fourth of July, the following words, literally translated: "Celebrate the Fourth of July, and remember thereby George Washington, because he was a conqueror; but remember also another great statesman riveted in chains, cast in a dungeon, and this is Jeff. Davis, the martyr of State Rights."

—— North Carolina, and even that mother of rebellion, South Carolina, are anxious to encourage Northern emigration, while Virginia does all she can to prevent it, the legislature of that state having refused to incorporate a company which had been formed to buy and sell unemployed lands for the furtherance of immigration from the North, although the Governor had recommended the measure in strong terms. The enlightened legislators of the Old Dominion opposed the bill on the broad ground that it was not desirable to encourage Yankees to come among them.

—— The United States Telegraph Company has determined to construct a new line of telegraph, connecting Washington and the Southern cities. Mr. J. R. Dowell has been appointed Superintendent of this line, and is energetically pushing forward the preparations for its construction.

—— Gov. Fenton has commuted the punishment of death, to which Walters was sentenced for the murder of his mistress, to imprisonment for life.

—— The Houston (Texas) correspondent of the New Orleans *Picayune* says positively that Gen. Shelby, with a body of 12,000 Missourians and Texans are on their way to join the army of Maximilian in Mexico.

—— There were two firemen's riots on the evening of the 6th inst. in the neighborhood of Church and Greenwich streets. Engineer Decker tried in vain to quell the riot, which, however, yielded to the police. An attempt was made to burn a house with phosphorus.

—— Gov. Fletcher, of Missouri, has issued his proclamation announcing the adoption of the new constitution for that state at the election held on the 6th of June. The total number of votes cast was 85,478, of which 43,670 were in favor of the constitution and 41,808 against it, the majority by which it was adopted being thus 1,862. It went into operation on the 4th inst.

—— A Mrs. Adelia Ridey one night last week entered a restaurant on Third street, near Girard avenue, Philadelphia, and, without apparent provocation, drew a dagger and instantly stabbed one of the proprietors, named Joseph Sides, and his brother, Isaac Sides, who rushed to Joseph's assistance. Both the men died soon after. The woman fled and concealed herself, but was subsequently arrested and committed for trial.

—— The London correspondent of the New York daily *Tribune* gives a graphic sketch of John Mitchell, Jr., (son of the Irish patriot) who was killed in the rebel service at Fort Sumter. It appears that the correspondent met him in Charleston in 1860, when he boasted of having assisted to murder, by lynching, an abolitionist!

—— On Sunday, the 2d inst., Capts. Thorne, Jourden and Jameson, of the Fourth, Sixth and Seventh Police Precincts, enforced the statute requiring tradesmen to close their shops on one day in seven. Those Israelites in Chatham street who did not observe the Jewish Sabbath, were consequently required to close their doors on the Christian Sabbath.

—— Of the State elections which are yet to be held before the close of the year, that of Kentucky excites more than ordinary interest. The election turns on a single issue—ratification or non-ratification of the Constitutional Amendment abolishing slavery. When the late legislature for the last time took a vote on ratification in the House of Deputies, 44 voted in favor, and 46 against.

—— The wheat harvest in Southern Illinois and Indiana is finished. Our exchanges from that section speak of the yield as enormous, and the quality as unsurpassed by the crop of any previous year. To add to the satisfaction of the farmers, the weather has been as favorable as they could desire, and the new crop has been harvested in the very best condition.

—— The Legislature of Rhode Island has adopted the following resolution:

Resolved, That it is the sense of the General Assembly and people of the State, that in the reconstruction of the governments of the States lately in rebellion against the government and authority of the United States, the usual power and legal authority vested in the Federal Government should be executed to secure equal rights, without respect to color, to all citizens residing in those States, including therein the right of the elective franchise.

—— The guerrilla Champ Ferguson, now in jail at Nashville, boasts of having committed 100 murders.

—— Nearly 150 pardons have been granted in the last week. Over 100 of them were North Carolinans.

—— A few nights ago some 20 married ladies belonging to Easimanville, armed themselves with switches, and proceeding to the house of Mr. Amos Taylor, invaded his bedroom, and commenced a severe castigation. The cause for this "playful outrage," as a local paper calls it, was his having separated from his wife. He has had the "fair vixens" arrested, and their trial will soon come off.

—— The Fourth was celebrated in New Orleans, Gen. Banks presiding. He spoke in favor of negro suffrage and equal rights. A Freedmen's torchlight procession wound up the affair.

—— During the war, while in command at Savannah Beauregard passed many of his leisure hours with a family, a member of which reports that after delivering himself of his usual venomous speeches about the Yankees and Abolitionists, he concluded thus: "When I reach Massachusetts my first act shall be to blow Plymouth Rock out of existence; that will be the greatest and happiest moment of my life."

—— Mrs. Jefferson Davis is living in the Pulaski House, Savannah. Her little son seems to be enjoying himself hugely, and frequently amuses himself by singing in the hall, "We'll hang Jeff. Davis on a sour apple tree."

—— The prospect for the California wine crop of 1865 is good. The yield will be larger than ever before, unless some extraordinary misfortune should befall the grapes. About 2,000,000 of vines are now in bearing condition.

—— Gen. Butler has presented $5,000 to Phillips Academy, Andover, to provide a free scholarship, 50 years, for the son of a soldier—white or black—disabled in the war.

—— Private dispatches received at Milwaukee lately, announce the death, at Salt Lake City, of Gov. James D. Doty, of heart disease. Gov. Doty was a prominent man in the early history of Wisconsin, having been governor, delegated to Congress, and occupied many other important positions.

—— The population of Lawrence, Mass., is 21,699; in 1866 it was 17,639. The males number 8,929; females, 12,772.

—— The *Jewish Record* understands that a joint stock company has been formed to start a large hotel in Broadway, N. Y., in the neighborhood of 30th street, where the cuisine is to be strictly Jewish.

—— A private letter has been received from Louis Kossuth, in which the great Hungarian orator and statesman expresses the greatest pleasure at the eradication of slavery from our country, and anticipates a glorious future for our now really free republic.

—— The Potomac Army, at one time composed of seven corps and 300,000 men, is to be reduced to three divisions, or 16,000 men.

—— Our ladies will hardly believe that a large number of their fine hats and bonnets are trimmed by males, but such is the fact. In one of the largest fashionable millinery stores in Newburyport, Mass., a man is regularly employed to make and trim bonnets.

—— The Manchester (N. H.) *Mirror* says that there never was so great demand for female operatives skilled in the business of working in cotton mills as now. The Amoskeag and Stark Mills would start up double the present amount of work if they had plenty of weavers and other skilled help, and all the other mills are short of the same class of labor.

—— The 15th annual commencement of St. Francis Xavier college took place on the 5th of July, with the usual ceremonies. Archbishop McClosky presided. There was a very numerous audience. The music and exercises were of a very high order, especially Mr. Nevin's discourse on the teachings of philosophy.

—— The New Orleans *Picayune* announces the arrival of General Braxton Bragg. It says: "Like all the generals of the Confederate army, he recognizes the march of events, and is only ambitious now to retire, as before the war, and fulfil the duties of an American citizen."

—— The bills consequent upon the death of Mr. Lincoln, including those for decorating public buildings and those for the funeral, have all been delivered to Secretary Harlan. Their aggregate is but a trifle over $25,000, while the expense of President Harrison's funeral, when the display of mourning was much less general, and the ceremonies much less imposing, was $30,000.

Obituary.—Abraham Day, a revolutionary pensioner, 110 years of age, died at Cornish, Maine, June 14.

—— Madame Kossuth, the wife of the famous Hungarian leader, has died at Genoa, after a ten years' illness.

—— Mrs. Livingstone, the aged mother of Dr. Livingstone, the African traveler, died in Scotland on the 18th of June.

—— Mrs. Arbuthnot, fourth daughter of Lord Rivers, and niece of Earl Granville, President of the British Privy Council, has been killed by lightning, in Switzerland, under a most melancholy circumstance. She was spending her honeymoon with her newly-married husband among the Alps. Mrs. Arbuthnot, feeling a little tired, sat down, and Mr. Arbuthnot and the guide proceeded further, but never went out of sight or hearing of their companion. In a few minutes a furious thunderstorm burst over them, and they returned rapidly to the spot where they had left Mrs. Arbuthnot. She had been struck by lightning, and killed instantaneously.

Foreign.—John Stuart Mill, the famous logician and author, is opposed by the Tories of Westminster, England, in his election for that city as Member of Parliament, on the ground that he is an atheist.

—— Lord Brougham has denied that at any time he sympathised with the Southern confederacy, its advocacy of slavery rendering such an act on his part quite impossible.

—— In consequence of Prince Jerome Napoleon having resigned his position as President of the Grand International fair for 1866, it will be assumed by the Prince Imperial.

—— Maximilian has dealt a very heavy blow at the Mexican priesthood. He has declared state education to be universal and compulsory. This is most remarkable and advanced ground to be taken by an Austrian prince.

—— The wiseacre who writes letters from New York to the London *Times* draws a terrible picture of the state of our republic. The fires at Mobile, Nashville and Chattanooga, he declares as part and parcel of a plan to destroy us, and then, by way of a climax, in the true spirit of bathos, he adds, "Expulsion and beating of negroes for attempting to ride in the street cars are of daily occurrence in New York and Philadelphia."

—— Dr. Gasparin, at Naples, has found his eighth planet, which he calls "Beatrice," in honor of Dante. Its brilliancy is only equal to a star of the twelfth magnitude.

—— At the British Museum about 4,150 volumes are used in the reading-room daily; the number of readers has been about 106,000, or 360 per diem; 38,842 volumes have been added to the library during the past year, of which 2,730 were presented, 28,426 were purchased, and 7,686 acquired by copyright; 819 maps, charts and plans, have been added, in 3,326 sheets, and 44 atlases complete; 2,378 pieces of music have been obtained. The total number of articles received by this department has been 72,214, of which 1,283 were received under the international copyright treaties; 300,000 stamps have been impressed on these articles.

—— Black hair for ladies is now out of fashion in Paris, and red hair is in fashion; therefore, *La Mode Illustrée* well says that this is the hour of vengeance for women with red hair, who have so long been considered "the disinherited children of nature." It is their turn to be triumphant, and to watch dark-haired women imploring the chemist to take the black out of their locks, and to make them like their once-despised sisters.

—— M. Plon, the publisher of the "Life of Cæsar," printed 140,000 copies of the first edition. He has not yet got rid of more than 22,000, and complains bitterly.

—— A new infringement of the liberties of Frenchmen is announced in a Rouen paper. Hereafter no one is to get himself photographed without depositing a stamped (*timbre*) copy of his likeness in some official depository.

—— The whole length of the Atlantic cable was on board the Great Eastern, and the telegraphic fleet was expected to sail on the 10th of July for Valentia Bay. The tariff of charges for telegraphing is issued. The terms are: To England, 20 words or less, $100 in gold; for each additional word, $5. To the Continent, 20 words, $105; each additional word, $5 25. To Asia or Africa, 20 words, $125; each additional word, $6 25.

—— In a census of persons killed in the thoroughfares of London, it has been ascertained that the probable amount annually is some 252 persons.

—— The fact that the last baby of the Princess of Wales is to be called after its grandpa, is thus elegantly announced in the *Court Journal*: "There is just a faint rumor that the infant prince will receive the name of Christian, after the royal Dane, his grandfather." Queen Victoria has now eight grandchildren, six of whom are boys.

—— A discovery, made by a smith at Versailles, is much talked about among horse-dealers; it is a composition almost as hard as iron, which can be applied under the hoof without causing the animal the slightest pain, and cost 75 per cent. less than ordinary horse-shoes.

—— Pierre Soulé, ex-Frenchman, ex-rebel, ex-prisoner, ex-minister to Spain, has finally turned up in Mexico city, as a counsellor at law.

—— Strikes are becoming very common in Paris. The hack-drivers recently struck, and compelled all the lazy people of that gay capital to walk, to their intense disgust.

—— Additional fortifications are to be erected at Quebec. At Point Levi four forts, each to hold 3,000 men, are to be built.

—— The eminent French author Michélet, is about to offer to the public a new work called the "Bible of Mankind." His theory is that "Mankind deposits his soul in a common Bible, and every great nation inscribes in it its verse." He views the received Bible as a narrow work of an ignorant, exclusive and egotistical race, and to make his "Bible of Mankind," gathers from the sacred and philosophical books of all nations. Greek, Roman, Indian, German, Celtic and African philosophers are all represented in this strange volume, which is, in the opinion of its author, to supersede the Holy Bible.

ENGLISH AND MOHAMMEDAN MARRIAGES.

THAT harem life, which so many of us fancy to be wholly lawless—a thing of eunuchs, poison, bowstrings and abominations—is found, on opening the Mohammedan law books, to be controlled by a host of regulations, nearly all of them contrived for the protection of woman's rights. Some of us dream that a harem is a jail, an oriental wife a slave. A little acquaintance with Mohammedan law would cause the sticklers for woman's rights to open their eyes rather wide. Is the British female better off than her sister of Egypt or Bengal? Is she more tenderly considered by the legislator and the judge? Has she more freedom to dispose of herself, and of her property?

In one short chapter of a dozen pages Blackstone expounds the legal relations of an English husband and an English wife; while in the Hidayah, which may be loosely described as the Moslem Blackstone, the chapters on the home relations of an oriental husband and wife are long enough to fill a large volume. The English code may be briefly, and not untruly, said to explain that, unless a woman be specially protected by legal settlement, marriage makes her a slave—in some respects worse than a slave, since it extinguishes all her individual rights, and transfers her person and her property to the man she weds, to abuse and squander as may seem good in his eyes; and it does all this so thoroughly, that even should the ill-used lady procure a divorce from her brutal husband, on account of cruelty, desertion and adultery combined, she might have to retire, a cripple and a pauper, from a house to which she had come youthful, beautiful and rich. Nothing of this kind could occur in a Mussulman country. All the domestic relations—marriage, fosterage, repudiation, slavery, parentage and maintenance—are, in Islam, governed by rules of law.

Just as in England since William IV., a Moslem marriage is a civil affair only; requiring no *mollah* and no religious rite; a contract which may be dissolved by a civil process. It is a free partnership, for mutual comfort and enjoyment between man and woman. But, unlike the English ceremony, it confers no right on the man over the woman's property. The Mohammedan lady retains her separate individuality in her married state. She is not placed in the position of a *femme couverte*; but remains an independent and responsible being, with the same power of receiving and disposing of property which she enjoyed in her spinsterhood. She may sue and be sued without the concurrence of her husband, and without having recourse to the English fiction of a nearest friend. She may receive a pension. She can sign a bond. She might execute a trust.

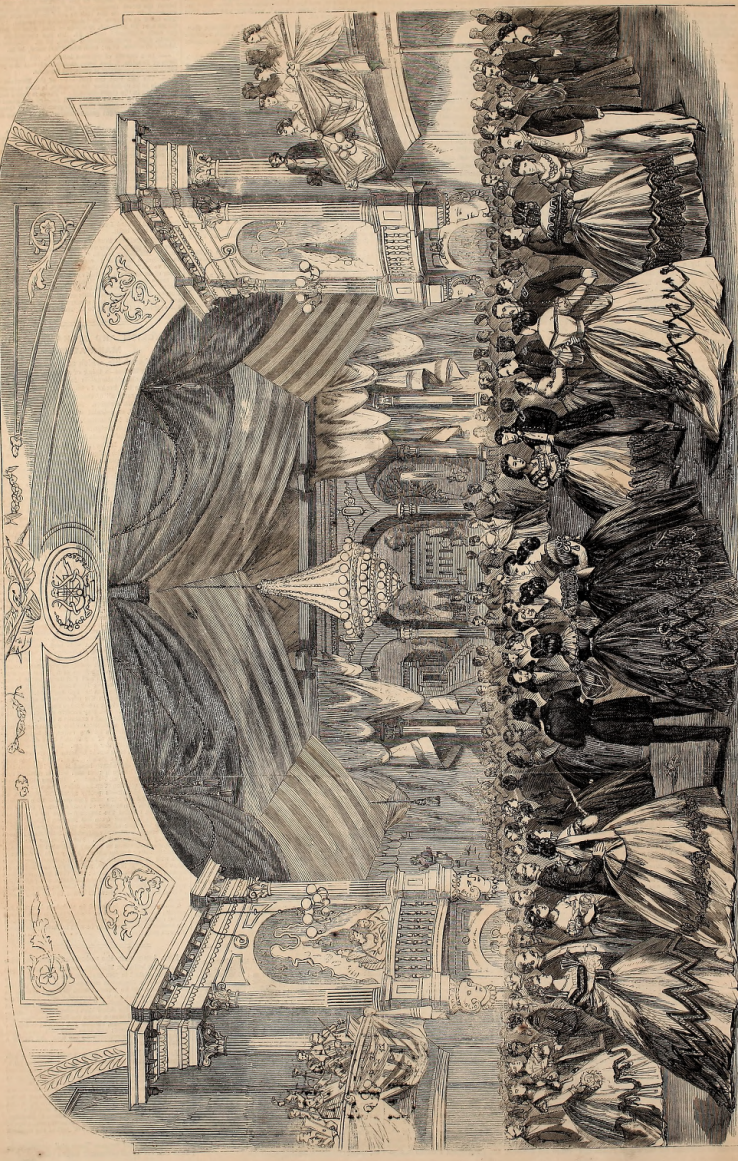
It is true that, in a Mohammedan country, a woman may be divorced for a trifling cause, perhaps for no cause beyond the whim of a husband tired of her temper or satiated with her charms. Yet divorce is less common in Islam than would be imagined from the ease with which it may be effected. The record is not kept with any care, but we have heard it said in Cairo that final separation between man and wife is rarer in that city than in Berlin and London. Human nature—according to the opinion of an English widow who married a Bedaween sheikh—is pretty much the same in all countries; and few men care to separate from the love of their youth, the mother of their children, unless for such crimes against the marriage-bond as would part the English husband from his English wife. But besides the bulwark of early love and acquired habits, a Moslem lady is protected against her husband's caprice by a very formidable bond. Few orientals can afford to divorce their wives under any attainable difference of temperament or temperature. Every wife is dowered. On a wife being repudiated by her husband, her dower must be paid. It is always, relatively to the husband's means, a considerable sum; and thus polygamy and divorce, though the law permits them, are practically confined to those richer classes who, in every country of East and West, contrive to evade the stricter moral rules.

The husband, too, is bound to maintain his wife according to her rank; and so sternly is this part of the bridal compact enforced against a careless husband, that the husband, if a slave, may be sold for money on which the wife may live.

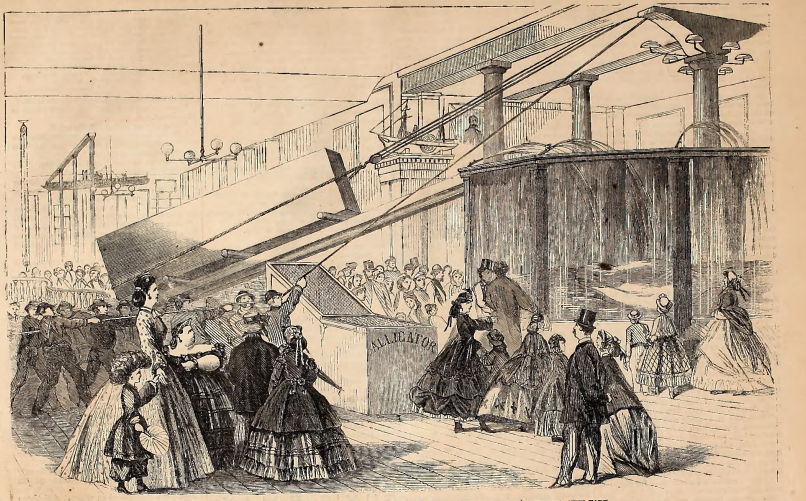
BILL ANDERSON, the notorious guerrilla, who was recently killed in Missouri, was accustomed to put those who wished to join his band to a severe test. On one occasion, a desperado went to him to join. Anderson told him that he "didn't want to have anything to do with him—that he was a coward," etc. The fellow replied: "Try me, captain." Anderson told him, "It was no use;" but the fellow kept insisting, until Anderson at last spat in his face, when the fellow knocked him down. Anderson arose, rubbed his temple, and said: "Swear him in, boys; any man that will knock Bill Anderson down, surrounded by his men, will do for a member of our band."

FARMER'S PAINT.—Farmers will find the following profitable for house or fence paint—Skim milk, two quarts; fresh-slacked lime, eight ounces; linseed oil, six ounces; white Burgundy pitch, two ounces; Spanish white, three pounds. The lime is to be slacked in water, exposed to the air, and then mixed with one-fourth milk; the oil, in which the pitch is dissolved, to be added, a little at a time; then the rest of the milk, and afterwards the Spanish white. This was sufficient for twenty-seven yards, two coats. This is for a white paint. If desirable, any other color may be produced; thus, if a cream color is desired, in place of part of the Spanish white, use the ochre alone.

MANY men and women have sad occasion to know that two do not necessarily make a pair.



THE GRAND BALL AT THE UNION HOTEL OPERA HOUSE, SARATOGA, N. Y., JULY 4.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. ALFRED BERGHAUS.



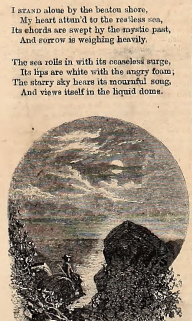
WHITE WHALES CAPTURED OFF THE COAST OF LABRADOR, NOW ON EXHIBITION AT BARNUM'S MUSEUM, NEW YORK.

BY THE SEA.

BY G. MIDDLEBROOK.

I STAND alone by the beaten shore,
My heart attun'd to the restless sea,
Its chords are swept by the mystic past,
And sorrow is weighing heavily.

The sea rolls in with its ceaseless surge,
Its lips are white with the angry foam;
The starry sky hears its mournful song,
And views itself in the liquid dome.



The crescent moon, thro' the ether waves,
In delving its way—a golden bark—
And far beneath on the deep afloat,
Its twin in beauty illumes the dark.

The years impell'd by the hand of time,
Return to-night—as an echo'd bell—
And sadly sweet on this starry eve,
The past rolls in with the ocean swell.

No voice of friend breaks the mystic air—
No dulcet song wings the tuneful sea—
No weary laugh cheers the solemn hour;
Ah! these will never come back to me.

The winged winds in their airy flight,
With "immortelles" sow'd this rugged spot;
And round these rocks and dewy nooks,
Shall ever bloom the "forget-me-not."

I stand alone by the beaten shore,
My heart attun'd to the restless sea,
Its chords are swept by the mystic past,
And sorrow is weighing heavily.

Jerome Fenwick's Cure.

BY LUCY A. RANDALL.

"DON'T go out to-night, Jerome—stay with me! Oh, Jerome! it is so lonely when you are away!"

The little kitchen had been swept and scoured until every board glistened like polished ivory—the red morocen curtains were drawn over the tiny-paned windows, and the great chesnut logs in the fire-place were singing and simmering and bursting into scarlet sheets of flame, with capricious alternations. There was no costly fresco on the walls—merely a cheap paper where gigantic pink roses burst into unaccountable bloom among the green tendrils of a stiff pea-vine; but the wooden clock was framed in the coral berries of the bittersweet and a little Christmas cross of hemlock sprigs and black ivy, yet hung between the windows, while Ross Fenwick's monthly roses and scented geraniums teased their delicate blossoms among the red peppers and bunches of penny-royal and catnip on the smoke-browned mantel above the chimney.

For Ross, our heroine, was nothing more dignified than a farmer's wife. Ay, but a farmer's wife, in this, our Empire state, is, it must be remembered, queen consort to a member of the popular sovereignty—and Ross was as fit to wear the royal robes, as any princess of the blood. She was quite tall, with pale brown hair, and eyes of the clear vivid blue that put you in mind of sunshine after rain, while the delicate color on her cheek fairly rivaled the monthly roses above. Her dress was very plain and simple—a dark brown calico, ruffled at the wrists, and relieved by a narrow linen collar, with a tiny black silk apron tied trimly around her graceful waist.

Jerome Fenwick, a tall, stalwart young fellow of some seven or eight and twenty, bit his lip, as Ross still kept urging:

"Stay with me this evening—only this once!"

"Nonsense, Ross; how ridiculous you are! A man can't stay at home for ever."

"But you were out last night and the night before!"

"Well, what then? Now, my love, don't you see how very absurd it is to expect me to be always dancing at your apron strings! I tell you I'm only going down to the Columbian, to look at the papers and talk over the news!"

"To the Columbian!" echoed Aunt Tryphosa Fenwick, suddenly appearing out of the sub-terranean depths of a trap-door, very much as a ghost upon the stage, only that she bore a pan of glossy red apples in one hand and brandished a formidable knife in the other. "Ah-h-h! you're going to the Columbian, be ye, Jerome Fenwick?"

"Yes, I am—and what then?" returned the young man, a spice of sullen defiance beginning to mingle with the playful tone he had assumed towards his wife.

"And I s'pose you're comin' back stupider nor a fool, as you come last night—or perhaps you're comin' with Peter Stryker at your head and Sam Garney at your heels, as you come last week; pretty doin's these, for a feller that hain't been married a year yet!"

"Dear Jerome," pleaded Ross, looking up



ROSA VISITS THE COLUMBIAN.

through sparkling tears, "*please* do not go out to-night."

"What d'ye s'pose you're coming to," went on Aunt Tryphosa, digging away at the apples as spitefully as if every one had been a modern Mawsyas, and she a spectacled Apollo; "I'm sayin' you've forgot how Pardon Pilkingham froze to death, a year ago come February, down by the hemlock holler, with the snow two feet deep on the ground. He'd been to the Columbian too! He'd read the papers and talked over the news! And maybe you don't remember how Josiah Hopkins went off in *delirious tremens* last June, all along of that same Columbian. He hadn't no pretty young wife at home to cry her eyes out arter his good-for-nothin' bones, though Josiah Hopkins hadn't! Oh!" ejaculated Aunt Tryphosa, emphatically, "I wish there was a Maine law. I just do! Better stay at home, Jerome Fenwick, afore had comse to worse!"

Jerome Fenwick's brow flushed an angry crimson.



"GOOD LAND 'O GOSHEN! IF I WAS ROSA, I'D GO DOWN TO THE COLUMBIAN TOO."

"I shall do precisely as I please, Aunt Tryphosa. Where's my hat?"

"Takin' for myself I'm a speakin'," went on the wrathful old lady, suspending her knife in mid air, "though you be my brother's son, it's for Rosa I Do you 'spose she hain't got no feelins when you come home night after night, as intoxicated as a fool? Good land o' Goshen! if I was Rosa, I'd go down to the Columbian too, and drink 'long with you. She won't get jes as good a right to a fool as you have! How'd you like that, Jerome Fenwick?"

He went out, giving the unconscious door a bang that made the cat start in her cosy corner of the red brick hearth, and brought a fresh torrent of rage to Miss Tryphosa's lips.

"Oh, Aunt Tryphosa," she sobbed, hiding her flushed face among the spikes in the good spinster's lap, "what shall we do? He is being ruined —and I—I have no power to hold him back."

"Barre him right in an obstinate fool!" muttered the irate old lady. Yet even while the words were on her lips, the bony fingers caressed Rosa's hair with strangely living touch.

"For your sake, Rosa! I'm vexed, for your sake, my pretty one!"

"If I had but been—yet he was so different in the days when we used to take those twilight walks, the days before we were married. My husband a drunkard! Oh, Aunt Tryphosa, I'd would sooner we were both in our graves!"

"Don't talk so, pet," murmured Aunt Tryphosa, shaking her head ominously. The Lord knows what's best for us all, but——"

"Hush!" exclaimed Rosa, springing to her feet, "I hear the gate click! Aunt Tryphosa, he has thought better of it! he has come back!"

No; bright, fair, almost girlish-looking young fellow in the lieutenant's uniform was not Jerome Fenwick—and there was a touch of bitterness even in the welcoming tears that Rosa poured out on the breast of the soldier-brother she had not seen for three long years.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Charley Warner. "Why, I thought you were so happy, Rosa. And where's my new brother-in-law?"

"He—he isn't at home," sobbed out Rosa. "Oh, Charley, I am very, very miserable!"

"Well, this is a queer welcome!" quoth the lieutenant, sitting down in front of the blazing chestnut logs, and drawing Rosa upon his knee, "now pray, tell me all about it, and comfort me, hold my hands tight, for I feel very much like giving my unknown brother-in-law a thrashing before I leave you for the merits of the case."

"Well—I reckon it's about time for me to be moving!" said Jerome.

Now Jerome Fenwick was none the worse for the frequent libations in which he indulged; at least not in his own opinion. For he had firmly resolved, on entering the green baize doors of the "Columbian Hotel," *not* to drink to excess, and he decided in a high spirit of resolution. Only—for sure, the sanded floor *did* surge to and fro, a little —and the great logs in the chimney changed places with each other in a most unaccountable manner, and the voices around him sounded now close to his ear, now far away, as if the speakers were peering into the distance. For Jerome Fenwick, with wry wide open eyes, and a turgid sensibility upon his set features, reiterated to himself that he was all right—he right as a trivet!"

"Because, you see!" soliloquized Jerome, aloud, "I'm a married man—and—and—[utter I owe to society! I can't be drunk, because——"

He caught at the arm of his chair as it seemed to give a sudden lurch, selling-ward.

"I—I guess I'll go back to Rosa!"

In the act he instant a sudden electric thrill seemed to send the hot blood back to his heart. Rosa! yes, it was her voice, speaking in the barroom beyond. Her voice—and in what company!

A glass of gin-sling—and be quick about it. Rehawl none of your dishwater compounds! make it hot and strong, mate!"

"Mrs. Fenwick!" ejaculated mine host, in dismay.

"Yes—Mrs. Fenwick—what are you staring at? My husband's here, isn't he? and I've come to keep him company. I'm tired of staying at home by myself. If he's going to make a regular practice of getting drunk here, why he may at well do it in his wife's company—and I'll be drunk too!"

"Rosa!"

"Yes, my dear. Good evening to you, gentlemen," she added, turning to the startled assembly and taking a long draught. "Upon my word, this feels warming after the night air. You are right, Jerome; it is better than crouching over the fire at home. You're right, my dear—you're *always* right, and hereafter I'm going to follow your example."

"Rosa, are you mad? Come home, child," whispered Jerome, in an agony of mortification.

"Another glass, landlord!" ejaculated the amazon, giving Jerome a push with her elbow. "I didn't know I was a good. Try a taste of it, Jerome!"

"Rosa, I command you to come away."

"What for? Haven't I as much right here as any one? You said you didn't care whether I came or not—and I won't go!"

Jerome vipped the drops of perspiration from his brow and upper lip.

"Do not mortify me thus, Rosa," he whispered. "Remember these spectators."

"Well, you've mortified me enough times; and it's a poor rule that won't work both ways. Landlord—I—think—I'll—take——"

She paused abruptly, the two glasses of fiery liquid were apparently beginning to tell on her feminine brain. Her head fell on her breast, the bare eyes stared stonily into space, and the arms fell heavily at her side.

"She's gone!" exclaimed Joe Hyde, who had watched this crisis with intense interest.

"I will trouble you to mind your own business, sir, if you please," returned Jerome Fenwick, haughtily. Ah, his pride was touched to the quick now. "Clark Tiffany, will you help me carry my—my wife home? Take a quiet match to walk. Good heavens! that I should have lived to see this day!"

Clark Tiffany advanced, with a subdued grin upon his countenance, to assist his boon companion. But it was no easy task they had undertaken. Her weight was totally limp, and it required a burden before; from the tip of the pink worsted hood to the heavy-shod mouse-skin boots was a mass of elasticity or animation, as the two men dragged their slow way over the hard, frozen ground.

"Abused child!" disgustfully muttered Fenwick, wiping his streaming forehead.

"Just what you've done yourself a dozen times," remarked Tiffany, changing the arm that supported the leaden shoulders. "Jupiter! who'd suppose a woman could be so heavy!"

"Myself! Of course I have—more shame to me!" retorted Fenwick. "But a woman—and my wife!"

"I don't know that it's any worse for a woman than a man," said Tiffany; "only it's not customary."

"One thing is certain," resumed Fenwick, after a moment's silence, and his tone was full of deep pantomime earnestness "after this night's work, I will cut off my right hand before I will re-enter that accursed bar-room. You drank my last glass of liquor!"

"That—that's not fair!" sleepily muttered the burden. "Just when I've begun to enjoy myself! Rosa—it's not fair!"

A smothered groan escaped from Fenwick's lips.

"Before heaven I register the vow!" he exclaimed. "From this hour, I will never touch intoxicating drought save as a medicine or cordial! As he spoke, the red, flickering stream of light from the room curtained window glanced athwart his face.

"Home at last!" he exclaimed, with an accent of relief, as saint Tryphosa flung open the door.

The old lady sat knitting there, and was wrestling contentedly on the burnished bricks of the old-fashioned hearth, and—wonder of wonders!—Rosa sat in her lap, in the arm-chair, fast asleep and coquettish silk apron, stitching at a narrow strip of linen.

"Rosa!" gasped Jerome, in open-mouthed astonishment. "You here?"

"Where else should I be, Jerome?" demanded Mrs. Fenwick, with exemplary calmness.

"Do we live in the age of witchcraft? Am I dreaming, or am I wide awake? Am I in full possession of my ordinary senses?" exclaimed Jerome Fenwick, turning to the limp figure on the kitchen settle.

No longer limp, however. It had suddenly risen up, straight and vigorous as a young pine, and Rosa, with her face flushed and her eyes full of light, was confronting her husband.

"Jerome Fenwick, Mr. Fenwick," said Charley Warner, with dancing eyes and defiant brow, "Mr. Fenwick," said Jerome, still bewildered, "who is this?"

"It is my brother, Jerome—my brother Charley," replied Rosa, with a proud smile and blush. "I couldn't stop him—he would go, and aunt Tryphosa encouraged him."

"Well, Rosa, I said it's not my wife!" said Jerome, extending his hand. "Welcome home from the wars, brother-in-law! but I question whether you've been doing much that has been concerned during the three years of your absence can equal the victory you have this night gained."

"Jerome, husband! Rosa," and you have not—"

"But he has thought!" interposed Lieutenant Charley, leisurely lighting a cigar among the smouldering chestnut embers. "I hear witness to that; but he has also had a most unconscionable to abstain for ever more from the Columbian and all that appertains thereunto. Isn't it so, you fiend, that so loudly held up your hand?"

"Well, I *thought* you were rather heavy," acknowledged Clark Tiffany. "But—no offence, sir —you don't see how your head stands [illegible] two glasses of gin."

"Ah, that's because I've been in the army," responded Lieutenant Warner, with charming frankness. "What, little Rosa, crying again?"

"Don't mind me, Charley; it's only because I'm so happy."

"Happy, eh? Well, it isn't my way of expressing happiness," said Charley, "but then, as aunt Tryphosa is crying too! Well, I've read a good many puzzles in my day, but a woman is the most inexplicable of 'em all!"

Lieutenant Warner did not know that upon that night he had drawn all Rosa's wifely kindness, fears and inward distresses were swept away into the past. She was crying only because she was happy.

TREATMENT OF PARALYSIS AND APOPLEXY.—The treatment of paralysis and apoplexy by the application of the Galvanic Battery, has been attended with considerable results, which are detailed in the *Medical Times and Gazette*. Thus, in the case of a woman, aged forty-seven, with paralysis on the 5th of December, became worse on the 6th, and when Dr. Althaus saw her, on the 9th of December, he was in a perfectly stupor, could not be roused to attend to the slightest answer of questions, and the left side of the paralysis thought himself well. The water her was found to be 104° Fah., and it was quite remarkable. The patient, a full-bodied woman, died on the 11th of March, and no hope to doubt that the galvanic treatment she was giving, and on the 10th of March Dr. Althaus wrote to say her case was of apoplexy on its worst form, unconscious for forty-eight hours before the appearance of convalescence. The medical seems to be now admitted by very high authorities as one of great power in many nervous disorders.

A WILD FLOWER.

BY E. V. B.

I sooner for a type, little *Jennie*, of thee,
Among the bright blossoms and buds,
But the garden held nothing so solid and so free,
So I searched in the meadows and woods.
Soon I found that both suited my pet,
And it puzzled me much which to choose,
A wild rose and daisy with morning dew wet,
For the emblem I took the wild rose.

If you wish, little Jennie, the reason to know,
Why the wild briar rose I select,
Its virtues and faults I'll endeavor to show,
And leave you your own to detect.
It is artless and innocent, guileless and free,
Yet hardy, and playful, and wild,
It sports in the wind with a bright cheerful glee,
As pleasant, and winning, and charming to see,
As the mirth of a frank, merry child.

It is full of sweet love; its fond arms are round
Every tendril and branch that grows near;
It caressingly stoops to the grass on the ground,
And kisses and clasps every object around,
And blushes o'er the bumblest as dear.

These are very bright virtues, but now for its faults—
For I'm sorry to say it has many;
Glad please don't suppose the remark quite applies,
At least it does not in her friends' partial eyes
To our own little wilding rose, Jennie).

It will not obey, but rudely every turn
Thwart's one's wishes; it's very self-willed;
In short, the wild rose "don't like lessons to learn,"
And objects much to be educated.
It has very sharp thorns and it oft wounds the hand,
That would tenderly prune and train it;
It is careless and wilful, and does not take heed,
To be gentle and patient in manners and deed,
With those who, *in love*, would restrain it.

Now I leave you, dear Jennie, to judge for yourself,
If the wild rose would not be improved
If "arse and education" were lavished, gentle and meek,
And the wishes of others more ready to seek,
And be even more fondly beloved.

GUY'S FOLLY,

OR,

The Secret of Thornton Heath.

BY VANE HERTON ST JOHN.

CHAPTER XVI.—THE SECOND CATASTROPHE.

Ten quiet days passed over Thornton Heath. The heavy raindrops fell at intervals upon the leaves.

Peals of thunder rattled along the earth, like the horrible roar of some hungry animal creeping nearer and nearer to his prey.

The flashes of faint lightning lit up the tangled trees in front of Nightingale Lodge, but the fullest fury of the storm had not yet burst forth.

The rain fell in fitful showers at shorter intervals, as a woman crept eagerly across the path towards Walter Raymond's window. Her face still as she hurried along the road—faster yet as she reached the gate, and ran rapidly across the lawn, and then she paused for breath—for the hall door, which the servant was answering her peremptory summons.

"Who are you?" asked the girl, who, besides being ill-tempered at being disturbed in the middle of reading, was not much prepossessed in her favor.

She was certainly not one to prepossess any one.

She was of a spare, wearen figure, encumbered with no superfluous flesh; and her wet garments clinging closely around her, disclosed it to advantage.

"That matters not to you, young woman," replied the new-comer, haughtily. "It is sufficient for you to know that I bear a message for Mrs. Raymond, and I must see your mistress immediately."

"What name shall I give?" asked the girl, hesitatingly.

"None. Say I come from your master—that is enough. I am in haste, and wet, too, to the skin; be quick."

The girl saw nothing for it but submission, and entering the drawing-room, told her mistress of this new arrival.

Ella was sitting by the fire alone, reading, or at least seeming to read, looking very quiet and sad, as she bent over the book, and her head drooped.

In a reverie she evidently was, for she did not notice the entrance of Susan until she spoke.

"Please, ma'am, here's some one wishes to see you."

Ella started.

"What is it? Is my husband returned?"

"No, ma'am; but this person has a message from him."

"Admit him at once, then."

"It's a woman, ma'am; and she's all over wet, and don't seem a nice sort of party at all."

"Never mind," said Ella, smiling; "she can't eat me. Admit her at once."

In another moment the old woman was ushered in. Ella's first thought was the same as Susan's.

"She is certainly not prepossessing."

"Pray be seated," she said. "You have a message, I believe, from my husband?"

"I have, ma'am," returned the woman; "here is a letter from him."

A presentiment of evil stole into Ella's breast as, taking the letter, she eagerly opened it.

It ran as follows:

"DEAR ELLA—Do not be alarmed. I have had a slight accident—nothing about which you need worry yourself, but I wish to see you at once. Mrs. Cassel, the landlady of the Black Oak, near Tenville—the village about six miles from Thornton Heath—will bring you to me, and explain to you anything you wish to know. Come and see me, dear Ella. I long for you to be here; for when I am ill, you know, I hate to be with strangers.

"Your affectionate husband,

"WALTER RAYMOND."

Ella's cheeks blanched as she read the letter. When she had concluded, she turned hastily to Mrs. Cassel.

"What ails my husband?" she asked.

"He has had a fall, ma'am," replied Mrs. Cassel; "but it isn't much, I think, though he groans fearful, and cries out for you."

"I must go at once," said Ella, rising. "He will think it unkind in me to delay."

As she spoke, a blinding flash of lightning seemed to rush across the room, and a roar of thunder rolled fearfully over the earth.

"How can I go? In this storm we shall lose our way, or perhaps our lives!" she said painfully.

"Fear not, my lady," returned Mrs. Cassel. "I have money given me by Mr. Raymond, and we can obtain a carriage at the inn. I will go and order one while you dress."

"No, no!" cried Ella; "let us go together. I will not detain you long."

So saying, she passed from the room, but returned in a few moments, and it was not long before they were hurrying rapidly along the dark road, through the blinding storm.

About six miles from Thornton Heath stood a small roadside inn.

By the vivid flashes of lightning which illuminated the summer night, it appeared, at the first glance, to be nothing more than an ordinary laborer's cottage; but on close observation might be noticed a small signboard over the door, on which the words "Licensed to sell beer by retail, to be drunk on the premises," were rudely painted.

In the little sanded tap-room, which was dimly lit up by two tallow candles, a few rustics sat smoking and drinking, discussing the local politicals, remarks on the weather, and the probable continuation of the storm.

They were all startled on by a young girl, who reflected their cups when empty, and replenished their tobacco boxes.

Jane Cassel was her name, and she was the only daughter of the widow who kept the little wayside house of entertainment.

Jane was a blonde—not an unusual complexion in England—but her form was well made and proportioned, which was not always the case in rural districts.

She was dressed in a neat cotton fabric, fitting tightly to her figure from waist to throat, her fair neck encircled by a neat linen collar.

Her face was not of that Grecian cast which some people are afraid to admire so much for its masculinity and statue-like appearance; but thoroughly English—round and merry, and beautifully blooming. Her eyes were large, of a deep blue color, liquid and fascinating; the brows were faultless; the eyelashes long and drooping. Her lips full, and of a ripe cherry color; her mouth small. It was a purely Saxon face.

She appeared restless and uneasy; her countenance every now and then betraying her lips.

Her mother was absent, and she was anxiously waiting for her.

At the back of the inn was a kind of outhouse, which had all the appearance of a section cut off from the main body of the house portion of the "Hollow Oak," as the house was called.

It contained two rooms, poorly and meanly fitted up—one a sitting-room, the other a sleeping apartment.

The former was generally used by Jane, when the mother was at home, as a room in which to do her needlework.

In the bedroom she slept, in company with the old woman, who performed the humble drudgery of the inn.

Jane Cassel, as I have said, seemed anxiously, and even nervously, expecting some one, and desirous, too, of getting rid of her customers.

So no one obtained any satisfaction from her, though they tried hard to bore her drawn enough; for she strenuously refused to answer any questions, and was even rude to the young man-darkly alluded to by those who wagged their heads generally, to be her sweetheart.

At last, at last, when she could go to the door, and in spite of the rain, look down the road for some moments, both to the right and the left.

Presently the door was slightly unbarred her guests somewhat rudely, the sound of carriage wheels was heard in the distance.

Jane ran away on their scarce for dismissing her visitors, she was disappointed, and entering the room, suddenly sat down by the fire.

In a moment after the carriage drew up at the door, and in another instant two persons entered the bare—one silent, morose, dark-looking—the rural; the other, agitated, restless, glancing hither and thither fimidly and impatiently.

These two persons were Mrs. Cassel and Ella Raymond.

"Is he here?" asked Ella, eagerly.

"He is not here," said Mrs. Cassel. He is in the other part of the house."

The girl put in a word just as Ella moved eagerly towards the inner door.

"He has not arrived yet, ma'am."

Mrs. Cassel glanced at her, with fury in her eye.

But the words—whether they were intended for a warning or not—were not heard by the person for whom they were intended.

Ella passed out into the back garden with the old woman, and they walked across it rapidly, until arriving at the outhouse, Mrs. Cassel opened the door with a key, which she left in the lock, and hurried Ella to enter.

No sooner had Ella done so, than the door was closed violently, and she found herself alone.

The room in which she found herself was a square, low-roofed apartment, with a black beam crossing the ceiling, a piece of ragged carpet concealing part of a rough, uneven floor, windows strongly barred, four chairs, an old sofa, and a ricketty table, on which stood a lamp, whose feeble rays cast a glimmering doubt, as it were, over all the objects around.

The first feeling in Ella's heart, when she turned round and saw that Mrs. Cassel had not entered with her, was one of bewildering fear.

Then, seeing that the door of a bedroom was near her, a new emotion filled her breast.

"Fool that I am, to think of peril! My husband lies ill yonder, and Mrs. Cassel has forborne to enter, because she wishes us to be alone."

With these words half formed upon her lips, she took up the lamp, and eagerly entered the bedchamber.

One glance was sufficient to confirm her former fears.

The bed was empty; the room, too, devoid of any sign of life; and the windows, as in the other case, were barred.

She rushed back into the other chamber, and tried the door. But the sound which had alarmed her had been too true. It was locked on the outside.

A few moments were expended in vain cries and beatings at the door; then she sank down, weeping and despairing, upon the sofa near the entrance.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Cassel had passed into the front room, and rudely dismissed her customers.

Then she closed the door, and wound up by dealing Jane a vigorous slap upon the ear.

The girl looked up in surprise and anger.

"And pray what's that for, mother?" she cried.

"For not keeping your mouth shut!" returned Mrs. Cassel, doggedly. "Do you suppose for a moment that she thinks *he* is coming? She thought her husband was here, ill!"

"Then if you were entrapping her, you should have told me so!" said the girl, sullenly. "How am I to know what you're up to? However," she grumbled, as she went about her work, "I'll take good care that she shan't be kept here against her will, poor thing!"

That night passed wearily for poor Ella.

Her enemy, whoever he was, did not arrive; but in the middle of the small hours, a gentle tap at the window roused her, and she started up from the bed upon which she had thrown herself, fully dressed, to snatch, if possible, a few hours rest.

"Whoever this is," she thought, "this is the one of whom I am in dread."

And as the thought passed through her mind, she sprang up, and hid herself behind the curtains.

The summons was repeated, louder and more eagerly than before.

"A friend—a friend!" cried a voice. "Come to the window!"

She recognised the voice of a woman, and at once leaving her place of concealment, hurried to the casement.

"Who is there?" she asked.

"Jane Cassel. You are here against your will, are you not?"

"Yes, I am. Can you release me!"

"Fear not—I will, though not to-night. I may not stop, or my mother will discover that I am here. Good-night!"

Then the sound of her footsteps was heard as she re-crossed the yard, and Ella Raymond was once more alone.

CHAPTER XVII.—THE DEVIL'S DYKE.

On the evening of the day when Clara Arbuthnot had fled with Denzil Harcourt, and about the same hour when Mrs. Cassel called on Ella Raymond, and inveigled her to the "Hollow Oak," a family council was being held at Arbuthnot Villa, at which Lady Anne, Sir Arthur, the two parchmenty daughters, and Mr. F. A. Davit were present.

Great consternation had been excited throughout the house when the inmates heard of the flight; but no one for a moment doubted the name of the person with whom she had fled.

Lady Anne—deadly in her hatred towards Denzil Harcourt—had ordered immediate pursuit, which was foiled, however, by the falling of Sir Arthur from his horse, and the fact that the groom would not carry on the pursuit by himself, because, in the first place, he did not know the way; and, in the second, he had no right to detain the fugitives if he caught them.

Sir Arthur Arbuthnot, who had received severe injuries, was lying on a couch, while Lady Anne, her daughters, and the lawyer were seated at the table.

The subject of their conversation was the flight of Clara at first; and then, having satisfied herself that nothing could be done to punish Denzil Harcourt at present, Lady Anne made a sign to the lawyer and quitted the room.

In a few moments Mr. F. A. Davit cleared up his papers and followed her.

For a moment Sir Arthur appeared undecided; then, in spite of the pain he was suffering, he rose, and, leaving the room, proceeded after them.

The drawing-room being occupied by the Misses Arbuthnot, the lawyer and his client went into the dining-room, and closed the door; while Sir Arthur, kneeling down outside, applied his eye dexterously to the keyhole.

It was as he had suspected, the conversation had reference to Sir Robert Arbuthnot.

"I have received a letter from my husband," said Lady Anne; "it is a horrid scrawl. Let me read it to you."

She read aloud:

"Madam—I have escaped at length from madness and from your prison. Your tenure of title and fortune is short—enjoy it, therefore, while you may. Let me tell you one thing, however: I have found the wife who has so long been thought to be dead—found her just in time to save her life, if not her happiness. Expect me on Wednesday night, at ten. I shall not be alone.

"ROBERT ARBUTHNOT."

"Well," said the lawyer, "and what do you propose to do?"

"I shall see him, and——"

At the moment she was speaking a loud knock was heard at the door, and it was not long before the usual courtesies had been exchanged, and the injured baronet stood in the presence of the woman he had once thought to be his wife.

Lady Anne rose without a movement of a muscle of her countenance, saying:

"Pray be seated, sir. What is the object of this visit?"

"I come to ask you if you are inclined to make some arrangement by which my daughters will be comfortably settled. As for yourself, I am not compelled, either by remembrance of past kindness or by law, to give you anything; but yet, considering that you were once in the position of a wife to me, I will consent to make you a reasonable allowance."

Lady Anne glanced at him with well-assumed surprise.

"Really, sir," she cried, "you take me quite by surprise. I do not in the least understand your meaning. May I inquire your name?"

The lawyer gazed at her in admiration, mingled with astonishment.

"Whew!" he whistled; "she *is* a woman!"

Sir Robert grew pale with anger.

"Madam," he cried, "this is no time for jesting. My features have so little altered that I have been recognised at once by my bankers and my old lawyers, and you are in my power completely. So do not endeavor to play off any such games as this on me, as I am not in a frame of mind to be trifled with. Remember, Anne, that I have no kindnesses to remember—nothing but a long, weary succession of painful, terrible years—nothing but madness, and imprisonment worse than death. Seek not, therefore, to impose on me; but say at once, what am I to do for you, and your son and daughter?"

Lady Anne rose hastily, giving, as she did so, a rapid glance at Mr. F. A. Davit.

"I leave it to my lawyer," she said, in a husky voice. "Whatever he thinks right, I agree to. I would rather not prolong the interview myself."

With these words she quitted the room; Arthur, while she passed out, crouching down in a corner, where, amid the shadows, he could not be perceived.

He had crouched down here when his father passed, though he could scarcely prevent himself from rising and asking his blessing.

And yet such is the inconsistency of human nature, the man who experienced this filial tenderness was, at that very same moment, regretting the delayal of a dreadful crime!

Sir Robert Arbuthnot and the lawyer had soon settled their business, and Sir Robert departed, stepping into his carriage and driving off without asking to see his children.

It was not under the roof of Lady Anne that he wished such a meeting to take place.

As the carriage reached the end of the lane, going very slowly along the rough country road, a figure darted from concealment behind a tree, and hurried on after it.

This was Lady Anne.

Following the vehicle as fast as her legs would carry her, she at length reached a house where the carriage had stopped, and saw Sir Robert descend and enter.

With a growl, as it were, of anger, Lady Anne stood near and watched.

The carriage waited, and presently he reappeared, dismissed it, and walked away in the direction of the cottage where Clara Arbuthnot and Denzil Harcourt had arranged their flight.

In order to reach the cottage he had to pass over a deep and darksome ditch, known in the neighborhood as the Devil's Dyke.

The Devil's Dyke was one of those mysterious places which, having no certified origin, are popularly ascribed to the evil one.

Its banks were overgrown with bushes, and down below, on the surface of the stagnant waters, floated huge masses of chickweed and other noisome aquatic vegetation, occasionally interspersed with tufts of tall bulrushes and flags.

Toads and frogs hopped and sprawled about the banks, while efts and sticklebacks swam about the muddy tide.

At different parts, dark, unwholesome-looking yew trees reared their sombre heads, throwing weird, fantastic shadows on the dark mud.

There was something repulsive in the aspect of the place, the cultivated eye turned away from the loathsome sight; the nose recoiled with disgust from the unwholesome vapors and exhalations which arose from the fœtid pool.

Sir Robert Arbuthnot, who appeared to know his way well, directed his steps towards a point where a rude bridge had been formed by laying a few planks across the chasm.

It was at this point that the old baronet, who had been buried in a brown study, started back in affright, as a tall, dark figure seemed to rise, as it were, from the depths of the Devil's Dyke!

EXECUTION OF THE ASSASSINS

In the Old Penitentiary at Washington, D. C.

WE present, to-day, the final scene of that great tragedy which commenced in a theatre on the night of the 14th of April, and closed on the 7th of July on the scaffold. Of the eight persons tried for complicity in the late infamous conspiracy, four only were adjudged to death—Mrs. Surratt, the Lady Macbeth of the hideous drama; Payne, the desperate assailant of Secretary Seward and his household; Atzerodt, who was selected to murder President Johnson, and Harold, the infatuated associate of Booth.

The Place of Execution

was a large grassy yard, surrounded by an exceedingly high wall, which was planted with soldiers thoroughly armed. The north side of the yard was enclosed on three sides by columns of soldiers drawn up in regular order, the side next to the penitentiary being so arranged as to admit ingress from the prisoner's door. Within this enclosed space the gallows was erected. It was composed of a strong beam raised horizontally in the air, about 20 feet from the ground; at irregular intervals four ropes dangled from it, each noosed at the end. The beam was supported by three props, one in the centre, and one at each end. These props came all the way to the ground, where they were morticed in heavy bars. Midway a floor was laid—20 by 12 feet—reached by 15 steps, railed on either side. On this floor was the trap, the giving way of which would plunge the criminals into futurity. At the foot of the gallows four coffins were placed, at the edge of four newly dug graves.

Enter the Criminals.

The wicket opens, and a woman pinioned appears. She was dressed in black, bonneted and veiled, and walks between two bare-headed priests. One of these held against his heart a crucifix of jet, while both of them utter the service for the dead. Four soldiers, with muskets at shoulder, followed, and a captain led the way to the gallows. After her came Atzerodt, preceded by two officers, a Lutheran clergyman and another armed squad. Harold came next, guarded in a similar manner. The most determined and dignified of all the culprits, Lewis Payne, completed the procession, which numbered somewhere about 20 persons, more or less.

When they reached the platform, the prisoners were placed in four arm chairs, stretching across the stage, in the rear of the trap doors. The warrants for their execution were then read to the prisoners by Gen. Hartrauft.

Painful Scenes.

At a quarter to 12, Miss Anna Surratt, accompanied by a gentleman, arrived, and was shown to her mother's cell. Although her face betrayed the deepest sorrow, her bearing was so firm that some began to think she had succeeded in obtaining a respite for her unhappy mother. Shortly afterwards the sister of Harold was admitted to her brother, and then came Miss Atzerodt. Payne had no sorrowing relative to unman or console him; nor did he seem to need any, for despite the enormity of his crime it was impossible to look upon his composed face, or demeanor, without regretting that such magnificent material should have been wasted upon a malefactor. He was the worthy twin brother in crime of Wilkes Booth. In the course of of about half an hour they all were led forth from their harrowing interviews, sobbing, and half swooning with anguish. They were all attired in deep mourning, and their appearance gave additional solemnity to the imposing scene.

Mrs. Surratt.

The general interest was almost entirely concentrated on Mrs. Surratt and Payne, for the obvious reasons that one was a woman, and the other displayed a dignity, worthy of a nobler cause. Mrs. Surratt was a well formed, medium-sized woman, with light gray eyes, round face, dark brown hair, firm chin, and well shaped, compressed lips. Her age was about 45, which she scarcely looked, notwithstanding the mental suffering she must have undergone since the eventful 14th April. That she was a woman of great nerve is evident by her bearing throughout the trial, and certainly now at the closing scene she exhibited a nerve never found in a woman, except in the very sternest class. It was a painful thing to see her ascend step by step, her hands manacled, and walking conscious that every eye was upon her. Her face, however, betrayed more of sorrow than fear, which gave her face a ghastliness seldom seen in the living. Now and then one of the priests would apply the crucifix to her ashen lips, as though to support, by spiritual stimulants, her sinking system.

On the Scaffold.

At ten minutes past one o'clock the order of the War Department, embracing the President's executive order for the excution was read, and the limbs of the prisoners were pinioned. The caps were drawn over their heads, Mrs. Surratt exclaiming in a faint voice, "Don't let me fall," and in consequence of her fainting condition was supported by two priests and an officer, who retained their hold upon her until the drop fell. As the noose was being adjusted on Atzerodt's neck he exclaimed, "Gentlemen, beware." Then after an interval of about two minutes, said, "Good-by, gentlemen, who are before me. May we all meet in another world."

The Last Moment.

At 25 minutes past one o'clock the officers in charge of the scaffold made some preconcerted motions to the attendant soldiers to stop back from the drop, and then with a motion of his hand the drop fell, and the bodies of the criminals were suspended in the air.

The bodies fell simultaneously, and swayed backwards and forwards for a few moments. Mrs. Surratt appeared to suffer very little, Payne and Harold, on the contrary, writhed in apparent agony, the first for about two minutes and the latter for about five minutes. The muscles of their feet and hands were visibly contracted. Payne's hands, which were more exposed than the others, became purple, as did his neck, where the rope was fastened. Atzerodt's agony, like Mrs. Surratt's, seemed to be of but short duration.

Cutting Down the Bodies.

At twenty-five minutes before two o'clock the grounds were cleared of persons, except the officers of the prison, the guard and the reporters. The bodies hung until ten minutes before two o'clock, when the surgeons, Dr. Otis, U. S. V., Dr. Woodward, U. S. A., and Dr. Porter, U. S. A., proceeded to examine the remains.

The first one examined was Mrs. Surratt, the next Payne, then Harold, and, lastly, Atzerodt. Life was found to be extinct, and at two o'clock the bodies were taken down, as follows: First, that of Atzerodt, then Harold, then Payne, and, lastly, Mrs. Surratt. Before being placed in their coffins the bodies were again examined by the surgeons, and no signs of life found. The ropes were taken from their necks and the bodies placed in the coffins for burial.

Burial of the Bodies.

The crowd having separated, the bodies of the executed assassins were placed in the graves and covered with earth.

Bodies Claimed.

The friends of Atzerodt, Harold and Mrs. Surratt, have asked for the bodies, and it is understood they will be given them by the government.

Scenes around the Prison.

The only elevated point from which a view of the scaffold could be obtained, was the windows of the Arsenal building. These were crowded with spectators who remained.

Thus the curtain has fallen on the last scene in the the melancholy drama, that began with the murder of President Lincoln.

GRAND BALL AT SARATOGA.

SARATOGA! Saratoga! Surely the immortal bard would not have asked "what's in a name?" had he known of thee, ah, thou most delightful of summer resorts. Thy very mention suggests visions of hops, beauty and flirtations. One mentions thee under his breath, as though thy glories rendered thee sacred. But persiflage apart, Saratoga is, without exception, the most popular of all the summar resorts of wealthy Americans. Its walks, its drives, its magnificent hotels, its healthful waters, beautiful adjacent scenery, and above all, its "excellent" society renders it unrivaled.

Among the hotels of this Mecca of pleasure-seekers, "chief among ten thousand and altogether lovely," stands pre-eminent the Union Hotel of world-wide fame. The Messrs. Lelands, its proprietors, have achieved a reputation, which only needed the *éclat* of the recent grand banquet and ball at the new opera house, to pass into history.

As our readers have already been informed by the daily prints "the affair" was in every sense of the term a pre-eminent success. The dinner was delicious and the dance was divine. The clatter of plates and the clink of glasses were surpassed only by the swells of delightful music, and the graceful move of nimble feet. "Fair women were there and "brave men's" lips drank ruby wine, responsive to ruby lips, and "eyes looked love to eyes that looked again." Altogether it was a scene "take it for all in all, we ne'er shall look upon its like again," The opera house was not wholly completed, but such excellent arrangements were made, that all deficiencies were obviated. The *coup d'œuil* of the ball was superb. The uniform of the officers, the gay dresses and magnificent toilettes of the ladies, the plain contrast of the civilians' dresses, the patriotic decorations of the imposing ball-room—all these, mingled with "the many figures of the graceful dance," composed a brilliant sight indeed—a sight worth a week's travel to behold. Space would fail us to tell who were there; all we can say is, that it was the most brilliant ball of any season. Gens. Wallace and Sickles were present; among other notabilities, Col. Hillyer and Judge Hoffman were prominent "committee men," while the ladies, God bless them, can neither be named or described—so great was their quantity—so brilliant their quality.

HOT!

Oh! isn't it hot!
Oh! isn't it hot!
And all is soft and clammy and damp,
No need to moisten your postage stamp!
The very stones!
Have lost their tones
And don't re-echo the p'liceman's tramp!
And, oh! isn't it hot!

And, oh! how I hate my hat—
That box of roasted air!
With the hard hot brim that presses its rim
With all its main might into my brain,
And it leaves its red trail there!
And how I hate my blessed boots,
Of pedal agonies the roots!
Sources of throes and pangs and shoots!
And socks with agravating holes—
Socks that ruck all under the soles!

And then my collar!
Peruvian Rolla!
(Convenient rhyme)
In thy blest time
You wore no trousers, choker, collar, brace or sleeves,
But went about,
In-doors and out,
In what young ladies call "square bodies," I believe.
Oh! isn't it hot!

ROMANCE IN THE LIFE OF AN AUTHOR.—It was in 1740. One day, in the afternoon, I was engaged in literary labor, when my valet informed me that a lady, closely veiled, wished to see me. I went to meet her with a kind of presentiment. "*Mon Dieu*, sir," she said to me, when seated on the sofa, in my little saloon, "nothing can be more simple. I have come from London to offer you my hand." Though habituated to all sorts of strange adventures, I confess I must have exhibited great surprise. Fortunately the lady had raised her veil. I had already marked her grace and distinction. "Madam, you see me confounded by so much happiness; although marriage has never been among my habits, permit me to throw myself at your feet, and kiss the hand you deign to offer me." In fact, I threw myself, completely bewildered, at the feet of Miss Stafford. Madam, will you explain?" "Nothing is more simple. My fortune is in my own hands. I had resolved to bestow it only with my heart; but where to bestow my heart was the difficulty. I have waited and sought. I should have waited and sought still, had I not met with one of your works. You recall, without doubt, for you have infused in it so much of yourself, 'Les Egarements du Cœur et de l'Esprit'—a delicious book, which has but one fault, which is—that the heart has too much head. After having read it 20 times, I ordered my horses, embarked at Dover, took the post at Calais, and arrived yesterday at Paris. I lost an entire day (for I should have seen you yesterday) in recruiting myself, and in finding you out. Heaven be praised! you are there just as I imagined you, young, witty and distinguished." Thus spoke Miss Stafford. I was so little prepared for an adventure of this nature, that I knew not what to say. I gazed into her beautiful eyes, sparkling with love and pleasure. Another in my place would have imagined he was the dupe of an adventuress, without heart or money; for my part, I felt at once that Miss Stafford was really Miss Stafford—that is to say, one of the handsomest, richest, and most adorable young ladies of Great Britain. We were not married until a delay of six weeks. Miss Stafford wrote to her father, who was only softened at the fifth or sixth letter; he ended by yielding; not because I was the author of celebrated works but because I was the son of M. Crebillon, a Burgundian gentleman, member of the French Academy, author of "Electre and Rhadamiste."

ASSASSINATION is a crime which seems to have peculiarly and invariably the curse of heaven upon it; for in perusing the annals of the world we find it has not only not been followed by success, but it has been usually a fatal blow to the cause in support of which the murderer has done the deed.

ONE who knows that no credit is ever given to his assertions has the more right to contradict his words.

EXECUTION OF THE CONSPIRATORS, MRS. MARY E. SURRATT, LEWIS POWELL, (ALIAS PAYNE,) GEORGE ATZERODT AND DAVID E. HAROLD, IN THE PRISON YARD OF THE OLD PENITENTIARY, WASHINGTON, D. C., JULY 7.—FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTISTS, D. B. GULICK AND W. T. CRANE.

THE OLD STORY

BY CHAS. EDWYN HURD.

I.

"THE sails are set, and the breeze is up,
And the prow is turned for a northern sea—
Kiss my cheek, and vow me a vow
That you will ever be true to me!"

"I kiss your cheeks, and I kiss your lips,
Never a change this heart shall know
Whatever betide, come life, come death—
I love you so! ah, I love you so!"

II.

O but the northern nights are keen!
The sailor clings to the frozen shrouds—
A kiss burns hot through his dream of home,
And his heart goes south with the flying clouds.

The maiden laughs by the garden gate,
(Dreams of love are the soonest o'er!)
Kisses fall on her lips and heir—
And the world goes on as it went before.

ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "ELEANOR'S VICTORY," "AURORA FLOYD," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," "THE DOCTOR'S WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—POOR FRANK'S LETTER.

MAUDE shut herself in her own rooms after her interview with Francis, and refused to see any one but Julia. She wanted some one to cling to in her sudden distress, and was fain to throw herself upon the Irish girl's bosom for consolation.

Then Julia Desmond had her revenge. It was very sweet to see the woman who had usurped the cup of prosperity once held to her own lips brought down so low. The pleasure that thrilled through her breast as she held Maude Tredethlyn in her arms, and heard her declare, amidst passionate sobs, that Francis had been false and base and wicked, and that she was the most miserable woman in the world, was a sensation more exquisite than Miss Desmond had ever known before. For the honor of humanity, that wicked pleasure did not last very long. The daughter of Patrick Macnamara Ryan O'Brien Desmond was not altogether base. Maude was at her feet, and she was avenged.

"You have your fine house and your carriages still," she said, as the young wife sat on the ground at her feet, in the abandonment of her sorrow; "you could never have married Francis Tredethlyn for any other reason than the wealth he could give you. What does it matter to you whether he is true or false? You never loved him."

"No," answered Maude naively; "I suppose not. But it is so shameful of him to care for anybody else. And from what Harcourt Lowther says, he does care for that horrible person; and to leave me, Julia, day after day, and to be—there—all the time in a garden—smoking—looking as much at home, as if he had lived there all his life. I never can forgive him, Julia!"

"Of course not," Miss Desmond replied promptly; but I don't see that you need make yourself so very unhappy about his conduct. You will have a formal separation, I suppose. Your papa, or your papa's solicitors, will manage that, no doubt; and you will live quietly in a smaller house than this. You will not be able to go so much into society, you know; for it is so difficult for a woman that is separated from her husband to escape scandal, however careful she may be," Julia added, with considerable satisfaction. It is so nice to sit in the dust and mingle our sympathetic tears with those of the fallen powers who have lately queened it over us."

Maude's sobs redoubled.

"Society!" she exclaimed. "I hate society! Yes, it's no use talking, Julia. I know what you're going to say about my going out to three parties a night, and so on; but I don't like it—nobody likes it. They get into the whirlpool, and there they are. I used to think sometimes," continued Maude, dropping her voice and speaking with some slight embarrassment, "that Francis and I would get to understand each other better by-and-by, and that we should lead quite a Darby-and-Joan sort of life, doing a great deal of good and going out much less. But, of course, that hope is quite gone now. I can never endure his society again. I could never trust him. And oh, Julia, I *did* trust him so implicitly! I had such a belief in his goodness that I despised myself for not being better worthy of him.

It was not till the next morning that the letter which Francis had left in the library was delivered to his wife. She was sitting in her boudoir, with an untasted breakfast before her and the sympathetic Julia on the other side of the table, when her maid brought the missive which a housemaid had discovered at daybreak on her master's table, two or three hours before Mr. Tredethlyn's valet found the little bedroom behind the library untenanted, and perceived that his master had not slept at home.

The Cornishman's letter was very simply worded. Maude opened it hastily, in the hope that it might contain some justification of her husband's conduct. But he did not even allude to his delinquencies, and confined himself to bidding an earnest and friendly farewell to the wife who had never loved him. Tears of disappointment, humiliation, regret, poured slowly down Maude's cheeks as she read the letter. It was the first time Francis had written to her since her marriage; and there was something almost strange to her in the sight of his bold commercial hand, whose accustomed regularity had been a little disturbed by the writer's agitation.

"MY VERY DEAR WIFE.—I write to you for the first time since it has been my privilege to address you by that sacred name. If I could tell you the pride and happiness I once felt in that privilege, when first you laid your hand in mine, when first I heard you called by my name, I should be a very different person from what I am; and then it is possible this letter need never have been written. I write to bid you good-by, Maude; and I think the best proof I can give you of my love is the proof I give you now, when I bring my mind to the necessity of our separation, and resign myself to the knowledge that I may never see your face again upon this earth.

"I will not tell you how soon I discovered your indifference—how soon another person demonstrated to me that your feeling towards me was even something worse than indifference; that it was dislike and contempt which I inspired in your mind. My dense ignorance of the world, and your amiable nature, would have prevented my making this discovery of my own accord. But there are always plenty of those 'good-natured friends' that the man in the play talks about. *I found such a friend.* If you have any curiosity upon the subject, Rosa Grunderson, who is a good, honest-hearted little girl, will tell you the name of the man who opened my eyes to the full misery of my position. In writing this, Maude, I have no thought of reproach against *you*. To me you have been and always will be something so bright and lovely as to be amenable to none of the common laws which govern common natures. When you offered to be my wife, you yielded to a generous impulse; and it is I who deserve reproach for having been so base, in my blind selfishness, as to accept the sacrifice you were willing to offer in repayment of a fancied obligation. I cannot undo the past; but I can at least set you in some manner free from the fetters you forged for yourself under the influence of that brief enthusiasm. So long as I live, one of the miseries of my life will be the knowledge that I shut you out of a brighter fate; and that I deprive you of a more worthy companion—that the greatest sacrifice I can make in atonement of the past will only make you the lonely widow of a living husband. But I can at least rid you of the society of a man whose presence inspires you with disgust and loathing. Oh, Maude, I am quoting your own words; spoken so deliberately, so coldly, that I should be indeed mad and cowardly were I to shrink from accepting them in their fullest import. I might have doubted until to-night; I might have hugged myself with the notion that a liar and a scoundrel, for his own base purposes, had taught me to think myself despised and disliked; but your own lips have spoken, and I can doubt no longer. Oh, my darling, my pet, my beloved, this seems so like a reproach; but it is not, it is not."

"I am going to South America. When you read this my preparations will, no doubt, have begun. If possible, I shall sail immediately. Of all the men who ever left England for that fiery young world out yonder, there was never, perhaps, any one better adapted to be happy and successful there than I am. I bid good-by for ever to the idle dissipations, the drunken orgies, in which I have sometimes found distraction but never happiness. And I begin a new life in a new field of labor. My uncle's money has been the root of all my misery, and I shall take very little of that useless gold to the other shore. I don't think I was ever guilty of any great folly while I was a poor man; but since I have been a rich one, my life has seemed one long mistake.

"I write so much about myself and my own plans because I do not want the memory of me, or of any sorrow which I may feel in this parting, to cloud the brightness of your future; and I understand your generous nature well enough to know that you will be happier if you can believe that I am happy. Oh, Maude, if you could know how anxious I am that the life before you should be a bright and happy one, you might almost forgive me for the pain my selfish folly has inflicted upon you! My poor, generous-hearted girl! my innocent darling! you thought it was so light a thing to link your life to the life of a man whom you could not love; and you have borne your burden so quietly. I cannot release you from the chain that binds you to me, but I will do my best to make that chain a light one. And, for the rest, I go to a country in which life and death walk hand in hand together. I take with me all an ignorant man's love of adventure, a soldier's indifference to danger. Wear your chain patiently, darling—you may not have to wear it long. But one word of warning from the man who has loved you so foolishly, and, until this night, so selfishly. You have married hastily once. Weigh well what you do if ever you marry again. If you accepted for your husband an ignorant west-country boor when you married me, I was at least an honest man. If I die, Maude, and you are free to make a second marriage, be sure that the husband of your choice has something of your own noble character—as well as some smattering of the accomplishments that please you, and the tricky jargon about art and literature which passes for cleverness. I was anxious once to make myself a gentleman for your sake, Maude, and when we have been visiting together, I have listened to the men's talk; I wanted to find out how it was done; and you could never guess how spurious some of that brilliant conversation sounds to a man who *only* listens. I used to read some of your Mudie books in my own room sometimes of a morning—Froude and Carlyle, Burton, Barth, and so on; and I've heard men laying down the law about them at night, and I have known from their talk that they hadn't read a page of the book itself, and were only airing the second-hand opinions picked up out of a review.

"I saw you shudder once, Maude, because I didn't know it was the right thing to say 'Barkley Square;' and pronounced the word as it is spelt. But, oh, what bosh I've heard the Barkley-squarers talk sometimes about things I do understand! I've heard a man at a dinner-party talk about our convict system sometimes, and transportation, and Van Dieman's Land, till I've been inclined to get up and do something to him with a carving-knife; and oh, the self-satisfied manner of the creature, and the way he has lifted his eyebrows and looked at *me* if I ventured to express any opinion upon the subject. In South America there may be fever and disease—perhaps privation and danger; but there will be no Barkley Square. I may meet with Aztecs, who may maltreat or even assassinate me: but they won't lift their eyebrows and begin to whisper about me the moment I enter the room. And I shall never hear them say, 'Oh, the *rich* Tredethlyn, is it? Gad, what a clodhopper!'

"Why do I write about these things, Maude, when I am writing to bid you good-by for ever? Only because I want you to believe there is *something* wanting even in the perfect world in which you live. If my death should set you free in your youth, marry again dear, by all means; but marry a man whose truth and loyalty have been proved by a life of unblemished honor; marry a man who has made his mark upon the age—who has *done something*; for such a man is scarcely likely to be a scoundrel. Above all, darling, accept my warning against *one* man; *do not marry Harcourt Lowther.*

"All the privileges that you have enjoyed during your bondage you shall retain in your freedom. Before sailing I shall make my will, in which you will be left residuary legatee, and recipient of the bulk of my fortune. While I live your income will be large enough to support the style in which you have lived during the past year: and there will be a wide margin left for indulgence of every impulse of your generous heart. I shall place full directions as to the management of my fortune in the hands of my solicitors, Messrs. Kursdale & Scardon; and they will call on you by my direction to explain your position immediately after receiving my instructions. You will find yourself the mistress of the larger part of the income derived from my late uncle's investments and from the Cornish estate, and you will have no further trouble than to sign your name now and then, when the lawyers want you to do so. In the interim I enclose a check for £500, so that you may not be without ready money. Your father's affairs are now, he tells me, in a very easy state, and I do not leave him in troubled water. He may consider you his creditor for the interest of the thirty thousand sunk in his business; and I don't suppose he will find you a very importunate one.

"And now good-bye indeed. I leave you with all confidence in your noble heart, your high principles. You are too good and pure to be otherwise than happy Far away on the Pampas, lying under canvas, with the long silvery trail of the moonlight on the grey expanse beyond my tent, the whisper of faint winds among the long grasses sounding in my ears, I shall think of you, and see you happy in the old English garden at Twickenham, loitering on the terrace by your father's side. In that trackless loneliness, fever-parched perhaps, and far away from the chance of water, I shall think of the blue English river, but *never* think of it without seeing your image standing by the tide, your bright face reflected in the glassy stream. Oh, Maude, I have loved you so dearly, so fondly; and now that it comes to saying good-bye, it seems almost as difficult to tear myself from this lifeless sheet of paper, as it would be to take my lips away from yours in a last long kiss. My pet, my darling, God bless you and good-by! Think of me sometimes; but never with pain. Some midnight, when you are waltzing in a crowded ball-room, with a brazen band braying in your ear, and the hum of a hundred voices round about you, think that in some savage wilderness a man is kneeling under God's blue sky, praying for you as few people are prayed for on this miserable earth; think sometimes, if a special peace comes down upon you like the cool shadow we have watched drop slowly upon the river when the sun was down—think, darling, that I am saying, 'God keep and guard her safely through the night! God fill her heart with peace and gladness, whether she sleeps or wakes.'

"And so, my own dear wife, for the first and last time in my life, I sign myself your true and loyal husband,

"FRANCIS TREDETHLYN."

When Maude had finished her letter, which lay in scattered sheets at her feet, she fell back upon the sofa-pillows in a dead faint.

CHAPTER XXXV.—ELEANOR DROPS IN UPON ROSAMOND.

IT is strange what virtues we are apt to discover in the thing we have lost. After recovering from her fainting-fit, Maude Tredethlyn wept as bitterly for the loss of her husband as if he had been the first choice of her maiden heart.

"I had no right to take his love as I take the love of my dogs," she thought; "giving him nothing in return for his devotion."

At first as she read her husband's epistle, she smiled at his talk of leaving her, and thought how easy a thing it would be to lay her hand upon his shoulder and draw him down to his old place at her feet. She forgot all about the cottage at Petersham when she thought this. And then, as she read further and further, she recognised the solemn meaning of the letter, and felt that it was indeed a farewell.

Maude read Julia little bits of the letter, leaving off every now and then to demand pathetically what she was to do.

"He surely c-c-couldn't write like that, Julia, if he were what Harcourt Lowther says he is," sobbed Mrs. Tredethlyn. "He says I spoke to him coldly and deliberately. Oh, if he could only know what a passion I was in! There must be some horrible mistake; and if there is, what a wretch I must have seemed to him last night! Julia, advise me! give me some help! My husband must not go to America. There is a whole week for me to act in. What am I to do?"

Poor Maude turned the leaves of her husband's letter, and looked wistfully at the blotted pages. If she could have only found some brief explanation of that Petersham business anywhere—in a postscript—a parenthesis! But there was none; and Mrs. Tredethlyn put the epistle into her pocket, and looked at Julia with a very rueful countenance. Unluckily, she forgot that she had brought no specific charge against her husband, but had only attacked him in that vaguely denunciatory manner which is so essentially feminine.

"You ask me for my advice," Miss Desmond said. "If I am to give it frankly, I must own that in your place I would not touch Mr. Tredethlyn's hand in friendship until he had accounted fully and conclusively for his presence in that garden yesterday. I would permit no reservations on the part of my husband; and I should be inclined to think that a secret kept from me was only another name for a wrong done to me."

"I will insist upon an explanation from my husband; but before seeing him I will do what I should have done yesterday. I will go to that cottage at Petersham, and *see* the lady who was sitting in the garden with Francis yesterday afternoon. It is my right as a wife to know my husband's friends."

"You will see the—person," exclaimed Julia, on the tips of her lips, as the French say.

"I will. You'll go to Petersham with me, won't you, Julia dear?"

"Of course," answered Miss Desmond promptly; "it is a part of my *metier*. But how do you mean to go?"

"Oh, we'll drive—and we'll go at once, Julia dear, if you're sure you've finished breakfast," added Mrs. Tredethlyn, looking piteously at the cup of stagnant chocolate and unbroken roll, which bore witness to her own incapacity to eat or drink.

Of course Julia declared that she had breakfasted—as completely as a companion had any right to breakfast, she inferred by her manner; so the two ladies adjourned to their apartments.

Julia enacted her part of confidante very creditably during the drive from Stuccoville to Petersham, and submitted graciously to be left in the carriage, in a shady curve of the winding road, with the Skye terriers and the last new novel to keep her company, while Mrs. Tredethlyn went alone to face her rival.

Perhaps Maude's heart sank just a little with something akin to fear, as she tripped along the dusty road in dainty, high-heeled boots and flounced petticoats, whose embroideries flickered to and fro in shadowy arabesques upon the sunlit ground. Imagine anything that is incongruous, or absurd, or impossible, and it will be scarcely more out of keeping than this picture of Maude Tredethlyn going alone to meet her rival, under the shelter of a point lace parasol. And yet this injured young wife was as sincerely miserable as if she had worn sackcloth and ashes.

Mrs. Tredethlyn went straight to the cottage with the old-fashioned iron gate and the ivy-bordered wall. Everything here had a prim countrified prettiness of its own; and looking across the smooth lawn, Maude saw a slender girlish figure in a cotton-dress bending over a flower-bed, while a little boy stood by with a tiny watering-pot, whose contents he dribbled industriously over his own toes.

Maude's summons was responded to by an elderly woman in black. This person carried her card to the lady in the cotton-dress, and then swooped down upon the little boy with the watering-pot, and carried him away struggling.

Maude, without the citadel, watched the girlish face as it bent over her card. She expected astonishment, confusion, defiance—anything except what she saw, a half-pleased smile, a look of hesitation, and then a little glance towards the gate, and then a cry of remonstrance to the elderly person now invisible.

"Oh, Mrs. Clinnock, how could you leave that lady outside? The key! ah, I see it's in the gate."

Maude's fancied rival had crossed the little lawn by this time, and Rosamond was only separated from Eleanor by the iron scroll-work.

"Dear Mrs. Tredethlyn, how very rude you must think my nurse! But so many people have called, out of mere curiosity I am sure, and I am so afraid of strangers—Francis knows that—for he knows how often he has begged me to see you; and it was only yesterday that I gave way, and said he might tell you all about me. But I didn't think you would come so soon," said Rosamond, with sudden tears welling up to her innocent brown eyes. She had opened the gate and admitted Maude while she talked, and the two women were now standing face to face.

Mrs. Tredethlyn's mystification was depicted upon her countenance, which at first expressed only her complete bewilderment; then a chilling expression came over her face, a scornful smile curved her lip, and she looked at her rival with her head poised as haughtily as ever Eleanor's could have been when she offered Lord Clifford's daughter that agreeable choice between the bowl and the dagger.

"Oh, I see," she thought; "this person is trying to disarm my suspicions by her cool impertinence."

"It was so kind of you to come," murmured Rosamond, timidly. She was beginning to feel rather afraid of this haughty lady, who made no response to her warm greeting. "I did not think that I should see you so soon."

"No, I dare say not," said Mrs. Tredethlyn; "I should scarcely imagine that you expected to see me at all."

Rosamond, otherwise Susan, clasped her hands and flushed crimson to the roots of her hair.

"Ah, then, you too are unkind, like my father," she cried, piteously. "You do not believe what Francis told you."

Maude was almost too indignant to remark that piteous accent.

"By what right do you call my husband by his christian name?" she asked indignantly.

"By what right!" stammered Susan, alarmed by the angry tones in which the question had been asked. "What else should I call him? I have called him Francis all my life, except when we were children, and then I called him Frank. Oh, he has been so good to me, Mrs. Tredethlyn; and he knows that the marriage was a real one. Oh, pray, don't look so coldly at me; don't doubt my word and his. I am as true and pure a wife as you are, though I have no husband's arm to lean upon, though even the name my husband gave me may be a false one."

Maude stared at the earnest face in new bewilderment. Not even jealousy could distort the expression of that face into anything but innocence.

"What does it all mean?" she cried at last; "who and what are you?"

"Susan Turner, Oliver Tredethlyn's daughter, and Francis Tredethlyn's cousin," answered Susan, considerably puzzled in her turn; "who else could you suppose me to be, Mrs. Tredethlyn? Surely Francis told you all about me, or you could never have known where to find me."

"No, he told me nothing," exclaimed Maude; and then she pounced suddenly upon poor astonished Susan, and kissed her as she had never in all her life kissed any one before.

"Oh, you dear!" she cried; "oh, you darling! To think that you should be only his cousin after all, when I thought that—when I was wicked enough to think—"

Mrs. Tredethlyn did not say what she had thought, but bestowed another shower of kisses upon Susan.

"You pet!" she exclaimed; "and to think that I should never guess you were his cousin; and that he should never tell me, the silly fellow! And

he let me go on at him too last night as if he had committed all sorts of crimes, and did not even deny them. And you are like him too. Yes, I'm sure you are; there's an expression about the eyes. Yes, there really is. Oh, how dearly I shall love you! I remember Francis speaking of you once; but he was very reserved upon the subject, and I did not like to question him. And so you really are his uncle Oliver's daughter! Then we are cousins, you know, dear; almost sisters—and I never had a sister—or even a friend who was *quite* like a sister," added Maude, with a remorseful recollection of Miss Desmond waiting in the carriage.

She could have run on for an hour at a stretch, in her delight at the discovery that her husband was not a villain. The two women walked up and down the lawn together, while Susan related all her sad little history, and received Maude's tender assurances of sympathy and love.

Maude wanted Susan to go straight home with her in the carriage, but the Cornish girl clung to her sheltered home, and the iron gate that screened her from intrusive strangers.

"I am not used to the people amongst whom you live," she said; "it is very kind of you to wish to take me—but I could never be happy amongst strangers; and Robert and I are so happy here."

There was a little embrace, and then Susan opened the gate, and Maude tripped away, and informed Julia that her mythic rival had melted into a "little cousin," who was "all that there is of the most charming," "and all young girl," "a candid angel," whom Mrs. Tredethlyn was ready to take to her heart forthwith. Julia found it a great deal harder to sympathise with Maude's happiness than with her misery.

But the happiness did not last very long; for on inquiry at Stuccoville, Maude found that her husband had not been home, and on penetrating Holbornwards to Gray's Inn, to the disgust of the languid footman, she met with a second disappointment in the offices of Messrs. Kursdale & Scarden, who had heard nothing of the absent Mr. Tredethlyn. After this Maude drove homewards with a very sad countenance, and was glad to shrink from even Julia's sympathy, and to hide herself in her own rooms, where she paced disconsolately to and fro, listening for the crunching wheels and banging door of a hansom cab, and stopping every now and then to look hopelessly out into the monotonous street.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—TOO LATE.

ALL through the dreary day, and far into the still more dreary night, Maude Tredethlyn waited and listened for her husband's coming.

"He never could be so cruel as to leave me because of a few foolish words," thought Mrs. Tredethlyn; "he could not be so unjust as not to give me the opportunity of explaining myself."

But on reading Francis Tredethlyn's letter for the third or fourth time, Maude discovered how complete the estrangement was that had divided her from her husband.

The second day passed, and there was no Francis. In the evening Maude dispatched a messenger to Mr. Kursdale with a note of inquiry about Francis: had his solicitors heard or seen anything of him, and so on. The messenger was to wait an answer. But as old-established solicitors do not usually reside in Gray's Inn, the messenger found only darkness and stout oaken doors when he obeyed his mistress' behest. Maude wrote another letter that evening, addressed to Harcourt Lowther, and containing only these few lines, hurriedly written, and with all the important words underlined:

"DEAR MR. LOWTHER—Have you seen my husband since the day before yesterday? He *left home* on Tuesday night, and I have *not seen him since.* I am *terribly* anxious about him. I have *been to Petersham*, and have *seen the lady.* We were *quite wrong* about her, and I am *ashamed* of myself for having been so *foolish*. She is a *near relation* of Frank; and his conduct to her has been *most noble*. Pray find him *immediately*, if possible, and show him this letter. Yours truly,
"*Thursday night.* M. T."

A pleasant letter this for Harcourt Lowther to receive the next day as he lay helpless on a lodging-house sofa, with his head and face sadly dilapidated by the effects of a fall under a shower of broken wine-glasses and cruets.

He groaned aloud as he read Maude's missive. When Harcourt had read her letter, he tossed it over to his brother.

"Do you know how to reckon that up?" he asked. "What does it mean?"

"The lady's anxious inquiries about her husband may be read in more ways than one. This letter may be only intended to put you *au courant* as to the state of affairs. Unluckily that ugly scar about your nose will prevent your calling on Mrs. Tredethlyn for some weeks. But I don't mind being brotherly for once in a way; and I'll look in at the Stuccoville mansion this afternoon, if you like."

Harcourt, after a little deliberation, consented to this arrangement.

"Of course I have seen nothing of Francis since Tuesday, which is perfectly true; only you need say nothing of Tuesday night—curse him!"

The diplomatist had no opportunity of serving his brother by any sentimental hints about secret sorrows and moral illness, for Maude sent Julia Desmond to receive her visitor, and to hear anything he might have to say about Francis. Mrs. Tredethlyn would see no one, and would go nowhere. Miss Grunderson had called, and sent up penciled supplications upon backs of cards, imploring her dear Mrs. Tredethlyn to see her, if only for a few minutes; but Maude had been inexorable. So Rosa was sent away disconsolate.

A long miserable week wore itself slowly out, after the night in which Francis Tredethlyn had turned his back upon a house, which he had never been allowed to find a home. Through all the week there were no tidings of Maude's departed husband; but when the week was over a formal letter from Mr. Kursdale acquainted her with Mr. Tredethlyn's arrangements for her welfare, and with the fact that he had embarked the day before on board the steam vessel Kingfisher, bound for Buenos Ayres. The news inflicted as great a shock upon Maude as if her husband's letter announcing his intended departure had never been written. She had written him a penitent letter, and inclosed it to Mr. Kursdale, entreating that gentleman to deliver it to his client whenever he saw him. She had not thought it possible that, even if Francis persisted in his intention of leaving England, he would leave without an interview with his solicitor. But when Maude drove poste-haste to Gray's Inn, and presented herself in the lawyer's office, she found that there had been no interview. Francis had communicated with his solicitor by letter only, and his clear and concise epistle bore the date of the very day on which he was to start for Plymouth, whence the Kingfisher was bound for.

The letter thus dated had arrived at the lawyer's office after business hours; and when Mr. Kursdale opened it next morning there was little doubt that the Kingfisher was outward bound with Francis Tredethlyn on board her. Maude made a confidant of her husband's solicitors. The despondent wife told Mr. Kursdale that Francis had left home in consequence of a slight misunderstanding, and she implored him to assist her in bringing about her husband's speedy return.

"But do you think he has really sailed?" she asked. "Do you think he can have been so cruel as to leave England without even giving me the opportunity of imploring him to remain?"

Mr. Kursdale shook his head gravely.

"There is nothing in his letter to me which indicates indifference to your wishes," he said; "it is only a business letter, but, in a practical way, it is the strongest evidence of a husband's devotion that ever came to my knowledge. We lawyers are a matter-of-fact set of men, and we are apt to form our conclusions in a matter-of-fact way. What other people would treat as an affair of sentiment, we look at as an affair of figures; and I must say, Mrs. Tredethlyn, that, gauged by that standard, your husband comes out nobly."

"But I want him to come back to me," Maude exclaimed simply; "I don't want to be rich—or to live like a woman of fashion. He wrongs me most cruelly when he thinks that I married him for his money. I married him because he was good to my father. Do you think that I could accept the income which that letter places at my disposal, knowing that my husband has left his native country because of me? Tell me what I am to do, Mr. Kursdale. I know that Mr. Tredethlyn is unhappy, and that a few words from me would set all right. What am I to do?"

"I will send a clerk off to Plymouth by the next train," said Mr. Kursdale, with his hand upon the spring of a little bell beside him. He spoke as coolly as if he had been talking of sending a clerk over the way. "If by any chance the Kingfisher has not sailed when the young man arrives, your husband will have the letter before dark. If the Kingfisher has sailed, the letter must be sent on by the next mail. At the worst, Mr. Tredethlyn may be back in six or seven weeks."

In six or seven weeks! It seemed a very long time; but on receiving the lawyer's letter announcing her husband's departure, Maude had fancied that he was lost to her for ever. Her disappointment was very bitter the next day, when she received a note from the solicitor, informing her that the Kingfisher had sailed twelve hours before the clerk arrived at Plymouth.

After this Maude could only await the result of her letter. Six or seven weeks seemed such a weary time as she looked forward to it; and it might be as long as that, or even longer, before any tidings from Francis could reach her. She went to her father, to pour her sorrows into his ear; but, though he received her very affectionately, she could see that he blamed her severely for the folly which had driven Francis Tredethlyn from his home.

While she was thinking very penitently of the past, and weaving pleasant schemes for the future, while she was perpetually counting the days which must elapse before Francis returned to her, always supposing that the remorseful words of her letter found their way straight to his heart, as she implicitly believed they would; while she was praying daily and nightly for his safe preservation in tempest and danger, Maude Tredethlyn took up the *Times* newspaper one morning as she loitered listlessly over a lonely breakfast-table, and the first paragraph that met her eyes was the announcement of the Kingfisher's total destruction by fire, and the entire loss of passengers and crew.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—AN IGNOMINIOUS FAILURE.

HARCOURT LOWTHER had his copy of the great journal on the day when Maude read that horrible paragraph. Roderick had called at Stuccoville during Mrs. Tredethlyn's seclusion, and had heard of the Cornishman's departure and the name of the vessel he had gone in from Julia Desmond. The schemer turned deadly pale when his brother read him the brief account of one of those terrible catastrophes which come upon mortal travelers now and then, to teach them how frail is man's hold of that wondrous power by which modern science has learned to rule the elements. The coolest villain who ever planned a comrade's destruction must surely suffer one sharp pang of remorse when he knows that the hand which has so often clasped his own is really cold.

"And so Maude is free—at last! Do you know, Roderick, it seems to me as if I had lived twenty years or so since my return from Van Dieman's Land? and now that the luck turns, and the winning color comes up for the first time, I feel as if I had almost outlived the power to care much about it. Roderick!" cried the invalid, with a sharp suddenness that startled his brother, "did Folson tell you there was any serious damage to my head by that ugly fall the other night? I know he has talked to you about me. I heard you and he muttering together yesterday, when I was lying half asleep in the next room."

Mr. Folson was the medical man who had attended Harcourt Lowther after the scuffle with Francis, and who had brought all his science to bear for the preservation of the handsome face.

"Folson said very little about the damage you got in the row," the attaché answered very coolly; "but he told me you must drop your liberal consumption of that sort of thing, or you'd find yourself very speedily in Queer street." Mr. Lowther pointed to the smoke-colored bottle. "While you were teaching that fellow Tredethlyn to drink himself to death, you ought to have learnt how to keep yourself alive by not drinking," he said presently. "However, I don't want to say anything unpleasant, but you really must cut your very intimate acquaintance with the brandy-bottle, if you want to improve your opportunity, now that Mrs. Tredethlyn is a rich widow. If you don't look sharp I shall throw over the Grunderson, and go in against you."

Harcourt smiled superciliously.

"I am not afraid of *you*, for more reasons than one," he said. "Maude is a curious girl. I sometimes fancy my own chance is not quite so good as it was. My soul is weary, Roderick; and now the chance *has* come, I'm not the man I was. Perhaps after all, the simple truth of the matter is that I am suffering from an attack of blue devils. I'll tell you what I'll do, old fellow. As the ugly scar across my forehead has dwindled into a romantic-looking badge of bygone prowess, and the variegated hues of my countenance are rapidly falling into an interesting pallor, I'll get you to send me round a hack from Parson's and I'll take a spin in the Park, and the fresh air will blow my old self back again, I dare say. I'll meet you at the Metropolitan afterwards, if you like," added Harcourt, naming an adjacent restaurant at which the brothers had been went to dine occasionally.

"No, thanks. I dine at the Grunderson's."

"*Déjà!* We go fast, my friend!"

"If your military experience had extended farther than the superintendence of penitent burglars, you might have known that where the assailing party is weak, a fortress must be taken quickly or not at all. I declared myself to Rosa this morning. She is delighted with the idea of flourishing at foreign courts in *ecrasante* pink dresses. How I shall tone her down, poor child! I am to speak to papa Grunderson this evening, over his wine. He consumes the best part of a bottle of old port every night. Rose tells me that he is an indulgent old party, and that I shall not have any difficulty in bringing him to book."

"Then you really think of marrying?" asked Harcourt, thoughtfully.

"Really think of marrying! Of course I do."

"I thought, perhaps, you might have some lingering regard for—that other person."

"I thought I told you that I didn't care to discuss that subject," he said haughtily. "Drop it, if you please. There are plenty of disagreeable things in your life, I dare say. I'll look in at the stable and send you the hack. *A bientot!*"

Nearly a week elapsed before Harcourt Lowther approached the woman who had once been his plighted wife. The schemer wanted to be sure of his triumph. One interview with Maude, one look in her face would be enough to tell him whether his hold on her was undiminished. A nervous restlessness that was foreign to his temperament had come upon him since the tidings of the Kingfisher's destruction had reached his ears; and he could not endure anything like uncertainty or suspense.

He called at Stuccoville one morning. He was told that Mrs. Tredethlyn would see no one, but that Miss Desmond would receive him, if he pleased.

He did please, and was ushered to where Julia sat writing at a table near the window. There was a door opening from Mrs. Tredethlyn's dressing room into this morning-room; and as Harcourt entered at one door, a pale, wan creature in black appeared at the other.

It was Maude—so changed, that a sudden pang shot through the schemer's heart as he looked at her.

Was the loss of her husband so deep a sorrow that it should change her like this?

She was drawing back, when he ran to her and seized her hand.

"Maude!" he cried, passionately. "I must speak to you. Surely you are not going to treat *me* like a stranger."

She tried to take her hand from his, but he held it firmly and drew her into the room; as he did did so, Julia, who had risen on his entrance, went quietly out at the other door. Maude and Harcourt were alone.

"What can you have to say to me?" asked Mrs. Tredethlyn. "It is cruel of you to force yourself upon me at such a time as this. I have grief enough and trouble enough without being tortured by the sight of you."

Harcourt Lowther looked at her aghast.

"Tortured by the sight of me!" he repeated.

"Yes," answered Maude, indignantly. "It was your fault that my husband left me. It was you who planted base suspicions in my mind when there was no need for suspicion. Why did you poison my mind against the best husband a woman ever had? How could you be so base as to repay his trusting friendship with such malicious treachery?"

"Because I loved you, Mrs. Tredethlyn, and I believed that your husband had wronged you."

She looked up at him presently.

"Have you anything more to say to me?" she asked coldly.

"Have I anything more to say! Are you mad, Mrs. Tredethlyn, that you ask me such a question? I respect your natural sorrow for the terrible fate of your husband; but I should despise you if you were so false-hearted a prude as to affect forgetfulness of what is due to me."

"There is something due from me to you?" she asked haughtily. "What is it?"

"The fulfillment of your broken promise. I have waited, Maude, and waited patiently. Hopeless but patient, I have given you a disinterested devotion which is without a parallel in the history of man's sacrifice for the woman of his choice. Now that you are free, I ask some atonement for the past, some reward for my patience. Tell me that the past is not quite forgotten. Why do you look at me like that? Have I been the dupe of a coquette from first to last, Mrs. Tredethlyn, and does your husband's death only leave you free to jilt me again? Have I been fooled to the top of my bent by a woman who has never loved me?"

"No, Mr. Lowther," Maude answered, very quietly; "I did once love you. But my love died—a very sudden death."

"When you discovered the advantages of a wealthy marriage for the penniless daughter of a commercial defaulter," cried Harcourt.

"No; my love for you was a girlish fancy, if you like—though heaven only knows how deeply I felt for you in your exile—how willing I would have been to resign my imaginary wealth for love of you, if you had asked me to do so. But you never did ask that. You did not want the wife without the fortune. When you came home and found me engaged to another man—about to sacrifice myself in a mercenary marriage, as you thought—there was yet time to have exacted the fulfillment of my promise. I loved you then, Harcourt Lowther. A word from you, and I would have told Francis Tredethlyn the truth, and demanded my release. He was far too generous to have withheld it. My first foolish love died on my wedding day, Harcourt, when you stood by to see me married to Francis Tredethlyn. From that hour to this you have been no more to me than any other man who has paid me the conventional attentions which I imagined I had a right to receive. If I had ever seen more than this in your conduct, Mr. Lowther, you would have found me quite capable of asserting my position."

"The world has chosen to see a good deal more than conventional courtesy in my attendance upon you, Mrs. Tredethlyn," answered Harcourt.

He saw Maude's look of unutterable scorn—a look which revealed her to him in a new and higher light, and inspired him with a more passionate love than he had ever felt for her yet—and at his worst he had loved her.

"Maude," he cried, in a sudden fit of mingled rage and despair, "why do you goad me to say these things? I know how detestable I seem to you. And yet, as there is a heaven above me, I have loved you truly from first to last. Pity me if, while I prayed for no better fate than to face the enemy's guns on an Indian battlefield, I was a coward in social life, and dared not brave genteel poverty even for your sake. Pity me if I shrank from thrusting myself between you and a wealthy marriage. I had been poor all my life and I knew what you have never learnt—the horrors of a gentleman's poverty. I have smiled at your girlish talk of pretty cottages and tiny suburban gardens, an elegant little drawing-room, in which you and I might spend the winter evenings together with our books and music. The poor gentleman's cottage is never pretty; the poor gentleman's drawing-room is never elegant. His wife's tastes may be ever so simple, his own aspirations may be ever so pure, but poverty countenances no taste, permits no aspiration. His wife is fond of music, perhaps. Heaven help her! she cannot be sure of an hour in which her piano may not be seized by the broker. She delights in flowers; but the nosegays she arranges so gaily to-day may entail a writ for the florist's account to-morrow.

"And you ask me now to fulfill my broken promise. Have you inherited a fortune, Mr. Lowther, or how is it that your ideas upon matrimony have altered?"

The schemer flushed crimson to the roots of his hair, and then grew deadly pale. For the life of him he could not answer that question. He could not say "*My* position is unchanged, but *you* are rich. Give me your fortune and the heart I did not choose to claim when it was unaccompanied by fortune."

"Had we not better wish each other good morning, Mr. Lowther?" Maude said, after a little pause. "Your visit is ill-timed and most unwelcome. Your presence reminds me of cruel wrong done to a noble friend, a devoted husband, whose worth I have learned only too late; whom I have loved unconsciously, only to discover the depth of my affection when its object is lost to me for ever."

"You loved your husband!" cried Harcourt, with a cynical laugh; "you seem determined to astonish me to-day. You loved your husband?"

"Yes—dearly and truly; and love his memory better than ever I loved you. I shall go back to my father's house, and my life will be one long atonement for the past. I tell you this, Mr. Lowther, in order that you may understand that we must be strangers to each other henceforward."

She laid her hand upon the bell as she spoke. Harcourt Lowther stood for some moments looking at her. A strange compound of passionate admiration and vengeful fury flamed in his eyes.

"I have sometimes wondered at the madmen who murder the women they have loved; but God help you, Maude Tredethlyn, if I had a loaded pistol in my pocket to-day!"

He folded his arms, locking them together with a convulsive suddenness, as if he could only thus restrain the impulse by which he would have struck her down where she stood defying him; and then he turned, and slowly left the room.

After that he left the noisy regions of the Strand, and wandered across one of the bridges out to some dismal waste ground in the neighborhood of Battersea—a remote and forgotten tract, that was almost as lonely as an African desert; there he laid himself down amongst the rubbish of a deserted brickfield, and cried like a child.

Scenes in and around the Old Penitentiary, Washington, D. C., on the day of the Execution of the Conspirators.—From Sketches by our Special Artists.



MRS. SURRATT IN HER CELL, ATTENDED BY HER SPIRITUAL ADVISERS.



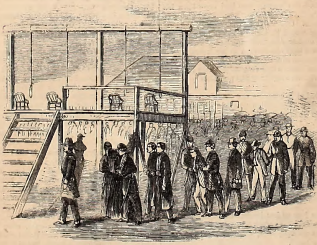
THE LAST INTERVIEW OF HAROLD WITH HIS SISTERS.



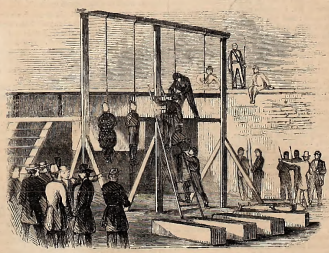
THE APPEARANCE OF PAYNE IN HIS CELL, ONE HOUR PREVIOUS TO HIS EXECUTION.



ATZERODT IN HIS CELL, ATTENDED BY HIS SPIRITUAL ADVISER.



THE CONSPIRATORS GOING TO THE SCAFFOLD.



TAKING THE BODIES DOWN FROM THE SCAFFOLD.



THE SURGEONS EXAMINING THE BODIES AFTER THE EXECUTION.



GRAVES OF THE CONSPIRATORS—THEIR INTERMENT.

LAYING THE CORNER STONE OF THE NATIONAL MONUMENT

At Gettysburg, Pa.

We regret that our space will not allow us to give more than a brief epitome of the solemn ceremonies observed at Gettysburg.

Our illustration will show how worthily the nation remembers the brave men who fell at that turning point in the late struggle.

The scene will be for ever memorable, for there were gathered on that historic spot the surviving actors in that mighty drama.

Gen. Howard was there, as orator of the day, Gens. Meade, Doubleday, Geary, Slocum, Gov. Curtin, Gens. Sykes, Thomas, Mott, Crawford, &c., with Col. Halpin, Dr. Tyng, and other civilians of ability.

The National Cemetery extends along the north-west face of the cemetery hill, one end of it touching the Baltimore turnpike, and the other reaching along the Taneytown road, on the western slope of the hill.

Major Gen. Howard, the orator of the day, was presented by Gen. Geary. His discourse was admirable in all respects.

Col. Halpine, better known as Miles O'Reilly, then delivered a very spirited ode on the subject, which was much applauded. It was on his return from this patriotic duty that he met with an accident while in the cars, which will confine him to his room for some weeks.

After Gov. Curtin had acknowledged by words, and Gen. Meade by a bow, their acknowledgments for the enthusiastic welcome of the people, the ceremonies were declared at an end.

BARNUM'S WHITE WHALES.

MR. BARNUM has long arms. The old rhyme about his famous city of Nuremberg might, with the change of name, be applied to him:

"*Barnum's* hand
Goes through every land."

Mr. Barnum's writ runs in all the ballwicks of nature, Giraffe in South Africa; *Lepidosiren annectens* snugly nested in the hard mud of its Congo; Alligator in Southern swamp; Python coiling around Javanese forest trees; or White Whale swimming in Arctic seas—are each and all liable to apprehension, by this unresting searcher, or by his "sufficient deputy."

It is two White Whales that he has seized this time, and refusing bail, he has lodged his prisoners in the Museum, to answer all charges, and be examined by all who want to see if they recognize these very large slippery customers.

These two White Whales came to the American Museum a week ago and more. They came from Labrador, along which coast they live. They sometimes grow to be 40 feet long, though usually not over 20 feet. The White Whale is an intelligent fish, and some time ago one was taught to draw a boat with a young lady in it round his tank. The way in which the present whales were caught and brought to New York, is this:

Mr. Barnum keeps an agent on most inhospitable coast all the year round, to obtain any whales or other "small deer" that may turn up thereabouts. This agent keeps watch over the shore whale fishery. That fishery is conducted by means of large traps, called "krenl" or "crawl." The crawl is a pound, or pard, built with strong stakes below the low water line, on a somewhat V-shaped ground plain, opening to seaward, about four rods wide, and planted in a locality where the white whales are in the habit of coming.

We will suppose that the fishermen are on the watch, and it is nearly low water. A little way off shore there is some spouting—a school of whales is coming. They quietly swim along in, spouting here and there. They are heading for the crawl; they're pretty near it. The fishermen shove off at either side, get beyond the very unsuspecting cream-colored victims, and with splashings and spattering in the water, drive the poor fish carefully up into the crawl, and there they detain them until it is quite ebb tide, when the whales lie aground, or so nearly so, as in be helpless. Now they get a strong lasso and fasten it round the whale's tail. That powerful noose once hitched fast the poor beast is their mercy, and unless Mr. Barnum's agent serves a subpœna on them, and removes the prisoner to the higher jurisdiction of the Museum, the poor whale's lives are promptly let out of them with long harpoons and lances, and in great torrents of red blood, quivering and struggling, the innocent monsters die. They skin them, and make a peculiarly strong and enduring shoe leather of the hide. They cut off their fat and try it into oil. They let the carcass float away to the fishes, and—exit whale.

But the present whales, being rescued for Mr. Barnum, were hoisted into a schooner and "laid up in lavender"—i. e., in a quantity of wet sea-weed—to keep them damp. A special guard with a sponge is also set to wet their blow-holes for them; for if this half-respirable breathing apparatus gets dry it cracks and spoils, and the poor whale turns sickly and dies; thus they came sailing along up the St. Lawrence river, to a point about 200 miles below Quebec. Here they were slung again, with bands and tackles, upon a rail-car: and in a special train, just like any other great potentates or princes of whales, may were sent trundling up into country to distant New York, the grateful salt water and sea-weed still swathing them, and two men keeping "watch and watch" over their highly-important blow-holes. At all the stations along the road, our whales received an ovation, just like Gen. Grant or the President; and just like Gen. Grant, they didn't make a speech in reply to anybody; keeping their blow-holes silently wet with cool water, as the general if he will forgive us a word better suited to a politician than an



GETTYSBURG BATTLE MONUMENT, RAISED IN COMMEMORATION OF THE UNION SOLDIERS WHO FELL IN THE FIGHT OF GETTYSBURG, JULY 1, 2 AND 3, 1863.—FROM THE ORIGINAL DESIGN BY J. O. BATTERSON.

honest soldier), keeps his blow-hole silently dry with hot tobacco.

We wish the white whales an agreeable summer sojourn in Mr. Barnum's tank, and a profitable study of the civilization of New York, and a successful escape from "the hospital fies of the city," as the bards of the Common Council, who would be perfectly sure, if they could, to take them and show them the "institutions," and keep their blowholes wet with champagne all the time, which would teach them bad habits.

HINTS TO BATHERS.

As this warm season, when bathing is so popular, it will be well to observe the following practical hints, which we take from the *London Sanitary Magazine:*

On first plunging into cold water there comes a shock which drives the blood to the central parts of the system. But immediately a reaction takes place, which is assisted by the exercise of swimming, producing, even in water of a low temperature, an agreeable warmth. The stay in the water should never be prolonged beyond the period of that reaction. If the weather be left while the warmth continues, and the body immediately dried, the healthful glow over the whole surface will be delightful.

To remain in the water after the first reaction is over produces a prolonged chilliness, a shrinking of the flesh, and a collection of the blood to the internal parts of health and enjoyment; for it is only in water strongly impregnated with some mineral forms, where any bathe for many hours with impunity.

Certain precautions are necessary. Moderate exercise, by accustoming the skin to the powers of the water, and quickening the circulation, is better than inactivity. We should never go into the water immediately after a meal, nor while the process of digestion is going forward. Nor should we plunge into the water when violently heated or in a state of profuse perspiration. Both circumstances are often fatal, especially if the water be unusually cold. If too warm, the temperature of the body may be reduced by taking the metal and wetting the head.

Bathe in water rather than after, and especially before breakfast and before supper, are the proper seasons for bathing. The bath of the day ever to be selected is not in very hot weather a bath as useful to cool the blood and secure a refreshing sleep. If, in the middle of the day, a shaded place should be chosen, or the head protected from the sun's rays by hat or cap, or by a parasol, or, as is practiced by the fashionable French ladies at their watering places.

The sea is the best place for swimming. Owing to the greater specific gravity of salt water than fresh, the body is more buoyant in it, as are other substances. A high temperature of salt water does not produce such a relaxing effect. The difference is nearly equal to the weight of a stone in an adult.

The bathing machine of hard wood, gravel or smooth stones. Sharp stones and rocks should be avoided, as many strange accidents have occurred to avoid bruising cuts and quicksand. The new beginner should bear in mind that the water does not support the body so much as the current cannot carry him into a deeper place; also that there is no gain in the attempt to do this, as we are ever liable to accidents, cramps, etc., it is always best that bone of these should be accompanied by those who are older than themselves, and who will be able to save them in any emergency.

THE popular play of "Paul Pry," was suggested to Poole, the dramatist, by a circumstance which he has himself related:

"An idle old lady, living in a narrow street, had passed a number of days in watching the actions of her neighbors, that she at length acquired the power of distinguishing the knock of every known person living. It happened that she fell ill and was for several days confined to bed. Her curiosity prompted her to ask what was going on without, she stationed her maid at the window, and sent her out for the performance of this duty. But fatty soon grew weary of that occupation; she became careless in her reports, inventing stories for when reprimanded for her negligence.

"'Betty, what are you chatting about? Don't you hear a single knock at No. 8? Who is it?'

"'The boy from the pastry, ma'am.'

"'Betty, Betty, I declare I must give you warning. Why don't you tell me what that knock is, by this time?'

"'Why, lor, it's only the baker with pies.'

"'Pies again, Betty! Where's your wits gone at 54? They had pies yesterday!'

To Mr. Jonathan Hastings, of Cambridge, is ascribed the origin of the term Yankee, or colonists or Southern soil in 1713. In order to express crookedness—as, "Yankee good boy," or, "Yankee good order"—the students of Harvard soon caught and used it as a term of reproach.

THE peach was originally a poisonous almond. Its fleshy pulp was pressed by police screws, and is now for this purpose introduced into Paris. The transplantations and culture, however, not only improved its poisonous qualities, but produced the delicious fruit that we now enjoy.

A VERY delicate oil, much used in Russian cookery, is expressed from the seeds of the sunflower, and is prepared by simply steeping them in lees and pressing them in warm water; after which the oil is expressed. It is said to be as sweet as butter.

On the 14th of April, Orsini, Charlotte Corday, Ravaillac and Booth committed their crimes; and William the Silent, George I., George II., George III., George IV., William IV., Washington, President Lincoln and others, died out on a Saturday.

OFFICIAL returns lately issued, show the rate at which cotton cultivation increased in the South of Great Britain, in the year 1852, a living child was born to every 28 persons. In Prince (1851), only one child to every 27 persons; Anstola (1852), one to every 25; Fraisia (1850), one to every 32; Belgium (1851), one to every 30; Swedan (1851), one to every 22; Denmark and the Duchies (1851), one to every 27; Bavaria (1851), one to every 29; Hanover (1851), one to every 31; Spain and Balearic Islands (1851), one to every 28; Greece (1850), one to every 35; Chili (1852), one to every 24.

I AM so hairy from the railroad crash of that week I can hardly stand," said a blasting, bellowing chap.

"Well, then, I hope you intend to sue for damages," said his friend, sympathetically.

"Damages! no, no; I have had damages enough by them. If I sue for anything it will be for repairs."

A FRENCH author recently returned from Washington, in reply to a question as to where he had been, replied:

"I have been after an, and got the refusal of it."

A FRENCH author has lately said that the women in France are much shaven to fashion, that if the Empress should decree that they should go without clothes this summer, they would blush—to find themselves dressed.

THE merchant does more than the sun-capby the latter makes sail the former makes sale.



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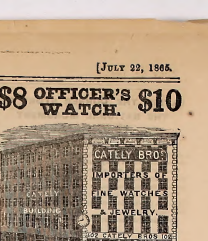
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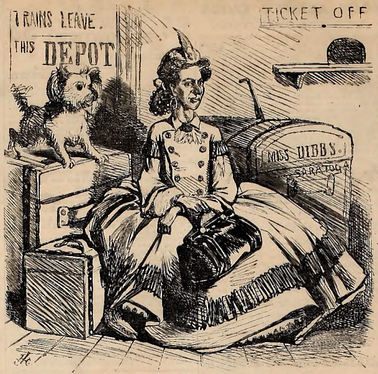
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No. 513 Vol. XX.] NEW YORK, JULY 29, 1865. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 10 WEEKS $1 0

"A Little Story."

NEARLY every person who was ever thrown into personal relations with our late President, for however brief a time, has some story to relate, illustrative of the shrewd sense, and quick and homely, but always apt humor of that remarkable man. The writer of this may add one to the list of "little stories," of which the President was "reminded." It will be remembered that among the many projects and schemes that were suggested in response to the, as time has shown, unnecessarily anxious inquiry, "What shall we do with the contrabands?" there was one which, strangely enough, got a lodgment in the usually sagacious brain of Mr. Lincoln, namely, that of colonizing them in the West Indies, Central and South America, and elsewhere, just as though the great want of the country were not labor. The writer of this combated, in the columns of the Washington papers, the suicidal policy of sending labor, which is latent wealth, out of the country; but maintained that if the government was bent on such a policy at all, it should send the freedmen to some place where their labor would be so directed as to react on the United States, and so as to secure for ourselves, as factors and merchants, the secondary benefits of contraband industry, which would not be the case if the negroes were sent to any of the English, French or Spanish islands, or to South America. It was suggested that if sent anywhere, it should be to the Bay Islands, on the coast of Honduras, now occupied in part by an industrious community of liberated slaves, speaking English, and professing the same religion with our own, besides being accustomed to similar laws. The conditions for the success of a colonization experiment were there the most favorable.

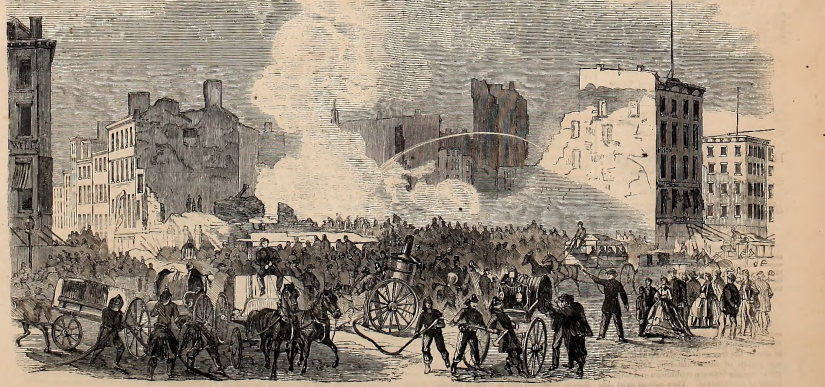
The articles on this subject attracted the attention of the President, who invited their author to a personal interview. He called at the appointed time at the White House, and was admitted at once to the President's cabinet. It was winter; a wood fire blazed on the hearth and made the room cheerful. Mr. Lincoln was sitting before his table, in his shirt-sleeves and slippers, and his face wore its kindest and most genial expression in the ruddy firelight.

"Ah," said he, as his visitor entered, "lay you there!"—putting a weight upon a mass of papers lying before him, and wheeling his chair toward the fire. "Now we'll have a talk about that novel subject, the negro! You have been out to the Bay Islands, and know all about that Central American country?"

"Well, yes; if a residence of some years, many hundreds of leagues of travel, and the



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expenditure, and I may add the loss of a good many thousands of dollars there, can give knowledge!"

"And so you want I should send my colored babes out there? That reminds me of the fellow out west, a looker-on at a game of faro. He was constantly urging the player in front of him, albeit a perfect stranger, to 'bet on the ace.' 'Stranger, I tell you go it on the ace!' After a while the 'stranger' addressed turned sharply, and asked, 'Why the d——l should I go it on the ace?' 'Because,' was the reply of the outsider, 'because I bet on it all last night, and lost every red I had in the world. It must win soon!' So, as you say, you lost on your Central American ace, and you want I should go my pile on it. Perhaps I might do worse!" and he broke into one of his cheeriest laughs. "However, let us look into it. First let me have a map, for I am not very strong on the geographics."

I may add that the colonization crotchet, after one or two wretched failures in the attempt to carry it out, was finally worked out of the President's head.

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France and the United States.

The people are growing restive under the continued French occupation of Mexico. The "irrepressible conflict" between two systems of labor—the free and the slave—which would not permit of their existence, side by side, exists equally between republican and imperial forms of government. They cannot exist side by side. It will not do to point to Switzerland as an instance to the contrary. Switzerland is only a little community of simple, hard-working people, without the desire or power of expansion, with little commerce, without ports, and too weak to menace its neighbors, or extend its system of government, and exists rather through the rivalry of surrounding powers, than through any inherent strength of its own. Besides, Switzerland has no real independence. She is obliged to submit to the dictations, often arbitrary and oppressive, of her powerful neighbors. The empire in Mexico, and the republic in the United States, are very different things from the empire in France, and the republic in Switzerland; so different as to justify the assertion with which we started, that they cannot exist side by side.

It is true the "Empire" has existed in Mexico for nearly a year; that is to say, it has held the capital, the port of Vera Cruz, and some other places. But it never has had undisputed authority in a single department; it never has been accepted by the Mexican people, or any considerable part of them, and it could not exist for a day, except through foreign intervention. Its existence is in violation of the very first principle of government, the consent of the government, and it is rendered offensive to its only important neighbor, by its open, unnecessary and impudent violation of the fundamental and most cherished principle in the continental policy of that neighbor—a policy early and fully set forth as essential to the peace and security of the United States, and as necessary for the safety of the republican system in America. It is rendered additionally offensive, from the fact that its establishment was attempted at the moment when the head and champion of the American system was involved in civil war, and unable to interpose its strong arm to prevent encroachment on the rights of its neighbor and ally, or to vindicate the principles it had always avowed, and to which it was devoted.

The civil war which thus absorbed the energies and occupied the resources of the country, has now been ended for fully three months, and the people of the United States think that time enough has elapsed for the French Emperor to see that his project of a Mexican empire—which it is impossible to believe him to have conceived, except on the hypothesis of a divided Union—cannot be carried out. They have waited patiently, and with confidence, to see him take the preliminary steps to withdraw a useless and expensive, as well as unjust and offensive intervention, and have been content to do and say nothing which should embarrass that most necessary step, by wounding the pride, or exciting the passions of France. They have thought that a withdrawal of the French forces was so obviously a measure of sound policy, that Louis Napoleon could not hesitate one moment in shaping his conduct accordingly; and their previous high opinion of his statesmanship and foresight has been greatly lowered by his persistance in a measure wrong in its inception, and beset with dangers, even to the permanence of his dynasty.

As we said at the outset, the people of the United States are growing exceedingly restive under this state of things, and they begin to fear that the Emperor is not well or properly informed of their sentiments in the matter, by those who should fairly and fully make known to him the popular sentiment, and the determined policy and purposes of the country. The Department of State is the prescribed organ of communication between the United States and foreign governments, and the American people fear that it has been remiss in its duties; that the anxiety to avoid foreign complications, which was so obviously its duty during the period of our troubles, is too likely to become chronic and to degenerate into a timidity not shared by the people, and which will be sure to invite insult, and lead to wars that a more decisive and emphatic policy would be just as sure to prevent. This fear is becoming general, and notwithstanding the public disposition to consider the circumstances that have embarrassed the operations of the State Department, and have so sadly interfered with the discharge of the duties of its venerable and respected head, there is, nevertheless, much uneasiness in the popular mind, and great anxiety for a distinct reassertion of the policy of the government as regards foreign intervention in the domestic affairs of this continent. The people think it is only fair and just that the Emperor Napoleon should be authoritatively informed that the policy enunciated by Monroe, is a part of the political religion of this country, consecrated by tradition, sanctified by the judgment, and woven into the texture of the hearts of the American people. There is a conviction, wide spread, and with far too much foundation, that the French Government has not been properly impressed with the depth and universality of the popular devotion to the Monroe doctrine—that he has been led, by our representatives abroad, under the inspiration, or through the neglect of the State Department, to regard it as one of those "glittering generalities," or pompous nothings, designed only to "catch the ears of the groundlings," and not having, or designed to have, any practical value or application. We hope there has been no mistaken retience in this matter—no equivocation which will justify the Emperor in saying, when the issue of war shall come—as it will come if he persists in his Mexican madness—that he was misled in his persistence by the tacit consent of our government, and that the issue was the result of our lack of frankness and good faith.

It is true we may point to the *unanimous* vote of the late House of Representatives, and the *unanimous* action of the Senate, to say nothing of the equally unanimous expressions of the American press, to show that the nation is thoroughly devoted to the Monroe doctrine, and thoroughly hostile to the empire and French interference in Mexico, even to the extent of a war for the vindication of the first, and the extinction of the latter. To this, however, we may have the reply: "I am not called upon to interpret expressions of popular feeling in the United States; I only know its policy through the organs designated to express the policy of the nation. From these I learn that the votes in Congress are inconsequent; that popular expressions do not influence or compromise the government, and I have acted on these authoritative expositions."

Justice and prudence equally demand that we shall not put ourselves in this false position. The Monroe Doctrine must and will be asserted by arms if necessary. The French must evacuate Mexico, by force, if requisite. It is utterly impossible for an imperial government, supported by foreign bayonets to exist on our borders; it would be hardly less possible, even if it had the consent of the people over whom it is established. We can have no peace, or solid assurance of peace, while such a political mooncalf lies by our side. We cannot harmonize or act in concert with it. As long as its pestilent presence is there, we can have no assurance of quiet or order on our frontier. Its existence, speaking in the narrowest material sense, and leaving all principles aside, will be a constant source of annoyance, apprehension and expense. It will involve frontier forts and frontier armies, and the necessity of a large and costly navy ready for an emergency which our insecure relations with France may demand.

Such are the feelings, and such the judgment of the American people, and they are finding rapid and peremptory expression through the representative men of the nation. The voice raised by Gen. Wallace, Winter Davis, Montgomery Blair, and Secretary Harlan, finds an echo and response in the American heart far out of proportion to the importance of those individuals. It will be well if the government also respond in time to the popular demand, and before their voice shall demand upon every stump in the land and through their representatives in the next Congress, in a tone of thunder, the assertion of the Monroe Doctrine, and the extinction of the so-called Mexican Empire.

The "Monroe Doctrine."

We have elsewhere, in this issue, commented on the question of the revindication of the Monroe Doctrine, which is second only to the question of "reconstruction" of the Southern states, in popular interest and real importance. In a recent speech, the gallant general, Lew. Wallace, came out with a clear and soldier-like exposition of his views on this momentous question, which fairly express the sentiments of our veteran soldiery, North and South. Winter Davis, the distinguished and eloquent representative from Maryland, in Congress, has also spoken in the spirit of the resolution on this subject, carried by him unanimously through the National House of Representatives during its late session. Montgomery Blair, Mr. Lincoln's Postmaster-General, has also come out with an able exposition of this vital principle of our national policy, which is only marred by some unnecessary personalities bearing on our Secretary of State. He has been followed by Mr. Harlan, actual Secretary of the Interior, who is understood to be in perfect accord with President Johnson.

We give below the extracts from Mr. Monroe's Message to Congress in 1823, which formulized the great American doctrine which bears his name, and also some passages from the speeches of some of the gentlemen above referred to, which will command the attention of our readers at this juncture.

Mr. Monroe to Congress:

"Of events in that quarter of the globe [Europe] with which we have so much intercourse and from which we derive our origin, we have always been anxious and interested spectators. The citizens of the United States cherish sentiments the most friendly in favor of the liberty and happiness of their fellow men on that side of the Atlantic. In the wars of the European Powers, in matters relating to themselves, we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparation for our defence. With the movements in this hemisphere we are of necessity more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the allied Powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective governments. And to the defence of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure, and matured by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted. *We owe it, therefore, to candor, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those Powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European Power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence, and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European Power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States.*"

Montgomery Blair, July 12.

"It is necessary, to prevent war, that the French emperor should be no longer deceived as to the feelings of the American people in regard to his position there. We need not say what we are able to do. He has seen that we are able to hold the territory which our forefathers bequeathed us. We should make it manifest, also, in a becoming manner, that we mean to maintain the government which they framed for us, and the principles which they asserted as necessary to preserve it—asserted, too, when they were comparatively a feeble power, in defiance of the allied powers of the whole continent of Europe. * * * * Cowardice, it should be remembered, invites oppression, because it falls an easy prey. Courage averts war, because it makes peace the interest of an enemy. Remember that the rebellion itself, suppressed without bloodshed by the courage of Andrew Jackson, was fostered into war by the cowardice of James Buchanan. Fortunately, we have at the head of our government a man of courage, judgment and constancy, and of patriotism, whom we may well hope neither the fear of France, nor the corruption of stockholders and jobbers, nor the blandishments of political aspirants, nor their party machinery, can swerve from the maintenance of the long-settled, well-approved policy of his country."

Mr. Harlan, Secretary of the Interior, July 14.

"When the French, not now friendly to our prosperity, sprang to arms in the defence of Turkish nationality, we all applauded; but when they attempt to crush feeble Mexico, we despise their want of generous gallantry, and wish it might be the will of God, in the order of his providence, that this great republic of ours should be called upon to protect her feeble sister republic."

The annual hideous slaughter of dogs is now going on in this city. There is here an "institution" called a dog-pound, whither all stray dogs that have been "comprehended," as Dogberry would say, during the day, are taken. If reclaimed before 4 P. M., no harm happens to them, and if not reclaimed, but belonging to the "upper ten thousand" of dogs, they are spared and sold. The common herd of unreclaimed dogs, however, are at 4 P. M. each day thrust into empty vats, shut in, and then inundated with water from the hose, so that they drown miserably in the dark. Three hundred a day are sometimes thus systematically destroyed, under the influence of the superstitious alarm produced by the absurd name of "dog-days." It is a well-known fact, we believe, that hydrophobia in dogs, is *commoner* in winter than summer. Yet here are 300 orphan dogs daily immolated, and 300 bereaved masters or mistresses pierced to the heart, for a silly illusion that has been unfortunate enough to get itself embalmed in our language. If Anglo Saxons, in a future state of existence, should inhabit the dog star, we suppose they would pass a dog law, like the Black law so recently repealed in Illinois, excluding all dogs on pain of death. Dog-days in the dog star, with even a live puppy capable of hydrophobia, no Anglo Saxon would be cynic enough to face.

The German Princes are dreadfully troubled by a new demand from the American Government, which is said to be very strongly pressed. German emigrants usually choose as their date of departure, the year before their turn comes to submit to conscription, but if they ever go back, the governments catch them, and make them try their chance again. The Washington Government, which regards them as naturalized citizens, considers this an oppression, and requests the princes either to repeal the law or abstain from putting it into force. The princes, embarrassed by the extreme popularity of the North in Germany, would comply but they say compliance would enormously increase an emigration which already alarms them; they will probably contrive to comply secretly, but the attractive force of America is becoming an important element in European politics. It keeps up a process of evaporation so rapid, that th reservoirs cannot remain full.

There are some remains of the old sun or fire worship in Ireland. The custom of lighting a fire and dancing around it, on certain anniversaries, is only one of the ceremonies of the worship of Baal or Moloch perpetuated. The Bible tells us how the Philistines passed their children through the fire, "to Moloch." In the town of Annaghmore, in Ulster, Ireland, the Catholics have a custom of lighting great bonfires and dancing round them, while their children leap through the flame. The people think this a highly Christian ceremony, and perform it on St. John's Eve, but there seems evidence that the custom was derived from the Phœnicians, and is a relic of of the worship of Moloch. However that may be, the Orangemen think it a capital opportunity for jeering, and on the last 23d of July a group of Protestant lads marched towards the dancers. Of course the latter instantly shrieked, "To hell with King William!" and rushed at the Protestants, who equally of course shouted, "To hell with the Pope!" and broke all the heads they could. Both parties being equally successful in that amusement, grew tired, and the Catholics being armed poured in a sharp fire, wounding seven of their opponents. The Catholics fled, the victors were arrested, and it is a matter of of chance whether the jury will find a verdict of attempted murder or honorable self-defence. Do we really live in the first decade of the last half of the 19th century?

A Newbern (N. C.) correspondent writes:

"Newbern is a queer place. The African element seems to be largely predominant, but the whites are quite numerous and all seem to be equally lazy. From early morning until far into the night the streets are thronged with vagabonds and idlers of all colors and of both sexes, who make it their sole business not to do

anything. They are called "refugees." They have been drawn hither by the attraction of free provender from Uncle Sam's crib; and I was informed that until the first of the present month 15,000 rations was the daily dole afforded by the post quartermaster, thus to encourage and stimulate idleness, licentiousness and all the worst vices of the social state."

AMONG all irrational schemes is that recently concocted between a representation of Canadians and the British Government for what is called the "Defences of Canada." Canada is to build certain fortifications, the Home Government is to guarantee the loans necessary to that end, and arm them when built. There are some railways to be built, not where trade and travel require them, but to meet military ends. Altogether some large sums of money are to be spent for military works which will be of no earthly use against the only nation with which Canada is ever likely to be embroiled, the United States. In case of a war between this country and Great Britain, Canada would probably do as Yucatan did, during the Mexican war. Lying away from the vital points of Mexico, and where the operations of war could have no important effect in deciding the contest, that state entered into an arrangement by which she agreed to maintain a neutral position, as an equivalent for being exempted from attack. Canada could not act otherwise except at the risk of being over-run and conquered—a result that would poorly compensate her for over-zealous devotion to the mother country. Recent events show well enough that all the fortifications that Canada could build in a half century would be a flimsy protection against invasion from the United States. There never can be a cause of difference between us and the hyperboreans, more serious than that occasioned by their inability or indisposition to preserve their neutrality during the late war. If there were a prospect of a renewed experience of the same sort, it would be our duty to take possession of the Canadas and hold them, in spite of their "defences." As it is, all we want is fair trade with them, and that they do not make themselves unnecessarily disagreeable.

ONE of the evils of the railway carriages of England—which are built in small compartments to suit the British idea of exclusiveness—is the facility which they afford designing females to trump up charges of "assault" or "indecent familiarity" against male passengers who may be unfortunate enough to occupy the same compartment with them alone. This evil has become so flagrant, that we are told, in a parliamentary report, that "gentlemen passengers, as well as railway officers of all classes, constantly refuse to travel singly with a stranger of the weaker sex, under the belief that it is only common prudence to avoid, in this manner, all risk of being accused—for purposes of extortion—of insult or assault." On this, a leading English journal remarks that, "a good deal of alarm has been excited among respectable males of late, by the mania that has seized the other sex for imagining or asserting that they have been criminally assaulted upon railways;" it adds, "it has become a perfect mania," and it proceeds to enumerate a number of instances where such charges have been made by females, that have been proved to be utterly without foundation—the persons accused in one or two cases having been far away at the time alleged. The philosophic deduction of the journal in question is, that there are certain *manias* which attack the susceptible and impressible female mind at intervals, sometimes taking a religious, and sometimes a demoniac form, and that this tendency to false accusation of assault in railway carriages is one of them. It proceeds:

"It is one of the most cruel features of this class of charges that the ordinary presumption of law is practically reversed in respect to them. Unless innocence is positively made out, guilt is inferred. Juries make it a point of principle always to believe the woman, and they are careful to avoid any risk of tampering with their principles, or confusing their minds, by listening to evidence. Some of the magistrates seem to look upon perjury of this kind, even when it is decisively proved, as a weakness of lovely woman which rather exalts than diminishes her charms. So that the accused, on such a complaint, is in evil case. Virtually he is called upon to prove a negative—to show that that which a woman asserts to have taken place at a given time, did not take place. If he fails, the chances are that he is absolutely lost. A soldier, or sailor, or an M. P. for a populous borough, might recover from such a conviction, with no worse damage than a standing joke against him. But a solicitor, a barrister, a medical man or a clergyman, would be irrecoverably ruined. Yet, according to the practice of magistrates and juries, it is of no avail for him to pit his word against the woman's. Practically, the presumption of law in this case is that the man is guilty, unless he is proved to be innocent. It is worth while to examine the ideas upon which this curious perversion of justice rests."

So far as this evil is connected with railway traveling in England, it might be easily remedied by the introduction of the carriages used on our railways, where the passengers occupy large saloons, and where "the privacy" of the English carriage, out of which the evil springs, is impossible. Englishmen will have to become gregarious, give up their fine ideas of exclusiveness, if only to escape the persecutions of their fair, too susceptible, and not over scrupulous wives, sisters and daughters!

Apropos of the very silly Copperhead affectations of horror over the execution of Mrs. Surratt, we copy the following sensible paragraph from the *N. Y. Herald*:

"One notable question is settled by this execution—a woman can be hanged when justice requires it. The laws against crime do not discriminate between the sexes; but public opinion does. No good reason can be given why a bad woman should be spared where a bad man should die; but a sentimental notion does not stand upon reasons, and it seemed possible that such a notion might have a favorable effect on Mrs. Surratt's fate. It is a healthy sign when the law cannot be swayed from its straight course by such means."

LET any considerable number of Englishmen get interested in a claim, *à la* Don Pacifico or otherwise, and the British Lion will be "around" as collector—a business just suited to his modern character. In view of this tendency of the emasculated brute, a Paris correspondent of the *Tribune* suggests that the holders of claims against the British government, on account of Alabama and other Anglo-rebel outrages, shall interest Englishmen and Frenchmen with them. He says:

"If I were manager of the company having charge of the collection of these claims I would have a certain number of the shares sold or otherwise distributed in London or Paris. I can imagine that a little interest in the matter, made in that way, might expedite the settlement. If there were no other way, I can imagine the government quietly buying up the whole claim, taking care to first bluster a little to lower its market price, and get a good bargain. But I do not need to suggest to either diplomatists or financiers, how these things may be managed."

THE London *Saturday Review* hits off, in a few but pregnant words, the radical weakness of the Imperial system in France. It observes that "dynastic succession does not necessarily follow from the premises of the Imperial or Napoleonic system. "The Imperial theory is that Ministerial responsibility to the Chambers is a delusion. The Cabinet is responsible to the Emperor alone, and the Emperor is responsible to none except the nation. But the French constitution provides no way for the nation to show its dissatisfaction with its great representative. They can only revolt if they do not like him."

CAMPAIGN AND ARMY BADGES.—Our soldiers returning from the war justly seek, by some outward decoration, to identify themselves with their several corps. All of the beautiful devices adopted by army organizations can be had at B. T. Bayward's, 208 Broadway, Room No. 1.

BOOK NOTICES, ETC.

HUGH WORTHINGTON. A Novel. By MRS. MARY J. HOLMES, Author of "Darkness and Daylight," etc. New York: Carleton.

Among the writers of modern fiction, to whom the public is indebted for its mental recreation, Mrs. Holmes occupies a distinguished position. At once a fascinating writer, and a clever constructionist, she has the power of holding the affections of her readers, and of strengthening their moral resolves. In the work before us she has drawn an admirable picture of a Kentucky home, so truthful as to bring the very scene before us, while the character of Hugh Worthington is depicted with great breadth and vividness. This volume is well calculated to carry down to the seaside or Saratoga, as instruction is well blended in this excellent story.

LOVE AND PRIDE. By MRS. GRAY. New York: F. A. Brady.

Among the many novels published lately, few will be found more interesting than this new work, by this well-known writer. The plot of the story is well laid, the scenes are fresh, and the characters life-like; in a word, the reader's attention is kept fixed to the close of the volume.

TOWN GOSSIP.

THE Atlantic telegraph is now becoming one of the prominent topics of the time, and business men are beginning to think that the tariff is rather high. It has certainly thrown a damp upon young ladies who wished to correspond with their lovers on the other side of the Atlantic. Merchants of wealth must economise their words, since five dollars a word seems like another version of the saying, that "silence is golden!" at all events, speaking is only obtained at a great golden outlay. Whether this will work any change upon the garrulous nature of the age, we cannot say; certainly, when a man cannot open his mouth to a friend in Europe, without having to pay so heavily for it, it will make every man weigh his words before he invests so much capital in them. It cannot, therefore, fail to bring the monosyllabic style of eloquence into fashion. As Shakespeare is credited with prophecying the cable, in Puck's boast—

"I'll put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes!"

we may, also, claim for him the merit of foretelling what a very high tariff the directors would charge for every word, in his no less famous apothegm of "Brevity's the soul of wit," which is just thirty dollars worth of sound it sent across the wires.

The saddest topic of the week, is the destruction, by fire, of that renowned institution, Barnum's Museum. Old Sam Johnson said, "When Garrick died, the gaiety of nations was eclipsed," and we may also say, that the destruction of the Museum is a great damper to the rising young for the present. Some gloomy, morose fellows, who boast that they were never in Barnum's in their life, are of the same race that Shakespeare says, "are fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils; let no such men be trusted," they are living groans, and not men. There are very few who do not feel its loss as a great domestic calamity. Here, for a generation, Americans of all ages and sizes have been accustomed to take their families and country friends, to the latter of whom it will be especially a deprivation, since it was the first place they cared to visit. Even grave men of business, when they heard what was burning, paused in their bargains in gold, petroleum and cotton, to muse upon the many sensations they had received from this great electrical machine, where novelties were administered in as many healthy shocks, to both youthful or wearied systems. Here all that was strange, and contradictory in nature, were to be found in striking juxtaposition—the smallest man in the world stood beside the tallest woman living—certainly Miss Anna Swan might have put Tom Thumb into her pocket, leaving a state room for Mrs. Tom Thumb, and that interesting little Thumb. "What is it?" and Circassian princesses, here were to be seen, and a world of wonders, opened to all. As far as zoology and natural history are concerned, we question if Barnum has not done more to teach our rising generation than a dozen professors. But all has gone like a dream. To use the poetical diction of our rising poets:

The fire-king came,
And with his tongue of flame,
Licked the old spot, and it was—
But in name.

Apropos of the descriptions given by those industrious and reliable historians, the reporters, who henceforth should be called masters of fiction, what can equal the stirring account of deadly combats waged by roasting lions, tigers, Anna Swans—we should say anacondas—bears, alligators, and other menagerial animals? The most reliable story of the kind that we have heard is, that a gentleman of the press, who, like Jonah, was very fond of fish, had been detected in pocketing the smallest of the whales!

So much for the past of Barnum. Now for the future. Already he is arranging for a new museum, which will throw the old one into the shade—from the ashes of this burnt phœnix a nobler one will rise.

The theatrical novelty of the week has been the production of one of those nondescript things called Hibernian dramas, and enjoying the ultra Irish title of "Arrah na Pogue," which is not so intelligible as "Arrah me Brogue." It is by the modern Beaumont and Fletcher of the drama, Boucicault and House, and has been judiciously advertised in a lawsuit as to copyright. We congratulate the Siamese twins of playwrightdom upon the success of their united efforts, for, owing to excellent scenery, excellent acting and excellent construction, it was a decided one. Indeed, so much so, that a leading daily paper had to employ an additional dramatic critic to chronicle its triumph.

Miss Kate Reignolds still attracts at the Broadway, and the Wallack and Davenport combination draws good houses, despite summer weather and waterside attractions.

So much for the present amusements. In the future, we are promised, early in October, John Brougham, who is engaged to perform at the Winter Garden for a limited number of nights, before appearing in Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, &c. In September, Herman, the renowned prestidigitateur, will make his appearance at the Academy of Music, with a number of new illusions, the result of his European researches. Mr. Herman says that every one of the tricks he will then perform will be entirely new in this country—in point of fact, astonishers and novelties.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Owing to the liberation of prisoners and the discharge of the army, the number of applications for pensions in the month of June was greater than ever before. Since the war began 84,000 pensions have been issued—34,000 to invalid soldiers, and 50,000 to widows, mothers and minor children. The payments to pensioners the past year have amounted to $9,000,000, and when all pensions arising from the war shall have been granted, the annual expenditure will be about $13,000,000.

—— A horse stealer, on his way to the Iowa state prison, while on a steamboat, threw his manacled hands over the neck of the man who was guarding him, and making a desperate leap forward, threw himself and the man into the river. Both were drowned.

—— A woman was hung on Boston Common about 70 years ago. Her crime consisted of snatching a bonnet and reticule from a lady, on one of the streets leading from Fort Hill. She was indicted for highway robbery, and convicted, and suffered the extreme penalty of the law.

—— A fearful accident happened on the 4th inst., on the steamer Ottawa, while making a pleasure excursion on Lake Erie. Part of the machinery on the main deck, protruding about eight inches, caught in its revolutions the dress of a lady, who in her fright caught hold of another, who seized a third. The result was that the three unhappy ladies were wound round the shaft, and before any aid could be rendered, were crushed to death.

—— A very valuable silver mine has been discovered about 50 miles west of Denver City.

—— Two most destructive fires broke out almost simultaneously on the 13th inst. The first and most extensive commenced at Barnum's Museum, and raged till twelve stores, comprising almost the entire block, from Ann street to Fulton, were completely destroyed. The other was in West 44th street, between 9th and 10th avenues, and left over 70 families without homes.

—— The bonded warehouse of Mr. Bowlett, Jamestown, Ill., containing 2,500 barrels of whiskey, was struck by lightning on the 8th inst., and consumed.

—— The Attorney General says that the President has not the power to appoint a commissioner to decide upon the cotton claims of Savanna, Mobile, Charleston, etc.

—— The Richmond *Whig* has been suppressed by the military authorities for the treasonable character of its articles. Among other offensive things, it declared the confiscation law to be "mean, brutal and cowardly."

—— The Connecticut Legislature has just passed a bill, compelling railroads in that state not to abolish the commutation system, nor to increase the rate of commuters' fares in a greater ratio than the increased way fares as they were July 1. Mr. Barnum made a most excellent speech on the occasion, putting the whole matter in its practical shape.

—— The Superintendent of Freedmen, at Shreveport, La., has told the planters that they will not be allowed to drive their aged, helpless and infirm slaves from their plantations, as now practiced by them.

—— Chief Justice Chase, after his tour in the South, is now visiting his daughter, Mrs. Sprague, of Rhode Island.

—— The Hudson River railroad charge $5,000 for the privilege of selling books and newspapers on the route. It is calculated that the passengers of each "through train" purchase a hundred dollars' worth of reading matter.

Foreign.—There has been no instance of the death of an heir to the Russian throne since 1233, when Prince Theodore was cut off just as preparations were being made for his marriage.

—— The *Aftonbladet* of Stockholm, in a striking article on European emigration in the 19th century, says that Germany sent 1,500,000 of emigrants to the United States between 1840 and 1860.

—— The Bishop of Nimes has just published a pastoral letter, commanding prayers to be offered up for the cessation of the malady affecting the silkworms in his own and surrounding dioceses.

—— The Viceroy of Egypt is said to be in a state of nervous depression which excites the gravest apprehensions. He is afraid of assassination or poisoning. He sees scarcely anybody but his mother and sister. His mother cooks for him, and brings his coffee in a locked coffee-pot.

—— A young bride on her way to church, accidentally discovering that her intended wore a wig, reproached him for deception, turned back, and nothing could induce her to marry him.

—— The British Parliament was dissolved on the 6th of July, and a general election is raging throughout Great Britain and Ireland. A riot has taken place at Nottingham, which required the aid of the military to quell it, the police being unequal to the task.

—— It is said that the Prince of Wales won $50,000 at the recent Epsom races.

—— The London papers popularly known in England as the Mrs. Harris and Sairy Gamp, namely the *Herald* and *Standard*, recently created quite a panic in the stock exchange in Paris, by publishing an announcement that Mr. Seward had officially informed the French Minister at Washington that the United States never could acknowledge the Mexican empire.

—— A French paper says that on the 15th of April the Queen of Madagascar solemnly caused herself and daughters to be invested in crinoline, and officially declared it was only to be worn by the wife of her first minister.

THE Bordeaux journals state that the first pods of the vanilla plant that have ever ripened in France, or even in Europe, have just been gathered in the hot-houses of the public gardens of St. Bruno in that city. In quality they are superior to the vanilla of commerce, inasmuch as the latter, previously to being brought into the market, is subject to an operation for extracting part of its odoriferous pulp for perfumery. The vanilla plant grows so well in the above-named gardens that there is good reason to suppose that a considerable quantity will be produced next year.

IN Morocco, a criminal never knows his sentence, or the time and mode of carrying it out. To save his feelings, he may be shot dead at a moment when he is, perhaps, looking for liberty.

WOMEN IN THE OLDEN TIME.

THE Talmudists denied altogether that Eve was created out of the rib of Adam, assigning to her an origin infinitely less honorable. If we are to credit the Rabinical writers, the rib, after having been extracted from the side of the father of all living, was suffered to remain unused for a time, and excited the cupidity of a mischievous, malignant monkey, who watched his opportunity, snatched up the prize and hurried off with it at express speed. The angel, whose business it was to have watched the treasure, and who was unfortunately caught napping, hastened at a terrible pace in pursuit of the audacious thief, but in vain; the pilferer got clear off with his booty, leaving, however, his ungainly caudal appendage in the hard grasp of his pursuer: it was out of his tail, and not the Adamite rib, that, in the belief of the Jewish doctors, Eve was manufactured.

Few would like to trace up their pedigree to a monkey; still fewer to that ungainly member of his person to which the Talmudists referred the origin of Eve. The philosophers of antiquity, one and all, held woman in slender esteem; but it should be remembered that those who saw in her only a development of a fish, considered also that man, her hereditary lord and master, had himself also an ichthyo origin, and that his real progenitors were finny denizens of the great deep.

Heretics, in the early ages of the church, were found, who dogmatically denied to woman the possession of the attributes of humanity, and affirmed that in reality she was nothing better than a brute beast—having, like some brute beasts, such as the chimpanzee and the gorilla, a certain hideous resemblance to mankind, with whom she had really nothing else in common. Such prevalence did this monstrous doctrine acquire, that in the fifth century, a council of the church was summoned at Macon, in France, formally to condemn it and anathematize its supporters. But even in the council were divines to be found who gave to the abominable heresy a sort of qualified approval, contending, upon what grounds it is useless now to conjecture, that the salvation which came by the cross was limited to man alone, and that for woman Christ did not die. It was only after long and anxious debate, this pestilent dogma received its fitting censure.

St. Augustine's notions on the matter may be inferred from the singular opinion which he maintains in his famous treatise *De Civitate Dei*, where he contends that, at the resurrection, womankind will be wanting, but that all who rise will rise as males.

Aristotle, whom those misogynists the Jews used to claim as a Jew—an honor, we will undertake to say, he never thought of, and never would have desired—is still more severe on the sex. Women, in his belief, was a mistake altogether. She ought never to have been permitted to disgrace the earth with her presence. She was an incomplete, unfinished production altogether—a bungled piece of goods—a discredit to mankind amongst whom she was cast. She was worse than useless; she was positively mischievous. On certain days, if she was abroad, the atmosphere became tainted on her appearance, liquors became corrupted, the milk curdled, the cream acquired the flavor of verjuice, the melon withered, the mirror was sullied in reflecting her visage, sterility followed her footsteps, animals became mad on her approach, and the sight of her called forth a plentiful crop of snakes. Much of this rhodomontade certainly is due, not to Aristotle himself but to his followers; still, his hostility to woman is an ascertained fact, and his disciples only improved on the doctrine of their master.

Amauri, a famous doctor of Paris, who flourished at the beginning of the twelfth century, was of these disciples the most renowned, and drew down on himself the censure of the papal chair, then filled by Innocent III. His own bishop, scandalised at his heterodoxy, convoked a synod and summoned him to attend and receive the sentence it should pass on him; but Amauri died before the synod had concluded its deliberations. Resolved not wholly to be cheated of their prey, the assembled fathers decreed that the corpse of the scandaliser of woman should forthwith be exhumed, and publicly dragged, with every mark of indignity, through the principal streets of Paris—a decree which was executed in its fulness, greatly, no doubt, to the satisfaction of the fair Parisians, who must have felt their wrongs revenged, and their rightful position in the order of beings effectually vindicated by the extremely decorous proceeding. Amauri's death, and his post-mortem punishment, did not, however, put an end to his heresy. He left behind him numerous and devoted believers in his doctrines, and many of these, by order of the Council of Paris, were brought to the stake in 1210 and duly roasted alive, that men should know the fair sex was not to be depreciated with impunity.

HOW THE DUTCHMAN PAID A PROMISSORY NOTE.—There were two early settlers in the western part of Pennsylvania, whose names were Peter —— and John ——. Peter had increased the size of his farm by annexing to it a small tract of land adjoining, and he lacked about $100 of the sum which was necessary to pay for his new acquisition. He called on his neighbor John to borrow the amount. John consented at once, and, going into another room, he brought out an old bread-basket, and counted out the desired number of dollars, and then the two sat down to two large earthen mugs of cider, and as many pipes of tobacco. After smoking over the matter for a while, it occurred to Peter that in a similar transaction he had seen or heard of something like a note passing between the borrower and the lender, and he suggested as much to John. The lender assented to the propriety of such a course. Paper, pen and ink were produced, and between the two a document was concocted, stating that John had lent Peter $100, which Peter would repay to John in "tree monte." This Peter signed, and thus far the two financiers made the thing "all regular and ship-shape." But at this point a difficulty presented itself. They both knew that the notes were drawn in the operation of borrowing and lending, which they had witnessed, but neither of them had observed what disposition was made of the documents, neither could tell whether it was for the borrower or lender to take charge of the paper. Here was a dilemma. At last a bright thought struck John. "You have the money to pay, Peter, so you take dis paper so as you can see as you have to pay it." This was conclusive; the common sense of the thing was plain, and Peter pocketed his money and his note, "so as he could see that he had to pay it." Three months passed over, and to the day appeared Peter, and paid over the promised sum to John. This being done, the mugs and pipes were again brought out. After puffing awhile, Peter produced the note, and handed it to John, with the remark, "Now, John, you must take the note, so that you can see that the money has been paid."

TILESIUS declares his belief that mammoth skeletons still left in Northern Russia exceed in number all the elephants now existing upon the globe. Doubtless the process of mammoth extinction was very gradual, and extended over an enormous space of time. This circumstance is indicated by the varying condition in which the tusks and teeth are found. Whereas the gelatine, or soft animal matter, of many specimens remains, impairing one of the characteristics necessary to the being of ivory, other specimens have lost this material, and mineral substances, infiltrating, have taken its place. The gem turquoise is pretty generally conceded to be nothing else than the fossilized tooth of some extinct animal—probably the mammoth. "Curiosity of speculation prompts the mind to imagine to itself the time when the last of these gigantic animals succumbed to influences that were finally destined to sweep them all from the earth. Had men come upon the scene when they roamed their native wilds? Were those wilds the same as now, as to climate and vegetable growths? Testimony is mute. Time silently unveils the sepulchred remains, leaving fancy to expatiate as she will on a topic wholly beyond the scope of mortal intelligence."

STRAWBERRIES.—Why are they called strawberries, is a question most people have asked about the ruddy fruit. The name is derived from a custom long ago prevalent in England, of the children stringing berries on straws of grass, and selling so many strings for a penny.



THE TROPICAL FRUIT TRADE—VESSELS UNLOADING THEIR CARGOES AT BURLING SLIP, NEW YORK.

THE TROPICAL FRUIT TRADE.

THE most ignorant have some knowledge of where bananas, oranges, lemons, cocoa-nuts, pine-apples and other tropical fruits grow, but how they are brought to New York city is a question not easily answered, unless it be said generally "they come by water." Hardly any person who has ever visited Fulton market in the summer season, has failed to observe the many quaint-looking craft lying alongside the docks, many of them apparently without nationality, and all of them looking exceedingly rakish. These are the vessels engaged in the tropical fruit trade. Some of these peculiar craft are represented to be wreckers from Nassau, Cuba, Windward islands, etc., and it is said, when their customary plunder proves short, they betake themselves to the fruit-growing districts, and load their vessels with bananas, pine-apples, cocoa-nuts, oranges and lemons. Loaded with a rich cargo of these luscious edibles, the vessels put for New York, or whatever port seems most desirable to them, and forthwith put themselves and their freight into the hands of commission merchants. These vessels trade along the South American coast, touching at Cuban and West Indian ports, including Kingston, Jamaica. Bananas mostly come from Baracoa, Ruatan and Matanzas; cocoa-nuts, from Brazil; pine-apples from Cuba, Matanzas and Nassau.

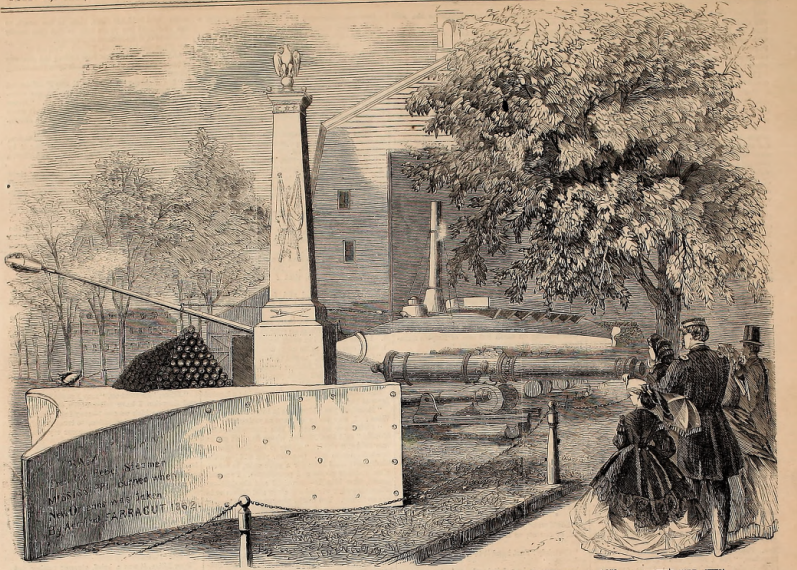
In Cuban fruits the trade is always lively, on account of the regularity of the supplies and the ready sale always found for such fruit. Havana oranges generally make their first appearance in November, and last through the winter until March. Limes also arrive in large quantities from Cuba, and form no inconsiderable part of the trade.

Baracoa bananas and cocoa-nuts have their season from March to July, when the Carthagenian fruit assumes full sway. Matanzas pine-apples last from May to July, and the Nassau fruit trade, the "sugar-loaf," comes in from May until the end of August.

Altogether, the tropical fruit trade is a curious and instructive study, both on account of the seeming mass of interesting information to be gained, and the almost insurmountable difficulty in obtaining it.



BUYING AND SELLING TROPICAL FRUITS AT BURLING SLIP, NEW YORK.



TROPHIES AT THE BROOKLYN NAVY YARD, NEW YORK, THE MONUMENT ERECTED IN MEMORY OF THE SAILORS AND MARINES WHO FELL, IN 1859, AT BARRIER'S FORT, CHINA.

CHILD AND ANGEL.

THROUGH the amber gates of morning,
Sliding past the golden bars,
Came an angel in the dawning,
Downward from the land of stars.



Clad in robes of innocency,
Crowned with gleaming, golden hair;
Eyes that caught their light from heaven,
Face of beauty, fine and rare;

Voice that in the angel chorus
Sang before the throne of God;
Feet that, in the Eden garden,
By the living waters trod.

Now the wings were meekly folded,
And she walked the earth and smiled,
And we called her Maud, and knew her
For a gentle, winsome child.

Summers deepened into autumn,
Winters melted into spring,
While she toyed with birds and blossoms,
Loved and loving everything.

But her eyes looked ever upward,
With a waiting, wistful gaze,
And she pined, and paled, and sickened
Through the dreary winter days;

Living only in the summer,
Longing for the sun to shine,
Drinking in the scented breezes,
Quaffing life's delicious wine.

Oh, the fairest flowers and gayest
Ever bloomed beneath her feet,
And the birds before her casement
Seemed to sing more wildly sweet.

Earth spread out before her darling,
Fairest landscapes, bluest skies,
Did her homage, seemed to know her,
For an angel in disguise.

So she lived, and loved, and taught us
Lessons of divinest love,
Then the radiant wings unfolding
Bore our darling far above.

Through the ruby gates of even,
Sliding past the golden bars,
Fled a spirit in the sunset,
Upward to the land of stars.

Now again the choral angels
Give their sister welcome sweet,
And beside the living waters
Roam her unaccustomed feet;

But on earth we listen vainly
For the music of her tone,
Watch in vain to catch her footfall,
For our angel guest has flown.

Yet we hope again to meet her,
When the task of life is done,
Humbly hope that God will take us,
Through the merits of His Son;

Flinging wide the shining portals,
Throwing back the golden bars,
He will lead us to our darling,
Dwelling in the land of stars.



THE ACCUSATION.

Ellice Monille's Trial.

IT was the full noontide of a brilliant April day, with diamond rain-drops sparkling on the plate-glass windows of Mrs. Payson's boudoir, even while the sunshine wove itself in quivering



THE DENOUEMENT.

arabesques of vivid gold around the stand of peerless white japonicas that occupied the niche between the heavy orange silk curtains. It was an elegant room, with cosy *fauteuils* and divans of canary-colored satin, like magnified sea-shells, and a carpet whose creamy velvet was strewn with clusters of deep blue forget-me-nots. All around were scattered the witnesses of a fashionable woman's hopeless *ennui*—the cabinet piano, open, yet deserted—the rosewood *secrétaire* containing a half-finished note (Mrs. Payson was too indolent ever to achieve a full-blown *letter*), the workbox piled with gaily colored wools and patterns; the French novel on the sofa. Poor Mrs. Payson! she worked a great deal harder to do nothing, than any day laborer toils, to win his two dollars a day!

Just at present, however, she had found a congenial and truly feminine occupation; she was absorbed in displaying her latest acquisitions in rich laces, to her niece, Miss Geneva Ware.

Mrs. Payson was a plump, languid matron, with pale blue eyes and fair, abundant hair, rolled back *à la Eugenie* from a face where plentiful applications of rouge and pearl-powder concealed the remains of a very delicate skin. Her dress

was blue velvet, buttoned down the bodice, with tiny clusters of turquoise, and each plump wrist bore at least three heavy bracelets, twinkling with precious stones and tiny chains—for Mrs. Payson was fond of jewelry and seldom did violence to her inclinations in that respect, or any other!

Her companion was altogether different. Geneva Wade was a tall, sparely moulded girl, of about twenty-two, with large black blue eyes and hair that had the indescribable color and glimmer of melted gold—a young Juno in face and figure—while her beautiful complexion, just touched with the sentient pink on either cheek, might have shamed even the waxen whiteness of the japonicas in the window. She was dressed in an exquisitely fitting robe of lilac silk, whose folds, sweeping luxuriantly down from her slender waist, seemed to have caught the amethyst glow of tropic sunsets, while her ornaments—a set of delicate Italian cameos, circled with seed pearls—were in the most perfect taste.

"Oh, sanity, how perfect!" she exclaimed enthusiastically, holding up an infinitesimal web of creamy lace. "It's real Spanish point, isn't it? You might examine it with a microscope and find no flaw; the little beauty!"

Mrs. Payson smiled in gratified vanity.

"It ought to be pretty, Geneva. I gave two hundred and fifty dollars for it—but then it was the only one imported."

"Oh, you extravagant aunty!" laughed Geneva, giving her aunt quite a little shake with each word. "Two hundred and fifty dollars for a lace collar! Well, it's a delicious thing to be rich, isn't it?"

"I always prefer the very choicest and most expensive of everything," said the self-satisfied matron. "There's no pleasure in wearing these cheap, common things, such as other people buy. And really, Geneva, you know Spanish point is just like diamonds and Indian shawls—a safe investment, as your uncle says. "It's a positive heirloom; it never will wear out!"

"That's true," sighed Geneva, with something of envy in her softly modulated voice, as Mrs. Payson leaned forward to pull the silken bell-rope.

"Send Miss Monille here."

And Miss Monille came—a delicate, slenderly framed, little creature, with a crimson mouth and with heavy braids of glossy purple-black hair, and black eyes, full of liquid lights and shadows. She was a child indeed; for criminal as the excesses of her cheek glowed like wine, through a clear olive dark skin, and the simple low dress of ribbon at her throat was pretties, in its unostentatious grace than any flash of diamonds, or sparkle of bloody rubies.

"Monille, here!"

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"I hope I haven't taken your attention off the dear children's education, Miss Monille," said Mrs. Payson, sarcastically, playing with her bracelets, "but I really don't like to trust that rattle-brained Jenkinson with these expensive laces. Just take this piece of lace and the dressing-bureau drawer, won't you? and bring me the key!"

She held the laces back into their satin-wood box almost as tenderly as if they had been sentient, human things, and gave it to Miss Monille, who glided out of the room as quietly as she had entered it.

"Is that your present governess, aunt?" questioned Miss Geneva, carelessly hiding a yawn behind her pretty hand. "The last time I visited you, there was a pretty English-looking, but spectacles and dyed silks, queening it over the school-room; and this, I suppose is her successor?"

"Yes—isn't she a pretty little creature? So quiet, too—it absolutely rests one to hear her moving across the room. Ralph always declares she makes him think of the pomegranate blossoms in the conservatory; he says she is perfectly tropical!"

"Does he?"

Geneva looked thoughtfully into the red glow of the grate, turning her bracelet of rare Italian cameos round and round upon her wrist. And when Ellice Monille began to bring the lace, she shrank, without knowing why, from the blue hateful fire that seemed to scorch her, as Geneva Ware's handsome eyes rested an instant upon her face.

"So we are rivals!" pondered Geneva, biting her lip. "I suppose I have not beheld one of these years to humor Ralph Payson's fantastic whims, and conciliate his wayward fancies, to be supplanted at last by a black-eyed little governess!"

But Miss Ware did not fully appreciate the dangerous advantage her unconscious enemy had gained until that afternoon, when she passed the half-open school-room door, on her way upstairs to her own apartment.

It was a bright, cheerful room, airy and spacious, with sunshine singing in the windows, and a full flood of western sunshine streaming across the red carpets. Three shabby little fairhaired girls were busily writing copies at their centre-table, and Miss Monille was "finishing up" a water-color drawing, at her own little desk, by the window. All right so far—all perfectly proper, correct, and educational; but there was a rebellious, individual present whom Miss Ware could cheerfully have omitted from the *dramatis personæ*. Ralph Payson was leaning over the chair, and smilingly criticising the progress of the artist. It was a pretty *tableau*—the tall splendidly proportioned young man, with his dark wavy hair, and chocolate-brown eyes, and the exquisite flower-like beauty of the girl. Nor did Geneva fail to mark, with her scathing glance, the soft, absorbed light of Ralph's eyes, and the deepening color in the brown cheek of his pretty pupil. Yet, somehow Geneva Ware failed to regard it simply as a *tableau*; she did not see its effective points! And she stole softly over the mossy carpet, pausing on to her room, without having been seen, more deeply resolved than ever, that the little governess must be got rid of, by fair means, or foul!

She began her quiet machinations the very next morning.

"My dear aunty," she coaxed, after they had entered the carriage for Mrs. Payson's usual matutinal drive, "what on earth induces you to keep that little bit of an old-fashioned dig in your school-room? She has no style at all!"

"She's well enough," returned Mrs. Payson, apathetically, "and my children are exceedingly reasonable. As for style, the girls are so young that I really don't think her manner makes much difference; although, I must say, she's very ladylike—a clergyman's daughter, I'm told."

"A French governess would be much preferable," urged Geneva, "and I heard yesterday that Mademoiselle Merande was at present awaiting a situation."

"Nevertheless, I prefer Miss Monille. The children are very fond of her, and she is so shabby-genteel in keeping an eye to my laces and jewels and things."

Geneva was baffled; but a reprise is not a defeat. She returned yet again to the charge—this time, however, from a new quarter.

"Ah! but Ralph, my impulsive aunt, did it never occur to your superior wisdom, that somebody else was fond of Miss Monille, besides the children?"

Mrs. Payson turned her round blue eyes wonderingly towards Geneva.

"I don't quite catch your meaning."

Geneva coughed meaningly.

"Your governess' mother seems fully to appreciate all Miss Monille's good qualities."

"Nonsense!" said Mrs. Payson, comfortably closing her plump hands together in her muff-warmer. "It's a nothing on earth but one of Ralph's flirtations. Do let him amuse himself."

Geneva sighed, but, for, just, undoubtedly ben an utter failure. Geneva, however, nothing disheartened or discouraged, set herself diligently to the task of new projections.

Ellice Monille could not long remain in ignorance of her cousin Ellice Geneva Ware's bitter, uncompromising enemy. All her little innuendoes to conciliate the haughty blonde—all her soft, cunning ways, were like blandishments addressed to the ground. And many a time, when Geneva's bitter sarcasm, or sweeping glance of scorn overwhelmed the sudden tears in the dark Spanish eyes, Ralph Payson would whisper soothingly:

"Don't mind her ungenerous taunts, Ellice—they are not worth one single moment's pain!"

But Geneva Ware bided her time with a concentrated malice of which meek little Ellice could not possibly have an idea.

* * * * * *

"Ellice, you have Ramona's spirit—color, aunt, of course, as it is to be a full dress occasion?"

"Certainly! Just hand it to me, Geneva, that's a darling!"

There was to be a deliciously exclusive *matinée* at one of the most aristocratic of all New York's aristocratic mansions. Mrs. Payson and Miss Ware had hunched early off roasted gnails, garnished with chard sauce, and now, after at least two hours diligently spent at the toilet, were approaching the triumphant zenith of their labors.

"I am determined I'll be the best dressed woman there; or I'll retire from society!" was Mrs. Payson's inwardly-breathed vow.

Consequently Mrs. Payson was absolutely gorgeous in a rose-colored brocade dress, strewn all over with sparkling and many-hued gems—real diamonds flashing from her ample person, that their indescribable glitter actually made poor Jenkinson's eyes ache, as she surveyed the magnificent *tout ensemble*. Geneva Ware, scarcely less splendid, in a robe of lustrous white silk, and a pearl-white opera cloak trimmed with gold lace stood by nonchalantly, playing with her silver bouquet-holder. She leaned over to look into the child's astonished face.

"It is not here, aunt?"

"Not here!" echoed the lady. "It *must* be there, Geneva! I always keep it in that one box!"

"Perhaps you have dropped it in among the others?" suggested Miss Ware.

Mrs. Payson sought nervously among her trousseau, and the boxes were turned inside out, and caskets upside down, in a chaos of hopeless confusion, with no better success. The Spanish point lace collar could not be found. Even the plump matron looked aghast at her niece.

"What can have become of it, Geneva?"

The young lady arched her golden eyebrows.

"I am sure I have not the least idea, aunt!"

"Ellice, you have not taken it, surely?" panted Mrs. Payson, growing visibly pale beneath the artificial bloom on her lip and cheek. "A two hundred and fifty dollar piece of lace surely cannot have vanished without hands!"

"Certainly not," asserted Geneva. "Try and remember where you saw it last, aunt."

"At Miss Marchal's musical soirée, I believe—yes, I am quite sure of it—on last Tuesday," said Mrs. Payson, suddenly striking out her hand to her forehead in a spasmodic effort at connected thought.

"Did you replace it in that box yourself?"

"No; I was very tired when I undressed, and Miss Monille took care of it."

"Ah! Miss Monille took care of it, did she?" repeated Geneva, dryly. "Excellent care, it would appear!"

Mrs. Payson started involuntarily. "Geneva! what do you mean by insinuations?"

"Ah, my dear, confiding aunt!" sighed Geneva, "your trust in human nature is too great; you judge every one by your own frank disposition. I never have been able to comprehend the confidence you have always reposed in Miss Monille. She has frequently admitted, both in your presence and mine, the fact of her extreme poverty, and——"

"But surely, Geneva," interrupted Mrs. Payson, in a disturbed voice, "you don't suppose Ellice Monille has stolen my collar?"

Geneva depressed her long eyelashes with a gentle, little, regretful sigh.

"Dear aunt, we are all fallible, and it was a great temptation to place in the girl's way."

Mrs. Payson turned short round to her openmouthed maid who was eagerly listening to the conversation.

"Jenkinson! go to the school-room immediately, and tell Miss Monille I desire to see her immediately—do you hear?—*immediately*!"

As a matador or two, Miss Monille obeyed the summons, all unconscious of the ordeal that awaited her.

"Miss Monille!" began the lady abruptly, "where is my Spanish point collar?"

Ellice looked surprised.

"Is it not in the box, Mrs. Payson?"

"No, Miss Monille, it is not!" angrily enunciated Mrs. Payson, beginning to grow very red in the face. "And I will not to understand that I consider you responsible for it!"

"Me?"

Ellice Monille's cheek had blanched.

"You certainly had it last!" chimed in the cold, hard voice of Miss Ware. "Believe me, Miss Monille, you will be consulting your best interests in giving it up at once!"

"Give it up?" I have was color enough now in Ellice's startled face. "Do you for a moment believe, Mrs. Payson, that *I* have taken your lace?"

Mrs. Payson flushed and faltered; there was something in the clear light of Ellice's eye that disconcerted her.

"Of course you have, there can be no doubt on the matter," Geneva said; "but you may at once return it. I have searched in every imaginable place for it, and I can come to no other conclusion."

"Geneva, you are mistaken," Ellice began, "and avoid the mortification of further exposure. My aunt will not be very hard upon you, considering that this is the first offence."

Ellice Monille turned upon Geneva like a hunted lioness at bay.

"How dare you address me in those terms, Miss Ware? I, who am as innocent as yourself!"

"I will have no insolence, if you please, Miss Monille," said Mrs. Payson, whose lips had grown very cold and rigid. "There is but one alternative for you to adopt, my dear, if you will have the kindness to send John for a policeman, to search Miss Monille's goods and possessions. I am entirely willing to abide by your decision—I am not witnessing such wicked obduracy and depravity in one so young. You will be old enough to remain here, in my presence, until the policeman arrives. I do not wish the rich of deceit and mystery to become any longer familiar to a child in my house."

And Ellice stood there, white and silent, listening to the tumultuous beating of her own heart, and feeling that a crisis was upon her—a crisis from which Mrs. Payson calmly contemplated her hothouse bouquet, and Geneva's blue eyes flashed with triumph, would sweep across her future, for every moment now was widening the gulf between Ralph Payson and the pale governess, who was accused of theft!

But, in spite of the active and unrelenting search, no clue made its appearance.

"I surprise you, aunt," said Geneva Ware, scornfully. "Of course she was much too wise to preserve any witness against herself!"

Mrs. Payson's torpid nature was now thoroughly aroused.

"You will leave this house at once, girl," she said, stamping her foot passionately, "and don't refer to me for any future character. I have not the least doubt that you stole my collar, you bad, ungrateful creature, though you have contrived to evade your deserts. Don't stand there, but pack up your things at once! Good gracious! that to think of the horrid influences to which my poor dear little girl may have exposed!"

Ellice silently obeyed, moving like one who walks through the mazes of a bewildered dream. The strange mixture of mental excitement and exhaustion tightening even closer around her failing footsteps, and she felt the utter hopelessness of any appeal or remonstrance.

"Of course," resumed the indignant matron, giving her glimmering pink silk robes a toss, as if to shake off the dust, "I shall remove that girl's princess breathed, "you will not have the audacity to ask for your half year's salary. It is scarcely all the part of the value of the lace you have stolen from me!"

Ellice made no reply. She knew that she was almost penniless; yet, at that moment, she would cheerfully have accepted starvation sooner than receive a farthing of Mrs. Payson's money! And at this time Geneva stood looking on, with a bitter curve to her lips and a malignant sparkle to her cold, cruel eyes.

Yes, she had triumphed at last.

From the palace of Fifth avenue to a little brick house in Jersey City, besmutted by no less than three distinct families, is rather an abrupt transition, but Ellice Monille, so, alas! than many of the transitions we daily meet with in the life. And Mrs. Benson was only the wife of a lawyer's clerk, and her little first floor rooms were the brightest little *suite* in New York!

And so they were, with bright red curtains at the window, and pots of scarlet verbenas and mignonette drinking in the sunshine, and the black-leaded stove, winking, with red eyes of flame, at the strips of mahogany bookcase that never held any books, but turned into a hedstead at night in the most ingenious and incomprehensible manner! And Barbara Benson, singing at her work, and counting the hours until her husband should come home from his treadmill of labor, never dreamed of the dark shadow of trial that was descending on the horizon of her young sister's life.

"Ellie! My darling!"

She started to her feet with a slight, involuntary scream, as the door opened and Ellice Monille hurried in, pale and trembling, with large, dark eyes, that seemed to be beyond the blessed relief of tears. Barbara threw her arms around the new comer, and held her close, close to her heart, as she had held her years ago, in the first lonely moments of their mutual orphanage.

"What has happened, Ellice? Tell me?"

And Ellice, for the first time finding the gateway of tears, sobbed out all her griefs upon that loving breast.

"It's a shame! a burning shame!" reiterated little Mrs. Benson, biting her cherry lip, and striving desperately to keep back her tears. "Never mind, darling, you shall stay with me. It won't be but a little while before you succeed in obtaining a better situation, and——"

"I shall never be able to get another situation, Barbara. My prospects for life are blasted by this—this strange misunderstanding," and Ellice's head drooped again on her sister's shoulder.

"Misunderstanding! That is not the right word! call it a wicked, double-dyed sin, Ellie!" exclaimed Mrs. Benson, her own tears now dropping fast in sympathy. "Oh! when will the rich cease to oppress the poor? is there no justice for us either in earth or heaven?"

At that moment a knock sounded gently on the panels of the door. Ellice started, and the color bloomed out redly on her cheeks—roses beneath a rain of tears—as Ralph Payson entered the room.

"Mr. Payson!"

"Yes, it is I, Ellice. I have just heard the whole impossible tale," he said, coming to her side. "I knew you would naturally turn for a refuge to your sister, and entrusted to Jane Jenkinson, Mr. Payson—you do not believe I took the lace?" she faltered, almost under her tremulous breath.

"I should like to see the white purity of heaven's angels is sullied by aught of earthly stain? Ellice if the whole world were to rise up in accusation against you, I would be ready to be honored as a My Rosson!"

"I am glad of that! I am glad!" she murmured, with a moisture on her dark eyelashes.

"Ellice," he went on, "may I prove the respect and devotion I have felt for you since the first moment in which we met?—may I ask you, in this hour of trial and desolation, to trust your future happiness in my hands—to become my dear and cherished wife?"

She put her hand confidingly in his.

"Ralph, you—perhaps—when that dark cloud has passed away from my life."

The rest of the sentence was lost in tears, but Ralph Payson understood:

"Oh, Ralph, don't think me cold or ungrateful, but I would sustain you through a thousand trials such as this. And in the future——"

"I have nothing to do with the future, Ellice," he said, with a certain quiet resolution that it was impossible to oppose. "I claim my privilege now. Before the sun goes down this night, I wish to call you mine!"

Poor Ellice, it was a brief, strange wooing, not at all like those she had dreamed of in her early girlhood, when Ralph Payson had been a handsome, idle relief upon its new prop and shelter. How could the lips shake "No," when the heart spoke "Yes," and all the unselfish impulses of the nature of its exceeding joy? And almost before she knew it, little Barbara Benson, laughing and crying hysterically by turns, had tied the strings of her little brown bonnet, and adjusted the crimson shawl, and was holding her away in the dark-haired city church, where they were quietly married, in the shifting gold and purple gleams of the oriel window, just as the sun was setting, after evening service.

And the slender bride, looking shyly up in her husband's frank face, murmured:

"Oh, Ralph, I hope it is not wrong to be so very, very happy?"

But Ralph, kissed Barbara Benson, from behind her pocket handkerchief, "as if God didn't intend us to be happy! I don't believe in the theology that wears a long face and shuts its eyes for fear of seeing heaven's sunshine."

Several days elapsed before Ralph Payson found any leisure to pay a visit to the marble-fronted mansion in Fifth avenue. But his pretty little wife, and when at length he was ushered into the elegant boudoir, where his portly sister-in-law was sitting, Mrs. Payson opened her eyes wide, and Miss Geneva Ware smiled a fascinating welcome.

"Dear me, Ralph, what a stranger you are," said the elder lady, while Geneva drew forward a chair.

"Am I?" he returned dryly. "It is very possible, for much of my time latterly has been devoted to my wife."

"Your wife!" echoed Mrs. Payson, scarcely crediting the evidence of her own ears. Geneva's soft color deepened a shade, and she closed her book over the book she had been reading, until the visitor should depart.

"My wife. I was married last week to Ellice Monille."

"Monille! The girl that stole my—"

She was interrupted by the light footfall of Miss Denham, the new governess—a tall, freckled lady, with light eyelashes and persistently thin lips.

"Well, Miss Denham, what is it?" petulantly questioned Mrs. Payson. "What is the trouble in the school-room now? what have the children been doing? Really, I don't have a minute's peace of my life!"

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," apologized the shadowy governess, hesitating as to whether it would be better to advance or retreat, "but I thought you would be pleased to learn that your lace collar has been found!"

"Found!"

The words broke in an almost involuntary sound from Geneva Ware's ashy white lips, as she leaned breathlessly forward.

"Yes, ma'am, found. The children were playing with Miss Ware's desk—I told them it was wrong to touch it—but they are scarcely as amenable to discipline as I could wish. And Laurretta

dropped it, quite accidentally, breaking the hinges, and scattering the contents on the floor—and in the little secret drawer, whose spring was broken ...

"It is false! it is false!" shrieked Gemeva, springing to her feet, with a face where all the evil passions strove together for mastery. "It is a concerted tale—a lie!"

The next minute she sank back on the sofa, in strong hysterics.

Mrs. Payson shrank away from Gemeva, as if her very touch were pollution, and gathered her voluminous skirts from contamination with one hand, while with the other she took up her superb Spanish guitar, viewing it with a very critical look. Ralph smiled a cold, bitter smile, more akin to a sneer.

"I hope you are now satisfied, madam, who it was that stole your lace," he said, speaking very calmly. "The petty malice which could stoop to plan another's misery—perhaps ruin—on such a foundation as this, is beyond all scorn!"

"I—I am very sorry, Ralph," began Mrs. Payson timidly.

"Stop, madam!" he interrupted, sternly; "your sorrow comes too late. You should have taken all those things into consideration long ago. *My wife* has no need for further pity or sympathy."

"It's all Gemeva's fault," sulked Mrs. Payson. "I won't have her in the house another day! I'll send her home this very night—the ungrateful treacherous girl! To think that she should steal away my Spanish point collar, and lay the blame on poor dear little Ellice! Oh, the wickedness of this world!"

And Mrs. Payson, in her genuine indignation at Gemeva's duplicity, never, for a moment, fancied that her own conduct had not been spotlessly correct and right. There are too many Mrs. Paysons in the world!

Miss Geneva Ware's husband-hunting expedition came to rather an unsuccessful termination, considering the amount of diplomacy she had expended on it. She went home that very night per express train (for Mrs. Payson kept her word, and would listen to no coaxing expostulations), in company with seven trunks, two hooped-skores and a guitar case, reflecting bitterly on the vanity of her winter campaign. For Gemeva could not but admit to herself that although she had deprived Ellice Neville of her situation as governess, that the situation that young lady had since obtained as wife, was infinitely preferable.

And Ellice was happy, with a calm, serene happiness that was like "clear shining after rain." Through trial, she had achieved a great and exceeding peace!

THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION IN NEW YORK.

Burning of Barnum's Museum.

At 12 o'clock on the afternoon of the 13th inst. the upper Hall fronting, in New York, on Ann alarm, and almost immediately it was known by telegraph throughout the city that the world-renowned Barnum's Museum was on fire.

The rush to the scene was immense, and in less than an hour Barnum's City Hall Park, Broadway, Ann, Nassau, Vesey and Ann streets, in the vicinity of the fire, were nearly blocked by thousands of excited spectators. In a brief while the flames could be seen emerging from the museum in every direction. Fortunately there were not many persons in the building at the time, but if there had been, a number of lives must have been lost, as rapidly did the conflagration extend.

The firemen were promptly on hand, and mounting the balcony on the Ann street side, they dashed on the roaring flames, but several streams were turned on the interior of the building. The flames, however, gained rapid headway, and at short intervals burst from the interior of the structure, with the exception of that portion of it facing on Broadway, was a mass of flames, while a dense pall of smoke enveloped the whole of the building.

Hopes were at first entertained that the fire might be confined within the walls of the museum, but in spite of all the efforts of the firemen, who were nobly seconded by the citizens, it soon communicated to the adjoining buildings, ten of which were burned to the ground and several others partially destroyed. The entire contents of the museum the streets of the caged animals were let loose, and had individuals possessed most of them, had there for the fact made much progress, and many of them escaped; but with the exception of the tenanted cell, the entire collection of animals perished in the flames.

To the denizens of Gotham the destruction of the museum seems as yet but a dream. Situated as it was on the most business part of Broadway, in the very heart of that thoroughfare and Ann street, "Barnum's corner," as that locality was commonly called, has for years past been one of the attractive points of the city, and even for the over prominent danger which threatened persons of those who were interested, during the progress of the day, to cross from one side to the other of New York's most renowned avenue. A building of large dimensions and naturally imposing appearance, the most proprietor had made its exterior still more apt to attract the attention both of strangers and residents by almost covering it with pictorial designs, suggestive of what might be seen inside. Barnum's Museum was one of the old landmarks with which every New Yorker was conversant, and to see which every stranger, on visiting the city, must as a matter of course, find a leisure—during his sojourn here. Mr. Barnum knew full well the value of extended publicity, and in making a liberal use of the facilities afforded by the press, the name and nature of this establishment became well known.

Any one who has ever visited the museum will acknowledge that it contained a collection of curiosities unequaled in the world for their variety and character. A few moments's reflection will convince any intelligent mind that such a man as Mr. Barnum, making the exhibition of curiosities the labor of his life, could hardly be imposed upon by worthless articles; and although while catering to the public taste, some of his exhibitions have been called "humbugs," yet, taken his collection as it existed on the morning of the 13th inst., and counting over the various efforts he has made to please his patrons it more or less expensive ways, no one can say that Mr. Barnum has failed in any one particular for the exhibition of one of the most complete museums of natural curiosities ever seen on this continent, or perhaps in the world. He was assiduous in his endeavors to gather within the precincts of his museum all that was novel or curious, whether of the handiwork of nature or of the artisan, and at the time of its destruction the American museum was most completely fitted with all that was wonderful, and much that was truly beautiful and rare.

The museum, in a commendable, with some friends as the Astor House, on the morning after the fire, said: "I will now turn to building, as and the building it will astonish the world. On the roof I will have my menagerie of wild beasts from all parts of the world. There will be three times the size of my late establishment, and as for curiosities, there will be no such thing as collecting them, for I will make them."

Mr. Hurd, Mr. Barnum's business manager, estimates that $200,000 will cover the loss of the building and of the museum, which cost over $1,000,000. Altogether, the loss by the conflagration will amount to about $2,000,000, none of which was covered by insurance.

A Sample of French Crime.

In going over a file of Paris newspapers ranging from the year 1850 to that of 1859, I am forcibly reminded of many of the cases of French crime; the first being its epidemic nature, causing especial crimes to run in strata, so that for a certain period a particular style of murder will be fashionable, which in time will change to another phase of life-taking, or another crime; and the next is the nationality of the crime. In England, the Americas excelling in financiering and business crime; the English in burglaries and pocket picking; the Irish in assaults and petty larceny, and the French and Germans go hand in hand in the more delicate crimes, the Germans excelling in those requiring daring and finesse. To show this I shall cite a few samples culled from the files before me, and extracted from the journals.

The first is the case of the murder of one Anne Marie Constant, of Aveyron, who was the daughter of a family of wealth and standing. She died, leaving her a handsome inheritance, principally in ready money. Marie had a sister, married to a man named Poppels, of Aveyron, who resided, and who coveted Marie's share of the patrimonial wealth. The French law of inheritance is so complicated as to tempt to crime, it frequently providing, without power of alteration, that the members of a family shall share alike, and that a death occurring among brothers and sisters, their portion shall be divided among the rest.

Marie's desire to possess her sister led her sister and the husband to approach a woman of known bad repute in the neighborhood with offers of money for her services. The woman willing to for the mode of accomplishment, which was to bring a message from her confessor that he wished to see her immediately, while Marie was on their way to the father's house, at a certain point on the river bank, she was to be pushed in, and left to drown at her leisure. The crime was done according to order, and, by the admirable French police system, brought home to the guilty ones, brought to trial, when, by the confession of the woman, Penchon, it was elicited that Marie's sister, with her husband, had procured the crime, and having stated as a matter of business what they wanted, offered her the half of a pig, and a handful of potatoes, for her pay, which they afterwards added a barrel of flour, but, Penchon standing out for higher wages, one hundred francs was added to the pig, the potatoes and flour. It is needless to add that the trio met with the fullest punishment.

Another of these domestic crimes was that of the family of Rouillon, of Lyons, the head of which, a man of much wealth, had built up his property among five children for a stipulated annuity. There was continual animosity and quarreling among the children, the husbands, and they afterwards added a barrel of flour, but, Penchon standing out for higher wages, one hundred francs was added to the pig, the potatoes and flour. It is needless to add that the trio met with the fullest punishment.

Another of these domestic crimes was that of the family of Rouillon, of Lyons, the head of which, a man of much wealth, had built up his property among five children for a stipulated annuity. There was continual animosity and quarreling among the children, the husbands, and what shares each of them should pay of the annuity, these disputes continuing for almost a year, until one day the old man was found dead, with his head in the fire, half consumed. The inquest decided that he had fallen in a fit while sitting at the fire, but, some weeks after the funeral, the quarrels between the family breaking out afresh, the husband of one daughter declared that he had seen the old man beat killed by his eldest daughter with a poker, and the body then put into the fire, that it might consume the evidence of the blow.

Another family case is that of Stephen Pongy, of Perpignan, who had married two wives and two fiancées, with his wife, son and daughter. He was of bad temper, treating all about him with severity and cruelty, but his chief cause of resentment with his children to pay them a certain monthly sum for his living, and for the support of his property. It was stated was that the old men was half starved, and was frequently forced to beg a morsel of food, or to steal enough food, while his children held every cent of his property, and openly expressed a wish for his death. One morning he was found in his bed, dead, covered, literally, with bruises. The wife and children were arrested, and in defence it was stated that the old man had been in the habit of fits and insults with great patience, and that they were strict attendants on church. The result was the finding of guilty with extenuating circumstances," and they were each condemned to five years' imprisonment.

The two favorite crimes of the French are poisoning, the fashionable entrée of the middle and upper classes, and "terrorism," that of the lower orders. This "terrorism" takes its name from some wretch who, having by undetected, or unpunished, crime, become daring to extremity, sets himself up as a terror of the neighborhood in which he has located, and levies tribute, brigand-like, on every one that comes within his reach. It would be supposed that such a character could not exist long in any locality, but experience teaches differently in France, as a few notable instances will show.

In the department of the Learn there was a man named Tirard Galier who set himself up as a "terror." He had been eight times in prison for his crimes, and every time had broken forth, until the country people superstitiously believed that no bars or bolts were strong enough to hold him. His relatives, to whom he was an especial terror, were anxious to get rid of him, and at last the eighth breaking out made great exertions for his capture. When he was finally arrested by their agency, he swore terrible vengeance, and when his cell within a week broke from the prison at Grenoble, and re-appeared in their midst. His first thought was his vengeance, and having visited the house of an aunt and finding the family all away at church, for it was Sunday, he took a large quantity from the wall, and lay in wait for them in the road. Within an hour he had subred his aunt and two cousins, and with the bloody weapon on a tree-pply, paraded the village hoasting of his work, finally dining at a cabaret, and entertaining the company with his brutal, shocking and revolting Canadian songs. That night he burned the houses of four of his relatives, and so great was the terror inspired by this threats, that not one person went to extinguish them or to aid the sufferers. He was followed in safety to his home in fear after several days, and then to go away unmolested. Nearly a year afterwards he was arrested at Arcat, several hundred miles from the scene of his murders, and was condemned to death.

Another instance of "terrorism" was that of Prosper Duquesne, native of the Haute Saone, who for a year roamed about that place armed with half a score of different weapons, and threatening the lives of all he encountered. When he entered a house, the inhabitants instantly fled, abandoning their goods to him, or instantly proceeding to all his demands. At last the officers of justice got upon his track, and he was pursued. He was gathered from them that he was hunted him to one of his strongholds, where he quietly waited their advance, cool one of them, and fled. His grandmother, who had been his principal shelter in any of the neighboring houses, first Dugood, hearing of it, should visit them, and, by a combination of people, they were herded his last unsheltered. Prugaud was afterwards taken and executed.

A third case of the same crime was that of one Victor Marsac, who had made his name such a terror in the Var, that every child was taught used it to scrify children, and the last words of parting friends were, "God protect you from Marsac!" He was a man of fine education and great strength, and none knew from whence he had originally come. He robbed and murdered for years with impunity, at last, when he fell into the hands of justice, after a pursuit involving great strategy and bravery, the government were unwilling to execute him, from the unwillingness of his victims to testify, through the fear of his escape and vengeance. At last, three days were given to parents and promises inspired with confidence, a mass of evidence came that showed how persons had disappeared, and, generally, in some inexplicable crime, a man without a breath against his good name, declaring that he had known of Marsac's connection with the crime, but was afraid to breathe a hint of it, even to his most intimate friend.

Of late, the list comes poisoning, an art in which the French have reached great perfection. A few cases will show the style.

Madame Lorial, a physician at Nièvre, took from school an only daughter, and brought her home to live. In a few months she was Hercules' favorite, a woman who, it seems, had always cherished a belief that Dr. Lorial would some day marry her, and, seeing that the presence of Madame Lorial stood in the way of her plans, and for that reason procceded to remove her, the means being poison. A few cases of the most violent cholera—and dreadful making the young girl sick with something that caused pain and vomiting, and then undertaking to cure her, administered poison in the mixture. The victim seemed to know, instinctively, what was going on, and spoke of it freely to her father and friend. The aunt, though not believing the matters as told by Louise, sent her own physician to see the man, who, though not a friend though, as he testified on the trial, he felt sure that Louise was right, and made an attempt to take the poisoned drugs from the medicine chest of housekeeper's hands; but on the latter's refusing to give way, himself yielded, and the poisoning went on until the girl was dismissed from school, the girl could say, for four months, and the end of which time she died, a victim of the most horrible and excruciating physician, whom the aunt had sent, full of remorse for his want of firmness, declared that he had found the girl suffering from tense of months gone by. The housekeeper was arrested, and the whole horrible confession came out, she having been poisoning her employer by degrees, daily and hourly, with arsenic and opium; and that notwithstanding the victim had told the aunt twenty people of what she believed was being done.

Many cases of poisoning are cited in which the poisoner appeared to have no motive for his acts, one of which was that of Jobard, a well-to-do farmer of the Deux Sevres, who refused to take a bribe of a few hundred francs to the public fountain with several pounds of arsenic. When the evening arrived, he and his family met at the fountain to fill their pails and pitchers, one with stronger eyes than the rest saw the white powder at the bottom, and cautioned the curiosity of the others. Many minutes did not elapse before it was known that the white powder was arsenic, and the alarm went so quickly over the place that scarcely a person drew water was drunk to produce more sickness, no death resulting from the pollution. The accused was traced to Jobard, and Jobard was placed beyond the reach of another such eccentricity.

At one time a stranger entered a house belonging to one Couvigny, in the Seine Inferieure, and asked for accommodation for the night, which was granted him. At supper he spoke of his power of prophecy, and said to his host, "You are a man of many sorrows, but you will see still more. Prepare for the worst." The next morning the host died, and it was found that poison had been mixed with his food, as the man afterwards confessed, by the traveller, that he might see his mysterious prediction become true, and boast it.

Among the strange murders that committed by Alfred Virres, a bookkeeper in a house at Dijon, seems the most unaccountable. For many years he had been a most diligent and correct business man, never giving his employers the least cause to find fault with him. One day he suddenly quitted his desk, and without informing any one, or taking any leave, started on a visit to the Isle de Chalons. Arrived there, the omnibus to convey passengers to the steamboat came up, and Vernas took it, and was set down at the wharf. On arriving there he sauntered about the town, spending what money he had, and evincing no disposition to do anything or speak to anybody. Upon the third day he spent his last cent for a cheap knife and a ticket to the theatre, and started for that place. As he walked along, a young girl was in front of him. She was a perfect stranger, he had never seen her before, but without a moment's time the flew at her, and stabbed her to death by three blows planted directly in the heart. An attempt was made to save him murder, but it did not succeed, and he was sent to the halls for life.

The last case we shall tell is that of Sicard, who killed his wife in 1854, at the Hotel des Princes in Paris.

The wife was the daughter of one of Napoleon's chamberlains, and Sicard was the son of a gendarme. Having run away with her, married by bribing her nurse, stole the girl, and carried her from Bordeaux to Paris. The parents traced their child, and claimed her, but before time Sicard was not heard of until the girl had reached her majority, when he suddenly appeared, and published his wife's shame. The scandal was indignantly refused. He thereupon barraigned the parents for the greatest plea of the age, the crimes of the aristocracy, and heading them against the ex-chamberlain's house, beat down all defensive power, carried off the young girl in open day, took her to Paris, and there by the most terrific threats forced her to marry him. From that time he constantly beat and ill-used her, until she was forced to appeal to the police for protection, and a separation was had.

One day he called upon her apartments at the hotel, and imitating the voice of her child, called her, and upon her entering the room, shot her dead.

Which ends the sample of French crime.

A PARIS STORY.

THE Paris correspondent of the New Orleans *Crescent* gives the following:

"Eastern-ers a wealthy banker went to one of the famous jewelers' shops in the Rue de la Paix, and asked to look at some diamonds. As he knew the proprietor, the handsomest on hand were shown to him, and he selected two which cost 40,000 francs. He put his wallet in the casket which contained the jewel, and ordered all to be placed in a great sugar-cup—for our eastern eggs are in confections. Beckford in Milk—and, requesting the name of a popular dancing girl of the grand opera. He added, by the way, she was or soon would be vastly. He selected a ring worth $100, and placed it in a sugar cup. "Send that to Mme. ——," giving his own name. He gave the both wishes, and enjoyed with a light step to his club, played his accustomed game of whist, and then left for Africa much the dancing girl's lodgings. She was lolling on her sofa. She received him with a smile, as she knew that after a man has made a Parisian a present of 44,000 he has a right to expect a return, and accompanied her caress at her friendship. After showing him enough for a short time, she said, "But, my dear friend, you should have brought me a present." She said to the latter: "Cadile, show the gentleman to Mlle. Augustine. Cadile, with characteristic impudence of *laquais' allegrité* threw her head back, and, with a wink, said, "Augustine has the gift rang he had selected for his wife. The dancing girl's eyes flashed with delight when that valuable was delivered to her. It was still early in the evening; Cadile was told to go to the theatre and return. At last he determined to go home. He was standing in his dining-room, when he saw a man, with a large bouquet in each hand, approach. He was about to ring the bell, when the man, with a bow, said, "Monsieur, I have the honor to be the husband of Mme. ——, whom you sent a ring to, and ask if she will do me the honor of receiving me?" The banker, who had already forgotten the girl, ground he arranged his dress a little, and upon his valet's announcing the name, went to her rooms. She received him with open arms, exclaiming: "Are you really my husband? Oh, I am so happy!" The banker which sailed better with my taste; or, shall I not upbraid you?" "No! I am happy," he answered, amazed, "I shall be utter one word of reproach." She threw her arms around his neck, and, with a kiss on each of his cheeks, said the banker found the contrast between the vulgar, unpolished wife and the refined, intellectual dancing girl, delightful. Hours flew by as at home on swallow's wings. The banker, as he left, said that Sunday girl and he has since declared that he never knew what happiness was until Zaubertett.

MR. GATE, electrician, of Plymouth, has discovered a process by which powder can be rendered perfectly waterproof. The discovery passed every essential condition of experiment, and is considered to be the most valuable one ever made in connection with powder. The cost is very small, and it has the advantage of not in the least affecting the strength. Powder can be made non-explosive, and in another five minutes it can be restored to its original condition. We have seen gunpowder subjected to this process and afterwards ignited by a red-hot poker without success. It should have in a store filled with the prepared powder, and it would be safe. The process can be easily applied to the largest or smallest quantities, and it does not require any special apparatus. Mr. Gate has supplied will solve the serious difficulty which has been felt as to the safety of powder in time of war, as in war it will avert the danger which now arises from the powder magazines. The neighborhood of an explosive material.

NEWS travels sometimes keen found so tight that no wrench would remove them. This was because they had been soaked in the hand till they became warm, and had been applied to very cold screws in winter, the heat vanished by cooling make on, and thus held the screw with an immovable grasp. Always avoid putting a screw hot on a cold screw; and to remove it, apply a heater heated from its contact with the cold, so as to heat and expand it, and it will loosen at once—or a cloth wetted with boiling water will accomplish the same purpose.



THE GREAT CONFLAGRATION IN NEW YORK CITY, JULY 13—TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF BARNUM'S MUSEUM WITH ITS MILLION OF RARE AND WONDERFUL CURIOSITIES (THE ACCUMULATION OF THE PAST FIFTY YEARS), TOGETHER WITH TWENTY ADJOINING BUILDINGS.—LOSS $2,000,000.

The recent death of Mr. Sigourney gives new interest to her old but very beautiful poem on

INDIAN NAMES.

Ye say they have all pass'ed away,
That noble race and brave,
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave,
That 'mid the forests where they roam'd
There reigns no hunter's shout,
But their name is on your waters,
Ye may not wash it out.

'Tis where Ontario's billow,
Like ocean's surges is curled,
Where strong Niagara's thunders wake
The echo of the world.
Where red Missouri bringeth
Rich tribute from the west,
And Rappahannock sweetly sleeps
On Virginia's breast.

Ye say their cone-like cabins,
That clustered o'er the vale,
Have fled away like withered leaves
Before the autumn gale,
But their memory yeveth on your hills,
Their baptism on your shore,
Your everlasting rivers speak
Their dialect of yore.

Old Massachusetts wears it,
Within her lordly crown,
And broad Ohio bears it
Amid his roaring renown;
Connecticut hath wreathed it
Where her quiet foliage waves,
And bold Kentucky hreathed it hoarse
Through all her ancient caves.

Wachusett hides its lingering voice
Within his rocky heart,
And Alleghany graves its tone
Throughout his lofty chart;
Monadnock on his forehead hoar
Doth seal the sacred trust;
Your mountains build their monument
Though ye destroy their dust.

Ye call these red-browed brethren,
The insects of an hour,
Crushed like the noteless worm amid
The regions of their power;
Ye drive them from their fathers' lands,
Ye break of faith the seal,
But sam ye from the court of Heaven
Exclude their last appeal?

Ye use their unresisting tribes,
With talisman and slop and slow,
On through the trackless desert pass,
A caravan of woe;
Think ye the Eternal Ear is deaf;
His sleepless vision dim?
Think ye the soil's blood may not cry
From that far land to him?

GUY'S FOLLY;

OR,

The Secret of Thornton Heath.

BY VANE IRETON ST. JOHN.

AUTHOR OF "THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL," "THE WORLD'S VERDICT," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.—MOTHER AND SON.

IT was about two in the morning—a cold, gray twilight it was, such as sets us at loggerheads with ourselves and everything around us—that Lady Anne Ireton returned home, shivering as with intense cold, and covered with mud and blood.

The servant who let her in did not observe her condition, for she ran up the stairs hurriedly, and passed him by without speaking.

Passed him by, and went into her own chamber to tremble at the past, to shudder at the present, to prepare and battle for the future.

She sat down when she entered, in a hopeless kind of way, not taking off her things or lighting a lamp.

In her frame of mind light was more terrible than darkness.

Her thoughts were those natural to a criminal.

"I have committed a great crime in the darkness of the night," she thought, "and the morrow's dawn will discover it!"

There was the light, too, to dawn over her after a night of horrid dreaming—there was the long day to go through—the meeting of the family—the meals—and then the terrible ordeal when the murder was discovered, and the news of it was brought to her.

So she sat quiet for some time in her room, until at length some sort of her situation returned, and then, lighting the lamp, she undressed herself, thrust her clothes into a disused cupboard, and re-dressed herself.

Then she rang the bell, and ordered the servant who answered the summons to send her son to her.

It was a long time before Sir Arthur came.

When he did come, he looked pale, and haggard, and distressed, so much so, that his mother, even in her terrible position, observed it and spoke of it.

"You seem ill and distressed, Arthur," she said. "What is the matter?"

He flung himself into a chair, and began playing with his watch chain impatiently.

"Nothing—nothing!" he replied. "What is it you want with me?"

"Nothing pleasant, I fear," she said; "but still something which must be said now or at another time, and may as well be said now. Are you sure that no one can overhear us?"

"Yes—there is no one up but Thomas, the butler, and he is drunk!"

"Very well. It is of your sister Clara I wish to speak."

"What of her?"

"What of her?" cried Lady Anne, irritated by his impatient voice, "what of her? Is she not your sister? Has she not been carried away by a base villain, and do you ask me why I speak of her?"

At any other time Arthur Arbuthnot would have deferred hesitantly to his mother's opinion.

But at this moment circumstances had rendered him callous, dogged, indifferent to consequence.

He knew his mother in her true light—he had just come off a journey which had sickened and disgusted him.

"Well, speak of her," he said; "but don't let's talk morality. I know everything, mother. I know how, for sixteen years, you have kept my father in prison—I know his former history, his trials, his misfortunes, and your cruelty—I know how he escaped, and what for. So let us dismiss morality from our conversation, and talk merely of what you desire to be done."

Lady Anne glanced at her son in deep sorrow as he said these words.

It was a bitter thing for her to hear such things spoken in her by Sir Arthur; but yet was there anything to reply? Nothing.

"You have heard my own words, my son," she said, "therefore, I will not attempt to deny anything. But remember one thing—all I have done, I have done for the love of you and my daughters, one of whom has just been taken from me by a villain! He is a villain—ridiculous my morality if you choose—for what is a villain but a scoundrel—a woman from her home by false promises!"

Sir Arthur turned very pale, but he did not answer.

"Well, well," he cried; "what of Clara?"

"The man who has taken her away is named Denzil Harcourt," returned his mother. "He is the father of this man who ruined me! Let me tell you the story.

"Just a short time before I married your father I became acquainted with Denzil Harcourt's father.

"He was a tall, handsome fellow, well-built, well-featured, city-tongued—just the one to fascinate a girl of my ardent temperament; and I fell in love with him at first sight.

"There was no doubting the effect I produced upon him.

"After our first meeting—a romantic, accidental one by the river-side—he courted my presence every day; meeting me regular as rogues from me, he at length told his love.

"Up to this moment our interview had been unobserved by my family. I kept them secret, I know not why, except that girls see something romantic in the very act of secrecy.

"I had never seen any wrong in this secrecy of mine until now, when it flashed across me, 'What will my family say?' HAVE I been right in keeping them thus in ignorance of my years?'

"Before accepting Denzil Harcourt's addresses, I ventured to ask him my question.

"He laughed at me, patted my head, and told me that though I was a little foolish thing, I had acted with the wisdom of a Solomon—that I was quite right, in fact, in not telling any one of our courtship.

"'And now,' I said, with a rueful face—'now I shall have to explain it to them all at once.'

"'Not at all. Indeed, they must know nothing of our marriage,' he said, calmly. 'Your kind friends are very rich and influential, and have selected some one for me to marry, and would be enormously incensed if they knew I had wedded another.'

"'But you will have to tell them at last?' I said.

"'Oh, yes—that is quite another thing. I shall be called to the face of your parents, with due decies; and then, as he is my guardian and my household ogre, I shall be safe from annoyance or scolding.'

"Then, do you wish our marriage to be secret?' I asked.

"'Yes, for a time. Let us be married at once, and then you can remain at home just as if nothing had happened.'

"We did so, at length, after a long persuasion, it was arranged; yet day after day it was delayed. At last the fatal hour arrived which decided my fate.

"It was still evening in July; a warm sunshine had remained upon the earth after the sun went down, and we were sitting, talking, and laughing clear, though the twilight was just changing into night.

"Denzil Harcourt met me early, and we strolled away a long, long way among the merry corn-fields, and when we were tired, we stopped at a little country inn, and rested ourselves, and drank wine.

"It was dark when we returned, and we had a long distance to go, and, on our way, we sat down by the side of the river, where the moonlight shone brightly, and he told me of the fatal wedding. I must hurry over this scene. I was heated with wine; he clasped me in his arms, and I forgot my duty and my virtue.

"I went home, sad and weeping. The dream of passion over, I saw, in all its hideous reality, the fatal criminality of my conduct, and my fate came the terrible suspicion that my ruin had been premeditated on his part, and that now he would abandon me. This suspicion—it is deadly fear—haunted my every dream thet night.

"The next morning early he promised to come to me.

"I was punctually at the appointed place. He was not there. I waited—he came not. I might have waited for months, for I never saw him again.

"The same evening a secret messenger brought me a letter. It contained few words, but it was sufficiently insulting and degrading to me.

"It ran thus:

"'MY DEAR ANNE:

"'What happened last night has opened my eyes to the fact that we should never be happy together. We are both hot-tempered, and in after years reproaches might be freely handled between us. Forgive me if you can, and believe I am acting right in departing ere more evil has been done. Yours, ever,

"'ROBERT.'

"My son," said Lady Anne, "I am making to you a free confession—a confession, indeed, more than I should ever make to any one save the ear of her own children. But it has been rendered necessary by your visit to us of yore. It was compulsory upon me to tell you all, in order that you might understand my motives for terrible repentance."

"But upon whom is the vengeance to fall?" asked Sir Arthur.

Upon the one he loves—upon his son—the son of the one he sought in abandoning me—the one who has been the companion of his happy hours—the one who stole him from me, and my peaceful home, and with him in decrying my virtue. The son of this man he carried away your sister! Is he for you to follow—to behead him—to destroy him?"

Sir Arthur made no direct answer to this appeal.

His features worked strongly, and his face was pale; but it was evident to his mother that his passion was not caused by regard for her, or sorrow at her misfortunes.

"Do you refuse?" she asked.

"No—not entirely."

"What, then? Where do you make your reservation?"

"At murder—I do not precise that! I will leave that to you, who like it better, and are more practised at it than I."

Lady Anne almost leapt from her chair at these words.

"Arthur," she cried, in a trembling voice, "it is not your place to insult me! How dare you speak to me thus? What has made you so forget yourself?"

"Something more than your words—something more than anything I have heard emanating from you," he said. "As I was coming home just now, I saw two figures near the wooden bridge over the Devil's Dyke; the one, a man—the other, a woman. The moon was shining brightly down upon the spot, and I could see distinctly every object—the haggard features of the ragged tree, the deep ravine, the rugged sides, the noisome weeds even which crowned its banks, and plainly, therefore, the faces and forms of the two persons near the bridge.

"Somehow or another, I had a presentiment that mischief was intended, and I hastened my pace.

"I was too late, however, to prevent what was premeditated. The man retreated towards the moon, and precipitating herself upon him, plunged him into the Dyke; The woman's face I saw, as she reached me, was your own!"

His mother uttered a low, gasping cry, and sank back upon her chair, pressing her hand over her bosom, and uttering a low moaning even long after her son had ceased.

"You are mistaken," she replied.

It came, at length, in the form of a question.

"And the man—what of him?"

"I refused to be sworn—I have said," continued Sir Arthur, "and found that the unfortunate man had been flung down into a portion of the Dyke that was nearly dry and full of water.

"But hardly had I reached the spot, when a new phenomenon presented itself.

"The man lay there, a considered dead, rose from the place where he had fallen, and running along the edge of the Dyke with the speed of lightning, overtook you, and seized you by the dress. The rest you should know better than I; but I will tell it you, that you may see I am not romancing.

"The strength which had nerved him for his run seemed to desert him the moment he reached you; and, before I could gain the spot, I saw him raised, a blow given, and the man fall headlong into the Dyke, dragging you with him.

"When I did reach the spot, you had risen and fled away, while the man still lay among the reeds and grass.

"I crept down to aid him—if, indeed, aid was possible; but it was of no avail to follow one whom I could not overtake, so my assistance, I soon found that, though stunned and bleeding, he was not dead.

"What I lifted him to the edge of the dyke I dashed some water in his face, and, at last, had the pleasure of seeing him open his eyes."

"And what was the man?" asked his mother.

"His name was Sir Robert Arbuthnot," returned Sir Arthur. "He is my father."

CHAPTER XIX.—RALPH'S ADVENTURE.

WHEN Ralph St. Clare entered the room where the smugglers were assembled, he was greeted, as I have before said, with a shout of welcome.

There was which followed his entrance, however, a moment's silence of surprise.

The man whom I have mentioned before as appearing to be the leader, rose at once, and crossing the room, extended his hand to Ralph, saying:

"You are right welcome; you have been long expected."

Ralph retained the possession of the strong men's hand with a bewildered look at him, saying:

"Was I indeed expected? I did not know that my fame had travelled so far."

The smuggler returned, with a frowning wink towards his comrades, crying, with a loud voice:

"Three cheers for our noble captain, boys, and then we'll to business."

Three loud cheers resounded through the room, during which Ralph found himself dragged across it against his will, and placed at the head of the table.

"And now," cried Tomlinson, as the chief of the sea-banditti was called; "and now that we have shown you how welcome your presence is, perhaps you will condescend to what will be welcome to us—the letters from poor Douglas."

The astonishment depicted on Ralph St. Clare's face was genuine, that the smugglers at once came to the conclusion that a mistake had been made, and, as was natural, began to regard Ralph as an impostor; whereas, in reality, he had given them not the slightest reason for welcoming or even speaking to him.

He saw how matters stood at once.

The murmuring round the table was quite enough to prove this to him, and seeing that if he delayed he should be in peril, he rose and said:

"Gentlemen, there has, I fear, been some mistake. I am come here upon the most urgent business of your existence before. I am a fugitive, flying from justice, though I have committed no real crime. Therefore, you may believe me when I tell you now happy I should be to be received among you, though I call you to witness that I never, by word or deed, endeavored to impose upon you—never, for an instant, led you to suppose that I was your leader of course."

The men, annoyed as they were at their disappointment, could not fail to see the justice of his speech, and, after standing the one at the other, they burst into a hearty laugh.

It was easily explained to Ralph how the mistake occurred:

Frank Douglass, the former leader of the smugglers, had died at some distance from their usual haunt, and they had received a letter from him, indited on his deathbed, saying, that on a certain night a man should arrive at the inn, where they were now assembled, and deliver to them his credentials, signed by their former captain. As the person of his delegate was unknown to them, and Ralph had arrived just in the "nick of time," they were led naturally to suppose that he was their man.

Ralph's desire to enter their ranks was readily accorded to, and it was as one of themselves that he presently went through the several of the new captain, who arrived soon after.

On the night that he had seen him flying away from the presence of Claudia, his efforts, as he had done so because he had been involved with a gang of smugglers, and in their transaction, which, he felt, under the circumstances of his position, was indissolvable.

Up to this point, however, he had no conception that he was liable to any criminal charge; but, on the very next day he had discovered that the cheque given him by the man who discounted his bill was a forged one.

The man from whom it came had fled, and raising money on Ralph's bill, in London, had quitted the country.

It was for this reason that he fled to the gamingtable, hoping there to retrieve his fortunes, and to make up the money he had spent.

But it was of no avail. The person to whom he had paid the money was unacquainted with fear—fact of the exposure, he adopted the coward's plan of flight.

He gladly availed himself, therefore, of the chance offered him by his meeting with the smugglers, as one affording him the means of entire concealment.

He little guessed, however, how short would be his sojourn among them.

On the following day, strolling into the town to the post office, he inquired for a letter.

He had told Claudia, Mary Winter, as he always did, the name of the town to which his steps would much be directed, but he scarcely hoped she would write.

He was wrong. The heart that loved him so well in secret, did not forget him in his absence.

The letter was a short one, but it was to the purpose. It ran thus:

"DEARER RALPH:

"Return at once; there is no need of your absence. The bill you signed was never cashed in London in fact, for the man who was accused to have fled was only for the time concealing himself from my uncle's anger. The bill, in fact, was presented to you as a forged one—was read, and has been paid. You may ask, dear Ralph, why, if this be all this disturbance has been. This is easily explained. Gideon Gravleigh, who has a terrible grudge against your family, told you the story to alarm you. At any rate, dear Ralph, all can be explained when you return. Come back at once. Heaven bless you, Ralph, and believe me your ever loving,

"MARY."

To a man who had entertained the slightest suspicion of Gravleigh's treachery, this letter would have been enough to convey the idea that she was in love with him.

But it was not so.

His heart was bound up in Claudia, and the evident passion of Mary Winter found no response in his breast.

Oh, could he have seen her, as she wrote this letter, in the solitude of her own apartment, to have seen her leaning from her little bed over the table so she wrote, the flushes chasing themselves upon her face and neck, and the dishevelled hair, whose soft and round globes trembled in passionate longing for his return, hearing like the cold waves of the sea, though warm with the dark blood of early maidenhood—could he have seen her thus, he would have wondered how he could desert such beauty, no matter what might be the delications cause which prompted him to his treason.

But it was not to be. Fate had set upon his head as the friendly warning of a sister, and at once began to think of the means and necessity for departure.

To return to the inn, or to the haunt of his friends the smugglers, was evidently absurd, and even dangerous.

Having been initiated into their secrets, he could not for one moment imagine that they would allow him to go whither he listed, to betray them, myhe, either wilfully, or through misadventure.

The only thing, therefore, to be done was to make the best of his way from the town, and trust somewhat to chance for the means of subsistence,

So bravely determining, he at once set forth, never once glancing back upon the town, butwalking rapidly away from the point where his struggs and somewhat comical adventure had happened, towards Thornton—a distance of ninety miles.

The length of the journey, however, did not dismay him.

Though he was not possessed of funds, he had an abundance of spirit and courage; and with true dependence on these, he set forth with a light heart.

OUR RETURN NO ARMIES.

BY THEO. P. COOK.

In peni I to sing!
Let the notes of welcoming
From a million voices ring!
Blazing from the rolling drum,
Sound your praises, for they come—
Come, the trusty and the tried
They who fought our nation's fight have won—
Come, in all their manly pride,
For their mighty work is done.

These are they who boldly stood
Where the earth ran red with blood;
They who through the crimson flood
Waded for the common good.

Some there be who step to-day
Nexy and many e league away,
Down on Carolina shores,
Where the great Atlantic roars;
Or beneath Virginian sod,
Where the grasses wave and nod,
But their slumber, calmly deep,
Is the sleep that heroes keep;
And a nation bends and weeps
Over "the turf that wraps their clay."
And they rest in honor'd keep,
For to them—ah, wells-day!—
Heaven was opened through the fray!

Honor, honor, honor them!
Gems in Freedom's diadem,
All who raised the strong right arm,
In the cause of law and right,
Shielding Liberty from harm,
They are blessed in God's pure sight.

ONLY A CLOD.

BY M. E. BRADDON.

AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," "ELEANOR'S VICTORY," "JOHN MARCHMONT'S LEGACY," "HENRY DUNBAR," "LUCIUS DAVOREN," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—SUSAN'S GOOD NEWS.

MAUDE TREDETHLYN sat alone in her spacious chamber; oh, so spacious, so splendid, so dreary, so ghastly, with a tall carved walnut-wood bedstead that was like one of the tombs in Pierre la Chaise, only not lovely, and with long panels of looking-glass shimmering ghost-like in dark walnut-wood wreathen end armoires, and duchesse dressing-tables.

"I must go away somewhere, or I shall die," she thought; "this place seems haunted. I will go to papa. He is very good to me, but he does not understand what I feel about Francis. People speak so lightly of him, and seem to know him so little. If I could talk to any one who really loved him, if I could talk to any one who knew his goodness as I ought to have known it—as I do know it, now that he is dead."

She crossed the room hurriedly, and rang the bell. She had told her maid to keep lights out when she rang for them. When the candles came Maude went to a writing-table, and wrote a few hasty lines to her husband's simple little cousin. She had written to Susan once before, to tell her of Francis Tredethlyn's departure for Australia; but she had not seen each other since their first meeting.

"MY DEAR SUSAN—There is terrible news of your cousin; it may have reached you before this, perhaps. Will you come to me? I am so utterly miserable, and I think you are the only friend I can see in the world who can understand my sorrow. Come, dear, I implore you. Ever your affectionate

"MAUDE."

Mrs. Tredethlyn was a great deal too impatient to wait for any such commonplace means of communication as the post. She summoned her maid, and intrusted her letter to the faithful attendant, with directions that a groom should mount one of the park hacks immediately, and ride straight to Petersham with the letter.

Maude slept soundly that night for the first time since the tidings of the Kingfisher's fate had reached her, and woke in the morning to see Susan looking down at her with a smile upon her face.

"Ah, you don't know," cried Maude—you don't know what a load you have taken off my heart!"

"Of what, dear?" Susan asked gently.

"The loss of my daughter—the fire—the dreadful fire! Oh, Susan, you cannot have heard!"

Mrs. Tredethlyn said this, because the girl's face, though it was grave and sad, expressed none of that acute anguish which Susan ought to have felt for her cousin's untimely fate. She only looked at Maude with a wondering earnestness.

"Yes, it was very dreadful," she said. "Mrs. Clinnoch read it to the paper, and told me. I am so sorry for all the sufferers. But oh, Maude, dear cousin, how grateful we ought to be for the accident that saved Francis from such a fate! If he had gone by that vessel, dear—"

She stopped suddenly, for Maude looked at her with an unnatural stare, and then fell back unconscious.

No, he had not perished with the ill-fated passengers of the Kingfisher. Lives as noble had gone down to the deep waters; but Francis Tredethlyn had not made a part in the mighty sacrifice. When Maude recovered from the deadly faintness that had come upon her, Susan showed her a letter which she had received from her cousin—a letter that had been written in a hotel at Plymouth after the sailing of the Kingfisher.

"It might seem a foolish fancy to many people, but I don't think it will to you, Susy," he wrote. "I want to gather a handful of daisies from my mother's grave before I leave the soil that holds her for ever. I want to stand by the old hawthorn once more, though God knows what a pain it will be to me to see strangers in the old house. God bless you, dear, and good-by! I shall not write again till I write from the New World."

This was the close of the letter which Susan gave Maude. Her first feeling on reading it was unbounded gratitude to the Providence that had saved Francis Tredethlyn. Her second feeling was considerable indignation against Francis himself.

Then she was grateful to Providence again, and angry with herself for having been angry with Francis; and then she pounced upon Susan and kissed her.

"What am I to do, darling?" she asked; "I dare say he has gone off by some other horrible steamer. Somewhere he is, I won't stop idle in this dreary house. I won't trust everything to that slow solemn lawyer. I'll go to Cornwall myself, fancy, and find out all about it, and learn how long he stayed there, and when he left. You'll tell me where to go; won't you, Susy?"

While she was planning preparations for her departure, Mr. Kuradale, the solicitor, was announced. He came radiant and red-faced to tell her that Francis was in the Kingfisher.

"I'm did not ascertain that my husband had left Plymouth by any other vessel?" she asked.

"No."

"Then we may hope he is still in England. I am going to Cornwall immediately to search for him. At the worst, I shall hear all about him. I will go myself," she said; "if my husband is still in England I will find him. I will make sure that further misunderstanding between us if once we can meet face to face."

Maude was sorry to superintend her maid's packing of a small portmanteau, and Susan sat in the morning-room with Julia. It had been settled that Mr. Desmond should dine at the house of Peterah sare luncheon.

They were talking rather ceremoniously, when the door suddenly opened by an impetuous hand, and Miss Grundeson burst in upon them more impetuous than usual.

"They wanted me to go to the drawing-room, and they'd got had see of Mrs. Tredethlyn was at home!" exclaimed Julia, dropping a curtsy in going and seeing in. Not at home always; and I do se want to see that poor darling."

Julia introduced Miss Grundeson with a simple statement of the fact which had put an end to Maude's brief time of mourning. Rosa's delight was unbounded when she was introduced to Mrs. Lesley, she expanded as it was her wont to expand on all occasions.

"You can't think how glad I am!" she exclaimed; "for I assure you when I heard of that dreadful event, I felt as if it was quite hard-hearted of me to be happy, and I have been very happy for the last week or so. In point of fact," she added, in a whisper, shrugging at the hotes of a very light glove in evident embarrassment, "I'm engaged to be married!"

"Indeed! Julia said, quietly.

"Yes. You see as par has long objected to my running after public characters, and of course running after Captain Grundeson is one of the most public characters to him; so when Mr. Lowther, Mr. Roderick Lowther, you know—proposed, par happened to be in a good temper, it was all settled immediately."

She then mentioned that Roderick had promised to eat dinner with them.

"He doesn't want to see Mrs. Tredethlyn, you know," she said; "he was only anxious to express to your poor dear, for I am sure you must, of course, now he hasn't any occasion to be sorry, thank goodness!—but you don't mind his coming to tea, do you, dear? I'm such a bad nurse at waiting for me, and I'm going to take him on to the Haymarket. And I like to get used to him a little before our marriage; and I'm to be introduced to a maiden aunt of Roderick's, from whom he has expectations, and I'm so nervous about that. I'm to be introduced this very afternoon," added Rosa.

While she was chattering the door opened, and a servant announced Mr. Lowther. He came out of the bright white daylight on the staircase into the room, which was kept cool and shady by closed Venetian shutters. As he looked about him, unaccustomed to the chiaroscuro, he heard a footfall, and a woman's voice, and saw sitting with her back to the window, started suddenly from her chair.

"Robert!" she cried; "Robert, is it you?" and then she sank down again, pale and breathless.

"Robert!" exclaimed Roderick Lowther. "You must mistake Mr. Lowther for some one else, Mrs. Lesley. His name is not Robert."

"Perhaps not," Susan answered sadly. "He kept his real name a secret from the poor girl who was once proud to call herself his wife; but whatever his name may be, he is my husband nevertheless, and Providence has brought about our meeting to-day. Oh, don't call a falsehood to the wrong you have done me!" she cried, speaking to Roderick Lowther, who stood, pale and confounded, with the face of the nurse women all turned towards him, and with the knowledge that those cumbering eyes were upon him. "I shall claim very little of you. I only want you to give me the name I have a right to bear—I only want you to acknowledge you are—"

Roderick Lowther did not reply to this appeal. After a moment's pause he turned to Julia:

"Where do you pick up your acquaintance, Miss Desmond?" he said. "I should scarcely have expected to meet this lady here."

"This lady is my husband's cousin," answered Maude, who had entered the room while he was speaking; "and I do not know any one who has a better right to be here. What is the matter, Susy, darling?"

"There's nothing that can be spoken of here," Susan answered; "I have met some one whom I have expected to see again. I will rest till my cousin Francis comes back. I will say no more till then."

"But, good gracious me!" exclaimed Miss Grunderson, "I'm not going to be treated in this sort of way. What does it all mean, Roderick? That lady seems to be all of a sudden and calls you her husband, and then says she'll wait till her cousin comes home. I can't be expected to wait under such circumstances. I can't take matters so coolly. With my feelings ordered end all! I must and will have an explanation!"

"You shall, Rosa; but for mercy's sake hold your tongue. There is some infernal mistake. You don't suppose I have never mind about the earrings to-day. If this lady mistakes me for some one she knows, or has a claim upon, I have no doubt I shall be able to demonstrate her mistake, if I can talk to her for a few minutes quietly. And now let me take you to your carriage, Rosa."

Miss Grundeson would have resisted such a summary way of disposing of her and her wrongs, but Roderick Lowther was firm. He led her down stairs, helped her into her carriage, and his last words to her were a cordially to the effect that he would be engaged for his temporary care, to be sent to Mr. Grundeson.

"Awkward," he muttered, as he went back to the drawing-room; "awkward as it may be happen awkwardly just when a fellow fancies he's swimming with the tide all in his favor."

He locked very pale when he went to Mrs. Tredethlyn's morning-room to demand an interview with Susan; but he looked a great deal more grave than pale when the door and last interview, and made his way back to his brother's lodgings.

He found Harcourt with the slim foreign bottle in the table by his side.

"What is the matter with you?" asked the younger brother.

"There is this much the matter with me," answered Roderick: "I trusted a fellow to help me in a difficulty, and he has been mean enough to think that he took advantage of my confidence to get me into a dilemma that it will take me all my life to get out of. I have seen Susan Turner to-day."

"Indeed."

"And she has told me something about the registrar. Do you remember what I asked you to do for me, Harcourt?"

"Perfectly well. And I have got the letter containing your request in my possession—such a nice letter! You tell me in that letter you have taken a bond and vow to live with a little country girl, too poor and insignificant to be your wife, too ignorant to be your companion, and only to engage some clever scapegrace to enact the registrar, hire a parlor in some obscure street, near a registrar's office, and see that everything is there—the sermony could be got over quickly, if the fellow engaged to personate the registrar knew what he was about. The fine bold girl would ask for no certificate, and the dear little girl's witnesses must be conveniently shut up if they made their noses unpleasantly conspicuous."

"I begin to understand you," said Roderick, with expressive gravity.

"Let me tell you that, as you never in your life did a generous thing for me, it wasn't very likely that I should go out of my way to help a bubble. I didn't wish to be too disobliging, so I arranged a marriage, but it was a real and not a sham one. I found a fellow who was glad to your pretty little wife as if the business had been transacted at St. George's, Hanover Square."

"Is this true?" Roderick demanded of Mr. Lowther, coolly. "And I am very happy to tell you that your own pretty little plans are frustrated by the fact that Francis Tredethlyn did not sail in the Kingfisher."

Harcourt made a start of surprise, but his countenance did not express profound vexation. The schemer had failed so completely, that it answered very little to him what courses events took.

"Yes, Francis Tredethlyn is alive and well, I have received a letter from him," he said. "And my little Susy turns out to be Francis Tredethlyn's first cousin."

"Then the likeness which I fancied I saw in that portrait, and the similarity of names, were not mere coincidence after all," muttered Harcourt. And the lady at Petersham is my little sister-in-law. It's pity you didn't trust her rather better," he added, aloud. "Such a relationship could afford to give her a handsome fortune, if he pleased. It is from her father that he inherits his money; and if you had followed your marriage, and made things square with the old man, your wife need not have been disinherited, and would have been sure to make a prize as a widow-woman."

"Looking at it in any way, Rosa was a nuisance," said Mr. Lowther, as he hedowed his moustache with the little comb which the luxurious Metropolitan provides for its guests; "and perhaps it's better so it is."

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MAUDE left Paddington by an afternoon express.

The coach put her down before the Crown Inn, and she walked to Trevedale, high above the town, with the great gate of the marquis' enchanted castle frowning upon her from the top of the hill. She inquired about a conveyance to take her on to Trede hlyn Grange; and the landlord of the Crown ordered the immediate preparation of a lumbering old equipage of a two-like character, lined with washed-out chintz, which was brought forth on rare occasions, and charged for at a prodigious rate. The way seemed intolerably long to her; but at last she saw a gray spot against the blue sky. The grey spot grew bigger and bigger against the horizon, until it grew at last into a dreary-looking habitation, with quaint old gables and moss-grown stone walls.

Maude looked hopelessly at the quiet house—so little sign of occupation, so little token of life.

"He can't be there," she thought. "I am too late!"

She brushed away her tears, drew down her veil, and alighted, telling the driver to wait for her. She was not quite sure if the house was opened by a tall gaunt woman, who had evidently been disturbed by the unwonted sound of wheels on the rough agricultural road.

"Mr. Tredethlyn has been staying here, has he not?" Maude asked, eagerly.

"Yes, and he's here still. Excuse me for being a little put out like, but you have taken me so aback. You don't happen to be my master's wife, do you?"

"Yes, yes. Oh, thank heaven he is still here! Let me see him at once, please!" exclaimed Maude, trying to pass the grim-looking woman, who barred her passage.

"Not yet! no, please, ma'am, not yet!" cried the woman, eagerly. "It mightn't be safe."

"Not safe! What do you mean?"

"He has been ill, ma'am; and the doctor's special orders was to be kept from anything that might upset him. And he talked and raved so about you, poor dear, when his senses were quite gone, as they were for weeks together; and I'm sure nothing could upset him more much as the sight of your coming upon him sudden. Let me see him first, and tell him you are here. I make no doubt he'll be overjoyed to see you; but it mustn't come like a shock upon him."

"He has been ill!" cried Maude; dangerously ill!"

"Yes, ma'am; very dangerously. We had two doctors with him at one time. Brain-fever it was—fever-fatigue and trouble of the mind, and so on, the doctors said. He came up here after being three days in a wherry, by which he was to have gone abroad; and he came in a state everything about the farm and the quarries, and so on; and everything was almost settled when a steamer one morning had in his head, and after that got from bed to worse, until his life was almost give up!"

"But he is out of danger now?"

"Yes, ma'am, thank God, quite out of danger now; but, oh, as weak; the smallest child that ever I had to do with wasn't weaker than my poor master now."

Maude burst out crying.

"Don't scream me," she exclaimed, as the gaunt woman made a clumsy attempt to comfort her: "I am crying for joy. Go and tell my husband that I am here; but pick as say based. I will be very patient. Thank God that I am found him! Thank God I shall be able to fall on my knees by his bedside and beg his forgiveness for my neglect and ingratitude.

The woman looked wonderingly at this butterfly-creature who talked hysterically of falling at her husband's feet and begging forgiveness. Her manners had made no confidants in that Cornish house.

"If you'll walk in there, ma'am," Martha said, "I'll go and tell my master sister."

It seemed a long time that she waited, and then Mrs. Drysoll returned, smiling grimly this time.

"He'll see you directly minute," she said; "but he's very low, and he seem so pleased, poor dear!"

She led Maude to the top of the staircase, and then pointed to a half-opened door at the end of a corridor, after which she left Mrs. Tredethlyn again, and Maude heard her sobbing quietly to herself until the sound subsided in the distance.

She opened the door on the half-open door, and entered the room in which her husband lay on a white-curtained bed, very pale, very wan, very thin. She took her veil and raise his hand to offer it to her in token of reconciliation. She felt the weakness of the hand, and held her cheek upon the hand that was too weak to be lifted.

"Oh, forgive me!" she said; "may day my love, you have not punished him. If you wanted to give me a lesson, you have given me a very cruel one; but you have taught me that I cannot live without you."

She sat by his pillow with his weak head encircled by her caressing arms, and told him the story of her wanderings and repentance. It was a sweet exchange of forgiveness for the past, and tender promises for the future.

After dinner she wrote the brief notes—one to her maid at Falmouth, who was to follow her mistress's luggage to the portmanteau; the other to Julia, who was to send her such things as would be necessary to her in a stay of some weeks.

Then she sat by her husband's bed once more to do hunt to nurse her husband through the slow stages of convalescence. It was very long before he was strong enough to get up to a little Arcadian tea-drinking. It was very long after that before he was able to take a few turns in the delightful, lonely garden. But Maude was still longer before he was well enough to think of leaving the house in Cornwall, and to plunge into busy common-place life again.

Hidden among those wild Cornish moors, the husband and wife were busy together—*improving their minds*; for Maude had confessed to her husband, with a good deal of girlish giggling and blushing, that her own education had been very nearly as defective as his, and that the wide fields of knowledge, which were such strange and unexplored regions to him, were scarcely more familiar to her.

They were very happy together. If Francis read in real earnest, and his wife only played at reading, they were not the less united in their studies. The industrious honey-bee and the frivolous butterfly may hover about the same flower, happy according to their different natures in the same summer-scene. Francis Tredethlyn and his wife were so happy in the quiet old farmhouse that they let the autumn days drift by them in their monotonal retreat, even after the Cornishman had grown strong enough for a new

skirmish with Harcourt Lowther, had there been any need of a physical contest between the two.

After this, need it be said that all went very smoothly with Mr. and Mrs. Tredethlyn—so smoothly, that poor discontented Julia abandoned the happy couple in disgust, and went abroad as traveling companion to a rheumatic old countess who leads here dreadful life, and insists upon being read to sleep out of German metaphysical works at wierd hours of the night. She has met with Roderick Lowther in the course of her travels—lonely, and cynical, looking at every thing in life through the medium of his own disappointments.

They are very happy, Francis and Maude. They are very happy, as time speeds on, there appears upon the lawn in Berkshire a little rolling bundle of white muslin and expansive lace, which, inspected closely, turns out to be a baby, and which, if it could speak at all, would answer to the name of Lionel Hillary Tredethlyn, and by-and-by, when the young couple travel in the bright autumn weather, a prim English nurse, and a French bonne follow in their rear, and there is a little girl baby in a white hood, and papa and mamma are alike concerned for the safe conveyance of these domestic treasures. The girl baby is called Maude; but she owns a string of other names; and her two godmothers are Susan Lowther, who lives happily with her boy in the Petersham cottage, and Rosa Grimbleson, who declares that, in consequence of the distracting influence of public characters, and her fatal experience of the perfidy of private individuals, in the person of Roderick Lowther, will descend a spinster to the grave.

One day, at a German watering-place, they hear of a man living in the same hotel with them, their country-man—a man who is young, and has been handsome, and who for the last few months has been conspicuous in the gaming-saloons of the Kursaal as a desperate, and sometimes very lucky player—an inventor, who can scarcely be an adventurer, for he has been admired and caressed by elegant women and well-born men, but who has been a hard drinker from first to last, and within the last fortnight has fallen a victim to the most hideous disease which vice ever engendered as the scorpion-whip to work its own retribution—disease called delirium tremens.

It scarcely needs Maude's appealing look to inspire Francis with the wish to help this unhappy countryman.

He has spoken to the landlord he tells her, when he comes back and has given him a cheque, which is to keep things smooth for the present; and has promised more money if more should be needed; for in any case the Englishman is not to be worried about money matters while he is ill; and above all he is not to know that a stranger's help has saved him from annoyance.

It was a week after this when Mr. and Mrs. Tredethlyn left the German watering-place. They were on the point of starting from the hotel when Maude noticed the closed shutters of some windows on an upper story, and, on questioning one of the waiters, was told that the Englishman was dead. She asked her husband to tell her more about the painful end of this lonely Englishman, as they sat alone in the coupé of a railway carriage.

"Yes, he is dead, Maude!" Francis answered, sadly. "It was a very melancholy fate. The doctors could not conquer the sleeplessness, and he sank at last into a state of coma from which he never rallied. It was a very miserable ending. He will be buried in the little Protestant cemetery. I left all necessary directions, and I have written to his friends in England. Perhaps some one will come over to stand beside his grave. He was no friend of mine, but there seems something very shocking in this solitary death in a strange country."

"He was no friend of yours!" repeated Maude, wonderingly. "how can you say that, Frank? You knew him then."

"Yes, Maude, and you know him, too. The man who died last night was Harcourt Lowther."

THE END.

TORNADO IN WISCONSIN

Terrible Loss of Life and great Destruction of Property.

The village of Viroqua, the county seat of Vernon county Wisconsin, 80 miles north-east from the city of [illegible] was [illegible]

noon of Wednesday, June 28th, 1865, by a tornado which, in two minutes, killed 1 persons, entirely demolished 36 houses, 13 barns, three stores and several shops, partly destroyed 43 other buildings and places of business, wounded over 100 persons, and inflicted damage to property to the amount of nearly half a million dollars. The village contained about 1,200 inhabitants, mostly from the eastern states, and was one of the most thrifty and beautiful inland villages of Wisconsin. It is situated in the midst of a rich farming country, where, as far as the eye can reach, can be seen growing crops, white farm-houses and droves of cattle.

The southern portion of the village was the home of the wealthier part of the business men, where taste, labor and money had built up beautiful homes.

At 4 o'clock Wednesday afternoon, the most terrific and irresistible storm of wind ever chronicled in the United States came up. There was neither rain, thunder or lightning at the time. There was seen coming from the north-east a column of wind, dust, and fragments of limbs, passing south-west in a line which would strike Viroqua in a mile at the same moment another and larger blacker cloud, rolling close to the ground was seen coming from the west, taking in its course the southern part of the village. People ran to their homes in terror. The two columns met a short distance west of the village, where the work of destruction began. The current from the west was the strongest, and carried the one from the north-east—the united tornado continuing east, laying in ruins a strip of country 80 rods wide and 14 miles long.

Houses were lifted a hundred feet in the air, dashed to the earth, torn to fragments, the buildings, inmates and contents, whirled in every conceivable direction. Oak trees, 20 inches through, were snapped off like pipe-stems. Rocks 12 feet square were lifted and carried 40 rods.

A school-house, containing 24 children and a teacher, was taken many feet into the air—at struck the ground several rods from its foundation—was taken up again and dashed into fragments—eight children instantly killed, and all in the building more or less wounded.

The county, for miles, is covered with debris of this, the greatest storm ever known in this country.

ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION OF NEPTUNE.

Among the many ingenious devices for display upon the anniversary of our National Independence just passed, was an allegorical representation of Neptune, at Schenectady, N.Y. This ingenious feature of the day's celebration was designed by William J. Van Heusen, and was displayed in the grand procession which took place on the 4th in Schenectady, by Neptune Engine Company No. 4 of that city. The piece may be briefly described as follows:—In a large nautilus shell, fluted and scalloped, covered with silver, sat Neptune, apparently in a half nude state, with green silk skirt, trimmed with silver fringe and lace, with a natural shell belt about his waist—on his head a golden crown studded with stars and jewels. He wore a long, white beard and hair, and carried a golden trident. The shell at the base was supported by waves curiously centered, which were in motion on the shore, as it were. There were strewn about a large number of shells and sea grass. The whole was resting on an immense shell shaped dais, imitating the ocean beach, the lower edge bordered with silver, scalloped and in fanciful shapes trimmed with grass and flowers. On each side below hung in folds a curtain trimmed with silver lace, studded with stars and other fanciful ornaments.

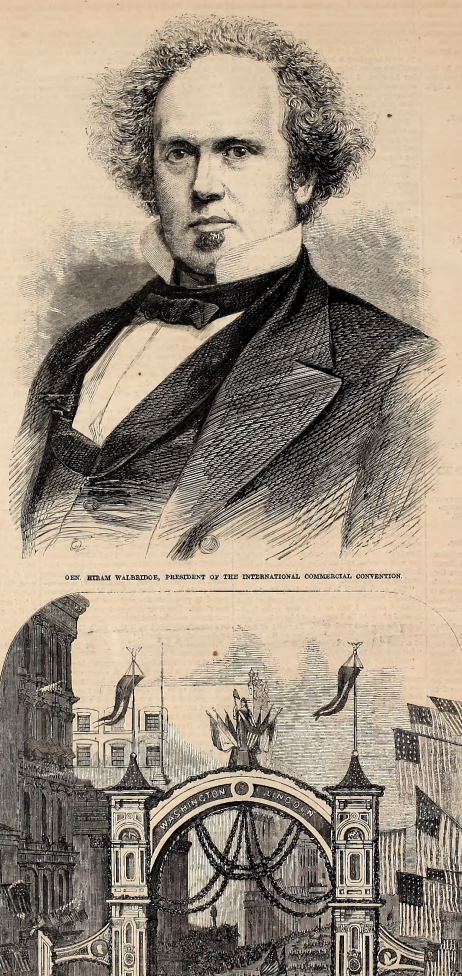
FOURTH OF JULY TRIUMPHAL ARCH

In Cincinnati, Ohio.

THE anniversary of our National independence was celebrated this year in Cincinnati with more than usual enthusiasm. Most of the principal thoroughfares of the city were elaborately decked with flags and patriotic devices emblematic of the spirit of the people. One of the principal features of the day was the grand triumphal arch over Vine street, an illustration of which we present this week

BROOKLYN NAVY YARD.

We present this week an illustration of one of the principal points of interest in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, showing the iron pen now of the rebel ram Mississippi, sunk by Admiral Farragut a few hours before the capture of New Orleans; also the rebel torpedo boat Midge, taken at Charleston after the city was evacuated by the rebels. The monument appearing in the view is of beautiful design, built of white marble, and was erected in memory of the sailors and marines who fell at the capture of Barrier Fort, china. The cannon are those captured in Mexico, and brought to New York after the war with that country.



GEN. HIRAM WALBRIDGE, PRESIDENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL COMMERCIAL CONVENTION.

ARCH OVER VINE STREET, CINCINNATI, OHIO, ERECTED IN HONOR OF THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1865.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LANDY.

Great Tornado in Wisconsin, June 28—The almost entire Destruction of the Village of Viroqua.—From Photographs by L. R. Blake.



THE TOTAL DESTRUCTION OF THE METHODIST CHURCH, VIROQUA.



RUINS OF THE NORTH-WESTERN TIMES PRINTING OFFICE, AND RESIDENCE OF J. A. SOMBERBY, ESQ.



GENERAL APPEARANCE OF THE COUNTRY AFTER THE TORNADO, SHOWING THE TRACK OF THE STORM, AND ITS TERRIBLE EFFECTS.

GEN. HIRAM WALBRIDGE.

GEN. HIRAM WALBRIDGE, whose portrait we present this week, has for several years been so prominently before the public that his name has grown to be familiar in nearly every social and political circle. As a proof of his popularity, we may instance that when his name was suggested for President of the international Commercial Convention, recently held at Detroit, he was unanimously chosen for that arduous and responsible position. The subject of our sketch was born in Ithica, Themphins county, New York, February 2, 1811. He began life by learning the trade of a mechanic, but subsequently, desiring an academic education, he entered the Ohio University, where he graduated with more than the usual honors. When twenty-three years of age he was commissioned Brigadier General of the Ohio State Militia. Soon after he removed to New York city, where he was elected a Representative in Congress, serving from 1851 to 1853. Unlike many politicians, Gen. Walbridge takes a great and active interest in the commercial prosperity of his country, as his labors at the Chamber of Commerce and Produce Exchange of New York sufficiently testify. In person, Gen. Walbridge is a little above the medium height, and of a commanding figure, which is much enhanced by the bonhomie of his manners. As a speaker, he is very fluent, and happy in reconciling conflicting elements, a faculty which came admirably into play during the convention at Detroit.

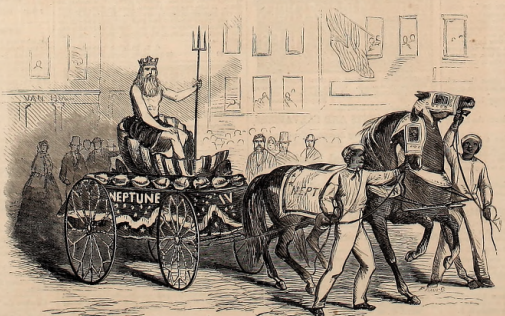
I HOLD myself indebted to any one from whose enlightened understanding another ray of knowledge is communicated to mine. To inform the mind is to correct and to enlarge the heart.

A NEW CURE FOR HYDROPHOBIA.

DR. BUISSON, of Paris, was lately called in to treat a woman who had been seized with hydrophobia, and in whom the disease had reached its final crisis. Having bled the patient, he wiped his hands with a cloth moistened with the saliva of the dying person. On the forefinger of the left hand he had a trifling wound, with the skin broken. He at once perceived his imprudence, but, trusting to the method of cure lately discovered by him, he was satisfied with washing it in water.

"Thinking," says, M. Buisson, "that the malady would not declare itself before the fortieth day, and having many patients to visit, I put off taking my remedy of vapor baths from one day to another. On the ninth day, being in my closet, I felt all at once a pain in my throat, and one yet more keen in my eyes; my body felt so light that I thought, if I jumped, I could rise to a prodigious height, or that, if I threw myself from the window, I should be able to float in the air; the hairs of my head were so sensitive that it seemed to me as if, without seeing them, I could have counted them; saliva rose continually in my mouth; contact with external air caused me frightful pain, and I shunned looking at anything bright; I had an incessant longing to run after and bite, not men, but animals and even objects about me; I drank with difficulty, and I may mention that the sight of water tried me more than the pain in my throat; I believe that by shutting the eyes every one with hydrophobia may always drink. An attack came on every five minutes, and I observed that the pain began in the forefingers and stretched along the nerves of the shoulder. Thinking that my system was only preservative, not curative, in its nature, I took a vapor bath, with the intension, not of healing, but of suffocating myself. When the bath was at a heat of 32 degrees centigrade, all the symptoms disappeared as if by enchantment, and I have felt nothing of them since. I have treated more than 80 persons who have been bitten by animals in a state of madness, and all have been saved by this method."

When a person has been bitten by a mad dog, he should be made to take seven of the so-called Russian vapor baths, from 27 degrees to 63 degrees centigrade hot, one every day, by way of preventive. In case of the malady having distinctly shown itself, the vapor bath should be heated rapidly to 27 degrees centigrade, then slowly to 63 degrees. The patient should



AN ALLEGORICAL REPRESENTATION OF NEPTUNE, ONE OF THE FEATURES OF THE PROCESSION AT SCHENECTADY, N. Y., JULY 4.

strictly confine himself to his room until he is quite well. Dr. Baisch mentions some other curious facts: A man in San Jacinto was bitten by a rattlesnake, about 15 miles from home. Wishing to die in the bosom of his family, he ran home, w nt to bed, perspired plentifully, and the wound healed like a simple sore. The bite of the tarantula is healed by dancing, the virus being dissipated by perspiration. If an infant, who has been vaccinated, is made to take a vapor bath, the vaccination is of no effect.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

Ir has been observed that to-and two make four—but what for?

Ir has been frequently argued that three twos make six; but then a rough sea voyage will do the same.

The conjunction of four and constitutes eight; but the union of a couple is not always productive of love.

"Mr. dear," said Mrs. Bumble to her daughter, "you must make something warm round you in the carriage. Miss B. mentioned the request of her mother to her beau, and he immediately began to feel it, by placing his arm round the young lady's waist.

They say children's method of giving a dog a leg to your feelings is to send her a look of your hair.

A young friend of ours, whose opinions deserve a share of influence from the large fee he pays save that although it is quite true that "one swallow does not make a summer," a summer like this makes one a swallow—a good deal of liquid.

A distinguished California divine was asked after a long prayer, "Any more, lad, what he thought of the century." He replied: "There are but three things at Washington—lobbying, little manes and grog shops; in their words, opiate holes, gopher holes and boiler holes."

A drunkard leaning against a church railing, replied, in answer to a question from the sexton, that he quit worship, being to that church, but he was coming that way.

"Mamma, why did you kiss your hand to the gentleman opposite, this morning?" said a careful mother to her chattering daughter. "Why, my dear creature, had the impudence to blow a kiss clear across the street, and of course I threw it back again, of course. Yes, would not have me encourage him by keeping it, would you?"

Cockney Zoology.—Precocious young lady —Law, me, here's a beagle." Mamma (reproachfully) "A beagle! my dear, you ignorant girl! It is a bee!" Keeper of the menagerie (respectfully): "Axe parding, mum, but it ain't."

A young widow of very polite address, whose husband had lately died, was visited soon after by her relations, friends, parish, by inquiries, at once, about her husband's health, when she replied, with a pleasant smile, "Why, I dead yet."

For the gout, toast and water: for bile, cucumber for corns, soap: for rheumatism, flannel and patience: for the tooth-ache, pack it out: for debt, industry: and for love, matrimony.

A very sad, convivial lawyer being in his early years much addicted to dissipation, his mother advised him to get a couple of a quiet disposition and consistent food was hecka, and his drink water. "What, Madam," said he, "would you have me imitate a man who eats like a beast and drinks like a fish?"

Domestic Magazines.—Wives who are always knowing the contents.

Wanted for Chemical Purposes.—A lady dissolved in tears.

A French priest, who had usually a small congregation, saw one day preaching at the church in his village, when, the doors being open, a gander and several geese walked in. He stopped preaching for a moment, looking at the unbidden guests, and then observed, in a tone no longer familiar with the people of his district: "I perceive my ordinary hearers are not here; they did not come themselves, they sent their representatives.

A man in the United States service is now called a "brevet-horse."

"Nobody ever lost anything by love," said a sage-looking parson.

"That is not true," said a young lady, who heard the remark, "for I once lost three night's sleep."

If you want to kindle the flame of love in a lady's breast, you must spark her till she is eager for a match.

Why is the assessor of taxes the best man in the world?—Because he never underrates anybody.

A paper calling newspapers at a reliney station, was calling on Saturday evening, "To-day's Times, yesterday's sun—which a passenger wishing for a witticism, cried out, "What's the use of to-day's Press? Till give you a shilling for to-morrow's All the Year," immediately handed him the Sunday Times! The passenger seemed to give more than his money's worth, the fellow-travelers made him keep his word, and give the sharp-witted lad a shilling.

A boy, whose honesty is more to be commended than his ingenuity, once took some butter to a gentleman in a neighboring village. The latter having a very nice appearance, and the gentleman being desirous of purchasing such for his own use, invited the boy to bring him all the butter his mother had to spare. "I think," said the boy, "she can't spare any more, for she said she would not have spared this, only a rat fell into the cream and she did not like to waste it in her sorrow."

At a circus, a woman jumps clean through hoops. In society they jump into them and stick there.

The beautiful tresses of young ladies are now called hair-raising.

Lies are hilless swords, which cut the hands that wield them.

Sir Walter Scott, in lending a book one day to a friend, cautioned him to be punctual in returning it. "This is really necessary," said the poet, in apology, "for though all my friends are honest gentlemen, I observe almost all of them to be good bookkeepers."

A man of wit once said, rightly enough, "He who feels a good conscience gains a son—he who finds a bad one, loses a daughter."

The new moon reminds one of a giddy girl, because she don't much reflected.

Why is it very foolish to nap in a railway carriage?—Because the train always runs over sleepers.

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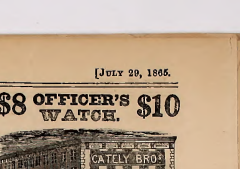
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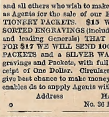
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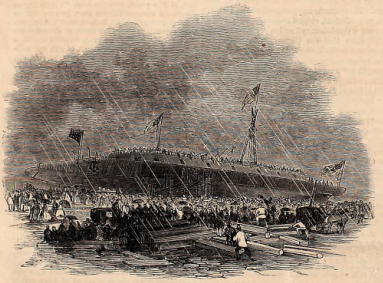
No. 514—Vol. XX.] NEW YORK, AUGUST 5, 1865. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. OR WEEKS $1 00.

Representation.

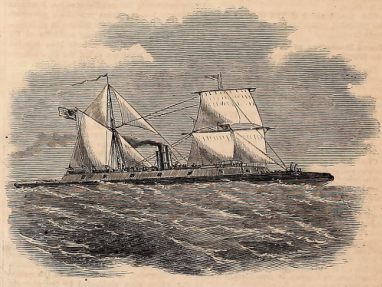
THERE are about 4,000,000 of negroes, lately slaves, in the southern states. Formerly three-fifths of these were enumerated in fixing the basis of representation in Congress. Now all must be counted. The ratio of representation, as fixed by the last census was one member to every 124,000 inhabitants. So that the negro population will be represented in Congress by 33 members instead of 20 as before. In other words, the south, black and white, will gain 13 members. But who will these 33 members represent? If the negroes do not vote, they cannot claim to represent the negroes! Who then do they represent? Nobody! Is that republicanism?

"But," says our copperhead friend, "the whites vote!" Precisely; and so long as the negroes have no voice in the matter, *the southern whites will have* 33 *more votes in Congress, than an equal number of northern whites!* Now, friend, is that republicanism? Is it fair? Practically it is equivalent to giving each southern white voter about *double* the political power possessed by the northern voter. The rebel soldier who stood guard over you at Libby has only to go home, take that remarkably easy dose for rebel stomachs, the amnesty proclamation, and forthwith his vote counts nearly double what yours does in determining the affairs of the nation in Congress or in the election of President.

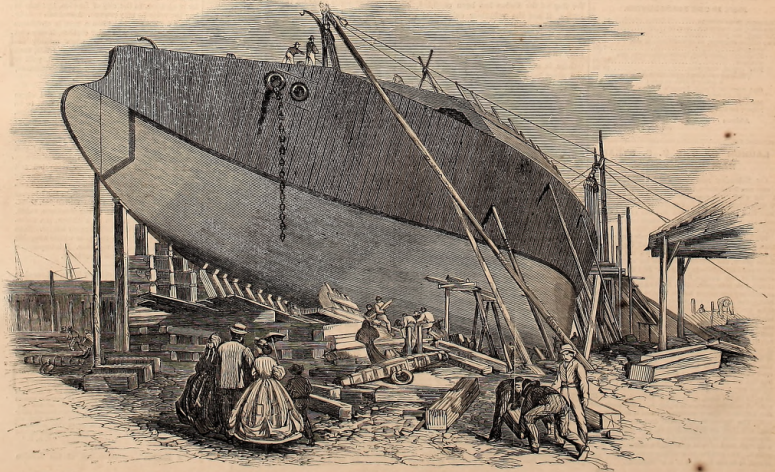
See how the thing works. South Carolina has a population of 291,000 whites, and 402,000 blacks. Under the old representation she had only four members of Congress. She will now have six, all to be elected by the voters in the white population of 291,000, which amount to about 48,000. That is to say there will be



LAUNCH OF THE IRONCLAD STEAM RAM DUNDERBERG FROM THE SHIPYARD AT THE FOOT OF SIXTH STREET, EAST RIVER, NEW YORK, JULY 22.



VIEW OF THE IRONCLAD STEAM RAM DUNDERBERG AS SHE WILL APPEAR AT SEA UNDER FULL SAIL.



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one member of Congress to each 8,000 voters.

Now the State of Vermont has a white population of 315,000, or 24,000 more than South Carolina, and yet she has only *three* members of Congress to South Carolina's *six*. In Vermont there is one member of Congress to 21,000 voters; in South Carolina one to 8,000. A white-washed rebel's vote in the latter state is, therefore, equal to two and one-half votes of loyal men in the northern states—for the same proportion holds true throughout all the northern states as in Vermont.

And this must remain so as long as the negro is denied the right of voting for the men who represent him in Congress. It seems that this is a matter of some concern to the northern voter.

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On Saturday morning, July 22d, the U. S. steam ram Dunderberg, the largest war ship of the kind in the world, was successfully launched from W. H. Webb's shipyard, at the foot of Sixth street, East river, New York city. The occasion was one of more than ordinary interest, and our artist has faithfully portrayed this monarch of the ocean.

The Dunderberg is an iron-clad frigate ram of 7,000 tons displacement, and was constructed especially for sea-going purposes. She has two engines of 5,000 actual horse power, and her contract calls for a speed of 15 knots per hour, ordinary steaming. Her armament will consist of four 15-inch Rodman's, and from 12 to 14 11-inch Dahlgren guns. It is not within the limits of an ordinary newspaper article to give such a detailed description of this vessel as her magnitude and importance would seem to demand, but we will endeavor briefly to give some of the main features of this great and powerful ship. The principal dimensions of the hull are as follows: Length, 380 feet 4 inches; beam, 72 feet 10 inches; depth of hold, 22 feet 7 inches; height of casemate inside, 7 feet 9 inches; length of ram bow, 50 feet. Her draft, when ready for sea, will be 21 feet. Her displacement is 7,000 tons. Registered tonnage, 5,090 tons. The iron armor will weigh about 1,000 tons. She has six main and two donkey boilers; the main boilers are 18 feet deep, 17 feet 6 inches in height, and 21 feet 5 inches front, and together will weigh about 450 tons. The boiler surface is 30,000 feet; the grate surface 1,200 feet. The condensing surface is 12,000 square feet. The engines are horizontal back action condensing, with two 100-inch cylinders, and 45-inch stroke of piston. The propeller is 21 feet in diameter, and has a varying pitch of from 27 to 30 feet, and weighs 34,580 pounds. The coal bunkers will accommodate 1,000 tons of coal, sufficient for 10 to 13 days' steaming.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 5, 1865.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to Frank Leslie, 537 Pearl street, New York.

CAUTION!

We would respectfully caution the public and our subscribers in the Western States against a woman styling herself Mrs. O. Loomis, who is in the habit of collecting subscriptions and receiving money for Patterns, etc. She is an impostor. We have no traveling agents.

A Pair of Provisional Governors.

In carrying out his plan of re-organizing or reconstructing the rebellious states, President Johnson has appointed provisional governors in all of them—men, we believe, in all instances, either natives or long residents of the respective states. They have been selected from among what are called the *loyal* citizens of these states. If we may judge from their utterances, their speeches and proclamations, we can only ejaculate, "angels and ministers of grace defend us" from such loyalty! It seem to us there is little to choose between the provisional governors and the rebel incumbents they displaced. Mr. B. F. Perry has been appointed provisional governor of South Carolina. How much there is to choose between him and the fire-eating Magrath, his predecessor, may be gathered from the following choice passages from a speech made by him at Greenville, on the 3d of July. Throughout his speech this *loyal* governor speaks of the south as his "country," and its people as of a community conquered by foreigners, and held by brute force. "We meet," he says, at the outset, "as a disgraced and subjugated people, to petition the conqueror to restore our lost rights!" No expression of love for the Union, no sympathy for the efforts made to preserve our nationality, no inculcation of the principles which were vindicated by the struggle, escape from this chosen leader in the experiment of "reconstruction." On the contrary, this "one in ten thousand and altogether lovely," of South Carolina loyalists, to whom the flag of the Union has been confided, becomes, if not the volunteer eulogist of treason, at any rate the eulogist of traitors. To his mind, the two greatest men ever produced in the United States, are Washington and Gen. Lee. "In all history," such are his words, "there is not a more perfect model of a pure and great man (save Washington) than Gen. Lee!" Why did not this loyal governor add Jeff. Davis? When one's hand is in, why not do the dirty business of glorifying traitors thoroughly? Let us, however, go on with our extracts from Mr. Perry's speech. The astonished reader will supply his own comments and exclamations:

"There is not now in the southern states any one who feels more bitterly the humiliation and degradation of going back into the Union than I do."

"I have no doubt, in nine cases out of ten, freedom will prove a curse instead of a blessing to the negro."

"It is to be hoped that in a very short time civil government will be restored in South Carolina; that law once more will reign supreme over the state, and that life liberty and property will be protected everywhere, *as they heretofore have been.*"

"Treason may be committed against the state of South Carolina as well as against the United States. After South Carolina left the Union all her citizens were liable, as traitors, in the state courts, who took sides with the United States and fought against her."

"The secession of eleven or twelve sovereign states, composing one-half of the territory of the United States, was something more than a rebellion. *It was legitimate war between the two sections*, and they acted towards each other, throughout the war, as recognised belligerents, and were so treated and recognised by foreign nations."

"Whilst I do not think that the whole people of the southern states have behaved well in this war, and done their duty at home and on the field of battle, yet there is a very large proportion of them who have won immortal honors, and whose glory in war and wisdom in council will illustrate many a bright page in history. They have been unsuccessful in their revolution, but this should not, and does not detract from their heroic gallantry on the field of battle, or their statesmanship in the cabinet or halls of legislation. *They will be remembered and honored as heroes and patriots*, not only at the south, but in the north too, as soon as passion subsides, and sober reason and calm reflection assume their sway over the public mind."

"I cannot and would not, Mr. Chairman, ask my fellow-citizens to forget the past in this war so far as the north is concerned. There have been deeds of atrocity committed by the United States' armies which can never be forgotten in the southern states."

"President Johnson voted for Breckinridge in the Presidential canvass in 1860. Judging, then, from his antecedents, the south should have every hope and confidence in him."

"It has been said, and repeated all over the southern states, that the south has sustained a great loss in the death of President Lincoln. I do not think so. President Johnson is a much abler and firmer man than Lincoln was. He is in every way more acceptable to the south. In the first place, he is a southern man, and Lincoln was a northern man. He is a democrat, and Lincoln was a whig and republican."

After reading these extracts, no one will be surprised to hear Mr. Perry talk of the causes of "*our* failure," nor yet to hear him point out how it might have been avoided, and the rebellion made successful. Perhaps his suggestions are thrown out for practical use in the next attempt to get rid of the Union—into which Mr. Perry feels it to be so "degrading and humiliating" to come back! He says that Jeff Davis was not altogether to blame "for the failure of the great revolution." The southern Congress was in fault:

"All between the ages of eighteen and forty-five should have been forced into the army and kept there. It mattered not whether he was doctor, lawyer, preacher, politician, editor or school-teacher; if an able-bodied man, he should have been sent to the army."

Of a similar stamp is Mr. Johnson, Provisional Governor of Georgia, in getting whom we have no very great improvement on the late Gov. Brown. This specimen of Georgia loyalty, in his official addresses, constantly talks as if he were not a citizen of the United States. He speaks of war as having existed "between the United States and the South;" refers to the rebel armies as "*our* armies," and to "the *people* of the Confederate States," as if they belonged to quite another country. Mr. Hilliard, formerly a representative in Congress from Georgia, is also a "loyalist," in the prevailing very latitudinarian acceptance of the term. He counsels acquiescence in the Union, but, nevertheless, cannot avoid speaking of the defunct "Confederacy" as his "country." It would seem that the United States are to be reannexed to the insurgent states, which for the time being, and pending a recuperation of their strength for a more successful attempt at revolution, will permit us to call the above concern "The Union."

"Reconstruction," with Davis excused, Lee apotheosized, and Lincoln pooh-poohed as "nothing more than clay in the hands of the potter, ready to change his measures and principles at the bidding of his party," is not precisely the thing for which the nation has sacrificed two hundred thousand lives and three thousand millions of treasure!

It is stated that Mr. Bigelow, our Minister in Paris, recently made a communication to the French government, in which he said, as set forth in the *Moniteur*, the official paper, that:

"We (our government) do not like, of course, to see a monarchy established in Mexico; we prefer, of course, republican institutions. But we respect the will of the people. We can understand how Mexico, that was for a long time ruled by a monarchial government, would like to return to that form of government; and we would not go to war for the sake of a form of government."

No American representative, worthy of the name, could ever use such language, and if Mr. Bigelow did make use of it, unless under express instructions from his government, he ought to be replaced without delay. "Respect the will of the people!" Of course we do; but we respect no government that exists in spite of that will, and only through the force of foreign bayonets. Mr. Bigelow knows—and if he does not, he should be put in some infant school and taught a little about affairs on this continent, that there is not an omnibus load of the *people* of Mexico in favor of monarchial government. A few native generals, traitors to their country, from selfish considerations, and equally ready to prove traitors to the Franco-Austrian puppet, are all who accept, without protest, the existing order of things. If Mr. Bigelow "can understand" how Mexico, tyrannised over for some centuries by rapacious viceroys, would like to return under their beneficent rule, he can understand more than any one who has ever visited that country, and vastly more than his countrymen. We recommend Mr. Bigelow to read Gen. Prim's letter to the Emperor on this subject, written when the designs of Louis Napoleon on Mexico first developed themselves. The general, after his stay in Mexico, was very far from "understanding" matters in the sense that Mr. Bigelow professes to do. Whoever represents the American people to be anything else than deadly hostile to the French occupation of Mexico, or ready to acquiesce in the establishment of the empire in that country, utterly belies public sentiment. Our representatives wrong the United States, and act with bad faith towards Louis Napoleon in disguising from him, or seeking to disguise from him, the fact that the American people *will* "go to war for the sake of a form of government," if France persists in her attempts to force an odious system and form on an unwilling people, our friends and allies, in contempt of a principle laid down by our fathers, and to which we are dedicated body and soul.

The *Tribune* pays the following well-deserved compliment to the "average run" of our city representatives in the State Legislature, *apropos* of the probable increase of the city representation from seventeen to twenty-odd members:

"Our city sends some good and worthy men to represent her at Albany; but, take the lot as they run, we defy any exaggeration of their rascality or general worthlessness. Double the number—yes, treble it—and it will not be possible to render the average more mercenary, more profligate, more unprincipled and disgraceful, than it has been for the last five or six years. So, bring along your twenty-five or thirty members! After what we have survived from seventeen, we defy depravity to do its worst."

We hear a great deal about the "shiftlessness" of the negro, and sometimes, in view of secession statements, begin to fear that all the freedmen are to be paupers. We feel somewhat relieved, however, when we read, in the official report of the commandant at Mobile:

"During the month of May the number of rations issued to destitute persons at this post was as follows:
To white persons 69,978
To colored persons 11,089
"During the month of June:
To white persons 68,416
To colored persons 8,000
"At the present time the commissary is issuing to destitute white persons at the rate of five thousand five hundred rations daily. To colored persons less than one-tenth of this amount."

The following specimen of fine writing, "slightly mixed" in metaphor, is from the Washington *Star*: "The apple of discord is now fairly in our midst, and if not nipped in the bud, it will burst forth in a conflagration which will deluge the sea of politics with an earthquake of heresies."

If southern planters prove wise, there is a way in which they can surely turn their loss into a gain—a gain to themselves and to their states. Take Virginia for instance; there is no reason in the world why the farms in that state should not be as valuable as those of her neighbor, Pennsylvania. Yet they are not. According to the census of 1850, there were:

No of acres of	*In Virginia.*	*In Penn.*
Improved land in farms	10,360,135	8,626,619
Unimproved	15,792,176	6,294,723

The cash value of farms in Virginia was $8; in Pennsylvania, $25 per acre. Now suppose that, by a change of policy, the farms of Virginia should be made as valuable as those of Pennsylvania, would not that more than make up the losses by the eradication of slavery? But there is no reason, with peace and a proper treatment of working-men, why, in five years, or even less, Virginia farms should not average $25 per acre, just as well as those of Pennsylvania. Indeed, they will become more valuable in time than those of the neighbor state, for Virginia has as great mineral wealth, a finer climate, and a greater area of rich and well-situated lands. No part of Pennsylvania can compare in natural advantages, for farming, with the noble valley of the Shenandoah.—*Evening Post.*

The negroes must eat, and to eat they must work; and any planter who treats them as free working-men ought to be treated, will find no difficulty in getting workmen, supposing him to have the capital, without which, in the north, no sane man attempts such an enterprise as carrying on a large farm.

A general election is coming off in England, and will be signalized by the usual corruption and disturbance. No American can comprehend the disorder and outrage attending the British elections. The "old times" in the Sixth Ward were "child's play" as compared with them. We learn, by the last mail, that at Nottingham, two would-be-members proposed to address their enlightened fellow-citizens. When the trains arrived with delegations, from the neighboring towns, they were set upon by a mob and driven back into the station. The candidates did not dare to make their appearance, the processions of town voters were pelted with stones, the flags torn down and scaffoldings burned—police powerless—military sent for—fight kept up till midnight—fifteen persons dangerously injured and great numbers maimed. Baron Rothschild, who presents himself for re-election, to the city of London, has only to buy the votes he may require. A seat can usually be had for £20,000, but when a man is ambitious to represent some particular locality, it may cost him £100,000. Wilberforce, when making his long and hard fight against the slave trade, then a very profitable business in England, paid at times as much as £200,000 for a seat in Parliament, that he might carry on the battle.

Slavery produces an aristocracy; and where slavery and aristocracy exist labor is held to be ignoble. Hence the notorious ignorance, indolence and shiftlessness of the poor whites all over what have been the slave states—their condition of brutal and proud poverty and vagabondism. The only manner in which the victims of this condition can be rescued from their semi-savage habits of life is to make labor respected and respectable. This cannot be effected except by lifting up those who have been the laborers heretofore, and must, to a great extent, be the laborers still at the south. Every wise movement, therefore, to better the estate of the freedman, teach, protect and respect him as a citizen, is a movement also towards uplifting the poor whites. Make the colored people and the poor whites amicable rivals and they will rise together. It is impossible to advance their interests separately.

A young lady of the old Bay State, affianced to a hero at the front, tried long and earnestly to get to his side, and have that rite solemnized that should give her the right to share the lot of the hero aforesaid. But red tape, or "military necessity," or something else prevented. She could not get to her hero, and her hero could not get leave of absence to come to her. So she appealed to Governor Andrew, he of the Tender Heart, who straightway wrote as follows to the great War Dragon in Washington. Need we add that the appeal was responded to speedily and favorably, and with Mr. Stanton's proverbial grace?

"*To the Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War*—This case appeals to all our sympathies as patriots and as gentlemen, and I appeal to the chivalry of the Department of War, which presides over more heroes than Homer ever dreamed of, and better and braver than his muse ever sung—I pray you to grant this request of my fair correspondent, and generations will rise up and call us blessed. "J. A. A."

"A Yankee" correspondent of the London

Spectator thinks that Jefferson Davis should be signally punished, but thinks hanging, in many respects, is too good for him. He says: "Mr. Davis must be condemned to death, but were I President Johnson, I would neither pardon him and send him into exile, nor allow him to be hanged. If he were pardoned on condition of exile, he would merely lead a comfortable, perhaps a luxurious life abroad, receiving much attention from certain people. He must be conspicuously punished, and yet not made a martyr either by his imprisonment or his death. Therefore, upon his condemnation I would reprieve his sentence indefinitely, on condition that he gave his parole never to leave the country, and to report himself once a month to the judicial or military officer of the republic nearest to his place of residence, and once a year to the President at Washington. From any position of public trust he is of course cut off. If necessary he should be comfortably supported at the expense of the nation. His only punishment should be that of owing his life to the clemency of the government he sought to destroy, and the becoming humiliation of publicly acknowledging its authority once a month while he lived. And such an example would be more instructive than a hanging. Thus would I do with the chief civil and military leaders of the rebellion."

A Panama paper gives the following as a "summary of news from Central and South America:"

"Chili at peace,
Bolivia quiet,
Peru in a row,
Ecuador in a riot,
Columbia sleeping,
Costa Rica the same,
Nicaragua keeping
The peace for a time.
Honduras uncertain
Which way to go,
Salvador's troubles ended,
Guatemala's also."

The most wretched snobbery of the day is practiced by those nests of antiquated conceit and medieval charlantry called "colleges." One of them has recently dubbed President Johnson L.L. D., and Union College has saddled Gen. Terry with a similar incumbrance. Tokens of popular respect become simply ridiculous when they take these idiotic forms. Gen. Terry might just as well have been dubbed M. D., or D.D., by some medical or theological establishment. Military services have their appropriate recognition in the rank which they secure. Brig.-Gen. Terry became Major-Gen. Terry for his good services at Fort Fisher. Such was the soldier's reward for a soldier's service. If he had distinguished himself in jurisprudence, it would have been meet and proper for Union College to have given him the honorarium of Doctor of Laws. There is a fitness in all things, and we hope Gen. Terry, for whose bravery and skill as a soldier, and worth and honesty as a man we have the greatest respect, will reprove the folly of the "learned corporation" of Union College by declining its probably well-meant, but very bungling attempt at a compliment.

Among the epitaphs in the churchyard in Newburyport, Mass., is one of a young lady who "was, in a state of health, suddenly summoned to ye skies, and snatched from ye eager embrace of her friends by swallowing a pea at her own table, when in a few hours she sweetly breathed her soul away." Another epitaph, in the same "God's acre," is as follows:

"Here lies in a state
Of perfect oblivion
J....A....
Death has decomposed him,
And at the general resurrection Christ
Will recompose him."

The Richmond *Whig*, remarking that "henceforth the impoverished youth of the south must look to labor for a livelihood, and the sooner the truth is realised the better," adds, "We are far from believing in the so-called nobility of labor, for if our memory serves us, labor is but the primal curse. In the days of our first innocency, we read of no such thing as eating one's bread in the sweat of one's brow, and it would take more than the tumid platitudes of rhetorical parsons to convince us that there is any dignity in toil." With such ideas and theories among the people, the injunction to practical labor will probably have little influence. Work is noble. When *that* truth becomes recognised by the youth of the south, impoverished or otherwise, then will its regeneration commence, and its career of prosperity open.

Punch says to marry two wives is bigamy; to marry 20 is Brigham-y. There appears to be here some allusion to the chief of the Mormons.

In the New York *Herald*, of July 22, we find this paragraph:

"Mr. B. S. Osbon, another naval correspondent, formerly commanded a vessel in the Buenos Ayres navy in 1850, being opposed to the forces of Urquiza. The usurper succeeding, Mr. Osbon was compelled to leave the country, a price being set upon his head, and came to this country, where he engaged on the *Herald*. Aware of the experience of Mr. Osbon in naval warfare Admirals Dupont, Farragut and Porter made him ever welcome on board their flagships. His adventures have been told in full in our correspondence. His letters from the Montauk, when lying before Fort McAllister, in the Ogeechee river, were republished in the official papers of Russia, Denmark, Sweden and Prussia. Mr. Osbon was in our service when Farragut ran the forts at New Orleans, and was the only correspondent who could be induced to run the risk of the batteries. He was specially honored by Admiral Farragut by being permitted to plant the first flag on the west bank of the river above New Orleans."

It is always a pleasure to bear witness to the enterprise of the New York *Herald*, which occupies the same position among the dailies that Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper does among the illustrated papers of the world; but we must respectfully say that Mr. Osbon was *not* "the only correspondent who could be induced to run the risk of the batteries at New Orleans," when the gallant Farragut captured the Crescent City, for Frank Leslie's artist, Mr. William Waud, was on board the Mississippi when she ran the gauntlet of Fort Jackson and Fort St. Philip, and that we are not quite sure but that our artist, who sketched that gallant achievement from the maintop of the Mississippi, did not suggest to our favourite admiral a similar act when he steamed past the iron-clads and frowning batteries of Mobile.

TOWN GOSSIP.

The great event of the week has been the Saengerfest, a gathering of all that is good and musical among our Teutonic fellow-citizens. There is always something honest about a musical man, and a nation of singers is ever a frank and fearless one. It is rather against the American race that it is not a singing one. No people more heartily join in a national and vain-glorious chorus—but who ever heard of an American "Free and Easy?" But we shall have a few words to say on this subject on a future occasion, and so return to our German friends, whose fine deep voices have for the past week made day and night melodious. To use part of one of their own songs,

"Und so finden wir uns wieder,
In den heitern bunten Reih'n,
Und es soll der Kranz der Lieder,
Frisch and gruen geflochten sein."

Our Artists have made some pleasant sketches of the recent festivities, which will be found in another part of our paper.

Barnum's fire and the Saengerfest have been "godsends," as Providential gifts are called, to the reporters, the latter, of course, being the most welcome—when ever to a gentleman connected with the press did a glass of lager or rhine wine come amiss? The jolly old abbot, whose famous song Leigh Hunt has so admirably translated, was a boon member of the fourth estate. Do our readers require further evidence than when he says,

I am one of those who never could write fasting,
By the smallest little boy I should be surpast in
Writing so; I'd just as soon be buried, tombed, and grassed in.
But when I've had my lager beer, although I should not say so,
With half-a-dozen cups of wine, I beat Ovidius Naso.

And certainly, if ever Bacchus and Apollo ran in one team, it was at the Saengerfest, for never were more good-fellowship and music yoked together than on that occasion.

Some of the newspapers have attempted the comic—we give one effort, taken from a morning paper:

"Bowery boy—"I say, guv'nor, what rigimint is this 'ere?"

Dutchman—"Nein!"

Bowery boy—"Fellers, that's the Ninth regiment."

Dutchman—"No! no! Dess is de Minnesingers."

Bowery boy—"Certainly they're *minnie* singers, because they've been En-field."

Dutchman (greetly amused, after long interval)—"Yaw! yaw!"

Hose-boy—"I say! what society are you in?"

German—"De Leidertafel!"

Hose-boy—"Give us your fist. I'm a ladder devil, too; hook and ladder!"

Rowdy, to intelligent Teuton—"Hollo! old vat, what society are you in?"

German—"De fardest society from yours!"

Rowdy—"But I'm a orchester too! I'm a singer!"

German—"Yes, of de society of Sing Sing!"

The rather prolonged names of the several societies gave rise to some confusion of tongues, like the following:

German (mistaking a rough for a fellow musician)—"Velcome nibeiter gesangverein!"

Rough (astonished)—"Yes! ask a policeman!"

On Wednesday the Free Academy had their annual distribution of prizes at the Academy of Music, which was thronged with the sisters and sweethearts of the mental athletes—if the latter possess as much genius as their fair friends do beauty, our intellectual repute will equal that of our military. The aged chief of this college of democratic youth, Professor Webster, may be justly proud of his disciples. On another page will be found a medallion portrait of the Professor—the fidelity of which all will recognise.

The benefit for the employés of Barnum's Museum was not only a success but also a most gratifying affair. The great feature was an address by the irrepressible and popular Barnum, in which, while acknowledging the heavy loss he had sustained, he took up the song of the future, and foretold the glories of his unborn museum. In the meantime, he has engaged the Chinese Assembly rooms for the next year, as a *point d'appui*, to collect his curiosities, while his pantomime company will appear at the Winter Garden. To use the Turkish, we may add, "Great is Barnum, and the public is his *profit!*"

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—In the United States there are 53 religious sects. Amongst them are 10 different kinds of Baptists, 9 of Methodists, 13 of Presbyterians, and 2 of Quakers. The Baptists number 1,724,373 members or communicants, and the Methodists 1,651,732. The number professing the Roman Catholic religion is 3,177,140. The Baptists are divided into the following curious sects, viz., regular, antimission, seventhday, six-principle, freewill, riverbrethren, winebrennarians, dunkers, mennonites and campbellites. The Quakers are divided into orthodox and hicksite.

—— Great demand for negro labor exists in Maryland. The farmers there are paying $15 per month to males, and from $10 to $12 to females, for field labor. The supply is still short, and agents have again been sent in different directions to make contracts and induce emigration, notwithstanding their recent expulsion from Richmond.

—— The Elizabeth (N. J.) *Journal* says: "The box owned and used by Hogarth for keeping his brushes, paints and other materials, is now in the possession of Col. James V. Bomford, of this city. It was purchased at an auction sale of the effects of Hogarth, in London, soon after his death, by the grandfather of Col. Bomford, and has been in the possession of the family ever since. It is between two and three feet long, half as wide and about a foot deep."

—— The Richmond *Republican*, quoting the accounts of emigrants arriving in New York, says: "Send them South. We are hungering and thirsting after these stout, healthy emigrants. Our fields want them; our forests are sighing for them; finance wants them; the fireside wants them; politics wants them. We have broad acres and a welcome for many a day's importation of them—yes, many a month's cargo, even at this high rate, and we have a genial country, a hospitable people, easy employment, *indulgent taskmasters*, and abounding room for all."

—— The daughters of the F. F. V.'s., in Richmond, are now engaged in working on clothing, for the U. S. Government Bureau; 600 are thus employed at their own residences, earning about $5 per week. The clothing they make is intended for the colored troops in Texas.

—— The estimated receipts from the sales of government property, rendered of no further use by the termination of the war, horses, mules, wagons, &c., for the next two or three months, will amount to $100,000,000.

—— One of the representative regiments just returned from the war, after three years' service, is the 18th Connecticut. Two of its members are worth property to the amount of $200,000 each; both enlisted in the ranks, and are still privates, having refused commissions. Two other privates were formerly selectmen of their town in Connecticut.

—— The loss of Massachusetts officers during the war, has been as follows: general officers, 9; colonels, 16; lieutenant-colonels, 17; majors, 20; surgeons, 6; assistant-surgeons, 9; chaplains, 2; captains, 110; first lieutenants, 150; second lieutenants, 94.

—— The University of Virginia, founded by Jefferson, is soon to resume its duties with encouraging prospects.

—— Workmen are engaged in clearing away the debris of the fire on the site of the United States hotel at Saratoga, and plans for a new building will soon be perfected.

—— The population of Rochester, N. Y., is ascertained to be 51,260, an increase of 76 in five years, and of 7,383 in ten.

—— The city of Lowell, Mass., according to the new census, has a population of 30,757; a loss of 6,070 since 1860. With the exception of ward six, the principal loss is in the wards where those formerly employed in the cotton mills resided. Persons in the army and navy were counted in the families to which they belonged.

—— During the six weeks ending July 8, 210,339 government rations were issued to the destitute in Richmond, Va. The aggregate number of persons relieved was 60,118.

—— There is an establishment at Jonesboro', Maine, in which 5,000 lobsters are cooked daily, and 4,000 lbs. of the meat are daily put in air-tight cans of one and two pounds each. One hundred and thirty persons are engaged in catching the fish and sealing the cans.

—— Ex-Governor Magoffin, of Kentucky, perpetrated some queer logic, and indulged in some queer phraseology in a recent letter, advising the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment. He admits that, before the war, he thought slavery a divine institution. He is cured of that delusion. God, he argues, has brought about its destruction, and "I am not," he declares, "going to raise my puny arm against His decrees; especially," he adds, "as He is *backed* by the people of the whole civilized world, and *by the people of our own country!*"

—— Henry Sloat, of Vergennes, Vt., recently fined $20, and sentenced to jail for three months, for selling liquor, went alone to Middlebury jail last week, and demanded admittance according to the terms of sentence. They took him in.

—— The Metropolitan Police statistics show that over 10,000 lost children were found in the streets of New York, and taken in charge by the police during the past year. Of the entire number all were reclaimed by their parents, excepting 211, who were turned over to the Commissioners of Charities and Correction.

—— The consumption of beer is rapidly increasing in the United States. In 1860, the amount sold was 8,000,000 of barrels. In 1864, the quantity used had increased to 24,000,000 of barrels, or nearly a barrel apiece for everybody.

—— The annual exercises of the Free Academy took place on the 14th of July, at the Irving Hall, which was filled with a goodly collection of fashion and beauty. Among the speakers who acquitted themselves meritoriously, Hallock, Brinkerhoff and Carr, were prominent. The proceedings were enhanced by some excellent music from a fine band.

Foreign.—Italy now possesses a fleet of 93 vessels, 74 of which are ships of the line, and 24 are transports. The ships of war consist of 18 iron-clads, 21 screw steamers, 25 paddle-wheel steamers, and 10 sailing vessels. The nominal power of the engines in the war steamers is 23,140 horse; they reckon 1,260 cannon and 20,383 men. In the transport service the engines are 4,350 horse-power, and the ships are provided with 43 cannons and manned by 1,882 men.

—— The editors of the French papers have been directed by the Home Minister not to publish any Papal bulls or decrees without the previous sanction of the government.

—— Don Pedro Candamo, the richest capitalist in South America, has just died at Lima, leaving a fortune which, it is asserted, exceeds the sum of £16,000,000 sterling. He had been surnamed in that country the Prince of Bankers.

—— The authorities of St. Petersburg have just annulled the order which interdicted smoking in the streets.

—— The French Academy have awarded a medal worth 1,000 francs to the best candidate for the prize for poetry, as the prize itself is not to be awarded this year, the poems not being of sufficient merit. The subject of the poem, which was fixed by the Academy, was "Vercingetorix."

—— The rumor afloat, for some time past, that the Empress Eugenie, incited by the literary success of her husband, intended to write a history of Queen Marie Antoinette, has now been officially contradicted. It is probable that she had the intention, but received orders from headquarters that the subject chosen was too delicate. Perhaps she will now write the life of Cleopatra, of Sappho or Laïs. Nothing would be missing, then, in the literary family, but the Imperial Prince, who might, perhaps, decide to write the history of the she-wolf who nourished Romulus, and thus become, in some sense, the foster-mother of the Roman kings and Cæsars.

—— Emma, Queen of the Sandwich Islands, is now on a traveling tour, and it is probable that she may visit this country. Emma is only 25, intelligent and lady-like, and beautiful, according to the Sandwich Islands standard. Withal she is rich, owning considerable real estate, and having an annuity of $6,000, a handsome sum in Hawaii. Add that she is a widow, and the case becomes interesting.

—— A cruel parent at Quebec locked up his undutiful daughter, because she wanted to marry a young lawyer. The young man, however, though poor in purse, was fertile in resource, and sued out a writ of habeas corpus for his beloved. As she was of age to decide for herself, the couple were married and went on their way rejoicing.

—— The Congress of New Grenada has passed a decree declaring that President Juarez, of Mexico, has deserved well of America in view of the indomitable perseverance he has evinced in defence of the independence and freedom of his country, and that they regard his virtues and patriotism as affording an example to the Columbian youth. The decree also provides that the portrait of President Juarez be placed in the National Library of Bogota, with a suitable inscription.

—— Lord Brougham is very anxious to have the Cuban slave trade stopped. But he was not at all anxious to have the rebels fail in their attempt to establish an empire with slavery as the chief corner stone. This straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel, is a trick that the noble lord should have outgrown before now.

—— A movement is on foot in Italy to canonize Christopher Columbus and make him the patron saint of mariners.

—— There are now in the English navy 26 iron-clads afloat, of which eight are not completed and six are building, together with five floating batteries.

—— The English House of Commons contains 252 officers of the army and navy, besides 75 who are connected with the services by marriage and other family relations. The officers are classed as follows: captains, 77; lieutenant-colonels, 65; majors, 26; colonels, 22; lieutenants, 22; cornets, 8; vice and rear-admirals, 4; lieutenant-generals, 3; generals, 2; with 23 paymasters, secretaries, etc. While the profession that fights has thus a force of 327 members, the vast interest of trade, commerce and manufactures has only 107, and the legal profession only 67.

—— Nineteen Japanese youths have arrived in England to be educated as physicians, engineers, etc. The ages of these youths appear to range from about 14 to 20. They are fine stalwart and intelligent fellows, and all dressed in English costume. Most of them can speak a little English. As soon as they landed at Southampton they paid a visit to the shops and streets in the town.

—— Prince Napoleon will soon proceed on a voyage of circumnavigation or discovery, which is likely to keep him away for a considerable period. He will be escorted by a body of *savans*.

—— The population of Cuba is 1,390,470, divided as follows:

	Males.		*Females.*		*Total.*
Whites......	432,624	..	364,986	..	757,210
Free colored.	109,027	..	116,816	..	225,843
Slaves.......	218,722	..	151,831	..	370 553
Asiatics......	34,771	..	57	..	34,828
Emancipados	4,719	..	1,871	..	6,590
Indians......	712	..	334	..	1,046

The most remarkable features in the census are the enormous excess of the male population over the female, and the decrease of white females. In fact, with the single exception of the free colored, there appears to be a general decay of the population; for the male increase in the white proper is not a natural one, but due to immigration from the mother country.

—— It seems that the Emperor of the French will not permit the Prince Imperial to confess in the ordinary way that other Roman Catholics find a comfort to their souls. There has been selected by his majesty an imperial road to purgatory, which consists of a number of questions being drawn up by his majesty, which are put by the father confessor of the prince, and in the presence and hearing of a third person. No other questions are allowed, and the church must be glad it gets as much as it does. There has been, naturally, a little warm discussion about the matter, but the issue has been the polite and politic obedience of the church, and the victory of the will of the Emperor.

THE IDEAL WOMAN.

The ideal woman has often been described; we have known all about her from our boyhood. That she was a being born destitute of will, desire or aim of her own. That she lived and breathed, acted and suffered, in and for her husband and children—the former particularly. That she was "fragile" in form, with "tiny" hands, and "fairy" feet, and "silvery" voice. That she found her chief glory in making a shirt—her highest pleasure in compounding a pudding. That she watched her husband's looks, anticipating every wish without the smallest expectation of any attention or sacrifice from him in return. That she was utterly unable to frown or to say no. That she waited for her lord and master till all hours in the night, cheerfully sewing on his buttons, and never reproaching him for being late, or asking where he had been. That she "soothed his troubled brow," "consoled him by her sympathy," "cheered him by her smiles," "divided his cares and sorrows," and bore with entire satisfaction any amount of exclusion from his pleasures—accepting every crumb of his company with gratitude. In short, that she was born to be the humble contributor to man—to bear with his tempers, follow his fortunes, humor his whims, cater for his wants, watch over his illnesses, bring up his children, economize his means, promote his enjoyments—be wholly lost and swallowed up in him while he lived, and if she survived him, be content with a pittance of his estate, or a condition of dependence, if it proved to have been his sovereign will and pleasure to leave the fortune she had helped to accumulate, to posterity or the public.

All this has formed the staple material for the use of magazine writers and others, when they would show up the ideal woman, and the world has hailed the picture with complacence. It was nice to think that so convenient a class had been created for the good of the higher; and if the gentlemen were pleased, why the ladies must be, of course, or they could not claim to be ideal women. And we have no special objection to make, if only the thing be rightly understood. The nice, pussy-like woman we have sketched may be agreeably translated by a master hand into sundry heroines, and her lot is not always an unlovely one. The happiness of making sacrifices is, under certain conditions, the sweetest and highest of all; and as soon as the ideal man shall be embodied, there can be no word of objection to this mould for the ideal woman. As things are now, indeed, her lot would not be enviable, unless she were born a sort of mental and moral jelly, and a very mild jelly, too. There must be no wine in it, or the spirit would hardly be as amenable as the case requires. Few of our lady friends, we may venture to observe, would be prominent in desiring to become ideals on these terms; still fewer, perhaps, would furnish the requisite material.

A correspondent says: "If you wish to do the fresh-air-loving people a service, who can't go far from New York, a service, tell them that they can find an excellent hotel at New Brighton, Staten Island. It is called Peteler's Hotel, and is most beautifully situated on a hill overlooking the entire bay of New York, Greenwood, Brooklyn, Hoboken, Bergen, etc. The table is really excellent, the rooms are large and airy, while the charges are moderate. To crown the whole, the host is courteous, and the attendants attentive."

Hindoo Fanatics.—I have seen some who had stood on one leg for years, while others engage the sympathy and extort the charity of many by holding one arm erect overhead, until in time the flesh withers and the bones set in that position. A few I have met, who, firmly clenching one hand, have kept it closed until the nails have grown right through the palm to the other side; and it is well-known that many have traveled the whole extent of the land from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, measuring their bodies as they went. Also, there is Charak Puja, or hook worship, in which the devotee allows a steel hook to be passed through the muscles of his back, and in this manner is suspended from a machine like a windmill, to one of the arms of which the victim is attached. On their great feast days they can be seen thus, whirling round and round, and looking all the time as pleased as if they really enjoyed their ride. All this is done with a devotion worthy of a better cause.

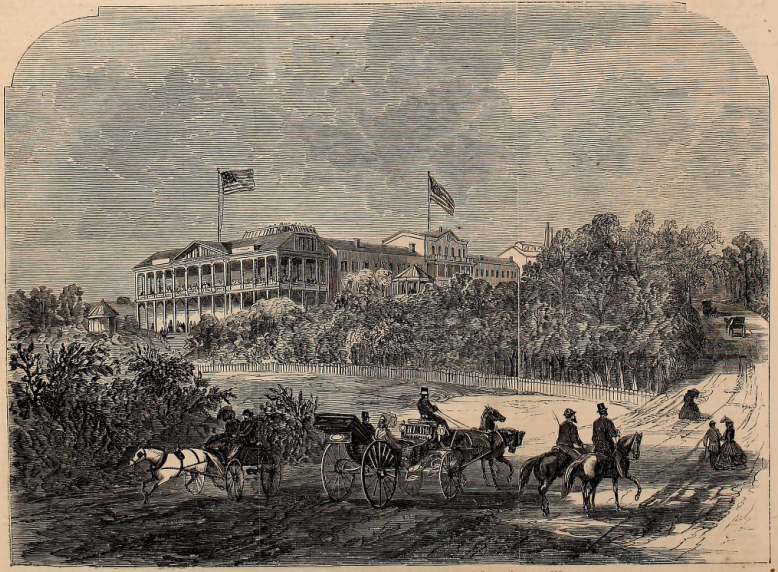
Changes in Delhi.—Seven years have passed away, and Delhi still stands, but changed—changed for the better in its moral, social and political aspects. The Delhi of 1865 is not the Delhi of 1857. When we beheld the change that has come over the old city, we, while we dropped a tear to the sad memory of our slaughtered friends, are ready to exclaim, "Thank God we had this mutiny, since it has irrevocably destroyed the Mohammedan power in India, and raised that of Great Britain!" From a native city, sunk in unfathomable vice, it has now become an English station, with fine broad streets and numerous English houses; and when the railway will be completed, and all the proposed alterations and other public structures finished, Delhi will become one of the finest cities under the Punjaub government. The future traveler, as he passes through, will find it difficult to recognise the old Mogul capital. The Jumah Musjid resounds no more with the shrieking summons of the of the muezzin and the loud prayers of the faithful, as it did in days gone by. The lofty rooms, the arched corridors, are stamped with the image of death; gone are the worshipers, silent are the voices of the priests; and the Feringhee, who dared not once at a time to enter the threshold of the great mosque, enters now carelessly and without fear. The marble halls, too, still exist, but gone are all their inner splendors; the throne is wanting, and the titular Emperor, the last of the Moguls, who used in his dotage to sit upon it, died the other day in exile. What was once the palace of an emperor is now a barrack, and where once English ambassadors came to ask for land or for permission to trade, English soldiers now live, and make the domed roof echo to their songs and jests. To one pacing up and down this spacious hall of judgment, and reviewing things present and past, it seems a dream that such changes should ever have taken place.



PAUL FALK'S LION PARK, AT THE CORNER OF 8TH AVENUE AND 110TH STREET, NEW YORK, ONE OF THE GREAT SUMMER RESORTS OF NEW YORK CITY—VIEW OF THE HOTEL.

PAUL FALK'S LION PARK.

Of the many popular resorts the tired denizen of New York city delights to visit, Paul Falk's Lion Park may be considered the most popular of them all—*crème de la crème*. The enterprising proprietor has for many years foreseen the necessity of providing the public with some general place of resort, where amusement combined with healthful drives and walks could be found. In his purchase of Lion Park and the extensive improvements he has made on the grounds, he has accomplished his cherished object, and has fully satisfied the wish of the public. The park is situated on Eighth avenue, corner of 110th street, and contains some 16 acres of ground, tastefully decorated with pleasure walks and avenues, arbors and nooks, and pleasant greeneries—something after the manner of the "*Cremorne Gardens*," in London, and the *Chateau de Fleurs*, in Paris. For those who wish to be entirely secluded there are private dining rooms and ice-creameries; and those who desire to view the charms of nature a fine observatory affords an opportunity. From this point the vision ranges over wooded fields, slumbering hamlets, and the broad-bosomed, sail-embosomed Hudson. This view alone is worth a visit to the park. Free concerts take place every Wednesday and Saturday, Thomas' Band of 16 pieces having been engaged for the season. In addition to the multifarious charms at present afforded to the public, very extensive improvements are being pushed rapidly forward, demonstrating that the enterprising proprietor has set his mind upon creating a place that shall attract the patronage of the most fastidious patrons of public caterers.



VIEW OF LION PARK AND BELVEDERE, MR. PAUL FALK, PROPRIETOR, AT THE CORNER OF 8TH AVENUE AND 110TH STREET, NEW YORK.



THE GREAT ROWING MATCH ON THE HUDSON RIVER AT POUGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK, JULY 18TH, BETWEEN THE CREWS OF THE BOATS THOMAS COLLYER, OF NEW YORK, AND THE FLOYD T. F. FIELDS, OF POUGHKEEPSIE, FOR A PURSE OF $6,000.

"HOME FROM THE WAR."

BY GEORGE COOPER.

Annie's by the garden gate,
Looking down the lane,
While the amber clouds of sunset
Pour their golden rain.



Tells the village bell "good-night"—
Hushed the fragrant bowers,
And the birds will soon be dreaming
Of the blooming flowers.

Annie's eyes with love are glowing,
Some one now she sees,
As she clicks the gate behind her,
Near the wayside trees.

Two are straying in the twilight;
Three long years ago,
Some one very dear to Annie,
Went away, you know.

Went away to fight for freedom;
Has he come again?
There's a soldier-boy with Annie
Coming up the lane.

And her cheeks are sweetly blushing,
As he whispers low;
What he's telling in the shadows
Would you like to know?

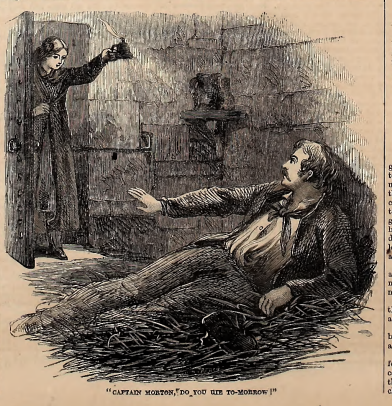
THE ESCAPED SPY;

A Story of the Late War.

BY E. G. R.

It was a beautiful star-light night. The silvery waters of the James river slumbered as calmly as an infant, with the wooded shores and tall fortifications around, reflecting darkly in the placid surface. Scarcely a breath disturbed the quiet midsummer air. Occasionally a ripple would break on the shore with a low, measured harmony, and anon a tiny wave would glisten in the starlight, as a slight breeze ruffled the surface of the sleeping waters.

The tread of busy feet was hushed; the noise of the day had ceased; the cry of the sentinel had died away among the far-off hills, and the silence of midnight, deep, hushed and awe-inspiring, hung over Richmond.



"CAPTAIN MORTON,' DO YOU HIS TO-MORROW!"

In a remote portion of the city, stood a large, old, rambling row of buildings, dark, mossy, frowning and partly in ruins. Within this range of buildings, in a dark and noisome cell, reclined, upon a scanty bed of straw, a Federal soldier. His face was pale and attenuated, but it had lost, amid all his sufferings, none of the noble expressions of high resolve. For many weary days he had lain in that loathsome dungeon, and the morrow's sunrise was to see him die upon the gallows as a spy.

"Yes," he muttered to himself, "the agony will soon be over; it is but a few moments at most, and shall an American soldier fear death? No; come when it may—as it may—it will be welcome; and how much more welcome when it is suffered as the penalty of having served my country. But yet it is a fearful trial. I could fall in battle, for there a thousand eyes would behold my devotion to my country; but to die alone, unheard-of—with only a bitter, unrelenting foe around me—oh, it is indeed an agonizing thought. Yet, I fear not even this. Thank God!" he fervently ejaculated, "there is strength given us in the darkest hour of trial, which bears us up against every suffering."

The speaker suddenly started, ceased, and looked around. The bolt of his door was being withdrawn from the outside. Could it be that his



"HOW SHALL I EVER REPAY YOU FOR ALL YOU HAVE RISKED TO SAVE ME."

guard was about to enter, and bid him prepare to face death? Slowly the massive door swung upon its hinges, a burst of light streaming into the cell, for a moment dazzled the eyes of the captive; but when he grew gradually accustomed to the glare, he started, with surprise, even greater, to behold, not, as he supposed, a guard, but a young and lovely girl, wrapped in a long dark cloak. For an instant the young soldier looked amazed, as if he beheld a being from another world.

"Captain Morton!" said the fair apparition, in a low, sweet voice, which, melting from her lips, made a very word seem musical, "do you die to-morrow?"

"To such a fate have I been condemned," said the soldier, firmly, "but what mean you—why are you here?"

"To save you!" replied the lovely girl, fixing her dark, lustrous eyes upon him, "that is, if you are willing to save yourself."

The young soldier, who had eagerly started forward at the first part of her sentence, now recoiled, and with a firm voice, though one gentler than he would have used to one less fair, exclaimed:

"And have you been sent to tempt me to betray my country? Go to those from whom you came, and tell them that Charlton Morton will meet death rejoicing, sooner than purchase life by an act of dishonor —"

"You wrong me—you indeed wrong me," hastily interrupted the lady. "I come not to ask you to desert your country, but to offer you freedom to return to it. Listen—for my story must be brief—my only brother was a confederate soldier; he entered Kentucky with Gen. M——, was engaged in several battles, in one of which he was severely wounded, and left upon the field among the dead. Duty calling my weary brain it hung upon a thread. At length, when consciousness returned, he found himself, not in a gloomy prison, surrounded by hostile nurses, but in the elegant home of a kind and benevolent lady, who had nursed and cared for him with all the tenderness of a mother's love. When completely restored to strength and health, the good lady told him how she had found him lying almost lifeless, and how, in a frantic fury, she had taken him to her own house—concealing his presence from all—and nursed him through so long and weary an illness.

Then she spoke of her own brave boy—an officer in the Federal army—and said it was for his sake—if was the thought that he might be suffering far from home, languishing for a mother's love—that had touched her noble heart, and caused her to deal so kindly with the poor wounded boy. When the time arrived for him to take his departure, he took a sorrowful adieu to his kind preserver, saying:

"Dear lady, circumstances may throw your son in my path, and should ever he in danger, remember, dear, I swear that I will save him, even at the cost of my own life."

How truly he kept his vow, my broken heart today witnesses—for that lady "was your mother, Captain Morton; and the young officer who lost his life at the head of one of yellow-skinned troops upon the day of your capture, when endeavoring to take you prisoner, in order to convey you to a place of safety, and saved you to cause you your own noble brother. Now you know why I would free you. Come, then, exchange your clothes with my maid, who is outside, and follow me. No questions will be asked; the guard know me, and will not suspect anything wrong."

"It is enough, fair lady, my more than deliverer," said the grateful captive, "gladly will I accept life to devote to the service of my country, and repay you ——"

"Hush!" said the girl, in a whisper, placing her finger on her lips, "prepare and follow me;" and turning around, she passed swiftly through the open door, and extinguished her light, locked around to see if she was followed, then, softly, beneath a dark street overhung with thick trees.

Who can describe the emotions of Captain Morton, as he traversed the street after his guide? His release had been so sudden, that it seemed like a dream; he placed his hand upon his brow, as if to assure himself of the reality of the passing scene. Nor were the sensations which he experienced less varied than tumultuous; for over every other feeling one was predominant—the determination to perish rather than be recaptured.

Their noiseless, but rapid flight past the guard, who spoke not a word to the lady and her maid, and through the streets, was soon safely completed; and it was only when arriving outside of the city, at a group of outstanding trees, beneath which stood two horses and a negro men, as if awaiting them, that the young girl broke the silence:

"Mount, Captain Morton," she said in her sweet voice, now trembling with emotion; and then turning towards the home of her childhood, she protested all that was earthly of her beloved brother, she gazed mournfully a moment, and Captain Morton saw by the glimmering light of approaching day, that she wept.

Ole Cato done feared pretty Miss Nellie not comin," said the faithful old negro, as he assisted Captain Morton to mount.

We were delayed until the guard changed, Uncle Cato; then we are safe now. Return to the city, and tell no one of what has occurred to-night. Captain Morton, I myself, will guide you, and you reach a place of safety; every portion of the surrounding country is familiar to me."

In a few moments they were commanded, and so complete had been the maiden's preparations, that she led only to throw aside her cloak, underneath which she was attired in full Confederate uniform. This would enable her to pass through the country, and none would suspect the sister of the gallant Colonel Rudolph, of aiding the escape of one.

They galloped long and swiftly through what remained of the night, and just as morning began to break across the distant hills, they turned down into a thick forest, and dismounted to rest. Captain Morton tied the foaming steeds a short distance apart, and returning, seated himself upon a moss-covered rock at the side of his fair guide.

"Miss Randolph," said the young officer, "how shall I ever repay you for all you have risked to save me."

"You owe me nothing, Captain Morton. I am but repaying your noble mother the great debt I owe her. Had it not been for her kind care, Edwin Randolph would have died on a foreign land, and would have been laid in an unknown grave. Poor boy! he died bravely, endeavoring to save your life; and he rests now by the side of his fathers, where my tears can water the green sod that covers his noble heart," said the maiden, drooping her eyes, and speaking with a tremulousness of tone that told more plainly than words the depth of her sorrow.

It was late in the afternoon when they again set forth on their flight. Captain Morton, when the road permitted, was ever at the side of the fair Helen, and although his keen eye often swept anxiously around the landscape, their conversation soon grew deeply interesting.

"If they have discovered my escape, pursuit must have long since ceased," said the captain.

"They have, of course, discovered your flight, but pursued in a different route, as I was sure they would; ponder is the last hill hiding us from the Federal camp. When we gain that, we shall be able to see, through still distant, the tents of Gen. H——'s men. You see, Captain Morton, that I have traveled a road entirely unused, and have more regarding your troops than you would suppose," said Helen, smiling.

The eyes of the captain sparkled with pleasure, and giving the reins to his steed, they soon reached the summit. The moment they gained it them was so grand and imposing that, involuntarily, for a moment they drew in their horses and gazed.

Before them stretched out a broad expansive country, bounded on one side by chains of hills, while on the other glistened in array the waters of the Potomac dancing in the morning sun like a sea of molten silver. Rich emerald fields of waving grass—sparkling streams, now lost and now emerging from the flowing water—rolling uplands, crowned with forests—and, distant but seen in the distance, a long line of snow-white tents, telling where lay the Federal camps, opened out before the eyes of the fugitive soldier.

The fair girl turned to behold the beautiful landscape, gazed spell-bound in silence, and then she looked upon the features of another of her sunny home, heaved a deep sigh, and calmly said:

"I will leave you here, Captain Morton, as you can proceed without a guide; tell your kind mother—"

"No!" cried Miss Randolph, interrupting the soldier, with a sudden start, "see you troop of Confederate horsemen coming up the hill-side in our rear—here is a line with their banners."

"I see them, they are a portion of Gen. L——'s command; knowing them to be near I should not have paused here. But, Miss Randolph, mount and are in pursuit."

"Or—or," was the only reply of the captain, as he sprang into the saddle, the maiden rode, and plunged his spurs deep into the horse's flanks.

They had not been in motion long before they beheld their pursuers approaching rapidly, sweeping over the brow of the hill above in a close column.

"Swifter—swifter, Miss Randolph; I would not have them capture me, as you would be recognized," said the captain, looking back.

"Oh, we are lost," suddenly exclaimed Helen; "see they are winding up the hill."

At Soldier's very bidding, at the guidance of her finger, beheld a half-mile beneath him a body of Confederates, closing up the egress of the fugitives, but at present was to be escaped.

Where does the horse path lead, Miss Randolph?" he asked, turning his gaze, and speaking to a narrow way, winding among the trees, towards the left."

"It is not the great road, some miles below, enter it, and we may escape ere they can surround us."

Their pace was now more rapid, until they reached a narrow gorge, overhung by high and inaccessible rocks, and opening behind into a wide highway, bordering upon a plain below.

"How far do you think it is to the Federal lines from here?" asked Morton.

"Three miles I fear, captain, is the nearest point, but we will soon reach it. I must now, however, leave you to be captured, and return inside the Federal lines, and await my opportunity to return to Richmond; for the present I will go to New York, where I have an uncle residing."

On they traveled over the wide country, seeking the most secluded path, avoiding the open road, until, as the day were on, and the golden sun set of crimson and gold revealed to them the white tents and blue uniforms of the Federal soldiers.

It was the moment they feared the picket, and all danger to the fugitives was past.

* * *

In the elegant drawing-room of one of the wealthiest merchants of New York, a few months after the events Charlton Morton awaiting the the entrance of Miss Randolph. Since the period of his escape he had been engaged in active service, and, having left the Federal army, and resigned in the north, he had obtained leave of absence, and, his fair preserver, ere she departed for the south.

He had thought long and ardently of the brave girl. He knew that she was now in a camp-fire in the whirl of battle—surrounded by the beautiful and gay—wherever, in short, he went, the young lady was married with the world, and that the noble, self-sacrificing young girl, who, at the peril of her life, had saved him from death. Oh! how he dreaded, if ever he met her again, to find that he might see the beautiful Helen once more.

As he was swayed thus by his emotions he heard a light step, and, looking, beheld Helen Randolph enter the room.

"Miss Randolph," he ejaculated.

"Captain Morton!" said Helen, eagerly advancing; but shocking herself as instantly, she stood in beautiful embarrassment.

Both felt the difficulty of their position, and both would have spoken, but could not. At length Helen said:

"Captain, I am pleased that you have come to me, before I leave this land forever."

"Leave New York—she no—forever!" ejaculated the officer.

"Yes, Captain Morton, I am going to return to my own sunny land far away; but I cannot depart from the north without feelings of deep regret, and as earnest wish that all the people of the south could see those they deem such bitter enemies, as I have seen them; it would do more to bring the war to a speedy termination than years of contest."

A bright but forbidden hope lighted up the countenance of the young soldier, and perceiving the embarrassment with which the beautiful girl paused, he said:

"Dear Helen, I cannot hear you speak of taking leave of us for ever, without telling you how deeply I love you. Oh, if not presumptuous, might I hope ts prevail upon you to stay with us forever?"

The trembling girl blushed, but did not withdraw her hand, which the young man fondly clasped in his. He raised it to his lips, kissing it fervently. The next moment the weeping girl lay sobbing upon his bosom. She, too, had learned to love the young officer with all the ardor of her warm southern nature.

At length she raised her head, and smoothing back the tangled masses of raven hair from her tear-stained face, said:

"What will they say of me in my distant home, when they hear that a Randolph has learned to love a member of the south?" Then, sighing deeply, continued: "And who will care for poor Edwin's grave, planting there, and watering the bright flowers there in? My saddest thought will be that I may never visit it again."

"Grieve yourself not, darling, with such thoughts. The time is not far distant when our suffering country will be one. The bright sun of peace will again shine on the earth, will, ere each rear rolls round, shed its refulgent rays upon our country united—stronger and better, for the violent storm through which it has passed. As for poor Edwin's grave, we will visit it yearly, and garland it with fresh floral offerings, for Virginia, the land of his adoption, is, as our common country. Think not of our dear land as divided, as a true patriot should, but as one land, south east or west our country, one flag, one shield, one symbol to the watchword of every American!"

OUR MARTYRS.

BY J. B. ROBERTS.

O, LIFE seems dearer, and death sweeter, it has passed,
The dread ordeal of the battle hour;
And our fair land is blest with peace at last—
Its flag is redeemed, and its rights secure.

A nation's formed of such a chain of men?
Who, as a class, can govern all alone,
Let pass the trial of the mid-battle,
To rise up stronger, and with fresher life?

God has indeed outstretched His mighty hand
To aid the purpose of the good and just,
And spread His benedict over our cherished land,
That traitor hands our laws might not destroy,
O, may we ever, as a nation be
Approved of heaven, and for ever free!

Our hearts o'erflow with gratitude and joy,
As memory's tale of martyrs who have died,
And rend o'er us in despotic pride.
Now we remember them as one ne'er recall;
But we, the living, deify them all.

GUY'S FOLLY;

OR,

The Secret of Thornton Heath.

BY VANE IRETON ST. JOHN.

AUTHOR OF "THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL," "THE WORLD'S VERDICT," ETC.

CHAPTER XX.—THE IRON CASKET.

NIGHT was beginning to fall over Thornton Heath, and from the hill above Raymond Park the misty darkness was beginning to roll down over the scene.

Mrs. Freshfield had been standing at the door of her cottage for more than an hour, anxiously glancing up the road to London; and as she gazed around her, she could see the tall trees and the old gables of Raymond park disappearing in the shadowy darkness.

The trees and common had now merged into a sombre, and almost undistinguishable mass, and she seemed to be standing alone, without a sign of anything of life around her.

Her little cottage, at all times dreary, was ten times more lonely and miserable still, now that she was left without any one to whom she could pour forth her thoughts, or could sympathize with her sorrow. The knowledge that the girl whom she had loved and cared for as her own child, was the child of another, was heartrending and terrible enough, but it was rendered more heartrending and more terrible now that her own child was lost to her.

It was with a weary heart that she at length turned from the door and entered the cottage, where she sat down by the fire in a kind of hopeless way, with her hands clasped over her knees, and her eyes apparently gleaming into the fire, though, in reality, she was gazing into vacancy.

Presently, however, she was roused by a knock at the door, and in another moment George Freshfield entered.

It was he whom she had been expecting, though what hope of help there lay in his coming, it would be difficult to say.

He entered with his usual swaggering gait, and seating himself near her, looked her for some moments steadily in the face.

"You know what I have come for?" he said, at length, eagerly and abruptly.

"I do not."

"You don't, eh? Well, I'll soon explain, then, I come for the child!"

"You are too late," she answered; "she is gone."

The man laughed loudly.

"She is, is she? Why, it is not a she at all. That's one of your mistake all along. It is a boy—not a girl!"

Mrs. Freshfield gazed at him in amazement. What could he mean? What did Guy Raymond mean by thus deceiving her?

"You are talking to me in riddles," she said; "pray, explain yourself."

He did so; briefly telling her the story of Claudia as Guy Raymond had told it to him, and not in any way sparing her feelings; not because he had any design in burrowing her heart, but because he was thinking only of the wishes of her sorrow.

"And now," he said, as he finished his story, "and now understand me. My brother has left me guardian of the child—or man, he must be—and I must have him in my charge. Where is he?"

Mrs. Freshfield's tears were flowing freely, and she could hardly sob out her answer.

"Where is he? Why do you ask me? Am I not seeking for my child; and do you come to me for him?"

"Woman, who had before reason to believe that she knew nothing of the whereabouts of the child, saw plainly from her manner that she was not endeavoring to practice any deceit upon him.

"Then," said he, "if you know nothing, I must endeavor to enlighten you."

"Do so," she said.

"You have an iron box or casket in your possession, which you have often tried to open, and as often failed?"

She started in amazement.

"Who told you?" What know you about it?"

"That matters not," he replied. "Have you the casket, or have you not?"

"I have."

"Then give it me, and I will tell you news of your child."

For a moment she hesitated; but then the yearning love of a mother towards her offspring, overcame every feeling of doubt, and she rose to fetch it.

"I will bring it you," she said.

As she left the room, George Freshfield grinned a smile of exultant triumph at the thoughts of gaining possession of the document's he so much coveted. When those were in his keeping, he would very soon be able to finger the money, which, after all, was his grand object.

Mrs. Freshfield, in the mean time, had entered a bedroom, and, rising in her hand a little round box of iron, fastened by a brass lock.

"Perhaps," she said, addressing her visitor, "I promise me that you will not deceive me, and that you will do all you are able to restore my child to me."

"I promise!" he answered, as she placed the box in his hands.

A small key was produced in a moment, which he inserted in the lock.

But rusty from many years' disuse, the fastening for some time defied his efforts. At length, with a loud snap, the spring shot back, and the box was open.

Within was a packet of papers methodically arranged, and tied with red tape.

George Freshfield's hand trembled as he clutched his prize, not from any qualms of conscience at the thought of robbing the widow and orphan, but with the excitement of joy and curiosity at the success of the errand on which he had visited his caterin-law.

One by one he opened them, and glanced at their contents.

"Here, I see here!" he cried. "You thought your child was a girl, did you? Read this!"

As he spoke, he held a slip of paper before her eyes.

It was a copy of the certificate of the baptism at Charles Henry, son of Richard Freshfield, and Sarah, his wife.

"Give it me—give me my son!" cried she, clutching the collar of his coat.

"Gently, gently," he said, holding the paper above his head out of her reach. "I require it in order to find your son."

"Then," she cried, raised the poor woman, pointing to the other papers in the open box.

George Freshfield took these others, and thrust them into his pocket. Then again, locking the casket, he restored it to her, bidding her take care of it.

"I will!" she cried; "but restore me my child!"

George Freshfield took her hand in his own, and with an affectation of honest sincerity, though deceit and fraud were in his heart, answered her. "I will find him here," he said; "and, in a day, I will bring him here to you; for is he not your son, and my nephew?"

So saying, he passed out into the open air, and the lonely widow soon lost sight of him in the darkening night, which every moment grew more thickly gathering over the face of the earth.

Turning round after a while, he saw his sister-in-law standing at the open door of the cottage, looking after him, candle in hand.

"You shall have your son," he cried, "if you can get him; but I will have the money for my trouble first."

Then with a malignant scowl on his brow, George Freshfield passed away, his form being soon lost sight of in the deepening shadows which enveloped the face of nature.

And now, by virtue of that magic power possessed alone by the pen, we change the scene to the little cul-de-sac at the back of the Nile inn, "The Hollow Oak."

The same darkness which hid George Freshfield from the straining eyeballs of his sister-in-law, gathered in and closed around the little building at the back of the inn in which Ella Raymond was a prisoner; casting a mantle over all surrounding objects, till at length she could only distinguish the house itself by the few lights which glim

mered here and there in its diamond-paned windows.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick," and Ella, as she thought of the promises of hope which had been held out to her by the daughter of the landlady, felt the sickening languor of despair at her heart's core.

She was still a prisoner—why, she knew not. There was only one man who would dare deprive her of her liberty—and as yet she had no positive proof that he was her gaolor.

The threats which he had held out floated in a mist of dim recollections through her mind; but she little thought that Arthur Arbuthnot would thus brave the anger and resentment of her husband.

Presently a light flashed across the window, a key was heard turning, and Sir Arthur Arbuthnot stood before her.

"So ho!" he cried, glancing at her pale face and eager eyes; "my pretty bird pines in its captivity, and beats its wings against the bars of its prison!"

"If your orders have caused me thus to be detained, pray release me at once!"

He sat down, cross-legged, on a chair, and lit a cigar, ere he replied:

"You shall have your liberty on one condition."

"Name it!"

"That you fly with me to France!"

"Never, infamous villain! Rather would I remain here in captivity a lifetime, than so degrade myself!"

He laughed loudly.

"Scold away—I am well used to it! Your hard words will do you no good, though!"

"Heaven will protect and save me!"

"I don't think so!"

"Blasphemous wretch! are you not afraid of calling down vengeance on your head?"

"No—I am only afraid of disturbing your temper, my pretty one;" and he glanced at her with a look of sensual admiration.

Ella made no reply.

"Silence will avail you little!" he continued. "Whether you remain dumb, or scold me till your tongue aches, you shall still be mine!"

"Never, monster!"

"But I say yes! I have sworn it!"

"My husband——"

"Knows not where you are!"

Ella's countenance fell, and she seemed like one bereft of all hope. Indeed her only chance now was the fulfillment of the promises made by Jane Cassel.

Her ruffianly visitor now rose to take his departure.

"Think over what I have said, pretty one!" he said; "and don't take too much time about your reflections. I shall call for your answer to-morrow night; and then, whether you like it or not, you shall go with me! It will only be a question whether you accompany me willingly or on compulsion!"

With these parting words of consolation he left the apartment; and Ella heard the door firmly secured.

And then she threw herself on the bed, and burst into a flood of tears.

She wept at the thought of the brutal insults and violence to which she was subjected, the hopelessness of her position, and the apparent faithlessness of the girl in whom she had placed confidence.

At length wearied nature asserted its sway, and sleep stilled her restless limbs and throbbing brow.

For some hours she lay thus, dreaming of far different scenes—of her childhood's happy days—of the brief happiness of her married life; and then she seemed to see Walter's well-known form beckoning her on to follow him.

With a start she awoke, and found herself in total darkness. All seemed quiet, too, in the inn.

Slowly she rose from her couch, as though the dream were continued in her waking moments, and walked towards the door.

To her astonishment, it yielded to her touch, and in a moment she stood beneath the blue starlit vault of heaven.

The whole place seemed deserted; she walked through the inn—there was no sign of any living soul.

Another minute, and she was hurrying along the highway in the direction of Thornton Heath.

CHAPTER XXI.—A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

RALPH ST. CLARE, approaching Thornton with weary and fast failing steps, stopped for a while to rest himself upon the stone ledge of some railings fronting a cottage, which stood some distance back from the road.

For a time he sat with his hands passed over his aching brow, longing for strength to continue his journey.

But after a few moments his attention was attracted by a low murmuring sound, which after a while took the form of an exquisite air, which was an old favorite of his, and recalled times of happier existence.

For a while he listened; then, as the voice, too, seemed familiar to him, he turned towards the spot whence the sound appeared to proceed.

A girl was standing in the centre of the garden, bending over a bed of flowers, singing as she tended them.

Her face was averted, but there was something in that glorious form which was well-known to Ralph, and obeying the instinct of love, he opened the garden gate and entered, uninvited.

The girl, surprised by the sound of footsteps, started round, and revealed to Ralph that he had made no error.

It was indeed Claudia, who, now advancing towards him, greeted him with a sweet smile.

"Dear Ralph," she said, "how happy I am to see you!"

The voice was the same as of old, yet, oh, how different; and the expression of her face, too, how changed.

It was the same face, those were the same eyes, that was the same white forehead, and the same, too, that ruby mouth, over which her sweet smile played lovingly.

Yet the light of reason was there now—the clear light of reason, which had so long deserted it, now mingled with the rich glow of health.

To ask her how this had happened would have been a cruelty, but it needed no asking—she read the question in his eyes.

"You wonder to see me thus, Ralph," she said, sweetly yet sadly. "It is a short story. My father brought me here."

"Your father?"

"Yes, your uncle, Guy Raymond; he is my father."

Ralph St. Clare gazed at her a moment, as if he thought her old malady was returning; but laughing lightly, she took his hand in hers, saying:

"Yes, yes, dear Ralph, we are indeed cousins. Listen, while I tell you my story."

The story was soon told, and the story of her return to reason was simple.

She had been brought to the cottage by Guy Raymond, she had been treated with kindness, she had been placed under the care of eminent physicians, and freedom, fresh air and skill, had wrought upon her an effectual cure.

It had cured her of all but one thing—it had not cured her of her love for Ralph.

They had entered the house together, and had sat down lovingly in the front drawing-room, when Guy Raymond entered suddenly.

He cast a look of fury upon Ralph, as he cried:

"What means this intrusion? Have I not forbidden this, Claudia?"

Ralph St. Clare rose, and with his hand raised deprecatingly, said, in a tone of deep respect:

"Sir, I am here because I have a right to be."

"A right! Who gives you a right to be in my house?"

"You yourself will give me the right, uncle, if you will but for a moment listen to me. You are alienated from me because you believe me guilty of robbery—because you believe me the man who committed a cowardly outrage upon you. Is it not so?"

"It is."

"I can prove my innocence now—Providence has placed the means in my hand almost by a miracle. Gideon Crawleigh was your informant?"

"Yes."

"He himself was the thief; he was himself the man who attacked you on the night when you were making the will in favor of Claudia; and now, if you will allow me, I will explain to you the strange method in which I made this discovery."

"Certainly," returned Guy Raymond, seating himself near them. "I cannot, in common justice, refuse to listen. Proceed."

"I entered Thornton this afternoon," proceeded Ralph St. Clare, "and stopped to rest at the Lion and Unicorn. I was sitting on a bench near the door of the tap-room, when I heard the voices of my cousin Walter and Gideon Crawleigh."

"I listened eagerly, for I had long suspected their complicity in robbing you. Of my cousin I am compelled to speak—compelled to reveal to you his criminality. If it were for my own sake alone I would not do so; but it is for Claudia's sake I do it—for the sake of the love I bear her, and the hope I have that you will yield to it at last.

"My cousin Walter was speaking when I first distinguished their words.

"'I don't like it,' he said; 'I don't like it. I'm sure that we shall be found out at last, and then my utter ruin will be imminent.'

"'You are chicken-hearted,' cried Gideon. 'Have I not risked more than you, and did I not fire upon the old man when he was making out the will in favor of Claudia? And do you fear to go once more into his den? But one thing is certain—you must this once, for I am ruined, and if I fall, you fall too.'

"'You are so extravagant,' said Walter, 'that if you were in possession of all the wealth of the Indies, you would spend it in a year.'

"Gideon laughed.

"'Well, I have been extravagant. I have spent a good deal of money in my time, but this is the last haul I want, and it must be a good one.'

"After a moment's hesitation Walter assented.

"'Well,' he said, 'this time I yield to you. At eight I will meet you at the gibbet, on the heath.'

"Then he rose as if in anger, and quitted the room, brushing close by me, so that I feared recognition. Soon after him came Gideon Crawleigh, smiling, and triumphant, and immediately after their departure I came on here."

For a few moments Guy Raymond did not speak.

At length he said "Ralph, your story bears the impress of truth, and it is my wish to believe you. If things turn out as you say, I will do so. Meanwhile, I may tell you that I have discovered your innocence of the crime for which you fled, and if this other crime is fixed upon others, I am willing that Claudia shall be yours. Nay, no ecstacies now; wait till all is settled."

At eight o'clock that night Walter Raymond and Gideon Crawleigh met, as appointed, beneath the gibbet on the heath.

Ella had returned home on the evening before terribly shocked and alarmed, but unhurt.

During her absence, Walter—racing about like a madman, but unable to find any clue to her whereabouts, or the person who had taken her away from him—had leisure for reflection, and reflection gave rise to terrible doubts and suspicions.

Could she have fled from him willingly? Could he have driven her from him by his own misconduct?—for he certainly had neglected her—certainly had conduced to make her unhappy—certainly had given her cause to complain. Yet she had not complained, and this gave him a certain degree of hope, for surely she would not desert him thus, without saying a word of farewell or warning.

He had made, in his own mind, a determination, when he once more clasped his wife to his heart, that he would leave the country for ever upon the first opportunity; and now that this last effort was to be made upon Guy Raymond, he resolved that it should be the means of taking him from the country.

Gideon Crawleigh greeted him with his usual coarse laugh.

"Well, you have come punctually. The old miser has gone out, I believe, so we shall have the coast clear."

They passed on towards Guy's Folly; and, on arriving at the door, they rang the bell loudly.

John Grover quickly answered the summons, and was met by a violent blow from Gideon, who, throwing himself on his prostrate form, bound his arms and gagged him.

Then they dragged him behind the shadow of the gate, and closing it, passed towards the Hall.

Here they found the door ajar, as John Grover had left it, and on the hall table was a lamp.

Everything was still—not a sign of life was in the house.

"We are in luck," whispered Crawleigh to his victim. "The old man's out, as I said, and the steward is safe enough, as we know."

Walter answered not.

There was a chill—a dread in his heart which he could not repel—a feeling that something sinister was about to happen.

He followed Gideon Crawleigh silently, therefore, as he passed up the staircase and made for the chamber where the treasures of the miser were deposited.

Arriving here without interference, Walter paused a moment at the door.

"Does not all this seem strange?" he asked. "Does it not appear to you as if some trap has been laid for us?"

"No," returned Gideon. "It is easy of explanation. I have already told you the old miser himself is out. The only servant he has is lying as good as dead in the garden. We are alone in the house, and can do exactly as we please."

With these words, he pushed open the door of the room, and passed in.

All was in complete darkness.

Gideon drew forth a dark lantern, and was proceeding to commence his depredations, when a deep voice behind him cried:

"Mr. Crawleigh, and you, my nephew, Walter, what are you doing here?"

Walter, overcome with fear and grief, did not reply—nor, indeed, had he the power to do so if he would.

Only for a moment, however, was Gideon Crawleigh taken aback.

Then, recovering himself, he made a sudden dash at the door, and had fled before any one could stop him.

Walter would have followed in his footsteps, but two men barred his passage.

These were Guy Raymond and Ralph St. Clare.

"Stay, Walter," said the miser. "I wish to speak with you. Be reasonable, and no harm shall befall you."

Resistance was completely useless, so, passing out of the room, he followed his uncle down into the basement.

Before, however, describing their conference, I must turn to Gideon Crawleigh, and narrate the events which occurred on the evening following his adventure at Raymond Park.

LOSS OF THE SHIP WILLIAM NELSON.

ONE of the most terrible disasters that ever occurred at sea was the loss of the ship William Nelson, burned off the banks of Newfoundland, on the afternoon of June 26. Of 450 passengers, most of them emigrants, but 44 were saved. The survivors were picked up by the French mail steamer Lafayette, and taken to Brest. There were six ladies among the passengers saved. The rescued all testify to many kindnesses and attentions received from the officers of the Lafayette. The following is a statement of Captain Smith, of the William Nelson:

"I was in command of the ship William Nelson, 1,039 tons, with a crew of 30 men. I left Antwerp on the 2d of June and Flessingen on the 4th, with 600 tons of merchandise and 450 emigrant passengers, for New York. On Saturday, June 26th, at 12:30, latitude 41 deg. 21 min, longitude 50 deg. 22 min. (having just taken observation), I was informed that the ship was set on fire while fumigating, and the flames spread so rapidly that I had only time to order the four boats to be lowered, which were immediately filled by those nearest, and finding all efforts useless I soon followed. The scene on board was horrible in the extreme. On the morning following the day of the fire the ship had entirely disappeared."

HOW TO PREVENT A DIVORCE.—When the senior Jonathan Trumbull was Governor of Connecticut, a gentleman called at his house, requesting to see His Excellency in private. Accordingly he was shown into his *sanctum sanctorum*, and the governor came forward to meet Squire W., saying, "Good-morning, sir; I am glad to see you." Squire W. returned the salutation, adding, as he did so, "I have called upon a very unpleasant errand, sir, and want your advice. My wife and I do not live happily together, and I am thinking of getting a divorce. What do you advise, sir?" The governor sat a few moments in deep thought, then, turning to Squire W., said: "How did you treat Mrs. W. when you were courting her? and how did you feel towards her at the time of your marriage?" Squire W. replied, "I treated her as kindly as I could, for I loved her dearly at that time." "Well, sir," said the governor, "go home and court her now just as you did then, and love her as when you married her. Do this in the fear of God for one year, and then tell me the result." The Governor then said, "Let us pray." They bowed in prayer and separated. When a year had passed away, Squire W. called again to see the governor, and grasping his hand, said, "I have called, sir, to thank you for the good advice you gave me, and to tell you that my wife and I are as happy as when we were first married. I cannot be grateful enough for your good council." "I am glad to hear it, Mr. W., and hope that you will continue to court your wife as long as you live." The result was, that Squire W. and his wife lived happily together to the end of life. Let those who are thinking of separation in these days, go and do likewise.

THERE is an excellent precept (says Samuel Rogers) which he who has received an injury, or who thinks that he has, would for his own sake do well to follow: "Excuse half and forgive the rest."

THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

GREEN little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feet of June,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon,
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass—

O sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are
strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To sing in thoughtful ears this natural song—
In doors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

AN ADVENTUROUS CAREER.

A YOUNG man has just been sentenced to imprisonment for six months by the police court of Lille for vagrancy, whose career of crime is one of the most extraordinary ever developed before a court of justice. Pernet was born in Paris 24 years since, and at the age of 14 he committed a homicide. At 18 he was sentenced to imprisonment for five years, for robbery at Bar-le-duc. He was only eight days in the house of correction in that town when he escaped. He was captured and again committed, but he shortly escaped a second time.

After his fifth escape from prison in France he was sentenced to 20 years' hard labor, and embarked for Cayenne at the beginning of the year 1864. Five convicts escaped from Cayenne last year, and Pernet was their leader. He assumed the command of the frail boat in which they risked their lives. They had just quitted the land when they were perceived and fired on by the guard on shore, but escaped without injury. After tossing about for 14 days and nights, nearly starved to death, they reached a British settlement. The inhabitants, mistaking them for shipwrecked seamen, treated them with the greatest kindness.

They remained some months in the settlement, when Pernet and one of his comrades, tired of the monotonous life, embarked for Spain, where they committed a robbery, and supplied themselves with a considerable sum of money and a quantity of good wearing-apparel. Pursued by the police, they took refuge in Corsica, where they passed themselves for merchants, having large establishments in Spain. Having money in their pockets, and being respectably clad, they acquired some friends, and led for a time a jovial life. Their cash was soon expended, but Pernet, nothing abashed, announced that he had lost a pocket-book containing 100,000 francs in bank-notes and valuable securities, and had it proclaimed by the public crier through the streets of Ajaccio, offering a reward of 10,000 francs for its recovery. The stratagem succeeded—for their acquaintances, taking compassion on the pretended Spaniards, placed their purses at their disposal, of which they availed themselves sparingly. They were shortly afterwards accused of a robbery of plate at the hotel where they lodged, and fled. They next appeared in Italy, where Pernet passed for a government engineer, and his companion acted the part of secretary. They were detected, but again contrived to escape.

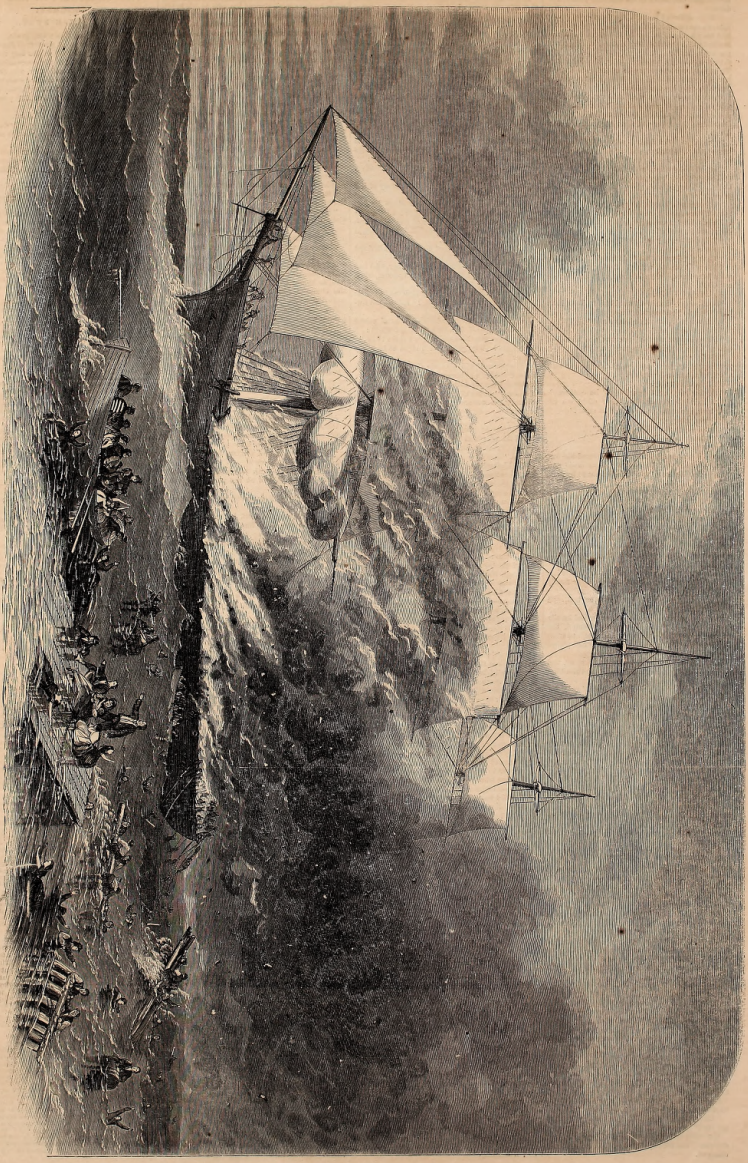
The month of March last found Pernet in London, but British air did not agree with him, and he embarked for France, and arrived at Boulogne on the 15th of that month. He was then completely destitute, but he made the acquaintance of a charitable person in the coach between Boulogne and Lille, who afforded him some assistance, and would have procured him employment, but he declined the offer. He was arrested at Lille as a vagrant, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment, after which he is to be sent back to Cayenne.

PEACE AFTER WAR.—In riding about the country near Richmond just now, hardly anything is more noticeable than the evidences of transition from war to peace. The formidable earth-works remain, but already the grass is springing from their parapets and slopes, and the land is being cultivated up to the very ditches before them. Young corn is thrifty where was but lately the skirmish line, and the spreading maize leaves are concealing the vidette pits, while many a soldier's grave is now in a grain field. The *chevaux de frise* is taken for a garden fence at a house near Laurel Hill Church. At another place on the New Market road, a fence is built of the slat bottoms of hospital cots, nailed against light posts as successive lengths of railing, and thus for perhaps half a mile in all. Gen. Foster's winter log cabin, near the Four Mile Creek church, is occupied by a family, and it is more than likely that there will be quite a settlement of blacks and whites in the deserted quarters of the Union forces in that neighborhood. Where houses were torn down for their material, the old proprietors are in many instances now living in wall tents, while they cultivate their land and make ready to rebuild.

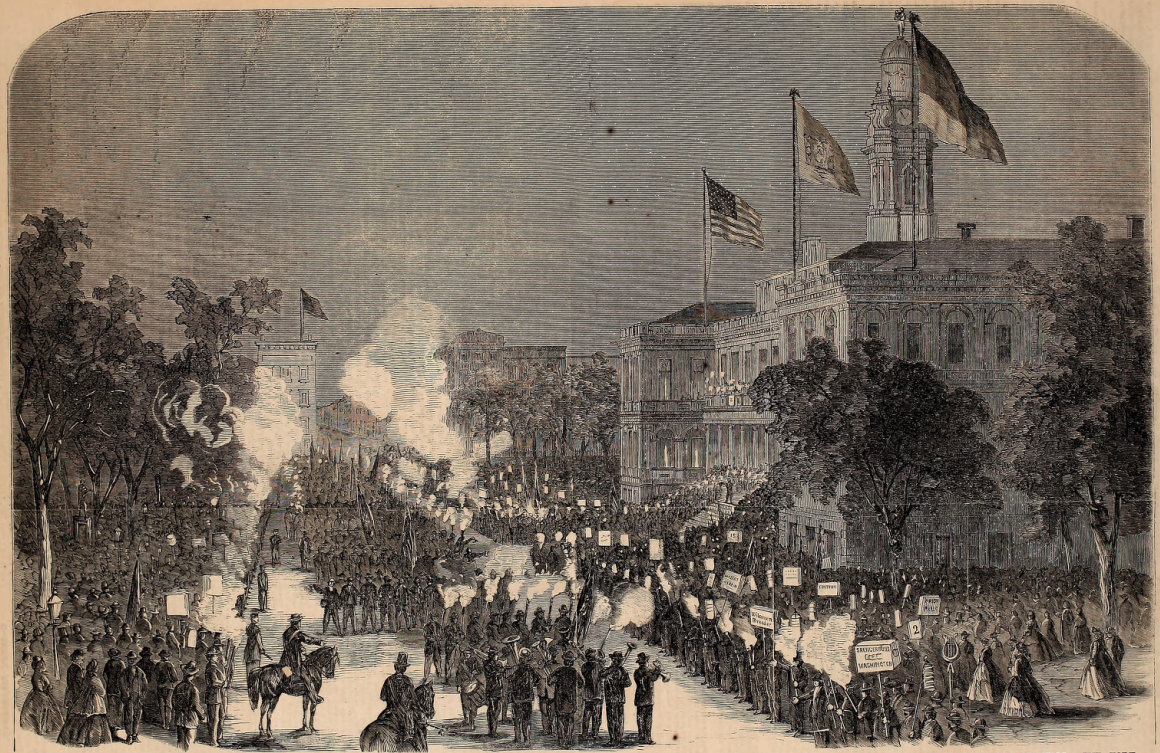
Near the Darbytown road, I found a man at work cutting wood in the forest, who had evidently been a rebel soldier, and had learned in field-life some lessons to serve him in his more peaceful occupation as a farmer. His shelter tent was set up as his quarters during his stay. His blanket was his bed. Before his tent hung his well-filled haversack, containing apparently at least two day's rations. His horse was feeding near by at an ammunition box, nailed to a tree. Soldier-like, he paid no attention to occasional passers, but swung lustily his sharp axe, as though he had been detailed to cut wood enough during the day for a breastwork along the entire front, in an exposed position. At the Gerhardt place, just beyond (the house on which was used as a hospital in the battle of October 13th, riddled in the battle of October 27th, and demolished soon after), the former occupants are back again, with tents for quarters, gardening among the graves of Union soldiers, and hoping yet to get a living from the farm which was for months directly between the picket lines of the two armies, and uninhabitable for non-combatants.

Mrs. Gerhardt, who was severely wounded by a rifle bullet, October 27, sits in her chair before her tent directing farm movements. Boys are seen going to school carrying their books in their father's old haversack as a satchel. Others are using a sabre, or a navy cutlass, as a wood cleaver. Shelter tents take place, with some, of summer house blankets, and the huge frowning guns still remaining in many of the old works doubtless serve a good purpose as scarecrows in protecting the corn-fields in their range. It is more than likely that the magazines in some of the redoubts will be used as ice-houses, and the bomb-proofs as potato cellars, and thus the southern people are learning to "beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks."

STOCKINGS.—The stockings worn by the ancients consisted of strips of linen, or of the skins of animals. The Normans wore them made of cloth, or of costly stuff, embroidered and decorated with gold and silver. Knit worsted stockings were imported from Italy in the time of Henry VIII., and were worn by the gentry of that period; and in 1530 a pair of silk stockings were sent to that monarch from Spain. In the time of Queen Elizabeth it was common for young men of rank to wear stockings of different fashions and colors on each leg. In 1561 the first pair of silk stockings were knit in England, and were presented to the queen; about the same period the method of knitting worsted stockings was brought to England. In the year 1589 a machine for weaving stockings was introduced by William Lee, and this laid the foundation of the extensive stocking manufacture now carried on in England.



APPALLING CALAMITY—BURNING OF THE SHIP WILLIAM NELSON, OFF THE BANKS OF NEWFOUNDLAND, MONDAY, JUNE 26.—LOSS OF OVER FOUR HUNDRED LIVES.



THE GREAT SAENGERFEST BY THE COMBINED GERMAN SINGING SOCIETIES OF THE UNITED STATES—THEIR RECEPTION BY THE MAYOR AND NEW YORK SINGING SOCIETIES AT THE CITY HALL, NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 15TH, AT MIDNIGHT.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. ALBERT BERGHAUS.

THE TRIUMPH.

BY GEORGE P. PECK.

Lo, Richmond falls!
Beneath its walls
Foul treason dies by loyal hand!
And by this sign,
With blood for wine,
We pledge—Our reunited land!

Lo, Richmond falls!
Hoary cannon-calls
Proclaim it from the crimsoned plain!
And by this sign,
Their bleed for wine,
We pledge—The memories of the slain!

Lo, Richmond falls!
That word uppals
Its lightning glare o'er future's gloom!
And by this sign,
Its blood for wine,
We pledge—Accursed slavery's doom!

Lo, Richmond falls!
Our triumph galls
The quaking tyrannies of earth!
And by the sign,
Our blood for wine,
We pledge—Truth's universal birth!

Lo, Richmond falls!
Our heart recalls
Dear hearts and homes whose sighings cease!
And by this sign,
Its blood for wine,
We pledge—The coming Prince of Peace!

Something Like a Conjuror.

Those who have seen Indian conjurors will not think much of the poor tricks of American conjurors, clumsy and ill-executed as they usually follows, the narrator tells what he and a couple of friends, who had a month's holiday-run in the Deccan, saw with their own eyes.

Early in the morning, after our arrival at Poonah, we were lounging in the verandah of the Dawk bungalow, with a loud tom-tomming called attention, and we saw a procession entering the compound of the bungalow. First came two stout bodyguard fellows with long black hair and red puggarees, hearing like madmen with their long fingers on a couple of tomtoms. Then followed three or four boys dragging huge snakes over their shoulders. Next marched a tall old man, richly dressed in silks, followed closely by two or three coolies carrying boxes. Some ragged followers with spears caused the procession. The party went round to the back of the bungalow, and presently our eyes brought to us the old gentleman in the verandah, who bowed to the ground, touched his forehead, mouth, and breast to us, and began a long address, in which we were plentifully honored as protectors of the poor, lords, masters, and royal highnesses. As for him, he was a poor snake-charmer, devil-tamer, and general doctor of animals. He had heard that some illustrious lord-sahibs had arrived, so he was come to serve us. If there were any sick cow in the house he would draw them out. If there were any grey hairs in our heads he would cause them to fall out and leave more return. If any of our horses were possessed with a devil, he would cure them. In fact, he would do anything for us by the power of his art. We said we had no grey hairs or unruly horses, but we would like to see some of his juggling and snake-charming. He replied that he was very shy, and where should he serve us: in the verandah or the bungalow? We said on the sand in front of the verandah, where all was open, and we could watch his movements.

In a few minutes the whole party came round from the back of the house, and formed a semicircle with our servants and followers. In the middle, with at least ten yards of clear space around him, sat the conjuror. By his side squatted a little nigger boy with a large box in his arms, while a word or two in Mahratta or Hindustanee language from the old conjuror, he opened and brought for our inspection. On looking in we saw a mass of snakes twisted in a lump, lying in a blanket fast asleep. The box was put on the ground a few yards from the conjuror, while the lid open. We could hear a sort of fan-pipe, and began to play a slow and mournful air. We, from our post on the verandah, could look down into the box, and in a few seconds saw the snakes beginning to unwind. One who was first detached from the lump reared over the side of the box to the ground. The moment he was on the sand he stiffened, reared his head, opened the hood which extended at the back of his face, and hissed violently, shooting his tongue very swiftly in and out. Meanwhile, the air-player began to play more quickly and softly, and the snake, turning towards him, gradually approached him. More snakes now rose on his hind, some came out of the others looked over the edge, but all were hissing and looking venomous. Some went close to the man and boy, and even crawled on their clothes. They were handled with the greatest composure: both the old man and the boy taking hold of their necks from behind, as a keeper handles ferrets. But whenever any of the snakes approached the circle of spectators, it was hooked by the neck, with great appearance of dismay. On those occasions the old man redoubled the energy of his music, and generally succeeded in entering the snakes back, but sometimes the boy had to go and fetch them. After we had looked at this performance for some minutes, one of our party observed that he believed it was all humbug, that their teeth had been extracted, and their venom-bags cut out. At any rate, he announced his intention of collaring the first snake that came near the verandah. We objected in vain, and when presently a very active-looking cobra that had been several times fetched back by the boy approached our verandah, and the conjurer had turned his head away for an instant, with a sudden dart our friend had it by the back of the neck, and pumped down with it into the compound, holding it high over his head, and shouting to the conjuror that anything else for his money? As the audience saw what he had done, they set up a tremendous yell. The old conjuror seemed terrified, and rushed at the bold Englishman, playing his pipe like a madman. But our friend kept away from him, and swung the hissing cobra in the air. The old man retreated, and to throw it in the box, and after marching all round the compound and frightening the coolies and spectators, began with it at the faces in the little crowd, he threw the snake into the blanket. The boy, in the meantime, had picked up the cobra, and returned them to the box. When he had all in, the old charmer shut the box and sat on it, and panted. This interruption put an end to the snake-charming. I do not believe that the snakes had been tampered with, but our friend, who had a grip of the head of the snake he first seized, so tight, and so close to its head, that it was powerless. He told us that he only got away, and was almost as hot to hold as an eel.

Our slave in the shrubs having taken up his position in the same place as before, the old man put in his left a common basket about two feet high and a foot across. The old man announced that he was about to cause a mango-tree to grow out of the sand. We had heard this trick much talked about, and watched it closely. The conjuror first scraped a little hole in the sand, and put in a mango-seed. When he had covered it up he asked us for a little water. I went and poured about a gallon over it, wetting the sand all around. The old man then put the basket over the hole, and sat on it, keeping it down for about twenty minutes. While we were waiting, he asked for three teaseeps, and said he would cause a mango-tree to grow out of the roof while away the time. He put the three cups on the ground in front of him, the hole with the mango-seed being in the middle. He took the left, and no one else within at least four yards, except ourselves, and we sat in the verandah and saw his feet from the back. He asked us to mark a piece of chuppatsie. I marked a piece with the number of my regiment, and he showed me that it was still there. He closed his mouth, chewed, swallowed, then opened his mouth, which we examined, and found empty. Then he put the chuppatsie with one piece of chuppatsie should be under. I whispered to a comrade, "Now he will put your piece under the middle cup, the boy can get to it." I then answered, "The middle." My comrade immediately kicked that cup over, and down it fell empty. The old man laughed at the old fellow, but he merely said, "Hal—it is there!" and turning to his boy, said, "Serapa ka andar dekho!" (Look in the cup!) and with his fingers scratched the sand all there appeared a piece of chuppatsie exactly like ours, and different from any, and otherwise corresponding to the piece he had eaten.

The old man then took a piece of chapattie, and in our presence marked it with an Arabic character or two, and gave it to one of ourselves to keep. He then took the cup from the middle of the cups facing us, and taking some sand in his hand, shook it over each cup, and said, "Where is the piece?" We said we saw it under the middle cup, and thought it a sure joke to cry out in answer, "Under all." But he quietly lifted the cup in front and each had a piece of chapattie exactly corresponding to the one our friend had eaten. This trick could not have been performed by sleight of hand, as the cups were ours, and the ground was open road. It was pure sleight of hand. But the time he took to do it, namely, from the time he stood round when the old man lifted the basket, and there, from the centre of the wet patch, rose a green shoot about three inches high, was put down on our knees and examined it. We were told not to touch it, as it was delicate. But it was evidently a mango, and was growing. The old man then covered it up, and said, "In ten minutes the tree will be made."

He then asked if any two huge hose we had seen the boys dragging along, and they fetched them from under a piece of matting. They were as large as a man's thigh, and apparently about five feet long; and were covered with a thick scratch themselves to twelve or fifteen feet. He had had them since they were a few inches long, and had fed them on milk, and they had grown very tame and tepid. There were no tricks in them. We handled them, and stroked their skins. The conjuror ordered the cobra to be put, and would be worth seeing was to eat.

He asked whether we had a goat or a sheep to give him to eat. We had none. A couple of dogs were brought in a sack; one a wretched-looking pariah puppy, the other a large, fat, well-fed, sleek dog—by-the-other a big rough yellow fellow, wriggling and snapping like a fresh-caught pike. The conjuror looked at the latter with a grin and a hitch—one had been taken away, as, if fed in each other's presence, they are apt to fasten on each other—become lively and opened his eyes. A piece of string was fastened to the dog's hind leg, and the cobra being sent off to his hole, was a rush away, but brought up in a few yards by the string. He turned savagely round to bite the string, and caught sight of the boy now approaching him with rapid wriggles. He jaw dropped, and he crunched down, casting his eyes about, and attempt a low snarl as the foam ran out of his mouth. We pelted the poor brute, and wanted them to let him go, but the charmer said that a hoa-sahib was rather a ticklish customer when his gastric juices was stimulated, until he had got a mouthful. The boy, now close to the dog, was twisting and writhing in every direction; at one time shooting himself out until he was a dozen feet long and hardly as thick as a man's arm; then shutting up into a mass three or four feet long and thick round as a man. At the last, raising half his body in the air, he brought it down with a whack on the unfortunate beast's back, the dog appearing by this time almost inanimate. It was thus killed, and in two or three minutes became a mis-shapen mass. The boy then severed the body with sailors, and, turning his head round, his tail still encircling the dog, he took the head into his mouth with one stride. A second time the boys who had carried the animal ran up, and with a chopper cut off the four legs and the tail close to the carcass. We were told they were apt to disagree with the snake, and make him sulk. In fact, the fewer bones the hoa eats the better for him.

It was rather a sickening sight, and we urged them to let the other dog go. They did so, and the poor brute ran away at a great rate when they started him.

We left the hoa to gorge his dog, which was slowly disappearing, and went back to the basket where the mango was growing, and on which sat the old fellow, keeping our eyes all the time. The conjuror lifted it up, and there appeared a little mango shoot; in fact, a young tree, about a foot high, with several pulled off several of the leaves, and ate them. They had the peculiar acrid taste of the mango. I wanted to pull it up and see the roots, but my request was not attended to. The old man would not consent to that on any terms. He said it would kill the tree, and I fear I should. We wished to see more tricks, but he refused to perform any more in spite of him. However, he sent for an old pot, carefully transplanted the mango, taking up a ball of earth, and sent it away by one of his boys. He said it was to have it planted in some garden.

This is the smallest trick I have seen in Hindostan, and is done in all parts, I believe. The jugglers throughout Asia are all of one clan, and their performances, though ingenious and sometimes dancing girls, the secrets of the trade having handed down from father to son. Certainly the trick is the most ancient of growing; it was bright and fresh-looking, and its leaves and stalks were soft. The mango of that dragged on experience which hangs about anything just transplanted or stuck in the ground.

The conjuror could not, that, for his next trick, he must be somewhere out of the glare of the sun, and sheltered from any air which might blow the sand. Accordingly he adjourned to the verandah. The conjuror spread a piece of matting, and squatted, produced four brass pots, and placed them in a row, the mouths in front of him. The contents were a quantity of little bits of wood; probably the dry branches of a tree or shrub, each a few inches long; besides these there were some fifteen or twenty little brass cylinders with a bullion inch long. The old man chose one of the straightest and thickest of the bits of wood, and, turning his face up to the sky, placed the tip of his nose. The little boy who sat by him henceforth handed him whatever he called for. First came a piece of cotton-wool which he poised on the piece already there, then a forked piece, to which he gradually made additions, and he had soon built up a fine piece with two branches. He always kept his balance by adding simultaneously on each side, holding on with his hand, and never once taking his eyes off the fabric. Soon the two branches became four, the four eight, and so on, until a bundle of wood was formed about two feet high, and branching out so as to overshadow his whole face; he could just reach with his hand to get the finishing touch on. It was a wonderful structure, and we all held our breath as he added the last bits. When it was at its height the boy put in behind him the little birds, and, still two at a time, one in each hand, he stuck them in the wood. The complete immobility of his head and neck while he was balancing this structure on the tip of his nose was something wonderful. Not a hair must have been moved through his care, for there was not the slightest perceptible motion about nose or mouth. After putting all the birds he passed, and we, thinking the trick was finished, began to applaud. But he held up his forefinger for silence. Then the little boy put into one of his hands a short hollow reed, and into the other some dried peas. He then put a pea in his mouth, and, with the reed as a pea shooter, took aim and shot off the branch one of the birds. The kneah flew away, and we well calculated that it was gone as perceptible movement to his face; it just sent the pea far enough to hit a particular bird on a particular branch, and it flew. Not another thing on the tree moved. Another pea was fired in the same way, and another bird brought down. Then all the birds were brought down. The fire was then directed at the branches and limbs of the tree, and, beginning from the top of the wood, the whole of this astonishing structure was demolished piece by piece with perfect regularity and precision.

We never said by a word like, whether we his son, who had a wonderful skin inside and out, thinking, no doubt, that we were fools. He then shouted out for him, calling some outlandish name; but his followers, who evidently knew whom he wanted, cried out "Lendore!" In a few moments a yellow-skinned boy, of about twelve or fourteen, appeared, dressed only with a bit of red calico round his loins. The old man said whether we had any heavy weights, and we produced two bags of shot, weighing about fourteen pounds. He took a piece of string to each of these, and a fish-hook at the other end of the string then, taking the boy by the arm, put his hands and knees and put his head close to the ground, he put a fish-hook through the lobe of each ear, and the boy, slowly lifting his head, raised the shot bags from the ground and moved along on his hands and knees. The ears did not bleed, but were drawn to a considerable length, and I expected to see the hooks tear out; but nothing happened. After he had crept some twenty yards he returned, and the hooks were taken out of his ears. The next operation was more horrible to look at. The hooks were actually inserted in the upper eyelids, near the inner corner, and as the boy raised his head the eyelids were drawn half-way down his cheeks. But he raised the bags by his eyelids, and moved along as before. A little of this sort of performance went a long way, and we soon cried "Enough!"

He now announced that the boy would swallow the sword. We had heard stories about the swordblade's pushing up into the bill, and so forth. We examined the sword closely, therefore, when it was produced. It was a common two-edged sword, about an inch broad and two feet long. The edges were very thin, and the point was quite pinked. It was evidently kept for the purpose, but there was nothing false about the bill. The boy first filled his stomach with melted ghee from a cup which one of our shikhmutgars brought, and then stood bolt upright, with his face turned up, his mouth wide and full of ghee. The old man eyed behind him, and inserted the point of the sword between his lips and teeth, and gradually pushed it down, until the hilt touched the teeth; the ghee had in the meantime run down his chest. We were now told to come and feel the sword in his stomach. We pressed our fingers just where the ribs separate in front, and there we could distinctly feel the end of the sword. As soon as we were satisfied, the sword was slowly drawn out, and, beyond a retch or two, the boy's stomach did not seem to be upset by this skilful introduction of a thick probe through the gullet.

The old man now said he must bring the performance to a close, but before going would show something more wonderful than anything we had seen yet.

"Sahibs," he said, "you saw me make the mango-tree grow out of the sand in the same spot I will make this cholra," putting his hand on the head of the yellow leather-skinned boy, "disappear into the earth." He did not think it very likely that he could do this under our very noses without our detection of the trick. However, we composed ourselves on the floor of the verandah, our servants and the old man's followers forming a semicircle in front of and facing us. In the centre sat the old man and the old conjuror; in front of him squatted the yellow-skinned boy. The old conjuror asked for a basket, and one of our servants brought him an old hamper from the outhouses. He took it up and placed it over the boy, telling us to cover him altogether. At the moment of his doing this I remembered afterwards several persons clustered up round him as if to help in placing what he did. He placed the basket was on, the old man said, "Does it press on you?" The peculiar shrill voice of the boy from the basket was heard in reply, "It does not, sahib." The old man then kept up for half hour, answered from underneath, "Yes, it presses on my head," or "It is quite, quite easy as it is," or "It is," said the old man, "and don't keep the sahibs waiting." In about ten seconds the boy's voice said, "I am now sitting down, and can move in my way." "Nonsense," said the old man; "if you are not gone in two minutes I'll stop you." Some more whispering was then heard from the boy whining, and the old man scolding and getting angry. At last we said, "Oh, let the little fellow come out, for the trick is one which we are watching, and we never thought you would."

This only made the old conjuror more angry. He threw down curses and swear in Mahratee fluently, declaring he had never before failed in a trick, and he thought at him until he worked himself into a rage that was hideous to see. He tore his puggeree off, threw his arms about, and, all of a sudden, seemed to know what was going on below, so he seized a spear from one of his followers and plunged it into the basket. A hideous scream and a terrific commotion immediately took place upon the sand. Then, seizing the spear, he jobbed it repeatedly through the basket, shrieks following every stroke. Blood flowed like water. We were astounded, for we did not know whether this was a trick or not. We called on our servants to seize the old fellow, but they seemed to be frightened, and at last two of us, jumping out of the verandah, dragged him off by main muscle. The diabolical old man was so intent on jobbing in the spear, that he paid no attention to our commands. He continued to job in the basket. I pushed to the basket and picked it up. There was nothing under it. Only the ground was covered with blood. We called our servants again, and the old conjuror, as soon as he could get his throat from my friend's grip, said, "Bhoot, bhoot! I am undone!" and ordered the sand that fell into the earth, and as he wouldn't go quietly I had to force him off. Suddenly we heard the little boy's peculiar shrill voice in the distance, calling out, "Here I am, sahibs!" Everybody turned their heads in that direction, and there was the boy at the gate of the compound, was the yellow-skinned boy.

A present of ten rupees sent away the old conjuror and his party, delighted. How many rupees would that old fellow and the yellow-skinned boy make if they came to London and made an exhibit of communion with spirits, or that they didn't themselves know how they did what they did?

A SCHEME FOR POWER OF COMMUNICATION.—Mr. Alexander Bain, a scientific gentleman, formerly of Columbia Mexico was inhabited by a semi-civilized race, who had carried on rigorous cities, and who combined mercantical government and settled civil policy, with which the wars of grass and peaceable commerce. He proposes to extend the wonder of the Spanish conquerors, and yet these two great communities, though living in each close neighborhood, were wholly ignorant of each other's existence! The new work is being pushed rapidly forward of constructing a telegraph between Asia and America will be in instantaneous communication with each other.

DESOLATE.

BY E. A. M.

Thro' the hour-glass run the sands,
While the minutes die;
Desolate sit I,
With white face leant on my hands.

'Tis dreary watching the rain—
The black drops chatter;
Let them—what matter—
They cannot add to my pain.

To-night my heart will not sleep,
No old cradle song
Will lull her for long,
She wearies me—"dear heart, sleep."

And the gray dawn comes at last,
Peering in at me;
I wonder did she
Meet a phantom gliding past?

Why will the dismal rain stay?
The black drops patter,
And darkly chatter
Of secrets unmeet for day.

Thro' the hour-glass runs the sand,
Nor faster nor slow,
Come weal or come woe,
Steadly moves Time's firm hand.

We may go mad—what matter—
Or die of despair,
What then? Who would care?
Magpies round us would chatter.

A Terrible Tornado.

The 11th of August, 1831, is a day that will never pass from my memory while I have an existence. My residence at that time was in Bridgetown, on the island of Barbadoes; but the evening preceding I had ridden a few miles into the country, to spend the night at the house of a friend, with whom resided a young lady, a niece, that has since become bound to me by the closest of all earthly ties.

I reached my friend Palmer's house a little after sunset on the night of the 10th, and found the whole family seated upon the piazza, with the addition of a couple of gentlemen, neighbors, who had dropped in for an evening's social call, and one of them, a young and single man, perhaps with a design similar to my own. The servants took charge of my horse, and I joined the group. The moment the first cordial family greetings and introductions were over, the weather as usual was brought in, to start a subject of conversation in which everybody could take a part.

"It is very warm," said one.

"Excessively so," said another.

"And not a breath stirring," joined in a third.

"And the heavens like a glowing furnace," added a fourth.

"Did you see the sun set to-night, Mr. Grainger?" said Miss Clara Templeton, the young lady I have mentioned, turning to me.

"I did."

"Oh, was it not magnificently beautiful—beyond the pen of the poet, or pencil of artist?"

"It was indeed glorious," I responded, catching some of her enthusiasm.

"I don't like it," said Mr. Graysen, one of the two neighbors alluded to, and who was a plain, blunt man; "these beautiful red sunsets don't bode any good on this island—a storm generally follows; and, if I'm not mistaken, we'll soon have to pay up for all this pretty sky-painting."

"Why there is no more poetry in your soul than in a column of figures!" cried Miss Templeton, with a gay laugh. "Come, let us have a more cheerful prophecy. Mr. Grainger, are you weatherwise?"

"I fear I am *other*wise," I laughed.

The sunset had certainly been one of the most beautiful I ever saw, and even yet the western sky was all aglow, the soft flush reaching far up toward the zenith, and delightfully blending with the blue above. The air was still, almost painfully so, as if Nature were holding her breath in solemn awe; and somehow the mind was led to take on this impression, even to sadness, as I have heard more than one remark since the dire events of that awful night.

A little after nine o'clock the neighbors visiting at my friend's house took their leave, and presently the family, with the exception of Clara, retired to rest. For some time we remained on the piazza, conversing in low tones, and then withdrew to the parlor, which faced the west, the inner shutters of which were closed. As lovers then, destined to the nearest and dearest ties of relationship, we had a thousand tender nothings to say, which concerned no one but ourselves, and which would not bear repeating. Time flew by on golden wings, unheeded and unnoted, and an hour or two passed away as so many minutes.

Suddenly we were startled by a favorite cat springing into the room from the one adjoining, mewing as if from fright, and running crouchingly around the walls, with distended and glaring eyes. At the same time we first became conscious of a strange, sullen roar, and that the wind was already blowing quite fiercely, a matter that we had not before noticed, owing to the pre-occupation of our minds. I looked at Clara and saw that she was pale with fear.

"Something terrible!" she said, in a nervous whisper.

"Only a storm," I replied, assuming an indifference I did not feel.

She pointed to the cat, and rejoined:

"Unerring instinct often tells the brute creation more than our reason does us. I fear this is only the beginning of a terrible tempest."

As she spoke, and as if in confirmation of her words, a lurid flash was visible through the cracks of the shutters, and was instantly followed by a crash that fairly brought us to our feet.

"Oh, merciful God!" exclaimed Clara, sinking back upon her seat, and covering her eyes with her hands.

"Do not be alarmed, dearest," said I, tenderly; "it is only a storm such as we often have on the island, and will soon be over."

From this moment the wind rapidly increased in fury, and in the course of an hour the roar of the tempest, commingled with the howlings and shriekings of the wind and crashing of the thunder, had become so great that the human voice could only be distinguished when pitched on its highest key. For some time I had felt very anxious and uneasy, but now I was thoroughly alarmed, and Clara was so frightened as scarcely to be able to speak or move. Furious as the wind already was, it was still increasing, and more than once I felt the house tremble and rock. What the end was to be Heaven only knew.

The air, which during the early part of the night had been oppressively close and warm, had now become disagreeably cold; and seeing Clara shiver, I went and got a shawl from the adjoining room and threw it over her shoulders.

"Do not give way to your fears," I shouted in her ear, the only way I could now make my words distinguishable above the awful roar; "the storm is doubtless at its height and will soon abate."

She grasped my hand nervously, but made no reply. Some time after this my friend, Mr. Palmer, came hurrying into the apartment, his pale face and quivering lips clearly expressing his fears.

"This is terrible!" he exclaimed; "terrible! Already the house rocks, and I fear it will soon be down with a crash, burying us under its ruins!"

He was immediately followed by his wife, leading two children, boys of seven and ten. She tottered to her seat, sank down, and began to cry and wring her hands, the children screaming in terror and clinging to her for protection. Clara now got up, staggered forward, and threw her arms around her neck. The next minute the eldest-born, a lad of seventeen, accompanied by his sister, two years younger, rushed into the apartment, and the girl, with a loud cry, immediately ran to her mother, knelt down by her side, and buried her face in her lap. It was a pitiful sight, that group of five—four clinging to one, as if to their only hope, in that dreadful hour, and she herself as helpless as an infant!

During the next quarter of an hour the servants, to the number of ten, all negroes, made their appearance, some crying, and all looking as if they feared their last minute had come. All drew together for sympathy, and all met there, in that time of tribulation, as equals before God. With a horrible death staring all alike in the face, how little is thought of the distinctions of race or color! Who, with a dread eternity opening before him, dare claim superiority over his fellow-worms of the dust?

Still the wind increased in fury, and the house trembled and shook in the most frightful manner. Suddenly the western wall came in upon us with a crash, the ceiling came down in fragments, the light was instantly extinguished, the wind swept over and around us with an awful power, and whirled us about among the ruins as a child might have knocked about its toys.

No description can do justice to such a scene, and imagination itself must fall far short of the horrible calamity.

For myself, I had been hurled back into one corner, and I found a human body resting heavily upon me. I heard wild shrieks, thought of Clara, and attempted to rise. At that moment a flash of lightning showed me it was a negro who had fallen upon me; and putting my hand to his head I made the awful discovery *that a part of it was gone!*—having, as I afterwards conjectured, been carried away by a falling beam. The man was dead, and probably never knew what hurt him. As soon as I could I got out from under him; but the wind blew with such violence that I could not keep my feet, and was obliged to move about on my hands and knees. I had been considerably bruised, but was not seriously hurt, and I now endeavored to find Clara, and render what assistance I could to the living.

The rain was falling in torrents, and against this we had no protection, for the whole house was a mass of ruins. Only by the frequent flashes of lightning could we see anything, for during the intervals the darkness was impenetrable. I succeeded in reaching the group I have mentioned as clinging together, and found Mrs. Palmer, three of her children, and Clara, surrounded by, I may say wedged in among fragments of timber, but all living, and only injured by bruises no worse than my own. Their escape from instant death—all of them—seemed little less than a miracle. Fearing there might be no safer place than where they were, I advised them to remain there for the time; but as Mrs. Palmer was nearly distracted about her husband and son, who had not been seen or heard from since the fall of the building, I continued my explorations among the debris as well as I could, being in constant danger from the shifting fragments, and seeing only by the lightning's glare.

Throughout that long, terrible night, the wind increased in fury till near morning, and it is surprising that any life was preserved. I did not succeed in finding those I sought, but I discovered two more dead bodies of the blacks, and two others seriously wounded, to whom I could render no assistance whatever. I also came upon two others—female servants—who were crouching down together, and did not appear to be injured, but who were so stupified with fear, that I could get no intelligent answer from them.

In attempting to return to Mrs. Palmer and Clara, as I was clambering over a pile of rubbish, the wind suddenly caught me up from the ground, whirled me round and round, carried me a distance of over two hundred yards, and then deposited me as gently on the earth as I could have put down a child. I was so completely bewildered, though, that for a long time I lay there without making any effort to return to the demolished dwelling; and when I did at length attempt to get back by crawling on my hands and knees, for it was impossible for any human being to stand upright, I lost my way, and remained in the fields till morning.

When daylight came at last, it was only to make visible the horrors of that appalling night. Look where you might, the eye rested upon nothing but the most dire destruction—houses in ruins, trees prostrated, fences swept away, and fields as completely ruined as if a fire had passed over them. In every direction cattle lay dead or dying, dead birds were here and there piled up in heaps, trunks of trees, limbs, stakes and splinters, were everywhere projecting from the earth, into which they had been deeply driven by the force of the wind, and over all that late beautiful island desolation now reigned supreme.

By this time the fury of the tornado had begun to abate; but the wind still blew so fiercely that, in spite of my utmost exertions, it took me a whole hour to get back to the ruins from which I had been so swiftly removed. There the sight that met my eyes beggars description. Mrs. Palmer, Clara, and the children were still together where I had left them, but the eldest daughter had been killed by a flying stick of timber striking her on the head, and the others were found nearly distracted. Mr. Palmer was found under a pile of rubbish, with a broken leg, and his son lay within a few feet of him, with a splinter of a tree, supposed to have been riven by lightning, driven completely through his body. Let me draw a veil over the awful, heartrending scene, which even now I can only recall with a shudder of horror.

What I have so feebly described as happening at the house of my friend, is only a faint picture of the ruin, destruction and desolation which entirely extended over the devoted island. By eight o'clock in the morning the late furious air had become perfectly still, and the bright, hot sun was shining calmly down upon a broad scene of death and woe.

And then, everywhere throughout the island, it was friend seeking friend, parents their children, children their parents, husbands and wives one another—for, amid the wild fury of the tempest, thousands of persons had become separated—in too many cases, alas! never to meet again in life. All were pale, horrified, despairing, and neighbor could not give his aid and sympathy to neighbor, because of the calamity which had equally come upon himself. Each family, so to speak, had alone to care for its sick and wounded, dig out and bury its dead; and in some cases whole households lay crushed beneath their own ruins for days, and corpses and carcasses everywhere sent forth pestilential effluvia, so that many in health sickened and died, while of those seriously wounded scarcely one escaped fever, lockjaw and mortification.

Of the eighteen persons, white and black, in the dwelling of my friend on that awful night, nine perished within forty-eight hours, Mr. Palmer himself making one of the fatal number.

Out of a population of one hundred thousand on the island seventeen hundred lost their lives; and the living, besides all their other horrors, were threatened with famine, for nearly everything in the way of food had been destroyed. Of corn from the fields, however, there were found heaps, where it had been collected by the wind, and this kept off starvation till provisions could be sent from the neighboring islands. England, when she heard of our great sorrows, quickly raised and sent us a hundred thousand pounds sterling.

Three months later, the houses everywhere had been rebuilt, new vegetation had taken the place of the old, and the whole island looked as bright and peaceful as before it had been made a a land of mourning and a howling waste.

Introduction of Tea.—That tea (says Dr. Lankester, in his "Popular Lectures on Food") was first brought into Europe from China there seems to be no doubt; but the exact date of that event is involved in some obscurity. By some writers, the first introduction of tea into Europe is claimed for the Portugese, who, as early as the year 1577, commenced a regular trade with China. Edmund Waller, in some complimentary lines to Catherine of Braganza, says:

"Venus her myrtle, Phœbus has his bays,
Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to praise;
The best of queens and best of herbs we owe
To that bold nation, which the way did show
To the fair region where the sun doth rise,
Whose rich productions we so justly prize."

One of the earliest literary references to tea, in a European language, is found in the writings of Giovanni Pietri Maffei, who, in his "Historiæ Indicæ," says: "The inhabitants of China, like those of Japan, extract from a herb called *chia* a beverage, which they drink warm, and which is extremely wholesome, being a remedy against phlegm, langor and bleareduess, and a promoter of longevity." Father Alexander de Rhodes, who traveled in China, in 1623, speaks of the use of tea by the Chinese, and of the fact of its having begun to be known in Europe. Olearius, who was in Persia in 1633, mentions the fact of tea being sold in the taverns and largely consumed by the Persians. There is also evidence about the same time that the Japanese were in the habit of consuming tea in the same way as the Chinese, and that tea was sold in England prior to the year 1657 at the rate of from £6 to £10 per lb. The first coffee-shop was opened in London, in George yard, Lombard street, in 1652, by one Paqua, a Greek. In 1660 an act was passed, levying a duty of 8d. "on every gallon of coffee, chocolate, sherbet and tea" made and sold. Mr. Pepys informs us in his diary, under the date of "September 25, 1661. I sent for a cup of tea (a Chinese drink), of which I had never drunk before." We should be glad now to know what he thought of it; but he does not say, and we are thankful for this short notice. In 1665 it is stated that the East India Company ventured to give an order for two pounds two ounces, as a present to his majesty. It was, perhaps this identical two pounds of tea that, when served up at the royal table, appeared in the form of a dish of leaves, with pepper, salt and melted butter, and was found so tough that nobody could eat it. Be that as it may, we find the East India Company ordering 100lbs of tea in 1667; and the demand for it had increased to such an extent, that in 1678 they imported 4,713lb. From such small beginnings has the influence of this powerful drug increased, till its consumption employs a fleet of vessels to bring it to England, and the quantity consumed may be calculated by thousands of tons, while the revenue it produces by taxation is between five and six millions per annum

CHINESE MARRIAGES.

Everybody is interested in knowing *how* people marry, as well as in the question *whom* people marry. A correspondent in Shanghai, China, tells us something of the way the rite of marriage is performed in that far-distant land, as follows:

In Pekin, the "Board of Rites" busies itself about many things; and among others it sets apart two days in every month as the days upon which alone marriages can take place. To-day is one of these days, and in consequence thereof several gorgeous palanquins, containing ladies all splendid in jewels and gold, are passing through the narrow streets. These ladies have jeweled crowns upon their heads, and veils of strings of pearls falling over their faces, and embroidered satin tunics and fans of gold tissue. They are going, properly accompanied, to their new homes. One of them is just entering the house of a distiller with whom I have some acquaintance. We shall be welcome; let us go in.

The house *is* decorated for the fête. It is hung with lanterns inside and out. The courtyard is full of relatives and hangers-on; and at the gate is the comprador, who receives the money-offerings of the visitors; the principal room, opening upon the courtyard, is prepared for the feast. Lanterns are hung from the ceilings, a small joss house, with candles and incense before it, is at one end, and in the middle is the table, on which which stand the small basins of sauces and sliced shell-fish, and goose-flesh, and sweetmeats and cakes, which are the precursive appetisers to a Chinese dinner.

The bridegroom (the son of the proprietor) is lounging on a chair, in his shirt-sleeves, smoking; the bride has gone up to her chamber, where she is sitting on her nuptial couch and receiving her guests. We may go up if we please, but it is less trouble to wait and look about us till she comes down. We crack a joke or two with the bridegroom, and he retires to put on his gorgeous array, and then the bride appears, followed by a retinue of bridesmaids, and escorted by an old woman, the go-between, who has made up the match. We present ourselves in due form, and the bride, who, in spite of her high crown and embroidered tunic and trousers, looks nervous and twitchy, and slightly convulsive, just as she might if her name were Brown, and if we had accosted her at the door of Grace Church, returns our salutation, and would like to pass on. But such is not *selon les règles*. The duenna insists upon our admiring the beauty of the head-dress and the thickness of the embroidered satin whereof her tunic is made; but, above all, she will pull up the trousers to exhibit the faultless proportions of the little feet. They are marvellously small. A flea couldn't find room to hop in that slipper. "Chin, chin!" let us be off.

There is another decorated dwelling on our way, but it is a cottage, and presents a different scene. Three men are drinking samshu at a table, whilst the bride, dressed in her borrowed bravery, sits on a barrel in the most distant corner, alone and unnoticed. To-morrow and for ever more she will be a beast of burden. Perhaps, however, she will, in the fullness of time, create her own distractions. A few years may probably see a crowd of mangy brats, exhibiting every form and species of cutaneous complaint, fighting and yelling over their rice basins, and, aided by the mother's shrew voice and the grandmother's croak, making their neighborhood unbearable.

Such a family lived opposite my bedroom window at Ningpo. From early cockcrow to sundown the screams and shrill cries were unintermittent. The nuisance burst into being all on a sudden; but I found, on inquiry, that it had existed in its present aggravated form about two years before, and was then cured. After many vain remonstrances, an English merchant complained to the toutar. Next day the lord of the house was sent for to the prefecture, and, being suspended by the thumbs, received 40 blows of the bamboo; he was then dismissed, with a warning. When that respectable housekeeper returned, disjointed and macerated, to his dwelling, he went in and shut his doors about him. What happened in the bosom of that family no man may know; but thenceforward the rice was eaten inside the house, and the screams did not vibrate in the street. When I heard of this I thought I would try what a threat of the toutar would do; so I sent my boy down with a message. He returned with the air of an envoy who had failed. "Well, what does the woman say?" "She talkee, no care—last moon husband dead."

THINGS TO KNOW.

Flexible Paints for Canvas.—Cut one pound and a half of yellow soap into slices, add one gallon of boiling water; dissolve, and mix while hot with one and a quarter hundred weight of oil paint.

Cement for Fixing Metal on Glass or Porcelain.—An excellent cement for attaching metal to glass or porcelain consists in a mixture of a solution of eight ounces of strong glue, and one ounce of varnish of linseed oil, or three quarters of an ounce of Venice turpentine, which should be boiled together and stirred till the mixture is thoroughly mixed.

Composition for Colored Drawings and Prints, to make them Resemble Oil Paintings.—Take of Canada balsam one ounce; spirit of turpentine, two ounces; mix them together. Before this composition is applied, the drawing or print should be sized with a solution of isinglass in water, and, when dry, apply the varnish with a camel-hair brush.

Harness-Makers' Jet.—Take one drachm of of indigo, a quarter of an ounce of isinglass, half an ounce of soft soap, four ounces of glue, one pennyworth of logwood raspings, and one quart of vinegar; boil the whole over a slow fire, till reduced to one pint. A small quantity is to be then taken upon a piece of clean sponge, and thinly applied to harness, boots, &c., taking care that they are previously well cleaned.

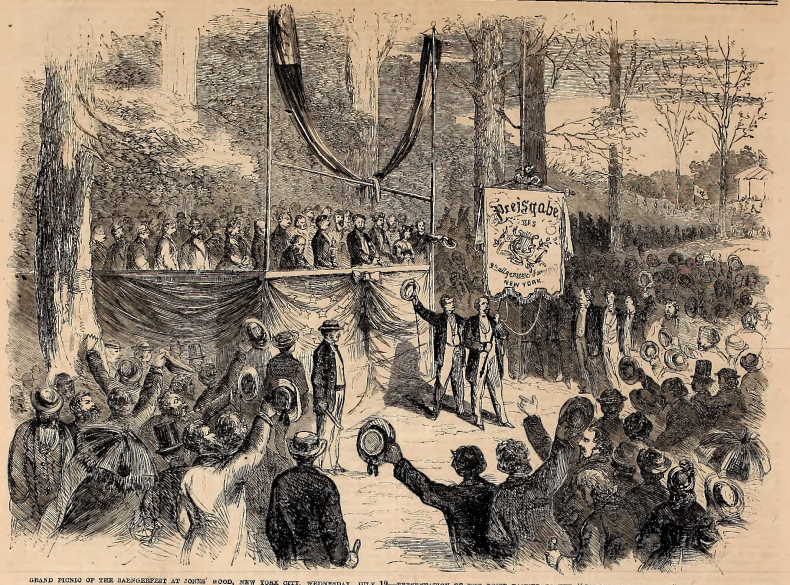
The doom of the Kilkenny cats has been predicated as a not unlikely contingency in cases of naval warfare, under the new conditions of gunnery. For it has been suggested that artillery has now become so formidable as to threaten both the contending fleets with absolute and instantaneous destruction, which shall cause them utterly to disappear from off the face of the ocean without leaving anything behind except a few floating chips and a smell of gunpowder.

The Oyster.—Open an oyster, retain the liquor in the lower or deep shell, and if viewed through a microscope it will be found to contain multitudes of small oysters, covered with shells, and swimming nimbly about; 120 of which extend but one inch. Besides these young oysters, the liquor contains a variety of animalculæ, and myriads of three distinct species of worms. Sometimes their light resembles a a bluish star about the centre of the shell, which will be beautifully luminous in a dark room.

Pencils.—The ancients drew their lines with leaden stiles; afterwards a mixture of tin and lead, fused together, was used. The mineral known under the name of plumbago is supposed to have been first employed for the purpose of drawing in the 15th century. In 1565 an old author notes that people had pencils for writing which consisted of a wooden handle, in which was a piece of a lead; and a drawing is given of the pencil as an object of curiosity. They continued to be uncommon for upwards of a century, when we hear them spoken of being enclosed in pine or cedar.

About the year 14 of the Christian era the annual product of gold and silver was $5.000,000; in 1492 it was only $250,000; in 1863 it was $235,000,000, and in 1863 $240,000,000. In the year 14 also the gold and silver in existence is estimated at $1,327,000,000, and in 1863 at $10,562,000,000. The whole amount of gold and silver obtained from the earth from the earliest periods to the present time is estimated at $21,272,000,000.

Woman is never so amiable as when she is useful; and as for beauty, though men may fall in love with girls at play, there is nothing to make them stand to their love like seeing them at work—engaged in the useful offices of the home and family.



GRAND PICNIC OF THE SAENGERFEST AT JONES' WOOD, NEW YORK CITY, WEDNESDAY, JULY 19.—PRESENTATION OF THE PRIZE BANNER TO THE "JUNGES MAENNERCHOR" OF PHILADELPHIA.
FROM A SKETCH BY MR. ALFRED BERGHAUS.

THE GREAT SAENGERFEST IN NEW YORK.

THE convention of the German musical organizations, the colossal preparations of which have been so widely noticed by the metropolitan press, commenced in New York on Saturday evening, July 15th. During the afternoon, a large number of the societies composing the convention, arrived from various cities throughout the Union, all of which were welcomed at the City Hall by Mayor Gunther. The ceremonial was of a most interesting character, and is graphically portrayed by our artist.

On Sunday morning, rehearsals were held at the Germania Assembly Rooms, preparatory to the public concerts at the Academy of Music. The afternoon was given up to visiting places of interest in the vicinity of the metropolis. In the evening, the Academy was literally filled from gallery to parquet, to listen to the grand choruses of 1,200 well trained voices. The pieces sung were selections from Mendelssohn, Mozart and Meyerbeer. In addition to the voices, there were about one hundred of the best instrumental performers in the city.

On Monday morning, a rehearsal was held at the Academy, which was attended by nearly 3,000 singers, about one-half of whom were visitors. The concert at the Academy, in the evening, was a complete success. Every seat was occupied, and had there been twice the number, they would, no doubt, have been filled. Lilienhoff's "Robespierre" inaugurated the ceremonies. Then followed "La Marseillaise," "Sharmerlied," "Up, Grasp the Sword," and the "Soldier's Chorus," all of which were received with the greatest enthusiasm by the audience. The ceremonies concluded with Reiter's "Battle Song," an admirable chorus, and rendered with telling effect.

On Wednesday, a picnic of the organizations and their friends and admirers was held at Jones' Wood. The procession, consisting of upwards of 2,000 singers, was formed in the Bowery, Lafayette place and Great Jones street, whence they marched down the Bowery and Chatham street, to the City Hall, and were reviewed by the Mayor. The streets were filled with admiring throngs to see the singers pass. From the City Hall they proceeded up Broadway, through Bond street, Second street, &c., to the foot of Eighth street, where steamer and barges were waiting to convey them to the festival ground. The distribution of prizes—the most interesting event of the day—came off at four o'clock. The first prize, a banner of blue silk, with silk-cord trimmings, was awarded to the Maennerchor, of Philadelphia society. The second prize, a richly chased, silver goblet, ornamented at the sides by the busts of several eminent German composers, was also won by a Philadelphian society—the Saengerbund. A heavy fall of rain commencing at seven o'clock, the ceremonies were abruptly terminated, minus the splendid fireworks which had been prepared for the finale.

A grand Saenger Commers of the united societies was held at the Germania Assembly Rooms, on Thursday, at which various popular pieces were most appropriately rendered. Among others, the "Star Spangled Banner" was given with excellent effect. On the same day, according to the programme, the festivities terminated. During the afternoon, excursions were made to various places of interest, the different organizations distributing their favors according to inclination. Late in the afternoon and evening, under the auspices of the Arion, a picnic was given to several of the societies at the Linn brewery, 6th avenue and 110th street. Glees and choruses were sung, and immense quantities of lager and "wein" blog, "Carlsbrunner" and "Steinberger" were consumed. A masquerade of the most grotesque description was the telling feature of the jollification. At night the grounds were illuminated by a multitude of Chinese lanterns, and the festivities were kept up till morning. On Friday the guests departed for their various homes, and so ended the ninth German-American Saengerfest.



THE PRIZE BANNER PRESENTED TO THE "PHILADELPHIA "JUNGES MAENNERCHOR" AT THE SAENGERFEST PICNIC.

HORACE WEBSTER.

AMERICA can never forget her system of free schools, nor the able men by whom that system has been made to bear good fruit in actual. Prominent among these stands President Webster, who has from the outset directed the New York Free Academy, the noble university wherein the children of the public receive, as in the universities of the middle ages, a gratuitous course of education, equal to that pursued at any college in the country.

Horace Webster was born in Vermont, in 1793. While fitting himself for college he received an appointment to the West Point Academy, which he entered in the spring of 1814. His class was very numerous, and on graduation, in 1818, was subjected to a severe examination; this first is important, inasmuch as this class was the first which received their appointment in the army in order of their merit at graduation. Among 160 cadets he ranked as fourth, and chose an appointment in the Infantry. He was retained at the academy as instructor in the department of mathematics, and continued for some time in that office under Col. Thayer. When the Geneva College was founded he was solicited to take the office of President, and he there labored till 1847. During that time he introduced a course of science and philosophies, and in numerous other ways advance the welfare of the institution. In 1847, Townsend Harris, the founder of the Free Academy, earnestly requested him to take charge of that noble institution, and it was chiefly through the exertions of Mr. Harris that the Free Academy commenced its history under so competent a head as President Webster. To speak of what he has done for the Free Academy and education in general is needless, the hundreds of young men who have been benefited by it are every day by their actions proving the competency of the President and the advantages of the institution. He has received several honorary degrees. In 1836 the Kenyon College, Gambier, Ohio, conferred the degree of A.M. upon him; in 1837 the Princeton College, New Jersey, conferred the honorary degree of LL.D.; and in 1849 a similar honorary degree was conferred upon him by Columbia College of this city.

At the thirteenth annual commencement of the Free



THE PRIZE SILVER GOBLET PRESENTED TO THE PHILADELPHIA SANGERBUND AT THE SAENGERFEST PICNIC.



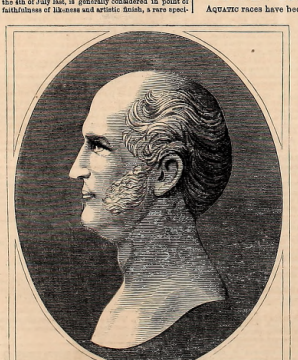
THE ARION SOCIETY OF NEW YORK ENTERTAINING THEIR FRIENDS OF THE BANNGERFEST, BY A CARRIAGE DRIVE THROUGH CENTRAL PARK TO THE BELVEDERE PAVILION, LION PARK, NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 20.

Academy, which took place, on the 19th inst., at the Academy of Music, New York, the doctor presided, and received the unfeigned congratulations of his many friends. The occasion was one of interest, and the Academy was filled to repletion by one of the most intelligent audiences ever assembled in the metropolis.

The doctor's health is still good, and he bids fair, for many years to come, to continue adding lustre to a position of which he may be justly proud.

THE STATUE OF HORACE MANN, IN BOSTON.

MISS STEBBIN'S statue of Horace Mann, inaugurated in the State House grounds in Boston, on the 4th of July last, is generally considered in point of faithfulness of likeness and artistic finish, a rare speci-



PROFESSOR HORACE WEBSTER, PRESIDENT OF THE NEW YORK FREE ACADEMY.

men of genius. On the occasion of the inauguration, Dr. S. G. Howe delivered the following appropriate address:

"We to-day dedicate a monument to the memory of a man whose greatness consisted in his love for his fellow-men, in his confidence in their innate goodness and their capacity for improvement, and in his burning zeal to elevate and to improve his fellow-men. He loved the people; he lived for and labored for the people; nay, he died for the people, inasmuch as his premature death was brought on by over-zeal and over-work in the cause of the education of the people. Fellow-citizens, it is proper that such a state as Massachusetts should rear a monument to such a man, for it is alike the proof of his greatness and goodness, and of their virtue and intelligence. And the people of Massachusetts have *as it—for* the means for erecting this statue were given by the people at large, not by the rich. A few rich gave of their abundance; many more gave of their poverty. The schoolmaster who could spare but a dollar, the schoolmistress who could spare but fifty cents, the little boys and girls who could give but a dime—have all contributed to this work, and the state of Massachusetts herself, so as to stamp her approval upon it, by the vote of her legislature, has contributed of the money to build the pedestal. The work itself has been done by a woman—a woman of genius and art, a woman inspired by the nobleness of her subject, and whose cunning hand has wrought out in bronze the monument which we now unveil to you—the statue of Horace Mann."

THE GREAT ROWING MATCH.

AQUATIC races have become, within the past few years, affairs of more than ordinary interest to the amusement-loving public.

Affording, as they do, fine exhibitions of muscular development and skill, thousands throng to the scene of a rowing match, delighted with the vigorous efforts of athletic oarsmen to outstrip each other in the race.

The contest which took place on the Hudson river, at Poughkeepsie, on Tuesday, July 18th, between the New York boat Samuel Collyer and the Poughkeepsie boat Floyd T. Fields, was one of the most exciting ever witnessed in this country. The race was for $3,000 a side, five miles. The New York boat was manned by Dennis Leary, stroke; John Biglin, James H. Biglin, and Bernard Biglin, bow. The crew of the Poughkeepsie boat were Wm. Stephens, stroke; Homer, Woodin, Wm. Burger, and Ezekiel Benevay, bow.

Both crews are well known in the sporting circles, and have generally borne off the palm from all other competitors. Odds were very much in favor of the Poughkeepsie men, on account of their having beaten the same crew (Leary excepted), on the same course last year.

Early in the afternoon the high banks near the scene of the contest were crowded with people, and before the hour for the race the shore between the stakeboats, which were anchored in the middle of the stream, were lined with no less than 10,000 spectators.

At 15 minutes past five the signal was given from the lower stakeboat, a pistol fired, and the rival champions shot from the starting point. The scene was picturesque and bizarre. The large hill opposite the stakeboat swarmed a mass of human beings, and the river swarmed with craft of every description. Barges, propellers, yachts, &c., dotted the placid bosom of the water as far as the eye could reach. The Collyer took the lead from the start and never lost it. The distance between both boats was a half a length until they



STATUE OF HORACE MANN, INAUGURATED IN THE STATE HOUSE GROUNDS, BOSTON, MASS., JULY 4.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BLACK, OF BOSTON.

reached the upper starboards on rounding, however, the Collyer had the advantage, and shot round on her homeward course about half a dozen lengths before the Poughkeepsie boat. The latter struggled hard in the middle of the stream, against wind and tide, to cut off the New York crew, but in vain. The Collyer, by hugging the shore closely, met comparatively smooth water, and it was soon apparent that the Tyrks could not recover her lost ground. Her crew made a gallant struggle, however, and were beaten only by two lengths. The Collyer came in victor in fifty-four minutes past six, having passed the two and a half mile stake-boat at 34 minutes past five.

The exact time of the race was 37 minutes and 10 seconds.

Although the New York crew were declared the victors at the time, subsequently, it is said, the referees and judges sinked they were intimidated into giving their decision in favor of the New York boat. The affair created in a measure a feeling between the oarsmen of the Poughkeepsie boat, was, the day following the race, accosted by a man named De Mott, who resided on the east bank of the Hudson, opposite Poughkeepsie, and who, it is said, had lost heavily on the race, with having offered to sold his friends and assisted the defeat of the Poughkeepsie crew.

An altercation ensued in which Stephens struck De Mott a powerful blow, killing him instantly.

Stephens was immediately arrested. He has the sympathy of his friends, they believing he was entirely innocent of any intention to take the life of De Mott.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A FRIEND OF an artist was endeavoring to persuade him to leave for a month time upon his hands.

"You do not know, then," said he, "that I have a master very difficult to please?"

"What?"

A MAN being interrogated on a trial, spoke several times with much impropriety; and at last saying the word *excuse*, a counselor ordained:

"How find they that word in the Englishe tongue?"

"Sire," rourned another, "the they knocked an e out."

LORD COCKBURN, the proprietor of Bonaly, was sitting on the hillside with a shepherd, and observing the wily sagacity in the collies' situation, he remarked to him:

"I wish I were a sheep I would lie on the other side of that hill."

The shepherd answered:

"Ay, sir, and if ye had been a sheep ye would ha' had nae sense."

LORD ELDON always pronounced the word *here* as though it were *hare*, and Sir Arthur Pigott once roomed the same word *ham*. On this Eyelah wrote the following epigram:

"Sir Arthur, Sir Arthur, why, what do you mean,
By saying the Chancellor's *ham* is obscene?
Do you think that his kitchen's so bad as all that,
That nothing which is will ever get *ham*?"

A LOQUACIOUS lady ill of a complaint of 40 years, standing, applied to Mr. Abernethy for advice and had begun to describe its progress from the first. But Mr. A. interrupted her, saying he wanted to go into his next street, "and if I continue to hear you much longer I shall take it into my head to have a fit myself."

A TRADESMAN having dunned a customer for a long time, he died at last, and sent his servant on the morning to admit him.

"Mr. Jenks," said he to him, "I duly paid your account if how, and I have a great regard for you; therefore, I take this opportunity to tell you, that I shall never pay you a farthing, you had better go home, send your bill to me, and don't keep your self in pain here. As for the others, they are a set of vagabonds, for whom I care *as a feather*, and they may waste their time as they please."

IF Martin Farquahar Tupper doesn't stop writing wretched poetry upon the English people we hope that President Johnson will find authority for demanding him of the British government as a political assassin.

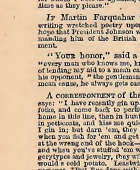
"YORK honor," said a lawyer to the judge, "every man who knows me, knows that I am incapable of telling a lie to a mean man." "Well, sir," said the judge impatient, "the gentleman never lends himself to a mean cause, he always gets cash down."

A CORRESPONDENT of the Portland *Transcript* says: "I have recently got up all idea of the common potato, and come back to perfection. It is the best at home in this line, then in hunin' the fair sects. Angels in petticoats, as his son quoted, are very fond of it, and a pin in; but darn 'em, they are as slippery as eels; when you go for 'em and get a bite, you find you've got at the wrong end of the hook—you're etched yourself, and when you've raised your temper, swearin, cussin, fingerpyrtyes and jewelry, they will throw you away as they would a last year's bird's nest before the first frost experience. Dyed I've done with 'em now. The Queen of Sheba is dead, and Solomon's lost his wife, with a house and lot to sell, cheap. Don't want 'em. The very sight of a bonnet like me all over."

AN elderly lady, telling her age, remarked she was never so 29 April. Her husband, who was present, observed, "I always thought you were born on the 1st of April!" "People might think so," responded the lady, "in the choice I made of a husband."

How the Soldiers' Money Goes.

The honorable services of the soldiers are regarded in a manner worthy of their public spirit and domestic virtues. They are expending millions in the government loan, and it is significant that while the sale of sewing machines for manufacturing purposes has fallen off with the contracts of army clothing, the sale of the Wheeler & Wilson machine for family uses, that is the gallant soldiers have not forgotten their duty to their wives. Orders are received, while they are in the field on a drum-head, to forward machines to feminine relatives "at once." *It is a touching picture for the manager of a large office now to look at his figures for the end of the will have a Wheeler & Wilson sewing machine.*



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Thos. Bedell, 48 Wall street, "	20 00
Hiram Cadmus, 13 Levie street, Watch	30 00
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James Welsh, 152 Houston street, "	30 00
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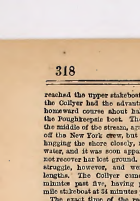
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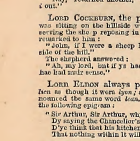
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537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 12, 1865.

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CAUTION!

We would respectfully caution the public and our subscribers in the Western States against a woman styling herself Mrs. O. Lorenz, who is in the habit of collecting subscriptions and receiving money for Patterns, etc. She is an impostor. We have no traveling agents.

Can Women Commit Murder?

THE clamor against the trial of the conspirators to the assassination of President Lincoln, by a military court in Washington, was based mainly on the indisposition of the nation to submit longer to martial rule than was absolutely necessary to secure the re-establishment of the national authority throughout the country. The people of the United States are justly suspicious and impatient of that sometimes indispensable, but always dangerous instrument of power, martial law. It was thought by many, when the trial of the conspirators took place, that there was no public exigency requiring that their case should be removed beyond the cognizance of the civil courts; but a considerable part of the criticism on the government, on account of its course, was inspired only by hostility to the administration, and came from those who, if not open rebels, had always been sympathizers with the rebellion. The government, however, was not swerved from what it considered its duty, by friendly counsel or hostile criticism, and the result of the recent trial of a woman named Mary Harris, before the District Court of Washington, must convince every impartial mind that it acted wisely, and only in the interest of justice. It is now clear that one certainly, perhaps most of these conspirators, would have escaped the penalty of their crimes, had they been handed over to the judicial Dogberrys and the morally-perverted juries of the national capital.

We need not recapitulate the facts in the case of Miss Harris, which are already painfully notorious. It is enough for our present purpose to say that she came on deliberately to Washington, from some western town—went deliberately to the War Department—and waited there patiently for most of the day, until the clerks left at the usual hour, and then deliberately shot one Mr. Burroughs, mortally wounding him. The trial of this woman, which was conducted with levity and want of decorum, by judge, counsel, jury and spectators, that would have disgraced a police court, elicited that some years ago Burroughs carried on a rather warm flirtation with Miss Harris, who was then a young married woman; that for a considerable number of letters, not more than usually silly and sentimental, and leaving the impression that Burroughs was only on average boy with the wicked habit of writing, but that he was in love with the little milliner. Subsequently it seems, having perhaps mentally kissed the moon enough to have his head, his passion died out, and falling in with some sensible woman, he redeemed his previous folly by marrying her and settling down to business. He came to Washington, was employed in the Treasury Department, and seems to have comported himself with propriety—was industrious, steady, and in all respects a good citizen.

The little milliner, however, was not satisfied to let the little love flame lighted in her little heart smolder in its ashes. She began to pile fresh fuel of most girls, milliners and others, but must fan it into a consuming fire, quenchable only with blood. In this process she naturally "got out of her head," became insane, hysterical, and manifested, on several occasions, the ordinary symptoms of those ailments — exceedingly common, alas! — which wretched lawyers who conducted her defence, and which they failed not to represent as evidences of an insanity which overcame all knowledge of right and wrong, and made the subject irresponsible.

There was an attempt on the trial to show that Burroughs, by seducing the poor little girl into a house of ill-fame, with a view of blasting her character, and creating an excuse for marrying another, and to show that this was premeditated, and that he was therefore the original cause of the terrible tragedy of frenzy resulting in the murder. But the attempt miserably failed. Nothing—absolutely nothing—was proved, save the testimony of girls that he had made foolish love in the common foolish way—an offence so common and trivial that even when pushed to the very extreme of seduction, it is punished in courts of justice only as pretty well atoned for by "six cents damages and costs," in a suit for breach of promise.

And yet this woman was acquitted by a Washington court and jury, on the ground of insanity—not your absorbing, continuous insanity, that wholly eclipses reason and nature, and controls the mind with an irresistible impulse, but of an intermittent and more convenient variety. It was not pretended that Miss Harris was insane all the while—only when she left home to commit the murder, when she bought the pistol, when she loaded it, and when she fired it. At all other times she was sane enough. Her witnesses, who seem to have been prepared to swear up to their business, could not be made to testify to the symptoms of insanity, but wholly evaded the primary life and conduct. A convenient doctor or two, it is true, succeeded in making a muddle on the subject, not very satisfactory to even themselves, and which could only excite disgust and contempt, except with a Washington jury resolved on an acquittal.

As we have said, Miss Harris was acquitted, after a charge from the presiding judge, which should lead Congress to alter the composition of the Washington judiciary with the least possible delay, and went out of court, after a grand tableau, in which slobbering, barraking and kissing, alternated with hand-shaking and other extravagant congratulations. No one thought of the poor clerk, shot down like a dog; nor of his wife, in her weeds and desolate home! Thus was the temple of justice defiled! Thus was the prudence and foresight of the government vindicated in not putting Mrs. Surratt, nor even Payne, on trial before a Washington court and jury! Had it done so, we might have read in the telegraphic summary in this morning's journal, "Mrs. Surratt arrived last evening at the — House, Baltimore. She was attended by Judge ——, of Washington, and was welcomed by a large party of friends at the depot." Or: "Mr. Payne, the gentleman who was so triumphantly acquitted by an enlightened jury, in Washington, of an attempt to murder Mr. Seward, has reached town. He is the guest of our distinguished fellow-citizen, Mr. ——." The injury which he sustained in his right hand, during his encounter with Mr. Frederick Seward, we are happy to learn, is rapidly disappearing."

It was not our intention, at the outset, to dwell so long on this wretched mockery of justice in Washington, but to direct, so far as in our power, attention to that public feeling or sentiment which seems to exempt women from judgment by that standard of justice and responsibility which is so rigidly applied as regards the other sex. No case can bring up more distinctly the right or wrong of this feeling than that of Miss Harris, and it behoves all thinking men, and those who have the welfare of the community at heart, to give it serious consideration. On what ground of justice or humanity can women to be exempted from that accountability which society has found it necessary and expedient to establish for the protection of itself and both sexes? Are women presumed to stand in perfect equality? Is crime less criminal because perpetrated by a women? Or do the civil systems deal in some subtle sophistry by which women are to escape that they shall have greater latitude in others? Is it because they have no direct voice in framing the laws, that, therefore, they shall have immunity from their infliction, while they enjoy their guarantees? Is it because we feel conscious that we exact the utmost penalty on our unfortunate victims of social laws, which men are scarcely noticed, that we are disposed to allow her a compensating latitude in other directions? Or is this feeling, to which we have referred, the offspring of an unhealthy sentimentality, or an imperfect concession to the repugnance to capital punishment, which has so wide a diffusion in the community, and which, without demanding a complete change in the laws, satisfies itself for the present, and chirks the main question by insisting only on their partial application?

We are inclined to think that the latter is the true explanation of the actual anomaly in the treatment of female offenders. The community, a wretched conservatism, which is making murder a pastime for women. We may as well at once concede that, after the Washington affair, that women cannot be convicted of murder. Miss Harris committed murder or nothing. It is impossible for any other indictment; but thet of "wilful murder" against her, and on thet issue she hed to be tried. The jury had to bring in a verdict of wilful murder premeditated, or acquit her. To have adjudged her only guilty of homicide would have been to burlesque the forms and make ridiculous the solemn proceedings of the Court of law. The punishment of "wilful murder" is death, *and the jury was determined not to hang a woman!*

There was a time in England when sheep-stealers were the favorite victims, and when sheep-stealers were rigorously hung. There came a time, while the same laws were still on the statute book, when it became impossible to hang a man of sheep-stealing, because juries did not believe sheep-stealing was an offence deserving of death. When the punishment was modified, convictions for the offence became practicable.

The parallelism is not altogether complete, but the change in public sentiment, as regards capital punishment—especially as sex and cards women—has been similar. Juries will not convict them of the crime, so long as the penalty attached to it is prescribed. There is the naked fact. And yet there is not a juror, outside of Washington certainly, who would pretend that female murderers should not be punished, and in exemplary manner.

What is the remedy for a condition of things that all admit is wrong and dangerous? Judges may lecture, and theorists may demonstrate, and sentiment may plead on the plain, simple Americans who sit on juries, have hearts abounding with affection and generous sentiments, and no oath is strong enough, no sense of obligation to the law is sufficiently powerful to make them say "guilty" in certain cases of legal murder. If, by any process of mental jiggery, they can persuade themselves that the case has an element of uncertainty, they let the prisoner go free; and when their humanity tells them of the existence of extenuating circumstances, they not seldom reform the law without heeding judicial instructions. Of course, by the theory of law, these jurors act foolishly and culpably; and by the theory of common sense, the law acts foolishly and culpably in placing human set men in such a position, that they feel perjury to be their duty.

Our *present* system of capital punishment does not accord with the moral sense of the country; and to spare themselves the anguish and shame of degrading spectacles, people are having recourse to the appalling theory—that every person is insane who commits murder under the slightest possible temptation.

On all other matters we accept the scientific definition of insanity, and refuse to call a man insane who does not suffer under incoherence, fatuity, or delusion; but when a comely murderer is tried by public opinion, thousands of good persons persuade themselves that he is insane, although they are familiar with the scene of drinking, or the mystery of courting, the right in certain states of society. But when I turn from that short-sight and that short-sighted expediency, to our own state of society—when I consider how difficult it is to find a jury for a capital case, unless prepared to practice justice, from that which admits the force of mitigating circumstances—how invidious it is to put the Secretary of State in dispensing the mercy of the Government, and how impossible it is for the latter, even soon the object of general horror becomes the theme of pity and praise, to temper mercy and justice, I find the examples given by this cowardice and awful punishment—a terrible lesson of cowardice—I come to the conclusion that nothing would be lost to justice—nothing lost in the preservation of innocent life, if the punishments of death were altogether abolished. In that case, a sentence for life, or a shorter punishment, followed by another term of hard labor and hard fare, would be accepted as an extension of mercy. The sentence of the judge were to be executed. The public would not be shocked by the infliction of punishment in cases of mercy, and the criminal would have the benefit of repentance in time and opportunity to turn repentant to the throne of mercy."

Since the publication of our last, an explanation, evidently from the State Department, has exonerated our Minister in Mexico, Mr. Bigelow, from the charge of using the language imputed to him in the *Monileur*, as regards the United States and Mexico. Immediately on the publication of the article in which officials appear, Mr. Bigelow addressed a note to the Minister of Foreign Affairs, requesting a correction to be made, which was promptly, and very properly, accordingly. We are happy to find that Mr. Bigelow did not commit the blunder attributed to him, in thus publishing to the outside of direct and unyielding hostility to the French occupation of Mexico has been in no way compromised or misrepresented by him. There it and can be no mistake in this matter. France must leave Mexico, quietly, it is to be hoped—forcibly, if necessary. There is no article in the American faith more record or more widely accepted than that embodying the short principle laid down by Monroe, and which has made his name immortal.

BOOK NOTICES, ETC.

THE *Atlantic Monthly* for August opens with a very interesting paper on "Recollections," by Miss Prescott, Spear, in which she writes about the Second Session in Washington, in the Continental Hotel, in 1863-4. Mr. Baker has a most feeble imitation of the Spasmodic style in a piece of poetry, called the Second Love. These echoes, however well done, are not worthy of American poets.

Tuckerman's Fields' magazine for "Our Young Folks," for August, is very successful. The articles in this number are very good, and the reading will adapted to both old and young children.

TOWN COSSIP.

We have received several letters from old subscribers who, while owning their inability to go out to the country, or to spend any time or money away from home in the city, as there was in the good old days of Niblo. We have not forgotten the amphitheatre years of late and of old, and there was an invitation of half an hour, to enable the audience to adjourn into a free open space of gardens, where ice creams, sherbets, and claret negus gave a double zest to the Naval pantomimes. It was a great improvement upon the Circus, however, to allow fair flesh to a comfortable seat in the adjoining grounds, and, tasting Gunynede, stand by for the next. Those old archways of cooling punch and strawberry cream. In those days the managerial cupidity had not converted the comfortable of empty benches into instruments and traps of torture, where a moderate-sized human being is fixed in as firmly as a cock in a fighting hand, and where the spectacle a mammoth dentist's fork to extract every occupant. It would be unfair to say anything more unhopeful than those iron skeletons, which are sarcastically called seats, and rejoice in being unbolted, as the days move on. Remain. You can have pews at Barnum's, hear at Mitchell's Olympic, and see Mary Taylor, then not her final benefit, if you pondered a private mask and sangaree, in the Vauxhall Gardens, where now stands the Astor Library.

In those cheap and ancient gardens an Irish meeting was held to celebrate the great Milesian victory of the ecumenon, when Gen. Brian Wallbridge, then an elegant young gentleman, garbed in Fox's most elaborate style, and with a rich scarlet sash, called upon the Irish to resist the British red coats, as their ancestors did, "in their boots—in town coats!" which they wore, "in Parliament, and in their best!" So the general's instructions go.

But we must hear ourselves away from this dream of our youth, and observe that, with the exception of Barnum's patriotic concert, and the Winter Garden, there is nothing to report in the theatrical world. In the meantime, if any of his friends wish to send him a present, we may be pitched for the best of Museum in the Chinese Buildings, Broadway, where he will remain till the end of the season.

Brooklyn has indulged in a supplementary accident in Fourman street, on the very next where, some months ago, several lives were lost in a fire. We had hoped that the miserable plan of making gardens on the roofs of houses would have been abandoned; but on the present occasion the New York press lays the blame on the scarcity and concealt of the cause of the property, where the double calamities occurred. We trust the coroner's jury will have the courage to do its duty, and indict the guilty party, whatever his wealth and standing in society may be. A British House of Commons has just indicted

the keeper of the Queen's conscience; let us imitate Ie pluck.

Jesse Wood, which has lately been resonant with the ever-twisted Tatsions, there has not the benefit of race in their native land, only, when they come away, they don't carry their grievances with them.—Jesse Wood, recently before the echo of "Faust" has died away, has resonantly with the sensible threats of the Fenians, who met there to terrify that tooth so old beast, the British Lion. Col. Rolee to make a very eloquent speech, which will, we are sure, strike more terror into the hearts of his fellow-countrymen, Lord Palmerston, than the bombast of Fenians. Apart from the political side of affair, the meeting was very orderly conducted, and gave our Irish fellow-citizens a pleasant holiday.

In the Police Court, the other day, a man was charged with rioting in one of the Third Avenue cars, which was so disorderly conducted that, during the time the fighting women and sex using children had to be removed out of the windows. We call the attention of the public to the following part of the evidence:

"Mr. Dillon, a conductor on the Third avenue railroad, testified that, at the time in question, the car was pretty near full.

"Q. What do you call full? A. When we get 800 to 200 passengers in it.

"Q. Are not many here you could? A. Twenty-four.

"Q. Is it the orders of the company to fill a car that way? A. Yes, sir.

"Q. Is it left discretionary with the conductors? A. It is left with the people whether they get in or not."

The conductor hits the nail on the head when he says: "It is left with the people whether they will incommodious themselves, or not, others."

When the company raised the fare one cent, there was almost a popular outcry on the occasion, and the several lines the extra cent demanded was abandoned; but the continued swindle and insolency of putting three persons in a car when it is only accommodation for one, is quietly submitted to. As the conductor says, it is the people that will that do, and so the people have themselves to blame.

Of the various subscriptions for the relief of our noble soldiers, the Sixth ward, 385 Fourth avenue, New York, may be considered, in point of speciality, the most prominent. The worthy trustees of the ward propose that the furnishing committee relief to soldiers returning to their homes, visiting before them the sick and footsore, and giving them all necessary information concerning the route they are to travel; the fare they are to pay, and the best manner they can do it; and, in addition, the soldier's Rest is supported strictly by private subscription, and is managed by those in immediate interest. John Van Deuzen and Joseph O'Brien, both old soldiers, are the attendants, and, through their efficient care many hundreds of many veterans have been cordially provided for, and "sent on their way rejoicing."

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—Terrific storms of rain, thunder and lightning have visited several localities in the Eastern States. Portland, Conn., was visited with one which converted the city into a river; Cincinnati, also was much damaged by one at the same time.

Preparations for the traveling friends were welcomed at Salem, Oregon, on the 19th of July, by Gov. Gibbs and the leading citizens.

— Gen. Grant and his family are at Saratoga.

— The celebrated warrior, Bloody Hand, so well known as the most sanguinary of all the Sioux Indians, died on the 16th ult., in his 104th year.

— Fort Fisher and Fort Fulton are to be the sole fire at Burnham's Museum, fell on the 18th ult., July 29, 1865, were slightly damaged by. Fortunately the workmen were at dinner.

— The Fenians are encamped at Limerick, Ireland, over 20 persons were drowned.

— Miss Pauline Burnham, youngest daughter of J. T. Burnham, arrived from Bad Kreuznach on the 17th of July, and much injured.

— The last rebel pirate, the Shenandoah, is constantly visited by depredations in the Arctic ocean, having burnt eight American whalers. In February next several more will fall into his hands.

— It is reported that the heroic youth, who has gained much applause by plunging in and saving drowning persons, in the Red River, has been discovered to be one of the world-be soldiers, "rescued from the jaws of death," by going home to his mother.

— Yale College has been especially honored by her son, the ex-President. She sent 1,000 people to the war, of whom 56 were graduates, 3 have been killed in battle, 3 brigadier-generals, 17 majors, 1 of whom is a surgeon, others of lesser grade. Alfred H. Terry, of New Haven, is one of the many "citizen soldiers" of the native and soldier. Gen. Rice, who fell in the Wilderness, and many others.

— Gen. Sully has arrived at Fort Sully, Minn., with his forces. He is about moving on to Fort Rice, where he will make a treaty with the Indians, should be the main purpose of giving battle.

— On the 19th inst., a ball will down in Furman street, Brooklyn, starting in its name several of the workmen, whose mutilated bodies were recovered after several hour's hard labor. Considerable indignation was manifested against the director of the building, who is considered as the chief party to blame.

— Ben Hall, a notorious bushranger, popularly known as Billy Mullings, was killed recently at 8.10 Peninsula, in the county of New Galloway, on the 5th inst., aged 26.

— The Dow Richmond made her experimental trip from New York to Albany on the 26th of July. It was a perfect success, and proves that she is one of the fastest and handsomest boats on the river.

— The N. Y. *Herald* says that Jeff Davis is in the receipt of numerous offers of employment, if he is having himself, and upon the south.

— The official statement of the capture of the Illfated ship William Nelson, burned off the Banks of Newfoundland, on the 4th of July, with a loss of 16 passengers, is published. The fire arose from the carelessness of a boy, who, when 4 years old, was drowned.

— The little city of Hudson, on the North river, in this State, is a town, we have passed recently at the mercy of a band of roughs on the 18th of July. On that day a procession was made up of the boys of the Fifteenth Guard of Albany, and with it came a gang of ruffians, who, with drums, fifes, and other instruments at fallow, attacked, beat and robbed the citizens on the streets, entered and ravished the public press, and kept up a reign of riot and terror during their stay in the town. The police authorities of the city were gone, police, cools and clones, and no great was the consternation caused by their visit. Gov. Fenton was down and children in their fright fled for safety to the nearest country. A number of citizens received serious injuries, helpless old men and boys being the persons principally assaulted. Only six of the scoundrels were arrested, and two of those were in mind on paying a small fine. These outrages are becoming so common that we positively see no secure for the villains we propose them.

Obituary.—Isaac Taylor, the well known, philosophical writer, died lately in his 77th year. He was born in England, August 17th, 1787. Educated for the church, he preferred literature, devoted his life to philosophical and religious study and writing, and published a large number of works, some of which had a wide popularity. His first book was "Elements of Thought," (1822)—a Scotch metaphysical treatise. In 1829 appeared enormously the "Natural History of Enthusiasm," one of his most popular work, overwrought by zeal. A mythical in theology, but influential at the time. He was an opponent of Puseyism, and published a series of tracts against it. "St. Spiridon Deacon" and "Puseyism within the Pale of the Church." Sir Edward Stephen as a treatise on Ecclesiastical Policy, and he followed it in many books relating to that subject. To-gether with Truth, he prepared a new translation of Bossuet's History. He wrote largely on his all the different reviews.

Foreign.—Although the elections are not quite over in England, the indications are sufficient to show that Lord Palmerston and Earl Russe ministry have been re-lect in the last Parliament.

— Sir Rodoyck Murchison communicates to the London Times, a letter from Mr. Baker, the discoverer of Nyanza lake, in Central Africa. The last discovery substantiates the opinion advanced by Speke, that the Nile rises in the Lake Nyanza, a view of the question which it is no course to Condemn.

— The new electoral law in the British colony of Victoria, Australia, will secure to every propriety holder a vote, and double that number where he owns their new place. It is reported that they "voted well," that every man who could read and write might have been elected, even a being born aristocrats.

— In Paris, before are arming themselves with steel in the manufacture, which are sharper than the edge of steel going round the entire body at about two inches from the ground. In the Louvre, there is a collection of even earrings of steel, and a necklace and bracelets of the same. The ladies of Paris are very fond of these fashionable horses, but of course more positively.

— In the annual report of the Bank of Scotland for the year ending the 25th of March, there were 20 convictions of forgery in Scotland, 14 in England and 1 in the of London and the as to golden police districts. The amount of forgeries was £1,000, £1,000 in Scotland and 300 loans.

— On the 19th inst., the deaths of 4,383 seamen were reported to the British Board of Trade. Of these, 1,486 were from cholera, 1,000 from fever, including groups in Of these there were of religious, 743; biography and miscellaneous, 1,000; natural history, 1,000; fine arts, 1,000; belles-lettres, 1,000; juvenile works—total, poetry and general literature, 1,000; medical and surgical, 1,000; law and parliamentary, 70; medical and surgical, 1,000; agricultural, 1,000; domestic economy, 1,000; education—1,000; English philology and education, 1,000; navy, military, and engineering, 1,000; the several editions of the day, 500; agriculture, horticulture and kindred subjects, 1,000; trade, 1,000; religious works, 1,000; science and natural history, 1,000.

— The Paris Exhibition of the great Huguenin leader, died at Genoa lately.

— The French remedy for sleeping in the streets is to be put in force. Any person found sleeping in the streets of Paris, without visible means, will be taken to the police station, and, if he cannot give a satisfactory account of himself, he will be sent to prison for a month.

— The Fenian society in Ireland is in a revolution in Kilkenny went to the war on canoe back to-no. Orbs were left to-morrow, and the Fenians were left to-day, with open arms. One seized his musket, determined to give his life to-country for Ireland's freedom, another desiring to relieve him of every burden, and still another, with all determination, of every hindrance, and ammunition in which they held their old comrade. No sign in the Kilkenny Schools of Fenianism, but the multitude to grieve over any linked boots while they look behind to "look after" "dead cats."

— William Robinson, bar- of Annette, Georgia, left her the house on a recent day, and was gone for a time. In $150,000, on condition that the town procure suitable, and that a school be kept in suitable for at least one year. It is designed to make one of a free-school system of the State. If the town fails to do so the estate will cantent tax will on the ground that the property is exempt from taxation for school purposes, being a school, resident it will.

— Mr. Sothern, the novelist, like Miss Evans, has her domestic dark spot. She is not the wife of Mr. Sothern, the actor, but of a gentleman who, when Mr. Sothern's wife is confined in a mad house. The pair live as husband and wife.

— A gentleman riding in a street car in New York, was robbed of a valuable gold watch, and when the thief was detected, he was asked why he stole it. He said he was about to be searched, he quietly slipped the watch into the hand of a boy who was standing near him, to take, and before the search was not upon him, he was discharged. The boy ran off with the watch, but being pursued, he put it into the hand of a man, who handed it back to the conductor of the car, who delivered it to the owner.

— Whittier's last poem gets some slender Indian names into it, as

Land on away in shadow and sunshine,
Slaves of finery through all thy mids,
Thy Mohawk and Tuscarora,
And Winnipiseogee's hundred isles."

— Mr. Lee, the Superintendent of the Police Department at Cincinnati, and a Daniel Pierce, suspected of having informed the government of the Vallandigham plot, of $10,000, was arrested a few days since. His lawyer, in going to Mr. Mendale's office with him, succeeded in his bail, and has not been heard of since.

— The Queen of Spain is now visiting her kingdom, falling very sad. He was just recovering from a severe illness, when, while walking in the garden of the Isle of Wight garden, he took cold, and now, it is stated, inflammation of the lungs has set in. He is now thought going to remove him to the south of France at once, as the only chance of saving his life.

— Pyramidia is the new and fashionable name for a specially fine article of tea, called Imperial.

— Sir Boyle Roche, in one of the debates on the question of the Irish Union, made a speech, in which he concluded by saying "that it would change the Irish Channel to a Bridge of Sighs."

— The Louisville *Journal* says: "Jeff. Davis and his followers getting up the subscription by a circular, and the following is the list of subscribers: Jeff. Davis, one hundred dollars; Mrs. Jeff. Davis, one hundred dollars; Miss Jeff. Davis is in prison awaiting trial for treason, and has no money, so can't subscribe. Total, $200 of $5,000 secure, in Mississippi, for their own benefit."

The 14th day of the month has been made memorable by the assassins. Orsini, Charlotte Corday, Booth, Payne, their many attempts such as the 14th, and Prese and Lincoln was cast on the 14th of April, 1865. In fact, the 14th day of the month may be considered the unlucky day for royalty, and most especially Lincoln, Napoleon III., Queen Victoria, George IV., George III., George V., William IV., Washington, President Lincoln, and others, have all died on a Saturday.

A TURKISH MARRIAGE.

At one o'clock, on a hot day, under a scorching sun, and through dry dusty streets that made one with fire a little whirlwind each we started to a Turkish marriage. Our own escort in color costume, and an elon-colored cortege of the Pasha's, marched before and following a sturdy stick in his hand, and with the weapons in his belt. It was a long weary walk, and and weive of our fine clothes—for we had made ourselves as fine as we could—and the constant escort, and the imitations of little boys with no end of blue calico in their costumes, made the way more fine and long. On arriving at a dreary house with a few sombre trees keeping guard at the front, we were given long cotton umbrellas and paraded to Harem and this brother-cross, and climbing an unstable fine-worn staircase, we found ourselves in the harem, and were waiting a la gymnast, where numerous Turkish women were assembled, we were ushered into an inner room full of women, fat, thin, and a few female black slaves. The walls of this apartment were painted in a large branch of garlic hanging in the room corner to keep away the evil eye. We were graciously received by the handsome and handsomely dressed wife of the governor, Mr. Bayruth, in white muslin and rose-colored ribbons, and the mother of the bridegroom, a little woman with an intelligent withered face. She was robed and trimmed in yellow and white silk; necklace and earrings of fine pearls, her head draped with white muslin and trimmed with lace. Her grey feet clad in silken hose and Turkish slippers.

The daughter-in-law for bride a fat white teeth and a tuft of blue feathers.

We were invited to sit on the divan; chairs were stood for the use of those who may curried in an adjoining chamber; my nephew was called on to a large cushion in the middle of the room, and we were shortly joined by all. On the floor were several immense cushions, like the one on which my nephew was seated, and a divan on which many of the guests sat. Under a canopy at one end of the divan, the bride was seated, à la Turque, and motionless as a statue. So handsome and pretty she looked, one of the children fancied at first that she was a wax figure, presented to her as the bride's wedding dress. Her dress—a present from her husband—was of rich blue silk and gold-colored flowers. Her head-dress was profusely ornamented with brilliants; necklaces and earrings of the same—presents from the mother of the bride. Behind her was a large mirror, and two pieces black pasteboard, about the size of a four-penny piece, a talisman to drive away the evil eye, peeped through one of the patches came off; then a slight movement as was perceptible in the handsome head of the bride, and the mirror was replaced. Then an expressive glance from the refractory patch into some sort of gum, and stuck it on again.

The bride was a Circassian, apparently about twenty, one of the many wishes of the defunct Sultan, who wisely good children with the flesh and dark eyes and hair, a restful fair skin and regular features and pretty hands; her feet were small, and her brilliant complexion, due to the Pasha, he should himself of taking a wife, the features of the bride and the mother of the bridegroom's mother set off for Constantinople, and finding the favorable reports confirmed, brought home the pair in charge of a eunuch. He and his lord were sons in bride till a few days before the wedding. That they see and not to be seen.

"Hyppy le the wooing
That is not long of doing."

Fastened round the bride's neck under the canopy where fit she sat, were tastefully strung of shawls, sea-fa nanded orchids of many colors, cloth and velvet caps and long, elegantly-fitting jackets of the Turkish lady's costume, and forming part of the bride's trousseau.

Among the guests were several Turkish ladies who were in colored silk, some in colored muslin or calico, others in white muslin, and some in black cashmere and silk. They wore their hair twisted round the head and partly concealed by a handkerchief or falling in intermingle behind behind it. Several generally crossed with a handkerchief in grace or silk shafts, ribbon or feather, which was arranged in various ways. Some wore their hair at two feet their hair cut short. Some wore Turkish slippers; others high heeled boots. Most of the women were in good spirits and looked as if they were enjoying their handsome, except the bride. A few of them had painted young gentlemen with a fine face in front. Those young gutes, that call so pip when seen going momentarily from the husband, and the bridegroom's mother, &c.

There was a hearty, cheery air about some of the women; they were fat withal and well dressed; the manners of the ladies were free and easy, and full of dignity of their lives. They chatted with each other, laughed and talked occasionally with us; we gave presents to the few Turkish words we had learned for the occasion, looked at our dress, and doubtless thought it as extraordinary as we thought theirs. Some were decidedly graceful, their peculiar skills and picturesque costumes gave a touch to their appearance.

All the women were long, full trousers, and some had their outer robe sweeping the ground; others were a long white jacket, which fell in a good way from the waist. None of them seemed to have any stays, and it was indeed a relief to see a room full of women without out crinoline. I was to that probably not one of these poor souls could read or write. Among the guests were a few Jewesses, and a number of Greeks, a handsome Circassian slave, when he purchased some time ago by the new governor from the slave-market of Smyrna, and had come here with.

We had arrived in the morning to know if my nephew Ronald might accompany us. As he had not numbered eight years he was allowed to enter the sacred precincts, but he felt the gift of the new scimitar into his belt. There were many children present, both boys and girls; the latter, with their mothers, covered with ornaments, necklaces, earrings, and bracelets of the finest beads and silver. One little girl had on a stiff, dark green, large-patterned silk dress, that might really do said to stand alone; it was a little beauty, and about as unsuitable a dress to guard a frock. As the small, stately personage crossed the room, some one was heard of three standard pianos at the time of Queen Elizabeth, where little girls took even more pleasure than they do now in crinoline.

We were hospitably entertained. A pretty young creature, with bean-stained fingers, glossy nut-brown hair, and sweet, soft eyes, presented us with coffee, sweets and water. Presently another woman, carrying a large tray on an exquisitely fine arrangement, covered with red, green and gold, gave us almond milk. Some time after a boy with a brass kettle brought round, with a brass Turkish fashion, placing the fairyike unhandled cup (*finges*) into a base of filigree silver (*zarf*), not unlike an egg-cup in form. There was something thoroughly Oriental in the whole scene; the stained-glass figure on the divan, the women and children in their strange eastern attire, the black slaves with tattooed cheeks and gaudy garments standing around, one or two of them occupied with the coffee service, whose aromatic fragrance filled the room; wild, monotonous music came stealing in through the open windows, when, grouped on a bar see, several men were playing on a large guitars harp and on other musical instruments. The windows communicating with the outer chamber were darkened by lattice-bars of a square, with latticework, peeping into our room; a negress, with glistening teeth and pyllow kerchief round her head also taking a survey of the Frankish family.

The modesty, and an intelligent young negress, whose good manners and almost male sex evinced by her-ce-ding natives, were the only people who could talk Greek with Christian. She spoke an easy, but dogmatic and that we could understand some in-ormation about the bride.

The elder ladies had gone to dine in a neighboring apartment the women were dining in the outer room and we. We as old the mother if she b ide was not going to be unhappy. No she was not happy—to be shut off her husband, and her daughter, of her dinner. It seems she had breakfasted on a small portion of pilaff, and tomorrow would be married. Then, for a little more, she looked weary and somewhat sad. Why was she so sad? Why, she had been shamed by a male doctors so many people, but when she spoke with one or two of her companions, she would talk to them. We suggested that the bride might have a headache after the many days and arrangements. Oh, no; her son was her only child, and would gladly do what he can to make him. We expressed our satisfaction of the bride's looks. He son, she seemed to think, were better looking, and though not pretty, she would send for him, if we would come at the same hour next day. We should then see the bridegroom and bride together.

Under two glass-cases, at the other side of the room, were a number of bridal presents. Under one glass case was a china dessert service, preserve-plates, silver sandiers &c, and other articles of plate; all from the bridegroom's father. In the Isle Sultan, who must have enough to do, at his desires all her son's widows and children to make presents. On the Isle Sultan's other case, were the husband's presents to his wife. A silver coffee-table and a large silver tray, and a pair of satin slippers, a pair of embroidered slippers, worthy of Cinderella.

Several night were towels with colored borders, a shirt with embroidered front, a pair of brace s adsomely worked in silk and gold, and a red cap with a blue tag for holding a comb to trim the head of the tassel bobber. These were the bride's gifts to her lord and master. On the bridegroom's bridal head was delighted to show us all the finery. The bride looked at the bridegroom's presents in her turn. She was saying good-by to the mother and the bride, we passed through the room where the commissary was at dinner, and the bridegroom's mother was found there, on which were his black wooden spoons, and seemed to have plenty of everything, and was looking well, pitiful, and full.

We returned the next day to the chief reception-room, and found the bride and her lord at the divan, but robed in pink and crape and sitting on a chair, chatting merrily to the women next her, her pelisse off, and her head-dress pushed back, and in small slippers. After we had sat awhile, and been kindly treated to coffee, sweets and excellent cream, the women suddenly became very animated, looking eagerly from the windows towards the east room. A general movement took place, and signed her hands, and said something in Turkish. The women, like a flock of sheep, running to the bride's side, and left the room was coming. The bride went into the outer room to us at this, and the groom, and left, with a shawl over her head. He led her to her place under the canopy, and sat down by his mother's side, and the bride sat by her husband. Sherbet, iced and sugar, and coffee was handed round. Then the bride and again like a statue. The other women sat down on the divan, and looked in their usual position. The other women came and pay their respects to the bride, and after talking a few minutes, the son got up to bow, and the bride and bridegroom left the room, and the house. Again the negress clapped her hands, and the ladies rushed out to hear talking place. The bridegroom was standing in the outer room, with hand in hand as before. Then, amid much noise and laughter, the bride was carried out, and left in her husband with a large hooded mess, and it is cast short, rushed up to us, and ask d if we thought the husband handsome.

Shortly after, in pelisse and farewell, we, by one, left the house, and the bride and her lord alone in the governor's wife and the bride, most of them lightly touching their forehead and heart, and then saluting each other with the hand to hand to arm of the former's rete, kissed it, made a slighter obeisance to the bride, and passed on. We next saw her, a long time, her shoulder of the mother, and the latter blessed the hand of the bride, and then went up to the bride lovingly, times two being of higher rank than the rest.

When a man of inferior rank pays his respects to a man of superior rank, it is the custom to kiss the hem of his superior's coat. Our pasha is a large fat man, and appears to be very partial to snuff, he draws back his coat to prevent it from being kissed; the great, kind of being repeated, pashas all the time of the ceremony. The ladies, gathering the dispatch as most together, makes haste to get out of the way by the time the ceremony is over. The bride is generally guest carrying after him. This pretty little farce goes on for a short time, till one or two are left to be saluted.

We were among the last of the guests to say farewell to the bride, and have the latter, the mother going with us to the door and making very speeches as we passed. Her son gave a dinner some days before, to which we were invited, but we were not able to go.

You must know Turkish wedding has about a week, and we only come in for the latter part of the bridal festivities.

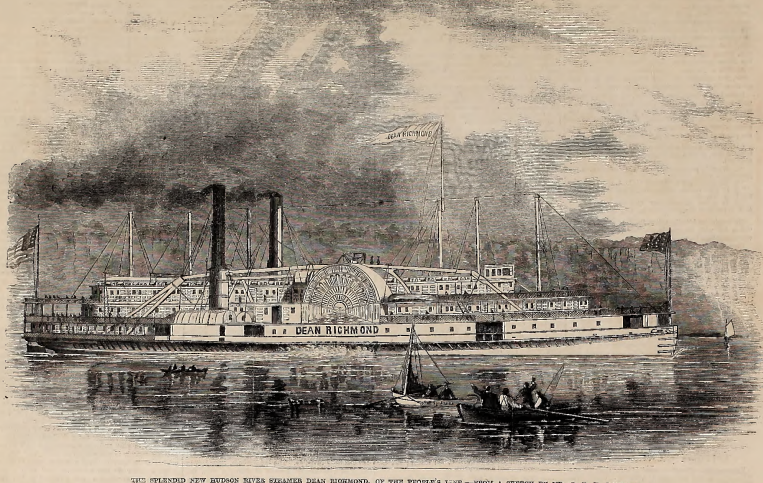
Among other ceremonies, the bride is taken to the bridegroom's house, and there puts her little foot on of her hands, and ties them together. She is then carried up to the bridal chamber, and placed on a couch, a present walking on each side to keep her from falling off, and thus conducted to by husband's house. The bride and bride are united, and the clock take off the bridegroom offers her a certain sum as dowry, asking if she is satisfied with the amount. She replies that it is a necessary turn of mind, there is a long parley until he increases the sum to the satisfaction of the bride.

She then is left of her maids, her hands untied, the bridegroom kicks a basin for her to wash her face in from the fingers. Honey and pomegranates are served to the bride, who then receives the bridegroom's presents and retires; the latter that her household must always be plentifully provided for, as scarcity there, no poverty-stricken case emphatically no empty house.

In one part of the ceremony, the father of the bride goes to see her alone, and gives her a purse of money

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To work insatiably requires much less mind than to work judiciously.



THE SPLENDID NEW HUDSON RIVER STEAMER DEAN RICHMOND, OF THE PEOPLE'S LINE.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. C. E. B. BONFILS.

THE NEW STEAMER DEAN RICHMOND, OF THE PEOPLE'S LINE.

Of the many magnificent enterprises characteristic of metropolitan shipbuilders, the splendid New York and Albany steamer Dean Richmond may justly be considered the perfection of river-steamboat architecture. The People's Line have, by their enterprise and enormous outlay, created an impetus in the business of river navigation, which has no parallel on this continent. The Dean Richmond resembles the idea of a floating palace. Like the St. John, she combines all the improvements of a first-class hotel with the accommodations afforded only on the great ocean steamers.

The Dean Richmond was built at a cost of $700,000, and has accommodations for 900 first-class and 600 second-class passengers. Her internal arrangements are of the best possible style and character, and neither pains nor expense have been spared to make her the most commodious and comfortable boat employed in inland navigation.

THE life-preservers most frequently used in the battlefield are long tags.

OFFICE OF THE UNION HOTEL, SARATOGA.

OF all the busy, bustling scenes so noticeable at our fashionable hotels, where summer tourists most delight to congregate, none can be compared with the noise or scene of pyramids of trunks, the rush of visitors, and the general appearance of the office of the great Union Hotel, at Saratoga, on the arrival of the steamboat train from Albany. The Messrs. LeGrade have made the Union Hotel not only one of the grandest and most extensive establishments of the kind in the world, but they have secured the patronage of *The Elite* who admire Saratoga and its beautiful surroundings.

SALE OF GOVERNMENT HORSES.

To those of our readers who, like ourselves, are compelled, during this salamandrine weather, to remain in New York city, and who are in want of a "sight sensation," we would suggest a visit to the Government Stables, in 35th street, near 11th Avenue. Now that the "cruel war is over," and thousands of our soldiers are being disbanded, a similar fate awaits some thousands of horses, who will charge the enemy or answer to the call of the bugle no more, but, like their former riders, will have to assume habits of peace, some to the whistle of the ploughboy, others to the tradesman of city life, while a select few may possibly bear on their backs the Rotten-rotten of Central Park.

There is every variety of character, both human and equine, to be seen at these horse sales—the sharp and decisive auctioneer, the rotund and well-to-do livery stable-keeper, the embarrassed farmer, the young American "sport," the German grocery-man, the rough-and-ready miner, and last and most important, the "speculator" par excellence, ever alive to chances.

The sales, which take place twice a week, are largely attended, and the horses, as a general thing, bring good prices.

SPEED OF SOUND.—Everybody must have remarked that sound takes time to travel to a distance. The varying interval between a flash of lightning and the thunder which follows it is a familiar example. Watch a woodman felling a tree. Unless you be quite near him, you will see the blow given by the axe before you hear the stroke. In consequence of the supreme swiftness of light, we may assume that you see the blow at the very instant it is given. The interval, therefore, between seeing and hearing the blow, is the time which sound takes to travel from the tree to the spot where you are; and this very appreciable interval becomes longer the further you are removed from the working woodman. Refer to a spot where the interval of time shall be exactly a second, measure the distance from the spot to the tree, and you have the speed of sound, or the number of yards which sound travels in a second.

MAGNESIUM.—A few years ago, magnesium was worth $200 an ounce; now it can be bought at $2 an ounce, so greatly has the cost of its manufacture been cheapened; and it is now produced as wires and screw-rods of considerable size and thickness, as well as in the form of wire. It is also highly useful for illuminating purposes, and experiments have been made with a view to the adoption for street lighting instead of gas. Of its brilliance, there is no question; it throws gas on all ordinary lights into a shadow. A company in Ann Arbour, where gas is sold at $4 the thousand feet, works, not long ago, to the secretary of a scientific society in London, to ask whether magnesium could not be afforded at less cost. The inventive faculty is so busy at the present day, that it is not impossible a satisfactory answer may be given before the world is many years older.



SCENE AT THE WHARF OF THE PEOPLE'S LINE OF STEAMERS, FOOT OF CANAL STREET, NEW YORK CITY—THE GREAT RUSH OF TOURISTS TO SARATOGA AND OTHER FASHIONABLE SUMMER RESORTS. FROM A SKETCH BY MR. F. H. SORELL.

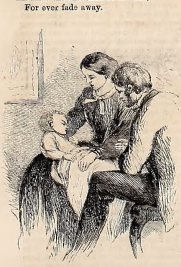


APPEARANCE OF THE OFFICE OF THE UNION HOTEL, SARATOGA, NEW YORK, ON THE ARRIVAL OF THE STEAMBOAT TRAIN FROM ALBANY.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. ALBERT BERGHAUS.

BABY.

BY ESEN E. REXFORD.

We knelt beside our baby's bed,
Just at the break of day,
And saw the sunshine of her life,
For ever fade away.



We watched the blighting bloom of death
Fall o'er our baby's brow,
And prayed in bitterness of heart—
"God spare our darling now."

Just at the first faint glow of day
Flamed up the eastern sky,
We felt the spectre's presence near,
And knew that she must die.

I strained my baby to my breast,
And kissed her pallid lips;
Oh! bitter pain to see her sink
Into death's dark eclipse!

She opened wide her tender eyes,
And looked into my own,
And then I knew how dear to me
My little one had grown.

She put her hands into my hair,
As with a mute caress,
Then laid her little tired head
Upon my aching breast.

The sunshine hit the eastern sky,
With an auroral light,
And baby passed into the land
Where there is no more night.

Her blue eyes closed in death's long sleep;
God bore her soul away;
And with the break of morn it passed
Into a perfect day.

A NIGHT'S ADVENTURE WITH GUERRILLAS.

June 11th, 1863, as a bearer of special dispatches, I left New Orleans, accompanied by Captain Bell, of the Texan Rangers, for La Fourche, a distance of about sixty-three miles from the Crescent-city.

Some of Dick Taylor's cavalry had been making a raid along the line of the Opelousas railroad, tearing up the track and burning bridges wherever they could reach the railroad, by making a dash past our outposts, with any reasonable probability of a safe return. We were, therefore, unable to go by rail towards our destination more than thirty miles. There we left the track, and through the kindness of Colonel Darden were furnished two strong field horses to continue our journey. It was then about noon of the day on which we took our departure from New Orleans. The colonel, as we were about leaving him, placed in our hands a small map of the route we were to take, and said jocosely:

"Keep an eye to the front, gentlemen, for, as you are aware, the greybacks, like foxes, have holes, and are liable to creep out for any purpose but to give a friendly greeting to travelers in your uniform."

"Very true," says Captain Bell, "I have had some experience with such fellows, and I know what to expect from them if we fall into their hands."

"Well, says the colonel, laughing, "we won't anticipate your capture. Good-by. Make my regards to General Weitzel, and tell him we are apparently defenceless down this way."

I thought I discovered, as we shook the colonel's hand at parting an expression of solicitude on his countenance, which seemed to say,

"I am afraid those gentlemen do not realize the perils of their journey."

It made but little impression upon my mind at the time, but I had occasion to remember it before another sunrise.

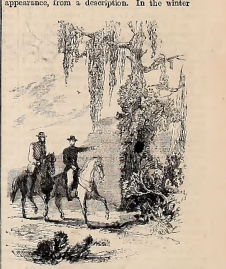
For the first four or five miles our stout horses trotted along lazily over what had once been a highway, but was then almost an unbroken path. Before we left, the colonel pointed out to us a long line of cypress trees bordering an extensive swamp, the edge of which we were then entering. Neither of us were unused to traveling over the lonesome roads which traverse this country for miles without passing a human habitation.

As we entered the swamp the captain said:

"This is a dismal place—fit abode for a superannuated undertaker."

"You," said I, "with a very slight stretch of his imagination he could transform these blackened piles of rubbish into hearses, and this cypress moss into funeral plumes."

A person who has never traveled through a Louisiana swamp can hardly form an idea of their peculiarly mournful, desolate, and undreadding appearance, from a description. In the winter

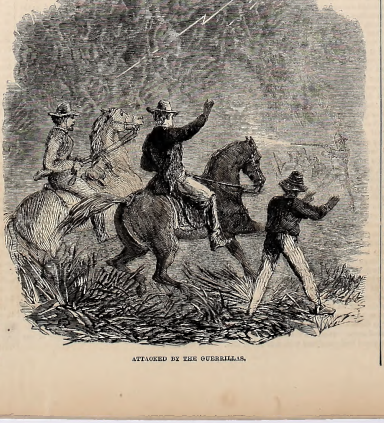


ENTERING THE SWAMP.

season they seem, as it were, to be alone—shut out from all the rest of the world by a leaden sky that hangs over them, as if it were a great lake and they at the bottom of it.

In summer the scene is only changed by the trees being in full foliage, and in place of the leaden sky, a blazing sun which seems to stupify every living thing, making vegetation droop and wither, and the leaves of the trees, which in a northern landscape form the greatest attraction, here combine with the drooping moss to make the scene only more dismal. It is a mystery to most travelers how, in a country where jubilance and ease seem to be the principal characteristics of the people, the herculean task of building roads through miles of almost impenetrable swamp should ever have been undertaken. Even the alligators, snakes and lizards, seem to be conscious, as they lie sunning themselves on the embankments, that their dominion will never be disturbed.

Our progress was much slower than we thought it would be, and the sun had sunk low in the horizon before we had completed our nineteenth mile. In the most favorable weather we could scarcely have had more than an hour and a half of daylight before us, but the sky thickening with clouds, sudden puffs of cold air, peculiar to marshy ground, and the low whistle of the wind through the trees, gave us a warning that darkness and a storm were rapidly approaching. There was a slight expression of anxiety depicted upon the countenance of my companion, as he drew from his pocket the map the colonel had



ATTACKED BY THE GUERRILLAS.

given us, and carefully dotted the different landmarks with a view to determine our exact whereabouts. After carefully examining our route, the captain turned to me, saying:

"I confess I am a little disappointed; we ought to have been, by this time, within sight of Riley's clearing, and if I am right in my calculation, we are at least ten miles from there. Confound these infernal corduroy roads! it would puzzle a shrewd man to tell just how much ground one is getting over."

"Well, captain," I replied, "my eyes are suddenly opened to the fact that we have got more to do, to get through to camp, than it is pleasant to undertake at this time in the evening."

"I should rather think so," said the captain. "What is to be done? We, like stupid fellows, have been riding along for the last six hours, taking no note of time, and now we find ourselves in a fix, with a little more than an hour of daylight to get out of it."

The captain had hardly finished his sentence, when we heard a voice crying with bated breath:

"Hist! I say dar."

We involuntarily halted our horses, and listened for a repetition of the sound. The voice again exclaimed:

"You fellows with blue coats hadn't better be gwine much furder or you're gone dead."

We were both puzzled to determine the whereabouts of the mysterious individual who had volunteered to give us warning of danger. The captain had lived too long on the borders to parley.

Pausing a moment in a listening attitude the captain called out:

"Who are you, and where are you?"

"Here I is, massa."

"Where is here?" says the captain.

"In dis tree—don't yer see me?"

We both looked anxiously in the direction whence the voice proceeded, and after the most careful scrutiny discovered a negro seated on the branch of a tree, almost hidden by the foliage. As soon as the negro perceived that we had discovered his whereabouts, he beckoned us to leave the road, where he could converse with us more safely.

The captain, turning to me, said:

"What do you think this means?"

"I think," I replied, "he has some information to impart which may be of interest to us. I can hardly imagine any other motive that could have induced him to discover himself."

"How is the bottom, my boy?" said the captain, addressing the negro, referring to the ground off the road.

"There aint no bottom where you is, massa. Go up de road to dat ar broke log, and if you ar putty kurful, you kin git up to dis tree wid yer horses."

The tree on which the negro was perched was between seven and eight rods from the road, and apparently inaccessible. We determined, however, to venture through, according to the negro's directions. The captain, taking the lead, was too careful a horseman to trust his steed where he was not willing to go himself, and, springing from his saddle, approached the log indicated by the negro as the best place to enter the swamp, and cautiously feeling his way, determined that the ground was strong enough to bear the horse. I remained seated, and slowly followed my companion as he pushed carefully through the thick undergrowth, until we reached a point where we could converse freely with the negro, who, when he saw we were within a few feet of the tree, descended and crept up to us. There was no mistaking him, he was a genuine Louisiana field-hand, with a frank, expressive countenance, indicating more intelligence than is usually displayed by that class of negroes.

"Well?" said the captain. "Out with it! Let us know what brought you here, and why you brought us here."

"Massa, ain't you cum o' Linkum's sogers?"

"Yes," I answered; "what of that?"

"Case thar ain't enough uv yer."

"Enough of us for what?" says the captain.

"Enough to go on this road much furder widout gettin' killed."

"What do you mean?" said the captain.

"Yer see, massa, I is one of de men dat belong to Massa Sheldon, who owns de plantation about two miles from har. Dis mornin', 'fore daylight, dar was 'bout twenty uv dem villans come 'long, and sed massa was a Linkum man, and dey tuk him off, and I spec dey killed him. Dey want gone mor'n two, tree hours, when dey cum back, and dey played smash wid ebery ting in de house. Dey set fire to de sugar-mill, and sed dey was gwine to take ebery band along wid em. Dey sent me down in ter de grass field to fetch up de mules; but dis child didn't fetch em up, he fotched hisself inter de woods, and har he ha."

"Well, how do you know they are there now?" said the captain.

"Kase I heard one of em say dey reckon day'd hang out dar for a night."

Scarcely had the negro finished his last sentence when the storm, unheeded by us during this conversation, came upon us in such fury as to make a place of shelter our first consideration. Almost simultaneous with the bursting of the storm, it grew suddenly dark, and the blackness of midnight surrounded us.

"We are in for it," said the captain, as a vivid flash of lightning, followed by a deafening roar of thunder, made the ground tremble beneath our feet.

"Yes," I replied, "that is very evident. How are we to get out of it?"

"That is a question I'm not able to answer. What do you say?" said the captain, turning to the negro, who was invisible to us, except in the flashes of lightning.

"Reckon we can't stay here all night, massa, if it keeps on rainin' like dis yere. It'll drown us out 'fore mornin'; de bayou is bery onsartin when it gets full o' water. Yer can't see nothin' uv dis swamp—only de tree tops when de levee brakes."

"That's rather unpleasant information," said I. "The sooner we change our quarters the better."

"What direction shall we take?" said the captain. "Had we not just left the road, and did I not know in what direction it lies, I do not think, if my life depended upon it, I could reach it."

The negro, who had been standing passively by, apparently indifferent to what was being said, suddenly exclaimed:

"Massa, I knows ebery foot uv dis yer ground, and I can go straight home de darkest night dat eber grew. On de ole plantation dar is a cabin, mor'n a mile back from de road, and taint a great deal mor'n two miles from here. Dar ain't nobody dar, and dar ain't nothin' in de place 'cept some black moss. If yer want to go dar, dis chile will take yer to de spot."

"Certainly," we replied, knowing that any change would be for the better.

"Lead the way, my boy," said the captain; "we shall have to trust you to guide us safely through."

"Let dis yer indiwidual alone for dat. Reckon we better keep de road for 'bout a mile furder, den we can go inter de swamp till we get to de cane fields; after dat it'll be mighty easy gettin' in de ole cabin."

Following the negro's advice, we, with great difficulty, regained the road, where the captain mounted his horse, and following the sound of the negro's feet as they splashed through the water, the lightning occasionally favoring us with a glimpse of him and the road, we groped on towards our prospective shelter. I had witnessed hurricanes at sea and storms in the tropics, but never saw anything equal in violence to the storm that surrounded us. So violent was the wind that the largest trees were prostrated on the road, and those that were sufficiently strong to withstand the blast were stripped of their leaves and smaller branches, which came whistling in our faces. Not a word was spoken by any of the party as we journeyed on; in fact, had we been disposed to converse, the mad roar of the elements would have made it impossible. We had gone about three quarters of a mile, and I had just drawn a tighter rein on my steed for fear of accident, when a flash of lightning discovered to us five armed men, seated on a tree, that had fallen across the road. Almost as instantaneously as the flash of lightning came the report of a musket, and the ball whizzed past between myself and my companion. In an instant, impelled by a sense of danger, the negro caught the bridles of our horses, and before we were conscious of his intentions, we were floundering in the swamp, completely hid from the road. Never did I more fervently pray for anything than that the storm would continue, but that the lightning would cease to flash. We had not gone two horses' lengths before the animals struck a spongy piece of ground, almost as soft as a carpet, sufficiently strong to bear our weight. Here we paused, and as the storm lulled for an instant, we could distinctly hear the voices of the men in the road. Two or three of them were evidently arguing that the man who fired the shot saw nothing.

"I tell you, Jake," said one of them, "you was dreaming."

"Dreaming!" replied the individual addressed; "a sloth could not sleep on such a night as this."

"Take it, you're right, Jake. What did you see?"

"See! I saw two men on horseback, and a nigger."

"That's a likely story," growled a voice.

"Well, maybe you are all smarter than I am; but you wait until the next flash, and if you do not see somebody in that road, my name is not Jake Martin."

The words were hardly spoken when a vivid flash lit up the scene, revealing for an instant every surrounding object. The party had evidently seized upon the moment to carefully scan the road, and with the darkness came laughs and jeers at Jake.

"Didn't you see six men and two niggers this time, old blunderhead?"

"No; I saw nothing this time," said the disappointed Jake, growing mad at the taunts of his companions. Springing from his seat, he exclaimed, with an oath:

"Any one of this party that says I didn't see two men and a nigger five minutes ago on that road is a liar!"

From this speech, and the quiet that for a moment ensued, it was evident, regardless of their former jeer at Jake, that he was a man whom, once roused to anger, the party stood in fear of.

"I did not doubt your word," said one of the men, in a conciliatory tone; "I only thought it rather queer that four men, with their eyes open, didn't see what you saw."

"Of course, if you saw them," said another, "they can't be out of musket range, for to go a rod in any part of the swamp around here is an hour's work; we've got plenty of ammunition, boys, let us give them a volley at every point of the compass."

"All right," was the general response. "Which way shall we fire first?" exclaimed one.

"In the swamp, to the right," said Jake, in a half-grumbling, half-satisfied tone.

Immediately five muskets were discharged into the swamp, directly across the road from us. In a minute the guns were reloaded and fired at a sharp angle from us, and we knew that the next discharge would place us in imminent danger. Up to this time we had remained motionless, lest their attention should be attracted to us, but now it was very evident something must be done. Leaning over my saddle bow, I whispered to the captain that we must make a move in some direction, or be slaughtered in our tracks.

"Is there any chance of getting through to the cleared fields?" inquired the captain of the negro, who stood half-paralyzed with fear at his side.

"I reckon so," replied our sable friend, apparently hardly conscious of what he was saying.

"Well, take the reins of my horse, and go on as though a fiend were after you," and, said the captain, turning to me, "if you'll bring up the rear guard, we'll give these fellows a race."

Although our conversation had been carried on in the lowest tone, it must have attracted the attention of the party in the road, for they ceased firing to listen. So certain seemed our capture, that I became almost desperately indifferent to danger. In a blind swamp, almost impassable by daylight, guided only by a frightened negro, and within easy range of the muskets of a band of ruffians, there seemed to be but little hope of escape.

The first plunge of the captain's horse settled the matter in the minds of the party in the road. They knew our position, and now came the struggle for life. They discharged their pieces, the balls cutting through the branches over our heads. A yell and a crash through the bush followed. Jake was right. They knew how many there were of us, and they anticipated an easy prey. Our horses were of but little service to us, and we should have abandoned them had we not known that we could fight better upon their backs than upon the ground.

Although our pursuers could make but little headway, we were slower than they. So eager were they for our capture, that they did not stop to load their muskets.

I was almost abreast the captain, when, with a sudden plunge, my horse sank in the mud, nearly to his haunches. That instant three of the party were upon us—one of them not more than a yard from me. I had held my revolver in my hand from the time they commenced our pursuit. The lightning again revealed us, and the foremost villain made a dash for me.

As he sprang to grasp my right arm, I raised my pistol, but the cap snapped. I had seen in the flash that he had thrown his musket away, and was armed only with a knife. With one bound he reached my horse's back, and before I could turn to face him, he had me by the throat. I could not see, but I knew his knife was raised. I threw up my arm for protection. The villain struck, but by good fortune a limb was between me and the knife, and the blade was buried deep in the wood. Before he could recover it, my revolver was again cocked and at his breast. This time my pistol did not fail me, and the assaulting party numbered one less. At this point the lightning became our friend. By its constant flash we could determine the position of our assailants.

The captain was a sure shot. Aiming at the one nearest to us, he discharged his pistol, and the man fell. The remaining three were only made the more desperate by the loss of their companions. They rushed upon us like maddened demons. My horse had extricated himself from the mud, and was moving slowly on when I was the second time attacked, and by a more wily antagonist than the first. He knew that I was armed with a pistol, and that he must do his work with a sword. He could approach me only in the darkness, and in a flash would jump so suddenly as to prevent me from aiming accurately. Twice I fired, but missed him. With a sudden bound he caught my pistol arm and dragged me from the saddle. I found myself in a grasp of iron; I knew from a curse he uttered, that it was Jake. My only hope was in preventing him from using his weapon, and with the strength of desperation with my free hand I seized his arm in time to prevent a thrust aimed at my heart. The struggle, I knew would be a short one, for I was conscious that my strength was not equal to his. He was gradually bearing down my arm, when a momentary glare of lightning discovered to me the negro with a huge club in his hand. The next instant a heavy blow was struck, and the ruffian sank lifeless to the ground. The negro had brained him with the club. Once more released, I sprang to the assistance of the captain, who, I knew from the sound, was in deadly conflict with the two remaining desperadoes. My assistance was not required, for before I reached the captain, he had disabled one of them, and the other, seeing that there was no longer a chance for him, made good his escape.

Fortunately, neither of us were injured in the affray. The negro had acquired extraordinary courage by our success, and as we determined not to again try the road, resolutely struck out for the place of our destination.

The storm had abated but little; still the great danger we had passed made it of minor importance, and in less than two hours we succeeded in gaining the open fields, and soon after, the cabin we had passed through so much peril to reach. As well as we could determine in the dark the building we were about entering seemed to have been rudely thrown together to meet some emergency. Whether it was constructed for a dwelling or a barn, could not be easily decided, for it was about as fit for one purpose as the other. It contained one large square room and a garret, the floor of which was laid with loose boards, which formed the ceiling of the room below. The garret was reached by a ladder, and as the negro informed us, it was partially filled with cypress moss, we concluded it would be the most comfortable place to spend the remaining portion of the night. The cabin was but a short distance from the woods, and out of view of any habitation.

We had been in the building about an hour, and the negro had fallen asleep, when we were startled by a clattering of horses' feet, and voices at the door.

"I wonder what's up now?" whispered the captain.

"Anything but a serenade, I'll be bound," replied I, mechanically, as the thought of new danger presented itself.

"Who has got a match?" exclaimed a gruff voice at the door, as three or four men entered the room below.

"Here you are, captain," was the reply of one of the party.

Almost immediately a light was struck, and the men, evidently familiar with the locality, commenced piling pine knots in a rudely constructed fireplace in one corner of the room. A bright blaze soon revealed to us, through the cracks of the floor upon which we were lying, the countenances of the party.

Seven more villainous-looking men I never saw. The man addressed as captain was a dark-visaged, long-haired, round-shouldered individual, apparently about thirty-five years of age. While the party were drying their wet clothes by the fire which was kindled for that purpose, the captain said to one of his men:

"Bring in the prisoner. We can't afford to let him die a natural death, and if he stays out there much longer strapped on that mule's back, he will be drowned in the rain."

At this command three of the men went out of the door and soon returned, half-dragging and half-carrying a young Union officer, who seemed to be almost speechless and exhausted. We soon learned from their conversation that he was captured in a raid made by the party through our lines, and the object of the capture was to gratify the personal malignity of the captain, who had, on some former occasion, been himself a prisoner in the charge of the captured officer. When the prisoner was brought in he was partially unbound, and soon recovered his consciousness. The captain, observing this, remarked to him that he must manage to save strength enough to appreciate hanging, for it was their intention to do him that honor at sunrise.

"We've no time to build a gallows for you; your carcase, in less than three hours, will be swinging from a beam over your head. This is a little compliment that I promised to make you, if you ever fell into my hands. The only difference between you and me is, that I managed to escape from your clutches," said the captain, with a frightful oath; "but you'll not get out of mine, rest assured of that, my blue daisy."

"But you cannot intend to murder me?" exclaimed the prisoner.

"That's a matter of opinion," returned the captain. "If the rope is short enough you will probably not touch the ground for several hours after you have commenced to stretch it."

This last expression could hardly have been said in a more sneering and brutal manner. The young man, apparently satisfied that any remonstrance from him was useless, made no reply, and the captain, after giving some orders to his men concerning the guarding of the prisoner, composed himself to sleep.

All this time our thoughts had not been idle. Each one of us were planning some means of rescuing the prisoner and effecting our own escape. The negro had awoke, and fortunately realized our position. It was necessary to act quickly, and noiselessly reloading our revolvers, we soon decided upon a plan of action. Fortunately the loud and blasphemous conversation of the ruffians below prevented them from hearing the few whispers that passed between us. We knew that the guerrillas had their horses tied to trees near the building, and that our first object was for one of us to reach the outside, and, after securing the best horse near our own, quietly turn the others loose in the woods. We would then shape our actions according to the best means at our disposal for the surprise of the party below. The building was so low that we could easily reach the ground from the small window of the garret. By this means we could easily effect our own escape unobserved, but we were determined to rescue the prisoner. We concluded to trust the negro to remove the horses and securely fasten the door on the outside, while we were watching for a favorable moment to fire on the villains below.

This plan, although feasible, depended, for its successful development, entirely upon favorable circumstances. In about an hour after we had decided upon our course of action, the fire had almost entirely died out, leaving objects in the room barely discernable. We knew the exact position of every man, and could make no mistake in our aim when the time came for us to fire upon them. Five of the guerrillas had already fallen asleep, leaving the other two to guard the prisoner. This appeared to be the time for action. The negro was now all nerve; a cat could not have more stealthily approached the window or more quietly leapt to the ground. We knew that his work would be done; we, knowing the occasion of the slight noises outside, were alive to every movement. Almost breathlessly we listened to the negro as he was removing the horses, which he did one by one, quietly leading them into the woods. That done, we heard him approach the door, and, with rails from the fence, securely fasten it, after which, by the assistance of a piece of timber, he succeeded in regaining the window. On entering the room we stationed him at the ladder by which we entered the garret, and prepared ourselves for the assault. In some places the apertures in the floor were sufficiently large to command the entire range of the room below, and each of us selecting a favorable position, we decided to shoot the guard first. It was the work of an instant; our aim was sure, and the men fell without a struggle. In the confusion, the yells, and the storm of rage that followed, two more ruffians were shot before they knew where our fire came from. We immediately changed our position, knowing that they would shoot through the floor, in the direction of the flash of our pistols. The three remaining villains dashed wildly to the door, and, finding it barred, they sprang for the ladder; but, before the leader of the gang had ascended three rounds, our faithful pistols did their work, and he fell dead at the feet of his companions. The other two, not knowing our numbers, cried for quarter, and surrendered themselves.

We descended the ladder and quickly secured them. Releasing the prisoner, and driving the captured guerrillas before us, we reached General Weitzel's lines in safety before the sun was an hour high. And thus ended our adventures with the guerrillas.

REST, SOLDIER OF THE UNION, REST!

BY EDWARD C. RIGGS.

Rest, soldier of the Union, rest!
The brave heart, that, within thy breast,
Beat proudly where our flag did wave,
Is silent now within the grave,
Where, safe from war's appalling storm,
Serenely sleeps thy manly form;
And summer flowers in peace shall bloom
Upon the sod that decks thy tomb.
No battle sound can there molest—
Rest, soldier of the Union, rest!

Firm didst thou stand amid the shock
Of charging squadrons—firm as rock—
Until, while giving blow for blow,
A rebel bullet laid thee low,
Wounded and bleeding on the sod
Already wet with patriot blood;
While o'er the field there came the cheers
Of victory, to greet thine ears.
Green grows the turf above thy breast—
Rest, soldier of the Union, rest!

Borne from the strife by comrades dear,
Fierce agony could wring no tear
From thee—nor uttered then a groan—
Till in the hospital alone,
And sleeping on thy couch of death,
Tears slowly came as came thy breath;
For, in thy dream, thy thoughts did roam
To where thy mother wept at home.
In peaceful spheres, where dwell the blest,
Rest, soldier of the Union, rest!

THE MAGIC RING.

BY LIZZIE CAMPBELL.

Jacob Van Anseller sat alone in his handsome room in his handsome house, and occupied himself in thinking over the handsome bargain he had made that day.

Marie Thompson was a pretty, fair-haired girl, with frank, hazel eyes, and a complexion setting at defiance all comparisons of pearls and roses. Mr. Van Anseller, a wealthy wine merchant, had seen her about two months before the opening of this story; and being in want of a wife he selected Marie to fill that situation in his household. The poor girl was not overwhelmed with joy at the prospect of this honor—indeed she obstinately refused to become Mrs. Jacob Van Anseller, and called down on herself the displeasure of her father, a narrow-minded, very poor tradesman, who owed some money to the wealthy lover. Mr. Thompson neither could nor would approve his daughter's refusal of this golden alliance; and when she could give no better excuse for what she had done than the declaration that she did not nor ever could love Mr. Van Anseller, her father "pooh, poohed"—declared he would "hear no such nonsense," and bade her make up her mind to become Mrs. Van Anseller within a month.

With so powerful a friend at court, the wine merchant did not despair, and the consequence was that poor little Marie, very pale, and nervous, and tearful, gave her promise to marry Mr. Van Anseller just one week before the conclusion of that spoken of by her father.

"True, she doesn't love me!" mused the wealthy bridegroom-elect in his handsome room, that evening, after the bill of sale had been finally arranged between himself and his prospective father-in-law. "But what is love? A fable—a girl's dream—a boy's madness! She will be a good little housekeeper, and how pretty she'll look behind the tea-urn at my handsome table. Pooh! Love, indeed! Stuff and nonsense!"

Mr. Van Anseller mused a while longer, but his thoughts took no definite shape; and after a while he slipped his fingers into his waistcoat pocket and drew out a ring, a broad, heavy band of plain gold—evidently a wedding ring. He looked at it for some moments, put it back into his pocket again, and with a sigh of satisfaction dismissed Marie, ring, marriage, and all appertaining thereto, from his mind.

The wedding-day came, and Marie, more tearful, more pale, and more nervous than when she had given the fatal promise, faltered the affirmatives that made her a wife, and Mr. Van Anseller slipped the heavy band of yellow gold on her slender finger. As soon as they were alone he took her hand, and, pointing to the ring, delivered a short address, somewhat as follows:

"Marie, this ring has been the sign of union between my ancestors for more than three hundred years; and woe to the wife that dishonors it! It is made of a gold that will not brook alloy, and its darkening hue reveals every thought of the wife who forgets that she is wearing it. Remember! I shall see the first shade that tarnishes its brightness, though to your eyes it may glitter with all its customary brilliance.

Marie shuddered and snatched away her hand from her husband's grasp, feeling the ring scorch her finger as though it were already burning with some magic fire.

The wedding tour of Mr. and Mrs. Van Anseller was not an extensive one; the wine merchant knew the value of time, and at the end of the first week in the honeymoon Marie was formally installed in the large fine house over which she was henceforth to be mistress. She was not so unhappy as she had at first feared she would be; her husband was neither harsh nor cruel; and if he did not show her any of the tenderness and thoughtful devotion which young wives naturally expect, neither did he play the tyrant nor constrain the action of her free thoughts. She did not love him—she could not love him; but she began to have a certain dim, friendly regard for him, and her heart, being free, gave her no uneasiness; her husband, she thought, was a good sort of man according to his lights, and if these lights were not very brilliant, perchance he was not to blame, and wouldn't she be ungrateful to think he was?

Six months passed away in this negative manner, which Marie would not have known whether to describe as happy or wretched. One evening Mr. Van Anseller announced, at the dinner-table, that a nephew of his own, just returned from a European tour, was coming to spend some weeks with him; "and, Marie, I hope you will do all you can to make his uncle's house agreeable to him," he concluded.

"Certainly, sir," responded Marie, with much the same tone and the same instinct of obedience with which she used to receive her father's commands, and, Mr. Van Anseller being apparently quite satisfied, no more was said on the subject.

On the morrow Franz Nurrenberg arrived; and Marie received him with even more cordiality than, in accordance with her husband's desires, she had determined on. The young traveler was of a most attractive and prepossessing appearance, and it would have been hard for a much older and sterner heart than Marie's, to have refused the welcome which his fair, handsome face, his bright face and blue eyes imperatively demanded.

Mr. Van Anseller seemed equally well pleased with his charming nephew—quite proud of him indeed, and smiled quite graciously at Marie's praises and admiration of him.

"Yes," he said, "the young dog! He's a handsome lad, and the living picture of his poor mother, my only sister. All the Van Ansellers are handsome."

Marie made no answer to this somewhat incredible statement; but, surveying her husband for a moment, wondered in her heart if it was the fate of the handsome Van Ansellers to lose all traces of their hereditary beauty with the coming years? Could Franz ever look, ten, twenty, thirty years hence, as his uncle Jacob looked? Impossible—impossible!

She turned away from her contemplation of his uncle Jacob with a feeling somewhat akin to disgust, and leaving him to his after-dinner nap, glided down to the parlor, where Franz was sitting by the grand piano, softly playing wild, plaintive German airs, and now and then joining to their sweet sighing the music of his voice, in strange, weird words, that filled Marie with a vague wonder, delight and terror.

Franz was an accomplished musician, and his voice was singularly sweet and pleasing; and when his beautiful young aunt expressed pleasure and admiration at his performance, he exerted himself to do his best. This musical entertainment after dinner, and while her husband slept upstairs, was a great, an exquisite, and most dangerous pleasure to Marie; and as day after day went by, she found that all the hours, from the moment she rose in the morning, were dreary, heavy, and inexpressibly dull till that magic time, when dessert was placed upon the table and Mr. Van Anseller began to nod and doze, and murmur brokenly in the first stages of sleep.

The evenings in the parlor were not all given to music now. Franz recounted his travels in foreign lands, and Marie had learned to think the low tones of his voice, in those half-whispered conversations, when he generally sat on the ottoman, at her feet, and held her hand in his—were they not aunt and nephew?—more sweet than his wildest, most plaintive songs. Nearly every night now her feverish sleep was broken into by strange visions of the handsome blue-eyed nephew of her husband; in dreams her lips touched his; her hand smoothed the waves of his golden hair; and with many a nervous start she awoke to shudder at the thoughts she obstinately closed her waking mind against.

"Franz will be leaving us soon, Marie," said Mr. Van Anseller, one afternoon, a little before the dinner-hour—the dinner, in fact, being delayed in consequence of Mr. Nunenberg's non-appearance.

Marie had started violently, and grown deadly pale at the abrupt announcement, but her husband had not seen these evidences of her emotion, for his face was turned away. He repeated again:

"Yes, Franz will leave us soon, and I'm sure we will both miss him; I will certainly. Will you, Marie?"

Marie made no answer, and Mr. Van Anseller, having waited some minutes, turned towards her impatiently.

She did not seem to have heard one word he had been saying, her head lay wearily against the back of the chair, her face was perfectly colorless—marble-pale, and her eyes were closed in a sort of mute despair. One small hand clutched the arm of the chair, and the other hung listless by her side. Mr. Van Anseller was unpleasantly shocked, almost alarmed; and he had risen and made one step toward the bell-rope, when he stopped suddenly. An awful frown gathered on his brow, and his eyes glared wickedly from beneath his bushy brows—glared, and were fixed with the blasting fire of lightning on the slender, white hand holding the arm of the chair in its tightest grasp.

He made but one stride and reached the chair, and clutching his wife by the arm, raised her with a jerk to her feet. Marie met his wild gaze with a sort of maddened horror in her own. She had cried out at first, for his hold on her arm hurt her; after that, his hold tightening and growing more painful, she shuddered away from him, and moaned drearily?

"What does this mean?" he asked, in a voice husky with rage.

"What?" murmured Marie, plaintively, and following the direction of his gaze.

"That—the ring is growing dark, and darker—it will soon be black."

Marie uttered an inarticulated cry, and wrenching herself from his grasp, struck with her other hand the marriage ring on her finger, as though she would have struck off thus the fetters that bound her to him.

"I never loved you—I never pretended to love you—and now I hate you!" she said fiercely, and turned haughtily away, to meet the blue eyes of Franz Nunenberg, standing on the threshold, and regarding her with a look of pitying tenderness that was as a healing balm to her sore and wounded heart.

Mr. Van Anseller saw his nephew too; and uncertain how much of the scene just past he had witnessed, desired him somewhat gruffly to enter.

The spasm of jealousy which had almost led Mr. Jacob Van Anseller to strike his wife did not interfere with his after-dinner nap; though it is impossible to say how sound that slumber might have been could he have suspected that his rival had sat, during dinner time, directly opposite him, and at the first sign of approaching somnolence, had descended to the parlor with his wife.

Marie felt that a dreadful crisis had arrived; the full extent of her mad passion for her husband's nephew she had never guessed till the moment in which she learned that he was so soon to leave them, but now that she realized it in all its terror—in all its magnitude—it took possession of her and carried her heart, her conscience, her soul away, in the resistless whirlwind of its might.

"Then you will leave me, Franz?" were her first words when they were alone.

"Never!" and he clasped both her hands in his, answering the love he had long since read in her eyes. "Never—death alone shall separate me from you. Did he strike you, Marie?"

"No," and she shivered, "but he will—he will kill me, Franz."

"He is capable of it, but you will never see him again. Go, and return to me at once, for within this hour you must leave him for ever. This is no time for words, or for scruples. Go, dearest—not a minute is to be lost," and pushing her gently towards the door, he released her hands, and as he did so, the ring, broken in two fell on the floor between them.

"Heaven be merciful!" ejaculated Marie. "It s an awful omen."

"It is a happy omen!" exclaimed her lover with a triumphant smile. "You are free from the chains he would have bound your soul and body in; it was old and worthless," he continued, picking up the pieces of the ring; "it was much worn, mended in many places, but it has done duty for the last time. How close I must have held your hands, my darling—so close to my heart I will guard you while I live, and so I haul from you every memory of past misery;" and as he spoke, he cast the broken pieces of dark gold contemptuously from him, while Marie, re-assured and with a smile, hastened to her room, and as hastily returned, cloaked, hooded, and veiled.

* * * * * *

Neither Marie nor her lover heeded the dreadful storm of that night; in vain did drenching rain, and roar of thunder, and glare of lightning, seek to delay their wicked flight. They had already passed the fields and meadows surrounding the wine merchant's handsome country house; and had entered the little wood, beyond which the lights of the station-house glimmered, and the shriek of the coming locomotive sounded above the storm.

The rain poured in thick streams through the leaves and branches—the lightning flamed, blazed, and disappeared, and the quick peals of thunder seemed to shake the very ground on which they trod. A flash—a roar—a crash—a wild cry! And on the morrow, under the smiling blue sky, and the gay, bright sunlight, it was hard to recognise the blackened, seared corpses that were dragged from beneath the trunk of the splintered oak, as the bodies of Marie Van Anseller and Franz Nunenberg.

THE CHICARRA, OR ANIMAL PLANT, OF MEXICO.

One of the most curious entomological objects which has attracted the attention of naturalists traveling in Mexico is the curious insect of which the Indians, in the neighborhood of Santiago and Cantla call *chicarra*, and which is sometimes called the *animal plant*. It is so called from a peculiar excrescence starting from the head of the insect, the nature of which has given rise to much discussion. Some maintain that it is purely an animal product, supplied from the insect itself; others that it is a true plant, or vegetable substance, starting from the brain of the insect. The hypotheses are both wrong. The insect is a kind of grasshopper (*cicada plebeia*), in its larva state, and the excrescence which it bears, resembling a miniature branch of coral, is a vegetable parasite, a kind of fungus or mushroom called by the botanists Hill and Watson *sphæria et torrubia sobolifera*. This is certainly a curious and interesting kind of parasite, but by no means singular in the history of the cryptogamia. Nearly all the mushrooms are parasites—that is to say, such as are developed on other organized bodies. Some attack or start from plants, others from animals. Numerous examples might be quoted in illustration of this point. It is probable that, after being hatched from the egg, the larva of the grasshopper quits its cradle in the earth and seeks escape to the surface; the parasite in question, in the condition of a germ, becomes attached to its head and takes root there, as any ordinary vegetable in the soil. After transformation, this excrescence falls off, and the fully developed insect appears as in the third figure in our engraving.



HICHARRA, OR ANIMAL-PLANT, OF MEXICO.

AN ARMY IN MOTION.

Few persons have an idea of the appearance of an army in motion. The last number of the *United Service Gazette* supplies some statistics which will give the reader an idea of a large army:

In the campaign of the past summer, the army of the Potomac, as near as we can arrive at the figures, appears to have numbered ordinarily about 120,000 effective fighting men. Its transportation is reported to have consisted of about 4,200 wagons, 800 ambulances, 30,000 artillery, cavalry, ambulance and draught horses, 4,500 private horses, and 22,000 mules, making an aggregate of 50,000 animals. This is just about one-third animals to the men, about the same ratio as obtained during the Peninsular campaign and ever since, whereas the ratio among western armies, during the same time, and always, has usually been one-half, and generally, very nearly two-thirds animal to the men. The figures in Gen. Sherman's combined army during the Atlantic campaign, footed up generally about as follows: 100,000 effective fighting men, 6,300 wagons, 900 ambulances, 32,000 artillery, cavalry, ambulance and draught horses, 4,500 private horses, and 36,000 mules, making an aggregate in all of some 72,000 animals. These figures are simply enormous, and will give the reader some slight conception of what an army really is, if he will but consider them for a moment. For example, an army of 125,000 men, marching in column or four abreast, and the intervals but six feet apart, which is less than the usual interval of troops on the march, would extend over a distance of 35 miles, without making any allowance for the usual intervals between regiments, brigades, divisions and army corps. So with the wagons. On good roads where trains are kept well closed, it is calculated that each six-mule team will occupy on an average, about 60 lineal feet; this would give about 90 teams to the mile, a large average on most marches, so that 6,300 teams would ordinarily require about 70 miles. If the weather or roads are bad, of course they will straggle along indefinitely, and thus require much more. An ambulance, on the march, usually occupies about 40 feet, so that 900 ambulances would occupy a distance of about seven miles. So with the artillery of an army of 125,000 men, it will usually have at least two guns to a 1,000 men, which would make 250 guns, or say, 40 batteries of six pieces each. Now, a battery on the march, as a general thing, will occupy full 300 yards, so that 40 batteries alone would take about seven miles. These figures, thus roughly taken, foot up 100 miles, as the free and easy marching distance of an army of the size of the great ones that we have had operating east and west during the past campaign; and this, too, without counting in accurately our Bedouin Arabs, the cavalry that always swarm along for miles together, beside, in apparently almost interminable columns. Of course, no general with a moderate stock of brains, would ever think of marching his troops thus in one continuous line, and hence the necessity of parallel roads in moving an army to keep your troops massed well in hands.

Two Important Questions.—Stopping for a day or two at a short way from Boston, Jeemes went to a barber's to get shaved. On entering and casting his eye about the room, he perceived that the barber drove a double trade of tonsor and small grocer.

"Shave, sir?" said the barber to his customer, whose face sufficiently indicated the object of his visit.

Jeemes made no reply, but drawing himself up to a lofty height, proceeded, in the attorney's fashion, to interrogate the barber, as follows:

"Sir, you are a barber?"

"Yes, sir; have a shave?"

"And you you also keep this oyster cellar?"

"Yes, sir; have any oysters?"

"Well, sir, this occupation of yours gives rise to the most horrible suspicions. It is a serious thing to submit one's head to the manipulations of a stranger; but if you can answer me a couple of questions to my satisfaction, I should like to be shaved."

The barber said he would try.

"Well, sir," said Jeemes solemnly, "do you shave with the oyster-knife?"

"No, sir," said the barber, smiling.

"One question more," continued the interrogator, "and remember that you are under oath—or, rather, recollect that this is a serious business."

The barber started.

"One question more. Do you never open oysters with your razor?"

"No—sir!" exclaimed the barber indignantly, amid a roar of laughter from the bystanders.

"Then shave me," said Jeemes, throwing himself into a chair, and untying his neckcloth with the air of a man who has unshaken confidence in human nature.

The Effect of Trade on the Condition of Mankind.—It is the interchange of the products of one region for those of another which has had, on the whole, the greatest influence on the human race. Think, for an instant, of the transfer of the potato from America to Europe; of maize to Asia; of the far more ancient introduction of wheat and rice from Asia into Europe; and not these alone, but almost all the fruits. Think of the carrying from Asia to America, and, in fact, to all tropical lands, such products as sugar, coffee, cotton. Think, too, of the results of the search of gold, ivory, and the slaves in the interior Africa, and for gold in California and Australia, opening such immense districts in settlements. The search after platina has disclosed the most guarded recesses of the Cordilleras and the Ural chain; while the need of copper first gave us our knowledge of the great system of American lakes. Without the expeditions to secure the whale, the walrus and the seal, as well as the fur-bearing animals, the polar world would be still untraversed. The discovery of coal on a hundred shores otherwise unknown led to the settlement of man in colonies from India and China southward to the Antarctic continent, and northward to Nova Zembla, Spitzbergen, and Greenland.

New Heating Apparatus.—M. Pelon, of Paris, has invented a new heating apparatus adapted to the warming of railway carriages, which consists of a cone of wood, covered with hemp, and made to revolve with great speed within a hollow cone of copper. These are enclosed in a metallic vessel, through which air is passed, and becoming heated in the passage, is then conveyed to the carriage. Motion will be given to the wooden cone by one of the axles of the carriage, and the heated air will be admitted to the vehicle by an arrangement under the control of the passengers. M. Pelon asserts that large mills could be more cheaply warmed by his apparatus than by fires. In the meantime, and pending more extended trials, he exhibits a little machine which keeps chocolate hot.

Our Turn Must Come.—Generation after generation (says a fine writer) have felt as we now feel, and their lives were as active as our own. They passed like a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. The world will have the same attractions for our offspring yet unborn, that she had once for us as children. Yet a little while and all will have happened. The throbbing heart will be stilled, and we shall be at rest. Our funeral will find its way, and prayers will be said, and we shall be left alone, in silence and darkness, for the worms. And it may be for a short time we shall be spoken of, but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter and song will be heard in the room in which we died; and the eyes that mourned for us will be dried, and glisten again with joy, and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our names.

If you want to understand a subject, hear a man speak of it whose business it is. If you want to understand the man, hear him speak of something else.



THE GREAT ATLANTIC CABLE—COILING THE SHORE END OF THE CABLE IN THE TANKS PREVIOUS TO SHIPPING, AT W. T. HENLEY'S WORKS, NORTH WOOLWICH, ENGLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. J. BECKER, ACCOMPANYING THE EXPEDITION.

THE GREAT ATLANTIC CABLE.

OUR present number contains several interesting sketches from our Special Artist in England, illustrating the progress of the great electrical event of the age, the result of which we may expect to hear in a few days.

One of our illustrations represents that most interesting moment when the shore end of the cable was being shipped. Our readers need nothing to convince them what a monster the Great Eastern is; but our correspondent says that, although it was blowing a gale, and it was dangerous to attempt to board the ship in a tug, she lay perfectly motionless, almost as steady as a rock in the ocean. It may give the reader some idea of the immense weight on board, when we inform him that it was over 27,000 tons. All the weights are stowed as low as possible, to counteract to the utmost the tendency which large ships have to roll. On the voyage round to Valentia both screw and paddles will be used, but during the laying of the cable only the screw, except on special occasions. The paddles, however, will be kept constantly under steam, so as to be ready at a moment's notice.



FULL SIZE DIAGRAM OF THE CABLE OF 1858.

There has been the greatest exclusiveness shown by the directors, only one of that influential body being allowed on board. Messrs. Canning, Clifford and Temple have absolute charge of the engineering department, and Mr. De Sante of the electrical. Professor Thompson, a man of great eminence in the profession, is to be the referee in case of any difference of opinion.



FULL SIZE DIAGRAM OF THE CABLE NOW BEING LAID.

The Great Eastern was expected to leave her moorings on the 15th July, and most probably would have Valentia about the 19th July. At the rate of six miles an hour, she would be due at Heart's Content on the 3d of August. We hope our next paper will chronicle and illustrate her arrival there, and the triumphant completion of the great undertaking.

No accomplishment is more necessary, or of greater benefit to oneself and others, than the cultivation of epistolary correspondence. Many friendships that might have lasted through life have been dissolved from the slightest of it—many advantages lost, and many means of usefulness put out of reach.



THE GREAT ATLANTIC CABLE—THE STEAMSHIP GREAT EASTERN IN THE MEDWAY, OFF SHEERNESS, ENGLAND, RECEIVING ON BOARD THE CABLE FROM THE HULK ALONGSIDE.



THE GREAT ATLANTIC CABLE—VIEW ON THE ROYAL MAIL ROAD LEADING FROM KILLARNEY TO VALENTIA, IRELAND—CONSTRUCTING THE NEW TELEGRAPH LINE FROM DUBLIN TO VALENTIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. J. BECKER.

"THE LITTLE COFFIN WREATHED WITH FLOWERS."

BY MISS R. V. ROBERTS.

'Tis strange to note the dreary blank, the silence and the gloom,
The loss of but one baby life can cast upon a home,
When a tiny coffin, wreathed in flowers, is carried through the door,
And earth hath one child the less, heaven one angel more.

Many may deem it overwrought, who never had such grief;
To mourn with this impassioned love, over a life so brief,
But in a thousand saddened homes, a thousand mothers know
These anguished throes of yearning love—this depth of speechless woe.

Time stills the hours of passionate grief, and hungers for the lights of peace,
But oh! no length of time can hid a mother's sorrow cease;
Though clasped by other childish arms, caressed by others, still
That vacant place, beside her knee, none other e'er can fill.

And when, at night, the little ones their simple prayers have said,
And with a kiss she softly layeth each one within its bed;
Her heart, unsatisfied, will turn from every fond caress,
And long, if but for "just once more," the sweet lost lips to press.

But oh! still—still within her heart there is an "aching void,"
And the hope she hath in those who are left, is chastened and alloyed;
The home can never be the same to her it was before,
The little coffin wreathed with flowers, was carried through the door.

GUY'S FOLLY;

OR,

The Secret of Thornton Heath.

BY VANE HILTON AT JOHN.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE END OF A BAD LIFE.

THE gaming-saloon at Bevan's Hotel was brilliantly illuminated; the ratsle of the little ivory cubes, and the rustle of cards, as they were rapidly dealt out, proclaimed that the sport was progressing.

Few words were spoken by the excited players, who comprised men of every denomination—country squires, professional blacklegs from the metropolis, well-to-do farmers, shopmen, clerks, a few foreigners, and one member of the church, who endeavored to hide his white necktie and clerical suit beneath a long cloak.

Only a few privileged inhabitants of the place knew of the existence of this den of iniquity; and these, after passing through to the back of the hotel, were admitted, one by one, by a doorkeeper, upon giving a password.

Gideon Crawleigh was there, playing recklessly—cursing when he lost, shouting with exultation when fortune sided with him, and quarreling with his antagonist on the slightest grounds.

The person with whom he was playing *écarté* was a tall, elbow-faced man, whose beard, manner and conversation proclaimed him an American. He appeared to be much the luckier and more skilful player of the two, and persecuted his coolness of temper undisturbed through the whole of the evening, while Crawleigh, under the influence of drink and play, was almost mad with excitement.

"I shall win this game," cried Gideon, as he dealt the cards.

"I guess you won't," replied his antagonist, playing the king.

A fierce oath fell from Gideon Crawleigh's lips, as the American gathered up trick after trick; and he again ordered loudly hot.

"I calculate that makes twelve games I have won," remarked the Yankee; "consequently you owe me sixty pounds."

"Well, I'll play you another game—double or quits."

"All right!"

The cards were again shuffled and dealt, Crawleigh playing with more than usual carefulness.

But all in vain. He lost.

"That makes it just one hundred and twenty pounds," said the New Yorker.

"One hundred and twenty devils!"

"You lost, my friend."

"I don't know how you managed, but certainly you contrived to win the game."

"All fair."

"May-be; but it certainly is very strange that a man should win thirteen games one after the other."

"Hope you don't mean to say that I cheated you."

"I say it looks very odd."

The American rose from the table, merely remarking, "If you have any suspicions, you had better not play any more."

And then he walked away to another part of the room.

"Then you won't have another game?" asked Gideon Crawleigh, following him.

"Certainly not, if you think I play unfairly."

"Give me a chance of winning back my money."

"No; you doubt my honesty."

"You like to play a safe game, and go away with your money in your pocket!"

"I do!"

"Sneak!"

The blood rushed to the Yankee's face, but he said nothing.

"Cheat!"

The answer was a mouthful of tobacco juice in Gideon Crawleigh's face.

Crawleigh was no coward. He struck the stranger a heavy blow on the face.

The bright barrel of a pistol glittered in the gaslight; there was a loud report, and the room filled with smoke.

All started to their feet; and when the sulphurous vapor rolled away, Gideon Crawleigh was seen stretched on the floor in the midst of a pool of blood.

The man by whose hand he had fallen, was no longer visible.

With many curses on the unfortunate man's head, the landlord, assisted by some waiters, raised him up, and a surgeon was sent for.

"He must be put to bed immediately," said the man of medicine to the proprietor of the house; "I think he is dying."

"I have no bed to put him in," was the surly reply; "the lodges not many yards from here, he had best be removed to his own home."

It was done. He was laid on his bed; the tiny orifice in his chest, from which the blood slowly oozed, was plugged and bound up, but still the surgeon shook his head.

"The man is dying fast!" he said.

As those words fell upon Gideon Crawleigh's ear, he sat up in the bed, and tightly grasped the doctor's wrist.

"It is not true?" he cried; "I shall recover! I will not die!"

"You must not talk thus," rejoined the doctor. "You are in a very dangerous condition."

A puller crossed over the invalid's brow—a look of fear in his hollow eyes.

"If you have any friends you wish to see, it would be well to send for them," continued the surgeon.

"Friends! I have no friends!"

And he sank down upon his bed again with a groan, weak from the great loss of blood.

"Yet," he continued, after a few minutes pause, "there is some one I should very much like to see, if I am to die."

He paused again, hardly decided whether it would reveal the secret or let it perish with him.

At length, with the air of a man who had made up his mind, he continued:

"I mean Mrs. Freshfield, the widow, who lives in the little cottage on Thornton Heath. If any one would tell her I wish to see her on very important business, I have no doubt she would come at once."

The kind-hearted doctor was not long writing a short note to Mrs. Freshfield, stating that Gideon Crawleigh was on the point of death, and wished to see her.

Then, calling one of the idle crowd who had gathered about the place, he despatched him with the missive, and a promise of a reward if he returned with Mrs. Freshfield.

During the time the messenger was absent, the unhappy man stood about on his bed in extreme agony, cursing, raving about the important secret, and then entreating the doctor to save his life.

Many kind and soothing words did the kind-hearted surgeon whisper to his dying patient—words of consolation to the sinful soul, of hope for the wicked.

"It's no use preaching, doctor; cure me first and I will listen to your sermons afterwards," was Crawleigh's response.

And he fell into one of his swearing fits again. At length the messenger returned, and with him Mrs. Freshfield and her brother-in-law.

"You are come at last!" he cried, fixing his glaring eyes upon the party. "A little while longer, and the doctor tells me you would have been too late."

"Pray what do you want with me, Mr. Crawleigh?" asked the widow.

"I have something very important to tell you."

"What about?"

"About your son."

"My son!" exclaimed the widow.

"My nephew!" cried George Freshfield.

"Hal ha! ha!" cried Crawleigh. "You little thought that I knew anything about him!"

"Where is he? Where is he?"

"Dead!"

She put her handkerchief to her eyes, but drying up the tear that stood in its corner, she cried:

"I do not believe you. My brother-in-law will find him and bring him to me; but if you know where he is, for heaven's sake, tell me."

"I tell you he is dead—I saw him die!" he repeated. "Listen, and I will tell you:

"When I was about ten years of age, I was living with my father, one dark evening, when a knock was heard at the door. I opened it.

"A man, wrapped in a long cloak, was standing there, with a bundle in his arms.

"'Does Simon Crawleigh live here?' he asked.

"'He does,' was my reply.

"'Give him this,' said the stranger, placing the bundle in my arms, and walking rapidly away.

"I took the bundle to my father, who opened it. To our utmost astonishment, it contained a fine baby, apparently about three months old.

"My father immediately handed it to me, and started in pursuit of the stranger, who had left such a strange upon his hands.

"But the man was nowhere to be seen, and in spite of his inquiries, no one could be discovered either to the parentage of the child or the residence of the person who had left it at our house.

"A poor woman, who lived in the neighborhood, was sent for, and, for a trifling consideration, undertook the office of nurse.

"There was no mark of any description on the child's dress, and my father knew not whether it had even been baptized or not.

"And so the babe became part and parcel of our household, though we knew nothing of its origin till it had been with us about six months, when my father received a letter, bearing the Australian postmark, from a person, whom he afterwards discovered, was your husband, stating that the child was his son—that his name was Charles Freshfield, and that he would become entitled to a sum of money on arriving at the age of twenty-one.

"Certain documents, which would enable my father to put him in possession of his property, were also enclosed, together with a touching request from the father that he would be careful of the child.

"This injunction my father obeyed, and when he died, about ten years after, he left the child in my charge.

"Of the father, your husband, we heard nothing more.

"As I was now in possession of the papers which had been deposited in my father's care, I began to appropriate the money to myself, forging the names both of my own father and your husband.

"The boy grew on into a sharp, active, intelligent lad, and I began to be afraid of him; the more so that there were rumors about in the neighborhood that a large fortune which he was to inherit, which I doubted not would come to his care.

"Then, I began to consider how to get rid of him; and, after many schemes had been thought of, I resolved that his death alone could save me from discovery.

Weakness began to overpower the guilty wretch, and his breath failed him.

He sank down upon his bed exhausted.

After a brief interval of repose, he started up in a hurried manner.

"I killed him!" he cried; "what's the use of concealing it now I myself am at the point of death!"

"Murder!" shrieked Mrs. Freshfield, springing to the bedside as a tiger springs on its prey.

"Woman, what have you?" said the doctor, interposing; "it is rather your duty to forgive."

"Forgive the murder of my child? Never."

"I killed him with poison—but sure. In my coat-pocket you will see the certificate;" and he fell backwards in a state of insensibility.

"Take her away," said the doctor, turning to George Freshfield. "It can do her no good to remain here now that she knows the worst."

And the sorrow-stricken woman was led away, crying:

"Gone, my child! Where is my child? Death to his murderer!"

Gideon Crawleigh hovered between life and death for two days—very little almost impossible that he could exist much longer.

There was yet another trial awaiting him, however.

He received a visit from Guy Raymond, Ralph St. Clare, and Walter Raymond.

And then, overcome—very weak and sad—sat down by the bedside of the dying man, and spoke to him not for a few moments.

The sight of the wasted form of the murderer recalled to him his own errors—the mistakes he had been guilty of—and the sin—the injustice he had wrought upon Ralph St. Clare—and the temptations into which he had thrown Walter.

"Gideon," he said, at length, "in such an hour as this it would not be right to blame you—or, at least, to invoke evil on your head. But it is my right to ask you some questions, and I expect you to answer me."

The kind tone in which this was uttered was so much in contrast with the stern look upon his face, that Gideon Crawleigh, crushed as he was, and almost frightened at its severity, was delighted into a ready answer.

"I will answer any questions," he said, feebly.

"Well me, then," asked Guy Raymond, "what is the reason you have thus attacked me?—what is the reason that, while leading one of my nephews into temptation, you have sought to ruin the other in my estimation?"

Walter stood near the bed, and at him Gideon cast a painful look.

Then, after a moment's communing with himself, he said:

"Guy, will! I may as well speak the truth now. I loved Ella, the wife of Walter—I, loved her long before she was his wife. I told her so; she spurned me, and I swore a deadly oath to be revenged upon her. I have done so, and in doing so have included the whole brood!"

The blood mounted to his face as he spoke, and his eyes flashed fiercely.

It was evident that his old spirit was again having revived within him.

Guy Raymond laid his hand upon his arm.

"Come, Gideon," he said, "let not the spirit of vengeance again arise within you. You are dying—you have time yet; this is a time for repentance, and not for revenge."

The dying man buried his head beneath the bedclothes.

"I have told you all," he said in a voice scarcely audible. "I will say no more."

And he kept his word.

Not a syllable more would he say, though again and again they urged him to it.

And so he died, none knowing whether a curse or a prayer was framed by his latest breath.

Ir is a beautiful custom in some Oriental lands to leave untouched the fruits that are shaken from the tree by the wind, these being regarded as sacred to the poor and the stranger.

THE STANDARD BEARER.

BY EDWIN L. BRUCE.

He bore our flag to the fight that day,
Where the columns moved in bright array,
And each soldier's heart beat high with pride,
As the ranks marched on like a surging tide;
Through the fiercest strife, and o'er death's despair,
He waved our banner aloft in air,
And there 'mid the dying shot and shell,
Our gallant "Standard Bearer" fell!

"Hurrah! for the Stars and Stripes," he cried,
As he plunged 'mid the battle's reeking tide.
"Furrah! for the Union—on, boys on,"
A moment more and our flag was gone;
Over the fray ever 'mid the battle's gore,
And he clutched it still with a dying clasp,
Where drums were beating—where bullets fell,
Our gallant "Standard Bearer" fell.

Then rang the voice of his aged sire,
"On—on to the charge through blood and fire,"
And soon that battle's storm he sands,
Bearing our flag in its crimson bands,
"Down—down," he cried, "with each rebel knave,
O'er Richmond's fortress our flag shall wave!
Though our "Standard Bearers" may fall and die,
Like rainbow, our banner shall sweep the sky,
And float on high."

THE TWO PROFILES.

LOUIS MUSGROVE had taken a lodging at Yorkville. It was summer. Musgrove loved the country; its roses, its fresh air, charming views, and Sunday visitors. Musgrove was a native of Virginia—young, good-looking, generous and boon-est—picturesque himself, and the lover of the picturesque in others—warm-hearted, gay in manner—an observer of life under every aspect, a writer of no mean merit, and a caricaturist of the first class. And he had taken lodgings at Yorkville, where he occasionally went to from York, so as not to lose the true smack of the city humor.

An artist, whatever his branch, weaves his art into his life, and devotes his life to his art. He "takes no thought for the morrow," is not an artist, but a mechanic. The result is not a life, at times scarcely a livelihood. So Musgrove need to go to the city, not as a traveler, but as a caricaturist. He never went by railway, but either walked, or got a lift in a wagon, or when the day was wet, took his place in an omnibus.

The day was wet, and Musgrove took his place in the omnibus. Chance took him to the end of the vehicle. A young lady sat on his right, in the corner. Musgrove began an examination of her face—he was always on the search for a new face to adorn his easel. The profile of Musgrove's neighbor was worthy the pencil of a Guido. Musgrove, of that kindred follower of the same muse, paid homage to his memory by studying the model accordingly.

But artists are not always content with still life; they require animation as well as purity of outline. It was requisite, therefore, for Musgrove, by dint of his conversational powers, to produce that play of features which perplexes and delights others besides artists. So he began about the weather.

"It rains," said he, addressing his neighbor.

"It is an interesting fact!" soliloquized spitefully and aloud, a lawyer's clerk.

"Lucky fellow," murmured an old bachelor, sighing, while one or two elderly married couples smiled to each other, approving the young gentleman's advances.

"It rains, miss," repeated Musgrove.

"It does indeed," answered the lady.

"I fear it will rain all day," continued the artist.

"There is much fear it will," responded the female flock.

"Bad for the crops," commented an agricultural couple.

"Bad for my digestion," smiled Musgrove.

"How do you account for that important statistic?" sneered the lawyer's clerk.

"Because, not being used to trot about the streets with a load of papers, I enjoy a walk from the city to Yorkville, and rely on it for my appetite."

A chuckle ran round the omnibus, in which the young lady joined with an angelic smile, the clerk having offended her by odd smiles in the way of advances.

The conversation then sank into silence, and carried not being combative to talking, each relapsed into his own thoughts, except the artist. Bent on improving the hour, and with some one, his right hand neighbor seemed to present the majority of qualifications.

"Perhaps you will be returning this evening?" hazarded Musgrove.

"No, sir, I shall not."

"Do you live here, live at Yorkville?"

"Only occasionally."

"Perhaps, then, you live in New York?" continued the artist.

"Occasionally only."

"Ah! I perceive," and Louis smiled, as one pleased with his own cleverness. "You divide your time, then, between the two fortunate spots."

"I cannot admit such a compliment."

While speaking, she gracefully arranged her veil in folds on the further side.

"Pardon, madam, the stupidity of my conversation."

"Make no excuses, sir; its stupidity was the only part that pleased me."

"Can I atone for it by offering you to-day's FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER?"

"Thank you, I have seen it."

"I beg pardon again—a thousand times,"

A face such as that could not seem mortally off-mind. On the contrary, it spoke in gentle accents.

"I am a great lover of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, and a friendly publisher supplies me with an early copy."

"Faith!" soliloquized the artist, "a widow, and one who must stand to receive early copies at Yorkville. Madam," he continued, "I am embarked to hear of your good feelings towards FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER."

"Wherefore this great joy?" asked the widow, in a tone of surprise.

"You said, I think, madam, that you patronized FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER?"

"Rather it patronizes me, by causing me to spend many a pleasant hour. I look upon it as one of my best friends."

"Then, madam, I have a little right to your good-will. I am a constant contributor to its pages, and, I trust to your pleasure."

"Are you, really? Then I am indeed glad. I have so long wished to know personally, or at least to see, some of the very clever writers for a publication that journal with such unflagging spirit."

"Madam, you will cause me to blush, or appear like an idiot."

"Impossible."

A how.

"But am I ash, without indiscretion, which are your productions?"

"Ah, madam! the proverb says, 'Every one to his taste;' it might add, 'Every one to his secret;' I know your taste. It is FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. In return, I will tell you mine. It is to know something more of every beautiful widow I meet with in an omnibus. We are now quite on the score of tastes, but we each retain our secret. Those we can preserve, or——"

"What?"

"Exchange."

"Let us preserve them then," rejoined the widow, drily.

"To hear is to obey."

"But will you give me no indication?"

"Indication for indication."

"Well, agreed."

"Are you a draughtsman or a writer?"

"First, tell me whether you live most in Yorkville or in New York?"

"I live equally at both."

"And I can read draw with equal merit."

"Provoking! But I perceive you must be a writer, from your delicate touch."

"I have, on my part, long perceived that you were a wit, as well as a beauty."

"There, you relapse to your stupidities."

"For you reduce me to my wit's end."

"Well—to our compact—hint for hint."

"Hint for hint."

"But fair play."

"What do you mean?"

"Make me only of your wit to discover my secret—no underhand means. Do not follow me when I leave the omnibus, or ask questions about me."

"Madam, I flatter myself I am a man of honor, I give you my promise. In return, you must pledge yourself not to ask any questions about me, or to follow me when I leave the omnibus."

"Sir, I am a woman of honor. I promise."

"Then, now for our battle."

"What have you contributed to-day to the omnibus to-night?"

"You inquire into the past—I only peer into the future. Shall you return to Yorkville by omnibus to-night?"

"I not think I shall ever travel by omnibus again. It is by pure accident you met me here this morning."

"A happy accident."

"Another question. But answer my question as frankly as I answered yours: what have you contributed to this day's paper?"

"To answer you indiscreetly, without reserve, equivocation or reticence—nothing!"

"What am I to do? Here we are close to your office—you see I know where it is—and I am no further advanced than I was before."

"No more am I. But it is the easiest thing in the world to reverse. Tell me your name and address, and I will tell you mine. We have exchanged a challenge—by the rules of society, we should exchange cards."

"Although a writer for FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, you must feel your proposition a little too enterprising. Ask yourself what you would think of a lady who consented to such an arrangement."

"Perhaps, madam, you are right. But the fear of losing so charming an acquaintance makes me hazard more, perhaps, than I have a right to stake."

"Well, we shall meet again, depend upon it."

"Is that a promise or a consolation?"

"Take it as you like."

"Will you remember that a letter addressed to Search, 924 Fourth avenue, will find me?"

"I will *remember* it."

"Is that an engagement or an emphasis?"

"An emphasis may be an engagement, though an engagement is not always emphatic. The omnibus is stopping for you to alight. Good morning, sir."

"May I not say *au revoir*, madam?"

"Say what you like."

"Will you reciprocate?"

"Yes, *pas-au revoir*."

"Is that an emphasis or a——"

He was on the pavement before his sentence was concluded, the door being slammed to by the driver, who, for once, was in a hurry.

For a week Louis Musgrove was desperate—for another week he was anxious—the third he was melancholy—the fourth he relapsed. At the commencement of the second month he was drifting into love with another, when a *coup* dashed past him in the Central Park, and the section of the Guido face greeted him with a bright smile.

Regardless of promises and philosophy, the young man rushed after the carriage. A crowd of foot passengers intercepted his career, and he returned home, more in love than ever, a sadder and a sillier man. For some days he became absorbed, abstracted and irritable. His thoughts flowed wearily, as a law for an opponent. He went to no one, and dreamed of Vanity. In due morning he rose rejoicing. The next day there appeared in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER a little story in a column of sentences. The title was taken from the old proverb, that "every cloud has its reverse." It was surrounded by a vignette of the Guido face on *profile*.

CHAPTER I.

It rains.

One jumps into an omnibus.

He sits next a pretty profile on his right.

The profile is a young widow.

A veil hangs in graceful folds on the further side of her face.

He falls in love with the profile.

He enters into conversation.

The red lips part and discover pearly teeth.

He becomes still more enamored of the profile.

He proposes to the profile an ice at Maillard's.

Proposition declined.

He offers a dinner at Delmonico's

Rejected.

He urges his suit.

Profile sighs.

Champagne and *pâté de perigord*.

Inexorable.

CHAPTER II.

His writes a burning letter.

It is answered.

He entreats an interview.

It is refused.

He writes again.

Protestations doubted.

He adores.

He receives for answer, that love, such as this, will not stand the test of misfortune.

Further protestations.

A walk to-morrow in the Central Park.

CHAPTER III

The walk begins.

Profile leans on his right arm. More lovely than ever. Veil still in graceful folds over the pale cheek.

Adorable creature!

Then you really love me?

He does indeed—and—adorable creature!

Also a little.

Why cannot see the whole of that adorable face?

What that jealous veil never be removed?

A blush.

Nay, I entreat.

Remonstrance and tremor.

A short silence. Distant thunder. Wind blows. Rain falls fast. Shelter beneath a tree. Arm disengaged to run for carriage. Carriage found. The door opens. With left arm he assists the profile to enter. Veil flies back. Profile has but one eye.

Farewell, madame.

He pays the fare of the carriage. Shuts the door, and walks home—alone—blessing the philosopher who invented flight.

CHAPTER IV

At the end of the tale was a vignette of the counter profile, with a great blot for an eye.

Some evenings, the next month, Musgrove received a letter, not at 924 Fourth avenue, but at the office of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER:

"If Search went a little into respectable society, instead of seclining himself to write lampoons, he might perhaps meet young widows with two eyes."

Search bought some new clothes, and straightway resorted to respectable society. He received indiscriminately every invitation he received, but he did not meet his widow.

He met, by accident, a friend of his, invited him to a *soirée*. The painter was a rich man, and gave sumptuous parties. Large saloons, flowers, and light—everything to constitute the mind, or stimulate the senses.

Musgrove was equal to the occasion. He wished to do honor to his craft, and dressed himself magnificently.

The young man entered the hall-room to watch the dancers. His arrival soon became known, and the dancers desiring the walk-down power of the host, feared the fearful de ridicule, flagged in their steps, and their grace faded.

Musgrove to re-assure them, assumed the smile of a philanthropist, the agreeability of a philosopher, and the abstraction of a poet.

Standing half concealed near some flowers, he perused the dancing to proceed undisturbed, and yielded his mind to pleasure—his vanity some, what tickled by the sensation his presence had created, and his mind disposed to view with complacency his friend's hospitality.

Conversations buzzed around him.

GROUP 1.—ELDERLY GENTLEMEN.—NOS. 1 AND 2.

No. 1. Our friend is giving a brilliant entertainment.

No. 2. Lucky dog! With his pictures and his wife, he must have an income of at least forty thousand dollars.

No. 1. At least—and what a charming wife

No. 2. Not more charming than himself. I dine here on Wednesday.

No. 1. I agree with you. I dine on Saturday.

GROUP 2.—YOUNGER GENTLEMEN.—NOS. 3 AND 4.

No. 3. What lovely women! An artist has an eye for the beautiful.

No. 4. Beauty is enhanced by gold. So thinks our host.

No. 3. Do you see] nugrove? It is not often he goes into the world; perhaps he seeks for models.

No. 4. Better for him he does not fix upon you.

No. 3. He might d.) worse.

No. 4. Pardon me, he looks, like our host, to unite the profession of a husband to his original career.

No. 3 (from Group 1). Well there is a good choice among these women one. Mrs. Hastings Everard once more honors society with her presence.

No. 4. Society will hail with enthusiasm the representative of thirty thousand dollars a year.

No. 1. And how very beautiful she looks!

No. 3. (enraptured). Lthe a Guido.

GROUP 3.—A YOUNG LADY, NO. 5; AND A YOUNG GENTLEMAN, NO. 6.

No. 5. How very curious.

No. 6. It is indeed extraordinary.

Nos. 1 & 3.] What [extraordinary?

Nos. 2 & 4.] Is curious?

No. 5. A lady in the boudoir.

No. 6. A very beautiful person.

No. 5. Not exactly beautiful.

No. 6. Well, perhaps not, but so like.

No. 5. So like a caricature in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

No. 6. The lady with one eye?

Group 2. But has this beautiful lady only one eye?

Group 3. No; two eyes.

All. Who can she be?

The sounds murmured in the distance. Musgrove, with his heart beating, as he afterwards declared, approached the boudoir. There there, ocempying a whole sofa, dressed richly and artistically, sat the lady of the omnibus, dazzling in beauty and diamonds, smiling triumphantly, and surrounded by a platoon of admirers.

Musgrove again had occasion to admire herself by a curtain, and gazed on the beautiful vision before him. Her white neck rose majestically from her rounded symmetrical shoulders, which in their turn stood out in bold relief from the sharp outline of her velvet dress. Every turn of her head was graceful, and the well-gloved hand that held her bouquet or her fan was small and taper as a child's.

For the first time in his life Musgrove felt abashed. He could not hear her words; but as she spoke, her admirers laughed in chorus, and Musgrove thought he was telling his story, and that they laughed was against himself. He was simple-hearted, though a caricaturist, and he did not yet know that a simple fortune adds a peculiar pungency to the witticisms of a handsome man. Musgrove felt as if being ridiculed beside the young man's heart. Gulding himself with the armor of his profession, he placed a smile on his face, and jauntily he left the room. The widow observed him for the first time, and a blush spread over her face and neck. It was a good sign, if Musgrove becomes relentless.

The widow bowed.

"Good evening, sir, it is some time since we met."

He bowed in return silently.

"We have been laughing almost foolishly," she continued.

"I trust not at the humble individual who now addresses you."

"Ah! You who have others are the first to resent jokes yourselves. Supposing you were the hero of your caricature?"

"It would probably supply me with the supplement to a romance."

The widow gazed at the young man with that imploring look common to women and dogs.

"Be re-assured," she rejoined, "we have only canvassing a picture."

"I did not know you were acquainted with my friend Musgrove," interposed the host, who was passing at the moment.

"Oh, yes, indeed. We are fellow-laborers.

As the artist plying, she moved her skirts on one side with that gesture peculiar to all who invite you to sit next them on a sofa. The gesture disgusted the artist, and he remained.

"What indeed you to attack me in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER."

"To effect one of two objects; and I have succeeded."

"What were they?"

"To please myself, and then revenge myself; or to flatter you, and thus find you."

"And you think I was flattered?"

"I am sure of it."

"Do you think it legitimate to bring your sorrows to bear against a defenceless woman?"

"As legitimate as you consider it not to keep your word. I gave you my word not to follow you, you gave me yours, and I kept it."

"I made the same promise, and I kept it."

"But you gave hopes."

"Can one give hopes in an omnibus?"

"Ah, madam, an omnibus can contain as true a heart as a gilded coupé."

"Pardon! I said a sentence for your next article!"

"Sneers! You wish to humiliate me by my profession."

"You do me an injustice."

"You have treated me badly, and I cannot trust you."

"If you really knew the truth, you would not consider yourself ill-used."

"I can conceive no possible excuse."

"What would you have thought of a woman who wrote to you without knowing your name?"

"But you might have known me."

"No sooner did I discover your real name than I wrote to you."

"But you did not give me yours. You left my finding you to chance."

"You wish to humiliate me by avowals."

"What do you mean?"

"It was not quite chance that made us meet to-night."

"Why, our host did not know that we had ever seen each other."

"But his wife is a friend of mine."

"When I did see you," exclaimed the young man in a transport, "my knees almost gave way under me."

"I suppose it was only the *sang froid* of a writer that supported you."

"As a writer I should have succumbed; it was my artist half that sustained me."

"There are two arts even against one woman, and the game is unequal."

"Yet the woman has beaten the two men."

"Explain yourself!"

"You have learned my name, and I am ignorant of yours."

"Really, do you assert that you do not know who I am?"

"On my word of honor."

She looked at him fixedly; then continued in a low tone:

"Guess it then."

"I shall guess your Christian name."

"What is it?"

"Constance."

"Then you must know me. I have always been called Julie; but my name is Constance likewise."

"I give you my word it was a guess; but I know I could not be wrong."

"Then how did you discover me?"

"It is the name I love best."

A pause.

"Now guess my surname."

"I cannot."

"Why?"

"Surnames are vulgar, commonplaces. They were invented for the purposes of civilization or utility. We never think of those we love by their surnames—our sisters, our mothers, our children, our wives. God only lend with them on a desert island, we should soon forget any name but those of love. We are in a Christian name that lies in our hearts. Society may require me to salute you as Mrs. So-and-so. Shall I thus recall you in my inmost thoughts?"

Another pause, and the widow said, in a tremulous whisper:

"Guess, I must tell you myself. My husband was an old man, who treated me as his daughter; his name was Hastings Everard."

"In that case, madam, I must bid you good-by."

"Why?—why?"

"Mrs. Hastings Everard is in every one's mouth, the beautiful widow and the rich one, with thirty thousand dollars a-year, and a husband at her feet. I thought I was speaking to my companion of the omnibus, equal to myself in fortune, and, consequently, my equal in love. Madam, I will not contend with the world, where there are so many rivals to mortify my pride during the race, and a prize to be won at last. Let us part at the starting-post, not to lose my self-esteem as well as my happiness."

The handsome features of the young man flushed as he spoke, his eyes half filled with tears.

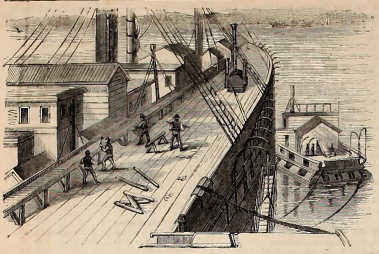
"Let me speak, madam," he continued.

"No, sir; I will not say a word. It is not thus I part with Search. Stay."

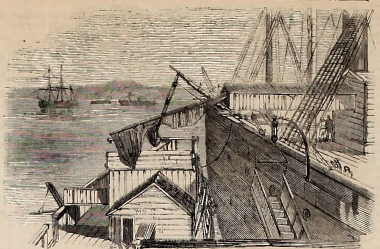
Not many months afterwards Mr. Louis Musgrove gave a ball on his own account, and the Guido face received the guests.

HOW TO TREAT A HUSBAND.—A husband ought to be considered as a lover, with the marriage bell in his ear—married, and the wood hardly dried. If you wish the witless judiciously, be in early driven a boat, even in the most dangerous parts of his story, such as Genin's, Stewart's, De Forests, and Taylor's. The whole secret consists in your being able to manage your animal—I mean husband—so skilfully, that after driving him successfully for eight months, from store to store, he is yet able and willing to carry you to Saratoga and Newport next year. Indeed, a married wife should be able to assume, like the moon, every phase of fascination, from the full to the change, although it be a bright one—from the crescent smile encouraging the timid husband, to the cold, calm, and distant look of the wife who feels full well her power. Quarrels are of immediation, such as a diamond necklace, or new Cashmere shawl, require. Never waste your energies on your husband—let him earn them; every (since) giving is a loss. Husbands are peculiar. They are always to be despised. When a husband is generous, disperse your money freely; but be careful that you do not run the market—losses may become a drug, like corn, cocoa, cotton, coffee, sugar, and molasses, and a wife's bankruptcy commute in her nervous system. A nervous system once thus hopelessly unpeeled without the aid of open satin dresses, rosewood couches, pretty boots (no, papers only), and a handful of violets scattered, will have known a wife who screamed herself into a set of nervous fits, hysterics, and languished on, day by day, but at last, when dying, she found herself in a fifth avenue mansion, with a husband who, although without upon a galloping consumption, that she resolved to give over her ghost, and left her to her lovely years to come. Read more, dear wives, and I have done. Above all things, avoid the Bible as a book of fashion! They are always in politics, fatal to marriage. You may indulge in one before wedded—Shakespeare's—but in Christ's name, in that look, excepts of an oily boy—let those "strokes of the pen" be confined to your husband's cheque book, for the first time you write your name in it. Above all, beware of the ring—we mean that the wedding ring—it is a circle, or cut of which it is almost difficult to escape. Above all things, dear wives, it is your duty to your husband, to your children, and to your own way, even though only one—that once you are full, beware, when they say her husband's home's cool, crazy after it incessantly, and she has made dear old home broken. I can assure you, dear wives, that a liquor is not half so vicious and unreasonable as a husband who is homeless. I beg the former noble animal's pardon for the degrading comparison. Wedded liquor is to be invoked upon the senses that a woman can't do wrong. She has never been so from the days of Eve, and we're will be—all of us, it will never do for a woman to acknowledge it; the woman who makes that critical admission will be considered as the Judas Iscariot of her sex. Farewell, dear wives; now you may go and tease your husbands.

As before swift ships there swims a hill of water, and a corresponding one glides along behind, so after a battle as in a mountain which we hope to climb, there is behind us still a deep valley out of which we have ascended.



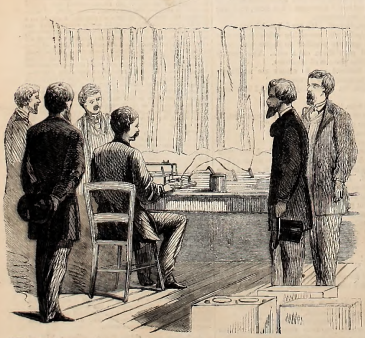
THE GREAT ATLANTIC CABLE—CONVEYING THE CABLE FROM THE HOLD OF THE HULK TO THE TANKS ON BOARD THE GREAT EASTERN.



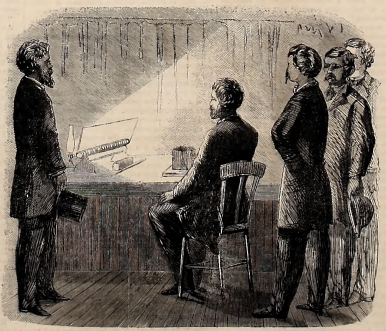
THE GREAT ATLANTIC CABLE—CONVEYING THE CABLE FROM THE FORWARD TANKS OF THE HULK TO THE PAY-OUT APPARATUS ON THE STERN OF THE GREAT EASTERN.



THE GREAT ATLANTIC CABLE—SHIPPING THE SHORE END OF THE CABLE FROM THE TANKS AT W. T. HENLEY'S WORKS, NORTH WOOLWICH, ENGLAND, TO THE STEAMER CAROLINE.



THE GREAT ATLANTIC CABLE—THE TEST ROOM, ON BOARD THE GREAT EASTERN—SENDING A MESSAGE THROUGH THE CABLE, 1,600 MILES IN TWO MINUTES.



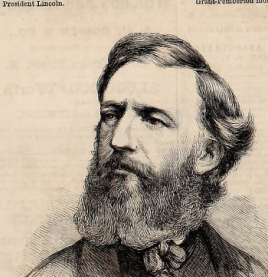
THE GREAT ATLANTIC CABLE—RECEIVING THE MESSAGE IN THE TEST ROOM OF THE GREAT EASTERN.



INTERIOR OF THE GOVERNMENT STABLES, 35TH STREET, NEAR 11TH AVENUE, NEW YORK—EXAMINATION OF HORSES PREVIOUS TO SALE.

W. T. CRANE.

IN our present number we give a portrait of Mr. W. T. Crane, one of our many special war artists. He passed unscathed through the campaigns of Georgia, Florida and South Carolina, to die of a throat disease, at Washington, on the 14th of July last, where he had been stationed for some time, to furnish sketches for our paper, of the current events of the time. His last sketches, in conjunction with another of our artists, were those which illustrated the execution of the assassins of President Lincoln.



THE LATE W. T. CRANE, FORMERLY OF THE CORPS OF SPECIAL ARTISTS OF FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

Mr. Crane was born at Portsmouth, N. H., in 1832, and evinced, at an early age, a great taste for drawing. Since 1861, he has been on the staff of our special artists, and by his ability, and the truthfulness of his sketches, has illustrated many of the most glorious passages in our military history.

But it was chiefly as a good son and brother that Mr. Crane was most estimable. His brother, writing of him, says: "On behalf of the family, I thank you for your kindness to our brother, especially in caring for his remains after death. He was certainly a good brother and son—to his parents he was most devoted and affectionate—most conscientiously did he fulfill, in his capture years the filial promise of his childhood."

Those, after all, are the most precious words that can be uttered over the grave of any man, whatever his station in life.

THE GRANT-PEMBERTON MONUMENT.

THE illustration we present this week of the Grant-Pemberton monument erected at Vicksburg, July 4th, 1864, on the site where the interview took place between Gen. Grant and the rebel Gen. Pemberton, who surrendered that city to the Union forces, July 4th, 1863, is one of the many interesting features that mark the history of the late rebellion. Probably no event, during the war, gave more general satisfaction to all loyal hearts, than the surrender of Vicksburg; and from the fall of that rebel stronghold may be dated the "beginning of the end" of the "so-called" Southern Confederacy.

READING ALOUD.—It is much to be regretted that this charming accomplishment of reading aloud is not more cultivated by ladies. You see half-a-dozen girls in a family, whether they are musical or not, doomed to hours of daily practice on the piano, which is in fact often so many hours of precious time wasted, how few ever play sufficiently well to be listened to with pleasure—and many of those who do play decently give it up as soon as they are married. I am not speaking against music—let those who have a real taste devote themselves to it, but certainly it ought not to be viewed as an educational necessity, like geography or history. Now there are few people who cannot be taught to read well, and there are a thousand ways in which a good reader can give pleasure. When fathers and husbands come home, tired from their professional duties of the day, how pleasant it is to them to have some good review read aloud by wives or daughters. But to do this well, a certain amount of study is requisite—first of all it is necessary to acquire a habit of sustaining the voice, then one must learn to modulate the tones, to attend to punctuation, and, above all, the reader must have a fair appreciation of the author's meaning. This involves a study of English literature, which is sadly needed by most young ladies who are supposed to have finished their education. It is impossible to estimate sufficiently the importance of reading aloud in the family circle. Children are wonderfully impressed by fine poetry; their tastes are formed, and their minds stored with knowledge, often far beyond their years, if they have been brought up where the English classics are read aloud and talked about. And in after life, how often, amidst turmoil and trouble, some scrap of poetry or prose comes back to us in the tones in which we heard it read. Some noble sentiment—some pure thought—is thus for ever associated with "the tender grace of a day that is dead," and with "the sound of a voice that is still."

A MOTHER'S TEACHING.—The habits of thought peculiar to one sex act upon and improve the habits of thought peculiar to the other sex. Uncon-



GRANT-PEMBERTON MONUMENT, VICKSBURG, MISSISSIPPI, ERECTED JULY 4, 1864, ON THE SITE OF THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN LIEUT.-GEN. GRANT AND THE REBEL GEN. PEMBERTON, ON THE SURRENDER OF VICKSBURG.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY FRENCH & CO., VICKSBURG.

seciously, and from a very early period, there is established an intimate and enduring connection between the deductive mind of the mother and the deductive mind of the son. The understanding of the boy is cleared and yet sweetened by the imagination of his mother, is saved from that dog-heresy to which the sires suffer standing always inclines, and the different properties and functions of the mind are more harmoniously developed than would otherwise be practicable. Thus it is that, by the more pay or to a diffidence, the finished man is ripen'd and compl ted. Thus it is that the most successful and most sacred form of human love, the purest, the highest, and the holiest compact of which our human nature is capable, become an organ for the advancement of knowledge and the discovery of truth. In short, the other relations can rise to the highest purpose as contained. And notwithstanding a few exceptions, we do solemnly find that the most comfortment men has not only their affections but also their minds powerfully influenced by women. Beautiful is the thought which is more anxious that the beauty of knowledge should be charged, should be developed rather that the beauty of form; that it should be in order that every pleasure of the human mind may be at once and quietly brought into play.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

What creatures took the smallest amount of baggage along when they entered the ark? The cock and the fox. They had but one comb and one tail between them.

Be a German paper of this city, somebody died as to engage "a boy of fourteen years, or a young man of any age," to help him in a large beer saloon.

There is no safer protection against burglars than to feed your baby before going to bed with green apples. The latter thing will keep you awake, so that you can watch the rogues.

Mrs. Partridge is in New York. She came here from Boston as soon as she learned by telegraph that *gold was rapidly falling in Wall street*, but after several unsuccessful attempts to get into the street in going back a despondent woman.

A Paper, called "The Press: its ex-presses truth, ex-presses error, ex-presses knowledge, ex-presses tyranny, and ex-presses itself."

Fashion has at last taken to doing things on the square—bottoms of their shops being all the rage.

The girl who succeeds in winning the love of a true man, is a lucky girl, and is to be envied by no one.

Miss Annie Mossitry and Mrs. Ann Tipathy are exactly regarded to call upon Miss Amy A. Silby and to prove the bad impression they left behind them on Tuesday.

Any baby has just one twelve summers,—"Mamma, may I ask you a question?"

Answer.—"Marriod Why, dear?"

Answer.—"Mamma, because the children have never seen a wedding, and I thought they would be so pleased!"

For a long time it has baffled the medical authorities to account for the reason why the left boot wears almost the soles, and it has recently come to light that it arises from the fact of there being muscles in the leg.

The best way of raising money is by the sweat of the brow, and having many calves in the power.

Moral swindlers consists in asking a man to do what he ought to do without asking, and then begging his pardon if he refuses to do it. Music is a charm to soothe a savage; the Yankee is a savage; fiddler try a receipt on his head. If it does not soothe the savage, it will at least play the time both ways. Love rules the court, but he is apt to take a bull by the horns; but I think, in many instances, I should prefer the bull. A wife's duty is to love a man in sunday-school goes well and small. The tailor is the last man to be seen in the newspaper world; but, still, a great many married women are already engaged in their service as the second husband.

The Emperor of the French is about to produce "Julius Cæsar" in a new form. A new feat—to do it.

Is he published—we should say business, and will be named after the great Roman. This may be regarded as a new edition.

A very sensitive young lady on receiving a bouquet announcing that a child was ill of the small pox, sloughed the paper with a scream, under the idea that it was infected.

A Long Island boy by the seaside, asked a sailor whom she met, why a ship was called "she?" The captain of Neptune replied that it was "because the rigging cost more than the hull."

"Very difficult, is it?" said Dr. Johnson once, when a small child had finished playing a piece of music; "I wish it had been impossible!"

A Nevada paper says that a "zephyr" came into Virginia city, and in a $200 pound out of the second track, and carried it over house-tops and everything, and dumped it down half a mile off. A Nevada zephyr is a gale elsewhere.

"When Nineveh has departed and Palmyra is in ruins and Babylon and Nooze has fish'n, and the Pyramids themselves are sinking to decay, it is no wonder," sighed a French lounger, "that the Bois de Boulogne should be getting seedy at the elbows."

A young wife, in search for figures, had five eggs to boil, and being told to agrive them three minutes each, boiled them for three, an hour and a quarter.

An old Cavalonian once said: "I was born the last day in the year, the last day in the month, the last day in the week, the last day in the day, and have always been benighted. I believe it would have been fifty dollars in the pocket if I had not been born at all."

"Boys," says uncle Peter, as he examined the points of a horse, "I don't see but one reason why this mare is a great deal better made in form and figure than the rest of the horses in the stable."

They gathered round to hear this oracular opinion; and one inquired, "What is it?"

"Why," he replied, "the distance to her great fee so as short a time."

A celebrated dandy was one evening in company with a young lady, and observing how her bonnet-strings were to be advanced and begged the like favor, remarking that she ought to have as much ability for the head as the shoes to the feet.

"Sir," said the maiden, "I never blessed my dog when he was a puppy."

The fellow took the hint, and was off instantly.

A young lady was recently cured of palpitation of the heart, by a young doctor, in the most natural way imaginable. He held one of her hands in his, and his own beat near her wrist, and whispered something in her left ear.

Charles Lamb was in the habit of worring a while crawl, and in consequence was sometimes taken for a clergyman. Once at a dinner-table, among a large number of guests, he while crawl entered such a mistake to be made, and he was called on to "say grace." Looking up and down the table, he asked, in his inimitable, lisping manner:

"Is there no clerk-clergyman present?"

"No sir," answered the guest.

"Then I," said Lamb, bowing his head, "let us thank God."

True sensibility leads us to overcome our own feelings for the good of others.

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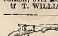
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Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidney and Bladder, Gravel, and other Complaints.

For Piles and Scurvy it will be found very valuable. Give it a trial if you would learn the value of a good and tried medicine. It is pleasant, safe and sure. Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally.
GEO. W. SWETT, M. D., Proprietor, Boston, Mass. Burnhams & Van Schaack, Chicago, Ill.; John D. Park, Cincinnati, Ohio, General Agents for the West; Petre F. Romero, Havana, agent for Cuba.

Six Dollars from Fifty Cents.

Agents, come and examine Invention, or Samples sent free by mail for 50 cents. Retails for $6 easily. R. L. WOLCOTT, 170 Chatham Square, New York. 473-524

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MY ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address on receipt of an order.
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FREE TO ALL.

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$125 A MONTH! Agents wanted everywhere to introduce the improved *Shaw & Clark $20 Family Sewing Machine*, the *only* low-priced machine in the country, which is *licensed* by Grover & Baker, Wheeler & Wilson, Howe, Singer & Co., and Bachelder. *All* other machines now sold for less than forty dollars each are *infringements*, and the seller and user are *liable to fine and imprisonment*. Salary and expenses, or large commission allowed. Illustrated circulars sent *free*. SHAW & CLARK, Biddeford, Maine.

Superfluous Hair Removed

From all parts of the body, in *five minutes, without injury to the skin*, by "UPHAM'S DEPILATORY POWDER." Mailed to any address for $1 25, by S. C. UPHAM, 25 South Eighth street, Philadelphia. 512-24

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Let every soldier, before he returns home, provide himself with an American Watch; no better one can be made of money than to invest it in one of these durable and accurate time-pieces. It is a kind of property that constantly returns good interest, and its money value is so well known that a pocket full of silver dollars would be as useful.

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Importers and Jobbers in Watches, Jewelry and Silverware, Keepers of the City Time, and Agents for the sale of the American (Waltham) Watches,

171 Broadway, corner Courtland Street.

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Great Gift Sale. Great Gift Sale.

SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 318.

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With a gift to every purchaser, worth from

30c. to $5,000.

By mail, free, on receipt of $1 60.

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Send stamp for circular, and learn how and why they give such valuable presents.

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The ARBANDALE Great Gift Appropriation.

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DEAR—" *La, Miss Julia, you're going out without your bonnet—you'll get yer death of cold!*"

Profitable Employment.

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Shooting, Fishing, AND Sporting Tackle

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Repairing done well. 10

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COMPOUND FLUID EXTRACT OF

BUCKU,

For diseases of the Stomach, Rheumatism, Dropsy, &c. FOUR OUNCES DOSES. For sale by D. BARNES & Co., New York. BURLEIGH & ROGERS, Boston, Mass., General Agents. 50c'40

OLD EYES MADE NEW

Without Spectacles, Doctor or Medicine. Pamphlet mailed free on receipt of 15 cents. Address E. B. FOOTE, M. D., 1130 Broadway, New York. 0000

Vineland Lands. To all wanting Farms.

Large and thriving settlements, mild and healthful climate. 20 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, which produces large crops, which can now be seen growing. Tax, County and City are trifle at from $25 to $30 per acre, payable within four years. Good business openings for manufacturers and others. Churches, schools and stores already here. Now is the most improving place East or West. Hundreds are settling and building. The best map with which the country is surveyed. Letters answered. Papers giving full information will be sent free. Address CHARLES K. LANDIS, Landisville Post Office, Landis Township, *New Jersey.*

Farm Report of Senior Reporter, Agricultural Editor of the *Tribune.*

"It is one of the most extensive fertile tracts, as an almost level position and suitable constitution for pleasant farming, that we know of this side of the Western prairies."

$7 ARMY WATCH. $10

A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVED GOLD-PLATED WATCH, Double Case, Lever Cap, Small Size, White Enamelled Dial, Cut Hands, *"English Movements,"* and Correct Timekeeper, with an accurate *"Waterbury Calendar,"* indicating the *Day of the Week, Month, &c.*, in back case. A single one sent free, by mail, to any part of the country, in neat case, WITH A BEAUTIFUL VEST CHAIN, for only $10.

A neat SILVER WATCH, same as above, with the Miniature Calendar, &c., specially adapted to the Army. Sent free by mail, to any part of the country, for only $7.

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LOCK STITCH

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Button Hole Machine,

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PINEAPPLE CIDER.

Dr. Talbot's Concentrated Medical Pineapple Cider will cure all forms of Kidney Complaint, and will prevent sickness. See long advertisement in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, dated May 13th and June 17th, 1865, inclusive. Send for circular. One-dime sample bottle sent free by mail, on receipt of 25c. to pay postage. B. T. BABBITT, Nos. 64 to 74 Washington St., N. Y. 0000

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—The advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection and that dread disease Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c. The only object of the advertiser in sending the prescription is to benefit the afflicted and spread information, which he considers invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing. Parties wishing the prescription will please address

Rev. EDWARD A. WILSON,

Williamsburg, Kings County, New York.



21540

Notice to Horsemen!

Upon receipt of One Dollar, I will mail, to any address, my special method of curing the most inveterate cases of Spavin, Lameness, Sprains, Scratches, Bone or Blood Spavin, Ringbone, Splint, Curb, Wounds, &c. Address E. RUCKEY, Morristown, N. J.

Lady Agents Wanted for a Sight Business. Address BOWERS & SHEPHERD, 707 Broadway, N. Y.

DIARRHŒA and DYSENTERY.

Four no more burning drugs down your throat to relieve your Summer Complaints—use of MAGGILL'S DIARRHŒA PILLS will cure you in almost every case. No more than TWO PILLS are ever necessary. Price 25 cents per box, by mail, on receipt of 26 cents. Sold by the Proprietor, DR. J. MAGGILL, 82 Fulton street, New York, and all Druggists.

FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED

NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 516 VOL. XX.] NEW YORK AUGUST 19, 1865. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1 00.

THE 7-30 LOAN—NIGHT AGENCIES.

THE confidence of the people in the credit of the government, was strongly manifested in their crowding to the several night agencies in New York city, opened for the accommodation of those who were unable to subscribe to the 7-30 loan during the business hours of the day. The machinery of these offices was very simple—a few desks and tables—a corps of experienced clerks and tellers—the exchange of the registered 7-30 bond for each individual loan—and the applicant at the Nation's Saving Bank becomes at once the nation's creditor and beneficiary. Thousands are accommodated in a night, and sums represented by bonds varying from the small $10 bond, which places the loan within reach of the poorest savings, to the momentous and enviable $1,000 note, are taken with republican simplicity into the vast receptacle of the United States Exchequer.

WARD'S ISLAND, EAST RIVER, N. Y.

THIS pleasant and healthy little island is situated in the East river, about five miles from New York city, and nearly opposite Hell-gate. It was selected by the municipal authorities, nearly 20 years ago, to build the State Emigrant Hospital upon, and to the excellent arrangements of the commissioners thousands owe their recovery to health. Last year, in consequence of the increasing number of patients, an additional hospital was erected, the corner stone of which was laid on the 10th of August, 1864, the Hon. Gulian C. Verplanck delivering the address.

The immense benefit of this institution to the public can be judged from the fact that last year 222,138 emigrants were landed at Castle Garden. In such an immense number the sick could not fail to be very considerable, and without referring to the mere selfishness of checking the spread of infection, lest it should reach our own households, the philanthropic heart can enter into the immense amount of suffering soothed by its means.

The buildings at Ward's Island for the reception of aged or chronically diseased poor, for lunatic women, for the nurseries, for wash and bake houses, for residences for the superintendent and physicians, are all admirably adapted for their special purposes, and are quite separate.

In 1860 Mr. James P. Fagan was appointed superintendent of Ward's Island, and has continued to discharge the duties with great satisfaction.

The whole number of inmates, whether diseased in the hospital, or the infirm and helpless in the other departments, during 1864, was 7,253, being 2,452 more than in 1863, and 4,116 more than in 1862.

The average annual cost of support was $125 a head. Of the above average of 924 persons sustained and aided in the Ward's Island Institution, 597 were hospital patients, and 327 inmates of the refuge department. Abundant supplies of vegetables, as well as poultry, eggs, &c., are raised on the extensive grounds attached to the buildings, and contribute greatly to the health and comfort of the patients.

The hospitals are divided into a medical and a surgical department. The medical department proper, including the asylum for the insane, is under the charge of a salaried physician, wholly resident on the island, with as many salaried assistants as the hospital service may require from time to time. George Ford, M. D., who had several years practical experience on a large scale, in various medical positions in the hospitals of this commission, during periods when the wards were filled with the greatest number of patients and variation of disease, was in 1858 appointed Physician-in-chief at



CLOSING OF THE 7-30 LOAN—SCENE AT ONE OF THE NIGHT OFFICES IN BLEEKER STREET, NEW YORK CITY—THE MECHANICS AND OTHER LABORING MEN SUBSCRIBING FOR THE LOAN.

Ward's Island, and has since discharged the duties of that station with fidelity and success. He resides on the Island, and devotes himself exclusively to the service of the institution, as also does his assistant, Dr. Hermann Gollaka. Dr. Boyer, the present assistant in the surgical department, also rendered valuable assistance, on the occasion referred to.

The surgical department remains under the care of J. Murray Carnochan, M. D., who has had the sole charge of it as surgeon-in-chief since 1845. He regularly visits the surgical wards at fixed times, and also calls in addition in the surgical emergency cases, and performs all important operations. He has also one assistant surgeon, resident on the Island. This place is now filled by John Boyce, M. D., who was appointed on the resignation of Dr. Harbourne. One or more additional assistants may have been and will be appointed whenever the number of surgical cases demands more aid, which has not been the case for the last or preceding year.

The sick-rate give of the cotton mill is very interesting, as it is the first one ever erected in this state.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS OF FRANK LESLIE'S

Chimney Corner.

NEW FAMILY PAPER.

Over 100,000 Copies Sold Of Nos. 1 and 2.

The success of this New Family Paper has been beyond all precedent, more yearly subscriptions having been received by it in the first single publication of the times.

With Nos. 1 and 2 of THE CHIMNEY CORNER was presented, gratuitously, a magnificent plate, entitled

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The picture contains nearly 100 portraits of our most celebrated Generals, Statesmen and Civilians, also of many of our most distinguished American ladies. The likenesses are admirable, having been taken from photographs by Brady.

This is the most costly gift plate ever presented by any publication in the United States, having been produced as an expense of

$10,000.

Every family should possess this truly national picture, and carefully preserve it, as it will remain to future generations the men that have restored our great national unity. It is especially valuable, as it contains as an excellent likeness of our late lamented President, introducing General Grant and his wife to Mrs. Lincoln. This costly plate is the first of a series which it is our intention to present to our regular subscribers.

The splendid gift plate will be sent to all subscribers.

With No. 4 was presented an outline engraving, being a key to the gift plate.

THE CHIMNEY CORNER is issued every Tuesday in New York.

It is illustrated, and back numbers can be had by ordering the same of any News Agent.

Terms for the Chimney Corner:

PRICE 10 CENTS EACH NUMBER.

One copy, three months..... $1 00
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One copy, one year..... 4 00
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(With an extra copy gratis to the person making a club of five.)
One copy of FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER and one copy of Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine (the most complete Lady's Book published) for one year..... 7 00

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AT WINTER GARDEN,

667 Broadway, opposite Zond Street.

Increased Attractions. All unsurpassed. Every day the sensational Pedestrian Ballet of the MIDNIGHT ASSASSIN, or THE ITALIAN BRIGANDS, with splendid and exciting Illuminated Tableaux. MAGICAL TRIUMPH and MAGIC LADDER. Every day the YOUNG NONPAREIL, the CHILD WONDER, on the Perilous EVING TRAPEZE. Performances by the Nine Georgia Comic Dancers by Stable. Ascent, Miss E. Stoll, M. Bagnetti, Leon and the Lilliputian Troupe. Mr. Wm. Harrison, Comic and Entomorescous Singer. Miss CARLOTTA MOORE, the accomplished Equestrienne, in her graceful exhibition. To conclude with the comic Pantomime of the GREAT TRIUMVIRATE, splendidly with the most mirth-provoking situations. The great Living curiosities: Hermaphrodite Pet (Frederick Lucas, 400 pounds); Nora Soanda Giant Girl, over eight feet high; The Circassian Family. Every person visiting the Museum 30 cents; children under ten, 15 cents; parquette and balcony, 50 cents.

Day Entrance on Ground Floor to the N. Y. Mesmeric Room and Lecture Room. Performances, 2:30 and 7:30 P.M. Open all the year round.

Bad Blood.—Be free BEN JACKET STOMACH BITTERS, and be healthy and happy in existence. They cleanse the stomach, produce appetite, and, consequently, vigorous digestion, mental depression, fevers, &c., &c. They are for sale by all druggists and grocers in America.

The hat was passed round in a certain New York congregation, for the purpose of taking up a collection. After it had made the circuit of the church it was handed to the minister, who, by-the-bye, had "exchanged pulpits" with the regular preacher, and is found not a penny in it. He inverted his hat over the parish register and shook it, that its emptiness might be known; then looking towards the ceiling, he exclaimed, with great fervor, "I thank God this I've got my hat from this congregation!"

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 19, 1865.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

CAUTION!

We would respectfully caution the public and our subscribers in the Western States against a woman setting herself as Mrs. L. Brown, who is in the habit of collecting subscriptions and receiving money for Patterns, etc. She is an impostor. We have no traveling agents.

Our New Story.

With the present number we commence "BOUND TO THE WHEEL," a story of extraordinary interest, from the pen of the well-known and popular author of "Guy Waterman's Mare," "Reuben's War," and other tales familiar to the readers of select literature.

"BOUND TO THE WHEEL" was originally written for, at a larger price than was ever paid before for any similar story; a pecuniary outlay on our part, made solely with a view to present our legion of subscribers with the choicest efforts of genius.

Our Financial Statement.

The official statement of the public debt, as appears from the books of the Treasury Department, on the first of July, shows the amount outstanding to be $2,757,253,275 85, divided thus, viz.: Debt bearing interest in coin, $1,193,602,641 80, on which the interest is $54,321,197 60; debt bearing interest in lawful money, $1,289,156,545, on which the interest is $77,749,639 78; debt on which interest has ceased, $1,927,120 — debt bearing no interest, $337,026,968; total interest, both in coin and lawful money, $132,070,837 38. The following table of the circulation were as follows: One and two years' 5 per cent. notes, $39,934,450; United States notes, old issue, $174,639; United States notes, new issue, $432,987,966; compound interest notes, act of March 3, 1863, $15,000,000; compound interest notes, act of June 30, 1864, $146,681,477; total legal tenders in circulation, $635,230,259.

The amount of fractional currency is $25,750,000; the amount of gold certificates, $16,095,000; the miscellaneous items of the War and Navy Departments, $15,736,000; amount of cash in the Treasury, gold and silver and currency, $81,402,000; total amount in the Treasury, $116,793,652 35. The statement of the public debt on the first of August, the statement which that made on the 31st of May, shows an increase of $122,000,000, owing in part to the extraordinary expenses during the month of June, and in part to the amount of legal tender notes in circulation shown an increase of $26,073,760.

There is no truth in the reports circulating in some parts of the country that the $5 note had been called in, and that the new issue of six of the national banks first organized. A slight change was made in the lettering and in the vignette of the $5 plate, which accounts for the variation now seen between the three first issued and subsequent ones. There are no counterfeits of any denomination of the National currency.

The total number of National banks chartered since the law was passed, to the 1st instant, is 1,839, with an aggregate capital of $370,000,000, and a circulation of $161,971,180.

THE recent election in England for members of the House of Commons, deserves to be principally noted for the defeat, from the fact that "Tom Brown" has been returned from Lambeth, John Stuart Mill from Westminster, and Mr. Forster from South Lancashire. All these men are staunch friends to the United States, and distinguished in the world of letters, Lambeth has elected a statesman, Mr. Gladstone, to whom the eyes of the times point unerringly as the successor of Lord Palmerston. Westminster has elected a man who is called seat of English learning, and the very home of a pig-headed conservatism which hesitates at all progress, and John Stuart Mill, while it contributes nothing in the world of politics or the sphere of ideas to the advancement of England, is especially or morally, and hit little intellectually. Mr. Gladstone, moving, albeit slowly, with the spirit of the age, is not a fitting representative of University and fangus-grown Oxford, to the influence of which we may trace whatever was debilitating in his moral composition, and hesitating or dubious in his conduct. As the representative of an active, living constituency like that of South Lancashire, and the champion of the nation and the sufferings of the world have designated him—that of Prime Minister of Great Britain.

J. BILLINGS, Esq., is at Long Branch, and thinks that a change of air is necessary, as he finds it's the same number or visitors are opatite ov." Remains predominate there, as everywhere else, this season. Our philosopher observes: "If it perfekly hurts renting two se the females hire in search of natural protektors. I konsted 16 yer gentlay in one pile, they all sighed as 1 pair to them, and with down-cast eyes. I felt sorry for them, but couldn't help them, for I am married to marrid, and intend to remane so." Dinnar at Long Branch "is served at 2 o'clock; opens with soup, and skuttle up with blackberries." The amusements are crokking and bathing. Of the first, Mr. Billings observes: "Yesterday I went out bruhking, and hotched a pock on them, they bite sideways, and hang on like a dead hoss shoe; they make good vittles enuff, but they aint prostible few eat, if you kount your time with enny thing." As to bathing: "It is luxurious, and the bathers resemble mermaids, half men and half wimmin; they sed dress in the Choctaw hostom, and when they emerges from the water, yu kant tell which is who, unless yu ask them."

RICHARD HILDRETH, of Boston, whose "History of the United States," written in a positive sense as contrasted with the romantic style adopted by Macaulay and Hallam, and other young poets, died in Trieste, Austria, on the 11th of July. His career as a writer was one of rare industry, energy and industry. He was born at Deerfield, Mass., June 28th, 1807. He graduated at Harvard College in 1826. He was one of the founders of the Boston Atlas, and associated editor of that journal from July, 1832, to Oct. 1834, and subsequently was a leading contributor and a "Washington correspondent." In addition to his productions as a journalist, he was the author of several occasional works, a political novel, entitled "The White Slave;" Life of President Harrison; and other works bearing the marks of his facile pen. He also was an efficient lawyer, and the originality and independence of his opinions. The last chapters of his performances was his "History of the United States."

HENRY S. FOOTE, who once beat Jeff. Davis in a contest for the governorship of Mississippi, who was subsequently United States Senator from that State, and who, in December of 1858-61, was still later senator in the rebel Congress which he left in disgust, in search of some "secretered spot," has lately written a most amusing book about current affairs to a Mr. Nicholson, of Tennessee, which relates much curiously on the fore-ordained precinct wisdom of its author. Of the causes of the war he says:

"We sanctified all the sentiments that supplied to us by Gerald Griffin, Moore, or timely contributed we daily kept up the habit of sentimentalizing, and, from a very early age to time, such inflammable rubbish was supplied to us by Mrs. Hemans, Longfellow, and the impressive Democratic press, that pictures, and poetry, and prose, and music, all conspired to feed the taste of which has been made inevitable."

Slavery he pronounces dead, and urges that the constitution be amended by a clause that the better for it and the country; but, he continues:

"In order to be free ourselves we must never interfere with the freedom of others. We must abandon the state constitutions as soon as possible, and embody therein the essence of the 4,000,000 of letters that abound between be-tokens existing upon southern soil, and in the records and in the memories of every one of the white ones who have dominated over them; to retain the right of emigration with the wives and children already existing, and bind ourselves to do nothing to contribute to their flight. We want, in order to secure our own return to liberty and happiness, not only exemption from all interference, but the right to compel us must allow them the same means of protection which they require for us—a view of the question. They must be recognized in fact as well as in name.

"We must consent to their being invested with the elective franchise, and to their not be done, no matter what clashfall methods we may contrive it to be done, and we must consent to their being allowed to have her voice received as the deciding one in all matter per our regulation, but are to be attended by the sanctions of the proper heads examined by sword and the purse of the nation.

"I tell you, sir, that the only through you I wish to urge upon the whole mass of my fellow-countrymen is that, unless this be done, unless it be done by us, the one states will not be allowed to have senators and representatives in the seat of the government, without molestation, to administer their own municipal regulations, and to act constitutionally in self-matter; it is my judgment, and there is no appeal to me in the case."

PROFESSOR GOEPPERT'S long-expected prize essay "On the Vegetable Nature of Diamonds," has recently been published; illustrated by colored plates. Experiments show that diamonds cannot be produced by Plutonic agency, as they become black when subjected to a high degree of temperature. Prof. Goeppert, of the University of Neptunia on organic, and were at one time in a soft condition, it proved not only by the impressions of grains of wheat and barley, but by the surface of some of them, not also by the incidences of certain foreign bodies, such as other crystals, which have penetrated, and by the vegetable structure of a higher organization. If Professor Goeppert's conclusions be accepted, diamonds are only and nothing, as they do, the views held by Newton, Brewster and Liebig, diamonds seem to be the first product of the chemical decomposition of vegetable substances.

It seems to be one fate, that as fast as we constitute a civil service for the rest of the south, we have to use the "war power" to prevent its working. Voting, on present system of suffrage, readily becomes a means for traitors to office who "qualify" by perjury. Gen. Terry has just put down, by force of arms, a municipal government elected by falsehood by force of false swearing.

CAPT. TILLEY, of the British Royal Engineers, proposes a plan for running railways over high mountains, instead of through them. In order to obtain great traction power for locomotives, a third rail is laid between the two outer rails, and at an elevation of about seven inches above the level of the others. This rail is grasped by horizontal wheels, worked at right angles to the usual vertical driving wheels. By this method, it is said, trains drawn by engines weighing 16 tons 17 cwt., are enabled to ascend gradients of 1 in 12; and as the plan can be carried parallel to the existing road, the estimated cost is $35,000 a mile, instead of $242,300, that of the line now in process of construction through Mont Cenis.

THE product of petroleum in Pennsylvania alone is put down, for the year 1865, at 3,500,000 barrels of crude oil, worth, taking the average of prices, $21,000,000. This estimate is based on the value of the crude oil at the mouth of the wells. It may thus be said that our product of petroleum is worth a quarter as much as our product of wheat, and one-eighth as much as our product of corn or of cotton—taking an average of five years prior to the war as the basis of an estimate of our sectional crop. Borers for oil have this estimate him—they enter for a market which cannot be glutted. The world will consume, at a price, all the petroleum which can be produced. Europe increased her consumption from 10,000,000 gallons in 1862 to over 30,000,000 gallons in 1864, and will take 100,000,000 gallons in 1866, if they can be furnished at a price to suit.

AN English gentleman, Mr. A. M. Bell, has devised a new method of writing sounds: it consists in picturing, by totally new symbols, the actions of the several organs of speech, tongue, lips, teeth, etc. The number of fundamental symbols is 32. Each one of these is a direction to do something; so that if the ear of the reader perform the sound it represents, he would be taught it again by merely following the directions. The symbols, for example, represent the most primary actions of the organs; put together, they produce compounds. All sounds, for example, in the complex operation; it comes among what are called inarticulate sounds; but Mr. Bell writes it down, and for ought we know could undertake to furnish every man with a symbol representative of his own particular sneeze, as distinguished from that of his next neighbor. His method is teached in the following way. Mr. Bell sends his two sons out of the room, and then invites the company to make sounds in any language, pronounced rightly or wrongly, and sounds of any kind, no matter how unusual or strange; for it is the essence of this method that whatever the organs of speech can do, the new alphabet can record. Mr. Bell tries each sound himself, until the proposer admits that he has got it; then he writes it down. After a score of such attempts have been recorded, the young gentlemen are recalled, and they forthwith read what is presented to them, reproducing to a nicety, amid general laughter and astonishment, all the queer jargons which a perfect variety of philologists have strained their muscles to invent. The original symbols, which read sounds, are printed, and make a christian fancy himself in a menagerie.

HON. HORACE MAYNARD, recently elected Member of Congress from the Knoxville District (Tenn.), made a speech recently in which he gave now his constituencies, from which we take the following passage:

"A great question is made against negro suffrage. I do not think that a majority of the American people would be willing to establish that universally; but they are deeply to prevent it, hesitating to interpose a veto in the case of the rebel States before the establishment. It is the notion that all is negro-ruinous and that we are in ruin. It is not the fact to give sufferage to the negro population, who have, all through this war, been true to the Union and to the flag. This measure, in that event, will be adopted as an indemnity and a protection to the loyal people of the south, when the seditious white people now rescue to submit to the law and discharge their duties as peaceful citizens."

GEN. HOGERS is now in command of the department which includes New York, where his headquarters are to be established. At a dinner given to the officers of certain Massachusetts regiments, he made a brief speech, in which occurs the following paragraph. In the only one we believe, embodying, in any degree, his views on the questions of the day:

"The era of reconstruction is clear. The southerners may not love the government as formerly, but we have whipped them, and they know it. Now, then, until they cease to behave themselves properly. It is under a proper obligation to protect them. The government, we will help them; until they don't, we won't. Now that we have accomplished so much, our bayonets are as sharp and our weapons as bright for any future service for the Union as they have been in the past."

A MANUSCRIPT of Milton's "Paradise Lost" is played in Paris, which mortally offends an English critic, who thus writes: "The idea of so humiliating one of the noblest works of man to have it ornamented by the same painter, with the tree of knowledge in the second grooves, and Adam and Eve in the costume of Cochin-China, will be a disgrace not even of the choicest description, as astonishing enough; but when, in the fourth act, the sons of Cain are introduced dancing a ballet, with modern sensuous accessories, it becomes, to an English mind, simply shocking, or even disgusting."

THERE are rumors afloat of a new European Conference—a Congress of the so-called Great Powers of Europe. The London *Spectator* does not admit the existence, and very remarks that "the consciousness that a seventh great power, impregnable at home and very formidable abroad, has stood aside from indifferent interests, must tend to increase the consciousness that its decisions will but slightly affect the factor. To peace which does not find the American Union can have much effect upon the British marine."

THE visit of the Emperor of the French to Algeria has led him to determine on great and sweeping changes in the internal administration of that French dependency. Algeria, hitherto, has been governed by the Arabs. The Arabs are to be secured in their lands; the constitution of their tribes is to be recognized, and the tenure of property is to be altered. This unless an express wish is announced that it should be held by individuals. They are to have their peculiar grounds respected, and their forest land, where waste or in course of extinction, is to be replanted. Their religion is to be treated with the greatest respect, and their festivals are henceforth to be kept with official solemnity by their Christian conquerors. They alone are to decide every question of their law which turns upon religion—a wide concession to men whose one religious is also their one legal authority. In secular matters, they are to be supplied with abundance of the best French law, and cease at land; whereas the inhabitants of the desert, as the Emperor discovered to his amazement, have now to walk a distance of 400 leagues to exact justice or receive punishment. At Algiers an Arab school of legal study is to be established,

here aspirants may qualify themselves to decide the difficult question, whether a question is a religious one or not, and may learn the rules of the Koran by which they ought to settle it if it comes within their province. The Arabs are also to have schools, pawn-shops, hospitals and almshouses provided for them; and an impost, fixed for ten years, is to be demanded from them, to be paid according to the number of tents if they are dwellers in the wilderness, and to be paid by individuals in the settled districts. In fact, if they like to be civilized, they are to be privileged Frenchmen; and if they like not to be civilized, they are to be privileged Arabs.

THE thickest iron-plating of our new iron-clad, Dunderberg, is but four and a half inches, while our monitors of the Dictator and Kalamazoo class have fifteen inches on the turret and ten and a half inches on the sides. Of the English iron-clads, the Bellerophon has six inches solid plate, besides one and a half inches plating and strong iron ribs, while the Hercules has nine inches solid plating. The plan of the Dunderberg was the result of our experience of 11-inch guns with fifteen pounds of powder, such as were used in the first iron-clad fight at Fortress Monroe. Since she was designed we have advanced to 15-inch guns, with sixty pounds of powder, and are still actively progressing in the same direction. If it is within the skill of the builder, might it not be advisable to increase the armor of the Dunderberg, even at the expense of her armament? Guns are fighting hard for the mastery, and the chances are still in their favor for any class of vessels except the monitors.

MERLE D'AUBIGNE, of Geneva, Switzerland, the well-known author of the "History of the Reformation," wrote a letter on the death of President Lincoln, to our minister at Berne, from which we make the following extract:

"The blow which has struck Mr. Lincoln strikes all the friends of justice, order, liberty and religion. He has been the instrument of God for the accomplishment of one of the greatest acts, perhaps the very greatest which will illustrate our century—the definite abolition of slavery throughout Christendom. He is not only the instrument but the victim. While not venturing to compare him with the great sacrifice of Golgotha, which gave liberty to the captives, is it not just in this hour, to recall the word of an Apostle (1 John iii. 1); "In this we have known love, in that Christ has laid down his life for us; and, therefore, ought we also to lay down our lives for our brethren." Who can say that the President did not lay down his life by the firmness of his devotion to a great duty? The name of Lincoln will remain one of the greatest that history has to inscribe on its annals."

TOWN GOSSIP.

ALL the fashionable people being out of town—the *creme de la creme* at Saratoga, and the rest at other places—the Town Gossip is necessarily limited. It is *paw*sotively painful, as Lord Dundreary would say, to ride up Broadway—we say, *ride*, for locomotion is out of the question at 90 in the shade. Not even the last rose of summer is left. Care-worn merchants, toil-worn clerks, bibulous editors—or, we should say, subs and contributors, for your true editor never drinks till he dines at six, and then he may take a glass of claret or Chambertin, to encourage or reward that gentle flow of ideas which ever attends the serene intellectual man. Broadway, we say, is entirely given over to toil and care-worn human dust, which, garbed in linen dusters, mops off Niagaric cataracts of adipose moisture, larding the lean earth. Marryatt's or Munchausen's fearful picture of Broadway being strewed with unoccupied suits of clothes, with only a greasespot on the pavement, to show for what once had been a fellow-mortal of flesh and blood, may yet be realised, if the municipal authorities do not do something to mollify the thermometer; but in such weather it is perhaps too much to demand of our city fathers a greater exertion than to award a fat contract to some of the ring. With this highly charitable expression we will languidly ask the public to excuse the brevity of our present Town Gossip, and turn to Leigh Hunt's description of similar weather on the other side of the Atlantic. In the mean time we must content ourself by recommending the present intelligent reader to think of everything that is cool—let him, in imagination, stand under some beautiful crystal cascade, and, in fancy, feel the refreshing waters bathe him in their invigorating streams—let him think of the ruminating cow, standing in a pleasant little patch of water under shady trees—let him think of a duck under a water-spout, in a rain-storm, or of a man surrounded by ice carts—let him do anything except talk to an Irishman about the Fenian Brotherhood, or contradict an silent woman, for of all overbearing and resistless living vocabularies a quiet woman is the most terrible; when her "hoarded silence" is once set going—it is more like an Alpine avalanche, than anything else. We trust our readers will like "hoarded silence," thus converted into "ready talk," by a figure of speech—and with this original phrase we conclude, by observing, that if there has been any Gossip about Town this week, we have not discovered it. *Au revoir.*

Mr. Barnum is not the man to let either his fame or his energy lie idle, and the destruction of the American Museum, which would have ruined some people, has only made him a little extra trouble. He means to go to Europe soon, and, with an energetic assistant, bring away whatever he finds on that continent that is curious, and put it in the New American Museum, for the use of his diocese of North America. Mr. Barnum wanted to send Bayard Taylor on this errand, but the poet, lecturer and traveler was obliged to postpone the engagement. He will go next summer, however, and answered Mr. Barnum's offer in the following pleasant note:

CEDARCROFT, July 25, 1865.

MY DEAR MR. BARNUM:

The sympathy which I, in common with all of your friends, feel with you in your loss, seems almost to be superfluous in view of the buoyant energy you exhibit. I regret that I am not able to assist you in the way you desire, as my literary engagements will not permit me to visit Europe this year. If I go next summer—as is probable—I may be able to further some of your many plans. Meanwhile I shall look over my own souvenirs of travel, and try to find some articles of public interest for your new collection. My relics are mostly of mere personal value, but I have some which the public might find interesting. I am sure you will get abundant help from all quarters; and so, wishing you every possible success, I am, always sincerely yours,

BAYARD TAYLOR.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A Southern paper gives its readers the following advice: "Accept the 'situation' as you find it. Don't pause to fret. Move on. Keep up with the times. We hope for much from Southern climate, Southern nature, Southern brains. Progress is the watchword now. Power lies in the metal of the ploughshare, and true Southern independence relies upon Southern exertions upon the field—not of battle—but of waving grain and cotton balls.

—— The population of the State of New York amounts, by the appearance of the present returns, to 4,350,000. This is about the population of England in the time of Elizabeth; is nearly the present population of Bavaria, and 700,000 more than that of the Kingdom of Holland.

—— Miss Imogen Willis, daughter of N. P. Willis, editor of the *Home Journal*, was married on the 1st inst., at Idlewild, to Dr. Williams Eddy, of New Bedford, Mass.

—— Eugenie, Empress, is driving a light pony-carriage this summer, with ponies dyed to match her toilette, and every day a change.

—— An itinerant preacher, who rambled in his sermons, when requested to stick to his text, replied, that "scattering shot would hit the most birds."

—— The city and immediate suburbs of Boston, will show by the census now taking, a population of nearly 400,000 people, thus making that metropolitan one of the greatest centres of population on this continent. The valuation of Boston and suburbs will nearly reach $500,000,000, (the city alone having $370,000,000). This vast sum will place Boston as the richest city, *per capita*, probably in the world. New York has some $700,000,000 valuation; Philadelphia, $150,000,000; Baltimore, $100,000,000. The entire state of Maine has but $100,000,000 valuation, or only one-fourth part of this city. The eleventh ward of Boston has nearly the same population and valuation as Portland, Me., and is almost a city itself, being in many respects a distinct quarter. Since 1850 this ward has almost sprung into existence.

—— Workmen are now engaged in removing the wood-work, furniture, &c., from Ford's Theatre, preparatory to remodeling it as a fire-proof building for the reception of the archives of the late rebel government.

—— The return of the census of the city of Albany, gives a population of 61,875, against 62,367 in 1860. In some wards there is a decrease, and in others an increase. The county of Albany at the next apportionment, must, therefore, lose one member of Assembly.

—— The criminal statistics of our city for the past three months are not very pleasant reading. From the 1st of May to the 31st of July 20,467 arrests were made by our local police. Of these 14,372 were males, and 6,095 females. For the quarter ending April 30 there were only 7,875 arrests in all. During the war the arrests averaged from 3,600 to 4,000 per quarter. The increase of crime that these figures shew is really alarming, and should attract more public attention than it has heretofore done. The items of increase are in assaults and robberies; that is, crimes against person and property.

—— Admiral Dahlgren was married on the 2d of August to Mrs. Goddard, of Washington, D. C., daughter of Hon. S. Vinton, of Ohio. The bridegroom is 55; the bride 28.

—— The City Fathers of Hoboken have at last resolved to put the laws against liquor dealers in force in that *picturesque* place.

—— The President is still too unwell to undergo the fatigue of receiving dispatches.

—— Late advices from Georgia state that the cotton crop this year will be exceedingly light—not more than one-sixteenth of the average yield. Until the labor system becomes more settled, it is feared that next year's crop will be even smaller. The rice yield on the Altamaha will scarcely exceed one-thirtieth of the usual yearly crop.

—— The commission to visit the Indians who affiliated with the rebels, and to make permanent peace with them, has been organized at Washington. Gen. Herron, one of the commission, is in that city.

—— On the evening of the 2d inst. the steamer Cossack arrived at Newport News, to take in coal. The 1st Maine regiment was on board, and were landed. The men immediately set to work to clear out the store of the post sutler, Nicholas White, who lost nearly all of his stock, valued at $7,000. The men were re-embarked, but were kept at anchor off Fortress Monroe, under the probability of being ordered back to settle damages.

—— Delegates from every elective precinct in each county of the Territory of Colorado will assemble on the 8th of this month at Denver, for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of forming a state government and making application for admission into the Union at the earliest possible moment. If it is deemed expedient, a state constitution for Colorado will be framed, provisions made for its submission to the people, and if adopted, for the election of state officers and representatives to Congress. Elections were to have been held on the 27th ult., in the several county precincts for delegates to the territorial convention. The call is issued under the auspices of the executive committees of the several political parties.

—— The stock of specie in bank and the sub-treasury office of New York is not much short of $50,000,000.

—— The reports of the failing health of Jeff. Davis, caused an inquiry from the War Department as to the real state of the prisoner's health. The report made sets forth that the prisoner, Jefferson Davis, is in the enjoyment of excellent health; and, moreover, that his physical condition has visibly improved since his incarceration at Fortress Monroe.

—— A census of the state of New York is now in progress, and the returns of New York city show that its population is 1,003,250; an increase of $189,581 since 1860. The total valuation of property in the city is 608,784,355. Real estate increased $16,055,309, while personal estate nominally fell off $46,000,000, owing largely to the fact that the government bonds are non-taxable. It is estimated that the aggregate population of the state is 4,350,000.

—— Mr. Samuel N. Pike, of Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, has purchased the property at the corner of 8th avenue and 23d street, New York, and designs erecting an opera-house of spacious and elegant proportions.

—— There is a project on foot at Niagara Falls to make a new communication between the American and Canadian side of the Niagara river in the shape of a suspension bridge for carriages and foot passengers.

—— It is estimated at the Freedmen's Bureau that at least 40,000 freedmen have learned to read and write since the rebellion broke out.

—— A Connecticut editor, traveling in Nevada, says that all sorts of languages are used there—English, French, German, Spanish, Irish, Chinese, Pi Ute, &c., but he thinks none is spoken with so much fluency and freedom, and none seems to be so generally understood, as profane language.

—— Salt is obtained in Arizona in beautiful transparent crystals, and in large quantities. The salt mountains are located some 60 miles above El Dorado Canon, up the Colorado, and are said to be a great curiosity and wonder to all travelers who have visited them. The packers chop the salt out of the mass with axes.

—— The Pittsfield *Eagle* says the work on the east end of the Hoosac Tunnel is progressing at the rate of 16 feet a day into the solid rock of the mountain.

—— A provision of the Constitution lately adopted in Missouri makes it obligatory upon every preacher and teacher of religion, and every teacher of any school, public or private, to take, subscribe and file his oath of loyalty within 60 days after the 4th of July, on penalty of a fine of $500, or imprisonment in the county jail for six months if they continue to preach or teach without taking and filing the oath.

—— Samuel Caswell, of Barnstead, N. H., is 109 years of age, and has never drank intoxicating liquors nor used tobacco in his life. He has never worn spectacles and his eyesight has been perfectly good till within a year. He has mowed grass every summer since he was 12 years old till the present, and has never had a physician but three times, and those lately. His wife is living, in good health at the age of 96.

Foreign.—When Ab-del-Kadir reached Paris, he was accompanied by three wives, five Arabs in Oriental costume, and a pet bear; the whole forming an exhibition which created quite a ferment among the excitable Frenchmen.

—— The London *Athenæum* defines the meaning of the title F. R. S. as a man who Fairly Represents Science.

—— A curious calculation has been made lately by a *savant* well known in Paris by his peculiar antipathy to the fly. He collected 3,000 flies in a room measuring two cubic metres; on the floor he spread a pounded loaf of sugar. At the end of four days he went to investigate the result of his experiment. There remained a table-spoonful of sugar. This statistician therefore calculates that sugar being at the rate of 13 cents a pound, a fly costs the country 20 cents from its birth to its demise.

—— Vesuvius again menaces an eruption. Flames are seen to issue from the principal summit every night.

—— The total number of peers who have died during the late session of the British Parliament, amounts to 112, and their united ages reach 7,583 years, giving an average of 67 years to each. The highest average age was with the archbishops, 80; next come the viscounts, 74; the bishops show the third highest average, 73; the earls come next with 68; the marquises average 66; and the dukes and barons are the lowest, each with 65. The deceased Scotch peers average 85; the Irish, 63.

—— It is said, that owing to the falling off in the supply of rat-skins in Paris this season, there will be a rise in the price of "extra fine *kid* gloves."

—— It reads almost like a joke, but the French Funds were agitated because the Prince Imperial had a sore throat!

—— *Le Journal des Debats* of Paris had an elaborate editorial advising Spain and Brazil to take warning from the United States and abolish slavery before it leads to a similar catastrophe.

—— Sax, of Sax-horn celebrity, has just brought out an extraordinary invention by which the sound (of all brass instruments, of all wind instruments, I believe), can be increased to a marvelous extent, so that a band of six musicians can make as much noise as one of 60. In some of these instruments the volume of sound is increased 35; in others but six or seven. The public has not yet been admitted to judge of the merits of Mr. Sax's ingenious invention, only a few private concerts having been given before the Empress left Paris. She admitted the musician to an interview, listened to the effects of the magnified sound, and was so much pleased that she gave a gold medal to M. Sax.

—— Mr. Adam Black is at present very unpopular with his constituency in Edinburgh, which has given rise to a respectable joke. "What can have caused Adam's fall?" asked one constituent. "The Eve of an election," was the reply.

—— It is calculated that within 30 years there have been in Spain about 50 different premiers and 400 ministers, so frequent have been the change in the Cabinet.

The oldest paper in the civilized world is the *Gazette de Paris*, which in 1865 enters its 235th year.

CORAL ROCKS.

THE coral rocks, which grow from the bed of the ocean, were formerly thought to be of a vegetable nature; but subsequent investigation has demonstrated that the foundation of these immense masses is effected by certain species of polypes. A portion even of England is based on a foundation of coral, many of our transition rocks containing an immense number of fossil corals; and many islands between the tropics appear to rest entirely on masses of coral rocks. The order and regularity with which these vast accumulations of solid matter are constructed, by means apparently so inadequate to the end, are no less astonishing than the amazing number of such masses which are known to exist.

Thousands of islands in the Eastern Ocean owe their origin entirely to this source; and particularly those in the Indian Archepelago, and round New Holland, are produced by various tribes of these animals; especially by the cellepora, isis, madrepora, millepora, and tubipora. The animals which form these corals work with such rapidity, that enormous masses of them very soon appear where there were scarcely any marks of such reefs before; and the navigation of the seas in which they abound is rendered every day more difficult by the continually increasing number of coral reefs, which will become the basis of future islands. These reefs have flat tops, and rise so perpendicularly from the bed of the sea, that the officers of vessels, within only two ship's length of them, have found no bottom at the depth of 150 fathoms, or nine hundred feet! It is an interesting object of geological research to trace the progress of these foundations, by the minute but combined labors of millions of these marine zoophytes, which occupy the lowest rank in the animal kingdom; but which have been instrumental in giving to the earth its present form. The following interesting extract from "Kotzebue's Voyages" gives the best description of the mode in which the islands, consisting of coral reefs, may have been progressively formed:

"As soon as the ridge or reef has reached such a height that it remains almost dry at low-water, at the time of ebb, the polypes cease from building higher. Sea-shells, fragments of corals, sea hedge-hog shells, and their broken-off prickles, are united by the burning sun, through the medium of the cementing calcareous sand, which has arisen from the pulverization of the above-mentioned shells, into one whole or solid stone; which, strengthened by the continual throwing up of new materials gradually increases in thickness, till it becomes at last so high, that it is covered only during some seasons of the year by high tides. The heat of the sun so penetrates the mass of stone, when it is dry, that it splits in many places, and breaks off in flakes. These flakes, so separated, are raised one upon another by the waves, at the time of high water. The always active surf throws blocks of coral (frequently of a fathom in length, and three or four feet thick) and shells of marine animals, between and upon the foundation stones; after this the calcareous sand lies undisturbed, and offers to the seeds and trees of plants, cast upon it by the waves, a soil, upon which they rapidly grow, to overshadow its dazzling white surface. Entire trunks of trees, which are carried by the rivers from other countries and islands, find here, at length, a resting-place, after their long wanderings. With these come some small animals, such as lizards and insects, as the first inhabitants. Even before the trees form a wood, the real sea-birds nestle here, strayed land-birds take refuge in the bushes, and at a much later period, when the work has been long since completed, man also appears, builds his hut on the fruitful soil, formed by the corruption of the leaves of the trees, and calls himself the lord and proprietor of this new creation."

THE BAY OF RIO DE JANEIRO.

THE Bay of Naples, the Golden Horn of Constantinople and the Bay of Rio de Janeiro are always mentioned by the traveler tourists as pre-eminently worthy to be classed together for their extent, and for the beauty and sublimity of their scenery. The first two, however, yield the palm to the last-named magnificent sheet of water, which in a climate of perpetual summer, is enclosed within the ranges of singularly picturesque mountains, and dotted with the verdure-covered islands of the tropics. He who, in Switzerland, has gazed from the quai of Vevay, or from the windows of the old Castle of Chillon, upon the grand panorama at the upper end of the Lake of Geneva, can have an idea of the general view of the Bay of Rio de Janeiro; and there was much truth and beauty in the remark of the Swiss, who, looking for the first time on the native splendor of the Brazilian Bay and its circlet of mountains, exclaimed, "*C'est l'Helvétie Meridionale*" (it is the Southern Switzerland).

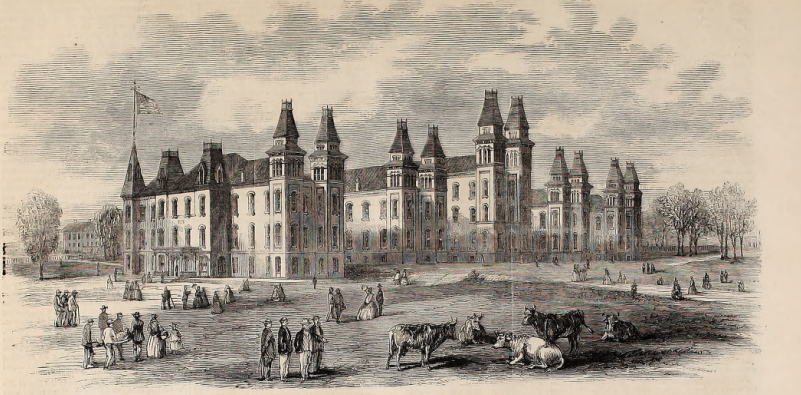
What a glorious spectacle must have presented itself to those early navigators, De Solis, Majellan and Martin Affonso de Souza, who were the first Europeans that ever sailed through the narrow portal which constitutes the entrance to Nitheroby (Hidden Water), as those almost land-locked waters were appropriately and poetically termed by the Tamoya Indians. Though the mountain sides and borders of the bay are still richly and luxuriantly clothed, then all the primeval forests existed, and gave a wilder and more striking beauty to a scene, so enchanting in a natural point of view, even after three centuries of the encroachments of man.

We all of us know, either by our own experience or by that of others, how joyful is the sight of land to the tempest-tossed voyager. When the broad blue circle of sea and sky, which for days and weeks has encompassed his vision, is at length broken by a shore—even though that shore be bleak and desolate as the ice mountains of the Arctic regions—it is invested with a surpassing interest, it is robed in undreamed-of charms. What then must be the emotions of one who, coming from a latitude of stormy winter, gazes upon these bright shores and beholds around him a land of perpetual summer, with its towering and crested palms and its giant vegetation arrayed in fadeless green.

The first entrance of any one to the Bay of Rio de Janeire forms an era in his existence, for even the dullest observer must afterward cherish sublimer views of the manifold beauty and majesty of the works of the Creator. I have seen the most rude and ignorant Russian sailor, the immoral and unreflecting Australian adventurer, as well as the cultivated and refined European gentleman, stand silently, side by side, upon the deck, mutually admiring the gigantic avenues of mountains and prim-covered isles, which, like the granite pillars before the Temple of Luxor, form a fitting colonnade to the portal of this finest bay in the world.

On either side of that contracted entrance, as far as the eye can reach, bold, abrupt and beautiful, stretch away the mountains, whose pointed and fantastic shapes recall the glories of Alpland. On our left the "Sugar Loaf" stands like a giant sentinel to the metropolis of Brazil. The round and green summits of the Tres Irmaos (Three Brothers) are in strong contrast with the peaks of Conovado and Tijuca; while the Gavia rears its huge sail-like form, and half hides the fading line of mountains which extends to the very borders of Rio Grande del Sud. On the right, another lofty range of picturesque headlands stretches into the bold promontory well-known to all South Atlantic navigators as Cape Frio. Mighty rivers and virgin forests, palm trees and jaguars, anacondas and alligators, howling monkeys and screaming birds, diamond-mining, revolutions and earthquakes, are the component parts of the picture formed in the mind's eye, as we draw near to those bold and beautiful shores. By and by we discern with delight the peculiar bright-leaved woods of Brazil, with here and there the purple blooming quaresma tree; and when we observe that the snake-like cacti and rich flowering parasites shoot forth and hang down even from the jagged and precipitous sides of the "Sugar Loaf," and as we single out, in every nook and crevice, new evidences of a genial and prolific clime, emotion before overwhelmed by vastness of outline, now unburthens itself in every conceivable exclamation of surprise and admiration.

ICE CAVES.—A gentleman named Browne reports his personal investigation of 12 ice-caves in various parts of the Alps and the Jura. They all bear a pretty strong resemblance to each other. The one which had most reputation, until its frame was dimmed in consequence of the modern passion for the High Alps, was the cave known as the Schafloch, which is in the face of that one of the innumerable Swiss Rothhorne which looks down upon the lake of Thun. The cave at first enters the rock in a horizontal direction. It then makes a sharp turn at right angles to its former course, and the floor begins to descend rapidly. The way lies over a collection of huge boulders, amongst which ice gradually appears, and becomes gradually more prominent until at length a solid mass of ice is reached. Here Mr. Browne found two grand columns, rising on each side of the cave, and forming a kind of portal. The number and dimensions of these columns appear to vary considerably in different seasons. Mr. Browne cut his way into one, and found himself inside a dome-shaped cavity—the column, it seems, might more properly be compared in shape to a beehive, and is maintained by water dropping on to its head from the roof, and there freezing. The dome was not tall enough to permit of Mr. Browne's standing upright. The centre was occupied by "a complex mass of delicate icicles," leaving a narrow passage between them and the ice-wall, and said to be "exceedingly lovely." After investigating the wonders of this curious grotto, Mr. Browne advanced further down the icy stream, the breadth of which was something over 75 feet, until he come to the edge of a grand icefall, rolling down into a gulf of which it was impossible to distinguish the end. The surface of the ice in these caves is as different as possible from the rough and crumbling surface which generally gives such good footing on the open-air glacier. It is generally smooth, polished and slippery, as the newly-formed ice on an English pond. It was generally so clear that, as Mr. Browne mentions in another case, a sheet four or six inches thick was no hindrance to a view of the rock upon which it was formed, and in some cases it was necessary to touch the ice before being certain of its existence. To descend an icefall of this kind is evidently a very different business from descending the fall of the Col du Géant, especially when you are totally ignorant as to what there may be at the bottom. By the help of a little step-cutting and a few useful corners of rock, Mr. Browne succeeded in circumventing the difficulty and reaching the icy lake at the foot of the descent. The total length of the fall appears to be 45 yards, and the lake was 28 yards by 14. The whole mass of ice was thus not unlike a miniature representation of the Rhone glacier, where the higher plateau is separated from the terminal lake into which the ice expands by the well known ice-cascade.



THE STATE EMIGRANTS' HOSPITAL, WARD'S ISLAND, EAST RIVER, N. Y.

THE CRATER BEFORE PETERSBURG, VA.

On the 25th of June, 1864, while the Union forces were closely besieging the rebel army laying behind their entrenchments in front of Petersburg, Lieut. Col. Pleasants, 48th Penn., was ordered by Gen. Grant to detail his veteran miners to tunnel the earth from the exterior line of our works nearest the rebel lines, to a point immediately under one of the enemy's principal forts. The work was commenced and carried on with great secrecy, and on the morning of the 30th of July a tunnel 500 feet in length was completed—the termination, as directed, being under the rebel works. At the end of the tunnel there were two chambers, extending to the right and left, in which were placed six tons of powder, the explosion of which it was thought would so surprise and disorganize the rebels, that our troops could break their lines and march on Petersburg. On the 30th of July the mine was exploded, but owing to a want of co-operation on the part of the forces ordered to make the attack, or some misunderstanding which has never yet been satisfactorily explained, the enterprise proved a failure.

The illustration we present this week portrays the several points of interest connected with this great event of the war.

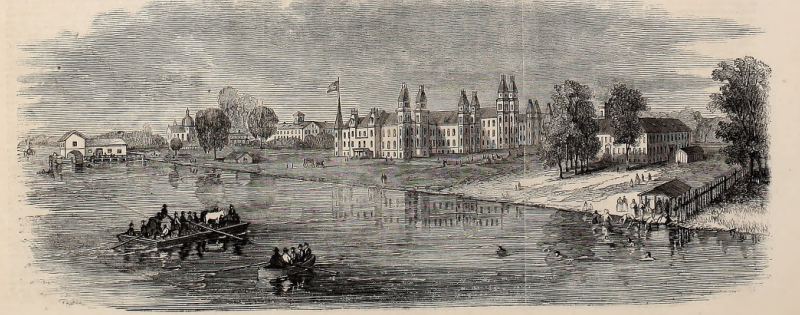


COTTON MILL ON WARD'S ISLAND, THE FIRST ERECTED IN NEW YORK STATE.

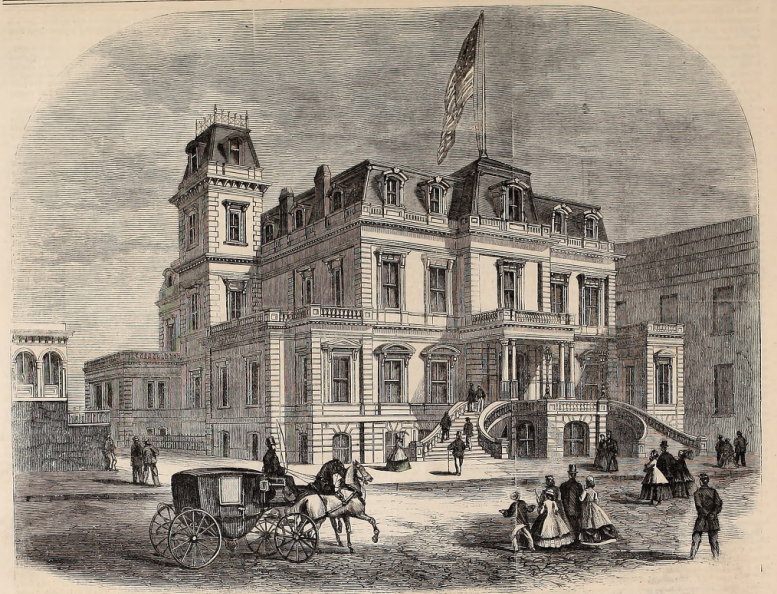


VIEW OF THE SICK WARD IN THE STATE EMIGRANTS' HOSPITAL, WARD'S ISLAND.

THE washerwoman of Holland and Belgium, so proverbially clean, and who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as a washing powder instead of soda, in the proportion of a large handful of borax powder to about 10 gallons of boiling water. They save in soap nearly one-half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For lawn, cambric, &c., an extra quantity of the powder is used. Borax, being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen: its effects is to soften the hardest water, and therefore it should be kept on every toilet-table. To the taste it is rather sweet, is used for cleaning the hair, is an excellent dentifrice, and in hot countries is used with tartaric acid and bicarbonate of soda as a cooling beverage.



THE HOSPITAL BUILDINGS AND FERRY, WARD'S ISLAND, EAST RIVER, N. Y.



THE UNION LEAGUE BUILDING, BROAD STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PA.



THE RETURN.

BY HIRAM E. GRIFFITH.

Oh! the hopes, and the faith, of a soldier's wife,
The faith, the hopes, and the tears,
And the weary watchings, and waitings, too,
Through all these dreadful years;
Watching, and waiting, and praying well,
That the battles may soon be o'er,
And he be back, ere the year has died,
To never leave her more.

Ah, well! those weary years have died,
And the dreary months have past,
And over the hills the gladsome wave,
On the homeward march at last;
And the breath of spring comes balmy up
To cheer them on their way,
And the soldier's wife, on bended knees,
Is blessing God to-day.

A tear, and a prayer, for the soldiers' wife,
Whose hopes are beyond the tomb,
Who, over the hills, to that better land,
Will be homeward marching soon—
Where a husband waits to welcome her,
And war shall never come,
Nor the steady tramp of Iron heels,
Nor the sound of martial drum.

Proud is your step, I know as you come,
Over the hills on the war-worn track,
But not more proud is your heart than mine,
As I wait here to welcome you back;

But not as proud is your heart or mine,
As the heart of the soldier's wife,
Who is watching to see her husband come,
From the battle and the strife.



"I THREATENED TO TAKE HIS LIFE THERE AND THEN."



THE FALL OF THE HOUSE IN —— STREET.

The House in —— Street.

BY LIZZIE CAMPBELL.

How I came into possession of the following manuscript I shall not stop to explain; it was not in any wonderful way, but simply and accidentally, and to describe the manner would only retard the story. Without further preface I place it before the reader.

HOWARD FALCON'S JOURNAL.

JULY 8th, 18—

Here I am, lodged in this curious old house, in —— street, a house that has always interested me, from the dark, mysterious and deserted atmosphere that seems to surround it. I remember shuddering, when I was a boy, long, long years ago, when I passed this house one day in my walks—that was before I lost my poor father. Alas! alas! my poor, dear father! Shall I ever be able to clear away that mystery? I shudder again at that thought. It is strange, but it is the same sort of shudder that shook me when I passed this house in my childhood—the feeling that old women tell us is a warning that some one is walking over the spot that will be our grave.

I'm afraid I am growing moody and hypochondriacal, and I have come to the last place on earth to cheer me. But I won't leave it—no, I will not give up my two comfortable rooms, though the

house be gloomy. What a strange sort of fascination seems to chain me here! My extraordinary landlord is not the weakest link in that chain. I am not naturally curious, but I am devoured with curiosity about that man. As well as I can judge, there are no lodgers but myself in the roomy old house. How does my landlord live? If he had no more rooms than the two I rent, he can't be doing a thriving business. But, then, does he need to do much? Does he ever eat? During the week I have been here so much of cookery has reached me second-hand, so no smell of fish or roast —less meat. Has he a servant? I don't believe he has, though I never thought of it before. But, then, who can it be that every morning at nine o'clock who builds the fire on a rainy day? for I always have fire on rainy days, and it has rained twice since I have been here. She brought in the coals, gentle and left it outside my door on these two days? I shall be satisfied—I must have this cleared up, I will ring the bell, and then I'll see who answers it.

I am satisfied. I rang the bell, my landlord answered it, and wished to know what he could bring me. Clearly there was no servant. In my confusion I said a Methodist, and then changed my order to a pitcher of ice-water. He bowed, withdrew, and, returning in a few minutes, placed the pitcher on my table. He has a prepossessing face that man; his face was one of the reasons why I timed those rooms. I thought it a good face, steady, and it is more—it is wonderful. To-day I observed it more, even than on the first day I saw him. He is not my person (in spite of that) and I think he must have been handsome. He is tall, with a slight stoop in the shoulders, and very thin. His clothes are of good broadcloth, and worn with that peculiar air that always stamps the wearer as a gentleman, and my landlord has about him that indefinable, unmistakeable something that says he is a gentleman. His face is fearfully pale, and so dark that the cheek bones seem ready to cut their way through the transparent skin. Strange to say, his face is not wrinkled; it has the pallor of death and the smoothness of marble, and his deep, dark blue eyes are like caverns, in which burn dim lights, sunk far back in his face; they are ringed about with circles of a deep, dark black color, and his hair, snow-white, falls to his shoulders in long, unshorn ringlets. His thumbnail and middle finger, as I saw him performing one of the duties of a menial, and I hastened to say something apologetic.

"You must not have troubled yourself, Mr. Falconridge," I said. "I could have waited the return of your servant."

"I am my own servant," he made answer, and his tones were cold and frozen like ice.

He closed the door mistakenly, and with out the footfalls I heard him descending the stairs.

For a few minutes I fell uncomfortable; and when I thought he might have gone from sight and ear, I could not help adding to my question. "Does he ever eat?" two others, "Does he ever drink?" and "Does he ever sleep?"

JULY 20th.

Eleven days have passed, and I have not once visited that chamber of mirth, who never sees without a murmur, all the jottings down of my variable moods. Why? Something happened, and I have not had, unable to rise from it till to-day. Let me think—my recollections of that something are still dim and hazy. Ah! now it comes to me. A young girl—a lovely girl, with a cloud of waving, curling, bright hair falling round her shoulders, and shaded by a broad hat; then a rushing sound as from the ocean, a quick, piercing cry from the girl, and a firmament of stars, blackness, nothing, and—I know no more. When I recover I am lying here in my own room, a redbird face is looking down at me, then I try to speak, but the beautiful mouth outlines a silver, sweet voice says "Hush!" and I am dumb.

Then Beauty seems repentant of her stern edict, and revokes it with

"At least you must not speak above your breath only a word—a single question, if you like."

Then I don't say "Where am I," as they do in the novels, because I know quite well; but I desire very earnestly to hear "Is he in the world I came there, and what the matter in?"

"When you saved my life, that dreadful day, we thought the horse had killed you," she dolefully blew on the head—and I nearly—I—that is—I wasn't in the least hurt. I begged them to bring you here, and they did so devotes in the city, and it turned out you lived here."

"Just how curious—"

"No, no," I said one question, and I promised the doctor—you really must be good, or else he won't trust me again."

"Is not one—"

"Well—one; that can't do much harm."

"How long have I been here?"

"Precisely a week; this is the seventh day."

"And you—"

"No; positively now, you must say no more. This time I'm serious."

I closed my lips obediently. She sat down—for the first moment she had been speaking she was standing up—and I contemplated her with wonder and delight. Her curious and half-frightened, if a woman waiting on me in the capacity of nurse, I could scarcely realise it; and so young and lovely. And she was nervous about me anything distinctly; but becoming a trifle heartstoned to the novel situation in which I found myself, I began to take quietly to my mind the strangeness and beauty of the girl sitting there, so calm, so dignified, with folded, snowy hands and meditative face.

She was torn to the promise she had given the doctor, and didn't allow me to speak ten more words in the course of the day. But she couldn't prevent my busy mind from weaving a hundred fantastical romances about her. Who was she—who was she—and how did she seem so perfectly at home in my mysterious lodging house.

It was with surprise of the most manifested kind that I learned she was the daughter of my landlord, just returned from a foreign boarding-school, and coming home with her maid, on the day I saved her life, to surprise her father with an unexpected appearance.

Day by day I grew stronger, till at last I was able to be about again, and at length to confide to this true friend all the doings and sayings of the time that has elapsed since I last recorded here my daily experience. What change the presence of Helen Falconbridge has wrought in this still, dreary old house.

Now, for dismal silence, is the ringing voice and the sweet laughter of youth; and all things through the gloomy old halls is constantly to be seen the graceful form of my hosts daughter, in the fairy garments of young girlhood, or the rich and jauntily dressed figure of her maid. That the change is pleasing to me I will not attempt to deny, and that it is equally so to that strange old man is plainly visible.

He certainly worships his daughter; she seems the one joy, the one bright spot in his lonely existence. It is touching to see the tender motion of his hands when they unclasp from the chair-back the warm glow in his cold, white face, and steely eyes, when he gazes fondly in her young and beautiful countenance.

AUGUST 1st.

I am often requested now to join the family at tea; the request always comes from Helen. "Papa," I said Helen!—well, why not? It is a sweet name, and she is a sweet girl. Helen, then, the request always come from Helen, and I never refuse. It is pleasant to all opposite that lovely face, pleasant to sit and watch the play of those rosy lips when she says, "Another cup of tea, Mr. Falcon?" Pleasant to smile and answer back, and receive from her a bright look and a dainty cup with its fragrant contents, and to wonder what it is that makes it all seem so endearing—so all myself what is that mysterious aroma never felt before at the proxy tea-table—that smell of music has suddenly broken through the simple monotony of my life, and what is the allegoine?

I have asked myself these questions so often; and my heart has answered with a sudden thrill, till at last and suddenly it all plain to me.

Ah, fair Helen, sweet Helen Falconbridge, dear—my Helen, dear and dearest of all the world to me!

AUGUST 3d.

When I had written those last words I paused to look up from my writing, and my eyes swept over again, and realized more plainly what I had done. Seven years ago I dedicated my life to the progress of my genius, and I closed it to love; my heart true and single to its trust, and now at last, after so long, a woman's face has stolen in, and all else is forgotten, and I love her. Ah, hell! not be! I will be true to that solemn oath —that dread mystery shall be cleared away, and then, indeed, I may speak to her of the one theme of love.

Busy dreams of love! Fool that I am, when for me may be nothing but the little grief of disappointment—the aches of roses may be all there is for me to gather. Yet I am not a man to be otherwise, for small reason indeed have I to hope that Helen Falconbridge loves me. Away with this boyish folly and let me be a man again.

AUGUST 7th.

I couldn't write it before—it was all so new and strangely sweet—but I said to my own self here "Peace—peace, be still. This is a dream, from which, when you awoke, you will grow mad to find reality." But I am awake now—I—I—and I real—she loves me. Her own dear voice has said it; her own dear lips have sealed the words with a kiss. I am mad with my heart, and counted the quick beating of her heart while it throbbed against my own. I never meant to tell her; I never meant to speak words of love, her, and if need were, to go far away where I should never see her again. But she came down the corridor and towards the front door with the instinct to be out, alone in the vast crowd, I thought as I passed before. Suddenly I put out my arms towards her; unconsciously they closed about her, and pressed her close to me as though mine, and I—I—I—I—I—I—I—I—I—I—I places death. Shall I ever forget the half shy, half angry glance that shot at me from her dear eyes? I should never see it again, I thought, as I gave her me courage to tell all them. I drew her into the parlor, and like a long past dead I suddenly remembered my love-power forth and deluged her. She grasped and panted for breath—she drew herself from me—she cowered, but she put out little hands in mine, and trying to look my sanely at me she dropped the modest lids over her great blue eyes, and half hid her face with its ripples, trying to be calm, and I was answered better than with words. And by-and-by words were not wanted to tell me that she loved me, and that she was my own, for ever and ever my own.

AUGUST 10th.

I have thought of it all the day long—thought of it dreamily, with a sad heart, and a sad face, and Helen asked me many times where all my bright looks had gone to, and I said, by-and-by, into my little parlor an hour ago she said, seating herself on the cool old ottoman and resting her arm on my knee.

"Howard, if you don't tell me what it is that troubles you so, I will never again believe that you love me."

And then I smoothed back the bright hair from her brow, and said, with a sad smile,

"Do you wish to hear a sad story, Helen?'

"Yes, Howard," she said, "if it saddens you, for I would weep when you weep, and rejoice when you rejoice."

Then you shall know what threw a cloud over my life, Helen, seven years ago, and always shadows me now—at times more gloomily than at others. When I was a young child my mother died. I can just faintly remember her as a creature so beautiful that I often wondered whether she was not one of the angels sent down to stay with us a little while to foreshadow the beauty of heaven; my father was passionately and tenderly attached to her; and her death almost drove him mad. I have since learned that he married her against the wish of his father, and was, in consequence disinherited of a magnificent estate, and of all the honors belonging to him as eldest son. His younger brother was preferred to his place, and being unlike, from the peculiar disposition of the property, to my father's junior, he made him a liberal allowance, which enabled him with his wife, to emigrate to this country, where I was born. After my mother's death, from which my father slowly and partially recovered, he was wholly devoted to me; and spent his entire time and attention in the education of my genius, and me in every way. My uncle had had no son, and my father had, I believe, at ill-founded idea that I should inherit his property as well as that of my ancestors. For this reason he took much pains to fit me for what he fondly anticipated as my future greatness. In this way we lived till I attained my nineteenth year. At this time we resided in a sweet little cottage surrounded in vines and roses, and situated on the edge of the city. We kept no valuables in the house, and were never particularly careful about fastening the doors at night, having lived for many years in undisturbed quiet. One August—it was the 12th, Helen, exactly seven years ago last August—I started up here at about the evening somewhat earlier than usual, as I had been complaining of a severe headache—a species of pain to which I was subject, and which I had no subject from a child.

Our own household had already gone to bed, as we kept rural hours. I had fallen into an unsound sleep, from which I occasionally started up and awoke, and then fell asleep again in a sharper manner, to doze off again uncomfortably and unrefreshingly. When about ten o'clock, as nearly as I could ascertain, I started up here with a sudden awake, and found myself listening to the sound of voices. At first I thought I must have been dreaming, but the impression that I suppose myself to hear again, when I distinctly heard my father's voice, in loud and indignant tones:

"Villain, I say," he said, "it is impossible that you can be so unjust—so cruel—so villainous. It is the act of a thief, Edward, it is the act of a thief!"

The last words were almost drowned in the sudden explosion of a pistol-shot, and I sprang with a heavy fall. I was already half dressed, having begun to put on my clothes at the first words that had startled me, and before the sound of the pistol-shot had died away, I was in my father's room, and raising his bleeding form in my arms. I darted glances around the apartment shrewd by trace of a struggle, and there was no evidence of any one but my father having been in the room. My father was alone. On the appearance of the sleepy servant, I despatched her at once for assistance. Several of the neighbors were soon with us, but my dear father was mortally wounded, and already past speaking. Many hurried questions were addressed to him, as to how it had happened, but he could only faintly shake his head. Some one picked up the pistol; it was a single-barrel, and had evidently been discharged. Inquiring glances were directed at me. The person who had picked up the pistol, fixing his eyes sternly on me, addressed my father.

"Is your son the author of this sad business, Mr. Palcon?"

My father, in that effort of expiring strength, my dying father answered loudly, "no!" and the blood rushed from his mouth and nostrils, deluging me in his crimson stains, as he flung his arms around me, clasped me close to him, and dropped his head upon my shoulder. In that last dying moment I took an oath to discover the murderer.

"And you have never got any clue to the mystery since, Howard?" asked Helen.

"Never. I have often thought that I had a clue, but on following it to the end, nothing has ever come of it. I think I must have fallen into a doze. I was suddenly startled by a low, trembling noise, like the sound of distant thunder, followed by a rumbling sound, as though the house was shaken by a far-off convulsion of the earth."

Helen suddenly shuddered as I spoke, and said in an earnest voice:

"I too, heard and felt this. Howard."

"Then you will know that it was not the work of my fancy, Helen. When I became conscious of this noise, and the quaking of the house which followed it, I sprang up, and looked about, when by my unutterable horror and amazement, I beheld my murdered father extended on the floor, and opposite him was the door which was turned open, and in whose hand was held a pistol. Then clearing the air, was borne in on my ears the words:

"The white hand will not marry the daughter of your father's murderer!"

Helen uttered a sharp shriek, and sprang from my side, as if stung by a serpent. At the same moment, like an echo, I heard another cry, and another rushing of footsteps. I flew to the door, opened it, and peered into the passage, but all was clear—there was nothing there—and I returned to Helen, who had previously risen, and like an sayon leaf, and holding to the table for support.

"You are very cruel," she said, in a dying voice, "to frighten me with a wicked and foolish dream. But I know it was only to try my love—for you know I would die if anything separated me from you."

I sought her half fainting, and pallid as marble, in my arms, and blaming myself a thousand times for my cruelty, kissed the roses back to her cheeks, and vowed to love her for ever and ever, and to think no more of what must have been the half-crazed imagination of a man hot just roused from sleep.

MIDNIGHT.—At last—at last! Mystery no longer, and a revelation so dreadful, that I myself cry twenty years of a life, which must be henceforth most wretched, had I never learned it. Oh! how my heart throbs—how wild has been a half hour's tender search, then this dreary, awful discovery. My heart burns and my brain reels, and even as it is would have written something grim stretch in vain for that which they must never more encircle, Helen! Helen! Helen! my lost, lost Helen!

After parting with Helen, I retired to my own room, moody and wretched, my weary heart hightened by the memory of joyful—and perhaps her true love. I had but seated myself in my favorite arm-chair, and drawn forth this shield friend, on whose paper I felt a wish to pour out my full heart, when the door slowly unclosed, and Mr. Falconbridge glided in noiseless as a spirit. He spoke not a word, but seated himself in the chair opposite me, and fixed his earnest, steady gaze upon me. Pale and deathly as he always was, it was now even more haggard than I had ever seen it; his thin lips were firmly closed, and there was a strange compressed look of light in his eyes. To break the silence which was becoming embarrassing, I said:

"I trust you will have the honor of your company this evening, Mr. Falconbridge."

He raised his hand and slightly waved it from him, and in a low, grating sable my words.

"Howard Falcon!" he said, "listen to me; let not a word escape you till I am about to escape you. I was a listener to your conversation with my daughter this evening, and I tell you now, and let you know it for the first time, that you are villain her—that never in all time can she become your wife."

I smiled—smiled in the proud confidence of her love—feeling that nothing could ever separate us while that lasted.

"You may smile at what I am saying to you," Mr. Falconbridge said sternly, "do you hear me say that my daughter can never be your wife, you may smile now before the day dawns, Mr. Falcon, and you must make me a solemn oath never to attempt to hold converse or communion with Helen."

"I cannot do this, Mr. Falconbridge. I don't know what your reason may be for wishing to separate me from my daughter and repeating that we are devotedly attached to each other; but it is cruel and unnatural, and I will never consent to sacrifice my own happiness and Helen's for what may be but a selfish whim."

"You will know why I separate you?" he asked, in a low, hissing voice. "Is it so! Look, young man, look!"—he stretched out his slender white right hand—"look at the hand which took away your father's life."

I was overwhelmed—my heart ceased to beat, and I sat like one turned to stone by some mother; and then, from ceasing to love, I grew to hate my own brother, whose very heart had come secretly between me and my own. I took every means of revenge that lay in my power; I succeeded in my endeavors to make my father disinherit Ralph, and make me his heir instead, but Ralph suspected that I had dealt unfairly by him. When my father died and I succeeded, I was seized with regret for the part I had played, and to soothe my upbraiding conscience, I made him the offer of a share of my fortune, but would have no country. He was too completely absorbed in the joy of having won his wife, who was truly worth a thousand inheritances, to think much of the loss he had sustained, and he gladly accepted my offer. They settled in Liverpool. In due time two sons were born, and then Ralph seemed, for the first time, to realise that he had lost one of the finest estates in England. He wrote to me, and begged me to call suspicious into bitter, cutting words, and concluding by the hope that I would rest content with having robbed him, and do him justice. I had married, but, having then no prospect of children, I had already thought of making Ralph's eldest son my heir, in case I died without issue.

Sixteen years passed—during which time letters frequently passed between us, and our old love seemed to revive.

Then your mother's death, and in the year following, the birth of my little Helen, whose mother only lived long enough to place her in my arms.

"From that hour I retracted my promise to make you my heir, for I then thought—to my bitter grief—that the most brilliant and accomplished heiress in Britain. I did not yet dare to make known my determination to Ralph, and another year I delayed it, till Helen had reached the age of thirteen, at which time I sent her to a French convent for educational purposes. Being thus left alone, and very miserable in her absence, the old love for Ralph revived more strongly than ever. My heart yearned to see my brother again, and I sailed for America.

"On the passage I decided on the manner in which I should break to him the change in my intentions with regard to yourself. I would propose to make Helen my heiress, and to adhere to the two cousins—my daughter and yourself—and thus heal all the breach between us.

"After some difficulty, owing to his having abridged his name, I at length found Ralph—found him alone on that ill-fated summer-night. It was a storming interview—he flew into the wildest rage on hearing of Helen's existence, of which he had not known till then, and utterly refused the proposed alliance, declaring he would never trammel upon your free will, by any promise, or bargain, of the kind. He insisted, in circumstory tones, that I should make you my heir—threatened to contest our dead father's will—brandied me with treachery—characterized my conduct as injustice—as robbery—till, at length, stung by his wrong, I reached the pistol which lay on the table—aimed it at threat only, with no more thought of murder, as I hope for mercy in heaven—than I have this moment. It went off in my hand, and I was a murderer.

"By what instinct I leaped through the open window, closed it after me, and escaped so, I know not; but with all my sad heart, I have known ever since that Ralph's dead face has pursued me, and, sleeping or waking, its death groan is for ever sounding in my ears."

This, then, was my father's murderer—this man before me. I thought of that fact only at first; all else that he had said I put aside. I rose—I had my hands upon him with the weight of murderously I made him move not—in a deep, terrible voice I denounced him, and threatened to take his life then and there if he resisted. He shrank away from me, a quick convulsion passed over him, and then he said:

"I am Helen's father!"

My hands fell from him, as if withered. In the first of that appeal I could do nothing—was impotently regarding him. As soon as my faculties awakened again, I thought:

"He revealed this to separate me from Helen. Clearly he never once thought he was confessing himself a murderer. Helen's father! Heaven pity me, and show me what I ought to do!"

Presently he spoke:

"I make no attempt to escape; truly I did not think of it; for I never dreamed that you would be the one to bring Helen's father to the scaffold. But do as you will; I will not take the first step towards escape. You will find me here in the morning; take the rest of the night to reflect. I am guilty of murder—I murdered your dead blood without the wish of my heart; and God knows what bitter penance I have paid. For seven years I did not look upon the face of my child—for seven years I lived here the life of an anchorite, bewailing the sins of my past life, with what sincerity let those whitened locks and this sad face testify. To-e the rest of the night to consider. Howard, deliver me up to justice if you will—think of Helen—and pity me if you can. Adieu."

I saw him—alone with a secret more terrible than death—alone with my thoughts of Helen, with my blighted heart, with my wretched love—the more turned to grief, hatter sullen.

From mere force of habit, for something to still the twitching of my fingers, I write it all here. For something to ease the aching pain within my soul I here call upon her on whom I must never look again, I here utter the love I may never more breathe in her ears. Oh, Helen, Helen, my love! Oh, Helen, my one, only darling—my own, my own, lost—

The Journal abruptly ended. I gave a sigh of disappointment, for I was dissatisfied not to have the conclusion of it. Then I sent only Townsend how the manuscript had come into my possession.

A certain dilapidated house, in ——— street, had startled all the neighborhood, one night, by quite a terrible crash. From the ruins had been dug forth three bodies, that of a white-haired old man, a young man, whose hand clutched a roll of paper, and a beautiful young girl, whose bright hair shed a golden glitter over her white, dead face.

A young woman, who had had leave to pass the night with some friends, identified the bodies as those of her mistress, Miss Helen Hamilton, the young lady's father, and a young man named Falcon, who had lodged with them.

A friend of mine, who knew my fondness for curious papers, had procured for me the manuscript, had before the reader as "Howard Falcon's Journal."

DUBLIN INTERNATIONAL FAIR.—At this fair Wheeler & Wilson are exhibiting their new No. 8 Machine. It is richly ornamented with the American coat of arms.

THE PROVIDENCE INSURANCE COMPANY.—This prosperous company has just completed the increase of its capital from $100,000 to $500,000. Its surplus exceeds $100,000, making its gross assets nearly $1,000,000. Its metropolitan was established in 1851, and at that time was among the largest, as it was always soon, one of the most popular and influential companies in the city. In 1861, after reserving seven per cent for the re-insurance of its outstanding risks in accordance with the policy holders—the usual dividend in January was 20 per cent. The company has an able staff of officers, who, besides understanding the technical details of their business, have the good sense to perceive that one key is the best investment in any business which involves the large with the petite. The Metr politan has a wide and well-deserved reputation for genial manners and liberality in its business transactions. With the present large addition to its capital, it sets out upon a new career, in which many friends will heartily wish it well.

"I WONDER how they make heifer watches?" said a young married lady to her husband, with whom she was driving, lately.

"The process is very simple," said the husband. "I suppose they use—"

"How did you manage it?"

"By leading you to the altar."

"CAST DOWN BUT NOT DESTROYED."

BY PAUL NORTH.

On, sweet spring days, wherein the sun,
His golden gladness deep has planted!
Oh, bonding sky, whose fair-off blue,
At night with ghostly moon is haunted!

Oh, running rills, and limpid lakes,
Oh, ocean, silent, silent never!
Oh, tardy tide that dost their waves
Gainst rocks that beat them back for ever!

Oh, rustic daffodils, that bud,
And catch the yellow sunlight's quiver,
Make our dull senses leap in bliss,
And in the breezes shine and shiver!

Oh, gloesome birds with gleaming wing,
And songs that make the echoes listen!
Oh, southern winds whose messages
Like tender kisses fall and glisten.

Oh, nature! mother earth! thy charms
Seem now but marks to morials given,
For grief has dimmed a nation's eye,
A nation's heart with pain is riven.

We see not sky, nor golden sun;
We know not flowers, nor tuneful birds;
We know not if the tides be out,
Or waves with foam the gray rocks sprinkle.

We see no sight, we hear no sound,
We know no thought unsinged with sadness,
For grief has dimmed a nation's heart,
That only late had thrilled with gladness.

Oh blessed beyond our country's best!
Whose honor ne'er with shame was tainted,
Who here fell, in a righteous cause,
Was doubly cursed and doubly sainted.

Oh, bere, crowned at the dawn
Of glorious freedom's peaceful morning!
Oh, patriot with the heart and voice,
Pure prayer to temp'rate Nation's yearning.

Oh, statesman that on truth's clear side,
Did'st never doubt, nor pause, nor falter!
Oh, Christian, furnace-proved, and tried,
By time's hot touch, on ware's red altar.

Our God demanded one life more,
To sanctify the nation's living—
He yielded his, and even so
He blessed his country in its giving.

And as up freedom's beeling heights,
Our country trade in quickened being—
In his all shall be the noon bright,
To light the path beyond our seeing.

GUY'S FOLLY;

OR,

The Secret of Thornton Heath.

BY VANE IRETON ST. JOHN.

AUTHOR OF "THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL," "OUR WORLD'S VERDICT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXIII.—CONCLUSION.

THE conference between Guy Raymond and Walter was a short one.

The position in which the latter found himself was far too difficult to allow of any discussion on his part.

"Walter," said Guy Raymond, "you have behaved very ill to me. Have you any excuse to offer?"

This speech gave Walter courage.

"Excuse!" he said. "Yes, indeed I have excuse. My patrimony you took from me; it is mine still, and I believe you think you would restore it to me."

"Not at all," returned his uncle—"not so. The terms of the will were precise; I have but complied with them. You have not been justified in taking the law into your own hands."

Walter did not answer.

"You have forfeited everything by your conduct," continued his uncle, "and still I am willing to forgive everything, on one condition. I am the more inclined to forgiveness, because I may have been unjust in running you so very much against your inclination."

"And what is the condition?" asked Walter.

"That you leave the country with your wife."

Walter laughed spitefully.

"And what if I refuse?" he said. "That is more easily said than done. Your forgiveness may be very pleasing to me, but it does not produce the means of leaving England."

"If forgiveness includes other things," returned Guy, "it includes the restoration to you of your patrimony. Give me the required promise, that you will quit England within a month, and I will at once sign the paper necessary to your possession of his property."

"I give the promise freely, and at once," said Walter.

"Will your wife consent?"

"Will she be but too glad to go," returned he. He guessed that in her then state of mind the time I will leave England for ever. The country has become distasteful to me; its memories are bitter; it speaks to me of error and crime, and I would gladly welcome a new land which would remind me of nothing. So, believe me, I am sincere."

"Good, then!" said Guy Raymond. "Whither will you direct your steps?"

"To America."

His uncle inserted a few words in a document already drawn up.

"Very well," he said, handing him two papers. "There is a cheque for a hundred pounds, which will carry you and your wife across; and there is an order on the bank at New York, to pay to your credit the sum of twenty thousand pounds."

At one time Walter would have received this merely as his due; he now received it, after his crime—his terrible crime—with gratitude, and almost tears.

Walter had spoken truly as regarded Ellie.

She was delighted at the prospect of leaving England—for to her England was Thornton, and an escape from it was an escape from all its associations and dangers.

Three weeks after the interview with Gideon Crawleigh, Guy, Ellie, and Walter sailed for New York, where they settled in happiness and prosperity.

Three days after, another important event took place at Thornton.

This was the marriage of Ralph St. Clare and Claudia, which, though unseen and unnoticed, poor Mrs. Freefield was present.

Mary Thorne discovered, alas! too quickly, how erroneously she had bestowed her heart.

Though thanking her earnestly for the method in which he had been restored to his home, the first words which Ralph uttered, were words expressive of his deep love for Claudia, and the gladness of his heart at discovering that she had recovered her senses.

It was now, for the first time, that he had mentioned Claudia's name, and how Mary questioned him about her, he poured forth to her the whole tale of his love—never knowing the pallor which overspread her face—never heeding the bowing of her bosom, and the nervous clenching of her hands—never dreaming that her heart was filled with tears, and her whole being agitated with intense emotion.

Poor Mary! she never after this gave him an opportunity of observing her love for him; but on the contrary, took a special delight in aiding him in his plan to win Claudia for his wife.

And when, at length, the lovers were united, she was present at the ceremony, and went through the ordeal bravely.

She did not, however, remain an old maid. Such a beautiful and loving creature as she was, it would have been sorely indeed to devote to a life of single blessedness.

About a year after the union of Ralph and Claudia, she was united to a young man who had long loved her in vain, and she has never had reason to regret the decision.

Guy Raymond lived but a short time after this, and his property fell, as by his will, to Claudia, who gave the greater portion to Mrs. Freefield, who, through so many years had tended her like a mother.

Sir Robert Arbuthnot and his newly recovered wife removed to London, after his wounds were healed, and he and Claudia recovered her health, and her son is now one of the richest men in his county.

Lady Jane considered it prudent to drop her name and pretensions, and married Mr. P. A. David, the lawyer; while Arthur and two of his sisters, retired to Devon upon the allowance made by their father, and married happily and well.

Arthur, indeed, had a great lesson that night, when, return ng from the criminal errand, he saw his mother endeavoring to destroy his father's life; and, from that fatal opportunity, he also intended a messenger to Mrs. Cassel, bidding her to allow her prisoner to escape, and to keep out of the way herself, to avoid questioning.

There is one character, however, yet unprovided for—a character in which, it may be, that my readers will take an interest, and about which, therefore, I am bound to say a few words.

This was Clara Arbuthnot.

Herself, Heyward, his father, was one of those men who, having no respect whatever for woman's virtue, considers that the female sex are created specially for man's enjoyment, and that man, therefore, possesses a right to dispose of them as he likes.

Clara loved Heyward, he went through the ceremony of marriage with Clara, it was merely because he considered it would be convenient to do so.

He had been struck by the beauty of Clara—more, he it said, by the beauty of her form than by the beauty of her mind; and, having conceived a passion for her, he had resolved to make her his own; but he had never imagined it possible that such a beautiful creature could endure long enough to up with her as a wife.

So he had engaged a man who stated himself to be a poor clergyman, who had lost his orchilaren, and had paid him well for his trouble.

A month passed by in this way. Denzil Harcourt was delighted with the beauty of his bride, who seemed to develop into graces every day, and began to regard the possibility of his ever undoing her for longer than he had ever imagined, when one evening the servant announced that the Rev. John Tollemache desired to see him.

He gave orders for his immediate admission, and in a few moments the clergyman appeared before him.

"You are surprised to see me, no doubt?" he said.

"Yes, indeed," returned Denzil Harcourt, "I am surprised. I imagined that by this time you were far away."

"I should have been had my own wishes been consulted," returned Tollemache; "but circumstances have compelled me to prevail. However, I am glad now that I did not go, since it enables me to fulfill a duty."

"What is that?"

"A duty I owe to you and Mrs. Harcourt. Nay, start not—she is your wife. You engaged me to deceive her; I deceived you. I told you I was unable to marry you—I was able; and your marriage with the proper signatures and witnesses, is duly registered."

Denzil Harcourt uttered a loud curse—not that he was disgusted at finding himself the lawful husband of Clara, but because he was angry at being thus outwitted.

"Why did you thus deceive me?" he cried. "Am you aware of the consequences of your treachery?"

"I am not, except in one way. I know that it has secured peace and home to one who would have been degraded and wretched before; and were you a man, you would thank me for what I have done."

"Thank you? I do not thank you!" cried Denzil Harcourt furiously. "Leave the house this moment, lest I eject you by force!"

As he spoke these words, a low, moaning cry was heard without; and springing out and opening the door, Denzil sensed out into the passage just in time to behold a white figure flying away towards the staircase.

He had no trouble in recognizing this as the form of his wife, and he instantly started in pursuit.

When John Tollemache entered the garden gate Clara was from the window, and hurried down stairs.

Not that she had any idea as to why she did so, but there was in her mind a kind of vague resentment that he had something to tell her.

She saw him, however, enter the drawing-room as she descended, and heard him close the door, the lock, and with the presentiment still upon her, she stood and listened at the door.

The words which the clergyman uttered roused a new feeling entirely in her mind, and the words which followed from her husband seemed to close the eyes of her reason to the light of day.

It was then that, with a moaning cry, she sank down upon the ground, and in another moment was flying along the passage.

At the end of the passage was a trap-door, beneath which was a full of some fifteen feet upon hard stone, and it was towards this Clara now bent her steps.

She was not covered to her intolerable, since the one she had trusted had turned out to be a deceiver, and it was with the intention of putting herself out of her misery that she had come hurried headlong into the black and yawning gulf.

Denzil Harcourt arrived on the brink just in time to see the white garments fattering in the air; and, without a thought of anything but the necessity of saving her—without one remembrance of his late selfish speeches, he rushed precipitately after her, and strove to effect her rescue.

By the light of the lamps which gleamed down from the river terrace he saw the face of her he loved so well, and the white hands of her by the dusky waves.

Should he ever again see that face instinct with life? Would that bosom never again be pressed with his own? Would her sweet voice never again speak to him in terms of love?

These were the thoughts which rushed through his brain as he beheld her, and with eager arms he plunged in the stream.

At length he reached her—at length his arm encircled her waist—at length he once more felt her living body, weighing over a repentant husband, and thanking Providence that it had given him a trial which brought to her such great joy.

Clara and Denzil Harcourt are now one of the happiest couples, if we except that couple down at Thornton, who reaped so great a degree of happiness at last from the strange perseverance of GUY'S FOLLY.

THE END.

ANVIL ROCK, S. C.

Of the many objects of interest in the State of South Carolina, Anvil Rock will soon be considered the most rare. Situated on the main road running between Charleston and Columbia, it is of easy access, and thousands of lovers of nature's freaks visit it yearly. The stone is of immense proportions, standing nearly fifteen feet high, and is shaped almost exactly like a blacksmith's anvil.

THE OLD STONE MANSION, RICHMOND, VA.

FORTUNATELY for the history of the late rebel capital, many of the old landmarks of the city were preserved in the incendiary flames of the traitors upon their evacuation of the city. There are but few sites that bind Richmond to the past more strongly than the old Stone Mansion, the first house built within the present city limits. This and yet picturesque weathering into a handsome ruin, now that the war is over, and hundreds of people daily make their pilgrimage to the venerable edifice.

WHIPPING STOCKS IN GOLDSBORO, N. C.

Since the grand march of Gen. Sherman's army through the heart of the State of South Carolina—the scenes of barbarism once so actively used by the slave holder, have become objects of curiosity. Among these are the public whipping stocks in Goldsboro, N. C., where slaves were punished by order of their masters. We have before us a faithful illustration of this ancient and now decaying means of torture.

THE NEW MARKET, RICHMOND, VA.

PROBABLY one of the strongest contrasts between the present when Richmond was in the hands of the rebels and the present time may be found in the appearance of her markets then and now. Our special Artist has sent us an interesting sketch, which we publish this week, of the new market in Richmond, giving a view of the busy scenes there daily enacted.

THERE'S a great difference between honor and honesty; the honest, it is said, exist among themselves, but the honorable among all.



THE CELEBRATION OF NEW YEAR'S DAY BY THE JAPANESE IN YOKOHAM, JAPAN.

VIEW ON JAMES RIVER, VA.

A SINGULAR feature of the mind developes itself on the close of every excitement. No sooner has the immediate wonder past, than oblivion spreads its gentle film gradually over the event, until it loses all its point and brightness. Still, as a record of the past, there can be few things more interesting than illustrations of the closing acts of the great drama which culminated at Bushvill. Our sketch represents the river before Fort Darling, that word which once was considered as representing a second Gibraltar. Gen. Grant knew, however, perfectly well that to storm Fort Darling would be an useless waste of life; and, like a wise caersal, he left it to fall when the city it was press and to defend fell. The spot our Artist has portrayed is about nine miles from Richmond, on the south side of the James.

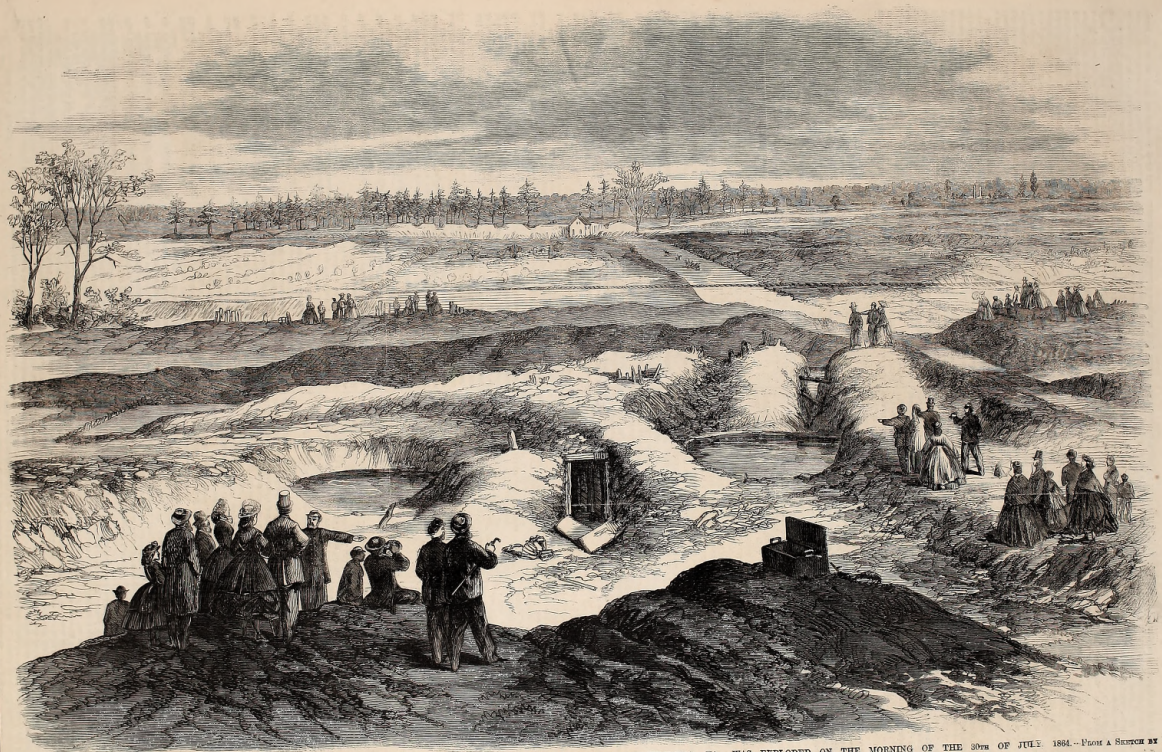
NEW YEAR'S DAY IN JAPAN.

As a contrast to our own New Year's customs, we give a sketch of the doings indulged by the double-sworded, swarthy denizens of Japan, who rejoice in the *hari hari*, and other singular diversions. A letter from an artist who resides at Yokohama will explain the subject of the cut:

"I send you a sketch of the celebration of the Japanese New Year, the first three days of which are devoted to games of every kind, played by old and young. Their most characteristic performance is the game of battledore and shuttlecock. The battledore is made of solid wood, with the picture of a man or woman on the reverse side; the shuttlecock is something like ours, but very much smaller, and having a little round piece of lead, in which the feathers are fixed. All day long, in the street, before every shop and house door, you see laughing groups of people engaged in this sport, and the fun waxes hot and furious, while every miss is punished by applying the battledore rather sharply to that part of the human frame known to schoolboys as the natural enemy of the birch. The girls, of course, don't test it; for the simple reason that they wear their bustles outside their dress. But how jolly it is to see a whole town so pleasantly enjoying itself—that is to say, the people of the town, for, of course, the town can't possibly enjoy itself; but that's of no consequence to the subjects. In no other country have I ever seen such hearty popular enjoyment. The streets, too, look very pretty, being decorated with bamboos and fir-trees; and, as everybody is in full dress, the taste of the Japanese for harmonious colors is displayed to such a degree of perfection that M. Chevreuil, the author of the treatise on that subject, would entirely approve of their costumes. Meantime, the boys walk on stilts, with their sticks held between their big toe and first toe; or they divert themselves with kites, tops, hoops and other toys. Then you meet a procession of officers, in butterfly wings, going to pay visits, and bowing to the ground, but the sketch I send renders any description unnecessary. In a word, the Japanese are a most singularly absurd people, and they don't know it; but possibly the same may be said of all nations."



VIEW ON JAMES RIVER, VA., SHOWING OBSTRUCTIONS IN FRONT OF FORT DARLING.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. BECKER.



PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE FIELD WHERE THE POWDER MINE, UNDER THE REBEL ENTRENCHMENTS, BEFORE PETERSBURG, VA., WAS EXPLODED ON THE MORNING OF THE 30TH OF JULY 1864.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. H. RICHARDSON.

THE MUSTERING OUT.

BY J. W. WATSON.

To the warbling of banners and crashing of drums,
The proud sweeping columns in majesty comes.
Columbia has called to her children afar,
"Come home from the battle, come home from the war!"
And they came from the south, and they came from the west,
In the glory-stained garb of their servitude dressed;
For grander to show in its dust-covered hue,
Than in garments of silk and cerulean hue.

They came in their thousands, they came in their might,
On their lips a new song, in their eyes a new light.
On the banks of Potomac they swarm like the bees,
Rolling in as the billows roll in from the seas.
Through the day and the night, with unvarying tramp,
With shouting and singing they surge on the camp.
Their chanting of welcome, their singing of home,
Rise up like the mists that rise out of the foam.

The swamps of Cyrenee, the Cumberland hills,
The green Shenandoah its component fills—
From the glades of Savannah, from Donaldson's walls,
From Shiloh and Vicksburg, from Charleston's proud halls,
From the soil of Virginia, made sacred by blood,
They come like the waves of a fast-rolling flood,
With a mournful thought in each battle-stained eye,
Of ruin and want, as their columns sweep by.

They know that in homes through the far reaching south,
The millions are waiting that marshaled them forth.
They know there are hearts stretched out from the west
To welcome them each as a much honored guest.
That bird of the morning, and carnivorous rest
That shall woo them to sleep in the arms they love best.
And this is the song they are singing about,
The joys that are waiting their mustering out.

And many a veteran, sun-browned and scarred,
As he sleeps in his tent, or walks lonely on guard;
In his sleeping or waking, hath dreams of the day,
So soon to succeed the battle array.
He shall march the last time, with a proud Cashing eye,
And hear from his neighbors the welcoming cry—
Shall clasp to his heart, the loved children and wife,
And draw from their happiness fresh-given life.

When the voice of the nation cried out in alarm,
They wanted no urging, no asking, to arm.
They came from the valleys, the hills and the plain,
They doubled and trebled and trebled again.
From the banks of Potomac, like rays from the sun,
They flashed their dread shafts till their mission was done.
On the banks of Potomac they gather once more;
Their mission is peace and their memory war.

God grant, in his mercy, good rest to the brave,
May the rest in their homes be a rest till the grave.
They have fought the good fight, and the victory's won.

Let us pray that for ever the fighting is done.
Only this in reserve, should an arrogant foe,
By a word, or a look, ever hint at a blow;
Let us spring to our arms, without halt, without doubt,
And, for a mustering in, and a mustering out.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY MATTURNAN'S MARK," "REUBEN'S WAY," ETC.

CHAPTER I.—THE VAGRANT'S DANCE.

Within two hours of sunset, when the London sparrows had already begun to chirp a desultory anthem in many chimney grates; and an organ-grinder planted the opening pillar of his organ, a stick, in the middle of the street, and yawned up at the quartered windows that looked down back the light upon each other—when the white road, and whiter pavement, and still whiter steps, vied with each other in glaring heat, and parasol dogs never loitered, but flew on as if every step burned them—at this hour, one June day, a blaze of brilliant colors appeared at the corner of the street.

It was a basket of cut flowers, carried by one of a party of vagrant children. There were five of them, four girls and a boy, and they had been sent into the street to rest, while their older companions refreshed themselves at a neighboring gin-palace. The girls, with their brown skins and cunning, almond-shaped, black eyes, might have been gipsies. Their crushed bonnets might have lain between their black braids and the green turf many a starlit night, and might be many another without the possibility of their becoming any worse. The prettiest of the four was in some trouble about her foot, into which a piece of broken glass had penetrated; and the boy ran in front of her, making her limping gait and her grimaces.

The party halted at a doorstep, opposite the organman, when the boy annoyed by tumbling over head and heels all round him, and by running under the organ, while the girls sat down their flowers and held a consultation over the wounded foot.

It was evidently a baffling case, and after many a shrill summons to the boy to come and help in the inspection, he was seized, and with much kicking and scratching and laughter, was dragged to the step where the little patient sat, and presented him her first triumphantly.

Apparently he felt it useless to resist, so he took the foot between his hands, and gravely view it. A handsome, cunning-looking little head it was. The over-fond sun had tanned its ivory curls to the color of Cheltenham purses, and had left a tinge visible on the cheeks and eyelids in bright freckles, and had burned the full, square throat to brown that the shoulders pushed out of a slit in his shirt, appeared like snow beneath in contrast. On the left shoulder the wound for which he limped, a tanned le f, and as he spanned her foot from it, the little finger-nails dinted into his flesh. Of this pain this stoical boy took no notice, and the slightest notice, as intent was he on performing the operation successfully. Amid a low buzz of admiration, he drew the bit of glass from the wound, and held it up to view. A strip of hass was then unbound from one of the bouquets and tied about the foot, and while the dancing began the organ-man set to and turned his back contemptuously on the little ragamuffins, began playing an old dance tune, full of life and vivacity.

There is a movement on the step, the foot is withdrawn impatiently from the encircling fingers, and the little figure rises and presently is standing on the pavement, holding up its ragged skirt, and stepping to the music like a leader to the three other girls, and, two facing two, they begin to dance.

What manner of dance it may be it is impossible to say; but the hare, brown feet, flayed with the sun and dust of a long summer's day, are pattering the flat London pavement as lightly as if they were a marble floor of Pompeii. The boy, meantime, is lying at length on his head, his head just above the edge of the kerbstone, propped on his two elbows, and his glittering eye following their every movement.

Wonderful are the outlines of the flying rags, the waving arms, the animated faces! Wild as it is, there is a real sort of beauty in the dance, though it is difficult to trace it. There are steps so buoyant, as full of joy as the step of Jephtah's daughter about to meet her father returning to meet the conqueror. There are fits of languor, when the opera, oiled figures mock the voluptuous attitudes of Mohammedan houris. The father and the dark almond eyes, and revealing their wealth of clustering little tendrils of blackness. There are fits of stimulated rage, of savage Indian-like onslaught, when hounds fall off and rags fly out like the tears of Iris in a shower. There are fits of graciousness, when nothing can exceed the dainty propriety of step and gesture, when the skirts might be touched so gently as the folds of the lily arms decked with bracelets of diamonds and gold, so consciously graceful, so full of the sense of beauty they are the unconscious exponents of.

The organ man has for some time been watching the dance, with a glance of increasing gratified, changing to a wild smile, for he sees himself a child among them, in his little sooner license, dancing in the streets. His father and the old father of his little playmates worked, and where his mother and baby sister came to meet them at twilight. He sees himself a child among the grapeshoes, and the music he plays changes to the merry harvesters's pipes. He is no longer a deformed organ-grinder, dirty, wretched, but he is a child with his mother and father in his own bright valley.

He bends his head on his breast, and the children still dance, and the dance seems to become to them a mystic, wild rite, for the dancers' faces have lost joys and sorrows of their vagrant life, the fears and the hopes, the hidden thoughts, never, perhaps, to have a part of a new existence.

Shorter-lived, however, is their delight than the flowers that make so gorgeous a centre to the picture. An angry voice is heard from within, and it is over. The girls rush to the edge of the kerbstone and cower down by the basket. The Italian feels upon his leg, for he knows that he leaves have ceased to fan him; he yawns, shoulders his organ, and goes away, muttering on oath to think he has been playing to boys without pay, and cursed a single copper.

The man and woman coming down the street are quarreling; the children see in an instant what silent, and stare at the boy and giggle. They are now him their companion, and he springs to his feet and joined them of his own accord, and had been allowed to make his home among them during the great Bankrupt Fair, when he made their fires and cooked for them. But the fair has been over these three days, the last of the profits has just been spent in gin, and the boy must not be sent about his business. The man gives him to understand this in brief, if not very choice words, and bids the girls "Take up their rags and come along!" They obey, grinning and nodding at the boy. The woman, however, only stoops to take a hank, pulls the torn shirt over the bare shoulder and pins it, with a decent womanly charge, as if she were returning him to his mother.

Yet well she knows the only mother he has is the one on whose hard bosom he will sleep to-night, the one who will many times bitch him, and breath will nevertheless blow coldly on his tit-tied head. Yet, with her rough nature, this woman has scorched him with her summer sun, buffeted him with wind and hail, and pushed him with her bitter taunts—will she murmur at the piggy woman's care for him?

He stands looking after the retreating figures, as the woman follows her husband and the girls with great strides. He looks after them, and there are two streaks of fit on the little face that were not there before. Are they tears? Tears of despair at his utter loneliness, of regret at losing his wayside companions, on whose knees his homeless head has found a quieter sleep than he had ever known before; whose wayward friendliness has given point to the driest meal; whose finger-nails had left their prints on more places than the now hearing shoulder?

The boy vagrant weeps. But how scornfully would he laugh were he told that these things caused his tears. He has no thought but that his pain is simply for the time his late companions are laughing at him, and thinking he is suffering grief on account of his dismissal. He is watching them with quick, sidelong glance to see them turn round; not—so his attitude says—that he cares whether they look at him or not, but because he wishes to see if they are talking about him, and if so, what they may say of him.

He has his wish. At the corner of the street the woman halts, and looks at him. He runs towards them, the man advances threateningly, the little outcast almost meets him, then stops short, and turns, shrinking. Defiant look, he pitches himself upon one hand, and rolls back in form of a wheel, after the most approved style of a city ragamuffin.

When about the middle of the short street he has been again reached, he stops, erects himself, and looks back. Yes, they are gone—quite gone! He then takes his lonely way in an opposite direction, with hanging head and gutter, he has not been long up before him the first there collected, and making the best of the coolness. He plods on, thinking no more of it as if he knew all that turnings by heart, till the greatest is left behind, and the sun stretches out lazy, sword-like beams, as if to how itself a tomb in the grey west.

CHAPTER II.—A HAUNTED GARDEN.

Within a branch fall of cherries, which he had pulled from a tree that hung over an outside wall, for his fare, a clump of rushes for his throne, the field of river-bank for his footstool, and the sunset for his supper, the little wayfarer—for by far that was his name—sat down to eat his own dog supper.

His shirt, which he had washed in the river, was hung by the sleeve to weave two high tree boughs, large fish, and his head, and his Egyptian merrily in the evening breeze. He enjoyed his cherries, and enjoyed shooting the stones on the other side of the river to the different spots on the river, waiting till all the circles had died away before allowing himself to take another mouthful. He was very hungry when he had begun, and had thrown the cherry branch into the river, and watched it float away with the tide, he put on his ragged little shirt, and set out once more on his journey.

For the last five days Ean had possessed a home. He had come to it in a lad's way (for by experience these for the London sellers be, in part) quite by chance. He had been tempted to climb the wall over a garden, and having alighted on the lawn had found himself in what struck him as being a new and exquisite land. A large mansion, before which, had he happened to enter it by day, he would assuredly have been roughly driven. So deeply impressed was the little vagrant with its beauty and stillness, and the sort of uncontrolled possession he had of it for the time, that he was half afraid to step on the lawn—moist and silvered with dew and moonlight—should reveal his every step to some eyes that would be sure to report that he grass had been having heard during the day that the pump belonged to nothing more supernatural than a fairy. He crept about, as he roamed up and down the silent paths at leisure. The standard roses, with beds of white and creamy yellow, of pink and white, and of deep red, full of burning and hard crimson, filled him with wondering pleasure as he passed them, and then in the slight breeze, and sent to him remembrance of a perfume that he could not identify yet seemed to know—at once so sweet and so strong. The grass lay as it had, in accordance with the modeling gift of the tilled lady, who, sitting at tea outside a fancy little Swiss cottage, about an acre off, had directed and first after the invasion of their day—came to the lad's imagination as he did not from that time and sold porcelain cup, which he held by the grimy hands, and gazed at the while with unshrinking look on the bold, handsome face. He was a woman poppy seemed to him, standing erect among these brilliant beauties of the earth. The vagrant's quick imitativeness took form, like a piece of antique sculpture; its bold limbs, hanging from their curved stalks, resisting the gentle breeze, as they had resisted those of the sun, with a stronger imperturbability. He had no idea, when he saw it on the first night, but that it had attained its present perfection; but when the next night found its splendid eyes wide open, he could scarcely repress an exclamation of wonder and delight.

During the day he picked up a fact concerning the middle girl, namely, that of his, that name and its fascination grew on him ever. Their wonderful fact was that as sooner in boyhood had been poor, very poor, and that by hard work and indomitable resolution he had become what he now was—the richest man in Bamberg, an alderman, and, what was infinitely more to Ean, the possessor of this fairy garden.

Ean wanted to get a glimpse of him, for the alderman was ill, and the blinds were down all day at the windows. No matter. Ean was the less likely to be received, as he still came and touched the roses, and chewed the young peas, and fed the hard green fruits with which the overhanging boughs were laden. He was far too deeply impressed with the beauty of the garden, which he knew only in its night aspect and under the glory of the moon, to do any harm or damage to it. On one occasion the gardener, when he began to work in the morning, found a favorite plant, a hugh cactus, in a pot, that had evidently been upset and injured, but must carefully set to rights in a contest way by some mole, unskilful hands, the branches tied up, and the mould refreshed with water from the fountain.

As he came and went and scratch his head, and wondered if it were possible that the ghost of the alderman's pretty daughter, which people said haunted the latter in his walks for his cruelty, had transferred her attention to the garden she had so loved and tended; "if so, ghosts were uncommon selfish!"

This particular June night Ean's foot slipped twice in climbing the wall, and he seemed had he dropped down on the soft mould that lay between the wall and the overgrown, than he distinctly heard footsteps near. He crouched low, kept still, and peeped through the laurels.

Near on the lawn, which, bathed in dew and moonlight, looked more lovely and tender than ever, he could see the house, which was like a number of gray stone towers, placed side by side, the two end ones projecting boldly forward like short wings, so as to form a little square sourt-yard in the centre.

Shortly after he recognised the voice of the nightingale singing in the tall elms to the rear of the house; and soon after a wistful look seemed, he was assured if he had been mistaken about hearing the steps.

He did not wonder long. There appeared suddenly on the ground line, in the opening between the laurels, a pair of rough shod feet. They stood still, and Ean saw by the white cloth there and for so long a time, that he thought he should know them again, even among a thousand other feet.

At last they stirred: and following them with his eyes, Ean caught sight of another pair, shuffling and dragging the edge of the cloth to meet the first pair.

"Both," said the owner of these, "you've been licking it easy, ain't you, now?"

"Don't be a hare!" was the rejoinder. "I told you I'd make it all right in the long run. How?"

And Ean heard him spit, as if in contempt.

"How lays the ground now, then?" asked the first speaker, after a pause.

"Why, the young gent's in the room with it, grubbing over papers. We must steer ourselves clear of the light, and by-and-by we can see what we can watch the winder. Walk on the flowers, cust'ye. Don't make that row on the gravel."

Peering round the evergreens, Ean saw them making for the ordered at the back of the house. His first impulse was to escape the scrape as quickly as possible, lest he might be laid hold of as "one of 'em," but on second thoughts, seeing the house so profoundly hushed, with not the window open to the hot June night, he bounded across the lawn. On reaching the graveled terrace, about a foot shuffling, he saw at one corner a window on the ground floor with a light in it. He went and looked in.

It was a quiet, sub-paneled room, and seemed to belong to the housekeeper, for there were banners of clean linen standing about, and a long shelf full of preserves pots across the wall. A stout and rather aged woman, in a mob cap, sat knitting and ruling at a young girl who was stitching.

A mouthful of bread, and butter, poised the easy-eating, as Ean came to the window. "I'll tell you when my lady, I'll give an end to this pudding shop, as sure as I've the ill-luck to be your godmother. Wee bottle you, if you were a child o' mine, and work, work, work, and nursery, and bullets from an upstart who has no more right to the money than your poor silly self! A pretty handful you got of it, with the master sick nigh at death's door, and poor Mr. Anthony away and all, and you going on like this."

"Holly, Mrs. Spiffen!" is now almost shouted each time; and the women are started out of their seances by seeing Ean's flushed and angry figure thrust halfway in the window. "Let the gal alone, can't yer, and mind your own business. There's thieves in the air. Dye hear? Good-night!"

CHAPTER III.—DRIVING DEATH.

For the last few minutes Alderman Mandle had turned his face to the wall, and seemed to sleep. His hand, large-boned and thin, rested tranquilly in the coverlid; and his face, with its high, grey, and massive brow, and pale, hollow cheeks, were, for the first time for many hours, a look of calm repose.

But the alderman did not sleep. He had merely fallen into that state of extreme exhaustion which sudden relief from pain so often produces. He lay perfectly still, his face to the polished wall, and his eyes, peering out from under his bushy brows and grey lashes, were watching with the persevering and remarkable obstinacy of disease, a shadow which, on account of its minute-like motion in the first moments of release from suffering, there is generally an expectation in the heart—a regret for harsh words uttered during the throes of agony, and an intense desire for sympathy. The alderman, wicked as he was by temper, habit and disposition, was feeling this as he watched the shadow of his nephew moving about in gentle and noiseless attendance upon him, and he tried to feel pleasure in his noiseless and thoughtful movements. He saw the shadow stoop, and noiselessly pick up the books and papers which he, the alderman, had flung to different parts of the room in his fits of rage and pain. He saw him muffle the old Dutch tump-piece with cloths, so that even the

constant tick might be moderated in sound, and his mind had to feel satisfied with the change. He saw him move the little oil lamp to the top of a distant bureau, and pile the curtains across the foot of the bed to shut out the light. And then, as last, he saw him sit still at the bedside. And surely never shadow was so full of profound veneration and loving anxiety as that shadow's original, as it bent low and lower, and then stooped in silent contemplation, hiding its sails.

The alderman lowered his eyelids still more, but he did not cease to watch the shadow. His soft, good-looking profile showed well upon the wall, and the alderman found an unpleasant inclination to study its every move assiduously then ever, as if to compare it with the fast gathering impressions of his own mind, which had of late become gone a great change. The figure was extremely slim, without being at all lean; and it was so much the same size from shoulders to foot, and so softly rounded in every part, that as it sat down on the edge of the bed, the old man could not get over the notion that it was something of the appearance of a gigantic worm striving to sit upright. The very finger tips, from the constant biting way of the nails, were not unlike worm heads.

But here the alderman shut his eyes and compressed his lips tightly, asking himself, with a sort of remorseful twinge, if he could call up no better thoughts than these of his sister's niece, and the companion of his latest hours. He struggled with himself to stretch out his hand, and say, "Good night, Dick, my boy! Are you sleepy after so much watching?" And he did manage to draw his arm out of bed, and rest his head on the pillow; but the movement caused Richard Sleuth's head—smoothing strongly of scented oils—to come down heavily upon his hand. He could not help it; he doing so he intended, he suddenly found himself sitting bolt upright, thundering out:

"Confound you, Dick! I can't stand it any longer! Upon my soul, I can't! Hang me if I wouldn't rather be accused to death with Anthony's creaking boots and deathening way of knocking against everything he comes near, or poisoned by his abominable cookery, than I'd have you sit there wriggling and slinking about, and bringing the whole chemist's shop under my nose, as you do!"

The young man recoiled, and shoved his white teeth, and then—as if he fancied the reproof was leveled at his bending down so much about the bed—sat up a little and crossed himself, and then acute erected himself differently, as if to do it better; and there was something of the most serious terror in it. It was done, that completed, to the alderman's ungoverned fancy, the image he had called up. His worm was standing on its head, and had nine its body, and bridling and showing its teeth, and all with that ridiculous smile on its face! The alderman's manner greatly changed, and he burst into a fit of laughter, which made his shoulder so for some time shake the clothes, after the sound had ceased. After a little while he said:

"Dick, I can sleep now, I think. You had better use his chair yourself. Put the hand-bell near me; if you hear it, come. Till you do, don't. Set your door slightly ajar, but don't leave it wide open, or I shall hear you snoring."

"Do I snore, uncle?" asked Sleuth, in a gentle surprise.

"What don't you do that a gentleman shouldn't? Eh? Never mind, Dick. There, your fault, if we're both of us ill disposed in each other's way."

"I'm sorry, uncle, if I've vexed you. I'm sure I've tried my best."

"You have, Dick, you have! Give me your hand. I shan't forget that, my boy."

Dick gave his hand, but seemed hardly to venture on it, and only hesitatingly responding to the uncle's strong and manly grasp, so that the alderman again got the uncomfortable feeling that he had made a previously absurd the shape and likeness of those damp gingers, and he let them fall abruptly.

Richard Sleuth moved to go away, in obedience to his uncle's commands. He slept, when sleep was near, in the alderman's dressing-room, and was joining. Before he went, he cast a careful, anxious glance in every direction, as if to remind himself of every possible article. There seemed only one thing to do—to place a fresh bottle of the ordinal within the alderman's reach, on a little table that stood beside the bed.

"Where that, Dick?" said the alderman, with his face turned in the opposite direction.

"Only the cordial, uncle—a fresh bottle, in case you should want it."

"Didn't you hear the doctor say I wasn't to touch it, if I could possibly help it?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Then why the d— don't you mind! Would you like to get rid of me before my time?"

"Oh, uncle!" exclaimed Sleuth; and there was certainly something akin to reproach in the sad, soft sound that accompanied his words.

"Take it away, then."

"To be sure, uncle!"

"There, let it alone! I say perish before ever of you come to me, if my physicians come on again, and I can't get at the bottle. But I know that drinking it's like drinking death. Pretest exactspeaker and I'll be dead help me!"

Sleuth went into the dressing-room, and the old man listened, while to his every motion. He heard him shake his coat as he took it off, preparatory to changing it, as he had heard him do every night for weeks past, for Richard Sleuth was a model of orderly propriety and neatness; he heard him kneel down and pray, not as the old man fancied truly religious people ought to pray under such circumstances, so as to be heard only by God, but in a tone so audible that many of the words could be distinguished, and among them words of intercession for the poor sick uncle; he heard the self-approving cough which followed, as it always followed, the rising from the kneeling posture, and then, quite unnecessarily, he heard the bed creak and sway with nocturnal violence, for Richard Sleuth, instead of gliding into it, as he generally did, had thrown himself upon it and—barely. The old man wondered. Was he fatigued, or was he depressed? Surely he could not be angry.

Alderman Maude's intended sleep was now again delayed. He could not put his nephew out of his mind. Somehow he had been bitter to him; irritable, unkind. He had not a specific fault to lay to his charge. He had only for excuse an intense and hungry-nerved dislike. But he tried to check the current by a long up Dick's good points, whether of person or character; his good-looking countenance; his very affectionateness of disposition when he was allowed to develop himself in his own way; his glow of amiable feeling, always ready to be called forth on the slightest suitable occasion; and the honey-suggesting buzz of his voice when he was allowed to talk, which would go on for an hour when fairly started.

Had the alderman been wise to snub him so much? Had he not stimulated unnatural manifestations by depressing natural ones? These last, unlikely, were not to the alderman's taste, who, self-made, self-educated, had never studied, till too late, to make himself a gentleman, but had still a keen appreciation of what a gentleman ought to be.

But the alderman was of too impetuous and selfish a nature to continue long such reasoning with himself. Richard Sleuth was in the house, so he thrust the counterpane fringe he had been gathering, tassel by tassel, into his large hand, and, with a sudden jerk, put it to his throat, and a hot moisture in his eye, he asked himself, how it was that he had come to be so hard upon the girl's love, in what he could not hide from himself was probably the twilight between life and death, and giving free and unchecked play to the fear of a woman, between whom and himself not one particle of sympathy ever had existed, or ever would exist. Ever? was it a fact? Was it not time to end it? and then, as answers to his questions, memory began showing picture after picture, which seemed to reach his eyes from them, burned in the darkness as if traced with fire.

The first is not an English picture. It is of the time when the alderman was a shipbroker at Ostend. He sees himself, with account books and papers strewn about him, neglected for the moment, and a beautiful baby with him, in order to take his little daughter or his knee, while he submits to be swept a fragrant shower of curls. Darkness or the light, the alderman sees the fair little head, with its arch nine eyes looking up into his own, expressive of the most perfect love and confidence, man, and the tiny, dimpled hand that he stoops to kiss as it heats time to the song.

The picture changes. Years are to be supposed to listen in the dressing-room to the alderman's breathing, he heard a smothered cry of—

"Oh, Dick! Dick!"

The next picture was an English lane, with a child entering it from a garden gate, and running from the hedges with her riding-whip, and turning to nod to him, her father, as he stands looking after her, displaying an expression of affection not as much as her beauty; but while he returns her joyous farewell, wipes the groom, with some strange misgiving, disappears from the heavenly sight.

That was the last time he ever saw her. The groom had obeyed him by running away with and marrying her, and eventually deserting her, and leaving her to die in the workhouse, which was her first and last appeals to the unforgiving alderman.

Then came two more pictures. In one he saw himself, years afterwards, receiving into his arms a boisterous and screaming boy, who, for the first few days of his visit, would not be pacified by caresses with passionate kicks, and shi the kites he made for him. It was his nephew, Anthony Maude, his dead sister's child, with his love for intense longing for the companionship of a child, and with the feeling that he could, with it, rear up all his pleasures of child companionship over again—he had taken and adopted as his heir. The boy grew fierce and idle, and was sent away from the house. The alderman sent him to school and then to college. On one of the young man's visits he was quarrelsome, and the alderman ended by leaving him as suddenly as his daughter had done —to be treated with like punishment.

The last picture was one the alderman saw beside that of the angry-faced, kicking boy, was a chemist's shop, at the door of which his carriage stood, and he, the alderman, hurried in, with a cringing, confused assistant—that assistant was Richard Sleuth.

* * * * *

The nephew was so little inclined to sleep as the uncle, though he had shown himself capable of a most unusual extraordinary way. After a long and deep pause, in which the bedclothes rose and fell with the regularity of a sleeping person, and with the breathing of the recumbent figure, the latter rose suddenly to a sitting posture, gazed keenly around the room, and then, as if satisfied, the bedclothes were hastily pushed aside, and Richard Sleuth stood in his night dress, shoeless and stockingless, yet in all other respects completely dressed.

He first set was to go to the outer door of the dressing-room, which opened on a corridor, and to turn the handle with exceeding care. He made the slightest possible noise in doing it, and then stood quite still, both hands glued to the handle, but his body twisted half round, in the direction of the uncle's chamber. No sound, however, issued thence; so, after a prolonged pause, the handle was let go, and the door held ready, a little open, for him to go out. But he seemed to wait for something; and to beguile the time, he fetched his hair and bottle, and touched carefully with the saturated edge of the cork that part of the fastening which he fancied had made the noise.

Suddenly he starts in alarm: has he relieved which he sees who it is—Phillis, the housekeeper; a god-daughter, and the alderman's housemaid. Although she seems to tell him news that has greatly excited the two women, there is a greeting for a moment which shows Phillis and Richard Sleuth had expected this encounter.

Noting his finger on his lip, Phillis moves on with him in silence, till they reach the far end of the corridor.

"Oh Richard!" she begins. "Such a fright! There are thieves about—"

"Thieves, my dear?" repeats Sleuth, in a tone which would have failed to let the pistol fall, and give the alderman the benefit of the explosion.

The alderman was at the door—one unlike any he had ever before seen on his nephew's face, and he thought about it, and was troubled by it.

"Yes," said Phillis, as he held it, to cock it, to take it off the cock, and to fire it. Pooh! c'ye think I mean to let go the trigger?"

"Now, then," he said, "you are ill, and with your finger on—"

"Do you understand? Can you manage, if you see the occasion?"

"I never handled one of these things before, my dear," said Sleuth, "but I can't afraid when I see how."

"And do you see how?"

"Yes."

"Go, then; look all over the house. Most likely it is the prank of a vagabond boy; but the chance is we have a gang—I must own that. As were in that profession myself, I should like to see the rascals in his, with the mealy wheel of am, and its defender, Dick Sleuth! Here, Dick, come closer—closer, confound you! Don you see my rubbing your nose into my face when I don't want you, and now—. There," he whispered, "the room where the safe is will be their mark, if they love anything."

"Ese, uncle. And wouldn't it be well, as things are so exposed there, if I were to bring you the contents of the safe?"

"Yes—go—go along. Don't hurry. Make quite sure before you come back."

* * * * *

Two minutes later, and both the men are reading documents that greatly interest them, and which have a certain connection with each other. Sleuth has not found the robbers, but he has found what he has hunted for day and night in every leisure moment; he has found in the safe, by the aid of Phillis's key, the sealed which the uncle drew up when illness first came to him, and in which he finds that every right previously by will given to Anthony is transferred to him.

"It is so! It is so! It is so," he ejaculated with a different emphasis at each repetition of the phrase, and looking as men usually do, not upwards in their thankfulness, but with a furtive, onward kind of glance, into futurity, the meaning of which we put into words that he did not venture to use—"If I can prevent him from destroying this, or making any new provisions—and he cannot, for he is dead—which while he lives, which cannot be long, nothing can shake me. This is mine. Mine! mine! mine!" He looked round with a kind of subdued awe upon the place.

At that same moment the alderman is saying to himself, while he is in a belief that his nephew is in peril—

"Yes, late as it is, it is not too late. John shall go to him—instantly." Then run the alderman's notes:

"DEAR ANTHONY,—I fear I shan't live long. Will you come? If so, you must make haste. Your friend you. ELIAS MAUDE."

BUNGALOWS IN INDIA.

The bungalows of Elsinah, high not in their primitive—for upon the first occupation of these remote jungles doors and windows were not considered necessary, a piazza, or frame of bamboo covered with grass, answering the purpose of both—are still sufficiently rude to be picturesque. We have heard of their notions of India from descriptions of the City of Palaces. Heavy, ill-aired doors, ensured over with dense coats of paint, shut out the interior from the influence of the cold, hot, and rainy seasons. The walls are mean and bare; no attempt at ornate effects are made or desired, the dashing of inexperienced workmen is more offensive to the eye than commonness whitewash. The floors are of brick, and, according to the different apartments, if there be any, are of the rudest description, and the small portion of furniture is of the plainest description, and continually requiring repair.

The intercourse between the brute denizens of the soil and their human neighbors is of too close a nature to be agreeable. If the doors be left open at night, whereby the cool night air may not be withheld, to keep out the wolves and hyenas, which take the liberty of prowling around the house, or towards the gardens are the haunts of the porcupine, and panthers are frequent in the ravines. The sleeper, in search of a proof in the natives, the anomalous mixture of reverence of every description; but in large stations, which have long been under the British Government, the native, retreating to more desolate place s, are rarely seen; those that are left, in the immediate vicinity, form the population of the roof, and are comparative quiet beasts. In the jungle, on the contrary, they are more wild and more ravenous; wild cats, pleasingly picturesque in their bushing, are the pretext of how little dread others, take up their abode and dispute with the human occupants the possession of their grounds or prey. These last are the slightly striped tawny tigers, the bane of the hunter, by a shift, stretched across the path, or by a single bound, which can be covered by speed, but in a very incautious manner behind a horse, or by the cool lying down of the body, and shots out the unsightly rafters of the huge barn above the head of the sleeper, by a single stroke, or by the fore paw, the centre of the assailants and the resulting may be considered as the most favorable, while with the pressure of the dominions, shocking distance by the mangled limbs, and by a blow of the paw, which in three years, are frequently seen patrolling through some of the villages. The eagles are apt to carry off, during the rainy season, the young fowls, and the jackals, which are the scavengers of the country, are driven from its purlieus, falls through the yawning rent into the abyss below. Before the introduction of cattle, snakes and other agreeable visitants often dropped down into the bungalow. The presence of these was thought by reputable Hindoos; but although, where there are no cattle, the snakes are fewer and are driven to harmless the dwellers of the upper regions will seek the ground floor of their own accord, the cattle are not so accessible as to refuse.

Notwithstanding the intervention of the cotton canopy, however, it is in a quite sufficient manner without the trouble of a visit with the venetian; for night being usually the time for the visit of the deep to descend, he is invisible by their gambols. The noise is sometimes of the most terrific description, and the more particular, may fancy that the whole of the machinery, cloth, and contents, upon their devoted heads. The sparrows, and the bats, are followed by the kites, scared from their slumbers, and their chirping and fluttering increase the confusion. The crows will seldom infringement of the honest ease perform the part of the nocturnal disturbers of the peace, and are attended. A night's rest cannot usually commences, in which the treble is sustained by the mosquito, the bass by the grunting of the hogs, and the cries of the European beasts, while the base is crooked forth by the monkeys' hoots. The bugs, fleas, and the mosquitoes are discovered in the enormous, and the gunning and destructive powers of the latter are not to be distinguished. In the midst of this uproar, should sleep, nevertheless, succeed, at last upon the weary eyelids, it is but too often chased away by the yells of the wanderers, which, in the stillness of the night, are calculated to try to substitute his neighbour. A quiet night and a quiet day are equally difficult of attainment by the native, who sleep throughout the heat of the day, preferring the cool of the night for their labors. Should a horrible silence of the night succeed to the above, the sleeper will find the cattle pulled the roads, singing and shouting, and the bullocks at their work; a cry of part of discomfort in the room, grass and hiring train-ers, as well as the cattle, are in use of the sleeper to be populous.

Such is the usual character of a night in the jungles; and it requires nerves of no ordinary kind to support its various disturbances. The formidly of the bungalow is generally constructed and placed in India, afford a serious subject of consideration to the invaders. At a time of a dangerous wound boot, which gives so lively an idea of the Indian bungalow, is to be found in the city of Delhi, and is elevated to a considerable height from the ground, and is quite certainly, which is only 12 feet in all round, is only formed of the thinnest and most slender materials, and is by practically impossible to evacuate; and though hats may brain them with their wings, and though they may carry away their nests, and, in war, attack round the posts, admission to the interior of the bungalow is not to be obtained, and they form a great preservative which they form against malaria, it is not unusual to carry one's mosquito net at the season of the year.

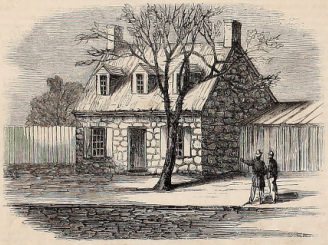
* * * * *

WHAT is the difference between a cathedral and a mine? A cathedral is the seat of a bishop's see; a bishop's seat. Our word comes from the Greek καθεδρα, a seat. The more lucky letters from the bishop's seat plus the chief seat in the ancient Christian assembly, which was called καθεδρα. A minster is the chief church of a monastery or convent; its derivation is not the Saxon minster or register.

DOGS AND FLEAS.—A correspondent writes us follows upon that subject: Chloride of lime will be found a most efficacious and sure work for dogs infested with fleas. I had recourse to a dilution of chloride of lime, about three years ago, and have never found it fail.



REV. HENRY E. MONTGOMERY, RECTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE INCARNATION, CORNER OF MADISON AVENUE AND THIRTY-FIFTH STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



OLD STONE HOUSE, RICHMOND, VA., THE FIRST ERECTED IN THAT CITY.

CHURCH OF THE INCARNATION.

THE Church of the Incarnation, Rev. Henry E. Montgomery, D. D., Rector, is situated on the north-east corner of Madison avenue and 35th street. It covers, with the Sunday school building, a plot of ground 66 by 150 feet. The church is in the early decorated Gothic style, and is built of Newark light brown stone with lighter dressings from Brownhelm, Ohio; it consists of nave, aisles, chancel and tower.

The nave comprises seven bays, and is separated from the aisles by slender cast-iron columns which partially support the roof. The open roof is of stained chesnut. Around the capitals of the columns the gaslights are clustered.

The chancel is apsidal with a dome ceiling, partially filled with stained glass and partially plastered and painted a deep ultramarine tint, studded with constellations of golden stars. Below this the "Incarnation heart" is illuminated: and the walls are encrusted with a diaper pattern in plaster.

A superb metal corona of 24 gas jets gives light to the chancel.

The windows are all formed with delicately chiselled tracery of stone, and filled with exquisite stained glass, forming memorials of the dead of the congregation.

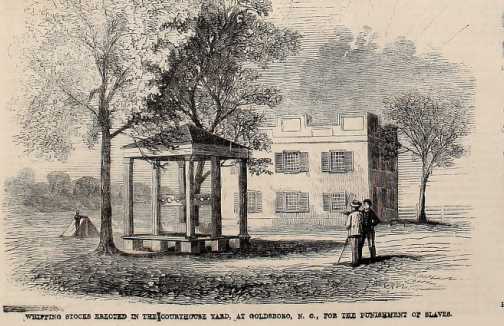
A sheltered porch opening into a vestibule gives access to the church; over this porch is an arcade of small arches, surmounted by the great west window.

The tower is at the corner, and is at present but partially finished; when completed it will rise to the height of 200 feet. In the tower is the staircase to the west gallery.

By the side of the chancel are the organ gallery and the vestry-room, and in the rear of it are the Bible class rooms, the infant school, the Sunday school and the library—all supplied with the fullest modern conveniences.

The furniture, pews, &c., are of chesnut, ash, and walnut combined, all oiled and polished, no varnish being used. The sculpture and plaster work are modeled after natural foliage; the oak, maple, gum, poplar, the rose, the convolvulus, the ivy, and many other trees and flowers add their petrified grace to the adornments of the sanctuary.

The church was built and paid for at once by the energy and able financial management of the rector and the building committee, and is overflowing with wor-



WHIPPING STOCKS ERECTED IN THE COURT-HOUSE YARD, AT GOLDSBORO, N. C., FOR THE PUNISHMENT OF SLAVES.



PRESENT CONDITION OF THE ENTRANCE TO THE MINE IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG, VA.

shipers. It is in contemplation to finish the spire and build a rectory at an early day.

The cost, after the completion of the spire, will probably reach $200,000.

The architect is Mr. Emlen T. Little, of 111 Broadway.

Mr. Montgomery, the rector, was born in Philadelphia, and was educated for the legal profession. After a youthful tour in Europe he returned to the United States, and entered the General Theological Seminary. Receiving holy orders in 1846, he married the youngest daughter of John Lynch, of New York, and was for nine years rector of All Saints Church, Philadelphia. He has filled his present position most acceptably for ten years.

EMMA,

Queen Dowager of Hawaii.

IF Captain Cook, as he lay crying at Quiroa, could have had a vision of that island in 1865, no think astonishment would have triumphed over his last agonies. Among the wonders of the world has been the fact of a queen, dressed in the highest style of fashion, paying a visit, upon invitation, to the reigning Queen of Great Britain.

Emma, dowager Queen of Hawaii, is a very pleasing person, and is partially of white extraction. Through her mother's side, she is bought to the native chieftains, her father was a grandson of John Young, one of Van couver's companions. In 1856 she was married to Kame hameha, who died in 1863. Their only son having died in 1862, the throne was occupied by the late king's brother, who now reigns under the title of Kamehameha V. Queen Emma has been very carefully educated, and will not lose by a comparison with the aristocracy of Europe. She is a member of the Episcopal Church, and is very exemplary in her religious duties.

for architectural effect than is usually afforded in city buildings. The building has been executed in accordance with the design and under the superintendence of Mr. John Fraser, architect. The design is in the French Renaissance style, having the peculiar effect of hospitality belonging to that class of architecture, and none of the stern, forbidding aspect too common among the buildings of the present day. The façades are of granite, brick and brown stone, the base courses being of granite, the rest of the building is of brick, with the exception of the steps and main entrance, which are entirely of brown stone. The angles of the building have towers above rustic quoins, and the sills, architraves and pediments of the windows are of the same material. The entrance is approached from a platform, from each side of which broad flights of circular steps descend to the pavement; on the front of the platform, opposite the entrance, are four pedestals surmounted by columns in couplets, between the couplings there is a projection six feet in depth and twelve feet wide, which is surrounded by a balustrade; this is designed as a rostrum for public speakers. The column above spoken of supports a cornice and balustrade, which forms a balcony for the second story. The building is covered by a French or Mansard roof, above which rises a tower, twelve feet square, which stands in the centre of the front on Moravian street, and forms a picturesque break in the lines of the roof. The tower is to be surmounted by a vane of wrought iron, and railing of the same material. The rear façade looks on a spacious garden, and though not as elaborate as the front façade, nevertheless, as a subordinate front, its architecture is in accordance with the rest of the building.

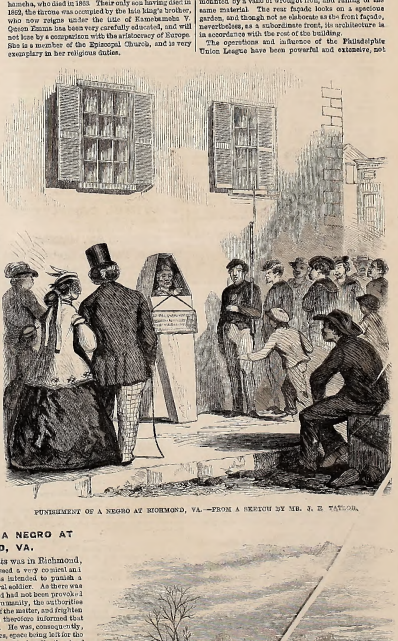
The operations and influence of the Philadelphia Union League have been powerful and extensive, not



THE NEW MARKET, CORNER OF MARKET AND SIXTH STREET, RICHMOND VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. J. BECKER.



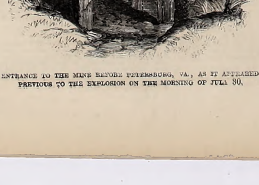
HER MAJESTY EMMA, QUEEN DOWAGER OF HAWAII.



PUNISHMENT OF A NEGRO AT RICHMOND, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. J. E. TAYLOR.

PUNISHMENT OF A NEGRO AT RICHMOND, VA.

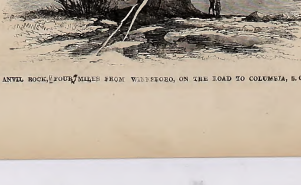
WHILE one of our Artists was in Richmond, about a month ago, he witnessed a very correct and orderly proceeding, which was intended to punish a negro, who had stabbed a Federal soldier. As there was some doubt whether the accused had not been provoked beyond the average range of humanity, the authorities resolved to take a lenient view of the matter, and frighten rather than kill him. He was therefore informed that he was to be shot in his coffin. He was, consequently, put in one of those dreadful cases, open being left for the face, so that he might be left free to breathe the air of heaven. He was then placed up for the people to gaze on; after a time, having been thoroughly frightened into virtue, as Sancho would say, he was released—a better and a wiser man, let us hope.



ENTRANCE TO THE MINE BEFORE PETERSBURG, VA., AS IT APPEARED PREVIOUS TO THE EXPLOSION ON THE MORNING OF JULY 30.

THE NEW UNION LEAGUE HOUSE, PHILADELPHIA.

THIS fine structure is situated on a rectangular lot on the west side of Broad, in the square between Chestnut and Walnut streets. The front on Broad street is 100 feet, the sides are 200 feet. A better site for a building of this kind could not have been selected, occupying as it does, the highest ground in the city, and having at the same time the great advantage of a central position. The lot also being bounded on three sides by streets, gives a much greater opportunity



ANVIL ROCK, FOUR MILES FROM WHITE OAK, ON THE ROAD TO COLUMBIA, S. C.

only in the general tendency of the institution to develope the loyal sentiment of the North, but by the important actions of its military and publication committees. By the agency of the last, troops to the number of 15,000 or more have been recruited and sent into the ranks of the national armies. The expenditures of the committee have exceeded $125,000 for bounty and other recruiting expenses. The "Publication Committee," organized in the spring of 1863, has distributed an immense amount of valuable reading matter on a great variety of subjects bearing upon the vital questions of the hour, amounting to the issue of 2,000,000 documents, at a cost of over $40,000.

At the present time the Union League rooms a grand banquet was given by the members of the Club, which was one of the most brilliant affairs of the season.

The Union League have, since the suppression of the rebellion, extended their hospitalities to large numbers of our returning soldiers, and in consequence of the great service they have rendered the army, Generals, and the nation, have a great many claims to be numbered among the Union League and their families at the Union League rooms.

The following gentlemen fill the offices of the League at present: J. G. Fell, President; W. H. Aspinwall, Horace Binney, Jr., A. E. Borie, Morton McMichael, Vice Presidents; Geo. H. Boker, Secretary; James L. Claghorn, Treasurer.

LIFE AT SIERRA LEONE.

FROM January to December it is steamed, and dastened, and blown upon by all manner of vapors, and clouds, and showers. It is steamed and dastened to an almost daily heat: it is worried and terrified out of its usual propriety by the fierce electricity and tornadoes; it is trumbled upon at others by the far spread breath of the desert, charged with its impalpable sand, and the heat coldness and sand mingle at once. In other particulars it is very tropical indeed. It is deficient by blunder, blotched by fulsome, and sick with heat, and rains; it goes by rains, till the patience of Europeans runs to a close mould—for each of the seasons there is such as is known with the tropics only. But it has still greater failings. It is not the unhealthiest place—not certainly, yet a favorite enough possessor of those heats of the air, and rapid rains, and sudden and mighty the sunrise and the sunset come with the loud berlatings and roarings of their rejoicing or angered song, and which, at last a day, with sound or in silence, carry on their unceasing, musical, and unpretentious, your entire person and property. There are no gates or fast moats, you must in heat and ill at last be your own blood; complexion and symptom to stop possibly, and to name certainly; either to shrug the shoulders and mysterious hoop-ho-ho! lawyer saying all shall be well—or, if you are ready to gather up your pen and books, "making fine fuss-work" of total matter of another sovereign or, perhaps, of your own. It is the you scandalize by their unaccountable and unsolicited self-assurance, and the case to be conducted and distinguish your evening lights; cockroaches, also, both scrupulous and flying, whose wings are of a most precious; ants, red, black, and white, and brown, from whose no empire in any part of the house—bedroom, hall, or study—is safe. Besides these, a desirable and abundant assortment of bedsteads and beds; and lastly, sickness and death. With these last the Europeans become to be named his silent but inveterate and severe periods. But, to counter, though unmeeted the form with personality, it shows in its ocean's y suit even more than the smallest of the wood of Malabar, and is the truest and hinter are very similar to what are caused by the mosquito, only far reputed as a very much milder ally or substitute of that musical individual. Finally, to these positive or even may be added the less prominences, what are negations certainly, but negatives of a kind not to be considered as absences of the European's accustomed, if it be called so, of the native many absences of society, absence of books, absence whatever means requisite to have to reading, thinking and talking have.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

A GENTLEMAN rode up to a public-house in the country and called out:

"Who is the master of this house?"

"I am," replied the landlord; "my wife has been dead eleven years."

WHAT is the difference between a person tremulous with excitement and a young man in love? one is rested to the spot—the other rejected to the rest.

"CAN you inform me," said a student to the bookseller's wife, "what can and may be the difference of reason?"

"Yes, I dare say you will find it in the *Course of Time*."

A MAN being asked what he had had for dinner, replied: "A lean sole, and the ruin of me for sauce." On being asked for an explanation, he answered that the dinner consisted of a spare rib of pork and apple pie.

"PAPA, when are you going to buy me a solitaire, eh?"

"I don't know, my son; I can't afford it just now."

"I can't afford it. If you don't make haste, I'll go and cash the money, and make you pay me back, sir."

A BANKRUPT, youth was lamenting to his paternal progenitor, the ordeal of popping the question.

"Pooh!" said his father, "how do you suppose I managed?"

"You'd better tell," responded the hopeful, "you married mother, and I've got to marry a struggle girl!"

WHEN THE boy went back at school, a boy in the same class was asked by the teacher what was Samson's weakness.

"A woman, sir," said the boy.

"I don't know, my son," cried the teacher, "what example can you give of such a thing?"

"I can, sir," said the little model, "there's a verse in the Bible which says, 'they bound Samson with withes.'"

A THIEVES' editor spoke-ridiculed to his readers some what after this fashion: "We expected to have a death and a marriage to publish this week, but we have got no occasion for the wedding, and the doctor being taken sick himself, has neglected, and we are accordingly shorted out of both."

AT a medical examination a young aspirant for a doctor's diploma was asked:

"When does mortification ensue?"

Think of the examination his questioner must have felt when he gave the following answer:

"When you prescribe and are paished."

AT a large dinner party in a certain city, lately, the literary weather had done considerable duty in supplying conversation, when a plump, happy-looking married lady made a remark about cold feet. "Strange," said a lady opposite "Mrs. ——, you are not troubled with cold feet!" Amid an awful pause, she uttered, unawares, "Yes, indeed, I am very much troubled—but that is my husband's fault."

"BOYS," said Uncle Peter, as he examined the points of the beast, "I don't see but one reason why this nag won't trot her big." "What is that?" shouted a dozen voices.

SPECIAL FACTS.—That whisky is the key by which many gain an entrance into our prisons and asylums.

That tobacco brands the nose and of those who indulge, gotten their appetites.

That the habit is vague to take a winding way home.

That punch is the cause of many untimely puncises.

That lager beer is the cause of many a beer-ridge many to the bier.

That champagne is the cause of many real pains.

That gin slings have "slewed" more than the slings of fate.

WHY are suicides the most successful people in the world? Because they always accomplish their ends.

SWISS BEDDOES.—Every traveler in Switzerland is struck with the peculiarity of their bridges, which are mostly roofed in the same fashion as the inside, the use of which premises is not much seen at first, but on approaching the gorges of mountains, and especially the snow, which would otherwise block up their transit. There are many of these bridges, but the oldest of the bridges in the antiquated city of Lucerne, which is built entirely of wood, and is remarkable for having, at the end of one of the most picturesque lakes in all Europe, completely in all its wildness. They are three across the river Reuss, which, although it enters the lake at Lucerne a beautiful and transparent stream, after having passed through the lake, issues a beautiful sea of green water, which is the color of the waters of the lake of Lucerne. I know not why the flowing of a powerful river through a lake should produce such a change in color irresistibly; but so it was, that both here and at Geneva, where the Rhone flows through a similar lake, I could stand by the hour to look upon it. Against each end of the bridge is a picture representing some of the bridges. I think they call it the mill bridge, you know, because there is a mill at one end of it. The Switzerland Guide Book, however, gives no satisfactory account of the matter, which runs in a striking direction across the bridge. The frames, on one side from the eaves of the roof, on which describe the feats of the patron saints of Lucerne, and on the opposite side those which are employed in describing, historically, various scenes in Swiss history.

HINTS TO PURCHASERS OF PATENT STOVES, Ranges, Furnaces, &c.—Before you buy, it will be worth much to the unskilled public when in search of such articles, to call at 565 Broadway, and see Mr. Jewsbe's, but always insist upon seeing it at holdery who deals in nothing else. He will give you an infinitely larger choice at an infinitely lower price, and as you will find, a much better article. You have the whole advantage of your spec, which you have not when the article is bought from a shop-keeper who has a certain profit to sell. Finally, lay no store of any value without calling at 565 Broadway, for it is the only place you can be sure of getting the best article. Remember that none are the finest diamonds and rubies are cheaper than the inferior stones—Lapis, topaze, amethyste, turquoise, and garnets are very valuable when properly set. Diamond, being one used in quantities which render diamonds prices simple waste of money.

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GEORGE W. LAIRD'S

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This magnificent toilet article is entirely different from any other preparations of the purpose—it has no equal as a preserver and beautifier of the Complexion and Skin. Sold by all Druggists. Depot, 74 Fulton St.

CAUTION.

Since this valuable toilet article has been introduced, it has caused unprincipled persons to send forth a base imitation of the name, therefore be particular to see that the name (G. W. LAIRD) is stamped on the Bottle. None other is genuine.

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On receipt of the Certificate you will see what you are entitled to have, and then if it is not given to you at counter and take the article or not. Purchasers may thus obtain a Gold Watch, Diamond Pin, Sewing Machine, or any Set of Jewelry on our list, for $1, and in no case may they get less than Dollar's worth, as there are no blanks. Address

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125 Musical Boxes	15	to 45
300 Silver Revolving Patent Castors	15	to 40
500 Silver Fruit and Cake Baskets	15	to 30
200 Sets Silver Tea and Table Spoons	15	to 30
100 Gold Hunting Cases, Levers	75	to 150
100 Diamond Rings	50	to 300
100 Gold Watches	50	to 75
500 Ladies' Gold Watches	60	to 85
500 Silver Watches	30	to 50

Diamond Pins, Gold Bracelets, Cars, Florentine Work Boxes, Lockets and Chains, Ladies' & Gents' Watch Chains, and Silver Extension Holders, Sleeve Buttons, Gold Pens and Pencils, Vest Chains, Enamel Chased Bracelets, Opera Glasses, Pocket Books, Silver Baskets and

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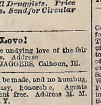
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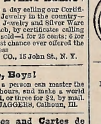
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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1865, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 517 Vol. XX.] NEW YORK, AUGUST 26, 1865. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY 13 WEEKS $1 00

The Atlantic Cable.

THE unpleasant intelligence of the probable failure of the Atlantic cable has reached us, and again the world is disappointed; for all men, of every nation, were either directly or indirectly interested in the success of the enterprise. The last news from the steamship Great Eastern is received through the English papers of the 4th August. They report that on the 2d, 1,200 miles of cable had been payed out, when the signals became unintelligible. How this news was received through the line (and it could apparently have been received in no other way) is not very clear. It is probably only a conjecture made by the electricians at Toilhommerum cliff, and so telegraphed to the English journals as an explanation of the inevitable silence.

We learn from Valentia Bay, under date August 4, that no communication has been had with the ship since, and no information received. The cause was unknown, and at the closing of this summary nothing additional had transpired. The land lines between Valentia had been out of order.

The London *Times* infers that the disaster occurred after the cable left the vessel, from the fact that it was unknown to those on board, who were signaling their messages as usual, when their signals became unintelligible at Valentia, and at last ceased entirely. As to the



C. C. Pinckney. James W. Booth.

Chief-Engineer Kingsland.

P. W. Engs. Martin B. Brown.

THE NEWLY-APPOINTED COMMISSIONERS OF THE PAID FIRE DEPARTMENT OF NEW YORK CITY.

chances of recovering the impaired part of the cable and repairing it. It may be said that this process could not be accomplished at the rate of more than a quarter of a mile an hour, which the slightest wind or rough sea would at once put an end to. For such eventualities the Great Eastern is amply provided. She has several buoys on board, equal altogether to a weight of fifty tons, and she has at least five miles of powerful wire hemp rope, which can support all that the buoys themselves can float. This effort to buoy, however, will not be resorted to till the last extremity, owing to the danger and improbability of finding the cable again.

The *Times*, in conclusion, remarks that if the Great Eastern is making successful efforts to haul in the cable and repair it, a clear renewal of the signals may be looked for in a couple of days. If, on the contrary, that time should pass without the cable giving signals of life, we fear the case must be considered hopeless as far as regards success this year.

The following is the latest dispatch received at Londonderry, from London, on the 4th inst.:

LONDON, Friday, Aug. 4.

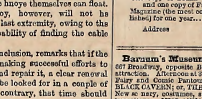
Communication with the Great Eastern remains unbroken. Nothing has been heard from her since noon of the 2d instant.

There is still hope, however, that the great Atlantic telegraph cable may yet prove a success, for it is possible that although communication ceased after twelve hundred miles of the line had been successfully laid, still, the cessation of the electric current may have been the result of accident, which can be repaired, if the exact spot at which insulation ceased be known. It is not improbable that the cable was damaged by the paying-out machinery, as was the case with the first in 1858. If such be the case, and the line be not entirely broken, it can be easily pulled in carefully spliced, and the work go on to successful completion. But it cannot be denied that the general interpretation of the case has created a feeling of deep regret and disappointment. It seemed the hopeful feeling we have so long indulged could not but be the precursor of success, and even to be compelled to indulge in a doubt, is painful. Although there is a cloud over the enterprise at present, it is not impossible the sky will yet be clear, and in our next issue we may have the pleasure of announcing that the Great Eastern was delayed on the ocean to repair an injury which exceted the present unpleasantness, but which being repaired, the vessel sped on to the successful landing of the cable on our shores.

CAUTION!

We would respectfully caution the public and our subscribers in the Western States against a woman styling herself Mrs. G. Lorenz, who is in the habit of ordering subscriptions and receiving money for Patterns, etc. She is an impostor. We have no traveling agents.

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$10,000.

Every family should possess this truly national picture, and care fully preserve it, as it will transmit to future generations the men who have restored our great national unity. It is especially valuable, as it contains an excellent likeness of our late, lamented President, introducing General Grant and his wife to Mrs. Lincoln. This costly plate is the first of a series which it is our intention to present to our regular subscribers.

The splendid gift plate will be sent to all subscribers.

With No. 4 was presented an outline engraving, being a key to the gift plate.

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It is stereotyped, and back numbers can be had by ordering the same of any News Agent.

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One copy, three months	$1 00
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(With an extra copy gratis to getter up of a club of four.)	
One copy of FRANK LESLIE'S Chimney Corner and one copy of Frank Leslie's Lady's Magazine (the two cheapest illustrated Book published for one year)	7 00

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FRANK LESLIE'S

ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,

537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 26, 1865.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

THE spirit of the bluff old fellow is to be admired, who, when leaving a hotel, being impressed by the pomp, asked: "Landlord, have I paid my bill?" "Yes, sir." "Well, then, why don't you pay your servants?"

SOUTHWORTH has described the rebel guerrilla Mosby, as a handsome man in personal appearance, with a fine figure, five feet ten inches in height, his build is good enough, but his face is very commonplace, and his light-brown hair, worn rather long, is straight, lank, and of no beauty. Mosby's features and expression would impress one as those of a man resolute and cunning, not supremely brave, nor virtuous, but such as we expect that in the stories of his cruelty, he has been somewhat belied.

A WARREN in the *Tribune* gives the names of seven Confederate vessels sold to British parties during the war, and adds that some three hundred more have been disposed of to citizens of neutral countries. Add to these the Florida and Alabama, and about half a million of tonnage, not to say accurate number, will be found. Webster says: "It is a sorrowful list to read, but it should serve our merchants to build up another marine with greater skill, and not so many old rattle-bladders stand ready; capital is plenty. The demand will soon be great, and in a national point of view it is a duty. Let the old sailing ships and breadstuffs will come in and seek a market across the ocean. Then let our merchants be ready to find the means for American tonnage —in which to transport it to those who have no long been reaping the benefits of our troubles."

THE University of Oxford, England, has recently awarded the "Chancellor's Prize" against the best English Essay, to Mr. Francis Allston Channing, son of the Rev. William Henry Channing, the distinguished pastor of the Unitarian Church in Washington. Mr. Channing has just completed academic education at Oxford, where he held a high rank in the classics and mathematics. He is one of the few Americans who have received the honors of that venerable institution. Indeed he is the first of our own countrymen who ever gained either of the great prizes of Oxford.

IN a late English magazine there is a description in the story of Miss Marjoribanks, of the accomplishments of an old lady, expressed in outward demeanor, of the man "about to propose." As our young lady receives many desire to know the full meaning of it, the whole passage is here set full. There was, it seems, in the demeanor of the visitor to Miss Marjoribanks, that something which is understood in the intercourse of the sexes, "she said," that little nervous cough, and pulled his cravat, and drew out his hat from his hat as if he had it all written down there, and locked as they always look."

NOTHING can exceed the brutality, we had almost said brutishness, of an English election. Our foreign exchanges tell us that at Carlisle "Mr. Lawson concluded his address amid a perfect shower of missiles, accompanied with the most terrific howlings." Mr. Fuller excelled in "amid a fusilade of powder and unclean things." When Mr. Hodgson presented himself, "the uproar became so terrible as to threaten serious consequences. Some one in the crowd discharged a pistol, and stones beginning to supply the place of soot and odors, etc., blood was drawn in several parts of the crowd. The Mayor, after frequently retiring to the town hall for momentary shelter, directed the police to clear the space in front of the hustings. The police endeavored to do so without effect, and the rioting continued, during which it was impossible for Mr. Hodgson to obtain a hearing." When it was announced that the "show of hands" was in favor of Mr. Hodgson, "the hustings was almost immediately cleared by missiles, the fever of the mob being shown with particular aim at the Mayor, who, with the other gentlemen on the hustings, was covered with powder of all colors, yellow, black, white and green. The candidate is more politely assailed, heavy bags of whiting and soot coming repeatedly in close fire, and but for the shelter of strong and friendly umbrellas, it must have resulted in serious personal injury. The proceedings were throughout of the most riotous and unseemly character; a constant shower of colored powder, rotten eggs, potatoes, rotten eggs and stale butchers' offal being poured upon the candidates and their friends."

IT is a fact that gunpowder would have furnished for a condemnation of "democratic institutions," had they taken place in Carlisle, Pennsylvania, instead of Carlisle, England.

WE presume the plan of "reconstruction" adopted by the Government is purely an experimental one, which will be abandoned when its failure becomes apparent. Sometimes in any plan or policy which proves inadequate or impossible, would be equally stupid and criminal. What evils those political men who already have, in principle so demonstrate that the present plan is equally unsuccessful, we can scarcely imagine. It is already known that a considerable part of the late elections in Virginia have been set aside by the military authorities, because it was notorious that the officers elected were chosen on the express ground that they had been active traitors, and were still in sympathy with the Government, as regarding the oath of allegiance prescribed by the amnesty proclamation as of no binding moral force. Such, for example, Gen. Turner tells us in his order setting aside the election, "were excluded on the ground of having lost their residence by absence in the service of or aid to the United States army during the rebellion, when no such ground was taken as against soldiers absent in like manner, and will but few exceptions, all of the officers elected were prominent and conspicuous in inaugurating and sustaining the rebellion."

IN South Carolina, also, it has been found requisite for the military authorities to prevent the complete re-establishment of the rebel authorities. It seems that Mr. Perry, the newly appointed Provisional Governor of that State, it will be remembered, regards Gen. Lee as next only to Washington, lately issued a proclamation reinstating all the rebel civil officers necessary to an election for a Conn stitutional Convention. Whereupon the late rebel sheriff of Charleston deliberately demanded of Gen. Beaumont, during the establishment of possession of the jail and other county property, and took upon himself the airs of his former office. Gen. Beaumont, of course declined to accede to the modest request.

A daily newspaper contends that Gen. Bennett was wrong, and that the government must give up the control of the rebel states, as a matter of necessity, in six weeks or a little longer. Our idea is about all the South has been fighting for, and it only remains to inquire for what we have spent 300,000,000 and 500,000,000 of treasure? Is it simply to send back the same crew to Congress which precipitated the rebellion a bevy-garden, with an accession to their strength of all the consequences of the extension of the basis of representation, incident on freeing the slaves? How long before, coalescing with northern demagogues, these men will relinquish a new rebellion, and, profiting by past experience, make it successful? How long? This is a pregnant question for those whose sons and brothers crowd the cemeteries around Andersonville and Richmond.

IT is not through ignorance that the European, but more particularly the English press, draw most of their libellous paragraphs against republican institutions from the facts concerning their working in some of our larger cities, but notably in New York. It is undeniably true that New York is the worst governed city in America, and that every department of its municipal organization is corrupt, and in the closest alliance with the disreputable while outside its walls. But this corruption is not openly violated as in Europe, for impunity when plunder as are men who could never have obtained position except through the aid of the lowest class of voters which this Europe has cast on our shores. They never could rise and riot in their profligacy, through the instrumentality of native voters, with which Europe has cast on our shores. They never could rise and riot in their profligacy, through the paragraphs of America and when European publicists virtuously denounce them, they affect to forget the source whence these men got their power. But the fact ever to be emigrated to the point of general and political education equal to the average American, the world would have no reason to deduce from the working of popular Government in the city of New York an argument, specious but fallacious, against popular institutions. Happily for the national name and character, the rabble and the criminal classes of New York city and its vicinity are not the fruit of "American" institutions, or the product of "American" soil. By the official state report of criminal statistics of 1864, we find that of 36,962 cases tried in the courts of special sessions of New York, Brooklyn and Jersey City, the native principles in the State, 26,953 were foreigners. Of 37,082 arrests by the metropolitan police force in the cities of New York and Brooklyn (they in reality forming one city) in that year, 25,486 were foreigners. And it must be remembered that even of this small proportionate number of these criminal and disorderly people who are not rated as foreigners, a very large majority are boys of from 15 to 20, born here of Irish and German parentage, and brought up in the Irish or German quarters of the city, which are almost as much Ireland and Germany as Belfast and Hamburg are. This we know in a general way, but it is shown by the last published report of the Howard Mission, an institution for the care and reformation of vagrant children, those who in two or three years form a part of the dangerous classes. In 1863 that institution received 605 children, of whom 24 are born in this country! Of the remaining 581, 195 were Irish and 234 German. To form any correct judgment of the working of our institutions, we should go outside of the cities, which are always corrupt, and study our political system in the country at large —in the villages and among the farms. It will be found that there, all the details of government are carried out with equal honesty and economy, and that the great end of all Government, the security, prosperity and happiness of the governed, is perfectly achieved.

FOR some motive, it is impossible to conceive what one, the contractors for the great Atlantic telegraph cable, rigorously refused to permit reporters aboard the Great Eastern. Perhaps they were instructed to tell their own story only. If the latest intelligence from the cable be true, it will be a sorry one—in their own way. We had hoped that the days of such mercenary subterfuge were past. It seems, however, the design of the contractors, whatever it was, some very worthy being frustrated by an "able reporter who went on board as an assistant electrician. It is said he was not merely the special correspondent of a daily London paper, but had engaged to supply two weekly journals, the one with pictorial and the other with descriptive sketches. The startling news was telegraphed by the secretary of the company to Mr. Glass, who sent on a letter to the reporter packing him off that the correspondent should be sent back. These were carried out with such promptitude that there was no chance for packing, and despite argument and expostulation, this luckless writer was put on board one of the last boats leaving the ship, while he had a large portion of his kit on board. Altogether the business was a very small one on the part of the contractors, who have not even had the tact to steal from many pens and pencils on board the steamer, as they will soon have reason to know.

GEN. SANTANNA is as trenchant with pen as sword. Writing to Col. Hillyer, from Mexico, in favor of the Liberal cause in Mexico, lately held in New York, he said:

"Mexico will be a hot ground for a second such a fire as this Mexican matter. We should give a permanent Government to Mexico, or the United States Government will not be done until the lake is done. The advent of the Monroe doctrine to a portion of the globe to all should belong by its history. Most of this Mexican question will be settled when we can say that the United States the moment we crossed the Rio Grande. The Democratic principles governed by justice and right."

A report reaches us from Canada to the effect that Gen. Grant expressed himself there in favor of the Mexican question. The Quebec *Dispatch* says:

"Gen. Grant stated that 100,000 men had been stationed on the Rio Grande as an army of observation, and that the French would have to leave Mexico, possibly if they chose, but decidedly if they refuse. The entire of Mexico he looked upon as one which had been conquered by the United States, and he expected would readily not be overcome until Maximilian were compelled to leave. He also stated that Napoleon had given up his own cruel ambition through interference. With regard to the relations between the United States and England, he did not think the present friendly state would be disturbed, and that the opinion was formed by reason of his hands having herself up with the French in the Mexican affair."

THE Albany *Argus* publishes an extract from an old letter of Mr. Judge Advocate Holt, deprecating the approaching civil war in the following prophetic words:

"I don't know nothing of civil war. This march in search of the pilgrimage of nations has hopped over the ocean to this country. Every five years or so it has been coming. Every five years I have said to a country that darkens every fourth and brings every heart with anguish."

TOWN GOSSIP.

THE Coroners Jury empanelled to investigate the Farmar street disaster has consulted its labors, and the public generally put questions which would tax the mark—hence more truth was elicited than certain witnesses intended to communicate. The testimony of Mr. Farmar threw the whole upon the two builders, whom a Brooklyn or Williamsburg paper—we are not sure which, for all the papers are so much alike, that when they are apart, even a Jew-pusan, who met to a companion, could not accurately conclude to which he was most intelligent of beings—even a Jew-pusan, we repeat, cannot tell which from which. But to return to what we were saying, the verdict of the jury blamed the only two sensible men connected with the building. We hope the coroners will be made to suffer the penalty of their carelessness.

THE Police force from each quarter is undergoing, to the cost during and scholastic discipline of Capt. Manning, of the steamer Glasgow, which not only carries the police on excursions, but on Harbor Inspection. But as we illustrate the loss of this ship in another column, we will not dwell on our readers to tell us we say them.

THE speculative community is beginning to look green over the numerous dedications in public companies. Absconding bank tellers, and gallant school-supervisors, are indulging in gallantries, unprecedented, and forever large sums of money of their confiding friends, are being squandered in a manner, and by an all-accepting confidence. As long as it is considered not disgraceful to swindle the Government, and seduce the soldiers in consequence, there is little harm made for credit, etc., or to excite pay for cleaning streets which are never swept, such private violations of trust will go on. The still greater outrage is, that these great criminals are never punished, while the woman who steals a loaf is sent to Blackwell's Island. Verily, in this respect, the course of justice does not run smooth in a republic.

ALL the Theatres, the same bills as last week have been generally speaking, patronized—only country people, and a few who cannot live without that noisy excitement, however, venture now within the charmed circle of the drama.

MR. CONWAY promises a vigorous campaign at the Park

Theatre, Brooklyn, next month. She has engaged Davidge, and several other popular *artistes*, and it is said that John Brougham will perform there for a week in October.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—A Washington paper states that the court-martial, of which Brig.-Gen. Underwood is President, and Col. N. P. Chipman, Judge Advocate, is still in receipt of a large number of letters from soldiers and others who have suffered and witnessed the sufferings inflicted on Union soldiers under the rebel Capt. Wirtz, at Andersonville. These letters are all read, and to the most intelligent a list of questions is mailed, with the request that answers be given thereto and returned. Should it then be deemed necessary to subpœna the volunteer, a subpœna is made out.

—— On Sunday evening last, in the midst of a discourse in Rev. Mr. Warner's church, on Ohio street, Cleveland, one of the stays of the chandelier, which is supported in the central part of the house, broke, and thereby upset the several coal oil lamps of which it is composed. The lamps broke in falling, the oil ignited, and several pews began blazing instantly. Three or four ladies were covered with the burning oil, and the flames leaping over their clothing were with great difficulty extinguished.

—— Henry B. Jenkins, paying teller at Phœnix Bank, of Wall street, was arrested on the 10th of August, for embezzling $250,000 of the bank, with which he had been connected 20 years. There are five others implicated with him.

—— The old rebel general, Frank Cheatham, visited Gov. Brownlow a few days since to obtain his endorsement to an application for pardon.

—— Mosby, the guerrilla leader, has been arrested at Alexandria, Va.

—— Herschel Johnson, candidate for vice-presidency on the Douglas ticket for 1860, has been pardoned by the President.

—— R. F. Farrell, Ohio, has been appointed Consul at Cadiz, and Gen. Cesnola, Consul at Cyprus.

—— The heavy rains in Wisconsin and Minnesota have damaged the crops in those States.

—— It is significant that our most popular generals should lately have so emphatically endorsed the Monroe Doctrine.

—— The receipts from customs for July amounted to 10,000,000, and those for August to as much more. Five-eighths of the revenue is now collected in New York.

—— A man named Early who was arrested as an accomplice in the Phœnix Bank defalcations, committed suicide in the cell of the police station on the morning of the 11th inst., by cutting his throat with a penknife, which he had concealed in his mouth while the officers were searching him before locking him up. He confessed to having received over $100,000 from Jenkins. It appears that the defalcations of Jenkins, the second teller of the Phœnix Bank, will amount to over $300,000; over $30,000 was given by him by to one of those pests of society, the pretty waiter girls.

—— A terrible steamboat disaster occurred on Lake Huron about six miles from shore on Wednesday evening, the 9th inst. The steamboats Pewabic and Meteor struck each other, while running at full speed, with such force as to crush in the entire bow of the former, causing her to sink in four or five minutes, and carrying down about 100 passengers. It was scarcely dark when the accident occurred, and the boats saw each other when six miles apart. When approaching they exchanged the usual signals, and the Pewabic bore off to let the Meteor pass; but for some unaccountable reason this boat turned in the same direction and struck the Pewabic in the manner stated. A number of passengers on the Pewabic were killed by the crushing in of her timbers. There were from 150 to 200 passengers on the Pewabic, only 75 of whom were saved.

—— The railroad train from Muscatine, Iowa, to Washington, in that State, met with a disaster on the 10th inst at Ainsworth, by going through a bridge. One of the passenger cars was precipitated into a chasm. Four persons were killed and several passengers were wounded.

—— The steamer Arrow exploded on the 5th inst. in the North River, by which several lives were lost.

—— The State Department has received news from our Consul in Malta, that the Asiatic cholera is raging there with great violence.

—— A mine of solid petroleum has been discovered in Western Virginia. The vein varies in depth from 50 inches to 250 feet. A ton of the ore yields 170 gallons of pure oil.

—— The coat which Col. Ulric Dahlgren wore when he was shot, was found recently in a farmer's house near Richmond.

—— The New York *Times* says that swill milk is once more on the increase.

—— On inquiry at the United States Treasurer's Office, it has been ascertained that of the large amount of notes presented to redemption, not more than from one and a half to two per cent., if so many, are counterfeit. The spurious notes are easily detected and promptly branded "counterfeit" with an iron constantly kept heated for that purpose. Of course, the holders and not the Treasury bear the loss. From $90 to $100 of such currency of various denominations is destroyed every day. No knowledge of counterfeit national bank notes has come to the bureau, or of ones or twos of the United States currency. The latter denominations, however, are altered to represent higher amounts, and some photograph fives are in circulation. A tolerably well executed $50 note recently found its way to the redemption bureau, having previously been stamped as counterfeit by an Eastern bank. The most numerous counterfeits are on the fractional currency.

—— An African king lately sent an application to President Lincoln for a waterproof coat, which has been sent to him. He signs himself King of Barcos.

—— An old negress, at Greenwich, Conn., lately shot a rowdy who wanted to break into her house, with a number of other ruffians, for the purpose of tarring and feathering her son, whose sole offence was that he had married a white woman some two years since. The jury very properly brought in a verdict of justifiable homicide.

—— Whole number of pensions granted up to July 1 For widows and minor children, 100,000; for invalids 75,000.

—— The population of Syracuse is 31,323; an increase of 3,204 since 1860.

—— A negro woman who was baptized a few Sunday ago at Huntsville, Ala., came forth from the water shouting: "Freed from slavery, freed from sin, bless God and Gen. Grant."

—— A late captain in the army has opened a school in Chicago for the purpose of instructing gentlemen in the use of the common walking cane as a means of attack and defence by scientific rules, something like those which apply to fencing.

—— The Mayor of Raleigh, N. C., has refused permission to establish colored schools there, and Gen. Schofield has granted it. The blacks will have their schools.

—— A hundred men are at work clearing away for the foundation of the United States Hotel at Saratoga, and the architects are busily engaged upon the plans for the building. The work is to be vigorously pushed.

—— The amount of water drunk at the Congress spring, Saratoga, during the height of the season, is greater than many people suppose. A count was kept one morning last week, when it appeared that four boys dipped at the rate of fifty glasses a minute, or 3,000 glasses per hour. The amount drunk that morning, in three hours, was about nine thousand glasses.

—— Michael Cummings, the man who fired the first gun in defence of the American flag in the late rebellion, died in New York on Tuesday. At the beginning of the rebellion deceased entered the service of the Government, and was stationed at Fort Sumter. He had letters from General Anderson, from which it appeared that he fired the first gun at the rebels at the attack on Fort Sumter, and also fired the last shot previous to the surrender of the fort.

—— Mr. Greeley is not only to remain on the *Tribune*, but the stockholders have voted to raise his salary from $5,000 to $7,000.

—— A Yankee in Kansas sells liquor in a gun-barrel instead of a glass, to evade the law and make it appear beyond dispute that he is selling by the barrel.

—— Ex-Senator Nicholson, of Columbia, Tenn., formerly Andrew Johnson's colleague in the United States Senate, recently declared that, "to repel a freeman from the ballot-box simply because he was once a slave or because his skin was black, would be to follow a blind prejudice;" and that negroes "who possess reasonable qualifications should be admitted to the ballot-box."

—— We have ascertained, from official sources, that on the 1st day of last May there were 1,050,000 men enrolled in the army and on the pay-rolls. Since that date there have been discharged a little over 700,000, leaving, in round numbers, about 330,000 still in the army and on the pay-rolls.

—— Lydia Maria Child is severe on the hair waterfall. She calls that female adornment "an unbecoming headgear," which looks like a cabbage in a net, tricked out with beads and wampum. "Hoops" she calls "hencoops," in which case we suppose the women in them are chickens.

Foreign.—Dr. Pritchard, the poisoner of his wife and his wife's mother, was hanged at Glasgow, in the presence of 100,000 spectators.

—— Constance Kent, who confessed to murdering her half-brother five years ago, has had her sentence of death commuted to transportation for life.

—— Queen Emma, of Hawaii, whose portrait we published in our last paper, is now one of the lions of London. She is the guest of Lady Franklin; but had not, up to the last accounts, had yet had an interview with her sister of England.

—— We notice in the bills of mortality for 1863, that there were 21 executions, 399 homicides, 1,819 suicides, and 2,766 persons burnt to death.

—— Besides the method rendering gunpowder inexplosive, invented by Mr. Gale, we have two new explosives. One is a very strong gunpowder, which is made up of two portions like a seidlitz powder, each inexplosive by itself, to be mixed together before loading the rifle. It has been tried at our nearest shooting grounds, it is said with good success. The other is a mixture for blasting, a liquid composed of one part of glycerine and three parts of nitric acid. This is poured into a very small hole in a rock, and some water—the only tamping required—is poured on top. A fuse, passing through the water, explodes the mixture with a force so much greater than gunpowder as to very much reduce the cost of such operations.

—— The riots indulged in by the English at the late election, have been used by the French liberal press with great effect, as conclusive evidence against a popular form of government. It is stated by candid observers, that so much rioting on similar occasions had never been remembered.

CHRISTINE NORTH.

BY LUCY VELONA.

THE sun had gone quite down, and the sea breezes came in landward, cold and dark.

Christine North pulled her Shetland mantle close about her shoulders, and walked rapidly over the shingles, towards the Newsteed house. Some one touched her shoulder; she turned abruptly, and was face to face with Chester Sutherland.

"Chester!"

"Where are you running to, wonder! I saw you down upon the beach half a mile back, and have been trying to catch you ever since."

"I thought you were going to Lake George this summer?"

"And so you came here to avoid me?"

"Of course I did."

"Thank you!"

He drew her arm into his own and turned back towards the sea.

"I must go home. Aunt Houghton will be worried about me," she said, stopping, and trying to unloose her arm.

"She knows I am with you," he answered, still holding her fast.

"But it is too chilly."

"Here is your water-proof, then."

She looked at him wonderingly, as he took it off his arm and fastened it about her neck.

"Have you any more objections?"

"Yes." Her voice was decided and firm. "There is no use in commencing this again. I cannot go with you."

"You will, to-night."

"Gentlemanly, very." Her voice was sarcastic and cutting.

He replied in the same tone.

"Thank you, my Lady North; but spare the rest of your cruel words, for you might repent them when you heard that I was killed in Dixie."

"What?"

She walked quietly enough beside him now.

"I am going to the war. Have enlisted in the 26th."

"Chester! And I did not know it until now."

All the color had gone from her face, leaving it white as marble.

He smiled, and said:

"What difference does it make with you? Just now you refused even to walk with me."

"I wish I was dead!" she burst out, and snatching her arm from his, she sped swiftly back the way they had come, and left him standing alone.

He did not try to follow or stop her; he only stood and looked after her until she disappeared up the steps of her boarding-house.

There was no danger but he could see her again, now.

It was the old story of love and pride. Christine North was poor and independent; she taught music and French in preference to living on her rich relatives. Her aunt, Mrs. Houghton, insisted upon taking her with her every season to some of the numerous watering places. This was all the recreation she allowed herself.

Chester Sutherland was a gentleman of leisure; and they were unfortunate enough to love each other. She had refused him, positively, but he had not given up at one refusal, and did not intend to.

He looked in at the soiree that evening, but Christine was not there; so he sent a note saying he was waiting to walk with her upon the balcony.

She came directly, and they went out.

The moonlight shone through the trees in patches upon them, and from below the gay voices and music came floating up upon the evening air. There was no one else out. They were alone.

"Are you in earnest about going to the war?" Christine asked.

"Never was more so in my life. Am I to hear from you?"

"No. What could I write."

"A great deal, if you would. You might say a word here to-night, that would make me go off much happier than I shall now."

"I cannot say anything that will make you happier."

"Well, no matter, then, how soon a rebel bullet finds me."

"Chester Sutherland, don't you dare to say such words to me again! You have not a grain of pity."

She spoke sharply as one speaks in pain.

"But I have more than you, Christine," he said quietly. "Just because I happen to have a little money, and you not quite as much, you absolutely refuse to marry me; and yet you say you *love me*. Such love! I hear that a Mr. Stoneman, of Lee, is paying you attentions. Is it true?"

She did not reply.

"Is it true?" he repeated.

"I have promised to be his wife."

"Good God!" He clenched her wrist tightly, and stood before her, his eyes looking into hers. "That is a lie!"

"Oh! Chester, Chester! It is the truth."

Her head fell upon his arm, and she was sobbing violently. His other arm closed about her, and he stood still as death, for, perhaps, five minutes. Then he lifted up her head, saying as men say when all hope is gone:

"Then, Christine, this is, indeed, our last meeting. I cannot wish you either happiness or misery."

He kissed her lips solemnly, and led her to her own door. There they parted.

The next day Chester Sutherland left the seashore for the seat of war.

November came with its black, chilly air. Christine North was spending her last year in school teaching. She had promised Ralph Stoneman to be his wife before the next autumn leaves should fall, and of course, such promises have to be kept. He was a quiet farmer, who lived in her native town, and one she might have loved had her way never been crossed by Chester Sutherland. But she was a woman of spirit and will; and her reason told her that she had chosen well, in answering yes to Ralph Stoneman's proposals for her hand. What answer her heart made, it was not well to think.

It had been three months since Chester Sutherland joined the army. Ralph had never heard his name, she thought, and likely never would—certainly not from her lips.

"Where was he now?" Christine looked out of the window upon the lowering sky, this dreary November day, and answered the question to herself. "Dead, perhaps!" No one would tell me if he were. Sometime she might stumble over the news in the paper. She saw the postboy coming up the walk, and she went down immediately to meet him. There was a letter for her from the army, in Ralph Stoneman's handwriting. She tore it open quickly, and read:

"CHRISTINE—I came on here with the Sanitary Commission on the 17th, therefore, have been here a week. There is a colonel here by the name of Chester Sutherland, belonging to the 26th regiment, who is dangerously wounded, and cannot probably live many days. He is delirious, and constantly calls for one Christine North—is it you?

"RALPH STONEMAN."

Christine's face went ghastly for a moment, then the blood surged back. Chester dying! She crushed the letter in her hand and flew up-stairs again. She must be ready for the next train, if the whole world knew her mission.

Two days afterwards, a woman with a wild, anxious face, stood before Ralph Stoneman in the hospital. It was Christine North. On all sides there were sick and wounded men; some dying, some dead; here an agonized mother bending over her child, there a wife catching the last word from an expiring husband. The sight half froze Christine's blood, and she did not hear Ralph Stoneman's question, "How did you come here?" until he had repeated it.

"To see him," she answered, in a whisper.

"Who?"

"Colonel Sutherland."

"Then you do know him? I feared it. He lies yonder."

Christine looked the way he pointed.

"Not dead, Ralph?"

"Is he so much to you then?" he said bitterly, looking at her colorless face. "He is not dead, but he knows nothing. You do not, of course, wish me there with you?"

His face darkened as he moved away, and Christine glided up to the bedside. There he lay, the hot fever coursing wildly through his veins, his hair thrown back, and his large hollow eyes, like a madman's, as they were.

"Death to the traitors! Now boys, on!" he said, as Christine stood beside him.

She passed her hand gently back and forth over his forehead. He noticed her then for the first.

"Bend down low," he said, in that mysterious tone which delirious persons sometimes assume. "I want to tell you of Christine—Christine North. You knew her, don't you? I dreamed she was going to be married. Ha! ha! what a cursed lie that was! Stand up to the charge, boys! Now we have them!"

"I am expecting her every day," he said, joyfully, going on again. "She would never let me lie here on these stones. Why, they are killing me! No, Christine wouldn't do that. She loves me, you know."

"She is here now, Chester. Don't you know me?"

"Here! of course. Where else?" he said, dreamily, and then sank into a narcotic sleep.

For a week Christine listened to his wild raving, with scarcely a hope of his returning reason. Ralph Stoneman did all in his power for them both, though he steadily avoided Christine, save when duty brought them together. The eighth day there came a change. Christine thought it the precursor of death, and hastily summoned the surgeon. Ralph came too. He was strong and she weak. If Colonel Sutherland died, she might need him to lean on yet. The sick man lay in a stupor, unconscious of all.

"Speak to him," the surgeon said; "he will be sane if he arouses at all."

Christine bent down and said, almost in a whisper, "Chester!"

He moaned a little, nothing more.

"Christine! Christine North is here to see you," she said again.

Another moan, that was all.

The surgeon forced some cordial through his lips, and they waited.

After a little while he motioned to her to speak to him again, and they stood back.

"Chester!" she said.

His breath seemed going. Would he never wake! In an agony of fear she stooped over and took his head upon her arm.

"Chester! Chester! for the love of heaven do not die without some sign, one word, that you know me."

Her face was as white as the one she bent above.

"Speak to me! To Christine!" she said, wildly.

Slowly his eyes opened, and he looked round upon them. Christine first—then the rest. The surgeon stepped up to his side.

"You are better, colonel," he said, in a cheery tone.

He smiled feebly, looking at Christine, moved his head a little closer to her, and then fell asleep again.

"He is safe now," the surgeon said, and went away.

Ralph did not move until he had gone. Then he stepped up beside Christine.

"I go in the morning, Christine. Is there anything I can do for you or *yours*, before I go?"—the yours with emphasis.

"I dare not ask your pardon, Ralph, I have been so wicked. But I did not think it would come to this. Indeed, I did not."

"It is a hard blow!" he said, chokingly.

"And you were always so good to me. God will never forgive me, if you do."

"If trouble ever comes, *I will* never fail you. Good-bye."

He wrung her hand and was gone.

In a month more Colonel Sutherland and Christine came North. Both were cured—he of his wounds, and she of her pride.

GRAND BALL AT SARATOGA.—The event of the day—and, indeed of the season, is the grand ball at the Union Hotel, Saratoga, given by the Messrs. Lelande on Friday evening, the 11th inst. The throng was immense, the music delightful, and the display of toilets more rich and more elegant than at any previous ball of the present season. The great dining-room and the magnificent parlors of the *ne plus ultra* of hotels were literally packed with gorgeous ttires. Major-Gen. Frank P. Blair and Major-Gen. B. F. Butler were among the distinguished gentlemen present. Everything passed off satisfactorily, and the ball closed at a late hour.

WE are happy to learn that the recent fire at 650 Broadway, which for a time threatened to destroy the entire block, has only partially damaged one building, the store of Bauer & Co., agents for the sale of Knabe's famous pianos. In a few days the premises will be perfectly repaired, and the business proceed as usual.

DELAMERE'S European pocket time keeper is one of the neatest and most ingenious time-keepers we have seen; here for $1 every man can carry with him a machine to ascertain the exact hour to a minute—without going so far as the English *Chronicle*, which says it will supersede all other methods, it is certainly the cheapest and most useful thing we have seen for its purpose.

A HINT TO CLERGYMEN.—Sir Roger de Coverly requested a particular friend of his at the University, to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of good aspect, a clear voice and sociable temper. "My friend," says Sir Roger, "found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is a good scholar, though he does not show it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish; and because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. He has now been with me thirty years. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a series that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity."

Sir Roger goes on to say, "I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example, and instead of wasting their spirits on laborious compositions of their own, would endeavor after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would be not only more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people."

RUINS OF THE REBELLION.—A Virginia paper speaks of the startling fatality which has overtaken those who were the political rebellious leaders of that State. At the beginning of secession Virginia had one Cabinet Minister who was a secessionist, the Secretary of War, John B. Floyd. *He is dead.* She had two foreign Ministers who were secessionists, Hon. R. K. Meade and John M. Daniel. *Both are dead.* Her two Senators, Hunter and Mason, were secessionists—one is a *prisoner*, the other an *exile*. Her oldest and most persistent, and among her most influential citizens who supported secession, and the man who fired the first gun at Sumter, was Edmund Ruffin. *He is dead.* The recognized leaders of the secessions in the State Convention, were George W. Randolph and Ex-President Tyler. *Randolph is dying abroad, Tyler is dead.* She had three newspapers conspicuously devoted to secession, Richmond *Inquirer*, the Richmond *Examiner*, and the Norfolk *Argus*. The journals are all extinct, and the leading spirits of all—Wise, Daniel and Lamb—*are dead*. In brief, we are told, there "are not now ten men of conspicuous prominence in the secession movement of January, 1861, who remain to exercise—if they possess the desire—their influence to thwart the movement of the people towards loyalty and reunion."



BASE BALL MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP BETWEEN THE ATLANTIC CLUB OF BROOKLYN AND THE MUTUAL CLUB OF NEW YORK, AT HOBOKEN, AUGUST 3.—THE MUTUALS "CATCHING OUT THE ATLANTICS ON A "FOUL BALL."

BASE-BALL MATCH FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE Elysian Fields, at Hoboken, N. J., were crowded on the 3d inst., to witness the grand contest for the Championship of the United States, between the Mutual Club of New York and the Atlantic Club of Brooklyn. Never before was there such a vast assemblage of people gathered together on any similar occasion, and never has there been known in the annals of our national sports, such a closely contested game of base-ball, as that which took place on Thursday.

At a quarter to 3 P. M., all being in readiness for the match and the field clear—as well as it was possible to clear it—the contest commenced, the Atlantics being the first to go to the bat.

After some splendid play, which lasted one hour and a half, a heavy rainstorm put a stop to the sport. Five innings having been played according to the rules of the National Association, the game was decided in favor of the Atlantics. The score stood at the close—Atlantics, 13; Mutuals, 12.



THE NEW STEAM FIRE-ENGINE METROPOLITAN NO. 1, THE FIRST ENGINE DRAWN BY HORSES IN NEW YORK CITY.

THE COLLEGE REGATTA.

On Thursday and Friday, the 27th and 28th ult., the great event of the collegiate season took place at Worcester, Mass., on Lake Quinsigamond, one of the most beautiful little pieces of water in New England. The contest was between the trained boats' crews, six in number each, of Harvard and Yale Colleges. The meeting was as much a mere question of rivalry among the athletes of those venerable institutions; although every college in the country might be considered interested in the physical training of the rowers. The boats, or "shells" as they are technically called, were of a light walnut color, with seats just wide enough to accommodate one man. The rudders were attached by wire, running almost the whole length of the boats, which were steered by means of a spring lever at the feet of the bow oarsman. When the hour for the race, 4.40, Friday afternoon, had arrived, the scene at the water's edge was quite as gay as at any of the races on the Cam. The start was given by word, and as the boats sped on for the mastery, the cheering was vociferous. It was evident, however, from the start that the Yale crew would prove the victors, as they did—leaving the Harvard men about four boats length behind, and winning the race in seventeen minutes forty-two and one-half seconds.

A MORAL INSTRUMENT.—An upright piano.



THE COLLEGE REGATTA ON LAKE QUINSIGAMOND, WORCESTER, MASS, JULY 28, BETWEEN THE YALE AND HARVARD CREWS.—THE YALE BOAT AND VICTORIOUS CREW.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.



BURNING OF THE STEAMSHIP GLASGOW, AT SEA, JULY 31—THE SCENE AT SUNSET—THE LAST OF THE PASSENGERS AND CREW LEAVING THE BURNING SHIP.

NIGHT AND MORNING:

A War Waif.

BY C. D. GARDETTE.

ALL day, along the misty flanks
Of bristling hills, the battle rung,
Till moonless night, athwart the ranks,
Her cloud-furred mantle darkly flung.



Forgotten, on a spur of hill,
Two sorely-smitten soldiers lay,
And one moaned, "Water! water!" still,
And one "O, God! that it were day!"

Know you the bitterness of death
When, in the hour of hope's eclipse,
The quick siroccos of the breath
Rush through the crisp and parched lips?

"Water!" still "water!" moaned the wretch.
The other heard him, and forbore,
Even as his lips were on the stretch
To meet the flask, half drained before.

Know you the awful thirst of life
When, trembling on its hither span,
Bursts, in the soul, a deadly strife
Between the Moloch and the man?

The other heard his comrade's cry
And clenched his hand, and breathed awhile.
And then, an angel, passing by,
Caught through the night a glittering smile.

And then, "Your hand, my brother. Drink!
Drink deep, that one may live!" he said:
"My thread is fully spun, I think:
Good night! God help you!" and was dead.

The soldier drank, 'tis Nature's law—
Drank all, nor recked the other died;
Turned his white face, at morn, and saw
An ebon visage at his side!

The Last of his Line.

BY S. HOLMES, JR.

CHAPTER I.

"TAPPY!"

"Here, sir."

"Do you know where the stone farm-house is at the cross-roads beyond the church?"

"Do I know where it is? ha! ha! ha! upon me sowl, it wud be a bright lad, lieutenant, that wudn't know where it is, sure, whin ye've jist towld him. Indade, sir, an' it's the stun farm-house at the cross-roads t'other side the owld church ye're a meaning?"

"Get out, Paddy, you blackguard! Give me none of your impudence. I want to know if you know who lives there?"

"Do I know who lives there, is it? Sure, an well enough I knows who lives there. Ain't it owld haythen in the State of owld Virginy? Sure, know owld Pringle!"

"Very well, sir, I've an errand for you at 'owld Pringle's:' if you do it right, here's a gold dollar for you; if you do it wrong, here's a pair of thick soled boots, and a man that knows how to use them."

"All right, all right, sir—all right!"



INTERVIEW BETWEEN QUACKERADY AND LUCRETIA.



TOWSER'S ATTACK ON TAPPY.

"Here's a package—never mind prying into it. You're to take this package to the stone farm-house."

"What's in there?"

"That, sir, is no part of your business. Do you understand now? If you break the wrapper I shall surely find it out, and then you will just as surely come within an ace of having every bone in your ugly little body broken."

"All right, sir, all right—all right!"

"You must wait until it's dark enough to dodge around the picket, and then make the best of your way to the stone house—"

"An' give it to owld Pringle! all right, all right, sir, I'll am the goold dollar, and fetch back one o' Pringle's best turkeys, to boot."

"If you do, you'll catch my boot, you rascal. You've got nothing to do with old Pringle or his turkeys. You're to give this package to the young lady that's living there."

"Hooray! hooray! 'Sing too-ral, la-loo-ral, la-loo-ral, la-ley.' And what shall I say to the young miss? Give her this little bundle and say: 'Lieutenant Duncan sinds his compliments and hopes ye're well after your adventure of yesterday?'"

"That's it, Tappy! you've hit it the first time. I want you to mind your eye, though, and not let any of the old folks see you, and don't give the package to anybody but the young lady herself. Be off, now, and make your report to these headquarters any time between now and to-morrow morning."

The onc Irish drummer-boy retired to the security of a neighboring thicket, and proceeded to

Pringle, the precious owld rebel—the man who's got the nicest pigs and turkeys in the whole coontury? Ain't it owld Pringle, the dirthy owld sinner, who's been makin' his boast as to how he'd shoot the first Yankee soldier that come on his premises—an' who's got the finest plantation and the prettiest gall, the biggest dog, the fastest hosses and the maneet disposition of any cecesh

court a visitation of the terrible ossseous punishment threatened by his superior, by prying into the package entrusted to his care, muttering to himself:

"He's rekonnoy, he golly, to break me bones if he finds me out."

His mischievous curiosity revealed a neat bequest of flowers, encircled by a fine gold bracelet with a broken clasp upon which was engraved the name "Lucretia McRae."

"Bedad, that's that girl, sure! and this 'ere's her handcuff," soliloquised the young imp. "I guess it got broke yesterday, an' he's found it. He's a nice chap, so he is!"

Chuckling over his discovery, Tappy replaced the articles, tied up the package again as it was before, and having now become quite enough for his purpose, he started on his errand; the house designated being distant from camp about a mile and a half.

Arrived in the neighborhood, his further progress was arrested by the savage growling of a dog at the front gate, and so, when a hundred yards away from the house, he paused to reconnoitre. This animal was enough upon that portion of the enemy's works impracticable, he concluded to try an attack in the rear; so, marching by the right flank, over a high board fence and the snout of a pig-sty, he brought up in the top of a huge cherry tree, directly over the back porch of the mansion.

But the weary sentinel at the front gate was not to be thus circled. He was had already had some little experience with blue uniforms, and, to his canine instinct, the movements of the suspicious-looking stranger evinced entirely too much of the depredations on the hen-roost and in the dairy, the guarding of which was his peculiar province. So, perceiving that his enemy had changed his base, he instantly changed his, and yelling with all his might, proceeded to put into execution such a series of vigorous flank and salient movements as to decidedly harrass the rear of the retreating foe and create a bit of by-play between the drummer-boy, active as he was, and such rabbit himself scenes in his new position.

The shouts of the dog brought the men to the door—one of them Pringle himself, a genuine specimen of the F. F. V. tribe of Virginia planters, portly, pompous, and fifty—the other, the Hippocrates Quackbody, a sleek, oily, insinuating M. D., of twenty-eight, with ambitious designs upon Pringle's niece and Pringle's farms.

"Gate! no! not that dog, he's always after the cats! Get out, you, you dog! Here, come here, sir! Jim, take this fellow away."

"He's a very ferocious animal, Mr. Pringle; you don't allow him up nights, I see," said Dr. Quackrody, glancing nervously at his legs.

Mr. Pringle, appreciating the uneasiness of his guest, at the prospect of being mauled by a ferocious bulldog, on his retreat from the house, ordered the colored boy, Jim, to shut the animal up in the stable; further orders adding as an apology for allowing him to run at large, at night, that he was in great dread of the depredations of the Yankee soldiers, great numbers of whom were constantly prowling about.

"Up-town here, Pringle, I understand that your lovely niece had something of an adventure, yesterday."

"Oh, yes—a narrow escape! I was terribly upset about it for a while. I haven't had such a shock since the freshet came twenty-one years ago, and took away my house and my children, like a thief in the night, leaving me childless—*the last of my line!*"

That was a dreadful visitation, truly," replied the doctor, sympathetically, "but a benign Providence has placed an angel in your household to supply, in a measure, the places of the lost ones," in his blandest tones.

"Ah, yes. Child is a good girl—a little wild—something of a romp, but still she is beautiful, accomplished, loving—almost a daughter, in fact, to me; she will be wealthy, for she will be my heir. But, about what all this is but a poor solace. The thought that some one of my race—of that hateful my cursed cent, is this: she can never perpetuate the name of Pringle! The illustrious lineage of which I am so proud will die out with me! Cousin's maiden name of Pringle, which was one of the very first names in Virginia—for I trace my ancestors back to the settlement of James-town—that name must also end with me. It is this that embitters my whole existence and makes me the most miserable wretch on the earth. What avails wealth, when in a few brief years, at best, that wealth must be enjoyed by one of another name? what avails social position, when you know that in a very few years your very name will be entirely gone in the descendants of my past? These estates, I tell you, Dr. Quackrody, these in the State, though they are—so far from being a source of pleasure to me—are a perfect sting. For have they not been in the Pringle family for upwards of a century, and *am I not the last of my line?*"

"My dear Mr. Pringle, I appreciate your distress fully, and let me assure you that anything I can do to mitigate the very unpleasant nature of your situation shall be freely done, even though in minister to your family pride, I sacrifice something of the world's admiration of genius, something of that fame which is even now beginning to flash my pinions, something of my love of scientific pursuits—sacrifices which must ever be made, when one assumes the cares and responsibilities of the married state."

"I—don't—altogether understand you, doctor."

"What I mean to say, then, is, that it is a physiological fact that all old blouds—like yours—which is, in course of time, deteriorated, become restored to its primitive vigor and excellence by the infusion of a younger and more vigorous blood, provided the latter is equally noble in itself. Now, for instance, the name of Quackrody—although not so ancient a name as the name of Pringle, or even the name of McRae—although, in fact, if your humble servant, am the first Quackrody that I ever heard of; yet the Quackrody blood—though I say it myself—has given evidence of noble qualities, and is an undisputed fact that some of the Quackrodies are geniuses of a very lofty character. Of course it does not become me to be more explicit; I will merely say, however, that the 'Great American Antidote, Quackrody Specific, and Patent Cod Liver for throat and lung diseases—invented and patented by myself, more than two years ago—is attracting the favorable attention of the learned world."

"Ahem! no doubt! but—but, I—I don't understand you. If I didn't know you, Quackrody, I should think you was a Yankee pill-peddler."

"In plain terms, then, my dear Mr. Pringle, for I'm a plain man—you have a niece!"

"Yes, sir,—and a very pretty one, but what in the devil—if I may be allowed the expression—is that to you, sir?"

"Nothing, my will, undoubtedly, ere long, have a call—as the clergy say—to adopt the marriage state, Pringle, then, my dear sir, what I propose, is to do myself the distinguished honor of asking Miss Lucretia McRae to the bridal altar, and in a manner to do away with the illustrious name of McRae—the sole representative of the illustrious, but soon-to-be-extinct house of Pringle of Jamestown—by the introduction of the name of Quackrody—*for the benefit of all parties concerned.*"

"Eh! eh! ah! ahem! an illustrious idea! I—I—understand; ahem! no doubt it would be very satisfactory, if—ahem—to both parties the arrangement was definitely decided upon; but in particular Quackrody referred to was ever possessed of a fortune."

"My dear Mr. Pringle, I shall take no offence at your remarks. I have made the proposition with a view to your happiness, and not to my own position in which you find yourself, at your time of life, and destitute of a direct heir. Though you may not be aware of the fact, from my unobtrusive manner of my motives at this time, yet the time is rapidly approaching when you will; and permit me to say in your behalf, that of my particular Quackrody, at the present epoch, is destitute of cash in vulgarly called a horse, but I possess a capital of a thousand dollars in hard personal appearance, backed by an unlimited quantity of brass—good evening, sir."

"Stop, stop, Quackrody! I—I—beg, about that rheumatism. I feel so much better to-night that I don't think I shall require your services; in fact, sir, when I need you again, I'll send for you."

"Ah, that Colorado Specific of mine will serve in a case of chronic hectic cases. Of course you'll give me a testimonial, my dear Mr. Pringle. I'll have it printed alongside of—"

"Yes, yes—yes! I'll give you anything—anything, sir; only, when I want you in my house again, I'll send for you. Good evening, sir."

"Good ni——. Oh, my dear Mr. Pringle—that infuriated animal—that dog, sir!"

"That dog! Oh, he's chained up in the barn—locked up, sir. It will be entirely safe for you to take your departure, sir," said Mr. Pringle, in his blandest tones and accompanying the remark with his fist down upon his knee at the conclusion of the sentence.

"Good-by, sir, thank you, my dear Mr. Prinkle. I shall long remember your kindness. Good-night!"

"Good-night! *good-night, sir! good-night!*"

"Oh, Mr. Pringle, one word; that testimonial—all round in the morning, sir!"

"No sir, no, no! I won't permit me to say emphatically—in fact sir—I will send it to you, unsolicited, good-night!" And moving towards the door, the irate host succeeded at length in getting rid of his unwelcome and loquacious visitant.

As soon as the doctor was fairly outside the gate, the old man called vociferously for his colored boy, Jim.

"Jim, here you black rascal! let that dog out of the barn, and betwixt, remember he's not to be kept chained one minute after seven o'clock, on anybody's account."

CHAPTER II.

MEANWHILE how fared it with Tappy, the drummer boy, in the top of the cherry tree? On looking out about in his unimagenous little sphere, he was not a little startled at discovering a closely muffled figure standing upon one of the upper branches of the opposite tree. This, however, soon proved that whatever his new neighbor might be, he was emphatically an anti-negro like himself, seeking to avoid discovery by any of the inmates of the house, so that, at the worst, they were even with each other in their knowledge of each other's presence; and relying upon his stock of native cleverness and hereditary good luck, Tappy resolved to entertain his acquaintance. He accordingly crawled up to within whispering distance—will pleased to observe the stranger shrink away from him as he advanced, and after some hesitating about the bush, at last succeeded in convincing him in the forks of a limb, when he could not retreat without imminent danger of breaking his neck.

"How air ye, capt'n?" asked Tappy, growing bold in proportion to the visible increase in the trepidation of the muffled stranger.

But the latter interrogation failing to elicit a response, Tappy tried it again.

"Fine warm evening isn't; dye live up here, stranger?"

No answer.

"Upon my word I don't think any more of yer sociability than I do of yer politeness; though for the matter o' that the house wud do well enough in a warm evenin' like this, if it never rained, but in a storm it wouldn't be the roof wud be mighty inclined to take."

No reply.

"Say, op'n, ain't that owld wooden cage yo've got over yer head mighty uncomfortable such a night as this?"

The only answer was an attempt to get further away from the merciless drummer boy, who, encouraged by this manifestation, seized the straw get by the shoulder, and drew away the cloak in which face was muffled.

"Ugh! faith that's an ugly mug o' yours. Dogolly! I don't much blame ye for wantin' to hide it," commented Tappy, examining as well as he could in the dim light the features of a man about forty-five years of age, with a long hawked nose, sharp, restless eyes, and cadaverous cheeks.

"Umph! by my sowl, judging from the shape o' that nose, and the roosting place ye've found out, ye must be a relation at laste to the hen's family."

"Don't—don't talk so loud, they'll hear you!" gasped the fellow, struggling feebly in Tappy's grasp.

"Heighol be golly the crather's got a tongue anyhow," soliloquized Tappy, tasting a more coarse hail upon him. "Say old Hawkey, what yer doing up here—eh? any eggs in a chicken, hey?"

"I—I come up here to get a few cherries—let me go!" whined his victim.

"Cherries, eh! Is there anything else ye're after besides a few cherries ye want to stale, ye old sinner? Come, out with it, or I'll throw you."

"I see you are a soldier. Now tell me what your business is, and I will tell you what mine is," said the stranger, ceasing his struggling efforts.

"By my sowl!" said Tappy, reflecting, "that sounds like a fair offer, and so we are about even as to secrets. Well, I'll do, capt'n, give me half a dollar to make sure ye're no arrest, an' its a bargain."

"I—I—I've not got it."

"*If you do.*"

"And how can I show you?"

"Why hand it up! I kape it by me a thrick on me—do ye mind that, now?"

"I—I—I—I—have no money, I have no funds to-morrow morning as a spy in this very tree; please make a note of *that.*"

"Oh, that's your business ye're a wantin' to know. All right, sir. I'm a drummer by profession—me business is to hammer music out o' single sticks. They looked quizzically at the skinny caput of his auditor, as though he imagined that that would not be a bad substitute. "Me business is to drum a chicken or two out o' owld Pringle's coop; we soldiers are fresh friends to the chickens—are you a soldier too?"

"But how does it come you're alone in your enterprise, boy? I've always been they go to steal chickens, don't usually go alone."

"Look-a here, owld Hawkey, ye're actin' altogether too curious intirely. Perhaps, be-jabers, I ain't so much alone as—as you're a thinkin' for, an' maybe ye'll find it out to yer sorrow afore long, me larlin. I'll tell you what I consider myself to be, and now I want you to tell me who you consider yourself to be, according to yer own bargain, turn about's fair play."

A moment the little black twinkling eye of the drummer boy peered into the face of the boy, seeming to read his character.

"Out wid yer story, old Hawkey, or out o' this tree you go! I'm a rale chap that will astonish the ivy gintlemen underneath, you kin bet your swate life on that."

"See here, boy, I see you are fond of money, brisk and shrewd. If I give you more money, can I trust you?"

"Kin you trust me! Faith you wudn't be the first man that's thrusted me, as every cutter in Jamestown will tell you."

"Well, I rather like your appearance—rather a clever sort of a lad. The fact is, I've a little job on hand that will pay you well if you manage it right alone. If you'll assist me, and do your work up right, you shall be liberally rewarded. What say you, my boy?"

"Well, op'n, I'm in the market. Let's have yer money."

"I never pay till the work is done—that has been the rule of my life—but you shall be well paid, if you do what I shall tell you.

"My name is Quirk Quibbleton, Esq., attorney-at-law, and general land agent, &c., &c., I am the testamentary guardian of the young lady in the house here—Miss McRae. Furthermore, I expect in the course of a few weeks to become her natural and legal guardian for life, or marrying her.

"That young quack of a doctor underneath the tree, has got a notion that he can get the cash from me. The old man, her uncle, is opposed to it, and I'm opposed to it myself, and between us we hold the purse strings, and they govern everything—do you understand, eh?

"Now, my business here to-night is to see the old gentleman, but as I found that cursed doctor in the house, I thought it best to secrete myself until he is out of the way, because—because I have got a very violent temper, and if I should meet him, I'm afraid I might hurt him, or else he might hurt me, which would be a great disadvantage to you know. I have good reason to believe that Miss Lucretia are laying their heads together for an elopement—not because the girl cares anything at all for him—but she's a young, giddy thing, and had just as lief elope as not, simply for the romance of the thing, and because, too, she thinks it will spite her uncle and me.

"Now, if it is as I suppose, as soon as the doctor's interesting friend sees Miss McRae in a big rock in the corner of the orchard behind the house. What I want of you, is to go there and like a gentleman, offer your services and report it to me. In the meantime, as soon as the doctor's gone, I must have a talk with the old gentleman, Mr. Pringle.

"The dog is out of the way at present, and will be, until you can get down from your present position, when you can slip down from here without attracting attention, and run around to the rock. Meet me in an hour, or as soon after the interview between the old gentleman and I is over, as you can, at the little gate at the end of the lane, and if you follow my instructions, and obtain the desired information, I will give you five dollars."

Whoo-ray! Paddy's born to good luck! Sure now, give us yer hand, ould sir, Mr. Squire Quibbleton, Esq., attorney-at-law, &c., you're a magnificent man—honor, so ye are."

With the agility and nonchalance of a squirrel, Tappy slided to the ground on the opposite side of the tree from where Mr. Pringle and his guest were seated, and made his way to the orchard, where he had no difficulty in finding the designated rock.

Half an hour afterwards, just as Tappy began to think that Squire Quibbleton had been hoaxing him, he heard the sound of voices in the room from behind the rock. Dr. Hippocrates Quackrody and Miss McRae were standing within arm's length of him.

The copies was right; as elopement was on the tapis. Dr. Quackrody had a fair of the case before projected in such a pleading, oily, insinuating, audacious tone on the part of the sloper, or succeeded on the part of the eloper, with such an outburst of girlish, thoughtless glee; positively as a spoiled and petted child of fifteen might be expected to succeed in accomplishing anything the prospect of sure fun, and a rare opportunity of revenge upon a tyrannical, fussy old uncle, and a persevering, intriguing suitor in the shape of a fortune hunting

Here the two also listened, wondered at the thoughtless, reckless levity displayed in the tones of this child-woman, at the prospect of playing such a practical joke on her old guardian, relation. Not a particle of affection for the man who proposed to assist her in this delectable enterprise, not the slightest shade of doubt, thought of, or care for the consequence to herself, was manifested. To this ardent, sparkling, spirited child, to grow weary of the peevish domination of her uncle, and the amorous advances of a disagreeable suitor—old enough to be her father—the affair proposed was merely a harmless frolic, calculated to relieve the tiresome monotony of her every-day existence.

The doctor, elated by his success, escaped to seal the compact on her lips, and was replaced with a sympathetic kiss, and in this that brought a shy full of meteors across his vision.

"To-morrow night at midnight!" was the time; that same old rock the place—and a horse and buggy in the point of woods on the top of the hill, the means of transportation to the Maryland line, and I was settled, and a certain little lady graciously condescended to allow the tips of her fingers to be pressed for a moment by the man she was about to run away from home and friends with.

CHAPTER III.

"How did it happen? Why, easy enough. The girl, you know, rides like a witch—that, as sticks on like a limpet, can ride over the high water level water, she must have her canter every day on the bank of black Nell. Well, yesterday afternoon, after the usual gallop, a little, she started out as usual, very much against my wishes, Squire Quibbleton; but, ha! she's just like a spoiled child, and she will have her own way about things, you know. Well, sent here, at Mulberry Hill, at the usual crossing, the mare got frightened at something, and ran away with her. Now, of course, you know is pretty spirited, though gentle enough for common. Well, she's got some of the best blood in her that's to be found in old Virginia—the mare, I mean."

"Yes, yes, I know, I'm aware. You are as proud of the blood of your horses as you are of your own."

"Very well—every whit! air, and have as much reason. However, that's got nothing to do with the story. Cretia crabbe the animal like a cross old maid as she is, and no doubt would have usually pulled her in, but the creature took the cross road for a bridle—"

"Bless me!"

"Yes. The bridge, you know, over Tumble Creek, has just been carried away by the freshet, though Cretia didn't know anything about that. Round the sharp turn went black Nell, down the hill, and, at one jump, landed in the middle of the boiling creek!"

"Good heavens! dear me! You don't say so! How did she get out? I saw the stream this morning, and she one scathing, foaming torrent, ten times its usual size. I had been there, Mr. Pringle, I—I'm afraid I should have jumped in and committed suicide in the attempt to save her."

"Oh, pshaw! squire. You know you never did anything so foolish as that in your life. However, in fact, that is just what a bold fellow did do."

"How? You don't mean—jumped in and committed suicide—"

"Not at all. He jumped in, though, and saved her life and his own, too."

"You don't say so! Who was he?"

"Don't know. You see it happened to be close by the Yankee camp, and—"

"Oh, one of those cursed thin coats, was it? Just like them; these fellows are so confoundedly impertinent!"

"Very true, squire. Still, I can't help thinking that, if I had been in Creole's place, I could have very well excused a piece of impertinence like that —under the circumstances, you know."

"No, sir—no, sir! There's no excuse for such an—an—what the deuce was the fellow doing there? What business had he to wear his hair so? In fact, sir, what business had Miss Lucretia to ride out all? It's an—an—it's an unwarrantable interference, sir. You must talk to the girl—I'll talk to her myself. Who knows! Just as likely as not the young scapegrace will be failing in love with her, or she with him. Young ladies are always romantic—particularly after such a wetting as she has had; and if it should turn out so, I'll note well you what, Mr. Pringle, we shall have more trouble than we have had with the doctor."

"Nothing, nothing in that, Faith, I didn't think of that," said Mr. Pringle, fidgetting nervously. "But, squire, I have no fears. There's not in Miss Lucretia Mellon a vain noble blood—in fact, sir, the blood of the Pringles, although she bears another name—and, however grateful she might be to her deliverer, she would never so far demean herself."

"Demean herself! Don't talk to me about demeaning, Mr. Pringle, I understand the nature of such girls better. Why, what would you say if I should tell you that I'd even now got Sandy a plan to run away with the quack doctor?"

"What! what! Why, I should say, Squire Quibbleton, that you have forgot your judgment, that you—you—that you are egregiously mistaken —deceived. No girl with a drop of Pringle blood in her veins could be guilty of such a thing; besides, sir, don't we know that she's to be the possessor of all the Quibbleton estate—that it's out and out her heir in the world—the last of my line—and haven't many more days to number? And don't we know that she should be above being like that that I'll—I'll make a will, and—and give my property to Jeff Davis, or Satan himself, sooner than allow the heiress to jump? Don't we know that the whole of her own property is now in your hands, and that if you mistrusted that she'd ever thought of marrying, that you'd—you'd confiscate the whole of it? The thing, squire, is—it's absurd."

"The thing, Mr. Pringle, is a fact, nevertheless, as I will prove to you by the mouth of an eyes and ear witness. I've got to go with me to Sandy at the end of the lane. You think that your niece is in her room at this very moment, as she ought to be, and that I am coming quack, who got you a short time ago, is on his way home; but you are mistaken, my dear sir—woefully mistaken. Sandy, I am noticing, has not the son of a prophet, I would, nevertheless, make a small bet that they are both at this moment enjoying a fine cigar each at the back side of the garden. What do you think of that, Mr. Pringle?"

"Fire and furies, sir! What do I think? I won't think such talk as that, not even from my honorn friend. Do you mean to say, sir—do you dare to presume to say that a girl with Pringle blood in her veins—would— I'll go right straight myself, and—"

"Mr. Pringle, keep cool, don't get excited; you know you're dreadfully nervous. Don't you see I'm cool, and I'm a lover, you know, as well as the girl's grandfather, and right sorry to feel as much interest in the matter as you. The difference, Mr. Pringle between you and me is, that you, in all your pride, have been taught to believe that everything is as it appears to be; while I have been accustomed to find that everything appears to be to be a sham. You are always blindly trusting; I am always on the alert—suspecting. Why! do you know I suspect everybody and everything, habitually, systematically? I don't even trust you or myself altogether. I don't even trust you, when I want you to trust occasionally. Perception, Mr. Pringle, penetration, knowledge of human nature, is a great thing in politics, as well with one's affairs as the world. Why, I can look right into a man at a glance and tell whether he's reliable or not. I have never been deceived in my life, sir. It was only to-night, as I was on my way here, I'd ceased to meet a shrewd, intelligent looking fellow that I had never seen before; and although he was clad in the hisied uniform of a Yankee soldier, I was struck with his keen appearance, asked him a few questions, and engaged him on the spot to perform a most important service. What do you suppose it was, Mr. Pringle?"

"How can I tell?"

"Well, sir, it was to go to the big rock in the corner of the garden, and secrete himself there, so as to be able to report correctly the plan of the elopement, which I have the best of reasons for believing will be laid at the regular meeting this night, between Miss Lucretia and Quackwody. Do you understand, sir?"

"Eloped! Regular meeting! An Irish bosby hired to dog the steps of my niece! Demons and darkness, Quirk Quibbleton, what are my house! I repeat, you've insulted my whole line. Do you know that she to whom you refer has got the blood of the Pringles in her veins; and do you think that she could talk of elopements, and hold 'regular meetings' under my very nose, with—with a man who has not met her in my own house? Go, sir—go! No man who talks thus can be friend of mine, even remotely!"

"Joh Pringle! Do I deserve that at your hands? Twenty years ago, when your house and your land once were carried away by a flood that has never been equalled in this valley, save by the present, did I—— But, ah, I see your eye softon now. You know who befriended you then, who rode night and day along the stream, until he was at length enabled to bring back the mournful intelligence of their fate. Well, let it pass. I can forgive you. You have never been the same man since, that you were before that dreadful catastrophe. What I have said in regard to Miss Lucretia I have good reasons for saying, as I shall show you. Come with me."

Squire Quibbleton led the way to the gate at the end of the lane, where he had agreed to meet Tappy, the drummer-boy.

"Now, then, Pringle, there's my saw Irish that I picked up to-night, for the first time. He's punctual to the minute. Ah, it's a great thing to have an observing eye, and be a diligent judge. I've been deceived in my man yet," whispered the squire complacently, as they caught sight of Tappy, seated on the gate-post, whistling "Rally Round the Flag, Boys."

Tappy's report was made greatly to the gratification of the squire, and to the mortification of Mr. Pringle.

"And you are sure that one o'clock was the hour appointed, my lad?" asked the squire at the conclusion.

"Sure, sir! to be sure I'm sure, as much as I am that I'm talking to gentlemen this minute," responded Tappy, stuffing his promised reward into his pocket.

Squire Quibbleton did not wait to reflect upon any latent meaning they might have been conveyed in Tappy's words, but turned towards his companion, muttering:

"It's no wonder they didn't make it midnight; that's the romantic hour. Faith I but won't they be astonished to find themselves tricked!"

"Astonished! but won't somebody else be astonished to find himself tricked, ye old hillguard!" muttered Tappy.

CHAPTER IV.

"Well, Tappy, so here you are at last! What has kept you so long?" inquired Mr. Here I've been waiting half the night for you. Give an account of yourself."

"Why, sir—an' indade—lieutenant—give a fellur a little time to get breath—won't you? Sure I've run mo breath clane out of me body thryin' to get up wid you, an' I'm only baste ur a dog—dog that carries away the sate o' me trousers, an—an' made me shmir a hole in me shirt, too. An' as for the rest, you might inter a sossidge wid hayther, wid a cape over his face, by the name of Squire Squibbleton, or anothership of that kind, for the Colonel girl, wants to marry her bodies, an' he got me tostand on picket for him a while, while he tell-ed for the cord. Be-dad—ah—an' I'm not sure but I'll have the money yet—an' so I hid behind the rock an' heard all about the girl and a fellow they call Quirk, and how they slep' last night at two in the mornin' wid each other an' got married; though it's plain enough the girl don't care a button for him, and that she never met the fun o' the thing, an' had just as hef run away wid one good-looking fellur as another—an' I believe, from what I've seen of the girl myself this very minute, case when I sullored her to the house afterwards, and pretended as though I'd met some of the fellurs on the road, and I inquired her the flowers, an' save I, as partic as I have how, she says: 'Lieutenant Dunean, this has been a day I remember her very words, for I thought at the time I never saw a swather look so much like a gintleman as you do.' Now, lieutenant, sure I can never be sufficiently grateful for what he has done for me; and that, whether we ever meet again or not, I shall claim the privilege of considering him as among my very best friends.' An' when she turned away from me entirely, and I was going to look up to her eye that would have made yer heart jump, I can tell you. I tell you what, if I was in your place, sir——"

"Stop, stop, for mercy's sake! You overwhelm me, Tappy," purged Lieutenant Duncan, trying to keep from his companion's view a most mortification thou buried at him. "You run the breath out of your body, did you? Really, it's a body that can't run as fast as that you did. I'm afraid I couldn't keep up with you. If so the doctor has persuaded Miss Mellon to elope with him, has he? Well, I'm afraid, musingly, seizing upon the point that pressed him most sorely.

"Why, sir, that is, if you don't stop her, as I know you can, an' as I believe you've got the pluck to do. The girl will ruin herself, jest to spite that old bachelor of an uncle, who's dead been on having her to marry her guardian, Squire Shibleton, who's quite enough to have spoiled a dozen girls, let alone one christened, be jabers! and who don't care the snap o' his thumb about the girl, only for the property that she'll have when she's got her money. That's all—that's all! I can see!"

"I'm what would you have me do, Tappy? Burst off with the girl myself, disguised as the doctor? Upon my word, on ordinary occasions I wouldn't mind a bold, unpardonable, astounding like thing; but, somehow, with her—I couldn't deceive her. Shall I go openly and try to persuade her not to have a second husband? What do you?"

"Sure, sir, I'm not the one to give advice, but what, say, to set yourself up as my adviser? You're a sagacious youngsiver, what shall I do, Tappy?"

"Well, you see, I thought maybe you'd like to have a finger in the pie, and so I thought that if you'd heard that the runaway was to come off at one o'clock, when in fact the time agreed upon by the doctor and Gentle Lucretia was for dead ten yo see. Now you beat the big rock at the bottom of the orchard behind the house, at twelve o'clock, and the fairy, came after Pringle and her guardeen sint a going to interfere until the last minute. After three pounds this evening, you shall be at my assistance to go to the village. I'll find out where the doctor resides, and I'll have all the horses off his waggin in a jiffy, so I'll take me oath he don't reach the big rock before one o'clock will a whole skinful of he does then. So you'll have a whole hour all to yourself, to use as you see proper. An' a good dale can be done in the way o' marrying a gall, in an hour, if one is properly inclined for it."

"You're a genius, Tappy," said the lieutenant laughing and then meekly throwing himself upon his sof, he continued in a soliloquising tone, "Shall I do it? She's but a simple, spirited, thoughtless child; and I allow her to throw herself away thus? I rescued her from a watery grave. By she gods! she shall not now take a leap more dreadful in its probable consequences than the one she then took, without one effort of mine to prevent her."

"Tappy!" raising himself to his feet, "I am with you."

Quirk Quibbleton, Esq., attorney-at-law and general land agent, was, as he had said, not the man to put implicit confidence in any body. His whole life had been occupied in dealing out fraud, deceit, and cunning villany, to the world; and he had found that what he meted should would might be tempted to repay in kind.

So, in this instance, Quirk, upon mature deliberations, conceived that it would not be best to put too much faith in his own much vaunted judgment and penetration in a newly-found friend, but resolved to see for himself.

Considerately providing himself with a couple of stout bludgeons as well as a bold gravel, and prevent any misadventure to his own precious person in the possible scuffle that might ensue between himself and his audacious rival, the doctor, Quirk took up a favorable position for observation in the neighborhood of the rock before mentioned, on the next night, at the seasonable hour of eleven; leaving the rheumatic representative of the Quibbleton race—who had a horror of the night air—reposing in an unshaken faith in the vigilance of his ally, and the downy ease of a four-post bedstead.

At midnight, Quirk had the unbounded satisfaction of seeing the closely-wrapped figure of a female, attended by a man, and, almost simultaneously, his ward come tripping lightly up the path leading from the house, with her bonnet on her hands, humming a snatch of pastoral melody, as unescorted as a milkmaid going to her task.

Quirk's heart bounded within him, as though it would burst at the sight, and he gave forth an exclamation from the lady, and saw her start with surprise—but he saw nothing more.

Lieutenant Duncan, behind him, as though by a preconcerted plan had been turned loose, with his bottles tied to their tails.

Quirk, thus disarmed, and clung to her companion for protection; the two stout fellows blinded by the dust, and the rear of the animals with a good round oath a piece; the last of his line, dozing in the colossal arm-chair by the open window, in the garden mama s'wig, with his bald pate enveloped in a night-cap, started downstairs and up the garden walk with as much speed as his short and rotundure would admit of. Quirk Quibbleton lay crushed and mangled on the sod, while away over the fields, with ear-piercing shrieks of fear and agony, sped the phantom of a horse, with the debris of a wagon flying at the traces.

A wondering group gathered around the wounded man as the sibilings-come of the Pringle mansion whose name he had learned for the occasion. No doctor was there, but instead, the commanding form of a Federal lieutenant, while a tall, slender figure had hovered in attentive spectator of the scene.

Mr. Pringle, fidgety, fussy Mr. Pringle, in his night-cap, dressing-gown and slippers, dropped a pillow-case that, in his confusion and dismay he had caught up instead of a shawl, and gazed in astonishment at the stranger. Even the groaning wretch on the sofa, catching a glimpse of that familiar face, ceased his lamentations, and even raised his head to get a better view.

"Who—who are you, sir?" gasped the white old man, recovering his voice, and finding a chair for support.

"Pooh," said Miss Lucretia, "this is Lieutenant Duncan—the gentleman who saved my life!"

With a deep groan the wretch on the sofa fell back in a swoon.

"Who—who—who—did you say? Duncan—Duncan—Lieutenant Duncan! I—it cannot be—shall not I say it *shall not be*!" fairly shrieked Mr. Pringle, beside himself with excitement. "Quirk Quibbleton—Quirk, you—you if you do now I'll never forgive you! Get up."

As if inspired by the irresistible magic of his words, Quirk Quibbleton man groaned, and opened his eyes with a bewildered stare. Finally they rested once more on the lieutenant, and by force of that magnetism drew him to his side.

"Who are you?" asked Duncan. "I have seen you before, I think."

Without answering the question, Quibbleton addressed himself to Mr. Pringle.

"That was what the temptor said to me, and I yielded. I buried my secret in my bosom, and schooled myself to look down into the arid recesses of your desert heart without compunction.

"But—it's all up with me now. That accursed hornet my leg is smashed to a jelly. Here, Mr. Pringle is *your long lost son*. And you, sir, are no longer Lieutenant Duncan; you are Harry Pringle that was carried off by the Indians forty odd years ago. Honest Jemmy Duncan, of Pittsburg, is my poor foster father. You have a belief around your neck!"

The young man produced it wonderingly. Twas a dainty affair, attached to a silken cord, and containing a diminutive likeness of the pretty Mr. Pringle, younger by a score of years, with an infant boy and girl upon his knee. It was the picture of the honest Jemmy Duncan had found upon the neck of his little foundling, and which had always remained there surrounded by a veil of sacred mystery.

At sight of that well-remembered trinket, and the countless rills of a father's love overflowed in their long dear and barren water-courses, and poured about side in copious showers from eyes unused to tears for so old man took to his heart once more, the idol that had been dead and buried for twenty years.

With attempt to transfer to poor paper the matchless tints of the rainbow, the fragrance of the crushed flower, or the sacred symphonies of a parent's love suddenly waked to life by the breath of a child recovered from the tomb?

Human speech and language—is more susceptible to ludicrous appearances than the most sublime sentiment. Those who fail to fully appreciate the feelings of the father, can, at least, laugh at the follies of Pringle the aristocrat.

"And so," said Mr. Pringle, addressing himself to the newly-identity like a man trying on a new coat, "and so the dead carried me away, it seems, and you brought me back again."

"Ah!" said Mr. Pringle, the elder, addressing himself to Dr. Quackready who had now arrived, and stood in wondering, awe-struck group at the gate on his left cheek, "there's a certain something about blood that will always—hamper it however you will—defy all rules and ascertain principles—if it has any—at unexpected crises. Who but a Pringle would ever have thought of jumping into a blazing stable for the purpose of saving the life of an unknown female?"

"Father, I will not venture upon a reply. He was altogether too much chagrined and bewildered by the events of the night, including the loss of a valuable horse and the prospect of an immediate alliance with the heroes of the Pringle estates, to fully comprehend the new order of things. Two facts, however, he did not fail to impress himself with, the face upon him; one, that Miss McRae was test to him for ever; and the other, that Quirk Quibbleton was dead, he had at his hands a splendid subject upon which to test the benign operations of the Amnesty proclamation. Here was a delicate subject, above all others, most acceptable to the experimental investigations of the new-born zeal that had incited many to the cause. Upon him the doctor could watch the effects of his nostrum with a most sublime indifference as to whether it killed or cured.

After heaping his victim upon the rack for several days, the knife of an army surgeon (or was it a butcher?) was finally applied to the unfortunate Quibbleton, for at the expense of a limb.

"What's the use living for my sake of mind, that I didn't turn out to be your father's son instead of my father's son?" exclaimed Lieutenant Pringle, to himself afterwards, in bitter accents.

"Why so, sir?" she asked demurely.

"Why? 'cause—because there's nothing in the world I'd like to keep cousins from marrying you know."

"Provided they agree to do so, eh?"

"Provided they agree to do so, eh? You most decidedly wished for," quoth Mr. Pringle (Richard was himself again)—"thereby preserving the blood of the Pringles in a direct manner, you can't deny it, and be the wife of my heir, although you cannot be my heir, since I belong to the younger generation myself—and a direct descendant of the Pringles—and I am no longer the last of my line."

SOVEREIGNS DINING AND SUPPING IN PUBLIC.

The custom was observed at an early period, for we find Richard II. and King Henry IV. and Isabella, or France, kept their court at Westminster during the ceremonial festivals of Christmas and Easter, as they were *dining in public* in the great banqueting-hall, a woman in a mask entered on horseback, and rode up to the royal table, where she spoke to King Edward, who, imagining that it contained some important secret or state communication, ordered it to be opened and read aloud for the amusement of his courtiers; but, to his great mortification, it was found to contain only unkingly reproaches, setting forth in no measured terms all the calumnies which his unpopularity had brought upon him. Then the woman was immediately taken into custody, and committed to the Tower, followed by a crowd of people. The knight boldly acknowledged what he had done, and said, "that, supposing it to be a matter of importance, he had taken that method of apprising him of the complaints of his people."

Henry VIII. was very fond of "*dining in public*." There was such a resort to Bridewell Court on Sunday, July 24, 1514, to see their majesties dine that the surrounding the table to keep and causing some to fall, made the number of persons who lost their lives on that occasion to be reckoned at four. And, "On Thursday, the feast of St. Augustine, it is stated, there were present at the royal majesty's dinner in public at Hampton Court Palace, the Archbishop of Canterbury (the second personage of that day), named the ministers among the nobility who waited on the king, and the ladies who waited on the ladies 'gentle men ushers and lords' supports carr on ye number.'" Again, on July 26th of the same year, "Their majesties dined together in public at Windsor in the presence of the Emperor's ambassador, and during their stay there, which all the country people, whether men or women, were permitted to be present at."

Besides these three occasions of Charles II. and Queen Caroline dining in public, on the coronation day, attended with some circumstances, as mentioned in the *London Gazette* of 1821, of state by August 1, 1717, "the king, being Sunday, their Majesties, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and the Princess Amelia, however, went to chapel at Hampton Court—and heard a sermon preached by the Bishop of Peterborough. Their majesties, and the rest of the royal family, dined afterwards in public as usual, before a great number of spectators."



THE SARATOGA RACES—VIEW OF THE GRAND STAND—THE HORSES STARTING.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

THE SARATOGA RACES.

THE races at Saratoga this season have been unusually brilliant, and to all lovers of "a fair field and no favor," extremely satisfactory. The weather was most auspicious, and the public interest in the races seemed to be greater than was ever before manifested at that fashionable summer resort.

Most noticible among the many splendid turnouts on the road, was Mr. Simson Leland's four-in-hand, which attracted universal attention. For the first race, on Monday, there were entered six horses—Bowie & Hall's Richmond, Alesia, Maiden, Sarah K. Bush and Grimstead. The mile and three-quarters was made in 3 minutes 13½ seconds, Maiden being first by a length. Alesia second, and Richmond third, and the rest nowhere.

The second race, on the same day, of two mile heats, was even more exciting, and at the close of the last heat, when there was a desperate contest, was bewildering. Five horses were entered—Arcola, Aldebaran, Fleetwing, Annie Butler and Thunder. Arcola was first in both heats—time, 3:42½ and 3:41½. Fannie Butler and Fleetwing, were respectively, second; Aldebaron got in third at last.

On Tuesday only three horses were entered for the first race, the Saratoga Cup, Kentucky, Rhinodyne and Capt. Moore's horse. The heat was two miles and a quarter, and the betting was very heavy, Kentucky being the favorite. The three got a fair start, and Rhinodyne led off in the first half closely followed by Moore. On the second mile, the trial was reduced down to the latter and Kentucky. Kentucky kept a little ahead during the rest of the race and came in by a length ahead.

The second race of the day was between five horses, Arcola, Lexington, Lexicon, Monmouth and Southerner. The first heat was made in 1:45½, Arcola, the favorite in the betting, getting the lead and keeping it throughout. The contest for the second place was between Lexicon and Lexington, which continued close to the stand. The second heat demonstrated the superiority of Arcola. He came in by neck—time, 1:46.

The race on the 25th, for a purse of $500, for three year olds, a mile and a half, was very exciting, and drew large crowds to the track. Baltimore was the winner by a neck—time, 2:41½. The favorites were



THE SARATOGA RACES—THE HOME STRETCH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.



THE SARATOGA RACES—THE HORSES PASSING THE JUDGES' STAND.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

beaten, and the losses of their backers were heavy. Clita came in second, Gilda was third, and Blue Flag fourth.

The second race was for the Saratoga stakes for two year olds; distance, one mile. In this contest Ulrica was the victor; time, 1:51¾. Prophet was second, Salmoneus third, and Lightning fourth.

The third trial was for all ages; purse, $300; distance, a mile and a quarter. Arcola was the victor in 2:13½; Minnie Roth came next; Nellie Graves third; Ludeme fourth; Climax fifth; Richmond sixth.

The purse for all ages, which concluded the sports of the day, brought a field of six, and gave rise to a considerable speculation outside of the previous favorite, Arcola—the stable mate of Kentucky—who was booked the winner, and was so backed by a length.

On Thursday, of the five horses entered, Throgsneck won the first race—time, 2:42. The second race—Purse $1,000 for all ages—two three-mile heats, which might have involved a nine mile race had there been a tie, was won by Fleetwing. Time, 5:31½. First mile, 1:56.

The first race on Friday resulted in Baltimore being declared the winner. Time, for two miles, 3:41½; first mile, 1:51. The second race, after a hot contest with Madeleine, was won by Lexington. Time, 1:51.

The races closed on Saturday. The running comprised a hurdle race, a walk over, a mile dash, and a mile handicap race. The latter was the feature of the day, no less than seven heats being run before the contest was decided in favor of Thunder. The owners of Fleetwing challenged Kentucky to run a four-mile race on Monday, but the challenge was declined.

All of the contests were of the most exciting character, and the city was filled to overflowing with strangers. Had it not been for the great Union Hotel, around whose Lind it not been for the great Union Hotel, around whose capacious dining-room tables 1,500 people can be accommodated at one time, there would have been but little chance for the comfort and convenience of thousands.

THE METROPOLITAN FIRE COMMISSIONERS

And Chief-Engineer Kingsland.

PROBABLY no change in any municipal department of the city of New York has been attended with so much discussion as the establishing of a Paid Fire Department in the metropolis. After the display of considerable legal acumen the Court of Appeals finally decided that the act of the Legislature creating the department was constitutional, and the New Commissioners—C. C. Finckney, Martin B. Brown, F. W. Engeer—C. C. Finckney, Martin B. Brown, F. W. Engeer, W. Booth, at once entered upon their duties. After the usual preliminary business of organization, Mr. Elisha Kingsland was chosen Chief-Engineer. We believe this appointment has the perfect approval of every brave this appointment has the perfect approval of every fireman in New York, and we know that we cannot make a more acceptable offering to them than the portrait we publish in our present number.

The four Commissioners are all well-known and popular men, and have been all of them, more or less, connected with the department they are now called upon to preside over.

THE NEW STEAM FIRE-ENGINE, METROPOLITAN NO. 1.

THE new steam fire-engine, Metropolitan, No. 1, built for the Metropolitan Fire Commissioners at the Amoskeag Works, Manchester, has been tried and has proved to be one of the finest steamers in New York. The engine when "running to a fire" will be drawn by two horses, and will be taken care of by experienced men, who will be paid liberal salaries by the commissioners.

The boiler of the steamer is 36 inches in diameter, and 65 inches in length; it contains 318 copper tubes, 24 inches long and one and a quarter inches in diameter, made of the best boiler plate, of a suitable thickness, made of the best boiler plate, of a suitable thickness, cased in wood and covered with Russian iron, with brass bands, and with a brass dome and chimney casing.

There are two double-acting pumps, lined with brass, four and a quarter inches in diameter and 12-inch stroke, with rubber valves and brass valve seats.

The steam cylinders are eight inches in diameter and 12-inch stroke, working on the same piston rods with the pumps.

The engine is supplied with two lengths of best rubber suction hose, made upon copper rings, four and a half inches in diameter inside. The suction pipe of the pumps is fitted on each side with a brass cap, to close the openings if desired; and with a vacuum chamber made of burnished copper.

There are two discharge pipes for the leading hose with a complete set of "nozzles" for change, from one and a half inch to seven-eighth inch diameter. Altogether the Metropolitan, for beauty of finish and strength of construction, may be considered, *par excellence*, the best in the city.

LOSS OF THE STEAMSHIP GLASGOW.

THE British steamship Glasgow, of the Inman line, which was burned on the 31st ult., while on her passage from New York to Liverpool, is another appalling evidence of the perils of ocean navigation. Among the many dangers that beset humanity by sea and land, there is none more terrible than that which startles the mariner on the wide wastes of waters with the cry of "fire!" To be one among hundreds of panic-stricken human beings crowded upon the deck of a burning ship, no sail, no land in sight; far as the eye can reach the monotonous waves heaving in pitiless placidity, and to see the lurid flames belching forth from below, hissing and curling about the cordage and the masts, to feel their hot breath come nearer and nearer, with no refuge from the most agonizing tortures, except to the equally fatal embrace of the surrounding billows. It is a picture fearful to imagine—then how horrible to realize. Providentially on this occasion no lives were lost, and some two hundred and fifty passengers were rescued by the barque Rosamond, and were safely returned to New York on the evening of the 3d of August.

THE following anecdote is told of Daniel O'Connell. Meeting a prelate pamphleteer, whose productions generally found their way to the butterman, he said, "I saw something very good in your new pamphlet this morning." "Ah!" replied the gratified writer, "what was it?" "A pound of butter," was the reply.

HE who, by his conduct, makes good friends on the one hand, and bitter haters on the other, gives evidence that there is something of the bold, independent, upright man in his composition; while the chicken-hearted, imbecile character is capable of making neither friends nor foes.



GENERAL VIEW OF GLOUCESTER AND HARBOR, MASS., THE GREAT FITTING-OUT PORT FOR THE COD AND MACKEREL FISHERIES OF NEW ENGLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY EDW. D. WATTS.

DEATH.

BY FANNIE BRUCE COOK.

We are marching, ever marching,
To the open gates of death;
We are nearing with each moment,
With each pulse throb, and each breath;
Ever onward is life's journey,
Never backward can we turn,
Though all rugged be the pathway,
And the skies look dark and stern.

Some are hast'ning, madly hast'ning,
On to meet the victor knight,
Others loiter by the wayside,
And will shrink to face his blight;
While 'mid rev'ling scenes of pleasure,
Crowds are gather'd in the dance,
Hearts are smitten ev'ry instant
By the ghostly monarch's lance.

The marriage bells glad ringing
On the shining air they send,
Yet each knell brings bride and bridegroom,
Ever nearer to Time's end;
The warrior, proudly rushing,
'Mid the fearful battle's strife,
For country or for glory,
Yields to Death his mortal life.

See the maid, in love's first dreaming,
Cast, like faded lily down;
'Mid life's sorrowing or gladness
All must meet Death's blasting frown.
Lo, he gathers youth like roses,
Locks whitening with Time's snow,
Young manhood and the baby face,
By his spell are stricken low.

In the land of fair Italia,
Or the icy, frigid zone,
Mortal captives aye are falling
'Round the ruthless slayer's throne.
We are marching, ever marching,
To the open gates of death,
We are nearing with each moment,
With each pulse throb and each breath.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAZE," "REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.—RICHARD SLEUTH FINDS—ONLY TO LOSE AGAIN—HIS TREASURE.

Richard Sleuth stands for a moment after reading the codicil close by the open door of the safe, as if hesitating whether or no to return the paper to its place of deposit. He would doubtless prefer to keep the precious document under his own eye and custody till the alderman dies, which may not be many hours—nay, may even happen within a space to be reckoned only by minutes—but he is deterred by the obvious danger. Should any one properly authorised be sent by the old man to the safe—the lawyer, for instance, whose visit Sleuth particularly dreads—it might seriously compromise him to have it known that he had secretly abstracted it, and that he possessed a false key to the safe.

As he turned the paper over end over, he then first noticed, and, by the light of his guttering candle, read the pencil writing on the back, which was so faint as to be almost illegible—

"*For Richard Sleuth, if*——" and there the writer had stopped.

"If I pleased him, I suppose he meant to say," was the nephew's inner comment, while a strange look—half a smile, half a sneer—passed across his smooth face. "I have tried anyhow. I haven't forgot Anthony's offence—plain speaking. He shan't make me wince, whatever he says, so long as he only *talks*; but doing is another matter. 'Ware that, uncle!

"What's that—a bell ringing? Not his, I think, and if not it don't concern me."

But as Sleuth listens, with certain uneasiness as to what the incident portend—if, for instance, the alderman is calling the servants to his room to witness something—he hears quite other sounds—sounds that strike him as unusual. He cannot for some time make out what they are like, they are so low and muffled, but at last he fancies they are produced by the effort to lift up or force open some wooden structure, that creaks and splits with every attempt. There is a pause, the sounds apparently have ceased, and he is thinking of returning to the old man, to say that he can discover no traces of robbers, when again they begin. Evidently a shutter or door below is being forced open—probably by a crowbar. Yet would thieves go on with such operations while a light is visible through the window—the light from Sleuth's own candle? Surely not?

Perhaps, however, they have seen the light so often since the alarm has been given, and the servants have roamed over the house to explore, that they have ceased to care for them. They may be growing reckless and impatient, as the night wears on and their work is unaccomplished.

Then he thinks with alarm of himself being seen so engaged, with the open door of the safe. He blows out his candle, and in the darkness returns the codicil to its place, not without a thrill, partly at the unexpected sound of the gold he had rattled, but chiefly through the fear he may never again get hold of the coveted paper.

Withdrawing the key, and putting it, for security's sake, at the bottom of his watch-pocket—the watch being then worn in the trousers—he went to the window, drew back cautiously an inch or two of the blind, and looked out. For several minutes he saw nothing but the gentle swaying in the moonlight of the tops of the majestic poplars, which had found in the upper air the breeze which was so much wanted below. He was about to go away, when he felt as if a dead man's hand had suddenly been put upon his heart, and he saw first one figure pass across the ground below, between the poplars and the house, and then another, both evidently coming towards the balcony of this very room, which was a considerable height from the ground, but might, no doubt, be ascended by such desperadoes.

Sleuth was, undoubtedly, a coward. He might or might not be capable, under sufficient stimulus, of acts that hardly belonged to the category of cowardice. But he had that instinctive animal dread of personal injury which is characteristic of cowards, and stands quite apart from the ideal sense of danger which at times makes the bravest quail, till they are face to face with the spectre of their thoughts, and can act, when fear is known no more.

Should he show himself at the window, or raise the blinds, or throw up the sash and shout? Or should he fire off one of the barrels of his weapon, which he had hastily taken from the top of the safe, at the first intimations of the robber's actual presence? He could not resolve to do any of these things, dreading the robbers would fire at him in return, or brain him by a sudden blow from a bludgeon, if he exposed himself at the window; for by this time one or both might be on the balcony outside watching for him.

Suddenly, and to his great relief, he hears a loud, clear whistle from the neighboring paddock, which belongs to the house. He looks, in the hope of seeing some moving figure there between the heaps of new mown hay. But though he can see no one, he hears again the same sound. Is it a signal to the robbers of danger?

No; it is too clear, too expressive of individual enjoyment, for that. Robbers don't whistle snatches of the last London popular melody to warn each other, and go on doing it. Will it not, then, alarm these wretches and drive them back? Scarcely has the thought swept across Sleuth's brain, before he sees the two men swiftly re-cross towards the poplar, and disappear in the shade beyond, no doubt, towards the boundary wall, which is there at its nearest point to the road. Sleuth breathes again, as he thinks he is not only himself secure from harm, but that the safe—the shrine that holds what now to him is a kind of sacred scripture—is no longer in danger of being broken into by robber bands.

As he returned to the sick chamber and reported briefly what he had seen and heard, the alderman, while accepting Sleuth's assurances that there was no longer any danger, seemed struck with the evidence thus given that the vagrant's warning had been a honest warning, and that, possibly, with the inquisitiveness and love of adventure of youth, it was he whose whistle had proved of such timely service.

"Give him a dish of victuals, Dick, and a crown piece to-morrow, if he comes across you. Or, better still, instead of the money, give him a job, to see what sort of stuff he is made of. Half of my best men in business I picked up by being always ready to give a promising fellow a chance."

As Sleuth listened to this speech (and of course promised attention to it), he was struck by the change in the alderman's face during the brief time he had been away. Though it was as pinched and discolored as ever, and oozing with a kind of dew which seemed wrung out of the suffering man by the severity of his pain-burden, the voice had lost its loud and offensive tone, and suggested an unwonted feeling of mental relief.

Had anything happened in his absence? or was it merely that the alderman was better, and no longer in fear of impending dissolution?

"The cordial once more, Dick," he said, with a certain cheeriness of manner. "It's drinking death, I know! Never mind; work must be done, even——"

The sounds died out to Sleuth's ear, though the alderman's lips still moved.

"Uncle, do you know I think you'll get better; I fancy I see a change already."

"It's a lie, Dick!" roared the alderman. "You don't. You know better. You ——"

Passion choked the remainder of what he had been going to say; and then, as he got quiet again, he felt sore and angry that his improved state of feeling—almost approaching to resignation—should have been so wantonly broken in upon by what he felt to be suggestions and assurances that no honest or true friend would give him at such a time.

Biting away at his finger nails, and striving to forget these provocations which he could not afford to resent, Sleuth, to make himself a job, went to the window and looked out. What is that he sees! Phillis, with her bonnet on, crossing the little back-yard to go to the outer door. He does not give himself time to ask why this should alarm him. He glides away, unnoticed by the alderman, into his little room—the dressing-room—closes the door, climbs through the open window, and drops to the ground by the aid of the pillars, where the rose thorns scratch his hands severely.

Phillis, at that moment about to open the door, hears a low sh—h! turns, and starts to see Richard, just as if she had thought she had never fully loved him.

"Oh! have you come out?" she said, trying to looked pleased. "Well, if you wait a minute, I shall be back directly; I'm only just going to run down to the lodge."

"Wait!" exclaimed Sleuth, gallantly offering his arm; "that's very likely, and let you go by yourself."

"Oh! but indeed I'm not at all frightened," Phillis protested eagerly, "and—and—your uncle. We mustn't both be away together."

"He sent me out for a few minutes' walk himself," said Sleuth; "and as he sent you, too, he'll know it's no use ringing his bell again till one of us comes back."

Phillis looked searchingly at him, and the hand under her shawl trembled. Sleuth's quick ear caught the sound of rustling paper. He stopped, and stopped her in the middle of the path.

"Phillis!"

"Richard, don't stop me, pray don't. I must go; I must, indeed," she said, bursting into tears.

Those tears gave Sleuth great strength. He had never before had the pleasure of making anything but animals weep. He felt there was no end to his power over this trembling girl.

"Give me that letter, Phillis," he demanded, holding out his hand. A great feeling of relief had come over him. Whatever had been done was easily undone, since Phillis was the old man's messenger.

Phillis laid her little hand on his arm, and lifted her brown eyes imploringly to his face; but Sleuth told himself that not only had he the letter safely in his keeping while it was in here, but that he would not be in a hurry to take the weight of his displeasure from her. What, then, was his astonishment, when Phillis said earnestly, almost passionately:

"Richard, you shan't have this letter. I know what it is. I know it may ruin all we have talked of, but I can't help it. It was one of those things we none of us can help. It took me all by surprise. But he begged me so, Richard, that I couldn't but promise; he told me he was dying, and how hard it went with him to die without seeing Mr. Anthony. He made me cry, Richard. He has been very kind to me, you know—how could I help promising?"

Sleuth looked at her a minute, contemptuously.

"I didn't suppose you'd refuse to promise," he said. "You would have been a little fool if you had. But, come, give us the letter, and have done with all this stuff. I don't know what's the matter with you to-night."

"Richard Sleuth!" said Phillis, "I may have altered in many ways since I came here, and since I saw you; but I never yet told a downright lie in my life, and I am not going to begin by breaking my word to a young man. I tell you plainly I'm going to send the gardener off on horseback to fetch Mr. Anthony. Try to prevent me, or meddle with the man, if you dare!"

Sleuth stood still in the path, but no longer in the superb attitude he had at first assumed. It began to dawn upon him that he had mistaken the extent of his power over Phillis. The love-making that he thought all over and done with, as regarded himself, had to be patiently began again to please her. He reflected, too, with savage despair, the lesson he had learned could not profit him tonight—the letter must go. Another word about keeping or delaying it, would do him more mischief with Phillis than he could repair. Besides, how could he afford to lose her help just yet?

He could not. It took him but an instant to think and decide this; then he stepped out of her way, dropping his face in his hands, just for a moment, before speaking to her.

"Oh, Phillis," he said huskily, "think of me as you like; tell my uncle all that has passed, if you like. I don't mind that. What I do mind and admire, is your splendid behavior. While you speak words which show me you have left off loving me, you make me love you a hundred times more. But go. Do your duty, noble girl. And if I can't but be sorry to see you helping away my uncle's wealth to a drunken spendthrift, it isn't because I lose it, but because one loses it who was born to grace such a sphere as I would have given her if——"

Sleuth was not so blinded with his emotion but he saw that Phillis was deeply affected by this speech.

"I believe that, Richard," she said; "I believe it from my heart; but it makes me all the more miserable to think you would have done a wrong to any one for my sake. Forgive all the unkind things I have said; but, indeed, it was hard to keep myself from doing wrong in this. Good-bye; I will not stay another minute."

"Ah! Phillis, you are too good for me," sighed Sleuth, as he kissed her cheek, wet with tears. Reversing his usual practice, in saying this he lied in his heart while his tongue told the truth.

A few minutes later he heard the tramp of a horse and the swing of the park gate. So did the alderman.

CHAPTER V.—RICHARD SLEUTH BEGINS TO DISCOVER HE IS A BORN ORATOR.

Sleuth's mind, as he left Phillis, would have been a study for a philosopher. He saw his three months' dream of future grandeur dying out, while yet unable to accept the fact as inevitable, that it was to prove but a dream. There could be no mistaking the alderman's intention in thus sending for Anthony. He was going to restore him to his former position as heir, and send him (Sleuth) back to the druggist's shop. Would the old man give him anything? Perhaps; perhaps not.

How long would Anthony be? It would not be humanly possible for him to come in less than three or four hours, even if all things were favorable. It was now ten o'clock. But Anthony might be out when the message arrived, spending the night in dissipation, or he might be away from London in the country, or he might be ill. Every additional hour's delay now was inconceivably precious. The codicil was in existence, was clear and absolute in its terms, was properly witnessed, was everything that heart of man could desire in his (Sleuth's) position, if only the alderman would let it alone but for a few hours, till, in fact, death should save him any further trouble.

Was it impossible for him, Sleuth, to do something even yet to propitiate the angry man, and keep him harmless till Anthony came, who might—Richard Sleuth only said to himself *might*—find his uncle dead? He must try. Going back through his dressing-room to the sick chamber, he says in his thickest and most buttery of tones—and they really have a kind of affectionate richness about them at such times—

"So, uncle, you have sent for Anthony! I am so glad! So very glad! I wanted to ask you to do it before, I really did, but was afraid to offend you."

"Hum! I acquit you, at all events, of ever trying," said the alderman, whom nothing that Sleuth said or did could please. Was he, the old man, foreseeing there would be an explosion, urging himself to be beforehand in making cause for his share in the quarrel?

"Yes, uncle," Richard went on, "I am quite thankful that we shan't have this said against us—that we couldn't forgive even at such a time; for you know, uncle, your cause is mine."

"Hum!" again muttered the sick alderman.

"And as to Anthony himself, he never could forgive himself for his behavior to you if he found you had been obliged to retain your disapprobation even unto ——"

"Death! Out with it, man! If I'm not afraid of the word, you needn't be."

"Yes, uncle, that's what I meant to say; and, of course, if you forgive him, as a Christian should, how much better to do it personally? Much better, isn't it, uncle?"

"Dick, let's have a few words, honest and straightforward on both sides, will you?"

"Yes, uncle," and Sleuth rubbed one hand over the other, as if in satisfaction that now he and his uncle were about to share a real bit of friendly and enjoyable confidence together. He came to the bedside, standing between the bed and the window, so that he might study the alderman's every look, now of painful interest to him, and not himself be taken unawares by any involuntary mismanagement of his face.

"Well, Dick, when I took you from the chemist's shop, you knew it was because Anthony had offended me. It doesn't matter now which was in the wrong, he or I. As you very properly say, a man in my position ought to be able to forgive, supposing Anthony to have been the chief offender. Well, I have been thinking a good deal while lying here, and the upshot is, I have sent for him, and you know, I suppose, what that means?"

"Yes, uncle, I think so," said Richard Sleuth, after a moment of terrible embarrassment, and making a new effort to arrest the stroke. "If you forgive him you would like to do something for him; of course, uncle, you will; and it's quite a pleasure to me to second that, if I may candidly speak out my opinion deferentially as becomes me as—as your heir."

"My heir!" thundered the old man. "What d'ye mean by that?"

"Didn't you, uncle, mean me to understand I was to be so when you brought me here?"

"And if I did; what then?"

Sleuth saw the dark, threatening look in the alderman's face, that warned him not to challenge the right of the dying man to alter his will a dozen times a day or night, if he pleased, so long as there was breath in the body and will in the soul to exercise the coveted power.

"Only this, uncle," said Richard, drawing courage from the conviction that he had already obtained a partial recognition of his claim; "that as, when I heard you say what you did, and saw how kindly you treated me, I said to myself—for I was a little frightened, I confess, about Anthony's offence, and said to myself, uncle, just this: 'If I do as Anthony did, I shall deserve to be treated as Anthony was—that's very clear.' Well, and then, uncle"—here the speaker found the richness of his tones affected by the exceeding dryness of his tongue, so he rather gulped down than drank half a glass of water, before the liquid was quite disposed of—"well, and then, uncle, I said, 'But if I don't behave like Anthony—if, knowing my uncle is a good man, and a wise man, and a strong man, I make up my mind to do just what he tells me, obey him in everything, never oppose him, try to please him always, and tend upon him, do all his errands, and fulfill all his little wants and wishes—if I do all this, I can't be wrong, for uncle is a just man, and he brought me here to be different from Anthony; and I will be different. Yes,' I said, 'he shall mould me as he likes. Who am I, that I shouldn't be glad to be taken by the hand, and made a man of? Yes,' I said, 'I shall put all my trust in uncle, and not mind my own likings and dislikings, nor what anybody else says or thinks, whether they like me or don't like me. I shall think only of my uncle.'

"There, uncle, that's what I said to myself, and I supplicate you, on my bended knees, to tell me if I have not behaved as I said I would?"

The orator paused, and felt the while a kind of little thrill at his heart, as though some other self had whispered to it—"Well done, Richard, you can speak! This is a natural gift. You had him there!"

Undoubtedly the speech had a kind of success. Its very directness and self-exposure tended powerfully to enforce its aim; and for once the alderman felt not only that his nephew had spoken to him in a truthful spirit, but had gone far to convince the alderman that he was not altogether acting rightly to Sleuth; not, at least, if he weighed only Sleuth's behavior. And as to secret dislikes and want of sympathy and so on, the alderman confessed to himself that his nephew had made out a better case for indulgent treatment than he had thought possible.

He turned about restlessly in bed, then rose a little, propped as usual by the high bank of pillows and Sleuth's careful hand, and, before saying anything, took a fresh draught of the cordial.

"Dick, that is the nearest approach to what I call manly behavior, on your part, that you have yet shown—cultivate it, Dick. And now to business. I very much fear my time is short. When Anthony comes, you mustn't wonder if I'm a bit taken up with him, seeing how the poor lad and I have been separated so long; I don't want you to think yourself badly treated. Open your mouth, then, and say what I can do for you."

"Oh, nothing more; nothing more, uncle! I must be covetous, indeed, if I were not satisfied with your generous, noble behavior and kind condescension—you finding me what I was——"

"Dick, what do you mean? What do you imagine I have done that you can thus speak of?"

"That's it, uncle," said Richard Sleuth, in

affright, at noticing how near he had come to a confession that he had seen and read the codicil. "I do imagine of course, uncle, that when I come here you were as good as your word, and—and—provided for me, as you had previously provided for Anthony."

"You rascal!" chanted the now infuriated man, "you have been rummaging among my private papers. You have been tampering with that codicil in the safe!"

"Upon now, uncle, you speak of a codicil which you know very well cannot have seen. You have never yet once sent me to the safe, so how could I see it?"

"Did you? Tell me that."

"No—no—no, uncle. But you see, uncle, I knew you would not do, because it was what you had led me to think about."

"Very well. Let us mark my words, Dick. That codicil, which I don't deny I did draw up, I now retract. You hear me? I make no charge against you, Dick, with you; but that I claim to leave my property as I please. I don't consider because I tried an experiment with you, that I am bound to go on with the experiment. Rule, just the same as if the experiment had succeeded. You and I, Dick, are different. That can't be helped, I know your manhood in accepting the inevitable. Anthony will be my heir."

Carried on by his fell fierce will, the alderman had recklessly played with his little remaining strength in talking so much. But he did not like Sleuth's attitude, words or policy. Upon all he poised him, as revealing something beneath the softness, the weakness, the excessive amiability, which had been his daily torture of late. He hesitokened, if not strength, a quality akin to strength. The pigeon him and sensed in him. What! the pigeon turning against him! Then he must stamp harder.

He had lightly to repent his effort to speak. While he paused, stooping a little forward to lull some internal pain, he murmured, in a voice that hardly seemed to belong to the same man:

"Dick, the cordial! I—I'm exhaust—quick?"

But while Dick hurries so fast as to upset it with an excitation of greed, the alderman's head dropped on his breast, and hunge heavy and motionless.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear! what shall I do?" exclaims Richard Blunt, in a quandary of sympathy and hands. "Uncle! uncle! Dear uncle!"

The head still hung heavily, and Richard Sleuth's momentary sense, full of fear, more hardly characterized by their usual effectiveness. Instead of lifting the hapless head and supporting it, as his shocked yet unconsciousness might return, he lifted the whole of the upper part of the body, by a powerful grip around the waist, with the other hand at last, with some dangerous swaying of the senseless, gray-haired head, to lay the alderman back upon the pillows.

When the old man recovered his senses, the first fact of which he was conscious was that Sleuth had got a spoon between his lips, and was pouring down some of the cordial.

If the leopard could change his spots, now was the time for the latter fact to illustrate the operation with praxis. The alderman remembered how bitter had been his last words, and he was prepared with some huge like gratefulness, the character of his nephew's act as he received.

"Thanks, Dick, thanks! I thought it was all over. Blessed be God, I have got another brief space for doing the right thing. Dick, forgive it, if I spoke harshly. I intended to do right by you more. Heaven help me with health to do it now. There is trouble in my soul, which I want to remove by the act of justice at death. I mean Anthony to do it; then I got afraid, and tried you, Dick. But what I want isn't in your way, but now you are a friend—will a thousand pounds set you up comfortable in your own style, and enable us to part in peace?"

"You are very good, uncle—very," was Sleuth's only answer.

He was busy wiping away with a towel that portion of the cordial which he had been unable to take up with a spoon.

"But what do you say?"

"I shall always be grateful, uncle, to you for your goodness. I couldn't say more, could I?"

"Now, Sleuth, don't, there's a good fellow—don't excite—don't set me off again. I asked you a plain question. Give me a plain answer, and don't, as I said, excite do much good."

"Uncle, let Anthony have all, if you like; but let me have the beautiful satisfaction of serving you to the last, without hope of fee or reward, and of hearing you repeat—what you said before—you know my faith at all to find with me. Let me be rich in that, uncle."

"Then, you won't take the thousand pounds? Take time, Dick, to consider—take time. It may save you thinking very uncomfortably all your lifetime after. Now, Dick, do you take or do you refuse?"

"Uncle! I am but a worm in your sight, I know. I refuse? No, I consider it an alleviation of the ideal. I will do as I have done all along—obey you—do what you wish—be what you choose to have me."

There was a deep silence. The alderman was holding a terrible battle with himself; but he conquered, and said, with emotional calmness, considering the boiling, feverish blood that poured through his veins:

"Upon your peril?"

"Yes, uncle, if you say I must."

"Not a sibling! There, go! I have done with you," blurted out the alderman, and closed his eyes, that he might no longer see the unpleasant figure.

"No, uncle," said the nephew with increasing boldness, "I shall not leave you till cousin Anthony comes; he can't be very long. I told Phillis to say from me how ill you were; but don't be angry, uncle, I beg you not to be. I am young, and in health; and if, as you think, I have much mean sense and spirit, I'm still not afraid to get fun. I shall try to do as you did, uncle. Yes, I shall imitate you, and make my own way in the world."

The alderman stared again and again at his nephew, and felt he must give up the attempt to understand him. Yes, the alderman began to confess that Dick Sleuth, whom he thought he had known so well, was, after all, an inscrutable problem. He said no more.

CHAPTER VI.—VOICES OF THE NIGHT.

It is two hours after midnight, and the alderman's state gets more and more critical. Anthony has not yet come. He drinks incessantly of the cordial, and accepts hardly Richard Sleuth's aid, who bathes his forehead with vinegar and water, and seems to have forgotten as well as forgiven all his little disappointment, and to be more zealous than ever in his ministrations.

The alderman sleeps uneasily, cannot be grateful. He thinks he perceives only too plainly that Sleuth expects he will die before he can execute any new testamentary bold by the force of the last expiring effort of will. He passed at times in the middle of a sentence, knowing nothing of what he had been going to say, unable to finish it, read or understand what he had begun. But it was useless to hold, and before Sleuth could return.

He will now ring the bell and call the servants to witness what he has written, and he will ask them to stay with him, for he a afraid of his nephew of his, and wouldn't like to be alone with him when he shall know of this act. The bell—where is it? Sleuth has taken care to put it in the usual place. Half-maddened with the disappointment, he makes a superhuman effort to turn and reach the table where the bell stands. He has just managed to see its red dangling cover a-char utterly beyond his reach.

* * * * *

The alderman's fear is realized—he becomes unconscious. The strange medley of ideas jostle each other in his brain, and find voice through the blanched, burning lips. Debtors are vindictively pursuing him—bailiffs with executions—female errors in their passing; and the balance sheet for the year is looked out with a sort of agonized silence as to the character, and with a proof of over-much triumph in the words, "Next year say he a bad one." Then he is in a magistrate's chair, sentencing rogues and vagabonds with a kind of grim contentment with the work in which justice and a child are before him, and he is troubled—he knows not why. Then, again, a change, and he is railing his nephew Anthony for having handsomer clothes than those which she shows him, in which she is going to court. And so the mad dance of thoughts goes on.

Richard Sleuth is back again, and watching. He and the old man now are agreed in one thing—the alderman's fear of dying—what to do for the alderman, he resorts to the cordial. He is doing so now. Then he stops, and listens to the voices.

The alderman sleeps. He removes the bell-pull from the chair—a little nervously. He plays with it a moment or two, goes to the table on the other side of the room, and then he vigorously tugs at it. He thinks, no doubt, that the servants ought to hear the bell in the basement.

They come—first Phillis, then the housekeeper, then others—and stand gazing just within the door. The housekeeper, Phillis and Sleuth go to the open window and draw up the blind, which has been down. A west small fills the chamber—shows the new-grown hay in the alderman's paddock.

The, or some less palpable influence, soothes the alderman's nerves; he gives a soothier tone to his fancies. He begins to "babble of green fields," when suddenly there rises into the still sounds as of a note, clear and shrill, as if to call attention; and then it is followed by a series of trills, and a flood of sadness, that expires in sighs. It hastens one common notion, which the housekeeper expresses in a whisper to the gardener:

"It's only a nightingale."

The nightingale, on ceasing, calls up a blackbird; and the blackbird, on ceasing, calls up a cuckoo; and the auditory begin to wonder when can possess the birds, to be singing so as untimed an hour.

The bird notes cease, and a human whistle succeeds. It is clear, joyous and full of exuberant animal humor, as if in jest of the songs of the birds. In the very midst it breaks out into a repetition of the most prominent notes of the latter, as if the performer remembered that bit lovingly, and was obliged to come back to it.

Gerald—for it is Gerald who has thus asserted performance, which lasted some minutes, had become the alderman's will talk. He was now quite silent, and apparently asleep.

The performer, who was lying somewhere among the hay, now began a new tune—one unlike aught he had done before—simple, slow, pathetic melody, having somewhat of a foreign parentage in its expression.

Who was the alderman? He has risen—turned his half side towards the window, and now stares, a very image of rapt wonder. Those his eyes close, and before any one of those present can touch him to help him, as they fancy he needs, the aged man of the world—the irritable, hopeless, irreligious man is singing a verse of a child's song, in a foreign language, and the tune is the same that the vagrant Esau has just been whistling from his ravishing place in the field, and the song is the same Flemish song that the dead Jessy's little girl had taught him, sitting on his knee, in the counting-house of Rotterdam.

A CERTAIN dramatic translator, introducing a well-known comedian as Madame Warris, said:

"Madame, this is Mr. B——, who is not such a fool as he looks."

"True, madam," said the comedian, "and that is the great difference between me and my friend."

Punch asks if any man can receive a more aggravating condition than to see his creditor driving a pair of dun Poland.

NIGHT SCENE ON THE SATTLE FIELD.

BY J. R. SWETT.

'Twas night, the light of the day had flea—

Ah, well I remember how dismal it seemed,
As the moon shone down on the dying and dead—
How ghastly the glassy eyes glared upward,
Upturned, and catching the rays that shone,
Dimly and ghostly-like, down on the plain;
And the fitful nightwind, with a wild, wailing tone,
Was laden with many an utterance of pain;
The wail, dread and mournful, was borne by the air;
As rocked by the wind they tossed hither and fre

A woman walked over the field that night,
And paused, unheeding, each agonized cry.
Oh, say, can a woman be blind to the sight
Of those who are dying in misery, unnerved by?
Yes, when her eyes are but searching for one,
Who, perhaps somewhere in the ghastly throng,
She stopped at last, for her search was done,
And the shivering moon was hid by a cloud;
But the tall dark pines moaned more mournfully slow,
As rocked by the wind they tossed hither and fre.

The cloud passed by and the moon shone out,
And by its dim gleaming revealed a scene
Sad and true to the offering sent out
By Cegeber, shown in its glimmering sheen.
The woman was there, but she walked no more—
The lay of a corpse was the form of a woman;
And we saw by the moon that was glimmering o'er,
Her life from its burden of sorrow had fled.
The moon's dim light gleams walked mournfully slow,
As rocked by the wind they tossed hither and fre.

DURATION OF LIFE.

The average duration of life of man in civilized society is about thirty-three and a third years. This is called a generation, making three in a century and three hundred in a millennium. Only a small portion of people where this average is considerably exceeded. The commonest view from the cradle to the grave is the term of the artisan; the traveler than the sedentary the temperate than the self-indulgent; the just than the dishonest. "The wicked shall not live out half his days," is the announcement of Divinity. The philosophy of this is found in the fact that the moral character has a strong power over the physical; a power much greater than is usually imagined. The true man conducts himself in the light of daily precepts, is temperate in all things; is "slow to wrath," and "he that ruleth his spirit" is wiser than "he that taketh a city."

In these three claims are the great elements of human health: the restraint of the appetites; the control of the passions; the high-toned spirit of a pure character, "doing about using good."

Of the 1,000 persons named in Arthur philanthropist, Joseph John Gurney, that the labor and pains he took to live to a ripe old age were well repaid by the accomplished charities, so that some of them should live patiently beyond the age of one hundred; the labor of man, and he attended to his immense banking business and his charities up to his eighty-sixth year.

The average health of human life, of all countries, at the age of a month, is about 39 years. The expectancy of all who do not reach the age of seven; one-half die before reaching that age, and one-half of the life of "infants" in Great Britain and Ireland, is less, was exactly 2 years 7 months. Of the 1,000 persons of the people Gurney left a strong inducement for diligence and economy, and even model of life, which ever he was, that the longest lived of them reached considerably the means of so largely increasing the duration of human life.

Reasoning from the analogy of the animal creation, the human animal should live nearly a hundred years. It is now seeming to be, that life should be five times the length of the period of growth; at twenty-one years of maturity, if the longer persons are growing, the longer they should live, and the more vigorous they are.

A dog grows for 2 years, and lives 8.
A horse " 5 " " 25.
A horse " 6 " " 25.
A man " 21 " " 100.
A man " 20 " should live 100.

But the sad fact is, that only one man for every thousand reach the age of one hundred. Still all is not hopeless, but the science of life, as revealed by the investigations of the past few years, and the teachings of science in a real sense, is steadily extending the period of our actual existence.

The distinguished Dr. Hufeland, Monarchy, said a short while ago that in the 22 mid each year in 1800, out of 65 persons, only 1 died; in 1850 same term, but from 1870 to 1880 the duration of life in France increased 22 days and reached 30 years. Between 1800 and 1850 it was 40 years. The rich men in France live 42 years on an average, the poor only 26. Those who live "well-to-do-in-the world" live about 11 years longer than those who have to work from day to day for a living. Moreover, in their and the difficulties of the knowledge of the laws of life, and the means, and by temperance and thrift, are the great means of adding to human health and life, and to the enjoyment of existence. Such knowledge is only to be found in daily living, doing, and serving Him "who giveth us all things richly to enjoy."

CHANGE OF SCENE TO BEES.—A friend, who has been a beemaster for forty years, informs us that he has found a change of scene, especially from gardening to orchard, of great benefit to his bees. He added to orchard, of great benefit to his bees. He added that when carried into fields where buckwheat was in bloom from various distances, with which they learn high and low, and to the sunshine. In short, they see and fly, become boss of the world, and return to their hives with their pockets full of honey. The bees of a hive, after adding considerably to the stock of honey, and to the increase of young bees, to order of pleasants sense that have resided there for many years, and these birds are required, in order to keep the old bird in health, and in a state of vigor, they would breed annually. It is a common thing to have the swelling pens itself, and young ones know how expenses birds become much the worse for a year or two of confinement. But when the pens are made of light materials, and changed in situation every two years or so, birds remain comparatively healthy.

JOKES in a strong believer in guardian angels. "If I were mother then," he said, "that would keep people from falling out of bed when they are half asleep!"

THE COD AND MACKEREL FISHERIES OF NEW ENGLAND.—From Sketches by Robert D. Wilkie.



FISHING BOAT ON THE STOCKS.



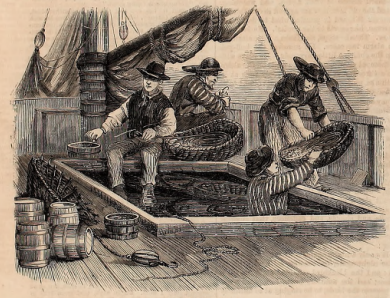
VESSELS ON THE RAILWAY.

THE COD AND MACKEREL FISHERIES OF NEW ENGLAND.

We present this week a series of interesting views illustrative of the cod and mackerel fisheries of New England. Gloucester, Mass., which may be considered the principal depot for the fitting-out of vessels for the mackerel fisheries, is at this season of the year a scene of bustle and animation. Although the fleet now engaged is somewhat reduced from former years (the new vessels hardly amounting in number to the old ones sold), still it will comprise some 200 sail, and these vessels will in all probability average 100 barrels each if successful, which will amount to a total of 140,000 barrels. The cod-fisheries thus far this year have been very successful, and but few losses of vessels or men have occurred. In foreign commerce Gloucester still keeps her large Provincial trade, and several ships arrive every season from Liverpool laden with salt.

The vessels engaged in the mackerel trade are nearly all modeled alike, and are considered very fast. Although they are constructed almost exclusively with a view to speed and seaworthiness, the number of lives lost each year in roasting off the Banks of Newfoundland is astonishingly large. Our correspondent, speaking of the fisheries generally, gives an interesting account of the manner of baiting the hooks. He says: "The hooks being attached to a certain length of line, called a smood, they are carefully baited and placed one next the other, with the lines coiled, in oblong baskets, called trell baskets; after being so arranged, they are carried below deck and packed in ice, as fish will take no bait unless perfectly fresh. On arriving at the fishing grounds they are taken up and attached to a main line, or buoy line, at certain distances apart. This buoy line holds a number of buoys, in the shape of small kegs; to one end of this the anchor is attached, to prevent its drifting with the tide. A number of sets of these lines are anchored, and after remaining a certain period are taken up, by being placed across the "dory," or small boat. The fish being pulled in on one side and taken off, the hooks are baited afresh and passed over the opposite side of the boat. This explains the mode of catching.

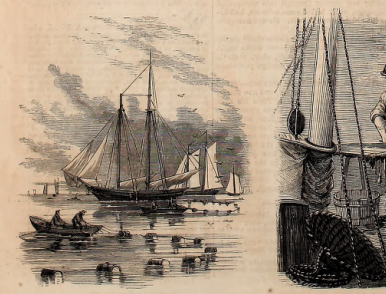
"After the fish are taken on board they are thrown into large tanks on deck. By the side of these is placed a rough board table, fastened to the rail of the vessel, where the men employed in cleaning stands. Two men are generally allotted to this work, on board each boat, one working on each side of the vessel. The entrails of the fish are thrown away, with the exception of the livers, which are retained for the oil, which is so largely



BAITING THE HOOKS.



TAKING IN THE FISH.



SETTING THE LINES.

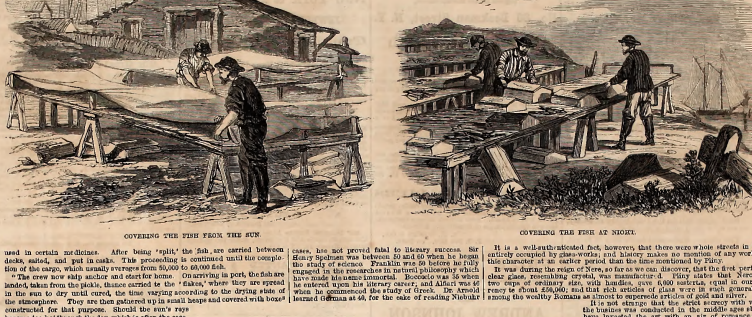


CLEANING THE FISH.



TAKING THE FISH OUT OF PICKLE.

THE COD AND MACKEREL FISHERIES OF NEW ENGLAND.—From Sketches by Robert D. Wilkie.



COVERING THE FISH FROM THE SUN.

COVERING THE FISH AT NIGHT.

used in certain medicines. After being "split," the fish are carried between decks, salted, and put in casks. This proceeding is continued until the completion of the cargo, which usually averages from 80,000 to 60,000 fish.

"The crew now ship anchor and start for home. On arriving in port, the fish are landed, taken from the pickle, thence carried to the "flakes," where they are spread in the sun to dry until cured, the time varying according to the drying state of the atmosphere. They are then gathered up in small heaps and covered with boxes constructed for that purpose. Should the sun's rays become too hot through the day, which is often the case, and the fish would be in danger of becoming what is termed burned, then they are covered with a cotton spread. After the drawing has been fully completed, they are sent to the store-house to await shipment."

A FEW FACTS ABOUT CELEBRATED MEN.

Some literary men make good men of business. According to Pope, the principal object of Shakespeare in cultivating literature was to secure an honest independence. He succeeded so well in the accomplishment of this purpose that, as a contemporary early says, he had realized a sufficient competency to enable him to retire to his native town of Stratford-upon-Avon. Chaucer was in early life a soldier, and afterwards a commissioner of customs and inspector of woods and crown lands. Spenser was secretary to the Lord Deputy of Ireland, and is said to have been shrewd and sagacious in the management of affairs. Milton was secretary to the Council of State during the Commonwealth, and gave abundant evidence of his energy and usefulness in that office. Sir Isaac Newton was a most efficient Master of the Mint. Wordsworth was a distributor of stamps; and Sir Walter Scott a clerk to the Court of Sessions, both united a genius for poetry, with punctual and practical habits as men of business. Ricardo was no less distinguished as a sagacious banker than a lucid expounder of the principles of political economy. Grote, the most profound historian of Greece, is also a London banker; John Stuart Mill, not surpassed by any living thinker in profundity of speculation, has derived from the examining department in the East India Company the admiration of his colleagues for the rare ability with which he had conducted the business of he department.

Alexander Murray, the distinguished linguist, learned to write by scribbling his letters on an old wood-cast with the end of a burnt heather-stem. Professor Moor, when a young man, being too poor to purchase Newton's "Principia," borrowed the book, and copied the whole of it with his own hand. William Cobbett made himself master of English grammar when he was a private soldier on the pay of sixpence a day. The adze of his hearth, or that of his guard-bed, was his seat to study in, a bit of board lying on his leg was his writing-table, and the evening light of the fire his substitute for candle or oil. Even advanced age, in many interesting cases, has not proved fatal to literary success. Sir Henry Spelman was between 50 and 60 when he began his study of science. Franklin was 50 before he fully engaged in the researches in natural philosophy which have made his name immortal. Buonarotti was 56 when he entered upon his literary career, and Alfieri was 46 when he commenced the study of Greek. Dr. Arnold learned German at 40, for the sake of reading Niebuhr in the original. James Watt, at about the same age, while working at his trade of an instrument-maker at Glasgow, made himself acquainted with the French, German and Italian, in order to peruse the valuable works in those languages on mechanical philosophy. Handel was 48 before he published any of his great works.

Nor are the examples of rare occurrence in which apparently natural defects, in early life, have been overcome by a subsequent devotion to knowledge. Sir Isaac Newton, when at School, stood at the bottom of the lowermost form for one. Barrow, the great English divine and mathematician, when a boy at the Charterhouse School, was notorious for his idleness and indifference to study. Adam Smith, in his boyhood, was proclaimed by his father to be a grievous dunce. Even Dean Swift made a disastrous failure at the University. Sheridan was censured by his master to a fault for his dullness and inattention. Scott was a dull boy at his lessons, and while a student at the Edinburgh University received his commission. Professor Dalzell, the celebrated Greek scholar, said that "Dunce he was, and dunce he would remain." Chatterton was returned on his mother's hands as "a fool, of whom nothing could be made." Wilkinson never gave any indications of talent until he was brought into the field of practical effort, and was described by the strong-minded mother, who thought him little better than an idiot, as fit only to be "food for powder."

MANUFACTURE OF GLASS.

ALL writers on the subject of glass manufacture fail to show anything decisive upon the precise period of its invention. Some suppose it to have been known before the flood. Nervi traces its antiquity to the time of Job.

The first glass houses, well authenticated, were erected in the city of Tyre. Modern writers upon the subject generally refer to Pliny in establishing the fact that the Phœnicians were the inventors of the art of glass-making. The tradition is that the art was originally brought to light under the following circumstances. A vessel being driven by a storm to take shelter at the mouth of the river Belus, the crew were obliged to remain there some length of time. In the process of cooking, a fire was made upon the ground, wherein was abundance of the herb "kali." The plant burning to ashes, the saline properties became incorporated with the sand. The ensuing vitrification, the compound now called glass was the result. The fact becoming known, the inhabitants of Tyre and Sidon essayed the work, and brought the new invention into practical use. This is the tradition, but modern science demonstrates the false philosophy. If not the incorrectness of Pliny's account, and modern manufactures will readily detect the error from the impossibility of melting silex and soda by the heat necessary for the ordinary boiling purposes.



THE FISH ON THE FLAKES.

It is a well-authenticated fact, however, that there were whole streets in Tyre entirely occupied by glass-works; and history makes no mention of any works of this character at an earlier period than the time mentioned by Pliny.

It was during the reign of Nero, so far as we can discover, that the first perfectly clear glass, resembling crystal, was manufactured. Pliny states that Nero, for two cups of ordinary size, with handles, gave 6,000 sesterces, equal in our currency to about £50,000; and that rich articles of glass were in such general use among the wealthy Romans as almost to supersede articles of gold and silver.

It is not strange that the strict secrecy with which the business was conducted in the middle ages should have invested the art with an air of romance; and legends, probably invented for the purpose, created a maximum of wonder among the uninitiated. The government of Venice also added, by its course, to the popular notions regarding the high mystery of the glass conferring, as it did, the title of "Gentlemen" on all who like in those days on all who became skilled in the manufacture. Howell, in his *Londinopolis Letters*, dated from Venice in 1619, says: "Here, without reason, it being a rank of mean degree and obscurity, it thinks best to hide itself bodies of dust and sand, for they are the only ingredients to such pellucid, dainty body as we never-eat glass is."

A French writer, who published an elaborate work upon the subject of glass manufacture, after it had been introduced into France, gives an interesting account of the rise and progress of the art in that country, the encouragement it received, and the high estimation in which it was held. After stating that it was introduced in France from Venice, he says:

"The workmen who are employed in this noble art are gentlemen, for they admit none but such. They have obtained many large privileges, the principal of which is to work themselves, without derogating from their nobility. Those who obtained these privileges first were gentlemen by birth; and their privileges running, that they may exercise this art without derogating from their nobility, as a surety of proof of it, which has been confirmed by all our kings, and in all inquiries that have been made into usurpers of nobility, never was any one attained who enjoyed these privileges, having always maintained their lustre down to their posterity."

Baron Von Loyben states, in his *Analyses of Nobility as to Origins*, that "no merit were the glass-makers at one period in Venice, and so considerable the revenue accruing to the republic from their manufactures, that, to encourage the men engaged in it to remain in Murano, the Senate made them all Patricians of Venice, and allowed nobles to marry their daughters; whereas, if a nobleman married the daughter of any other tradesman, the issue is not reputed noble."

THE TROUT.—This is the only fish that comes in and goes out of season with the deer, as grows in and goes out of season with the deer, as grows rapidly, and dies early after reaching full growth. The female spawns in October—at a different time from nearly all other fish—after which both male and female become lean, weak, and wholly unfit for eating, and if examined closely, will be found covered with a species of clove-shaped muscle, which appear to suck their substance from them, and they continue sick until warm weather, when they rub the insects off on the gravel, and immediately grow strong. The female is the best for the table. She may be known by her small head and deep body. Fish are always in season when their heads are so small as to be disproportioned to the size of their



DRYING THE FISH.



BOILING COD-LIVER OIL.

body. The trout is less oily and rich than the salmon, the female is much brighter and more beautiful than the male; they swim rapidly, and often leap, like the salmon, to a great height when ascending streams. In a trout-pond they may be fed with angle-worms, rose-bugs, crickets, grasshoppers, etc., which they attack with great voracity. They grow much more rapidly in ponds than in their native streams, from the fact that they are better fed and not compelled to exercise. Trout are the only fish known that possess a voice, which is perceived by pressing them, when they emit a murmuring sound, and tremble all over.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

Most heads diffuse less light than a pumkin shell with a tallow candle in it.

A man behind the times is apt to speak ill of them. Probably they don't look well from behind.

The men play cricket in the fields. A woman plays it by singing merrily at the hearthstone.

The passions are at least bold, generous, though destroying lions; egotism is a quiet, deep-biting, ever-sucking, venomous bug.

Man ought always to tremble in the presence of his highest happiness, as, also, to believe that there is a soft and gentle dew from heaven, that ever falls upon the stony earth.

A man who thinks properly is as serious at the thought of his birth as at his death.

There is nothing like tears for watering the flowers of joy.

"I shall be," and "I might have been!" The former is the music of youth, sweet as the sound of silver bells; the latter the plaint of age, the dirge of hope, the inscription for a tomb.

Ride as we will on the swift billow of to-day, we are never out of sight of yesterday.

The science that could teach men to forget, would be more welcome to many than all the trickery of mnemonics.

A vain man, like him who looks at the spectre of the Brocken, sees himself ten times as large as he is.

A schoolmaster recently illustrated his argument in favor of corporal punishment for children by a very pleasant piece of witticism. He said that "the child, once started on a course of evil conduct, was like a locomotive on the wrong track; it takes the switch to get it off."

DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

Arabella: "Now, Charley, dear, do have a little courage; when I have a powder to take, I don't like it any better than you do; but I make up my mind to take it, and I do."

Charley: "And when I have a powder to take, I make up my mind that I won't take it; and I don't!"

A wag has truthfully said, that if some men could come out of their graves, and read the inscription on their tombstones, they would think they had got into the wrong grave!

A young lady addressing Mr. Legget, called him Limb-it; she considered it indelicate to say leg!

A magistrate asked a prisoner if he was married?

"No," replied the man.

"Then," rejoined his worship, amid peals of laughter, "it's a good thing for your wife!"

An Irish witness in a court of justice, being asked what kind of "ear-marks" the hog in question had, replied, "He had no particular ear-marks except a very short tail.

"That man is a thief," said a wag, pointing to a reporter in a court of justice.

"Why so?" inquired his friend.

"Why," cried he, "do you not see he is taking notes!"

A sceptic thinks it very extraordinary that an ass once talked like a man. Isn't it more extraordinary that thousands of men are continually talking like asses?

An amusing story is told of a young Parisian artist, who lately painted a portrait of a duchess, with which her friends were not satisfied, declaring that it was totally unlike. The painter, however, was convinced that he had succeeded admirably, and proposed that the question of resemblance, or no resemblance should be left to a little dog belonging the duchess, which was agreed to. Accordingly the picture was sent to the hotel of the lady the next day, and a large party assembled to witness the test. The dog was called in; and no sooner did he see the portrait than he sprang upon it, licked it all over, and showed every demonstration of the greatest joy. The triumph of the painter was complete; and all present insisted that the picture had been retouched during the night, which was actually so, the artist having rubbed it over with a thin coating of lard! The dog's nose was sharper than the critics' eyes.

"Represent me in my portrait," said a gentleman to his painter, "with a book in my hand and reading aloud. Paint my servant also, in a corner where he cannot be seen, but in such a manner that he may hear me when I call him."

The difficulty of acquiring our language which a foreigner must experience is illustrated by the following question: "Did you ever see a person *pare* an apple or a *pear* with a *pair* of scissors?"

A man boasting of the smartness of his child en said that the youngest was so smart that it would take its hand off a hot stove without being told.

We frequently hear of our generals capturing "pieces of artillery." What's the use of continually capturing *pieces?* Why not capture whole ones?

"You cruel man, my tears have no effect on you at all." "Well, drop them, dear."

A retired actor, with a fondness of poultry, was asked why he named a favorite hen "Macduff." He replied that was because he wanted her to "lay on."

A begging letter, lately addressed to the Emperor Napoleon, began "Sire, I received, under your late uncle, two mortal wounds—one at Wagram, the other in the leg."

An idle fellow, the other day complained bitterly of his hard lot, and said that he was born on the last day of the year, the last day of the month, and the last day of the week, and he had always been *behind hand.* He believed it would have been a hundred dollars in his pocket if he had not been born at all.

The story is told of an actor in London, that, fancying himself ill, he consulted a physician, but was told that nothing ailed him; that he only needed rest, recreation. The kind adviser concluded by recommending the patient to go and see Grimaldi. Alas, I am Grimaldi, was the reply of the hypochondriac.

A fascinating and lovely young lady, whose admirers were "legion," and whose name was *Wood,* was finally made a prize of by a fierce cavalry man named *Steel.* The deserted ones clubbed pens and brains, and after a week's fearful mental parturition produced the following epigram, which they entitled "Daphne Outdone:"

Pray tell us why the gods should dare
(Defying hence all human weal),
To change a nymph so passing fair
From yielding *Wood* to flinty *Steel?*

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REMOVED AT ONCE, BY THE USE OF "CRITCHLOW'S FRECKLE, TAN AND PIMPLE BANISHER." Mailed to any address for $1 25, by S. C. CRITCHLOW, 208 South Eighth street, Philadelphia. 812-24

Asthma Cured.
Relief Guaranteed in Ten Minutes,
and a permanent cure effected by the use of "CRITCHLOW'S ASTHMA REMEDY." In cases of fever, or any fever sore standing ripe at once to its influence. Price $2. Sent by mail to any address by S. C. CRITCHLOW, 208 South Eighth street, Phila. Circulars sent free. 812-24

$1. WHISKERS. $1.
For One Dollar I will send, sealed and post-paid, my "Moustache Compound," highly perfumed, which in 4 weeks will force a heavy growth of hair upon any smooth face in five weeks, or upon bald heads in eight weeks, without stain or injury to the skin. Entire satisfaction given, or money refunded. Descriptive circular free. Address
P. O. Box, 776. F. L. SHULTZ, Lansingburg, N. Y. 812-24

Stereoscopicons and Magic Lanterns For Public Exhibitions with Dissolving Views, Entertainment pieces, new and novel, for sale by JAMES W. QUEEN & CO., 924 Chestnut street, Philadelphia. Priced and Illustrated Catalogue sent gratis. 812-35

The Ladies' Friend
Is something every married or single lady should have in their possession. Sent to any address, by mail, for 25 cents.
Address, DR. C. BEYMOUR, Box 48, Holland, N. Y.

Look Here, Boys!
My Golden Compound will force the Beard to grow on the smoothest face in from six to eight weeks, or hair on money refunded in every case. Price $1, or three packages for $2, postage paid, by mail. Address
M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Illinois. 814-17

The Book of Wonders tells how to make 1,000 articles from apples or any other fruit. It also contains the Hunter's Secret; how to catch Fish and all kinds of Game; how to make all kinds of Liquors; Secrets of Drugs and Curing Fluids; Gambling Exposed; Ventriloquism; Magic Lore; Information for Persons with Limbs; how to gain the Love of any one, &c., &c., &c. Sent, securely sealed, for 25 cents. Address Box 5087, P. O., New York. 814-17

A Providential Discovery!
ASTHMA CAN CERTAINLY BE CURED
By an old physician who has spent the past ten years in the West Indies, and who, while in Spain, discovered the important secret of their method for the complete cure of that horrible complaint. For full particulars with testimonials, address (inclosing 10 cents),
DR. R. R. LEWIS, Troy, N. Y. 815-18

DIARRHŒA and DYSENTERY.

Four no more morning drags down your throat to relieve your Summer Complaints—use of MACOLLE'S DIARRHŒA PILLS will cure you in almost every case.

No more than TWO Pills are ever necessary. A Box sent by mail, on receipt of 25 cents. Sold by the Proprietor, D.B. F. MACOLLE, at Fulton street, New York, and all Druggists.

DUNN'S

Great Gift Sale. Great Gift Sale.

SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 366.

PARLOR ORGANS!

Church Organ Harmoniums, School Organs, and Melodeons. We have just completed improvements which render our instruments far superior to any manufactured. THE FARLOW ORGAN, with one combination swell, no person should be without. Send for illustrated catalogue. CARHART NEEDHAM & CO., No. 97 East 34d street, N. Y.

STEINWAY & SONS,

Manufacturers of

Grand, Square and Upright Pianos,

Warerooms, No. 71 & 73 East 14th St.,

Between Union Square and Irving Place,

NEW YORK. 10t

EUROPEAN POCKET TIME-KEEPER,

One Dollar Each.

(Patent applied for June 20th 1865.)

AN EXACT AND RELIABLE POCKET TIME-KEEPER for the poor man. A decidedly unique and sensible invention. Correctly constructed on the most approved scientific principles, and warranted to answer every purpose, with absolute accuracy and the utmost precision. More truthful than the most costly and elaborate Timepiece of modern manufacture. It never can be wrong. "It requires no key," or winding up. It never runs down, and can never be too fast or too slow. It is a most remarkable article. Just introduced into this country from Europe, where it is protected by "Royal Letters Patent." Price for a single one, with plain dial and White Bials, in Gold or Silver-Gilt Case, only $1. Sent, postage paid, to any part of the country, on receipt of price. All orders must be addressed to

A. W. DELAHEE & CO., Sole Proprietors,

504 and 506 Broadway, N. Y.

EMPLOYMENT FOR RETURNED SOLDIERS,

AND ALL OTHERS.

AGENTS WANTED.

Great Sale of Jewelry and Silver Ware.

The ARRANDALE Great Gift Appropriation.

Our agents are making from $5 to $10 per day, and we still need more. Late invoices from Europe have swelled our stock to over $1,000,000. A splendid assortment of Watches, Rings, Ladies' and Gentleman's Jewelry of the most fashionable patterns, selling at $1 each. Send 25 cents for a certificate, or $1 for five, or $5 for 30, and you will see what you are entitled to, or send a three-cent stamp for our terms to agents, which are of the most liberal kind. Agents are presented with Watches free, in addition to commission. Now is your time!

ARRANDALE & CO.,

197 Broadway, N. Y.

GROVER & BAKER'S

HIGHEST PREMIUM

Elastic Stitch and Lock Stitch

SEWING MACHINES,

495 BROADWAY, N. Y. 6t



BALLOU'S

PATENTED

FRENCH YOKE SHIRTS

Warranted to FIT, and to be

CHEAPER

for the same QUALITIES and MAKE than those of any other Shirt House in this city.

Circulars containing directions and prices sent free.

For sale by all the principal dealers throughout the United States.

BALLOU BROTHERS, 403 Broadway, N. Y.

6t

EDITOR OF FRANK LESLIE'S: DEAR SIR—With your permission I will say to the readers of your valuable paper that I will send, by return mail, to all who will send me a recipe, with full directions, for making and using a very simple VEGETABLE BALM, that will effectually remove tan, sun spots, freckles, blotches, the disagreeable and all impurities of the Skin, leaving the same soft, clear, smooth and beautiful.

I will also mail free to those having bald heads or thin hair any simple directions and information that will enable them to start a flourishing growth of Natural Hair. Within a few weeks, if in less than 30 days.

All applications answered by return mail, without charge. Respectfully yours,

THOS. F. CHAPMAN, Chemist,

No. 831 Broadway, N. Y.

816-17o

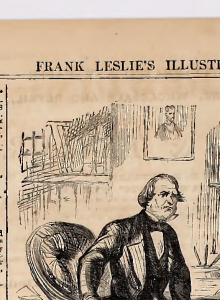
FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Fortress Monroe, Harper's Ferry, Newbern, Fort Fisher, Beaufort, and other places, should be sent all rail to, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 66 Broadway. Moderate charges, low rates. 6000

Beauty.—Hunt's Bloom of Roses,

A charming, delicate and genteel natural color for the Cheeks or lips; does not wash off or injure the skin; produces permanent for years and cannot be detected. Price $1. 18 cents by mail, securely packed from observation. HUNT & CO., PERFUMERS,

960 133 South Seventh Street, Philadelphia.



SOUTHERN SECESH (just pardoned)—"*Look here, Andy, if you stand Reconstruction, you had better set we over the whole thing down in our State.*"

A. JOHNSON—"*Why, what are your qualifications?*"

SOUTHERN SECESH—"*Qualifications, eh? I ought to know. I pulled the old machine to pieces!*"

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE.

Returned Soldiers, and everybody with a small capital, can make $30 per day selling our great, new, and wonderful extra large size, fine quality Stationery Packages. Every dollar invested more than doubled. Splendid *Gobs and Silver Watches* presented *free* to all who act as our agents. *Short time* only will any more be benefitted by it, take pleasure in thus giving voluntary testimony to it.—*Referee* Tribune.

Important Announcement.

AGENTS WANTED

To sell some new and SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVINGS. Sample list sent for $1 that will sell for $50. Catalogues and terms sent on application.

HASKINS & CO., 28 Beekman street, N. Y.

PINEAPPLE CIDER.

DR. TALBOT'S Concentrated Medical Pineapple Cider will cure you if you are sick, and if you are well, will keep you so. Extraordinary advertisement in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER from May 13th to August 5th, inclusive. Send for circular. One dozen simple bottles sent free by mail, on receipt of $6. Address, DR. T. BARRETT, Nos. 64 to 74 Washington st., N. Y. 6t 815-24

Try Ward's India-Rubber Enameled

PAPER COLLARS & CUFFS.

ALSO, WARD'S FRENCH PRINTED

PAPER COLLARS & CUFFS,

AT ALL GENTS' FURNISHING STORES.

The Trade supplied at

№ 387 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

CALENBERG & VAUPEL'S PIANOFORTES.

99 & 101 Bleecker street, Second Block West of Broadway. Warerooms Ground floor.

Derby's Sure Cure for Piles.

Price 75 cents per box. BURLEIGH & ROGERS, Boston, Mass., Sole Agents. 597-13o

Vineland Lands.

Large and thriving settlements, mill and healthful climate. 30 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, which produces large crops, which can now be seen growing. Tax, twenty acres lands at from $25 to $30 per acre, payable within four years. Good business openings for manufacturers and others. Churches, schools and good society. It is now the most improving place in the State of New Jersey. Lots of work and plenty of it. Also, nearly healthy walk which the place is laid out is unequalled. Letters answered. Papers giving full information will be sent free. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Landis Township, New Jersey.

From Report of Solon Robinson, Agricultural Editor of the *Tribune*:

"*It is one of the most extensive fruit farms, on an almost level position and suitable condition for pleasant farming, that we know of this side of the Western prairies.*

AMERICAN STEEL COLLARS

PATENTED

April 19th 1864

Self-adjusting Fastening. "*Snow White*" *Linen finished, Stands all washing. Saves much, The cost $1. Retails almost, At 50 and 25 cts. Turns, with ease, A 25 cts. Costs "Still finer Sleeves, Are Cuffs, Cheap." Sold by Dealers, Are Cuffs, Cheap." $1.50 Costs. $2.00 per pair. Send "price" cards required. Inclose 3 postage, Invention, Patentee and Manufacturer, 76 Duane st., N. Y.*

GREAT SALE

OF

$1,000,000 worth

OF

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

See advertisement. BOWEN & CO. Page 362.

Shooting, Fishing,

AND

Sporting Tackle

of all kinds.

ALFRED WOODHAM,

494 Broadway,

Bet. Canal and Howard Sts., N. Y.

Repairing done well. 4t

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS OF THE WAR!

Obtained at great expense and forming a complete

PHOTOGRAPHIC HISTORY OF THE GREAT UNION CONTEST.

Bull Run,	Nashville,
Yorktown,	Strawberry Plains,
Centreville,	Deep Bottom,
Fair Oaks,	Bolle Plain,
Savage Station,	Monitors,
Fredericksburg,	Chattanooga,
Fairfax,	Fort Morgan,
Dutch Gap,	Atlanta,
Pontoon Trains,	Richmond,
Hanover Junction,	Petersburg,
Lookout Mountain,	Charleston,
Chickahominy,	Mobile, &c.
City Point,	

Everybody is interested in these memorable scenes.

Catalogue sent on receipt of stamp.

Just published by

E. & E. T. ANTHONY & CO.,

501 Broadway, N.Y.

SMOLANDER'S

COMPOUND FLUID EXTRACT OF

BUCKU,

For diseases of the STOMACH, RETURNING, DROPSY, &c. Price one dollar per bottle, sold by D. BARNES & CO., New York. BURLEIGH & ROGERS, Boston, Mass., General Agents. 597-13o



Without Spectacles, Doctor or Medicine. Pamphlet mailed free, describing 20 cases. Address E. B. FOOTE, M. D., 1130 Broadway, New York.

To all wanting Farms.

Persons wishing settlements, mill and healthful climate, 30 miles south of Philadelphia by railroad. Rich soil, which produces large crops, which can now be seen growing. Tax, twenty acres lands at from $25 to $30 per acre, payable within four years. Good business openings for manufacturers and others. Churches, schools and good society. It is now the most improving place in the State of New Jersey. Lots of work and plenty of it. Also, nearly healthy walk which the place is laid out is unequalled. Letters answered. Papers giving full information will be sent free. Address CHAS. K. LANDIS, Vineland Post Office, Landis Township, New Jersey.

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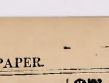
$7 ARMY WATCH. $10

A BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVED GOLD-PLATED WATCH, Double Case, Lever Cap, Small Size, White Enamelled Dial, Gilt Hands, "*English Movements*," and Correct Timekeeper, with an accurate "Second Hand," counting the *Days of the Week, Months, &c.*, and setting the Day of the Week. Sent to any part of the country, in neat case, with a Guarantee for One Year, for only $10.

A SIMILAR SILVER WATCH, same as above, with the Minute Seconds, &c., specially adapted to the Army, sent free by mail, to any part of the country, for only $7.

Englishes ad American LEVERS from $25 up. Good Watches of all descriptions.

Address CHAS. P. NORTON & CO., Sole Importers, 29 and 31 Ann Street, N. Y.



Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

REID'S CRIMEAN OINTMENT

Cures Sore Throat and Sore Eyes. Price 38 cents. For sale by all Druggists. 597-13o

TO THE TRADE!

Headquarters for Fine Gold and Silver

ARMY AND NAVY BADGES!

P. T. HAYWARD, 208 Broadway, N.Y.

THE HOWEN MICROSCOPE,

Magnifying 250 times, mailed to any address for 62 cts Twenty different powers for $1. Catalogue 00c

P. B. HOWEN, Box 230, Boston, Mass. 00o

ITCH, SCRATCH. (WHEATON'S) ITCH, OINTMENT SCRATCH.

Will cure the Itch in 48 hours—also cures Salt Rheum, Ulcers, Chilblains, and all Eruptions of the Skin. Price 50 cents; by sending 50 cts. to Wadsworth Potter, Boston, Mass., will be forwarded free by mail. For sale by all Druggists. 677-52o

MASON'S HAIR DYE.

The best in the market. For sale by DEMAS BARNES & Co., New York. BURLEIGH & ROGERS, Boston, Mass., General Agents. 597-13o

A New Publishing House.—The cheapest place to buy books in the country. Have you seen Dime Novels? Complete list sent free, and your books cheaper of this house than at any other place. Y. R. DAWLEY, Publisher, No. 13 & 15 Park Row, N. Y. 6t

THE ARCANA WATCH.

Ladies' Size, $25. Gents' Size, $25.

Elegant as an 18 karat Gold Watch—Tried as Timekeepers. Sent by mail, free of charge, on receipt of price. A case of six for $125. Will sell for $20. Price list and circular sent. DINGLEY & CO., Sole Importers, No. 12 Maiden Lane, N. Y.



815-18o

AGENTS WANTED.

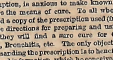
Smart Men to Canvass for a splendid Five Book. the most rapid selling "History of the War," by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. The popular Authoress. Exclusive territory to agents. Address at once

R. W. HITCHCOX,

14 Chambers street, N. Y.

WHEELER & WILSON'S

HIGHEST PREMIUM



SEWING MACHINES,

625 Broadway, New York.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.—The advertiser, having been restored to health in a few weeks by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection and that dread disease, Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow-sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a sure cure for Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, etc. The only object of the advertiser in sending the prescription is to benefit the afflicted and spread information, which he conceives to be invaluable, and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing. Parties wishing the prescription will please address

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,

Williamsburg, Kings County, New York.

Divorces legally procured, with or without publicity, by M. ROWES, Attorney and Counsellor-at-law, 79 Nassau street, N. Y.

CURIOUS FASTENERS

FOR EVERYBODY'S USE. Will fasten Boots, Shoes, Gaiters, Corsets, &c., without tying. Send 25 cents for a gaiter. W. C. WEMYSS, 375 Broadway, N.Y.

C11-14-17t

The Brazilian Hair Curler. One application warranted to curl the most straight and stubborn hair into ever ringlets or heavy massive curls. Sent postpaid, on receipt of $1. Address

S. S. CLARK, Osborn, N.Y.

815-24

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

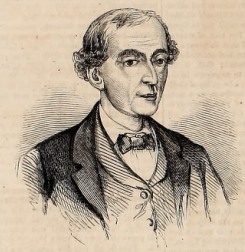
Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1865, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 518 Vol. XX.] NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 2, 1865. [PRICE 10 CENTS. $4 00 YEARLY. 13 WEEKS $1 00.

DEFALCATION OF THE PHOENIX BANK, NEW YORK.

THE Phœnix Bank defalcation, involving a probable loss to the bank of about $100,000, is now the theme of conversation in every financial circle in New York city. That such a stupendous fraud should be perpetrated on any carefully managed moneyed institution in the way the Phœnix bank was defrauded seems hardly credible, but that it should be done by a reckless, dissolute spendthrift seems beyond belief. None of the parties involved could have been considered other than suspicious characters—especially the pretty waiter-girl, Genevieve Brower, and the wonder is that the officers of the bank were not made aware of the habits of the teller months before he was detected in the commission of his crime. The defaulter, Henry B. Jenkins, had for twenty years held prominent positions in the bank, and at the time the fraud was committed was acting as assistant paying-teller. The other parties, John R. Earle, Miss Brower, and her paramour, Charles Brower, *alias* Bird, *alias* Brown, etc., who are alleged to be *particeps criminis*, were very obscure and entirely unknown before the detection of Jenkins, except in the immediate locality of their business—Brower excepted, who it appears had no business, or at least followed none.

On the morning after the arrest of the above parties, Earle, who had been employed in the Phœnix Bank, and who took $100,000 of the money embezzled by Jenkins and lost it in stock operations, committed suicide in his cell, in the 20th Precinct Station-House. Jenkins had, up to the time of his arrest, been regarded by his superior officers as an honest, upright, and perfectly trustworthy gentleman. It appears, however, that his honesty was sheer hypocrisy, and his uprightness a mere sham, for he made companions of the vilest



HENRY B. JENKINS, THE PHŒNIX BANK DEFAULTER.—FROM A SKETCH MADE AT THE PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION.



"VEIVE BROWER."—FROM A SKETCH TAKEN DURING THE EXAMINATION AT THE JEFFERSON MARKET POLICE COURT.



THE PRELIMINARY EXAMINATION OF HENRY B. JENKINS, THE PHŒNIX BANK DEFAULTER, AND "VEIVE BROWER," ALIAS BROWN, AT THE JEFFERSON MARKET, NEW YORK CITY, POLICE COURT, ON TUESDAY, 15TH INST.

of the vile of both sexes. During the examination at the Jefferson Market court, preliminary to the final committal for trial, all of the parties seemed imperturbable, and apparently indifferent as to the result. Our artist has given faithful portraits of Jenkins and Octavius Brower, and has carefully sketched the scene in the court on the day of the examination.

EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS OF FRANK LESLIE'S



NEW FAMILY PAPER.

Over 100,000 Copies Sold

OF Nos. 1 and 2.

The success of this New Family Paper has been beyond all precedent, more yearly subscriptions having been received to it than to any publication of the times.

With Nos. 1 and 2 of THE CHIMNEY CORNER was presented, gratuitously, a magnificent plate, entitled:

Grand Reception of the Notabilities of the Nation at the White House, 1865.

The picture contains nearly 100 portraits of our most celebrated Generals, Statesmen and Civilians, also of many of our most distinguished American Ladies. The likenesses are admirable, having been taken from photographs by Brady.

This is the most costly gift plate ever presented by any publisher in the United States, having been produced at an expense of

$10,000.

Every family should possess this truly national picture, and carefully preserve it, as it will transmit to future generations the men who have rendered our great national unity. It is especially valuable, as it contains an excellent likeness of our late lamented President, introducing General Grant and his wife to Mrs. Lincoln. This subscription is the first of a series which it is our intention to present to our regular subscribers.

The splendid gift plate will be sent to all subscribers.

With No. 4 was presented an online engraving, being a key to the gift plate.

THE CHIMNEY CORNER is issued every Tuesday in New York.

It is electrotyped, and back numbers can be had by ordering the same of any News Agent.

Terms for the Chimney Corner:

PRICE 10 CENTS EACH NUMBER.

One copy, three months	$1 00
One copy, six months	2 00
One copy, one year	4 00
Two copies, one year, to one address, in one wrapper	7 00
Four copies, one year, to one address, in one wrapper	13 00
Five copies, one year	16 00
(With an extra copy gratis to the person making a club of five.)	

One copy of FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER and one copy of FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S MAGAZINE (the most complete Lady's Book published) for one year.....$7 00

Address FRANK LESLIE,
537 Pearl Street, N.Y.

ANIMAL INTELLIGENCE.—Mr. Higgs, Mayor of Sudbury, relates: "I once had a dog which would pump water by taking the handle of the pump in its mouth, and working it backwards and forwards. The object was to get at the water in which they were put. Directly the dog saw the can and pump, he went, in which they were generally successful, and, getting hold of the latter, he would work the handle and wash away. Directly, however, the water began to flow, he would stop to have a few laps and drink. I have often seen him do this." Mentioning this fact among associates at Norwich, he was known driver of the omnibus between Walton and Felixstowe, he told me the following anecdote of the intelligence which he says he has often seen, and which anybody can see who chooses. "I was one day, at different parts of the town of Walton-on-the-Naze, and not appearing to have any business particularly to attend to, except the following mode of getting the owner of a horse or hackney-coach into debt. I had a pipe in my mouth and strolled the streets of the town. I then purchased a penny bun. She generally made it just in the middle of the town. I then broke the bun, and, taking out the sponge till her object in manufacturing it, I threw the sponge away. This was effected. In case of the horse, I threw the sponge in the direction of the bitch, and pussy pricks up the ears in a trice, and then off she scampers, throwing the bundle with her foot, and walks in. It generally is necessary to speak to the owner, and, to take any metaphysical disquisitions, that there existence of animal intelligence as not to be denied in the proper acceptation of the word. The horse and the cat have from experience learned that a certain act produced by reasoning brings to produce certain results, and they were both quick to avail themselves of means for their own advantage."

What is the average weight of a man? At what age does he attain his greatest weight? How much heavier are men than women? What would be the weight of 64 people—and what of every 64 people? M. Quetelet, of Brussels, undertook to solve these questions quite within the scope of his extensive series of researches on man. He got hold of everybody in reach, everywhere, and weighed them all. He weighed the babies, he weighed the children, he weighed the youths and maidens, he weighed the men and women, he weighed the old people, he weighed corpses, and, in short, he weighed everybody and everything he could find. He then took all these results and put them into a table. After a considerable period were weighed, and their weights were compared with those of the same number each sex taught in Paris and Moscow. The average result was that a child of 64 months, on an average day of his appearance in public, weighs about six pounds and a half; a boy baby a little more, a girl baby a little less. Some very modest infants barely turn the scale with two pounds and a half, while others pretentious youngsters bust at 10 and 12 pounds. M. Quetelet grouped thousands of people according to age, and found that the men of 20 averaged little each, while the girl a woman of 20 have an average of 120, while the girl a woman of 20 have an average of 120, His next reached their heaviest bulk at about 40, when their average weight was 154 pounds. They slowly fattened on until 60, when their average was 159, and then and seldom together, the weight at full growth averaged almost exactly 160 lb.

Barnum's Museum, at Winter Garden, 537 Broadway, opens this afternoon. Extra attraction. PANTOMIME ON HORSEBACK. Afternoon at 2; Evening at 7½. The very laughable Pantomime of MR. BUCKLEHEAD'S RIDE, pleasing, exciting, mirth-inspiring Pony act by Pankenier. FIGHTING GLADIATORS, by the TALLEEN BROTHERS and the NICOLO TROUPE. Dainty Dancer Dance by Miss Emma Thompson Davenport, and Master Timothy. W. B. Harrison, Comic and Extemporaneous Singer; the fearless youth, Young Nicolo, the wonder of the world, and the Peerless Flying Trapeze. The great living curiosities, Mammoth Fat Woman, weighing 650 lb.; Nova Scotia Giant Girl, or 7 cubits high; the Circassian Family. Doors open at 1 o'clock. Admission 30 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents; reserved seats, 50 cents.

Donations of Confectionery to the New Year Festival, at Children's Aid Society, No. 765 Broadway.

The excellent preparations of Dr. Chapin, by the use of which he gained so great a popularity in the treatment and cure of spermatorrhœa, and diseases consumption and palpitation of the heart, and all those arising from hallucination and vice, are now, we are glad to learn that is now put up under the name of HEDGEJACKET, HOWARD STREET, BOSTON.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 2, 1865.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

CAUTION!

We would respectfully caution the public and our subscribers in the United States against paying any money to H. O. Leonia, who is in the habit of collecting subscriptions and receiving money for this paper. She is an Impostor. We have no traveling agents.

Morality in Murder.

Some very extraordinary phases of crime have lately been exhibited to the public as well as in this country. A certain Constance Kent murdered her young step-brother, and for five years permitted an innocent nurse to rest under the imputation of the crime. Then, under some unexplained impulse she confessed it, and that it was done "with great deliberation and cruelty." This, of course, seemed to her to death, but it is understood that confession is as good for the body safer for the soul, and that the sentence will be remitted.

Another remarkable case, and one calculated to raise some grave questions in connection with the differences in moral perception and responsibility, is that of a Swedish clergyman named Lindbach, who, thoroughly convinced of the hopeless and needless misery of some poor invalid parishioner, left his family, and under an apparent sense of duty, interfered to terminate their sufferings, and relieve their friends and the parish of a useless burden by poisoning them. He was lately found guilty of murdering some of the most miserable of his flock by mingling poison in the communion wine, and now stands on the motive which induced him to commit this horrible action seems to us to bear on it all the stamp of insanity, but the Swedish clergy apparently disputed. As far as we know his accusers only charged him with poisoning the unhappy creatures in order to relieve them of pone cares, a mild and comforting themselves in doing what they know, deep down in their hearts, to be wrong, by stating very explicitly to themselves that they were not ashamed of it, that they can speak of it in their prayers, confess it to themselves in their most solemn acts of thought, and, in short, act with regard to it as the guilt originating in an unselfish motive. But this is no doubt due to the returning health of mind caused by being rid of the burden of the sight and sense of misery and misery, and by having a private morality known to God and himself alone on the subject of murder, would be quite justified in keeping it to himself. Instead faith in the accuracy of his intellectual conclusions—a faith likely enough to disappear wherever the electric insulation of his thought was disturbed by human sympathies—sentiments of all around him on what he had done.

The most extraordinary feature in the frightful deceit put upon his own conscience by the Swedish murderer is, that he cheated himself into an atrocious crime without any apparent object of private gain. It is this which distinguishes his case from that of Riembauer, described in one of Mr. Senior's republished essays. Riembauer was a German priest of the highest reputation for integrity and piety, who was convicted for murdering his paramour. She had threatened to expose him and he set her threat in order to save the sanctity of his sacred profession. If she had been allowed to carry out her threat, "men would have less confidence in their clergy," in Riembauer's words, "and some might have thought religion a fable." He acted on a principle learnt from a casuistic teacher, that "honor is more valuable than life, and if it be lawful to protect one's life by destroying an assailant, it must obviously be lawful to use similar means to protect one's honor." Very much as the Swedish pastor admits his offence against the civil law, but maintains that God will approve the kindness of heart which dictated it, Riembauer said, "Her death has always been a source of great grief to me, though the motives which led me to effect it were praiseworthy."

Emigration in New York.

THE vast influx of migration to this country within the past few months is without a parallel in our history. Castle Garden, in New York, which for years has been so admirably managed by the Commissioners of Emigration, through their efficient agent, Mr. Bernard Casserley, may justly be considered the grand depot, at which most emigrants landing on our shores are received and provided for. So thoroughly systematized are the several departments of this noble institution that the chances for fraud upon the unsuspecting foreigners have nearly if not entirely vanished, and thieves, boarding-house runners and bagnage smashers have no longer a "profitable location or a name" in that locality. This circumstance has tended very materially to increase emigration, by affording a ready protection of person and safety of property being known to the laboring masses abroad, who seek passage to the United States. Since the opening of the new depot, the arrivals at Castle Garden will average weekly not less than 4,000, with a steady increase in favor of this season over that of any other period in former years.

Agricultural Fairs.

THE season is now at hand when our farmers are beginning to think of their fall fairs, and from every appearance the contests of our "sons of toil" in their several branches of industry, with agricultural and mechanical, will prove this year of more than usual interest. Thus far all over the country we hear of good crops and the most encouraging prospects for the harvest.

There will be on exhibition this year at the many fairs for the display of agricultural machinery and implements, the most perfect and beautiful specimens of the kind ever before made, and which will be in their turn as they are brought before the public. They have been faithfully said that a man lives wisely and beneficially for the world, who causes two blades of grass to grow where only one grew before; then the machine which saves us the crop with greater facility and security is of importance, and the improvements of which it is susceptible, and its better arrangements, are deserving of the closest attention. The harvesters and mowers are powers in the land.

"HERESIARCH," a writer who has achieved a great and not wholly undeserved reputation as a writer on Journalism in the United States, has put out with a new letter in behalf of Jeff. Davis. He does not wish to have the arch repudiator and chief rebel put on trial, as he says that it would be wrong to inflict capital punishment upon the innocent chiefs, because they were engaged, and in publicity, in civil war, and that according to Vattel they are therefore entitled to the treatment due to rebels, but of recognized foreign force. Very well, "Historicus" has appealed to Vattel, and to Vattel he shall go. In the very passage which he quotes from Vattel also that the rebellion "is applied only to such an insurrection against lawful authority as is void of all appearance of justice." Now that the present insurrection here was void of all appearance of justice, we have evidence which, whether it be received or not by the tribunals, is to the witness, or the position which he held in that insurrection, cannot be gainsaid. The proposition of the Grand Jury of Richmond of the late so-called Confederate States, speaking in the State Convention of Georgia, January 18, 1860, that "secession was revolution" is conclusive, and:

"What reason can you give to the nations of the earth to justify it? They will be the calm and deliberate judgment of the world that no such necessity can exist as can serve to paint out on which secession can be justified. Then, what is it? It is revolution!" What interpretation can be put upon the words? What interpretation ever denied? and what claim founded in fact, which Jefferson Davis withheld? One single reply since one Governmental act of wrong deliberately and perpetrated by the Confederate Congress at Richmond of which the South has a right to complain? I challenge the proposition and call for the production of such a Government as this, under which we have lived for more than one-quarter of a century, of which we have gained our wealth, our standing as a nation, our dominion, which has made us dominant of peril are around us, with peace and tranquility, accompanied with unbounded prosperity and rights unassailed, in the height of madness, folly and wickedness, to which it can neither lend any sanction nor any vote."

No man replied to Mr. Stephens then, no man has since then replied to him. Even he himself has never undertaken the task of bringing forward facts or reasons of any kind which could give that "appearance of justice" which Vattel insists upon as the condition of insurrection which is not rebellion.

THERE is a fearful looms plague in Syria. "The locusts have no king, yet go they forth all of them by bands," and they have descended upon the plain of Esdraelon and the neighboring country, consuming everything near and afar. A regular army, with pickets thrown forward, main body and rear guard. The Rev. J. Zeller, missionary at Nazareth gives a striking account of their advance on the nursery gardens round that beautiful village. The whole population turned out to resist them, and kept off the advanced guard by immense fires round the vineyards. But when the body of the army came up every effort failed —they fell like a flood upon the land, and not for many hours longer is it possible even to see from the roof of the houses by shutting every window and door. Every time a door opened to admit or let out any one, the locusts like a whirlwind rushed in of air, and at last they gave it up, and let the locusts have their way. So did the entire country, rooms swarm with the "do eaten" creatures. Every grass leaf is eaten up, milk and oil destroyed, and the only remaining provisions were corn and meat, which were very dear. The words of Exodus are literally fulfilled: "I will bring the locust unto thy coast; and they shall cover the face of the earth, that no one can be able to see the earth; and they shall eat the residue of that which is escaped, which remained unto you from the hail, and shall eat every tree which groweth for you out of the field; and they shall fill thy houses, and the houses of all thy servants."

THE following story is told of Lord Brougham. It happened when Lord Melbourne was Prime Minister. Brougham was in the act of quitting the House of Lords, when he saw Lord Melbourne ogle in the lobby. The latter was accompanied by two very pretty young ladies, and as he accosted the veteran statesman, philosopher and friend, he cried out, "What, Brougham, going already? Why there young ladies have come to be taken a speak." "I can't stay," quoth the Lord of Vaux; "then they shall." And with that he returned to the House, leaving his friend to entertain the ladies to the gallery. Lord Brougham took his seat, and waited his chance, which was not slow in arriving. A pause in the proceedings enabled him to rise, and ask a question of the Prime Minister with regard to a matter of foreign policy. Lord Melbourne was taken by surprise, but endeavored to ward off a surprise; he was non-plussed, and could only utter a few incoherent sentences, promising information at some future day. Upon this the Titan of debate, the Antæus of invective, arose and launched such a thunderbolt about the unpreparedness of the Ministry that the house was electrified, and every morning paper had a leader on the subject next day that seemed to attack you the Ministry. After this, Lord Brougham went house to his dinner, sufficiently rewarded for his had gratified the wishes of two young ladies.

IT was by the term "amber-colored" that Nero in his verses expressed the color of Poppæa's hair, from which we discover that that famous beauty was a blonde with auburn locks. Hair of this hue, therefore, became the fashion amongst the Roman ladies. Where false locks, generally from female savages of Germany, were imported, or their own black locks changed into red, just as in defiance to a powerful faction, the fair Roman women is transformed into that color by the use of a powerful alkali.

THE London Saturday *Review* tells us:

"The War of Independence will in future be to the people of the United States what the resistance of the richest school-days are to a man; the tremendous civil war is the time during which they virtually existed, and taken rank among countries that have had lives and have had a national being of their own. Of course, some sweet drink. The shades of hero and heroine are, we may hope, the spirits of worse of the old grudges along with them, but, on the whole, although it is a healthy thing that the civil war should be put out of slight only forgotten. In proportion to the severity of the trial, the gratitude to the successful issue should take a more sober tone; there will be the less room for boasting about a war of which the plain facts have been eloquent enough."

THE Paris correspondent of the London *Globe* says, another prototype for President Abraham Lincoln has been found in Servius Tullius, by the National Assembly in permanent session at Rome. Tullius was done to death by patrician daggers, for having raised the plebs to political importance, and for having manumitted the slaves. To put on record the views thus taken on the Tiber, the orator has embodied his notion in a lapidary inscription, which for greater local significance they have caused to be dug out in a fragment from the old tufa stone forming the ancient town boundary, *Agger Servi Tulli*, traces of which traverse the gardens of Sallust. This block they propose to transplant at Washington, in testimony of condolence with a free people, and the legend runs thus:

Abrum. Lincolnio.
Region. federate. American. Presid.
Hostis. ut. Servi. Tulli. Agger. lapid. in.
Quo. utrisque. vin.
Libertati. asserter. fortissim.
Memoria. consagrator.
Senatus.

EMIGRATION en masse to this country in contemplated by the 18,000 Polish refugees now dispersed among the Swiss cantons, and they are to active communications with Washington. Zaluski, their delegate, Nowikolski, about the terms on which they would be received as agricultural laborers in the states. The Helvetic Diet has already voted a subsidy to each emigrant of 108 francs, and it is expected that the French government will place some of its transport ships at their disposal for conveyance to their place of destiny.

IN the late English elections, the aggregate Liberal vote was 194,628, the aggregate Tory vote 178,727; Liberal majority, 16,157. When we consider the only about one in seven of the intelligent men of Great Britain have the right of suffrage, it must be considered that democratic ideas are making pretty rapid advancement in the kingdom.

THE London *Times*, which proclaimed the United States hopelessly bankrupt before the close of the first year of the war, sings now to this tune: "We do not suppose that the debt of the United States, great as it is, will crush the energies of the American people. They have overcome greater difficulties, and are not likely to be deterred by the less."

TOWN COSSIP.

DEFALCATION is the order of the day. It was either formate or unfortunate, as the case may be, that the defaulting cashier of the Ætna so completely cuts the bank-clerk Jenkins, although the Delilah who ruined the former was a confidential clerk, and the pretty fiend of a subterranean saloon. Still, the infatuation was equally fatal, and we are asked to be his temptress, but the other his nemesis. One great and suspicious fact, however, glares out of this hideous mental and moral ruin, and which is the suspicious carelessness and credulity of men whom we have hitherto been taught to look upon as the very suspicious and models of morals. In the case of the bank-clerk we have the Arcadian spectacle of bank directors and chief cashiers of banks signing their deed of a subordinate for such immense sums of money, that unbeknownst almost to themselves and very nearly unconsciously, are taken to the specially statutories of villainy! In the other, we have a porter's clerk, who, with a small and sufficiently large forged gold cheques so clumsily manufactured, that there was no effort made to disturb the banker's confidence in his customer, and who was very nearly even again successfully in several instances. Indeed, it would seem as if the bankers had a mania for not seeing one of the bobbies precisely taking a friend that they had just arrested for pocket-picking, and that the cheque was shown to him the merchant at once pronounced it a forgery. The brick that loosened the whole fabric was a cheque for a small sum of money, which has stolen with intent to "do cashee." That the defaulter will be punished is quite probable more careful we do not believe; it will be a nine days' wonder, in the Shylock parlance, and then be overwhelmed in the past, and will fall down with blinded eyes at least, until some new revelation of rascality comes from again, and against the wall of which the public are now making mercantile curatives, and will be as speedily passed over, and not worth the trouble of a thought. It is a useless enterprise to try a few casualties stop the great battle of Guise and Gold. Like the fall of a general in action, he is carried off the field, and the battle continues as before. But, despite the philosophy of speculation, the present unsatisfactory state of affairs cause the pulse quicken to check out of our right.

THE Fire Commissioners this week, another instance of the cruelty of sparing the life of a murderer. To that wicked tenderness shown by the public authorities in commuting the sentence of the murderer Barrett, of this city, while rescuing a woman from outrage, hindered by one of those unaccountable sympathies that so often overpocket life and property from the privileged class of ruffians, Lynch law must, decidedly even in the case of Barrett, be resorted to. Better that the naturals of blood and violence to which we seem to be fast drifting, than what does not seem to be a high civilization to protect the judges?

THE agency of the Atlantic Telegraph Cable has been a source of great regret to every one, although to a certain extent there was a half expectation that such would be the case. Had the cable been a success, there was not as well made as the old one, and it is pretty certain that the second laying of the cable would not long have been maintained. The lesson or both failures cannot be lost on the Old World, and even to be, that if the cable is without a flaw it can be laid, always providing that proper care is used in the operation. On the second occasion of the failure of the cable was not as well made as in regard to have been, as the strain was greater, and the difficulty arose in the chafing of the cable against the side of the Great Eastern, which shows either carelessness or want of skill, each equally fatal to the success of the undertaking. An official in the British service, in a letter to the London *Times*, suggests that a cable be laid to the Azores which has just happened, and declared that the cable is feasible to be laid from there to the North American side. We may also add that the cable should be manufactured by Anne-man, laid by Americans, owned by Americans, and worked by Americans, a company which can be done easily when the Fenians take Ireland.

AMONG literary curiosities there appears a very interesting and valuable books; one called "Our Farm of Four Acres," and the other, "Our Six Acres Enough, and Where to Find It." We do not know where so much pleasant agricultural reading is to be found as in these two volumes, which are the result of a series of some ancient lecturers, either Lecian or Artemus Ward, and how every agriculturist can be made happy if his husbands can nurse to their wives, and the brothers to get married. We may spoil the sale of these books by saying that we have farms will like them, and those who have't farms will go at once and invest in them.

A new sensation has broken out at the park. The curators to the grass plots have become enraged thrown off their coolness the past week, by the constant appearance over their heads of a gigantic, globe shaped balloon, which sails over the park under its close direction. Some asserted it to be a new moon, as yet undiscovered by astronomers, a comet, a meteor, or one of the latest Wall streets bubbles. The matter could not long remain unexplained to curious eyes, and the result was the discovery of, not the famous war elephant Hannibal as the show bills have it, but the famous war balloon, which has been constructed under the pilotage of Professor T. S. C. Lowe, who has established himself in the corner of the Avenue and Fifth street, the tiny ground of the 5th avenue shading pedestrians from the scorching sunbeams, and the trees in front, and fora small douceur elevates the corporeal body 1,000 feet above the earth, giving the eyes such a sight of New York and its environs as they never had before had. Five minutes in the clouds, with the thermometer at a comfortable degree, soon be forgotten, and something that will only be missed by those who are not to all occasions.

The lovers of opera are discussing the new engagements made by s. s. talented tenorino, many of his new bride being unknown to the musical world. According to the enlightened favor of a daily paper, novelty would be benefited from the world of art, and solely linked reputations would monopolize the stage till the reward the age of Methuselah. Paris, Grisi, Mallibran, Jenny Lind and Mario at one time were unknown. The sapient critic himself who has made this wonderful discovery at one time had never written, and was consequently unknown. At all events, no impresario can have upon a New York audience either stingers or silver with their merit it undoubted.

There is nothing new at the theatres, except at the Winter Garden, where Barnum provides a change of performances every week.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic—A correspondent of the Illinois State *Journal*, who has traveled through the central portions of that State, says the wheat is not injured to exceed 20 per cent; oats are damaged but little, barley about 20 per cent; while corn is improved fully 25 per cent, by the late heavy rains. He thinks the corn-crop will be immense.

The present mayor of Jerusalem, Florida, was elected by a majority of one vote. The result has been contested by the highest judicial authority of the nation. This is the first instance in the state in Florida where the negroes have participated in an election.

The "Flag Uplifted and other sermons," who once preached in the Church of the Puritans, in Baltimore, says a correspondent of the *New York Commercial Advertiser*, is now in Richmond, has joined the rebels, others went in a body, and the whole congregation, it is said, have recently gone over.

Diphtheria is a very troublesome and dangerous disease. A simple remedy has been found for it that will effect a speedy cure. Take a common tin quart measure, put a little in the bowl, drop a little hot spirits on coal, then set a tube into the mouth, and the disease is broken up.

An effort is on foot to make Lafayette, Indiana, the permanent capital of that State. The scheme is to tap the Uppermost River about 10 miles from that city, and thence by a canal to the Wabash, sufficiently large to navigate for boats, and form what power is wanted for the State Capitol, and the Legislature.

"The Poor Man's Savings" is the new name for the Freedman's Savings Bank.

The income of the Girard estate, in Philadelphia, for the year ending the 1st of January, 1865, and to the 1st of January, 1866, there were 445 pupils in the Girard College, and on the 1st of January, 1866, only 47 vacancies existed.

The total sales of the Union Hotel at Saratoga entertained 1,400 people, who consumed 1,240 pounds of beefsteak, exclusive of other meats, and 400 quarts of milk.

The Postmaster-General, in re-establishing the mails with the South, has given the contracts on the old terms, which were often most extravagant. During the war, the mails were carried in carts, and sometimes on a horse effort will be made to keep it so.

A correspondent of the "Sunday Mercury," says a correspondent, "express great indignation if asked if they have church in Richmond. They have enough for master and we, I spec we can raise 'sufficient for 'em." Many of the churches, which have been converted into stables, will be restored to their original purpose.

It is almost whether they could be trusted to vote, they are so ignorant. Of the 1,000 votes in the vote, but one ring is there, we can't trust in white men, for they are all rebels, cause they are afraid to cheat us out of our rights."

The Paris *Constitutionnel* says that there are 21 establishments in the United States for the manufacture of arms, which employ 24,724,794, and workmen, who annually manufactured valued at $4,417,500. The number of fire-arms manufactured in the year 1864 was 2,771 females, to whom are paid $1,504,420. The value of the fire-arms manufactured is given at $7,607,525.

A correspondent of the Newark (N. J.) *Advertiser*, describing the season at Lake George, says that at one of the hotels there is a grand piano in front of the office. So anxious to an inquiry, one of them replied that, out of the forty boarders there, only one lady knew how to play, could read, and, with one exception, all could write. Of the forty, only one knew of a white reverend, but he lived in Saratoga or New York equally intelligent and well-informed.

Speaking of the late election in Kentucky, the Louisville *Journal* says: "We have for some time been urging, not wholly without success, to convince our friends that the number of rebel rebels is not to be being reconciled ones since the close of the war; but in view of the fact that the vote cast at the election in some parts of Kentucky, we are apprehensive that we have underrated the number. Many of the men who fought, or rather most audacious, of all the rebels, are now found to be Union men. They have elected to the Legislature by large majorities, and in one or two districts have even elected rebels but for the reason that they are so.

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—A rich foreign parvenu, a few days back, paraded the Champs Elysées in Paris, driving four grays by six horses. Greatly to his astonishment, he was waited on by a police officer, who told him that in France no one was allowed to use more than two horses. He was complained that he could not have so many animals in his carriage, and that he was informed that if he again were fond himself with six horses, the animals would be taken from him. Such is the law, and it must be carried.

—Mr. Gye opens opera by Halevy, entitled "Noah," it said to have been found among the posthumous papers of that gentleman.

—George N. Sanders, the unabletook, now goes armed for protection. He is a principles of Morrissey, and has a fight or gentle in which are slung his revolver and a bowie knife. A friend who has seen him says the small revolvers, making his person quite an arsenal.

—Abd-el-Kader has two wives, and no one is allowed to smoke in his presence. A friend who has the honor of his acquaintance has no regard for his tobacco.

—Prince Napoleon contemplates, it is said, a journey to Egypt, in which he will be visited by and accompanied by several notorables. It is in order to be in the Suez canal when it opens to be boarded the guest in the event of this long voyage being undertaken that the Imperial Highness will be invited to join it.

—The Queen of Madagascar has solemnly patronized the Christian religion, and would be considered by what to be the proof of her being a most enlightened sovereign. The Queen of Madagascar has also made also accept the Princess Royal and the wife of the Prince of Wales, as models of politeness for the hosts of others is conscious struggle.

—Four Fenians of English descent lately fell from the top of Mount Cervin, Switzerland, by the breaking of a rope by which they were descending to one of the glaciers. They fell some 4,000 feet from rock to rock.

City—Among the literary curiosities of Eng lish literature is mentioned a small volume of poems, published from shop, and in rare moments during "Waiting at Table," is inscribed by his obedient servant, R. A." The verses are said to be quite as good as many issued under more pretentious circumstances.

—Mr. Lincoln's favorite story is one told him with Count Segur, that he would seven in the Seine for 10 minutes, holding a book all the while in both hands and reading aloud, gained his wager on the 20th of July, a considerable crowd of boats being collected in the river ahead in the anxious solicitude to see the feat.

—An amusing incident occurred at the theatre in Albany when Gen. Grant and suite sat a crowded audience were attending the play of the "Colleen Bawn." In the act where Mr. Lamb swings over over the water from a rope suspended from shot, the actor made several daring feats that produced much the rock he aimed at, and in the last and successful attempt carried off the rock in his hand. It was a hit all summer"—which brought down the house with vociferous applause.

—A witness in the police court at Troy a few days since, was asked by the presidingjudge questioning, and to him, that the suspicions of the judge was a certain, and in making inquiries he found his fellow was a Dutchman who did not understand another word of English.

"One of our worthy State senators," says the Albany *Argus*, "was attacked by two ruffians on Chapel street last night, and driven to a door-step, where he took a seat, and kept, awaiting for the parliament to recover its equilibrium."

MOUNT HEGLA.

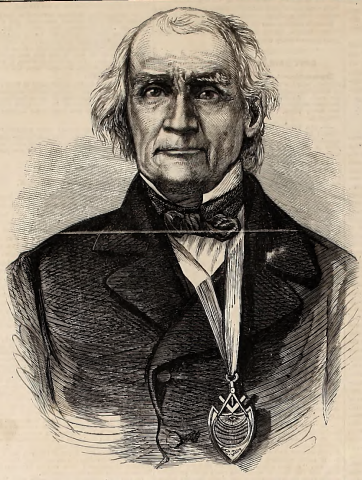
THE eruptions of this volcano have been discontinued since 1845. The last black-lead country appears in its cadence. There have been intervals of 74, 79 and 77 years between previous eruptions, and it is stated that the ordinary term of its could expect to do so without bearing more than once that period. The last eruption was in labor. In 1300 the annalists assert that Hecla was rent in its spongy from top to bottom—and no doubt it was very much so. Since the awful gash, now marked by a deep ravine, was partially healed by the eclipses of the rock and the falling of the snow, and during the eruption in 1693, Sir Joseph Banks states that scales were carried to a distance of 30 miles, that the cattle in the neighborhood were either choked by the noisome vapors or starved to death on account of the ashes which covered all the over-spread, they were discovered to be full of volcanic dust.

Besides Hecla, however, there are many burning mountains in Iceland, in which are to be found lakes of a still more rubidescent part. From Krabla a stream of lava was ejected between the years 1724 and 1729, and rushed into the lake Myvatn, where it filled the bed, which is now a plain, and the water, which is still a fine theme for several days. But under is no rock in Iceland, which is not volcanic. Mount Hecla is 5,000 feet high. Skaptar is a mountain in the south of Iceland, which is 6,000 feet high, and is part of a cluster of mountains which seem to lay their heads together in the sky. It is a huge crystal spheroid, inaccessible to human foot. From an account published in the Copenhagen *Gazette* we learn that the last eruption occurred to hold an inquest, as it were, over the disease of Mount Hecla, and therefore has been taken some exaggeration, it appears that throughout the eyrie, or nest of mountains, the most terrific scenes were presented. The eruption began on the 15th of June, which the ground for many days previously to day, and were heard in forests many miles distant.

Columns of pillars or smoke were seen to shoot up from the crater, and from the midst of the smoke was black in the air, from which sand and ashes fell in profusion. By night the sky was lighted with flame, and the ground in the neighborhood covered to the depth of 12 inches. Many of the cattle perished because the grass were thus burnt. The sounds were like the thunder of the loudest cannon. Fiery whirlwinds of the darkness in affright, and plucked their tents in the open fields. On the 17th, 18th and 19th the eruption was at its height, and to the south, and then a torrent of glowing lava burst from the western side, forming a mountain 400 feet high which the river ran, though its course was changed, and the water was forced to wade a mile further out than before. Huge rocks were thrown into the air, and fell with incredible velocity. Sweeping along the ground with awful rapidity, they crushed everything in their way, and many farms and buildings were consequently submerged. The lava, as it cooled, fell down the river bed, and the water, which was at first boiling, soon became cool enough for fish to live in it. The lava, as it passed at a short distance, but on the 21st of June, the eruption had ceased, and the lava, which had burst from the usual outlet, stanched the church and village, and soon after the lava ceased flowing, the water began with violence over the drowned hamlet. In the attempt to escape from the flood, many people were lost, but in some chances, rolling on its covering of snow as if it were a sheet, and so safely landed by torrent.

Numerous eruptions from the volcano, between the years 1766 and 1845, but they did not fall down in force with such material, and as the other effusions were now and then accompanied by earthquakes, the fear of the natives was greatly increased. Many of the more currents were seen rolling down the mountain sides, and the lava, as it cooled, assumes of 60 feet. The sheets which the space of a single evening.

Continuing to flow until the end of August, the smoke locked up some fiery gases, drove the inhabitants from others, and spread destruction wherever he appeared. For several years afterwards the vapor still rose from particular spots, as if the fury of the microbe were even unsatisfied. It was not until February, 1856, after ejecting a prodigious quantity of lava, from its entrails, a gradual perhaps that ever issued from the volcano before, that the mountain returned to its ordinary condition.



THE LATE JOHN HUTCHINGS, PILOT OF THE FIRST STEAMER BUILT BY JOHN FITCH.—FROM A DAGUERREOTYPE.



THE LATE SIR E. P. TACHE, PREMIER OF THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SMEATON.

JOHN HUTCHINGS,

The First Steamboat Pilot.

One by one of the aged men whose lives have served to make the history of our country are passing away, and soon there will be nothing left to but the prized record of their deeds, and the cherished remembrances of their personal virtues. Mr. John Hutchings, of Williamsburg, L. I (Brooklyn, E. D.), died at his residence on the 24th ult., in the 84th year of his age. He was a man the community could ill afford to lose. His blameless life and extensive knowledge of events of the greatest moment in our history which transpired under his observation, made him one whose acquaintance and friendship was prized by all.

Mr. Hutchings was of English descent; was born in Northeastle Westchester County, New York, in the year 1781, and received an ordinary school education in his native town. His parents removed to New York before he was 16 years of age, where, while yet a mere boy, we find him assisting the inventor, John Fitch, in his experiments in applying the propulsive power of steam to boats. These experiments were made on the old Collect Pond, which lay where the "Tombs" now stands. He acted as fireman on the first vessel built by Mr. Fitch, and consequently may be termed the oldest steamboat pilot in this country. Having the entire confidence of the inventor, he was familiar with his plans and designs, and has always contended for the priority of John Fitch's claim to the great honor of introducing the use of steam as a propelling power for boats, over that of Robert Fulton. In 1846 Mr. Hutchings published the well-known chart, representing the Collect Pond and vicinity, as it formerly appeared. The work contained a pictorial illustration of the first boat and his machinery. He also published a *fac-simile* of the original account kept by George Washington with the United States, from 1775 to 1783, which was very widely circulated.

Mr. Hutchings had a mind full of enterprise, and was engaged in various pursuits during his life, but mainly in the cooperage business. He was a zealous member of the Order of F. & A. M., and was chaplain of Hyatt Lodge, No. 205. Mr. Hutchings was always much interested in the education of the young, and labored zealously to establish a system of public schools. This patriarch, so loved and honored by all who knew him, was buried with Masonic honors, on the 28th ult., in the cemetery of Evergreens, Brooklyn, L. I.



ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, CHURCH HILL, RICHMOND, VA.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. J. RECKER.



REV. S. H. TYNG, JR., RECTOR OF THE CHURCH OF HOLY TRINITY, NEW YORK CITY.

REV. STEPHEN H. TYNG, JR.

We present this week a portrait of the Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, Jr., son of the distinguished rector of St. George's Church, New York. The subject of our sketch was born in Philadelphia, June 30th, 1839; graduated at Williams' College, Mass., in 1858, and would have finished his theological course in the seminary in Fairfax County, Va., had not the opening war obliged him to leave that State. For sometime he held the position of chaplain of the 12th Regiment N. Y. S. M., and accompanied that gallant regiment to Harrisburg when called to the defence of Pennsylvania. In person Dr. Tyng is of the average height, full face, genial expression and commanding mien. He has a quick, nervous temperament, is decidedly able for his years, and is exceedingly zealous in his Christian work. He evidently takes for his models men of the stamp of his father, and desires to establish a fame based on substantial acquirements rather than sensational accomplishments. Dr. Tyng is now the rector of the Holy Trinity Church, Madison avenue, New York, a sketch of which we give in the present issue.

A CANDIDATE at an election, who lacked eloquence, when another had, in a long and brilliant speech, promised great things, set up and said: "Electors of G——, all that he has said I will do."



THE CHURCH OF THE HOLY TRINITY, MADISON AVENUE, CORNER OF FORTY-SECOND STREET, NEW YORK CITY.



THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE NEW IRON BRIDGE, HARLEM, N. Y.

FOR BETTER FOR WORSE.



THE orange blossoms wreathe my brow,
My finger wears the bridal token,
The holy rite hath all been said,
The binding words have all been spoken;
While life endures, till death us part
Thro' joy and sorrow, good and ill,
I'll bear thy image in my heart—
I'll cling to love—obey thee still;
My hopes all centre now in thee,
And henceforth thou my fate wilt be.

Think not I speak with doubting heart,
Or turn regretful to the past;
Deeming these early joyous days
Too glad, too bright to last.
Ah, no! I know thee all too well,
Too earnest is my faith in thee,
I would but show thee what thou art,
The very light of life to me.
Earth has no happier fate beside
For me than this—to be thy bride.

And it is mine; I am thy own,
Forever thine, whate'er betide,
From all life's griefs, in all life's cares,
Thy love my shield, thy truth my guide,
I have no hope, I have no thought,
I have no wish thou dost not share,
My being is wrapped up in thine,
Thy name is in my every prayer;
Thy own true heart, thy faithful breast,
My home, my refuge and my rest.

Cad's Correspondence.

BY F. PALMER.

HALF-A-DOZEN young fellows, junior officers of the gunboat Broadside, were lounging wearisomely about their mess-room one winter evening during the rebellion, seeking to dissipate their low spirits in clouds of smoke and occasional volleys of imprecations at the stupidity of service on the blockade, at their late ill-luck in prizes, at the weather, the fare, and such other items as go to make make up the sum of masculine infelicity.

"Nothing to eat!" "Nothing to chase!" "Nothing to do!" were the peevish ejaculations that came successively through moustaches bristly and silky, black and brown.

"Not even a mail!" was one's inconie lament.

"No; no letters for a fortnight!" came discon-solately in response.

"Nobody, for my part, to write coy," added Lieutenant Lyle, in a tone of philosophic dejection.

"Nor I—except my governor, who sends me a foolscap of advice once in a while, or some old friend, who considerately recalls himself and his little debt to my recollection, now that I am serving Uncle Sam, and, consequently 'flush!'"

Just then one of the party, wearing an Assistant-Surgeon's insignia, was twisting a wisp of paper with which to light a fresh cigar. Something upon it seemed to engage his attention.

"Boys," said he, in a moment, "on the principle that the devil's always near when you're talking about him, here's a suggestion of a remedy for ennui. Listen, ye disconsolate, it's better than most of my prescriptions."

And Dr. Breck read:

"Two young ladies, of loveless leisure, wish to correspond with any number of young gentlemen. Sincerity no object."

"Oh, that's stale trumpery, doctor. Give us something new, if you are going to prescribe," said one.

"Yes, I should think so," sneered Langdon Lyle, who was a New Yorker, and had been at Paris and Vienna, and sincerely thought himself *blasé* at twenty-five. "Of all despicable modes of entertainment, these anonymous correspondences seem to me the most insane. As if any women, with whom one would deign to flirt, if acquainted, would waste her stationery and sentiment in such a way!"

"Don't,he too disdainful," said Dr. Breck; "I've seen some fun result from these things."

The doctor was authority in adventures, a gay-hearted, popular fellow withal, so the majority listened favorably.

"Well, come on, doctor, and tell us the way," said one. "Fun's what we want."

"Now, for instance," said Breck, leaning back, with half-closed eyes, and speaking between whiles, "if we should insert, jointly, as a advertisement for a correspondent, in FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER say, and then divide the replies before opening them, why some of us might——"

"Yes, yes!" chorused the desperate group.

"It's a good idea, after all, and, at any rate, would give us something to expect beside eight bells and salt beef."

"And such beef!" said Lyle, meditatively.

So the pocket edition of "Les Miserables" spent the long December evening in concocting an advertisement. It was written and rewritten, quarrelled over, put to vote, and really proved in itself quite a fruitful source of diversion to all but Lieutenant Lyle, who emphatically declared he "would none of it," and resolutely sulked away the hours in supreme contempt at the interest his mess-mates exhibited in the matter.

But the advertisement was dispatched, and in due time appeared in print, and in time also wee rewarded by a flock of missives in reply, as if St. Valentine had suddenly assumed the patronage of the Broadside.



LIEUTENANT LYLE'S INTERVIEW WITH "MISS RAVELYEA."



LIEUTENANT LYLE READING CAD'S LETTERS.

To Dr. Breck, as instigator of the scheme, fell, of course, the privilege of portioning these replies among the expectants.

"Come, Lyle," he said, coaxingly, "take your share," and he tossed towards the Lieutenant a long, narrow, cream laid envelope, stamped with a crest.

The recipient had not been wholly proof against the contagion of excitement; perhaps, also, a slight taint of constitutional curiosity (inherited from his mother) prompted concession. He turned the letter a few times rather contemptuously in his fingers, and at length broke the seal.

Dr. Breck watched him with wicked eyes.

He read the contents rather carefully, in spite of his supercilious smile, and really they seem addled

accention. It was indisputably a brilliant letter which had fallen to his share.

"Rather—that is, a trifle—strong-minded," he thought, during his second perusal; "but written so clearly and daintily."

He was sure the writer had pretty taper fingers, and had written with a jewel-tipped gold pointe. He fell to considering the surroundings under which the pages were probably penned, ranked a lace-draped bow window, or a rose-aimed boudoir, an inlaid desk, a spray of heliotrope in a glass close side it. And then the face, violet eyes, probably, and not much color.

"Though," he ruminated, coming down from his reverie to the smoke-filled room, the red-hot stove, the odious carpet pattern, and the distorted eagle on the baby spread.

"I say, boys," he cried out, "the owner of a pretty woman would back us to, eh?"

"We'll have their *curios de viste* next time," responded some one, in an absent-minded tone, without looking up from the purple-inked pages of his epistle.

"Decidedly," thought Lyle, "for a woman. It has but one fault: there's a trifle too much of the *sexual* sometimes in the style," and he found himself sighing hopes upon the author.

Regularly the exchange went on, and with time the one fault he had noticed gradually disappeared. The signature changed from "respectfully, Josephine Rapelye," to "your friend, Cad." The slightest perceptible tone of confident dependence, the somewhat lofty strain of the earlier letters, even deepening, as the months were away, into a half tenderness, but, as though unconsciously, or against the writer's will. These letters were, maybe, less brilliant than the first, but certainly they satisfied Lieutenant Lyle's preconceived, a good deal better. Yet even to himself he would hardly admit his interest in them.

"Well, Lyle," Dr. Breck would sometimes say, in a jeering, quizzical way, "has it got as far as the Platonic, yet?"

At which Lyle invariably frowned in silence. And when the others begged that he would show his assignment letters, as they did theirs, and declared that ignorance was unfair, he frowned in silence again. Then Dr. Breck said, a little exultantly, it seemed that the case was serious and must not be let alone. It was to ruin, however, that Langdon solicited a picture of his incognita.

"Impossible! impossible!" was the only reply.

Also when spring approached and he conceived hopes of a "leave," he wrote to ask if he might not visit "Miss Rapelye?" but the lady's arch and sensible reply was "you remember that our 'only object' was a correspondent, not an acquaintance."

"But you have signed yourself 'my friend' for you have yourself abandoned the ground of being merely my correspondent," wrote the logical Lyle, to which the lady with total renunciation alike of grounds and arguments, responded:

"I'm afraid you'd better not come."

This, though, was not discouraging. Having Miss Rapelye's address, Lyle believed he should easily discover the true name of his correspondent, when, by-and-by, he had become sufficiently interested, which gave zest to his anticipation of going home.

Early in April Dr. Breck and he received, each, his leave of absence, and sailed together for New York.

There, at home, Langdon dallied for ten of these swift twenty days, which are golden grains in the glass of many a destiny, and then one morning, under a vague impulse, took a train on the Hudson River road, and in less than a couple of hours had reached "Miss Rapelye's" dale, and his own destination.

Lounging upon the hotel piazza, waiting for something to turn up, he beheld Dr. Breck. They were mutually astonished.

"What on earth are you doing here?" demanded Lyle, with a vague uneasiness and sense of "being caught."

"Why, I'm at home; but what are you doing?"

Langdon was in position. He might confess a lie, take the next train out, and give up the quest and the correspondence, and let the whole thing drop where it was.

But he didn't want to!

So he took the darker into his confidence. He was just the one to help him, and there was no use being "escapish" about it.

"Breck," said he, "that girl I've been corresponding with lives here, and I'm bound to find her. Will you help me?"

A puzzling expression came across the doctor's face; a look of reflection of Langdon's at their meeting.

"Why," said he, rather slowly, "I'll do what I can."

Just then a group of school girls went by, on the opposite side of the way, too vitalized and festive glances at their uniforms, brilliant in the morning sunshine, on the hotel stoop.

Lyle's eyes accidentally followed them.

"There," said he, "I wish that were she—the one in the little black hat; I like her looks."

Breck turned.

"Why that's—that's—that's—" but he did not conclude the sentence, and began asking his perplexed friend some irrelevant questions, and shortly excused himself, saying he would come back in an hour and report progress.

Langdon wondered what made the doctor so glum.

"I say, Breck," he called after him, "you were the instigator of the frolic, and I'll think you're mean if you don't help me out."

Breck's look was that of a mixed sense.

"You'll hear from me," he said, hastily.

He believe he knows who it is," thought Lieutenant Lyle, as he paced the piazza, thinking of various things; of some of his correspondent's confessions, of his gainsay little face, how much had gone by, and of it's pretty wearer, until a hey bandied him note.

He hadn't really put rather fast as he looked at it. The writing was not "Cad's," but it ran:

"I learn, through Dr. Breck, that you are in town, and wish to see me. You may call at the corner of Willow and Elm streets, and ask for Miss Rapelye."

Lieutenant Lyle repaired to his room and consulted his mirror. He was really a handsome fellow, and his gold banded sleeves, unbuttoned buttons, and tasteful cap were certainly prepossessing. He felt in good humor for an adventure.

On the corner of Willow and Elm streets he knocked at the door of a substantial brick cottage, and asked for "Miss Rapelye," as directed. He gave the servant his card—"Langdon Lyle, U. S. N."—and was shown into the parlor.

Just from the hooded hall he conjectured, but still a cozy and tasteful room. Tinges were piles of books, some engravings, a hand-organ—small but promising. Yi Yore—an open piano, new music and masses of delicate, flaky, early flowers in various receivers. The mid-April air came through an open window, and a clear fire burned in the grate.

Langdon felt a sense of an exquisite presence. The door opened, and he rose to greet his incognita.

"Miss Rapelye?" he advanced—faltered and finally held out his hand, bowing low to conceal the shame he sought in vain to hide. The sight of a tall, ungraceful woman who wore her hair in a knob, glasses, and a check apron.

"Lieutenant Lyle," she said, pleasantly but rather shrilly, "I was unwilling to have you disappoint yourself by coming to see me. My gifts are only those of the mind."

"Madam," said the lieutenant, with a gasping attempt at gallantry, "for the charms of those qualities I sought this interview."

His elaborate politeness in contrast with his discomfited appearance were irresistibly ludicrous.

"Miss Rapelye" burst into a hearty laugh, and Dr. Breck stood revealed in the disguise.

Langdon started with but anger, his hands clenched, his eyes flashing.

"Breck," said he, "dare you—"

"Lyle, old fellow, forgive me. I never meant the joke to go so far. I forbade you to come; I—"

At this moment the door was opened by a girl of perhaps twenty; her dress was gray; her hands filled with wild flowers, and a black jockey hat hanging by broad ribbons down her back.

"Cad!" cried Lyle, as she sprang to a child about to intrude.

But the girl stopped at the door-way and gazed at the author of strange figure, in astonishment.

"Cad!" echoed Langdon, as if the word electrified him, and the two gazed at each other as if for explanation.

"It is my cousin, Miss Rapelye," the doctor were forced to say.

"And I, Miss Rapelye, am Langdon Lyle," said the lieutenant, with effrontery. And then, with a sudden resentful flash, "Cousin!" Come, Breck, we must square this matter somehow. Pray, come in, Miss Rapelye."

But the girl stood *en attitude stenante*, or a statue, or a young lady very much astonished.

Lieutenant Lyle knew her cousin in that instant almost. The angry words and faces she had broken in upon! It was incomprehensible. She looked as if about to retreat.

Langdon darted forward.

"Pray, Miss Rapelye, come in for one moment, I beseech you. Your cousin has been playing some cruel tricks upon me, and as your name has been used, you should be interested in the explanation."

Miss Rapelye flushed crimson. She darted at lieutenant Lyle a look he'd say precisely the same into the room, scattering her flowers heedlessly along the carpet.

"Now, Cad," said Langdon, "what does this all mean? Think have you been up to?"

"Well," said the doctor, trying to make the best of his part, "I just thought I'd like to exchange letters with you for pastime, we were so dull down there, and thus convert you to the doctrine of correspondence; as I was peculiarly employed my little cousin to carry out the joke. I assure you, Lyle, I never intended it should go so far."

"And you used to send your cousin draughts to copy, to me?"

"Yes."

"And how do you know that your draughts corresponded with those I received?" asked Langdon remorselessly stole a look at Miss Cad, who turned very white.

"Why one compare them," said Breck, rather stiffly. "And—"

"Oh, Cousin!" burst from Cad's lips, "I—I—confess—"

"Never mind, Miss Cad," said Langdon, recovering himself, "the device was clever, and—"

"At least, Lyle, you'll acquit me of any attempt to bring you here," said Breck, with one look of reproach at the guilty Cad.

"My dear fellow, I'll blose you for it till the end of my life."

"Well, there's no use—I've learned one lesson from the volume of practical joke," said the doctor, with a rueful laugh.

Langdon held out his hand.

"We're old chum-mates as well as comrades, doctor. Let's forgive and forget."

"Willingly, Lyle; and since you're here," speaking with comical gravity, "you can't do less than stay and dine with us."

"With pleasure, provided you put on a costume better suited to your sex and age."

The doctor went off to marig l Miss Rapelye and Langdon were alone together. He approached the piano, by which she stood plucking nervously at the flowers she held. Langdon beheld the realization of his fairest dream. Such large, lovely eyes as he had once seen in a picture and which had haunted him since, such golden waves of hair, arched brows and tender lips as he had often fancied but never found.

A delicious rapture surged in his breast. He leaned into exact reverie, gazing at this fairest face. Suddenly their eyes met. It was an instant of mutual embarrassment. Then the young man took one of the flowers in both hands from their work of destruction, and held it close in his.

"Cad," he said, in a low penetrating tone.

"Oh, Mr. Lyle," sobbed the girl, "have I done very wrong? I liked your letters so much, and—and so—and—"

"Cad—my sweet Cad," said our Lieutenant, "do you think you could like me?"

The rich tint of crimson swept over the pure face. The dark eyes rested for one exquisite instant on Lyle's, and then Cad suffered the gold-banded sleeve of her lover's blue jacket, while her head yielded to her lover's pressure, and she shrank against his breast.

"Oh, Lyle," it seems as though we must have been acquainted a long, long time," she faltered.

"Dearest," he answered, "when souls have met, as ours here, the eyes they look through are but inside souls and nothing else."

Langdon did not consider, probably, that a dull or indifferent pair of eyes are not quite an apt to look through those soul-windows as brilliant ones.

The rapturous silence of newly uttered love stole over their hearts and sealed their lips. That they were in the parlor alone, very happy, and quite absent in the warm, weeing, noon-day air, till Breck's coming footfall startled them. Then with that unconscious and unmistakable look upon their faces, they turned apart as the doctor opened the door, and Cad, with cheeks ablaze, brushed by him, out of the room.

Breck's quick glance read what had been plain to Lyle's for years.

"Langdon," said he, "you've got the best of my joke."

"Decidedly, Breck."

VRAI AMOUR.

I HEAR a voice, and tremble at the tone,
A coming step, to me familiar grown,
Makes my tongue falter, but the heart will speak,
Flaunting its signals o'er a blushing cheek.

I touch his hand and with it comes a thrill,
Fluttering and quivering, as the Aspene will,
When their shy leaves receive the south-wind's kiss,
And rushing whisper back their tender bliss.

He speaks my name—and then it seems to me
Like the refrain of some rich melody,
Heard through the night-fall of a summer-day
When stars and fire-flies light the dimming way.

His eye meets mine—swiftly the curtain falls,
Ah, me! the messengers have crossed the halls,
And, with white feet, go wandering through my soul,
Painting sweet pictures on its waiting scroll.

Absent from him, and e'en the more glorious day
Seems dark with clouds, and noiseless drags away;
Seen by his side, the very clouds look bright
And all earth gladdens in love's perfect light.

How We Trapped the Burglars.

We lived in a street, at the time in which my tale is laid, within five miles of the Battery, and the dark month of December was upon us. The series of burglaries, except in our neighborhood, and no less than three houses out of the ten in the street had been entered by burglars and robbed when the discovery of the thieves had taken place. So shy, also, had the work of entry been performed, that in no case had the inmates been alarmed, and it was not until the servants descended in the morning that the discovery of a robbery was made.

In two out of the three cases, an entrance had been effected through a pantry-window, by removing a pane of glass and cutting a small hole in the shutter. This window was on the ground-floor, and easily reached, being secluded, and certain. In the third robbery, an upper window was entered by means of a knife which forced back the fastening, and of course allowed the sash to be raised.

So rapidly had these robberies occurred, that the whole neighborhood was alarmed. The police shook their heads, and looked knowing, but did nothing; and what was much to be lamented, failed to lay hold upon the robbers, who, they at the same time asserted, were evidently not regular professionals.

Affairs had reached such a stage, that we used to sleep with a revolver close to our bedside, when we happened to have a friend who came to stay with us a few days. This friend was an old jungle-hunter, and was *au fait* at every artifice by which the animal creation might be captured. He was delighted at the idea of having an adventure with burglars, and seemed the belief that they were more than a match in cunning for even the sevenest jungle-hunter. It was in vain that we assured him it was an axiom that an accomplished robber could effect an entrance into any house; and that instruments were used of such a nature as to cut holes in doors without noise, and, in fact, that through roofs and sky-lights, down chimneys, and up water-spouts, an accomplished burglar could easily enter the best defended house in the kingdom.

Our friend's argument was, that the man was a man on watch, who took advantage of the residents being asleep and unsuspecting; "but," said he, "if any suspicions be raised, and I will defy any burglar to enter my house without my having due warning; because, although I may be asleep, still I shall hear his approach, and can then make my arrangements to welcome him."

Although we were not desirous of having our house broken into, still we wished that our friend's confidence should be taken out of him.

A few days after this conversation, the police informed us that several suspicious characters had been seen about, and recommended us to be on the watch. Upon this, was a good opportunity to test my friend's skill and watchfulness; so, having informed him of the policeman's warning, I asked him if he felt confident to undertake the defense of the house.

"Certainly," he replied; "I only demand a double battery, and I undertake that you have a pair of slippers beside your bed. I also must go to bed last, and no servant is to go down stairs before me in the morning; nor is any one to walk about during the night; then I will defy the burglars."

Upon it was agreed that my friend was to act the part of guardian, and was to commence his charge on the ensuing night.

It was quite late when bed passed, and no alarms had occurred, and no robberies taken place; we began to think our alarms had been groundless; but our friend said that now was the very time we must be guarded, for that no wise burglar would rob when he was expected; besides, he said, we have not had the "all clear" given yet; it is when we have drove ratie, and the chimney rumbles, that robbers are to be looked out for; and not a moment's noise is unlike; thus, he said, he did not give up hopes of yet having something to say to the robbers before the night terminated.

I usually sleep very lightly, and therefore awoke readily upon hearing a tap at my bedroom door during the early hours of our watch. It was my friend's voice that answered me, and we were requested to come out at once.

"I've got a prize, a burglar match," I replied.

"Nonsense, man; a light will spoil the whole thing. Come as you are, dark, slip on a dressing-gown and your slippers, and come at once."

I was soon provided as he wished, and ready to descend the stairs on the dark.

"Now, remember," my friend said, "there are seven steps to the first landing, twelve others afterwards, and the fourth step creaks remarkably, so be careful to descend without noise."

The night was boisterous, and many a window and door shook and rattled, so that the slight noise we made in descending the stairs was not sufficient to have attracted the attention of the wood listener. We despended to the ground-floor, entered the pantry, and then, standing perfectly still, darkened ourselves and listening.

In a very few seconds we heard a grating noise on the shutter, then an interval of quiet, and again a noise; presently we heard a sash gently raised, and again all was quiet. The noise of a heavy vehicle passing the house seemed to affect an opportunity for a more decided effort, for while the rattle of the wheels was loudest, a crash sounded from the shutter, and we could hear the bolt was forced, for the shutter was gently moved.

"Don't stir till I do, and hold your breath if possible," whispered my friend in my ear.

I found the latter a difficult request to comply with, for my heart was beating with rapidity, and a thumping noise in my ribs in the meantime I was still I stood quiet, and trusted to my friend.

Nothing could be more cautious than the proceedings of the robber; the shutter was pushed back in the most slow and steady manner; had there been more than a bolt fastened to it, I knew whether it would have been made to ring. At intervals there was a rest from work, evidently for the purpose of listening, and the noise of the robber placed his leg across the window-sill, and lightly descended into the pantry.

The moment he was out of doors, was very dark, and in the corner where we stood it was black as Erebus, our forms, therefore, were quite undistinguishable, and we were safe from the observation we was by touching or hearing us.

The first burglar was soon followed by a second, and while we could hear that a third, who was outside, was to remain there on watch.

"Now keep still up," said my master two.

"Not yet, till you push the shutter to," replied the other, "or the glim 'll be seen; then you may show your hand."

The shutter was quietly pushed to, and both robbers moved away a few paces from the window by which they had entered. Then my friend, who while they walked, it was evident that they were either without shoes or had on India-rubber overalls. Of these sire or weapons we could see nothing, and I began to doubt whether our position was at all tenable one, as I was armed only with a sword, a weapon, however, I knew how to use, whilst of my friend's means of offence or defence I knew nothing.

I had not long to wait, for a lucifer was struck by one of the men immediately, and the room was momentarily lighted up; at the same instant my friend drew up the slide of the dark lantern, and directed the light on the face of the nearest man, at the same time showing the muzzle of a revolver pointed towards them.

"If either of you move I'll put a couple of bullets in him," said my friend, as he placed his back against the window by which the men had entered. "Now drop that crow-bar," he continued, in a voice of authority; "down with it; and you," he said to me, "pull open the shutter, and shout for the police."

The idea that is usually entertained of a burglar

is, that he is a man of great size, strength, and daring, and that he would in an encounter annihilate any moderate man. When, then, the light revealed the faces and forms of the men we had captured, our number self, although no great pugilist, yet felt able to defeat either of them if it came to a matter of fists; and I must own that the pale and astonished faces of the men were not indicative of any very great courage.

Our chief officer was shortly answered; and the ringlets having been subdued by the sight of the revolver—the muzzle of which pointed first at one then at the other—were captured by the police, three of whom were speedily on the spot, and conveyed them to the station, whilst the chief detective who had been brought down some days previously, examined the details by which the man had effected an entrance.

"You were very lucky to hear them, especially on such a night," said the detective; "when once they're in they are safe as a church. We have tried and I expect they'll get seven years."

The man was about correct, for one, the elder offender, was sentenced to six, the other to five years' penal servitude.

"It will, I suppose, be of no use trying to sleep again to-night, for it is three o'clock," said my friend.

"I cannot sleep," was my reply: "and I am dying to hear how you found out that these men were approaching the house."

Being, that night, as we partly rolled ourselves, lighted a fire in the kitchen, and soon being provided with cigars and grog, got very comfortable, and enabled to work freely. My friend then began his account, which he gave much in the following words:

"The burglar, as I told you, has usually the advantage of surprise; he can select the time at which he makes his attack, and if his proceedings are carried on cautiously, can enter a house before he is heard. Few men would, however, venture to do so, unless they previously had good information as to the interior arrangements of the house; this they obtain either from servants, tradesmen, or some one who has been in the habit of entering themselves as tramps, or with some trifle to sell. Thus, if there are bells attached to doors or windows, they know at what height they are placed, well the domestic arrangements of the locality they purpose trying their skill upon. There are, too, convenient methods of protecting doors, such as bolts, bars, chains, locks, &c., all of which require more time and proper instruments to overcome. It therefore occurred to me that novelty and simplicity combined would be more than a match for the coarse indolence of a burglar, and thus I made my plans, which, you see, answered very well."

"So doubt about that," we replied.

"Well now, come up to my room," he continued, "and see the apparatus."

We mounted to the room, and there, close beside his pillow, was a tin box, in the bottom of which was a key.

"This is nearly all the apparatus," he said; "but you notice some thread fastened to the key; trace that thread, and you will find that it passes through the box, and out at the sash; from there it goes down to the back-yard; and now you will comprehend my plan. I knew that no man could approach the back part of the house without walking up the back-yard, which is only four yards wide. I therefore fastened the thread low, and about two feet from the ground, some fine black thread; this was made fast on one side, but slipped through a loop, and tied up to my window on the other. The thread then passed through the hole I had bored in the window-sash, and was then made fast to the key. Under the key I placed the tin box, you see; and over the key was a bar, to prevent its being dragged up more than six inches. Each night, before I went to bed, I just drew the string tight, and fastened it in the yard, taking care to do it before morning, so as to keep the plan a secret. If, then, a man, or anything above two feet high, walked up the yard, the string was pulled tight, the key was drawn up abruptly against the bar, and the string broken, when the key, of course, fell into the tin box, making quite sufficient noise to wake me. Immediately the string or thread broke, it would fall to the ground; and the man who had done all this, if he would not have felt anything, the resistance being so slight. I must own I should have preferred horse-hair to thread, as in the case of a cut it is unseen very well. I was fast asleep when the key fell, but immediately awoke, and taking my lantern came to my door, lighted it, and made sure you, for I knew that a man only in the back-yard could have dropped my key. So now you see how the burglar was disposed of, for you know the rest."

"Certainly, you succeeded; and so we ought not to be critical," we replied. "But suppose they had entered by the front window instead of by the back, how then?"

"You see this thread," he said, grasping one that was near the door; "pull it."

I did so, and immediately a tin cup dropped into the hand-basin.

"That thread goes down stairs, and is fastened across the front-door key; but I should take off as I went out of my room, so that it should not impede my journey down stairs. Thus I could at once know whether a man was approaching the back-door or had entered by the front-window, and in either case I think I could have captured him."

Simple as had certainly been adopted in the present case, but the means had shown themselves to be efficient.

"People are usually very silly," continued our friend, "when they hear, or think they hear, suspicious noises of a night. The first thing they usually do is to light a candle, which proclaims to the robber that he has been heard, and most escape; then they go about the house with that candle, and make a great noise, so that a man may have plenty of time to get away, or to hide himself. Instead of this, if a person were to listen intently, he would be able to hear any suspicious noises distinctly, and decide upon their cause; then, as he must know his own house better than a robber, he is best off of the two in the dark; and when, having armed himself, he has quietly opened his door, he may wait and listen until the robbers are heard moving about, when he may safely proceed to the scene of action. If two persons were merely to plan what was to be done in case of robbers entering his house, and then were to carry out that if the occasion required it, burglary would be too dangerous and unsuccessful a proceeding to be popular or profitable, and thus safety would be, for a mere moderate means of obtaining a livelihood; so that really we may consider ourselves to have done the community at large a benefit, were it possible of these genius; whilst those who allow their houses to be robbed with impunity jeopardise their neighbor's property."

EMMA'S CHANCES.

BY A. BROOKGREEN.

ALL of Emma Wilson's lady friends treated her with disdain and scorn, yet her gentleman friends were charmed with her, and were ready enough for admiration or envy. A trim, little lady, always neatly dressed; a softly complexion, unpretentious features, dark grey eyes that expressed shrewdness; hair rather scant, but cunningly interwoven with a wreath of false curls, crowned her shapely little head with bandeaux, braids or curls, as became the fashion. Her tiny bloomin mouth was a study for a poet, such an inclination they had to the voter. They always strayed to hook-side, or, at least, to the edge of the handkerchief. Emma had a pretty voice, and while their artful owner looked around for a cross ing, which was sure to be forthcoming. It was on a occasion of this kind that Mr. Henderson was compelled to capitulate. A rain cloud had spread itself over the heavens, and as he stood by Wilsons' front gate, where Emma stood in pretty helplessness. Young Lawson would, doubtless, have carried the fair Walter Raleigh under the rain, he possessed a velvet cloak. He substituted a rail from a neighboring fence, and Emma crossed in triumph. Mrs. Wilson was a widow of long standing, and thereafter was a regular visitor at the Wilsons. Young men found it very agreeable to call on Emma, and Henderson found the Wilsons home "Wilson's Inn," for every eligible caller was invariably treated to wine and sponge-cake, and, as the jolly Mrs. Wilson was a most charming hospitality. Harry was surprised with many other gentlemen on his visits, and found that a young man of an appreciative epposite, his respect for Mrs. Wilson, and his admiration for Emma, were very high indeed. Henderson and Mrs. Wilson was not inconsible to this crowning ovtrstage, and in due season congratulated her upon having engaged the services of so eligible young man in H——. Mrs. Wilson, being well aware of the mutability of young love, and the peril of long engagements, urged speedy marriage, to which the wily lovers demurred. Emma did not wish to give up her freedom; Harry courted more riches, and was soon to start for the golden shores of California, to engage in mercantile pursuits. With regard to the former objection, lamentation, the young people parted. For a time there was a brisk correspondence between the loving lovers. Harry was happy in the fair one's affection waned tho soonest. Before many months she tormented him to present lover with accounts of her numerous conquests, and, getting still sufficiently, as she thought, by tender in reference to his absence, told Harry nothing.

"The squaws of the Sioux and Blackfoot Indians are the most agreeable women I ever met, without any exception, in the present century. For the last twenty years, or more probably, never, being perfectly contented where I am. Emma, of course, has to go to the Indian country before I can consent to admire the Indians and live among them for ever. Your pride must be wounded, but she had caused absolute freedom, which she thought I gave them, for she was as much in love as one of her dusky admirers could be, and I found her a charming student. William Markham was one of those rare geniuses who rise from obscurity by the sheer superiority of their talents. Although he had many of his acquaintances for his discrimination, yet he was captivated by Emma Wilson. She did not care a whit for his genius, but she loved him for fame. She did appreciate his fine personal appearance and graceful manners, and thought he would make a good-looking, good-natured husband. The day she sent her note of dismissal to Harry, a mighty walk was in prospect for that afternoon. Emma joyfully accepted the opportunity of securing another lover. A walk was, of all occasions, the most favorable for tender vows; there were plenty of brooks to be crossed, and Emma had such an indescribable charming way of winning help at such times! Moreover, she had colored the magic art of browns in old romances, who gained their conquests by fingers and white dresses.

While the dew yet trembled on the grass," and some home with dry feet and unsullied skirts. Emma had a most fascinating way of tripping through bushes and briars, never tearing her dress, nor being delayed by the irritating little brambles and wiry blackberry vines in her path. Perhaps it was this faculty of looking faultless on all occasions that charmed William Markham, or perhaps the cheerful Wilson setting-room captivated him. To his return from the woods with Emma, Mrs. Wilson welcomed him to a sparkling wood fire, which the chill evening air rendered most agreeable, and proffered the invitation to cake and wine. Artful little Emma slipped off the shawl that concealed her pretty figure, kept on her becoming hat with its lovely wild flowers; then, seated on a low divan, with one dainty foot peeping from the folds of her dress, she made so graceful a picture as a carewom and tired student could wish. And so William Markham became a victim. Emma did not know much, but she had the greatest knowledge of knowing herself. She was wise enough to listen gravely when William talked on subjects beyond her depth. He was one among many to the artful girl; blind to her faults, and thinking himself the most fortunate man alive. She coolly analyzed him in solitude. "He's handsome enough," she thought, "and agreeable enough, if he were only rich! But he will do if none better offers." This was the only evil thing that Emma's dream-life broke in his lady-love's thoughts! After an engagement of three months Emma left the city for a visit to the country seat of one a continental tour. He, like the most of mankind, was blinded, and thought Emma Wilson the truest, sweetest girl of his acquaintance. "She will brighten up her aunt," said Major Henderson, benevolently, knowing well that he would be the principal person to be pleased. Mrs. Henderson, ill-natured like some other women, couldn't see why Emma was such a favorite. "She's just forming matrimonial views on the first comer," she said, and Emma Wilson' front gate, where Emma stood in pretty helplessness. Young Lawson would, doubtless, have carried the fair Walter Raleigh under the rain, he possessed a velvet cloak. He substituted a rail from a neighboring fence, and Emma crossed in triumph. Mrs. Wilson was a widow of long standing, and thereafter was a regular visitor at the Wilsons. Young men found it very agreeable to call on Emma, and Henderson found the Wilsons home "Wilson's Inn," for every eligible caller was invariably treated to wine and sponge-cake, and, as the jolly Mrs. Wilson was a most charming hospitality. Harry was surprised with many other gentlemen on his visits, and found that a young man of an appreciative epposite, his respect for Mrs. Wilson, and his admiration for Emma, were very high indeed. Henderson and Mrs. Wilson was not inconsible to this crowning ovtrstage, and in due season congratulated her upon having engaged the services of so eligible young man in H——. Mrs. Wilson, being well aware of the mutability of young love, and the peril of long engagements, urged speedy marriage, to which the wily lovers demurred. Emma did not wish to give up her freedom; Harry courted more riches, and was soon to start for the golden shores of California, to engage in mercantile pursuits. With regard to the former objection, lamentation, the young people parted. For a time there was a brisk correspondence between the loving lovers. Harry was happy in the fair one's affection waned tho soonest. Before many months she tormented him to present lover with accounts of her numerous conquests, and, getting still sufficiently, as she thought, by tender in reference to his absence, told Harry nothing.

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A MEMPHIS paper heads its list of Divorce cases in court, "Matrimonial shipwrecks."

DAMASCUS BLADES.

WHILE so much attention is directed to the manufacture of new weapons of war, it is somewhat curious to note the fact that the method of making the best sword is a lost art, and all the skill of modern times is powerless to recover it. While we have been making great discoveries and improvements in the manufacture of steel, it is remarkable that no country can produce an article equal to the famous blades which are so celebrated in history, nor has Damascus itself been able for several centuries past to make even a poor imitation of the work for which it was once so celebrated.

These blades are no myth, as some persons have imagined. They still exist, numerous and highly prized by the descendants of those old warlike Sultans and Eastern princes, and not unfrequently are shown in the museums of collectors. We have seen lying before us, a short blade, rather a long knife than a sword, of that peculiar alloy which modern art cannot produce. The Sovereign of the Damascus weapon is not only its beautiful surface, showing myriads of waving and zigzag lines, running through the metal, but the elasticity and temper of the steel surpass all other kinds and how much a union of sharp edge with great elasticity as no modern art can equal. The point of a sword could be bent double in the hand, and spring back to its straight line, and the same sword would cut through a steel helmet and weapon without turning its keen edge, or would pass with astounding facility through a silk skein of handkerchief thrown into the air, severing it with a swift sharp cut. Scotts history of Saladin, and, we think, the Talisman, is not a relation of the romance.

The most costly and expensive experiments have been made to recover the lost art of making these blades, but without success, although in one instance a few specimens of Gen. Aroosoff, a Russian officer of great ability, were produced, equaling in every respect the old Damascus steel. But even he was unable to do it with any certainty, and especially to have what is known as temper behind him in such a shape as to be of practical use in the field. Gen. Anosoff was sent by the Czar to Siberian works, which he superintended, have failed to supply specimens of the required article, and the manufacture of such blades has entirely ceased.

The theories which have been put forth to explain the peculiar lines and veins in the Damascus weapons are various. Some have attributed them to the welding together with the steel, Gen. Anosoff, after careful examination with the microscope, pronounced that they were the result of the crystallization of the Steel itself, and that by the use of acids he could produce at will a system of carbonization which produced them with the same result, whether welding the blade with steel, he brought out the lines by the use of acids, and the veins by hammering. His works at Zlatoust became so celebrated as the Damascus blades, that officers of the Russian army used the steel blades, arms, razors and cutlery of various kinds to the exclusion of every other, thereby the best products of the modern world.

The greatest difficulty encountered to exhibit to his visitors the exquisite perfection of his work by performing the old feats which made a genuine veil in the air with one of his swords—a feat which no British steel could be made to perform—that he would also have horses, and other hard substances, with the same sword, without ever turning or injuring the edge. This he did well enough, speaking of Anosoff's steel, say that the result of the Russian's labors was to impress on cutlery the finest properties of a softer material." (Qyt. Abbott, a British officer who visited Anosoff, and the success of Anosoff, and for the present we have nowhere in the world a manufactory of Damascus blades.

A DIRTY SAINT.—Lady Duff Gordon has published a volume of "Travels in the East," in which she gives the following account of a "dirty saint." A holy man or saint, whom she encountered in her ascent of the Nile in her dahabeah. He was about to start on a journey for more to stop the boat, as a great sheykh had called to us, and there was nothing for it but to go ashore and see the sheykh. So we stopped, and Omar said, "Come and see the dirty saint." We found him sitting on the bank, with his legs hanging in the water, holding all sorts of things on the ground round his crossed legs, without the slightest attempt at order. He had his head shaved and naked, with the skin of a rhinoceros, all cracked with the weather like leather, and had not, probably, for summer and winter, coolnesses, for twenty years. He had a long white beard, he does not keep time, did, and yet he is a saint. Of course I expected a good deal from him, and he did not fail me. He greeted me with my visit, asked me to sit down, order, did he servant to bring me some coffee, and then I took a pinch of snuff and ever and over again; he was quite talkative, and told me about his former acquaintance, and how many of was one. Omar and my crew smiled and nodded, and all appreciated the visit. Then he laid his hand upon my own exclusive as the sheykh knows all people's feelings, and told me to follow I to prepare for dinner. Finally, Omar proposed to say the Fatihah, in which all Mussulmans join, and I, of course, assented. He began in the usual way, and was going on quickly, when I noticed that he was not pronouncing the words distinctly, and he knew that his position was secure, and thought his time and attention were more profitably employed. Omar then recited the Fatihah again, and we rose and gave the sheykh a few dollars. The dahabeah took no notice of this part of the proceedings, but he asked me how much I had given him. I told him the full amount, and he seemed to be satisfied. Omar was a counsellor of consolation through the whole assembly."

BALSAM OF WENLOCK.—The Arabs possess a wise practice in precedence for divorce. When married people find they are unable, the Arab knows, to live for some time with a discreet and austere man of the East, they make a friendly visit to their friends and see on which side blame lies. The elderly man means a party at the conclusion of which the husband and wife report in the absence of each other their impressions of the evening. Experience has demonstrated to the Arabs that the husband is generally to blame in families. The husband and wife put their heads together and discuss the manners of the people. Each strives to be more amiable than the other, to convince the "elder or latter" that it is not the one's fault if the honeymoon changed to quarrel. Odd love is awakened, and the pair thus went to the agreement's next starting the set and dog, return home-ward very happy.

THE peach was originally a poisonous almond. In fleshy parts were use to poison arrows, and the fruit was, for this purpose introduced to Persia. The transplantation and cultivation, however, not only converted its poisonous qualities but produced the delicious fruit we now enjoy.

THE FRIGHTFUL COLLISION ON THE HOUSATONIC RAILROAD, NEAR BRIDGEPORT, CONN.—From Sketches by our Special Artist, C. E. H. Boswill.



THE LOCOMOTIVE DASHING ENTIRELY THROUGH THE REAR PASSENGER CAR.

COLLISION
On the Housatonic River Railroad.

A FRIGHTFUL disaster occurred on the Housatonic River railroad, near Trumbull, Conn., on Tuesday, the 15th inst., by which seven persons were instantly killed, and eleven terribly, if not mortally wounded. It appears that the morning freight train from Bridgeport, becoming disabled, was stopped on the track, near Pequonnock mills, and signals sent back to notify an approaching passenger train, which, upon its arrival, was attached to the freight train, and was slowly moving back towards Bridgeport, when a new engine, which had been started on a trial trip up the road, suddenly turned a curve, and at full speed came in collision with the returning trains. Several cars were entirely demolished, the engine going literally through the rear passenger car. In the crash the boiler of the locomotive exploded, and very many persons were frightfully scalded.

SIR ETIENNE PASCHAL TACHE.

THE late Premier of Canada was of French descent, and was born at St. Thomas, Lower Canada, in 1795. In the war of 1812 he obtained an ensign's commission in the British volunteers, and took part in the battle of Plattsburg. Upon the conclusion of peace between England and the United States, he studied medicine, and practiced till 1841, when being elected a member of the Canadian parliament, he devoted himself to a political life. Upon the retirement of Sir Allen McNab in 1856, Mr. Tache was made chief of the cabinet. In 1860, during a visit to England, he was knighted by Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle. In 1864 he was again made Premier, a position he retained to his death.

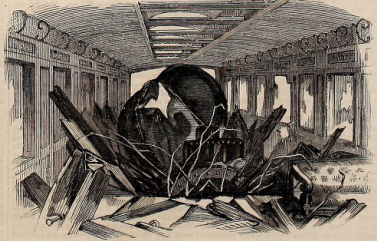


SCENE OF THE CATASTROPHE NEAR BRIDGEPORT, CONN., ON THE HOUSATONIC RAILROAD.

AN anecdote is told of the Bishop of Exeter, England. The scene is a church in Devonshire. The bishop is present, but not officiating, and he sits with the congregation. The officiating clergyman ventures to soften to ears polite the phrase "Eat and drink their own damnation." He reads it "condemnation." A voice is heard loudly exclaiming "Damnation!" The whole church is startled. But it is not a profane epithet they hear—it is the voice of the bishop in rebuke of the officiating minister.



REMOVING THE KILLED AND WOUNDED PASSENGERS FROM THE DEBRIS.



THE INTERIOR OF THE WRECKED CAR, SHOWING THE ENGINE COMPLETELY EMBEDDED AND CRUSHED.



THE GRAND ANNUAL PICNIC AND EXCURSION OF THE NEW JERSEY FARMERS AND THEIR FAMILIES TO RARITAN BAY, AMBOY, N. J., SATURDAY, AUGUST 12.—From a Sketch by F. H. Schell.

NO LETTER.

Oh, Hope! thou stolid tenant of
Each wayworn wanderer's worldly breast,
Can no alarms before thy gate
Erect once more thy warrior crest?
Hath love and fortune, long deferred,
So palsied all thy limbs of steel,
That life hath nothing in its record
To rouse thee up for woe or weal?

With listless foot and vacant train,
On dismal scheme I mark my round,
And scan with careless eye the crowds
I meet on unfamiliar ground.
Not gazing I by my path's low key,
Not prating by stranger hands,
My heart goes back o'er weary leagues
To clasp the love of other lands.

One daily pilgrimage I tread,
The Mecca of my stolid hope,
One path in mister darkness veiled,
With hungry outstretched, I daily grope.
Before a portal, prison barred,
My shibboleth I daily scan,
And watch a youth with countless worlds
Between a finger and a thumb.

I watch with eager eyes his face,
On which unmeaning silence broods,
Seen o'er the eloquence of man
In all his wondrous human moods.
I chafe, when, like some mere machine,
On board a vehicle he falls his touch,
And wonder why electric force
Should not unloose the vampyre clutch.

Life, love and death, beneath his hand,
Runs glib and facile, to and fro;
Stark, stalwart manhood wields
Like flashing meteors come and go.
The fierce defiance, greed of gold,
The cry for mercy—softly cried—
And one faint, wandering line from him
Who on the field of battle died.

My turn—in one brief second's thought
I span his life with hanging years;
My heart goes out through boundless space,
With clashing, throbbing hopes and fears;
I think of two sweet maids before,
Hung sobbing on my burning breast;
Whose words still linger on my ear,
"My own! my heart's beloved, my best!"

I think of how, through weary days,
I've stood, as now, before the gate,
And watched the human form within,
Machine-like as the crowds that wait.
I think, how, at the whispered name,
His hand went deftly to the spot
Where life was ebbing, and love and hate,
In welling lay—but mine was not.

All this but as the lightning's flash,
Before my eyes a missive lay;
A stranger's hand—his and mankind's—
What can this fearsome letter say?
God give me but a moment's strength!
Keep still my heart, the seals are torn,
One line alone, the rest is dark—
"She died at one o'clock this morn!"

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OUR WATERMAN'S MATE," "REUBEN'S VAN," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—THE WORM TURNS.

THE group in the alderman's chamber is suddenly broken up by loud ringing at the gates.

"Anthony!" gasped Sleuth, suddenly.

"Anthony!" echoed the old man, his wits still wandering. "How sharp the boy is! Don't tell him, I'll hide myself here!"

The alderman was evidently recalling some incident of Anthony's boyhood. But it was not Anthony who came into the sick chamber almost immediately, but two gentlemen—the doctor and the lawyer, who, happening to be friends and neighbors, came together.

Sleuth gazed on them just for a moment, with an expression of face that did not suggest satisfaction; but the cloud of his face passed away from him wrong, he advanced with an air of deep melancholy to meet the new-comers.

"So glad you're come! This is a comfort! I have been looking for you ever so long. He's here, awfully bad, his head turning quite topsyturvy."

The doctor went to the old man, spoke to him, but could not get a single rational answer. He was raving some one—probably Anthony—for his extravagance, and being his temper hopelessly unsecret and unbiased criminal would defend himself in reply.

The doctor felt the pulse, holding the wrist for a considerable period, and looking steadily in the alderman's countenance. From time to time, as he thus stood, he put various questions to Sleuth, to which the latter answered very quietly and properly—his experience at the chemist's enabling him to acquit himself with credit. At last the doctor laid the patient's hand and arm carefully down on the bed-clothes, turned, brushed the lawyer's arm, who had been closely watching what passed, and they withdrew together to the corridor.

"My work here is done," said the doctor; "I only wonder how he has kept up so long. I shall not stay. A can do no good, and I have an appointment elsewhere." Then looking back towards the room, he said, with more than ordinary professional interest, "I have watched this case closely, and I am quite sure he doesn't want me now, and never again will want me."

"I am pretty much in the same position," responded the lawyer; "I got a message from him yesterday, not at all urgent—just such a message as I have often had from him about ordinary business matters. So either he must have fancied himself better than he was, or else had not then decided upon any important step. What can I do now? Nothing! You see yourself he is in no state to receive from or dispense to others."

"Certainly not" rejoined the doctor; "but it is possible he may have a bold interval before death."

"H'm!" muttered the lawyer. "I could perhaps stay a few hours—possibly till all will be over; but I don't see that he wanted me on any business of this kind. To tell you the truth, I don't much like—between friends be it like this Sleuth, but that's no reason why the alderman should. Besides, he ought to deal fairly with him. He pays him well, I suppose, but let him believe he meant to keep him here as his heir. But he's a close man, and whenever we talked the subject over he seemed to think that even telling me what he meant to do weakened his power to shift and change about just as he liked. I dare say he has some such things fix himself to his own mind. Anthony is the heir if he leaves nothing else. If he wants to alter that and wants me to aid, and is again fit to make a will, why, here's the very man on the spot who will take care no time shall be lost in fetching me."

The doctor smiled, and, before leaving, went to speak to Sleuth, who came out with him; and then he and the lawyer also had a word or two just enough to show Sleuth the lawyer knew nothing of the will in the safe.

It was odd that Sleuth did not enlighten him. Was it, with instinctive cunning, he divined that the lawyer would not be so strongly disinclined to stay near the dying man, did he know the true state of affairs—that Sleuth was in fact, master of everything, unless some new act was performed? It was with a sort of desire to act hastily Sleuth had the lawyer called in, and he now wished he had not done so. He heard what the doctor thought, from the doctor himself—that the alderman could not possibly live much longer—that he had given him opinion that, if he were to leave a moment or two of returning sanity, it would probably be but the brightness of the thickened light before the darkness. Success! success! Not even Anthony's arrival could now materially change the aspect of affairs. If he arrived whilst Sleuth was there would arrive, so that he might, by his own experience and testimony as to Sleuth's behavior, undo any fresh mischief the returned remarks, when it was found he (Sleuth) was the successor to the alderman's wealth.

Well, he must keep up, must, very wakeful, and redouble his care of the poor, dear old man. To give anxiety exception, and restrain the tongue of any who had a fly off, as if in a mad dance of triumph that the end was secured and near, he began to wash his face and hands, and brush his hair in the corridor, and study himself in the glass, under the improved state time produced, as if busy with some task.

"Is this how so rich and fortunate a gentleman as I shall be, may be expected to look when he goes out into the world?"

Apparently he felt he could afford to be critical, for he knitted his brows, looked sternly at himself, turned a little to one side, then to the other, and then—why then, some new thought tickled his fancy, for he smiled one of those broad smiles that overspread his face, whose shovel he had a heart and soul, such as they were, and that with all the strength of both his brawny arms. Was it the dawn of successful cunning? How his small eyes twinkled! It was evidently delicious—this thought! But the only words that escaped him were:

"Pretty fool! Let her humbug herself if she likes. Why not?"

But his face changes. The smile disappears from that reflection in the glosses, and a kind, considerate, careful look of his face arrives. Sleuth sees something by the aid of the mirror that at once rises and occupies his mind. Something that he must attend to before he turns to the bedside and there pick up a paper from the carpet.

What could it be? He is sure there was no paper there a minute ago. It must have fallen from the bed. No, for if it had been there, Sleuth certainly must have seen it, as well as he would had he been all the time the professional gentlemen were in the room.

Then it must have been under the bed-clothes, and thrown out by the alderman's restless gestures, when he took it up and goes into the corridor to read it, for how does he know what it may be? Perhaps he does not finish his own mental sentence, for he has already read enough to see he recognizes the paper as the very piece that had been round the minister, and as he catches the first few words he utters a cry:

"I, Silas Maude, alderman, being of sound mind, in proof of which I show by my present act what I think, and for that true will Richard Sleuth was drawing to sanity from but unworthy faith in the saving merits of the Redeemer, hereby cancel my erring soul to Christ, and say that I revoke, abolish, and make of no effect, the codicil, bearing date of March 22d last, in his (Sleuth's) favor, and heretofore the will made previously, in favor of my well-beloved nephew, Anthony Maude, whom I pray God to bless and to inspire with fervent zeal to carry out my wishes, as therein expressed. And if he likes to do anything for Sleuth he may—I won't."

So this was the state of things, was it? while he (Sleuth), in his idiotic joy, was already taking possession. This paper needed only to be witnessed, and there was an end of his glittering soap-suds-water bubble.

Were it new to do, he felt certain the alderman would not be able again to write such a document or to give instructions for such a one, even if the lawyer were ready, and Sleuth might take care of that matter; but an interval of only five minutes or dear reason might suffice to call the servants and take their signatures, and then—

It was awful, as he said to himself. The old man was a poor, weak, aged sleeping. Anthony's arrival might secure every step of the process and redress him (Sleuth) to impotence. Should he destroy the paper? No, no; it would be too dangerous while the alderman lived.

He went to that side of the bed towards which the alderman's hands was turned, and raised gently the edge of the wool mattress, and there he put the paper, assured the alderman could not get hold of it so he then was, but having first carefully noticed that it was within apparent reach of the alderman's hand, that he might defy any one to prove that it had not been deposited there by himself.

"Who's that?" murmured the alderman.

"I, uncle—only putting you to rights a bit."

"Dick!"

Sleuth went round and saw the fingers of a hand just pushed forth from the clothes, as lacking strength or will to harbor. He took them in his own and pressed them.

"Better, uncle?"

"Where's Dick and cousin?"

"You've been a bit light-headed and funny, uncle—that's all."

"The child can't you let it stay up? I should like to look out on the park once more."

Richard Sleuth had, as usual, drawn down the blinds at the first approach of twilight. Had rather a contempt for what men called love of nature, and never saw a big tree, but calculated men made a choice for wood and admiration, without, sooner or later, trying to get at its value as timber. In coin, by which he understood them.

"What's that—the moon?" said the alderman, in a low, trembling voice, touched, as it were, with the hand of death, as his nephew drew open up the blind, and let in the soft glory of a lovely moonlight, which, as it shone into the room, caused the old man's head-face in the bed, and revealed in beauteous white radiance the further parts of the chamber.

The face of the dead and gazed not! his heart was full, and tears began to fall. He had never felt till now how beautiful life was. He could see the sweet, tranquil look of dark free nature in the neighboring park, and the gleam of a fair lake, and the passage of a long line of deer in single file across the distant ridge, where the dark, graceful forms were strongly thrown out against the moonlit sky.

But the old man has no longer the soft glory of the moon, the graceful form of the deer, or the deep tranquility of the park pools, for some cry of distress in the rond brings back to him that fearful pang in his life when she, his daughter, had left him for ever, and been sent away to die, even while she appealed to him in all the agony of despair:

"Father! father! father!"

But all these things softened him now. He thinks he can yet do something, if it be true that he has wronged Anthony, and if Anthony will but come.

"Dick," he said, after a pause, "I've had a strange dream. I think it has done me good."

"What was it about, uncle?"

"Why, I saw my little girl again, and she was singing to me and reproving me sweetly for being such a dunce in learning the song; and then, somehow, the girl changed to a boy, and I don't know what was singing. I heard from him; it almost seemed to have been a bird's song that I heard."

"There was a little blackguard, uncle, whistling in the paddock; he had got there to sleep for the night, I suppose."

"Dick," murmured the alderman, recalling himself to the task, "I shan't live to see Anthony. Hold your tongue, do! Call Phillis and the lawyer—quick!"

"And the other servants, uncle?"

"Yes, and the other servants, after a pause, as if he tried to guess Sleuth's thought—and succeeded.

Sleuth moved to execute his orders. But his eye fell upon the paper from under the cover of the mattress, which he could do unseen—the alderman's face being turned the other way.

"Quick, Dick! quick! Phillis. The alderman called out sharply:

"What are you about?"

"Only making you comfortable, uncle, before I go!"

"Comfortable!" ejaculated the alderman. Then remembering the previous touch of the bed, where the paper had been deposited, he said, suddenly:

"Dick! give me that paper!"

"The—paper—uncle!" murmured Sleuth, his smooth, white face becoming, if anything, smoother and whiter, but somehow more sickened in expression than usual with him when surprised.

"Yes; you know. And I know."

What Sleuth might have done and ventured if he had seen the paper at once, he would pray badly have himself been unable subsequently to say; but as it was, he stooped, and professed to pick up something, and said, holding out the paper:

"Is this it, uncle? It must have dropped from the bed."

The alderman said nothing. All his dislike was justified. Dick Sleuth was now proved to be an unmitigated scoundrel. No doubt he had read, and had been about to destroy that paper.

And did not Richard Sleuth know what the alderman was thinking? His face had something in it, which caused the alderman to grasp convulsively the bell-rope, and try to pull it. But his arm is restrained by a stronger arm—Sleuth's.

"What would you?" gasped the alderman, as their eyes met, in fearful proximity.

"Nothing, uncle—only to—to explain——"

Before he can begin this new and difficult field of oratory he is obliged to turn his head to see what it is that has suddenly, even in such a position, drawn the alderman's furious eyes towards some object beyond. His former, intense grasp of the old man's wrist, and becomes pale with terror at the sight of a new and more dangerous enemy than Sleuth.

A man, whose face is covered with thick black crape, that just allows a dim outline of it to be seen, stands close to the fancy with new horror, stands at the door of the dressing-room, clad in a long, dirty, smock frock, and holding a dark lantern in his left hand, which hangs low, the light not being wasted just then, and the right hand pointing a pistol towards the two men.

"Easy, genie. Drop that ere bell, will you? Not a blessed bit of use your 'calls will hurt, if only you keeps still. No, young man, you needn't trouble to go to that door; it's locked t'other side. You won't be civil?"

He levelled at Sleuth, who was slinking off by another door. Sleuth stopped, as if turned to stone, and the burglar began deliberately to play with the cock of his pistol, as if he had taken pepid and tolerably just measure of the danger to be apprehended from the sick old man and the chicken-hearted young one, and could afford to amuse himself.

"No, no, no!" hurriedly cries Sleuth, in appeal, while his hands wave nervously to and fro, in deprecation of the pistol's aim. "I won't move again. My good sir; excuse my fright."

There is at this moment a violent ringing of the bell.

"Anthony! Anthony! That must be him! Thank God!" cries the alderman.

The burglar stares a moment, as if to make sure that this is no trick; then says, as if thinking only of Sleuth's behavior:

"Don't you be afeard, you! I'm quiet enough, if you're civil."

"Fool! He's flying faster than you can follow him. Quick! quick!" cries Sleuth.

Not all the cafes in the world, if every one of them had been stuffed full of gold and gems, would have induced the burglar to have left the side of the alderman's bed, or the room, if he had not felt assured the alderman was right, and that the young fellow might even yet be scared without much risk. But the moment he saw that, he saw also a possibility for that which was to him with an unpleasant feeling, but which promised, even at this dangerous hour, when every chance seemed against him, to remedy all.

"Don't be afeard, uncle; I'll guard you! I think that's Anthony. I do so hope it is!"

Away went Richard Sleuth, beaming, as he went, how his speech had created a soul of mirth even under the rise of death, in the hearts of the brave old man, the burglar, by his state, and inspired by the excitement of the moment, rose to his knees, that he might better look into the dressing-room, the window at which was then full in his sight.

Sleuth had gone, pistol in hand, into the corridor; and running down the staircase of communication about the house, the alderman could not make out whether it was through Anthony's arrival or Sleuth's flight that he was left by the burglar. But back comes Richard Sleuth, running fast through the corridor, evidently pursued by heavy footsteps, and with a thundering noise he bursts, and throws into the sick chamber, his hands clashing as if with palsy.

"Oh, uncle, they are coming!—both of 'em. Can't get out the other way; Anthony's there!"

"Brave boy!"

In rush the two robbers into the dressing-room, not, however, seeking Sleuth, but seeking a mode of escape. The window is up, and one robber all but jumps through it to the ground, as light and instantaneous are the touches he gives to the lawful owner.

The other robber is a slower man, and heavy with the plunder of the safe, while both are tolled up in a red pocket-handkerchief. He is about to throw it to his comrade, and has got one leg on the window-sill, when for his descent, when the alderman cries:

"Now, Dick, fire!"

"I—I—daren't, uncle!"

"Give it me."

Sleuth hesitates just a moment, moved by some inexplicable impulse or motive, but gives the pistol, and the old man fires.

"Stand, thief!" says the alderman, growing faint, and retreating, with difficulty, his kneeling posture, while striving to pear through the smoke.

"Can't stand, more I!

"Yes, uncle."

Sleuth took the pistol, and knew the moment was serious. The burglar's head only was visible; he was not attempting to fire in return, but only the murderous gesture, but had only time to give one terrible cry, and the next moment was lying a confused heap on the bed. Dead—dead at last! The worm had turned, and to some effect.

CHAPTER VIII.—WITHING OUT THE TRIAL.

Yes, the crime was consummated. The thought, terrible but fascinating, that had been tempting the murderer onward, in spite of timid shrinkings

from danger, ever since he had discovered that Anthony had been sent for, and that he was to be disinherited; the thought that had drawn nutriment and strength from every fresh one of the alderman's contemptuous jibes; that had at last promised to be his only friend, who could at once secure him all he wished—the alderman's wealth—and guard him from all he feared—the alderman's exposure of him as a rogue; that thought which, however attractive in its aim, had still been apparently hopeless of successful accomplishment, had suddenly said to him, in irresistible language, when the burglar had been fired on, "Now shoot luck!" and, lo! the deed was done.

All this swept through the murderer's brain as he stooped over his victim to make sure he was dead, and he murmured half audibly the words, as if to the listening and disembodied spirit of the old man:

"I didn't mean it! No! You shouldn't have provoked me so. Even a worm will turn!" Then he added: "Did he see me? I tried not to see him!"

Richard Sleuth then turned from the past to the future, and felt his whole frame quivering with an agony of vague apprehension, that might have caused him to discover all if just then questioned, but that the new fear of particular danger overmastered it, and caused his faculties to rush, as it were, to the rescue with extraordinary promptitude. The deed was done; the creature for whose gold Sleuth had thirsted as the hound thirsts for blood, was hunted down at last. Now there was to go back step by step and erase the trail.

Could he be found out? With fearful rapidity he ran over all possible contingencies, and strove to calm himself as he saw danger after danger loom before him. The pistol! It was the alderman's. It had been fired twice. Both barrels were empty. His blood seemed to congeal as he saw, at the very beginning, a fatal piece of evidence ready. Two shots only had been fired, and one of these had killed the alderman. If from the burglar's pistol, then the other barrel of the alderman's pistol must still contain its charge. No; it is empty!

While he madly hunts for ammunition to re-load the barrel, he sees smoke from the bed. It is the burning wadding. Fresh danger! Had that been found, it might have been known to have come from the alderman's pistol. He extinguishes the fire between his fingers, unconscious of the pain; then, having obtained the powder and ball he brought from the bureau, he used the same piece of wadding, partly to save time, not seeing any of the proper wadding in the bureau, and partly with the desire to get safely rid of it. As he finishes loading and murmurs, "That's done!" he hears first one explosion in the outer air and then another.

"Anthony and the robbers! Perhaps they may kill him!"

He now hunts for a second or two in a cupboard, and brings out a roll of tobacco Anthony had sent his uncle as a present just before the quarrel, and which the alderman had ceased to use after the quarrel. Sleuth s ripped the paper off with shaking hands, threw the tobacco into a corner of the cupboard loose as it was, then roughly shaped the paper like the piece of wadding he had found burning on the bed, then burnt it with the candle just as the other piece had been burnt, and then put it on the bed, exactly where the other piece had been.

Catching his breath, in a new paroxysm of fear, as he felt how few were the minutes he might yet have, even if more than seconds were to be accorded to him, but drawing hope from the noises he heard outside the house, while there was still comparative stillness within, he now hunted for the paper so lately forced from him by the alderman, found it under the bed-clothes, and saw vividly not only its danger to him as regarded the possibility of questions being raised upon it as to his right to the property, but the infinitely greater danger that such a paper—unwitnessed, and wanting only to be witnessed to disinherit him—would of itself suggest to the world a powerful motive for murder, if the man concerned were capable of it. He is about to light the paper at the candle, when he thinks he hears a hand placed against the door, as if feeling its way in the dark. He stands gazing fearfully round with parted lips and glistening teeth, and the candle shaking and flickering in his fingers. Perhaps some one looks through the keyhole! They may not yet have seen the paper. The candle and candlestick are dropped, as if accidentally, from his hand, and he is in partial darkness—the moon having become obscured, and his eyes being unprepared.

Instantly the paper is torn into pieces, and then, not knowing what else safely to do with them, the panic-stricken murderer eats them.

Now for the codicil. That once in his possession, and he safe back to his room, he may give the alarm. But is he watched? No mistake now. A single slip in his precautions, and there is the gallows. He sees, and grows almost brave with apprehension.

"Ha! yes! it is Anthony."

Sleuth hears now his voice in the court-yard, and recognizes it. He runs to the window. Yes, there is Anthony, the centre of a group, with lights in hand, through which he is trying to make way to enter the house, doubtless in search of his uncle. He wears a white, or very light coat, and has a pistol in his hand.

How quickly Sleuth can think in this awful emergency! He glides back to the dressing-room, remembering he had a coat that would, at a distance, seem not unlike Anthony's, and which, being a very expensive one, though purchased before the alderman's visit in his carriage to fetch him from the chemist's shop, he had kept out of sight in his box, for future display. Anthony's extravagance, he had soon learned, was the rock of offence on which Anthony's fortune had gone to wreck. He (Sleuth) would take care not even to be suspected, so he kept the coat close.

As he hunts for it, he remembers that if he has been watched in the room, as he had fancied, the watcher must know who it was—the coat not then being on. What then? He had done nothing there since the murder that could be dangerous to him, except destroying the paper, and that he had done in the dark.

What he has to fear is the being seen going from the murdered man's chamber, on secret business of his own, before giving any alarm; going, too, to a safe in a distant part of the house. That would be a very ugly fact, indeed, to get over, if suspicion were at all excited. The coat! the coat must guard him. The coat is got out and put on—for he sees only too well now for his comfort, through the partial light—and then he moves swiftly through the dressing-room into the corridor, and on into the room containing the safe. There he is again in the all-shrouding darkness, for the shutters have been put up. But he has had to pass on his way the head of a staircase, and there was light enough at that point for any one below to see him pass. How cheaply now he thinks he purchased his coat!

Groping his way to the safe, he finds it open, as he expected. He puts in his hand—it is empty! Literally empty! He feels the cold metal everywhere—nothing but the cold iron. He stoops down to the floor, but finds nothing. He crawls along from end to end—once, twice, thrice—so as to feel every part of the floor; now down the middle; now down the right side, now down the left. There is nothing. The robbers have swept all away—not having time, perhaps, after the alarm given by Anthony's arrival, to discriminate.

Is he a murderer for nothing? No, no, no! Impossible! He knows better. It will turn up somehow. Perhaps the robbers have been deprived of their spoil by Anthony and those who may have pursued them. But if Anthony finds the codicil, will he give it up? Yes; Sleuth thinks he will. And if the robbers have carried it off, they will soon see it is useless to them and precious to him. Surely, he thinks with alarm, they won't be such idiots as to suppose he would object to treat them handsomely.

He hears advancing steps through the corridor. He runs and locks the door. Then as he pants in dread of this new danger—this barring his retreat the way he came without showing his face—he hears the voice of the housekeeper outside, who had only heard, not seen him—

"Mr. Sleuth, is that you?"

This is fatal! No! With unwonted spirit he unlocks the door, then flies across the room towards a window, allows himself to be just seen, as a man's figure in a light coat, by the housekeeper, and then hears her, to his intense satisfaction, cry out:

"Oh, Mr. Anthony! Mr. Anthony! don't go after them again. Your uncle! your uncle's murdered!"

But "Mr. Anthony," as if carried away in the ardor of his pursuit by some new trace of the burglars, has got on to the balcony, and dropped to the ground. And then, by some wonderful feat of speed and subtlety, Sleuth has got rid of the coat, run round through a maze of circuitous passages—for he must avoid been met—got into the house, and then run up the staircase to the corridor, before the aged housekeeper (whose steps were slow, and who delays just for a few seconds watching after "Mr. Anthony") has reached the same spot. And out he pours upon her the story which his scheming brain had devised during his run.

"Oh, Mrs. Milton, I have lost them—the villains! Such an escape for me! They—I mean one of the villains, as he was getting down from the window, fired at me, but he missed! And I rushed at him—yes, through the smoke—yes, and through the window, and jumped to the ground after him, but lost them either in the shrubberies or over the wall."

"Eigh, Mr. Sleuth, this is an awful night's work. That villain has shot the poor old dying master when he missed you."

"Shot him? He's not—not living?"

"No, he's dead enough. I found him all of a heap on the bed, as if he had been kneeling up."

"He was! he was! It was he who fired at the robber. Dear me! Perhaps the robber knew that, and aimed at him and not at me when I was trying to guard my poor dear, dead uncle. Oh, my poor dear uncle!—my poor dear, slaughtered uncle!"

And Richard Sleuth wept—positively wept. Then he said:

"He wasn't always kind to me; and shouldn't be surprised to find that Mr. Anthony gets everything; but I shan't forget him for all that—my poor, dear, suffering uncle!"

They were now at the door leading from the corridor direct into the alderman's chamber. But finding it locked, and the key missing (thrown aside, no doubt, by the burglars, who had locked it), they went through the dressing-room, into the old man's chamber, and there they found Anthony in his light coat, bending over the alderman's body, which he grasped lovingly in his strong arms, while he was murmuring in language broken by passionate feeling:

"But one look—one word! Uncle! uncle! hear me! It is Anthony—Anthony who asks you for forgiveness—who, God knows, has so much need of it!"

The housekeeper and Sleuth stood there on the threshold, both silent; the one in awe and sympathy; the other, in hate and envy, which grew like gourds in the night, till they overshadowed Sleuth's soul, and protected him, and made him forget his mortal fear.

"My son," said a fond parent to his offspring, after having surveyed the wonders of the Crystal Palace—"my son, if you can tell me which of these marvellous works of man pleased you most, I will give you half a crown."

"The veal and ham pies," responded young hopeful; "give me the money."

A BALLAD.

BY HIRAM E. GRIFFITH.

Down in the vale where the violets
Peep out from the grassy sod,
And the wild grapes into the sunshine,
Are upward reaching to God;
There where the rivulet waltzes along
On its downward way to the sea,
There is a spider web strong and complete,
And I think it was spun for me.

Oh! there is a maid of great beauty,
Living down in the vale,
With hair like the darkness of midnight—
And voice like the nightingale.
And I heard her singing the other day
As I lay in the grape vines shade—
Oh! the vale is a pretty place to live,
And she is a pretty maid.

She is the spider that spun the web,
And I am the innocent fly;
To be caught in such web is a simple thing,
And there 'twould be joyous to die.
And daily the spider is charming me
Down in that vale so fair,
And I shall be caught, I know I shall,
For I love to linger there.

Miss Debbie Doolittle's Reformation.

BY E. S. BOURNE.

In the village of T——, a few years ago, lived Dr. Ephraim Doolittle and his two daughters, Deborah (or Debbie, as she was familiarly called,) and Miriam. The doctor once had been very well to do in the world, but the steadily revolving wheels of time brought round many changes, and fortune, fickle goddess, at length seemed loth to smile upon him. There had been a time when he was the only practitioner in the village, with an extensive country patronage; but, in the course of time, a new physician came, who was young, handsome, and rich withal, and not a few aspiring parents, who had marriageable daughters, gave to him their preference.

Soon came a severe pecuniary loss; but, worst of all, sickness entered the doors of the old doctor's mansion, and in spite of the medicated air which permeated the dwelling, laid its grasp upon the wife of his bosom so heavily that, alas! no skill could save her. Patient, loving and gentle, she passed away from life's pathway, and the sad hearts left behind felt for a season that she had taken all of its brightness with her.

Upon the two daughters now devolved the numerous household duties, and the responsibility of caring for their surviving parent, upon whose face time and trouble were beginning to leave their traces.

Miriam was a plain and unpretending little lady of twenty summers, although to all appearance much older. She was one of those quiet ones, who, while they accomplish great things, move on so noiselessly and easily that no dust rises in the path of their daily life to show where they are walking. Although the younger sister, she took the lead in all the domestic operations; and, though the casual observer might not perceive it, she was the good genius that presided over her father's home.

Her sister was called a beauty. Her features were faultless, her complexion clear and beautiful, and when she consulted her mirror she was well pleased to agree with the popular opinion.

But her name tried her sorely! Deborah was dreadful, the surname worse still, and she resolved to change it at the first favorable opportunity. Yet there never was a name more exponent of character than hers; for, alas! though beautiful, Miss Debbie was but a drone in the domestic hive.

So, in the mornings, while Miriam was busily engaged sweeping and dusting, or contriving some new feature in the culinary department, Debbie would be sitting in her chamber, in extreme *dishabille*, arranging curl papers and twisting bits of ribbon into excruciating bows, polishing her jewelry, reading novels, and frittering time away, doing little or nothing. Yet when the callers came in the afternoon or evening, Miss Debbie was ready to receive them with the most affable manner and bewitching smile. She would converse with the greatest ease, and touch the piano keys with the most graceful fingers. While Miriam timidly seemed to shrink from all attentions, Debbie gracefully received them all, and the fascinated visitors never more than stepped upon the sidewalk before, with one consent, came the exclamation, "What a lovely young lady is Miss Debbie Doolittle!"

So, while the few who had looked behind the scenes understood the rare worth of plain Miriam, the world without lavished its praises upon her sister.

Now, there was a young lawyer just settled in the village, who, being drawn into the charmed circle of Debbie's admirers, was quite a frequent caller at her father's house. Like many of his fellow-mortals he rejoiced in the name of Brown. But Debbie consoled herself by the reflection that, although common, it was much better than that of Doolittle; and, as the young man was rising to eminence quite rapidly, the position which his wife might one day fill was worth striving for.

So the weeks flew on, and nearly every evening brought Mr. Augustus Brown into the cozy little front parlor, which Miriam's busy hands kept so scrupulously neat and tasteful. To be sure Debbie could boast of a few landscape paintings against the wall, and a fancy basket upon the centre-table. The embroidery upon the low ottomans was of her handiwork, and the largest pile of music sheets upon the stand bore her name. Though she really accomplished but little, she had the faculty of making that little so magnify itself, that to the unsuspicious eyes of the worthy Mr. Brown she appeared a rare specimen of talent and industry.

Yet, for some reason, bashfulness, perhaps, he did not ask Debbie the question which she was daily expecting to hear, the answer to which she had long been practising. For she thought best not to faint, or show any extraordinary signs of perturbation upon the important occasion, but to answer a sensible question in a sensible manner, leaving no room for doubt in the mind of her interrogator.

But, alas! poor Debbie was doomed to sudden disappointment. It chanced one rainy morning that she went down into her father's office to obtain some ingredients for a cosmetic which she was preparing. After her usual custom, her hair, innocent of contact with comb or brush that morning, was twisted up in curl-papers. Her untidy wrapper had long since bid adieu to the most of its buttons, and was confined here and there by pins, which had made grievous rents in the crimson facings; while the little feet were encased in slippers which, though new once, were very ragged now, revealing hose whose open-work was of a very questionable character—the whole figure presenting a very ludicrous and slovenly appearance.

Now there was but one way in which to enter the office, and that was by a door in the hall, which, in consequence of the dampness, now opened with considerable difficulty. This door Debbie had closed after her. Just as she found the material that she was in search of, she heard voices upon the piazza. There was no mistaking the sound; it was her father, in company with Lawyer Brown.

"Come in, Mr. Brown," she heard the doctor say. "Step into the office until the rain has abated." The front door opened, and she knew that the invitation was accepted.

What was to be done? To meet him in her present plight was not to be thought of; to escape through the hall was impossible! Quick as thought she hurried into a closet whose door stood ajar, and fastened it upon the inside. How her heart beat! But she was safe now, however, and he would probably remain but a short time.

The doctor and Mr. Brown had a long talk together. They discussed the weather, the news, the village affairs. Mr. Brown told about his last case in court, and the doctor, in his turn, related the phenomena of a newly-discovered disease; while Debbie sat trembling in her little prison, and out of doors it rained and rained! Ten o'clock struck; eleven; twelve; and then, with a little stammering, Mr. Brown began in this wise.

"My dear doctor, I have long been wishing to speak to you upon a matter of importance."

"Well, say on, say on, my young friend! I am all attention. Do you wish me to assist you in finding a new client?"

"Not that, exactly; but, to be plain and come to the point at once, I wish to gain your consent to address one of your daughters."

"That is, you want one of my daughters for a wife. Ha! ha! a very reasonable request, Mr. Brown."

"Yes, sir! but I have not yet spoken to her upon the subject, as I wished to have your approbation before making any advances."

"That is right, all right, sir. Very honorable! very! You are a worthy young man, Mr. Brown, and I approve of your behavior in this matter. Which one of my girls"—

Here the dinner-bell sounded for the second time. Now, the doctor was the very soul of punctuality, therefore Debbie heard him say—

"Come, Mr. Brown, dinner first, business afterwards; we will attend to these affairs presently, and adjust them to your mind, I hope."

Then the two gentlemen repaired to the dining-room, where Miriam was awaiting them, looking as neat and tidy as any little housekeeper need to be.

"Now," thought Debbie, "is my time! I will slip noiselessly up stairs, dress quickly, and go down to dinner, excusing my tardiness on the plea of indisposition. After dinner papa and Mr. Brown can have their chat, and in the evening he will come in and propose. Then farewell to the hateful name of Doolittle!"

So she quietly emerged from her hiding-place. But that unfortunate hall-door was shut, and she vainly tried to loosen it, while some one seemed pulling as hard on the other side. The superior force soon overcame, and then, drawing back as the door swung inward, she beheld, oh horror! Mr. Brown! who had returned to the office in search of a missing handkerchief. Hardly believing his eyes he gazed at Debbie in speechless astonishment; and as she darted past him into the hall, and up stairs, the conviction forced itself upon him that the report of her slovenly habits, which he had hitherto disbelieved, was indeed true. He stood there for a second, and then, thoroughly disenchanted but half bewildered, he returned to the dining-room, where he astonished Miriam by putting salt into his coffee, and sugar upon his meat. Soon, however, recovering his self-possession, he entered into a conversation so pleasant that he wondered why he had not thought Miriam interesting before. Her tidy appearance and graceful bearing, contrasted very favorably with the slovenly figure which he saw retreating up stairs, and he was glad that he had not specified to the doctor which of the daughters he had chosen.

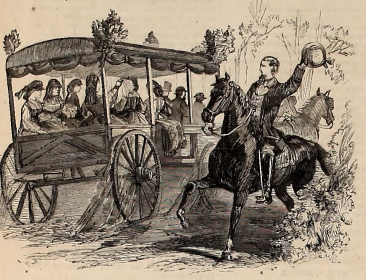
Debbie did not make her appearance that afternoon, and, in answer to Miriam's sisterly inquiries, complained of a severe headache.

When the gentlemen were in the office again, and the doctor said, "My young friend, if my daughter Miriam is the one you have chosen, I can recommend her, for she is a good daughter, and will make you a good wife," Mr. Brown did not object.

I shall not enter into the narration of the manner in which he wooed and won. It is sufficient to say that in six months there was a wedding in the cozy little parlor, although some wondered that Miriam was the bride.

A great change, however, came over Debbie. As she thought to marry Mr. Brown for a change of name merely, she remained heart-whole, but the lesson was abiding. From that time she strove in earnest to become all that a true woman should be, much to the delight of her friends. But it was not until Mr. Brown had been her brother-in-law three years that she became Mrs. Austin; and he still roguishly asserts that, had it not been for him, she would still have remained Miss Debbie Doolittle.

SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE FARMERS PICNIC AT AMBOY, N. J., SATURDAY, AUGUST 12.—From Sketches by F. H. Schell.



ON THE ROAD TO THE BEACH.



THE WATER MELON WAGON.

GRAND ANNUAL PICNIC OF NEW JERSEY FARMERS.

FOR several years it has been the custom of many New Jersey farmers, after harvest time, to visit the sea-shore with their families, for the purpose of recreation, picnic, bathing and "a good time." The custom had its origin in private expeditions, which became so general that it was finally decided upon, by common consent, that the second Saturday in August should be honored as a holiday, and that that day should be set apart for enjoyment in aquatic sports. So well recognized is the custom that for several years the farmers for miles in the vicinity of the sea beach have given it careful observance, and days are frequently spent in making necessary preparations for the journey. Many are the good things provided by the careful housewife; and the happy countenances of the children, who, through the "hosted term," fondly anticipate the pleasure of "going to the salt water," as the expedition is usually termed, adds zest to the scene of preparation. It is frequently the case that families, with improvised larders, amply stocked, travel 50 miles or more to do honor to the day, and it is not unusually the case that whole nights are spent in journeying towards Amboy, the favorite place of gathering. The scene at the beach, on the arrival of the various parties, is more than enlivening, it is cheerful in the extreme, and bespeaks the true spirit engendered by a day's relaxation, after a season of honest toil. The buxom country lads and lasses vie with each other in their efforts to make the day a happy one, and, to the honor of the New Jersey farmers, it can truthfully be said that, at their many annual meetings, no unpleasant occurrence has ever transpired to mar the hours spent on the sea beach.

We present in this number several scenes illustrative of the last annual gathering of the farmers and their families at Raritan Bay, Amboy, New Jersey, on Saturday, the 12th inst.



THE LADIES PREPARING FOR THE BATH.

LA ROQUETTE, THE PARIS PRISON FOR JUVENILES.

PROBABLY one of the most singularly ingenious prisons in the world is the Roquette in Paris built for the confinement of juvenile offenders. In several of the States in this country there are penitentiaries where the system of solitary confinement has been introduced, but only for adults. In the Roquette the youths some hundreds are kept in entire seclusion from one another by means of cells, in which they work and sleep, and from which they are permitted to go for a short time in the large yard within the walls for exercise, and then only alone. In no case is one obliged to remain until he strongly manifests his thorough repentance. One of the most singular features of the institution is the method of religious instruction, adopted at the Roquette. The vast corridors are so arranged that each inmate of the prison can see the clergyman while officiating, but not one another. In case, the Roquette is the most complete establishment for the solitary confinement of youth in the world.

ST. JOHN'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, Richmond, Va.

THIS venerable edifice is one of the few points of interest connected with the history of the Revolution which remains within the limits of the once "so-called Southern Confederacy," unimpaired by the vandalism of traitors. It was here Patrick Henry made his celebrated speech, "Give me liberty, or give me death," which rang the knell of British tyranny in the colonies, and inspired the patriots of '76 to deeds of valor which will be remembered as long as the history of our country has a name.

HARLEM BRIDGE, N. Y.

THIS structure, the work upon which has ceased, for the present, owing to the Comptroller of the city of New York refusing to honor the drafts of the Commissioners, will, when completed, be classed among the most important improvements about the metropolis. The bridge is to be built entirely of iron, with circular piers and a "draw", of great length, which, it is thought, can be easily worked by one man. For a long time a substantial bridge over the Harlem river has been a matter of more than ordinary importance to the trade between New York and Westchester counties and after the disposal of some slight legal technicalities the bridge, now partially finished, will soon be completed.

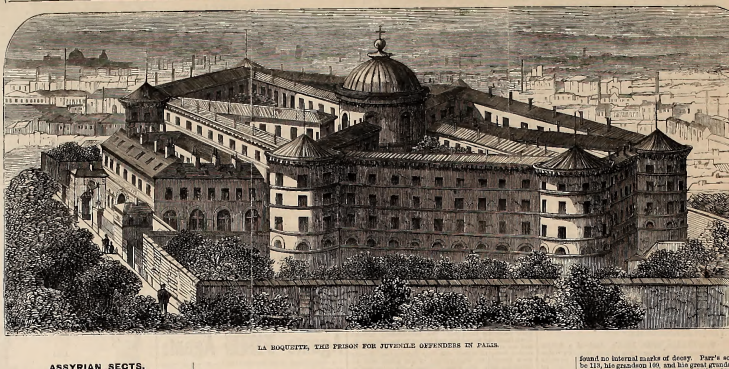
THE practice of snuff-taking was probably introduced into Europe about the same time as smoking, and first appears to be publicly noticed in 1624, when Pope Urban VIII. issued a decree against the habit of taking snuff in church during the celebration of mass. In England it was formerly the practice to take snuff in a small spoon, and not by the pinch; in France, so late as the last century, a snuff-box was an indispensable appendage of every person having any pretension to fashion.



A PRIMITIVE BATHING-HOUSE.



A SKETCH ON THE BEACH.



LA ROQUETTE, THE PRISON FOR JUVENILE OFFENDERS IN PARIS.

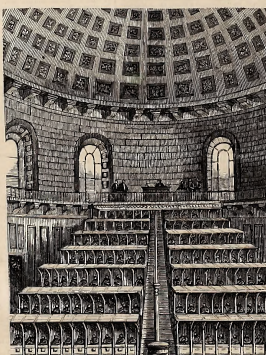
ASSYRIAN SECTS.

THERE are two remarkable sects, one of which, called the Mendajehs (disciples of John), is found scattered in small communities in Bassra, Karnah, Mohammerah, and lastly, South of Shuster, where there are about 500 families. Those of Bassrh are noticed by Pietro de la Valle who says the Arabs call them Sabeans. Their religion is evidently a mixture of Paganism, Hebrew, Mohammedan and Christian. They profess to regulate their lives by a book called the Sidra, containing many moral precepts, which, according to tradition, have been handed down from Adam, through Seth and Enoch; and it is understood to be in their language (the Chaldee), but written in a peculiar character. They abhor circumcision, but are very particular in distinguishing between clean and unclean animals, and likewise in keeping the Sabbath with extraordinary strictness. The Psalms of David are in high estimation with them, but they abhor and severely brand the name of Jesus. They baptize from garlic, beans, and several kinds of pulse, and likewise most carefully from every description of food between sunrise and sunset during a whole moon before the vernal equinox; in addition to which, an animal festival is kept, called the feast of five days. Much respect is entertained for the city of Mecca, and a still greater reverence for the Pyramids of Egypt, in one of which they believe that their great progenitor, Seba, sent out Noah, by hereditary and to his original seat. Sabia, are often they make very particular pilgrimages, carrying on these occasions a bull and a lamb. They pray four times a day, turning sometimes to the south and sometimes to the north. But, at the same time, they retain a part of the ancient worship of the heavenly bodies, adding that of angels, with the belief that the souls of the wicked are to enjoy a happier state after the cessation of suffering. The priests, who are called sloshks, or chiefs, use a particular kind of baptism, which, they say, was instituted by St. John, and the Chaldee language is used in this and other ceremonies.

The other religion, that of a more numerous branch, the Yezidis, is, in some respects like the Mendajehs, but with the addition of the evil principle, the exiled doctor, who, as an instrument of the divine will is propitiated rather than worshipped, as had been once supposed. The Yezidis reverence Moses, Christ and Mohammed, in addition to many of the saints and prophets held in veneration both by Christians and Moslems. They abhor the sun, as symbolical of Christ, and believe in an intermediate state after death. The Yezidis refrain as not peculiar to themselves, nor do they eat pork; but they freely partake of the blood of other animals. Their manners are simple, and their habits, both within and without, remarkable for cleanliness. They are, besides, hospitable, sober, faithful, and, with the exception of the Mohammedan, more intelligent than their neighbor religions, they are, however, lamentably deficient in every branch of education. Polygamy is not permitted, and the tribes intermarry with each other. The males of the tribe live and die under the same roof, and the patriarchal system is carried out still further, each village being under its own hereditary chief.

OLD FOLKS.

THOMAS PARR, the son of John Parr, was born at Winnington, in the parish of Wimington, Shropshire, England, in the reign of King Edward IV., anno 1483. At 80 he married his first wife, Jane, and in the space of 21 years had only two children by her, both of them short lived. The one lived but a month, the other a few years. Being aged 120, he fell in love with and espoused Katharine Milton, a widow, who bore him one child—a son. Up to 130 he followed his vocation as a husband-man, exhibiting no symptoms of declining strength. In his 152d year, Thomas, Earl of Arundel, brought him up to London to the court of Charles I. He slept away most of his time, and is thus described by an eye witness:



THE INTERIOR OF THE CHAPEL DURING THE HOURS OF STUDY.

"From head to heel his body had all over
A quilkest, thickest, natural hairy cover."

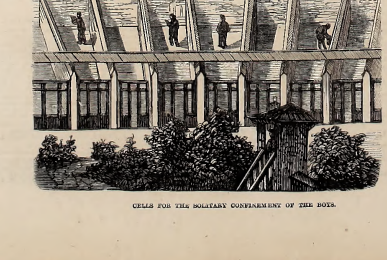
Change of air and diet, better in itself but worse for him with the trouble and agitation of many visitors, or spectators rather, were conceived to have accelerated his death, which happened two months after his arrival in the metropolis, on the 15th of November, 1635. He was buried in Westminster Abbey. The celebrated Dr Harvey, the discover of the circulation of the blood, made a post mortem examination of his body, and found no internal marks of decay. Parr's son lived to be 113, his grandson 100, and his great grandson 114.

According to the Chicago *Journal*, the oldest man in America is Joseph Craisy, a French American, born in Detroit, in September, 1736, and baptised there on the 14th of that month, and who is now residing at Chicago. He must have seen some of the sons and daughters of the pilgrim fathers. He was eight years old when Washington was born, 13 when Wolfe was killed on the plains of Abraham, and upwards of 10 when the Declaration of Independence was signed. He has been married three times, and has had two sons and three daughters. He is residing with a great-grandson. His eldest son died four years ago, at the age of 105. Craisy is short, compactly built, and seems likely to live some years. He has lost all his teeth, but his bodily faculties are all sound. He has drank three glasses of whisky daily for many years, is a hard smoker, but regulates his eating. His memory is almost gone, excepting that of his long life; for the events of it are remembered. "*Does* as a child." The last paragraph is rather too closely copied from Fontenelle, who when congratulated on his 93d birthday, said, "Really, Death has forgotten me; don't remind him that I am still alive!"

HAIR.

THAT ill-fated beauty, Beatrice de Cenci, was remarkable for her beautiful golden hair; and a golden lock that once glittered on the head of Lucrezia Borgia, now lies quietly among the treasures of the Vatican. Queen Catherine Parr's hair was of this rare and splendid hue; Miss Strickland, who possessed a ringlet taken from this queen's head, after she had lain in her grave for more than 300 years, describes it as exactly resembling threads of burnished gold; and singularly enough the daughter-in-law of Henry was rich in the same respect. Elizabeth was proud of her golden hair, and loved to display it for the admiration of the courtiers. Of course, her fine features, if we red, not golden; and in a miniature of the time the painter has certainly lent color to the lips and cheek ill undoubtedly was—for, some half-dozen years ago, a lock of the great queen's hair was discovered in a copy of Sidney's *Arcadia* at Wilton. It had been presented to the chivalric poet by Elizabeth, and is described as soft, silky and wavy, of a beautiful golden brown color, without a tinge of red, and still shining as though powdered with gold-dust.

A MEXICAN VILLAGE.—We passed three villages in quick succession, and in about two hours, landed at the fourth one upon the right shore. Very soon quite a concourse of people were gathered upon the beach to witness, perhaps, the first landing of white men upon their shores. They brought beans, red pepper, Indian corn or maize, dried beans, round cake of white bread, leaf tobacco made up into small parcels of two or three cigars each in weight, and a kind of millet, pounded or broken. Several of the young girls and women were well formed, generally round-faced and fleshy, and of a very red complexion. There was one girl of some 16 or 18 years old, much fairer than any of the others, who was quite pretty. She was blind of one eye, several of the old people and younger children were afflicted with sore eyes, and among the women I noticed several cases of goitre. The people generally well clad, much in the Chinese style. In their houses, which are built in the rudest form, we were regaled with pipes, which were filled and lighted by the females who took first a few puffs themselves, and then handed them to the guests, not, however, without wiping the mouth-piece with the hand, or upon the dress first. Mats or carpets were spread upon the dirt, or divan, which generally extended around three sides



CELLS FOR THE SOLITARY CONFINEMENT OF THE BOYS.



THE PARLOR OF THE BOYS' PRISON.

of the family room. Here we were invited to sit, eat, or repose, as we might fancy. The house was governed, divided into sparements, one of which, the first you come, is the kitchen, where you frequently find smoking, or young calves, comforting himself, to say nothing of dogs, chickens or children. The best apartment is the sleeping, eating, smoking, and receptacle. Here they eat, sit, sleep, smoke, talk, and drink the entire household and their guests in separate groups, scattered upon the floor, according to their sexes, relations, by night or by day. The dishes are only removed to serve for the next meal, and the food is cooked in a covered fire-place, to say it in their and by night, and their seat and table by day. Different kinds of mats or carpets are spread upon this floor, with a small round pillow for each person. These pillows, with the padding, and much covering, as they have, consisting of light cowskin or cotton stuffs, we saw carefully packed in a kind of clothes press, built in the wall, in one corner of the room, where they are removed by the same natural house-wife, the morning, after the night's repose. The room is warmed by the hot air from the kitchen, passing in wooden pipes along the perpendicular wall of the divan, going out at the side of the house, and ending in a high wooden chimney, striking up in the yard adjacent to the house, within earshot of the inmates.

UN FOR THE FAMILY.

JOCKS is a strong believer in guardian angels. "If it was not for them," he says, "what would become people from rolling out of bed when they are fast asleep?"

"Do you suppose you can do the landlord in the 'Lady of Lyons'?" said a manager to a second actor in search of an engagement.

"I cannot think I might," was the reply, "I have *done a great deal worse things than that.*"

"STRIKE your board," said a considerate fellow to his friend, when he was going asunder the coating girls."

"I had much rather steal theirs," said the unpromising young man.

MURPHY was asked how it was so very difficult to watch him in the morning.

"Indeed, master, it's because of taking your own advice, always to watch in the night. I'm afeard I misheard you attention to it."

TOM CLARKE, of St. John's, desired a fellow of the same name to let him Bishop Berrnel's "Holy Living and Their Complaint;" the other told him he could not spare it because he was going to read it himself, and could use them at all. He did not know whether the state genteman sends to Cross to borrow his bellows? I can only say that he sends and begs that I will spare them out of his carnother, but he might come there and use them all day long if he would, for me.

WHAT TY WAS.—A lady passing along the street, one morning last winter, noticed a little boy scattering ash upon the sidewalk for the purpose of clearing the ice.

"What is sorry, my little man?" said the lady, "I'm afraid he has an accident."

"No, I ain't, ma'am," replied the boy, "it's salt."

In one of our schools, a clergyman asked if any of the scholars could tell who was David's grandmother, when a little girl replied:

"A woman, sir!"

A SAD CASE OF FAIR PLAY.—In a shipyard, in Scarboro, the other day, a tar from a merchant vessel was observed by two men dragging a newly-set cross-cut saw through a huge oak log. The saw was dull, the log very hard, and there was no power to saw, see-saw, pull, push, push, pull. Jack stemmed the current of work, would be down to the assistance that they were pulling to see who would get the saw, and so one man was an immense log, and the other was a little fellow, he decided to see fair play; so giving the big man a push under the arm, and pushing him, he joined the saw out of the log, and giving it to the small one, he said, "Now, my boy, now cut."

"It goes far," said Lady Montague, "if to reconcile me to being a woman, when I reflect that I am in no other way so distinguished."

An epitaph in an Albany churchyard runs as follows:

Here lies of Johnson, the venerable dust;
Forty-four times he sailed round over sprad;
And here have come to rest their weary bones,
Their son and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

ANOTHER in Charlotte, England:

Poorly lived,
And poorly died,
Poor-ly interred,
And no one cried.

ANOTHER in a Scotch cemetery:

Here lies John Dawks,
Quite as like mine
With the sign of his inn
And his name at the sign
Turned up to the roots of the daisies.

THE botanists tell us there is no such thing in nature as a weed. We suppose they never heard of the "red blaze Rose."

IF LOUIS NAPOLEON is bent on pitching a quarrel, he should not scruple in picking the Power to quarrel with.

AT a large dinner party in a certain city lately, the hostess' mother had done considerable duty in supplying conversation, when a plump, happy-looking married lady, with much animation, said:

"Mother, you are so opposite," Mrs. —— you are not married and cold enough."

Amid an awful pause, the matronly answered:

"Yes, indeed, I am, very much troubled—but then they are not over."

HON. JOSIAH QUINCY says that C. S. A. means now, "Can't Secede Again."

THE rebel armies have nothing to do but to keep running, for, if they stand, they fall.

THE Deerhound is not the only British hound that has interested with us in this rebellion.

SEWARD'S cost of arms hereafter will be *one forth* rampant.

"WHAT is the reason that men never kiss each other, while the lads a waste a world of kisses on feminine lips?" said the regular to Gentle the other day.

Gentle cogitated a minute, and then answered:

"Because men must have something better to kiss, and women nothing else."

The explain: "Cos they can't get it."

A country Scotch friend of ours, who is not a member of the temperance society, being asked by a dealer to "name his price for old Uncle Peter," answered: "I tell you the truth, sir, I canna say I'm very fond of rum; for I'll talk nothing wae tumblers it's very apt to give a body the headache."

AN American editor thus describes in rhyme the patience of a husband with whom he's acquainted:

He never said a word,
But with a look of deepest melancholy
He sat, like patience, on an ottoman,
Waiting for his wife to put her bonnet on."

A GIRL who was making a dress put the sleeves in wrong. She was unable to change them, so she could not determine whether she had got the right sleeve in the wrong place, or the wrong sleeve in the right place.

THE late Lord Lyndhurst used to relate a characteristic circumstance, which occurred to him on circuit at Dolgelly, in Merionethshire. There was no prisoner to be tried, and the Lord Chief Baron expressed his surprise to the High Sheriff. That wise official actually stated that he had offended his lordship, and as it in concern for the honor of Merionethshire, assured him with fervor: "I can assure you that no which county has been in pursuit of a sheep-stealer!"

An Irishman dropped a letter into the post-office the other day, with the following memorandum in the corner, for the benefit of all postmasters into whose hands it might fall: "Dear brothers on the east side."

"WHERE'S I go," said a Yankee gentleman, remarkable for his stage grits, "I am sure to find some person from my own state."

"No wonder," said the gentleman whom he was addressing; "for any man of that side, who has any sense, leaves it as fast as he can."

A GENTLEMAN, who recently traveled over a mountain road, was asked by a native, on his return, whether road in the country, as the rape intendent knew a boy running out of the house, with a rope in one hand and sheep!

KATE was talking glowingly about love affairs. "That's strange!" exclaimed Charlie, her sweetheart, "I thought love could be associated with apples!" On the contrary, I thought that love could be associated with apples!" Kate replied approvingly.

"It is impossible," said one politician to another, "to say when your party ends and the opposition party begins."

"Well, sir," replied the other, "all you were riding a horse, I should say that it would be very difficult to tell where the head and the donkey began."

SHOOTING A COMA.—When out shooting in Texas, when a deer is wounded, it is usual to give a boss-acsanction, lying coiled up in a state of torpor, in search of a long chase, and then a glorious death. As I was in the lowlands at the time, a sandy state of affairs prevailed, and the country was full of coiled snakes in rapid succession into the embrace of his coils. He then carefully approached and, taking aim at the head of the boss, evidently hard hit. He immediately jumped down from the saddle, and, before he was halfway in, laid an embargo on his tail; but notwithstanding the efforts of the snake to get away, he was soon dead. He threw himself in, slipping out of our grasp with astonishing rapidity. We immediately took to examine the snake, and found that he had succeeded upon an elephant for mouse and plans, and secured upon an elephant for dinner. Before he could swallow the whole of the elephant he was choked to death by the swelling of the body, our friend out of his fear; but the trouble we saved us a good deal of trouble. The snake was about 20 feet in length, with an inquest of vultures sitting on him. We measured [illegible] snakes, which were found in the part of his body was two feet in girth. The vultures afterwards feasted on the snake, and I could not prevent it. I may mention that on this occasion my nor and three companions had to walk home, a distance of two pigs, and our late constitutor—my best dog's sport was spoiled.

A FEAST IN BONGO.—A Mr. Boyle has lately been traveling in Bongo, where he received great hospitality from the native chiefs. One of these, called Mr. Boyle and his brother to a mighty feast. During this feast several of the gallants were killed, and the Court dress of English Consuls general. His head was adorned by the hair by of a dragoon's head, secured by a linen band under his chin, whilst the horsetail plume waved over his left ear. The rest of the costume was quite in accordance with the victories in which one of their Majesty's Consuls had been engaged. On his stomach was the plated cover of a soup tureen, with a large silver spoon for a sword belt. His waist was the two brightest jewel among Gaudy's regalia, and on either thigh was a large silver dish-cover, suspended by a chain, which completed the costume in absence of cuirass. The festivity, which lasted for two days, was kept up with great spirit. The dancing was of the most disgusting as drunk as he possibly could. The drink by which the chiefs were intoxicated is described as being quite like thin milk, and is said that 600 of negroes drank in a day, and were not drunk. Mr. Boyle suggests the idea of cocoa-nut milk gone sour, mixed with water, as the probable origin of the drink; but states a suspicion of "cocoa, mingled with the strongest cayenne," when fresh gin was added. He also realizes the sensation of "waiting for the crisis in a rolling vessel at the equator," and considers that description is certainly fearful, and tends to suggest the idea that intermittent intoxication for three days must have an pleasant consequences.

VOICE.—It is stated by Scoresby and other acute voyagers, that whales possess, in their organs, some mysterious mode of conveyo with one another at a distance of many leagues, so that a whole shoal is rapidly communicated, and this without any sound audible to human ears. Dogs, also, have evidently an unknown mode of signaling through the medium of the air, which is not heard by human ears, but is as much by that on whole sagacity follows in a grever degree than that of the animal which utters the sound. The dog, the whale, and therefore the human race, although quite within the auditory range of the wind, must have other and more delicate organs for the mutually mean any voluntary and determinate sound given forth as a means of communication, whether the vocal organs be internal, as in the higher animals or external, as they probably are in the lower.

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SEE ADVERTISEMENT ON PAGE 382.

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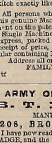
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FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED
NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress in the year 1865, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 519—Vol. XX.] NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 9, 1865. [Price 10 Cents. $4 00 Yearly. $2 Weeks $1 00

Hats.

Is there any necessity, apart from fashion, for wearing hats? The ancient world did not always wear one, and was not a bit more afflicted with headache than the modern; half of the latter does not wear it. The Hindoo is forbidden to use one by his creed, and among the mass of the people the rule is carefully obeyed. Four hundred millions of people at least never cover the head voluntarily; neither do the charity-school boys of London; neither do European and American women of the higher class, unless we call a wisp of muslin, stiffened with a plait or two of straw, or a few inches of fine wire, covering. None of them suffer from its absence, and there is *not a prior* reason why a cylinder of buff-covered paper, which only covers the crown, which does not protect the neck, or the ears, or the eyes, or anything, except the mere top of the head, should add so greatly to the general health. It certainly adds nothing to comfort, for of all imbecile contrivances for impeding the traveler's progress in a wind, commend us to the hat, while it reduces us to the use of that still more annoying contrivance, an umbrella. Were it not for the hat, a good overcoat would be a perfect protection; but we must have umbrellas to save the fragile constructions which, at nine dollars a piece, are spoiled if they are dented, injured if a sharp wind strikes them, and utterly ruined by a pelting shower of rain. As to beauty, there have been head-dresses which improve men's appearance—the cap of maintenance does, and so does the sombrero—but the hat of civilization is an object of ridicule alike to the artist and the savage, to the great painter, who will only attempt it when thrown on one side, and the half-civilized man, who quite seriously nicknames the European who has conquered him the "thing who wears a hat," and feels that the epithet consoles him for subjugation. Cool we believe the stove-pipe is, or would be if it were white, cooler, probably, than any other covering, except a thick turban, but this is its sole advantage, and even this requires the qualification that in a hot day, or a hot climate, the hat is useless without some folds of muslin or linen falling over the neck. As for its universal use, it is used by about one-tenth of mankind, that tenth never uses it in boyhood in play-ground or the field, by the seaside or on the farm, at sea or in battle, when at ease or when abroad, or, in short, in any one position in which they can by possibility invent a good excuse for wearing anything else. That substitutes have not succeeded, we admit, but that is because all substitutes yet tried have been devised with a view to picturesque effect, and a picturesque head-dress does not accord with the unpicturesque body-dress of the day. But the failure of substitutes no more proves that the original is good, than the



COMPANIES B AND H, OF THE 71ST REGIMENT, N. G. N. Y. S. M., AND ESCORT, THE BOSTON PUBLISHERS, PASSING THE NEW CITY HALL, SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON, MASS., WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 16TH.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. B. SCHELL.

failure to cure cholera proves that cholera is a mild disease; all it shows is the deficient inventiveness of those who have attempted it.

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FRANK LESLIE'S
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Over 100,000 Copies Sold
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The success of this New Family Paper has been beyond all precedent, more really subscriptions having been received to it than to any publication of the times.

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The picture contains nearly 150 portraits of our most celebrated Generals, Statesmen and Civilians, also of many of our most distinguished American ladies. The likenesses are admirable, having been taken from photographs by Brady.

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The splendid gift plate will be sent to all subscribers.

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Barnum's Museum, at Winter Garden, 97 Broadway, opposite Bond street. Afternoon and evening at 2½. Last week of the splendid artists, NICOLO FRATTINI, the CELEBRATED ITALIAN BUFFO-NICOLO, THE CHILD WONDER, the youngest Flying Trapeze performer living; BALDI'S COMIC GIANT PANTOMIME COMPANY, Tony Denier and C. H. Fox to keep up the laughter. The laughable Pantomime of JOCKO; or, THE BRAZILIAN APE, in which the entire company will appear. Previous to the commencement of the DIVERTISSEMENT by the Nicolo Troupe, Salmon brothers, Master Barnum, the Child Wonder, Baldi and Small, W. H. Harrison, Comic and Extemporaneous Singer. The whole to conclude with the laughable Farce, Scraggins, Bill and Bob; Nora Soda Gannon, over eight feet high; the Celebrated Family, Dwarfs and Infants. Admission 50 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents; parquette and balcony, 75 cents.

The great object of persons who have become debilitated, and are persecuted by disease, is a restorative that will permanently invigorate the system, and thus remove that which has made the disease. To all who have been deceived in their hope by a host of the RACKET SYRUPS, which will invigorate the system and produce perfect health.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 9, 1865.

All Communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl street, New York.

CAUTION!

We would respectfully caution the public and our subscribers in the Western States against a woman styling herself Mrs. O. Loomis, who is in the habit of collecting subscriptions and receiving money for Publications. She is an impostor. We have no traveling agents.

The special American correspondent of the London Times has convinced himself, by careful inquiry, that the stories of the treatment of the Northern prisoners by the South were true. He has seen and conversed with victims of the South, and believes that in the Libby prison, close to Mr. Davis' house, the prisoners were literally starved, that boxes of food were sent by their friends, but the authorities refused to distribute them, and "the prisoners died from hunger in sight of plenty." At Andersonville, 15,000 Northern prisoners lie buried, all dead of fever and hunger, having been kept "on a piece of land, without even a tent to cover them, with a tropical sun beating on their heads, and without food enough given them to keep a dog alive." It is for punishing this, which he could have stopped by an order of a day, that says the writer, "the North hungers for the execution of Mr. DAVIS."

MR. GALE, who believes that he has discovered the secret of making gunpowder innocuous, has patented and revealed his plan. He mixes glass, ground very fine, with the powder in the proportion of four to one, and the powder will then have to be stirred with a red-hot poker without exploding. There is no hoaxing, he continues, about the facts, the only doubt being as to their value. Clearly the mixture will want five times the room of the powder, and even if that can be provided, two or three questions have to be answered. How long does the powder take to sift, and what must it be sifted through, powder being usually wanted in a hurry? Will the glass shake down from the ceiling of the ship, and will not the glaze of the powder be gradually injured, thus materially injuring its force? It is stated that the invention was tried, in 1835, by M. Piobert, a Frenchman, who employed fine sand, but was not found practically valuable.

A SOCIETY has been organized in London for the purpose of explorations in the Holy Land, to be conducted by men of the critical requirements of modern archæological science. Upwards of $10,000 have been subscribed, and Capt. Wilson, who has for sometime been engaged in the survey, and who has been delegated to superintend the explorations, has left for Jerusalem, via Alexandria and Nabalus, and will commence work in October. Capt. Wilson lately travelled across from the Mediterranean to the Dead Sea, and made the circumference, and found that the depression of the surface of the Dead Sea on the 12th of March, 1865, was 1,292 feet from the level of the ocean, as observed along the border of the Dead Sea. It was found that the level of the water at some period of the year, probably during the rainy season, demonstrates from its inches higher, which would make the first depression 1,298 feet. The depth was also learned from inquiry among the Bedouins, also from European residents in Palestine that during the early spring months the Dead Sea is from a lower by at least six feet; this would make the general depression to be as near as possible 1,296 feet. The precise depth was impossible of determining the relative level of the two seas were not plotted together. The Dead Sea was found by one to be 715 feet above the surface of the Mediterranean, by another to be 1,000 feet, and by another to be 1,446 feet lower; but the most recent is that now given, by the Duc de Luynes and Lieut. Lynch, and that also by the survey of Capt. Wilson's result in a very remarkable manner, considering that the result was obtained by two separate observations, and the calculations of them being 1,298 on the 7th of June, 1864, which is a total error only 12 feet from the truth, if we suppose the Dead Sea to be six feet low.

MEN are full of faults, and it would be very wonderful if women, with a worse education and fewer incentives to higmindedness than men have, were not, on the whole, patient, virtuous, blemished beings some people would have us suppose them. One can scarcely imagine a man being overtaken by calamity than a wife who harasses his soul with stupid jealousies or senseless reproaches, or wastes his substance in frivolous extravagance, or neglects his children or her children and her servants, and lets all things go to sheer ruin, whereby a husband of the kind whom no sense of obligation ever seems to touch, and whom in time not even a saint could continue to love, is driven to despair. Yet we have often wearied him to death with unreasonable jealousies. She refused to let him have needful sums of money, and squandered it on herself, and plunged it into the lape of the abandoned women. She refused him with all manner of courageous calumnies. She ran away from him, and ran away several times, until at last she was not asked to "come back," but was "never allowed, now, recorded," was Wesley's entry on the subject in his journal. Yet, on her tombstone at Camberwell, where she was set down that she was a woman of exemplary piety, a tender parent, and a sincere friend." This is always the case. Bad and odious men get a character for virtue, and even for the odious women, always provided they can produce bank "marriage lines" upon occasion, never fail to secure a character for piety, and many other particulars and gaining sycophantees. No doubt Mrs. Wesley had plenty of provocation, we believe that her husband was a hypocritical profligate, but that she was a shrew, a slattern, a scold, a slanderer, a wanderer, and a liar, and in many other outrageous virago-like fall to the lot of men who have not John Wesley's lofiness of spirit, or his purity and self-denials and power of self-control.

M. DUFS, Procureur-General of France, recently made a report in the Senate on Prostitution and its increase in the French capital and province, which he supported by a remarkable and plain-spoken speech. He boldly charged a large portion of the evil with which he and the committee, of which he was chairman, had to deal, upon the bad example set to the lower classes by what are called the higher classes of French society. Luxury in personal adornment, expensive dress, and the love of jewelry, he boldly accounted the stimulants of the evil. But M. Dupin did not inform the Senate (it would have been madness for him to do so, and, besides, his wholesome words would, in that case, never have gained publicity) that the blame of extravagance and luxury which now prevails among those of the higher circles in France who frequent the Imperial Court is chargeable upon the court itself. Such as the Emperor has dazzled the eyes and contented the appetite of the courtier by rebuilding Paris, and covering it with buildings which are splendid and pretentious without being artistic, so has the Empress Eugenia set the example of an unbounded and immense luxury in dress to the ladies of the Empire. George IV. invented mail-coaches; the Empress Eugenie invented crinoline—an invention which has already cost millions of money and a holocaust of human victims. It would be no exaggeration to say that the number of lives which have been sacrificed to that tremendous shrine of fashion, and which we may entirely lay at the Empress, at least equals the number of those which have been wasted upon the ambitious schemes of her husband. For years past it has been known that the lady visitors invited to Fontainbleau and St. Cloud have been required to provide themselves with dresses not only sufficient for a daily change, but for three changes every day, and no dress is accepted to make an appearance twice during the visit. The haberdashers, and dressmakers, of course, applaud this *régime* to the skies, just as the builders and stone-masons regard the Emperor and M. Haussmann as their Providence. But what is the result? In the latter case an immense increase of the National Debt; in the other, private ruin and accumulation of private debt. After condemning the fact that the committee had been a secret one, and so giving to the action of the Government with regard to the "unfortunate women" of Paris all shame on the one side and legalizing it on the other—M. Dupin spoke as follows:

"Before the yellow dress fell on duty, and from the top to the bottom of society it is impossible to say that the vice was confined to the higher classes, but we don't say but enough absent the higher classes, but we don't say but enough absent the higher classes. Those who are much seen are those who are much talked of. Were we to talk about the women who exhibit themselves in the Bois de Boulogne, in the Champs Elysées, and everywhere else display themselves in splendid carriages and attended by footmen in gorgeous liveries? What do we see in the highest circles of society? Do they not take pattern in the dress of ladies of the demi-monde? Do they not find the Phryne of the streets who sets an example to the fashionable world? The fashionable companion of the sale of photographs at five sous apiece. Go to your bookseller's, and you will find that there are more of the worse than the photographs of which they complain. Such is the present state of things, and I think it right to point out the higher classes, because examples descend from above to below, before they can ascend from below to above. Is it not plain that much of this evil arises from the unhappy position in which the lady comes in fashion with regard to dress? The wealthiest men in the world cannot, if we are to believe the statements or revelations of tradesmen's bills which she is good enough to communicate to her husband, satisfy her unbridled desires. Those examples I copied by the interior of society. Then, in order to satisfy these desires, the lady of fashion determines to dress like her neighbor. In the case of the wife of his fellow, we have seen that the husband, being too ashamed to make himself as big as an ox, has been known to run away from his creditors, before they could do so. The dog has only to put a crinoline around his body, and the husband's position is at an end. When a woman wishes to exhibit herself at a *fête*, and to be admired, she knows that she is sure to be so if she can only manage to get, self-love carries the day. She knows that the husband's position is at stake, but she does not concern herself upon trust, she signs bills and promissory notes, and the husband is ruined. Such is the origin of a notion which is inevitably laid to her virtue. Such, unfortunately, is the origin of the greater part of the evil which surrounds us. Where there are no moralsthere are no laws. Where there are no laws there are no sentences. For my part, I should like to see many of the unfortunate mothers of families who are without a bestowing the graces of costume, or even the graces of the face. Such a female then, would be a fine example of denying themselves the useless and ruinous luxury which is by that means, rendered ridiculous. The evil effects of a bad example these other classes of society have to suffer in their turn, and there would be a summit which they have not strength to attain."

THE London *Spectator*, noticing the reply of Mr. Johnson, to the representation made by the Virginians against the $50,000 exemption clause in their Constitution, says of the President elect:

"The Virginians, as they retired, must have realized, that in Mr. Johnson they had encountered and done for them, when he mastered Mr. Stephens. Mr. Johnson is a man who has the will to be a king, bound to restrain his will, a regicide, a man who normally constructs, by the power of a resolute will, with the ideas of Brutus, the political world around him. He is also a man of the people, and has the strength and the vulnerability democratists. The bitterest abolitionist in the country could not have chosen a fitter Minister of Reconstruction than the man who, when Governor of Tennessee, was the only Southern notable in the whole country who refused to secede, and who, when a Southern secession has placed at the head of affairs."

THE secession press of London cannot give up its system of the misrepresentation of the North, even now when the misrepresentation can be of no service to anybody. It seems to be growing into an incredible habit. Thus, the *Saturday Review* says, concerning the state of the war, endeavors to glorify bravery, and fearlessness of exposure by ensuring the number of Southern Generals killed in the war, and concludes that the North are of Northern officers. "Very few Northern Generals," it says, "now, we believe, holding a high command, have been killed or wounded in battle; Grant, Lyon and Kearney being among the rare exceptions." Of course the *Saturday Review* never heard of Sedgwick, Wadsworth, Stevens, Reynolds, Barry, and the dozens of others who sealed their devotion to the Union with their blood.

THE London *Athenæum* opens a notice of "The Life and Correspondence, by Charles F. Bidwell, British Vice-Consul at Panama," as follows: "We are rather in doubt, and quite ready to concede the benefit of it to Mr. Bidwell, whether the author means to be facetious or not, when in the introduction he tells us that he understands nothing about biography, and that Vice-Consul Bidwell might have been quite easy on that point. Considering that this is his first attempt in the book line, and that it is cut and cold paces, and goodbody taken from other authors, with acknowledgment, and of the remainder a good many without acknowledgment, we think he shows a dexterity in the use of scissors and paste, of which, under proper cultivation, great things may yet be expected."

From the list of Decembrists to the 1st of May, 1865, there were 110 fires in the city—the largest loss was over $2,000,000, insurance $1,000,000—the total amount of insurance paid was $1,370,000.

TOWN GOSSIP.

DICKENS says in one of his lively novels, "that three consecutive fine days drives bachelors to matrimony" or as some phrase it, "the existence of a great fine cause." It must be confessed that nothing can be more trying to a business man's nerves than to sit hour after hour waiting for a fare, "worse" of fare even the single, wherein with his bat in the water without cracking any hats, he has yet to endure the slight excitement of a nibble. Now what these consecutive fine days did for a drowned religion, three consecutive days in New York without some monster deliverance has done for so-called honest begin to believe in the honesty of Wall street. Yes, reader, it is a fact, we have had the world reverse on its axis several times, and it has not come down, nor has either a Rothschild or a Jenkins. Of course, we have not the gift of foresight, and what the next monster revolution will be, God only knows, Father Time, may do, we cannot say; perhaps make amends for lost time, and give us detailers by the dozen. Apropos of Jenkins, we notice that the worst delinquencies, *defaces* of the New York bar has been displayed in the case of the "greasy water girl," who has been discharged from custody, while that nameless animal, between whom and "hell" she confessed "a limited friendship" existed, has been most properly remanded to prison. That he worked upon the fears of that poor unfortunate girl, and induced her to commit some folly after she possess it—that the best person in the world to watch over his diseased villainy would be his fair inamorata. *Frank Leslie's Budget of Fun*, for October, has a most amusing article on philosophically, and at full length noted in commercial and domestic circles—it comes do better than read what it says on that subject.

We have also been favored with advance sheets from the publishers of a summer resume. The sudden and unexpected change in the weather has not sent the bulletins home. As we write this in one of the pleasant parties of the United World we see several of the fair sex in the street car drive away, and adding the most genial evidence to that best *par excellence*, Warren's preparation for the complexion, that it must be considered even more all since what the Semilles were to the Roman Empire, we are to be surprised.

Another unpleasant topic of the week has been the prevailing mode of murder, namely, the "refined" mode. Not content with numerous other ways of shuffling off the mortal coil if a man is absolutely beat upon and kicked to death, or shot down in the street by cowardens, whose natural arguments are revolvers, or taking poison, as the last resource, which is an invitation to all the neighboring rowdies to insult you, or your dear partheirs out if you venture to object. As for punishment, that is a thing of the sentimental past, and as for the ruffians a dollar, and let them go, with the advice "not to do it again." Such is the present state of affairs, and a regular prejudice against murder and outrage!" Don't smile, reader, this really occurred at a little tourney the other day, not a thousand miles from Jersey City, when Albany comely took possession of the place, robbed the safe, and carried off the women, and shot several citizens and when some of them were captured, they were discharged on bail, and on a fine of $10!

The theatres have been closed all week, as they deserved to be. The Keans at the Academy, Barnum's unrivaled attractions, and the Winter Garden, with its troupe are always novelty and attraction for all classes. "Arch master" Forrest has returned from a tour in Italy, which it deserves to do, since both dramatist and manager have done their best to make an excellent acting play. The new play is entitled Nicholas Nickleby, from the *Periwinkle Letter*, commences a series of thirty nights at the Academy of Music, and will doubtless fill every night. We regret that all the tickets he will introduce are entirely now; there are said to be very interesting, especially those relating to speech, and which are supposed to be President Johnson as a radical Secretary of the Treasury—that is to say, if we mean to resume speech agreements.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The President has ordered the commencement of active operations in the Treasury Department. Mr. Sharkey is constituted as provisional Governor.

Postmaster Gen. Dennison declines being a candidate for the Governorship of Ohio.

—Col. J. J. Siebels, of Montgomery, Ala., died in the Tombs on the morning of August. He was sent as Minister to Belgium, and was a Douglas man in 1860—but a Southern man to the last. He never gave all his efforts to promote reconstruction.

—The steamer Metamora, of August, passenger train on the Norwich Railroad was thrown from the track near Hartford, Conn., running over a cow—about 11 persons were injured.

—Immediately the government has closed all the machine shops in Norfolk, and discharged all the workmen.

—The Postmaster has ordered the resumption of mail trains to Richmond.

—In the Province of the 23d of August, Mr. Horace Greeley delivered a speech, in which he said "I now see that God's way was better than any that I contemplated."

—The Fenian movement is becoming so great a nuisance, by reason of correspondence with Ireland, as to be the subject of Parliamentary discussion to meet this growing evil.

—The Confederation of Jamaica has called considerable attention to the cash accounts of the bank-tellers, and also to the bank-notes of the country. Several of the latter have been found deficient, and of these the counterfeit amounts to upwards of $200,000.

—A new and unused Gladstone recently obtained from the proprietor of the Bleecker street Hotel, New York, by a forged order, released banks and other valuable securities to the amount of $240,000. Seven men are arrested from the various parties in whose hands the bonds have been found, and held to bail.

—The Surgeon Appears have resolved to call the first town built in the South after the late lamented Lincoln, in honor of our martyred President.

—Gen. Wade Hampton, formerly Governor of the State, died on Sunday, the 8th of August, in his 44 year.

—Brevet Brevet, aged only 27, has been committed for trial for the murder of his two wives in four years.

—Fredrick Seward has so much improved from the late fracture of his skull, that his ultimate recovery is proved beyond even rumour his duties as Assistant Secretary of State.

—A Northern firm has leased Jamestown Island in James river, and are preparing for cotton culture.

—It is stated that the colored troops will soon be mustered out of service.

—Genevieve Lyons, the pretty yorker girl, was discharged in custody on the 31st of August, there being no evidence to hold her. She had been in prison three days for the same offence. Bravo, her butcher friend was, however, remanded to the Tombs.

—Col. J. J. Morrison, whose portrait we published in vol. xx., has been appointed Brigadier-General for the colored service. He has returned with his regiment, 16th N. Y. Heavy artillery, and carefully disbanded in summers. They entered the service 2,000 strong.

—An English officer, Col. Fremantle, has been intelligent to the excellent treatment our Union prisoners received from rank wretches as Wirz, against whom rank atrocities have been proved that a true

would seem superfluous, except for the sake of mere legal form. Col. Fremantle shows how little his veracity is worth, since, after testifying to the kindness of the rebels towards our unhappy men, he says: "The Federal authorities let the rebel prisoners rot on Johnson's Island."

—— The banking-house of Cole, Sumner & Co., of La Crosse, Wisconsin, has suspended payment, in consequence of the Ketchum frauds.

—— The census of Chicago has just been completed—she contains 177,956 inhabitants.

—— Mr. Knight, formerly landlord of the Sewell House, Broadway, who was crushed under the ruins of the wall of the St. Charles Hotel on the 7th of August, died on the 24th of August.

—— An amusing incident occurred on the Detroit railroad; an officer, who was conveying a female prisoner from Saginaw on the cars, had occasion to go into another car for a short time. The conductor coming along in the meantime, not knowing she was a prisoner, asked her for her fare, which she refusing to pay, he had the train stopped, and the woman put off. The annoyance of the policeman can be imagined when he discovered that his bird had escaped.

—— The trial of the rebel Governor of Andersonville Prison-pen, is now proceeding in Washington. Even the rebel surgeon who superintended the place, declares, that but for this man's incredible barbarity, 75 per cent. of the deaths might have been prevented—in other words, three-fourths of over 11,000 persons were murdered by this monster.

—— We notice a case of rapid justice in Boston. On the night of the 13th of August, four ruffians, named Van Weimer, Northridge, Shay and Dolan, outraged a woman. On the 23d of August they were tried, committed and sentenced to imprisonment for life.

—— The gunboat Donegal, which arrived in New York on the 24th of August, reports, that while towing the steamer Commodore McDonough from Port Royal, the latter sprung a leak on the 23d of August, and was abandoned full of water. The crew was all saved by the Donegal.

—— A meeting was held in Jersey City on the 24th of August, to adopt measures to prevent the dumping of garbage in the public ways.

—— Railroad accidents are becoming the rule, and not the exception. On the 24th of August there was a collision between a passenger and freight train, on the Oil Creek Railroad, near Titusville, by which nine persons were killed and 17 wounded; and on the 23d of August an excursion train, filled with passengers, returning to Boston from a picnic party, at Abingdon, on the Old Colony Railroad, came in collision with a hand-car on the track, in which were two men. The engine, baggage, smoking, and four passenger cars were thrown from the track, three of the latter being capsized down an embankment. They contained nearly 150 passengers, including many ladies, who were taken out through the windows. Wonderful to say, only seven were hurt, and none of them seriously. The cars, however, were badly shattered.

—— A "mountain of silver," or at all events a mountain containing vast quantities of the metal, has been discovered in the new State of Nevada. Its name is Silver Peak, it is east of San Francisco and about 70 miles south of Austin, and 12 immensely rich lodes have already been opened. The whole of Nevada is rich in silver, but this particular spot will, it is believed, produce more than any mines yet discovered. Close to the peak is an extinct crater, near it a vast deposit of salt, within sight a hill of pure sulphur, and around an endless stony desert, the whole scene suggesting strongly the picture which Milton drew of hell.

—— Edward B. Ketchum, accused of forging gold checks to a large amount, was on the 25th of August arrested, near the house, No. 223 West 20th street, where, it appears, he has been concealed ever since the forgeries became known. The sum of $48,000 was found in his possession. Ketchum takes his arrest very coolly. During Saturday he had interviews with the different members of his family. District Attorney Hall has entered a complaint against him, on behalf of the people, at the First District Police Court. The date for the examination of the case, has not yet been fixed. Some correspondence was found in Ketchum's possession, which seems to implicate other parties.

Foreign.—The twenty-sixth annual report of the Registrar-General of births, deaths, and marriages in England has been issued. From this we learn that 347,000 persons married, 727,417 children were born, and 473,837 persons died during the past year. With regard to marriages, the Registrar-General informs us that the cotton famine of 1861 and 1862 was reflected at once in the registers, and that the rate, which in 1860 was so high as 1·710 persons married to every 100 persons living, fell to 1·628 in 1861, and further to 1·614 in 1862. In 1863 the crisis had passed, the good harvest encouraged marriages, and the proportion to every 100 persons living rose to 1·683, while the average of the last twenty years was 1·640.

—— On the 17th instant, a German author, living at Stuttgart, a Dr. Dulk, swam from Romanshorn to Friedrichshafen, a distance of about twelve miles, in six hours and a half.

—— It appears that the occupants of the 40 chairs of the *Académie Française* count amongst them no less than five octogenarians, ten septuagenarians, and 13 sexagenarians. The oldest member on the list is M. Viennet, who was born in 1777, and is, consequently, in the 88th year of his age; the next in seniority are M. de Ségur, 85; M. de Barante, 83; M. Lupin, 82; M. Lebrun, 80; M. Guizot, 78; the Duc de Broglie, 76; M. Villemain, M. de Lamartine, M. Empis, and M. Berryer, each 75; M. de Pongerville, and M. Cousin, 73; M. Patni, 72; M. Flourens, 71. The youngest member of the academy, as well as the last elected, is M. Prévost Paradol, aged 36.

—— The famous rose-tree, planted 1,000 years ago, by the Emperor Louis le Débonnaire, in the eastern choir of the cathedral at Hildersheim, has been in particularly fine bloom this season, and looks fresher and greener than ever. Two shoots, which sprang up from the motty millennial roots of the tree in 1863, have attained already the height of the roof.

—— A stringent law for the abolition of slavery is to be brought into the Portuguese Cortes. That is good, but if the king will hang the first colonial governor who breaks it that will be better. Even Southern slavery was endurable compared with the system which prevails in the Portuguese colonies, where one of the lowest of races wields absolute power made cruel by the fear of resistance.

—— A great battle has been fought on the Parana, the grand South American river, commonly called from the name of its estuary, the Plata. Lopez, the Dictator of Paraguay, has declared war on Brazil and the Argentine Confederation, and on 11th of June his fleet, consisting of eight steamers and six flat boats, attacked the Brazilian fleet of nine gunboats off Corrientes. The Paraguayans were assisted by a heavy battery on shore and fought splendidly, but after a combat of 15 hours they were defeated, losing all their flats, all but three of their steamers, and 1,700 men. The Brazilians also suffered greatly, losing 19 officers and 300 men, and most of their steamers being rendered useless. Lopez, moreover, has an army below them which is erecting batteries on the river, and it is quite possible that the Brazilians may not be able to descend. One Paraguayan army still occupies Corrientes, and another has entered the Brazilian province of Rio Grande, and taken Boria. It is asserted that had Lopez won the engagement he would have been master of the whole valley of the Plate, have founded an empire, and decreed the summary extinction of slavery in Brazil.

HUMAN LIFE.—Hope writes the poetry of a boy, but memory that of a man. Man looks forward with smiles, but backward with sighs. Such is the wise providence of heaven. The cup of life is sweeter at the brim, the flavor is impaired as we drink deeper, and the dregs are made bitter that we may not struggle when it is taken from our lips.

A BATTALION OF THE 71ST NEW YORK REGIMENT IN BOSTON.

A BATTALION of the 71st regiment of New York, consisting of Companies B and H, numbering 123 men, under command of Capt. A. M. Underhill, and accompanied by Dodworth's band, paid a visit to Boston on the 16th of August. The command left the city of New York on the evening of the 15th by the steamer Metropolis, and breakfasted on the boat at Newport. They arrived in Boston shortly before eleven o'clock, on the second train from Newport, and were escorted from the depot by the Fusileers, where they were introduced to his honor Mayor Lincoln, who welcomed them in a speech, which was replied to by Capt. Underhill. In the afternoon they partook of a dinner at the American Hotel, after which they visited the Charlestown Navy Yard, Bunker Hill, and other points of interest.

FLOWER INFLUENCE.

I SAW the young flowers rise
Last May, on Southern hills
And by Virginian rills,
A thousand heavenly eyes;
And I forgot the slain
Who there might once have lain.

But while they gave me joy
There came no whispered word
From flowers my feet that stirred—
"A prison murdered boy—
Thy brother—lieth low
Where our sweet kindred grow."

I know it now; and when
I marched with solemn tread,
Where Spring her train hath spread,
O'er Southern slopes again,
More sternly I will long
To strike, and crush the wrong.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

IN the fall of 1846, I was traveling eastward in a stage-coach from Pittsburg over the mountains. My fellow-passengers were two gentlemen and a lady. The elder gentleman's appearance interested me exceedingly. In years he seemed about thirty; in air and manner he was calm, dignified and polished; and the *contour* of his features was singularly intellectual. He conversed freely on general topics, until the road became more abrupt and precipitous; but on my directing his attention to the great altitude of a precipice, on the verge of which our coach wheels were leisurely rolling, there came a marked change over his countenance. His eyes, so lately filled with the light of mild intelligence, became wild, restless and anxious; the mouth twitched spasmodically, and the forehead beaded with a cold perspiration. With a sharp, convulsive shudder, he turned his gaze from the giddy height, and clutching my arm tightly with both hands, he clung to me like a drowning man.

"Use this cologne," said the lady, handing me a bottle, with the instinctive goodness of her sex.

I sprinkled a little on his face, and he soon became somewhat more composed; but it was not until we had traversed the mountain and descended to the country beneath, that his fine features relaxed from their perturbed look, and assumed the placid, quiet dignity I had first noticed.

"I owe an apology to the lady," said he, with a bland smile and gentle inclination of the head to our fair companion, "and some explanation to my fellow-travelers also, and perhaps I cannot better acquit myself of the double debt, than by recounting the cause of my recent agitation."

"It may pain your feelings," delicately urged the lady.

"On the contrary, it will relieve them," was the respectful reply.

Having signified our several desires to hear more, the traveler thus proceeded:

At the age of eighteen I was light of heart, light of foot, and I fear (here he smiled) light of head. A fine property on the right bank of the Ohio acknowledged me as sole owner. I was hastening home to enjoy it, and delighted to get free from a college life. The month was October; the air was bracing, and the mode of conveyance a stage-coach like this, only more cumbrous. The other passengers were few—but three in all—an old gray-headed planter of Louisiana, his daughter, a joyous, bewitching creature about seventeen, and his son, about ten years of age. They were just returning from France, of which the young lady discoursed in terms so eloquent, as to absorb my entire attention.

The father was taciturn, but the daughter was vivacious by nature, and we soon became so mutually pleased with each other, she as a talker, I as a listener, that it was not until a sudden flash of lightning, and a heavy dash of rain against the coach-windows elicited an observation from my charming companion, that I noticed how night passed on. Presently there was a low, rumbling sound, and then several tremendous peals of thunder, accompanied by successive flashes of lightning. The rain descended in torrents, and an angry wind began to howl and moan by turns through the forest trees.

I looked from the window of our vehicle. The night was dark as ebony, but the lightning revealed the danger of our road. We were on the edge of a frightful precipice. I could see at intervals, huge jutting rocks far away down on the sides, and the sight made me solicitous for the fate of my fair companion. I thought of the mere hair-breadths that were between us and eternity; a single little rock in the track of our coach wheels, a tiny billet of wood, a stray limb of a tempest-torn tree, a restive horse, or a careless driver—any of these might hurl us from our sublunary existence with the speed of thought.

"'Tis a perfect tempest," said the lady, as I withdrew my head from the window. "How I love a sudden storm. There is something so grand among the winds when fairly loose among the hills. I never encounter a night like this, but Byron's magnificent description of a thunder-storm in the Jura immediately recurs to my mind. But are we on the mountains yet?"

"Yes, we have begun the ascent."

"Is it not said to be dangerous?"

"By no means," I replied, in as easy a tone as I could assume.

"I only wish it was daylight, that we might enjoy the mountain scenery. But, Jesu Maria! what's that?"

And she covered her eyes from the glare of a sheet of lightning that illumined the rugged mountain with brilliant intensity. Peal after peal of crashing thunder instantly succeeded; there was a very volume of rain coming down at each thunder-burst, and with the deep moaning of an animal, as if in dreadful agony, breaking upon my ears, I found that the coach had come to a dead halt.

Louise, my beautiful fellow-traveler, became pale as ashes. She fixed her searching eyes on mine with a look of anxious dread, and turning to her father, hurriedly remarked:

"We are on the mountains!"

"I reckon so," was the unconcerned reply.

With instant activity, I put my head through the window, and called to the driver, but the only answer was the heavy moaning of an agonized animal borne past me by the swift wings of the tempest. I seized the handle of the door and strained at it in vain; it would not yield a jot. At that instant I felt a cold hand on mine, and heard Louise's voice faintly articulating in my ear, the appalling words:

"*The coach is being moved backwards!*"

God in Heaven! never shall I forget the fierce agony with which I tugged at that coach door, and called on the driver in tones that rivaled the force of the blast, while the dreadful conviction was burning in my brain that the *coach was being moved slowly backwards!*

What followed was of such swift occurrence, that it seems to me like a frightful dream.

I rushed against the door with all my force, but it mocked my utmost efforts. One side of our vehicle was sensibly going down, down. The moaning of the agonized animal became deeper, and deeper, and I knew from the desperate plunges against his traces, that it was one of our horses. Crash upon crash of hoarse thunder rolled over the mountain, and vivid sheets of lightning played around our devoted carriage, as if in glee at our misery. By its light I could see for a moment—only for a moment—the old planter standing erect, with his hands on his son and daughter, his eyes raised to heaven, and his lips moving like those of one in prayer. I could see Louise turn her ashy cheeks and superb eyes towards me, as if imploring my protection; and I could see the bold glance of the young boy flashing indignant defiance at the descending carriage, the war of elements, and the awful danger that awaited him. There was a roll of thunder, a desperate plunge, as if of an animal in the last throes of dissolution, a harsh grating jar, a sharp, piercing scream of mortal terror, and I had but time to clasp Louise firmly with one hand round the waist, and seize the leather fastenings attached to the coach roof with the other, when we were precipitated over the precipice.

I can distinctly recollect preserving consciousness, for a few seconds of time, how rapidly my breath was being exhausted; but of that tremendous descent, I soon lost all further individual knowledge by a concussion so violent that I was instantly deprived of sense and motion.

The traveler paused. His features worked for a minute or two, as they did while we were on the mountain; he pressed his hands across his forehead, as if in pain, and then resumed his interesting story:

On an humble couch, in an humble room, of a small country house, I next opened my eyes in this world of light and shade, of joy and sorrow, of mirth and madness; gentle hands smoothed my pillow, gentle feet glided across my chamber, and a gentle voice hushed for a while all my questionings. I was kindly tended by a fair young girl about sixteen, who refused for several days to hold any intercourse with me. At length, one morning, finding myself sufficiently recovered to sit up, I insisted on learning the result of the incident.

"You were discovered," said she, "sitting on a ledge of rock, amidst the branches of a shattered tree, clinging to a part of the roof of your broken coach with one hand, and to the insensible form of a lady with the other."

"And the lady," I gasped, scanning the girl's face, with an earnestness that caused her to draw back and blush.

"She was saved, sir, by the same means that saved you—the friendly tree."

"And her father and brother?" I impatiently demanded.

"Were both found crushed to pieces at the bottom of the precipice, a great way below the place where my father and Uncle Joe got you and the lady. We buried their bodies in one grave, close by the clover patch down in our meadow ground."

"Poor Louise! Poor Orphan! God pity you!" I muttered, in broken tones, utterly unconscious that I had a listener.

"God pity her, indeed, sir," said the young girl, with a gush of heartfelt sympathy. "Would you like to see her?" she added.

"Take me to her," I replied.

I found the orphan bathed in tears, by the grave of her buried kindred. She received me with sorrowful sweetness of manner. I will not detain your attention, by detailing the efforts I made to win her from her great grief, but briefly acquaint you that I at last succeeded in inducing her to leave her forlorn home in the South; and that twelve months after the dreadful occurrence which I have related, we stood at the altar together as man and wife. She still lives to bless my love with her smiles, and my children with her good precepts; but on the anniversary of that terrible night, she secludes herself in her room, and devotes the hours of darkness to solitary prayer.

"As for me," added the traveler, while a faint flush tinged his noble brow at the avowal, "as for me, that accident has made a physical coward of me, at the sight of a mountain precipice."

"But the driver," urged our lady passenger, who had attended to the recital of the story with much attention; "what became of the driver? or did you ever learn the reason of his deserting his post?"

"His body was found on the road, within a few yards of the spot where the coach went over. He had been struck dead by the same flash of lightning that blinded the restive horse."

The traveler here fell into a musing attitude, as if further allusion to the subject would be unpleasing to him. Shortly after this we reached the railroad station, where I parted with my fellow-passenger with feelings of profound esteem.

A RATTLESNAKE STORY.

WE have hitherto supposed the day long since passed for chronicling a big snake fight in the vicinity of the Central City, but such, it appears, is not the case, from a scene which recently transpired within a short drive from the Court-house. Some of the older residents will remember a building which formerly stood on Prospect Hill, about six miles distant from Peoria, and which was destroyed some seven or eight years since. During the past season another house was erected near the same locality, and all that remained as relics of the old hotel was a partially filled excavation for a cellar and two well-preserved brick cisterns, which had been kept covered up. Last week, the proprietor of the place, while busy with his wife in preparing their summer flower-garden, found himself in want of a few bricks for the edge of the walks. Remembering the cisterns, he uncovered one of them, and finding it dry at the bottom, and only about six feet in depth, he jumped in, and commenced throwing out some of the best bricks he could pick from the walls. It seems there was a piece of plank, with one end partially embedded in the earth, that somewhat incommoded him, so, seizing it with some exertion, he pulled it out and threw it to the top. What was his horror and surprise at the next moment to find that he had unearthed an enormous rattlesnake, and himself without a weapon in his hand! As the cistern was round, and only about five feet in diameter, he could not jump out; and the snake, bristling with anger and rattling defiance, was ready for battle. His screams brought his wife to the scene; but she was so overcome with fright that she became powerless to render assistance. The snake, in the meantime, had commenced the fight, making repeated springs at him, but fortunately he managed, on each occasion, to to hit him upon the head with his boot, without receiving a bite, the snake all the time becoming more defiant and enraged. During the whole scene, which lasted several minutes, the man did not lose his presence of mind, but, watching his chance, made several frantic efforts to jump bodily from this seeming pit of destruction. At the last trial he fortunately grasped a brick, which gave way with him, and remained in his hand as he again stood fronting his hissing enemy. After a few more kicks, and watching his opportunity, he fired it, making, probably, one of the best shots on record, for it struck the snake on the head, and between the one sent and the wall he he became a "pretty well used-up sarpint." Weak and exhausted, our hero, by the assistance of his wife, was enabled to climb from the pit, but when once more upon the earth he fainted away, and it was some time before he recovered. For several succeeding days he was very unwell, owing, probably, to the poisonous effluvia inhaled, while his desperate exercise in the encounter rendered him extremely lame. The snake was afterwards taken from the cistern, when it was found to measure seven feet in length, and contained thirteen rattles.

FRETFULNESS.—Fretfulness is a great lender of misery. It begins its loans to very young borrowers; and there is great danger that if its debtors draw on it early they will become sad spendthrifts of misery, and scarcely ever be able to free themselves from the clutches of their hard task-master and creditor. There is nothing more successful in making people unnecessarily miserable than a fretful, discontented spirit. It works ill in two ways; it causes its victims to think badly of themselves, and (what is worse) to think badly of other people too. Fretfulness and peevishness are very much under our own control. Men can choose to what extent they will permit circumstances to have influence over them, and the character of that influence.

An eccentric person, of the Johnsonian school, has made a sort of fable on this subject. He maintains that all kinds of weather may be made charming to a man if he so will; that if he will go out in the rain, without any defence, and pretend to know nothing about the showers, the rain will cease for him, each drop exclaiming, "It is no use raining upon that man, he does not mind it."

There is a moral to that fable: and we may be sure that, if instead of allowing every slight incident in personal, social, or family life to ruffle our tempers and make us wretched, we were determined to regard fewer of them, the wear and tear of life would be much less, and days and hours would pass more pleasantly. In every house, every day, there are trival circumstances which, if dwelt upon, will cause trouble for a long time, but which are so small that they should never be noticed.

Said Cervantes, "Hast thou a mind to quarrel with thy wife? Bid her bring water to thee in the sunshine; a very fair quarrel may be picked about motes in the clearest water."

Yes; great misery—all borrowed, none of it necessary—is brought to families by the fretful, captious, querulous scoldings that occur every day; by the ridiculous, persecuting, vixenish notice taken of paltry things at home. Fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters! If our homes are to be happy, joyous places, hunt out more fretfulness, and make the love borne by one to the other as considerate to mutual weakness as is the courtesy that is paid to strangers.

THE COLOR OF BIRDS.—Color is intended not merely for beauty; it is, in fact, a mode of concealment, the most universal of all means of defence, and one that appears in every race of animals. As the strength, the weapons, and the velocity are all on the pursuer, color is much more resorted to for the defence of birds than of any other creatures. In the partridge, the quail, the woodcock, and the snipe, the likeness of their colors to the brown earth on which they move, is such as often to conceal them from every eye, not excepting the piercing sight of the hawk or the kite. The hovering foe may be observed above during the chase, though the victim has not escaped, deceived also by smaller birds, even when the accordance in color is not great. Often do they shift their position under the eye of the hawk, eager to pounce upon them, and then stop, as if, as White says, "they knew the color of the spot upon which they were cowering and squatting was a sure defence."

A LADY on the grand stand at the Saratoga races told a newspaper correspondent that she had $28,000 worth of diamonds in her hair; that she felt perfectly "safe," as no pickpockets were admitted within the gates, and her husband had put a policeman behind her with nothing else to do but see that her diamond head suffered no violation.

THE SUPPLY OF PEACHES FROM NEW JERSEY FOR THE NEW YORK MARKETS.—From Sketches by our Special Artist, Mr. J. E. Taylor.



A PEACH ORCHARD AT CRANBERRY, N. J.—PICKING PEACHES.

THE PEACH TRADE.

THE traffic in peaches in the metropolis has grown to be of an extensive and interesting character. The principal trade is carried on with New Jersey, where the fruit is grown in orchards of from 1,000 to 45,000 trees each. They are in season for about two months, from July 20 to September 20. During that time, probably an average of 50 car-loads a day, at 600 baskets per car, pours from the West and South into New York, either to be eaten in the city or re-shipped to the East and North. About one-third is thus re-shipped; and some of the fruit goes as far as to Canada and New Brunswick. The New Jersey crop this year is rather short, particularly of the yellow sorts, and the deficiency is made up from the crops of Delaware and Maryland.

The prices charged this year by the commission dealers in New York city, may be roughly named at from $1 25 to $1 75 per basket (of somewhat over half-a-bushel); though very poor and very superior samples have brought only 50 cents, or as much as $2 50. Thus the New York peach business comes to a total of about 1,000,000 baskets, for which the commission merchants receive at least $1,500,000, and the retailers a good deal more.

In the illustrations which accompany this article, our Artist has afforded graphic and well-chosen views of interesting eras in the career of the peach.

Among the localities in New Jersey where peaches are raised, may be named Flemington, Hightstown, Rocky Hill, Millstein, Trenton and Cranberry, of which our Artist has selected the last as the subject of his sketch. We might very greatly increase he list.

The fruit is ready for picking just a little before it is dead ripe, for it must be hard enough to endure the necessary transportation by railroad. It is picked by hand, usually on the day before that on which it enters New York; if of even quality, is bunched without assorting; is, however, sorted if necessary, and after each basket is covered with a coarse cloth, sewed on all round the top, the farmers consignment is carried by wagon away to the nearest railroad station. Here, if business is sufficiently brisk, a regular "peach train" is run; that on the Delaware road, for instance, stopping at 15 principal peach stations. The baskets, duly addressed, are shelved in the cars, four deep, and away they thunder to Jersey City. On arrival, they are promptly put aboard barges, heavy, full-built, hopless affairs, and soon a fussy, puffing little steam-tug escorts the big barge across the river, fretting and fuming, like an irritable little man. When they reach the dock of Pier No. 1, or at West Washington Market, trucks convey the luscious fruit to the stalls of the commission dealers.

Peaches ripen promptly, and decay even more so. From picking to selling there must not be more than four days, or in extreme cases one or two more, even if the picking be done in Maryland and the selling in cold New Brunswick. Accordingly, the commission dealer is a prompt and busy man, and whether his day's receipts be 100 baskets or 10,000, next morning finds but very few of them left on his hands. They have gone aboard another train or to a Sound steamboat, and away they are careering to tickle the palates of epicureans generally. Those that remained have gone to the retailers, to the hotels, to the restaurants, or to the private consumer.



ASSORTING AND ARRANGING THE PEACHES FOR MARKET.

TROUT FISHING IN PENNSYLVANIA.

IF Izaak Walton were alive and a resident of this country, it is quite probable that about this season he would be found following up the mountain streams of Pennsylvania. It is here the bright-scaled carmine-speckled active speckled trout—the greatest favorite of anglers—can be found in abundance. Like the gipsy, the trout loves some special hiding-place, some sheltering stone or hole in the bank, whence it may watch for prey. Its peculiarly delicate flesh, its voracity, and the mixture of strength, agility and spirited courage, form a combination of excellences fascinating to both professional and amateur anglers. We give a sketch this week illustrative of one of those cool and delightful resorts in the interior of Pennsylvania, which debarmen desire most to visit.



PEACH WAGONS AT PROSPECT PLAINS DEPOT, N. J.



THE BARGE FOR CONVEYING PEACHES FROM AMBOY, N. J., TO NEW YORK CITY.



TROUT FISHING IN THE MOUNTAIN STREAMS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

OUR BRAVE DEPARTED.

BY J. B. SWETT.

WHERE the clouds of conflict lower,
On the distant field of battle,
'Mid the roar, and 'mid the rattle,
'Tis a fearful thing to die.



Yet, in such a trying hour,
Battling for the cause we cherish,
It is noblesse to perish,
And in death's cold arms to lie.

But the heart goes wild with yearning,
When the pall of death is falling;
And our natures, wildly calling,
Beg to die where loved ones weep.
And the spirit, homeward turning,
With these scenes to us the dearest,
And these hearts to us the nearest,
Is alone content to sleep.

It is sad for us to ponder
O'er the thousands who have perished
Thus, afar from things they cherished,
Just as dear as you or I.
And in sympathy we wander,
With our heart and soul of feeling,
Where the bolts of war were dealing
Death, where rang the battle cry.

Now the bells for joy are ringing,
And the shouts of victory swelling;
Victory's song, in toe; the knelling
Sound of death and tragic doom;
For to mind, those sounds are bringing
Scenes of death before our fancies;
And our spirit-visions glances
Into many a lowly tomb.

They have gone from us forever;
But a grateful memory, dwelling
In the nation's breast, is telling
How it loves its valiant braves.
Low they sleep—forgotten never—
In remembrance we adore them;
Gentle spirits hover o'er them,
In their lone neglected graves.

OUR STORY.

EIGHT years ago I was foreman in the Guilford powder works. It was a dangerous situation and not altogether as pleasant as it might have been. But the salary was larger than I could obtain in any other place just then; and this, to a man with an invalid mother and a little sister to support, was no mean object. Besides, I hoped at no very distant day to have a home of my own, presided over by the girl of my choice—beautiful Marion Ware. This dream of happiness in the future made me better contented with my lot. I was willing to work for a competence that she would share with me.

Marion and I had been playmates together. I could hardly recollect the time when I had not loved her; and when I went away to college (my family circumstances were better then at the period at which I am writing) we were engaged. I returned to find her the belle of Newark, but she was still true to me, and though it gave me a pang to see her careless flirting with other young men, I excused it and thought it would be all right when she was my wife. She was young and gay, and Newark was a dull place, I said; it would be downright selfishness in me to grudge her the little amusement she obtained from the country beau; so long as she loved only me, what need I care who she smiled upon? We were to be married in November, and as the time drew near an intense desire seized me to escape from the monotonous, dangerous existence I led in the mills. When I was married I should leave them forever; but somehow I could not wait for that time to arrive, I wanted a little freedom to myself. A few weeks would make no difference to my employers I thought, and so, when I gave my notice to leave, I gave it for the 14th of September, instead of November as I had first intended.

My employers were very sorry to part with me, and they offered to raise my salary from $800 to $1,000 if I would remain; but I had decided and was not to be turned from my decision. The last day of my stay passed quietly enough, and at night I left the dark buildings behind me with a thrill of relief.

I had not been so light-hearted since I was a boy. My bondage was over; henceforth I could breathe without fear that the next moment I should be blown above the clouds. I cast off the mill suit of clothing with a sensation akin to that which a prisoner must experience when he breaks the shackles of slavery. Once more I was a free man.

That was a happy evening. Marion had been spending the afternoon with my mother, and I had walked home with her. The moon was at its full, the west still flashing with the kiss of sunset, a few light decoy clouds sailed through the deep blue above—and we were lovers! We lingered along the way. I was in a hurry to break the spell of that sweet evening, and it was near midnight when I got home. Soon after I fell asleep, but my rest was troubled. I supposed I



"I SNATCHED THE WOMAN BY HER AND PLUNGED THROUGH THE GAPING DOORWAY."

must have been dreaming, but it seemed a vivid reality to me then.

I was standing in the thick forest which surrounded the works, at the very point where the path to the village diverged, and led it over the hill and through the field to the mills. It was a wild, dreary path, for it was necessary that the mills should be removed as far from any human habitation as possible, and there was no more fitting spot than the "valley of despair," for miles around. A sullen stream flowing through it, supplied the water-power which moved the machinery, and in the dense forests were numberless blocks and heaps being converted into charcoal. I saw all this plainly in my dream. Even the great grey rock lay there as usual, at the place where I had often stopped to drink from the worn ont dippers, was right before me. There was a struggle in my mind; I thought I could not decide which path to take, the one leading into the distant village, or the old accustomed one to the mills. While I was sitting I heard a voice, clear, solemn and strong, that seemed to come from the ends of the earth, and it said:

"Go to the mills! Your work is not yet finished."

I awoke; the moon was shining coldly in at the window, the great arms of the elms moved slowly to and fro in the night wind, and a lonely cricket chirped in the wainscot. I lay down again thinking of little but my dream, as I was sure it had some only a dream, and shortly after fell asleep.

Again was that voice repeated with singular minuteness, circumstance of description, and again I awoke. I thought it returned to me, and I said that I should dream twice on the same matter, but explained it to myself that I had been thinking so much of my departure from the mills that was a coincidence, nothing more, I said, and turning over I soon lost my consciousness.

For the third time that haunted dream visited me, and this repetition was almost frightfully vivid. Everything about it bore an strongly the semblance of reality that I started up, covered with cold perspiration from head to foot, and in the room was illumined, as it were, the hollow echoes of that phantom voice.

The moon had gone down, the dawn was breaking in the east, and cold grey. I am not superstitious, and I will confess that an involuntary shudder went over me when I recollected what I had dreamed. I could not shake off the spell that was on my spirit, but in vain; it was as if I had walked world-lost to all humanity for ever. The dream and thought of every earthly thing was swallowed up in the recollection of that fearful voice.

I rose, and dressing myself, went down to work in the garden. This had always been a favorite employment of mine, but on this occasion it failed to restore my mind to its wonted tone. I was restless and uneasy, laboring under a consciousness of some duty unfulfilled.

At last I put down my hoe and went into the house. I put on my mill clothes, and caught the sitting-room, where my mother was. She looked up in surprise as I said:

"Mother, I am going to the mills."

"Indeed! I had hoped you were done going there, Edward. Yesterday was the fourteenth, was it not?"

"Yes; but I feel obliged to go to-day. My work is not yet done; it will be finished soon I think."

I kissed her and went out. The gloomy path through the woods looked gloomier than ever to me then ever. I hastened on, and soon came to the point where the paths diverged. Something urged me forward, and to my imagination the prophetic voice seemed to be throbbing in the air, urging me forward to the mills. At the door of the grinding-mill I met Mr. Morton, the senior proprietor. He grasped my hand eagerly.

"Ah, Gaylord, glad to see you! What's this I hear about your leaving us? Lincoln was speaking about it last night. Why we couldn't part with you at all."

"I did give notice to leave last night, and intended yesterday for my last day in the mill; but circumstances have decided me to remain somewhat less longer—a month, perhaps."

"Right; only you must not do time. We'll make your salary satisfactory, if that has anything to do with it—say twelve hundred a year—if you will stay. We are willing to pay you something for the risk you run."

"Thank you, I will think of it," I said, and went on with my work as usual.

Everything went quietly on in its accustomed routine. The great machine toiled on as ceaselessly; the men in their felt slippers went about as noiselessly as ever. I began to smile at the absurdity of my last night's vision; I had allowed too much supper, stayed out too long whispering soft nothings to Marion," I said to myself.

"Well, another month to be the world pass away in time," I said. "I could endure it as I had the many which had preceded it. It was not eternity!"

Towards night a party of visitors arrived. Such things were common. Now it was a company of summer rovers for the city people, and a solemn there was not complete without a visit to the powder mills. They had been considerably afraid of putting a stop to the admittance of visitors to the mills, on account of the danger they incurred and the trouble they gave us to put them in suitable trim to enter the operating-rooms, but it had not yet been decided upon, and we still suffered from the infliction.

I went out to meet this party, and to assist them in changing their shoes and garments—as might have buttons of any metallic substance; for it was one of the cardinal regulations, that no person should be allowed in the interior mills, who had a particle of metal about them, or nails in their shoes, for the fear of combustion by friction.

Our visitors were two gentlemen and three ladies. The two elder ladies I did not notice particularly, but the younger one attracted me, in spite of myself. Why, I didn't know. She was not really beautiful—my Marion was much more brilliant—but there was something about her better than beauty.

Her complexion was clear, with a tinge of rose color in her cheeks and lips. Her eyes were very dark, expressive hazel, her features pleasant, though not strictly regular, and her hair, bronze in the shade, golden in the sun, was put back in a mass of glittering wealth, to fall from her head in heavy curls. She was dressed in blue, some soft buttress material that fell around her with a matchless, indescribable charm.

She did not wish to enter the mill, but the others talked her a little onward and backward here, as she was not afraid, I knew, but she disliked to give us trouble, therefore we were all the readier to put themselves to inconvenience for her account. I have always noticed that those women who exact the least receive the most.

The gay company laughing, and joking, and bantering each other in regard to their fear, followed me in. The light in the blue walked quietly at my side, saying very little, but replying to the lively sallies of her companions—perhaps she thought it dictated mirth. I don't know.

We had been all the rounds, and had returned to the reception-room, next to the drying-room, at one end of the main building. This apartment overhung the pond, from whence came our supply of water, the basin of which was formed of a large dam across the head of the wooded hills. There was a large swinging door opening from the room directly over the pond, for the convenience of casting out refuse, and this door I threw open for the visitors to obtain a view of the prospect beyond. They stood on the brink, all but the lady in blue, who still stood looking out over the dreary scene, lighted by the departing rays of the harvest moon.

Suddenly I heard a low ominous hiss from the adjoining apartment, a sound which once heard is always remembered; my blood turned to ice in my veins.

I recognized my fate—in another second's time we should be in eternity.

I snatched the women by my side and plunged through the gaping doorway. Simultaneously a deafening rattar burst upon our ears, and a ball of fire globe was sent—ten thousand cannons were discharged into the powder. Sheet upon sheet rose eyes and nose—the air was black with missiles, which reached the water only a little later than we did. Down we fell, down with the speed of an interminable depth, but that plunge saved us.

When we came up everything was still. A deadly volume of smoke rolled over us, and once reeked with a suffocating smoke, rolling up from the ruins, dumb as the vapor of death.

I swam to the side with my companion, and supported her up the bank. She was not unconscious. Her dress was drenched with blood. I swam to the side to seek the source, and found the crimson tide flowed not from her veins, but from a deep gash in my own left arm, where once belonged my own right hand! It had been blown off.

Later I experienced a strange singing in the head of my friends, and then unconsciousness, as I was fearfully gashed. The very bones grated beneath the pressure of my fingers.

I went home like one in a waking dream. I remember very little of it, except that the lady in blue was with me, that she talked soothingly to me in a cool voice, and that my mother, with a self-sacrificing agonize from some sharp instrument, she endured them all with a smile of gentle rest and peace, after that all was blank.

There was a little snow on the hills that I could see from the window. When I awoke to consciousness, I spoke my first thought. Where is Marion? Mother tried to put me off with an evasive answer, but I would not be denied. She told me all. I was not to see her since the day of the accident, and then all was over. I had suffered a shriek of horror, and fled from the room.

"But has she sent no message?"

"There is a note, but you must not read it till you are better. You have been ill two weeks delirious, and the excitement may be fatal."

"Give me the letter," I said, with all my stern strength in my voice, "if not, I will get up and seek it myself."

She brought it to me, the delicate, rose-perfumed thing, no more beautiful than she who dictated it. It was elegantly got up altogether.

Miss Ware sympathized with me deeply—hoped and trusted I would soon be well to health, &c., &c., and ended in releasing me from my engagement. She prayed I might be granted resignation, and closed in a most cold, formal manner. Sisters and attended friend.

I crushed this scroll in my hand. I would have ground it to powder—annihilated its very dust from the face of the earth, if I could. I didn't want to enter Marion Ware's life. I am not sure but I did. It would not be strange.

Every day there was a fresh bouquet of hothouse flowers sent to my room, and a gentleman who after a while I began to feel curious about them. I asked my mother where they came from.

"Miss Gaylord sent them."

"Miss Gaylord? I know no such person."

"The young lady you saved from the explosion with you. She is a Miss Adele Gaylord, of Trenton, and to her you owe an everlasting debt of gratitude, Edward. I often think she saved your life, for when you raved in delirium, and would have torn off the bandages from your head, when the surgeon had prepared your wound, she almost had the power to quiet you. Why, when you was at the worst, she stood over you three days and nights without sleeping, never complaining, never getting out of patience with your moods. She is an angel."

I thought so myself. I knew then the meaning of the fair visions that had haunted my delirious brain during those days of anxious suffering. I knew whose soft voice had come to me sometimes like harp notes, whose gentle hand soothed away the pain from my brow, and pressed down my eyelids with sweetest sleep.

"Where is she now?" I asked.

"At the La Tourette House. She was spending the summer with some distant connection of the family at the time of the accident. They all perished in that dreadful explosion, and she has been awaiting the return of Col. Gaylord, her father, who has been away sometime in China. He is daily expected now, and will take his daughter to their home in Trenton. He is a man of influence and wealth, and she is his only child."

Miss Gaylord called on several times during the next three weeks. How beautiful she was to me now.

On the first of December I was able to sit up most of the time and go out some.

One clear starlight night my mother left me at the foot of the first stair during my illness also and my little sister Effie went to a Sabbath school concert in the village. I brightened the fire on the hearth, drew up a great arm-chair, and set down to a quiet hour of dreaming. The music of bright clouds around me. The music ceased for a moment, then passed down the road, the door opened softly, and Adele Gaylord came in. Lissing air and fleecing snow, at seeing me stops, wrapped up in rich furs and crimson hood, she paused on the threshold. I rose up to meet her.

"Come in, Miss Gaylord, I am glad to welcome you."

"Where is your mother?"

"Gone to the village with Effie. Let me take off your wraps, will you?"

She laughed, threw back her hood and took off her outside garments. She was hardly at her ease.

"Indeed, I ought not to stay, Mr. Greene, papa was going to the Ridge, and will be back at eight, and will take me home then."

"You are not afraid of me, Miss Gaylord. I am not a lion, and have not one hand. I think you will stay. I should have been very lonesome."

She looked doubtful, and sat down with me before the fire. I talked incessantly, just as people will whose hearts are too full to trust themselves to be still. I thought she seemed a little sad, but, perhaps, it was mere fancy. The clock struck eight, and simultaneously the sound of sleigh bells reached the frosty air. Adele arose and put on her shawl.

"I called to say good-bye, Mr. Greene," said she, in a low voice, "as I am going away to-morrow. I am very sorry not to have seen Mrs. Morton; you will give my adieu to her and to Effie."

"Yes; you go to Trenton, do you not?"

"Yes, I long for my home."

"And when do you return?"

She drew my view beneath the folds of crimson worsted.

The next moment I held her in my arms.

"Adele, you can't leave me! Remember, I am but the mutilated wreck of a man, but my heart is strong, and true, and tender."

"Hush, hush, Edward!" she said, "and I should be unworthy of a love like yours did I care the less for you because of this sad misfortune. I love you. I wish it had never happened to you. For my own I have not a single regret."

The sleigh whose bells we had heard had long ago passed by; it was not her father; and we sat down before the fire, and the most nearly perfect happiness I had ever known.

Colonel Gaylord came at last to find his daughter engaged to me. Time has made sweet and pretty consumption making the condition of things pretty evident to a man of sense. We went up to him together. Adele knelt at his feet softly to him:

"Father, this is Mr. Greene, who saved me when the powder mill blew up. I love him and he loves me. Will you give us your blessing?"

"I am happy to meet you, Mr. Greene," he said, giving her soft hand to me, and very kindly to you, but really I had no idea to give her up to you in this unceremonious fashion. However, if you have won her and she you, and you are of the honest man that people say you are, take her and may God deal with you as you deal with her."

I was glad that Colonel Gaylord was at his ease, and a few weeks later Adele Gaylord became my wife. She was young, and so a gentleman who had long sought her favor; a gay, wealthy young fellow, and fortune and superior goodness of heart. So much the better for him, I said, when I heard of it.

The Gaylord powder works were never rebuilt, but I purchased their site, and their ruins I have erected a beautiful house to mark the spot on, as I first met her who has made my life beautiful.

A Temple Discovered at Pompeii.—Letters from Naples describe a temple of Juno, just discovered among the recent excavations at Pompeii. Three hundred skeletons were found crowded within the sanctuary, a propitiatory service having evidently been held in the hour they were overwhelmed. The statue of the goddess still with abundant peacock, the tripod in front of the altar, the golden censer, the vases for the holy water, the paintings on the vessels holding the drapery of sacred blood, are in the recitation swarm. The eyes of Juno were of the most vivid enamel, her arms and her whole person richly decorated with gold trinkets, her gaudy bird reproduced with a clasher of glistening scarce. Aromatic ingredients lay calcined within the censer, while gorgeous tissues and bronze ornaments strewed the mosaiked pavements.

PASSING AWAY!

BY LEWIS C. JOHNSTON.

Is childhood's bright hour, I've sat by the stream,
And watched the glad waters in play,
And seen the green leaves chase each other in sport,
But, alas! they were passing away;
And heeds the old oak, with her ivy side,
Where we gazed at the tree turning grey,
But stream, oak, and sweetheart, not one of them left—
Alas! they have all passed away.
Passing away! passing away!

I remember we've sat on long winter nights,
By the hearth, but my thoughts far would stray,
As I looked on my parents, their eyes growing dim,
And I thought—they are passing away!
My old grey-haired father, bent double with care—
My mother, whose kneeling to pray—
My light-hearted sister, my kind-hearted brother—
Alas! they have all passed away.
Passing away! passing away!

I'm old now and feeble, 'tis useless to sigh,
For the friends of a bright summer day,
My turn will come next, I can feel death's approach,
And I soon will be passing away.
My friends all have gone to that bright land above,
There for ever and ever to stay;
And I know *His* great name, that permits me to go
Where nothing is passing away!
Passing away! passing away!

MAUDE,

Aged 20.

BY MARION WALLACE.

A SUMILIAR French author has remarked that every one contains within himself the ashes of a poet, dead in early youth. Most of us, on the least sentimental—even we who pride ourselves on our utter freedom from romantic notions, have in our hearts, away down deep, a hidden chamber, a Bluie Eden, haunted by the remembrance of our earliest, purest first love—for it is but the heart's first offering the holiest, most sacred, of all its after emotions?—into whose secluded recesses we may retire at will.

Often, in my heart of hearts, have I thought that, and thought of the influence which Maude exercised so inseparably with the acute joy, in living over the past, that we can scarcely diminish them. I have found it so, and I also believe that, for the sake of the pleasurable emotion being re-experienced, one will almost willingly suffer the attendant pain.

The short recital of my life might not be uninteresting, were it not the ever constant yearning for that which never can return, I feel that upon it, not tediously long, but brief as consistent.

Maude Aubrey was mine—all my own. For months and years I had known her but to love her, when the moment my eyes rested upon her, a bright, gay girl of sixteen, a strange desire to possess her for my own, to love her, and care for her, took hold upon me, and it never left me till I accomplished it.

She was young, wild and untamed, as far as the rigid rules of etiquette may be considered to subdue one; her robust, healthy face, sparkling eyes and radiant, off-hand demeanor, was just the style to interest me, and others too, it seemed, judging from the covert glances when she walked to church or by the side with her handsome, though sheerwit father, and haughty proud mien.

To love, as I did this creature, so young and yet so undeveloped, yet, you know, of the first confusion of the purest diamond—my young, ardent, wild, it might have been to all but myself. I asked no questions of my heart, and went on, happy in knowing Maude Aubrey liked me very much, and her parents treating me as they did.

My cousin's property adjoined theirs, and, in consequence of our great neighborliness, a passage-way had been formed out under the ground, communicating by a subterranean walk from the dining-room at one termination, and my smoking-room at the other, thus uniting the families, as it were, in one.

At the time of my little episode I am trying to forget passage, and I could hear her merry happy voice before the room-door opened, and her sunny sweet escape for me, and beguiled many an otherwise tedious hour, and then she would close the door, or push her visitor from me, and laying her curly brown head on my knee, say:

"Now, brother, I've accommodated you; you must amuse me now. Where's Hermann?"

And so the beautiful summer passed, music, boating, reading, picnicing and riding; and the autumn came on, with the social gatherings, sleighing parties, holiday festivities, and long social evenings.

On Christmas day Maude completed her seventeenth year, still that rare thing, a child; I very rare, for few reach that age unconsidered by the secular passions and influences, waiting, with all the eagerness of a proselyte to snatch the young, confiding stranger into its startagies, and drag her into its vortex of fashionable allurements and dissipations.

How anxious I was for Maude! I feared her proud mother would desire her beautiful daughter "to be introduced" at this early age, while I knew her father would not for a moment countenance it, if he saw Mrs. Aubrey's intentions.

"Mr. Aubrey," I said one day, "your daughter is just convenient at the holidays, is she to be introduced?"

"Why, man, you're crazy! Little Maude, not yet finished her studies at home, despite the terra

at Madame L'Oivean's to polish her up and put on the extras—*she* ready to go into the world? No, sir."

"My dear, dear friend, you so relieve me. I was apprehensive. Dear little Maude! She seems so innocent and free from guile. Sir, she is a jewel, and you are justly proud of her; I, too, feel unusually interested in her, in fact, were she older, I should tell her."

"Tell her what?" He spoke eagerly. "Not that you love her?"

Without looking at him, I replied, steadily:

"Yes, Mr. Aubrey, I truly love your daughter. Young though she is, for a year I have never ceased regarding her with the same tender emotion; and, with your consent, I shall one day ask her to be my wife."

"My boy, my dear son, give me your hand! From my soul I thank you and bless you. My wife and I often have expressed the wish that our child and you might one day marry. You are young—just twenty-five, are you not?—rich and good-tempered; what more could a parent ask for his child? When you both see fit, marry and be happy."

My joy can better be imagined than portrayed; this is one of the heart agonies I suffer in recalling the past, and one I still would not for countless gold forget. What a strange anomaly is human nature.

In all her freshness and purity I wanted to tell my first love story, and my last and only one, to my darling; how I longed to teach her what love was, yet I hastened not about my task, the anticipation was so tempting that I enjoyed much in dwelling upon it, leaving the realization to a future hour. One pleasant morning Maude came as customary to my room, her embroidery in one hand and a new poem in the other.

"Here, *cher frere*, read me Enoch Arden, while I finish mamma's stool; you know I am going to Madame L'Oivean's soon."

"You are? Why you greatly surprise me—when?"

"In March, we think; then I'll get home in time for my birthday ball."

Her eyes danced with pleasure.

"Come, read, won't you?"

I opened the new volume and cut the fresh leaves with a mechanical far-away air. Going, and had I better tell her or leave her untrammeled to choose her own lover? The latter I could not do, I was fearful of losing her. Enoch Arden I read to her, and as I reached *the* scene of the story, I saw Maude's lashes glittering and trembling. Through that affecting portion where her first husband—her true love—comes back and finds her the wife of another, I slowly went, and at last closed the book with a sigh.

"Wasn't it sad, just think of it!"

Her sympathizing tears fell for poor Arden.

"Maude, what would you have thought were you Annie?"

She raised her head and answered vehemently:

"I don't pity *her* any—*I* never would have but one husband."

"Then you never could love but one?"

"Why, yes, I do now—papa and mamma and you."

"How do you know you love me, sis?"

"You're my brother, aren't you? and that's the reason I love you."

"No, Maude, it is because *I love you.*"

My breath came quick and short.

"I knew it, dear brother, and that is why you can write such beautiful verses, and can paint my pictures so perfectly, because you love me and think of me."

"Yes, dear."

"Then, I am sure I love you more than I do papa and mamma, because when I am alone, I always see your face, and I had rather be here than home, and—and—"

She hesitated, faltered, glanced at me, then blushed deliciously. My heart had not misconstrued hers; unconsciously she had loved me, and now *her* heart suddenly felt all a woman's love and tenderness; the first hand to unstop the fountain was mine, she loved me, Maude Aubrey was mine. Joy sometimes kills; to me it only opened into more life a new existence.

Could I only cease this wild yearning for her now; it seems I must see again my little child-betrothed, but no, I know she never will come to me, though I may meet her. I wait and wait, and wish the hour might come.

From Madame L'Oiveau's she came, pure, unsullied and fresh as when my farewell kiss was upon her lips. Happy, lightsome as air, she danced through the old familiar rooms at home; her glad songs burst from her lips just as of yore, and sitting in my room, I could hear the patter of her feet coming to my side.

Towards me she was the same, only there was a shade of reserve and maidenly modesty, rendering her tenfold more attractive; she met the warm glance of my eye, and her own, though equally lighted, would instantly be cast down, and the delicate skin become suffused with "woman's charm"—the blush. Christmas and its snows came; in floating garments Maude was arrayed, with white flowers on her bosom and in her hair.

Shall I ever forget the only times I saw her in white? Once was on her birthnight's ball, when full of beauty, youth, hope and excitement, she was about to taste the first intoxicating draught of earth's gaieties, and be ushered in as a new actor on the stage of life. Drama or tragedy? Alas, alas! it was ——! Again in white robes, pale flowers lying on her bosom; brown hair in thin curls clustering to a wan brow; white hands crossed meekly on the still breast—snowy cheeks swept by long lashes closing over sightless eyes; the narrow couch; the odor of geranium; the silver screws and plated lid—

"MAUDE.
Aged 20."

The tragedy over; the curtain fallen, dividing Time from Eternity. We laid her away under the daisies, burying our broken hearts with her.

The *debut* was over; Miss Aubrey's praises rang loud and long; courted, flattered, lionized, I feared her young head would be turned by adulation and homage; but it didn't seem so—for at home she was just the same as erst. The morning kiss and good-night embrace, and when she was at leisure from her many engagements, she would come and bring her low stool and embroidery, and sit by my side, while, from her beautiful face I drank in new draughts of love and inspiration.

"My darling," I said one day, "I almost wonder you love me now, you have seen so many others; then, you could compare me with no one, but now—"

"Now I love you better than ever. What, love you less because you are such a splendid artist?"

How laughing her eyes were; she knew what I meant.

"Pet, you know my misfortune debars me from much of the society in which I would mingle were it otherwise; as it is, I prefer remaining here alone, with my books and brushes, trusting my Maude among many would-be-rivals."

She caressed my hand tenderly.

"Never doubt me, darling; this dear foot, almost useless as it is, I love better than life; and I never can forget one who won my young girlish heart."

Could I doubt such loving assurances? I did not.

The summer came, and with its sultry days, my beautiful birdling and her parents left home for a cool sojourn on the sea-shore. Mr. Aubrey urgently entreated my accompanying them, but I declined for two reasons; one, I preferred the comforts and convenience of a large airy room, to a close, disagreeable hotel apartment; the other, should I go, I feared rumor might imagine Miss Aubrey and I engaged, as I would attend her, and as no soul save her parents knew of our betrothal, I preferred it should be secret, and let Maude enjoy her first season untrammeled and free as most young ladies do.

Letters from the shore came semi-weekly; Mr. Aubrey kind, good-natured as usual; madame exact, dignified, yet charming; Maude loving, loyal, devoted.

Among a large packet of letters—they are old, faded and torn now, soiled with tears—are three or four I received while she was there. Let me read them—they are short:

"The fun and excitement here, dearest, is just what suits me; somewhat livelier than city life, because so many different styles of people are thrown in contact. Among the boarders is a Miss Iberville; she is splendid; of course we are great friends as our rooms join; her wardrobe is *parfait;* beside *that* attraction is another—her brother; (I hope he'll forgive my mentioning him in such close connection with his sister's handsome clothes); but really he is splendid; such a sweet name, too, 'Percy Iberville,' isn't it? But don't be 'green,' dear one, for I am not *dans amour* yet. Can't you really come on, and spend the remaining three weeks? Do, *please* do, won't you?"

Another, a week later, says:

"Iberville and I have just returned from a delightful drive on the beach; he is, without exception, the handsomest man I ever saw. He can quote from many poets, and his intonation is exquisite; Tennyson is his favorite, as it is mine—quite a coincidence, isn't it? So you can't really come? Too bad; but I will be home soon now, unless indeed, I conclude to stay longer than papa and mamma."

Do you see, as I too quickly saw, the difference in the letter? Ah, the cloud was rising, no "bigger than a man's hand," yet, with love's prescience, I knew it and felt it. Without waiting for more ground, I wrote a pleading, passionate letter, begging her to remember me, her vows, herself, and not to be led away in a moment of rashness; she would wreck one true heart, and afterwards herself repent.

Then I implored, cautioned her. Anxiously I awaited a reply. Confidently I expected a long, loving epistle, chiding my want of confidence, and bidding me patiently await her return.

It came, the last; here it is. Never since the hour I read it first, as it scorched itself into my brain in living characters of flame, have I opened it; it is fresh and unsoiled, but I will repeat it—I know it; that one reading was enough:

"Your needless consideration has led me to believe you might possibly prove still more tyrannical in married life; besides, I am Iberville's betrothed wife, and expect to be married in the winter. I did not hesitate about accepting him, as I did not consider what you choose to call 'an engagement' at all binding, as it was made so early in life. Hoping you will congratulate us, I remain, respectfully, M. A."

Goaded by a wild frenzy, I dashed off a reply, fierce, wild, bitter. Would to God my right hand had withered before I had penned a syllable of it! But it was so to be.

I believe in Fate, do not you? Else why the crushed hearts, doomed happiness and broken lives of the many, who might have escaped had they acted or done differently? Yes, Fate and Destiny ever walk hand in hand.

When the Aubreys returned to their home, I was gone. Old associations thronged too strongly upon me and I fled, taking my effects with me.

Where had I gone? I knew or cared not where, anywhere—anywhere from the presence of familiar objects that all spoke with ceaseless tongue of my once loving but lost love.

With almost crazed brain I sped on, and on, till this quiet mountain hamlet attracted me and I stopped here.

Six months after my flight I received a letter dated from Mr. Aubury's post-office.

"Come quickly, if you would see her alive; she calls continually for you."

The thought of seeing her again—even the wife of another—dispelled all save an insane desire to behold her; not tarrying to wonder how Mr. Aubrey knew my address, or wondering why, if married, Maude was home, or why her husband did not communicate with me, I hastened off and found her—dying.

My God! and was this *my* Maude? rosy, laughing, gay, when I saw her last! pale, emaciated, almost transparent, in her extreme attenuation.

I entered the chamber; her eye was bright, and she beckoned me to come.

"Darling, I forgive you that cruel letter. I always loved you, but you gave me up. Iberville—and—I—were—were——"

Her exertion had exhausted her, and the scarlet life-blood oozed from her lips.

In agony I had listened; in awful suspense I awaited the test.

"Lonely"—she whispered it.

"We were only good friends—Percy and I—and I never thought of him loving me till he proposed, and—and—I'm faint, hold my head up—up on your bosom where I used to lay it—so—I rejected him, darling, because I never loved but you. You gave me up without any reason, but I sent for you because I did *so* want to die in your arms. Do you love me now with a *little* of the old love? Please do, darling, for I'm going so soon. Just a little love to die with; one kiss, like you used to—your Maude—true to—the—last—love."

Reader, my heart almost breaks while I transcribe the dying moments of my lost darling.

She never spoke again; but with her head resting on my heart, her arms around my neck, she died; her breath she used to the last minute to assure me of her deep affection.

What could it mean? Love me after releasing me from all claims upon her? *What* did she mean?

Even with her head in my embrace, the spirit just fled and mourning friends gathered around, came the explanation, the exposure of a crime that as surely deserved gibbeting as murder, cold-blooded slaughter, for it killed my darling. A letter, short, sarcastic, fiendish, directed to the angel form in my arms.

I opened it, and read what made my very hair turn white and what almost stupified me.

It was a disclosure of the deceit practiced upon upon me; a letter from Iberville's sister—the letter, you know, forged by her and purporting to be from my Maude. And there she lay, its murdered victim, reading a letter. It was superscribed to an angel! I never could tell her now about my letter, so bitter and fierce, which the fiend took care should reach her, and she had died, gone for ever from me in the full belief of my falsity; she had begged for one little spark of love, when my heart was burning with it.

My brain whirled. I was mad—mad!

Years have passed, and my hair is whiter than ever, and my step more faltering; yet every day I totter to a shady nook in the graveyard and pray over a green hillock, marked at its head on a simple marble:

"MAUDE,
Aged 20."

HOW TO DRESS FOR A PHOTOGRAPH.—A lady or gentleman having made up her or his mind to be photographed, naturally considers, in the first place, how to be dressed, so as to show off to the best advantage. This is by no means such an important matter as many might imagine. Let me offer a few words of advice touching dress. Orange color, for certain optical reasons, is photographically black. Blue is white; other shades or tones of color are proportionately darker or lighter as they contain more or less of these colors. The progressive scale of photographic color commences with the lightest. The order stands thus: white, light blue, violet, pink, mauve, dark blue, lemon, blue-green, leather-brown, drab, cerise, magenta, yellow-green, dark brown, purple, red, amber, marone, orange, dead black. Complexion has to be much considered in connection with dress. Blondes can wear much lighter colors than brunettes; the latter always presents better pictures in dark dresses, but neither look well in positive white. Violent contrasts of color should be especially guarded against. In photography, brunettes possess a great advantage over their fairer sisters. The lovely golden tresses lose all their transparent brilliancy, and are represented black; whilst the "bonnie blue e'e," theme of rapture to the poet, is misery to the photographer; for it is put entirely out. The simplest and most effective way of removing the yellow color from the hair, is to powder it nearly white: it is thus brought to about the same photographic tint as in nature. The same rule, of course, applies to complexions. A freckle quite invisible at a short distance, is, on account of its yellow color, rendered most painfully distinct when photographed. The puff-box must be called into the assistance of art. Here let me intrude one word of general advice. Blue, as we have seen, is the most readily affected by light, and yellow the least; if, therefore, you will keep your complexions clear and free from tan and freckles whilst taking your delightful rambles at the sea-side, discard by all means the blue veil, and substitute a dark-green or yellow one in its stead. Blue tulle offers no more obstruction to the acting rays of the sun than white. Half a yard of yellow net, though perhaps not very becoming, will be found more efficacious and considerably cheaper than a quart of kalydor. The cause of freckles is simple enough. It is nothing more than a darkening of the salts of iron contained in the blood, by the action of light. A freckled face is, therefore, an animated photograph.

THE SHAH'S JEWELS.—The gem of the whole collection was the far-famed Deriah Noor, or Sea of Light, taken by Nadir Shah from Mohammed, the Mogul Emperor of India. This superb diamond was set in plain gold as the buckle of a sword belt. In form it is oblong, about two inches in length, one and a-half in breadth, and in thickness not three-quarters of an inch. It is perfectly plain, not being cut in angles, as is usual with diamonds. The front is quite smooth, and it seemed exactly like a bit of very thick plate glass. This celebrated diamond is considered equal in fineness and water to the renowned Koh-i-Noor, or Mountain of Light, in the possession of Queen Victoria, which, taken from India at the same time, after various adventures found its way to the Treasury of Runjeet Singh, the Sikh chief, and thence into English hands. A great number of uncut emeralds and some very large turquoises were shown to us, and also a quantity of embroidery ornamented with pearls, some of which were very large. Most of the emeralds were full of flaws, but they were of enormous size, some crystals being nearly three inches in length, and of corresponding breadth. A very handsome kaleoun of state of green enamel, ornamented with emeralds, was no less remarkable for the simplicity and elegance of its shape than from the rich materials of which it was composed. All these treasures were handed to us without hesitation, and passed from hand to hand round the circle. We were surprised indeed at the little care seemingly taken of jewels representing such enormous wealth, the loss of one of which would infallibly have entailed that of the guardian's head.

THE CHAMOIS.

THERE is perhaps no animal so peaceful, and, at the same time, so timid, as the chamois. Nature, therefore, besides endowing it with a facility of climbing into the most inaccessible places, and thus avoiding pursuit, has enabled it to guard against the approach of danger by the great acuteness of its senses of sight, smell, and hearing. It is this which makes it so very difficult to get near them. A rolling stone or spoken word at once attracts their attention; and they will look and listen to discover whence the sound has come that breaks the silence of their mountain solitude. For an incredibly long time they will then stand gazing fixedly in one direction, quite immovable; and if it happen to be towards something in your neighborhood that their attention has been attracted, you must lie still and close, indeed, to escape their observation. The eyes of the whole herd will be fixed on the spot in a long steady stare; and as you anxiously watch them from afar, they almost look like fragments of rock, so motionless are they while they gaze. You begin to hope they have found no cause for alarm, when "Phew!" the sharp whistle tells they have fathomed the mystery, and away they move to the precipitous rocks overhead; unless panic-stricken, they stop from time to time to look behind; and then suddenly uttering the peculiar shrill sound, again move on. A chamois, when dashing down the mountains, will suddenly stop as if struck by a thunderbolt, some yards from the spot where recent human footprints are to be found in the snow, and, turning scared away, rush off immediately in an opposite direction. The taint which the presence of the hunter has left behind, is perceived by it long after he has passed. The chief strength of the animal is in its hind legs, which, if extended, would be longer than the others. On this account it springs upwards with more ease than it descends the mountain, and on the level ground its walk is clumsy and ungraceful. It is not made to run, but bounds along over the ground. The hoof is cloven, long and pointed, and the slot of the chamois resembles that of a sheep. The edges are sharp, which causes it to slip easily on the ice, and on this account it rather avoids passing the glaciers. When standing, the hind legs are always bent, as if the animal were preparing to lie down, which, no doubt, helps considerably to break the fall when leaping from a great height. Notwithstanding this, the croup is still somewhat higher than the fore part of the body. The elastic force which the hind legs possess is immense. With a sudden bound the chamois will leap up against the face of a perpendicular rock, and merely touching it with his hoofs, rebound again in an opposite direction to some higher crag, and thus escape from a spot where, without wings, egress seems impossible. When reaching upwards on its hind legs, the fore hoofs resting on some higher spot, it is able to stretch to a considerable distance, and with a quick spring will bring up its hind quarters to a level with the rest of the body, and, with all four hoofs close together, stand poised on a point of rock not broader than your hand. On narrow overhanging ledges some thousand feet high they walk and gaze about, enjoying the security from pursuit which such spots afford.

LOVE AND LOVERS—Early Marriages; Jealousy, its cause and cure; Signs of Character, and how to read them; Gen. Grant; Hon. J. M. Ashley and F. N. Gisborn, portraits and characters; Pritchard, the murderer; Causes of Crime; Being Recreated; Repose and Recuperation; Cosmogony, a World within a World—its gateway; the great American Black Bear, and how to catch him; with answers to correspondents, notices, and lots of rich reading in September No. *Phrenological Journal.* Only 20 cents or $2 a-year. Newsmen have it. Address Fowler & Wells, New York.

LADIES RIDING SIDEWAYS ON HORSEBACK.—The introduction of this style of riding in England is attributed to Anna of Bohemia, consort of Richard II. She it was (according to Stowe) that originally showed the women of this country how gracefully and conveniently they might ride on horseback sideways. Another old historian, enumerating the new fashions of Richard II.'s reign, observes: "Likewise noble ladies then used high heads, and corsets, and robes with long trains, and seats on side-saddles on their horses, by the example of the respectable Queen Anna, daughter of the King of Bavaria, who first introduced the custom into the kingdom; for before, women of every rank rode as men." Stothard, in his beautiful illustrative picture of Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims, appears (according to the above-quoted authorities) to have committed an anachronism in placing the most conspicuous female character of his fine composition sideways on her steed. That the lady ought to have been depicted riding in the male fashion, might have been inferred without any historical research on the subject, from the poet's describing her as having on her feet "a pair of spurres sharpe."

AUTOMATONS.—Some wonderful accounts are handed down of mechanism so constructed as to resemble animals, and even human beings, in figure, and imitate their actions. Archytas, of Tarentum, about 400 years before the Christian era, is said to have made a wooden pigeon that could fly. Albertus Magnus constructed an automaton to open the door when any one knocked. The celebrated Regiomontanus made a wooden eagle that flew forth from the city, saluted the Emperor and returned. He also constructed an iron fly, which flew out of his hand and returned, after flying about the room. In 1738 an automaton flute-player was exhibited at Paris that could play on the flute in the same manner as a living performer. In 1741 Vaucanson produced a flageolet-player, which played the flageolet with the left hand and beat the tambourine with the right. He also made a duck, which dabbled in the water, swam, drank and quacked like a real duck. A Frenchman exhibited a duck a few years ago which went through some of the same movements. Automatons have been constructed which wrote, played on the pianoforte, counted, &c. During the present century a Swiss, named Maillardet, constructed a figure, representing a female, which performed eighteen tunes on the piano, and continued in motion an hour. He also made another figure, representing a boy, that could write and draw.

THE COWS AND MILKMAIDS OF HOLLAND.—The most really picturesque attraction of the scene is the herds of cattle. These are of a native breed peculiar to the country, and from the quantity and quality of their milk, as well as from the laudable propensity of the beef to accumulate on those parts that are worth a handsome price per pound, are greatly valued by the people. They are generally of a coal-black hue, but spotted and streaked with white in the most curious manner. The pride which the Hollanders take in their cattle is well deserved, and is very conspicuous in the care they take of them. The cows are kept in stables, often as neat as most of our own kitchens, and far neater than some of them. The majority of the poorer classes in our own country are not accommodated with such good quarters. When they are taken to pasture their feet are covered with leather shoes, lest the dampness of the soil should cause disease of that part; they are always carefully curried and brushed and washed, while in summer they are covered with cotton cloths, that they may not suffer from the attacks of those little winged Zouaves that despoil us so often of our night's rest. In winter they are protected from the cold by blankets. On their way to the fields they are attended by milkmaidens of the ruddiest complexions, who take good care that their tempers are not ruffled, and show the most affectionate regard for their welfare. The Hollanders have not suffered the race of milkmaids to die out as we have, and one can hardly avoid instituting a melancholy comparison between the present times and the old in this respect in our own country. How great the difference between those who, in the days of our ancestors, used to carry about the richest of milk in neat little tubs on their heads, and after their day's labors were over did nothing but dance with their sweethearts in concentric circles around flower-crowned maypoles, and that grouty fellow who slinks round to one's backdoor in the morning before light, as if he were ashamed of himself, and leaves a wine quart of water and chalk, after first carefully shaking it in order to mix it.

TRINITY BAY AND HEART'S CONTENT, NEWFOUNDLAND, THE LOCALITY WHERE THE WESTERN END OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE WAS TO HAVE BEEN LAID.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. J. BECKER.



CAPTURE OF THE REV. MR. VOLKNER, ON BOARD THE SCHOONER ECLIPSE, AT LEVY'S WHARF, OPOTIKI, NEW ZEALAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY S. LEVY.



THE MAORI SAVAGES PERFORMING A DANCE AROUND THE HEAD OF THE REV. CARL SYLVIUS VOLKNER, AT THE R. C. CHURCH, OPOTIKI, NEW ZEALAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY S. LEVY.

UNDER THE SNOW.

INTO my room, came a sweet little maiden,
Back from her brow fell the sunset-hued hair,
And I thought as I met the blue eyes of the darling,
I never had seen childish beauty so fair.

Her skin like the inside of sea-shell so dainty,
With a bright coral tint on her cheek all aglow,
As with voice like low music, she tearfully uttered,
"My *birdie*, my treasure lies under the snow.

"I fed him all summer, he came when I called him,
And sang to me songs at morning and eve,
And oh! dearest lady, if you had but seen him,
And loved him, and lost him, I'm sure you would grieve.

"But you look now so happy, and smile on me gently,
For nothing has happened to make your tears flow,
While I cannot play, as I think of my treasure,
My poor little birdie that is under the snow."

Ah! *child*, in thy sorrow thou know'st not my sadness,
The smile on my lips tells a falsehood to thee,
The brow so unruffled conceals the crushed spirit,
Which in thy sweet ignorance thou can'st not see.

But come to my side, and I'll tell thee a vision,
Which will ne'er leave my eyes wherever I go,
'Tis the *last look* of love, that I dreamed he threw on me,
Ere he died, and was buried—there—under the snow.

Thou has't heard of the troubles that came to our country,
When last year's spring blossoms were spread o'er the land,
And how our brave troops, rushed like heroes to battle,
When the trumpet of war gave out its command.

There was one, then, I loved with a wife's true affection,
And his voice when he spoke was to me soft and low;
But, alas! he now rests in the grave of the soldier,
In the far Western land, there, under the snow.

I know, dearest child, that he died fighting bravely,
And he sent me his love, ere his life passed away,
But the sunshine is darkened which shone o'er my spirit,
Since I heard the sad news of that fearful day.

He bade me not weep, for he died for his country,
And that thought alone checks the tears as they flow;
Though my heart yearns in agony over my treasure,
Who, far from his loved home, lies under the snow.

But one day, when the din of life's battle is over,
The weary march ended, the work here all done,
When the sorrows are gone which clouded my pathway,
The last fight finished, the victory won—

I hope they will take me where my treasure lies buried,
Though how much I loved him the world cannot know,
And there where the brave and the true-hearted lies sleeping,
I'll rest by his side deep under the snow.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAZE," "REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.—HOW THE HEIRS-EXPECTANT MET.

IT was some time before there was any movement in the positions of the group. Absorbed in grief that he had not been able to exchange a single kind word or look with his uncle, and unconscious of the presence of spectators, Anthony gave way without restraint to his emotions. And still the housekeeper gazed in sympathetic silence. Still Sleuth looked on with a face set to an expression of mournful interest, which but little suggested the terrible chaos beneath.

Past and future were, for the moment, alike awful. He had done that which nothing could undo—even to his own conscience—but he had no time to think of what this word conscience might mean in the future years, should he succeed in baffling all suspicion of his guilt, for, as yet, he was surrounded by dangers, which made it extremely possible that everything would be at once discovered. The coat was lying in the stable-yard under a truss of hay, which had been thrown down over night from the loft above the stable, and left against the wall for use the first thing in the morning. But it is yet only day-break. He is probably safe till, at least, half-past five; the groom, though up like the rest of the household, on account of the event of the night, will hardly begin work before his usual hour, six. But by that time the dangerous garment must be got rid of somehow. Sleuth almost speculates on going now—even before speaking to Anthony—but while he glances at the thought, he sees its absurdity and danger, and resolves to wait for a safer opportunity.

And, then, as he still watches Anthony's sorrow and self-abandonment, he wonders if he has found the codicil during his hunt after the robbers, if he has got it in his pocket, and if his satisfaction on that point has anything to do with the suffering he now exhibits. Sleuth doesn't like this display. It seems to reproach him. He fancies his cousin wouldn't be so full of trouble for the dead alderman if he hadn't had some certain assurance given him that the old man had left him all.

But the future is scarcely less absorbing to Sleuth's busy thoughts. He may not find the codicil, either now or hereafter. That contingency must not be forgotten for a single instant, for then Anthony will be his only friend. Sleuth almost smiles as he reflects, how great a friendship there must be, if the codicil is not forthcoming.

But the codicil *shall* be found. If there be one thing in life of which Sleuth can feel sure, it is that he is not going to be juggled out of the fortune he has won by playing such desperate games, either by "Cousin Anthony's" cleverness in concealing the precious document (if he really has got it), or by his ingenuity (if he has not) in being the first to discover in the burglars the actual possessors, and in buying from them the all-important paper.

But then he (Sleuth) must for that reason also keep where he is, in the same house, so that he may ever be on the watch, and be prepared for either contingency; to discover the document, if hidden by Anthony, or to get hold of the burglars if they sent any messenger prowling about to open negotiations. Yes, it is clear; he must admire and love cousin Anthony very much; and be his one faithful, ever-watchful friend. Again Richard Sleuth's smooth face is lighted up by a lurid glow of mirthfulness, which hardly seems to belong to it, but to be the far-off reflection of some other face with a truly demoniacal smile turned upon the murderer, as much as to say, "Well done!"

But Richard Sleuth measures things by a new standard since the experience of the last half hour. He feels to have grown in intellectual stature a whole cubit—to have suddenly-developed powers and capacities of which, in his inexperience and conceit, he knew not previously. He is no longer the cunning fool that he, no doubt, often had been in his behavior to his uncle. He had from the first moment of patronage felt afraid of the old man. Then the new life, and the new speculations it gave rise to and justified, were all strange and difficult for him to enter into gracefully or manfully. He had failed.

But not lost the estate. No, no, no! In his failure he had made a bold clutch at success, and won it—provided only——.

There Sleuth stopped to consider how the nephew was to be won by the very same man who could not win the uncle. Sleuth cast away all self-delusions, all pleasant fictions, and said to himself:

"All's true what the old man said, though he said it always so nastily, and I have been a pitiful sneaking coward. And that's why he couldn't abide me; I know now. Yes." And again Sleuth smiled—as if thinking he had no idea till now how useful the most unpleasant truth might be to a man's prospects in life.

And this time he smiled with some reason. For having seen and acknowledged in his inmost soul the ugly truth about himself—by one of those instinctive efforts which, probably, all men are more or less capable of under the stimulus of some tremendous event—he saw the business of winning Anthony was by no means so difficult as it looked. He and Anthony had met but once before; but that meeting had been in boyhood, when they had wandered together through a long day by the seaside, and formed a friendship which, though it died practically with the day, left behind a pleasant remembrance in the minds of both. Sleuth was glad of this now, very glad! Not merely because it made it more likely that Anthony was to be won, but because it made Sleuth feel he could more easily set to work in the right way to accomplish the task. He had to play a new part, involving, as he had read on playbills, "an entire change of performance," and he waited only for Anthony to turn and rise from the bedside that he might begin.

"Mr. Anthony," said the housekeeper, at last, in a low and kindly voice, when she found he still took no notice of them.

Anthony heard, and began to collect his thoughts and master himself; and after a brief pause, during which he did not once look round, he rose to his feet with a kind of shy dignity, and faced the speaker and Sleuth.

"Cousin Anthony!" said the latter, holding out his hand with some embarrassment, as if dubious how the advance would be received.

"Dick Sleuth!" was the cordial reply, which was accompanied by a vigorous grasp of the outstretched fingers—so vigorous and hearty, indeed, that they melted the half-congealed blood that generally seemed to circulate there, and made it move more responsively. And the two young men then looked into each other's faces—Anthony with an earnest, wistful expression, that seemed to say, "Whatever has happened, or is going to happen, don't let us forget we are of kin;" while Sleuth, after a momentary look, let his eyelids drop, and said, with some agitation:

"Isn't it horrible—this—this—murder?"

"Then he was murdered? Merciful heaven!"

The housekeeper lifted some of the gray hairs from the alderman's forehead, which were wet, and clung together, saying, as she did so;

"This is where he was shot. I washed the place, and tried to revive him; but, heaven help him, and forgive all his sins—he was quite gone!"

"Don't stay here, Anthony," said Sleuth, anxiously; "it makes me sick to see blood, or to think of it. Poor, dear uncle—he's dead, and we can't help him now."

"No," said Anthony, as he moved away unwillingly from the bedside, led by Sleuth's hand on his arm along the corridor, and down towards the dining-room on the ground-floor; but I wish we knew the miscreant who fired the shot."

"Yes—yes, so do I. But we shall never find him out."

"Why?"

"Because if such men once get away—as those have got away—we have no trace of them."

"I don't know about that, Dick. However, we must do what we can—both of us, you and I—to discover him."

"Oh, of course," assented Sleuth.

"I'd gladly devote half my life to hunt him down, if I could but get on his track," continued Anthony, with generous warmth. "What, a poor old man, just dropping into the grave,—just trying to make his peace with God—he to be hurried into eternity with his last prayer unsaid! Oh, it is horrible! horrible!"

"Yes—but you know, Anthony—if—if—it don't lessen the crime of—the—wretched—burglar—it does make a difference to us to know that uncle was dying, and had, as he said to me, again and again, not many minutes to live."

"Well, Dick, we won't discuss that. I can't—I haven't patience; it chokes me even to think of. He—the murderer—had better never try that plea on me himself, if he should be caught. I could almost sooner forgive him the murder than such a villanous excuse for murder! But, there, I didn't mean to get excited. And now, Dick," said Anthony, "let me give you my cordial thanks for your behavior to me. The man who brought me this,"—and here Anthony showed his cousin the brief note he had received from the alderman—"told me how anxious you were for me to make haste."

Sleuth looked confused at this praise, which puzzled him. Was it ironical? But he remembered that it must be Phillis who had done him so useful a service. His very confusion only the more favorably impressed Anthony, who now said to him:

"Well, Dick, how is it—you or I?"

This was asked with a faint approach to a smile.

"Upon my life, I don't know," replied Sleuth, feeling a growing confidence that his new course would be made the more easy if he could only watch how Anthony thought, spoke and acted, and then himself do just the same, without, however, any direct and palpable imitation.

"You don't mean that, Dick? You don't really mean that you are just as much in the dark as I am, and wondering whether you are to walk out of this house by-and-bye a sort of small millionaire, or a poor devil, without a shilling in money or a bit of influence among friends to help him on? You don't mean to say that?"

"Ah, but I do, though—I do, indeed!" rejoined Sleuth. "He said something about a codicil in my favor, which I fancy he meant was to smash some will in your favor made long before; but that is really all I know."

"And what do you think?"

"Think?"

"Yes. Come, Dick, don't mind speaking out. I am prepared for the worst; but can't deny that my affairs uncommonly need that I should rather prepare for the best."

"Well, Anthony, I shouldn't like to deceive you any more than I should like to be deceived; but I fancy—well, I may say I fear—to be candid, that you are the lucky one, and I the miserable unfortunate."

"Come, then, let us go together and look about the place, and see what we can find."

"No, Anthony—if I may make so bold—pooh! I thought I was talking to uncle. I was always frightened of uncle——"

Anthony interposed, saying:

"I can understand that, Dick; and, perhaps, it had been better for me if I had felt a little more of your natural respect, and——"

"There now, Anthony, don't say any more; I am ashamed enough of it, that I can tell you. I wouldn't for ten times the fortune do it all over again. No, no, no!"

There was so much emotion in Sleuth's face and tone as he uttered these last words, that Anthony could not but wonder, and the incident tended powerfully to enhance his liking for Sleuth; for he had just heard enough, in his banishment, of his cousin's general behavior, to guess at his besetting fault—servility, and to appreciate not only the candid confession just made, but the manly change of view and determination it implied as regards the future.

Sleuth walked to the window as if to look out, but really to compose his features, which he felt were distorted by the thoughts of the murder, that had come back then most vividly; and while there he could not but remember the coat, and gaze earnestly in the direction of the truss of hay, which was still by the wall, and undisturbed, he thought.

"Anthony," he said, as he returned, "I have been thinking what we had best do under these queer circumstances. We will send off to the lawyer. I shouldn't be surprised if he knows all about the matter. And whether he does or not, he ought to be here to join us in our search."

"All right, Dick. Do it quickly; for I have some very private and very ugly reasons in my pocket for wanting to know my real position."

"I will. You wait here till I come back."

"Very well. Give me a light for my pipe. I have been a bit shaken by what I saw upstairs, and if I try to get rid of my uncomfortable feelings about the affair, don't fancy me heartless, Dick, I really do believe I loved the old man—ay, better than I thought I did. But there, come, the light! Is your tobacco good?"

"Capital."

"Then I'll revel in the enjoyment of it, if I can, and try to avoid castle-building out of the smoke, till I know the bare, unimaginative fact whether I am heir or no, as you fancy."

"That's right," said Richard Sleuth, as he hurried off, secure now, he thought, of a brief space in which to consider how he should get rid of that dangerous coat,

"Dick!" was soon called after him. Sleuth did not want to hear, and went on into the hall.

"Dick!" resounded a second time, and louder. Sleuth stamped his foot in his bitterness and rage, but turned; for to offend Anthony might even be more dangerous than to delay the removal of the coat.

"Dick," said Anthony to him, as Sleuth repassed the threshold, "I have got an odd idea. You won't be offended, I am sure, if I tell you what it is."

"Not very likely, Anthony," said Sleuth, showing his beautifully white teeth in his grim effort to construct a smile.

"Well you say, Dick—and of course you wouldn't say it if it were not true—that you think I have the best chance."

"More than that," said Sleuth.

"Never mind the more. I don't want, if I can help it, to humbug myself, so we'll say I've the best chance. Now, then, for my proposal. We are cousins—we might say brothers at one remove—we have both been led to expect great things from the poor old man who lies now so——"

Here Anthony broke down once more, and Sleuth had to guess the rest of the sentence as well as he could.

"Well, Dick, this is it. Without any more circumlocution or nonsense," resumed Anthony: "if you get this property, shall I find a friend in you?"

"Oh, Anthony! Can you ask?"

Anthony saw the tears in his cousin's face, and did not want to ask that question again. He went on:

"And if I get it, may I, too, be sure you will look for a friend in me?"

"Oh, Anthony, you—you—you are too good to me. I know what you mean. And there's One above——"

Sleuth stopped in the very beginning of an impassioned appeal to heaven, warned not so much by Anthony's looks as by his own checking thoughts of the mistake he was making, and so he ended by saying, "I don't like sentiment, do you?"

"No," said Anthony.

"Neither do I. And if you catch me at it again, I wish you'd tell me."

Anthony laughed, and Sleuth laughed, and under cover of this false emotion gave way suddenly to an almost idiotic burst of laughter, which lightened the terribly true emotion he did feel, and which was constantly threatening to unsettle his reason. Sleuth was very glad thus to be able to relieve himself, but he did not forget to explain:

"I have scarcely had a wink of sleep these last three days and nights, and now I must ease myself somehow."

"That's right," said Anthony. "And I, with less put upon me, want a smoke to ease myself, too, while you send for the lawyer, to see what Dame Fortune is going to do with us. We are bound to her wheel, Dick, and must go on. I only hope, in one of her sudden, mad turns, she mayn't drive right over us."

As the smoke from Anthony's pipe began to curl and wreath over his head, and he watched the fantastic shapes, he said to himself:

"Dick's a good fellow, after all! oh, yes, or he'd never receive me in this friendly way. I won't forget it, I promise him, if all be as he says. And, if not, why then hang me if I care much now whether he or I gets the best spoil in the division—for division I prophesy it will be."

At the same moment Sleuth was saying to himself:

"I'm glad I didn't say anything definite about what I should do; for when the codicil turns up it might be awkward. Ha! I smell a rat—he had got the codicil in his pocket, and this is his artfulness to extract a sweeping promise out of me before he owns to know anything but that he is heir!"

CHAPTER X.—SLEUTH BEGINS TO DISCOVER IN HIS OWN CASE WHAT ANTHONY MEANT WHEN HE SAID THEY WERE BOUND TO THE WHEEL.

WITH a wondrous sense of relief that he had got through his first interview with his cousin (who represented to Sleuth for the moment the whole world, which was to be lulled to the belief that he, Sleuth, had nothing to do with the murder), with a truly wondrous sense of relief and of mastery of fate and circumstance, Sleuth hurried to remove the coat from its temporary hiding-place.

He did not know where to put it or what to do with it. Destruction would take too long, and be difficult beside. He could not eat that as he had eaten the pieces of paper, which might have revealed his motive for deciding to make away with the old man before the document could be properly witnessed. He could not burn it: the smell would tell the whole house. And to cut it into small, almost indistinguishable pieces, ready for dispersion at the first chance that offered, even that was not practicable during the next few minutes. He must, then, again hide it for an hour or two, or possibly longer. The place that he continually thought of, his box, was as continually set aside. Of course that would be searched if suspicion should happen to be directed against him. No, the box was not to be trusted to. He must get it from under the hay, and use his eyes as he ran along to discover some secure but temporary spot of concealment, perhaps till the next night should give him the cover of darkness.

But while he is thus planning as he moves along, he is met by the housekeeper, who, to his surprise, is carrying a tray with breakfast-things.

What is there in this to make Sleuth uncomfortable? He wants breakfast himself badly enough, and of course Anthony wants it too. Why, then, his alarm? It is because he has never before seen her attempt to do such a thing herself. She is not very strong, and there are others about her who always performs such tasks—Phillis, if no one else.

Sleuth cannot fulfill his first intention to evade speaking to her, in order that he may get safely

to the stableyard. No; he must at least make sure that she has no special business just now with Anthony.

"Was it she," he asks himself, "who was outside the door when I reloaded the pistol, and when I let fall the candle and destroyed the old man's paper?"

The question is too tremendous for him to leave it unanswered. He goes right on to where she has stopped a moment, either to rest her burden, or, as he suspects, to let him get out of the way.

"That's very good of you, Mrs. Milton, to think of us poor famished youths. I suppose it is for Anthony and me."

"Y—yes, Mr. Sleuth," replied the housekeeper, in some embarrassment, which did not, however, conceal that she was in no very good humor.

"Oh, well, then, I'll go back with you. There's no hurry. I was going to send for the lawyer, to make a search through the house."

The housekeeper said nothing, looked grim, and did not even thank him for his courtesy when he opened, first, the swing doors that shut out the smell of the kitchen, and then the door into the dining-room, where Anthony was.

"Breakfast, Anthony!" exclaimed Sleuth, with a certain gaiety of manner, he at the same time taking care to be first at the place where Anthony was sitting in a cloud of smoke, so that not even a look should escape him. "Hang the lawyer, and wills and codicils, say I! I want my breakfast just now worse than anything else in the world, so I have come back to get it before going into business."

"I'm hungry, too," said Anthony, putting his pipe on the corner of the mantel-piece; "but let me have a wash first, for I was fetched out of bed by your messenger, and feel terribly knocked up."

"To be sure," said Mrs. Milton. "I'll ——"

Whatever she might be going to say or to do, Sleuth determined, at all events, she should say or do in the presence of both; so he said boldly, though not looking at the person he addressed:

"Cousin Anthony and I will go up together, Mrs. Milton, if you will be kind enough to go and send us in something nice in the way of meat to eat with our breakfast."

Mrs. Milton looked at him a moment with an odd kind of smile flittering over her not smiling kind of face; then she put her hand in her pocket and took out something which she laid on the table, saying:

"Look, Mr. Anthony, I found that on the bed, and it was still burning."

"What is it?" said Anthony, jumping up.

"Well, I declare," said Sleuth, "if it is not the wadding out of the mur—— out of the rascal's pistol that shot the old man. It must be taken care of. Don't touch it, Anthony—I won't. Mrs. Milton had better keep it till the coroner's inquest—for I suppose there will have to be an inquest."

Sleuth's voice dropped towards the close of the sentence almost into a meditative tone, as if he were asking himself the question.

"My cousin's right, Mrs. Milton. We had best keep things exactly as they were, till some one who is authorized has gone over the house."

The housekeeper took the piece of wadding, and replaced it in her pocket, saying:

"I found it—when I first discovered what had happened—in the bedroom, just before I went along the corridor and saw you, Mr. Anthony, go into the safe-room."

"I, Mrs. Milton! My dear lady, you are dreaming!"

"I'm too old for dreaming, young gentleman. My dreaming days are long gone by. I daresay you were too much excited to know exactly where you went or what you did. I knew you by your coat."

"I assure you ——" began Anthony, good humoredly.

"Come, Mrs. Milton," interposed Sleuth, "we haven't a moment to lose. Now, Anthony."

And before there was time to continue the discussion, the two young men had left the room.

"Odd! I don't half like it," communed Mrs. Milton with herself. "He must know he went through that room. But, there! don't I know him well? Haven't I known him for years—as true-hearted and pleasant-spoken a young man as can anywhere be found?"

* * * * * *

Scarcely two minutes elapse before Sleuth returns, having washed rapidly, and left Anthony to perform the same process at leisure. The instant he gets inside the door, he shuts it, and glances hurriedly about. Then he goes with swift foot to a corner of the room, where he sees Anthony's light-colored coat hanging on a chair. His hands dive into the pockets and bring forth a number of papers, which he hurriedly examines. Most of them be puts back into the coat pocket, with the slightest possible examination. At last he retains only three documents—letters. Then, while gazing eagerly towards the door in fear of Anthony's return, he feels for his memorandum-book in a side pocket of his own coat, and begins to write, thinking to himself the while—

"These may prove of value some day. Yes—all alike. All threatening! County courts—judgment—prison—no delay, unless prompt payment. All dated within the last few days, suggest powerful motives for—for what?" Sleuth did not tell himself that. He was greatly struck to find how things lent themselves to guard him, if suspicion should arise, by casting the guilt on Anthony. He didn't want to create circumstances of that kind—so, at least, he said to himself. But if they did exist, was he to be such a fool as to run his neck into the noose merely because somebody was threatened? Yes, there was a motive why Anthony *might* have been inclined to somewhat sweeping measures if he had, on his arrival, found the codicil, and had seen his only way was to destroy it, and destroy the author of it at the same time, so that no inconvenient questions might be asked. Sleuth almost began to persuade himself that Anthony must have been in intention just that which he, Sleuth, was in fact; and that it was chance only, or Dame Fortune, as Anthony had said, which had decided which of the two should strike the fatal blow.

But the codicil! It is that he sought when he lighted upon those dunning letters. It is not in the coat! Anthony, then, he fears, did not, after all, got hold of the precious document! Will he ever recover it? Has he sold his soul to the evil one for nothing?

But now he must venture once more towards the stable-yard. Time is passing—the groom will begin work—perhaps may want the hay—and then ——

Anthony opens the door, and again Sleuth is chained; for even if he dared venture to excuse himself, as before, to get away, there is the housekeeper coming in with the dishes suggested by Sleuth's order, as if determined that she alone would wait on the young men.

He wipes the cold sweat from his face, as he fancies there is something ominous in all this; but with good grace he sits down, and does the honors of the table in the best manner he can, chatting the while on all sorts of subjects except those which occupy his real thoughts.

While Anthony drinks a cup of coffee, he sees Sleuth's eyes fall upon the pistol he had brought into the house, and laid down on the sideboard.

"You're looking at my pistol. Where d'ye think I got it?"

"Can't guess," said Sleuth, stooping down, as if to give a more vigorous cross-cut at some hard piece of meat on his plate.

"That's the property of one of our burglar acquaintances——"

"Not——," began Sleuth.

"No—not the one that did the bloody work, certainly; for I found it loaded as I ran after them, and I fired it in the hope of bringing my man down. You see, it is empty."

"And here is mine," said Sleuth, who had been trying to create this very opportunity. He took the weapon from his pocket, scarcely conscious of the danger of so carrying it, since he had learned to confront other dangers. "Uncle gave it to me, and I was rather uncomfortable about it; yes, and I said so, and he got angry, and fired one of the barrels himself at the burglar, but missed him—"

"And then the burglar shot back. I understand now. I'm glad to hear this, Dick. Bad as the act was, it is not so bad as I thought. If I were a burglar—mind the *if*, Dick—I'm afraid I should lose my temper under fire, and let fly. Ain't you horrified to hear me say so?"

Sleuth's only direct answer was a smile; but presently he added:

"You see, one barrel is still loaded." Then, remembering his alarm about the hand that touched the door while he was reloading, he said: "And very glad I was to know that I had another shot, when I found what had happened, and thought, perhaps, the villains might come back. I never looked so closely at anything in my life as I looked at that other barrel to make sure; for you see, Anthony, I didn't know much about pistols—no, not though the alderman tried to make me understand."

"Yes, Dick, I see it's loaded. And, ah! here's Mrs. Milton coming again. I propose we give up our trophies to her."

But Mrs. Milton declined to touch the loaded weapon. So to quiet her, Sleuth suggested to Anthony it might be fired off, and Anthony, not seeing the matter to be of the slightest importance, went to the window and fired; so dissipating, to Sleuth's intense satisfaction, all danger of discovery through the examination of the charge, which might have been thus proved to be the handiwork of one little acquainted with the process; a not unreasonable fear—for the pistol went off with such violence as to make an extraordinary loud report—and almost dislocated Anthony's fingers. He only smiled, however, as he shook his hand a little, and said:

"Uncle must have guessed the very sort of men that would be coming for this, when he put in such lots of powder!"

* * * * * *

Again Sleuth sets out on his errand, professedly to send for the lawyer; but, really, in addition, to remove the coat. He looks at his watch, and almost jumps in affright.

"Twenty minutes past five! I must stop for nothing now."

He goes rapidly along into the yard, listening, as he moves through the different passages, to hear where the servants have got to since the calming down of the first excitement on the discovery of the murder. He hears them talking in the room that served the alderman's small establishment as a kind of servants' hall, and he listened carefully, to count up the different voices he wanted to hear there—the housekeeper's, Phillis's, the cook's, and groom's. He had to wait some minutes before he could tell accurately how many of these were assembled; but at last he satisfied himself that Phillis alone was absent from the animated discussion then going on, and even she might be there; but if so, was unaccountably silent.

As he wondered where she was, and paused for a moment in his desire to be sure that she might not know what he was about to do, a new thought struck him: Might he not learn by his listening if he were suspected, however remotely? The thought was at once so fearful and so tempting, that he did stay two or three minutes, but with no result that could satisfy him, one way or the other, on that subject; though what he heard was alarming enough. The gardener was saying:

"Well, I don't mind who knows it, but I've a sent for Dr. Pompese; he's a magistrate and master's friend, and he'll see into things."

Breathlessly he listened, as if spell-bound, for yet another minute. The housekeeper spoke next:

"Did any of you see a figure in a light coat, like Mr. Anthony's, moving about!"

Sleuth leaned his forehead against the stone wall to cool it, while he waited for the answer, which, however, was a general "No."

Again he moved along the tortuous course he was pursuing to reach the stable yard, without passing so near the servants' hall that they might see him or hear his steps, when he met Phillis full in the face just as he had reached the external door. He could have roared at her like a madman, but was constrained by overwhelming circumstances to speak gently and smile.

"Phillis, I was looking for you."

She said nothing as she answered his curious glance by one still more strange. So he went on:

"Cousin Anthony and I both think the lawyer should be sent for immediately, to go with us all over the house, and look for any papers the old men may have left."

"Richard, did you find the codicil with the help of that key I get for you."

"Yes—at first."

"And was it as—as you expected?"

"Yes," said Sleuth, uneasily, and wondering if it were a part of Phillis's nature to be always asking ticklish questions at the most dangerous of times.

"I understand, then, Richard. You have got it, and don't want me to know!"

"Don't be a fool, Phillis, and make me angry with you. The paper has been taken out of the safe, with everything else in it, by the burglars; and my only chance now is to wait and watch, in the hope of getting it once more."

"Is that the truth, Richard? Can you look in my face and say it is the truth?"

"Phillis, you little fool—there, I am looking. And there—you know now, I suppose, what that kiss means—that I want only to recover the cedicil, by hook or by crook, to fulfill all my promises to you. But run—send off the groom for the lawyer; the groom, mind, for he will go quicker than the gardener."

Phillis went to obey his bidding; and he stood to listen, measuring with his eye every second upon his watch, to give himself occupation.

"Ha, yes! there is the horse; and now the gate opens. He's off! I am safe; for the man I most feared is out of the way."

He went now, through a little door used, into the stable-yard, and there was the truss of hay just as he had left, but in sight from the windows. A new measure of prevention occurred to him. He ran back into the hall, where a cloak was hanging, and put it on, and then returned to the door.

He stopped for a moment, as if fearing those few yards of rough gravel he had to cross might be taking him from safety to danger—from life to death; but they must be crossed. What should he do, supposing the worst, and that there were eyes, at the windows watching?

He began to walk stately up and down, as if to cool his heated brow and enjoy a few minutes of meditation alone, after the fearful excitement of the night. As he walked, what more natural than that he should be attracted by the smell of the sweet hay? He picks a bit out of the truss in passing, but carelessly, as if thinking of anything rather than the hay. Then he stops meditatively—now in one part of his walk, now in another, and now by the corner of the truss. Suddenly he sees something about his foot—a lace broken, perhaps. He stoops to set it right. When he rises, he trembles; for under his cloak hange the coat on his arm.

But he has it! All the fears of the last hour or two are gone—dispelled into the air. Oh, he is safe enough! All will be right in time. If only he is steady—immovable—whatever may happen to frighten for the moment.

His walk ceases. Of course Anthony must not be left alone. That would be inhospitable. He repasses the threshold of the little door, and, knowing not else what to do, determines to trust the coat to his box for an hour or two—not longer.

Phillis again? What can ail her? She must be watching him. Ha! perhaps she had never ceased to watch him—had seen him stoop, and suspected he was not the man to stoop for nothing. Filled with this thought as he sees her advancing, and being at the time close by a dark angle of the dark passage, he drops the coat from under the cloak just behind him, pushes it into a heap by a backward movement of his foot, and advances to meet Phillis, throwing off his cloak, and saying, as he passed her:

"I was quite cold, now I am warm again. I wish I could get a bit of sleep."

Phillis said not a word as she passed, and the spot was too dark to distinguish the expression of her features.

Sleuth went on, but more and more slowly, till he heard her afar off. Then he stopped—listened—yes, he was quite sure Phillis was out of sight and hearing. Stay, there are other steps, or else Phillis returns. How terrible that he can't see from where he is. More steps. Not one person alone is passing, but one—two—three.

Again silence.

Then Sleuth ran back to fetch the coat, but stopped paralyzed, both his hands moving as the hands of an idiot might move to and fro in the air, and murmuring:

"Where is it? Gone! gone! gone!"

"WAISTS."—One of the latest Yankee "notions" of which we have heard, is that of a Dr. Dio Lewis, the principal of what we may term a Hygienic educational seminary for young ladies, at Lexington, Mass., wherein Theodore D. Weld is one of his associates. We hear that a recent closing examination at this seminary, one of the exercises (if we may so characterize it) consisted of a careful measurement of the waists of the pupils respectively, and a comparison of the result in each instance, with a record preserved of a similar measurement at the opening of the term, "showing an average net gain of 2¾ inches in circumference since the 1st of October last." Some girls who entered upon the term invalids, had meantime been trained to walk ten miles without fatigue, while their intellectual progress had kept full pace with their physical.

EFFECT OF STRIPPING A COUNTRY OF ITS TREES.

THE summer heats are beginning to dry up the springs and brooks which were lately so full and noisy, and the attention of observing people is again turned to the fact of the diminution, year by year, of the quantity of water in our streams at certain seasons, in consequence of stripping the country of its trees, and converting the forests into pastures and tilled fields. Almost everywhere our rivulets and rivers show, by certain indications in their channels, that they once flowed towards the sea with a larger current than now. If we go on as we now do, we shall at length see many of our ancient water-courses as nearly obliterated as Addison found them in Italy.

This denuding a country of its trees has made the rivers of Spain for the most part mere channels for the winter rains. The Guadalquivir, which some poet calls a "mighty river," enters the sea at Malaga, without water enough to cover the loose black stones that pave its bed. The Holy Land now often misses the "latter rain," or receives it but sparingly, and the brook Kedron is a long, dry ravine, passing off to the eastward from Jerusalem, to descend between perpendicular walls, beside the monastery of Mar Saba, to the valley of the Jordan and the Dead Sea. Mr. Marsh, in his very instructive book, entitled "Man and Nature," has collected together a vast number of instances, showing how, in the old world, the destruction of the forests has been followed by a general aridity of the country which they formerly overshadowed.

Whether there are any examples of frequent rains restored to a country by planting groves and orchards, we cannot say; but we remember, when traveling at the west, thirty-five years since, to have met a gentleman from Kentucky, who spoke of an instance within his knowledge, in which a perennial stream had made its appearance, where, at the early settlement of the region, there was none. Kentucky, when its first colonists planted themselves within its limits, was a region in which extensive prairies, burnt over every year by the Indians, predominated.

The causes which operate to make the rains more frequent, and the springs more regularly full, in a well-wooded country, are probably more than one. Under the trees of a forest a covering of fallen leaves is spread over the ground, by which the rains are absorbed, and gradually given out to the springs and rivulets. The trees also take up large quantities of this moisture in the ground, and give it out to the air in the form of vapor, which afterwards condenses into clouds and falls in showers. All the snows, likewise, that fall in forests are more slowly melted and sink more gradually and certainly into the earth than when they fall on the open fields. On the other hand, the rains that fall in an unwooded region run off rapidly by the water courses, and that portion of them which should be reserved for a dry season is lost.

In some parts of the country, with a view of supplying the deficiency occasioned by the gradual diminution of water in the streams, they are beginning to resort to the old method of collecting the rains into reservoirs. In a part of Massachusetts, contiguous to this state, the county of Berkshire, the owners of the paper-mills, on what is called the Windsor branch of the Housatonic, have already begun the construction of a basin on that stream, at a spot in Windsor, just above a series of cascades, sometimes called Windsor Falls, and sometimes the Wacconah Falls. Here the mouth of a small valley, through which the stream descends, is to be closed by a wall of massive masonry, resting upon a stratum of the original rock.

No mound of earth would answer the purpose, nor wall of stone resting upon earth, since, if that were by any possibility to give way before the water pressing against it, the time of copious rain, a flood would be let loose which would carry destruction to the villages below. By this reservoir a hundred acres or more will be covered to a great depth, and as it is the centre of an extensive water-shed, it will be filled in rainy weather in a very short time.

This example will probably be followed in other parts of the country, by those who desire to secure a supply of water for their mills in such a season as we had last summer, when the want of water was very seriously felt.

A CANNY SCOTCH LADY.

SHE was penurious in small things, but her generosity could rise to circumstances. Her dower was an annuity from the estate of Mortonhall. She had a contempt for securities, and would trust no bank with her money, but kept all her bills and bank notes in a green silk bag, that hung on her toilet glass. On each side of the table stood a large white bowl, one of which contained her silver, the other her copper money, the latter always full to the brim, accessible to Peggy, her handmaid, or any other servant in the house—for the idea of any one stealing money never entered her brain. Indeed, she once sent a present to her niece, Mrs. Cunninghame, of a £50 note, wrapped up in a cabbage-leaf, and intrusted it to the care of a woman who was going with a basket of butter to the Edinburgh market. My friend, Mrs. Cunninghame, related to me this, and the following historiae of her aunt. One day, in the course of conversation, she said to her niece, "Do ye ken, Margaret, that Mrs. Thomas B—— is dead? I was gaun by the door this morning, and thought I wad just look in and speer for her. She was very near her end, but quite sensible, and expressed her gratitude to God for what He had done for her and her fatherless bairns. She said 'she was leaving a large young family with very small means, but she had that trust in Him that they would not be forsaken, and that He would provide for them.' Now, Margaret, ye'll tell Peggy to bring down the green silk bag that hangs on the corner of my looking-glass, and ye'll tak' twa thousand pounds out o' it, and gi'e it to Walter Fearier for behoof of these orphan bairns; it will fit out the laddies, and be something to the lassies. I want to make good the words, 'that God wad provide for them,' for what was I sent that way this morning, but as an humble instrument in His hands?" Miss Trotter had a friendship for a certain Mrs. B——, who had an only son, and he was looked on as a simpleton, but his relatives had interest enough to get him a situation as clerk in a bank, where he contrived to steal money to the extent of £500. His peculations were discovered, and in some days he would have been hanged, but Miss Trotter hearing the report started instantly for Edinburgh, went to the bank and ascertained the truth. She at once laid down £500, telling them, "Ye maun not only stop proceedings, but ye maun keep him in the bank in some capacity, however mean, till I find some other employment for him." Then she fitted the lad out, and sent him to London, where she had a friend to whom she wrote, offering another £500 to any one who would procure him a situation abroad, in which he might gain an honest living, and never be trusted with money. After all this was settled, she went herself and communicated the facts to his mother.

MR. R. W. EMERSON has thus expressed himself concerning a volume of the scraps of humor and wise sayings of the late President Lincoln: "He is the author of a multitude of good sayings, so disguised as pleasantries, that it is certain they had no reputation at first but as jests; and only later, by the very acceptance and adoption they find in the mouths of millions, turn out to be the wisdom of the hour. I am sure, if this man had ruled in a period of less facility of printing, he would have become mythological in a very few years, like Æsop or Pilpay, or one of the Seven Wise Masters, by his fables and proverbs. But the weight and penetration of many passages in his letters, messages, and speeches, hidden now by the very closeness of their application to the moment, are destined hereafter to a wide fame. What pregnant definitions; what unerring common sense; what foresight; and, on great occasions, what lofty and more than national, what humane tone!"

MURDER OF REV. DR. VOLKNER.

From recent files of Auckland, New Zealand, papers we learn the particulars of the horrible murder of the Rev. Dr. Carl Sylvius Volkner, at Opotiki. The victim was a missionary clergyman, a native of Cassel, Germany, and a student of the Hamburg Missionary College.

Having had occasion to go to Auckland, Mr. Volkner left that port on his return to Opotiki, on the 26th of February, as passenger on board the schooner Eclipse, accompanied by another missionary, the Rev. T. S. Grace. The master of the vessel, Capt. Levy, states that, on the 1st of March, he sailed up the river Opotiki, to Opotiki, and came alongside the wharf and elsewhere kept by his brother Mr. Samuel Levy. At that place, he found a great crowd of the Maoris waiting on the bank. Mr. S. Levy, with Tevoid, the interpreter, came on board, and said that the Maoris had all taken an oath the day before to kill every minister or soldier who came there. Capt. Levy himself went ashore, and found that this report was true. Some plans for enabling the two missionaries to escape were proposed, but their execution was deferred until night, as the vessel was closely watched by the hostile multitude on shore. Later in the day the Maoris, being in irresistible force, ordered Captain Levy, with his crew and passengers, to come out of the vessel. As soon as they did so, the Maoris seized Mr. Volkner and Mr. Grace and began to tie them with ropes, but desisted from this when Capt. Levy interfered. The two reverend gentlemen, however, with four sailors, the crew of the schooner, were shut up in a warehouse, or large hut, guarded by twenty Maoris with double-barreled guns. The night was passed in delirious among the Maoris as to the fate of their captives. In the morning Capt. Levy and Mr. S. Levy were told that the two missionaries would be shot. Capt. Levy in vain remonstrated and begged the Maoris to refrain from this bloody act.

The savages, changing their minds concerning the mode of death, about ten o'clock dragged Mr. Volkner to a tree and hung him. They did not tie his hands or his feet, but left him to dangle in the air for nearly an hour, during which time some of the natives were hauling at his legs to get off his boots and trousers, sharing what was in his pockets, whilst he hung over their heads and one of the bruins put on his trousers while he hung over him. After letting the body hang for some time they lowered it down and carried it to the side of the church, where they had a place fenced in. Here they spread the body out in the form of a cross (the poor fellow was not then dead, as symptoms of life were still observable). They then proceeded to cut off the head and to drink the blood as it ran out of the head and body. There was a frightful scramble among the women as to who should have the most of his blood. With the blood that dropped to the ground they painted their faces; the chief Kereopa, taking the eyes out of the head with his fingers and eating them before the whole crowd to show them an example. The body was then thrown to the dogs, but afterwards thrust down a drain.

Capt. Levy says: "When evening came the savages assembled in the Roman Catholic missionary chapel, where the bleeding head of Mr. Volkner was placed on the pulpit, and they performed a savage dance before it, yelling and screaming with the utmost fury. All through that night the same disgusting orgies were continued in and around the churches; the wretches, both men and women, assembling in different places, every half hour, to the sound of a kind of infernal whistle, accompanied by the ringing of the church bells."

Dr. Grace was rescued by the timely arrival of a British gunboat.



IGNATIUS BOURGET, ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOP OF MONTREAL.

RIGHT REV. IGNATIUS BOURGET,
Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal.

DR. BOURGET, the revered Catholic Bishop of Montreal, is a native of that city. He was ordained priest November 30, 1815, and after filling for some time the extremely difficult position of secretary to Dr. Lartigue, the first bishop of the diocese, whose early administration was one series of troubles, Mr. Bourget was, on the 16th of March, 1837, made Bishop of Telmesse, and coadjutor to the Bishop of Montreal. On the death of Dr. Lartigue, on Easter day, 1840, the coadjutor became second Bishop of Montreal, and has now for more than a quarter of a century administered the diocese. His career has been as peaceful as that of his predecessor was stormy. A man of deep personal piety, inspiring reverence and love, he has labored earnestly to advance the good of his flock. He has greatly increased the number of churches in the city and elsewhere founded new religious establishments for education and works of mercy, and given an impulse to good works of every kind. He invited to his diocese the Jesuits and Oblats, the former of whom have erected a noble college at Montreal.

VIEWS AT QUEBEC.

St. John's Gate.

REPAIRATIONS are continually going on at the fortifications of Quebec, and one of the latest improvements is the demolition of the old St. John's gate, to give place to a more substantial and doubtless graceful work. Mr. Sanston, the photographer, who lets no occasion pass to preserve views of old landmarks about to pass away, enables our readers to see St. John's gate before it was removed. The St. John's suburb lies without, and passing through, you proceed along St. John's street, about the busiest part of the town. This street, passing through the suburb, runs on to the Foye, and was, under the French regime, the favorite drive of the Canadian belles.

The city wall, with its rampart of solid masonry, extends on, to the right of St. Louis gate, and on the top, from St. John's gate ran a covered walk below the wall, within the city, to the esplanade, the parade ground, and park of Quebec, an habitual resort. The view from the top of St. John's gate is charming, especially at sunset, the river St. Charles where Cartier had his first fort, further on, the spires of the Indian Church of Loretto, and of Charlesbourg; and in the distance, lit up by the fading hues of the evening sun, the mountains of Beauport and Montmorenci.

The New Jail.

During through St. Louis gate, you pass several newly erected public buildings, quite creditable to Quebec, among others a quaint-looking edifice for soldier's orphans, and reach the renowned plains of Abraham, where the fate of French empire in America was decided. The monument at the right of our engraving, a solid, durable pile of masonry, with a granite column, surmounted by a bronze helmet and sword, marks the spot where the descendant of the Irish Catholic refugee fell, after adding a province to England's crown. Near it stands the new jail, not yet completed a solid edifice, which our engraving shows too well to need further description now, deferring to its completion a full account of its discussions, arrangement and management.

RESIDENCE OF MAXIMILIAN.

THE present residence of Maximilian, the Mexican French Emperor (a view of which we present this week), is situated in the suburbs of Chapultepec



THE RESIDENCE OF HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR MAXIMILIAN, CHAPULTEPEC, MEXICO.



"THE DEATH OF MILE PESHET."—SCENE FROM THE PLAY OF ARRAH NA POGUE, NOW BEING PERFORMED AT NIBLO'S GARDEN, NEW YORK CITY.

one of the oldest and most beautiful cities in Mexico. The castle was first occupied by the viceroy appointed by the Spanish government, and was afterwards used by the republic as a military school. Since it has been the residence of Maximilian it has been very much improved, and may now be considered one of the most magnificent edifices in Mexico.

ARRAH NA POGUE.

But few dramas have been produced in this country which have been so well received as this last work of Mr. Boucicault.

It was first produced in this city some two months ago, at Niblo's Garden, and has houses up to this date have been crowded to overflowing. The same success has attended its production in Philadelphia and elsewhere.

From the first scene to the last the spectators are held spell-bound by the deep interest of the story and are enchained by the mingled pathos and humor of the dialogue, which shows the literary ability of the author in the strongest light.

There is not a superfluous word in the play, and not an incident which does not help forward the action of the plot. It is out of simple materials that the dramatic interest of the drama is created, and nothing but becoming a spectator of the events which are gradually unfolded, and participating in the general sympathy which spreads through the audience, will make the reader conscious of the skillful manner in which the plot is description of which we gave in a recent number, has been manipulated. This week we present a sketch of the exciting scene of the death of Peasy, the Spy, who is buried by Shaun headlong into the sea at the Castle base.

TRINITY BAY AND HEART'S CONTENT.

TRINITY Bay and Heart's Content, N. F., have been made celebrated as the proposed terminus of the Atlantic Cable. We give in the present number illustrations of the locality where, had not the attempt to span the ocean proved a failure, the first news of success would have been hailed on this continent. Trinity Bay can hardly be considered a desirable harbor, and Heart's Content only aspires to the dimensions of a small fisherman's village.

LOUIS NAPOLEON'S LOVE AFFAIRS.

IT is interesting to follow the course of Louis Napoleon's amours. The first flame of the present Emperor of the French, was Eleonore Gordon, the daughter of a French captain who fell in Spain. Eleonore was the Prince's confidante in the Strasburg attempt. She was a singer, and made advances to the Pretender at Baden in the summer of 1836. It is said she had dreamed that she would become Empress of the French. In any case, she behaved very courageously. While Louis Napoleon was unsuccessfully harangueing the troops in the Finkmatt barracks, the gendarmes were already knocking at the door of Miss Gordon, whom Persigny had just informed that the Prince's enterprise was a failure. Miss Gordon burnt all the papers relerring to the émeute—the lists of conspirators, the correspondence with them; and when the gendarmes threatened to break the door in, she placed a chest of drawers against it, so as to complete her sacrifice at leisure. It was owing to her presence of mind, consequently, that so little came to light at the trial. Louis Napoleon held Miss Gordon in affectionate memory for a long time. When Louis Elsler visited him at Ham, in 1845, he spoke kindly about her. Almost simultaneously, Louis Napoleon had fixed his eyes on the Queen of Portugal, who was then fifteen years of age. The portrait of Maria da Gloria produced an impression on him, and he would not have been undisposed to become King of Portugal. But the master did not go on quite right, in spite of all the exertions made by his relatives. On December 14, 1838, Louis Napoleon, in an affable letter, declined the Portuguese candidateship in these words: "Convinced that the great name I bear will not always be a cause of my choice from my fellow-citizens, because it reminds them of fifteen glorious years, I calmly await, in a free and honorable land, the time when the nation will take back to its bosom those persons who were banished by the foreigners in 1815. The hope of some day being able to serve France as a soldier and citizen strengthens my mind, and is more in my eyes than all the thrones in the world."

At that time, however, a third lady was the rival of the singer and the queen. This was Mathilde, King Jerome's seventeen-year-old daughter. She seemed to have loved Louis Napoleon sincerely. When he was transported to America, on board the Andromede, he thought with sadness of his cousin, and wrote the following in his journal: "When I was taking Mathilde home a few months ago, we entered the park together, and saw flowers in two which had just been destroyed by a tempest—upon which I said to myself, that our marriage plans would be destroyed by destiny in a similar manner. What my mind then dreaded has since become the truth. How long ago that is now, this year, enjoyed the whole amount of felicity granted to us in this world!" Mathilde, when she heard of Louis' death, May 17, 1873, was a great beauty, of short stature, but well formed, with a head of classic shape, large, flashing eyes, and expressive, regular features. Her blooming complexion seemed as a relief to her light, flaxen hair, compared with her marriage with Prince Anatole Demidoff, soon after her marriage faded away, and her face assumed an expression of weariness. When Louis Napoleon became President, Mathilde did the honors in his house.

In 1840, Louis Napoleon was conquered of the lovely Lady S——. He wore her colors at the tournament which Lord Eglinton got up in Ayrshire. From the tournament he proceeded to Boulogne. At the fortress of Ham, whither he was conveyed after the Boulogne failure, he fell in love with a girl of the name of Boulenger, the daughter of a wholesale baker in the town. By her he had two children, of whom Miss Howard afterwards took charge, of course for a large allowance. Miss Howard was a perfect English beauty, who cost



THE OLD ST. JOHN'S GATE, QUEBEC, CANADA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY EMMATON.



THE NEW JAIL AT QUEBEC, CANADA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY EMMATON.

Louis a great deal. He made her Countess de Beaurepart, and purchased her a splendid villa near Paris. I say she had a finished wife; and the Parisians still remember, as if it were to-day, how straw was spread in front of the house of the President's mistress. It is reported that it was the Howard who, in the winter of 1851, drove the Empress to Scotland by her audacity; she took a look in the opera exactly opposite Eugenie, and marched her through her glasses in a most provocative way. The last of Napoleon's nurses, the Countess de Celle Mesdon, was the Sappho of all—she became Empress. In 1854, Prince Napoleon was for a while the admirer of Madame Kisselef, a charming Russian, to whom Cavaignac also paid court. Her rival would have defeated the general with the lady, who lived apart from her husband.

TIME AND ITS PERIODS.

The days of the week were named mostly in honor of heathen gods or objects of worship. Sunday from the Sun; Monday from the Moon; Tuesday is named from the Saxon god Tuisco; Wednesday from Woden, the god of battle; Thursday from Thor, the god of winds; Friday from Freja, another name for Venus; Saturday from the planet Saturn.

Now about the names of the months: January was called in honor of the god Janus, who was represented as having two faces, one before and one behind, thus looking back at the old year and forward to the new. The people on the first day of January crowned the image of Janus with a wreath and sacrificed to him an offering of fruit and wine. Friends also made each other presents, and it is from this custom we may have derived the fashion of our making New Year's presents.

February is named from a feast which was held for twelve days at Rome, called Februalia—meaning purification, as the people being then assembled from the sins of the whole year. The Romans first gave twenty-nine days to February; but when it was afterwards altered by the Decemvirs to the eighth month should be called in honor of Augustus, a day was taken from February and added to it, that it should not be inferior to July.

April is from the Latin word *Aperio*, to open, signifying the opening of the buds and leaves of trees. May is from Maia, the mother of Mercury; June so called in honor of Juno, the wife of Jupiter. July was named by Mark Anthony in honor of Julius Cæsar, the celebrated Roman Emperor; August was in honor of Augustus Cæsar, also another Roman emperor; September was so named from Septem, seven, it being the seventh month of the year, beginning as it did with March, which was the first month; October was so named is from Octo, the eighth month; November is from Novem, the ninth; and December from Decem, the tenth month.

The ancients did not reckon time as we do. In the age when Our Saviour lived, the day was measured at six in the morning, so that the third hour would be our nine o'clock. In Italy the day begins at sunset, and the clocks there strike twenty-four hours—that is, an hour past twelve they strike *thirteen* instead of one, and so on up to twenty-four o'clock, and then begin at one again. The Turks begin their day at a quarter of an hour after sunset.

Before clocks were invented, the Romans had queer ways of measuring time. They used to fill a tall glass vessel with water and let a small pool upon the top, the water then ran out through a small hole in the bottom, very slowly, the cork gradually sinking as it lost by marks on the side of the glass showed the flight of time. In the middle ages some persons used to burn candles and mark the passing time by their decrease. Then sun-dials were invented, and afterwards clocks.

POWER OF IMAGINATION.—Alexandre Dumas

published in a daily Paris paper a novel, in which she becomes supremely and happy, in spite of consumption. All the gradual symptoms are most touchingly described, and the gradual approach of death to the heroine. One day the Marquis de Dalemieu called on him.

"Dumas," said he, "do you mean to let your heroine die?"

"Of course; after such symptoms as I have described, how could she live?"

"You must change the catastrophe."

"Impossible."

"You must, for me, on your heroine's life depends my daughter's."

"Your daughter's?"

"Yes; she has all the various symptoms you have described, and which unfortunately for every one but a doctor or your novel, resolve her case fairly in your favor. Now, if you make your heroine live by a miracle, whose imagination has been deeply impressed, will live too. Come, a life to save is a worthy action."

"Not to be resisted."

Dumas changed his last chapters. His heroine recovered and was heavy. About five years afterwards Dumas met the old man at a party.

"Ah, Dumas!" he exclaimed, "let me introduce you to my son-in-law—he owes her life to you. Thank she to."

"Your son, handsome woman, who looks like Jeanne d'Arc?"

"Yes; she is married, and has had four children."

"And my novel your edition," said Dumas; "and we were quits."

HUMAN SKIN NAILED TO CHURCH DOORS.—There is a tradition handed down in several instances, that the doors of old churches had been covered with human skin as a punishment of sacrilege. The instance of Sardinia differs from every other in the existence of documentary evidence, and not traditional alone. Condemned, in the year 1410, to erect a church, and to wall round St. Worstein's cemetery, the great north doors of the cathedral—supposed to have been covered with the skin of a person who had struck the high altar. Those doors were removed since former times, and would soon have disappeared altogether. A portion of the supposed human skin was obtained, which consisted of the two-wood sides of the doors, had evidently been laid upon the doors when the animal and all its parts were entire, examined by a skilful microscopist, to be full of human. Portions of the skin from the doors were at Stuttgart and Cagliari was also obtained, and these were found also, on scrutiny examination, to be human skin. We, therefore, find the case made to the subject by Payne, in his "Diary," in respect to a visit, in the year 1851, to Rochester Cathedral, to see the Danes' door with which the doors, as it was believed, were covered. The appearance of such savage punishment in present times, and in parts of civilized Europe, is one of the facts which, however it might appear less extraordinary, but the discovery of such a practice in the instance of cathedral churches must be considered as very remarkable, more especially as no ancient law against sacrilege has been found by which any like penalty was shown to have been warranted.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

WHAT is the merriest Sunday in the year? Wine-Sunday.

A MORAL INSTRUMENT.—An upright piano.

WHAT quadrupeds are admitted to halls, operas and dinner parties? White kids.

FRIEND: One who will tell you of your faults and failings in a manner that will make you like to be told the same over the next street.

THE intelligent have a right over the ignorant—the right of instructing them.

A COUNTRY girl, in speaking of the polka, said "she couldn't see nothin', but the fiddle was heavenly."

IF brooks are, as poets call them, the most musical of running waters, why are they never murmuring about?

"I SMILE, Ike," and "I might have been!" The former is the music of youth, sweet as the sound of silver bells; the latter, the plaint of age, the dirge of hope, and the inscription for a tomb.

A CERTAIN dissatisfied wife says, that her husband is such a knocker that he can't even say a few words of love without knocking his head in.

BOY IN A GRAMMAR CLASS.—"Of what gender is Thomas?" asked the teacher of the master's son. "Oh, he's gender a Susan?" Answer not the feminine gender, of course.

A SCHOOLBOY advocate who, in his broad speech, pronounced the word water, water, being asked to explain the meaning of the word, replied water and two fs, reefold.

"I'M in a pickle, but I spell manners with two n's."

To a lady who once complained of the insolence of some English coal-heavers, their employer replied by a request to weigh on his own account; adding:

"Sir, madam, to tell you the truth, we have failed in our efforts to get gentlemen to undertake the business."

THE surgeon of an English ship-of-war used to prescribe in every case of patients in all disorders. Having sailed one evening on a party of pleasure, he fell asleep, and some mischief was devised. The captain, who had not heard of the disaster, asked one of the tars how Jack was. "Why, sir," answered he, "he's drowned last night in his own medicine chest."

A CLERGYMAN called on a poor parishioner, whom he found in a miserable garret, with a sick son, a boy of about four or five years old. In the hope of consoling the afflicted father, he observed to him that "one so young could not have committed any very heavy offence, and that therefore he had no cause to suffer."

"Ah, sir," said the simple-hearted creature, "but Tommy was so sly—and they are all strangers there!"

THE following bit of sharp repartee from Rebecca creates no end record at Nottingham. A great scholar, as a charity scholar, put a stumbling question to the master, who was a poor scholar:

"Why is a goose like a pen?"

"No, sir, Sowerby, nobe—you are in the shilter."

"I mean a pen-ny, sir," the scholar explained.

"I can't be helped, sure I say you're in for the shilter, and there's an end on't."

At length Sowerby gave up, and said with a sigh: "Well, I'll get crush for it by-and-by."

"No, no, sir," continued the hard-dealing collector, "you'll only get crushed to the gallows."

THE father of Mrs. Siddons had always forbidden her to marry an actor, and of course she chose the member of all the unfortunate race who was the most secretly wedded. When Roger Kemble heard of it he was furious.

"Have I not," he exclaimed, "dared you to marry a player?"

The lady replied, with downcast eyes, that she had not directly done so.

"What, madam! have you not allied yourself to about the worst performer in the company?"

"Exactly so," murmured the timid bride; "nobody can call him an actor."

EPIDEMIC CONSEQUENT ON WAR.—The belief that epidemics frequently follow war is not unreasonable. After a long period of peace, the accumulation of miasmatic poison from decayed corpses of men and animals, and from the effluvia of the living, is checked by the open air life of the camp. The germ so situated by any one who has visited the battle-field of Solferino, or the Crimea, in the presence of great battles. As the putrid matter from a corpse is deadly and human subjects are peculiarly a quick flesh, or delicate membranes of the eye, so this fearful agency is destructive to the human race, and especially to the soldier. Typhoid epidemics in a more general and less fatal degree when following in the wake of the typhoid epidemics in the very worst form the ever active lungs.

Mental depression is accompanied by conditions of the body which expose the system to attack of almost every form of disease. Dysentery and diarrhœa, especially of civil wars say a writer on the subject, most frequently follow the battle of nations, while pyrexia morbid, ulcha relax their binding force upon activity and energy, and the malaria of the camp accident of history is as well aware of this fact as of the fearful mortality which has followed pestilence. The hill-top dens of prostitution audibly. Moral and physical degradation, the inevitable result of the demoralization of frightful rags and cast-off clothing from the hospitals and other foul spots of the Mediterranean and Europe. The symptoms of the disease are said to be identical in many respects with those of the cholera in the Levant, in Syria, and to a limited extent in Northern Africa. Such is the theory of the origin of the various epidemics.

EFFECTS OF SOLITUDE.—To be left alone in the wide world, with scarcely a friend—this makes the heart sick indeed. Even in the midst of the bustle of young and the affectionate, to close them too soon to the cold and cheerless grave. Shades of that very spot! The solitude of the aged, when, one by one, their friends have left them, and the grave has drawn its arms around them, and it is the overpowering sense of desolation that is felt. Even in the midst of the bustle of youth, when the warmest and dearest ties are severed by separation, how long time it is before they are broken, although they complain more; the young, "bear up a grief too great for them," and, with the keenest sad memories and melancholy anticipations, which often give their hues to their feelings in after life.

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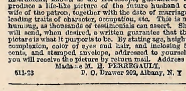


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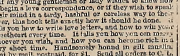
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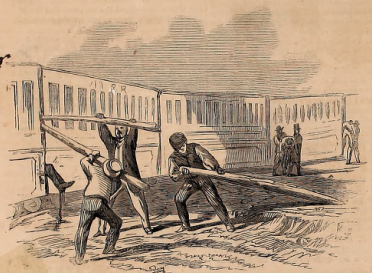
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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 Pearl Street, New York.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 16, 1865.

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Death on the Rail.

CARELESSNESS and crime seem to be epidemic. Take the record of the month of August! It is crowded with the details of fraud, suicide, and murder—murder not of individuals singly, but by wholesale. We apply the term murder, with deliberation, to that whole series of "Deplorable Accidents," "Frightful Collisions," and "Shocking Casualties," which has crowded the columns of our daily newspapers for the past four weeks. Reliable statistics show that, for the eight months of this year, from January 1st to 1st of September, there have been not less than 128 railway "accidents," involving a loss of 266 persons killed, and 1,703 wounded! The following is the exhibit for the month of August alone:

Date.	Railway.	Number Killed.	Number Wounded.
1	Pennsylvania	1	—
4	Ohio and Mississippi	1	—
5	Connecticut and Passumpsic	1	27
10	At Stockport, N. Y.	1	1
11	Chicago and Great Western	1	6
12	Erie	2	—
13	Hannibal	15	20
15	Eastern Railroad	2	3
21	Chicago and Northwestern	4	8
22	New Haven and Stonington	1	5
23	Old Colony	1	7
24	Ohio Central	2	2
24	Pittsburg and Fort Wayne	40	70
25	Nashville and Decatur	1	—
26	Petersburg, Va.	2	—
26	Near Philadelphia	2	—
28	Hudson River	5	12
29	Pittsburg	1	—
	Total	83	161

It seems impossible for language to deepen the lesson taught by these appalling facts. People read the details of these horrors as for some interjunction from some source, between them and the danger involved in travelling. "What is everybody's business is nobody's," and the verdict of the various farcical coroner's juries that are convened after each slaughter, are accepted and acquiesced in because nobody feels called to prosecute the matter beyond their "lame and impotent conclusions." There is a vague notion abroad that there must be somebody to be punished for these wrongs, in the various railway companies to which the community have conceded great monopolies, but no one seems to discern where it is, or how it is to be reached. Most people know that if they should lose a leg or two in some "unfortunate collision," and should survive the catastrophe, they would be able to seize money enough to prosecute a rich and unscrupulous corporation, they might, if very fortunate, recover in damages, for some years out of his pocket, enough to pay his lawyer for attending to the prosecution. However such a result might gratify them personally, it is very doubtful if it would be without effect on the company prosecuted. Its officers would be none the more careful, its employés none the less careless.

The fact is, the public mind has settled down into the conviction that it is impossible to hold railway organizations answerable for losses or casualties, however flagrant. The consequence is an apathy, which gives immunity to carelessness, and a reckless disregard of the public safety and security.

Not long ago there was a railway "accident," so-called, in England. Curd issues was proven on the engineer of the train, and he was sentenced to penal transportation for seven years. On delivery of the sentence, the judge was asked if this conviction and punishment relieved the company from action for damages on the part of the sufferers from the accident. The reply was that it did not.

We hope that at least one good result will come out of the murderous exhibit of the month of August. It is not likely that the widowed mother of the poor newsboy who was killed by the falling of a bridge on the Long Island railway, August 28, will ever escape the officers or servants of most common before a criminal court, nor probably with her own lawyer pleading, on a suit for damages. It is hardly probable that the friends of any of the slaughtered on that occasion will ever be able to identify, or if they may be induced to accept a small consideration to maintain silence, rather than venture on the chances of litigation. But the fact that one only was cut in two, and the agreement, carelessness and recklessness? The evidence already before the world shows that the most criminal neglect and disorder prevailed on this road, with the full knowledge of its officers and directors. There was no safety system nor rules, or if so, they were not observed or enforced. The road was in such a barren scarem way, that made the escape of any single train from disaster next to a miracle. Here, then, is a case, in which the facts are so patent and palpable, that there can be no doubt or mistake. Why will not the public club together, raise a sufficient fund, and employ one of the mother of the murdered newsboy, and for her benefit, prosecute the Long Island railway, both before the criminal and the civil courts, especially for the personal punishment of the parties in guilt, and for damages? Let us see if wholesale murder on the rail cannot be checked, if not wholly abated. If the public mind be not sufficiently roused now to ensure some action of this kind, we may as well resign ourselves hopelessly to the admission that we have no rights railway companies are bound to respect, and that there is no recourse against railway corporations.

The Churches and Reconstruction.

NOTHING was more significant of the approach of the civil war than the action of the churches. All the great denominations had fought out their battles, and, with more or less of acrimony, had separated before the signal gun of the Charleston fort was fired. Charleston harbor. The Methodists, representing, perhaps, the "popular masses," were, we believe, the first to on loose from the men who adhered to a system which their founder had branded as comprising "the sum of all villainies." The Episcopalians, we still speak from recollection, only, with the best separate from the Southern dioceses. As the action of the churches premonished that of the states, it is interesting now, when the great question of "reconstruction" is uppermost, to know what their conduct seems most likely to be—whether, with insane animosity, they shall insist on retaining as an inclusion engaged to every principle of Christian charity (to say nothing of their well-being in the state), or whether, recognizing the inevitable logic of events, and the manifest decision of the God of Battles, they will accommodate their position to the actualities of the time, and join in the great work of accommodating society to the new conditions, and putting in practice the injunctions of Him whose followers they profess to be, and who declared his earthly mission to be "peace on earth and good will towards men." A daily contemporary (the *Evening Post*) has taken the pains to collect the utterances of representatives of the Southern churches on these vital questions, and we are free to say that they are quite as unsatisfactory as those offered by the political elements of the South. The Methodists of the South show the bitterest spirit and most intractable temper, not unnaturally, as they represent more especially, the "chivalry" of the South. But they are greatly weakened by the defection of the right-thinking men of their own denomination at home, and by the separation from them of the colored Methodists, who comprise a large part of their constituency. Even in the frontier states, as in Missouri and Kentucky, they show an audacious front, and one of their organs, the *Episcopal Methodist*, in combining the fraternal and magnanimous appeal of the northern Methodists for a restoration of good relations, declares:

> "A formal reunion with northern Methodism is to be avoided by the Southern Church at any cost. We cannot hold our southern vine. To connect it upon the Methodist Episcopal basis, with bishops appointed by the one position of ascendency, coming the meaning of the word, and willing to submit to the sentence of self-condemnation upon our principles, would be to surrender the very life of our discipline or a dominant church, which cannot be born and maintained but by those who are prepared with what it denominates 'the great evil'—the denial of slavery."

These sentiments, supported by the action of the southern officials of the church, would signify little; but, unfortunately, that action is significant. It proves the colored churches will fall off from the southern organization, and a minority of the whites will ally themselves with the northern branch of the church. The result will be an unnecessary prolongation of an unhappy contest, in face, and in disregard of every divine injunction, and the destruction of every spiritual, material and national interest.

The Baptists, perhaps popularly the next most influential denomination in the country to the Methodists, but in less degree, to the influences and prejudices which control the southern Methodists. They have made an overture to the Baptist Church of Washington, but the latter have insisted on full and equal communion, and on a *reconciliation with the northern churches*. These terms have not yet been accepted, and the southern Baptist, too, must count upon a separation of their colored membership, and the defection of their more enlightened and patriotic members among the whites.

The Presbyterians of the South are more liable, if possible, than either the Methodists or Baptists; but they, too, are not unanimous. Their organ, the *Christian Observer*, in referring to the "Reunion Board of Publication" of Philadelphia, which has now a depot in Richmond, says that, although "some of its publications are valuable standard works," it cannot recommend them to the southern churches, because of the attitude assumed by the General Assembly of the United States" (the North). The papers call for a speedy convocation of the southern General Assembly, and some writers even propose to extend their organization into the northern States, by inviting all who are dissatisfied with the deliverances by the General Assemblies on the loyalty and slavery questions to join them.

The Protestant Episcopal Church, from its organization and traditions, is most inclined to a moderate or "conservative" course of action. Its presiding bishop in the North has published a letter of recall to his southern brethren, in which he takes the ground that his church had taken no part, direct or indirect, in producing the war. All the bishops in the loyal states have been invited to sign this letter, but at least six have refused their signatures, being inclined "by a declamination not to be pledged in advance to any course which shall hinder each testimony as they shall feel that duty to God and the country and the future, may demand of them, in reference to the sins of slavery, schism and rebellion; and from an independent to seem anxious to purge themselves from the suspicion of having sanctioned the efforts of the Government to defeat and punish treason."

The southern Episcopalians seem generally to desire reconstruction, and as a whole, they may be taken to represent the landed and commercial interests of the South more than any other denomination, we think it not unlikely they will re-establish their ties of unity. The northern churches will not insist on anything so outrageously loyal that the repentant rebel may not accept with conscientious "mental reservations." Certainly not, if Bishop Hopkins has the framing of the tests.

Of the German Reformed Church, a northern minister of this denomination, who has lately preached in several of the German Reformed Churches of North Carolina, asserts that the great majority of the ministers and members of the southern classes had remained loyal to the Union throughout the war, and that it will be easy for the church to restore the ecclesiastical connection.

From this review it appears that a majority of the southern churches of all denominations will remain under an attitude of hostility to the North, which, in its political manifestation, is disloyalty and treason, covert if not open. They are, however, fighting, unnecessarily, a losing battle. They have lost their colored constituency, and the most enlightened among their white members. They are divided among themselves, while the northern churches remain a unit. Better for them to join in a hearty and Christian effort to promote the moral welfare of the country, than to prolong a fruitless controversy. The restoration of Christian fellowship by those who profess to be governed by high considerations of duty, will give a new impulse to the restoration of national quiet. And on this account such a restoration becomes doubly a duty.

THE Count Montalembert has made the history of our late war the text of a long and practical lesson to his countrymen, inculcating that liberty is not lawful, and that a great people may be convulsed and endangered, and yet saved without the intervention of Cesars or Napoleons, and maintain its integrity and its unity, by proving a fruitless controversy. The restoration of Christian fellowship by those who profess to be governed by high considerations of duty, will give a new impulse to the restoration of national quiet. And on this account such a restoration becomes doubly a duty.

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REVIEWING a Life of President Lincoln, the London *Athenæum* has the following appreciative remarks on the man:

> "Of all the many awful qualities the most admirable, as well as the most serviceable, was that thorough trustworthiness which made him the object of love and faith for honesty throughout the land where impostors are hated and knaves laughed at. The strength of his great mission was the conviction of all classes that Abraham Lincoln could be be guilty of dishonest subterfuge or craftiness. Whatever his Christian name may have been, he was emphatically the man who stood to this universal appreciation of his unique character he owed the fabulous and power over a people who wisely decided to trust his moral strength and overlook the faults of his intellect."

More of English experiments in the way of "big things" have been financial failures. The "Great Eastern" is a failure; and we now learn that Thomas Turnell, a very bad failure from the start, has been sold to the London Railway Company for $1,000,000, or rather a fifth of the cost. In the Atlanto Telegraph to be added to the list of failures?

THE *Patriot* of Paris is still "down" on what it calls "the ex-grand Republic of the United States" "For a long article labors to demonstrate that not only are the men at the head of the government at Washington incapable of reorganizing the Union, but that no man or set of men can do it, since the task is an impossible one. Anarchy and confusion, the *Patriot* says, must continue to reign until the secession elements has time to organize, and then the North will be compelled to fight and willingly to admit the vital incompatibility between the two sections, will resist but feebly and ineffectually against this second appeal to force. The *Patrie*, it is only fair to state, simply reflects the sentiments of the France-American organ in this city, the *Courrier des Etats Unis*.

CHILI is undoubtedly the most advanced and prosperous, materially considered, of all the Spanish American Republics. Yet she is in other respects behind most of them, Guatemala, per-

haps, excepted. In excess of religious bigotry she has hitherto sustained an unhappy notoriety. The great catastrophe of the burning of the church of the Jesuits at Santiago, her capital, a year or two ago, gave a severe blow to the religious bigotry which had been equally a distinction and a disgrace. It will be remembered that over 2,000 women were burned alive in the church, mainly because the attending priests in their anxiety to save the paltry ornaments of the altar, had closed some of the most important avenues of escape to the congregation. The city council resolved the church should not be rebuilt; the clergy insisted it should be, and out of this issue has sprung a broader one of religious toleration. The more enlightened part of the people insist on a change in the article of the Constitution, which prohibits the exercise, public or private, of any but the Roman Catholic religion. On the other hand, the Conservative party, spurred on by the priestly element, is bent upon maintaining this religious intolerance. The Government, which is itself liberally inclined, will probably be obliged to compromise the matter. The following is a bill presented by the Minister of Public Worship, and passed by the Senate:

"Art. 1.—It is declared that, by Article 5 of the Constitution, it is permitted to those who do not profess the Catholic, Apostolic and Roman religion, to practice their worship in edifices which are private property.

"Art. 2.—It is permitted to dissenters to establish private schools for the instruction of their children in the doctrines of their religion."

The leniency of the Government is, perhaps, shown in nothing more strongly than its treatment of the great majority of the leaders of the rebellion. Thus Gen. Beauregard is allowed to go back to his house in New Orleans, undoubtedly forfeited by his treason, and permitted to live there undisturbed. Yet he is the man who wrote, no longer ago than Aug. 3, 1862, to Gen. Martin, of South Carolina:

"In this contest we must triumph or perish, and the sooner we make up our minds to it the better. We now understand the hypocritical cry of 'Union and Constitution,' which means, and always did mean, 'spoliation and murder.'

"We will yet have to come to proclaiming this war 'a war to the knife,' when no quarter will be asked or granted. I believe it is the only thing which can prevent recruiting at the North. As to ourselves, I think very few will not admit that death is preferable to dishonor and ruin."

The extraordinary logic through which the Swedish priest Lindbach, whose case we commented on some weeks ago, convinced himself that he was right in poisoning such of his parishioners as were afflicted with incurable diseases, seems not to have been peculiar. A man named Starr recently committed suicide in Philadelphia, leaving a note, of which this is the the concluding paragraph:

"When a man is in trouble, and sickness overbalances his comfort, and there is no sign of improvement, he ought to be under ground. P. S.—I hope and pray the Almighty God may forgive me for this. S."

Through a mistaken policy we have allowed the English to get very far ahead of us in the race for the control of ocean steam navigation. Of the thousand steamers that plough the seas in all directions, we have absolute control of only three lines, the New York and Aspinwall, the Panama and California (of which the California and Oregon may be regarded only as an extension), and the West Coast of Central America line, belonging to the Panama Railway Company. There is a New York and Havana line, which, however, has an English line as a competitor. The English, on the other hand, have a great line connecting all the islands of the West Indies and the Antilles, and communicating with Mexico, the east coast of Central America, New Granada, Venezuela, and the Guianas. They have another grand steamship organization, covering the entire west coast of South America, from Panama to Valparaiso, and doing the freight and passenger business for Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Chile. This West Coast of South America line, is probably one of the most profitable in the world, its dividends (it is said) reaching fifty per cent per annum. It was originated by an American, Mr. Wheelwright, who, however, failed to get support in New York, and was obliged to carry his enterprise to London.

We had a Liverpool, and a Havre line, once upon a time, but what with the illiberality of Government and the civil war, they have disappeared, and the communication between the United States and Europe is now exclusively in English steamers.

To go to Brazil we have hitherto been obliged to go first to England, and embark from Southampton for Rio. This, we are happy to see, is to be changed. The government has awarded a contract to the New York and Brazil Steamship Company, which binds itself to perform twelve trips annually between New York and Rio Janeiro, in Brazil, touching at St. Thomas, in the West Indies; Bahia and Pernambuco, in Brazil. The first trip will be made on the 29th inst. The contract is for ten years, and the company is to receive an annual compensation of $300,000, one-half of which will be paid by the United States Government, and one-half by the Government of Brazil. The vessels are required, by the terms of contract, to be first-class American sea-going steamships, of not less than 2,000 tons each, and of sufficient number to perform twelve round trips per year.

A similar contract has been made for a line of steamers between San Francisco and China, and it appears that our merchants and the Government are both waking up to the importance of retaining in our hands some part of the steam carrying trade of the world.

The Report of the Commissioners of the Central Park for 1864–5, is a most interesting and satisfactory document. No less than 20,658 trees and shrubs have been planted in the grounds during the year. The number of visitors were 2,295,199 pedestrians, and 100,397 equestrians. The number of carriages entering during the year was 1,148,161. The number of arrests for the year was only 130, of which the greater part was for fast driving. For good order, beauty, and in respect of its general appreciation, the Central Park is first in the world. When its trees are more fully grown, all rivals will sink into insignificance.

The Boston Society of Natural History offers the following prizes:—1. Sixty dollars for the best Memoir on "The Evidences of the Co-existence of man and extinct animals, with the view of determining the limits of his antiquity." 2. Fifty dollars for the best Essay on "The fertilization of Plants by the agency of Insects, in reference both to cases where this agency is absolutely necessary, and where it is only accessory."

Lieut. A. W. Hahn, who was sent through the north-eastern portion of North Carolina on special duty, asserts that "the people refuse to recognize the freedom of the blacks, who are whipped and tortured in the most fiendish manner for even expressing a desire to be free, and that shooting and killing these creatures appears to be the order of the day."

Origin of the Term Filibuster.—The word filibuster comes from the fly-boat, or (Spanish) *flibote*, after certain rapid sailers of 100 tons burden, built on the river Vly, in Holland. These Vly-boats were bought up by pirates, and used in the West Indies for buccaneer purposes. So every pirate became at last known as Vly-buster or Filibuster. The word was Anglicised in New Orleans about 20 years ago, and first employed to designate the annexation efforts of Austin, Bowie, and Houston in Northern Mexico.—*New York World.*

There is an equally plausible derivation of the term *filibuster*, namely, that it is only a Gallicism for freebooter. A Frenchman undertaking to pronounce the English word would come as near *filibuster* as anything else. The most curious definition of the term, however, is to be found in "Feyjoo's Relacion Descriptiva de la Provincia de Truxillo, en Peru," published in 1763, in which we find it stated, "El Vulgo los llamó Filibustiers, ignorante de su origin, como quien dice, gente venida de Finibus Terrae." The pirates accordingly were *finibus-terraes* corrupted into *filibusters*. This is, perhaps, as good an etymological derivation as any other, and is classical withal.

NEW BOOKS.

The *Atlantic Monthly*, for September, offers a variety of interesting articles, contributed by Professor Lowell, Mrs. Stowe, Gail Hamilton, Parsons, Ik Marvel and other popular writers. Ticknor's other monthly, *Our Young Folks*, is also an excellent number, and adapted for old folks as well as young. We take this opportunity to mention that Ticknor & Fields have established a New York headquarters at 823 Broadway, under the superintendence of Mr. B. H. Ticknor.

TOWN GOSSIP.

The chief topic of the week is that which comes home to every one, the murders by the railroad directors, for the evidence extracted from the unwilling officials on the recent inquests, established beyond all peradventure the atrocious fact, that the slaughters lately perpetrated on the various lines, more especially those on the Jamaica line and the Housatonic, were the result of deliberate carelessness in one case, and by a murderous and miserable economy in the other. We notice in the English papers that a railway official has lately been trasported to a penal colony, for an act of carelessness, which led to loss of life, the jury bringing in a verdict of manslaughter in the first degree, and we do not know any felons who deserve severer punishment than the men, who, out of a cold-blooded indifference to human life and suffering, deliberately connives at the indiscriminate mangling and massacring of their fellow-creatures. They are, indeed, the ruffians of the rail. The present number of Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper contains some appalling sketches of one of the latest murders by railroad directors, for le those men, made heartless by the Moloch of Mammon, the crime is really chargeable, and until they are made to feel personally the effects, these slaughters will continue to render railroad traveling the most horrible, although the shortest "cut" to death. The New York *Herald*, of the 31st of August, contained a list of these atrocities, from which it appears that since the 1st of January 266 persons have been killed outright, and 1,109 maimed for life! being the result of 128 accidents. This does not include steamboat accidents, which, if added to these, would make traveling by steam a very dangerous affair. When it is remembered that every one of these accidents—as they are called—have been proved to be caused by the culpable carelessness of the officials, the bare fact that no person has been punished for these 268 murders, reads like a ghastly sarcasm on American justice.

To turn to pleasanter themes. The world of fashion is rapidly returning to its usual permanent homes. Never have hotel-keepers had a more successful campaign—if there is a scarcity of gold there have been plenty of greenbacks, and mirth has been lord of the ascendant. Men of business have come back with renewed determination to attend to their business till next summer, and the female portion of their families are already preparing for their winter campaign of operas, balls, and routes. Flirtations are ripening into honeymoons, just as blossoms turn into fruit, and the beautiful beings who have not made hay while the sun of the summer shone, intend to achieve their object under the gaslight. Next to death, Cupid knocks at every human heart, and there are very few who refuse to open its portals despite the warning of Graybeard's experience, with his disciples, old maids and bachelor's.

Coincident with the return of the fashionables to their city homes, is that of the scholars to the haunts of learning. School teachers once more resume their delightful task of teaching the young ideas how to shoot, while the owners of the young ideas once more prepare to climb the difficult steps of knowledge. When education becomes a little better understood, school teachers will not consider they have perfectly fulfilled their duty, till they have made moral discipline a portion of their study. Children are now-a-days taught to reverence Lindley Murray, but not their parents, saying nothing of their elders. If obedience were taught as earnestly as grammar, we should have happier homes, and, consequently, fewer crimes. How little the young regard the counsels of their seniors, all know. Young America seems to have pushed old America from the helm, and hence the melancholy and startling spectacle of Junior Ketchum, ruining parents, who have for 40 years stood beacons of commercial honesty and solvency.

Barnum's American Museum, destroyed in the conflagration of July 13th, is to re-open on Sept. 6th, at Nos. 539 and 541 Broadway, with accommodations lecture-room, and curiosities new throughout. Mr. Barnum's undiscouraged energy and enterprise deserves entire success, and will doubtless have it.

Despite the warm outgush of weather the theatres have been well patronized.

EPITOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—In response to the complaint of soldiers who now demand that they be mustered out because they enlisted for three years or during the war, Major-Gen. Terry, commanding the Department of Virginia, defines the term "during the war" to mean "as long as any military necessity exists in the late insurrectionary States."

—— The Union State Convention of Pennsylvania passed the following resolutions: "That the mild and generous method of reconstruction offered by the President to the people lately in rebellion, in the judgment of this Convention, has not been accepted in the spirit of honest loyalty and gratitude; but with such evidence of defiance and hostility as to impel us to the conviction that they cannot safely be entrusted with the political rights which they forfeited by their treason until they have proven their acceptance of the results of the war, by co-operation in constitutional provisions, and giving to all men within their borders their unalienable right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. That, having conquered the rebellious States, they should be held in subjection, and the treatment they are to receive, and the laws which are to govern them, should be referred to the law-making power of the nation, to which it legitimately belongs."

—— The Italian Opera season, under Maretzek, at the New York Academy of Music, will begin September 25, and the opening opera will probably be Petrella's "Ione," with Bossissio—the belle of 20 summers—and Mazzoleni in the cast.

—— Col. Basil Duke, the brother-in-law and chief lieutenant of Gen. John Morgan, and Col. Breckinridge, have returned to Kentucky from the South, and formed a business partnership for the arranging and collection of Southern debts.

—— Moses Thomas, of Philadelphia, has just died, at the age of 79 years. He formerly published the *Analectic Magazine*, of which Irving was at one time editor. It is said that he was the originator of trade sales of books. He and his sons have, as auctioneers, long held the trade sales in Philadelphia. Irving and Gen. Scott were his intimate friends.

—— A New Orleans correspondent says the property of John Slidell, comprising 842 lots and squares of ground, with stores, dwelling-houses and a banking-house, was sold for $100,410. Before the war it was estimated at $800,000. Had the war not taken place, it is estimated that Mr. Slidell would have been worth $2,000,000.

—— The ram Albemarle, which was sunk by Lieut. Cushing, near Plymouth, N. C., has been placed in the dry dock at the Gosport Navy Yard, and will be thoroughly repaired and fitted for service.

—— To avoid the exposure and identity of person, the female bathers of Newport have introduced the fashion of wearing masks in the water. These are made of thin, white cotton cloth, fitting tightly to the face, with places cut for the mouth and eyes. The disguise is perfect.

—— The current receipts of the Government from customs and internal revenue are unusually large. The income from the internal revenue averages over $2,000,000 a day. The customs revenue, through the single port of New York, is up to a daily average of nearly $600,000 in coin; August 30, it reached $735,500, or, on the basis of gold at 145, equal to $1,066,475 in currency.

—— The idea has been seized upon by a speculative house of business to have handkerchiefs marked with photographs of the owner. The process "will wash." The idea might be extended upon the knob of an umbrella; it would carry conviction at once, and be patent circumstantial evidence against the purloiner.

—— The Southerners affirm that the blacks are organizing insurrections, but the truth appears to be this—that a few blacks have signified their intention not to be re-enslaved.

—— It appears that the polite term in New York for Young Ketchum's robberies is "abstraction." We fear that the lovers of abstract science are increasing in number, says the Providence *Journal*.

—— Four hundred and ninety-five thousand five hundred and ninety-two persons in New York—nearly half a million—live in tenement houses and cellars. There are fifteen thousand three hundred and nine tenement houses in the city—houses, that is to say, in which more than three families live; and the average number of families to each of these is seven and one-sixth. This includes families in tenement-houses who, within the limited space they occupy, take in boarders or lodgers. There is a story of an inspector, who found four families living in one room, chalk lines being drawn across in such a manner as to mark out a quarter of the floor for each family. "How do you get along here?" inquired the inspector. "Very well, sir," was the reply; "only the man in the farther corner keeps boarders."

—— Gov. Andrew, of Mass., it is said, has consented to accept the Presidency of Antioch College, on condition that the endowment which it lately received shall be increased to $150,000. The college has now a property of $250,000, inclusive of grounds and buildings, but even this is not considered sufficiently ample to meet its real wants.

—— Major-General De Trobriand, who originally left this city as the colonel of the celebrated French regiment known as the Lafayette Guard, and who has since, by his constant and distinguished services in the field, been raised to the rank of Major-General, has, it is understood, kept a diary of all the incidents of the war that fell under his personal observation. As he served in the Army of the Potomac from the beginning to the end of its campaigns, from Bull Run to Five Forks, never having been absent but a single time, his record of the past four years must prove one of the most interesting and important contributions to history that has been made.

—— The Mississippi Convention has solicited the President, by memorial, to withdraw all colored soldiers from Mississippi; and Gov. Pierpont, of Virginia, has recommended that the same course be taken in regard to that State. It is easy to foresee that the South generally will call for the same action.

—— A Newport correspondent says: "If you have a handsome wardrobe there is every opportunity for display. You can make five changes a day and not astonish the multitude who go to the Ocean House for the purpose of being astonished at nothing."

—— The Presbyterian preachers of St. Louis have resolved not to take the convention oath, and have issued an address to their brethren throughout the State. Gov. Fletcher says they shall not preach unless they qualify. The Governor has temporal power, and will probably come out ahead.

—— Major Heman A. Fay died at Bennington, Aug. 20th, in the 87th year of his age. His father, Dr. Jonas Fay, was Secretary of the Council of Safety, and author of the Declaration of Independence of Vermont, one of the delegates to procure the admission of Vermont to the Union, and a prominent man in the early history of the State. Major Fay graduated at West Point in 1810, and was connected with the United States army for 36 years.

—— In the great international cricket match at Toronto, Canada, the boys from the United States have come off with victory. The contest was very close, and highly exciting.

—— A letter received at Washington, by a prominent gentleman of the army, from an American officer attached to the personal staff of President Juarez, dated Chihuahua, July 20, says: "No fears need be entertained of the eventual success of the liberal cause in this country. Already we have enlisted and mustered in an army of between 6,000 and 7,000 Americans, every man of whom has seen service in the Union or rebel armies during the late rebellion. To be sure, there is more or less difference of opinion among them as to the character of the cause in which they have recently been engaged, but the fact is patent that they are united on the enforcement of the Monroe doctrine on the American continent, and on that platform they cordially fraternize. The French are rapidly exhausting themselves by forced marches and futile expeditions into the interior, while our armies as a general thing are recruiting, preparatory to a vigorous offensive fall campaign. We hope to be able, and will do it, if large reinforcements are not received by the imperialists from France, to drive the French to their ships before the 1st of January next."

—— It is estimated that through the havoc and repudiation consequent upon the rebellion and its failure, and from the emancipation of the slaves, the value of property in South Carolina, which was $400,000,000 in 1860, has been reduced to $50,000,000 at the present time.

—— A 10 years contract has been agreed upon by the Postmaster-General with the Pacific Mail Steamship Company for carrying the mails between San Francisco and Hong-Kong, China, touching at Honolulu, Sandwich Islands, and Kanagawa, Japan. Four first-class steamships are to be employed in the service, to commence running not later than the first of January, 1867, and for monthly trips out and back the company is to receive from government $500,000 per year. The distance between San Francisco and Hong-Kong is a little over 7,000 miles.

—— The Augusta, Ga., *Chronicle* and *Sentinel* inflicts upon the Copperheads this "most unkindest cut of all." "We caution the people of the South against placing any reliance upon the copperhead faction of the North. True, this class will talk smoothly, and promise everything, as they did in days gone by. But when it comes to acts and the fulfillment of pledges, they are utterly powerless. Before the late struggle the South was led to believe that great things in her favor could be accomplished by them. What was the result? These men, who had for years used Southern influence for their own benefit, were unable to keep even a single declaration they had made—much less to render the assistance they had so pompously boasted they would give."

—— Wm. P. Johnson, of Brazoria county, Texas, has recently been in Washington, on a visit to his brother, the President of the United States, whom he had previously seen only once—at their mother's deathbed—since 1839. William is four years older than the President, being 65 years of age; is a carpenter by trade, and uncompromisingly opposed to slavery, but does not believe in giving the negroes the ballot. On this latter question he says: "Andrew would not give me any definite information" as to what he intended to do. William was a strong opponent of secession, and two of his sons were soldiers in the national army.

—— Seven hundred and fifty thousand meals have been furnished to soldiers passing through Philadelphia. This has been done by the liberality of citizens and devoted and efficient committees, without aid from city, State, or Federal Government. Here is a glorious story of patriotism and philanthropy, of public generosity and individual diligence, almost unprecedented, which tells itself in a bare statement of facts with a power and significance no rhetoric could increase.

—— In summerizing a communication to the *Medical Times and Gazette*, on the important subject of cholera, Dr. John Chapman, among other conclusions, holds that "the primary cause of cholera is, as a general rule, the excessive heat of hot climates, and of temperate climates in summer when cholera prevails;" that "the proximate cause of cholera is of precisely the same nature as that of summer, or choleraic diarrhœa, but that it is far more developed, and consequently that its action is proportionately more powerful and intense;" that "cholera is neither contagious nor infectious in any sense whatsoever, except through the depressing influence of fear;" and "that cholera may be completely averted, and when developed, cured by the persistent application of the spinal ice-bag along the whole spine, so long as any symptom of the disease continues."

—— The Washington *Chronicle* publishes the particulars of a horrid outrage upon a freedman, named Griffin, by a rebel surgeon, named Williams. It appears that the surgeon, in his rage, deliberately cut off the feet of his victim at the ankle joints, and threw them away. The poor man is now in Washington, a living victim of this unparalleled crime.

—— The census of Chicago, just completed, gives a population of 177,056, and the *Tribune* thinks that not a single individual has been overlooked by the enumerators. In 1831 Chicago contained sixty people.

—— The amount paid in St. Louis as United States income and license tax in 1864, was $757,385 71, and in 1865, $1,811,270 38, making an excess for the latter year of $1,053,884.

—— The grape crop in the vicinity of Cincinnati is reported to be very nearly a failure. The vines are generally mildewed.

Foreign.—M. Drouyn de Lhuys, the President of the Paris Cricket Club, has, upon more than one occasion, advocated warmly the introduction of the game amongst the youths of France, and it would appear that he has succeeded in bringing others round to his opinion, for it is announced that it is to be introduced into the *Lycées*.

—— The French Chamber of Commerce has just published the annual statistics of railways in France. According to this document it appears that 12,417 miles of railway were conceded in that country up to Jan. 1, 1865, and 8,113 miles opened for traffic. The fastest express train is that between Paris and Marseilles, which performs the distance (536 miles) at the average rate of 35·05 miles an hour.

—— The Archæological Academy of Belgium has appointed a commission to arrange an International Archæological Congress to be held at Antwerp next year.

—— The Neapolitan papers state that the excavations at Herculaneum are to be resumed by the Italian Government, and that the very interesting subterranean theatre is now lighted daily by sixty gas burners.

—— The cholera is raging at Ancona, in Italy, killing fifty or sixty a day, and is reported to have reached Marseilles. All the cities round the Mediterranean are in a fever of fear, the populace, with its usual contempt for scientific evidence, insisting that the disease is contagious. The governments, to quiet them, enforce quarantine, of course with no other effect than to inflict indefinite misery on perfectly innocent people.

—— The Paris *Figaro* says, in reference to the various puffs which are intended to keep Adelina Patti before the public: "Mr. Strakosch is stretching the cord, upon which he makes his sister-in-law dance, so much that it must break. We have heard it crack already."

—— Tragedy is dead, *bien morte*, say the Parisian critics, although faithful acolytes attempt to raise her standard anew every year. We are become too frivolous, says one, to raise ourselves to the level of sublime, and not at all, says another, if tragedy is no more in fashion it is because each epoch requires its own formula; the Versailles type for tragedies as well as for trees is no longer acceptable. Very true! people are as thoroughly tired of the artificial tragic verses of the French stage as they are of the clipped trees and quincunxes of Louis the Grand. Tragedy, if not dead in France, slumbers till a Gallic Shakspeare shall rouse her again into real life, or another Talma or Rachel galvanize her into temporary movement.

—— One of the sensation dramas played at the annual fete for the benefit of the Royal Dramatic College was called "The Piratical Pirate of the Precipitous Precipice; or, the Premeditated Prey of Proud Power, and the Prodigiously Proper Plight of the Preposterous Plunderer."

—— The Financial Committee of the French Chamber has, it is said, discovered that the Duc de Morny included his private expenses in the Budget of the Chamber.



THE RECEPTION OF GEN. GRANT AT HIS HOME, GALENA, ILL., FRIDAY, AUGUST 18, 1865.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAMBERSON & JAMES, GALENA, ILL.

THE LONG ISLAND RAILROAD DISASTER.

We present, in this number, an illustration of the destructive collision between the special, on Monday morning westward passenger train, and the night express eastward train, on the Long Island Railroad, between Winfield and Jamaica, a few miles east of New York city, on Monday, Aug. 28. The collision appears to have been caused by the fact that the daily eastward train was behind time, so that the special train, coming westward had the right of way, and thus proceeded as if the track were clear.

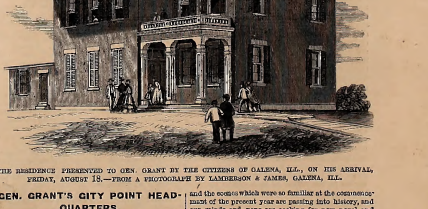
As the two trains approached, and it became obvious that a collision must take place, the engineers and firemen leaped from their places and escaped. The shock of the meeting was tremendous—the engines, both new ones, being much injured, and their running gear badly smashed. The momentum drove the passenger cars of the trains into, and upon each other with terrific violence.

It is said that the trains were so over-loaded with passengers that many were obliged to stand upon the platforms, and these of course received the worst injuries. Five persons in all died from the effects of the collision, and about 25 others were injured or wounded, a number of them severely.

The residents near the scene of the accident did all in their power to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded; and medical aid was soon at hand. A legal investigation was at once undertaken, and an unusual share of official and public interest has been shown in the occurrence. The number and fatality of recent railroad disasters is without a parallel, and the question of personal safety has become one of unprecedented and very painful interest to the traveling public.

GENERAL GRANT AT HOME.

On the 18th ult., General Grant, for the first time since the war, returned to his home in Galena, Illinois. His reception was most enthusiastic, the citizens turning out in a body to greet the hero. Flags were flying, cannon booming, bands of music playing, and triumphal arches spanned the streets—all showing the high esteem in which the general is held by his neighbors, and their appreciation of his military career. Soon after the reception ceremonies transpired, a beautiful residence, purchased by subscription, was presented to the general, with an appropriate address. The house is a substantial brick structure, built in simple style on an eminence, overlooking the river, about one-eighth of a mile from the town. Soon after the surrender of Vicksburg, General Grant said to a civilian, who was complimenting him on his success, that his ambition was to be elected Mayor of Galena, that he might build the sidewalks of its city. On his reception home he was pleasantly reminded of this remark, by an inscription being called to a brusque inscription on one of the arches—"General, the sidewalk is built."



THE RESIDENCE PRESENTED TO GEN. GRANT BY THE CITIZENS OF GALENA, ILL., ON HIS ARRIVAL, FRIDAY, AUGUST 18.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY LAMBERSON & JAMES, GALENA, ILL.

GEN. GRANT'S CITY POINT HEAD-QUARTERS.

The house used by Gen. Grant as his head-quarters at City Point, Va., at the time when the country was so anxiously looking for a "forward movement," has been presented to the city of Philadelphia by Mr. Geo. H. Stuart, President of the Christian Commission, and by the corporate authorities has been placed in Fairmount Park. The building is an exceedingly plain one-story structure, which would hardly be noticeable, were it not for the fact that within its walls military plans were conceived which astonished the world.



THE OLD HEADQUARTERS OF GEN. GRANT, REMOVED FROM CITY POINT, VA., TO FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA.

GOVERNMENT VESSELS AT THE PHILADELPHIA NAVY-YARD.

It can be safely asserted that in no country in the world can be seen such a vast array of war vessels, as now lie peacefully slumbering on the bosom of the Delaware, opposite the Navy-yard, at Philadelphia. Not less than 100 each of all kinds—gunboats, rams, blockade-runners, monitors and other ironclads, which scarcely three months since were scattered from Rio Grande to Passamaquody, are now listlessly waiting orders from the Navy Department. Many of the vessels will probably soon go out of commission, as the Government is disposed to reduce our naval force, but the deeds of their gallant crews will long remain green in the memory of a grateful country. The war is over, and the scenes which were so familiar at the commencement of the present year are gazing into history, and our minds and pens are seeking for new, novel and more peaceful excitement.

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN VIRGINIA.—The author of the law establishing religious freedom in Virginia was Thomas Jefferson. When he entered the Legislature of that State in October, 1776, he brought in four bills that he considered of vital importance; one for a general revision of the laws of that commonwealth; one for cutting off entails, to prevent the accumulation and perpetuation of wealth in select families; one for the abolition of the law of primogeniture, which made one member of a family rich and all the rest poor; and another, which he esteemed the most important of all, the restoration of the rights of conscience, which relieved people from taxation for the support of a religion they did not profess, for the establishment was truly the religion of the rich. This latter was the bill for establishing religious freedom, and was one of the three great acts of his life that he wished to have inscribed on his monument, as appears by the following well-known epitaph, written by himself:

Here was Buried
THOMAS JEFFERSON,
author of
THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE;
THE STATUTE OF VIRGINIA FOR RELIGIOUS FREEDOM;
and
FATHER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA.



FRIGHTFUL TORNADO ON THE LINE OF THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD, ON SUNDAY, AUGUST 27.

THE ONE DARLING.

BY R. V. R.

Grandmamma sat in the quaint old porch,
The little one sat near her,
Duly waiting for chapter and psalm,
With the bright little face demure and calm,
And reverent aspect to hear her.



Grandmamma sat in her elbow-chair,
With the good book open before her,
Her hands were folded as if for prayer,
But her eyes were fixed with an absent air,
A reverie had stolen over her.

It was not on psalms or on proverbs wise,
Nor on grand prophetic thunders,
Nor yet on the Gospel's gentle words,
Nor where St. John's eagle-pen records
The Apocalyptic wonders.

Yet the page was sacred on which she gazed,
And raised her thoughts to heaven,
In faded ink was written there,
The names of the sons and daughters fair,
That the Lord to her had given.

Six lonely names 'neath the head of "Births;"
But, alas! on the opposite column,
With fresher ink, but with trembling pen,
Each lonely name was written again,
'Neath "Deaths" heading, sad and solemn.

One by one of the Bible names,
Grandmamma told them over,
While the tears were filling her dim old eyes.
A thanksgiving mingled with her sighs
For the darling yet left to love her.

Reuben! my harvest and eldest born,
Who first taught me a mother's pleasure;
The first to come and the last to go,
A parent's joys twice to you I owe,
For you left me my one sole treasure.

Miriam and Ruth! it is twenty years
Since that Spring, when the Lord hereft me,
And the two little graves on the churchyard hill
We planted with daisies and violets—but still
One little Spring blossom is left me.

Samuel! like Samuel's mother of old,
I vowed him to serve his Maker,
And in taking him, God took but his own,
I dared not murmur—now one alone
Is left—may the Lord not take her.

Peter! not on the green hill-side,
Where the others are quietly sleeping,
But where coral grows, far beneath the whirl
Of the surging waves—but one precious pearl
Is left to comfort my weeping.

Esther! she was just sixteen,
Graceful, and tall, and slender,
My darling has just her soft brown hair,
And her pensive face so sweet and fair,
And her spirit meek and tender.

Grandmamma wakes from her reverie,
And wiped away the water
That was flowing over her wrinkled cheeks,
And then read the darling the chapter that speaks
Of Jairus' little daughter.

The Galley Slave of Toulon.

From the French.

BY J. G. RAYMOND.

CHAPTER I.

FRONTING the harbor of Toulon, on the western slope of that ridge of mountains which connects the peak of Condon to the valley of Ollonles, may be seen, upon the descending table-lands, the snuggest little country-houses in all Provence. They all have the same view, the sea, the roadstead and the vessels forming an ever changing and agreeable prospect. During the fair weather the families of these little villas assemble in the evening upon the terrace, and make up for the oppressive heat of the day by enjoying the cool fresh air, which ascends from the sea at the approach of night.

On the eve of St. John's day, 18—, the moon had just risen over Condon's gray peak, when the calm, country silence was broken by the booming of cannon, its echoes flying away among the distant hills. An electric movement of terror succeeded the echoes, and trembled the slumbers of many on that shortest and most beautiful of summer nights.



ALBERT'S ENCOUNTER WITH CARDEN.

Everywhere on the terraces, where young and old were assembled, was heard the exclamation:

"A convict has escaped!"

It seemed, then, that each isolated family feared to see spring in among them some tiger in human form, escaped from the menagerie of the prison at Toulon.

If any one could have followed the long train of terror, which ran from face to face among the



CARDAN CLIMBING THE TRELLIS.

various groups, he might have remarked, perhaps, with some surprise, the serenity of one single family, seated under an arbor, between the roadstead and mountain of Six Fours. This security of so few a number, amidst such general terror, was, however, easy to explain.

Madame de Mellan and her daughter Anna had arrived but a few days previous at Toulon, from New York, to attend to important family business. They had taken a pretty little cottage, about equidistant from the sea and the highway. An old manservant and a couple of creole waiting-maids were seated upon the terrace with two ladies when the report of the cannon was heard. As no one could give the strangers an explanation of this alarm signal, they regarded it as a very common occurrence in a fortified city, and did not even discontinue their conversation.

Blind fate—or rather the intelligent director of fatality, left the escaped galley slave in the direction of Madame de Mellan's cottage. He was a man who has left a name illustrious in the pandemonium of crime—the notorious Cardan, branded and condemned to the galleys for bigamy and forgery. He had taken two months to saw the chain which bound him to his comrade; and one day, while the latter was sleeping in the sun, in the shipyard of Mourillan, Cardan broke the last link of his chain and escaped. The convict's escape was not discovered till night-fall.

This celebrated criminal was then thirty years old, four of which he had passed in prison. His tall and well-proportioned figure, his gentlemanly manners, his pale face, all indicated a man who

had moved in good society before the red jacket, which levels all distinctions, had concealed the man of society under the garb of the convict.

On that night Cardan wore nothing but his coarse prisoner's shirt and trousers; he had thrown away his jacket. Agile and vigorous as he was, his nervous legs rather resembled the bounds of a panther than the hurried gait of a man. Having reached the large trees surrounding Madame de Mollan's house, he reconnoitred the premises with that subtle instinct which nature has only given to the wild beast, and climbing like a cat up the grape-vine trellis, at the back of the house, he entered the room on the first story, which in less than five minutes he had examined to everything, seen everything, even in the dark, as if he were lighted by the clearest, absolutest eyes.

The convict found a few piles of cotton in a writing-desk, and hastily enclosed them in the first piece of paper that came to his hand. He was satisfied with this little sum, sufficient for his most urgent needs, and with one bound he leaped from the window to the freshly-mulched ground of the garden.

By early dawn he had reached the volcanic peak of Grimm, whence molten lava seems to mingle with the clouds. There he bought a shepherd's coat-of clothing, and a few sheep, and, crook in hand, descended by the narrow sheep-paths into the plains of Bouvet.

Knowing that a great road always leads to a great city, Cardan followed that long, dusty highway, which leads from St. Anne's Gate to the Esplanade of Cayce, and on the road laughed and joked with the gendarmes, who were escorting convicts to the galleys, and had just left; associated with the sailors on leave, the soldiers from Africa, the peripatetic merchants and land-organists; and, with all that strange medley of pedestrians peopling the route from London to Marseilles.

Abandoning his group, he entered Marseilles under cover of the night, and took lodgings in a low tavern in the Rue de Balgoon, on obscure portion of the city.

Unrolling his money by the light of a candle, he discovered that he had wrapped his notes around it, and he commenced to read them, for want of any other occupation. This reading, though occasional and unlikely, soon opened the muscles of Cardan's face to contract and assume a singular expression. He rose, his head bent forward, his fist edged like a bandit, who, used to all crimes, discovers, by a subtle inspiration, the means of committing a new one. Meditation, too, have immediate illuminations, and from their ever-active brain comes forth an infernal plan, armed at its birth with every victorious weapon.

Those two letters were very long; one was dated from the Isle of Bourbon, the other from the Cape of Good Hope. Among them would still be found much space, o'ver which analysis of their contents will suffice:

Madame de Mollan, but eighteen months a widow, had left New York, where her husband had, and returned to France, after an absence of nearly twenty years. To visit her native country, however, was not the object of this journey. M. de Mollan, before dying, as he indeed had lived, left no fortune to his friend; M. de Kerbriant, a gentleman ruined by the Revolution, and who had emigrated. He de Kerbriant had an only son, named Albert. This young man, having nothing to hope from the inheritance of an impoverished family, had early evinced himself to a naval career, but, unfortunately, he had not that robust health so necessary to a sea-faring life. At Bourbon, on his deathbed, made a clause in his will, which provided for the marriage of his daughter with the son of his benefactor, on such generous conditions that the debt of his gratitude was amply acquitted. The widow, Madame de Mollan, thus submitted to the last wishes of her husband, she commenced a correspondence with Albert de Kerbriant, and although twenty months had elapsed, of complying with the before-mentioned clause in the will of Anne's father. It was agreed that the packet-boat mail of Toulon in the month of July, when Albert de Kerbriant was expected to return from Pondicherry in a vessel of which that the nephew of the young officer and Anna should take place without delay. Madame de Mollan had arrived the first at this rendezvous across the ocean.

A little note attached to one of these letters announced the arrival of Monsieur de Kerbriant. This note, however, was not in the handwriting of his son Albert, but bore the post-mark of Nantes.

After a long meditation, Cardan comprehended one of those extravagant ideas, which only the genius of evil can carry out by the aid of its infernal combinations. As a preparatory step, he commenced changing his ragged garments for new and better ones, which, evidently, however, was not that too quick a metamorphosis might create the suspicions of his landlord; but removing them piece by piece, lest his new costume should excite in it detail. Then he removed to a respectable quarter, previously taking care to disguise not only the color of his hair—a sandy brown—but also his complexion, figure, gait and voice.

Being now certain of concealing the blood-hounds of justice, he set about to find a companion worthy of him, in one of those dens redolent of brandy and tobacco-smoke, which great cities, in their shame, conceal in their vilest streets.

Lavater and Gall were mere children in physiognomy when compared to a convict escaped from Toulon. To recognize his comrades, the latter is endowed with a sixth sense—that of *smelling crime*. In one of those remote Cardan observed a young man of from twenty-five to thirty years of age, with a pale, nervous face, and dull green eyes, showing in the nonchalance of his postures, all the symptoms of a horror of work; and in his looks, reflections of the lowest passions. The dress of this creature still exhibited under its dilapidated condition, a former competency which his laziness had dissipated; each article of his costume had figured under the yard-stick of a fashionable tailor many years back. But what, above all, betrayed his loathsome poverty and incurable laziness, was a coarse, greasy cravat, loosely twisted about his neck, and arranged in front in the vain attempt to conceal the want of a shirt.

Cardan soon got acquainted with this man through the medium of a bottle of cognac, discovered in his new friend an organization too indolent on for crime, and which could only commit a petty theft, through the impulse of some more commanding power. However, the skillful convict devoted several days to sounding this man before raising him to the dignity of an accomplice; and, when he was sure of having gained his confidence, made a gift of a few five-franc pieces—he unfolded his plans to him. From that moment age of these wretches was a blind slave to the other a servitude.

To carry out his plans Cardan required a larger sum of money than that which he had stolen from Madame de Mollan's *secrétaire*, especially as that was now nearly all spent. This object was easily accomplished. The commissioners of Marseilles are not so careful as their brethren in Paris; their double Napoleons and Napoleon pistoles, are not stamped with the fresh mark of the hand of any sinful conjuror who may take a fancy to them. Cardan, who could have no necessary make his fingers invisible, when changing two Louis d'or at one of these moneychangers, counted out the gold-pieces to Cardan with all the skill of a professed wizard, or an Indian juggler. With this metallic reinforcement he left this dangerous city.

The name of Cardan's accomplice was Valentine Prophore. When he was appointed Cardan's *valet de chambre* he only retained his Christian name; Cardan himself had become M. Albert de Kerbriant. Provided with the necessary letters of directions from his master, Prophore's part of the business was rather a ticklish one. He had to act as the quality-agent advanced money for Madame de Mollan's country-house, and skillfully reconnoitre, before the commencement of the drama, as yet without a dangerous plot. Prophore was dressed as the confidential servant of a wealthy family, set out for Bordeaux, carrying in their trunks a best and was rowed down in front of Madame de Mollan's residence, a little before sunset. He played his part admirably. He informed the two ladies that M. Albert de Kerbriant had arrived at Nantes in a man-of-war from the Cape of Good Hope; that the English blockade naval service had compelled him to give in his resignation sooner than he might have wished, and that he was coming to Bordeaux, where he could, free from all naval service, and resolved to make by his residence wherever the ladies de Mollan might choose.

During the interview Prophore stood near the foyer of the window, in the shade of the lace, the slightest shade of suspicion should appear upon the ladies' faces. This precaution was useless. Madame de Mollan, a widow of forty-five years of woman, who had passed the greater part of her life on her husband's estate in Martinique, was not one to know the ways of the world; so she placed implicit faith in all the information given her by this herald of the young lover, and in the ecstacy of joy tenderly kissed her daughter, who was already troubled at the thought of so protracted a separation.

The next afternoon at three o'clock, a loud noise of wheels, and the sharp cracking of a whip, both announced the arrival of a post-chaise in the carriage-road leading to the house.

"It is my master," Prophore said, and he ran to receive the two ladies.

A young man dressed in black, and of the most fashionable appearance, alighted from the hired carriage to the terrace, and, as if suffocated by sobs of joy, convulsively pressed his lips to Madame de Mollan's hand. Anne was so overwhelmingly disguised, that for a moment Prophore was quite alarmed at the young gentleman's error. The escaped convict bowed low before Madame Anna, and repeated the speech to her, prepared during the long journey from the Cape of Good Hope:

"Mademoiselle, I respect the memory of your father—of that generous man who has chosen me for his son-in-law, but I am not worthy to you, in my own behalf, that though I have journeyed around the world, you are the only lady I have seen whom I would have chosen for my wife."

These words were followed by that long silence which always succeeds a declaration of love, when they had devoted a reasonable share of mute sorrow to and remembrances, the conversation immediately became slightly trifling. Prophore, and afterwards at the dinner-table, Cardan manifested exquisite tact in the estimation of the ladies, by speaking of everything like but his marriage. He related in detail the voyages he had pursued during long before he left the new world, interspersing his recital with all the technical sea-terms he had been able to find in books lending to his narrative. Finally he assumed a melancholy posture and tone, and said:

"I have traveled fifteen thousand miles; I have visited the four corners of the globe; I have seen the people of all nations; and I am convinced, by experience, that a journey is never a happy one, that happiness, if it exists anywhere, is to be found only in the exercise of domestic duties, remote from the world, in the midst of family, consisting of relatives and friends."

Madame de Mollan warmly clasped Cardan's hand in hers, and for three days passed all the joy she felt at hearing such fine sentiments in the mouth of her future son-in-law.

By a skillfully-managed change in the conversation, Cardan brought his future mother-in-law to take a step very important for his safety. He hatched up a story of a pretended difficulty he had at Nantes, with some young officer, his old schoolmate, and who reproached him for what they styled his discretion, in terms sufficiently warm to provoke an affair of honor.

"I do not fear an encounter of this kind," he added; "what is well-known; but still it is unpleasant to cross swords with old friends, and I would repeat my explanation with such injustice. I prefer to give them time to reflect upon their actions. When the admiral, who is a warm friend of mine, returns to France, he will plead my cause more effectually than I could. So I have resolved not to show myself at Bordeaux, at Toulon, and thus avoid an encounter of which the consequences might be both serious and deplorable. If up another occasion, then we will take a little trip into the interior, or through Spain or Italy, as she chooses; and when we return to France, my concluct will already here been justified by my comrade's arrival from India, and my unjust friends will be ready to offer me their apologies."

All this was said in such an easy, natural tone, that it would have deceived the most sagacious persons. The tender-hearted Madame de Mollan was so charmed, especially for her daughter, at the plan of these journeys, that she was the first to propose abandoning a city where her son-in-law was in danger of encountering an enemy, and filling the widow and orphan dual. Even the secluded position of her residence was not a sufficient guarantee against her maternal anxiety, since the neighboring houses were occupied by officers' families, who constantly exchanged visits during the evenings of the fair season.

Cardan manifested no desire to immediately depart from Toulon; but this well-assumed calmness was only a mask to deceive the fond Madame de Mollan, who thought herself obliged to use strategy in persuading her future son-in-law to leave the city without delay; then, taking Cardan aside, she said, pointing to Anna:

"That poor child is very timid; she hardly dares to speak to me of her fears. To remove this timidity, you must travel some time together. Suppose you accompany me to Nice like a journey; you will be like old friends in less than a month. You and I are independent of the whole world, are we not? Then, I shall have proof of your love, and Nice as well as in France. So let us commence by putting our minds at ease, and departing immediately."

Cardan bowed with an air of resignation, and said,

"I do not wish to refuse my mother-in-law the first service she requires of me. I am ready to go."

In the arrangements of the departure,—which were made between Cardan and the good widow,—as soon as Cardan informed Prophore, the pretended valet, should follow them with the baggage in a few days, during which time he was to dispose of the domestic effects left incomplete, a certain sum of money being left him to provide for the expenses of his undertaking.

The next day, before entering, Madame de Mollan, her daughter, and the galley-slave, set out in the carriage for Nice. In the city Cardan procured passports for Spain, and, a few days afterwards, arrived with the two ladies, his victims, at the Hotel de Europe, in Perpignan.

The simals of crime offered few instances of a story where the incredible plays a greater part. However, these events were not extraordinary they would not be related here.

CHAPTER II.

Two weeks after the departure of Madame de Mollan, young Albert de Kerbriant landed on the pier of Marseilles. He was just stepping to change his traveling clothes, he hastened to enquire the whereabouts of Madame de Mollan. At the custom-house he met a clerk in pursuit of him, and jumping upon the nearest post-horse, outstripped the officer, after a short gallop, arrived at the cottage.

The young officer started at the sight of this Italian trollop, through whose leaves he perceived the waving hair and white muslin dresses of a bevy of fair ladies. There was his future wife,—his betrothed—his fortune. He threw himself from his horse at the end of the garden walk, and reaching the terrace in great agitation, pronounced the beloved name, and announced his own. A group of young persons rose silently at the appearance of the young man in blue, and the latter astonished looks were directed upon the new-comer, who was unknown to them all.

Wondering at this reception, Albert thought he had mistaken the house. "Pardon me, ladies," he said, "I perceive that I am a mistake in the house; it is not astonishing—the houses here are so much alike; and yet I was directed very accurately."

A middle-aged lady replied to the young officer:

"Perhaps you are not mistaken, monsieur. We have only lived in this house since last week. Madame de Mollan resided here before we came, at least so the villegers told us, and no doubt they will point out her house."

"Has Madame de Mollan returned to the city then?" asked the young man, agitated by some unaccountable presentiment.

"No, monsieur. She left here in a post-chaise, accompanied by her daughter and son-in-law."

"Her son-in-law!" exclaimed Albert.

"Yes, her son-in-law; or, at least, the young gentleman who is to marry her daughter."

Albert had recourse to all his moral courage to aid him in concealing his emotions before these strangers, and succeeded in calm voice, face and manner, and said:

"Excuse me, madame, if I enter into details which may seem out of place. One question more, if you please. Do you know the name of this son-in-law—this young man—who is to marry Mademoiselle Anne de Mollan?"

"Oh, yes, the same is well-known here; the servants tell all the farmers' wives about here. Mademoiselle Anna is to be married to M. Albert de Kerbriant."

"Yes, yes, I know that!" said the real Albert.

"You see, monsieur, that we are well-informed. By this time the marriage must have taken place."

"With M. de Kerbriant?" exclaimed the young man in a hollow voice, which startled all the witnesses of this scene.

All bowed their heads in the affirmative.

"With M. de Kerbriant!" repeated the unhappy Albert, in accents of despair. "But it is impossible; I am Albert de Kerbriant, and I have come here to marry Anne de Mollan! This is an infernal mystery. Some scoundrel has intercepted my letters and stolen my name. What a horrible revelation!"

And he seated himself disconsolately on a bench, wiping the cold sweat from his forehead.

But the excitement of his anger soon caused him to stand proudly erect again; he saw that all his happiness and his long cherished hopes were necessary to him in discovering and punishing an infamous act, unparalleled in the annals of crime. He took leave of the ladies, overwhelming self for having thrown in upon their seclusion, and tractered to acquire such information from the neighboring farmers. When he was certain of the hour, the day, and the direction in which the ladies and Cardan had departed, he lost not a moment in following the traces of the ravisher.

At Marseilles he went to all the best hotels in search of the fugitives. At the latter establishment he gave at the Hotel de Europe, the intelligent and obliging landlord immediately recognized the travelers in question. He told de Kerbriant that the three persons of whom he was in search had spent two days in the house, and that they had embarked for Rosolens. The landlord even gave the name of the hawker to whom he had taken Cardan to procure a letter of credit on fifteen thousand francs for his mother-in-law, for whom he exercised the power of attorney. Not only did Albert find the landlord's information correct, but at the banker's he recognized his own signature, counterfeited with consummate talent that betrayed the deed of a guilty forger.

This discovery was as a flash of lightning to the young man. He took a post-chaise, paid the driver double fare, and urged him never to relax speed in less than five hours was at Toulon, elevated with the Governor and Mr. Prizan, who informed him of the escape of Cardan the bigamist and forger, and gave an exact description of his person. That night young officer started for Rosolens, provided with additional important instructions, and with a letter for the French consul. This horrible journey of a day and a half, followed with all possible speed, a minute lost might cause an irreparable wrong. As soon as de Kerbriant reached Rosolens he hastened to the consul's. He was at the Italian Opera House. Two minutes after leaving the consulate the young officer and the consul were both immediately shown to the consul's box. Entering, he apologized for his inopportune arrival, and presented his letter of introduction, which he explained all.

The consul requested young de Kerbriant to retire with him to the back part of the box, where they could converse without being seen or overheard. During the conversation Albert received the following alarming intelligence:

"A stranger of an uncertain age," said the consul, "came to my house about three weeks ago, and introduced himself as M. Albert de Kerbriant. He said that he intended traveling through Spain, in company with his future mother-in-law, and his betrothed wife. At the near approaching termination of his mourning for his lately deceased father, he was to be married. The real Albert appeared strange to me; it was a mingling of striking resemblance and contrast with vulgar habits and occasional low expressions. His pretences were of an assumed case, betrayed by his frequent oversights of the part he had upon me, he said, in the first place, to pay his respects, and secondly, to consult me upon the forms to be used for a marriage with a foreign country, upon which subject I gave him all the information he could furnish. Since then I have seen him but twice, one of those occasions being to-night. He occupies a box nearly opposite to me, with the two ladies of his pretended union you have pointed out. This is strikingly exact, with this difference, however, that his lady is black and luxurious instead of being light and short; but this, no doubt, is merely the work of a barber."

The consul and de Kerbriant now took their seats in front of the box, and the former directed the other's attention to the box which had been pointed out, provided visitors. At the first look Albert understood the man's character; for the galley-slave, unconscious of the scrutinizing gaze which was turned upon him, reclined a sullen immobility, evincing none of the enthusiasm of the audience, who were then warmly applauding an Italian duo.

Dressed in black, his face overspread with that pallor produced by the long stage of confinement of the galley-slave; his eyes fixed, his head bent down, and mouth dilated, Cardan seemed like a permanent statue, disengaged from all trifling preoccupations, while meditating upon some scheme whispered to him from hell.

Beside him appeared a contrast—loomed in her unaffected joyousness the young and beautiful Anna de Mollan. Albert de Kerbriant rose at the first *entre acte*, and casting the consul with the familiar gesture which signifies, "I will be back in a moment," walked towards the box of the escaped forger. The consul followed Albert at a little distance. The young man gave three light knocks at the door; it opened, and in a calm, distinct voice he pronounced the name, "M. Albert de Kerbriant!"

Cardan arose, not without betraying some agitation, and went out into the lobby.

"Am I now addressing Albert de Kerbriant?" asked the young officer.

"Certainly, monsieur," replied the convict, in a voice harsh, with sudden emotion.

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"That is a very singular question," said Cardan, with a forced smile.

"Not so singular as you may imagine," said de Kerbriant, and quick as thought snatched off Cardan's false locks, and the short, cropped hair of the galley-slave was exposed to view.

"You are a convict from the prison of Toulon!" exclaimed Albert, in a voice of thunder.

Cardan uttered a low, deep growl, and drawing a poignard, was about to rid himself of the troublesome stranger before the scene should have other witnesses, when Albert, who had foreseen this act, adroitly seized the convict by the right arm and throat, and pinned him against the wall of the lobby, calling loudly for help.

At his cries the frightened inmates poured out from the neighboring boxes; and a moment later, Cardan, who still retained hold of his poignard, was arrested by the officers of the police; and Albert, clinging with almost superhuman strength to the collare of coat and shirt of the convict, tore both by the same effort, and laid bare Cardan's shoulders, where, upon a skin browned in the sun of Toulon, were branded two ignominious letters. A murmur of horror rose on all sides; but Albert did not stop to explain the story—he had a more pressing duty to perform.

Madame de Mellan and her daughter listened uneasily to the alarming noises which came from the corridors; but they dared not leave their seats. Suddenly the French consul, followed by a stranger in the uniform of the French navy, entered the box and said to them:

"Ladies, please accept our arms, and accompany us to my house, which is always at the disposal of the loyal subjects of France."

Madame de Mellan and her daughter, bewildered by all these mysterious events, did not hesitate to accept the consul's invitation. The widow took Albert's arm, and Anna the consul's.

By the light of the chandeliers, which brightly illuminated the vestibule of the theatre, they easily distinguished, as if in broad daylight, a pale and nearly bald-headed man, with naked shoulders, vainly struggling with the police, amid the scoffs and jeers of the excited throng.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Madame de Mellan, "it is Albert!"

"No, madame," said the consul, "that man is not Albert de Kerbriant, but a scheming villain, who has contrived, and nearly executed, a horrible plot against your daughter and yourself. He is an escaped convict from the galley of Toulon, and is branded on the shoulder with the letters T. F.,* as you may see, if the crowd will allow us to get near enough."

Madame de Mellan was so overcome that her speech failed her—she could make no reply.

At the consul's residence were exchanged the explanations and surprises destined to bring this history to its natural and legitimate *denouement*. All the privileges usurped by the galley-slave were restored to the real Albert de Kerbriant.

The emotion consequent upon this eventful night did not permit the ladies to receive Albert as he deserved to be; but the next day Madame de Mellan and her daughter had not thanks enough to bestow upon their young and handsome liberator; and that very day, at the consul's dinner-table, it was arranged that the marriage of Anna and Albert should take place at the church of St. Louis, in Toulon, and that the admiral should be requested to sign the contract.

THE FORGOTTEN STRAIN.

BY A. W. B.

HEREAFTER—when the purple dawn
Has paled before the climbing sun;
When meteor dreams have flashed and gone
And hopes have faded, one by one;
When all the tender flowers of Spring
Have drooped and fallen in their pride,
And sweetest birds of brightest wing
Have wasted all their songs and died—
Thy voice will float across my brain
Like some long-lost, forgotten strain.

When shadows lengthen—when the noon
Of life has passed to sure decline,
And I must feel it—ah, too soon!
But only age and death are mine:
When all the sands that falsely burned,
As gold along the shining shore,
Have lost their brightness and returned,
With shame, to common dust once more—
The song will find my heart again
Like some once-prized, forgotten strain

'SIAH BROWN;

OR,

The Yankee Sloop and English Cruiser.

BY WM. ADRIAN HUNTLEY.

KENNEBEC river, in Maine, is without a rival in New England, either for its historic associations or the beauty of its natural scenery. It rises among the passes of the highlands that form the northeast boundary line between the United States and Canada, and after flowing through a romantic region for many miles, enters a valley of surpassing beauty, through which it meanders between level intervals of the richest verdure.

There is a fort near the mouth of the river called Fort Hunnewell. It is now a ruin, and is a celebrated resort of the people in summer. It was erected during the last war to defend the entrance to the river. It is situated upon a low beach, which is commanded on the north by a bold headland, a hundred feet high, on which frowns the ruins of a battery.

At the time of our story, which was near the close of the war, two British armed vessels had been cruising off the mouth of the river some days, occasionally running close in with the fort so as to draw their fire. They were effectually blockading the entrance to the river, and for some time no vessel had gone out or come in. Everything was brought to, even to the small fishing boat, and the strictest vigilance was maintained from the first day of their arrival.

One morning in June, just as the sun was rising from the sea, throwing its fiery spears far across the sparkling waves, lighting up every object upon which it lit, the English cruisers were standing in towards the mouth of the river, under top-gallant sails, with the wind free on the larboard quarter. They were half-a-mile apart, their course converging to a point. This point was a sloop hugging the land, and endeavoring to make the entrance to the river. Her broad mainsail was flung to the wind like a great white wing, and she was sweeping across the water like a gull flying before a storm. She had been discovered by the cruisers only a few minutes before, when they tacked together and pressed after her to intercept her, making sail as they went. Fifteen minutes more of the obscurity of the morning, and the adventurous sloop would have got into the river and under the guns of the fort unseen, or seen too late to be cut off.

It was a beautiful sight to behold the three vessels in motion; one, small, unarmed, with but three sails to help her along in her flight, bounding along close under the shore; the others tall, frowning with batteries and covered with canvas from deck to truck. The sloop was a mile in shore of the cruisers, and about three miles westward from the mouth of the river, being, when discovered, just stealing round Cape Small Point.

The cruisers stood on for about ten minutes after tacking in the same converging lines, when the corvette signalized the brig, which immediately luffed and bore up four points eastward, while the former kept her first course. The object had in view by this manœuvre of the brig, it was plainly evident to the fishermen, who, from the rocks upon which their huts were perched, were watching with interest the pursuing and pursued, was to intercept her, for they had quickly discovered that a direct chase would be useless, as the sloop showed herself to be a very fast sailor. So the brig stood straight towards the river mouth, hoping to reach it in advance of the sloop, while the other kept on to capture her if she should turn back and attempt to run into Haspwell or Portland.

"We shall be tuk, darned if we ain't, cap'n," coolly remarked a tall, ungainly youth of eighteen, who, with a dipper fastened to a ten foot handle, was bailing up water from the sea and throwing it on the mainsail of the sloop, to swell the threads of the canvas and make it better hold the wind. As he spoke he paused in his work and leaned upon his long dipper handle, and shutting one eye, he took a deliberate survey of the cruisers.

"Not so long as two timbers of the Sally hold together, 'Siah," responded the captain, who grasped the helm, and with one eye ahead and the other watching the enemy, directed the course of his little vessel towards the shelter he sought. "If we'd only had another twenty minutes afore sun-up we'd a got in. But the day ain't agoin' to stop for any man, and I don't expect it tu. All we must do is to keep the Sally out of the hands of the Britishers, now they've got their eyes on us. Wet the sails, 'Siah! keep wettin' 'em."

"I guess they kind o' guess what we've got on board, captain," said 'Siah, as he cast a shower of spray over the mainsail. "They seem to take all-fired trouble to catch us. See how Sally jumps! The way she tosses the water with her bows, I won't have to wet her jib, she does that herself!"

"If we don't get into the river, and them chaps overhaul us, what is to be done?" asked Mr. Bissell.

"It won't do to let them capture them six big guns, and two barrels of powder, and ton o' shot, that we've got for the fort, that's a fact, 'Siah," said very decidedly, captain, or rather Deacon Samuel Butters, who owned or commanded the Sally, which had been engaged, a few days before, by the Government agent in Boston, to convey armaments and ammunition to the fort. This enterprize the deacon, for he was a lawful deacon in his own town, which was forty miles up the river, had cheerfully undertaken, assuring the agent that he could get the Sally into the river safely, in spite of the cruisers. Shrewd, bold and cool, the deacon saw that by running only in the night and hugging the shore, he could probably get into the river undiscovered, especially as the cruisers used to stand off from the shore at night, a mile or two for an offing, and run in again at sunrise. The agent felt that a small coasting vessel, with so watchful a captain as Deacon Butters, would be quite as likely to get into the river as a large one, if not more so, and gave him the commission. For the sum of three hundred dollars the deacon had bargained to take the munitions to the fort, and also bound himself if there was any danger of being captured to scuttle the sloop and sink her.

The cannon were battery thirty-twos, six in number, and were laid athwart ship, side by side, upon deck. The shot were piled forward, and in the forecastle was stored the powder in casks, and securely protected under canvas; tarpaulins also covered the guns.

"If we can only stand on ten minutes more, 'Siah," said the deacon to his mate, "I don't fear them two cruisers a stick! One of them, you see, has luffed to try and cut us off. If 'twant for this plaugy heavy iron we've got in her, I'd show the enemy how to make a keel cut blue water through! But we must get in, Lot," he added, turning to a ragged old man, who looked like a weather-beaten fisherman, who comprised all his crew, and who was now engaged in tending the main-sheet, the slack of which he held in his iron fist.

"It's got in safely, deacon," answered Lot Bissel, gruffly, "and get three hundred dollars, or sink the sloop, and no insurance!"

"That's a fact, Mr. Bissel, responded the Yankee skipper with emphasis; and shifting his tobacco from his larboard to his starboard cheek he glanced under the mainboom to see how the fort and shore lay, and then hove his eyes to the windward, and took a deliberate inspection of the enemy. "Give a small pull aft on the main-sheet, Mr. Bissell. 'Siah, haul aft the jib a bit! The Britisher is smoking his pipe," added the skipper, quietly, as he saw a jet of smoke belch forth from the bow of the corvette. He had hardly got the words out of his mouth when the boom of a gun reached his ears, and simultaneously a shot passed whizzing over their heads.

"I don't stan' that are!" said 'Siah, in a determined tone, which singularly contrasted with his awkward, rustic exterior. "Give me leave, deacon, and I'll give 'em a shot back, darn me if I don't!"

"Your gun won't scare 'em, 'Siah. Ease off the main-sheet, Lot. Be ready to dodge, for I guess there'll be another one o' them junks of iron this way. They ain't no pilot or they wouldn't keep so near a porpoise rock ledge."

Cool and steady the skipper stood at his post and directed the course of his little craft. All at once he gave a loud hurrah! The corvette had struck upon a rock barely below water, under full sail, known as Porpoise Ledge, and everything was taken aback, while her main-royal mast went over the side.

"That's for not taking a pilot on a strange coast," said the skipper, dryly, while his keen little eyes fairly glittered with pleasure; but he made no further demonstrations of joy; but after taking a second glance at the vessel, and seeing that matters on board of her were in too much confusion for them to trouble themselves further about him, he now gave his whole attention to the brig, which was about a mile from him in a straight line, and about equal distance from the entrance of the river.

Upon seeing the accident that had happened to her consort, she bore down a little and hoisted a signal. It was responded to on board the corvette, when the brig resumed her course.

"The corvette, I suppose, says she don't want any aid, so the brig is left at liberty to intercept us," said the skipper. "It looks, too, as if she would be likely to get to the entrance as soon as the Sally, and then I guess it is all up with us! But I don't give up so long as a timber hangs to her, or I can have a limb to hang on to the tiller by! But what in natur' are you doing there, Josiah?"

Well might the deacon ask this question. The ambitious young man had brought from the forecastle a keg of powder, and knocked the head in with a handspike, and was now tying about half a peck of it up in a handkerchief which he had taken from his neck.

"Doin'! I'm goin' to give 'em a gun, darned if I ain't! If these here guns have got to go to Davy's locker, I'll have one fire out of 'em first, I guess," replied Josiah.

As 'Siah spoke, he threw down a moveable section of the bulwarks amidships, leaving an open space to the sea before the muzzles of three of the enormous cannon that lay across the deck. He then took up his huge cartridge, and thrusting it into the muzzle of one of them, began to ram it down with a handspike.

"What on airth is the critter at?" cried the deacon.

'Siah made no reply, but having rammed the cartridge home, he rolled a thirty-two pound shot towards it, and giving it a lift, shoved it into the muzzle after the powder.

"Now for primin' her, and then if I don't give 'em a Fourth of July salute, they never heerd one!"

As he spoke, he poured a handful of powder into the vent, and then jumping to the calaboose, he lighted a pine-knot, and waving it to keep it bright, approached the gun.

"Stop, 'Siah, stop!" shouted the skipper, at the top of his voice; "you'll blow the Sally to Jericho, if you fire that 'are gun aboard on her!"

"I don't calculate I'll be tuck pris'ner by the Britishers, deacon, and be put in Dartmore, I guess. I don't mean to fire jist yet, but take a good chance for good aim, and then give them saltpeter!"

"It'll shake every bone out of the Sally," said the deacon, in alarm.

As he spoke, the brig fired a shot across her bows.

"That means heave-to, Lot," said the skipper. "'Siah, put out the pine-knot."

"I mean to by'm'by, deacon. Wait till I get a shot at 'em! I ain't afeared o' hurtin' the Sally a bit! You jist yaw her a little bit, and bring the muzzle of my artillery piece right agin the brig, and if I don't show them how a Yankee can speak, I don't want to see 'tother side of old Kennebec river agin!"

A second gun came from the brig, and the shot passed within ten feet of the deacon's head, and made a rent a fathom long in his mainsail, and the shock caused his peak halyards to part and let the peak of his mainsail down. This caused the Sally to fall off a point or two; and while the skipper, unflinching and with a quiet look, was trying to bring her to the wind again, 'Siah, taking advantage of a moment as she swung, in which his loaded gun bore upon the brig, instantly applied the torch to the vent.

The roar, the flame and the concussion was terrible. The little vessel reeled under the recoil of the vast gun till the waves poured in over her bows and stern. The skipper and Lot were laid flat on the deck, while 'Siah found himself hanging by the heels in the lee shrouds.

For a few minutes the deacon thought his vessel would go down, she wallowed and plunged so; but she soon steadied herself, though with her decks flooded and her jibboom blown away, and with her windlass unshipped.

"I guess if they got that shot, it'll settle 'em," said 'Siah, as he dropped, feet first off the rigging, into which he had been blown, upon deck, and tried to see through the smoke.

"You ought to be settled, you 'tarnal critter!" cried the deacon, enraged; "you like to have sunk her, darn ye!"

"Don't swear, deacon. I want to see if the brig got it."

"Got it, you fool! I guess you'll get it, if I ever see shore agin!"

As the smoke slowly rolled away, the brig was discovered no longer standing down, but knocking about at the mercy of the wind and waves, her foremast gone by the board and dragging over her sides, with all its yards and sails. The shot had cut off the mast within two feet of the deck!

'Siah was perfectly confounded, but manifested no surprise, while the deacon and Lot set up a loud hurrah of triumph.

"Why, what's the matter? Why don't you hallo?" said the deacon, taking breath.

"Coz it aint nothin' mor'n I meant to do," replied 'Siah, with an inimitable sangfroid; "I aint surprised, if you be, deacon."

In twenty minutes more the sloop Sally, with her valuable cargo, was sheltered under the guns of Fort Hunnewell. The British corvette lay upon the rock till the next tide, and the brig lay by her, rigging a jurymast. Before sunset both vessels made sail, and steered eastward, on the way towards Halifax, to repair damages. The blockade was raised, greatly to the relief of the commerce of the river.

THE FORCE OF IMAGINATION.—Various cases of death produced by imagination are on record. The following is from a reliable source: Many years ago a celebrated Continental physician, author of an excellent work on the force of imagination, being desirous to add experimental to his theoretical knowledge, made application to the Minister of Justice to be allowed an opportunity of proving what he asserted by an experiment on the criminal condemned to death. The minister complied with his request, and delivered over to him an assassin, a man who had been born of distinguished parents. The physician told him that several persons who had taken an interest in the family had obtained leave of the minister that he should suffer death in some other way than on the scaffold, to avoid the disgrace of public execution, and that the easiest death he could die would be blood-letting. The criminal agreed to the proposal, and counted himself happy in being freed from the painful exposure to which he would otherwise have been subjected, and rejoiced at being thus enabled to save the feelings of his friends and family. At the appointed time the physician repaired to the prison, and the patient having been extended on a table, his eyes bound, and everything being ready, he was slightly pricked near the principal veins of the legs and arms with the point of a pin. At the four corners of the table were two little fountains filled with water, from which issued small streams, falling into basins placed there to receive them. The patient, thinking that it was his blood that trinkled into the basins, became weaker and weaker by degrees; the remarks of the medical men in attendance in reference to the quality and appearance of the blood (made with that intention) strengthened the delusion, and he spoke more and more faintly, until his voice was at length scarcely audible. The profound silence which reigned in the apartment, and the constant dropping of the fountain, had so extraordinary an effect on the brain of the poor patient, that all vital energy was soon gone, and although before a very strong man, he died without having lost a single drop of blood. Imagination has always been found a powerful agent in the production or aggravation of disease. Indeed, the fact has passed into a proverb.

IRISH PEASANTS.—On the banks of Lake Glendalough I visited a cottage of the better order, and found that it was intended as a lodging-house for such stray anglers as come to fish in the lough. The cottage contained a decent bed-room, with a wooden floor, and with two good beds for visitors. The board and lodging together amounted to £1 week. The mistress of this cottage was still a very good-looking woman, although she was forty-six years of age, and had 14 children. In the course of a short conversation with her and her husband, I became the depository of a small piece of family history, which, as it was not confided to me as a secret, I cannot refrain from recording here, as a sample of that simplicity and candor which have struck me as such conspicuous features in the Irish character. The good wife having told me that she was married at 15, I was curious to know what had led to so early an union. Without a moment's hesitation, and evidently without the consciousness of telling anything extraordinary, she gave me the following explanation in the presence of her husband. She said, being the only child, and the sole support of her mother, who was a widow, she felt that, as her mother's health was beginning to fail, she must do something more effectual for her future maintenance. Two ways were open for her—one, service with a farmer, the other matrimony; the latter being her option, through an offer made to her by her present husband, who, by-the-bye, was obviously much older than his partner. After much deliberation, she decided on marriage; "though," she added, pointing to her husband, "I did not then like him at all, at all." I, of course, rallied her good man on a confession so little flattering to him; but he confirmed its truth, adding, however, that she came soon to like him well enough—"almost as well as he liked her;" and, what seemed to him still more remarkable, "that she made as good a manager as if she had been 30 instead of 15." The good couple's married life had evidently been a happy one; and the smoothness of its current seemed to receive no ripple from the present candid recurrence to what must have been a grievance in its day.

FLIES.—A fly lays four times during the summer, each time 80 eggs, which make 320: half of these are supposed to be females, so that each of the four broods produce 40. 1. First eight, or the 40 females of the first brood, also lay four times in the course of the summer, which makes 12,800; the first eight of these, or 1,600 females, three times, 384,000; the second eight twice, 250,000; the third and fourth eight, at least once each, 256,000. 2. The second eight, or the 40 females of the second brood, lay three times, the produce of which is 9,600; one-sixth of these, or 1,600 females, three times, 384,000; the second sixth twice, 256,000; the third sixth once, 128,000. 3. The third eight, or the 40 females of the third brood, lay twice, and produce 6,400; one-fourth of these, or 1,600 females, lay twice more, 256,000. 4. The fourth eight, or 40 females of the fourth brood, once, 2,200; half these, or 1,600 females, at least once, 128,000. Total produce of a single fly in one summer, 2,080,320.

CANALS.—The first canal on record was one constructed by Ptolemy Philadelphus, for the purpose of opening a communication between the Nile and the Red Sea. The great canal of China, extending a distance of 825 miles, was commenced in the ninth century. Canals were introduced into England by the Romans, who formed one from the river Nyne, a little below Peterborough, to the river Witham, three miles south of Lincoln; and in 1134, during the reign of Henry I., a canal was made to effect a junction between the Trent and the Witham. The first canal regularly constructed with locks and sluices was made in 1563, near the city of Exeter. The aggregate length of navigable canals in England exceeds 2,200 miles.

FEW are less happy than those who have ambition without industry; who would win the prize, but will not run the race.

* *Travaux Forces*—forced, or hard labor,



SIGNAL BOATS FROM THE SURVEYING STEAMER MARGARETTA STEVENS ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR THE GREAT EASTERN, IN TRINITY BAY, N. F., MONDAY NIGHT, AUGUST 14.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, J. BECKER.



THE FIRST REVIEW AND REGATTA OF THE SCHUYLKILL NAVY, SINCE THE WAR, ON THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER, OPPOSITE FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 26.—FROM A SKETCH BY P. H. SCHELL.



THE GREAT METHODIST CAMP MEETING, HELD AT SING SING, N. Y., BEGINNING AUGUST 29 AND ENDING AUGUST 30, 1865.

NAMING THE SWORD.

BY N. G. SHEPHERD.

In the land of the Moslem, afar in the East,
Where the palm and the tamarisk grow,
And the scent of the roses is scattered abroad
By the spice-winds that every where blow.
The warrior chooses a name for his sword
Which in battle he grasps with his hand,
And alone by that name which he gives to it then
The weapon is known in the land.

Al Battar, the Trenchant, and Medham, the Keen,
Monthawi, Destroyer of Life;
Dhul Fakar, the Piercer, Al Catûm, the Strong,
And Hatef, the Deadly in Strife.
Thus he christens the sword which he wears by his side,
And wields with his arm in the fight,
And the blade, as he draws it from out its broad sheath,
Flashes keen in the sun's burning light,

What name shall I give to this sword of mine,
This sword I have worn so long,
And all thro' the day on the weary march
I have listened to its song.
And at night when the welcome halt was called
On the ground beside me it lay,
As close as a bride to her husband's side,
Till the golden dawn of day.

And oft in the battle's thunder and roar,
As I stood in the skirmish line,
Like the hand of a dear friend, tried and true,
I have felt its grasp in mine;
And closer in mine I've pressed it then,
And waved it above my head,
While round about me the ground was strewn
With the wounded and the dead.

What name shall I give it, not Modham the Keen,
Nor Monthawi, Destroyer of Life,
Dhul Fakar, the Piercer, Al Catûm, the Strong,
Nor Hatof, the Deadly in Strife.
I have decked it with ribbons of red, white and blue,
The gift of three maidens all fair;
The red is from Fanny, the white is from Maud,
And the blue is from sweet cousin Clare.

High over the mantel I'll hang it, where hung
The old rusty flintlock so long,
And oft as I gaze on it, silent, I'll think
That I listen again to its song.
I'll hang it up there, now its service is done,
High over the hearth's ruddy flame,
In hopes that the Angel of Peace will draw nigh
And write on its scabbard a name.

Bound to the Wheel.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY WATERMAN'S MAZE," "REUBEN'S WAR," ETC.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

SLEUTH was for the moment literally stupefied by this unexpected disappearance of the coat. Who had taken it? Phillis? If so, had she done it in the belief of some sinister meaning in his act in dropping it there when he saw her coming? And then, what would she do with it?

Or had she merely happened to see something lying on the stone pavement, and so picked it up? Sleuth hoped that this was the true explanation, and that it would equally apply to any other person if Phillis were not the finder. But, in any case, the incident was of the most menacing character. The finder would take it into the servants' hall, and the housekeeper, seeing it, would but too well understand the deceptive use it had been put to, and why she had been so much puzzled. And if so used, by whom but Sleuth?

What was to be done? He stood for a moment in bitter anguish of soul, repenting of his deed; and, perhaps, if repentance would in any way have promised to save him, he would have been inclined to try to put himself into a right frame of mind based on the compromise—sacrifice of future gain, condonation of the guilty past. But this was no longer a practical question. The coat was gone from under his control, and was, in all probability, being exhibited, at that very moment, in wonder among the servants.

Two or three times he moved to go, now this way, now that, in the urgency of his impulse to do something—something sudden, brilliant, effective—no less would do. But each time he stopped after a few steps, perceiving how hopeless was the task be had been about to attempt. Once a voice seemed to come to him, crying aloud, not to his ear, but to his inmost sense of being, "Fly! Fly while you can! The one deception will suggest all the rest! Your supposed intention to rob will bring out your real act of murder!"

But he could not fly—not, at least, to any useful purpose. He had no funds. Besides, flight would inevitably raise the darkest suspicions; whereas, if be safely got over the next few hours be might have before him, finally, a life of ease, wealth, dignity and triumph. And if, after all, it did now become known that he possessed and had worn such a coat, what than?

His swift thought ran over the whole ground of conceivable danger, and brought back unexpected comfort. Of course the coat was his, he should boldly say. He had hastily put it on when intending to run after the burglars—his box happened to be open: might be not say ransacked by the robbers? Well, and than he had gone through the safe-room in pursuit; had heard the housekeeper call to him and to Mr. Anthony; had even stopped to let her in, though he couldn't wait to talk; and then, when he slackened pursuit, seeing the villains were quite gone, had returned through the house, and dropped his coat somewhere by the way, he having taken it off as he got heated. What an idiot he had been to alarm himself so unnecessarily! That explanation was clear, complete, had no flaw.

Stay! The housekeeper might remember that he had said nothing of this when she mentioned these circumstances in connection with Mr. Anthony.

True, and rather awkward. But, then, he had said nothing to convict himself, while saying nothing in explanation. People would understand that he was tired just then—quite jaded and done up, and wanted his breakfast; and so be had scarcely heard—certainly didn't at all heed, the particular meaning of the housekeeper's remark.

While be thus fortified himself by the only possible modes open, he heard a ring at the gate.

"It is the lawyer," thought Sleuth to himself. "I hope he won't hear anything about this infernal coat. Fool—fool that I was, when I had it safe in my hands, after such hours of anxiety, to go and undo everything in an instant, by my absurd fear of Phillis! Better have trusted her than this. Ha! she is coming. Now, then, I may discover if she found it; but—confusion seize me for my folly!—I cannot ask for it."

"Mr. Stamp, the lawyer, has come," said Phillis, as she approached, and then she turned and went back.

There was nothing in her hand—no coat; no question, either, on her lips about it. She did not even use his name, Richard; but that might be in fear of being overheard. Could she have found the coat? No; else, whatever she might think, she must have said something to him about such an incident—unless, indeed, she attached no sort of importance to it, and had put it down somewhere as belonging, possibly, to one of the men-servants. There was fresh hope in this thought, for he might rapidly run over the neighboring rooms and passages, and possibly again repossess himself of it without a word.

Certainly, if any one could have watched Sleuth as he did this, and heard the cunning excuses he invented for being where be was when he met any one, they would have found it difficult to repress a kind of sympathy with so much ingenuity, fortitude and boldness. But be saw nothing of the coat. Strange to say, he saw no collection, either, of the servants discussing that or any other matter. They were all dispersed, each, apparently, about his or her own particular business. And yet, thought Sleuth, one of them might at this moment purposely be keeping out of his (Sleuth's) way, in order not to be spoken to on the subject till Dr. Pompese the magistrate should come, and he, the unknown possessor and accuser, then walk into the impromptu court with the damning evidence of something wrong. For, in spite of all his self-satisfying reasoning, instinct warned him that the danger he had striven so seriously to avert was hardly likely to be less a danger merely because he had no longer hope to avert it.

The alderman was avenged. The pangs of his last moment, caused by knowing he had failed to save Anthony from the operation of the codicil, and by seeing in Sleuth his murderer, were, after all, as nothing to those endured by Sleuth, as he stood in the half gloom of the stone passage, white as one who had just received the physician's first warning that death cannot be long kept off.

He wipes the cold dews from his face and hands, pushes his fingers through his hair, and, with a devotion worthy of a better cause, goes back to Anthony and to meet the lawyer, and to fight as he may the dread battle, which is no longer one for wealth alone, or even primarily, but for existence.

CHAPTER XI.—MR. STAMP.

MR. STAMP, the lawyer, a little, thin man, with a large, vigorous-looking head, and sharp, wrinkled face, seemed rather struck with the position of affairs when he found himself introduced to Anthony, and heard from him of all that had happened. But he made no comment.

So, again, when Sleuth entered, at first with a vivacious, almost gay face, which suddenly changed, even as he crossed the room, to one of melancholy protestation against all the calamities of life, Mr. Stamp appeared to look at him inquisitively, and, to Sleuth's great uneasiness, from under these black, bushy eyebrows of his, which almost met across the nose. But still Mr. Stamp said nothing from which Sleuth could draw the slightest intimation of the nature of his thoughts.

Perhaps, after all, it was only the oddity of the position of the two young men that made him turn from one to the other so often—both so uncertain as to the alderman's disposition of his property, both so friendly to each other, and both so dependent through their future lives on what was now to be made known.

Mr. Stamp looked at them as if taking a kind of intellectual measure of comparison from their persons. Anthony was much the taller of the two, and in that respect had an advantage over Sleuth. There was, also, independent of height, a certain brusque dignity and manly self-assertion which seemed to be connected with his square, broad and level shoulders, that had no counterpart in Sleuth's frame and gestures. But in nearly every other point Sleuth would, by most eyes, have been esteemed the finer man. Though slender, he was wonderfully well knit, and he moved with a certain kind of stealthy gracefulness; and his face—a hundred times handsomer than Anthony's—was smooth and bright-looking, while Anthony's was thin and slightly scarred, and, on the whole, sad. All this told greatly in favor of Sleuth with ordinary observers. But then, it must be acknowledged, Sleuth was always, except when under the influence of rare and powerful emotion, the same—pleasant at first, scarcely so pleasant at last, because unchangeable. Now, with Anthony, a sudden smile would break out at unexpected times, either called forth by a joke, a touch of wit, or some noble and kindling thought, and then the plain face would be one piece of sunshine, that you could not look on without a sense of sympathy and gladness.

Let us add, to complete this view of Anthony's personal appearance, that the first aspect he presented of personal dignity and strength was a little impaired, on closer acquaintance, by a certain tenuity of his limbs and general frame, that contrasted curiously with his striking breadth and squareness of shoulders. It was as if he had been intended to become a man of truly magnificent build, but something had failed in the process. Perhaps the cause might be found in indifferent nursing in his childhood, when the poverty of his widowed mother had compelled her to trust him to one who was little more than a child herself, while she, the poor mother, worked to maintain the three, and kept up her soul, "bating no jot of heart or hope," while thinking of the possibility that the alderman, who had begun to befriend them in little things, would, after her death, take to her boy altogether, and so it just had happened.

"Well, gentlemen, to business," said Mr. Stamp. "If you will both consent to leave to me all that pertains to the alderman's proper burial, I shall be glad to save you the painful task; and then, that settled, we may at once address ourselves to the question—How has the alderman disposed of his property? Can you tell us anything on that subject, Mr. Sleuth?"

The lawyer had been stooping, as he spoke, over a paper of memoranda on the table where he sat; but he now glanced up sideways at the gentleman addressed, and Sleuth didn't like the look of that eye.

"Didn't Anthony tell you—" began Sleuth.

Anthony was about to speak, but the lawyer just lifted his hand and stopped him. So Sleuth repeated what he had told Anthony about the codicil, and his fear that it was either no longer in existence, or had been vitiated by some new instrument.

"Pardon my frankness, young gentleman," said the lawyer, "but I can understand very well your doubts. Suppose you have one document, somebody else may have a later one, and you don't care to show your hand till——"

"I don't know, Mr. Stamp, why you should doubt my word," said Sleuth, with quickness and spirit. "What possible motive could I have for hiding it, if I had——"

A spasmodic affection of the throat caused him to suspend his sentence, but it was for a moment only, and then he finished it in the same tone as before,—"if I had anything in my favor to produce?"

"What motive could you have, did you say? No, of course not—none. Excuse the remark; but I thought, as an old professional man, it would be a pity for us to go beating about the bush if the thing we sought were in your pocket all the while."

Anthony and Sleuth both laughed at this, and the lawyer's grim face just showed that he too could laugh, without, however, compromising himself by so demonstrative a gesture.

"Well, then, where do we begin?" asked Anthony.

They began by collecting all the keys of the house, inviting each person to contribute all he or she could to the common stock. Mr. Stamp was particularly impressive about his wish to have them all before beginning. When, by a sort of exhaustive process, he had accomplished this, he began, not by opening room-doors and unlocking cupboards, &c., but by locking every place that he found unfastened, whether of room or cupboard, and desiring the servants to amuse themselves in the kitchen or garden till be called them. This inexplicable proceeding shook Sleuth's little stock of calmness; it looked so like locking up the coat, and preventing any shifting of it from place to place, rather than seeking the important paper. There had been, he thought, just time for some one to speak to the lawyer, and give a warning word. Well, he must be cool and wary. He drew a quick breath and waited.

"There, gentlemen," said Mr. Stamp, after going through every part of the house, and ransacking walls, and corners, and passages for open or concealed places of deposit, "I think we may now say that whatever papers the alderman left behind are safe from this moment, if only they have been safe up to this moment."

Is it Sleuth's fancy, or did the lawyer glance at him while saying this, just as he might have done if he had actually known of the destruction in the bed-chamber of a certain paper—the pieces of which were then undergoing the process of digestion? Connecting this with the previous remark about "motive," it was almost impossible for Sleuth to avoid the fear that the lawyer's mind was speculating dangerously upon his (Sleuth's) possible doings and character. The torture was fearful, but the smile which expressed the torture was angelical.

It was strange how that the missing coat haunted him. He had become so apprehensive of it, that his first thought at the opening of each fresh door was not about the will, which he was quite prepared for (knowing its worthlessness whenever he should be able to produce the missing codicil), but of the coat—always the coat. "Is it here?" But it was not "here," whatever the place visited: neither thrown upon a chair, hung upon a wall, nor placed for safety in any of the more important receptacles of the house, where valuable things were kept. It was an immense relief to Sleuth to discover that it was not in the housekeeper's room, nor in the bedroom occupied by the housekeeper and Phillis—unless in their own boxes—these being the only two rooms he had specially feared.

And gradually, as time passed on without fresh cause of alarm, and as the lawyer's manner insensibly grew more genial, as he found nothing to imply any confirmation of his original belief that Sleuth was secretly in possession of a document which he meant to produce when it suited him—as this happened, Sleuth himself began to take more interest in the proper object of the search. No will was found, but paper after paper was drawn forth, and from the strangest places, forming the beginnings of wills and codicils which the alderman had amused himself in writing, then hastily thrust away, just where he had happened to be, as if to prevent some one about him (possibly Sleuth) from suspecting his occupation, and then, in his gradual loss of memory, had apparently forgotten them altogether—a matter of no great importance, as they were mere fragments, mostly undated, and all unsigned.

"Warm, warm! as the boys say," ejaculated the lawyer, jocosely, as they found a paper of this stamp in the last place they had to examine in the whole house, and after some hours had been spent in the search, which thus seemed to be useless.

"How d'ye make that out!" said Anthony. "We've discovered nothing. You say all this is rubbish, and we are at the end."

Again the faintest glimmering of a smile illumined the lawyer's wrinkled face, while his eyes sparkled with a certain light, peculiar to themselves, as he looked at the two young men for a moment, as if enjoying their perplexity; then he gravely said:

"Really, gentlemen, this won't do. Either Mr. Sleuth or I must come to the rescue. Mr. Sleuth says he has nothing, and knows of nothing. You, Mr. Anthony, say ditto. What if I now search in my own pockets? Excuse the jest."

His face then, to Anthony's immense amusement, became grimmer than ever, as he took out a long folded sheet of paper from the breast of his coat, and remarked in explanation:

"I could not usefully produce this sooner, for I had reason to believe, as you may have partly seen, that it was superseded by a later document. Suppose we now collect the servants, and then have what I may now venture to call the will publicly read. It is usual to delay this proceeding to a later period, but as I happen to know that nobody is likely to complain of not being invited, we'll put aside ceremony, for the sake of giving you both prompt satisfaction; and, if necessary, we can have another and more formal reading after the funeral."

"With all my heart!" cried Anthony, wonderfully lightened in spirits; for if Sleuth was not the heir, he could hardly doubt who was.

CHAPTER XII.—READING THE WILL.

SCARCELY were the servants got together, before an interruption occurred which threatened to delay seriously the proceedings. The dining-room, in which they were assembled, had a window extending along one entire side, and from floor to ceiling, in order that a conservatory running parallel with it might almost seem a part of the room. It had been originally the drawing-room of the house: but the old man had liked so much to be there, that when he found himself confined almost to one apartment, he chose that, and there had wheeled himself about in his invalid's chair, and occasionally, with Sleuth's assistance, had traveled into, and up and down the conservatory, to see and smell the flowers.

He had also then wrought another change. Finding the solitude a little oppressive, as the wall, only a few yards distant, was so high as to shut out the view of the road—a half-private one opening from the main road—he had caused a small portion of it to be cut away, and an iron railing to be inserted, so that be could see the passers-by (who were not numerous enough to be annoying), and get pleasant glimpses beyond of the open country.

It so happened that a lady on horseback, who had apparently come with some companion to the neighborhood, for whom she waited, seeing the quiet by-road, walked her horse into it. He was a most beautiful creature, jet black, and did not apparently like the comparative inaction she forced upon him. Anthony saw her through the conservatory window, and, forgetting wills, lawyers, and dead aldermen, stepped forward to get a nearer view, evidently charmed with her graceful person, easy seat, and her self-possession, which did not, however, prevent a certain heightening of her color, as the horse stamped, and threw up his head, and did everything he could think of to obtain her consent to a fresh burst.

While she, however, restrained him with a firm but delicate hand, there passed, not far off, a pack of hounds in full cry. That was too much. He reared in the air, as if to assert himself and his rights in the face of heaven, and in spite of the beautiful tyrant on his back; then, heedless of bit and rein, flew off.

"She will be thrown!" cried Anthony, aloud. "What on earth could her father or friend be thinking of to put her on a horse like that?"

Out he ran into the conservatory, then to the door at one end, and then with a leap he cleared the iron railing, and stood outside.

He might have spared himself his trouble and alarm. Already the beautiful black rebellious creature was on his return, curvetting proudly, almost angrily, the white foam of the red nostrils conspicuous, and large, prominent, and brilliant eyes seeming to glance backwards in wonder at what sort of stuff the rider could be made to exercise such mastery.

Back they came, lady and horse—back to the very same spot from which they had started; and Anthony was about to advance, as if to help her, wondering the while how he might best introduce himself to so beautiful a woman. But she cut him short, and said, as if anticipating the movement:

"No—please don't touch him, or he'll start again."

Anthony now began to understand that she must have come with some one to his uncle's house, for he saw another horse standing in the main road near the lodge gate, held by a groom, as if waiting while a visit was being paid.

The lady saw the look—saw the face of the young man, so full of admiration, yet also of respect and embarrassment, and then apparently bethought her she ought to say something.

"My father, Dr. Pompesa, has just gone into the house. We have heard of this dreadful news. Alderman Maude and my father were friends."

"I am truly glad to hear that," said Anthony. "It is my uncle you speak of."

"Mr. Anthony Maude!" said the young lady, with some surprise, as though he had been the last person she would have expected to find in the house.

"Yes I am that unlucky person, of whom, no doubt, you have heard little good."

Miss Pompess smiled in answer to Anthony's smile, and, somehow, the two seemed to know each other well from that moment.

"But you will come in?" asked Anthony, with sudden interest and earnestness.

"No, thank you. I told my father I would wait for him here."

"Oh, pray come in. Mr. Stamp wants an audience."

"And who is Mr. Stamp?"

"The lawyer, who is to settle, in the next few minutes, what becomes of me, of cousin Dick, and of all the alderman's property. Pray come in. It must be as good as a play to all but us poor fellows, who have to hang on every word as as if it were one of life and death."

"You don't mean that it is uncertain if—if Mr. Sleuth is to be the heir!"

"Poor fellow! I'm afraid he thinks it very uncertain. I don't wish to cry before I'm out of the wood; but it does look as if Fortune were tired of persecution, and meant to make up to me for all her stepmother-like doings hitherto. Pray come in."

Clara Pompess did not look at him again, as if she felt only too conscious of the eloquent entreaties of those dark brown, brilliant eyes, which continued to hang on her every look and movement; but after a moment's pause, she said:

"If I do go in, and things are as you expect, I shall disappoint you, perhaps, and show my sympathy with the losing side."

"That's right. Upon my life, I'm half turning against myself, when I see how well my cousin bears it."

"Does he? Does he, really?" asked the young lady, with sudden vivacity. Well, then, I—" But she stopped, as if reflecting she had been about to say something that were better left unsaid.

It was but the work of two or three minutes for Anthony to help his new acquaintance to alight, take the horse to the stable, and run back in order also to lead her into the house. But she had preferred finding her own way in; so that, when Anthony returned to the dining-room, he found her there, or at least looking into it, for drawing gracefully about her the long riding-habit, she had glided into the conservatory almost unnoticed, and stood close by the open glass-door opening into the room, where she could hear all, see what she pleased, and be very little seen on account of the shelter of some of the foliage of the grape vines to which in summer time, as now, the conservatory was chiefly given up.

As soon as Anthony had satisfied himself as to her whereabouts, and had taken up a position behind the lawyer, from whence he could watch her without seeming to do so, he remembered her father, and turned to look for him.

In good time! For that portly, distinguished-looking gentleman in black, sat in a sort of post of honor at the table, the lawyer having, in consequence, taken a less imposing seat. A frown was visibly gathering on the august face at the perception of the fact that here was the alderman's nephew come into the room, without a word or sign of acknowledgment and respect for the visitor, and that visitor himself.

Instinctively Anthony sprang from his chair to his feet, and stepped forward with something very like a blush upon his cheek at the "unveracity," as Mr. Carlyle would call it, of what he was about to suggest.

"I beg pardon, I—I—have been so excited by—by recent events, I did not know what I was doing. Permit me, sir, to say I am Anthony Maude."

"And I am Dr. Pompess, young man—a friend of your ever-to-be-lamented uncle—Dr. John Pompess. You must have heard him speak of me?"

Anthony bowed, as if to say he had; but in truth, could remember nothing on the subject, the alderman not having lived long in the neighborhood, and Anthony having been seldom at home.

Seeing the young man's behavior, the doctor nodded to Mr. Stamp, as if he were now satisfied, and the business might begin. And then, while Anthony fell back to his chair, and while Sleuth affectionately stood behind him, and leaned his hand upon the rail, and stooped now and then to speak to his cousin, and so made a show of not thinking about the missing coat, and the possible duties, before the day might close, of the magistrate who sat there; and while the servants huddled themselves together on chairs in a corner near the door, with the housekeeper a little advanced, as became her place and consequence; and Phillis near to her, with firm-set lips, never once looking towards Sleuth, unless he happened on his part to look towards the beautiful young lady in the riding-habit at the conservatory door—while this was the position of the group, the lawyer began to read, in a loud, rasping voice, that never once softened or changed, whatever the sentiment expressed happened to be. To him the will for the moment was simply a will, and nothing more. If he even, as a member of the church, thought it incumbent on him mentally to protest against the heathenish omission of all reference to a Mightier Power in such a document, even that caused no outward manifestation.

The Will of Silas Maude, Alderman of London, and now of Rock House, Green Lanes, Henoston, Surrey, August 2, 1811:

I, Silas Maude, as aforesaid, being now in my seventy-first year, and in the enjoyment of reasonable health of body, and of entire soundness of mind, do hereby give and bequeath my whole property of every kind, houses, land, money in the funds, and other investments, of which a list will be found at the end of this paper, to my beloved nephew Anthony Maude. (Signed) Silas Maude. Witnessed by Anna Milton and James Branch.

The lawyer paused, glanced at the audience, and then turning the leaf, read the list of the alderman's property, from which it appeared he was worth nearly a hundred and seventy thousand pounds.

"Short and sweet, Mr. Anthony," said the learned doctor. Then he hemmed two or three times, and then said, "No codicils—no bequests to—to—friends, or dependents. Hem! very strange!"

The lawyer was now handling a letter which he had taken from his pocket, and which he turned over and over before breaking the seal, as if to try to speculate once more, and for the last time, as he had often speculated previously, on the nature of its contents.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I do not know whether there is anything in this letter seriously modifying the very important instrument we have just read, but before tendering our congratulations to our young friend, let us read it.

"The will I have read you was dated, as you see, August 2, 1811, and very soon after that time deposited in my hands—the contents, of course, being fully known to me. But more than a year after I received from the alderman this sealed letter, which was to be kept with the will, and remain unopened till that will came into operation. I know nothing whatever of its purport. It is only now I am authorized, by another letter which I have with me, to break the seal."

There was a general stir and murmur, and resettling of chairs, as the lawyer paused a moment, conscious of the dramatic nature of his position.

Clara looked towards Anthony, and seemed to wonder if it were possible that one human being could so play with the destinies of another as to raise him up to so high a pinnacle of fortune, only to throw him down again into nothingness. Anthony saw the glance, so full of womanly interest and sympathy, and smiled, and Clara forgot the very theme that had for the moment so utterly absorbed her.

Again the lawyer read:

I am about to do that which, if only proposed to me a little while ago, I should have esteemed a deadly insult. I am about to give away all I possess with one hand, and then hold out the other in appeal to the very creature of my making.

This letter may be—must be seen by many persons. I write it, however, exclusively for Anthony Maude. In what I have to say, therefore, I shall now address myself directly to him.

Anthony, I have loved you better than any other human being in the world—except one; and though you have been a troublesome fellow to me, I believe, on the whole, you have some liking for me. Do you guess that one? I never intended to speak of her to you. I should have roughly treated you if you had ventured to speak of her to me. But you never knew her. How I loved her perhaps you will some day guess, when you, like me, shall have a pretty little winning creature sitting on your knee, and teaching you—the hard, selfish man of the world, as we rich men mostly become—how to sing the songs of innocence, and forget to laugh at your own folly.

It is a wretched story, boy, so let's shorten it. When she ran away with her own groom, and married him, I said nothing, I only waited. She came; I sent her away. Then he, the pitiful, treacherous vagabond, tried his luck. I never did wish to horsewhip anybody in my life but him, and I beg to assure you, Anthony, I had that wish gratified.

Perhaps if she had been patient, and kept him from me, things in the end might have gone differently. I can't tell. Old men are obstinate. However, she didn't try in the only method that might have succeeded. She began to preach to me. Then, I confess, I forgot many things I ought to have remembered, and blazed out upon her pitilessly.

I scarcely know how now to write about it, there comes such a heat in my blood, even while I lament; yes, lament too late. I swore to her, as she stood before me, defiant, daring me to meet my Maker (so she put it) at my last day, in my then wicked state of mind—I swore to her, I say, that neither she nor her children, if she had any, should ever have a single shilling from me of all the wealth I had piled up, and piled so long and laboriously, chiefly for her sake.

We parted, mutually savage; and though, not long before her death, she came to me in a different mood, broken down by want and distress, I—I sent her away; yes, I did. God forgive me!

She died, leaving, as I have since heard, a child; whether boy or girl, I know not.

Anthony, boy, can't you guess the rest?

Will you look after that poor little miserable thing, if in truth, the child does live? I leave you all—all, Anthony. My will of August 2 I leave absolute. But what I can't do, even now, for her child—help it, educate it, provide for it—have you the manliness, the honor, the will to accomplish?

Another thing. Do you now understand why I am often so angry with you for your extravagance? We are famous self-jugglers, all of us; and I have, somehow, accommodated my mind to the notion, that I can, through you, remedy what I can't and won't remedy by breaking my oath. But how if you make ducks and drakes of all my guineas, Anthony? What *then* will you be able to do for the poor victim of a woman's sensual folly, and of her father's unforgiving soul? Think of it, boy, think! When I am dead, if I don't sleep in peace, let it be my own sins I suffer for, not yours.

That's all. I have taken measure of you pretty closely; and if we don't come to a violent break while I live—we are both of us hot, sudden, and a little reckless of words when passion is at white heat—if, I say, this doesn't happen, and compel me to make a change, and try your cousin Richard, then I have no fear but you will act as you ought.

God bless you. From my very grave I seem to be able to put out my hand to you, and say once more the final words—not in doubt, but in sympathy—look after the abandoned little one.

As the lawyer stopped and closed the letter, every eye was turned upon Anthony. The character of the deceased man made this appeal a most touching one to all who listened to it. It was so unexpected. How would Anthony receive it?

Clara, in her desire to hear better, unconsciously crossed the threshold, but modestly kept her face averted while intently listening. Her father drew himself up magisterially, as if, when great questions of moral trust and confidence were at issue, he must be somehow looked to as arbiter. The lawyer peered curiously from under the thick eyebrows—perhaps speculating on poor human nature—and its tendency to take the goods the gods provide without therefore liking the slight pains and penalties that might accompany them. While Sleuth, amid the chaos of ideas which oppressed him, was pondering over the questions of the "miserable brat," whom *he*, and *not Anthony*, would have to protect, as he would let them all know in good time. Mingling with this thought was the desire to study how Anthony would behave in such an emergency, so that he, Sleuth, might get the benefit of the example when he should want it by-and-bye. Yet even amid all the whirl of such thoughts, he managed to stoop down and say to his cousin, with a beautiful smile of resignation, "I was right, you see. Let me be the first to congratulate you, and say I'm very, very glad!"

Was Anthony ungrateful, both to his uncle and to Sleuth, that he answered neither the words of the one, nor the solemn written appeal from the other. The muscles of his cheek worked—there was a dimness about his eye—the fingers were clenched, and the closed hands touched each other as they met on his knees—but he looked at no one—said nothing—and did not appear even to be trying to speak.

"Well, young man," said the doctor, after a prolonged, almost painful pause, "what do you say?"

Anthony said nothing.

"Pardon me," said Mr. Stamp, as he saw, without quite understanding it, the necessity of coming to the young man's relief; "he is quite his own master, and I may say, in effect, our business is over and ended. And I beg, individually, to offer my warmest congratulations." Mr. Stamp rose from his chair as if to go and shake hands with the heir, when Anthony, at the moment hearing a ring at the gate, rose abruptly, and without saying a word, walked—and with an erect air—straight across and out of the room.

It may be imagined that this did not propitiate the feelings of those left behind. Clara looked full of distress, but tapped her pretty foot with a sort of indignant comment that might be meant either for Anthony or for those who were making so much of his behavior. The lawyer took a pinch of snuff, first on one side of his nose, then on the other, and then shook off whatever particles might still be supposed to adhere to the fingers, with the air of a man who said plainly, "Whatever I think, it isn't my business to meddle—and I shan't." But Sleuth rose with the occasion. He looked at the doctor's angry face with such a marked expression on his own of sympathy and outraged feeling, that the doctor took a second look at him in return, and then a third—and as he saw his attitude, and that prolonged look, so deferential to him—the doctor—so properly demonstrative towards his cousin, he could not but think to himself, we have not done that young man justice. If he did come out of a chemist's shop, it was still possible to have helped him to become a gentleman. But what was Sleuth's surprise when the doctor so far gave voice to his thoughts as to say aloud, "Hem! hem! I hope our deceased friend has chosen wisely. However, that is his affair."

Conceive the astonishment of the learned doctor, and of all who were waiting for an explanation of Anthony's strange conduct, when they saw him return, leading a ragged-looking vagabond boy, holding a pistol in his hand, and staring with eyes that were at once shy and bold, fired upon the people who stared so eagerly at him.

A Link.—Sages say there are links between every race of created beings. We all know the zoophytes that unite the peculiarities of flower and animal life. The bat, half mouse, half bird. The eel, at once serpent and fish. The monkey—well, we won't talk of him—the present object is to treat of one only of these marvelous anomalies—the link hitherto perhaps scarcely sufficiently recognized between fish and woman-kind—viz., the bathing women. To enter fully into the habits of this strange freak of nature, the scientific inquirer should establish his headquarters for an entire season by the sea. Say at Long Branch or Newport. There, from the 1st of May till late in October, many fine specimens may be found. What becomes of them during the other six months, whether they disappear with the pins, or migrate with the swallows, has never been satisfactorily answered. They have been seen at intervals, and solitary, as late in the year as the commencement of November. They appear then, however, to have lost much of their habitual liveliness. They move dreamily through the water. The voice, formerly so shrill and rather harsh—"apre," as the French would say—has ceased altogether; and, indeed, these belated specimens bear no more resemblance to the plump, noisy animal, in its season, than does Pepper's ghost of Hamlet's father to the stout original he represents.

Essay on Dogs.—Josh Billings favors the world with a brief essay on dogs. "Dogs in the lump," says Joshua, "are useful, but they are not always profitable. The Nufoundlin dog is useful to save children from drowning; but you have got to have a pond of water, and children running about kareless, or else the dog aint profitable. There aint nothing made boarding a Nufoundlin dog. Rat tearriers are useful to ketch rats; but the rats aint profitable after you have ketched them. The shepherd dog is useful tew drive sheep; but if you have got to go and buy a flock of sheep, and pay more than tha are wuth, jest to keep the dog buzzy, the dog aint profitable—not much. Lapdogs are very useful; but if you don't hold them in your lap awl the time they aint profitable at all. The coach dog is one ov the most useful ov dogs I know ov; but yu have got to have a coach (and that aint always pleasant), or you cant realise from the dog. Thus we see that, while dogs are generally useful, there are times when they aint generally profitable."

Giants.—Charles Bryne, or O'Brien, a celebrated Irish giant, died in June, 1783, in Cockspur street, Charing Cross, London, aged 22. His death was said to have been precipitated by excessive drinking, to which he was always addicted, but more particularly after the unfortunate loss of all his property, saved from the profits of exhibiting himself, and which he had simply vested in a single bank-note of $3,500. In his last moments he requested that his remains might be thrown into the sea, in order that his bones should be removed far beyond the reach of the surgical fraternity. In consequence of this, the body was put on board a vessel, conveyed to the Downs, and sunk in 20 fathoms water. Mr. Byrne, about the month of August, 1780, measured exactly eight feet; in stature he gained two inches after that period, and when dead his full length was eight feet four inches.

THE FEET OF CHINESE WOMEN.

We follow a fisherman and his wife, who push their way by. The lady, who is not in her *première jeunesse*, has large natural feet, and having tucked up her trowsers, displays a pair of calves which an Irish porter might envy. Taking advantage of their wake stiffly totters upon her small deer's feet an ordinary Chinawoman of the urban population. She has no calves whatever. The muscles of her leg were destroyed by the operation which produced that beautiful foot, and from the knee downwards, her leg is but skin and bone. Do you ask how this strange deformity is produced? Stand back out of the crowd, and I will tell you.

There are small-footed ladies at Hong Kong who gain a very fair livelihood by exhibiting their pedal extremities to sea captains and other curious Europeans at a dollar a head; but as so superficial an examination of this national peculiarity did not satisfy me, I had recourse to some of my good friends among the missionaries. By their aid I obtained that some poor Chinese women should bring me a complete gamut of little girls from the missionary schools. Many of these female children probably owed their lives to the persuasion (aided by opportune donations of rice) of my missionary friend and his lady, but their influence had been powerless to prevent the torture of their feet. On the appointed day they were all seated in a row in my friend's library, and their feet, which I suspect had undergone a preparatory washing, were unbound by their mammas. The first was a child of two years old. Her penance had just commenced. When the bandage of blue cotton was taken off, I found that the great toe had been left untouched, but the other four had been forced down under the ball of the foot, and closely bound in that position. The child, therefore, walked upon the knuckle joints of her four toes. The toes were red and inflamed, and the ligature caused evident pain. In the next three children (all of ages advancing at small intervals) the preparation was only to the same extent; it was confined to the four toes; gradually, however, these four toes, ceding to the continual pressure, lost their articulations and their identity as limbs, and became amalgamated with the sole of the foot. In the eldest of the four, the redness and inflammation had entirely disappeared, the foot was cool and painless, and appeared as though the four toes had been cut off by a knife. The foot was now somewhat the shape of a trowel.

In the fifth girl I saw the commencement of the second operation—a torture under which sickly children frequently die. The sole of the foot was now curved into the shape of a bow; the great toe and the heel being brought together as near as possible. Take a jujube and double it till two points of the lozenge nearly meet, and you will see what I mean. This is done very gradually. The bandage is never slackened—month by month it is drawn tighter—the foot inflames and swells, but the tender mamma perseveres—as the bones and tendons accommodate themselves to the position constrained by the bandage so it is drawn tighter. At last the ball of the natural foot fits into the hollow of the sole, the root of the great toe is brought into contact with the heel. The foot is a shapeless lump. The instep is where the ankle was, and all that is left to go into the slipper and to tread the ground is the ball of the great toe and the heel.

This is the small foot of the Chinese woman—a bit of toe and a bit of heel—with a mark like a cicatrice left after a huge cut, running up between them. Two of the girls were yet suffering great pain, and their feet were hot and inflamed, but in the eldest the operation was complete. She had attained to the position of a small-footed woman, and her feet were quite cool, had no corns, and were not tender to the touch. One of the mammas, influenced, perhaps, by a little liberality in the article of rice money, intrusted me with a Chinese *mystère de toilette*. Sometimes, it seems, when a woman is expected to have to do hard work, her toe and heel are not drawn so tightly together as to produce the true "small foot." To disguise this imperfection upon her marriage day, she has recourse to art. A piece of cork, shaped like an inverted sugar-loaf, is strapped on to her foot, and the small part goes into her slipper and passes for her foot. Thus are we poor men deceived!

THE DODO.

This is one of the birds, the last link between this and a previous ornithological era, which has disappeared within the historical period. He was first seen by the Dutch when they landed on the Isle of France, at that time uninhabited, immediately subsequent to the doubling of Cape Horn by the Portuguese. These birds were described as having no wings, but in the place of them three or four black feathers. Where the tail should be, there grew instead four or five curling plumes of a grayish color. In their stomachs they were said to have commonly a stone as big as a fist and hard as the gray Bentemer stone. The boat's crew of the Jacob Van Neck called them Walgh-vogels (surfeit birds), because they could not cook them or make them tender, or because they were able to get so many turtle-doves, which had a much more pleasant flavor, so that they took a disgust to these birds. Likewise, it is said that three or four of these birds were enough to afford a whole ship's company one full meal. Indeed, the sailors salted down some of them, and carried them on a voyage.

Many descriptions of the dodo were given by naturalists after the commencement of the 17th century; and the British Museum contains a painting said to have been copied from a living individual. Underneath the painting is a leg still finely preserved; and in respect of this leg naturalists are agreed that it cannot belong to any existing species. The dodo must have been a curious bird, if Mr. Strickland's notion of him be correct; Professor Reinhardt, of Copenhagen, holds a similar opinion. The dodo, these naturalists affirm, was a vulture-like dove—a sort of ugly giant pigeon—but with beak and claws like a vulture. He had companions or neighbors at least not dissimilar in nature. Thus a bird called the solitaire inhabited the small island of Rodrigues, 300 miles east of the Mauritius. Man has exterminated the solitaire, as well as other birds nearly allied, formerly denizens on the Isle of Bourbon.

A New Explosive Substance.—Glycerine, as we all know, is the sweet principle of oil, and is extensively used for the purpose of toilet; but it has now received an application of rather an unexpected nature. In 1847 a pupil of M. Pelouz's M. Sobrero, discovered that glycerine, when treated with nitric acid, was converted into a highly explosive substance, which he called nitro-glycerine. It is oily, heavier than water soluble in alcohol and ether, and acts so powerfully on the nervous system, that a single drop placed on the top of the tongue will cause a violent headache, which will last for several hours. This liquid seems to have been almost forgotten by chemists, and it is only now that M. Nabel, a Swedish engineer, has succeeded in applying it to a very important branch of his art—blasting. From a paper addressed by him to the Academy of Sciences, we learn that the chief advantage which this substance, composed of one part of glycerine and three of nitric acid, possesses, is that it requires a much smaller hole or chamber than gunpowder does, the strength of the latter being scarcely one-tenth of the former. Hence the miner's work, which, according to the hardness of the rock, represents from five to 20 times the price of the gunpowder used, is so short that the cost of blasting is often reduced to fifty per cent. The process is very easy: if the chamber of the mine presents fissures, it must first be lined with clay to make it water-tight; this done, the nitro glycerine is poured in and the water after it, which being the lighter liquid remains at the top. A slow match with a well-charged percussion cap at one end is then introduced into the nitro-glycerine. The mine may then be sprung by lighting the match, there being no need of tamping.

HOW THEY LIVE AT CAMP MEETINGS.—From Sketches by Mr. R. Lusk.



MRS. HOPPER'S BOARDING TENT, NO. 3.



THE CULINARY DEPARTMENT—COOKING FOR BOARDERS.

CAMP MEETING AT SING SING.

ONE sketch of the great Methodist Camp Meeting at Sing Sing, N. Y., gives a very vivid representation of the appearance of the place and of the doings of the occasion. The ground occupied by this meeting is endorsed to Methodists by the memories of many previous camp meetings held there, so that the scene is peculiarly characteristic.

Camp meetings are an established religious institution among the Methodists of the United States, more especially in the West and South. In the north-eastern States Methodism has never been so prosperous as elsewhere; and, of course, these meetings have not been so frequent or so large. They are invariably held in some grove or open piece of forest ground, and the solemn beauty of the old woods adds a strong, though quiet reliance to the appeals of the preachers. The history of Methodism in the United States contains many interesting records of camp meetings, from the days of the good old Bishop Asbury down; and the stories of these meetings show a singular mixture of overpowering religious fervor, missionary zeal, practical common sense, shrewd and energetic management, and eccentric and humorous incident. It has often happened that bands of rustic rowdies have made organized forays upon meetings,



FAMILY TENTS.

and took so large if the amount for each attendant were considered; and there is little danger that we Americans shall spend too much money or time in worshipping the Almighty, either in camp meetings or in church.

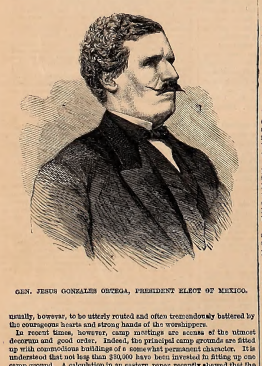
TORNADO ON THE MICHIGAN CENTRAL RAILROAD.

THE summer of 1865 has been memorable throughout the West for its singular and disastrous succession of heavy rains, destructive storms and fearful tornadoes. One of the most violent of these devastated a great extent of country during the night of Monday, August 21st, sweeping over an immense range of territory along the lines of several of the Western railroads, destroying several of the lives, and doing damage to the amount of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

It is reported that the growing crops have suffered severely. In some parts, large yields of corn have been destroyed totally or in part; fruit trees have been blown down or torn up by the roots, and where this has not been done the fruit has been stripped from the trees and scattered over the ground. In some wooded districts hundreds of trees have been damaged, and many of them completely destroyed; all the growing crops have suffered more or less, and many thousand dollar's worth of corn, buckwheat and other cereals have been lost.

The effects of a tornado in the forest are astonishingly wild. Great trees are broken, crushed down, bent over or twisted together, and the path of the wind is often rendered impassable by the tangled chevaux-de-frise of prostrate trunks and broken branches.

Our illustration, this week, gives a vivid representation of one of the many scenes of this kind caused by the tornado of the 21st, on the line of the Michigan Central railroad; the railroad itself, however, escaping with little or no damage, except perhaps some temporary obstruction.



GEN. JESUS GONZALES ORTEGA, PRESIDENT ELECT OF MEXICO.

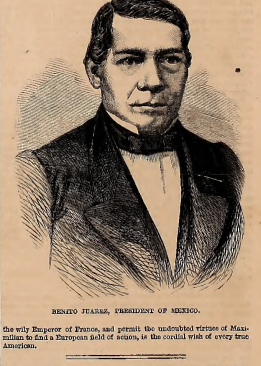
GENERAL ORTEGA.

THE illustrious Mexican soldier was born in 1899 in Teul, a village of the State of Zacatecas, and in due time received the name of Jesus Gonzalez Ortega. From his earliest boyhood he was of a calm and correct nature, and studiously avoided all those exhilarating and intelligences which are generally excused under the name of youthful excesses. As a soldier he is famous for his victory over the clerical faction at Calpulpan, and for his obstinate defence of Puebla against the French invaders.

He arrived in this country last May on a diplomatic mission to the interests of our sister Republic, of which he will become President on the 1st of December next, the term of President Juarez expiring on the 30th November next. In person Gen. Ortega is very graceful, his manners are refined and courteous, and his countenance, as all can see by the portrait in our paper, handsome and intelligent. In addition to his ability as a general, he is eminent for his attainments as a scholar, and his accomplishments as a man of the world.

PRESIDENT BENITO JUAREZ.

As a companion portrait to that of Gen. Ortega we publish that of Don Benito Juarez, of Mexico, whose heroic defence against the French invaders has brought him prominently before our citizens. He was born in Tlalan, Province of Oaxca, about 45 years ago, and is of pure Indian descent, without any mixture of Spanish blood. He occupies at present the perilous honor of the Presidential chair of Mexico, which he will resign, according to the Constitution, on the 30th of November, when Gen. Ortega will assume that position. That he may finally triumph over



BENITO JUAREZ, PRESIDENT OF MEXICO.

the wily Emperor of France, and permit the undoubted virtues of Maximilian to find a European field of action, is the cordial wish of every true American.

WE should forget that there was any such thing as suffering in the world, were we not occasionally reminded of it through our own



THE GREAT FLEET OF MONITORS, IRONCLADS AND CAPTURED BLOCKADE-RUNNERS, IN THE DELAWARE, OPPOSITE THE NAVY YARD, PHILADELPHIA, PENN.—FROM A SKETCH BY F. H. SCHELL.



THE GERMAN TARGET SHOOTING FESTIVAL, HELD AT BALTIMORE, MD., AUGUST 21, 22 AND 23.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. L. EHRE.

THE GERMAN TARGET FESTIVAL IN BALTIMORE.

WHEN the German population of New York, with their numerous musical associations and their abundant resources of intellect, artistic skill and wealth, announced a cis-Atlantic German "Sengerfest," no one was surprised that their success surpassed the most sanguine prognostications; but when a single association of target riflemen, in Baltimore, attempted to make the monumental city the scene of a German shooting festival, many of the warmest sympathizers with such national jubilees could not avoid some fear of disappointment, consequently the entire success of the enterprise afforded its friends a high degree of pleasure. During the festival days—the 21st, 22d and 23d, not less than 30,000 persons of both sexes and all ages crowded the pleasure grounds, extending over an area of about 40 acres, covered by a variegated array of pavilions, huge and diminutive tents, and all kinds of arrangements for popular sports and amusements.

Although the line of city passenger cars which led to the target grounds, conveyed thousands of persons daily to and from the busy scene of the festival, still the traveling accommodations by rail were inadequate, and large numbers of hacks and vehicles of all descriptions were brought into requisition. During the trials of skill in rifle shooting over 5,000 shots were fired. The prizes distributed, and the management throughout, was entirely satisfactory to all parties concerned.



TRIUMPHAL CHARIOT USED IN THE PROCESSION AT THE SCHUTZEN FEST, BALTIMORE, MD., ON MONDAY, AUGUST 21.

A MAD BULL.

THE residents of Gotham have not unfrequently been disturbed by the mad pranks of infuriated bulls, but recently these exhibitions have become so frequent, that Metropolitans are beginning to cast a wary eye along the streets when cattle are in sight. During the month of August no less than six mad bulls careered through the city, wounding several persons and doing damage to everything destructible that came in their way. On the 31st ult., one of these maddened animals broke from a crew on Murray street, and after running over several people, knocking down awning-posts, upsetting dry goods boxes, and throwing things into confusion generally, was finally dispatched on Hubert street by a pistol shot from a policeman.

REGATTA OF THE SCHUYLKILL NAVY.

THE "Schuylkill Navy," an association of boat clubs, on Schuylkill river, which has had no general meeting since the war broke out, gave a very successful public exhibition at Philadelphia, on the 30th of Saturday, August 26th. This was a "review and regatta" of the six and four-oared gigs wals and outrigger boats of the associated clubs. The "navy" is a very popular institution, the quiet beauty and convenient location of the waters it navigates, adding unusual attractions to the pleasures of boating. The day of this ceremonial was an extremely fine one, and the slopes of Fairmount Park were crowded with ladies and gentlemen, who admired and enjoyed at once the beautiful sunset, the delightful landscapes of the place, and the skillful manœuvring of the fleet. The very interesting and well contested races which concluded the performance, derived their importance not from any question of victory or defeat, but from the pleasant evidence they afforded of renewed and healthy public interest in the manly and delightful aquatic sport of boating.

SIGNAL BOATS AT HEART'S CONTENT.

ON the 14th of August, the day on which it was thought the Great Eastern would appear off Heart's Content, Newfoundland, bearing the shores and of the Atlantic Cable, boats were sent from the surveying steamer Margaretta to signal her approach. How long and anxiously hundreds of expectant people waited for the news of the arrival of the "the big child" we have already recorded. How all was the disappointment when it was announced the Great Eastern had returned to England, and that the cable was a failure, the world knows. But all the incidents connected with the great enterprise are of interest to the public, and in deference to that interest we give a view this week of the signal boats, as they appeared, at night, in Trinity Bay, off the harbor of Heart's Content.

CHAMPAGNE.

IT is a demonstrable fact that there is more of champagne drank in the United States in a single week than is produced in France in a year. Yet Ame-



THE PRIZES AWARDED FOR THE BEST SHOTS AT THE SCHUTZEN FEST, BALTIMORE, MD.



THE SHOOTING OF AN INFURIATED OX IN HUBERT STREET, NEW YORK CITY, ON THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, BY A POLICEMAN OF THE CITY HALL PRECINCT.

sians will swear that out of the capital of the czars the Neva, you have but very little chance of ever tasting the genuine product of the champagne vineyards. In California they are quite convinced that they have the very best of undoubted Moët and Chandon; while most of us would think a man mad who could dream of questioning the fact, that the only real Veuve Clicquot is to be had at Delmonico's.

All cannot be right in asserting that they alone have a monopoly of the drink so much in repute, though we think there can be no doubt that the Russian has the best chance of tasting the genuine article. It is stated, on good authority, that, with the exception of what is retained by the French court for its own use, and for sending as presents to crowned heads, there is a standing agreement, that all that is left of the celebrated Clicquot vintage shall be sent to the Russian government.

How the rest of the world is supplied with its champagne, only a small portion of the world really knows. Germany supplies a large portion of what is sold as the best champagne; and Moselle wine, deprived of the peculiar flavor of the muscatel grape, from which it is made, constitutes an excellent sparkling drink, such as may very well satisfy those who have no chance of ever seeing a bottle of unimpeachable champagne decanted. But champagne may be made of almost any beverage that will ferment and effervesce, and, in fact, we rather fear it is made of any and every liquid that can be got to bubble and sparkle for the period demanded in the drinking of it. Sugar-candy, carbonate of soda, and the requisite colorings and flavorings, play their part in the sophisticating of t e desiderated drink. From gooseberry, from mangold-wurzel, and from rhubarb, good champagne may be concocted; cider, perry, mead, maple syrup, and even spruce-beer, have been used, and used largely, in the manufacture. There is no occasion for the rhubarb used in the making of champagne being fresh, for excellent judges have owned that they have been deceived with a wine of this description made from very stale rhubarb. If proper skill is displayed in the flavoring, and needful care bestowed upon the racking, we really do not see how the general public can be expected to judge accurately of what they are drinking, when connoisseurs are compelled to own that they are deceived. That tinfoil, pink tissue-paper, and neat but showy labels, have much to do in recommending champagne, is a fact the dealer knows well, if he does not acknowledge it. Let an honest man try to vend race-course champagne in ginger-beer bottles at a moderate profit on his outlay, and it is very doubtful, indeed, if he could persuade the public to give him more than the price of ginger-beer for it.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

DR. JOHNSON'S estimate of wines and spirits was summed up in these words: "Claret for boys, port for men, and brandy for heroes."

MRS. BOSWELL was annoyed that Mrs. Johnson had so much influence over her husband, so she said: "I have often known bears led by men, but this is the first time I ever heard of a man led by a bear."

CHRONOLOGY OF ENGLAND'S CROWN:

Two Williams, Henry, Stephen, Henry, Dick,
John, Hal, three Edwards, Richard, three Hals quick,
Two Edwards, Dick, two Harry's and a Ned,
Mary, Bess, James, and Charles, who lost his head,
Charles, James, Will, Ann, four Georges, and a Will,
And Queen Victoria, who is reigning still.

ALPHONSO, King of Aragon, in his judgment of human life, declared there were only four things in this world worth living for—old wine to drink, old wood to burn, old books to read, and old friends to converse with.

OLIVER'S GRACE BEFORE MEAT:

Some have meat, but cannot eat,
And some can eat, but have no meat,
But we have meat, and we can eat,
And so the Lord be thanked.

JOSH BILLINGS, in the Troy *News*, gives us weekly scintillations of the ripest wisdom. The last is in the form of advice to a young lady as to how she shall receive a proposal.

"You ought te take it kind, looking down hill, with an expreshun about half tickled and half scart. After the pop iz over, if yure luvver wants tew kiss you, I don't think I would say yes or no, but let the thing kind ov take its own course. There iz one thing I have always stuck tew, and that is give me long courtships and short engagements."

"WHY do you keep yourself so distant?" said a fair one to her bashful lover.

"Because," said he, "distance lends enchantment to the view."

EDITORIAL SORROWS.—Be an editor; let the devil be waiting for copy; sit down to write an article, and get a few sentences done. Then let an acquaintance drop in and begin to tell you stories and gossips of the town; and let him sit, and *sit*, and SIT. This is the quickest way we can think of to go raving, distracted mad.

MAY not a bird who sleeps upon the wings be said to occupy a feather bed?

IF a person's right hand itches, it is a sign that he will soon scratch it. The same applies also to the left.

"SWEAR not at all," said a chaplain to a trooper.

He replied, "I do not swear at all, but only at those who annoy me."

No doubt a lady may be expected to make a great noise in the world when her dress is covered all over with bugles.

A WAG, having married a girl named Church, says he has enjoyed more happiness since he joined the Church than he ever did in his life before.

IN Ceylon the marriage ceremony is performed by tying the couple together by the thumbs. In this country they are more frequently put together by the ears.

A LEATHER medal having been offered for the worst possible conundrum, the prize was unhesitatingly awarded to the following, selected from several hundreds sent in:

"Why is rascality like the breast of a fowl?"
"Because it is a *piece of chicane*."

A FLIRT is like a dipper attached to a hydrant. Every one is at liberty to drink from it; but no one desires to carry it away.

THE oldest lunatic on record—Time out of mind.

"MY *bark* is on the sea," as the cur said when the captain threw him overboard.

WHAT musical sign does an oath from the lips of an effeminate fop put you in mind of? A *demme* quaver.

WHY is a baby, when cutting its ivories, like a breakfast cup?—Because it's a *teething* (tea-thing).

A LAD applied to the captain of a vessel for a berth. The captain, wishing to intimidate him, handed him a piece of rope, and said:

"If you want to make a good sailor, you must make three ends to the rope."

"I can do it," he readily replied; "here is one, and here is another—that makes two. Now, here's the third," and he threw it overboard.

"ONE good turn deserves another," as the alderman said when he discharged the thief who voted for him.

THE worst kind of oil to have anything to do with—*turm-oil*.

AN editor, speaking of a large and fat contemporary, remarked that if all flesh was grass, he must be a load of hay.

"I expect I am," said the fat man, "from the way the donkeys are nibbling at me."

"DOCTOR," said a person once to a surgeon, "my daughter had a terrible fit this morning; she continued half an hour without knowledge or understanding."

"Oh," replied the doctor, "never mind that; many people continue so all their lives."

"PAPA, why do they plant guns?—do they grow and have leaves?"

"No, my son; but, like plants, they shoot, and then others do the leaving."

A MARRIAGE is thus noticed by one of our contemporaries:

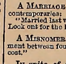
"Married last week, John Cobb to Miss Kate Webb. Look out for the little spiders!"

A MISNOMER.—Calling a certain nether garment between four and five feet in diameter, "a petty-coat."

IN spite of all that puritanical people say against dancing, it is unquestionably a *merry-toe-rious* arrangement.

WHEN a boy tries to stick his mother, what musical composition does he remind you of?—The *Stab at Mater*.

RULES FOR THE JOURNEY OF LIFE.—The following rules, from the papers of Dr. West, were, according to his memorandum, thrown together as general waymarks in the journey of life: Never to ridicule sacred things, or what others may esteem such, however absurd they may appear to be. Never to show levity when the people are professedly engaged in worship. Never to resent a supposed injury till I know the views and motives of the author of it; nor on any occasion to retaliate. Never to judge a person's character by external appearance. Always to take the part of an absent person who is censured in company, so far as truth and propriety will allow. Never to think the worse of another on account of his differing from me in political or religious opinions. Never to dispute if I can fairly avoid it.



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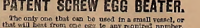
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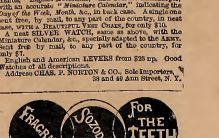
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